FEBRUARY 20-26, 2015 VOL. 37 / NO. 14 LAWEEKLY.COM

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BY HILLEL ARON

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On set, film crews derisively call them "props that eat." The secret is, background actors can earn piles of money if they keep their heads down.

BY HILLEL ARON

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Comments /

Idolatry for Billy

Andy Hermann's cover story on Billy Idol, "Return of the Rebel," drew a big range of views from readers. Aimsevents, who's clearly deep into Idol's career, complained, "Hello? I think you skipped over 10 years (or was this edited?). Billy did a lot between Cyberpunk and today! Like the SXSW music festival in Austin TX 2005, and released one of his best albums, Devil's Playground, in 2005, and the tour following."

Not to mention, the reader adds, "The *Happy Holidays* album 2006 was a little comedic project for the BFI fans. **For me, I fell in love with the 50-year-old Billy. He has survived and endured as an enter-tainment icon over four decades!** His perseverance to entertain us and create music is inspirational."

Mannyonthestreets, however, was just happy to be able to read an in-depth, 4,000-word look at the life of the enduring dean of punk, commenting, **"Great read.** So glad Billy was able to overcome the demons and keep bringing us great music."

Thank You, Besha

Restaurant critic Besha Rodell's review of All'Acqua, "Bringing Splashy Italian Dining to Atwater Village," prompted serious culinary soul-searching by reader Gabriele360. **"I appreciate the review because it told me everything I need to know. I wouldn't be happy there and won't go there.** I don't know if it's what Atwater really needs — probably better than the Acapulco that was there."

On the other hand, she writes, "What I really want/need to know is how it will affect the great Sunday farmers market in the bank lot next door? Actually, reading about this new place makes me realize it's time to go to Palermo's again, even if the parking is difficult. Now there's comfort!"

Parking Ticket Hell

Responding to our frequent coverage of the disliked Los Angeles Parking Violations Bureau and the numerous ways motorists can get issued steep tickets, reader Dron Battan writes that he contested his parking ticket because the sign was hidden by overgrown trees. The city's parking administrator, he says, "found me guilty anyway."

Battan explains: "I told her that I could not pay right away and would have to make payments in two months because I am SSD and Army pension," and "she agreed, and said she would send me a letter confirming the agreement. But she ignored our agreement and has now charged me \$350 in late fees. I don't get it, how can the government or the city charge late fees on the fine that is already paid? The city is swindling money from the public and it is not fair. I have a limited, fixed income and I can't afford to be robbed by our own city."

You Write, We Read

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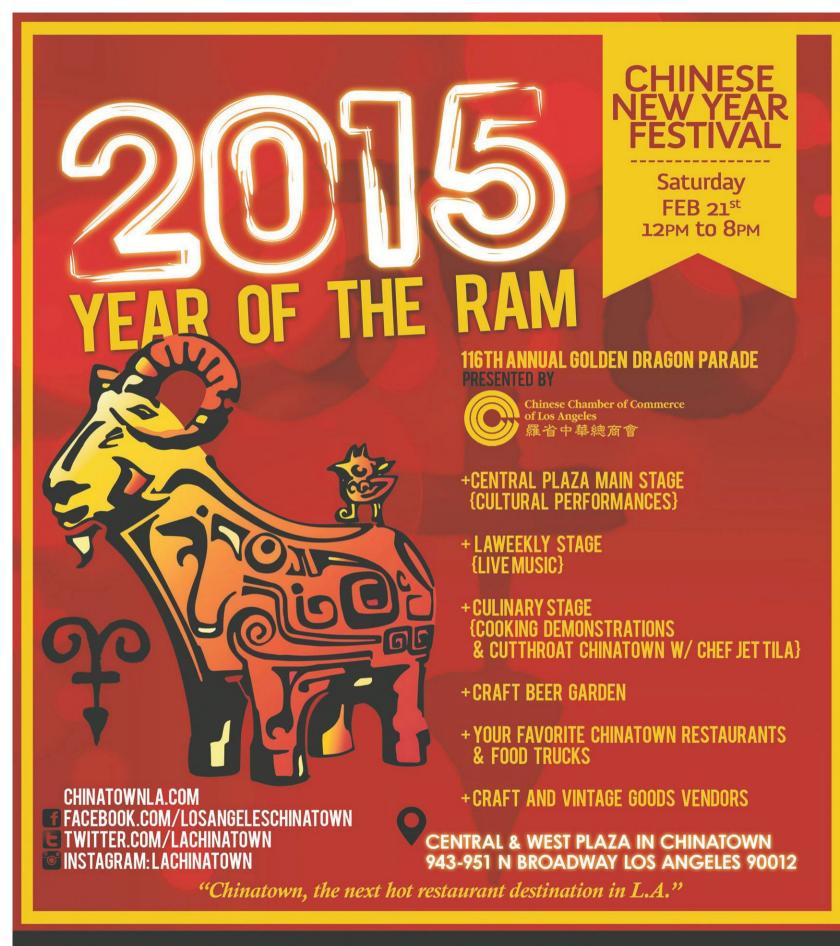
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A Considerable Town //

Activists By Paul Teetor

Like Oil and Water

anette Barragan grew up in the rough Harbor Gateway section of L.A., the youngest of four daughters of Mexican immigrants. Her mother was a factory worker, her dad a TV repairman. On hot summer afternoons she and her sisters took the bus to Hermosa Beach and marveled at the beautiful town on Santa Monica Bay. "I thought it was a town where only rich and successful people lived," she recalls. "I couldn't imagine me

living here." But two decades later, after working her way through USC Law School while racking up huge student loans, she became a lawyer, and in 2008 she bought a 1950s cottage in Hermosa. In 2012 she learned that the city council was going to place a measure on the ballot asking voters to lift a longtime local ban on oil drilling beneath the bay. If voters upheld the ban, as most assumed would happen, Hermosa Beach would be forced to hand oil producer E&B Natural Resources of Bakersfield some \$17.5 million in compensation — a lot, given that Hermosa's annual operating budget is about \$40 million.

Now, the oil drilling ban question is finally appearing on the ballot, on March 3, and Barragan is no longer just a homeowner. She has fought to protect the famed surfing shore from what she sees as wildly incompatible oil drilling, and is so passionate about it that in 2013 she ran for Hermosa Beach City Council. She was a political neophyte with little chance of winning office, but E&B saw her rising voice as trouble. The firm asked the Hermosa city attorney to agree that if Nanette Barragan got elected, the fine print in existing California law banned Barragan from voting on the oil drilling issue — because her cottage is within 500 feet of E&B's drilling site.

But Barragan outfoxed the oil company attorneys. She found a "small-town exception" in the fine print that narrowed the range down to 300 feet; her cottage sits outside that range.

"I was surprised at the lengths the oil company would go, trying to prevent my election," she tells *L.A. Weekly.* "And after the election, they tried to stifle my First Amendment rights."

At 5 feet 2 inches and 105 pounds, Barragan, 38, is a fighter, an idealist and something of a contrarian. "My mom had a third-grade education. When people told her she couldn't do something, she didn't. When people tell me I can't do something, that just motivates me more."

Apparently in hopes of changing Barragan's viewpoint, E&B invited her to another of its drilling sites, in Huntington Beach, to illustrate how little industrial activity, noise and odors were present. Barragan returned to the site twice, uninvited and unchaperoned, prompting E&B's lawyers to threaten a trespassing complaint. Nothing came of that, but Barragan had their attention. Indeed, when Barragan won an upset for Hermosa Beach City Council in November 2013, E&B argued that she could no longer speak against them. The company claimed that its settlement with the city barred the council from taking a position.

"E&B has tried to intimidate and silence her," says Craig Cadwallader of the Surfrider Foundation. "But she's too feisty and independent for that."

E&B vice president Michael Finch tells the Weekly, "Miss Barragan has consistently misunderstood oil drilling issues." But E&B's legal theory soon fell apart. Council members can openly criticize the oil-drilling plan; they just can't take a council position. Councilman Hany Fangary came out against drilling before he was elected in November 2013, and two months ago so did Mayor Peter Tucker. A few weeks ago, council members Michael DiVirgilio and Carolyn Petty made it unanimous — all five council members individually oppose drilling.

Even so, plenty of residents support oil drilling, arguing that Hermosa badly needs the money. E&B says Hermosa could reap \$627 million over 30 years, though an independent analysis projects about half that — and less if the price of oil stays at \$50 or so a barrel.

"It's the most emotionally charged event in the history of Hermosa Beach," says Jim Sullivan, who has become a prooil activist on the issue. "I'm routinely accused of being a shill, secretly employed by E&B and willing to sacrifice our children's future." Sullivan has broken with one former friend, anti-oil activist Mike Keegan. "I used to go to his bakery for bagels," he says. "I still go for bagels, but we don't talk."

Hermosa is a normally quiet community of Italianate megamansions, midcentury Craftsman houses and funky old cottages. But the two sides have turned it into a hotbed of activism, with frequent fundraisers, door-to-door canvassing, even a fiery speech last week by Robert F. Kennedy Jr., founder/president of Waterkeeper Alliance.

Homes display battling banners either "Keep Hermosa Hermosa" or "Protect Hermosa's Future." While they sound alike, the slogans represent very different visions. "Protect Hermosa's Future" envisions city infrastructure, public safety and schools getting a needed fiscal boost if E&B uses a 1.3-acre city maintenance yard to erect 34 land-based wells and an 84-foot drilling tower.

Last month, Mayor Tucker stood in front of a raucous anti-oil crowd and claimed, "This will be the biggest voter turnout in the history of Hermosa Beach! This is about the people who live here, not the people who want to ruin our city!"

The inflamed rhetoric even involves children. After Jose Bacallao allowed his two girls to speak before the city council about their fears of oil drilling, E&B executive Finch posted on Facebook: "Kids as political piñatas — nice parenting."

And consider the case of Dr. Alice Villalobos, her husband Ira Lifland and former Hermosa mayor George Barks. For 32 years, Villalobos and Lifland have thrown a New Year's Eve bash attended by a hundred friends. For the first 31 years, Barks was a guest.

But last New Year's Eve, the pro-oil Barks did not attend. The reason: He and Lifland had a public spat after Barks spoke in favor of oil drilling.

"People have really separated into two camps," says Hermosa Beach police chief Sharon Papa. The police union, the Hermosa Beach Police Officers Association, is solidly in the pro-drilling camp, and is running a pro-oil ad on TV claiming that Hermosa doesn't pay its officers competitively with nearby cities. That's a tough sell — California treasurer John Chiang's government salary database shows that the average Hermosa cop is paid \$156,504 in total compensation, \$6,000 more than cops earn in tony Manhattan Beach next door.

The police union's stance "is so threatening to us, because the police are in a position of authority," anti-oil activist Rob Blair says. Chief Papa tried to mitigate the fallout at roll call, reminding officers, she says, "of their professional responsibility to treat all citizens equally."

Barragan, who grew up just a few miles but worlds away from the Pacific Ocean, believes Hermosa's most cherished asset is its beach, which was long ago given its name, the Spanish word for beautiful.

The Environmental Impact Report for the drilling project warns, for example, that "a worst-case oil spill of 16,799 gallons ... could drain directly into subsurface soils and/or to the ocean through storm drains."

The cities of Santa Monica and Manhattan Beach, and the Del Rey Neighborhood Council in L.A., all oppose the drilling.

Barragan concedes, "It's really unfortunate and sad that it's become so divisive" but calls it a struggle over "the soul of this city."

She sees a link between her bus rides to Hermosa a quarter century ago and her current role. "Back then, I never imagined I could live here, serve on the city council or fight an oil company," she says. "Now I'm proud to represent the people here and help them keep Hermosa Hermosa."

Reach the writer at paulteetor@verizon. net or follow him on Twitter @paulteetor

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Jose Huizar and Gloria Molina

News // **MOLINA VS. HUIZAR** Are incumbent-loving L.A. voters mad enough at Jose Huizar to throw him out?

BY GENE MADDAUS

hristina Correia is one of those people who's not supposed to exist in Los Angeles. She's hyper-engaged in local affairs, passionate about the fate of her commu-

nity, and a real pain in the neck when she wants her street paved.

Correia lives at the top of Hillsdale Drive in Monterey Hills, near El Sereno, and for years she has been growing fed up with her city councilman, Jose Huizar. Every time she sees a new check-cashing business or shabby billboard, she gets a little more aggravated.

"As far as I'm concerned, Revolution Street in Tijuana looks better than Huntington Drive," she says. "Why can't we have a movie theater? Why can't we have a Coffee Bean?"

Last summer, she was among the first to urge L.A. County Supervisor Gloria Molina to run against Huizar. Molina, 66, is a generation older than Huizar, who is 46. She served in the California legislature and then the L.A. City Council in the 1980s. After a 23-year run on the L.A. County Board of Supervisors, she was termed out, and looking to spend more time quilting, a passion of hers. But in September, she made a surprise announcement that she would challenge Huizar.

Molina had never been impressed with Huizar. She kept hearing complaints that he couldn't handle simple things such as cleaning an alley or fixing a sidewalk. And when they interacted, she found him to be poorly informed.

"It got to be a little annoying," she says. "People have been talking to me about it for a long time. Now that I've been walking door-to-door, it's more severe than I thought. The requests these people are making are so basic."

The battle in the 14th Council District is a rare heavyweight bout in L.A. politics. The candidates could not be more evenly matched. A poll in December showed Huizar and Molina tied at 37 percent. It's possible that neither will win a majority in the March 3 primary — there are three lesser-known candidates on the ballot — in which case they would face one another again in a May 19 runoff.

Molina is a pioneering figure in Eastside politics. She was the first Latina in the Assembly, on the L.A. City Council and on the Board of Supervisors. No more than 5 feet tall, she is a formidable presence, known for her thorough grasp of policy, her sharp tongue and her fierce independence.

Huizar belongs to the Joshua generation of L.A. Latino leaders, which built on the advances of those who came before. He's more polished than Molina, and more collaborative. The son of a farm worker, he was born in Zacatecas, Mexico, and grew up in Boyle Heights. He attended UC Berkeley and Princeton University before getting a law degree at UCLA.

At 32, he was elected to the LAUSD Board of Education. When Antonio Villaraigosa was elected mayor four years later, Huizar won the special election to fill his council seat. Huizar was close to Villaraigosa, and once was talked of as a possible future mayor.

The intervening decade has dulled some of his golden-boy sheen. His reputation suffered due to an affair with his deputy chief of staff. She filed a sexual harassment suit against him, resulting in a confidential settlement. And in 2012, he rear-ended a car. In a settlement, taxpayers ended up paying \$185,000 for the other driver's medical care.

But Huizar remains formidable. His district stretches from Eagle Rock to downtown and includes gentrifying Highland Park and El Sereno. Many constituents credit him with improving their communities, and they see no reason to toss him out. "It's undeniable, the work I've done," Hui-

zar says. "Ms. Molina may have miscalculated the support I have in the district."

Huizar's supporters point to such things as a \$1 million cleanup of a lake in Boyle Heights, 19 acres of open space preserved in El Sereno and a historic preservation zone in Highland Park. "First Street has improved a lot," says Tony Zapata of Boyle Heights. "I've been here 34 years and, compared to what it was, it's really coming up." Huizar's supporters say he is accessible

and responsive when problems arise. "He values our input," says Ray Rios,

president of the Hillside Village Property Owners Association. "He runs projects through us and many other groups. I would say he's listened to us."

Because Huizar is the incumbent, the election is a referendum on his tenure. Campaign contributors, including both business and labor groups, seem satisfied - he has received \$1 million-plus in contributions and independent expenditures, dwarfing the \$150,000 Molina has raised.

But some are disenchanted, and they form the core of Molina's supporters. John Nese, owner of Galco Soda Pop Stop in Highland Park, is mad that Huizar turned a traffic lane on York Boulevard into a bike lane, which he says causes congestion.

"Immediately after, you could feel a drop in business," Nese says. "They did not consult the businesses at all."

Another Molina supporter, Giovanna Rebagliati, said Huizar did a poor job handling her complaints about warehouse raves held near her downtown home.

"They would go until 7 a.m., and they were still selling alcohol," she says. A Huizar aide came out to investigate but didn't follow up. "He said, 'I will get back to you, I will get back to you,' and they never did."

Huizar says his office strives to return every call, but that Molina "has to hang her hat on something.... I'll win hands down if that's her only issue." As for the bike lanes, he says he did what most people wanted.

Huizar has an easier argument to make. He can point to the revitalization of commercial corridors, declining crime rates and the downtown renaissance. Molina has to argue that the improvements aren't good enough — that development is haphazard and poorly planned.

At one debate, she said the community is "not clean," noting that dirty furniture is left on the streets and businesses sell refrigerators on the sidewalks.

In mailers, Molina also has attacked Huizar over his affair.

"I don't know all the details, nor do I wish to know any of the details, but at the end of the day, legal fees were paid," Molina says. "This is not responsible leadership."

Huizar says that while the affair clearly is an issue for some voters, many are inclined to treat it as a personal matter.

"I should have never put myself or this office in a situation like that," he says. "I'm working it out with my wife. People respect that, more often than not."

Indeed, many of his supporters don't seem to care much.

"I'm not his wife, so I'm not gonna judge him for what he does," says Vera Del Pozo of Boyle Heights. "You start throwing stones, you're not going to have enough stones around."

In debates, Huizar also has gone on the attack, claiming Molina failed to solicit community input about a controversial parking garage proposed for Mariachi Plaza.

"She doesn't take community input," Huizar says. "So I'm shocked she would accuse me of not getting community input on the bike lanes."

Over the years, Huizar says, he'd gotten used to being scolded by Molina – something he says was a common experience for elected officials.

"That's her approach," he says. "We are preached to. We are told what we should do. It's not a two-way conversation."

Now that they are debating on equal footing, he says, "This is a very different role for her. She doesn't like when I question her facts and her views. She's not used to that."



MOVIE EXTRAS THRIVE ON THE BOTTOM RUNG OF HOLLYWOOD'S CRUEL LADDER

PROPS THAT EAT

urry up and wait. It's one of the biggest clichés in film and television production, the watchword on sets all over Los Angeles, as brief flurries of activity are punctuated by long stretches of idleness.

But today, for eight men in hard hats

on the set of an eSurance commercial, sitting around a gray folding table, wedged in between two gleaming white box trucks providing shade, the watchword is just: "Wait."

"We're doing what we do best," Harold Green explains. "Absolutely fucking nothing." The eight men burst out laughing. They are extras, but not just any extras. They are commercial extras, and for them life is good.

"It's almost like stealing," says Green, a squat 63-yearold who looks vaguely like Ernest Borgnine. "You come to set. Half the time you don't do anything. We come in,

BY HILLEL ARON • photography by Star Foreman

eat breakfast, eat craft service all day and look forward to lunch. We just had yogurt parfaits. 'Cause we hadn't eaten in half an hour!"

The men laugh again. He's on a roll. In movie parlance, the men are "in holding" — the term for extras who are paid to be on set but aren't currently being used in a shot. They're "standing by" — waiting. Ron Shipp, sitting next to Green, pats his belly and says, "I didn't have this 30 years ago!"

The day will end at around 5 p.m., and each of the men will be paid \$342 - not bad for less than eight hours of not working.

The small clique of commercial extras, or "background" actors, as they prefer be called, are lucky enough to be represented by the actors union, SAG-AFTRA, and are astonishingly well paid. While their nonunion counterparts might eke out \$10,000 a year, Green and Shipp each

make around \$40,000 a year, working at the leisurely end of part-time. Matteo Sarria, 34, sitting across the table, makes around \$80,000 — for working maybe 100 days a year. He auditions for speaking roles, too, but he'll turn down auditions in order to take commercial work as an extra. The money is just too good to pass up.

"It's almost like doing porn," Green says. "Once you get started, you can't stop."

On Sunday, Hollywood will hold its annual paean to itself, the 2015 Academy Awards, recognizing the supposedly best actors, directors and so on, right down to sound mixers. Unrecognized are the grips, truck drivers, production assistants and, of course, the background actors.

During the Academy Awards they'll be watching closely, awaiting a glimpse of themselves in some clip of 2015's contenders, or

even standing behind a star we lost this year. Extras are legion in L.A., a population of perhaps 100,000 people whom Americans see everywhere but never notice. They appear in virtually every video, commercial, movie and TV show. Yet if we did notice or recognize background actors, they would be failing at their jobs.

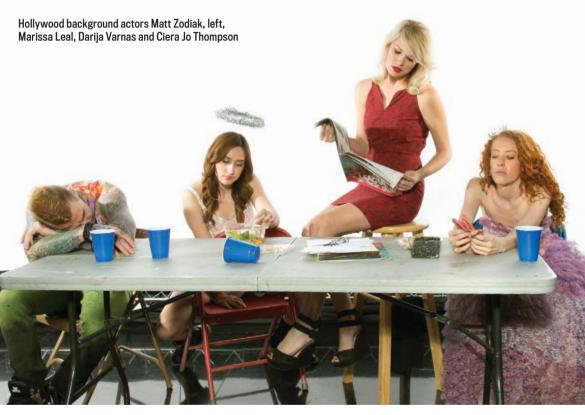
Ron Shipp was an LAPD officer for 15 years. One day in the early 1980s, he and about 70 other cops were cast in *The 25th Man*, an unsold pilot that would be Jack Webb's last production. Later, Shipp was cast as a cop with a few speaking lines on soap opera *The Young and the Restless*.

Shipp was reluctant to submit his photo to become an extra, but a friend said the pay was good. His first gig was in 1991, for a Super Bowl commercial directed by Tony Scott. About 100 extras showed up Friday morning at 7. The shoot wrapped 24 hours later. When Shipp's check arrived, he thought there'd been a typo. It said \$5,000. He called the office and said, "I think there's been a mistake." It wasn't a mistake.

Making commercials, for an extra who has made it into the union, is governed by a complicated set of bumps, overtime and upgrades. Under the contract negotiated by SAG, the day rate for an extra, \$342, covers only eight hours a day (other crew There are other pay bumps for extras — for wearing more than one outfit, for bringing your car to be used in a driving shot, for standing on a platform, for being in a shot with smoke, for being in rain.

But the grand prize, without a doubt, is an "upgrade" — being given a line, or being recognizably featured in the foreground of a shot. A lucky break like that can instantly catapult an extra's pay into the \$20,000 to \$40,000 range for a single assignment, since "featured roles" or "on-camera princi-

"It's almost like doing porn. Once you get started, you can't stop." —background actor Harold Greene



members' contracts cover 10 or 12 hours). For the ninth and 10th hour, extras get time and a half (about \$64 an hour). Starting with the 10th hour, it's double time (around \$85). And once production goes into its 16th hour, things really start to get good, because extras go into "golden time," where "you get a check for every hour."

That is, you get paid \$342 — every single hour you work in golden time.

And that's just for weekday shoots. An extra's base pay doubles on the weekend, another unique feature of the SAG-AFTRA contract that no other union in Hollywood gets. And if the advertisers end up producing multiple versions of the commercial (say, a 15-second and a 30-second version), the extras' pay is multiplied by the number of versions. Shipp worked on a Ford commercial two years ago; they shot 18 spots in three days. His check for three days read \$8,000. pals" get residuals.

"The upgrades are random," Sarria says. "I had three [upgrades] one year, and sometimes nothing. I've parlayed myself into some upgrades, too — being a sneaky bastard."

Last year, one extra worked about 140 days and took home about \$170,000, before taxes. He used to write for television — some of the others have dubbed him "Harvard" for being more erudite than they are. But once the TV writer started doing background work, he found the stress-free lifestyle intoxicating.

"It's a pretty effortless way to make a bunch of money — legally," he says. He doesn't want to be named because he's afraid that, if people realize how well he's doing, they won't give him work.

Another extra, who works 150 to 200 days a year, which puts his salary well above six figures, agrees that secrecy is the best policy: "That's my biggest fear, having my name out — 'So-and-so makes this much, he doesn't need to work."

For commercial extras in a union, landing a job is largely a factor of who you know, not your talents.

Yes, extras must meet a threshold level of professionalism; they must show up on time and do what they're told; they must own a variety of clothing items (most bring their own wardrobe). But there are thousands of them, capable of showing up on time and walking when they're supposed to walk.

It's unskilled labor for skilled people. The extras who work more than 100 days a year and make six figures pull it off by knowing, and being liked by, a number of directors and assistant directors who themselves work a lot. Who you know is nearly everything in Hollywood: Directors and screenwriters often get hired because of friendships. But nowhere is Hollywood

cronyism more prevalent than in the lucrative world of commercial extras, where the minimum bar — the ability to look like a human being — is so low.

"It wasn't that long ago where everybody made fun of extras," says the writer-turned-extra. "Now everyone wants to be one."

Every Monday and

Wednesday morning, upward of 100 men and women of all ethnicities and backgrounds line up outside a two-story glass office building in Burbank. It could be a data systems lab or a call center but for the bright blue sign reading, in a font befitting a Fuddruckers, "CENTRAL CASTING."

To a certain segment of newly arrived L.A. transplants, the very real, bustling Central Casting is Ellis Island, the first

point of entry for Hollywood hopefuls. Scotty Tovar, a handsome 27-year-old from Washington Heights in Manhattan, moved to L.A. just a couple weeks ago.

"This weather out here is amazing," he says. "It was snowing when I left." He's working on a screenplay, and took a cinematography course back in New York, and hopes to get a bartending job. In the meantime, he heard this was a good way to earn a little extra cash in L.A.

Just ahead of him is Robert, from Houston, an overweight black guy in a salmoncolored sweater vest, holding a paperback copy of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Robert and his wife are planning to move here soon — "Just to change," he says. He wants to do voice-over.

Not everyone in line aspires to "make it." Anna Drabicki is a marriage and family therapist who lives in San Diego, but she's registering with Central Casting **(14**» **≫13)** in case "I'm up in L.A. and need something to do."

The phrase "straight out of Central Casting" is something of a misnomer. Central Casting is the top extras agency in the world, with more than 96,000 people registered in the United States. That includes 60,000 just in L.A., or about double the population of Beverly Hills. "I think everybody hopes that somebody is gonna pull them out of the crowd," says Kayla Delehant, a 27-year-old model and background actor from Stuart, Florida.

The Burbank firm casts around 2,000 background roles every single day. And its type is everyone.

If the American Dream is to work hard to pull yourself up by your bootstraps, the California Dream has always been about instant success. Striking it rich during the Gold Rush of the 1800s would, in the 1900s, give way to the idea of getting "discovered" in Hollywood.

Bruce Willis was an extra in a courtroom scene of *The Verdict*. then-young guys Ben Affleck and Matt Damon were extras in the Fenway Park scene

in Field of Dreams. Marilyn Monroe, Clint Eastwood, Sylvester Stallone, Brad Pitt, Clark Gable — all were extras, in the beginning. Before she was a famous novelist and the leading mind behind the philosophy of Objectivism, Ayn Rand was an extra on Cecil B. DeMille's 1927 silent epic, The King of Kings.

