

Behind the scenes of Saturday's L.A. Women's March

LAW WEEKLY

JANUARY 19-25, 2018 / VOL. 40 / NO. 9 / LAWEEKLY.COM

WHY WE STILL MARCH

BY ANGELICA VARGAS

Behind the scenes of Saturday's L.A. Women's March

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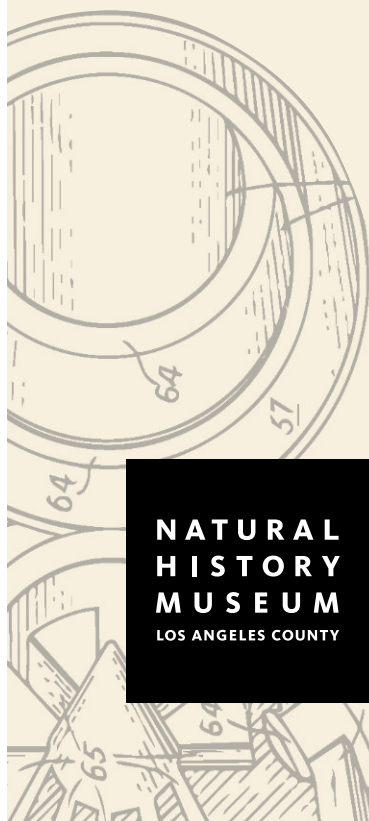
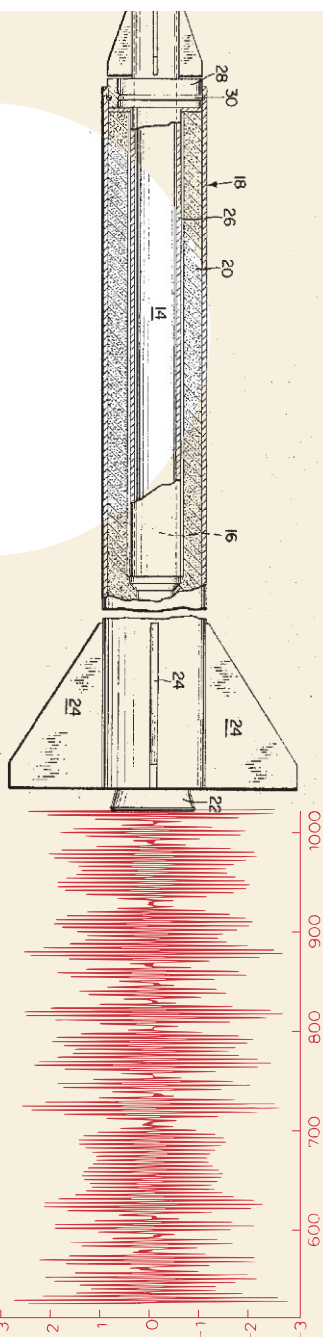
WHY WE STILL MARCH

BY ANGELICA VARGAS

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FIRST | FRIDAYS

FEB
2



LIVE MUSIC | 8 PM-10 PM

JOHN DOE & EXENE
PHOEBE BRIDGERS

DJ LOUNGE | 5-10 PM

KCRW DJ ANTHONY VALADEZ
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
DJ REFLEX

DISCUSSION | 6:30 PM
FROM L.A., TO INFINITY -
AND BEYOND!

BENJAMIN DICKOW
DIANA TRUJILLO
PETER WESTWICK
AND MODERATOR
PATT MORRISON



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LAWEEKLY

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PRESENTS



WOMEN'S MARCH

—LOS ANGELES FOUNDATION—

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 2018

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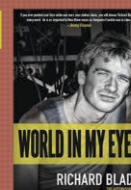
SATURDAY JAN. 20TH 3PM

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHER
ALEC BYRNE
DISCUSSES AND SIGNS
LONDON ROCK
THE UNSEEN ARCHIVE



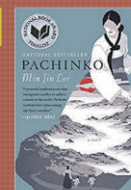
WEDNESDAY JAN. 24TH 7PM

RADIO DJ/TV HOST
RICHARD BLADE
DISCUSSES AND SIGNS
WORLD IN MY EYES
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY



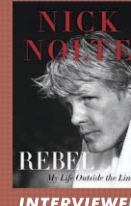
WEDNESDAY JAN. 31ST 7PM

MIN JIN LEE
IN CONVERSATION WITH NPR'S
KAREN GRIGSBY BATES
DISCUSSING AND SIGNING
PACHINKO



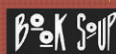
WEDNESDAY JAN. 31ST 8PM

AN EVENING W/ OSCAR-NOMINEE
NICK NOLTE
DISCUSSING AND SIGNING
REBEL MY LIFE OUTSIDE THE LINES
AT **SKIRBALL CULTURAL CENTER**



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INTERVIEWER
T.B.A



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MedMen

GO»LA

Week of
**JAN.
19-25**

P. 7 FRI

DA DA DA DA DA DA DA
BATMAN!

P. 7 SAT

HOURS AND HOURS OF
LIVE PERFORMANCE

P. 7 SUN

DAPPER DAY GETS COZY WITH
THE DINOSAURS AT NHM



P. 10 WED

REVISIT THE 'ROQ OF THE '80S
WITH RICHARD BLADE

fri

1/19

BOOKS

From Lowlifes to the Olympics

Greg Snyder's new book, *Skateboarding L.A.: Inside Professional Street Skateboarding* (\$30, NYU Press), looks at skateboarding from the point of view of the skater as a catalyst for social change — a far cry from what was once a nuisance on par with white dogshit or kids on front lawns. In two years, skating will be an Olympic sport. Snyder takes the aesthetics of the sport and its long-standing cultural ties with L.A. even while fleshing out its global history and showing off where the locals skate in this entertaining dive into what skating is all about. *The Last Bookstore*, 453 S. Spring St., downtown; Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m.; free. (213) 488-0599, lastbookstorela.com/events/skateboarding-la-greg-snyder/. —David Cotner

MUSIC

All That Glitters

The Da Camera Society's aptly Chamber Music in Historic Sites is held in a variety of fantastic locations, and tonight's season-launching concert is in the fairy tale-like Victorian landmark Doheny Mansion, whose ornate Pompeian Room features marble pillars and gilt decor under a large, glass dome. **Pacifica Quartet** invoke three varied works by Beethoven. The Indiana-based ensemble recently added a new violinist, Austin Hartman, and violist, Guy Ben-Zion, who now accompany the longtime husband-and-wife duo of cellist Brandon Vamos and the always physically demonstrative violinist Simin Ganatra. Even with these changes, expect superior, nuanced dynamics and rich tonal textures from these adept musicians. *Doheny Mansion*, 10 Chester Place, West Adams District; Fri., Jan. 19, 7:40 p.m.; \$65 & \$85. (213) 477-2962, dacamera.org. —Falling James

TELEVISION

Holy Tights, Batman!

Celebrating the golden era of the Bright Knight, the **Batman '66 Exhibit** is a massive cavalcade of props, costumes and other ephemera from a TV series that's anything but ephemeral; its five-decades-long appeal shows no signs

L.A. Contemporary Dance Company:
See Saturday.



PHOTO BY TASO PAPADAKIS

of waning. Divided into sections — the Batcave, Collectibles of Batman '66, the Gallery of Guest Super Villains, Stately Wayne Manor — the exhibition showcases treasures from the history of the phenomenon originally broadcast from 1966 to '68. The original Dr. Cassandra costume worn by guest villainess Ida Lupino — from 1968 episode “The Entrancing Dr. Cassandra” — has never been seen in public. *The Hollywood Museum*, 1660 N. Highland Ave, Hollywood; Wed.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; runs through March 17; \$15 adults, \$12 students/seniors 65+, \$5 ages 5 & younger. (323) 464-7776, facebook.com/events/1539137709474744. —David Cotner

sat

1/20

DANCE

An Odyssey of Local Dance

L.A. boasts a number of dance festivals, most with lots of troupes offering brief samples from their repertoire. Several years ago, the Odyssey Theatre launched a festival that is more a planned meal than smorgasbord, giving an entire weekend (sometimes two) to a few noteworthy local troupes. **Dance at the Odyssey 2018** opens this week with Micaela Taylor + TL Collective in *Rosewood*, which blends hip-hop with contemporary dance. Next weekend, the stage belongs to L.A.

Contemporary Dance Company, known for work by its artistic directors as well as its ability to attract other L.A. choreographers. LACDC brings a triptych program with contributions from director Genevieve Carson; Capezio award-winning dancemaker Nathan Makolandra; and Stephanie Zaletel, who heads local all-female troupe Szalt. The final weekend focuses on choreographer Corina Kinnear, who closes the festival with her provocatively titled *Naked*. *Odyssey Theatre Ensemble*, 2055 S. Sepulveda Blvd., West L.A.; Micaela Taylor + TL Collective, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 21, 2 p.m.; \$15-\$25. L.A. Contemporary Dance Company, Fri.-Sat., Jan. 26-27 & Feb. 2-3, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 4, 2 p.m.; \$15-\$25. Corina Kinnear, Thu.-Fri., Feb. 8-9, 8 p.m.; \$15-\$25. odysseytheatre.com. —Ann Haskins

THEATER

From Dusk Till Dawn

Theatre of Note hosts its 23rd annual **Hollywood Performance Marathon**. Fifty-plus performers will donate their time and talent to benefit the nonprofit ensemble theater, known for its willingness to take risks. Expect an extravaganza of performances including comedy, juggling, poetry, puppets, performance art, dance, music, monologues and more. *Theatre of Note*, 1517 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Jan. 20, 3 p.m.-dawn; \$20. (323) 856-8611, theatreofnote.com. —Richard Chang

DANCE

All-Male Pirouettes

From their beginnings in the 1970s as a handful of gay dancers in New York City, taken with the idea of men in drag dancing ballet in pointe shoes, **Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo** has become a national and international favorite combining comedic sendups amid serious takes on classic ballets. The Trocks, as they are known, stop off for two shows. The sly stage names (which should be said aloud for full effect) Mikhail Mypansarov, Nina Enimenimynimova, Helen Highwaters, Colette Adae and Tatiana Youbetyabootskya are the first hint to the audience that fun will be had. The choreographed pratfalls and other hysterical mishaps work, in large part, because the Trocks are really good ballet dancers. With iconic excerpts from classics such as *Swan Lake* and *Don Quixote* and even a bit of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*, the Trocks consistently demonstrate they are serious dancers who also happen to be seriously funny. *Carpenter Performing Arts Center*, Cal State Long Beach, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 21, 2 p.m.; \$50. CarpenterArts.org. —Ann Haskins

sun

1/21

FASHION/MUSEUMS

Calling All Dappers!

Dapper Day outings are excuses to dress up in a fashionable and sophisticated manner, whether your outfit is contemporary or a throwback to another decade. What started as a meetup at Disneyland in 2011 has become a string of semiannual events at Disney parks in Orlando and Paris, in addition to an expo and even a clothing line. For the first time, the Natural History Museum hosts **Dapper Days Visits NHMLA**. On the museum grounds you'll find a pop-up store selling vintage clothes near the “Dueling Dinos” in the Grand Foyer; swing music by the San Andreas Sisters in the North American Mammal Hall; costumed characters roaming as prehistoric creatures; and — if you want to feel really stylish — the current display, “Green Diamonds: Natural Radiance,” in the Gem and Mineral Vault, among other exhibits. *Natural History Museum*, 900 Exposition Blvd., Exposition Park; Sun., Jan. 21, 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; \$15, \$12



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ART

A Trio of Voices

The Pasadena Museum of California Art offers a powerful trifecta continuing PST: LA/LA's discursive exploration of uniquely Latinx and Californian voices. "Testament of the Spirit: Paintings of Eduardo Carillo" invites meditation across frontiers — public murals, intimate watercolors and masterpieces steeped in magical realism, which reveal his complex and creative mind. Upending phallogocentric narratives, "The Feminine Sublime" offers large-scale works from L.A.-based artists to counter traditional landscape painters, interrogating form and challenging aesthetics in a re-imagining of our relationship to dystopian realities. "Ana Serrano: Homegrown" is an "immersive garden of paper and cardboard referencing both built and natural environments that provide the soil for family traditions to take root." Pasadena Museum of California Art, 490 E. Union St., Pasadena; Wed.-Sun., noon-5 p.m.; noon-8 p.m. on third Thursday of the month; through June 3; \$7 adults, \$5 seniors, students and educators, free 12 and younger. (626) 568-3665; pmcaonline.org. —Beige Luciano-Adams

ART

Pain ... Will You Return It?

Prisons, for all their secrecy and security, have a soundtrack all their own — and artist Lawrence Abu Hamdan has made listening to one prison, in particular, his specialty. Sayndaya, the Syrian military prison north of Damascus, exists in darkness both actual and operational. No independent international monitors are allowed in, but former Sayndaya prisoners have used the memories formed by their heightened sense of hearing to give Abu Hamdan a sense of what the prison is actually like — from architecture and floor plans to the places where the pain is dispensed. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m.; through May 20; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu/exhibitions/2018/hammer-projects-lawrence-abu-hamdan/. —David Cotner

COMEDY

Sex and Laughs

There's no go-to topic in live comedy greater than sex. Alison Stevenson and Eli Olsberg take the subject further as they try to destigmatize sexual taboos in their ongoing comedy-talk show, *SSFW (Sorta Safe for Work)*. Every month, Stevenson, a comedian and writer for Vice, and Olsberg, host of the long-running stand-up showcase Performance Anxiety at the Pleasure Chest, will host sex-positive comics and experts who'll discuss kink and its varieties, whether it's bisexuality, polyamory, sex workers or online dating. Tonight's first event will look at BDSM and features professional dom and educator Sir Rucifer and professional dom/sub Leslie, in addition to comedians Desi Jedeikin and Jamie Loftus. Nerdmelt, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hol-

lywood; Sun., Jan. 21, 9-10:30 p.m.; \$8. (323) 851-7223, nerdmeltla.com. —Siran Babayan

mon 1/22

COMEDY/BOOKS

Ring Them Bells

W. Kamau Bell is a different kind of comic in that his humor isn't just observational — it actually does something about those things he's looking at. His latest book, *The Awkward Thoughts of W. Kamau Bell: Tales of a 6'4", African-American, Heterosexual, Cisgender, Left-Leaning, Asthmatic, Black and Proud Blerd, Mama's Boy, Dad and Stand-Up Comedian* (\$28, Dutton), is an extension of his old *Totally Biased* show and his new *United Shades of America* series on CNN. Topical without being typical, Bell reveals what's really going on in America today, which makes his comedy more necessary than ever. *Largo at the Coronet*, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Grove; Mon., Jan. 22, 7 p.m.; \$30. (310) 855-0350, largo-la.com/event/1599487-kamau-bell-los-angeles/. —David Cotner

BOOKS

Life Goes On

No one gets out of this life alive — so what happens to you after you finally do get out? For a little perspective and zero hard answers, Live Talks L.A. presents Michael Shermer discussing *Heavens on Earth: The Scientific Search for the Afterlife, Immortality and Utopia* (\$30, Henry Holt & Co.). Shermer wrote his latest meditation on the human condition after talking to both soul-chasers and those attempting to extend life unto immortality through various schemes such as transhumanism and cryonic preservation, or those who are just trying to make heaven a place on Earth just like that Belinda Carlisle song. *Ann & Jerry Moss Theater*, 3131 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica; Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m.; \$20-\$55. (310) 828-5582, livetalksla.org. —David Cotner

tue 1/23

MUSIC

Getting Experimental

Whenever you see a green umbrella dangling from the lofty rafters of Disney Hall, it's a sign that the night's performance will be focused on experimental new music instead of more traditional and familiar classical works. Finnish conductor Susanna Mälkki, recently anointed as L.A. Phil's principal guest conductor, guides **L.A. Phil New Music Group** (a scaled-down version of the main orchestra) in a Green Umbrella program centered on the world premiere of kinetic Brazilian composer Marcos Balter's *Things Fall Apart*. That piece is preceded by the U.S. premiere of Italian composer Francesca Verunelli's eerily keening *Unfolding*, which is unwrapped by versatile local string musicians The Lyris Quartet and electronics wizard Charles Bascou. Pianoforte stylist Joanne Pearce



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Martin knocks on the door of Francesco Filidei's short, boxy *Toccata*, followed by the spacious traffic collisions of Helmut Lachenmann's *Mouvement*. *Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Tues., Jan. 23, 8 p.m.; \$20-\$59. (323) 850-2000, laphil.com. —Falling James*

FOOD

Free Chili!

A day without chili is like a day without sunshine — smelly, smelly sunshine — and free chili is something everyone can get behind during today's eighth annual **Free Chili Day** at Philippe's. As the eatery enters its 110th year of continuous operation, it has partnered with Dolores Chili to offer one free cup of chili and all the fixings (side of crackers, onion, shredded cheddar) to the first 500 who are staunch enough to stand in line for the goods. It's a day that includes raffles and giveaways, so you could walk away with more than just a warm feeling bubbling up inside you. *Philippe's, 1001 N. Alameda St., Chinatown; Wed., Jan. 24, 10:30 a.m.-1 p.m.; free. (213) 628-3781, philippes.com/events/free-chili-day-2018. —David Cotner*

wed 1/24

BOOKS/MUSIC

Flashback Favorite

Richard Blade is synonymous with

KROQ's history. Raised in the seaside resort town of Torquay and educated at Oxford University, Blade began working as a DJ at clubs and dances in England and throughout Europe in the early '70s. In 1982, he was hired at KROQ, where he spent 18 years playing and popularizing new wave and alt-rock in L.A. Now a SiriusXM host, Blade writes about his road to becoming a famous DJ in his book *World in My Eyes: The Autobiography*, which he discusses tonight. In the memoir, Blade looks back on his personal relationships with some of his favorite artists, including Spandau Ballet, Berlin, INXS, Duran Duran, Morrissey, George Michael and especially Depeche Mode, whose legendary concert at the Rose Bowl in 1988 and riotous in-store appearance at the Wherehouse in L.A. in 1990 he recounts. *Book Soup, 8818 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.; Wed., Jan. 24, 7 p.m.; free, book is \$19.95. (310) 659-3110, booksoup.com. —Siran Babayan*

thu 1/25

PERFORMANCE

Cacophonous Ecstasy

Modern-day epic works of art are extortionately rare — rarer still is the epic that gets finished before your very eyes. In *Gifts of the Spirit: Prophecy, Automatism and Discernment*, performance artist Ron Athey culminates the writing of his

memoir, *Gifts of the Spirit*, something he's been working on since 1980, when he left the Pentecostal Church that had raised him from birth as a living saint. To finish *Gifts of the Spirit*, Athey, composer Sean Griffin and 16 writers, six typists, a hypnotist, vocalists and musicians all alchemize his ecstasies to reach some new level of understanding of the divine tonight. *Cathedral of Saint Vibiana, 214 S. Main St., downtown; Thu., Jan. 25, 7 & 9 p.m.; \$25. (213) 232-6200, thebroad.org/programs/gifts-spirit-prophecy-automatism-and-discernment. —David Cotner*

COMEDY

And Then What Happened?

We all have our cinematic faults. Movies or TV shows we've never seen but know we should, like *Casablanca*, *Pulp Fiction* or *Game of Thrones*. Don't judge. Host and comedian Kyle Ayers doesn't shame people for their lack of film or TV knowledge. Instead, he turns their cluelessness into a comedy show. Originated in New York, *Never Seen It* gathers other comics, who not only get to rewrite scripts to titles they're unfamiliar with but also direct them using actors, costumes, props and even a live score. Past selections have included *Star Wars*, *The Godfather*, *Annie Hall*, *Jaws*, *Breaking Bad* and *Seinfeld*. For tonight's show, which will be recorded for Ayers' new podcast of the same name, Ayers, Sara Benincasa, Joel Kim Booster, Dave

Ross and Hampton Yount will stage their versions of *The Revenant*, *Human Centipede*, *Breaking Bad* and *Black Mirror*. *Comedy Central Stage, 6539 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.; Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m.; free, reservations required. (323) 960-5519, kyleayers.com/neverseenit/. —Siran Babayan*

MIXER/TALK

Group Banter

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Danny Gamboa's Ghost Bikes commemorate cyclists who died in traffic accidents.



PHOTO BY TOMMASO DI BLASI

| News //

GHOST BIKES

Activist and father Danny Gamboa creates two-wheel memorials to fallen bicyclists

BY TOMMASO DI BLASI

Some of the most vulnerable people out on the streets [in Southern California] are bicyclists,” says Danny

Gamboa, co-founder of Ghost Bikes L.A., a movement that honors fallen cyclists.

The 43-year-old spray-paints bicycles a spectral hue whenever a bicyclist dies in the City of Angels. Then, near the crash site, he locks the white, pedal-propelled vehicles to a street sign to commemorate the lost life and help raise awareness of L.A.’s traffic violence. He calls these voluntarily constructed roadside memorials Ghost Bikes.

“We place these memorials so folks can say, ‘Hey, something happened here,’” says Gamboa, who defines his somber monuments as art, activism and advocacy. “Maybe it would be a rallying point for people to come together and heal.”

The Ghost Bikes movement began in St. Louis in 2003 and has expanded to nearly 40 states. For the past six years, the white bikes have been placed in at least 20 cities in California. The movement to support cyclists’ rights has grown into a worldwide revolution, with memorials in more than 30 countries.

Gamboa, a father of two, was inspired

to bring the cause to Southern California after an Oxnard resident’s son was killed while riding his bike. It was on Thanksgiving in 2011 that Anthony Navarro’s 6-year-old was struck by a pickup in front of the family’s home.

“I lost a son, and my [three] kids lost a brother,” says Navarro, 47, who later joined Ghost Bikes. “It’s never going to be easy, but I want people to know that their loved ones will never be forgotten because there are people who know what they’re going through.”

Every 40 hours, one person dies on the streets of Los Angeles. People walking and bicycling are involved in only 14 percent of all collisions but account for almost half of all traffic deaths. According to the L.A. Department of Transportation, 260 traffic-related deaths occurred in 2016. Despite the 2015 launch of Vision Zero Los Angeles, an initiative that aims to eliminate all L.A. traffic-related deaths and injuries by 2025, the city isn’t likely to reach its goal of cutting traffic fatalities by 20 percent at the end of this year.

That’s sobering news for Gamboa and Navarro, who continue to create the melancholy memorials with the help of donations, other volunteers and activists like Ted Rogers. A decade ago, Rogers became the first person to track Southern California’s bicycle fatalities in real time on his blog, BikinginLA.com.

Enraged by the absence of news

coverage of bike fatalities, Rogers began compiling information on cycling deaths from police, bicyclists and other sources in order to raise awareness. Now, the blog has become a leading source for bike news and advocacy.

“How many deaths are acceptable? You tell me,” Rogers says. “If you cannot

“WE PLACE THESE MEMORIALS SO FOLKS CAN SAY, ‘HEY, SOMETHING HAPPENED HERE.’ MAYBE IT WOULD BE A RALLYING POINT FOR PEOPLE TO COME TOGETHER AND HEAL.”

—DANNY GAMBOA, GHOST BIKES L.A.

accept the value of a human life, then you have a serious psychological problem.”

Gamboa’s advocacy has extended to his youngest son, Evan, who has joined his father in spray-painting Ghost Bikes. However, the 12-year-old middle schooler never imagined that he would have to

set up one of the memorials for his good friend Eric Dagle.

“Everybody knows his name because it rhymes with bagel. People even thought he should open up his own bagel store one day,” Evan says.

Near the intersection of Woodruff Avenue and Conant Street in Long Beach, a Ghost Bike marks the spot where, on Nov. 9, Dagle was hit by a Chevy Suburban. Evan describes placing his friend’s Ghost Bike as “extremely emotional” and likens the process to carving a tombstone.

“I wanted the Ghost Bike to brighten the place up,” says Evan, who played in a jazz band with Dagle at Marshall Middle School. “It felt like destiny, with a true burden [being the son of the co-founder of Ghost Bikes].”

Breaking the news of Dagle’s death to her students wasn’t easy for Rachel Elizabeth Keith, the kids’ English teacher. It was the first time a child in her class had died, and she couldn’t help but cry when telling the middle schoolers. Attempting to maintain her composure and battling her tears, Keith told everyone why Dagle wouldn’t be attending their class anymore.