Megan Fox worked as an extra, when she was all of 15, on *Bad Boys 2*, directed by Michael

Bay. You can spot her dancing at a steamy nightclub, wearing a stars-and-stripes bikini and a red cowboy hat.

Most extras have an instinctive understanding that success won't happen fast. They know it takes hard work, they know there will be failures. But they carry with them a steely determination, as if optimism is the secret ingredient so many others were missing.

"I don't think it's up to the universe," Delehant says. "I think it's up to me. It depends how bad I want it. You really have to believe in yourself wholeheartedly."

The biggest challenge she faces is how many others are out there, just like her.

"It's a struggle," she admits. "There's gonna be the handful of blondes with big boobs that all look the same. And then there's gonna be the brunettes that are, like, short with glasses. It's really hard to stand out. I think sometimes you can get lost in the crowd, or feel like you're lost in the crowd, and it can just become overwhelming."

And therein lies the tension: wanting to be an actor, to grab the spotlight. But working as an extra — being paid to blend.

Ciera Jo Thompson is 24, with pale skin and red curly hair so bright it practically glows. More than once, if she is standing near the lead actor, she's heard the assistant director call out, "You, in the red hair! Move to the right! Further... Further... Further..."

In 1923, the Los Angeles Times wrote, "It seems that the Chamber of Commerce statistics show that some 10,000 young men and women, less than legal age, come to this city every month to seek jobs in pictures, and of course only a small part of them have any talents or, if so, have the good fortune in the struggle to find places, for the directors are deluged with applications."

Silent film superstar Mary Pickford once admonished 15,000 fans at Pershing Square, "I wouldn't exactly tell the boys and girls not to come, for the screen might lose much talent. But I would ask the boys and girls who go to the studios to be prepared to work for five years, if necessary, before major speaking role. But extras are eligible if they manage to get three "vouchers" — that is, if they manage to convince three

union productions to hire them. "Everyone knows there's favoritism and

cronyism," says Harold Green, the union extra. "It's kind of a joke."

On the other side of the fence, nonunion extras in TV or films earn minimum wage, \$72 for eight hours, with overtime if shoots run longer.

"We are the best-dressed, best-looking, most educated, most talented minimumwage employees in the entire world," says Alan Wald, a nonunion extra.

Most get by working a number of other jobs. Ashley (who asked that we not use her last name) from West Virginia, 25, babysits and is a "character escort" at Universal Studios; she shadows the costumed char-

"A lot of times we're treated like dogs." —extra Ciera Jo Thompson



Jozelle Smith, left, is having fun, Harold Green is making a living and Ciera Jo Thomspon is trying for fame.

reaching stardom, and that if they should fail, be prepared to take up some other career."

"The girls," she added, "should be accompanied by their mothers."

In 1925, as many as 40,000 people, according to the now-defunct *Los Angeles Record*, were background actors, populating massive crowd scenes in biblical epics, riding horses in Westerns and so on.

Each morning, men, women and children would crowd around the gates of the five major studios — Paramount, MGM, Warner Bros., 20th Century Fox and RKO Pictures. Assistant directors would come out and point to those they wanted. "A few indulge in selling real estate," the *Hollywood Citizen News* wrote, "some peddle silverware, some wash dishes in restaurants while awaiting the great opportunity they hope will come sometime."

Pay was about \$2 a day in the mid-1920s — about \$30 in today's money.

In 1914, the International Workers of the World, the most radical union in the United States, tried and failed to organize the extras. The creation of Central Casting led to better treatment and marginally better pay, but it wasn't until 1941 that the Screen Extras Guild was created. In 1992, the extras convinced the far more influential Screen Actors Guild to absorb them.

Most actors can join SAG after their first

acters and takes pictures as they pose with tourists.

"I'd rather be a character, but I don't fit any of the costumes," she says. "Right now, I'm reading up on agents and stuff so I can get my act together, start my career so I don't get stuck in background."

Ciera Jo Thompson must represent the leanest of the nonunion extras, having no other job at hand. Last year, she worked a bit more than 100 days and made only \$8,000 — just about enough to pay her bills, she says.

Some crew members joke that extras are "props that eat," or "props that bleed." Although every production and set is different, being an extra can be dehumanizing in a multitude of ways. "A lot of times we're treated like dogs," Thompson says. "Like, you can see us, and we make noises and we require things, but we're generally talked over."

It's not uncommon for background actors, the lowest caste, to be served separate food from the cast and crew. Whereas the latter feast on catered buffets and have access to a large table of snacks, the nonunion background actors, if there are a lot of them, may make do with scraps.

Says one producer: "If it's a nonunion shoot, and I'm paying 150 people 150 bucks to sit around all day, they're getting pizza. And they've got their own table with popcorn and bottled water."

Kayla Delehant recalls a time when she and other extras arrived on set at 5:30 a.m. and realized, "The crew had coffee. But not us. We were like, 'Are you kidding me?' There was nothing. We had a couple bottles of water."

Ron Shipp worked on nonunion shoots before joining SAG, and says the difference in treatment is, "You're not a person. You're really an extra — they'll call you, 'Extral' It's demeaning."

Extras are warned not to speak to the other actors, especially not celebrities. Delehant saw a background actor walk up to Mark Wahlberg's personal assistant and say, "Here's my headshot, can you give this to Mark Wahlberg?" The extra was instantly removed from the set.

"You don't talk to crew, you just mind your own business," says Nadine Wendell-Mojica, a background actor. "Unless they say 'excuse me,' you don't talk to the crew, and they don't talk to you — unless you're some gorgeous-looking girl."

Some crew members hit on extras or

sleep with extras, and producers even cast beautiful female extras to make the shoot more fun. "On certain

shows, the directors and writers and creators sort of prey on the young extras," explains Frankie Shaw, a working actress and director whose *SMILF* won the Short Film Jury

Award at Sundance 2015. "They're really excited about casting the best-looking extras, then they ask the extras out." She heard a cinematographer say, "I love these extras. They're like salmon in a trap. Salmon in a trap."

Jozelle Smith pushes her toast to the edge of her quinoa scramble — "I never eat bread," she says. She sounds just like every other aspiring actor, except that Smith is 75, one of the many retirees who do regular background work.

Smith was born in Culver City. Practically everyone in town worked for MGM (now Sony Pictures) back then, and in the morning, Smith would see the men walking to the studio carrying lunch pails. Her grandfather was an MGM electrician, her grandmother was in wardrobe. Her mother worked as an extra in the 1930s.

"She got paid \$5 a day and a sack lunch, and she was thrilled to death," Smith says.

In 1986, Smith was elected to the Culver City Council, where she served for eight years, including a one-year stint as Culver City mayor, a rotating position. By 2007 she had retired, and after remodeling her house, she needed something to do.

She was working out at the gym Curves when one of the trainers told her, "You love the movies, you should be an extra."

"I said, 'I'm not doing anything (16 »



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>14) now, that sounds like fun.' I've always been a movie nut. So I went to Central Casting and signed up, and that was it."

So-called "amateur extras" see it as a lark, or maybe just want to soak up some movie magic. Anthony Slide, in his book *Hollywood Unknowns*, notes that many extras in the early days were "members of the social set, perhaps wintering in Los Angeles, a change of scene from their East Coast mansions."

Others were the children of newly destitute stockbrokers, or ravaged remnants of European royalty who fled to the United States after World War I. "It was reported," Slide writes, "that financially strapped members of the British nobility — among them individuals identified as Sir and 'Get a life,'" Smith says. "You're a commodity. You're like a piece of furniture that's gonna work or not work in a room."

Smith worked on *The Social Network*, which she hated because director David Fincher ordered take after take. Clint Eastwood, under whom she also has worked, never ordered more than three takes, a sure-handed approach for which he is admired by more than just the extras. For a film buff, that kind of experience can be priceless.

And then there was the porn shoot.

The ad Smith found said, "must be comfortable with male nudity," and it paid \$150 for six hours of work. Smith and a retiree friend decided they felt pretty comfortable with male nudity. They submitted for it,



Lady Poppern Young and Lady Sackville-West — would pretend to be appearing on screen as a novelty or a 'lark,' but in reality such work provided their only source of income."

A survey by Central Casting shows that today, about half are aspiring actors, but many are retirees. Smith, for one, works about 85 days a year. Hollywood directors and screenwriters rarely depict seniors in their true numbers in life, so casting openings are few. But there's less competition, and TV shows invariably need older background actors for weddings, funerals and bar mitzvahs.

The indignities don't stick to Smith as they do others. She earns about as much as a struggling young actress. But her situation couldn't be more different: She gets Social Security and Medicare, so her extra earnings allow her to travel and spend time with her grandkids.

Recently, she overheard a background actress talking about a three-day shoot. On the first day, the actress spent 12 hours "in holding" — the waiting area. The second day, it was another 12 hours in holding. On the third day, she went up to a production assistant (one small rung above extras in the production pecking order) and said, "OK, look at me, what's wrong with me? I was hired for this job. I wasn't hired to sit in holding for two 12-hour day. Is there something wrong, that you're not putting me out?"

Watching that bitter actress, "I thought,

and both were selected.

They went to downtown L.A. to an big, empty, glassed-in office where about 15 people of varying ages and ethnicities milled around. The director announced: "OK, you all said you were comfortable with male nudity. If you're not, we don't want to pressure you. Feel free to leave now if you don't think it's gonna work.

"If you want to grab his dick or give him a blow job, you'll be compensated for it."

After a beat, one gray-haired woman raised her hand and asked, "Sir, how much will that be?"

The storyline for what turned out to be a porn sketch for an online production went something like this: A female worker wins an employee-of-the-month contest. When her name is announced, out comes the Champagne and a buff dude wearing a "banana hammock" who proceeds to strip off that small bit of fabric and have sex with the perplexed employee of the month.

"Well, they do it on top of the desk, on the floor," Smith gleefully recalls. "I was dying laughing."

As for the gray-haired lady, in the midst of the striptease and without warning, she reached out and grabbed the stripper's penis. She was rewarded with an extra \$100.

As they were leaving the set, Smith asked her, "What are you gonna say when your husband says, 'How was work today?'"

The woman replied: "Just another boring background day."





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Eats // Fork Lift // EMPIRE BUILDING Classic American cookery is king at Josef Centeno's Ledlow

BY BESHA RODELL

t this rate, chef Josef Centeno will one day have a restaurant in every storefront in downtown L.A. The rapid creep of his closely grouped restaurant empire now includes Bäco Mercat, plus his mezcal-and-queso-fueled Tex-Mex spot Bar Amá around the corner, his tasting menu-only project Orsa & Winston (which is temporarily serving yakitori), and now his fourth venture within a twoblock stretch, Ledlow.

Following the trajectory of Ledlow has been a little bit head-spinning. Last summer, Centeno announced that he would be taking over Pete's, the space directly

next door to

which had

diner-type

food since

2002. The

name would

remain Pete's.

The building

was renovat-

Bäco Mercat,

been serving



ed, the interior converted into a classic white-walled, tile-floored, light-filled space, anchored by a marble bar along the back wall. Then after opening, possibly because too many people were confused by the new restaurant/old name, the name was changed to Ledlow Swan. Within a few days that name had been pared down to Ledlow.

Centeno's involvement has changed the restaurant completely: The food is undoubtedly 100 percent better than it used to be, the scope of the operation much more ambitious. Now an in-house baker makes breads and croissants and pastries daily; now Centeno is providing downtown with a serious spot for breakfast and coffee as well as lunch and dinner.

But still — I've heard some nearby residents, many of whom love Centeno's other restaurants, express disgruntlement at the transformation of Pete's from a decent, affordable neighborhood option to another high-end restaurant on a stretch that now houses quite a few. For some meals, at some points in your day/week/life, quality matters less than cost and reliability. Pete's had a place in people's routines, and Ledlow doesn't fit in quite as neatly.

What is Centeno trying to achieve with Ledlow? Does it have a function vastly different from his other three restaurants that makes it necessary? Bäco Mercat, Bar Amá and Orsa & Winston all have distinct personalities — each of them carries a purity of vision that makes three different restaurants from one chef in a one-block radius seem reasonable. What's the vision for Ledlow?

Initially, Centeno said he was going back to the basics, looking to present pure American cookery. "I wanted to do my version of classic American dishes, much of which is rooted in early–20th century cuisine, which also fits in with the history on this block," he said in a press release ahead of opening. We were to look forward to lobster Newburg, Waldorf salad and smothered pork chops.

The reality of Ledlow, at least two name changes and four months in, is not so straightforward. Yes, an underlying guiding principle of Americana is detectable, and some dishes on the menu are unequivocally classic: There are Parker House rolls that arrive in a cast-iron skillet, golden on the outside and gorgeously fluffy on the inside, served with a side of pimento cheese. Nightly specials include serious throwbacks, such as beef stroganoff and turkey pot pie, made with care and hitting on all the comfort receptors you'd expect.

Where Centeno really hits his stride is with dishes that nod to the past but have just enough of this chef's playful sensibility and penchant for bold flavoring that they feel both classic and modern.

Perhaps no dish on the menu encapsulates this aesthetic as well as the vegetable crudité, which is a far cry from the bland carrot and celery sticks of 1960s cocktail parties. Centeno takes the best produce of the day, grills some and leaves some raw, and lays it all out in a jumble on a wooden board along with a small pot of housemade ranch for dipping. There might be delicately charred Brussels sprouts, okra cooked to the lightest crisp, radishes and turnips and multicolored baby carrots. This indeed is the crudité of 2015, an old idea made fresh.

The same can be said for a deviled egg and ham plate, which is basically a slightly deconstructed egg salad composed of chopped up deviled eggs, cornichon, tarragon and slices of ham. It feels at once vintage and brand new.

Braised beef shoulder showcases the best of crockpot cookery (whether or not it was done in an actual crockpot), and comes over silken cream of wheat. Kumquats added to the red wine braising juices give it a tropical note, a left-field brightness that takes the dish from good to great.

Ledlow's Americana concept would benefit if the menu kept more to the dishes that follow the old-becomes-new-again narrative. But one of the hallmarks of a Centeno restaurant is his overwhelmingly long menus – while Ledlow's menu doesn't achieve the insanity of Bar Amá, there is a lot of food to choose from, some of which strays too far from the original intent. There are creative veggie dishes, such as charred broccolini with uni, that are very cool but somewhat out of context, and hew too closely to what's served at Bäco Mercat. Fried eggplant and beef ragout is just plain odd, a beefy Bolognese of sorts that has intense vinegar as its main flavor.

Even some of the nostalgia simply doesn't work. Grilled seafood cocktail, which lays out three treatments of the day's best seafood on a large platter, turns what were obviously pristine oysters into chewy nubbins - why grill small, sweet oysters of that quality? Desserts are an obvious place for the vintage theme to shine, but alas: While the baked Alaska is a looker, a large swirl of meringue set ablaze before you, its Luxardo cherry base makes it entirely too sweet. Chess pie has a crust as stiff as old leather, practically impossible to cut through. A towering Grand Marnier soufflé comes out a little undercooked, its top lacking the sugary stretch that should contrast so beautifully with the soft eggy interior (in this case too soft, too eggy).

The last thing you want when people bite into your baked Alaska is a new understanding of why the dessert fell out of fashion in the first place. For much of this food, Centeno can't quite manage to throw off fuddy-duddy constraints or, conversely, recognize dishes that don't seem to fit the theme and which you might find on another menu, one that is inconveniently right next door.

Not for the first time, Centeno may actually be ahead of his time: Classic American cookery is likely to make a resurgence in the next few years — look forward to casseroles and thermidors and composed salads galore. Our midcentury fascination can be limited to furniture and cocktails for only so long — before we know it, we'll be eating like *Mad Men*, as well as dressing like them and lusting after their coffee tables. But Ledlow needs purity of intent to be the first major restaurant to present this vintage sensibility successfully.

There's a sly brilliance to the food that works at Ledlow, and not only that, it works in a wholly original fashion. If the history of the space, the history of American cookery and the history of this chef could find an easier balance, we might have something game-changing on our hands.

LEDLOW | 400 S. Main St., dwntwn. | (213) 687-7015 | ledlowla.com | Breakfast and lunch, daily 8 a.m.-3 p.m. Dinner, Mon.-Thu., 5:30-11 p.m.; Fri. & Sat., 5:30 p.m.-mid.; Sun., 5-10 p.m. | Plates, \$6-\$32 | Full bar | Street parking



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| **Eats** // | Squid Ink //

MADCAPRA FALAFEL COMING TO DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN CHEFS OPEN IN APRIL AT GRAND CENTRAL MARKET

or being one of L.A.'s more anticipated restaurant openings of 2015, Madcapra has remained relatively quiet, posting only occasional photos on its official Instagram and hosting a single pop-up dinner, a sold-out, four-course feast that took over Animal on Fairfax recently.

That's mainly because its owners — Sara Kramer and Sarah Hymanson, two notable young New York City chefs — have been busy as hell setting up their sandwich-andsalad falafel spot (which will be opening in Grand Central Market sometime in April), discovering the year-round farm bounty of Southern California and adjusting to life in a city across the country from the kitchens where they first earned acclaim.

"It was definitely not an easy decision to leave New York," Kramer told *L.A. Weekly.* "I'm actually born and raised there, and Sarah and I both love the city and built strong professional communities there. And of course, New York is such a vibrant, rich place to live. Nonetheless, I think she and I both felt like it was time for a change, and L.A. was the obvious choice. The restaurant community here is really welcoming, the produce is unbeatable and, on the whole, it's an exciting time in L.A.'s lifespan, which is exciting to be a small part of."

The two Brooklyn chefs worked together most recently at Greenpoint's modern Mediterranean restaurant Glasserie, and they plan to bring a similar approach to Middle Eastern fare to L.A., a city with a huge population from that part of the world, but whose cuisine has not yet been ravaged by the modern touch. (Kramer's mother is Israeli and she grew up eating a lot of Middle Eastern food.)

If the recent pop-up at Animal was any indication of what's to come, Madcapra will be a place to get everything from tangy seafood salads to delicately layered vegetable dishes to the signature square yes, square! — falafel.

"People can expect an updated and very fresh take on the falafel sandwich," Kramer says of the Grand Central Market menu, "as well as sandwiches and salads filled with so many vegetables. They can expect lots of pickles. They should not expect pita bread."

Unlike chefs from other cities who open restaurants in L.A. by proxy, Kramer and Hymanson both moved their lives out here last year in preparation not only for Mad-



Sarah Hymanson, left, and Sara Kramer of Madcapra

capra but also a second Middle Easterninspired restaurant (in a location yet to be determined) based around shared plates.

In the process, the farm-to-table advocates have found a new muse in the region's native vegetable offerings, forging relationships with local fruit and vegetable producers and incorporating those flavors into their New York cooking style.

"The move to SoCal has been eye-opening, to say the least, as far as seasons and availability," Kramer says. "The growing seasons are really amorphous here and allow for a more consistent menu. But there are exciting subtleties that we're discovering within that, not to mention the access to mountains of avocados and citrus, as well as so many varieties of pluots — shocking as compared to what we had back east — as well as items we never would have seen, like cherimoya." **–Sarah Bennett**

Madcapra, 317 N. Broadway, downtown; madcapra.com

RESTAURANT OPENINGS & CLOSINGS

Mexicano Soft Opens in Baldwin Hills Crenshaw Plaza

The Baldwin Hills Crenshaw Plaza website proclaims that Mexicano, the long-awaited restaurant from Jaime Martín del Campo and Ramiro Arvizu, is now open, and the publicists for the restaurant confirm the same. "The doors are open and they are doing business," a rep told *L.A. Weekly*, but she also stressed that they consider this a soft opening. "They are still working out some of the kinks," she said.

The La Casita Mexicana chefs opened Flautas, a fast-casual stand in the same mall selling — you guessed it — flautas, back in mid-January, and press dinners and various friends-and-family events have been taking place at Mexicano for the past couple of months.

Mexicano is serving some of the dishes that helped to make the chefs famous at La Casita Mexicana, including their mole and their chile en nogada, which will be offered only on weekends. But there will also be dishes new to this restaurant, as well as an ambitious bar program with a focus on mezcal, and a "mezcal sommelier."

Mexicano is open Sunday to Thursday, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., and Friday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. An official grand





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opening is expected within a couple of weeks. **-Besha Rodell**

Meixcano: Baldwin Hills Crenshaw Shopping Center, 3650 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd., Baldwin Hills. 323-296-0798.

COFFEE

Verve and Juice Served Here Link Up Downtown

First there was the trendy beverage mashup of coffee beer — a blend of uppers and downers, day and night — but the newest thing to drink with your specialty coffee these days is actually a far more natural breakfast-time pairing: cold-pressed juice.

For its first L.A. retail coffee shop, Santa Cruz-based Verve Coffee Roasters has teamed up with local juice bar mini-chain Juice Served Here to bring two of our favorite morning liquids into a first-of-its kind dual-purpose storefront. With the two brands sharing one prep space and employees cross-trained on both companies' products, you can walk up to a single point of sale inside the minimalist, well-lit storefront, just opened on South Spring Street in downtown, and buy a cold brew on tap plus any of Juice Served Here's 20-plus prepackaged juices — in the same order.

Originally, the like-minded businesses were looking into splitting the architecturally stunning interior into two distinct retail counters, with a wall down the middle, but as planning moved forward it became clear that coffee and juice were a logical fit for an even more integrated space.

"When we started to see it from the customer-experience side, we began to move the two counters closer together," Verve co-founder Colby Barr says. "Now you only go to one register and you get everything you need in one place. It's seamless."

The coffee-and-juice-in-one-place idea is not necessarily novel, since it can be seen in play at places such as Starbucks (which purchased Evolution Fresh in 2011 and now stocks packaged juices in its chill cases) and small-time coffee shops that sell fresh juice (see: Geo's Organic in Culver City).

In all of these instances, however, both the coffee and the juice are either produced by the same company or are purchased from different outside producers — and either one or the other is introduced as an afterthought. Never before have two leaders in their respective worlds come together like a gourmet Voltron to put all previous coffee-juice attempts to shame.

"This store is certainly a concept store," Barr says. "It's the result of a 'What happens if...? conversation. We didn't know if it would work or not."

Barr and Juice Served Here's CEO and co-founder Alex Matthews first bonded a few years ago over a similar dedication to quality in what they do. In addition to having a mutual love of clean aesthetics and branding, the two value deep connections with their producers (Barr often travels around the world seeking quality beans, while Juice Served Here's blog offers posts about their "Farmer Friends") and are aligned in their reflections of the laid-back, healthy California lifestyle. "I've always been passionate about Verve Coffee and what they offer, but after visiting them in Santa Cruz, I came to understand their depth of knowledge on the regions their coffee comes from and their passion for their product," Matthews says. "We're similarly fanatically passionate about juices, so it made sense."

This personal connection has led to some additional mind-melding that's helping expand the coffee-and-juice combination at the new downtown space beyond just serving the two products side by side.

As an almond milk producer, Juice Served Here has expanded its offerings to include a custom Tres Leches blend of almond, macadamia and cashew milk, which is being used in Verve's Tres Leches Cappuccino, a drink unique to the downtown store. Verve is using Juice Served Here's house-made almond milk as the standard milk alternative for all its coffee drinks.

Verve is in the process of building out a roasting operation in the Arts District and already has plans for two more retail locations, one in West Hollywood and another at Third and Fairfax. Neither will be collaboration stores like the downtown location, though the two brands will maintain a presence at one another's shops.

For now, we have Verve's much-anticipated retail entrance into the L.A. coffee game and the first of what we hope are more such ingenious partnerships.

"It totally works," Matthews says of giving people the option for both beverages. "I think because both things are a daily ritual for people. We've been sitting in here working the last few days and I'm watching people order a green juice and a coffee that's their breakfast." **-Sarah Bennett**

RESTAURANT SPOTLIGHT

Fiore Market Café Likes It Slow and Small

Fiore Market Café is one of the culinary jewels of South Pasadena. It's an avatar of a city that operates at a slower pace than most of Los Angeles — a city that, despite being 15 minutes from downtown L.A., feels more like a small town in the Midwest.

Hidden in an enclave of the Fremont Centre Theatre, Fiore is a pint-sized operation. The café seats no more than 38. The menu is minuscule: just a handful of sandwiches, salads, soups and baked goods. The food is slow in coming, and it's open only for lunch. Slow and small. But therein lies the appeal.

The "mom and pop" behind Fiore are Anne and Bill Disselhorst. They met at a now-extinct restaurant in Pasadena in 1986; Anne was waitressing her way through college and Bill was her manager.

"I wasn't supposed to date her," he says, "so it was pretty much hush-hush for a while." In July they'll have been married 28 years.

Bill has spent his life in the restaurant business, from the bottom of the food industry chain to director of operations for a Westside restaurant group. Five years ago he lost his job, and he and Anne took it as a sign to embark on their own adventure. They were drawn to South Pasadena's qui-







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et, tree-lined charm, and Bill locked onto the space adjoining the theater on Fremont Avenue. "I just liked the way that entrance looked with the awnings," he says.

Anne liked the entrance, too, but had her reservations. "It was so ugly," she laughs. "When he showed it to me it was just desolate. There were bars on the windows. But I knew it had character. I knew we could do something with it."

They built the café as they would build their sandwiches and their success: by hand. They bought antique furniture and used kitchen equipment, and built boxed planters for a garden to brighten up the patio (herbs and vegetables that would find their way into the menu). Before opening in December 2010, they brainstormed a simple menu in "about a week." "We just knew we wanted to do everything inhouse," Anne says.

"The whole idea was the bread," says Bill, who'd been experimenting with a recipe from Jim Lahey's no-knead book, My Bread. They developed a few sandwiches from the resulting recipe, and committed to only using loaves made the same day. That mantra permeated the menu. Fresh bread sliced for every sandwich, bacon cooked to order so it's still warm in your salad. The food takes longer to reach your mouth, but your mouth is so much happier. Fiore's philosophy, and its overall look

and pace, came from a family trip to Italy in 2003. (The name takes inspiration from Campo di Fiore, a huge outdoor market in Rome.) "When my friend in Italy would make bruschetta," Bill says, "she would cut the tomato in her hand with a paring knife, and the juices would drip into the bowl. She would make it to order."

The menu's stars are the roast chicken sandwich (a wedding of moist breast meat, walnut-basil pesto and burrata), mini "piccolo" sandwiches on home-baked baguettes, a spicy udon noodle salad and Anne's ample, crumbling cookies.

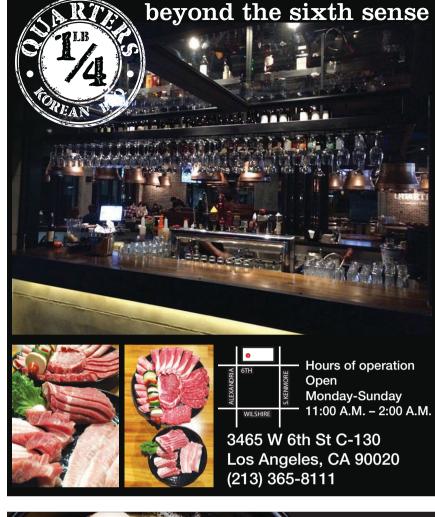
One of Fiore's signature items is the short rib sandwich, which cushions slowbraised Angus choice short rib, chipotle mayonnaise and an Asian coleslaw popping with cilantro in Bill's rustic loaf. That paramount bread, which transforms a ridiculously simple recipe through the use of sprinkled cornmeal and pot-generated moisture, is like a savory cake — dense and spectacularly soft — sopping up all the juices for utter integration.

It took two years for Fiore to get busy, but now the perpetual lines reveal its hold on the stomachs of South Pasadena. In December the couple self-published a cookbook filled with recipes, stories and vibrant photos.

Sure, Fiore could be more efficient, pre-bagging bread slices or pre-cooking the bacon — but the food wouldn't taste as great. They could double their menu, but they know the less popular items would suffer in quality.

"We're not interested in that," Bill says. "Obviously we need to live, but we're not motivated by money, really." Adds Anne: "And we're picky eaters, too." **-Tim Greiving**

Fiore Market Cafe, 1000 Fremont Ave., South Pasadena; (626) 441-2280; fioremarketcafe.com







Are We Not Puppets?

In Greek mythology, Persephone is the goddess queen of the underworld, whose eternal duty is to rise into the upper air each year to bring spring growth to the earth. It's a big job, and though somewhat satisfying, it's also rather begrudgingly carried out, as Persephone was, after all, forced into the role when she was abducted by that wicked chump Hades. Villa Theater Lab's Tungsten (artery), directed and designed by Janie Geiser and written by Erik Ehn, is a modern take on the Persephone saga, melding bunraku puppetry, live performance, video, sound and text to illuminate issues of identity and facing up to our mortality and - yikes - essential purpose in life. Getty Villa Auditorium, 17985 Pacific Coast Hwy., Pacific Palisades; Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 21, 3 & 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 22, 2 p.m.; \$7. (310) 440-7300, getty.edu. –John Payne

COMEDY

Prior to Pryor

Earlier this year, Mike Epps was wondering the same thing we were: Why wasn't he included in Chris Rock's Top Five? The comedian could challenge Rock's stardom, though, as he prepares to play Richard Pryor in the upcoming Lee Daniels-directed biopic. Epps began his career on Def Comedy Jam, later becoming well-known for his characters in Next Friday and Friday After Next. Before he gets too big for the stage, Epps returns to his stand-up roots for a dose of comedy about relationships, sex and the ongoing peculiarities of white folks. Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, dwntwn.; Fri.-Sat., Feb. 20 & 21, 8 p.m. (doors open 7 p.m.); \$45.50 & \$65.50. (877) 677-4386, laorpheum.com. -Siran Babayan





NSFW Opera

Is the Industry turning opera - that most old-school of performing arts disciplines



- into an L.A. indie hipster's paradise? For the second year, the company is offering a free program peeking into half a dozen of its projects, and this time, **First Take** is definitely not safe for work. Featuring performances of scenes from operas on topics ranging from the discovery of LSD to coed murder, the story of Bonnie and Clyde, and Revolutionary War-era censorship, First Take rewards the curious and the skeptical alike with some scintillating reasons to take a fresh look at the classical medium. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts, 9390 N. Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills; Sat., Feb. 21, 1-4:30 p.m.; free. (310) 246-3800, theindustryla.org. -Shana Nys Dambrot

FILM Speaking in Tongues

Some basic knowledge of the Oscar-nominated foreign-language films will make the difference between staring blankly during that category and winning your Oscar party betting pool. So at the Academy's Oscar Week: Foreign-Language Films, you can catch the directors of Wild Tales (Argentina), Ida (Poland), Leviathan (Russia), Tangerines (Estonia) and Timbuktu (Mauritania) in conversation with moderator Mark Johnson, producer of Rain Man and chairman of the Academy's foreign-language film committee. The event is technically sold out, but

AGE COURTESY OF ROBERT WILLIAM

there will be a standby line at the west doors (closest to Almont Drive), with standby numbers given out at approximately 8 a.m. Samuel Goldwyn Theater, 8949 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; Sat., Feb. 21, 10 a.m.; \$5, \$3 students. (310) 247-3000, oscars.org. –Sascha Bos

FESTIVALS

Happy New Year, Again

Ring in the Lunar New Year with the 116th annual Golden Dragon Parade and Chinese New Year Festival. The Chinatown tradition has swelled into an event with live bands, food, lots of confetti and acrobats and others performing through-

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out the day on the main stage in Central Plaza. Plus, of course, a parade circles around Hill and Broadway between 1 and 3 p.m. Check out the Culinary Stage for cooking demonstrations and grab a bite at one of the food trucks. Buzzbands L.A.'s Kevin Bronson curated this year's music lineup, headlined by Lili Haydn. Note that Chinatown streets will be very crowded, and the hunt for parking may be intense. Take the Metro. Central and West Plazas, 943-951 N. Broadway, Chinatown; Sat., Feb. 21, noon-9 p.m.; free. (213) 617-0396, chinatownla.com. -Liz Ohanesian

MULTIMEDIA

Circus All Around You

An escape from the earthly realm ruled by consumerism, celebrity and faceless Internet, the Lucent Dossier Experience aims to not merely entertain but to transform reality, providing a rapturous, music- and movement-filled journey that usually takes place only in dreams - or on really great psych drugs. This show promises to be a more interactive experience, encompassing the entire ballroom, plus trippy, electro-tinged soundscapes from DJs/producers Nico Luminous, MartyParty and Dirtwire. As always, Lucent provides a visual tour de force filled with acrobats, aerialists, stilt walkers, fire dancers, theatrical vignettes, live instrumentation and some of the most beautifully elaborate costumery you'll ever see. Club Nokia, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., dwntwn.; Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m.; \$25-\$40. (213) 765-7000, lucentdossier.com. -Lina Lecaro



Come to My Party ... in a Museum

In this latest one-hour installment in the art-for-kids salon **Look Together: How to Throw a Party About Art**, families wander through the Hammer galleries and make a game out of what they see. The idea is to take what you've learned and enjoyed in today's party and apply it to your own fantastic happenings at other museums throughout Los Angeles. *Hammer Museum*, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwd.; Sun., Feb. 22, 10:30 a.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu. –David Cotner

ART

Started From the Bottom, Now We're Here

In Los Angeles especially, it's impossible to imagine the contemporary art landscape without the subversive vision of the lowbrow art movement. Equally hard to imagine, *Juxtapoz* — the magazine synonymous with the revolution — is now 20 years old. The survey **"20 Years Under the Influence,"** co-curated by Thinkspace and Copro Nason galleries, celebrates with a new show at Barnsdall. It's paired with **"SLANG Aesthetics!,"** a solo show by the journal's founding father, legendary painter Robert Williams, in his first offering of major new work in L.A. in more than 10 years. This afternoon's public viewing features a screening of the uproarious biographical documentary on Williams, **Mr. Bitchin'**. Los Angeles Municipal Art Gallery, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., Hlywd.; Sun., Feb. 22, noon-5 p.m.; free. Exhibition continues Thu.-Sun., noon-5 p.m., through April 19. (323) 660-4254, barnsdall.org. **–Shana Nys Dambrot**



STORYTELLING

The Most Storied of Stories

Remember story hour? That soothing voice reading children's stories as you sat wide-eyed on a rug? The Moth Grand-**SLAM Championship** isn't like that. Think: fast-paced, funny, tear-jerking, humanityinducing and completely true. Featuring winners of the past 10 L.A. Moth Story SLAMs, it's a great way to experience live storytelling for the first (or 14th) time. The Moth, which takes its name from the way storytellers attract listeners like moths to a flame, was founded in New York by poet-novelist George Dawes Green. It has since expanded to include nationwide events, competitions and a radio show. Echoplex, 1822 Sunset Blvd., Echo Park; Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., doors open 7 p.m.; \$25. theecho.com. -Sascha Bos

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Marilyn's Gratest Scene

FILM

This week's LACMA Tuesday matinee is Billy Wilder's The Seven Year Itch, which spawned perhaps the most iconic image of the 20th century's most famous sex symbol: standing above a subway grate, her white dress flaring in the wind. If it's easy to forget all these decades later how gifted a comic actress Monroe really was, it's just as easy to be reminded of that talent by her performance here as the temptress next door. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Miracle Mile; Tue., Feb. 24, 1 p.m.; \$5, \$3 Academy members, LACMA Film Club members and students with ID. (323) 857-6000, lacma. org. -Michael Nordine



FILM/BOOKS

He'll Skip the Kissing Parts

Occasionally a film so breathlessly joyous slips into theaters, lodging itself firmly in the heart of the body politic. At USC's Movies We Love series' **An Evening With Cary Elwes** and screening of **The Princess Bride**, Elwes will sign copies of his New York Times best-seller As You Wish: Inconceivable Tales From the Making of The Princess Bride, which includes evWed, March 4 "One of the very finest, most soul-drenched voices of any era." - In The Basement USA SMITH WENGLER CENTER | FOR THE 310.506.4522

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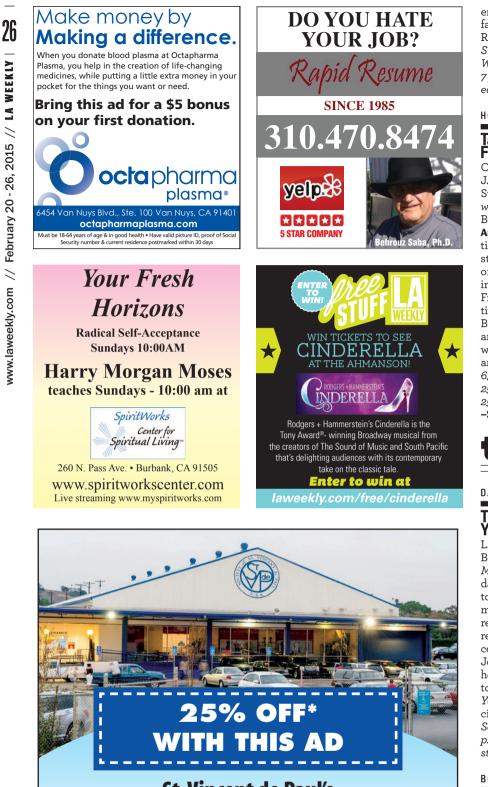
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erything from how Elwes researched his famous sword fight to his crush on co-star Robin Wright. *Ray Stark Family Theatre, SCA 108, George Lucas Bldg., USC, 900 W. 34th St., University Park; Wed., Feb. 25, 7 p.m.; free. (213) 740-2804, cinema.usc. edu.* **–David Cotner**

HOLLYWOOD

Take Out Your *Selma* Snub Frustrations

Organized by Zócalo and UCLA's Ralph J. Bunche Center for African American Studies, and moderated by The Hollywood Reporter executive editor Matthew Belloni, Why Can't Hollywood Look Like America? addresses that age-old question, namely how, even in 2015, there's still a disproportionate lack of people of color in film and TV roles. Panelists include the Black List founder-CEO Franklin Leonard; Brian Dobbins, executive producer of ABC's Black-ish; UCLA Bunche Center director Darnell Hunt; and CAA agent Christy Haubegger, whose clients include Sophia Vergara and Salma Hayek. ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 W. Sunset Blvd., Hlywd.; Wed., Feb. 25, 7:30 p.m.; free, resv. required. (213) 381-2541, zocalopublicsqure.org. -Siran Babayan

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DANCE The Traffic Starts *After* You Get to the Theater

L.A.-based contemporary company BODYTRAFFIC was named one of Dance Magazine's "25 to Watch," partly for the dancing, partly for the ability of its directors, Lillian Barbeito and Tina Finkelman Berkett, to attract internationally recognized choreographers. The troupe returns with the program that had a successful run last month at New York City's Joyce Theater, including new works from hot choreographers Hofesh Shecter, Victor Quijada and Richard Siegel. The New York Times praised the "wonderfully precise dancers." Broad Stage, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica; Thu.-Fri., Feb. 26-27, 7:30 p.m.; \$32-\$55. (310) 434-3200, thebroad stage.com. -Ann Haskins

BOOKS AND SCIENCE

Voyage to Beyond

Jim Bell discusses his new book, The Interstellar Age: Inside the 40-Year Voyager Mission, in which he chronicles how NASA launched the twin Voyager probes to explore the outer planets in our solar system. The author also goes behind the team responsible for the mission, including Voyager's chief scientist and former director of Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Ed Stone. Bell is an Arizona State University professor who's been involved in many NASA space exploration missions. Vroman's, 695 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena; Thu., Feb. 26, 7 p.m.; free, book is \$27.95. (626) 449-5320, vromansbookstore.com. -Siran Babayan



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Arts // Art Picks // DISAPPEARING ACTS AN ARTIST VANISHES, AND IS THAT INSTALLATION COMING OR GOING?

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

Also, more paintings and more chains are being added to an already labyrinthine installation downtown.

5. Giving power to pennies

"EBB," Jory Rabinovitz's installation at Martos Gallery, is an absurdist's version of a wishing well, one in which all the parts are rearranged. The copper spouts, pipes and discs were made from melted pennies, so the pennies become structural. And funny chlorine-blue fabric tubes fall to the floor from spouts on the wall. It's a cartoonish version of water, though there's real water too, pooling in a blue-green brick well and coming from a copper tube that reaches through the ceiling to catch rainwater. 3315 W Washington Blvd., West Adams; through March 14. info@martosgallery.com, martosgallery.com.

4. King of the yard

The throne built by John Zane Zappas in a grassless Montecito Heights side yard is gray, more lumpy than elegant, and welcoming and big enough for five or so people to sit on. It's one of three NuStachus (or New Statues) he installed at Outside Gallery, a new project by Insert Blanc Press, and it's pleasant to imagine a whole family sitting on the throne and snacking and chatting, maybe as the sun sets. 2806½ Lincoln Park Ave., Montecito Heights; through April 5 by appointment only. insert press@gmail.com, insertblancpress.net. **3. Living on the edge**

In the pleasantly spare exhibition up now at Meliksetian | Briggs, Bas Jan Ader appears on a vintage TV screen, reading a Reader's Digest story about a boy who fell over Niagara Falls and survived. The artist - who would disappear three years later, in 1975, during a transatlantic journey he took as part of his In Search of the Miraculous project — is straight-faced and serious. He is also serious when he holds a tea party in Griffith Park, in a "house" that's really a box held up by a stick. When the house falls down over him and he disappears, the performance, and the video, ends. It's genuinely charming, like a Charlie Chaplin routine, but also foreboding, which is Ader's lasting legacy. You always read his work knowing he'd risk his life for an idea. 313 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax.; through Feb. 28. (323) 828-4731, meliksetianbriggs.com. 2. Is he building it or tearing it down?

The newsprint publication stacked in the front room of Parker Ito's ongoing,

still-growing exhibition in a warehouse around the block from his gallery, Chateau Shatto, has a faded photo of roses on its cover. The word "Revenge," also faded, is typed across the photo, and you could see Ito's over-full, bright exhibition as a kind of wide-open revenge fantasy. He's getting back at who knows what - California's sunniness? Consumerism? People who want art to be elite? Industriousness as a good in itself? Hyper-real and less real paintings hang from the rafters, held up by colored chains. Other chains hang alone and unfinished work is on the floor, as are pairs of brand new shoes. There are holes in walls, and you're not sure whether the urge to construct or destruct is winning. 1317 S. Grand Ave., dwntwn.; through April 30. (213) 973-5327, chateaushatto.com. 1. Haunted by a minimalist

The two headlights Michael E. Smith projected onto the back wall of Michael Benevento Gallery's darkened main room look like eyes at first. The stuffed black gloves attached to a metal bar installed high across the hallway look as if they must belong to some predatory animal. Even though the BMX bike frame with the clean drinking glass protruding from it resembles a crossbow, it's the gentlest object in the room. It's satisfying to be taken on such a strange ride so efficiently, by so few smartly placed objects (the installation Smith did with artist Ed Brown in Benevento's project space down the street is just as efficient, but louder). 7578 Sunset Blvd., W. Hlywd.; through March 14. (323) 874-6400, beneventolosangeles.com.

<image>

ROBT. WILLIAMS

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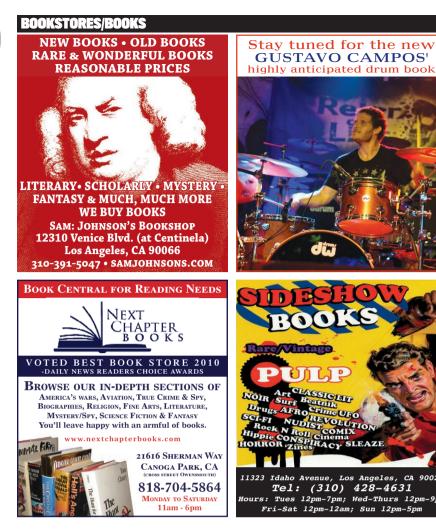
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| Books //

GREAT SCOTT <u>West of Sunset is</u> <u>the best Hollywood novel</u> in years

BY PAUL TEETOR



sentences that F. Scott Fitzgerald scribbled in his too-short lifetime, none has worked itself into American wisdom as much as this line

f the many memorable

from *The Last Tycoon:* "There are no second acts in American lives."

Yet that is precisely what Fitzgerald attempted to do two years after his mental and emotional breakdown in 1935: Create a second act for his once fabulous, now failed life. Deep in debt, perpetually drunk, physically deteriorating and burdened with a schizophrenic wife in a far-off sanitarium, he faked sobriety, talked himself into a sixmonth contract as an MGM screenwriter and moved to Hollywood in 1937.

Fitzgerald died of a heart attack in 1940 at 44. But the promise and peril of his last three years provide the premise for Stewart O'Nan's sparkling novel, *West of Sunset*.

And make no mistake: This is a novel, not a biography, a distinction that O'Nan fears may be lost.

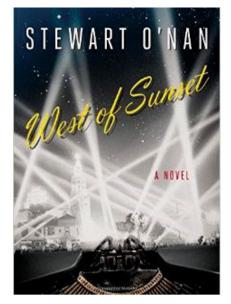
"The place is real, the time is real and the people are real. All his trips back east to visit Zelda, all his work at the studios, those are all documented," O'Nan tells the *Weekly*. "What I did was fill in the gaps. The scenes and the dialogue are all mine."

That effort to fill in the gaps extends to the novel's letters among Fitzgerald and his wife, Zelda, and daughter, Scottie.

"I wrote those letters myself," O'Nan admits, "but I studied their vocabulary and tried to make the letters true to their styles."

Thankfully, O'Nan, a Pittsburgh-based writer with 14 novels under his belt, does not try to mimic Fitzgerald's narrative style. He relies on his own observational voice to inhabit Fitzgerald's character as he shows us the slow-motion, end-stage disintegration of a great artist. He is sensitive to the pain and humiliation Fitzgerald suffered at the hands of the often illiterate overseers of the Hollywood dream machine, who viewed him as a washed-up relic of the Roaring '20s Jazz Age, a curiosity more deserving of pity than praise.

Coming up with a great premise is only half the battle. The execution of that premise is the real test, and O'Nan pulls off a literary magic act: He artfully evokes the glamour of Hollywood's golden age just before World War II, at the same time as he manages to demythologize names that have attained legend status. He gives us incisive portraits of Fitzgerald's friends, colleagues and fellow tenants at the Garden of Allah apartments: drunk and disorderly Humphrey Bogart, macho, blustering



Ernest Hemingway and witty, increasingly bitter Dorothy Parker. Throw in cameos by humorist-actor Robert Benchley, prolific producer Walter Wanger and nihilistic writer Nathanael West, and this book is catnip for aficionados of prewar L.A.

Consider O'Nan's timeless description of 1937 L.A.:

For all its tropical beauty there was something charmless and hard about it, a vulgarity as decidedly American as the picture industry, which thrived on the constant waves of transplants eager for work, offering them nothing more substantial than sunshine. It was a city of strangers but, unlike New York, the dream L.A. sold, like any Shangri-La, was not one of surpassing achievement but unlimited ease, a state attainable only by the very rich and the dead. Half beach, half desert, the place was never meant to be habitable.

While it is ultimately a sad story, it is leavened by a great love story: Fitzgerald's immediate connection with Sheilah Graham. She was the least well-known of the three poison-and-praise gossip columnists who ruled the Hollywood social scene for 50 years (the others were Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper). Graham, a beautiful British orphan, changed her Jewish name and married into English high society before heading to Hollywood in the 1930s. A talented writer who eventually wrote more than a dozen books (three of them about her years with Fitzgerald), she was the least judgmental of the three gossips, more interested in news items than in forcing wayward actors and actresses to adhere to an outdated moral code.

There are really three stories here woven into one compelling narrative: Fitzgerald's attempt at professional reinvention, his romantic quest to re-create with Graham the once-electric love he shared with Zelda in the 1920s and his guilt-driven obligation to support his scattered family by paying for Zelda's hospitalization and his daughter's education at prep school and later Vassar.

Any one of these stories by itself would be interesting. Skillfully woven together, they comprise the best Hollywood novel to come down Sunset Boulevard in years.

Contact the writer at paulteetor@verizon. net or follow him on Twitter @paulteetor.



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Stage // DARE TO BE FUNNY A wave of shows puts stand-ups in uncomfortable situations

BY JANE BORDEN

h God, I hope that got a laugh, but I'll never know," Ian Abramson said. after telling a joke at the first L.A. installment of his

new show, Seven Minutes in Purgatory, in January. He can't be sure because he delivered the joke from a room backstage, while wearing noise-canceling headphones. A camera streamed his set, and those of his stand-up guests, live to the audience.

Abramson and co-producer Matt Byrne launched the show in Chicago last year, as a thought experiment. "Audiences respond to a comedian, but I'm interested in how a comedian responds to an audience," he says. "What happens when you take away their ability to do that?"

Later in the show, between jokes, comic Jake Weisman muses to the camera, "I think I like it better this way. You can't tell what jokes suck, so your self-esteem stays even. 'Oh, I knew [that set] was great. It's just those audiences I can hear that had poor judgment."

Kyle Kinane, also on the bill, says of the setup, "It's weird, like, I just want to take my dick out. But I still have to see all these people when it's done."

Abramson believes audiences become more aware of the role they play, and therefore participate even more with laughter and attention. "Even if a comedian is nervous," he explains later, offstage, "the crowd eats it up, because that's part of the experience.'

Suddenly, there are several stand-up comedy shows in L.A. that are, as producer Troy Conrad describes it, "putting performers in a situation where things go wrong." He created the long-running and wildly popular Set List: Stand-Up Without a Net, which forces stand-ups to improvise jokes on the spot, based on a "set list" of joke titles given to them onstage.

Now he also produces *Prompter*, along with graphic designer Hannah Crichton and comic Greg Kashmanian, which is billed as a rejected TED Talk delivered from a broken teleprompter. Upon taking the stage, a comic sees the introduction to the talk — with titles such as "How to Bring Your Torture Room to Life" and "The Power of Positive Sedation." Then

the screen goes blank and he or she must keep talking. Scrolling text appears and disappears throughout.

Another similar show, Speechless, forces comics and even professional public speakers to improvise through a neverbefore-seen PowerPoint presentation.

"No one has ever been bored in an obstacle course," Conrad says of his shows. "That's what this is about." His favorite Prompter moment happened at last year's Riot Festival downtown, when Jon Dore, as Conrad recalls, "somehow got two straight guys to kiss onstage during a talk where he played Iowa's top wedding photographer. Nobody will forget the laughter, cheering and confusion."

One of Eliza Skinner's favorite memo-

ries from a performance of her brainchild Piano Bar happened when Guy Branum climbed on the piano and lounged there moodily, singing for the duration of his time. *Piano Bar* is a hybrid of stand-up and musical improv. During a comic's set, whenever Skinner and the show's pianist. Scott Passarella, are inspired, they interrupt with music. Then the comic must turn his or her joke into a song.

"It puts people on a tightrope," Skinner explains. "You see the vulnerability of the performer and how they yank themselves away from a cliff, or over it." Skinner also produces and hosts, with beatboxer Joshua Silverstein, another harrowing performance challenge for comedians: the improvised rap-battle show Turnt Up.

"I love seeing how indestructible great comics are," Skinner says. "You can throw anything at them and they don't get knocked off base."

Stand-up producer Sam Varela thinks such shows are a result of L.A.'s comedy boom leading to a comedy glut: "More shows are popping up, so people want something other than the million traditional stand-up options."

Varela offers one of her own, *Picture* This!, at which an animator - typically Mike Mayfield (writer/animation director on Adult Swim's Mr. Pickles) or Mike Hollingsworth (supervising director on Netflix's BoJack Horseman) - illustrates a comic's set, live, on a screen behind the microphone. "Sometimes the chemistry between the comic and the artist is electric," Varela says. "Sometimes the comedian and artist don't gel, and then it's fun to see the comic basically deal with a cartoon heckler."

Stand-up comedy typically hinges on performers maintaining total power and control. Yet these shows put a premium on experimentation and vulnerability, humanizing the comics in the process. Skinner points out that the trend extends to TV, too — shows such as @midnight and Drunk *History* – and wonders if the explosion of dare comedy is a result of the growing availability of video and podcasts: "Recorded stand-up loses the magic of being in the moment. These shows up the magic."

For locations and times, please find the story at bitly.com/laweeklydarecomedy.

THEATER REVIEW

Go See This Opera in a Secret Downtown Location

dapting Gustave Flaubert's phantasmagoric novel about the spiritual struggles of the 4th-century anchorite Antony of Egypt to a storefront stage might seem an overly ambitious literary nut to crack for any company lacking the resources of, say, famed avant-garde director Robert Wilson.

But from the moment one enters the intimate, book leaf-blasted, immersive environment of The Temptation of St. Antony's secret downtown location, the entrancing, avantpop-operatic vision of creators Mat Diafos Sweeney and Sebastian Peters-Lazaro begins to seduce. The duo started the company Four Larks in 2008 to "create junkyard operas in unexpected locations," and recently moved from Melbourne to L.A. Peters-Lazaro, who choreographs the 90-minute piece's hallucinatory dance movements and (with Regan Baumgarten) serves as

scenic designer, takes a page from Michel Foucault's preface to Flaubert and conceives the cell of Antony (an intense Max Baumgarten) as the saint's book-lined mind that "liberates impossible worlds." Director and (with Ellen Warkentine) co-composer Sweeney's precise. contemporized staging, with its opening image of Max Baumgarten obsessively tapping out the narration over a manual typewriter, expands that conceit into an eerily musical-



Carlisle Sanders), musical director Warkentine's flawless six-piece orchestra, the effective atmospherics of Brandon Baruch's lights and Danny Echevarria's sound and one of the best original scores (with lyrics by Jesse Rasmussen) of recent L.A. memory all make The Temptation an sensual, intellectual and vastly entertaining feast. Four Larks, dwntwn. (performance address given with ticket purchase); through March 6. fourlarks.com. -Bill Raden

ized allegory of the frenzied imagination in the throes of creation. A superb en-

semble (featuring standout solos by Kalean Ung, Caitlyn Conlin and Zachary









BY AMY NICHOLSON

en years ago, Wellington, New Zealand, was less welcoming of vampires. When Jemaine Clement and Taika Waititi, two unknown comedians, walked the streets in velvet frocks and ruffles for a 2005 sketch, dudes driving by and scream homophobic slurs. "We were constantly abused," Clement says.