“I supervise dismissal, and I saw Eric smiling as he rode away for the last time,” Keith recalls. “It’s hard to know that I’m never going to see him again.”

Galvanized by the number of Ghost Bikes he’s had to put in place, Gamboa created a nonprofit called Healthy Active Streets to empower mobility advocates in his community. Healthy Active Streets has for the last two years provided Southern California with free bike-safety workshops, community events and special programs for bicyclists as young as 5. Educating the public on bike safety is integral to his organization’s mission.

Gamboa believes that the single most important thing he can teach bicyclists is to ride predictably and to remain visible.

“Safer streets are done by design and not necessarily by enforcement,” Gamboa says. “It’s going to take the whole city and the whole community to make our streets safe.”

Through his work with Healthy Active Streets and Ghost Bikes, Gamboa hopes to bridge the gap between cyclists and elected officials.

“People just want to be able to get home to their families safely,” he says.

For Evan, the message and mission of Ghost Bikes L.A. and Healthy Active Streets resonate more than ever. He recalls sitting with Eric Dagle at lunch just a few months ago, listening to him play The White Stripes’ “Seven Nation Army” on the clarinet. Evan doesn’t want people to forget about his good friend or anyone else who has died while riding their bike.

Marshall Middle School held a ceremony to remember Dagle. Though he attended that event and set up a Ghost Bike memorial, Evan says it still feels as if Dagle is in class with him. He asked his teacher Keith to keep a rose on his friend’s desk and to leave Dagle’s seat empty for the remainder of the year as a way to honor his life.

“We can never take life for granted,” Evan says. “We need to learn from this.”

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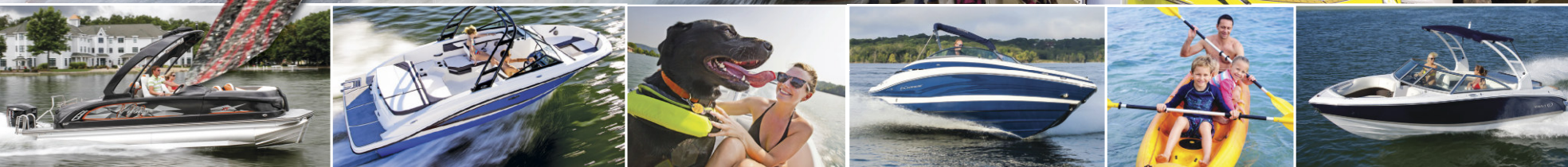
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WHY WE STILL MARCH

Anger became activism. Dismay became determination. One year after the historic Women's March of 2017, the movement that started as a rebuke of President Trump's policies is showing no signs of losing steam. Nearly 5 million people worldwide — an estimated 750,000 of them here in Los Angeles — marched with a common message of solidarity. People from every walk of life came together for the protection of women's rights, human rights and civil rights. And they're getting ready to do it again.

The reasons for attending the L.A. march varied as much as the diverse people who attended. As the one-year anniversary of this march draws near, the Women's March L.A.

The Women's March, one year later

BY ANGELICA VARGAS

Foundation has organized the second march on Saturday, Jan. 20. I spoke with some previous attendees about why they are marching again this year, what may have changed from the 2017 march, and their hopes for the coming year.

Felicitas Nuñez, a 70-year-old mother of four and grandmother of seven, marched for the first time ever in Los Angeles last year. "I am marching for fairness. I am marching for inclusiveness," she says. "Women have been treated as second-rate citizens for too long and it's time to level the field: equal pay for equal work. Through my working years I knew I would have to work harder than most to prove myself. Always hoping to remove

the stereotype label placed on me for being a Latina woman — that makes me angry and sad at the same time.”

As for what changes she has seen in the last year, she was less than optimistic. "In the last year, the passion against these inequalities has increased like steam in a pressure cooker," she laments. "I think it's because of the total disregard of our current leaders. I don't know if this will ever change, but marching lets my voice of protest and resistance be heard."

She does, however, have hope for the future. "They are more dreams than hopes," she says. "I think the hatred being spread from the top is only making things worse."

So I hope, with all my being, that we can get someone in that position who turns this disaster runaway train around."

Michelle Honis, a 39-year-old single African-American woman who works as a budget analyst for the city of Azusa, says: “This year I’m marching because not enough progress has been made. I think in the last year we women have found our voice with the women’s march, the #metoo campaign gaining momentum and openly naming men who are/were engaged in sexual harassment. The last year was a great conversation opener, but I think we need to keep taking action until there is true equality and women’s voices are heard.”

She continues, "Last year a few of my female friends didn't understand why I was marching. I tried to explain it but they didn't want to listen. In the last year I have (16»

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»15) realized that they are part of the reason that I'm marching. I'm marching so that all women will have a voice, even the ones who don't see the value of the Women's March. At some point, their voices or the voices of their daughters will need to be heard. So I will march to ensure it happens when needed. I don't want to live in a 'free country' where women are only free to do what men allow us to do."

Ana Gonzalez, a single mother of two from Santa Ana and a community organizer for Planned Parenthood, says, "I march because women's rights are human rights. We are not second-class, we are equal! Our pay is far less for more work, and if we are to advance in our careers we have to face and endure a culture of harassment."

As for why it is important that she continue to march, Gonzalez says, "Women are still second-class citizens, and as a mother, I will be marching and taking action to change this for my daughter and generations to come." Her hopes for the coming year are high: "I hope to see more women

Harvey remains optimistic about the year ahead. "My hope for the coming year is that the fight continues ... and the initiative doesn't die until serious changes are made."

I also took part in last year's Women's March. To say that I felt compelled to attend is an understatement. As a woman, as a Mexican and as the daughter of immigrants, I feel that the entire election year had been one hurled insult after another. I woke up the morning after the Nov. 8, 2016, election feeling I didn't know where my country had gone, and I was re-evaluating everything I had taken for granted. I attended the march last year because I wanted my voice heard, yes, but also to know that I wasn't alone. L.A. came through to the tune of 750,000. It was chaotic, it was overwhelming and it was beautiful.

Since the march, our fears have turned us fierce. We have become advocates. We have found our voice and are speaking our truth. We have sparked the #metoo and #timesup movements. We are following congressional



PHOTO BY TED SOQUI

in leadership positions. I hope to see people get involved in their local communities and learn about issues that are important to them. I hope to see people take action and protect those issues through advocacy and the power of their vote. More importantly, I want to see change happen with women at the helm."

Maricela Mercado marched last year with her husband, Antonio, and their 13-year-old son. "Economic justice, climate change, reproductive rights, LGBTQIA rights. We marched last year so that our voices would be heard around the world," she says. "It was important to so many of us to show the world that when enough women demand change, nothing stands in our way."

Joseph Harvey, a 20-year-old college student from Pomona, marched with and was raised by a single mom. On why he attended last year's march and will do so again this year, he says, "I think it's bullshit that we still live in this archaic nation where women are taken advantage of. They shouldn't have to withstand any form of mistreatment, abuse or inequality. I still believe in the initiative of last year's march and I knew from the beginning that things weren't going to be solved right afterward. It's still a fight for women's voices to be heard and to no longer be suppressed by emotionally challenged men. Most importantly, I march for all the influential women in my life who've both raised and guided me to be the young man that I am today."

in leadership positions. I hope to see people get involved in their local communities and learn about issues that are important to them. I hope to see people take action and protect those issues through advocacy and the power of their vote. More importantly, I want to see change happen with women at the helm."

One recurring question I have kept asking myself this past year is, if women are 51 percent of the nation's population, why are we not 51 percent of the House or the Senate? How can we be fairly represented ... if we are not fairly represented? The Women's March 2018 organizers are urging us to use our vote in the year ahead. With many congressional seats up for election this year, the Women's March organizers have made it a focal point of their movement to register voters and encourage them to use their influence to "build government that reflects their ideals."

Whatever the year ahead may hold, I do know this: A spark was ignited last year that crossed every socioeconomic and political line in our country. As diverse a city as Los Angeles is, the flame from this spark will continue to shine for a very long time to come.

Angelica Vargas is a Latinx mother of three and daughter of immigrants. She is living her life so her parents know their journey was worth the sacrifice. She's a self-described "proud Air Force mom and resistor."

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Emiliana Guereca, left, plans the 2018 Women's March L.A. with her core leadership team.



Guereca, left, and Deena Katz are co-executive directors of the Women's March L.A. Foundation.

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Behind the scenes of Saturday's second annual Women's March L.A.

BY BENJAMIN QUIÑONES WITH RICHARD CHANG

Thousands of women are planning to descend on Pershing Square downtown on Saturday for round two of the biggest movement in America right now.

The Women's March Los Angeles starts at 9 a.m., and it's expected, like last year, to be the largest women's march in the nation.

"If we want democracy, we have to show up," says Emiliana Guereca, founder and co-executive director of the Women's March L.A. Foundation.

"Hear Our Voice" was last year's front-line rallying cry, as more than 750,000 people — some say closer to 1.2 million — rallied and hit the streets. And since that march, women's voices have been heard — loud and clear. What was once a whisper network has turned into a boom mic.

The #metoo hashtag and social awareness drive have created a strong seismic shift. In addition, the subsequent Time's Up Legal Defense Fund campaign has raised more than \$16 million, and made a huge splash at the 75th Golden Globe Awards earlier this month.

At their core, the Women's March, online movement and legal defense fund are about seeking justice in the face of a long list of injustices: rape, violence, sexual harassment, assault, abuse, groping, coercing, unwanted propositioning, inappropriate touching, lewd comments and more.

In almost biblical terms, organizers and participants aim to revive the spirit of the feminine, and to revive the hearts

of the crushed. Working from a place of pain, they're turning it into a healing force, harnessing energy that has yet to be released.

Plenty of high-profile women (and men) plan to do just that at this year's "Hear Our Vote" march. This year's lineup of activists and celebrities includes Scarlett Johansson, Chloe Bennet, Rowan Blanchard, Yvette Nicole Brown, Sophia Bush, Laverne Cox, Lea DeLaria, Mayor Eric Garcetti, Tony Goldwyn, Paris Jackson, Megan Mullally, Olivia Munn, Nicole Richie, Catt Sadler, Adam Scott, Olivia Wilde, Larry Wilmore and Alfre Woodard.

Performances are planned by Idina Menzel, Andra Day, Rachel Platten and the Gay Men's Chorus of Los Angeles with Melissa Etheridge. Soul/R&B singer Maxwell is flying in from New York, reportedly on his own dime, to support the cause.

Chi-town Mexicana

Emiliana Guereca, founder of the L.A. march, is a one-woman cavalry. Armored thick, Teflon tough, with the raw memories of Chicago-style segregation.

"I grew up segregated," says Guereca, who was raised on the South Side of Chicago. "Whites, blacks, Latinos — all in separate neighborhoods."

After watching the 2016 presidential election, Guereca began to fill with anxiety. A man with no regard for women's rights became president, and the possibility of mass deportations for

the Mexican community and other immigrants became a real threat.

"What am I doing?" she asked herself. That became a calling, which led her back to her favorite phrase: "Show up!"

On Nov. 9, 2016, the day after the presidential election, Guereca created a 501(c)3 nonprofit, pulled a permit for the Women's March, and began promoting the event through massive emails and posting on Facebook. She then turned on her natural familial organizing and event-producing skills.

"I saw it growing — more and more people were coming out, reaching out," she says.

Guereca was the seventh child of the 13-sibling Guereca clan. Her mother, Aurelia, was a factory worker from Mazatlán in the Mexican state of Sinaloa, and her father, Onecimo, was an "a sus ordenes" gardener from the state of Durango. Guereca's parents received less than a third-grade level of education and could not speak English. She translated and filled out work applications for her parents.

Her organizing skills started at home, trying to get her 12 siblings out the door. Her drive and strong work ethic were instilled by her parents. "My dad would take me into the Chicago suburbs to mow lawns," she says.

Guereca began knocking down other obstacles: She was the first in her family to attend college, starting at Chicago's DePaul University and then transferring to UCLA.

While at UCLA, Guereca wasn't a political Bruin. She was laser-beam focused on succeeding. She takes pride in the fact that she graduated with a degree in mass media/communications. "Without any financial aid," she says with a grin.

Her beginnings were in advertising, but she progressed into becoming a successful restaurant franchise owner. She was living the American Dream — an entrepreneur with a customer service mentality, taking care of her family, including two sons.

On the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 8, 2016, the American Dream became the American nightmare, when Mr. "Grab 'em by the pussy" was elected to the highest office of the land.

Now very much politically woke, Guereca took her 17 years of business experience and harnessed that energy into the Women's March. She got help from an army of female volunteers, including the Women's March core group of leadership: co-executive director Deena Katz, a multi-E Emmy-nominated producer of *Dancing With the Stars*, *Real Time With Bill Maher* and *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*; Ellen Crafts, director of marketing and communications; Elaine Patel, volunteers coordinator; and Hanieh Jodat, director of partnerships.

A place for Muslim women, too

Before her interview with *L.A. Weekly* started, Jodat covered her lactating breast with a blanket and fed her new baby son Rumi, named after the 13th-century Persian Sunni Muslim poet. Her mother still lives in Iran and has

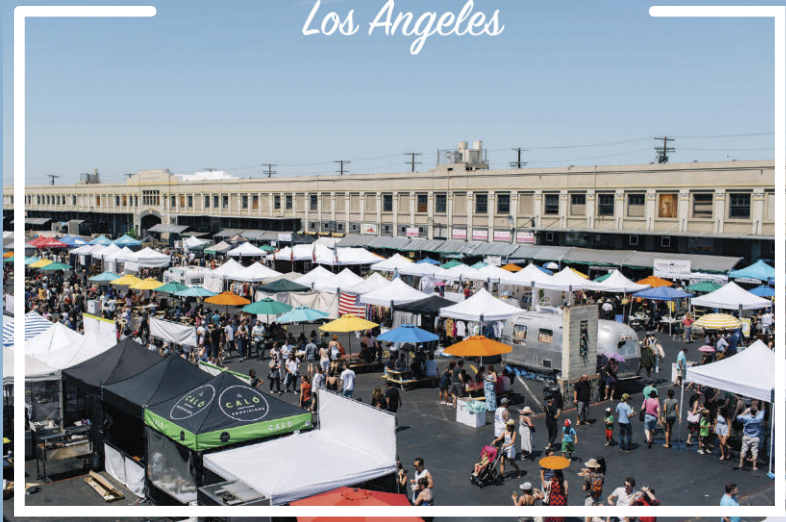
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»17) yet to see the baby because of Trump's travel ban.

Jodat was born and raised in Tehran, in a Muslim home run by her grandmother, mother and aunties. She does not wear the Islamic hijab, the traditional Muslim headdress that has been identified in U.S. military literature as "passive terrorism."

Jodat is all about standing up, speaking out and smashing stereotypes. A fundraiser for the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, Australia, she served as a board member of the U.N. Association for Southern California in 2015.

The moment that most touched Jodat at last year's march was getting onstage, looking out into the sea of humanity and catching a glimpse of the poster featuring Bangladeshi-American Munira Ahmed wearing an American stars-and-stripes hijab (it was created by Shepard Fairey from Ridwan Adhami's photograph).

"I knew then I had a platform for Iranian and Muslim women, for those in the minority," she says.

Jodat, who did not previously have a lot of experience organizing people, is now director of partnerships, connecting and collaborating with hundreds of other women. To date, Women's March L.A. is partnering with more than 200 grassroots and community organizations, including Asian Pacific American Labor, Muslims for Progressive Justice, Black Lives Matter Los Angeles, California Coalition for Reproductive



PHOTO BY
BENJAMIN
QUINONES

Nation, Unite Here Local 11 and Viva la Mujer!.

Get out the vote

In preparation for Saturday's big march, organizers held a pair of pop-up events to discuss issues, celebrate the publication of a Women's March coffee table book and create signs for the upcoming rally.

At the Jan. 13 pop-up gathering at Rita House Coworking in Fairfax, one woman crafted a sign that read, "Grab 'em by the Midterms."

Obviously, the November midterm elections are a target and goal for



The 2017 Women's March in downtown L.A.

PHOTO BY TED SOQUI

Freedom, Chicana Chingonas, Council on American-Islamic Relations, Code Pink, Dreamers United, GetLit, Guatemaltecos Para Justicia, Her Time Now, Iranian Persian Americans, Keep a Breast, Korean American Coalition, Latinas for Reproductive Justice, League of Women Voters, LGBT+ Center L.A., L.A. Federation of Labor, the Martin Luther King Coalition of Southern California, Maternal Mental Health Now, Mi Familia Vota, Moms Demand Action for Gun Sense in America, MoveOn.org, Natural Resources Defense Council, OXFAM, Planned Parenthood L.A., Rock the Vote, Salvadorians Para DACA!, Tongva

Women's Marchers across the land. Indeed, "First we march, then we vote" has become a popular chant among the L.A. participants this year.

"The Women's March wants women to know that their vote counts," Guereca says. "We're providing the tools to get people to the polls through voter registration and education."

At Saturday's march, attendees will have a chance to register to vote at various stations. And when November rolls around, who knows? Maybe the many female candidates — and their supporters — galvanized by the election of Trump will have their day.

Mh Zh's potato with charred lemon is the height of simplicity.



PHOTO BY ANNE FISHBEIN

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L.A. IS IN THE MIDST OF A BOOM IN THE CUISINE, AND HERE ARE FOUR GREAT PLACES TO TRY IT

Sometimes we just get incredibly fortunate with a bumper crop of restaurants following a unique theme. Of late, it's the onslaught of great Middle Eastern restaurants. One of the reasons may be that the cuisine wholeheartedly and easily lends itself to the kind of fare health-conscious denizens of L.A. enjoy. Dishes sing with flavor from exotic, though far from unapproachable, spices and ambrosial herbs and fresh vegetables augmented by the myriad riches of various farmers markets around Los Angeles. Here are a few of our new favorites.

Mh Zh

This distinctive Middle Eastern bistro (pronounced "meh zeh") deals in simple dishes loaded with fresh, lively produce from local farmers markets. Suffice to say, the dishes are packed with flavor. For instance, the prosaic potato is butterflied, skin on, and placed under a broiler for a couple minutes. Then it's brushed with olive oil and sprinkled with coarse sea salt. It's the paragon of simplicity.

The pithy but well-curated menu (casually scrawled in Sharpie on a brown paper bag) includes whole fried cauliflower striped with a piquant black sesame tahini. Picturesque seasonal green peas ride shotgun on a bed of creamy burrata cheese. There's a fine grilled rib-eye *côte de boeuf*, lightly seasoned with salt and pepper, in case you've had your fill of

fresh veggies.

Chef-owner Conor Shemtov has brought his creative vision of Israeli cuisine, heavenly inspired and indebted to acclaimed Israeli chef/cookbook author Yotam Ottolenghi, to a bustling corner of Silver Lake. Reservations are exceedingly hard to come by, and the food takes considerable time to arrive out of the tiny kitchen, which is barely larger than a ship's galley. Yet it's still worth that special trip. 3536 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake; (323) 636-7598.

Kismet

Loosely translated as "fate," the incredibly popular East Hollywood restaurant from Sara Kramer and Sarah Hymanson (proprietors of the Madcapra falafel stand in downtown's Grand Central Market), is continually mobbed for a valid reason. Indeed, it may just be one of the toughest reservations in town.

The big-ticket item seems to be the \$80 rabbit feast for two, composed of a pair of rabbit legs, a rabbit stew and skewered rabbit kebabs. Despite the imprimitur of a hefty price tag, the feast is far from their best dish. The distinctive salads loaded with fresh produce and laced with aromatic herbs are the type of cuisine health-conscious Californians love.

The menu is littered with ingredients such as *harissa*, rosewater, *za'atar* and Persian cucumbers. They take exotic Middle Eastern foods and put their idiosyncratic stamp on it. The jeweled crispy rice, laced with a runny egg yolk that coats the rice as you plunge your fork in, will remind you of Persian *tahdig*. The freekeh fritters (looking awfully similar to expertly fried falafel balls) are paired with a bright green sauce surely inspired by Israeli *zhug*, an incendiary sauce based on fiery hot chili peppers.

The talented duo have reimagined humble Middle Eastern cuisine, meticulously attuning it to urbane, contemporary L.A. tastes. And Kismet serves a refreshingly killer rosewater lemonade spritzer to boot. 4648 Hollywood Blvd., East Hollywood; (323) 409-0404, kismetlosangeles.com.

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Kuku, a Middle Eastern-style frittata, at Kismet



PHOTO BY ANNE FISHBEIN

Middle Eastern staples in a no-frills, counter-service atmosphere: Think airy falafel balls, mouthwatering *shwarma*, and grilled kebabs served with a plethora of toppings, Chipotle-style, from creamy hummus to addictive *amba* (mango-based hot sauce) to a fiery *zhug*.

The quick-service surroundings belie tremendously well-honed flavor, skilled craftsmanship and quality ingredients. The succulent chicken *shwarma*, carved straight from the vertical spit, hits all the right taste receptors and may just transport you to the hefty, filling pita sandwiches topped with fries that you may remember with relish from your last trip to Tel Aviv. Furthermore, you rarely find the justly famed Israeli spin on lemonade called *lemonnna*, which contains the

sages have been proudly carried over to the new menu. Once chef Simon Elmaleh retired, his son, Daniel, took over the reins of the modest neighborhood Moroccan cafe.

With big shoes to fill, Daniel has revamped the menu in a creatively novel direction informed by his long tenure with the SBE Hospitality Group. Rustic root vegetables are subtly sauced with tahini and apple cider vinaigrette. Grilled branzino (Mediterranean sea bass) is paired with a tart *labneh* (Israeli strained yogurt). The menu also features aggressively spiced lamb kefta kebabs that may just become your newest addiction. And the long-simmered *tajines* seem to be even lighter than before. The stodgy, old-world Casablanca-esque decor of

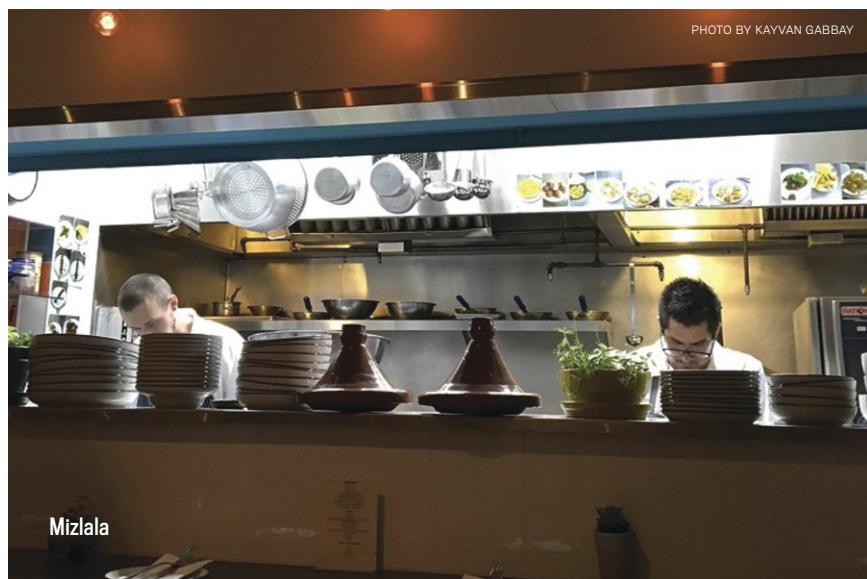


PHOTO BY KAYVAN GABBAY

Mizlala

crucial element of muddled mint leaves, much of anywhere else in L.A. Here you can have glass after glass of this restorative tonic. 8744 W. Third St., Beverly Grove; (310) 888-8804, soomsoomfresh.com; additional locations in Beverly Hills and downtown Los Angeles.

Mizlala

Despite the passing of the guard from the now-defunct Simon's Cafe to the significantly hipper Mizlala, Simon's signature coarsely ground *merguez* sau-

the previous restaurant has been supplanted by a more modern, less cluttered, minimalist environment complete with an urbane, expansive open kitchen. It's still a family operation (those *merguez* sausages are dutifully made according to Simon's recipe) that has taken a delicious new approach to Moroccan cuisine. 4515 Sepulveda Blvd., Sherman Oaks; (818) 783-6698, facebook.com/pg/Mizlala-Restaurant/about/?ref=page_internal.