Over the next decade, things changed. In 2006, Clement landed an Outback Steakhouse commercial. In 2007, he launched the cult hit *Flight of the Conchords* (with college classmate Bret McKenzie) and played the lead in Waititi's first feature, the cross-continental indie darling *Eagle vs Shark*. Their gang put a generation of New Zealand comics on the map.

By the time Clement and Waitii had earned the clout to go back and expand their vampire short into a feature, *What We Do in the Shadows*, even Wellington had evolved. Clement and Waititi slithered into their bloodsucker threads and steeled themselves for more showdowns with brutes in too-big suits and running shoes. But today, Wellington out-hipsters Brooklyn.

"They've got even twirlier mustaches and bigger beards," Clement says. "It had completely changed." He and Waititi blended right in.

What We Do in the Shadows is a crackup mockumentary about four vampires who share a New Zealand mansion think a *Real World* palace with spinal columns scattered in the corners.

Outside, they harass a pack of jockish, ginger werewolves, headed by *Conchords* alum Rhys Darby. Indoors, the housemates clash over their age gaps. Deacon, 183 years old, is the rebellious youngster, followed by 379-year-old Viago (Waititi), a fastidious dandy; 862-year-old sex maniac Vladislav (Clement), who still supports slavery; and 8,000-year-old Petyr (Ben Fransham), a comatose ghoul who rouses himself only to add to the family.

Mainly, they fight over chores, such as whose turn it is to wash five years' worth of bloody dishes. The vampires live in squalor akin to a flat Waititi suffered where the standard of living dipped so low that the guys stopped using dishes altogether. "We painted circles on the table and just ate our food in the circles," Waititi says. "Then we'd wipe the table." (He and Clement shared a place after college and credit their then-girlfriends with keeping things civilized.)

WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS IS A CRACK-UP MOCKUMENTARY ABOUT FOUR VAMPIRES WHO SHARE A NEW ZEALAND MANSION.

This being New Zealand, their cameras, green screens and set designers came from *The Hobbit*. Waititi jokes, "We're into making sustainable films." Still, they kept their budget so low that they decided not to hire other actors to play the documentary crew, and they made peace with gloriously lo-fi special effects, such as superimposing Clement's face on the



body of a hissing black cat.

According to Clement, What We Do in the Shadows is what Interview With the Vampire should have been. "Where's the interview?" he huffs. "The interview's such a small part of that! This is more like, if you got to interview them, what other questions would you have?"

In uncomfortable chairs at their favorite cafe, Clement and Waititi brainstormed long lists of vampire trivia. They had more mysteries than answers. "There was an interview where we asked logic questions, like, 'Where do your clothes go when you stand in front of a mirror?'" Waititi says. Sighs Clement, "Often the answers were, 'I don't know.'" But sometimes their answers were perfectly offhand. Pressed to explain why vampires prefer virgins, Vladislav shrugs, "If you are going to eat a sandwich, you would enjoy it more if you knew no one had fucked it."

After Petyr bites Nick (Cori Gonzalez-Macuer), a scrawny thug with neck tattoos, the clan grumblingly adjusts to their new member. Loudmouth Nick could get them all killed. But he also plugs these oldsters into the modern world, courtesy of his nerdy best friend, Stu (Stuart Rutherford, a real-life IT tech who set up the wireless router at Waititi's mom's house).

Now, when Vladislav hisses, "Leave me to do my dark bidding," he's on eBay.

Thanks to *Twilight*, vampires peaked in popularity five years ago. In 2015, they're a little passé. "When we came up with it in 2005, there were no sensitive vampires," Waititi sighs. Still, when your comedy is about a pack of overdressed outcasts pleading with a bouncer to invite them into a club, being uncool is a plus. Both Waititi and Clement have become married fathers, lending a universal anxiety to their immortals' fears that they're hopelessly behind the times. Not that either will admit it.

"As a very cool person, I like to explore, 'What *if* you weren't cool?' Waititi jokes. He laughs and gets slightly more serious. "It is my true belief that there are no cool people in the world. Every cool person you meet, if you break them down, is full of deep insecurities. They're afraid of being normal."

"I met one," counters Clement. "This guy called Shane. He was cool. But yeah, if you think about anyone in detail enough, they're strange. You think, 'Oh, here's a normal guy — bit too normal."

That's certainly not how their countrymen thought of them in 2005. They're still trying to be the most fun freaks in town.

OSCAR-NOMINATED WILD TALES IS SIX MOVIES IN ONE

rgentine writer-director Damián Szifrón's *Wild Tales* is looselimbed, rowdy and exhilarating — in its vibrant lunacy, and with its cartoonishly brash violence, it's a little bit Almodóvar, a little bit Tarantino. It has so much feral, prickly energy that it gives off warmth rather than the coldness you might expect from a movie that gives us nothing but people doing terrible things to one another — screaming, cheating and generally making life hell — and leaves us with no reassuring answers beyond a wink and a good-natured shrug. It's a collection of sketches, six in all, which have virtually nothing to do with one another aside from their astute, and not necessarily generous, view of human nature.

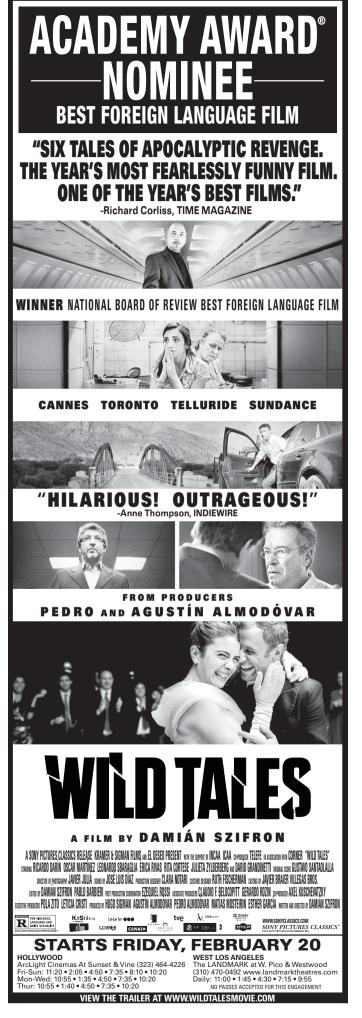
As with all movies stitched together from discrete mini-stories, some sections work better than others. The best: In "Road to Hell," an asshole speeding down the highway in a fancy new Audi (Leonardo Sbaraglia) yells "Redneck!" as he passes an unshaven thug in a dirty truck (Walter Donado). Then – *naturalmente* – Audi Guy gets a flat tire, and Mr. Redneck proceeds to make his life miserable, using every tool at his disposal (including some you really won't want to recall while you're eating). In "Till Death Do Us Part," a bride (Erica Rivas) discovers that



her groom (Diego Gentile) has cheated on her – the proof drops during the reception. After that, chaos reigns.

But in the end, Szifrón can't turn fully away from humanity. When we stop and look at ourselves, accepting our flaws and those of other people, we're not so bad. Or maybe it's just that we're the hell we know. –Stephanie Zacharek

WILD TALES | Written and directed by Damián Szifrón | Sony Pictures Classics | Landmark





Clark Duke, left, Rob Corddry and Craig Robinson

| Film //

FIZZING OUT A TEPID HOT TUB TIME MACHINE 2

BY AMY NICHOLSON

ive years ago, four losers passed out in a Jacuzzi, boiled back to 1986, healed their past wounds, rocked out to Poison

and returned to their timeline as gods. Thusly, Hot Tub Time Machine director Steve Pink was hailed as a minor deity: He'd taken a dumber-than-huffinghairspray premise and made the perfect trifle, a comedy with no greater aspiration than to be your first choice on an airplane. If I could bubble a time machine to 2010, I'd advise Pink, "Quit while you're ahead." Alas, with tepid sequel Hot Tub Time Machine 2, he and returning cast members Rob Corddry, Craig Robinson and Clark Duke have stewed too long. Now the whole thing is pruned.

First, a recap of events. Nick (Robinson), Adam (John Cusack) and Adam's nephew Jacob (Duke) upended the history of the world while on a male bonding trip designed to keep estranged college classmate Lou (Corddry) from committing suicide. Lou alone decided to stay in the past, fathering Jacob and, in the gap years, stealing for himself everything from Mötley Crüe's career to ownership of Google. The last film ended with Lou's redemption - the suicidal jerk-off had become a, well, happy-to-be-rich jerk-off.

In the years since, Lou has

become even more of a creep. Serial killers aside, he might be the most vile sociopath ever seen on screen: In one scene, he forces an unwilling, heterosexual friend to screw another man on primetime TV. (It's a callback of sorts to the original, where a thug commanded that Lou give Nick a blowjob, but that was a goon with a gun, and this is our protagonist.)

PHOTO BY STEVE DIETL

Lou is more Biff Tannen than Marty McFly, and the hellish current day he has created is one part *Back to the Future 2* and two parts *Idiocracy*. (He's running his tech company, Lougle, so badly it's poised to be overtaken by Lycos.) He arguably deserves it when, in the opening sequence, a mysterious party guest shoots off his penis. (No one in my theater shed a tear.) Before, we were rooting for loser Lou to live. Are we now rooting for him to continue his reign of tyranny?

But there is a hot tub in his mansion, and a movie to be made, and so we're off to 2025, on a quest to see if Lou can mend his manhood and his manners. As Jacob explains, "Who's to say the past isn't anything more than the future of the present?"

If Charles Dickens had a time machine, I doubt he'd leap ahead, take note of *Hot Tub Time Machine*'s decent box office and rewrite *A Christmas Carol* to whack off Scrooge's dick. Still, he'd have done a better job of it. To work, *Hot Tub Time Machine* 2 needs to draw on the original's strengths: surprise, a straight man, a crazy world and jokes that aren't so much targeted as machine-gunned around the theater. Returning screenwriter Josh Heald has scrapped everything.

Hero John Cusack – an actor of bottomless empathy and bewildering career choices — is absent. (Rumor is he refused, though Cusack has twice tweeted that he was never asked.) Cusack brought gravitas even as a 16-year-old panty thief. Without him, the crueler remaining trio clang off each other like knives. In his place, we have his future son, Adam Scott, a comedian who specializes in playing characters who look as straight as a tightrope until you peer close and realize they're high-strung and trembling. He's great fun, but you still never care much whether his characters live or die.

We've also lost the '80s setting and, as injuriously, its guilty-pleasure nostalgia soundtrack, which could be played over a 90-minute car commercial and still get a few rave reviews. Alas, for those of us doomed to live on in the present timeline, 2025 doesn't look much more fun than today. People still dress the same, pardoning the occasional man-kilt. And music appears to be extinct, thanks in part to Nick, who usurped the MTV hits of everyone from Lisa

IS ROB CORDDRY'S CHARACTER THE MOST VILE SOCIOPATH IN FILM HISTORY?

Loeb to Dr. Dre before they ever wrote them.

Worst of all, we've lost the jokes. Instead of goofy but well-planned plotting — like the running gag of wondering when Crispin Glover's bellhop was going to sever his right arm — the structure of the sequel seems to be: Plop the gang in a weird location and wait for Robinson to improvise something funny. To Robinson's credit, he brainstorms a few zingers. On describing Future Lou's wild beard and David Lee Roth threads, he grunts, "You look like an orchestra conductor for stray cats." Robinson is clearly better than the material, but even at its best, this demi-franchise was the first to lampoon its pointlessness. Like a hot tub itself, it looks inviting, but all too soon you've had enough.

HOT TUB TIME MACHINE 2 | Directed by Steve Pink | Written by Josh Heald | Paramount | Citywide

HIGH SCHOOL STEREOTYPING IS OUT, BEAUTY DISCRIMINATION IS IN

Shove off, John Hughes. The DUFF, a high school comedy by Ari Sandel, opens by declaring that The Breakfast Club's social categories are, like, way passé. As Bianca (Mae Whitman) explains, "Jocks play video games, princesses are on antidepressants and geeks rule the world." Today, be ye goth kid, science dweeb or just plain ordinary, only one distinction counts: Are you hot or not?

Bianca is not. She's what her jerk neighbor Wes (Robbie Amell), the football captain, calls the DUFF, i.e., the "Designated Ugly Fat Friend." Being the DUFF is a noble sacrifice: By seeming approachable, Bianca serves as a bouncer granting select guys the OK to flirt with lovely Jess (Skyler Samuels) and Casey (Bianca A. Santos).

Josh A. Cagan's script aspires to be hyper-modern and clever. It's all hashtags and cyberbullying, as though it doesn't expect to have a shelf life longer than six years. (Stick around to the end credits for everyone's Twitter handle and Instagram.) But Whitman's a barreling Mae West in overalls, a classic screwball starlet who's all moxie and eye rolls. To back her up, Sandel enlists



The DUFF

grown-ups Ken Jeong, Romany Malco and Allison Janney as comic support. But he gets even better mileage out of young dramatic actor Amell, who takes a shallow role and turns it into a mini-meathead masterpiece.

But *The DUFF* doesn't seem to know what its point actually is. It's pro-self-acceptance and also promakeover — the movie insists that if Bianca really wants people to pay attention to her battle against beauty standards, she should first get a better bra and show off her boobs. **–Amy Nicholson**

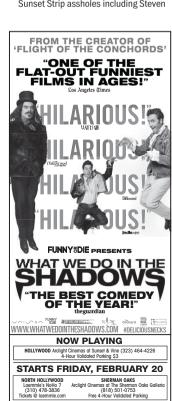
> THE DUFF | Directed by Ari Sandel | Written by Josh Cagan | CBS Films | Citywide

OPENING THIS WEEK

ALL THE WILDERNESS A death in the family is always unsettling, which may explain why adolescent James Charm (Kodi Smit-McPhee), whose father has just died, runs from imaginary (?) hooded creatures and has taken to telling people the dates of their own eventual deaths. If that sounds insufferably quirky, then you're not giving All the Wilderness, Michael Johnson's thoughtful debut, enough credit. Certainly our Chopin-listening, Carl Sandburg-reading (the poet's "Wilderness" provides both inspiration and backdrop for the film) protagonist has the potential for maximum melodrama. Unfortunately, James' behavior only serves to agitate mom Abigail (Virginia Madsen), while proving largely indecipherable to his therapist. Dr. Pembry (a perfunctory Danny DeVito), both of whom are nonetheless concerned by his inability to process his loss. Writer-director Johnson gets off to something of a shaky start in his first film, relying heavily on shots of sun-dappled trees and elegiac voiceover best described as "Diet Malick." But as events unfold and James explores the heretofore unfamiliar urban jungle. Johnson takes a surer hand. This is most evident when he's bringing the nighttime cityscape (Portland, Oregon) to life, courtesy of James' new tour guide, street composer Harmon (Evan Ross). And in spite of the tatty "coming of age" familiarity, Johnson's vision seems fresh and vibrant. Besides. some experiences are universal no matter what the decade, including James' Last American Virgin moment, when he spies Harmon with erstwhile girlfriend Val (Isabelle Fuhrman): Smit-McPhee precisely captures the vulnerability and confusion of youth. Johnson's film suggests that while the kids may not always be all right, in most cases they do end up finding their way home. (Pete Vonder Haar)

from crafting self-conscious homages to '80s horror, writer-director Adam Green (Hatchet) goes to the faux-documentary well for Digging Up the Marrow, in which the filmmaker (playing himself) embarks on a nonfiction profile of a supposed California monster hunter, William Dekker (Ray Wise), who claims that inhuman creatures reside in an underground metropolis known as the Marrow. Despite fan-convention interviews with notable genre artists (Tony Todd, Mick Garris, Tom Holland), as well as a cameo from Kane Hodder (who famously played Friday the 13th's Jason, as well as Hatchet's Victor Crowlev). Wise's participation emphasizes the unrealness of a story that mainly involves Green sitting around in the dark staring at a forest hole that Dekker claims is the entrance to the Marrow. The meta conceit initially boasts a wink-wink playfulness, and Wise exudes a crazed intensity that makes his absurdly tall tales mildly intriguing. However, creepy suggestions and barely spied beasts can't keep all this from turning into one prolonged, enervating tease. After poking fun at both Green's lack of originality and the hackneyed nature of foundfootage shockers, *Digging Up the Marrow* merely resorts to climactic shaky-cam footage of people running through the pitch-black woods - thereby becoming the very dull, clichéd thing it mocks. (Nick Schager)

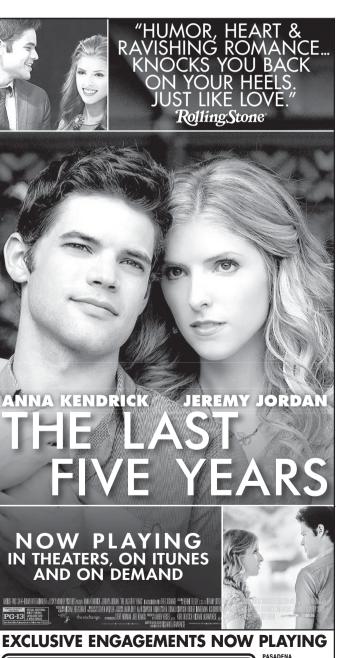
MY WAY The main question raised by rock musician Rebekah Starr's documentary vanity project, *My Way*, has nothing to do with craft or ambition or the difficulties women confront in show business. She may be an OK musician and songwriter, but she says little about her work, and the film includes only a few songs. Shot with a camcorder by Starr and bandmate Annika Alliksoo as they drive from Pennsylvania to Los Angeles, where they've booked a crew for a music video, the film is a long, arcless, infuriating montage of unconnected road-trip moments between two annoying and self-absorbed people. Fifty minutes in, when you're still watching the pair drinking, flirting with frat boys. wearing douchey corn curl-shaped cowboy hats and having meaningless, showboaty snits, you may consider that every single suicide technique in the controversial book Final Exit involves putting your head in a plastic bag with a rubber band around your neck, and think, "Do I have everything I need?" But that's not the question, either. No, the main question you'll be asking is. "Why the fuck is Ron Jeremy in this at all?" Well, the answer is partly because Starr intercuts all this pointlessness with the non sequitur L.A. reminiscences of famous Sunset Strip assholes including Steven



ASADENA Laemmle's Playl (626) 844-6500 WOODLAND HILLS AMC Promenade 16 (888) AMC-4FU Adler of Guns N' Roses, Poison's Rikki Rockett and Chip Z'Nuff of the immortal Enuff Z'Nuff. Tip to budding filmmakers: Putting a frame around inconsequential, hungover rambling about guys in bars or the contents of a smoothie does not make those moments important. (Chris Packham)

GO ROME, OPEN CITY (ROMA, CITTA

APERTA) Rome is under Nazi control. and the Gestapo have just arrested a member of the Italian Resistance. As he's being taken away, the man's pregnant fiancée (Anna Magnani) gives chase, shouting her lover's name, over and over, "Francesco! Francesco!" What happens next is wrenching. and also one of cinema's most indelible moments. Filmed and released in 1945, the recently restored Rome, Open City - masterfully directed by Roberto Rossellini, from a script by Sergio Amidei, with credited input from Federico Fellini – began as a documentary project but morphed into a narrative film drawn from the collective war experiences of the filmmakers and their cast, many of whom were non-actors. A philosophical inquiry disguised as a thriller, the film tracks the Nazis' increasingly frantic search for Giorgio Manfredi (Marcello Pagliero). a Resistance leader who has inspired a citizens revolt that the Germans can't scare into submission. Manfredi eventually is betraved, but the turns of plot, which may strike contemporary viewers as clichéd, aren't what make this 70-year-old film so haunting. Death awaits nearly every major Italian character but, right to the end, they never stop pondering the deeper meaning behind their respective fates. "Can't Christ see us?" Magnani's character asks the parish priest, Father Pellegrini (a magnificent Aldo Fabrizi), who refuses to offer a pat answer. Later, when asked if he is afraid to face the moment of his own death, the priest replies, in words that surely echo Rossellini himself, "It



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DIGGING UP THE MARROW Taking a break

isn't hard to die well. It's hard to live well." (Chuck Wilson)

TREEHOUSE One of the staples of the horror genre is the frustration that's born from watching characters make boneheaded decisions in the face of mortal peril. The best horror films elegantly and invisibly weave these moments into character flaws or plot motivation in order to draw out the suspense. Still, one too many of these bad decisions can make a mockery of the protagonists and undermine a film's tension. Director Michael G. Bartlett's Treehouse's slow pacing and creening dolly shots effectively build suspense surrounding the disappearance of two small-town kids. Bartlett's direction of protagonists J. Michael Trautmann's and Daniel Fredrick's performances, as the cowardly Killian and his older brother Crawford. is remarkably understated for the genre. The actors are comfortable but slightly aggressive toward each other in a way that should be familiar to most brothers, as they explore the forest and discover a treehouse containing Elizabeth (Dana Melanie), one of the missing teenagers. From that moment on. Treehouse's script unravels, as it forces the actors to choke out cringeworthy dialogue and make unlikely decisions mandated by plot rather than character. Killian and Elizabeth are besieged by shadowy assailants, but neither takes direct action against these figures, despite their friends being picked off one by one. While murderous creeps prowl nearby their treehouse hideaway, Killian randomly shouts into the woods. Even Elizabeth asks him, "Why did you just do that?" The script's inauthenticity and bullishness defile the controlled direction and performances in a rush to a hasty conclusion with a lackluster revelation. For a strong visual stylist such as Bartlett to direct another script like *Treehouse* would be a bad idea on par with those made in the film. (Dan Gvozden)

ONGOING

GO ABOVE AND BEYOND The first airstrikes for the Israeli Air Force, led by a round of hoisterous lewish

led by a round of boisterous Jewish American WWII veterans in the spring of 1948, were actually flown in swastikabearing Nazi planes - Messerschmitt Bf 109s – that had been grounded in Czechoslovakia. (Wisecracking pilot Gideon Lichtman, who ended up flying 30 missions, called these decrepit single-propeller crafts "Messershits.") Though their bravery was vastly appreciated, these boozing, womanizing, macho volunteers, all under 30, often clashed with the far more somber, noverty-stricken lews in Palestine, who were wary of a "second Holocaust" if Egypt, Iraq, and other Arab nations prevented the formation of Israel. Paul Reubens's (a/k/a Pee-wee Herman's)

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF DISTRICT9 HUMANITY'S LAST HOPE ISN'T HUMAN

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YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

Marilyn's Most Famous Scene Friday, Feb. 20

Tonight at 7:30 (repeating Saturday at 5 p.m.), Sergei Parajanov's **The Color of Pomegranates** screens at Cinefamily. Parajanov was one of the 20th century's most distinctive filmmakers, both for his lyrical, poetic approach and the fact that his work was frequently censored and/or banned by the U.S.S.R., who eventually imprisoned him for his bisexuality. In *Pomegranates*, he crafts a sensory biography of the Armenian poet Sayat-Nova. Few films have dared to take such an inventive approach in the five decades since *Pomegranates* was made; fewer still tried before it. *cinefamily.org*

Equally subversive, albeit in different ways, is the New Beverly's pairing of Nagisa Oshima's *In the Realm of the Senses* and *The Blood Spattered Bride*. The former, Oshima's story of an affair between a hotel owner and one of his maids, which features unsimulated sexual acts, has incited controversy and been banned by myriad countries since its premiere in 1976; Quentin Tarantino (who owns the New Bev) took inspiration from *The Blood Spattered Bride* for Uma Thurman's character in *Kill Bill*. Tonight's double bill starts at 7:30, Saturday's at 5:20. *thenewbev.com*

Saturday, Feb. 21

The Outfest UCLA Legacy Project Screening Series rolls on with *Kiss of the Spider Woman* at 7:30. William Hurt and Raúl Juliá star as prison cellmates in an unnamed Latin American country, the former for sex crimes related to his homosexuality, the latter for being a leftist revolutionary. Hurt's character passes the time and escapes the reality of his situation by recalling lines from movies both real and imagined, and the two gradually bond. Hurt won an Oscar for his role in the film, which was adapted from Manuel Puig's novel of the same name. *cinema.ucla.edu*

Sunday, Feb. 22

If all of this weekend's out-there fare has put you in the mood for something a little more traditional, perhaps

father was a daredevil pilot who, in a crucial battle, dropped bombs on the approaching Iraqi troops. These are just a handful of awe-inspiring recollections featured in Roberta Grossman's astonishing documentary Above and Beyond. In a fleet 85 minutes, Grossman profiles seven former pilots/IAF volunteers several of whom have died since filming. Some were natural-born fighters who felt an immediate affinity with Israel; others barely considered themselves Jewish but were gradually moved to action because of Holocaust atrocities. All have a tweak of mischief in their eye; with their frequent bragging about "shtupping" local girls and "flying up the tuchus" of enemy aircraft, these are not teary-eyed, nostalgic sentimentalists. Much of this history is grim, but the pilots are so exuberant that the film lands as light on its feet as Grossman's enjoyably frivolous last outing, Hava Nagila. It will only be criticized - rightfully - for its skirting over the resulting plight of Palestinian refugees, but Grossman is surely capable of making an equally absorbing, entertaining film on that subject. (Alan Scherstuhl)

BALLET 422 It seems as if, for every 10 issue-oriented documentaries that essentially function as long-form magazine articles with images attached, we get perhaps one doc that exemplifies the methods of "direct cinema" - the observational mode of documentary filmmaking, which allows audiences to observe from a detached remove. That mode is utilized to enlightening effect in Ballet 422, the second feature doc from director and ace cinematographer Jody Lee Lipes. Unlike those journalism-with-pictures docs, which fail to offer images of significance. Ballet 422 is more visually sumptuous than most narratives you're likely to see this year, featuring careful compositions that make watching the film an aesthetic experience as much as an intellectual one. Lipes' subject is the New York City Ballet's production of Paz de la Jolla, the 422nd new work the company has put on; its choreographer is 25-year-old Justin Peck, a dancer in the NYCB's most junior group - the corps de ballet - who won enough acclaim in the company's choreography program to be chosen to mount a new production. Ballet 422 studies the mere two months he was given to put together Paz de la Jolla. Crucially, Lipes does not hang the success or failure of his film on viewers' knowledge of ballet-centric minutiae. Watching Peck build his world, decision by decision, I recalled a sublime insight from Tom Stoppard's Arcadia: As humans, our specific interests are beside the point; it's the fact that we're

interested in something - anything!



The Color of Pomegranates

Our Winning Season and **Breaking Away** at the New Beverly will do the trick. High school athletes run really fast in the former and a recent high school grad rides his bike really fast in the latter. This writer hasn't seen either, but his brother-in-law has stated numerous times that *Breaking Away* is the best inspirational sports movie ever, and, really, who are you to question him? *thenewbev.com*

Wednesday, Feb. 25

Los Angeles Filmforum continues its two-month tribute to Harun Farocki with **Workers Leaving the Factory** and **Prison Images** tonight at 7. Taking its title from the first film ever to be publicly shown, *Workers* examines the impact of the Lumière brothers' massively influential, 45-second short, while *Prison Images* compiles shots from documentaries, narratives set in prison and even surveillance footage. The series is co-presented by Goethe-Institut Los Angeles, where all screenings take place. *Iafilmforum.org*

Thursday, Feb. 26

Tonight at 7:30, the Aero closes out its Movie Alchemist: The Films of John Boorman series with a double feature of **Excalibur** and **Zardoz**. These are two of the English filmmaker's more fantastical ventures, with Boorman delving into the legend of King Arthur in one and a postapocalyptic society that can only be braved by a Speedo-clad Sean Connery in the other. *american cinemathequecalendar.com* – Michael Nordine

> that matters. The real focus of Ballet
> 422 is not the ballet consuming the lives
> of Peck and his collaborators but the intensity and focus that they bring to their task. (Zachary Wigon)

FIFTY SHADES OF GREY Even fans of Fifty Shades of Grev admit the book is a literary atrocity. Novelist E.L. James's erotic reveries read like the rantings of a drunk vokel - less "His firm hands cupped my breasts" and more "Holy crap! He's touching my boobs!" The story is simple: 21-year-old virgin Anastasia Steele is offered an opening to be cold-hearted tycoon Christian Grey's sex slave. Before they sign a contract - an actual legal document with addendum for buttplugs - they test the merchandise and each other's emotional and physical limits. The smartest decision director Sam Taylor-Johnson made when adapting the novel for the screen was to throw out half of it. The film strips Fifty Shades of Grey to its essentials: a confident man, an awkward girl, and a red room rimmed with leather handcuffs. From there, Taylor-Johnson rebuilds, She constructs an erotic dramedy that takes its romance seriously even as it admits that Christian Grey's very existence is absurd. As Grey, Jamie Dornan seems so uncomfortable that it's unclear if he's in on the joke. But Dakota Johnson breathes life into Anastasia

KEVIN COSTNER'S LATEST WILL OFFEND SOME PEOPLE, BUT IT'S WORTH IT

he "America's changing" sports and race drama McFarland, USA is well made, well acted and sometimes beautiful. The sport here is crosscountry; in 1987 the real-life Jim White (Kevin Costner) founded and coached McFarland, California's underfunded squad of after-school farm laborers to triumph against California's best-funded schools. There are many stirring shots of the boys racing through the hard dirt and honeyed light of the bluffs, orange groves and scrub-brushed hills of the San Joaquin Valley. All this is done with uncommon vigor and spirit. Sometimes the movie even goes silent, communicating simple ideas of friendship or gutsiness without music or chatter.

Costner's face has a lot in common with those landscapes. It's golden, time-toughened, immediately arresting yet also harsh enough that you have to warm up to it. There's something affecting about his gruffness and his hangdog squinting, a suggestion that the American future he's staring into isn't exactly what he expected, but it's something he can rise to.

The film is like a two-hour version of a Brad Paisley hit: a well-crafted fluff attempt at easing the discomfort



McFarland, USA

of its target audience about the ways our lives are changing. That means it will look hokey — even racist — to the people it's not made for, those of us who groan when White discovers that Mexican food is wonderful, that Mexican-American family life is rich and loving or that picking cabbages is excruciating work. Of course it is, you yutz!

But before chucking fruit at it, remember that *Mc*-*Farland* is part of something truly rare in world history: Here is a drama crafted to help a jittery majority accept that life is better once it stops pretending the minority is other. –Alan Scherstuhl

MCFARLAND, USA | Directed by Niki Caro | Written by Christopher Cleveland, Bettina Gilois and Grant Thompson | Walt Disney Pictures | Citywide

Steele in tiny motions: the way she leans in to Grey's neck or dances like a fool to Frank Sinatra. Her Anastasia lives in the real world – a place where Christian Greys are unicorns. It's too bad Taylor-Johnson can't give the suspicious side-eye to the story's puritanical bent. James's series savors kink and stigmatizes it, implying Grey's only into BDSM because an older woman stole his virginity at fifteen and his mother was a crack whore. With that, both book and film punish fans. Yes, this naughty stuff is hot – but if you like it too much, you're sick. (Amy Nicholson)

GO GETT: THE TRIAL OF VIVIANE AMSALEM Wrenching Israeli divorce drama Gett: The Trial of Viviane Amsalem's strict focus on courtroom sparring constantly threatens the film's fine balance of gorgeously lensed, body language-centric reaction shots and expertly paced interrogatory dialogue scenes. We don't get to see estranged couple Elisha (Ararat's Simon Abkarian) and Viviane (co-writer/co-director Ronit Elkabetz) interact with each other, their loved ones or their respective counselors beyond adversarial questions and recriminatory glances. But Gett never devolves into a trite shout-fest because its creators are more interested in the slow, painful wearing away of Viviane's and Elisha's respective defenses than they are in either boosting her or belittling him. Elisha is, in this context, a hateful antagonist, as he frequently refuses to appear before the court and unequivocally denies any wrongdoing, making it impossible for ultra-orthodox Rabbi Solomon (Eli Gornstein) to defer to Viviane's needs. Thankfully, Elisha's spiteful character is revealed subtly through insinuation and speculation during heated trial interviews: Viviane reluctantly assents when her advocate. Carmel (Menashe Noy), asks why she and Elisha stopped having sex: "You

wanted and he refused?" While that loaded question is the crux of *Gett*'s punishing drama, the film never devolves into finger-wagging hysterics thanks to Ronit and brother/co-director Shlomi Elkabetz's keen attention to their actors' performances, especially Ronit's star turn. She photographs herself through wide-angle lenses that emphasize sullen glares and faraway looks that make it seem as if Viviane's slowly vanishing before our eyes. Ronit's remarkable sensitivity makes *Gett* a tough but essential melodrama. (Simon Abrams)

I AM ELEVEN Genevieve Bailey's I Am Eleven travels the world, pointing the camera at 11-year-olds and just letting the kids rip. She favors contrasts over context, presenting her subjects in a restless montage that never lets up. The thoughts of an Aboriginal girl in a Melbourne housing complex might be followed by those of Goh or Jack, kids in Thailand astride elephants, or the Swedish boys, both Muslim, who want to be rappers one day. Jianfang in China shows off pigs, horses and chrysanthemums: a global-minded French boy declares, "I love snakes, and I don't like racist people at all." "I wanted to make something energetic, optimistic, universal and real," Bailey announces in voice-over as the movie begins. She's certainly accomplished that, but it's too bad she didn't also aim for vital. illuminating or consistently compelling. She cuts from kid to kid so guickly that we rarely get the chance to feel we know them, and I Am Eleven devotes too little time to the circumstances of a child's life in, say, India or Bulgaria. One wrenching surprise works its way in, in spite of Bailey's approach: Shy Siham, in Morocco, answers questions about herself but is continually interrupted by a local woman just offscreen, presumably her mother: "Tell her we don't have

electricity. Tell her your family is poor." "Why?" Siham asks, beaming but nervous. "Do you think if I tell her she will connect the electricity?" Both subject and interviewer seem more comfortable once the conversation turns back to the young girl's hobbies. Even while facing relentless poverty, kids say the darnedest things. (Alan Scherstuhl)

GO KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE

Everything in Kingsman is familiar, cribbed from James Bond and a thousand other sources, yet every setup gets twisted twice, and then once more. just when you think you're ahead of it. Director Matthew Vaughn's mode is parodic, but he stages the killings with joyous vigor - he's gunning for applause, even when what he's showing us would have been read by previous generations as horror. He somehow keeps the craziness coming, through three or four escalating climaxes. Even the most stale of adventure-tale clichés gets blown un to absurdity: Our lead (Taron Egerton)'s reward for his heroics isn't just the usual good-hearted beauty - it's a princess who quite literally promises him her asshole. Is that a critique of women's roles in men's adventures? Or just a horny-porny updating? As in Kick-Ass, Vaughn (and Mark Millar, co-creator of Kick-Ass and Kingsman) leaves you to make sense of the mess, although this time there are some encouraging clues. Kingsman focuses on a fusty British secret service constituted of handsomely suited gents who call themselves "tailors" and take pride in not having their heroics make the papers. After a Kingsman dies in the field, spectacularly, the organization - exemplified by Colin Firth and headed, of course, by Michael Caine - must bring in new blood, a batch of promising teenagers who have to survive deadly spy-game training. If you wonder why Kingsman's potential recruits are all white, or why

the movie blasts its lone heroic female character out to space for the last couple reels, Vaughn and the studio have a wise-ass defense: Blame the British aristocracy! Meanwhile, Samuel L. Jackson is the funniest Bond villain since the one Albert Brooks played on The Simpsons. (Alan Scherstuhl) GO TIMBUKTU Based on the real-life occupation of Timbuktu by Islamic fundamentalists in 2012, Abderrahmane Sissako's gorgeous fourth feature reflects upon the role religion currently plays in Africa, and the foundational clash of cultures that shaped the continent. The strategy of the jihadists is briskly made clear in the opening sequence: A gazelle sprints across the dunes, desperately attempting to outrun assault rifle fire. One of the men shooting from a flatbed truck cries, "Don't kill it! Tire it." In the following scene, the same men use sacred animist totems and statues for target practice. This recreational destruction, so gleefully disregarding history and life, is common from both Muslim and evangelical Christian groups across Africa - such objects are idolatrous, not a shared heritage that should be protected. More often that not, the jihadists' behavior is shown to be coming from a place of competition rather than actual divinity. They share a disregard for local culture and practicality, from which some of the film's most memorable moments are born: A female fishmonger refuses to wear gloves, shouting at the jihadists to cut off her hands; a woman being flogged for singing sings between lashes; a group of schoolboys play soccer without a ball. The film is consistently visually stunning in a way that's ever more rare, and Sissako's bravura moment of filmmaking is embedded in a scene on a river that seals a Tuareg patriarch's fate. Even if you've hardened your heart to

a point where tales of everyday people taking a stand no longer move you, it's worth seeing the film for that quiet spectacle alone. (Violet Lucca)

GO WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS Vampires, vampires everywhere, and not a drop to drink. One of the tragedies of the modern world is there's nowhere left to find regular old vampires with solid, old-fashioned values – except, maybe, New Zealand. That's the setting for Jemaine Clement and Taika Waititi's buoyant little bloodsucker comedy, *What We Do in the Shadows*. Four vampire dudes ranging in age from 183 to 8,000 share a house, dividing chores

in a way that seems fair. though there are always going to be bloody dishes in the sink. You might call this Real World: Transylvania, except in Wellington. The affably neurotic Viago (Waititi) is the hopeless romantic of the group, having followed a young woman to New Zealand in the early part of the 20th century only to be jilted. (In fairness to the lady, Viago's servant delayed his master's arrival by putting the wrong postage on the coffin, and she got sick of waiting.) Vladislav (played by Clement, of Flight of the Conchords fame) is the rake, fond of orgies and boasting a long history of skewering people with sharp implements. "They used to call me Vladislav the Poker." he says with cheerful modesty. When the four guys get ready to go out on the prowl - a typical evening consists of some desultory dancing in a rundown old bar - they turn to one another for fashion advice. No mirrors for them, so they rely on each other to discern what pants go with which jacket. What We Do in the Shadows is never as self-conscious as you fear it might be, and it has some of the loose, wiggy energy of early Jim Jarmusch, only with more bite. It makes getting poked a pleasure. (Stephanie Zacharek)



Neighborhood Movie Guide //

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10.10 n m

10.20 nm

10:45 p.m.

10.15 11.15 n m

7:10, 10 p.m.

6639

6 8.45 nm

4.15 7 9.45 nm

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7:10, 9:30, 10:10 p.m.

9.50 n m

8:50 p.m. Selma Sat. 1:30 n.m.

Call theater for schedule.

4.40 7.20 8 10.40 11.20 nm

5:40, 8:05, 10:35 p.m. Birdman Fri-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 2:10 p.m. The DUFF Fri-Tues., 10:15 a.m., 12:30, 2:45, 5, 7:15, 9:30,

10:10 p.m. Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri-Sat, 10:05, 11:25 a.m., 1:35, 3:45, 6, 7:05, 8:15, 9:15, 10:25, 11:25 p.m., 12 mid;; Sun, 9:50, 10:15, 11:30 a.m., 12:25, 2:40, 4:50, 7:05, 8:15, 9:15, 10:25, 11:25 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 10:05, 11:25 a.m., 1:35, 3:45, 6, 7:05, 8:15, 9:15, 10:25, 11:25 p.m. McFarland, USA Fri-Sun, 10 a.m., 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Mon, 11: 11:20 a.m., 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Mon, 11: 11:20 a.m., 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 10 a.m.; 12:05, 2:50, 5:35, 7:35, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.; 10:20 p.m.;

Jupiter Ascending Fri.-Tues., 10:35 a.m., 1:40, 4:25,

(:10, 10 p.m.
The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D Fri.-Sat, 11:30 a.m.; Sun, 11:25 a.m.; Tues, 11:30 a.m.
The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water Fri.-Sat, 9:50, 10:15 a.m., 12:25, 2:40, 4:50, 7:20, 9:35 p.m.; Sun, 10:05 a.m., 12:35, 3:45, 6, 7:20, 9:35 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 9:50, 10:15 a.m., 12:25, 2:40, 4:50, 7:20, 9:35 p.m.

The Wedding Ringer Fri-Tues., 12:45, 3:05, 5:20, 8:20,

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Kingsman: The Secret Service 1, 4, 7, 9:45 p.m.

DOWNTOWN INDEPENDENT 251

DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

South Main Street (213)617-1033 The Last: Naruto the Movie (Gekijouban Naruto:

The Last) Fri. 4, 7, 10 p.m.; Sat, 11 a.m., 2, 5, 8 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m., 12:30, 9 p.m.; Mon., 1:30, 4, 6:30, 9 p.m.; Tues., 1:30, 4, 6:30 p.m.; Wed-Thurs., 1, 3:30,

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C'est Si Bon (sse-si-bong) Fri-Wed., 10:45 a.m., 1:30,

Gangnam 1970 (Gangnam Blues) Fri-Wed., 9:45 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 6:45, 9:30 p.m.

Ode To My Father (Gukjeshijang) (Gukje Market) Fri-Wed., 10:15 a.m., 1, 3:45, 6:30, 9:15 p.m

REGAL CINEMAS L.A. LIVE STADIUM

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 American Sniper Fri-Iues, 12 noon, 3, 6, 9 p.m.
 LA Kings vs SJ Sharks LIVE Sat., 7 p.m.
 The DUFF Fri-Sun, 11:40 a.m., 220, 5, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.; Tues, 11:40 a.m., 220, 5, 7:50, 10:30 p.m.
 Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri-Sat, 11:50 a.m., 220,

Hot Lub Lime Machine 2 Fr.-Sat, 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20, 11:40 pm; Sun, 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Mon., 12:15, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:15 pm; Tues, 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5:10, 7:40, 10:20 p.m. McFarland, USA Fri.Sun, 12:10, 1, 3:20, 4:10, 6:30, 7:10, 9:30, 10:10 p.m.; Tues, 12:10, 1, 3:20, 4:10, 6:30, 7:10, 9:30, 10:10 p.m.; Tues, 12:10, 1, 3:20, 4:10, 6:30,

Fifty Shades of Grey Fri.-Sat., 12:40, 1:30, 4, 4:40,

7:20, 8, 10:40, 11:20 p.m., 12 mid; 5:un, 12:40, 1:30, 4, 4:40, 7:20, 8, 10:40, 11:20 p.m.; 12 mid; 5:un, 12:40, 1:30, 4, 4:40, 7:05, 7:45, 10:20, 11 p.m.; Tues., 12:40, 1:30, 4,

4:40, 7:20, 8, 10:40, 11:20 p.m. Kingsman: The Secret Service Fit-Sat, 12:30, 1:20, 3:40, 4:20, 6:50, 7:30, 10, 10:50, 11:30 p.m.; Sun-Tues., 12:30, 1:20, 3:40, 4:20, 6:50, 7:30, 10, 10:50 p.m. Jupiter Ascending Fit, 2:50, 9:50 p.m.; Sat, 9:50 p.m.; Sun, 2:50, 9:50 p.m.; Mon, 3:30, 9:50 p.m.; Tues., 2:50,

Jupiter Ascending 3D Fri., 11:30 a.m., 6:40 p.m.; Sat

Jupiter Ascending 3D Fri, 11:30 a.m. 6:40 p.m.; Sat., 6:40 p.m.; Sun, 11:30 a.m. 6:40 p.m.; Mon, 12:10, 6:40 p.m.; Tues, 11:30 a.m., 6:40 p.m.; Mon, 12:10, 6:40 p.m.; Tues, 11:30 a.m., 6:40 p.m.; Mon, 12:20, 3:10, 5:30 p.m.; Tues, 12:20, 3:10, 5:40 p.m.; Mon, 12:20, 3:10, 5:30 p.m.; Tues, 12:20, 3:10, 5:40 p.m.; Fri, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Sat., 11:20 a.m., 1:50 p.m.; Sun, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Mon, 1:50, 7, 9:40 p.m.; Tues, 11:20

1:30, 7, 9:40 μm; wint, 1:30, 7, 9:40 μm; tues, 1:22 am, 1:50, 7, 9:40 μm;
 The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water Fri, 1:10, 3:50, 4:30, 6:20, 9:10 μm; Sut, 1:10, 3:50, 4:30, 6:20, 9:10 μm;
 The Wedding Ringer Fri-Tues, 12:50, 3:30, 6:10, 9:60 μm;

UNIVERSITY VILLAGE 3 3323 S.

Hoover St. (213) 748-6321

14 1000 West Olympic Blvd.

Avenue (213)388-9000

Paddington Fri-Tues., 12:50, 3, 5:10 p.m.

10:40 p.m. Selma Fri-Tues., 4:40, 7:25 p.m. Boyhood Fri-Tues., 1:20 p.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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WEEKLY

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2015,

26,

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February

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

My Way (2012) Fri., 7, 8:35 p.m.; Sat., 6:20, 9:55 p.m.; Sun, 5:20, 7:05 p.m.; Mon, 6:30, 9:50 p.m.; Tues., 6:30, 8:05 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 8:30, 10:05 p.m.

Treehouse Fri., 10:10 p.m.; Sat., 8 p.m.; Sun., 8:40 p.m.; Mon., 8:10 p.m.; Tues., 9:40 p.m.; Wed-Thurs., 6:45 p.m ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD Sunset Blvd. at Vine (323) 464-4226

American Sniper Fri.-Sun., 10:25 a.m., 1:05, 4:05 7:05, 10:05 p.m.; Mon. Tues., 11:05 a.m., 2:15, 4:05, 7:05, 10:05 p.m.; Wed., 10:05, 11:05 a.m., 1:05, 4:05, 7:05, 10:05 p.m.; Thurs., 10:05 a.m., 1:05, 4:05, 7:05,

The Imitation Game Fri.-Sun., 12:50, 4:30, 9:40 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 12:50, 4:30, 6:45, 9:40 p.m.; Wed., 12:50, 6:45, 9:50 p.m.; Thurs., 10:35 a.m., 1:15, 6:45, 9:50 p.m.

The Theory of Everything Fri.-Sun., 4:25, 7:25 p.m.; Mon. Thurs, 4:35, 7:20 p.m.
 Birdman Fri. Sun, 11:45 a.m., 145, 4:10, 5:20, 8:30, 11 p.m.; Mon, 11:20 a.m., 1:55, 4:10, 5:20, 8:30, 10:10 p.m.; Tues, 11:20 a.m., 1:55, 4:10, 8:30, 10:10 p.m.; Wed-

Iues, 11:20 a.m., 155, 4:10, 8:30, 10:10 p.m.; Wed-Thurs, 11:20 a.m., 155, 4:10, 4:50, 615, 10:10 p.m. The DUFF Fri-Sun, 10:35 a.m., 12:20, 2:40, 5, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 10:45 a.m., 2, 2:50, 5, 7:25, 10 p.m.; Wed, 11:10 a.m., 1:30, 2, 5, 7:25, 10 p.m.; Thurs, 10 a.m., 10:5, 4:40, 7:25, 10 p.m.

1:05, 4:40, 7:25, 10 p.m. Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri-Sun, 11 a.m., 12:15, 2:30, 3:30, 6:15, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 10:25 a.m., 1, 2:10, 5:10, 6:25, 7:15, 9:50, 11:05 p.m.; Tues., 10:25 a.m., 1, 2:10, 5:10, 6:15, 7:15, 9:50, 11:10 p.m.; Wed. Thurs., 10:10 a.m., 12:15, 2:10, 4:30, 8:50, 11:10 p.m.; Fri-Sun., 10·45 p.m.

Wild Tales (Relatos salvajes) Fri. Sun, 11:20 a.m., 2:05, 4:50, 7:35, 8:10, 10:20 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 10:55 a.m., 1:35, 4:50, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Thurs., 10:55 a.m., 1:40,

- 1:35, 4:50, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.; Inurs, 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:50, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.
 Fifty Shades of Grey Fri-Sun, 1, 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 11:30 a.m., 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Wed-Thurs, 4, 7, 9:55 p.m.; Fri-Sun, 1:30 a.m., 1:30, 5, 8, 11:20 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 11 a.m., 1:45, 5, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Fri-Sun, 7:45 7·45 n m
- Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri.-Sun., 11:15 a.m., 1:15, 2, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Mon-Tues., 10:40, 11:15 a.m., 1:25, 3:45, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.; Wed-Thurs., 10:40, 11:15 a.m., 1:25, 4:45, 7:30, 10:15 p.m. What We Do in the Shadows Fri-Sun., 11:50 a.m.,

220, 5:10, 7:15, 9:15, 11:15 p.m.; Yon., 10:20 a.m., 2:05, 5:10, 7:16, 9:10, 11:15 p.m.; Yon., 10:20 a.m., 2:05, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m.; Thurs., 11:25 a.m.; 2:05, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m.; Thurs., 11:25 a.m.; 2:05, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m.; Thurs., 11:25 a.m.; 2:05, 5:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m.; 10:10, 9:10, 7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m.

7:10, 9:15, 11:10 p.m. Jupiter Ascending Fri-Sat, 12 noon, 1:55, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 9:25 p.m.; Sun, 12 noon, 4:40, 5:45, 6:45, 9:25 p.m.; Mon-Tues, 11:10 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:50, 9:25 p.m.; Wed, 10:45 a.m., 4:55, 7:50, 9:25 p.m.; Thurs., 11:40 a.m., 12:50, 4:55, 7:50, 9:25 p.m.

2015 Oscar Nominated Animation Shorts Fri.-Sun, 11:05 p.m.; Mon., 3:10, 11 p.m.; Tues., 3:10, 11:05 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 4:15, 11:05 p.m.

2015 Oscar Nominated Live Action Shorts Fri-Sat, 11:25 a.m.; Mon-Wed., 10:15 a.m., 6:10 p.m.; Thurs., 10:20 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

10.20 a.m., 0.10 p.m. Still Alice Fri-Sun., 11:30 a.m., 1:40, 4, 8:45, 10:50 p.m.; Mon, 11:25 a.m., 12:30, 4, 8:45, 10:35 p.m.; Tues., 11:25 a.m., 12:30, 4, 5:20, 8:45, 10:35 p.m.; Wed., 11:25 a.m., 2:15, 4, 8:45, 10:35 p.m.; Thurs., 11:35 a.m., 1:50, 4,

8:45, 10:35 p.m. Selma Fri-Sun., 11:10 a.m., 4:35, 7:10, 9:30 p.m.; Mon.-Tues., 11:35 a.m., 1:05, 7:10, 9:35 p.m.; Wed., 11:35 a.m., 7:10, 9:45 p.m.; Thurs., 11:10 a.m., 1:40, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.

Boyhood Fri.-Sun., 1:50 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 12:20 p.m.; Thurs., 1:50 p.m. The Grand Budapest Hotel Fri.-Sun., 2:45 p.m.; Mon.

Tues., 10:35 a.m., 1:50 p.m.; Wed., 11:30 a.m., 1:30, 1:50 p.m.; Thurs., 11:30 a.m., 2:20 p.m.

Farewell, My Queen (Les adieux a la reine) Sun., 12:30 n m

Lost in Translation Mon., 8 p.m.

- Almost Famous Thurs, 8 p.m. The Player Tues, 7:30 p.m. The Hustler (1961) Wed., 7:30 p.m. LOS FELLZ 3 1822 N. Vermont Ave.
- 3) 664-2169 Hot Tub Time Machine 2 2:15. 5:10. 7:30. 9:45 p.m.

Fifty Shades of Grey 2:15, 5:45, 8:40 p.m. Still Alice 2:15, 5:10, 7:30, 9:45 p.m.

TCL CHINESE 6 THEATRES 6801

Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331

King Lear (Stratford Festival) Wed., 7 p.m. Rembrandt (Exhibition On Screen) Tues., 7 p.m.

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D

Fri., 2:20,7 p.m.

TCL CHINESE THEATRE IMAX 6925

Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331 Call theater for schedule

PACIFIC'S EL CAPITAN Hollywood Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-7674

McFarland, USA 10 a.m., 1:10, 4:20, 7:30 p.m.

WEST HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS SUNDANCE SUNSET CINEMA 8000

PACIFIC'S THE GROVE STADIUM 14 West Sunset Boulevard (323)654-189 The Grove Dr., Third & Fairfax 2217 (S2S) 092-0829
 American Sniper Fri-Sun, 11:35 a.m., 2:25, 5:15, 8:10, 11 p.m.; Mon, 10:50 a.m., 2:05, 5:05, 8:10, 11 p.m.; Tues., 11:35 a.m., 2:25, 5:15, 8:10, 11 p.m.
 The imitation Game Fri-Tues., 10:10 a.m., 12:40, 3:10,

Citizenfour Fri.-Sun., 1:45 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4 p.m. National Theatre Live: Treasure Island Sat., 12:30 n m

12:30 p.m.
 The Last Five Years Fri-Sun, 11:45 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Mon. Thurs., 1:45, 4:30, 7:30, 9:40 p.m.
 Ballet 422 Fri-Sun, 11:15 a.m., 2, 4:30, 7:15, 9:30 p.m.; Mon. Thurs., 1:30, 4:15, 7:15, 9:15 p.m.