—Kayvan Gabbay

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Arts //

LIVING UP TO THE HYPE

Balancing high and low, L.A. Art Show hits its stride

BY BEIGE LUCIANO-ADAMS

The 2018 L.A. Art Show (Jan. 10-14) presented works from influential underground galleries and international heavyweights, spanning Picasso to pop surrealism, street art to official government exhibitions, with an increased focus on Asia and Latin America — and backing from serious institutional muscle.

On-site programming by the Getty, the Broad, LACMA, MOCA and others lent gravity and an integrated sense of place to a scene perpetually on the come-up in the shadow of New York.

Boosters hope that's shifting, as the combination of anchor museums and idiosyncratic Angeleno subcultures reflected this year outlines a market and cultural space with its own unique luster.

"Twenty-three years ago, no one talked about L.A. being a center of the art world," said Kim Martindale, L.A. Art Show general manager and partner. "It's been an art-oriented city for 100 years, but for collectors, and the fine art aspect, it wasn't rivaling other destinations and now it does."

On L.A. Art Show's opening night, more than 6,000 visitors meandered through 100 galleries across 260,000 square feet of the L.A. Convention Center. Graffiti artists and avant-garde skaters rubbed shoulders with career art snobs and collectors. Pretension and self-promotion peacefully coexisted with introspection.

As one merry reveler put it: "This may be the best gallery show of my entire life. I couldn't ask for anything more: Pink's chili cheese dogs, doughnuts and free booze."

Outsized exhibitions such as Antuan Rodriguez's forest of red punching bags emblazoned with the faces of tyrannical world leaders garnered the bulk of media attention, as did celebrity names and celebrated lowbrow fair Littletopia.

What began as a market for 19th-century California plein air paintings has evolved in tandem with the city as a destination for collectors.

"I still think there's a market for that type of artwork," Martindale said, pointing to the shrinking *Roots* section of the fair, which shows historical works. "But I think L.A. and the world have become more interested in contemporary material."

While collectors were more likely to go to New York or London to buy, even if they lived in L.A., he said, a new generation of collectors is developing "who are serious about putting together collections of original work — and that changes the whole dynamic as a city as far as the art world is concerned."

Artist and former Watts Towers director Mark Steven Greenfield also noted a dramatic shift over the last five years.



"Most of the work in the past here has been a little too commercial for my taste," Greenfield said. "I just think it's a natural evolution of the art world in Los Angeles, which is going through some interesting convulsions. But now you've got all these great schools here, world-class museums that are putting on world-class exhibitions

"I DO FEEL LOS ANGELES IS IN THE CENTER OF THE PACIFIC RIM, SO REALLY OUR SHOW SHOULD HAVE A GREAT EMPHASIS ON LATIN AMERICAN AND ASIA." —L.A. ART SHOW'S KIM MARTINDALE

— it's actually living up to its hype."

One year into the sinking indignities of a Trump presidency, overtly political messaging was everywhere. So were *Star Wars* references, the refractive effects of social media and the tight knit of the city's lowbrow scene.

Graffiti artist Axis, whose work was recently shown at Eastern Projects in Chinatown, described curating "L.A.: Ley Lines" for Cartwheel Art.

"It's basically my home," he said, surveying a space decorated with wood paneling, antique furniture, house plants and taxidermy where works by Big Sleeps, Defer,

Eyeone, Prime and Swank were on display.

"I wanted to make it current L.A. art, but with roots in graffiti, punk rock, gang culture — everything that is vital to L.A.'s history — but as if we were in the 1930s ... so basically you're viewing the private collection of someone back in time but our art from now. Dig it?"

Surrounded by a glorious visual banquet on almost all sides, a man in a sharkskin suit made sweeping, grandiose gestures at what may have been the only blank wall.

Nearby, L.A. artist, animator and Witchsy co-founder Penelope Gazin filmed an actor in a smoking jacket playing an art collector.

Of the works she had on display with Littletopia's Red Truck and Superchief galleries, she said, "I think they're bringing a lot of fresh, weirder artists along with them, including myself" (Gazin is also a subject of photographer Parker Day's work presented by Superchief.)

While not aiming for direct political commentary, Gazin noted she's been doing "a lot of paintings of men choking women" since Trump was elected.

Painter Yalda Sepahpour, whose style echoes something of Picasso and Matisse but with a femininity all her own, sold a massive, gorgeous triptych of women and pink flamingos for \$22,000.

"This is part of a series I did, and I was really inspired by powerful women around the world actually doing something — such as Malala Yousafzai, Kurdish women fighting ISIS. The one we did last year was a bunch of women with AK-47s," said Sepahpour, who is from Iran but recently moved to Laguna Niguel from Switzerland.

"This is mainly focusing on the femininity of women, because I feel there is a little bit of

negative energy over here, and there's kind of like a man-hating culture being created," she explained, revealing that peculiar U.S.-European cultural divide. "Why can't we celebrate our differences?"

Many attendees could trace their social DNA to Greg Escalante, the beloved champion of lowbrow and founder of *Juxtapoz* magazine whose sudden death last year sent shockwaves through and beyond the L.A. art community.

Escalante helped curate Littletopia last year; this year, it paid tribute to him — as well as to Margaret Keane, the iconic founder of the "Big Eyes" movement and subject of the eponymous Tim Burton film. L.A. artist Mab Graves presented Keane's family members with a lifetime achievement award when the 90-year-old painter was unable to attend.

Tyler Nacho, muralist and art director of graffiti magazine *Kill Pretty*, said he was pleasantly surprised to see more risk-taking work.

"I feel like in the last three years it's kind of opening up more — more mainstream art culture is becoming accepting of lowbrow and they're mixing a little bit."

No sightings of pop-surrealism godfather Mark Ryden — although there was an eerily lifelike bust of him by Kazuhiro Tsuji.

There was a beautiful Warhol, a wall of Jae Yong Kim's luscious ceramic doughnuts; Cristobal Valecillos' vibrantly theatrical masks and Wolfbat's energetic, intricate archway; Italian painter Alex Folla's chiaroscuro saints and centaurs; occasionally terrible commercial pop art — and, in a world all her own, living latex doll Pandemonia.

"I created Pandemonia about 10 years ago," explained the anonymous London-based artist behind a performance that looks like a 3-D-rendered 2-D drawing. "I wanted to create artwork about celebrity and social media," she said, through a small mouth hole, "that could jump through different genres of things."

"It sounds really corny but I kinda like L.A. ... There's something about the architecture here, the road signs — Pandemonia sees this as a vision she can fit into."

Raquel Gallardo, a schoolteacher and art aficionado, gazed at a painting by Korean monochrome artist Kim Tae-Ho.

"I do feel a little out of place," Gallardo said. "Because I don't think the artists are Hispanic like me. I don't see people like me," she said, wondering why the "native art" was stuck in the corner. "I'm definitely leaving inspired. I was just hoping to see one thing that felt like home."

Looking ahead, Martindale wants to increase institutional programming via DIVERSEartLA and bring more internationally recognized galleries into the fold while maintaining the eclectic feel and regional focus.

"We're not turning our back on Europe, but I do feel Los Angeles is in the center of the Pacific Rim, so really our show should have a great emphasis on Latin American and Asia," he said.

As for L.A.'s place in the art world, Martindale is patient.

"It's challenging that right now, and becoming that, and we're really finally in that place with major galleries. Are we there yet? No. Are we looking like we have a real possibility of being that? Yes."

DISNEY'S ALADDIN LOOKS GREAT

But the film-based musical is light on substance



PHOTO BY DEEN VAN MEER

Adam Jacobs as Aladdin sings "Proud of Your Boy."

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

If a glittery, sumptuous spectacle is enough to satisfy you, you'll probably enjoy this touring company production of *Disney's Aladdin*, directed and choreographed by Casey Nicholaw, at the Pantages Theatre through March 31. If, however, you're one of those picky theatergoers who craves substance with your spectacle, you'll probably be disappointed.

Based, with moderate revisions, on Disney's 1992 animated film, the show features Adam Jacobs — who originated the lead role back in 2011 — as a contemporized Aladdin, an impoverished young grifter whose life isn't going much of anywhere until he meets and falls in love with the beautiful Princess Jasmine (Isabelle McCalla). Whereas Aladdin is incarcerated by his poverty, the rich and materially pampered princess is captive to the demands of her royal status, which mandate that she marry a prince. She's already rejected all of the eligible men her father the Sultan (JC Montgomery) has brought before her; chafing at the confines of the palace walls, she steals away to the town marketplace, where she encounters Aladdin, who rescues her from a villain.

Before he meets Jasmine again, Aladdin is hoodwinked by the story's evil villain, the Grand Vizier Jafar (Jonathan Weir), into venturing into the "Cave of Wonders" to procure for him a lamp with great magical powers — the means by which Jafar

intends to seize the sultanate for himself. But the rules of destiny bar him and his assistant, Iago (Reggie De Leon, no longer a parrot), from entering the cave. Aladdin, eluding their designs, himself gains possession of the lamp and access to the powerful genie (Michael James Scott) who resides within it. He and the genie navigate some misadventures and misunderstandings, but in the end, they both get what they want — Aladdin his princess and the

EVEN A DEPTHLESS STORY NEEDS TRUTH AND A BONDING RELATIONSHIP TO MAKE IT RESONATE.

genie his long-yearned-for freedom.

A make-believe tale like this isn't supposed to be deep, some would say, and should be taken for the frivolous bit of entertainment it was designed to be. But even a depthless story needs truth and a bonding relationship to make it resonate. In this case, a canned lead performance (it seems as if Jacobs has been doing this role for too long) and an equally lackluster one by McCalla put a damper on any magic from the get-go. The sparks between these two lovers do not fly, even as the duo sail above

the proscenium on their magic carpet, warbling their romantic duet. As the scheming baddie, Weir gives a capable performance, nothing memorable. It's left for Scott as the jive, clownish and somewhat fey genie to emotionally connect to the audience — but even here it's a too visibly crafted performance, not a fluid one.

The music — score by Alan Menken, lyrics by Howard Ashman, Tim Rice and Chad Beguelin — isn't anything you'll carry home with you; only the classic "A Whole New World" and a second ballad, "A Million Miles Away," linger in the mind after the show is over. In some numbers, especially those with an element of swing, the instrumentals (musical direction: Brent-Alan Huffman) seem to dominate the vocals. Beguelin's book, punctured with lame riffs and stale gags, is a major annoyance throughout.

Bob Crowley's diverse and extravagant sets — especially the grand, intricate labyrinthine cave and his expansive nighttime sky — truly are a feast for the eye, while Gregg Barnes' costumes are exotic and colorful and the hues in Natasha Katz's lighting design are rich and lovely. The problem is that all these elements in tandem frequently overtake the performances of the actors, who are tasked with propelling a weak, none-too-clever narrative.

DISNEY'S ALADDIN | Pantages Theatre, 6233 Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood | Through March 31 | hollywoodpantages.com/events/detail/disneysaladdin

LENNY BRUCE COMES TO LIFE IN SOLO PLAY

When Lenny Bruce was found dead in his Hollywood Boulevard apartment in August 1966, the headline in the *New York Times* obituary diplomatically described him as an "uninhibited" comic. It was a tame adjective for this incendiary performer, despised in many quarters as an obscene and immoral clown yet regaled in other (perhaps worldlier) circles as a fearless and trenchant satirist.

Bruce was only 40 when he died, broke in more ways than one, his brushes with the law having taken a toll on both his wallet and his psyche. America mid-20th century was more buttoned up than it is today, and Bruce's scatological language and candid riffs on sex, racism and religion — not to mention his personal drug habits — netted him numerous arrests and incarceration.

Artfully directed by Joe Mantegna, *I Am Not a Comedian ... I'm Lenny Bruce* is an 85-minute solo piece with writer-performer Ronnie Marmo in an intense and memorable performance as the infamous iconoclast. The show opens with a striking visual: a naked figure — the dead comic — bathed in white light, slumped on a toilet seat on a dark stage (lighting by Matt Richter on Danny Cistone's set). After a moment, the figure stirs and begins to dress, while confiding to the audience the details of Bruce's background: his boyhood as Leonard Alfred Schneider in Long Island, the only child of a divorced mother — a vibrant woman, a friend as well as parent. The narrative builds to his first club appearance, where he filled in for the regular emcee and got hooked on performing.

Throughout, Marmo weaves accounts of Bruce's relationship with the three women he loved — his mother, his wife and his daughter — with re-enactments of some of his most celebrated riffs, along with depictions of his clashes with the law. We witness his desperate pleas to a judge (to no avail) that he be allowed to perform his act in court to prove his bona fides as a social commentator as opposed to an unprincipled mouthpiece of public obscenity, which is how he was being viewed. Another powerful sequence describes the moments following a crash in which he watches, anguished and helpless, as a car rolls over his wife's body; then he's at her side, frantically begging God for her life, his scorn for religion dismissed in crisis.

What powers the play is not only the inherent drama, of tragic proportions, in Bruce's life but also Marmo's flawless embodiment of the man. There's never a moment when we doubt that the person before us is this smart, tormented individual come to life. It's an illuminating, in-depth performance, worthy of its subject, a singular artist come and gone before his time. —Deborah Klugman

I AM NOT A COMEDIAN ... I'M LENNY BRUCE | Theatre 68, 5112 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood | Through April 1 | theatre68.com

Barack Obama with Samantha Power



OFFICIAL WHITE HOUSE PHOTOGRAPH

| Film //

AT THE END OF HOPE AND CHANGE

The Final Year follows the Obama crew's efforts to fix a world they don't notice is burning

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

For two terms and change I've wondered: Is his refusal to bog himself down in the soiling back-and-forth of news-cycle politicking the most frustrating trait of Barack Obama's? Or is his indifference to bullshit one of the most honorable, one to inspire, one that, were we all to follow his example, might indisputably better our world? Obama tended to let the ephemeral ugliness wash past his feet as he strode toward goals greater than any one day's talk-radio outrage, toward change he believed might endure. Of course, by not looking down as often as he might have, he sometimes missed how the ephemeral (death panels! birth certificate! Benghazi! Solyndra!) had hardened into muck; how that muck slowed him down; how millions of the Americans whose lives and futures he sought to improve were sold each day that his every move was nefarious — that he was a foreign adversary, a Manchurian Muslim, a devoted anti-white racist, an Alinskyite wealth-redistributor, the puppet of Bill Ayers or George Soros, even the Antichrist himself. Could Obama have soothed the fever-minded Breitbart

set if he had taken time to engage with this nonsense? Probably not. But his long-term bet on the decency and reasonableness of the American public certainly has, in the short term, come to appear disastrous. He and his administration didn't let the bullshit get to them — but they did little to stop it from swallowing their country and, potentially, their legacy.

Greg Barker's engaging and resolutely un-dishy travelogue, *The Final Year*, finds a film crew trailing Obama and several cabinet members and staffers — Samantha Power, U.N. ambassador; Secretary of State John Kerry; Ben Rhodes, deputy national security adviser and speechwriter — over the course of 2016. Team Obama circumnavigates the globe, practicing what he preaches: thoughtful diplomacy, engaged listening, dogged efforts at securing compromises and ceasefires. Everyone looks somber, run ragged, but still somewhat awed. They look *adult* as they chase peace in Syria, a climate accord in Paris, a nuclear deal in Iran. Rhodes lists the State Department's 2016 priorities in the earlier scenes, and the moment plays as grim comedy: The current administration's list is the same, just backward, right down to Rhodes' own passion project, normalization of relations with Cuba.

The undertaking is ambitious, even singular. Have documentarians ever been allowed into the room at so many high-level government meetings and summits? But it becomes clear quickly that Barker has few unguarded moments to show us. Don't expect raw statecraft.

The filmmakers jet along with the pols to Vietnam, where the president speaks of healing and takes questions from eager young people; to Laos, where he notes with frank poetry the devastations of Richard Nixon's secret war; to Japan, where he is the first U.S. president to speak at Hiroshima. There, he calls upon the world and his own country to dare to look unblinkingly at what the bomb did — and to strive to maintain a global order that he insists has matured past world wars between superpowers. Meanwhile, the journalist/activist/academic-turned-U.N.-insider Power steeps herself in ongoing conflicts. With the concerned zeal you might expect from the woman who literally wrote the book on preventing genocide, Power visits villages in Nigeria where girls have been taken by Boko Haram. Her tears, as she listens to the stories of mothers, seem those of a person, not a performing politician. "What I can tell you as the personal representative of President Barack Obama is that we will never give up," she vows. "We will never give up." But the fight, she reminds them, must always be waged in a way to prevent the creation of new terrorists.

Carefulness can't forestall all tragedy, of course. As Power's motorcade departs one village, a young boy dashes into the road and is killed; Power later briefly recounts a visit to the child's parents afterward. That experience might have been shattering, but Barker's film finds little time to treat it, and Power reflects on it only for a breath or two. The filmmakers offer us glimpses of the diplomatic life but too little telling detail. Again and again, we see planes land, delegations enter conference rooms, Rhodes working on speeches, people beaming toward the secretary or the president. Off the coast of Greenland, Kerry briefly regards a shrinking glacier, noting that just moments before, on the bridge of the ship, he had handled phone calls

about one of the other global crises he is facing. We see him sign the final text of the Iran deal, but here — much like in the actual 2016 that we all lived through, the 2016 that we're still in some ways living through — we hear no urgent and coherent defense of that deal's specifics. In this, the film is curiously effective: It re-creates for us the bubble existence of a squad of high-minded professionals so certain of their causes that they don't bother to sell them to the public they represent.

The best moments are offhand. My favorite: a quick exchange in Vietnam between Obama and a young woman who asks him for advice on how to balance her own aspirations with her husband's career. "There are times where Michelle has sacrificed for me," he says, and the woman interrupts. "Are there times where you have sacrificed for her?" "Right after this," he promises. They both laugh.

Barker hints at a fundamental disagreement between Obama and Power. Obama seemed to believe, in 2016, that the world was fundamentally orderly, because the great nations mostly seemed to cooperate. Power, meanwhile, found the world wracked by chaos, with 65 million displaced people around the globe. The tensest moments caught by Barker's cameras are a matter of public record: Kerry and Power, at the United Nations, sparring with the Russian ambassador over his country's refusal to denounce a sustained air strike against a U.N. convoy in Syria.

Late in the film, Rhodes, an occasionally frank interview subject, links their failure in Syria to a greater failure that possibly changed history: In negotiating with Russia, the administration assumed that Vladimir Putin would act in his nation's interest — not just in his own.

Barker shows the dream curdling, at a Nov. 8 party to which Power invited Madeleine Albright and every female ambassador to the U.N., convinced they would witness the first female president. Barker cuts too quickly for us to feel their disappointment. But he holds the camera on Rhodes' stunned face for many long seconds, as the speechwriter who in so many ways had been the voice of Obama — of hope itself — stammers in darkness. "I can't even —" he says, before stopping and thinking. "I ca—" he begins, before stopping again. His mouth opens and closes without words. "I mean, I can't —" he finally says. He tries again: "I can't put it into words. I don't know what the words are yet."

Barker closes with Obama, still hopeful, touring the world's most enduring landmarks: the Parthenon, the pyramids, achievements much tougher for the barbarians to undo than the Iran deal. Then we're reminded, via montage and voice-over, of those young people he spoke to in Vietnam and in many other countries he visited. Rhodes observes that millennials mostly think more like Obama does than Trump. We see young people smile. What does it mean that the final moments of *The Final Year*, one year into post-Obama America, offer the same slender hope that we get at the end of *The Last Jedi*?

THE FINAL YEAR | Directed by Greg Barker
Magnolia Pictures | Landmark

Cécile De France
and Reda Kateb



PHOTO CREDIT

| Film //

HIS GUITAR KILLS FASCISTS, TOO

THE SUSPENSEFUL *DJANGO* IMAGINES
THE KING OF GYPSY JAZZ AT WAR

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

Late in *Django*, a proudly fictionalized improvisation upon the theme of Django Reinhardt—ness, the world’s most famous gypsy-jazz guitar virtuoso gets told by a Nazi what he and his combo can and can’t play at the 1943 concert they’ve been coerced into performing for France’s occupiers. No blues, of course — none of what the Nazis call “monkey music.” Reinhardt (played with electric diffidence by Reda Kateb) is to avoid allegros and prestos, eschew extended solos. The players must not tap their feet and should allow into their set no more than “5 percent syncopation.” What 5 percent syncopation means, precisely, is in the ear — or the tempted-to-tap extremities — of the beholder.

As a film viewer, of course, you understand what actually matters: Our hero is being given the chance, via the swinging power of his art, to triumph over fascism. Later, at the gig, a swank SS cocktail party, an officer will hiss “No blues!” at Reinhardt when one number slinks along a touch too lustily. Kateb’s Reinhardt shakes him off, face flashing a confident confusion: He, the expert, knows that this song — absolutely a blues number — isn’t a blues number at all,

and he can’t comprehend why anyone would think otherwise. The officer demurs, the music — already warm — grows hotter, and soon the swells of the Reich are carrying on like the vacationing Jews in the Catskills basements of *Dirty Dancing*.

Like Reinhardt playing that party in Thonon-les-Bains, on the border between France and Switzerland, *Django* director Etienne Comar refuses the limitations imposed on him. His film, a sort-of biopic, spares us the shopworn scenes familiar to the genre: Don’t expect to see young Django go through the paces of hitting his first lick, enjoying his first hit, disappointing his first lover or any of that. Comar zeroes in instead on Reinhardt and the Reich, with the guitar player, already famous, trying to get himself out of Nazi-controlled France. Comar establishes the stakes immediately, with a striking, almost fabulistic sequence of Roma musicians playing beguiling melodies in the woods — and being hunted down. (The end titles state starkly what those first moments made dreamlike: that the Nazis systematically killed 600,000 gypsies.) Comar’s narrative finds Reinhardt himself continually butting up against the Reich — and discovering that maybe he can set his fame and talents to saving some of his people.

So, *Django* becomes a not-bad

caper-thriller, a cloak-and-dagger-and-guitar adventure with individual scenes, some of them excitingly suspenseful, that have little to do with actual incidents. But they have everything to do with the way Reinhardt’s joyously polyglot music challenged the “artistic purity” of fascism and actually inspired the Resistance — his fleet, fluid runs kill fascism dead. *Django* expresses, via the language of film genre, not what Reinhardt’s life was but what it might have felt like.

In that, Comar has a strong partner in Kateb, who spent a year learning guitar enough to appear to be actually playing in the excellent, extended concert sequences that the film highlights. Kateb’s fingers fly, but his face, often seen in the same shot, remains alluringly aloof, his Django performing a protective indifference. Kateb wears a poker face, his Django not letting on what he’s noticed or what he cares about. That’s the key to the coolness that Reinhardt embodied and to the spycraft that *Django* credits him with. Even when an ally credits our hero for standing up against the Nazis, Kateb’s Django shrugs off any appearance of heroism: “They killed my monkey,” he says, as if that explains artistry and courage.

One problem with familiar genre elements, though, is that they limit the chances for surprise. This Reinhardt behaves according to the logic of wartime espionage thrillers rather than messy spurts of an artist’s heart. Kateb handsomely suggests Reinhardt’s performance of a self — but he never has the chance to show us what’s beneath it.