Timbuktu (Le chagrin des oiseaux) Fri-Sun., 12:15,

5,5:15,8,10:05 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 2:15, 5,8, 10:05 p.m.; Foxcatcher Fri, 11 a.m., 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sat., 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Sun, 11 a.m., 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Mon-Thurs,

1.15 7 9.45 nm H10; 7, 9:40 p.m.; Whiplash Fri., 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:10 p.m.; Sat., 11:30 a.m., 5, 7:45, 10:10 p.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:10 p.m.; Mon. Thurs., 2, 4:45, 7:45, 10 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S MUSIC HALL 3 9036

Wilshire Blvd. (310) 274-6869

Titly Shades of Grey Fri-Sat, 10:45, 11:45 a.m., 1:30, 2:30, 4:15, 5:15, 7, 8, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45 p.m.; Sun-Tues., 10:45, 11:45 a.m., 1:30, 2:30, 4:15, 5:15, 7, 8, 9:45, Mr. Turner 4:40 p.m Citizenfour 12 noon 8 nm

- Farewell to Hollywood Wed., 7:30 p.m.
- Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri.-Sun., 11:20 a.m.,

12:15, 3, 4:45, 5:45, 7:30, 8:30, 10:15, 11:15 p.m.; Mon., 10 a.m., 12:15, 3, 4:45, 5:45, 7:30, 8:30, 10:15, 11:15 p.m.; Tues., 11:20 a.m., 12:15, 3, 4:45, 5:45, 7:30, 8:30,

 ratework to rougwood wea, r30 p.m.

 The Royal Opera House: Andrea Chenier Mon.,

 r30 p.m.; Tues, 1 p.m.

 Above and Beyond 5:10 p.m.

 Leviathan Fri-Sun, 12:40, 4, 7:40 p.m.; Mon., 12:40, 4

 p.m.; Tues, 4, 7:40 p.m.; Wed., 12:40, 4 p.m.; Thurs.,

 12:40, 4, 7:40 p.m.;

 Most Viework 20:20, 0.45 = m.

A Most Violent Year 2:30, 9:45 p.m.

Song of the Sea 12:10, 7:30 p.m. Ida 2:40 p.m.

WESTWOOD, WEST L.A.

AMC CENTURY CITY 15 10250 Santa

- Monica Blvd. (888)AMC-4FUN American Sniper Fri-Sat, 10:50 a.m., 12:45, 4, 7:10, 8:05, 10:30, 11:15 p.m.; Sun, 10:50 a.m., 12:45, 4, 7:10 8:05, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, 4 7.10
- 7.25 9.35 10.30 nm
- The Imitation Game Fri.-Mon., 10:35 a.m., 1:45, 4:45,
- 7:40, 10:40 p.m. Birdman Fri-Sun, 2, 5:05 p.m.; Mon, 1:35, 4:35 p.m. The DUFF Fri-Mon, 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:25, 7:10, 10 p.m. Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri-Sat., 10, 11:25 a.m., 2,
- 4:50, 6:30, 7:30, 9:10, 10:10, 11:40 p.m.; Sun, 10, 11:25 a.m., 2, 4:50, 6:30, 7:30, 9:10, 10:10, 11 p.m.; Mon, 11:25 a.m., 2, 4:50, 6:40, 7:30, 9:10, 10:10 p.m.
- a.m., 2, 450, 640, 730, 930, 730, 910, 1010, 701, McFarland, USA Fri.Sun, 930, am, 1235, 345, 7, 940 p.m.; Mon, 1035 a.m., 135, 435, 735, 1045 p.m. Fifty Shades of Grey Fri.Sat, 935, 1110 a.m. 1235, 215, 335, 515, 640, 830, 1005, 1135 p.m.; Sun, 935, 11110 a.m. 1235, 215, 333, 515, 640, 830, 2006 fr.m. 4400, 505 10:05 p.m.: Mon., 11:10 a.m., 12:35, 2:15, 3:40, 5:15
- 10:05 p.m; Mon, 11:10 a.m, 12:35, 2:15, 3:40, 5:15, 6:40, 8:30, 9:50 p.m. Fifty Shades of Grey: The IMAX Experience Fri-Sun, 10:30 a.m, 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 10:55 p.m; Mon, 10:45 a.m, 1:45, 4:45, 7:45, 10:35 p.m; Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri-Sat, 11:55 a.m, 3:15, 8, 11:10 p.m; Sun, 11:55 a.m, 3:15, 8, 11 p.m; Mon, 12:30, 3:35, 6:36, 9:35 p.m; Fri-Sun, 9:30 a.m, 12:40, 3:45, 7, 10:10 p.m; Mon, 10:30 a.m, 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:35 p.m 7:30 10:35 nm
- Jupiter Ascending Fri-Sun., 9:30 a.m., 10 p.m.; Mon., 4:25, 10:25 p.m.
- 4:29, 10:29 p.m. **Jupiter Ascending 3D** Fri.Sun., 12:40, 3:45, 6:45 p.m.; Mon., 10:30 a.m., 1:26, 7:25 p.m. **The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D** Fri.Sun., 9:30 a.m., 12:05, 2:40, 5:15 p.m.; Mon., 10:40
- a.m., 1:20, 4 p.m.
- a.m., 1:20, 4 p.m. **The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water** Fri-Sun, 11 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Mon., 11:05 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7:05, 9:40 p.m. **Paddington** Fri-Sun, 10:15 a.m., 12:50, 3:30, 6 p.m.; Mon., 11:35 a.m., 21:0, 4:50 p.m. **The Wedding Ringer** Fri-Sat, 8:30, 11:10 p.m.; Sun., 8:30, 11 p.m.; Mon., 7:15, 10:05 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATER 11523

Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5581 The Royal Opera House: Andrea Chenier Mon., 7:30 p.m.; Tues., 1 p.m. Gett: The Trial of Viviane Amsalem Fri., 1:20, 4:10.

- Gett: The Trial of Viviane Amsalem Fr., 1:20, 4:10, 7, 9:50 pm; Sat-Sun, 1:030 am, 1:20, 4:10, 7, 9:50 pm; Mon-Thurs, 1:20, 4:10, 7, 9:50 pm.
 Timbuktu (Le chagrin des oiseaux) Fri, 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 7:10, 9:40 pm; Sat-Sun, 1:120 am, 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:40 pm; Mon-Thurs, 1:50, 4:30, 7:10, 9:40 pm.
- Two Days, One Night (Deux jours, une nult) Fri., 1:40, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Sat. Sun, 11:10 a.m., 1:40, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.; Mon, 1:40, 4:20 p.m.; Tues, 4:20, 9:45 p.m.; Wed. Thurs, 1:40, 4:20, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.
- LANDMARK'S NUART THEATER

- 11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 473-8530; No Texting Allowed Hedwig and the Angry Inch Fri., 11:59 p.m. The Rocky Horror Picture Show Sat, 11:59 p.m. Rome, Open City (Roma, citta aperta) Fri.Sat, 12 non, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Sun, 12 non, 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 5, 7:30, 9:50 p.m.
- LANDMARK'S REGENT 1045 Broxton Ave. (310) 208-3250; No Texting Allowed
- Wild Fri., 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 2, 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Mon., 3:45 p.m.; Tues.-Thurs., 4:30, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.

Reel Talk Winter Film Series 2014 Mon., 7 p.m.

LANDMARK WEST L.A. 10850 W. Pico Blvd. (310) 470-0492; No Texting Allowed

- The Imitation Game 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 4:50, 7:30,
- The Theory of Everything 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.;

Kingsman: The Secret Service 10:30 a.m., 1:30.

4:30, 7:30, 10:30 pm. Jupiter Ascending Fri-Tues, 10:40 a.m., 4:40, 10:50 p.m.; Wed.-Thurs., 10:40 a.m. Jupiter Ascending 3D Fri-Tues, 1:45, 7:50 p.m.; Wed., 1:45 p.m.; Thurs., 1:45, 7:50 p.m. The Seventh Son 3D 2:10, 7:35 p.m. The Seventh Son 11:40 a.m., 4:50, 10:15 p.m.

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D 1:40, 6:50 p.m.; Fri-Sun, 9:30 a.m., 12 noon, 2:20, 5, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12 noon, 2:20, 5, 7:40,

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water Fri.Sat., 10:05, 10:50 a.m., 12:30, 3:10, 4:15, 5:50, 8:20, 9:20, 11:10 p.m.; Sun., 10:05, 10:50 a.m., 12:30, 3:10,

4:15, 5:50, 8:20, 9:20 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:30, 3:10, 12:30, 3:10, 4:15, 5:50, 8:20, 9:20 p.m. Black or White 10:35 a.m., 1:35, 4:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.

Black or White 1035 a.m., 135, 445, 745, 1045 p.m.
 Project Almanac Fri.Sun, 1025 a.m., 115, 435, 715, 945 p.m., 1045 a.m., 115, 435, 715, 945 p.m., 1045 a.m., 115, 435, 715, 945 p.m., 115, 435, 715, 945 p.m., 124dington Fri.Sun, 10 a.m., 12:00, 3, 5:30 p.m.; Mon.-Wed, 12:20, 3, 5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 12:20, 3 p.m.
 The Wedding Ringer Fri.Wed, 8:10, 10:55 p.m.; Thurs., 10:55 p.m.; Thurs., 10:55 p.m.; 1

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5:35, 10:15 p.m.

8 10 45 nm

MARKETPLACE 13455 Maxella Ave.

PACIFIC CULVER STADIUM 12 9500

10:20 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:35 a.m., 2:10, 5, 7:50, 10:40

The Imitation Game Fri.-Sat., 10:10 a.m., 2, 6 p.m.; Sun.,

10:10 a.m., 2, 6:05 p.m.; Mon., 11:20 a.m., 3:10, 5:35, 10:15 p.m.; Tues., 3:15, 5:40 p.m.; Wed., 11:20 a.m., 3:10,

Culver Blvd. (310) 360-9565 American Sniper Fri-Sun., 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:40, 7:30,

The DUFF Fri.-Sat., 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45 p.m., 12

mid.; Sun., 12:45, 3, 5:15, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Mon., 11 a.m.

1:15 3:30 5:45 8 10:45 n m Tues 11:40 a m 1:05

4:45, 8:30, 10:45 p.m.; Wed., 11 a.m., 1:15, 3:30, 5:45,

3:20, 4:55, 7:05, 8:35, 9:50, 11 p.m., 12 mid.; Sun., 11:50 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 4:55, 7:05, 8:35, 9:50 p.m.; Mon., 11:10

a.m., 1:05, 2, 4:10, 6:20, 8:30, 10:40 p.m.; Tues., 11:15

a.m., 1:50, 4, 6:10, 8:20, 10:30 p.m.; Wed., 11:10 a.m., 1:05, 1:50, 4, 6:10, 8:20, 10:30 p.m.

10:45 p.m.; Mon., 11, 11:25 a.m., 2:25, 5:10, 7:55, 10:40 p.m.; Tues-Wed., 11:25 a.m., 2:25, 5:10, 7:55, 10:40 p.m.

Fifty Shades of Grey Fri. Sat., 10:35, 11:40 a.m., 12:40,

2:40, 3:20, 5:20, 8, 8:35, 9:15, 11:15, 11:55 p.m.; Sun.

10:35, 11:40 a.m., 12:45, 2:40, 3:25, 5:20, 8, 8:40, 9:15

p.m.; Mon., 12 noon, 1:50, 2:40, 4:30, 5:20, 7:10, 8, 9:50, 10:40 p.m.; Tues., 11:05 a.m., 12 noon, 2:40, 5:20, 7, 8,

9:40, 10:40 p.m.; Wed., 11:05 a.m., 12 noon, 1:50, 2:40,

Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri-Sat., 11:25 a.m., 12:35, 2:10, 3:30, 5:30, 6:15, 7:05, 8:15, 9, 10, 10:45, 11:45 p.m.; Sun., 11:25 a.m., 12:35, 2:10, 3:30, 5:30,

6:15, 7:05, 8:15, 9, 9:45, 10:40 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:45

Jupiter Ascending Fri-Sat., 10:50 a.m., 1:35, 4:55, 7:40, 10:25 p.m.; Sun., 11:30 a.m., 2:15, 4:55, 7:40, 10:25 p.m.;

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D Fri-Sun., 10:20 a.m., 12:05 p.m.; Mon-Wed., 11:20 a.m.

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water Fri-Sat., 10, 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:10, 4:15, 6:25, 7:05, 9:15

p.m.; Sun., 10, 10:30 a.m., 12:30, 2:10, 4:15, 6:25, 7:45,

9:55 p.m.; Mon., 11 a.m., 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.; Tues., 11 a.m., 1:25, 3:35, 5:45, 7:55, 10:05 p.m.; Wed., 11

Black or White Fri.-Sun., 2:20 p.m.: Mon., 5:35, 8:10

p.m.; Tues., 2:05, 5:55 p.m.; Wed., 5:35, 8:10 p.m.

Selma Fri-Sat., 10 a.m., 4:20 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m., 5 p.m.; Mon., 12:05, 2:50 p.m.; Tues., 12:25, 3:10 p.m.; Wed.,

A Most Violent Year Fri.-Sun., 4:25 p.m.; Mon., 8, 10:40

p.m.; Tues., 8:05, 10:45 p.m.; Wed., 8, 10:40 p.m.

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Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri., 4, 7, 10 p.m.; Sat-Sun., 1, 4, 7, 10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 4, 7, 10 p.m.

Second St. (310) 478-3836

am 1.30 2.30 4.15 5.15 7 8 9.45 10.45 nm

Mon.-Wed., 11:45 a.m., 2:30, 5:15, 8, 10:45 p.m.

4.30 5.20 7.10 8 9.50 10.40 nm

a.m., 1:20, 3:30, 5:40, 7:50, 10 p.m.

Santa Monica, Malibu

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McFarland, USA Fri-Sat., 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:30, 7:15, 10:45, 11:25 p.m.; Sun., 10:55 a.m., 1:40, 4:30, 7:15,

Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri.-Sat., 11:50 a.m., 1:20,

4.30 7.30 10.30 n m

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- Birdman 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:55 p.m.
- Focus Thurs., 7:30, 9:55 p.m. Wild Tales (Relatos salvajes) 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:30,

- Wild tates (Ketatos saivajes) 11 a.m., 1245, 4:30, 7:15, 9:55 p.m.
 Fifty Shades of Grey Fri-Sun, 10:30, 11 a.m., 1:20, 1:50, 4:10, 4:40, 7, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Mon, 11 a.m., 1:20, 1:50, 4:10, 4:40, 7, 7:30, 9:45, 10:15 p.m.; Tues: Thurs, 11 a.m., 12:50, 1:50, 3:40, 4:40, 7:30, 10:15 p.m.;
 Ballet 422, 11:45 a.m., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 7:45, 9:40 p.m.
- 2015 Oscar Nominated Animation Shorts Fri-Sun, 10:30 a.m., 3:05, 7:40 p.m.; Mon-Wed., 3:05, 7:40 p.m.; Thurs., 3:05 p.m.
- 2015 Oscar Nominated Live Action Shorts Fri-Wed, 12:25, 5, 9:35 p.m.; Thurs, 12:25, 5 p.m. Still Alice Fri-Sun, 10 a.m., 12:25, 2:50, 5:15, 7:40, 9:45
- Jun and Th. Soin, 10 2nr. Jp. 22, 52:00, 515, 7:40, 10 p.m.
 Selma Fri-Sun, 10:30 a.m., 12:25, 4:20, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Mon-Thurs., 1:25, 4:20, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.
- Most Violent Year Fri-Wed, 11:05 a.m., 1:50, 4:40, 7:35, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs., 11:05 a.m., 1:50, 4:40 p.m.
 Whiplash Fri-Sun., 10:10 a.m., 12:35, 3, 5:25, 7:50, 10:15
- p.m.: Mon. Thurs., 12:35, 3, 5:25, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.

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Drive (310)568-3394 American Sniper Fri, 1:25,4:30,7:40,10:50 p.m.; Sat.Sun, 1:25,7:40, 10:50 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 1:25,4:30, 7:40,10:50 p.m.

Classic Music Series: Aerosmith 1nurs, / p.m. King Lear (Stratford Festival) Wed, 7 p.m. Rembrandt (Exhibition On Screen) Tues, 7 p.m. LA Kings vs SJ Sharks LIVE Sat, 7, 701 p.m. The DUFF Fri, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Sat.Sun, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:45 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Mon-Wed,

Hat Tub Time Machine 2 Fri, 11:30 a.m., 12:45, 1:55, 3:10, 4:20, 5:35, 6:45, 8, 9:10, 10:25 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:30 a.m., 12:45, 1:55, 3:10, 6:45, 8, 9:10, 10:25 p.m.;

Mon.-Wed., 11:30 a.m., 12:45, 1:55, 3:10, 4:20, 5:35,

McFarland, USA 1220, 4:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m. Fifty Shades of Grey Fi-Wed, 1, 4, 7, 10 p.m.; Fri, 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:45 p.m.; Sat, 11 a.m., 12 noon, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11 p.m.; Sun, 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 7:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:45 p.m.; Mon.; Wed, 11:30 a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:30, 3:15, 4:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45, 5:30, 6:15, 7:45, 8:40, 9:10, 10:46 p.m.; Sat, 1:45

Kingsman: The Secret Service Fri., 11 a.m., 12:30,

Temper (Telugu) Fri., 11:50 a.m., 3:10, 6:30, 9:50 p.m.; Sat., 7, 10:20 p.m.; Sun-Wed., 11:50 a.m., 3:10, 6:30,

3.30 p.m. Jupiter Ascending 3D Fri, 1:50, 4:50, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Sat., 1:50, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Sun, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Mon., 1:50, 4:50, 7:50, 10:50 p.m.; Tues., 1, 4, 9:30 p.m.; Wed.,

1:50, 450, 1'50, 10:50 p.m.; 1ues, 1, 4, 9:30 p.m.; Wed, 1:50, 450, 750, 10:50 p.m. **The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water 3D**Fin, 12:55, 3:25, 5:55, 8:25, 10:55 p.m.; Sat, 12:55, 3:25
pm; Sun, 12:55, 3:25, 252, 5:10:55 p.m.; Won-Tues, 12:55, 3:25, 5:55, 8:25, 10:55 p.m.; Wed, 12:55, 3:25, 10:55

The SpongeBob Movie: Sponge Out of Water Fri., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; Mon.-Wed., 11:40 a.m., 2:10,

a.m., 2:10, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; won: weu, 11:40 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:10, 9:40 p.m.; Project Almanac Fri, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sat, 11:20 a.m., 2 p.m.; Sun, 11:20 a.m., 2, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:20 a.m., 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:20 p.m.; The Wedding Ringer Fn:Sat, 11:25 a.m.; Sun, 4:10, 8:05, 10:40 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:25 a.m.; Sun, 4:10, 8:05, 10:40 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:25 a.m.; Sun, 4:10,

Boyhood Fri, 4 p.m.
 Badlapur Fri, 12:55, 4:05, 7:15, 10:25 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 12:55, 7:15, 10:25 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 12:55, 4:05, 7:15, 12:55

Oscar Shorts Fri.-Sat., 2, 7 p.m.; Sun., 2 p.m

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American Sniper Fri.-Sun., 10:15 a.m., 1:25, 4:25, 7:25,

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Rembrandt (Exhibition On Screen) Tues., 7 p.m

The DUFF Fri-Sat., 9:55 a.m., 1, 3:50, 7, 9:30 p.m., 12:01 a.m.; Sun., 9:55 a.m., 1, 3:50, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Mon-Thurs.,

Hot Tub Time Machine 2 Fri.-Sat., 9:50 a.m., 12:25,

3:15, 5:40, 8:15, 11:05, 11:45 p.m.; Sun., 9:50 a.m.,

12:25, 3:15, 5:40, 8:15, 11:05 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 12:25, 3:15, 5:40, 8:15, 11:05 p.m.

McFarland, USA Fri.-Sun., 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 4:20, 7:20,

10:25 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 10:25 a.m., 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:25 p.m.

Fifty Shades of Grey 11 a.m., 2, 5, 8, 11 p.m.; Fri.-Sun. 10:10 a.m., 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., 1:10,

King Lear (Stratford Festival) Wed., 7 p.m.

2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8:10, 9:30, 11:10 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11 12:30, 2, 3:30, 6:30, 8:10, 9:30, 11:10 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11 a.m., 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5:0, 5:0, 8:10, 9:30, 11:10 p.m.

6:45, 8, 9:10, 10:25 p.m. McFarland, USA 1:20 4:20 7:20 10:20 p.m.

9:10, 10:45 p.m.

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8:05, 10:40 p.m.

Whiplash Sat., 1 p.m.

1, 3:50, 7, 9:30 p.m.

4:10. 7:10. 10:10 p.m

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1005

- The Imitation Game Fri., 1 p.m.
- The Theory of Everything Sat., 4 p.m. Birdman Sun., 1 p.m. Classic Music Series: Aerosmith Thurs., 7 p.m.



Music // **CREEN REVOLUTION** <u>Colleen Green, the L.A. DIY scene's queen of anti-cool,</u> is giving up weed — but not her stoner fan base

BY ART TAVANA

obody rocks a pair of knockoff Wayfarers like Colleen Green. Onstage, they protect her sleepy eyes from the bright lights, placing a thin plastic veneer between the punk auteur and her followers: slackers with medical marijuana cards who relate to her anti-cool,

grunge appeal. "Colleen Green isn't a band, it's a person," she says, with the same directness she applies to running her DIY empire out of a bedroom in her brother's West L.A. apartment, where she lives rent-free. The 30-year-old Massachusetts native books her own shows, designs her own comical merch (T-shirts doodled with stick figures and marijuana leaves) and uses a quirky drum machine as her only backing musician. And while it sounds like a weed-friendly pun, her real name *is*

Colleen Green. Since moving to L.A. in 2010, Green has become a regular at punk venues such as the Smell. With her drum machine and colorfully tagged guitar, she has amassed a cultish following, transforming her into L.A.'s stoner-punk fetish.

In 2013 alone, she performed more than 200 shows, on the heels of releasing her second LP, *Sock It to Me*. "She is tireless," says her label rep at Sub Pop imprint Hardly Art.

Now Green is poised to break out. On Feb. 24, she'll release her second album on Hardly Art and third overall, *I Want to Grow Up*, which brings her deeply personal storytelling into focus on what could be the year's loner punk masterpiece. As its title declares, *I Want to Grow Up* is the sound of Green entering adulthood, like her heroes Blink-182 in 2003 except when Green addresses issues such as anxiety and romantic woes, she doesn't pummel her audience with dick jokes.

Green grew up in Dunstable, Massachusetts, a rural town 40 miles north of Boston. After moving to Oakland in 2008, she quickly became a part of the Bay Area's blooming garage-rock scene, occupied by stoner-punk acts such as a rabbit maskwearing freak named Nobunny.

"We struck up a friendship revolving around music, weed and just being fucking weirdos," says Justin Champlin, aka Nobunny, who gave Green her first solo gig, opening for him at the Five Star Bar in downtown L.A. in 2010. Before that, she played guitar and sang in Oakland-based punk band The Have Mercys.

As a solo act, Green's shtick includes cheeky humor, such as titling her first LP *Milo Goes to Compton* after The Descendents' *Milo Goes to College* and doodling herself on the album cover like a Mike Judge cartoon sketch. The *Milo* tape, originally self-released by Green in 2010, included a fuzzy, drum machine-driven track called "I Wanna Be Degraded," a wink-wink sexual riff on The Ramones' "I Wanna Be Sedated." It caught the attention of Hardly Art and Burger Records, which promoted Green's cassette releases as part of their teenage stoner empire.

"There's this attraction to her 'whateverness,'" says music booker Davis Powers, who booked Green's national TV debut on *Last Call With Carson Daly* in November. During her set, Green wore a T-shirt emblazoned with "Scott Raynor." It was her way of telling America that Blink-182, Green's most noted influence, was coolest between 1992 and 1998, when Raynor was their drummer.

Green's latest single, "TV" (not a cover of the Blink-182 song with the same title), siphons the distorted loner appeal of Weezer's "In the Garage" into an infectious, '90s alternative hook that repeats: "TV is my friend/And it has been/With me every day/From an early age." The track is an ode to Green's synthetic BFF, a tiny TV set she uses to watch rented videotapes.

To help produce *I Want to Grow Up*, Green enlisted a kindred spirit in guitarist Jake Orrall of fuzz-rockers JEFF the Brotherhood. The album marks Green's first time in a proper studio with a full band, including Casey Weissbuch of Diarrhea Planet on drums.

"Her melodies resonate with my high school self," says Orrall, who produced a shredding guitar record that adds clarity to Green's whisper-in-your-ear vocals, which for the first time aren't buried beneath layers of fuzz.

"This record's a culmination of things I've been thinking about for the past five years," Green says. "It's about disease, health and being able to move on from things that are devastating in your life." In 2009, Green was diagnosed with myasthenia gravis, an incurable autoimmune disease that causes muscle weakness and fatigue. "It was an awakening," she says. "I realized how fragile our lives are."

I Want to Grow Up is like a Facebook timeline displaying Green's history over the past five years, which includes an attempt to get healthy by kicking her weed habit. "It's not good for you. It's a chemical, and it affects your central nervous system," she explains. Green recently lost her "rec card," her legal access to medical marijuana. "I'm pretty sure I threw it away in an attempt to quit smoking."

High or not, Green's hook-filled music continues to develop like a Polaroid, coming more into focus on each record and revealing an artist who is hyperaware of herself and her influences. Her sound is a byproduct of her CD and vinyl collection, which include Sublime, The Descendents and fellow Massachusetts native J Mascis of Dinosaur Jr. Her taste and musical palate are defiantly uncool. "The first time I heard Sublime was on 107.3 WAAF. I was 11 years old, and it changed my life," she says sincerely.

In other words, Green is the antithesis of highbrow. "I like being away from all the hip shit," she says, referring both to her West L.A. residence and her punk distaste for all things fashionable.

Featured in Spin's "Artists to Watch" for February, and clearly on the tipping point of becoming a buzz act, Green sounds wary. "I don't ever want to get a big head. [Last Call] was a lot of attention. It's weird to deal with because I don't know what to say. What if you become an asshole? It's a scary thought."

Authenticity, both as a stoner and a punk auteur, is still Green's most durable currency. Her live show will feature her solo, with a few programmed beats to support her new music.

And whether she's serious about kicking pot or not, she doesn't plan on ditching her stoner fan base. She's celebrating the release of *I Want to Grow Up* with a Reddit "Ask Me Anything" on Feb. 24 — at 4:20 p.m., wink-wink.

COLLEEN GREEN ALBUM-RELEASE PARTY AT HM157 | 3110 N. Broadway, Lincoln Heights | Fri., Feb. 27, 8 p.m. | facebook.com/colleengreen420





| Music | West Coast Sound // Bizarre Ride //

LIFE AFTER Moombahton

IN HIS NADASTROM DUO, DAVE NADA PROVES THERE'S MORE TO HIM THAN THE GENRE HE INVENTED

BY JEFF WEISS



hat do you do when you invent a music subgenre and 10,000 carpetbaggers follow in your wake?

Do vou ride the current over the cataract, or do you leap off in the nick of time?

This was the unspoken peril facing dance producers Nadastrom when they sat down to write their self-titled debut album, due out Feb. 24 on Friends of Friends.

"I never like to think of sticking a fork in a genre or sound," says Dave Nada at an Echo Park coffee shop, not far from his downtown apartment.

Born David Villegas, the Washington, D.C.-raised DJ initially came to fame for pioneering moombahton in the early 2010s. Shortly after he figured out that slowing down Dutch house to reggaeton tempos could turn average house parties into Project X, moombahton became an international sensation. Co-signs from Diplo and Fader followed. Dozens of careers — most notably, Dillon Francis' were launched at 108 BPM.

"We still play Baltimore club music, we still play techno," adds Nada, wearing a plain blue tee, long black hair and a light goatee. "But there's always a time and place for moombahton. One way or another, it's influenced our tracks on this album."

But if you listened to an unlabeled copy of Nadastrom, his first full-length with fellow D.C. transplant Matt Nordstrom, vou'd never guess its makers.

For the last few months, I've been playing it on radio sets and in my car, and it invariably leads people to ask, "Who is this?" When I tell them it's Nadastrom, they make a surprised-but-impressed face best registered via GIF.

The album weaves minimal techno,

nimble house, baleful trip-hop and faint inflections of moombahton — mostly in the BPMs but also in vaguely tropical vibes.

Brick-crumbling bass is swapped for sleek, luxurious grooves. It's the odd record equally at home in the club or on the ride home. Guest vocalists seamlessly glide in and out, including soul levitator Jesse Boykins III. Nina K and Brainfeeder affiliate Ryat.

"We did numerous tests driving with it and walking around listening with headphones on," the white-tee'd Nordstrom says.

The pair met in late 2007 and spent their early team years DJing gratis in a D.C. dive bar. Before moombahton blew up, they'd already earned a well-regarded reputation for producing twitchy house and Baltimore club.

"We wanted it to flow and feel like a DJ set, where the last track feels like the last song of the night ... the lights coming on afterward," Nordstrom says of their album. "There wasn't really a deep concept or anything like that. But for us it was very much about feeling a thousand miles away from home."

Rather than capture an emotional distance, Nadastrom creates its own tone - neither hedonistic, uptempo club music nor trippy headphone haze. It's confidently midtempo, flexible without being faceless.

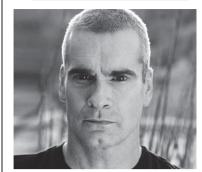
It's less of a reinvention than it is a reenvisioning of who Nadastrom are. If they were branded at first as moombahton arsonists, their debut proves they're equally capable of a cool burn.

"It contains all the influences that we've had in the past, the records we've made and stuff that's worked for us," Nada says. "When you make an album, you find out who you really are. I just hope that other people get a better idea of who we are, too. It's not just one sound; it's not just one genre."

Goldenvoice.com

GOLDENVOKE





THIS IS 54

ast week, I turned 54 years old. It's one of those not-all-that-interesting milestones, like turning 27.

As I get older, life gets funnier. At least I've learned that it's best to put extra humor in the pack as I go. I need it more and more.

Things are always changing, and it's great/ horrible to discover how out of the loop you can become as the years drag on. And, sometimes, that the loop ain't what it used to be.

I have no idea if this is an age thing or what, but I am very glad there are some aspects of this modern world that I have no interest in whatsoever. I am not one of those "things were better back in my day" types. But for the most part, I am glad to have seen what I have seen, especially when it comes to the experiences I have had with music.

Here are a few things that I feel lucky to have no interest in, or that I flat-out reject or find myself enraged by. If any of this smacks of stodginess or encroaching senility, so be it.

The experience of music as a series of downloads. I have downloaded music several times, but only because some of the bands I listen to post a lot of live jams that are never going to be released any other way. I get more music and pay the band directly. Justice!

Beyond that, if there is a record, CD, cassette — something I can hold in my hand — I will go for that. This is my version of goldbacked currency.

As a young person, I often considered my earnings as the means to buy records, pay rent and eat — in that order. If it came down to a meal or a record, the decision (the right one) left me hungry, but at least my mild starvation had a good soundtrack.

The records I bought in high school still play. Talk about investing in your future!

As the years went on, and I moved from apartment to apartment, the most important thing was figuring out how to transport what was now the accumulation of missed meals, long walks, snail-mail trades and countless hours going through miles of record bins all over the world. The rest of my stuff – an old futon, beat-up stereo gear and broken microwave – were nothing to heft in comparison.

At this point, I derive a quiet joy just sitting amongst my shelves and boxes of music. I am completely sure that there is no such thing as too many records. Or, if that is possible, I would like to find out how many that is.

The idea of having no evidence of your music other than "I have all my tunes in my

phone" is ... I don't have words.

To see a young person with a pair of those brightly colored plastic headphones listening to music on their cellphone is to know that the great power of music has been partially neutralized by technology.

"My hard drive crashed and I lost all my music!" I don't feel your digital pain. You didn't lose any music. You never had any.

One day, everything will be on the cloud! I hope that's not true. That is a perfect, Orwellian hell.

Can you imagine conversations in the future? "A few weeks ago, the cloud ...," he says with a quick, terrified look upward, "shut me out. I put everything there. I have lost contact with my iSelf and don't know who I am anymore. I have hired an iAdvocate and am appealing my case. I have to appear in Apple Court at the Grove tomorrow morning. I don't know what I did."

I detest the idea of tons of information no longer weighing tons, work being relegated to mere data and always being one Cloudmaster "oops" away from no proof of its iExistence.

This is part of the devaluing of information. The integrity of intellectual property can't mean all that much if you don't really know where it is or who could be checking it out. The truth and force of your life is diminished. I am not a Luddite, but I do not believe

IF ANY OF THIS SMACKS OF STODGINESS OR ENCROACHING SENILITY, SO BE IT.

a server is serving me. I am fully aware of how "old and in the way" that sounds, and perhaps my edges are becoming crusted.

But I must say, when I go to Amoeba and find it crowded, I am elated. All these people who are not going to let culture die. A young person standing in line to pay, holding an Ornette Coleman album, inspires and excites me. All is not lost! Someone still wants to put their hands on something and use it, take care of it, and years later, remember the day they got it.

I guess my old-man gripe is the lack of awe required when one downloads Hendrix or streams Coltrane. In their short lives, these two toiled ceaselessly to give you everything they had. They went all in. They deserve more than a point and a click.

Don't worry, my hands will be cold and dead soon enough and you can pry my *Fun House* LP out of them.

The time is right, but people aren't ready. How long until this idea gets shredded?

I hate the ooze that some people, especially politicians, are happy to spend their lives in. College-graduated, degree-holding adults who should know better still argue against marriage equality. We still have problems with race. How? Fifteen years into this bold new century and it's remarkable that so many people remain so disappointingly dim.

For some, the time will never be right and they will never be ready. We'll just have to drag them along until they cheer up.

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9th Annual Dre Day @ THE DRAGONFLY

Kanye might have started a genre battle by pitting the "artistry" of hip-hop against that of rock, but for many, lines need not be drawn. For nine years, the talents of one hip-hop master producer and performer have been good-naturedly celebrated by some of L.A.'s coolest alternative acts. Yep, California knows how to party when it comes to Dr. Dre's birthday (his 49th this year). Led by bodacious, Cal Worthington-inspired punks Pu\$\$y-Cow, the lineup also includes fresh noise freaks Lysolgang, pop sloppers Payoff and the garage-y goodness of Johnny Madcap & The Distractions, all expressing themselves Dre-style. In between, there will be fun at the "Chronic" photo booth, and DJs spinning N.W.A and the Doctor's disciples - presumably on Beats by Dre headphones. -Lina Lecaro

Tigran Hamasyan @ THE BOOTLEG

He was a prodigy, learning piano at age 3, studying jazz at USC at age 16. He was the winner of the Montreux and Thelonious Monk jazz piano competitions as a teenager. However, instead of becoming embedded in the jazz scene in New York, Tigran Hamasyan has followed a different path, one that eventually took him back to his native Armenia, where he now lives and writes music about his beloved homeland. His sheer brilliance on the piano is matched by the beauty and integrity of his folk-inspired compositions. Like a modern-day Bartók, Hamasyan's music is deeply rooted in his Eastern European heritage yet has a modernist's intellect and a charismatic fire that can be traced only to its author. His Nonesuch debut, Mockroot, features drummer Arthur Hnatek and bassist Sam Minaie. -Gary Fukushima

Mr. Airplane Man @ TIMEWARP RECORDS

It's been 10 years since Mr. Airplane Man brought their eerie blues incantations to this coast, but the Boston duo of singerguitarist Margaret Garrett and drummer Tara McManus has reunited without much fanfare for this low-key tour. Their minimalist, slide guitar-smeared sound used to bring them comparisons to their old rivals, The White Stripes. But their feverish remake of The Gun Club's "For the Love of Ivy" places Mr. Airplane Man in a much darker and wilder tradition of underground blues-punk. That cover appears on the aptly titled new CD, The Lost Tapes, an unreleased album originally recorded in 2000. Tracks such as "Lonesome Road" and "Sun Going Down" stir up much of the same mortal dread as their chilling early cover of "Jesus on the Mainline," as Garrett's lost-little-girl vocals melt into the ether of her haunting slide contrails. Also at Cafe NELA, Saturday, Feb. 21. -Falling James





Shaun White's Air + Style @ ROSE BOWL

There's not a lot of snow in Pasadena during this year's summerlike SoCal winter, but that isn't stopping celebrated skateboarder/snowboarder Shaun White from bringing his two-day Air + Style festival to the United States for the first time. Many of the world's top skiers, snowboarders and skateboarders will soar across a specially constructed, 16-story-high ramp, while a fairly diverse cross-section of musicians performs. Saturday features the Compton reveries of local rapper Kendrick Lamar, EDM-pumped Mad Decent figurehead Diplo, the seamlessly glittery electronica of Phantogram and the contrastingly rude garage-punk expulsions of Black Lips, along with White's own synthrock outfit, Bad Things. Sunday's lineup encompasses the psychedelic spectacle of The Flaming Lips, electro-house wizard Steve Aoki and the slyly fuzzed-out melodies of Sleigh Bells, as well as Cults, Surfer Blood and Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros. Also Sunday, Feb. 22. –Falling James

Meghan Trainor @ EL REY THEATRE

It might be tempting to dismiss Meghan Trainor as merely a sugary purveyor of lightweight dance-pop hits such as "Lips Are Movin'" and her unapologetic ode to curvy women, "All About That Bass." But the Massachusetts singer is no dummy. She infuses her bubble-gum pop songs with savvy doo-wop harmonies and blue-eyed soul tradition. The precocious former Berklee College of Music student can play several instruments, and at 21 sings with a vocal sophistication that belies her age. The bouncy, retro-pop exultation of "Dear Future Husband" masks Trainor's clever lyrical advice to potential suitors ("Don't have a dirty mind/Just be a classy guy"). She offers more pointed suggestions on "Title": "Baby, don't call me your friend. ... You might never get a

chance to see me naked in your bed." Also

Absolute Body Control, Pure Ground @ COMPLEX

Sunday, Feb. 22. -Falling James

Formed at the dawn of the 1980s, Absolute Body Control's first run lasted only a few years. The Belgian duo split without releasing a full-length studio album, although Dirk Ivens and Eric Van Wonterghem went on to collaborate on other projects. Flash-forward to the 21st century, when renewed interest in dark, minimal synths triggered reissues of their cassetteonly releases. The band returned to the stage and, eventually, released new music. This was a reunion done right, and their return to Los Angeles is a welcome one. Locals Pure Ground pick up on the sound that Absolute Body Control helped forge years ago with analog beats. Job Leatherette and Silent Servant will keep the synth groove going on the decks. -Liz Ohanesian



Napalm Death

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their efforts from decades prior. Napalm

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PERFORMING



Death helped birth the chaotic grindcore genre with their 1987 debut, Scum. Their newest album, Apex Predator - Easy Meat, showcases an act with plenty of venom left to spew. Their brand of metallic mayhem has evolved into something a little more moshable, but their sense of organized musical chaos remains firmly intact. The group's vitriolic lyrical approach takes the political and social ills of a decaying society to task on tracks such as "Bloodless Coup" and "Metaphorically Screw You." Vocalist Barney Greenway's paint-stripping barks sound even angrier now than in 1990, when he made his vocal debut as a 20-year-old British kid on Napalm Death's third album, Harmony Corruption. –Jason Roche

Rick Rosas Tribute @ RADISSON HOTEL. WHITTIER

Long ago and far away in the Land of 1,000 Dances (aka East L.A.), a few dozen sharply dressed teenagers took destiny into their hands. Some, like Thee Midniters and The Premiers, went from backyard jams and high school dances to hit records and shows at the Palladium and Hollywood Bowl. Others, such as the late Rick Rosas, earned respect for their individual prowess and served beside the biggest names in rock & roll. Rosas began with his junior high classmates Mark & the Escorts circa 1964, and went on to spend many years in Neil Young's band, as well as recording with Ron Wood, Jerry Lee Lewis and Joe Walsh. Today's matinee memorial features a hyper-rare session with The Blendells (one of only East L.A. groups to score a national hit, with "La La La La La"), a return by Mark & the Escorts and the inevitable unnamed (and not be missed) special quests. -Jonny Whiteside



Lucinda Williams @ THE TROUBADOUR

For lo these 30 or so years, Lake Charles, Louisiana, singer-songwriter-guitarist Lucinda Williams has forged an idiosyncratic path through American roots music, melting down Delta-infused country soul, funky folk and rock strains into her gritty, Southern Gothic sound. Her smartly sassy worldview drenched her self-titled album in '88, which along with the Grammy-winning Car Wheels on a Gravel Road launched and defined the Americana movement of the '90s. Highly literate songwriting, nice singing and great playing abound on Williams' new double-disc set, Down Where the Spirit Meets the Bone, a ridiculously good-feeling thing released on her own Highway 20 label and graced by guests such as Tony Joe White and Ian MacLagan. Also Wednesday, Feb. 25. – John Payne



Wet & Reckless, Wyatt Blair @ HARVARD & STONE "No one is expecting me at home/No one's calling hospitals or waiting by the phone," Emily Wilder sings on "Suicide Mission," one of eight tartly delivered garage-pop gems on Wet & Reckless' debut full-length album, out this month on Lolipop Records. Singer-guitarist Wilder, bassist Jessica Gelt and drummer Jalise Woodward probably draw a lot of comparisons to Best Coast for their hazy, jangly sound, but they're closer in spirit to veteran L.A. guitarpop outfits Irving and The Little Ones. Wilder wraps her loneliness and vulnerability in sardonic humor and layers of reverb, especially on the drunken confessional "Walk Me Home" and the deceptively rousing "Machinery." With Lolipop mastermind Wyatt Blair opening, this final night of Wet & Reckless' monthlong residency at Harvard & Stone should be loaded with whip-smart songwriting and earworm choruses. -Andy Hermann



The Black Ryder @ THE ECHO

On their upcoming album, The Door Behind the Door, the Australian duo of vocalist Aimee Nash and guitarist Scott Von Ryper continues to craft bewitching songs that are as strange and expansively mysterious as the Outback. In the past, they've kicked up a dusty, roots/ blues sound, but their new song "Seventh Moon" unwinds with a Mazzy Star dream-pop haziness, as Nash whispers delicately over Von Ryper's slow passages of echoing guitar and keyboards. The Sydney natives are now based in L.A., and they often broaden their sound by collaborating with members of Brian Jonestown Massacre, Pink Mountaintops and Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. But ultimately, the heart of The Black Ryder's sound lies in the intimate ways Nash and Von Ryper exchange breathy confidences and shape-shifting shadows. -Falling James



I See Hawks in L.A. @ EL CID

Hank's Bar is suddenly gone and Cole's isn't quite the same, but I See Hawks in L.A. endures. Like the hawk in their name and the coyote, too, they bring a little bit of country into the city, even as the kind of *Rockford Files*-style woodpaneled bars they were practically born in are going extinct. Their recent album Mystery Drug adds a few more keepers ("Rock 'n' Roll Cymbal From the '70s") and weepers ("We Could All Be in Laughlin Tonight") to a discography as long as one of those desert freight trains. Live, they channel the same kind of righteous storytelling as Guy Clark, John Prine or Terry Allen. (Or Kurt Vonnegut and Charles Portis, for that matter.) One day, someone oughta name a drink after these guys. -Chris Ziegler

ROCK & POP

CLUBS

- ALEX'S BAR: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, 562-434-8292, 45 Grave, Haunted Garage, Shattered Faith, The Spooky, Psycho Charger, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$10. Phobia, Flattbush, Terokal, Bruce Campbell, Vulva Essers, Sun., Feb. 22, 8 p.m., \$8. The Budrows, The Doggerels, Plant Tribe, Desert Soul Revival. Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$5,
- AMERICAN LEGION POST 241 BALDWIN PARK: 4725 Maine Ave., Baldwin Park, 626-337-1944. Bastidas, Pool Honeys, Michael Vidal, Deaf, French Vanilla, Draag, all ages, Fri., Feb. 20, 7 p.m., \$5.
- AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-245-6400. DJ Christopher Allis, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., free. Colleen Green, Tue., Feb. 24, 7 p.m., free. Airborne Toxic Event, Wed., Feb. 25, 6 p.m., free.
- BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-389-3856. Tigran Hamasyan, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$20-\$100 (see Music Pick). The Mary Onettes, Andrew London, Nightjacket, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., \$12. Scavenger Hunt, Pollimer, Satchmode, Mon., Feb. 23, 7:30 p.m., free. Alice Boman, Among Savages, Deradoorian, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$12. The Suffers, WeAretheBigBang, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$12.
- CAFE NELA: 1906 Cypress Ave., Los Angeles. Strange Imperial, Kosmic Halo, Chiefs, The Sketch Orchestra. Fri., Feb. 20. 8 p.m., \$5. The Guilty Hearts, Mr. Airplane Man. Way to Go Genius. Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$10. The Kyle C. Kyle Memorial, with Sylvia Juncosa, Emmelda Beech, The Wild Stares, Karl, Mecolodiacs, Atomic Sherpas, in tribute to the late drummer Kyle Seidenbaum (ex-Motels, W.A.C.O., Dred Scott, The Willys), Sun., Feb. 22, 5 p.m., free. Bandini Mountaineers, Hellbat, Fuck Ass & the Grease Patrol, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$5.
- CANYON CLUB: 28912 Roadside Drive, Agoura Hills, 818-879-5016. In Flames, All That Remains, Wovenwar, Fri., Feb. 20, 7 p.m., \$27.50. Reel Big Fish, Dirty Rice, Djoir Jordan, Sat., Feb. 21, 10 p.m., \$24-\$50. Richie Furay, Thu., Feb. 26, 7 p.m., \$25-\$50.
- CODY'S VIVA CANTINA: 900 Riverside Drive, Burbank 818-845-2425. The Chop Tops, Frantic Rockers, Carmine Sardo, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., free. Cody Bryant, The Melrose Music Revue, Debra Price, Sat. Feb. 21, 6:30 p.m., free. Lori Donato, Dave Fraser, John Bryan & Murphy's Flaw, Sun., Feb. 22, noon, free. Bruce Forman Trio, Wed., Feb. 25, 7:30 p.m., free; King Cotton, Karen Tobin, Thu., Feb. 26.
- DRAGONFLY: 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., 323-466-6111. The Ninth Annual Dre Day, with Payoff, Pu\$\$y-Cow, Lysolgang, Johnny Madcap & the Distractions, ages 21 & over, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$10, See Music Pick. ECHO PARK FILM CENTER: 1200 Alvarado St., 213-
- 484-8846. Weba Garretson & Ralph Gorodetsky. Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$5.
- THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., 213-413-8200. The Wedding Mixer, DJ Rhettmatic, Mad Skillz, Fri., Feb. 20.9 p.m., \$15, Body Language, Sego, Sat., Feb. 21, 6:30 p.m., \$14. Tops, Roses, Kate Berlant, Sun., Feb. 22, 5 p.m., \$10, Avid Dancer, Haunted Summer, Light FM, Mon., Feb. 23, 8:30 p.m., free. Sales, Winter, Filardo, Tue., Feb. 24, 8 p.m., \$12. The Black Ryder, Vinyl Williams, Slow White, Wed., Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$15 (see Music Pick). Cathedrals, Empires, LANY, Rush Midnight, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$12.
- THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., 213-413-8200. Cursive, Fri., Feb. 20, 8:30 p.m., \$20. Jherek Bischoff, Brother Sister, Tim Carr, Tue., Feb. 24, 7 p.m., \$14. Fashawn, Emanon, Blu & Exile, Dag Savage, Choosey, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$15.
- EL CID: 4212 Sunset Blvd., 323-668-0318. Carson Henley, Moonchild, Emily Elbert, Katie Boeck, Fri., Feb. 20, 9:30 p.m., \$10. The Crazy Squeeze, Dr. Boogie, The Blessings, Sat., Feb. 21, 10 p.m., \$5. SIJCC Cabaret, Tue., Feb. 24, 8 p.m., \$50. Dakotah, Jameson Burt, Purple Crayon, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$10. I See Hawks in L.A., Alias Means, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$5 (see Music Pick).
- THE FEDERAL BAR: 102 Pine Ave., Long Beach, 562-435 2000. The Voodoo Fix, Fri., Feb. 20, 6:30 p.m., \$8. The Blasters, The Vooduo, Damon Dagger, Bottled Spirits, Sun., Feb. 22, 8 p.m., \$20. Vim Dicta, Animal Years, Dekades, Jay Stoler, Tue., Feb. 24, 7:30 p.m., \$8.
- THE FEDERAL BAR: 5303 N. Lankershim Blvd., N. Hlywd., 818-980-2555. Rebecca Pidgeon, Julianna Raye, at brunch, Sun., Feb. 22, 11 a.m., free.
- GAL PALACE: 131 S. Rampart Blvd., Los Angeles. Belly Belt, Penelope Gazin, Googolplexia, Ladies of Jung Money, Sat., Feb. 21, 7:30 p.m., \$5.

THE GASLAMP RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 Pacific Coast Hwy., 562-596-4718. These Handsome Devils, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$8, Angry Samoans, Naked Aggression, Downtown Brown, Terminally III, The Walking Toxins, Six Silver Bullets, Underground Alliance, Sun., Feb. 22, 4-10 p.m., \$15.

- THE GLASS HOUSE: 200 W. Second St., Pomona, 909-865-3802. August Burns Red, Miss May I, Northlane, Erra, Fri., Feb. 20, 6 p.m., \$25, Cursive, Sat., Feb. 21,
- HAROLD'S PLACE: 1908 S. Pacific Ave., San Pedro, 310-832-5503, Bad Cop/Bad Cop, The Bad Machine, Decent Criminal, Black Sparrow Press, Crow Baby, Sun., Feb. 22, 8:30 p.m., \$5.
- HARVARD & STONE: 5221 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-466-6061. Teleskopes, Vim Dicta, Mark Hendrix, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., free. Wet & Reckless, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., thru Feb. 24, free (see Music Pick). Shallow, Blood Candy, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$5.
- HM157: 3110 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, 562-895-9399. Ruben & the Canary House Band, Brotha Lee, Black Tea Blues, Zaptra, Codiac, plus EMTT Showcase, all ages, Sun., Feb. 22, 6:30-11 p.m., \$5.
- THE HOTEL CAFE: 1623 1/2 N. Cahuenga Blvd., 323-461-2040. Kawehi, Laleh, Zoya, Fri., Feb. 20, 7 p.m., \$10. Anne McCue, Jim & Sam, Sunny War, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 p.m., \$12. Mia Dyson, Chris Stills, Langhorne Slim, Johnny Fritz, Wed., Feb. 25, 7 p.m., \$15. Animal Years, Alexz Johnson, The Silent War, Kaya, Thu., Feb. 26.7 p.m., \$10.
- HOUSE OF BLUES SUNSET STRIP: 8430 Sunset Blvd., 323-848-5100. Reel Big Fish, Less Than Jake. Authority Zero, Fri., Feb. 20, 7 p.m., \$24.50. El Tri, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 p.m., \$39. Napalm Death, Voivod, Exhumed, Iron Reagan, Black Crown Initiate, Sun., Feb. 22. 5 p.m., \$20 (see Music Pick)
- LARGO AT THE CORONET: 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-855-0350, Sam Phillips, Joe Henry, Feb. 21-22, 8 p.m., \$45. John Doe, plus Judd Apatow and others, Tue., Feb. 24, 8:30 p.m., \$40-\$100. Susanna Hoffs, Aimee Mann, Nate Bargatze, Petra Haden, Jon Brion, Wed., Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$30.
- LETHAL AMOUNTS: 1226 Seventh St. Lydia Lunch, Balkh, Admiral Grey, Rodent 516, Fri., Feb. 20. LIQUID KITTY: 11780 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-
- 473-3707. Atomic Sherpas, Sun., Feb. 22, 10 p.m., free. LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-666-6669. Relic Pop, Peal Lakes, Soma, Fri., Feb. 20,
- 6 p.m., \$5; Conjuror, Old Coven, Miscreancy, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$5. Gal Pals, Feels, La Lenguas, Tue., Feb. 24, 10 p.m., \$5. Mick Jenkins, Kirk Knight, Wed., Feb. 25, 7 p.m., \$13-\$40. MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd. The Master-
- sons, Aaron Lee Tasjan, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$12.50. Mary Gauthier, Eliza Gilkyson, Gretchen Peters, Sat., Feb. 21. 8 & 10 p.m., \$32,50. Brett Harris, Skylar Gudasz, Chris Stamey, Sun., Feb. 22, 8 p.m., \$15.
- THE MINT: 6010 W. Pico Blvd., 323-954-9400. Scores, Kid, Chainflower, Glitter Rose, Phantasmata, Fri. Feb. 20, 8:30 p.m., \$12. Con Brio, Calliope Musicals, Bodhi Rock, Grooveswitch, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$14. That1Guy, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$15,
- MOLLY MALONE'S: 575 Fairfax Ave., 323-935-1577. DNT, Kingwhistler, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., \$10. Dani Kights, Better Off Blonde, The Shelters, Tue., Feb. 24, 8 p.m., \$10. Miles Tackett, Doug Rappaport, Walter Ino, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$10.
- ORIGAMI VINYL: 1816 W. Sunset Blvd., 213-413-3030. Ned Roberts, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 p.m., free. Tall Tales & the Silver Lining, Sun., Feb. 22, 4 p.m., free
- THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 Second St., 213-680-2600. Groovy Rednecks, Red Roses, Raven Clawhammer, Chapel of Thieves, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$7. The Love Me Nots, The Widows, The 87s, Le Zets, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., \$5-\$10. It's Casual, Wed., Feb. 25.9 p.m., \$5-\$10.
- THE ROXY: 9009 Sunset Blvd., 310-278-9457. Wild Child, Desert Noises, Flower Punks, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$15. The Dickies, The Muffs, Bad Samaritans, Sat., Feb. 21, 8:30 p.m., \$17. Cage & Sadistik, DJ Halo, Graves33, Rafael Vigilantics, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$17.
- THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd. Banta, The Mynabirds, Spurs, Elle Belle, Fools Gold Daughter, Mon., Feb. 23, 9 p.m., free, Eric D. Johnson, Two Sheds, Aaron Espinoza, Tue., Feb. 24, 9 p.m., \$10. Bear on Fire, Archer Black, The End of Summer, Sons of Sweden, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$8,
- SILVERLAKE LOUNGE: 2906 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-663-9636. Some Go Haunting, Goodnight Texas, Stag, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$8. Young Creatures, Carly & the Universe, The Carrions, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., free. Otis English, Heyrocco, Lex, Evolution Beat, Tue., Feb. 24, 8 p.m., \$7. Last Giant, The Spreewells,



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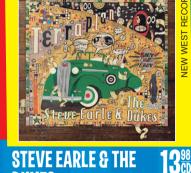
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WHISKY GOGO 1964 EST. **50 YEARS OF ROCK N ROLL** FRIDAY • FEB. 20 MICHAEL SCHENKER DOKKEN MOONCHILD KATIE BOECK • EMILY ELBERT CARSON HENLEY MUSHROOMHEAD DOYLE / DOPE JACK RUSSELL'S GREAT WHITE ۲7Y CF SUNDAY • FEB. 22 SULTRY SWEET BURLESQUE IOHN MAYALL SANCTUARY & VARIETY SHOW ······ COMING SOON ······ EVERY MONDAY IN MARCH BARB WIRE DOLL MONDAY • FEB. 23 2.20 ENUFF Z' NUFF 2.24 ALIEN Round 2: Comedy ANT FAR 3.3 H.R. OF BAD BRAINS MOTOR SISTER W/ SCOTT IAN 3.11 TUESDAY • FEB. 24 3.17 ANVI SIJCC CABARET BENEFIT 8901 W SUNSET BLVD. WEST HOLLY WOOD, CA 90069 **GET TICKETS AT TICKETWEB.COM** ♥/THEWHISKYAGOGO f/THEWHISKYAGOGO ₪/THEWHISKYAGOGO ESDAY • FEB. 2 ESON BURT PURPLE CRAYON • DAKOTAH THURSDAY • FEB. 26 HONKY TONK HACIENDA: Engelbert I SEE HAWKS IN L.A. 71 mperdinck ALIAS MEANS FEBRUARY 20 **PAT BENATAR** ME. **& NEIL GIRALDO** TITS CATALINE SATURDAY • FEB. 28 WHICH ONE PINK EMPTY PALACE CORIMA FEBRUARY 21 CID'S WORLD FAMOUS BILIE ON STAROUT FLAMENCO DINNER SHOW & URIAH HEEP EVERY FRI. SAT. SUN MARCH 21 DICK CAVETT STARRING IN HELLMAN -V- MCCARTHY THE FIFTY SHADES OF GREY MARCH 1

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FEBRUARY 27

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FEBRUARY 20 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK FEBRUARY 21 WHICH ONE'S PINK FEBRUARY 22 MR. BIG

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STARRING IN HELLMAN -V-MCCARTHY MARCH 6 JUDY COLLINS &

PASSENGER STRING QUARTET MARCH 12 EYAL GOLAN & SARIT HADAD MARCH 14 BLUE OYSTER CULT & URIAH HEEP

MARCH 21 DAVID CASSIDY MARCH 28 & 29 GAY MEN'S CHORUS LOS ANGELES MARCH 31 LARA FABIAN APRIL11 TV LAND AWARDS APRIL 17 PAT BENATAR & NEIL GIRALDO APRIL 23 AL BANO & ROMINA POWER

APRIL 25 AL DIMEOLA MAY 9 S.T.A.G.E: TO BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD WITH LOVE MAY 29 WHOSE LIVE ANYWAY

JUNE 27 CUFF ME: THE **50 SHADES OF GREY** UNAUTHORIZED MUSICAL PARODY OCTOBER 16 FOGHAT

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Goldenboy, The New Familiar, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$8. T Bird & the Breaks, Los Angelics, Creature, Flor, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$8.