DJANGO | Directed by Etienne Comar
Written by Comar and Alexis Salatko
Under the Milky Way | Royal

OPENING THIS WEEK

KANGAROO Activist-documentarians Kate McIntyre Clere and Mick McIntyre take fellow Australians to task for their treatment of kangaroos, the free-roaming indigenous animal that elicits loathing as much as wonderment. The adorable marsupials may serve as the go-to local symbol for Australian companies, but they’re hunted in numbers that would shock outsiders who believe the distinctive creatures are protected, not sourced for meat and leather. The married filmmakers (*Yogawoman*, *Aussie Rules the World*) have constructed a potent work of animal advocacy with *Kangaroo: A Love-Hate Story*, exposing the horrors of government-sanctioned wildlife slaughter and tracing the practice to an ingrained antipathy for kangaroos in Australian society. Activists call for bringing into the light all the gory details of nighttime hunts, including the legally “humane” killing of joeys (baby kangaroos) by blunt-force trauma to the head, a practice akin to the bludgeoning of baby seals. Amid the harrowing footage and the feeling of hopelessness at the magnitude of the problem, Clere and McIntyre offer interviews with wildlife experts who’ve demonstrated that kangaroos can coexist with cattle and sheep, challenging the image perpetuated by ranchers that they’re “pests” that need to be culled when numbers reach “plague proportions.” The filmmakers also question the food safety of kanga-

roo meat (field-dressed and transported long distances without refrigeration) and call for reform of the government’s kangaroo-counting procedure, which is based on small population samples and convoluted mathematical extrapolation. *Kangaroo* is a sobering depiction of how deep cultural divides affect the future of a species, even one so seemingly ubiquitous and resilient. (Serena Donadoni)

MOM AND DAD Before you even ask, yes, Nicolas Cage does go over the top in *Mom and Dad* — and, dammit, it’s a beautiful sight to behold. Cage pretends to be all suburban as a working-class family man who longs for the crazy days of his youth. Unfortunately, his middle-aged ass is stuck with a wife (Selma Blair), two kids (Anne Winters and Zackary Arthur) to feed and a boring-ass job where he mostly takes naps and watches internet porn. The truth of the matter is the dude has been on the edge even before a mysterious outbreak causes parents to start murdering their offspring. Of course, when that starts happening, he and his old lady are all too willing to rub out their own ungrateful little bastards. Think *The Happening*, but only parents get affected — and the movie’s actually good this time around. Written and directed with the usual hysterical gusto by Brian Taylor (one-half of the manic team with Mark Neveldine that directed Cage in *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance*), *Mom and Dad* is a hilariously macabre revenge fantasy for all those parents who maybe secretly want

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The New York Times, A.O. SCOTT

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to get back at their kids for being sarcastic shits who take them for granted. But the movie also sympathizes with parents, especially those poor, disillusioned souls who know how much of a pain in the ass it is being a responsible adult on a daily basis. As much of a nightmare *Mom and Dad* spins in turning parents into raving homicidal lunatics, this movie also knows how hard it is for actual moms and dads to just get up every day and try to be good parents to these little muhfucks. To all those people, *Mom and Dad* has your back. (Craig D. Lindsey)

THE REVIVAL At first glance, Pastor Eli (David Rysdahl) seems the picture of calm piety at the pulpit; behind him is wood paneling polished to a patina of soft reflection and the gentle jewel tones of stained glass set alight by the morning sun. But Eli's sermon, delivered with soothing insistence, falls on stony ground, even though the small congregation wants to believe in him. Jennifer Gerber illustrates their worshipful focus by positioning Eli at the center of her widescreen frame, an effect that can make a modest potluck look like the Last Supper. The visual cues in her accomplished first feature emphasize the disconnect between Eli and his Southern Baptist flock, which screenwriter Samuel Brett Williams (adapting his own play) details in a backstory about familial obligation and suppressed desires. Eli's devoted wife, June (Lucy Faust), understands that his upright manner masks emotional limitations, but she's still surprised by how much his sexual relationship with enthralling drifter Daniel (Zachary Booth) affects both the private man and the public preacher. Arkansas native Gerber and cinematographer John Wakayama Carey capture the wild beauty of Hot Springs while exploring the community's rigid mores. *The Revival* is packed with bone-deep performances that unfold in surprising ways, such as Eli's enthusiastic booster Trevor (Raymond McAnally) espousing his personal philosophy while handling the innards of a freshly killed deer. Trevor clings to God and guns like a life preserver, and in Gerber and Williams' insightful drama, he's just another lost soul whose evangelical zeal conceals the fear that he can't save himself. (Serena Donadoni)

THE ROAD MOVIE Cover your eyes and weep for your soul, here comes Dmitrii Kalashnikov's horror show of exploitative chutzpah, a 70-minute feature consisting of nothing but incidents recorded by the dashcams of Russian motorists. There are wipeouts and head-ons, semis barreling along in the wrong lane and trams losing power and sliding straight into traffic; livestock flipped by speeding drivers and a viciously troubled young man who climbs onto a young woman's hood to bang his fists on her windshield. The mayhem is hypnotic, scabrous, scarifying, unpredictable, astonishing, dispiriting, repetitious, clearly both amoral and immoral and, by the end, a little dull. Even over the short running time, you can feel your hu-

YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

Tommy Wiseau in Person and a Wajda Semester

Saturday, Jan. 20

Tommy Wiseau, the artistically incompetent yet fascinating visionary behind the 2004 cult film *The Room*, will visit the Egyptian Theatre to introduce his sole feature. Wiseau appeared last month to a sold-out house in preparation for *The Disaster Artist*, the new film enshrining him — via a charismatic lead performance by James Franco — as an auteur whose belief in his subject (namely, himself) transcends aesthetics. *Egyptian Theatre*, 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Jan. 20, 7:30 p.m.; \$15. (323) 466-3456, americancinema.thequecalendar.com.

Sunday, Jan. 21

Los Angeles Filmforum's momentous screening series **Ism, Ism, Ism: Experimental Cinema in Latin America** celebrates the accomplishments from that region with a program titled *Misreadings/Malas Lecturas*. The program, composed of several short pieces, explores the interplay between text and image. Cuban experimentalist Nicolás Guillén Landrián's *Coffea Arábica* will be a highlight of the evening. The screening will be preceded by a book signing at 2 p.m. with Luis Ospina, Pablo Marín, Poli Marichal, Jesse Lerner and Luciano Piazza, the editors of *Ism, Ism, Ism/Ismo, Ismo, Ismo: Experimental Cinema in Latin America*, the essay collection released in tandem with the series. *UCLA's Billy Wilder Theater*, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sun., Jan. 21, 3 p.m.; \$10. (310) 206-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Tuesday, Jan. 23

LACMA's **Tuesday Matinees** series continues to keep the legacy of pioneering female filmmaker Dorothy Arzner alive with a screening of *The Bride Wore Red*. Joan Crawford stars as a chorus girl who is granted access to a posh Swiss resort wherein she is courted by two wealthy suitors (Francot Tone and Robert Young). Beneath the whimsy of this modern Cinderella story is a strong social awareness typical of the work of its maker, the only woman director in Hollywood in the 1930s.



The Room

LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., Jan. 23, 1 p.m.; \$4. (323) 857-6000, lacma.org.

Thursday, Jan. 25

CSUN launches a semester-long retrospective of the great Polish director Andrzej Wajda. Curated by Tim Halloran, the series kicks off with *A Generation*, the first of Wajda's "war trilogy." The story involves a teenager (Tadeusz Lomnicki) who joins the resistance, falls in love and provides underground opposition to the Nazi occupation in Warsaw at great cost. Famous for his baroque visuals, suspenseful plots and striking religious imagery, Wajda quickly became Poland's leading filmmaker, a reputation that would sustain a long and accomplished career. *CSUN, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge*; Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m.; free. (818) 677-1200, csun.edu.

Paul Thomas Anderson's *Magnolia*, a sprawling and ambitious mosaic of misery set in the San Fernando Valley, returns to theaters for a single evening as part of Laemmle's **Throwback Thursday** series. Often and accurately described as a "beautiful mess," the film follows a dozen or so characters — each experiencing some form of acute unhappiness — as their lives intersect and influence one another. Praised as much for the energy of its mise-en-scene as the strength of its all-star ensemble (which includes Tom Cruise in an Oscar-nominated turn), the film is an exemplar of late-'90s American filmmaking, highlighted by a now-classic Aimee Mann soundtrack. *Laemmle NoHo, 5420 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood*; Thu., Jan. 23, 7:30 p.m.; \$12. (310) 478-3836, laemmle.com. —Nathaniel Bell

manity's diminishment. It's not bloody, exactly, but you — like the drivers of the cars we peer out of — will spend many minutes here waiting, in pained awe, as we regard crumpled vehicles: "Is that driver dead?" What's interesting here, besides the disquieting fact of the movie's existence and profitability, is the glimpses it offers into everyday Russian life. You're never more yourself than when you're driving a car, and the chatter we hear before all hell breaks loose often proves fascinating. (So does the Russian pop music the drivers have chosen.) Of course, anytime you see 10 or 20 seconds of uninterrupted, incident-free driving here, you will tense up, possibly gripped by a panicked sense memory. All through the movie, as the unseen drivers hurtled along, I found myself pumping phantom brakes. Some especially memorable miles find us plunged with the drivers into smoke that obscures the road, including a trip past the hellmouth of a forest fire, the sky a pinkish purple and the flames edging to the roadside. (Alan Scherstuhl)

SMALL TOWN CRIME Eshom and Ian

Nelms' *Small Town Crime*, starring John Hawkes, seems to promise a quirky, *Long Goodbye*-like detective story in a mountain town, following an alcoholic

ex-cop who finds a dead body and pursues the killer at all costs — when he's not bumbling from one townie bar to the next. But why set their story in a small town if it and its inhabitants have no defining personality or mannerisms? Every town possesses a history, culture, lineage and language unto itself, but in the Nelmses' hands we see none of that. Here's a half-boiled mystery and boring bad guys, but the film does have a saving grace: Hawkes' comic timing. Ex-cop Mike Kendall (Hawkes) wakes up each morning wherever his nightly bender has left him. Sometimes he's in his home with his car plowed through the front yard; sometimes he's not. One fateful dawn, splayed in the middle of a field, clinging to some trash, he finds a young woman, bloody and barely alive. Drunken Mike also glimpses a smidgen of hope: He could get a little piece of his old life as a cop back by finding the guy who did this. We're given no sense of whether the woman's murder is commonplace or extraordinary in this community, even though it seems like everyone knows everyone. As the investigation proceeds, and young, sexy corpses pop up in this seemingly serene town, it's never explained where there's apparently a local reserve of lingerie

models ready to get shot or locked up in someone's trunk. The crime genre has long had many a woman problem, but does emulating a throwback style necessitate repeating old mistakes? (April Wolfe)

ONGOING

GO CALL ME BY YOUR NAME Luca Guadagnino's romantic drama *Call Me By Your Name* sneaks up on you — by the end, it stings with the lingering ache of a late-summer sunburn. Adapted by James Ivory from Andre Aciman's acclaimed novel, the story follows 17-year-old somewhat introverted musician Elio (Timothée Chalamet) and 24-year-old doctoral student Oliver (Armie Hammer) through a long, frustrated summer of latent desire and thwarted courtship, culminating in a fervid if ephemeral affair. Guadagnino adeptly captures not just physicality of a burning love but also the emotional and intellectual components, and the film is all the more salient for that careful, realistic interpretation. It's the 1980s. Elio and his family reside in a palatial but rustic Italian villa in the northern countryside, where peaches and other succulent fruits dangle just within reach from the trees shading the family's land. When

Elio's father's new summer research assistant Oliver arrives, the sleepy house suddenly takes on new life. Elio, who slinks in and out of rooms to study the houseguest, at first takes offense at the new student's "arrogant" goodbyes (a casual "Later") and then to his lingering hand on Elio's bare back. But it's really Elio's burgeoning feelings for Oliver that allow these niggling annoyances to get at him. When Elio finally tells Oliver he's attracted to him, the scene is grandly romantic, like a queer *Casablanca* or *Last Year at Marienbad*. When the men are together, endlessly teasing one another, the story sings and surprises. Chalamet is magnetic and unpredictable as Elio. It's thrilling to watch this film and realize that the 21-year-old actor will be in many others. I'm looking forward to the era of the Chalamet leading man. (April Wolfe)

GO COCO By the time it reaches its tearfully joyous finale, Pixar's *Coco* plays like the movie that the most fervent Pixar fans have for a generation been telling me I've been missing every time I haven't bawled my eyes out over the hurt feelings of plastic junk in the toybox. Rather than the quick welling behind the eyes I felt for *Wall-E* or the *Toy Story 2* cowgirl, *Coco* had me crying for full minutes at its last scene, a Día de los Muertos fiesta featuring sugar-skull fireworks, ranchera sing-alongs and that holiday sense of a family's enduring continuity in the face of time and death. Gorgeous and funny, *Coco* offers most of the usual Pixar pleasures. Here's a kiddo's quest to define a self, in this case the descent of young Miguel (voiced by Anthony Gonzalez) into a land of the dead inspired by Día de los Muertos celebrations. It's eye-popping, a richly layered underworld of Mayan architecture, of plazas and bell towers outlined in Christmas lights. Imagine if Mexico City somehow sprawled upward, part *Blade Runner* and part *ofrenda* altar, and then was populated entirely with high-spirited skeletons. As always, the hero must brave the unknown, meet some new pals, escape some dangers and learn that family matters most. *Coco* sags a little in its middle with the weight of the familiar. But the cavalcade of skeletons and extravagantly psychedelized *alebrije* spirit animals never stop dazzling, and *Coco* gets better and more resonant as it goes. When Pixar made me cry *this* time, it wasn't just for the characters on the screen. It was for the people I remember, and the ones I hope will remember me. (Alan Scherstuhl)

DARKEST HOUR Joe Wright's Churchill-finds-his-mojo drama *Darkest Hour* is an epic of loins girding, a rousing wiki-deep summary of the gist of Winston Churchill's first month in power as prime minister, building to his delivery of the second most famous to-arms speech in British history. Wright's film is fleet, wholly convincing in its production design, and in one crucial sense something rare: Here's a war movie about rhetoric rather than battle scenes. "He's mobilized the English

language,” a rival of Churchill’s mutters, in awe, after one of the prime minister’s climactic speeches. To drive the point home, Wright (*Atonement*, *Pan* and the 2012 *Anna Karenina*) shows us the hangdog visage of another rival, played by Stephen Dillane, who looks as if the director, who has no fear of overstating the obvious, has told him a sad trombone bleat will score the shot. The idea that powers Wright’s film is that declaring the will to fight is itself a fight. We meet Churchill in May 1940, when the Nazis have stormed Europe right up to France, and outgoing prime minister Neville Chamberlain (Ronald Pickup) still is insisting that Britain’s best chance to avoid invasion is a peace deal with Hitler. Churchill, of course, vows to fight. Wright is adept at immersing us in place, snaking his camera through this lavish re-creation of a secret London command center. And in lead Gary Oldman, he has an actor he can trust with both the biggest and smallest moments. The last lion roars, when appropriate, but this is a human Churchill. Too bad the sequence of Churchill quizzing everyday Londoners on whether Britain should fight plays hammier than a Midwestern grocery store’s party platter. (Alan Scherstuhl)

FÉLICITÉ Vero Tshanda Beya, the Congolese singer turned actress making her screen debut in Alain Gomis’ tough-minded life-in-Kinshasa character study *Felicité*, can pierce your heart with her croon, rouse your soul with her shout, move you with her mien of cussed indomitability, cut you with her look of wary, weary appraisal. As Felicité, this powerhouse presence at first gets to dazzle us, singing with the storied local trance-boogie “Congotronic” combo the Kasai Allstars. But the show is in a dive without a stage. Soon, we see her at the apartment this single mom shares with her teen son Samo (Gaetan Claudia), bickering with handyman Tabu (Papi Mpaka) about how many hundreds of thousands of local francs it will cost to fix her refrigerator’s fan. Not long after, Samo gets hurt in a motorbike accident, and Felicité must raise the money to save his life. Much of the first half of the film finds this resolute woman shoving her way into places she’s not wanted, often to ask for money. Samo’s father browbeats her like he’s some Greek chorus whose job is to make the themes explicit: “The strong woman,” he sneers, “look at you now!” Desperate, she barges into the gated homes of Kinshasa’s wealthy citizens, asking for money while the help gets charged with dragging her away. One of these scenes turns disturbingly violent in a film that — over two often despairing hours — is a little too long and blunt. But it presses on, telling a story about a woman with little power still finding ways to exert her will upon the world. (Alan Scherstuhl)

FILM STARS DON'T DIE IN LIVERPOOL

Here’s a film in which excellent actors play fascinating people in interesting situations that somehow, in their adaptation from real life to memoir (by Peter Turner) to screenplay to movie

have lost what’s fascinating/interesting about them. The finely realized Annette Bening performance at the center of Paul McGuigan’s *Film Stars Don’t Die in Liverpool* doesn’t power the movie. McGuigan stages this anguished romance between the troubled, aging actress Gloria Grahame and her under-30 pick-me-up hunk Turner (Jamie Bell) as if that thumbnail description is all you need to know. Every scene of their coupling seems crafted to make the simplest of points: That Grahame is deluded and insecure about her age; that Turner, an actor himself, sees an affair with her as some sort of opportunity; that actors, in real life, act out the selves they wish they were. For all that, both leads summon full characters out of the sketches they’ve been given. Bening adopts a fluttery unreliability, making Grahame’s small lies into piercing tragicomedy. Bell’s young man on the make seems torn between love and opportunism, though the screenplay avoids such complexity. In the real world, as here, Grahame — winner of a Best Supporting Actress Oscar for 1953’s *The Bad and the Beautiful* — fell out of her Hollywood success with the death of black-and-white film. The raw facts of her life afterward proved darker than the shadows her movie characters inhabited: an affair with her 13-year-old stepson; electroshock treatment; facing cancer in a bedroom at her much younger boyfriend’s parents’ council flat in Liverpool. So it’s baffling that this Grahame seems so generic. (Alan Scherstuhl)

FREAK SHOW A fleeting reference to *The Crucible* sums up the cultural moment Trudie Styler captures in her bitterly funny and warmly empathetic first feature, an adaptation of James St. James’ young-adult novel. Lynette (Abigail Breslin), the queen bee in an affluent and conservative New England high school, so embraced her role as a Puritanical enforcer that she imbued it with righteous fury. Never mind that Arthur Miller rendered members of the witch-hunting mob as fearful and ignorant conformists, squelching dissent with violence. A lot has changed, for better and worse, since St. James’ *Freak Show* was published in 2007, but Billy Bloom (Alex J. Lawther), an outsider who challenges gender norms, is still targeted for relentless bullying. Screenwriters Patrick J. Clifton and Beth Rigazio use Billy’s voice-over narration as a running commentary of his thought process, by turns defiant and perplexed. The trouble starts right away, on the first day of school, when he arrives dressed like Adam Ant’s dandy highwayman. The more scorn Billy receives, the more outlandish his drag becomes, until his tormentors escalate from spitballs to a life-threatening beating. Styler’s strengths are revealed in the aftermath: She knows Billy’s problems won’t be fixed by official apologies or even challenging Lynette for homecoming queen. Focusing on Billy’s vulnerability as much as his flamboyance (Lawther handles both with aplomb), she charts

his hard-won maturation with sobering insights into his warring parents and fellow students cowed into obedience. Styler swaths Billy in beauty (glorious costumes and majestic wealth) while encouraging him to embrace the imperfection inherent in friendship and love. (Serena Donadoni)

HUMOR ME Occasionally deeply funny and full of heart, Sam Hoffman’s family comedy *Humor Me* follows the story of a once-famous playwright who must move back in with his jokester father to reclaim his career and sense of self. But Hoffman’s feature debut is hampered by well-worn tropes the writer-director seems at first to be aware of — and playing with — before he leans so hard into them that whatever originality the film at first displayed crashes right into a well of rom-com cliché, complete with a scene of a woman chastising a man for walking away from difficult things. Why in the movies do men searching for personal redemption always fall in love at the same time? Hoffman’s casting instincts prove invaluable. He pairs Elliott Gould with a sans-accent Jemaine Clement as bickering father and son Bob and Nate. Bob regales the residents of the Cranberry Bog senior community with his arsenal of “Zimmerman” zingers, some classic Jewish jokes. Nate, a sad sap who can’t finish his next play and loses his wife to a French billionaire, is the self-serious opposition to Bob’s good time. When these two spar in scenes grounded by realism, Hoffman’s relatable, witty dialogue sings — but that confluence rarely occurs. Annie Potts, Bebe Neuwirth and Priscilla Lopez — actors with stinging, practiced comic timing — are unfortunately underused. Neuwirth speaks about three lines total. Hoffman ditches them to focus on Nate’s love interest, played by musician Ingrid Michaelson. Michaelson does her best impression of a soured recovering addict on house arrest, but opposite these powerhouses, she nearly disappears into the scenery. If you must shoehorn a love story into your comedy, please cast a comic actress. (April Wolfe)

GO I, TONYA Craig Gillespie’s raucous Tonya Harding biopic, *I, Tonya*, isn’t all #TeamTonya or #TeamTruth — will we ever know the full, real story? Gillespie doesn’t pretend to be definitive. Instead, he spins the tragedy of Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan into a searing indictment of America’s obsession with “America” and the ways in which public opinion can be irreparably warped by the media. Those expecting camp or catfights won’t find them in Gillespie’s movie, which instead offers thoughtful and somewhat objective critiques, plus seriously dark humor that will elicit uncomfortable gasps of laughter — and invites you to ponder difficult truths. To write the script, the filmmakers traveled to Oregon, where Harding still resides, to capture interviews with her and ex-husband/possible co-conspirator Jeff Gillooly, as well as family members and associates. The film unfolds as a kind of collage of these dramatized interviews

with re-enactments — starring Margot Robbie and Sebastian Stan as Tonya and Jeff — that smash the fourth wall and span Harding’s youth all the way up to and past ... “the incident.” Yes, you see Kerrigan scream out — “Why?!” — but Gillespie’s story becomes about a different physical abuse, that of Harding’s, first at the hands of her mother (Allison Janney) and then at Gillooly’s. Using Harding’s words infuses the story with devastating honesty devoid of sentimentality. Gillespie never slides into condescending melodrama. One of the most beautiful moments comes during Harding’s dramatized interview. Robbie as Tonya has just reminisced about the day she landed her first triple axel. She wipes at her eyes and ashes her cigarette, saying, “Sorry, no one ever asks me about that anymore.” *I, Tonya* ensures they will. (April Wolfe)

JUMANJI: WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE The new *Jumanji* movie is bigger and dumber than the previous, a feat considering the relentless clatter of the 1995 iteration. This time, the kids-to-be-harrowed — bickering, single-trait high schoolers — turn their noses up at the very idea of board games. Jumanji obliges, transmuted into a form they will find more appealing: a 16-bit video game cartridge. Unable to resist retro-game tech, our bored heroes thunk this new-old Jumanji into a vintage console, select the characters they wish to play and then, ka-blammo, all get sucked into the game itself — and into the bodies of their in-game avatars. The freshest element here is body-swap comedy, which finds a high school schlemiel (Alex Wolff) inhabiting man-mountain Wayne Johnson, a selfie-obsessed popular girl (Madison Iseman) mired in the form of Jack Black and a cocksure football king (Ser’Darius Blain) who gets stuck as Kevin Hart. Johnson gets to yammer antsily, which is good for a couple of laughs. Black, pitching his voice high and complaining about being *fat* and *middle-aged*, attempts to find the inner-life-of-a-blonde cliché. Expect much spirited talk about penises. A final teen, a bright but awkward young woman (Morgan Jeanette Turner), gets embodied by Karen Gillan, whose short-shorts and midriff-baring T-shirt are flimsily justified by the filmmakers — Jake Kasdan and a boatload of credited writers — as satire. Gillan, after all, is playing a ‘90s video-game heroine; the funniest scene

involves this uncertain kid trying to pilot that body alluringly. Rather than wild, the jungle here is about team-building and occasional action scenes whose gist you may get from the blur of movement. To describe it for another sentence would be to waste your time and mine. (Alan Scherstuhl)

GO LADY BIRD “I wish I could live through something,” the title character laments to her mother in the opening scene of writer/director Greta Gerwig’s *Lady Bird*. Played with comical intensity by Saoirse Ronan, 17-year-old Lady Bird — nee Christine — is too young to realize that she is inescapably living through something, both in her own world and the wider one beyond Sacramento, the hometown from which she’s eagerly planning her getaway. A heartfelt coming-of-age story that perfectly captures the bittersweet transition from adolescence to dawning adulthood, Gerwig’s directorial debut is a joy from start to finish, a warm, generous snapshot of teenage vulnerability and exuberance. Gerwig has called *Lady Bird* a love letter to Sacramento, where she grew up, and she bathes the city in a golden, pre-dusk light — a testament to the mixed feelings many of us have for the places that made us. Although Gerwig herself doesn’t appear, her giddy energy infuses both the film and character. Gerwig’s first act is a collection of funny, touching scenes of Catholic school life. She and her best friend, Julie (an excellent Beanie Feldstein) snack on communion wafers while giggling about masturbation. The movie is also keenly attuned to the subtleties of American class; when Christine’s mother, Marion, played by the wonderful Laurie Metcalf, takes her shopping, they go to the thrift store. *Lady Bird* is in many ways Marion’s story, too,



PARTY MOM

January 23rd and 24th, 1:30 PM and 3:30 PM
At the Landmark Regent
1045 Broxton Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90024

ANOTHER TANGO

January 25th and 26th, 2:00 PM and 4:00 PM
At the Landmark Regent
1045 Broxton Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90024

offering an insightful portrait of an intimate yet contentious mother-daughter relationship. Gerwig nails the way weeks worth of argument and hostility can drift off like mist when, on a shopping excursion, mother and daughter both spot the right dress at the same time. (April Wolfe)

LOVING VINCENT There's a glorious tension in Vincent Van Gogh's paintings, the thick paint holding each of the artist's gestures like an insect in amber, and the long-hardened material still appearing to shiver and pulse. Animators Dorota Kobiela and Hugh Welchman free that contained movement to make Van Gogh's brushstrokes breathe in *Loving Vincent*, an engrossing exploration of the artist's final days rendered in his signature painting style. Like the work of Van Gogh, whose audacious imagery has been reproduced into ubiquity, their first feature is at once audacious and safe. After a live-action shoot with actors cloaked in the garb of Van Gogh's subjects, Kobiela and Welchman led an animation team in hand-painting the images, so Postman Roulin looks like his 19th-century French counterpart but is also recognizably Chris O'Dowd. It's Roulin's son Armand (Douglas Booth) who undertakes a *Citizen Kane* quest, interviewing those touched by Van Gogh to create his own portrait of the troubled outsider. Kobiela, Welchman and Jacek Dehnelt have written a thorny narrative, with two observant daughters, the gregarious Adeline Ravoux (Eleanor Tomlinson) and aloof Marguerite Gachet (Saoirse Ronan), enriching this compelling vision of the dogged man who engendered derision as much as adoration. These reminiscences are depicted in flashbacks that employ the gelid black-and-white of film noir instead of Van Gogh's blazing, assaultive colors. It's the most daring decision in *Loving Vincent*, a visual reminder that the artist beloved into cliché could feel an encroaching darkness that his voluminous letter writing and extensive artistic output could barely keep at bay. (Serena Donadoni)

MOLLY'S GAME With *Molly's Game*, Aaron Sorkin has written and directed a lead female role that's both powerfully verbose and cautiously thoughtful. As poker champ Molly Bloom, Jessica Chastain seems at times to be both the lead and her own supporting actor in this story, as she oscillates between traditionally feminine and masculine modes of behavior, sometimes inhabiting both at once. Yes, there are some Sorkinese dialogical flourishes that'll have you checking your watch, and — wow — lots of unnecessary cleavage shots, but these demerits are made up for by Chastain's performance (and the absorbing charm of Idris Elba as lawyer Charlie Jaffey). Sorkin has adapted the real Bloom's autobiography, and her drift of mind is fascinating enough that the frequent voiceover narration is engaging, especially performed by Chastain. Hell, if I ever write a book, please God let her record the audio version. The film finds Bloom in Hollywood, working with Dean Keith (Jeremy Strong), a misogynistic industry type. He throws a bag of bagels at Molly's head, which she



LAURIE SIMMONS' MY ART IS AS SINGULAR AS ITS TITLE PROMISES

An art-world satire, a gentle drama of midlife crisis, an incisive study of star presence and its opposite, a re-creation and reclamation of golden-age Hollywood splendor, a low-key stoner comedy, a country idyll with a ramshackle party vibe and Lena Dunham and Parker Posey cameos, a romance so quiet that its sudden insistent erotic tug comes as a joyous surprise: *My Art*, the feature debut of filmmaker-photographer-artist Laurie Simmons, proves coherent in form and feeling despite bustling with modes and ideas and curiosities.

As writer and director, Simmons sets the disparate elements dancing together rather than colliding. As a performer, wry and ever so slightly comically hesitant, she imbues each sequence with a piquant longing, a restless intelligence, a passion to create in spite of the world's indifference that makes her character's struggles moving — and also the existence of the film itself. Simmons collapses the distance between protagonist and creator so winningly that the fact that you're watching *My Art* seems the film's own happy ending.

The story finds Simmons, as a 60ish Simmons-like artist named Ellie, dashing away from New York and her teaching duties to work and relax in a more successful acquaintance's plush country manse. There she

indulges in the absent owner's pot stash, works on a project in which she stages and shoots her own earnest versions of scenes from films like *Bell, Book and Candle* and *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*, and tenderly cares for her terrier Bing, who has lost much of the use of his hind legs to degenerative myelopathy.

Ellie's (and Simmons') re-creations are loving, even fantastical. I gasped to see the Esso station from *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* precisely modeled in the home she's borrowed, complete with snowdrifts and electric lighting.

With a pair of local actors who have turned to gardening (Robert Clohessy and Josh Safdie), plus occasional other open-for-suggestion fellows, Ellie films herself as Marilyn Monroe in *The Misfits*, restages the finale of *Some Like It Hot* and larks through the countryside as the tangled triangle in *Jules et Jim*. These sequences play as unparodic interrogations of the original films, of their resonance, of what they mean to Ellie, of what it means to play-act a Hollywood fantasy, of what vital essence radiated out of the greatest movie stars but is absent in the rest of us.

That's not to say that Simmons fails to command the screen. She has mastered an offhand naturalness that makes Ellie's minor discomfort fascinating. And as a director, she's adept at suggesting mood through composition, the off-kilter, the lovely, the riotous or the unexpectedly piercing. —Alan Scherstuhl

MY ART | Directed and written by Laurie Simmons
Film Movement | Ahrya Fine Arts

instinctively dodges. In that moment, it's clear how Molly has continually adapted to the whims of hotheaded or forceful men. You can't change the man who will throw bagels at your head, but you can duck and react and outsmart him. Dean quickly realizes he has a woman willing to deal with his outbursts and orders her to start running his poker games at the Cobra Club. As she picks up the game like a pro, Sorkin gives us the kind of hot-shot-brilliant-mind montage we rarely see with a female character. (April Wolfe)

GO MUDBOUND "I dreamed in brown," Laura McAllan (Carey Mulligan) muses in voice-over as *Mudbound* begins, and you have to believe her. Dee Rees' gorgeous film opens with the sound of thundering rain and footsteps in muck. Set on a cotton farm in the Mississippi Delta in the 1940s, it offers a full sensory experience, capturing not just the sounds and sights but the smells and tastes of country life.

Adapted from the 2008 novel by Hillary Jordan, *Mudbound* is a true ensemble piece — the film explores race and class in the South through the story of two fated families, the white McAllans and their black sharecropper tenants the Jacksons — narrated by several divergent characters. The trouble begins when the Jacksons' oldest son, Ronsel (Jason Mitchell), comes home from World War II, where he was a tank commander, and befriends Henry's dashing younger brother, Jamie (Garrett Hedlund), a fighter pilot also just back from the front. Ronsel can no longer abide the oppression of life in the Deep South — the constant exploitation of his family's labor, both physical and emotional. Ronsel and Jamie's friendship invites trouble, and they know it. It all builds, inevitably yet subtly, toward tragedy. The movie turns on a series of revelations about its characters, whose hushed, intimate nar-

ration reveals rich inner lives. Voice-overs build on top of voice-overs, and we feel as if we're simply getting to know these people a little better, even while Rees is gesturing toward things to come. The result is a deeply engrossing film — its two-plus hours whiz by — about stumbling one step forward and two steps back toward a more enlightened existence. (Lara Zarum)

GO THE SQUARE Ruben Ostlund's *The Square*, which won the Palme d'Or at Cannes this past May, probably says more about the times we're living in than any other film you're likely to see this year. And yet the beauty of the movie is that everybody will have their own ideas about what, exactly, it is saying. It's not vague, however. Ostlund is specific and exacting as a writer and director, and within *The Square*'s empty spaces, we're forced to confront our own values, and our own visions of ourselves. That idea

is, in fact, what *The Square* is literally about. In a contemporary art museum in Sweden, chief curator Christian (Claes Bang) prepares to host a conceptual art project called "The Square," which is described as "a sanctuary of trust and caring. Within it we all share equal rights and obligations." One could look at this square — an actual square carved into a courtyard — and lament that the world has gotten to a point where such values can only be practiced as part of an art project. The language describing the installation suggests that humanity's natural state tends toward equilibrium and fairness — or that these can at least be achieved by a kind of quiet, willing consensus. When such thinking meets the real world, of course, chaos ensues, and through its somewhat loosely connected, often hilarious vignettes, Ostlund's film questions our understanding of honesty, trust and fellowship. Be it through a bizarre argument about what to do with a used condom or a craven approach to marketing "The Square" itself, the film's scenes suggest that our notions of integrity and community might be a lot more fragile than we think. (Bilge Ebiri)

THREE BILLBOARDS OUTSIDE EBBING, MISSOURI

At first, the prospect of Martin McDonagh (*In Bruges*, *Seven Psychopaths*) skewering some racist Missouri cops delighted me. Frances McDormand as Mildred, a grieving mother who taunts the local police for not solving her daughter's rape and murder, is imperfect rage personified, a lady vengeance for the ages. But as McDonagh's story turns toward the redemption of one very bad cop, Jason Dixon (Sam Rockwell), I found the Irishman McDonagh out of his league in handling uniquely American ills. McDonagh painstakingly humanizes a character who we find has unapologetically tortured a black man in police custody. And then *Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri* seems to ask audiences to forgive and forget wrongs like police violence, domestic abuse and sexual assault without demonstrating a full understanding of the centuries-long toll these crimes have taken on victims in real life. Mildred pays the twerpy little ad man of Ebbing, Red Welby (Caleb Landry Jones), to raise up three successive billboards reading, "Raped while dying," "And still no arrests?" "How come, Chief Willoughby?" Racist, incompetent cop Dixon flips a lid over this, threatening Red. Dixon is protective of the reputation of his boss Chief Willoughby (Woody Harrelson), enough to commit battery against Red. But as we quickly find out from the gossip of nearly every character in Ebbing, Dixon would rather be arresting and torturing black people. And yet despite the gripes I have with McDonagh's handling of urgently-of-the-moment storylines and archetypes, he has also created a character in Mildred who has inspired me to buy maroon coveralls. It is, as with all McDonagh projects, his wicked dialogue that wins my affection, and Mildred's is some of the grouchiest, sharpest I've heard. (April Wolfe)

Neighborhood Movie Guide //

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

HOLLYWOOD & VICINITY

ARENA CINELOUNGE SUNSET 6464

Sunset Boulevard (323)924-1644

Dance Baby Dance Fri, 4:30 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 2:15 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 4:30 p.m.

Delirium (2016-1) Fri, 6:50, 9:55 p.m.; Sat, 6:20, 7:50 p.m.; Sun, 6:50, 9:55 p.m.; Mon, 6:45, 8:15 p.m.; Tues, 6:15, 9:40 p.m.; Wed, 6:15, 9:15 p.m.; Thurs, 6:15, 8 p.m.

The Midnight Man Fri, 3, 8:20 p.m.; Sat, 4, 9:30 p.m.; Sun, 4, 8:25 p.m.; Mon, 9:45 p.m.; Tues, 7:55 p.m.; Wed, 7:45 p.m.; Thurs, 9:45 p.m.

ARENA CINEMA 1625 North Las

Palmas Avenue (323)924-1644

Call theater for schedule.

ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD Sunset Blvd.

at Vine (323) 464-4226

Paddington 2 Fri, 10:40 a.m., 1:20, 4:40, 7:35, 9:45 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:15 a.m., 1:35, 4:50, 7:15, 9:35 p.m.; Tues, 11:05 a.m., 2:10, 4:40, 7:05, 9:20 p.m.; Wed, 10:45 a.m., 1:05, 4:25, 7:35, 9:45 p.m.

Call Me by Your Name Fri, 11:50 a.m., 2:50, 5, 7:20, 10 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:50 a.m., 2:50, 4:20, 7:30, 10:05 p.m.; Tues, 11:50 a.m., 2:50, 5:50, 8, 10:10 p.m.; Wed, 11:25 a.m., 2:20, 5:10, 8:05, 10:50 p.m.

Maze Runner: The Death Cure Thurs, 7, 9, 11 p.m.

12 Strong Fri, 11:05 a.m., 2:30, 4:30, 7:45, 10:30 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sat-Sun, 10:15 a.m., 1, 4:15, 7:45, 10:30 p.m., 12 mid.; Tues, 11 a.m., 1:45, 4:30, 7:45, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.; Wed, 11:05 a.m., 1:30, 4:15, 7:45, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.

Den of Thieves Fri, 11:30 a.m., 2:10, 5:45, 8, 11 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11 a.m., 2, 5, 8, 11 p.m.; Tues, 11:20 a.m., 2:15, 5, 8, 11 p.m.; Wed, 11:05 a.m., 2:15, 5:10, 8, 11 p.m.

Hostiles Fri, 11:15 a.m., 1:25, 4, 7:45, 10:15 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11 a.m., 1:45, 4, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Tues, 11:15 a.m., 1:35, 4:10, 7:15, 10:15 p.m.; Wed, 11:20 a.m., 2:05, 4:30, 7:15, 10 p.m.

The Commuter Fri, 11:10 a.m., 2:30, 5:45, 8:35, 11:15 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:55 a.m., 2:20, 5:35, 8:35, 10:55 p.m.; Tues, 11:25 a.m., 2, 5:40, 8:35, 11:15 p.m.; Wed, 11:15 a.m., 2:55, 5:45, 8:40, 11:05 p.m.

The Post Fri, 11 a.m., 2:25, 4:50, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10:20 a.m., 1:40, 4:40, 7, 9:35 p.m.; Tues, 10:30 a.m., 2:25, 4:50, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.; Wed, 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 4:45, 7:05, 9:40 p.m.

All the Money in the World Fri, 11:50 a.m., 2, 5, 8:05, 10:50 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10:45 a.m., 1:35, 4:25, 7:05, 10 p.m.; Tues, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 4:35, 7:10, 10:05 p.m.; Wed, 11:40 a.m., 1:55, 4:50, 7:20, 10:05 p.m.

Molly's Game Fri, 11:25 a.m., 1:50, 4:45, 7:10, 10:25 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:25 a.m., 2:25, 5:40, 8, 10:20 p.m.; Tues, 11:20 a.m., 1:50, 4:15, 7:20, 10:50 p.m.; Wed, 11 a.m., 1:35, 4:40, 7:55, 10:50 p.m.

Phantom Thread 70mm Fri-Wed, 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, 11:30 p.m.

Star Wars: The Last Jedi Fri, 11:25 a.m., 1:40, 4:45, 7:15, 10:30 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10:35 a.m., 1:40, 4:10, 7:10, 10:45 p.m.; Tues, 11:25 a.m., 1:40, 4:45, 7:15, 10:30 p.m.; Wed, 11:35 a.m., 1:45, 4:55, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.

I, Tonya Fri, 11:40 a.m., 2:45, 5:30, 8:15, 10:45 p.m.; Sat-Tues, 11:45 a.m., 2:45, 5:30, 8:15, 10:45 p.m.; Wed, 11 a.m., 2, 5:25, 8:05, 10:35 p.m.

The Shape of Water Fri, 11:20 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 8, 10:05, 11:15 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:05 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 8, 10, 11:15 p.m.; Tues, 11:10 a.m., 2:15, 4:45, 8, 10, 11:15 p.m.; Wed, 11 a.m., 2:05, 4:45, 8, 11:15 p.m.

Darkest Hour Fri, 11:05 a.m., 1:45, 4:40, 7:50 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10:35 a.m., 1:20, 4:45, 7:20 p.m.; Tues, 11:05 a.m., 1:20, 4:40, 7:45 p.m.; Wed, 10:30 a.m., 1:50, 4:40, 7:55 p.m.

Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri Fri, 11:15 a.m., 2, 5:15, 8:40, 10:50 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 11:15 a.m., 2, 5:25, 8:35, 11 p.m.; Tues, 11:15 a.m., 2, 5:15, 8:40, 10:45 p.m.; Wed, 3:15, 10:30 p.m.

Lady Bird Fri, 12:50, 3:40, 6:35 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 10 a.m., 12:45, 3:35, 6:35 p.m.; Tues, 12:50, 3:50, 6:40 p.m.; Wed, 12:55, 6:35 p.m.

Lawrence of Arabia Mon, 7:45 p.m.

LOS FELIZ 3 1822 N. Vermont Ave. (323) 664-2169

Small Town Crime 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.

The Post Fri-Wed, 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.; Thurs, 1:30, 4:15, 7 p.m.

I, Tonya 1:30, 4:15, 7, 9:45 p.m.

TCL CHINESE 6 THEATRES 6801

Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331

The Greatest Showman Fri, 1:40, 4:45, 7:45, 10:25 p.m.; Sat, 1:30, 4:25, 7:20, 10:15 p.m.; Sun, 12:50, 3:50, 6:50, 9:50 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 1:40, 4:45, 7:45, 10:25 p.m.

12 Strong Mon, 12:45, 4, 7:15, 10:30 p.m.; Thurs, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.

Proud Mary Fri, 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Sat, 12 noon, 2:30, 5, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Sun, 12:10, 2:25, 4:40, 6:55, 9:30 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:50, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs, 12:15, 2:45, 5:15 p.m.

Insidious: The Last Key Fri-Sat, 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.; Sun, 12:35, 3:35, 6:35, 9:35 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 12:10, 2:40, 5:10, 7:40, 10:10 p.m.

Downsizing Fri, 4:15, 10:15 p.m.; Sat, 12 noon, 7:15 p.m.; Sun, 3:40, 9:40 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 4:15, 10:15 p.m.; Thurs, 3:20 p.m.

Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle Fri, 1:35, 4:30, 7:35, 10:30 p.m.; Sat, 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10:10 p.m.; Sun, 12:45, 3:45, 6:45, 9:45 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 1:35, 4:30, 7:35, 10:30 p.m.

Star Wars: The Last Jedi Fri-Sat, 3:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun, 3:10, 9:50 p.m.; 3:40, 10:20 p.m.; Sun, 3:10, 9:50 p.m.; 3:40, 10:20 p.m.

Star Wars: The Last Jedi 3D Fri-Sat, 12:20, 7 p.m.; Sun, 11:50 a.m., 6:30 p.m.; 12:20, 7 p.m.; Sun, 11:50 a.m., 6:30 p.m.; Mon-Thurs, 12:20, 7 p.m.

The Disaster Artist Fri, 1:15, 7:15 p.m.; Sat, 10:15 p.m.; Sun, 12:40, 6:40 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 1:15, 7:15 p.m.; Thurs, 12:40 p.m.

TCL CHINESE THEATRE IMAX 6925

Hollywood Blvd. (323) 461-3331

Maze Runner: The Death Cure The IMAX 2D Experience Thurs, 7, 10:30 p.m.

12 Strong: The IMAX 2D Experience Fri-Sat, 12:45, 4, 7:15, 10:30 p.m.; Sun, 12:15, 3:30, 6:45, 10 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 12:45, 4, 7:15, 10:30 p.m.; Thurs, 12:45, 4 p.m.

Lobbyists & Handprints Tour Fri-Wed, 12:45, 1, 1:30, 1:45, 2:15, 3:45, 4, 4:30, 5, 6:45, 7:30, 9 p.m.

TCL Chinese Theatre Tour Fri-Wed, 9:15, 9:45, 10, 10:30, 10:45, 11:15, 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 3, 3:15, 6 p.m.

PACIFIC'S EL CAPITAN Hollywood

Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-7674

Star Wars: The Last Jedi 1:05, 4:40, 8:15 p.m.

Coco 10 a.m.

PACIFIC'S THE GROVE STADIUM 14

189 The Grove Dr., Third & Fairfax

(323) 692-0829

Paddington 2 Fri-Sun, 7:30, 10 p.m.; Fri-Sun, 11:35 a.m., 2:05, 4:35 p.m.

The Greatest Showman Fri-Sun, 11:55 a.m., 2:45, 5:35, 8:25, 10:55 p.m.

12 Strong Fri-Sat, 10:30 a.m., 1:15, 4:05 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sun, 10:30 a.m., 1:15, 4:05 p.m.

Den of Thieves Fri-Sat, 10:45 a.m., 1:45, 4:25, 7:40, 10:45 p.m., 12 mid.; Sun, 10:45 a.m., 1:45, 4:25, 7:40, 10:45 p.m.

Forever My Girl Fri-Sun, 11:30 a.m., 2:05, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 p.m.

The Commuter Fri-Sun, 11:50 a.m., 2:50, 5:35, 8, 11:15 p.m.

The Post Fri-Sun, 10:50 a.m., 1:40, 4:30, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.

Proud Mary Fri-Sun, 11:40 a.m., 2:40, 5:05, 7:25, 9:40 p.m.

Molly's Game Fri-Sun, 11:45 a.m., 2:35, 5:20, 8:10, 11:10 p.m.

Phantom Thread Fri-Sun, 10:40 a.m., 1:30, 5, 8:05, 10:55 p.m.; Fri-Sat, 12:05 a.m.

Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle Fri-Sun, 11:30 a.m., 2:45, 5:35, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.

I, Tonya Fri-Sat, 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7, 9:35 p.m., 12:15 a.m.; Sun, 11:50 a.m., 2:20, 4:55, 7, 9:35 p.m.

The Shape of Water Fri-Sun, 11:50 a.m., 1:45, 4:45, 7:35, 10:20 p.m.

Coco Fri-Sun, 11 a.m., 1:50, 4:15, 7:05, 9:35 p.m.

VISTA 4473 Sunset Dr. (323) 660-6639

Phantom Thread 2, 5:20, 8:45 p.m.

DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

DOWNTOWN INDEPENDENT 251

South Main Street (213)617-1033

Call theater for schedule.

CGV CINEMAS LA 621 South Western Avenue (213)388-9000

Call theater for schedule.

REGAL CINEMAS L.A. LIVE STADIUM

14 1000 West Olympic Blvd.

(844)462-7342 4046

Bolshoi Ballet: Romeo and Juliet Sun, 12:55 p.m.

Tommy Wiseau's The Room Fri, 7 p.m.

UNIVERSITY VILLAGE 3 3323 S.

Hoover St. (213) 748-6321

Call theater for schedule.

WEST HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS

AMC DINE-IN SUNSET 5 8000 West

Sunset Boulevard (323)654-2217

Call theater for schedule.

LAEMMLE'S AHRYA FINE ARTS

THEATRE 8556 Wilshire Boulevard

(310)478-3836

My Art Fri, 7:20 p.m.; Sat-Sun, 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Mon, 1:50 p.m.; Tues, 7:20 p.m.; Wed-Thurs, 1:50 p.m.

Desolation Thurs, 7:30 p.m.

Django (1966) Fri-Sat, 4:20, 9:55 p.m.; Sun-Thurs, 4:20 p.m.

Gintama Live Action the Movie (Gintama) (2017) Wed, 7 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S MUSIC HALL 3 9036

Wilshire Blvd. (310) 274-6869

Kangaroo 12 noon, 2:20, 4:50, 7:20, 10 p.m.

Mom and Dad 12 noon, 2:30, 7:30 p.m.

Showdown in Manila 4:40 p.m.

This Giant Paper-M, chE Boulder Is Actually

Really Heavy 9:55 p.m.

Dim the Fluorescents 2:10, 7 p.m.

Humor Me 12:10, 5:10 p.m.

The Revival 9:55 p.m.

WESTWOOD, WEST L.A.

AMC CENTURY CITY 15 10250 Santa

Monica Blvd. (888)AMC-4FUN

Paddington 2 Fri-Sun, 10:30 a.m., 1:05, 3:45, 6:30, 9 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:10, 6:45, 9:20 p.m.

The Greatest Showman Fri-Wed, 11:35 a.m., 2:25, 5:10, 7:50, 10:35 p.m.; Fri-Sat, 3:20 p.m.; Sun, 4:20 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 3:20 p.m.

Maze Runner: The Death Cure Thurs, 7, 10:15 p.m.

Bolshoi Ballet: Romeo and Juliet Sun, 12:55 p.m.

12 Strong Fri-Wed, 9:30 p.m.

12 Strong: The IMAX 2D Experience Fri-Sun, 10 a.m., 1, 4, 7, 10:15 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 12:45, 4, 7, 10:15 p.m.