TAIX FRENCH RESTAURANT: 1911 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-484-1265. Gold Star, Son of the Velvet Rat, Out of Towners, Fri., Feb. 20, 10:30 p.m., free. THE MONTY: 1222 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles, 213-

<u>THE MONTY</u> 1222 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles, 213-228-6000. DJ Lydia Lunch, Fri., Feb. 20, 10 p.m., free. <u>TIMEWARP RECORDS:</u> 12204 Venice Blvd., Los

Angeles, 310-636-8360. Mr. Airplane Man, The Guilty Hearts, The Chew Toys, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$8 (see Music Pick). Wartime Recitals, The Dramedy, Turning Violet, all ages, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$5.

THE TROUBADOUR: 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hlywd., 310-276-6168. Never Shout Never, Hayley Kiyoko, Me Like Bees, Sat., Feb. 21, 6 p.m., \$20. Lucinda Williams, The Kenneth Brian Band, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., \$35 (see Music Pick). David Cook, Tue., Feb. 24, 8 p.m., \$25 & \$60. Lucinda Williams, Buick 6, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$35.

THE VIPER ROOM: 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-358-1881. Rumours, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$12. Bleed the Dream, Sat., Feb. 21, 7:30 p.m., \$10. Lauren Chase, A Flavor of Love, Lolita Dark, Jaye Marquise, Ship of the Rising Sun, Sun., Feb. 22, 7:30 p.m., \$12. The Youth, Jack James Dean, Tino XXX, Tue., Feb. 24, 9 p.m., \$10. Naked Walrus, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$10. Boots Electric, Thursdays, 8:30 p.m. Thru Feb. 26, \$19.

WHISKY A GO-GO: 8901 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-652-4202. Enuff Znuff, Fri., Feb. 20, 6 p.m., \$20. Alien Ant Farm, Tue., Feb. 24, 7 p.m., \$20. —Falling James

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

JAZZ

<u>ALVAS SHOWROOM:</u> 1417 W. Eighth St., San Pedro, 310-833-3281. Tracy Niles, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$20. Wally Schnalle, Sun., Feb. 22, 4 p.m., \$20.

THE BAKED POTATO: 3787 Cahuenga Blvd. W., Studio City, 818-980-1615. Stu Hamm, Fri., Feb. 20, 9:30 p.m., \$20. Rafael Moreira, Sat., Feb. 21, 9:30

p.m., \$25. The John Daversa Contemporary Small

Band, Sun., Feb. 22, 9:30 p.m., \$20. Monday Night Jammmz, Mondays, 9:30 & 11:30 p.m., \$10. Adrian Galysh, Tue., Feb. 24, 9:30 p.m., \$15. Scott Kinsey, Wed., Feb. 25, 9:30 p.m., \$15. Thelonious Monkey, Thu., Feb. 26, 9:30 p.m., \$15. **BLUE WHALE:** 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., Los

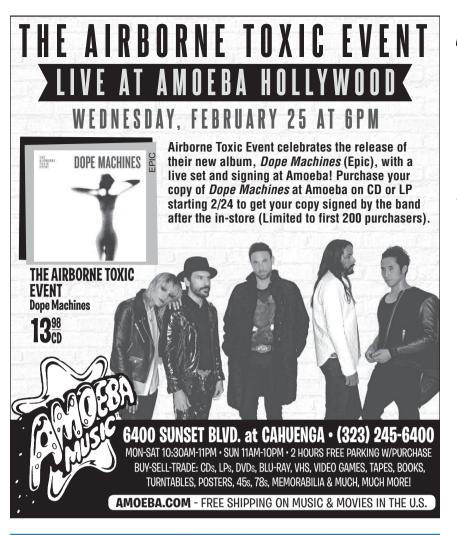
BLUE WHALE: 123 Astronaut E.S. Unizuka St., Los Angeles, 213-620-0908. Josh Nelson, Feb. 20-21, 9 p.m., \$15 & \$20. EastWest JazzScene, with Carl Allen, John Beasley, Eric Revis, Ralph Moore & Marquis Hill, Sun., Feb. 22, 9 p.m., \$20. The Thelonious Monk Institute Ensemble, Mon., Feb. 23, 9 p.m., \$5. Simplicado, Tue., Feb. 24, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15. The David Binney Group, Wed., Feb. 25, 9 p.m., \$10-\$15. The Kei Akagi Trio, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$15.

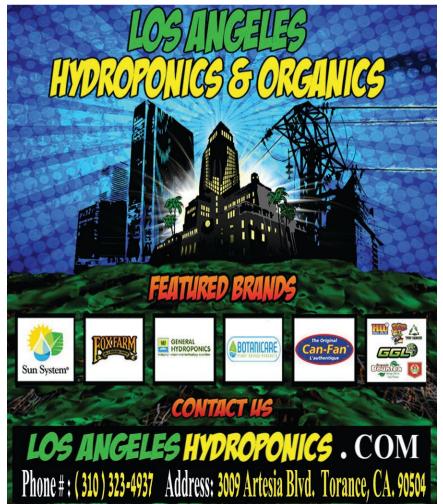
CATALINA BAR & GRILL: 6725 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-466-2210. Steve Tyrell, Fri., Feb. 20, 8:30 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 21, 8:30 p.m., \$45-\$55. Pavlo, Sun., Feb. 22, 11:30 a.m., \$20. The Buddy Rich Big Band, Mon., Feb. 23, 8:30 p.m., \$25. Dayren Santamaria & Made in Cuba, with Otmaro Ruiz, Carlos del Puerto, Jimmy Branly, Joey de Leon, Lazaro Galarraga, Candi Sosa, Tue., Feb. 24, 8:30 p.m., \$20. Rick Parma & the Ladies of Jazz in Pink, Wed., Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$20. The Stanley Clarke Band, Thu., Feb. 26, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m., Fri., Feb. 27, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 28, 8:30 p.m., \$30-\$45. GARDENIA RESTAURANT & LOUNGE: 7066 Santa

Monica Blvd. Shelley Fisher, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., \$10-\$20. Lina Heiden, Wed., Feb. 25, 9 p.m., \$10-\$20. Bernice Pensyl, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$10-\$20. Bernice Pensyl, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., \$10-\$20. JAX BAR & GRILL: 339 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale, 818-500-1604. Scott Detweiler, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., free.

The Jazz Legacy, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., free. <u>THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE:</u> 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, 310-376-9833. The Slide FX Trombone Band, Sat.,

310-376-9833. The Slide FX frombone Band, Sat., Feb. 21, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. The Roger Neumann Quintet, Sun., Feb. 22, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Danny Welton Quartet, Wed., Feb. 25, 6 p.m., free. SPAGHETTINI BEVERLY HILLS: 184 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, 310-424-4600. Bobby Caldwell, Feb. 20-21, 9 p.m., \$75. DW3, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., \$20. SPAGHETTINI SEAL BEACH: 3005 Old Ranch Parkway, Seal Beach, 562-596-2199. Pretzel Logic, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$25. Andy Vargas, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 & 9:30





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- Big Band, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., \$10. **VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ:** 2930 Beverly Glen Circle, Bel-Air, 310-474-9400. Chuck Manning & Steve Huffsteter, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., free. Katja Rieckermann, Sun., Feb. 22, 8 p.m., free. Emile Welman, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$20. Bob Mintzer, Pat Senatore, Thu., Feb. 26, 6:30 p.m., free.
- VITELLO'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT: 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City, 818-769-0905. Hiroshima, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 & 9 p.m., \$30-\$55. The Christian McBride Trio, Sun., Feb. 22, 7 & 9 p.m., \$30-\$55. Laure Zaehringer, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., \$20 & \$45. Justo Almario, Wed., Feb. 25, 8 p.m., \$20 & \$45.

-Falling James For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

DANCE CLUBS

- THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, 323-221-0771. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.
- THE AVALON: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles, 323-462-8900. Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, ages 19 & over, Fridays, 9:30 p.m. Avaland, where DJs are in the house with techno, trance and more, ages 21 & over, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m. TigerHeat, a night of pop with go-go dancers and special guests, ages 18 & over, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.
- COMPLEX: 806 E. Colorado St., Glendale, 323-642-7519. Absolute Body Control, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., \$20 (see Music Pick). Siobahn, LFA, Liebestod, presented by Maldoror, with EBM-industrial DJs J. Short & G. Holger, ages 21 & over, Sun., Feb. 22, 9 p.m., \$8. SHORT STOP: 1455 Sunset Blvd., 213-482-4942. Super
- Soul Sundays, ages 21 & over, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Dance Yourself Clean, Thursdays, 10 p.m., free.
- SOUND NIGHTCLUB: 1642 Las Palmas Ave., 323-656-4800. Monday Social, Mondays, 10 p.m.

LATIN & WORLD

EL FLORIDITA RESTAURANT: 1253 Vine St., 323-871-

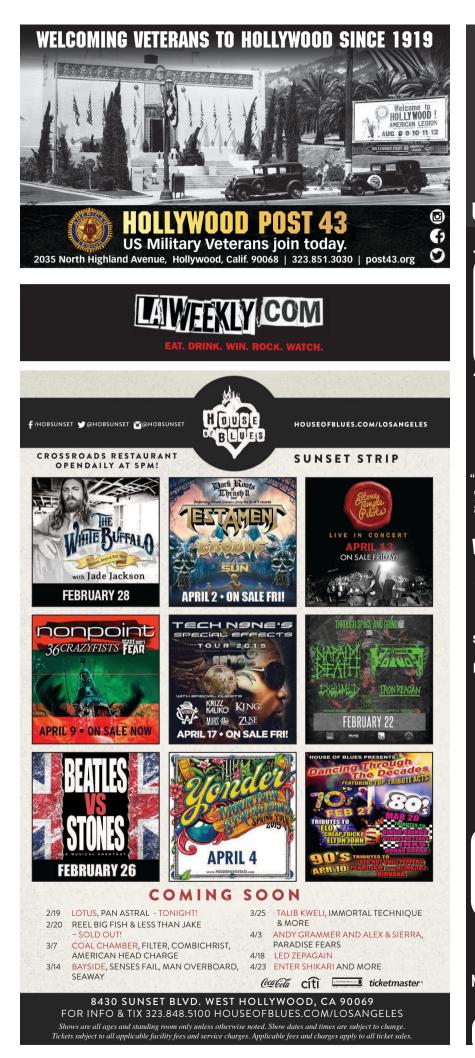


8612. Salsa Night, Fridays, 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 9:30 p.m., \$10. Johnny Polanco, Mondays, 8 p.m., \$10. **THE GRANADA LA:** 17 S. First St., Alhambra, 626-227-2572. Salsa Fridays, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., \$10. The Peru All-Stars, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$15. Salsa & Bachata Saturdays, Sundays, 7 p.m.-3 a.m., \$15. Salsa & Bachata Tuesdays, Tuesdays, 9:30 p.m., \$5. Bachata Thursdays, Thursdays, 8 p.m., \$5-\$10. **—Falling James**

COUNTRY & FOLK

- BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., 310-398-2583. The Nuala Kennedy Band, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$17.50. Leftover Cuties, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$17.50.
- THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, 310-390-1328. The Marco Sanchez Band, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., free. Zachariah, Groovy Rednecks, Talkin' Treason, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., free. Wolvez, Paul Inman's Delivery, They're Only Dreams, Sun., Feb. 22, 8:30 p.m., free. The Hot Club of L.A., Mondays, 9 p.m., free. The Deltaz, The Zmed Brothers, Tue., Feb. 24, 9 p.m., free. Don Heffington, Wed., Feb. 25, 9 p.m., free.
- THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE: 2029 N. Lake Ave., Altadena, 626-798-6236. Janet Klein & Her Parlor Boys, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$20. Sidewinder, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 p.m., \$15. Ken O'Malley, Sun., Feb. 22, 3 p.m., \$20; Jim 'Kimo' West, Dave Pearlman, Sun., Feb. 22, 7 p.m., \$18. John McEuen, Mon., Feb. 23, 8 p.m., \$25. Vicki Genfan, Thu., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., \$15. EB'S BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET: 6333
- EPS BEER & WINE BAR, FARMERS MARKET: 6333 W. Third St., Los Angeles, 323-549-2157. Terry Okey, Sat., Feb. 21, 7:30 p.m., free. INFIS CREAT AMERICAN BAR & CRUIT 4211 W.
- JOE'S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, 818-729-0805. 5th & Birmingham, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., free. Blind Crush, Sat., Feb. 21, 9 p.m., free. Lightnin' Willie, Sun., Feb. 22, 8 p.m., free. Janet Klein & Her Parlor Boys, Mon., Feb. 23, 9 p.m., free. Corey Gemme & His Cohorts, Tue., Feb. 24, 9 p.m., free. The Switchblade 3, Thu., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., free.
- PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 53688 Pioneertown Road, Pioneertown, 760-365-5956. Best Coast, The Lovely Bad Things, Fri., Feb. 20, 9 p.m., \$20. The Shadow Mountain Band, Saturdays,









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5 p.m., free; Brett Dennen, Willie Tea Taylor, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$25. Granville Automatic, Ted Russell Kamp, Travis Meadows, Thu., Feb. 26, 7:30 p.m., free. *—Falling James*

BLUES

- ARCADIA BLUES CLUB: 16 E. Huntington Drive, Arcadia, 626-447-9349. Bo & the Bluesdrivers, Fri., Feb. 20, 7 p.m., \$5. Hunter & the Dirty Jacks, Bobby Bluehouse, Sat., Feb. 21, 7 p.m., \$5. MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON: 18389 Ventura Blvd.,
- MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON: 18389 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, 818-344-0034. Blue Monday Party, Mondays, 9:30 p.m. Just Dave Bernal's Last Chance Country Jam, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.

-Falling James For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.

CONCERTS

FRIDAY, FEB. 20

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK: 7 p.m., \$58-\$125. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wilshire Blvd., 323-655-0111.

- CO <u>GORGON CITY LIVE:</u> With Manik, Burn Unit. Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood, 323-464-0808. KALIN & MYLES: 7:30 p.m., \$25-\$35. Club Nokia, 800
- W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-765-7000. MACHINE HEAD: 8 p.m., \$25. The Regent Theater, 448

S. Main St., Los Angeles, 323-934-2944. CO SUZANNE VEGA: 8 p.m., \$25-\$45. Fred Kavli

Theater, 2100 E. Thousand Oaks Blvd., Thousand Oaks, 805-449-2787. GO <u>THE TAJ MAHAL TRIO:</u> 7:30 p.m., \$59-\$98. The

Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica, 310-434-3412.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21

- CO THE 116TH ANNUAL GOLDEN DRAGON PARADE & CHINESE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL: With music from The Chew Toys, Tramp for the Lord, Twoversusone, Dylan Doren, plus a dragon parade, art exhibits and food trucks, 7-11 p.m., free. Chinatown Central Plaza, 727 N. Broadway, 213-972-8840. See GoLA.
- CO AIR + STYLE: Day one of snowboarder Shaun White's two-day sports/music festival includes performances by Kendrick Lamar, Diplo, Phantogram, Portugal the Man, Black Lips, Metz, Bad Things, 12 p.m., \$18-\$212. Rose Bowl, 1001 Rose Bowl Drive, Pasadena, 626-577-2700. See Music Pick.
- **GO** JANE MONHEIT: The jazz-pop chanteuse pays homage to Judy Garland, 8 p.m., \$30-\$80. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge, 818-677-8800.
- KAP SLAP: With Gazzo, Jai Wolf, 9 p.m., \$22.50. Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., 323-464-0808. GO THE LUCENT DOSSIER EXPERIENCE: With

MartyParty, Dirtwire, Nico Luminous, 8 p.m., \$25-\$40. Club Nokia, 800 Olympic Blvd., 213-765-7000. See Gol A

CO MEGHAN TRAINOR: With Sheppard, 8 p.m., \$25. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-936-6400. See Music Pick.

CO ZAP MAMA, ANTIBALAS: 7:30 p.m., \$47-\$75. Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center, 1310 11th St., Santa Monica, 310-434-3412.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22

- **GO AIR + STYLE:** The second day of the festival culminates with Steve Aoki, The Flaming Lips, Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros, Sleigh Bells, Cults, Surfer Blood, 12 p.m., \$18-\$212. Rose Bowl, 1001 Rose Bowl Dr., 626-577-2700. See Music Pick. **ASAF AVIDAN:** With Pawnshop Kings, 7 p.m., \$27.50. The
- ASAF AVIDAN: With Pawinshop Kings, 7 p.m., 527.50. The Mayan, 1038 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, 213-746-4674. BLUE OYSTER CULT, URIAH HEEP: 7 p.m., \$39-\$78.
- Saban Theatre, 8440 Wilshire Blvd., 323-655-0111. **GO MEGHAN TRAINOR:** With Sheppard, 8 p.m.,
- \$25. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., 323-936-6400. See Music Pick.
- MR. BIG: 7 p.m., \$25-\$55. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, 323-655-0111.
- CORLCK ROSAS TRIBUTE CONCERT: With Mark & the Escorts, The Back in the Day Band, The Delgado Brothers, 2 p.m., \$10. Radisson Hotel Whittier, 7320 Greenleaf Ave., 562-945-8511. See Music Pick.

MONDAY, FEB. 23

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LYLE LOVETT & HIS ACOUSTIC GROUP: 7:30 p.m., \$35













BANJEE BALL WITH DJ VJUAN ALLURE

Pop stars are forever appropriating club culture, but if you want to see the real bump, grind, glide and slide where it all begins, you gotta get out and hit the underground parties and gay clubs. Twerking, vogueing, runway stomping and posing are

\$80. Fred Kavli Theater, Thousand Oaks Civic Arts Plaza, 2100 E. Thousand Oaks Blvd., 805-449-2787. <u>MIRANDA SINGS:</u> 7 p.m., \$29.50-\$55. Club Nokia, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-765-7000.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24

<u>GREGORY ALAN ISAKOY:</u> 8 p.m., \$26. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., 323-936-6400. <u>MIRANDA SINGS:</u> 7 p.m., \$29.50-\$55. Club Nokia, 800

W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, 213-765-7000.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25

FLIGHT FACILITIES: With Touch Sensitive, 9 p.m., \$25. Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd.

<u>GZA:</u> 8 p.m., \$5. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, 714-957-0600.

<u>KINDNESS:</u> With Pell, 9 p.m., \$20. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-936-6400.

THURSDAY, FEB. 26

CARIBOU: 8 p.m., \$25. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-464-0808. CO MALI MUSIC: 9 p.m., \$27. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, 323-936-6400. -Falling James

CLASSICAL & NEW MUSIC

CO THE ARGUS QUARTET: The string musicians lace together Haydn and Mendelssohn with Andrew Norman's *An Index of Peculiar Strokes* and Eric Guinivan's String Quartet No. 1, Sat., Feb. 21, 4 p.m., free. First United Methodist Church of Pasadena, 500 Colorado Blvd., 626-795-0157.

- THE AURYN QUARTET: The German string band hunts for Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m., \$75 & \$85. Doheny Mansion, 10 Chester Place, Los Angeles, 213-477-2962.
- GO <u>THE GHOSTS OF VERSAILLES:</u> L.A. Opera pulls out all the stops with a full production of composer John

an art form in these environments, and local duo Purple Crush are keeping it fresh and very fierce in L.A. with Banjee Ball.

The latest installment of Banjee Ball has a very special guest: legendary DJ Vjuan Allure, an NYC/D.C. club pioneer known for his signature brand of burning ballroom beats and syncopated "vogue femme" bangers. Allure's set will celebrate the release of his new EP, *Wherrk*. There will also be live performances by Purple Crush and the BAD Dance Crew, plus the always flirty-dirty and dramatic vogue competition with cash prizes.

SPIN STANDARD | 550 S. Flower St., dwntwn. | Fri., Feb. 20, 10 p.m. | No cover before 11 p.m.; \$5 after | facebook.com/banjeeball

Corigliano and librettist William M. Hoffman's fanciful 1991 operatic reincarnation of characters from Pierre Beaumarchais' plays, Sat., Feb. 21, 7:30 p.m.; Thu., Feb. 26, 7:30 p.m. Chandler Pavilion, 135 Grand Ave., 213-972-0777.

GO <u>GLORIA CHENG</u>: The pianist unveils pieces written for her by film composers Bruce Broughton, Don Davis, Alexandre Desplat, Michael Giacchino, Randy Newman and John Williams, Fri., Feb. 20, 8 & 9:30 p.m., \$20. Boston Court, 70 Mentor Ave., Pasadena. <u>HAYK ARSENYAN</u>: The Armenian pianist performs his own work alongside pieces by Mompou, Rachmaninoff, Hovhaness, Prokofiev and Rossini,

Sat., Feb. 21, 3:30 p.m., free. First Lutheran Church & School, 2900 W. Carson St., Torrance, 310-320-9920. Sun., Feb. 22, 2 p.m., \$20. Greystone Mansion & Park, 905 Loma Vista, Beverly Hills, 310-286-0119. JACARANDA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE: Violinist Alyssa Park and pianist Mark Robson dig into Weill,

Hindemith, Stravinsky and Milhaud, Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$20. First Presbyterian Church, 1220 Second St., Santa Monica, 310-451-1303.

GO L.A. PHILHARMONIC: Conductor Xian Zhang ushers in the Chinese New Year with the help of violinist Ning Feng, pianist Haochen Zhang and cellist Jiang Wang, in a program that includes Li Huanzhi's Spring Festival Overture; Camille Saint-Saëns' Introduction and Rondo capriccioso; Frédéric Chopin's Andante spianato and Grande Polonaise; Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's Rococo Variations; and the West Coast premiere of film composer Tan Dun's The Triple Resurrection, starting Feb. 19, through Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$26.50-\$197. Disney Hall, 111 Grand Ave., 323-850-2000

MUSICA PACIFICA: The San Francisco quartet expands with reinforcements from the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra for selections by Bach, Vivaldi, Telemann and Graun, Sat., Feb. 21, 4 p.m., \$40. Farmers & Merchants Bank, 401 S. Main St., Los Angeles. VIENNA BOYS CHOIR: Sat., Feb. 21, 8 p.m., \$30-\$40. Beckman Auditorium, Caltech, 332 Michigan Ave..

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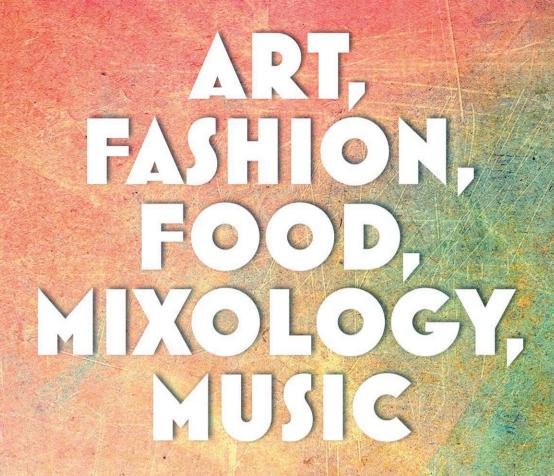
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