Den of Thieves Fri-Sun, 10:10 a.m., 1:15, 4:20, 7:25, 10:30 p.m.; Mon, 12:30, 4, 7:15, 10:25 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 12:30, 4, 7:15, 10:20 p.m.

Forever My Girl Fri-Wed, 11:50 a.m., 2:30, 5, 7:45, 10:20 p.m.

The Commuter Fri-Wed, 11:40 a.m., 2:15, 4:50, 7:30, 10 p.m.

The Post Fri-Wed, 11:15 a.m., 12:30, 3:15, 6:15, 9:15 p.m.

Proud Mary Fri-Wed, 11:15 a.m., 1:50, 4:25, 7:05, 9:25 p.m.

All the Money in the World Fri-Sat, 12 noon, 6, 9:10 p.m.; Sun, 10:25 a.m., 6:50, 10:05 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 12 noon, 6, 9:10 p.m.

Molly's Game Fri-Sat, 10:20 a.m., 1:30, 4:35, 7:45, 10:50 p.m.; Sun, 10:20 a.m., 1:30, 4:35, 7:40, 10:45 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 12:20, 3:45, 6:50, 10:10 p.m.

Pitch Perfect 3 Fri-Wed, 4:40, 10:05 p.m.

Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle Fri-Sat, 10:45 a.m., 1:35, 4:30, 7:15, 10:05 p.m.; Sun, 10:05 a.m., 1:35, 4:50, 7:35, 10:25 p.m.; Mon-Wed, 11:05 a.m., 1:50, 4:35, 7:20, 10:05 p.m.

Star Wars: The Last Jedi Fri-Wed, 11:45 a.m., 3:30, 6:50, 10:10 p.m.

Coco Fri-Wed, 11 a.m., 1:40, 4:10, 7 p.m.

Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri Fri-Wed, 11:10 a.m., 2:10, 7:10 p.m.

Lady Bird Fri-Wed, 2:05, 4:50, 7:20, 9:50 p.m.

LAEMMLE'S ROYAL THEATER 11523

Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5581

The Insult (L'Insulte) 1:30, 4:10, 7, 9:50 p.m.

Django Mon, 7:30 p.m.; Tues, 1 p.m.

Film Stars Don't Die in Liverpool 1:40, 4:20, 7:10, 9:45 p.m.

In the Fade (Aus dem Nichts) Fri-Sun, 1:50, 7:20 p.m.; Mon, 1:50 p.m.; Tues, 7:20 p.m.; Wed-Thurs, 1:50, 7:20 p.m.

Félicité Sat-Sun, 11 a.m.

The Square Sat-Sun, 10:30 a.m.

Loving Vincent 4:30, 9:55 p.m.

The Wound (Inxeba) Sat-Sun, 11 a.m.

LANDMARK'S NUART THEATER

11272 Santa Monica Blvd. (310)

473-8530; No Texting Allowed

Lady Bird 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, 9:40 p.m.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show Sat, 11:59 p.m.

Ich! the Killer (Koroshiya 1) Fri, 11:59 p.m.

LANDMARK'S REGENT 1045 Broxton

Ave. (310) 208-3250; No Texting

Allowed

The Disaster Artist Fri, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Sat, 3, 5:30, 8 p.m.; Sun, 5:30, 8 p.m.; Mon, 3:30 p.m.; Tues-Wed, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p.m.; Thurs, 3:30 p.m.

Reel Talk Mon, 7 p.m.

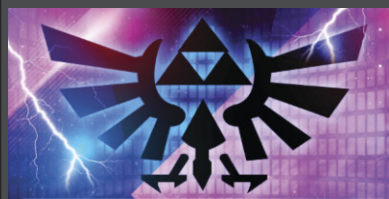
The Room Sat, 11:59 p.m.

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TRIFORCE

FRI. JANUARY 19 · 10PM



BAILE SONIDERO

FRI. JANUARY 19



MATADOR & M.A.N.D.Y.

SAT. JANUARY 20 · 7PM



CHURCH OF THE 8TH DAY PRESENTS:
**GASP, TRAPPIST, DEADBEAT,
FRACTURED & HARM**

SAT. JANUARY 20



XCELLERATED

SUN. JANUARY 21



THE LIVING STRANGE

COMING SOON:

1/25 YUNG GRAVY
1/26 LADY DAMMAGE "COREDOOM"
ALBUM RELEASE PARTY
1/26 SUBLEVEL FEAT. DOC MARTIN/
SUBLEVEL LIVE AND
KENNY GLASGOW
1/26 MARINATE X LATE NIGHT
LAGGERS PRESENTS
1/27 VELVET ACID CHRIST
1/28 #MADFAMILY ADVENTURE
1/29 NEON DREAMS
2/1 NUIT BLANCHE & FONDLE
MAGAZINE: HVOB (LIVE)
2/2 KRAAK & SMAAK (DJ SET)
2/2 SAVED BY THE 90S
2/2 GARI SAFARI

2/3

DEEP PRESENTS: REMEMBER?
XL SERIES W/ LOUIE VEGA &
MARQUES WYATT (ALL VINYL,
ALL NIGHT)

2/3

2/8

SHAUN REEVES AND HALO
MOULLINEX (DJ SET),
DA CHICK, WILD & FREE WITH
SPECIAL GUEST OVERJOY

2/15

2/16

2/17

TRINA
LOVE & LUST 2018
WAZE & ODYSSEY, DENNEY AND
SECOND CITY

2/18

2/22

JOLLOF N CHILL
MOVING CHANNELS FT.
SHIFTY RHYTHMS & FRIENDS

3/2

3/3

CALEBORATE
UNIIQ3 & DAI BURGER:
NAILZ N PONYTAILZ TOUR LA

Los globos

WED. JANUARY 17 · 8PM



SEAN HEALY PRESENTS
DEE-1

THU. JANUARY 18



SEAN HEALY PRESENTS
KRIZZ KALIKO

FRI. JANUARY 19 · 10PM



CLUB 90s

THU. JANUARY 18



CASA DE BAMBA

SAT. JANUARY 20



JOE WHITAKER PRESENTS
FUKR - MEN MUSIC DANCE PLAY

SUN. JANUARY 21 · 9PM



SONIDO LATINO SWEET SUNDAYS

SUN. JANUARY 21 · 10PM



DONNA - A DISCO EXPERIENCE

COMING SOON:

1/20 DILF LOS ANGELES "XL" JOCK/
UNDERWEAR PARTY
1/23 THE MOTH
1/24 FUNKY CUMBIA NIGHT:
QUETZALCOATL, SWAMIS,
SOUL LIBRE
1/25 KARAOKE IS FOR LOVERS -
EMO KARAOKE
1/25 VIVA LATINOAMERICA
1/26 CLUB 90'S
1/27 A CLUB CALLED RHONDA
1/28 NAMM FINALE PARTY
1/28 MICKI MILLER & VENZELLA JOY
LIVE HOSTED BY KEVONSTAGE!
1/28 SONIDO LATINO: SWEET
SUNDAYS

1/31

2/1

2/2

2/3

2/3

2/4

2/9

2/10

2/10

2/11

2/16

2/17

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CLUB 90'S
HIP HOP SHOWCASE
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SWEET SUNDAYS:
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CLUB 90'S
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The Flesh Eaters in 1981, promoting their second album



PHOTO BY SCOTT LINDGREN

Music //

FLESH EATERS RETURN

They were always strange but decidedly great, in an esoteric, assaultive way

BY JONNY WHITESIDE

Before Los Angeles punk rock became infected with the rigidly limiting hardcore ethos and calcified into a grotesque self-parody, it was a wide-open, volcanic crucible. Alongside classic snarling 1977 miscreants like the Weirdos, Skulls, Deadbeats, Bags, there coexisted a deliciously bizarre array of diverse musical tangents — Black Randy's apocalyptic funk, the guitar-free Screamers, the Germs' deconstructed sludge. But the absolute living-end strangest were The Flesh Eaters, a band trading in an assaultive, industrial-strength brand of esoteric rock & roll philosophizing. Led by the intense, cerebral writer-singer-educator-record producer Chris Desjardins (aka Chris D), the Flesh Eaters, despite serial personnel shifts, quickly became a Hollywood institution, one who never sounded like anything but themselves and never did anything that was even slightly predictable.

Perhaps the highest example of punk's disimprisoned aesthetic, the Flesh Eaters staggered and slammed through a propulsive round of shadowy, wrenching albums, all topped off by Chris D's agonized vocals, always detailing otherworldly tableaux that typically found him crawling naked through broken glass to atone for or repair some spiritual or romantic catastrophe. It was a sort of devastating existential psychedelic state: intense, low-lit, scorching

in its brutal immediacy and assuredly not for the fainthearted — the ultimate achievement in uneasy listening.

"I don't think The Flesh Eaters would've happened if it had not been for the U.K. and New York punk scenes goosing Los Angeles' outcast musicians to give it a go here," Desjardins says. "When the L.A. punk scene exploded, I was already writing record reviews for *Slash Magazine*, and I thought, 'Why the fuck not?' I don't need some suit-and-tie, coke-sniffing record company twat to tell me it's OK.

"This was really an important moment, not just for knowing I could play music but also [because] the DIY ethos in every facet of my creative life, including my writing, has always been the prime thing for me. Music writers have often called it indescribable," Desjardins says. "I guess we just do it to play the kind of music we like, the way we like to play it. Or, to paraphrase, before the whole shithouse goes down in flames."

Never one to squander an opportunity to raise some hell, The Flesh Eaters are back, one more in a spasmodic series of reunions, with Desjardins leading the group's stellar and best-known lineup.

"Paradoxically, though I'm the sole lyricist, wrote about three-quarters of the music and am the nominal head of the band, I'm the only one who doesn't make their living playing music," he says. "All the other guys in this lineup, who played on *A Minute to Pray* and *A Second to Die*, the second Flesh

Eaters album, are all very successful in their own endeavors. John Doe and DJ Bonebrake from X, Steve Berlin of Los Lobos, Dave Alvin, formerly of The Blasters, with his band, and Bill Bateman, drummer of The Blasters, as well as other bands around town, such as The Electric Children.

"We do have a booking agency now, so theoretically we could be doing more shows than usual in the next couple of years. Of course, these guys' own bands

"MUSIC WRITERS HAVE OFTEN CALLED IT INDESCRIBABLE. I GUESS WE JUST DO IT TO PLAY THE KIND OF MUSIC WE LIKE, THE WAY WE LIKE TO PLAY IT."

— CHRIS D. ON THE FLESH EATERS

take priority," Desjardins says.

It's not as if Desjardins has been sitting around clipping coupons and waiting for his buddies to free up their schedules. He is a prolific writer and film historian with an eye-popping résumé: "I had a very productive creative life, churning out a 500-page anthology of all my lyrics, poems and

dream-journal entries in 2009; five novels; a volume of short stories; and my long-in-the-works *Gun and Sword: An Encyclopedia of Japanese Gangster Films 1955-1980*. It's 800 pages long, so that was a gigantic magnum opus to bring to a close.

"But I felt creatively blocked as far as writing fiction for a lot of reasons, mostly serious depression," he says. "So I decided to try a bit harder getting my other fellow Flesh Eaters to commit to some more shows — primarily, just to get my ass out of the house."

With five of this city's most celebrated musicians behind him, Desjardins' Flesh Eaters rate both as an all-star sensation and a singular creative exercise, which allows each player to stretch out and reach for invigoratingly unconventional — and hard-hitting — artistic territory.

"We'd always talked about doing more shows with this lineup for years," Desjardins says. "But it always seemed a bit hopeless, as these guys are all workaholic road dogs, and I'm horrible as ever at procrastinating on stuff till the last minute. But somehow, miraculously, there were the five gigs we did up the West Coast three years ago, and now these shows we're playing from San

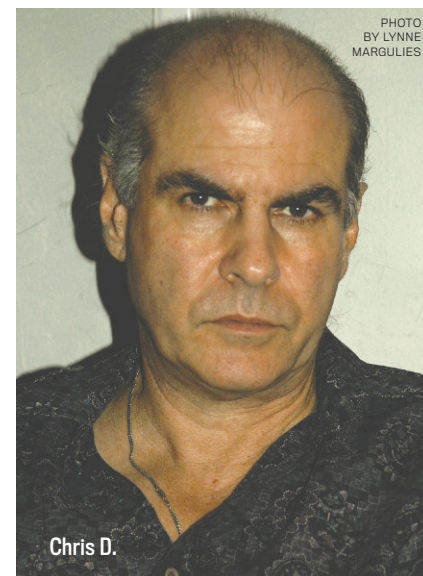


PHOTO BY LYNNE MARGULIES

Chris D.

Diego up to Vancouver."

Desjardins is in the midst of another exhaustive cinema history book, a 500-page international noir/neo-noir compendium. He's also building up to a reformation of his post-Flesh Eaters collaboration with Julie Christensen, the Divine Horsemen, and intends to make another Flesh Eaters album. This will all doubtless come off with the somewhat haphazard yet fateful drive that colors and characterizes his offbeat approach.

"You never know whether you've got another 20 or 30 more years, or 20 or 30 more days, so make them count," Desjardins says. "Do it fucking now before they light the pyre or shovel in the dirt over you."

The Flesh Eaters play at the Echoplex at 8 p.m. on Thursday, Jan. 18.

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THURSDAY • JANUARY 18 • 6PM

JIM JAMES

After releasing the politically charged solo album, *Eternally Even*, in 2016, My Morning Jacket front man, Jim James, returns with *Tribute To 2*, a collection of cover songs that reverberate with fresh meaning. Purchase your copy at Amoeba Hollywood to get your copy signed after his in-store performance.

FRIDAY • JANUARY 19 • 5PM

OF MICE & MEN SIGNING

OC rock band, Of Mice & Men, celebrates the new album, *Defy*, with a signing at Amoeba Hollywood! Purchase *Defy* (out January 19th on Rise Records) in-store only at Amoeba Hollywood to meet the band and get your copy signed. Space is limited — in-store purchases only.

WEDS • JANUARY 24 • 6PM

TUNE-YARDS

Bandleader, Merrill Garbus, and longtime collaborator, Nate Brenner, celebrate their new album, *I can feel you creep into my private life*, with a live show and album signing at Amoeba. Out January 19th on 4AD, purchase your copy at Amoeba to attend the signing after their performance.

WEDS • JANUARY 31 • 6PM

BOOTSYY COLLINS SIGNING

Otherworldly bassist and iconic funk Prophet, Bootsy Collins, visits Amoeba to sign copies of his new album, *World Wide Funk!* To attend this event and meet Bootsy, purchase your copy of the new album, in-store only, at Amoeba Hollywood ON JANUARY 31st. Signing is limited to copies of *World Wide Funk* purchased at Amoeba only.

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Music //
Picks //

fri

1/19

Herman's Hermits Starring Peter Noone

@ CANYON CLUB

"I love my songs!" Peter Noone of Herman's Hermits tells us via email. The singer behind 20 top-20 hits (60 million records sold) is still adorable at 70, with those blond school-boy locks flapping over his forehead and a voice nearly as strong as in the '60s, when "I'm Henry VIII, I Am," "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" and "There's a Kind of Hush" made everybody want to be from Manchester. It's a legacy of masterful pop confection, and nothing encapsulates that better than "No Milk Today," a sentimental biscuit of strings, harmonies and chimes. (Chimes!) Clearly enjoying his hit parade, Noone says, "I think I have 10 more years of touring, keeping a close watch on Mick and the boys to see how they go!" Also Saturday, Jan. 20, at Saban Theatre. —Libby Molyneux

The Flesh Eaters

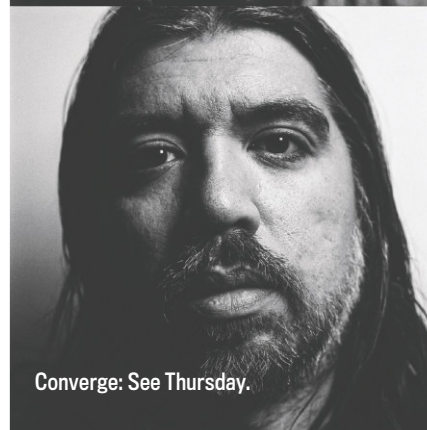
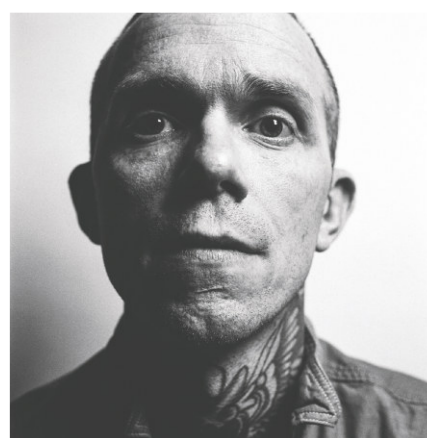
@ PAPPY & HARRIET'S

The Flesh Eaters have evolved from a minimalist early-punk band into a driving, more soulful hard-rock outfit. The group's one constant member, Chris D, is a noted film scholar, record producer and former *Slash Magazine* writer who was prescient enough to sign The Misfits and Gun Club before anyone else realized their commercial potential. Of all Flesh Eaters' releases, the L.A. band's 1981 opus, *A Minute to Pray*, a *Second to Die*, was a curiously compelling work that transcended the limitations of punk. Such morbid tracks as "Digging My Grave" anticipated the funereal obsessions of Nick Cave, whereas Los Lobos saxophonist Steve Berlin's febrile melodies and X percussionist D.J. Bonebrake's mesmerizing marimba patterns on "Divine Horseman" vaulted the group into a wholly strange free-jazz ether. Mr. D. returns with backing from X bassist John Doe and Blasters guitarist Dave Alvin. Also at the Echoplex, Thursday, Feb. 18. —Falling James

G3 2018 with Joe Satriani, John Petrucci and Phil Collen

@ THE ORPHEUM THEATRE

Joe Satriani's 1987 *Surfing With the Alien* was a pivotal release in the instrumental rock-guitar wave that broke through commercially in the late '80s and early '90s. The melodic shredders on that album and those that followed were ear candy for lovers of riffs that were both infectiously catchy and technically dazzling. Satriani conceived of the G3 tour in 1996 as a showcase for instrumental guitar. This year's cavalcade of in-your-face guitar histrionics will again be headlined by the Bay Area guitarist, with support from John Petrucci of prog-metal stalwart Dream Theater and Def Leppard's Phil Collen. If past G3 tours are any indication, the three-hour celebration of rock guitar will inevitably conclude in an overwhelming jam session. —Jason Roche



Converge: See Thursday.



PHOTO BY REID HAITHCOCK

sat

1/20

Gabriel Kahane

@ THE THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL

The way you respond to an event defines what effect it has on your life. The day after the 2016 presidential election, troubadour Gabriel Kahane left behind the trappings of modern life, boarded a train and traveled 8,980 miles, gabbing with people about their hopes and anxieties and what was coming next for the United States. The result is a revelatory prism through which many thoughts — of mail carriers, cowboys, fundamentalist technophobes and coastal nerds alike — illuminate his own preconceived notions about what it is to live in this place and time. Much like that famous bootleg scan of radio broadcasts the night of John Lennon's murder, Kahane's voyage and his resultant piano meditations capture the raw, helter-skelter essence of a moment that really made everyone think twice about what they thought they knew for sure. —David Cotner

Body/Head, Gunn-Truscinski Duo

@ ZEBULON

The respective identities of the Body and the Head in the Kim Gordon/Bill Nace dyad Body/Head are still unclear, but what they lack in piddly nitpickery they make up in frank and brutal freedom by taking free rock to places that those first bluesmen never thought to go. Gordon — you know her and/or love her from Sonic Youth. Nace — nice guy from Northampton, Massachusetts, and handy with a guitar. If you don't like one particular scree or screeed, just wait for the next song and maybe you'll be into that. Also: The Gunn-Truscinski Duo,

which is guitarist and occasional Kurt Vile road-dog Steve Gunn with drummer John Truscinski, playing sometimes meditative, sometimes incendiary noisy folk music that doesn't so much reinvent the round-robin as evolves it into a less aggressive kind of sonic being. —David Cotner

sun

1/21

Choir Boy, Death of Lovers

@ THE ECHOPLEX

Part Time Punks presents even more music riding the cusp of the hunger for a deeper kind of synth pop. First, Choir Boy, the creative outlet for Utahan Adam Klopp, whose vocal range conjures up everyone from ANOHNI to midperiod Mel Tormé and makes lush, yearning music ranking with the best end-credits music from movies of the '80s — and I triple-dog-dare you to tell me that "With One Look (The Wildest Dream)" by Rupert Hine at the end of *Better Off Dead* isn't a stone-fucking-banger. Hotly tipped combo Death of Lovers are also members of the band Nothing and tonight play an exclusive local action in honor of the release of *The Acrobat*, their debut Dais LP, which synthesizes touchstones from Joy Division to Yaz. —David Cotner

Michael Nesmith & the First National Band

@ PAPPY & HARRIET'S

Even when Michael Nesmith was camping it up as one of The Monkees in the mid-'60s, the Houston native was infusing the band's pop-minded recordings with his own distinctive, occasionally country-tinged originals. Although the singer-guitarist rarely gets as much credit for in-

stigmating the country-rock scene as Linda Ronstadt (for whom he wrote her first hit, "Different Drum") and The Byrds, he nonetheless set the template for popular if less distinctive groups such as The Eagles and Poco. Nez reunites his First National Band for a rare live performance, and he'll likely revive such memorable tunes as "Joanne," as well as "Calico Girlfriend" and "Propinquity (I've Just Begun to Care)," two tracks that started as Monkees obscurities before becoming more fully realized with the First National Band. Nesmith performed his final concerts as a Monkee in 2016, so these shows could be the last chance to hear the 75-year-old singer in concert. Also at the Troubadour, Thursday, Jan. 25. —**Falling James**

mon 1/22

Judas Priestess

@ WHISKY A GO GO

Livin' after midnight? Rockin' till the dawn? Then you'll surely want to see Judas Priestess, the world's only all-girl tribute to Judas Priest. Given the official benediction by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer MilitiA, guitarists Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest's storied 45-year history; they're as much a tribute in spirit as they are in sound. Themes of machismo and otherworldliness inherent to heavy metal automatically take on another dimension when they're executed by women, and while Judas Priestess is one hell of a tribute band, they're not so slavishly beholden to copying performances that they haven't developed their own voice. —**David Cotner**

tue 1/23

The Secret Sisters

@ THE MOROCCAN LOUNGE

"Strangers know the songs I write/They come to hear me sing at night," Lydia Rogers laments as sister Laura chimes in with aching harmonies on breakup song "He's Fine," from The Secret Sisters' latest album, *You Don't Own Me Anymore*. "They don't know I've paid the cost/They don't know what I lost." The Alabama duo's harmonies are so heartfelt and lilting, they make up for the bittersweet desolation that lurks within their lyrics. "Your love is serial/All of my sympathy to the poor victim, the lover who follows me," Lydia and Laura warn sagely on the steadfast, defiant title track. The Sisters kick into an uptempo mode on "Tennessee River Runs Low," twining their rich voices over a folksy yet poignant ramble: "The river sings along with me, reaching for that minor key." —**Falling James**

wed 1/24

Combat!, Jaws of Love, Sharaya Summers

@ LODGE ROOM

Greatness spurts forth from the mouth of

seemingly nowhere tonight at the Lodge Room, a converted Masonic Hall in Highland Park, which now welcomes a different kind of community into its beautifully appointed, warmly sentimental arms. Combat! — the current nom de guerre of Mark Nieto — oscillates and vacillates between faraway ambient gems and broke-funk ass-bumping jams, while headliners Jaws of Love — the semisecret identity of singing keyboard enthusiast Kelcey Ayer of Local Natives — tonight plays a selection of heartfelt, piano-driven love songs from the new record *Tasha Sits Close to the Piano*. It's the perfect record to sit and marinate in during rainy days in L.A., because what could be rarer than love or rain in L.A.? Filling out the bill is Sharaya Summers, whose serviceable songs and workmanlike works will make you drift off to another place entirely. —**David Cotner**

thu 1/25

Converge

@ REGENT THEATER

As metalcore devolved into an Auto-Tuned cartoon of itself in the late aughts, with bands simply checking off price-of-admission sonic signatures of sound-alike contemporaries rather than forging original punk/metal mongrelizations, genre pioneers Converge retreated deeper into their creative bubble — and are all the better for it. For their reputation-cementing 2001 album, *Jane Doe*, founding screecher Jacob Bannon and guitarist Kurt Ballou were joined by bassist Nate Newton and drummer Ben Koller, and this foursome have charted a relentlessly single-minded, increasingly adventurous course since. Their ninth album, *The Dusk in Us*, was 2017's most compellingly brutal record, its 3-D urgency and indignation summoned by an exhaustingly attention-deficit rhythm section, Ballou's twinkling fingerwork and a characteristically convulsive performance from Bannon — a man who would apparently recite the alphabet bent double and puce with outrage. —**Paul Rogers**

A Special Tribute to Simon Stokes

@ THE ECHO

Legendary underworld psych-biker shaman Simon Stokes was an unparalleled figure in American music, a brilliant, vastly influential artist prone to dark subject matter and groundbreaking artistic extremes. Stokes finally gets his richly deserved due with an all-star tribute featuring hyper-rare reunions of his '70s-era Incredible Black Whip Thrill Band and mid-'60s lysergic shock troupe Heathen Angels, performing with such illustrious guests as Dead Kennedys founder Jello Biafra, '60s British cult hero Terry Reid (the powerhouse vocalist who famously turned down Led Zeppelin in '68), Throwrag's Sean Wheeler, the Hangmen's Bryan Small and several dozen others. Stokes, battling Alzheimer's, also will make an appearance. This is certain to be both a stunning showcase for his deliciously sinister compositions and a deeply emotional exercise in raw rock & roll tribalism. One for the ages. —**Jonny Whiteside**

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FEB 22 JESSE COOK	FEB 23 THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER	FEB 24 CARROT TOP	MAR 3 GINO VANNELLI
MAR 4 JAKE SHIMABUKURO	MAR 9 THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER	MAR 23 CARROT TOP	MAR 24 GINO VANNELLI
MAR 25 MORRIS DAY	MAR 31 CLUESE	APR 5 ARLO GUTHRIE	APR 14 WHICH ONE'S PINK? PERFORMING PINK FLOYD'S ANIMALS
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24: GINO VANNELLI
25: MORRIS DAY & THE TIME
31: JOHN CLEESE & THE HOLY GRAIL
APR 5: ARLO GUTHRIE
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ALEX'S BAR: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach.

Bellevue, Big Trio & Carina Vitolo, Slippers, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$7. The Mean Jeans, Dirty Fences, The Flytraps, Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m., \$8.

AMOEBA MUSIC: 6400 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Of Mice & Men, Fri., Jan. 19, 5 p.m., free; DJ Dave Aju, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., free. Tune-Yards, Wed., Jan. 24, 6 p.m., free.

AMPLIFY: 5617 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Aelish, Detoure, Vie Jester, The Junglecats, The Absynths, Sat., Jan. 20, 6:30 p.m., \$12.

BARDOT HOLLYWOOD: 1737 N. Vine St., Los Angeles. Jacob Snider, Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m., free.

BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. Suno Deko, Julianna Barwick, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$12. The Shrine, The Mean Jeans, Dirty Fences, The Flytraps, Sat., Jan. 20, 8:30 p.m., \$15. Bloodweiser, Rufrano, Pratley, Dylan Rodriguez, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$7. Jesse Kivel, Matt Kivel, Wellness, Mon., Jan. 22, 8:30 p.m., free. Ethan Gruska, Z Berg, Tue., Jan. 23, 8:30 p.m., \$10. Rainstorm Brother, Madison Cunningham, Motor Sales, Wed., Jan. 24, 8:30 p.m., \$10. Boyo, Lunch Lady, Rose Dorn, Thu., Jan. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$10.

CAFE NELA: 1906 Cypress Ave., Los Angeles. The Mormons, Akrid, Enemy Proof, Sunset Couriers, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$5. La Tuya, Anti Social, Sat., Jan. 20, 8:30 p.m., \$5. Original Sun, Bad Bruno, Sun., Jan. 21, 7:30 p.m., \$5. Akrid, Loss for Concern, Skunk Monks, Thu., Jan. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$5.

THE CANYON AGOURA HILLS: 28912 Roadside Dr., Agoura Hills. Herman's Hermits & Peter Noone, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$38-\$58 (see Music Pick). Al Stewart, The Empty Pockets, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$34-\$44. Little River Band, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., \$68-\$89. Yngwie Malmsteen, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$28-\$58.

THE CANYON SANTA CLARITA: 24201 Valencia Blvd., #1351, Santa Clarita. Tommy Castro & the Painkillers, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$20-\$28. Jefferson Starship, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$28-\$48. The Spazmatics, Thu., Jan. 25, 10 p.m., \$19.50.

THE CAVE: 40789 Village Dr., Big Bear Lake. Wynonna & the Big Noise, Fri., Jan. 19, 6:30 p.m. Metalachi, Sat., Jan. 20, 6:30 p.m.

THE CIRCLE OC: 8901 Warner Ave., Huntington Beach. Yung Pinch, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$10.

THE COACH HOUSE: 33157 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano. Little River Band, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Dick Dale, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m. Herman's Hermits & Peter Noone, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m. Michael Nesmith & the First National Band, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m. John Hiatt, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m. David Wilcox, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m.

THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Cold Showers, Second Still, Numb.e.r, Future Shoxxx, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$12. The Red Pears, Junkie, Jurassic Shark, Beach Bums, Sat., Jan. 20, 4:30 p.m., \$12. Selenamos, Cherry Wine, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$15. Lauren Ruth Ward, Lone Priestess, Vox, Crow, Hydro Kitten, Mon., Jan. 22, 8:30 p.m., free. Jen Cloher, Mia Dyson, Tue., Jan. 23, 8:30 p.m., \$15. Cheap Tissue, The Abigails, Wed., Jan. 24, 8:30 p.m., free. A Special Tribute to Simon Stokes with The Black Whip Thrill Band, Jello Biafra, Terry Reid, Tom Hensley, Bryan Small, Sean Wheeler, Jon Wahl and others, Thu., Jan. 25, 7:30 p.m., \$12 (see Music Pick).

THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Death of Lovers, Choir Boy, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., \$15. See Music Pick.

THE FEDERAL: 5303 N. Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood. Prima Donna, The Two Tens, Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m.-2 p.m., free. Jeffrey Scott Parsons, Mon., Jan. 22, 6:30 p.m., \$25.

THE FEDERAL: 102 Pine Ave., Long Beach. Spank, Smith Forrester, Tre Way & the Now Generation, DJ Qwess Coast, Thu., Jan. 25, 9:30 p.m., \$16.

GASLAMP RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach. Forever 27, Sat., Jan. 20.

GRAND ANNEX: 434 W. Sixth St., San Pedro. Mary Bridget Davies, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$25-\$35.

THE HI HAT: 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park. Surfer Blood, Terry Malts, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$20. The Dirtball, Free Weed, Muskk, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$10. Servile Conceptions, Septic Slaughter, Beneath Flesh, Goreified, Sun., Jan. 21, 7 p.m., \$10. Magic Wands, Spirit Award, Jason Simon & Old Testament, House of Light, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$10.

THE HOLLYWOOD HEMP MUSEUM: 6140 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Weedies Launch Party, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$25-\$199.

HOUSE OF BLUES ANAHEIM: 1530 S. Disneyland Dr., Anaheim. Corazon de Mana, Nubes, Signos, Fri., Jan. 19, 7 p.m., \$15. Appetite 4 Destruction, TNT, American Zombie, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$15. Randy Rogers, Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m., \$20; Metal Allegiance, Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m., \$25.

HYPERION TAVERN: 1941 Hyperion Ave., Los Angeles. Ye Olde Hushe Clubbe, with DJ Don Bolles, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m., free.

KAOS NETWORK: 4343 Leimert Blvd., Los Angeles. D'rok the Menace's Solar Return, Sat., Jan. 20, 6 p.m., \$9.

THE KIBITZ ROOM: 419 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Spooky Ruben, Sundays, 3 p.m., free. The Fockrs, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free.

LARGO AT THE CORONET: 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles. The Watkins Family Hour, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$30. Sondre Lerche, Sat., Jan. 20, 8:30 p.m., \$30.

THE LEXINGTON: 129 E. Third St., Los Angeles. Big Twins, Fri., Jan. 19, 9:30 p.m., \$15. Oilspiller, Mxfrankie, June, Duo, Wed., Jan. 24, 9:30 p.m., \$8.

LODGE ROOM: 104 N. Avenue 56, Los Angeles. Azure Ray, The Elected, Whispertown, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$18. Jaws of Love, Sharaya Summers, Combat, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m., \$20 (see Music Pick).

LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

Los Magnificos, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m. Quetzalcoatl, Swamis, Soul Libre, Wed., Jan. 24, 8:30 p.m., \$5.

MAUI SUGAR MILL SALOON: 18389 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana. The Chimpz, The Knitts, Electric Ferrets, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., free. The Glimmer Stars, Oddsock, David Stucken, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m. No Small Children, Jackknife Stiletto, Raised on TV, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m.

MCCABE'S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. Albert Lee, Fri-Sat., Jan. 19-20, 8 p.m., \$26.50. Joachim Cooder, Robert Francis, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$26.50.

THE MINT: 6010 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Circa 62, All Signs Point To, Protocol, El Sonido Callejero, Cassette Culture, Fri., Jan. 19, 7:30 p.m., \$12. Ciré the Maestro, Nicholas, Sat., Jan. 20, 7:30 p.m., \$35; The Top Shelf Brass Band, John Kutay, The LaLa Brass Band, Paul the Trombonist, Sat., Jan. 20, 9:30 p.m., \$10. Kathryn Dean, Alzkat, Orion, The Stan Nirenberg Band, Sun., Jan. 21, 6:30 p.m., \$15. Hunnypot, every other Monday, 7 p.m., free. Eric McFadden, Queen Delphine, Wednesdays, 8 p.m. Thru Jan. 31, \$22. Bold as Love, The Tony Glaser Band, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$12.

MOLLY MALONE'S: 575 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. Austin Sexton, Fri., Jan. 19, 7 p.m., \$10.

THE MOROCCAN LOUNGE: 901 E. First St., Los Angeles. Guns N' Hoses, Jumperwall, Kings of Neon, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$15. Worn-Tin, Small Forward, Runnner, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$10. Van William, Jonathan Rice, Mon., Jan. 22, 7:30 p.m., \$5. The Secret Sisters, Smooth Hound Smith, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m., \$20. Grace Mitchell, Hawaii, Wed., Jan. 24, 7 p.m., \$14. Sean Gadd, Blackpaw, Pavo Pavo, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$10.

OHM NIGHTCLUB: 6801 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Mozzzy, E-40, SOB x RBE, Dom Kennedy, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$20-\$30.

PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE: 53688 Pioneertown Rd., Pioneertown. The Flesh Eaters, Sean Wheeler & the Reluctant Messengers, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$25 (see Music Pick). The Shadow Mountain Band, Sat., Jan. 20, 5 p.m., free; The Evangenitals, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., free. Michael Nesmith & the First National Band, Sun., Jan. 21, 8:30 p.m., \$30-\$40 (see Music Pick). Open Mic, Mondays, 7 p.m., free. Sleeping Habits, Foxtrax, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., free.

PROJECT CLUB L.A.: 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Sofia Zorian, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m., \$10.

THE REDWOOD BAR & GRILL: 316 W. Second St., Los Angeles. Margaret Garrett, Sunny War, Reanna Bator, Sat., Jan. 20, 4 p.m.; Motorbabe, Terry Quinn & the Weasels, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$5. First Water Ramblers, Sun., Jan. 21, 4 p.m., \$5; The Schizophonics, Woolly Bushmen, Electric Children, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m. Aaron Deily, Mondays, 9 p.m. Thru Jan. 29. Lujuria, Tuesdays, 9 p.m. Thru Jan. 30. Dirty Cakes, Tzamani, Hudud Akil, Zinnigeschrei, Steve & Ginie Jackson, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., \$5. Strange Imperial, The Kyotees, DVLWND, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$5.

RESIDENT: 428 S. Hewitt St., Los Angeles. Circuit des Yeux, Mary Lattimore, Olga, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$14. Persist: A Women's March Decompression Event, Sat., Jan. 20, 1 p.m., free; No Chaperone, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m., free. Greg Fox, Jerkagram, Mildred, Shiroishi/Escalante/Fogel, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$8. Craig Brown, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m., \$8. Tough Age, Smokescreens, Color TV, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m., \$12. Me & You, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., free.

THE ROSE: 245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Jefferson Starship, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$28-\$58. Little River Band, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$58-\$89.

THE ROXY: 9009 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Slow Hollows, Amindi K. Frost, Raener, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$15. Alan Doyle, Donovan Woods, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$23. Arctic Lights, with Raegan Beast, Jonas Bridges, Sam Collins, ItsjustNick, Sun., Jan. 21, 4 p.m., \$25. Retch, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., \$25. Evidence, Domo Genesis, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$20.

THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Modern Time Machines, Sun Colony, Saint Cecilia, Old Toy Trains, Suki Ewers, Mon., Jan. 22, 9 p.m., free. M. Rivers, Robbery Inc., Mad Hawkes, Tue., Jan. 23, 9 p.m., \$10. Naked Walrus, Fime, Terra Alta, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., \$10. Black Adidas, Foe, J. Bonigno, All Systems Know, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m.

SILVERLAKE LOUNGE: 2906 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Joe Dondo, Slow Boat to Nova Scotia, The Vandaliers, The Brunch Crowd, Polymorph, Alone Together, Night Gate, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$15. Nona, Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m., free. Within Sight, Altered Revelations, Divine Intervention, A Nuclear Dream, We Are Wasted, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m., \$10.

THE SMELL: 247 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Plumber, Assquatch, Needs, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$5. Cowgirl Clue, Distractor, Slater, Rinse & Repeat, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$5. Sunwatchers, Amps for Christ, Hollow Street, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., \$5.

THE TERAGRAM BALLROOM: 1234 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. Orgone, Boogaloo Assassins, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$20. Mild High Club, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$20.

TRIP: 2101 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica. The Julian Coryell Trio, Tuesdays, 9 p.m., free. Triptease Burlesque, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., \$5.

THE TROUBADOUR: 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Satellite Citi, Joy Downer, Kid Giant, The Sound of Ghosts, Christopher Piliguian, Fri., Jan. 19, 7:30 p.m., \$18. Valley Queen, Jenny O, Allie Crow Buckley, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$14. Michael Nesmith & the First National Band, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$50.

UNION NIGHTCLUB: 4067 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Gasp, Trappist, Deadbeat, Fractured, Harm, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$10. The Living Strange, The Blank Minds, Roger Greenfield, Sun., Jan. 21, 7 p.m., \$12.

THE VILLAGE AT WESTFIELD TOPANGA: 6250 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Woodland Hills. Azalia Snail, Sun., Jan. 21, noon.

THE VIPER ROOM: 8852 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. The Cocks, High Risk, Fire Tiger, Phillleano, Fri., Jan. 19, 7:30 p.m., \$12. Mustard Plug, Buck-o-Nine, Johnny Madcap & the Distractions, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$20. The Sunset Jam, Mon., Jan. 22, 8:30 p.m., free. Rachael Kennedy, Nico Franc, Emma Rena, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., \$10.

WHISKY A GO-GO: 8901 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Agent Orange, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Esham, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m. Judas Priestess, Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m., \$15 (see Music Pick). Terror Universal, Will Haven, Dopesick, Never Your Zero, Taipan, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m. Dio Disciples, Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m.

ZEBULON: 2478 Fletcher Dr., Los Angeles. Steve Gunn, Julie Byrne, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$17. Body/Head, The Gunn-Truscinski Duo, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$20 (see Music Pick). Simone White, Mark Eitzel, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., \$15. Sunwatchers, Gun Outfit, Sumatraban, Katiee, Mon., Jan. 22, 9 p.m., \$12. Chastity Belt, Sofia Bolt, Upset, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m., \$15.

—Falling James

JAZZ & BLUES

ALVAS SHOWROOM: 1417 W. Eighth St., San Pedro. Rabea Massaad, Sat., Jan. 20, 3:30 p.m., free.

ARCADIA BLUES CLUB: 16 E. Huntington Dr., Arcadia. The Al Holbrook Band, Fri., Jan. 19, 7 p.m., \$10. Imperial Crowns, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$10.

THE BAKED POTATO: 3787 Cahuenga Blvd. W., Studio City. El Trio, Jan. 19-20, 9:30 p.m., \$25. Armand Sabal-Lecco's Positive Army, Sun., Jan. 21, 9:30 p.m., \$20. Scott Kinsey, Mon., Jan. 22, 9:30 p.m., \$20. Stu Hamm, Tue., Jan. 23, 9:30 p.m., \$30. Ohm, Wed., Jan. 24, 9:30 p.m., \$25. Virgil Donati, Thu., Jan. 25,

9:30 p.m., \$30.

BLUEWHALE: 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., Los Angeles. Mark de Clive-Lowe, Jan. 19-20, 8 p.m., \$15. Kalia Vandever, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m. Erin Bentlage, Mon., Jan. 22, 9 p.m. Jason Marsalis, Tue., Jan. 23, 9 p.m. The Bob Reynolds Guitar Band, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$25.

BURBANK MOOSE LODGE: 1901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

CATALINA BAR & GRILL: 6725 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Lee Ritenour, Dave Grusin, Jan. 19-20, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 21, 9:30 p.m. Mark Arthur Miller, Thu., Jan. 25, 8:30 p.m.

COLOMBO'S ITALIAN STEAKHOUSE & JAZZ CLUB: 1833 Colorado Blvd., Eagle Rock. Steve Thompson, Fridays, 5:30 p.m., free. Ernie Draffen, Saturdays, 5:30 p.m., free. The Eric Ekstrand Trio, Mondays, 4:30 p.m., free. Trifecta, Thursdays, 7 p.m., free.

DESERT ROSE: 1700 Hillhurst Ave., Los Angeles. The Mark Z. Stevens Trio, Saturdays, 7-11 p.m., free.

GRIFFINS OF KINSALE: 1007 Mission St., South Pasadena. Barry "Big B" Brenner, Thursdays, 8 p.m., free.

HARVELLE'S SANTA MONICA: 1432 Fourth St., Santa Monica. The Toledo Show, Sundays, 9:30 p.m., \$10. The House of Vibe All-Stars, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.

KOBE JAPANESE STEAK HOUSE & LOUNGE: 3001 Old Ranch Parkway, Seal Beach. The Blue Machine, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$10. Tyghtship, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$12.

LAS HADAS: 9048 Balboa Blvd., Northridge. Cool Blue, Mondays, 7-9 p.m., free. Johnny Vana's Big Band Alumni, Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., free; Mariachi Tenochtitlán, Tuesdays, 8 p.m., free. Rex Merriweather, Wednesdays, 8-10 p.m., free.

THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE: 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. The Alex Snyderman Quartet, Sat., Jan. 20, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. The Paul Young Quartet, Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Joe Santa Maria Quintet, Wed., Jan. 24, 6-9 p.m., free.

THE MIXX RESTAURANT & BAR: 443 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena. John Pisano's Guitar Night, Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m., free.

94TH AERO SQUADRON: 16320 Raymer Ave., Van Nuys. Adrian Galysh, Fridays, 6-9 p.m., free.

PERCH: 448 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. The Joey Dosik Trio, Fridays, 7 p.m., free. The Todd Hunter Trio, Saturdays, 12-3 p.m., free. The Jesse Palter Quartet, Sundays, 12-3 p.m., free. Ben Rose, Thursdays, 7-10 p.m.; Sundays, 7-10 p.m., free. The Molly Miller Trio, Mondays, 7 p.m., free. The Brian Swartz Quintet, Tuesdays, 7-10 p.m., free. Raquel Rodriguez, Wednesdays, 7 p.m., free.

PIPS PIZZA PASTA SALADS: 1356 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Jeff Robinson, Fridays, 8 p.m., free. Cal Bennett, Sundays, 11 a.m., free. Barbara Morrison, Tuesdays, 7 p.m., free.

RIVIERA 31: Hotel Sofitel, 8555 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. Ryan Cross, Mondays, 9 p.m.

SEVEN GRAND: 515 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles. The Makers, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free.

STARBOARD ATTITUDE: 202 The Pier, Redondo Beach. Open mic, Wednesdays, 7 p.m., free.

TUNING FORK: 12051 Ventura Place, Studio City. Barry "Big B" Brenner, Wednesdays, 8:30 p.m., free.

VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ: 2930 Beverly Glen Circle, Bel-Air. The Reverend Shawn Amos, Fri., Jan. 19, 6:30 & 9 p.m., \$20. Robert Kyle, Sat., Jan. 20, 6:30 & 9 p.m., \$20. The Alex Snyderman Quartet, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., free. Victoria Noyes, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m., \$20. Michael Whittaker, Wed., Jan. 24, 8 p.m., \$20. Rogelio Douglas Jr., Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$20.

WEST HOLLYWOOD CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS: 625 N. San Vicente Blvd., West Hollywood. Paris Chansons, Sat., Jan. 20, 5 p.m., free.

THE WORLD STAGE: 4321 Degnan Blvd., Los Angeles. The Phil Ranelin Jazz Ensemble, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., \$20. Ladies Love Laughter, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$10.

THE YORK: 5018 York Blvd., Highland Park. The Elliott Caine Quintet, Sun., Jan. 21, 7:30 p.m., free.

—Falling James

LATIN & WORLD

CANA RUM BAR: 714 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Sitara Son, Tuesdays, 10 p.m., free. Likkle Reggae Band, Wednesdays, 10 p.m., free.

COCOPALM RESTAURANT: 1600 Fairplex Dr., Pomona. Chino Espinoza y los Duenos del Son, Fridays, 10 p.m., free.

THE CONGA ROOM: 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Discoteca DTLA, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., TBA. Conga



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LAS PERLAS: 107 E. Sixth St., Los Angeles. Voz Bohemia, Mondays, 10 p.m., free.

—Falling James

COUNTRY & FOLK

BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Eddie Matthews Band, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$15.
THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. M.R. Snakes, Fri., Jan. 19, 9 p.m., free. Groovy Rednecks, The Livingstons, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., free. The Hot Club of L.A., Mondays, 8:30 p.m., free. Aaron Kimbell, Tue., Jan. 23, 9 p.m., free. Alice Austin, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., free. Amy Mendoza & the Strange Vacation, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., free.
THE COFFEE GALLERY BACKSTAGE: 2029 N. Lake Ave., Altadena. The Honey Whiskey Trio, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$18. Brett Perkins, Sat., Jan. 20, 3 p.m., \$15; Rattle the Knee, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$20. Alex DePue, Miguel de Hoyos, Sun., Jan. 21, 2 p.m., \$25; Tim Weisberg, Sun., Jan. 21, 6 p.m., \$20. Mood Indigo, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m., \$20. Skip Heller, Birdie Jones, Bill Burnett, Marc Platt, Dylan Brody, Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m., \$10.
JOE'S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. Plasticsoul, The Armoires, Huxley Rittman, Rockford, Sat., Jan. 20, 3 p.m., free; The Kyle Gass Band, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., free. The Messaround, with Nolan Porter, Candy Zappa, King Cotton's Aggravation, Del Casher, Sun., Jan. 21, 6 p.m., free; Woody's Big Surprise, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., free. Casey MacGill, Mon., Jan. 22, 9 p.m., free. The Jennifer Keith Sextet, Tue., Jan. 23, 9 p.m. Doña Oxford, Wed., Jan. 24, 9 p.m., free. Paul Pigat & the Memphis Kings, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m.

—Falling James

DANCE CLUBS

THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. The Rap Contest, presented by Sellassie, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.-1:30 a.m., \$20. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.
ALEX'S BAR: 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. The Good Foot, third Friday of every month, 9 p.m., \$5-\$7.
AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Low Steppa, Wet Hand Dan, DMorse, Diamond Heist, Knox, Fri., Jan. 19, 9:30 p.m. Ben Nicky, Kane Michael, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m. TigerHeat, Thursdays, 10 p.m., \$5.
BOARDNER'S: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Sinister, Saturdays, 10 p.m., \$10-\$20. Blue Mondays, Mondays, 8 p.m., \$3-\$7.
COUTURE: 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Los Angeles. Girl Power, Sun., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., \$10.
THE ECHO: 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Funky Sole, with Music Man Miles, DJ Soft Touch and others, Saturdays, 10 p.m., free-\$5.
THE ECHOPLEX: 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Bootie L.A.: Bowie vs. Prince Mashup Night, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$5 & \$10. Echo Flex: A 2000s-Era Hip-Hop Party, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m. Dub Club, a night of reggae, Wednesdays, 9 p.m., \$7.
EXCHANGE L.A.: 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Giuseppe Ottaviani, Sneijder, Gai Barone, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m., \$15-\$90.
GOLD DIGGERS: 5632 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Lady Millionaire, third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m.-2 a.m. Thru April 21, free.
GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB: 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21+, Fridays, 9 p.m., \$8.
HITMAN COFFEE SHOP: 659 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. DJ Sneak, Sun., Jan. 21, noon, \$20-\$50.
THE HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT HOTEL: 7000 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Benny Benassi, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$40.
LA CITA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Punky Reggae Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony,

Fridays, 9 p.m., \$5. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Sundays, 2-9 p.m., free; DJ Paw, 21+, Sundays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free. DJ Moist, Mondays, 9 p.m., TBA. Fade L.A., with Sucia Bonita, Tue., Jan. 23, 9 p.m.
LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Club '90s, Fridays, 10 p.m. DILF L.A. XL Jock/Underwear Party, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$15; Bootie L.A., Saturdays, 10 p.m., \$5 & \$10. DJ Jason Lavitt, Sun., Jan. 21, 10 p.m. Viva Latinoamerica, with DJ Chi Kamení, Thu., Jan. 25, 9:30 p.m.
THE MARKE: 3311 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Element Thursdays, with AD, Thu., Jan. 25, 10 p.m., \$10 & \$15.
THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Candi Pop Dance Party, third Friday of every month, 9 p.m., \$5 & \$10. Dance Yourself Clean, Saturdays, 9 p.m., \$5.
SHORT STOP: 1455 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Super Soul Sundays, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Motown on Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., free.
SOUND NIGHTCLUB: 1642 N. Las Palmas Ave., Los Angeles. Sander Kleinenberg, Lee Wells, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$15-\$25. Sacha Robotti, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m., \$15-\$30. BlackGummy, Thu., Jan. 25, 10 p.m., \$10-\$20.
THE STARDUST: 7643 Firestone Blvd., Downey. FGFC820, Sat., Jan. 20, 9:30 p.m., \$15.
THAT '80S BAR: 10555 Mills Ave., Montclair. '80s Dance Party, with new wave, old-school and freestyle favorites, Fridays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-2 a.m., \$5-\$10.
TOKYO BEAT: 319 E 2nd St, Ste 205, Los Angeles. EMX Dance Electric, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m. Tokyoteque, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m.
UNION NIGHTCLUB: 4067 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles. Baile Sondero, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$10; Matador, M.A.N.D.Y., Rinzen, Jia, Modus, Haas, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$15-\$25; Tri-force, Zereticz, Macheddie, Mr. Kirros, Muckmouth, Dreamlyfe, St4rfox, Fluctuating Frequencies, Fri., Jan. 19, 10 p.m., \$15 & \$20. Xcellerated, Annix, MC Eksman, Serial Killaz, Voltage, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., \$25. Yung Gravy, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m., \$15-\$70.
THE UNIVERSAL BAR & GRILL: 4093 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood. Impress & Destruct, hosted by Kasper, Thu., Jan. 25, 8:30 p.m., \$8.
VAMPIRE LOUNGE & TASTING ROOM: 9865 S. Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills. DJ Viki Love, Fri., Jan. 19, 5 p.m. Julietta, Sat., Jan. 20, 6 p.m. 3rd Eye Tribe, Mon., Jan. 22, 5 p.m.
THE VIRGIL: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Funkmosphere, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.-2 a.m., free-\$5.

—Falling James

For more listings, please go to [laweekly.com](#).

CONCERTS

FRIDAY, JAN. 19

DE LUX: 9 p.m., \$20. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.
DREZO: With Loosid, Ryan Collins, 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
GO G3: With Joe Satriani, John Petrucci & Phil Collen, 7:30 p.m., \$35-\$99.50. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.
IHEARTRADIO ALTER EGO: With Mumford & Sons, Cage the Elephant, Beck, Spoon, Walk the Moon, The National, Dashboard Confessional, 7:30 p.m., \$41-\$181. The Forum, 3900 W. Manchester Blvd., Inglewood.
GO INARA GEORGE: 7 p.m., \$20. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.
J BALVIN: 9 p.m., \$70. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
JUAN DE MARCOS & THE AFRO-CUBAN ALL-STARS: With The Harold López-Nusso Trio, 8 p.m., \$40-\$68. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge. **SKULLCRACK:** With Time 2 Kill, Sacred Fire, Common War, 7:30 p.m. Garden Amphitheatre, 12762 Main St., Garden Grove.
TUJUANA PANTHERS: With Spendtime Palace, Sweet Nobody, in the Constellation Room, 8 p.m., \$15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
WOLF PARADE: With Charly Bliss, 9 p.m., \$35. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20

DIANE SCHUUR, ERNIE WATTS: 8 p.m., \$40. Ann & Jerry Moss Theater, New Roads School, 3131 Olympic

Blvd., Santa Monica.
GO GABRIEL KAHANE: 8 p.m. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.
GO HERMAN'S HERMITS & PETER NOONE: 9 p.m., \$38-\$64. Saban Theatre, 8440 W. Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills. See Music Pick.
HIP-HOP ER L.A. TOUR: 7 p.m., \$78-\$288. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.
JON JANG: 7 p.m., \$10. Fowler Museum at UCLA, Sunset & Westwood blvds., Westwood.
JOYCE MANOR: With Surf Curse, Peach Kelli Pop., 2:30 p.m., \$15. Union Station, 800 N. Alameda St. Ste 203, Los Angeles.
THE MAKAHA SONS: With Jerome Koko, Kimo Artis, Mark Yim, 2 p.m., \$47. The Ruth B. Shannon Center for the Performing Arts, 6760 Painter Ave., Whittier.
SAINT MOTEL: With DJ Douggpound, Kolars, Johnny Pemberton, 7 p.m., \$27.50. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
STEEP CANYON RANGERS: 8 p.m., \$22-\$45. Smothers Theatre, Pepperdine University, 24255 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu.
TUJUANA PANTHERS: With Shattered Faith, Rudy De Anda, in the Constellation Room, 8 p.m., \$15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
THE WHITE BUFFALO: 8 p.m., \$20. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
WOLF PARADE: With Charly Bliss, 9 p.m., \$35. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.
GO YEMEN BLUES: 8 p.m., \$30-\$50. Luckman Fine Arts Complex, 5151 State University Dr., Los Angeles.
ZOSO: 8 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

SUNDAY, JAN. 21

CARRIE NEWCOMER: 7 p.m., \$20-\$40. Smothers Theatre, Pepperdine University, 24255 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu.
DIRTY FENCES: With Mean Jeans, Weird Night, Bud O.D., Blivet, Pleo Sha, 3:30 p.m. Garden Amphitheatre, 12762 Main St., Garden Grove.
DRAKEO THE RULER: With Shoreline Mafia, Noise in the Hood., 7 p.m., \$27.50. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.
LAURENCE JUBER: 3 p.m., \$20. Grace First Presbyterian Church, 3955 N. Studebaker Rd., Long Beach.
WOLF PARADE: With Charly Bliss, 8 p.m., \$25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23

TWO FEET: With Absofacto, 8 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24

ASAP ROCKY: 11 p.m., \$75. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
AVATAR: With The Brains, Hellzapoppin Circus Sideshow, 7:40 p.m., \$25. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.
FLAMINGOSIS: 9 p.m., \$15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
GIRAFFAGE: 9 p.m., \$26. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.
JOYNER LUCAS, DIZZY WRIGHT: With Marlon Craft, 8:30 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
YNGVIE MALMSTEEN: 8 p.m., \$22.50. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25

ASAP ROCKY: 11 p.m., \$75. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
AUGUST BURNS RED: With Born of Osiris, Erra, Ocean Grove, 6:30 p.m., \$25. The Belasco Theater, 1050 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.
BAHAMAS: 8 p.m., \$25. Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles.
BONZO BASH: A CELEBRATION OF JOHN BONHAM: 6 p.m. The Yost Theater, 307 N. Spurgeon St., Santa Ana.
BRAD PAISLEY: With Dustin Lynch, Chase Bryant, Lindsay Ell, 7 p.m., \$29.99-\$129.99. Staples Center, 1111 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.
GO CONVERGE: With Sumac, Cult Leader., 8 p.m., \$24. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.
DIMEBASH: 7 p.m., \$33. The Observatory, 3503 S.

Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
DVSN: 9 p.m. The Novo by Microsoft, 800 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles.
GO ST. VINCENT: 7 p.m., \$42.50. Hollywood Palladium, 6215 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.
GO STEWART COPELAND: With Nathan Granner, Jamie Chamberlin, 6 p.m., \$100 & \$200. Long Beach Terrace Theater, 300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach.
GO THE VICTOR WOOTEN TRIO: 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
THE WOMBATS: With Future Feats, Nation of Language, 8:30 p.m., \$25. The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

—Falling James

UPCOMING

JANUARY

ALARM WILL SOUND: Sat., Jan. 27, 8 p.m., \$29-\$59. UCLA, Royce Hall.
GO CANDIDE: Kelsey Grammer appears in L.A. Opera's presentation of Leonard Bernstein's operatic update of Voltaire's satire, Sat., Jan. 27, 7:30 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 3, 7:30 p.m.; Thu., Feb. 8, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 11, 2 p.m.; Thu., Feb. 15, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 18, 2 p.m., \$20-\$300. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.
THE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF PHILADELPHIA: The groups disburse classical works and jazzy extrapolations by Schuller, Ravel, Schnyder, Riley and Vidkiss, in the Harold Prince Theatre, Wed., Jan. 31, 7:30 p.m., \$30. Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts.
CHRIS BOTTI: Fri., Jan. 26, 7 p.m., \$35-\$92. The Wiltern.
CHRIS HILLMAN, HERB PEDERSEN & JOHN JORGENSEN: Sat., Jan. 27, 7:30 p.m., \$44. Janet & Ray Scherr Forum Theatre.
GO CONVERGE: With Sumac, Cult Leader, in the Constellation Room, Fri., Jan. 26, 8 p.m., \$18. The Observatory.
HERBIE HANCOCK: Sat., Jan. 27, 8 p.m. Walt Disney Concert Hall.
JOHN HIATT: Fri., Jan. 26, 9 p.m., \$48-\$78. Saban Theatre.
K-EARTH TOTALLY '80S: With Boy George, Adam Ant, The Bangles, Violent Femmes, Salt N Pepa, The Romantics, Tone Loc, A Flock of Seagulls, Dramarama, Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five, The Sugarhill Gang, Nick Heyward, Fri., Jan. 26, 6:30 p.m., \$19.50-\$750. Honda Center.
MESHUGGAH: With Code Orange, Toothgrinder, Mon., Jan. 29, 6:30 p.m., \$25-\$35. The Wiltern.
NAOR ZION: Sat., Jan. 27, 8:30 p.m., \$60-\$80. Wilshire Ebell Theatre.
THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA: With Charles Dutoit, Fri., Jan. 26, 8 p.m., \$49-\$85. Valley Performing Arts Center.

CLASSICAL & NEW MUSIC

CHATHAM BAROQUE: The ensemble is joined by soprano Pascale Beaudin for a set of music by Henry Purcell, William Lawes and Robert Johnson, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$35. St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, 1031 Bienveneda Ave., Pacific Palisades.
CIRCA ENSEMBLE: The acrobatic group suspend themselves while a chamber-music ensemble TBA performs music from Monteverdi's opera *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m. Musco Center for the Arts, Chapman University, 1 University Dr., Orange.
CRISTINA MONTES-MATEO: The harpist plucks rhapsodic melodies and dances by Louis Spohr, Jesús Guridi, Félix Godefroid, Marcel Grandjany, Camille Saint-Saëns, Gerardo Gombau and Manuel de Falla, Sat., Jan. 20, 3 p.m., free. First Lutheran Church & School, 2900 W. Carson St., Torrance.
DISTANT WORLDS: MUSIC FROM FINAL FANTASY: With composer Nobuo Uematsu and conductor Arnie Roth, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$49.95-\$95.95. Microsoft Theater, 777 Chick Hearn Court, Los Angeles.
GO GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT: PROPHECY, AUTOMATISM AND DISCERNMENT: In conjunction with Yayoi Kusama's "Infinity Mirrors" exhibit, the fearlessly transgressive performance artist Ron Athey and composer Sean Griffin present the U.S. debut of a performance/installation that aligns a dozen writers, six typists, various musicians and a hypnotist as a kind of "automatic writing machine" that uses "infinity as a texture" as part of a theatrical group collaboration, Thu., Jan. 25, 7 & 9 p.m., \$25. Vibiana,

214 S. Main St., Los Angeles. See GoLA.

INNA FALIKS: Joined by Scott Dunn, Billy Childs, Louise Thomas and Daniel Schlosberg, the pianist revives Frederic Rzewski's *The People United Will Never be Defeated* and Julius Eastman's *Gay Guerilla* as part of the Jacaranda series, Sat., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., \$45. First Presbyterian Church, 1220 Second St., Santa Monica.

KATELYN EMERSON: The young organist wrings out selections by Rheinberger, Bach, Sowerby, Grigny and others, Sun., Jan. 21, 7:30 p.m., \$20-\$59. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

GO L.A. PHILHARMONIC: Cellist Robert de-Maine works up the U.S. premiere of Bernd Alois Zimmermann's Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, which features choreography by Tero Saarinen, and Susanna Mälkki conducts Richard Strauss' *An Alpine Symphony*, Fri.-Sat., Jan. 19-20, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 21, 2 p.m., \$20-\$188. Tianyi Lu conducts Antonín Dvořák's Ninth Symphony, in a concert for kids, Sat., Jan. 20, 11 a.m., \$22 & \$26. Principal timpanist Joseph Pereira hammers out the world premiere of his own composition *Threshold*, and Gustavo Dudamel returns to conduct Stravinsky's *Fireworks* and Brahms' First Symphony, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m.; Fri., Jan. 26, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 28, 2 p.m., \$20-\$209. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., L.A.

GO L.A. PHIL NEW MUSIC GROUP: Electronics manipulator Charles Bascou and The Lyrus Quartet skate along the icy edges of Francesca Verunelli's *Unfolding*, and Susanna Mälkki conducts pieces by Francesco Filidei and Helmut Lachenmann following the world premiere of Marcos Balter's *Things Fall Apart*, Tue., Jan. 23, 8 p.m., \$20-\$59. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles. See GoLA.

MIRIAN CONTI: The Argentine pianist rolls out tangos and other compositions by Lalo Schiffrin alongside selections by Mompou, Chopin and Bach, Sun., Jan. 21, 6 p.m., free. LACMA, Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

ONE HAND, ONE HEART: 100 YEARS OF BERNSTEIN: Mary Testa, Jessica Vosk, David Burnham, Alex Getlin, Joshua Israel, Scott Coulter, John Boswell and The Cal State Fullerton University Chorus pay homage to Leonard Bernstein, Fri.-Sat., Jan. 19-20, 7:30

p.m., \$89. Samueli Theater, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

GO PACIFICA QUARTET: The latest edition of the ensemble laces together three string quartets by Ludwig van Beethoven, in a presentation by The Da Camera Society, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., \$65 & \$85. Doheny Mansion, 10 Chester Place, Los Angeles. See GoLA.

THE PASADENA MASTER CHORALE: The choir belts out works by Brahms and Fauré, following the world premiere of Jeffrey Bernstein's *Our Father My Father*, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$25. Altadena Community Church, 943 E. Altadena Dr., Altadena.

PASADENA SYMPHONY: Violinist Blake Pouliot roams through Bach's Concerto for Violin & Oboe, and soprano Sherezade Panthaki is featured as Nicholas McGegan conducts selections by Rameau, Telemann, Handel, Graun and Matthewson, Sat., Jan. 20, 2 & 8 p.m., \$35 & up. Ambassador Auditorium, 131 S. St. John Ave., Pasadena.

PAUL JACOBS: The organist rummages through a lot of J.S. Bach and a little Franz Liszt in a solo recital, Sun., Jan. 21, 7 p.m., \$10 & up. Renée & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

REDLANDS SYMPHONY: Ransom Wilson conducts an evening of Mendelssohn, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., \$15-\$70. Memorial Chapel, University of Redlands, 1200 E. Colton Ave., Redlands.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC: Pianist Jean-Yves Thibaudet anchors Camille Saint-Saëns' Piano Concerto No. 5, and Thierry Fischer fills in for the disgraced Charles Dutoit in conducting Respighi's *Fountains of Rome* and Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m., \$48. Renée & Henry Segerstrom Concert Hall, 600 Town Center Dr., Costa Mesa.

THE SANTA MONICA HIGH SCHOOL CHAMBER

ORCHESTRA: Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m., free. Laemmle Monica Film Center, 1332 2nd St., Santa Monica.

SYMPHOMANIA: Members of The San Fernando Valley Symphony Orchestra perform a program TBA, Sat., Jan. 20, 2 p.m., free. El Segundo Library, 111 W. Mariposa Ave., El Segundo.

—Falling James

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Notices

656 Legal Notices

FL-110 Summons (Family law). NO-TICE TO RESPONDENT: Arnulfo Perez Hernandez. You have been sued. Read the information below and on the next page. Petitioner's name is: Enedina Perez. CASE NUMBER: 17STFL04379. You have 30 calendar days after this summons and petition are served on you to file a response (form fl-120) at the court and have a copy served on the petitioner. A letter, phone call, or court appearance will not protect you. If you do not file your response on time, the court may make orders affecting your marriage or domestic partnership, your property, and custody of your children. You may be ordered to pay support and attorney fee and costs. For legal advice, contact a lawyer immediately. Get help finding a lawyer at the California Courts Online Self-Help Center (www.courts.ca.gov/self-help), at the California Legal Services website (www.la-whelpca.org), or by contacting your local county bar association. NOTICE - restraining orders are on page 2. These restraining orders are effective against both spouses or domestic partners until the petition is dismissed, a judgment is entered, or the court makes further orders. They are enforceable anywhere in California by any law enforcement officer who has received or seen a copy of them. FEE WAIVER: If you cannot pay the filing fee, ask the clerk for a fee waiver form. The court may order you to pay back all or part of the fees and costs that the court waived for you or the other party. 1) The name and address of the Court are: Superior Court of California, County of Los Angeles, 111 N. Hill Street, Los Angeles, California, 90012. The name, address, and telephone number of the petitioner's attorney, or the petitioner without an attorney, are: Enedina Perez 912 E. 46th Street Los Angeles, CA 90011. phone: 323-305-8890. STANDARD FAMILY LAW RESTRAINING ORDERS. Starting immediately, you and your spouse or domestic partner are restrained from: 1) removing the minor children of the parties from the state or applying for a new or replacement passport for those minor children without the prior written consent of the other party or an order of the court; 2) cashing, borrowing against, canceling, transferring, disposing of, or changing the beneficiaries of any insurance or other coverage, including life, health, automobile, and disability, held for the benefit of the parties and their minor children; 3) transferring, encumbering, hypothecating, concealing, or in any way disposing of any property, real or personal, whether community, quasi-community, or separate, without the written consent of the other party or an order of the court, except in the usual course of business or for the necessities of life; and 4) creating a nonprobate transfer or modifying a nonprobate transfer in a manner that affects the disposition of property subject to the transfer, without the written consent of the other party or an order of the court. Before revocation of a non probate transfer can take effect or a right of survivorship to property can be eliminated, notice of the change must be filed and served on the other party. You must notify each other of any proposed extraordinary expenditures at least five business days prior to incurring these extraordinary expenditures and account to the court for all extraordinary expenditures made after these restraining orders are effective. However, you may use community property, quasi-community property, or your own separate property to pay an attorney to help you or to pay court costs. NOTICE-ACCESS TO AFFORDABLE HEALTH INSURANCE: Do you or someone in your household need affordable health insurance? If so, you should apply for Covered California. Covered California can help reduce the cost you pay towards high quality affordable health care. For more information, visit www.coveredca.com. Or call Covered California at 1-800-300-1506. WARNING-IMPORTANT INFORMATION. California law provides that, for purposes of division of property upon dissolution of a marriage or domestic partnership or upon legal separation, property acquired by the parties during marriage or domestic partnership in joint form is presumed to be community property. If either party to this action should die before the jointly held community property is divided, the language in the deed that characterizes how title is held (i.e., joint tenancy, tenants in common, or community property) will be controlling, and not the community property presumption. You should consult your attorney if you want the community property presumption to be written into the recorded title to the property.

656 Legal Notices

3PL Specialist:
 Provide logistic support & assist in cost reduction. Req'd: BA/BS in Supply Mgmt., or Mgmt. Sci. Mail resume: Silverstar Express, Inc. 19010 S Laurel Park Rd Rancho Dominguez, CA 90220

Account Executive:
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DNA Biological Technician (Irvine, CA). Provide expert services in chemical sequencing analysis, DNA extraction, and molecular research. BS in Molecular, Cell and Developmental Biology, Chemistry or related engineering field and University coursework in Developmental Biology Lab. Mail resume to Angela Kim, M.Sc., HR Mgr, Zymo Research Corporation, 17062 Murphy Ave., Irvine, CA 92614.

ENGINEER II - SOFTWARE sought by Live Nation Worldwide, Inc. in Hollywood, CA. Build the systems that stream and analyze very large data sets. Send resume to: John Burkle, Live Nation Worldwide, Inc., 7060 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

Engineering Manager, mVR Division to work in Los Angeles, CA. Travel required. Send resume to VP Business and Compliance, Surgical Theater LLC, 781 Beta Drive, Mayfield Village, OH 44143. Must ref job code 035@MVR.

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Graphic Artist
Req'd: BA in Art/Graphic Design, & 36 months exper. as digital artist in visual effects. Special req'mts: Must have proficient knowledge of: Adobe After Effects, Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Illustrator, Adobe Premiere Pro, Mocha, Apple Final Cut Pro, Cinema 4D, Trapcode plug in suite, & Re: Vision Effects plug in suite. Will accept special req'mts thru work experience &/or coursework. Post-Prod. VFX-isolating graphic objects images to manipulate graphic composition. F/T. The Product Factory, LLC - Burbank, CA 91505. Email resume to Attn: G. Rizkallah, george@productfactory.tv.

Database Release Engineer, Altisource Solutions Inc., Los Angeles, CA. Perform database refreshes on a regular basis, monitor transactional replication, & monitor database performance. Reqs Bach's Degree (or frgn degree equiv) in Comp Sci, Info Systems, Eng'g or a closely reld field & 5yrs of exp in the job offered or reld position working w/ complex database dvlpmnt & administration. Reqs 2 yrs of exp w/ Data Analysis, Dsgn, Dvlpmnt & Support of MS SQL Server 2008/2005 in Warehouse, T-SQL, DSQL, SQL sentry, Red Gate SQL compare, & performance tuning. In lieu of a Bach's Degree & 5yrs of exp, Altisource will accept a Mstr's Degree & 2yrs of exp as stated above. Must've indefinite legal authority to work in U.S. EOE. **Mail resume to: Bradford Wilkins, Vice President, Human Resources, Altisource Solutions, Inc., 1000 Abernathy Road NE, 400 Northpark, Suite 200, Atlanta, GA 30328.**

Lead Data Engineer sought by Disney Consumer Products and Interactive Media, Inc. in Glendale, CA. Bach's or equiv. in CompSci, Eng, or rel. fld. + 8 yrs Eng., Dev., Prog, Anlys, or rel. exp. design/testing lrg-scale backend srvc. Send resume to: DCPI, Inc., Attn: E. Wintner, Job ID#463303-17, PO BOX 6992, Burbank, CA 91510-6992.

Lead Speech Language Pathologist
in Simi Valley, CA. Evaluate hearing & speech language test. Develop & Organize programs that address speech language goals. Req: Bach. in SLP & 5 Year Exp & CA SLP License. Mail resume to: Vatsala Sharma, President, Gateways Rehab Services LLC, 2470 Stearns Street Suite #173 Simi Valley, CA 93063

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