The Secret History of THE ENDLESS SUMMER

Fifty years ago, three Southern California surfers took off on a trip around the world. The world hasn’t been the same since. By Keith Plocek
Our family motto means without fear.

Welcome to the family.

SINE METU
CALIFORNIA’S FIRST AND OLDEST HOUSE RAFFLE

PALOS VERDES DREAM HOUSE RAFFLE

GRAND PRIZE

$3,595,000 House + $2,000,000 Cash

CADreamRaffle.com | 310.541.2479

TICKETS ONLY $150
Every detail considered. Nothing overlooked.

Mention this ad at these locations for a free battery with your purchase!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WHTC</td>
<td>3760 Cahuenga Blvd.</td>
<td>818-980-8338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DTHC</td>
<td>1420 South Alameda Street</td>
<td>213-519-0742</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California Caregivers Alliance (CCA)</td>
<td>2815 West Sunset Blvd., #201</td>
<td>213-353-0100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GSC 35 CAP</td>
<td>3549 Cahuenga Blvd. W</td>
<td>323-577-4727</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DTPG</td>
<td>1320 Mateo Street</td>
<td>213-747-3386</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley Herbal</td>
<td>14522 Victory Blvd.</td>
<td>818-786-1100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy’s Pipes</td>
<td>14430 Ventura Blvd.</td>
<td>818-817-9517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foothill Wellness Center</td>
<td>7132 Foothill Blvd.</td>
<td>818-352-3388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speedweed</td>
<td>Delivery Only</td>
<td>888-860-3420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LA PCBG</td>
<td>7213 Santa Monica Blvd.</td>
<td>323-982-6033</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Eye Society LA</td>
<td>737 S. Vermont Ave.</td>
<td>213-381-3420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Healing Touch</td>
<td>18013 Ventura Blvd.</td>
<td>818-881-1462</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Upcoming Patient Appreciation Days

Sticky Medz • 6074 Cadillac Ave. • 310-837-7279 • Thursday, Feb. 25th • 4-6 PM
MM Messengers • 112 W 9th St. #526 • 213-228-2882 • Friday, Feb. 26th • 4-6 PM

W Vapes
Purity Tested • Strain-Specific • Satisfaction Guaranteed
Interested in becoming a W Vapes Collective Partner? Write us at B2B@wvapes.com

*While supplies last.
CONTENTS

EAT & DRINK...16
What’s gained and what’s lost now that Salt’s Cure has moved to Hollywood. BY BESHA RODELL

GO LA...21
A Star Trek-inspired musical at Caltech, a bipartisan Super Tuesday bash, the 36th annual Razzie Awards and more to do and see in L.A. this week.

CULTURE...26
In CULTURE, Jane Austen-philophes are the definition of polite society — until tickets to the year’s biggest ball sell out. BY RENÉE CAMUS

MOVIE TO-DO LIST.
.../five.lin/eight.lin
CLASSICAL and more.

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING
RENTALS
REAL ESTATE/
EDUCATION/
CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISING
RENTALS
REAL ESTATE/
EDUCATION/

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE ENDLESS SUMMER ... 6
Fifty years ago, three SoCal surfers took off on a trip around the world. The world hasn’t been the same since. BY KEITH PLOCEK.
The morning of the perfect wave, Mike Hynson says he woke up early on an isolated cape in South Africa and smoked a bowl of marijuana out of a wooden pipe. Hynson and his companions had rolled up to a small village in the middle of the night, five guys crammed in a van with just two seats. The driver was a South African named Terence, who captured animals for zoos. Terence liked to toss snakes in the back of the van. He was the only one who thought that was funny.

Hynson saw a little wave ripple across a distant cove, and he thought it might be something worth checking out. He’d been traveling with fellow surfer Robert August and filmmaker Bruce Brown around the world in search of waves, and so far they’d found squat. Sure, they’d paddled out in Senegal and Ghana, but those waves were nothing like the ones back home in Southern California. Hynson smoked a few cigarettes and waited for August and Brown to wake up.

Around 10 or 11, Hynson’s companions finally emerged from their huts. The three sat on the beach, looking out at the Indian Ocean. Only a few weeks into their trip, they were already getting on one another’s nerves. The main road from Cape Town to Durban wound along the coast about 10 miles inland, and they’d taken just about every bumpy trail on the map that veered toward the water, often peering off a cliff before turning around and bouncing back inland.

Hynson was fed up with August and Brown, but dealing with a couple of squares was still better than facing all the Vietnam draft board notices piling up at home.

He kept seeing little ripples in a cove that curved behind them, but every time he nudged Brown, the waves were gone. Brown started to wonder if Hynson was just messing with him. Finally Hynson grabbed his white, red and blue 10-foot-long surfboard, said, “Fuck you and your fucking movie,” and marched down the beach alone.

That’s when he saw the waves again. Four of them. Perfect. Coming through in a clean set.

Surfers generally are careful about entering foreign waters. There are sharks, rocks, the unknown. But Hynson...
MODELS WANTED
FREE
CLASSIC &
CREATIVE CUTS
INTERESTED?
CALL: 310 255 0011 ext.4
Please allow up to 3 hours for your appointment.
Present this voucher on the day of your appointment.
We require 24 hours notice for cancellations.
Not valid at Sassoon Salon locations.
321 Santa Monica Blvd
Santa Monica, CA 90401

SASSOON
ACADEMY

BUFFALO EXCHANGE
New & Recycled Fashion
SHERMAN OAKS:
14621 Ventura Blvd. • 818-783-3420
L.A.: 131 N. La Brea Av. • 323-938-8604
SANTA MONICA: 2449 Main St. • 310-314-7300
LONG BEACH: 4608 E. 2nd St. • 562-433-1991
BuffaloExchange.com

OUTFIT TODAY EXCHANGE TOMORROW
BUY * SELL * TRADE

FIRST | FRIDAYS
BIG SCREEN,
BIGGER SCIENCE

LIVE MUSIC
LOWER DENs
GARDENS & VILLA

DJ LOUNGE PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY
KORH RESIDENT DJ
AARON BYRD
GUEST DJ
VAL FLEURY

DISCUSSION ABOUT OCEANS
DR. MADDALENA BEARZI
DR. CHRIS THACKER
MODERATOR
PATT MORRISON

MEDIA AND EVENT SPONSORS
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
LOS ANGELES COUNTY
TICKETS AT
NHM.ORG/FIRSTFRIDAYS
#FirstFridaysNHM
The perfect waves at Cape St. Francis, South Africa, as captured in The Endless Summer

“THE ENDLESS SUMMER PLANTED AN ADVENTURE SEED IN MILLIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE’S MINDS.”
—JESS PONTING, FOUNDER OF THE CENTER FOR SURF RESEARCH

The Endless Summer is ultimately a movie about avoiding crowds... Talk to old-timers in Malibu and they’ll blame Gidget, the 1959 film starring Sandra Dee, for hipping everyone in the Valley to one of Southern California’s most consistent point breaks. But Gidget was the product of a surf scene that was already booming. Even then, Malibu was so full of surfers that many of the movie’s iconic scenes were filmed farther up the Pacific Coast Highway at Leo Carrillo State Park. That spunky teen surfer, later portrayed on the small screen by Sally Field, would keep the momentum going.

When Bruce Brown first started paddling out in the 1950s, surfers numbered in the hundreds. By the time he released his first major film, 1958’s Slippery When Wet, the numbers were surging into the millions. This boom brought out the crowds to his films, or at least enough people to fill high school auditoriums and event halls, but it definitely didn’t make for good surfing.

The most perfect wave in the world is no fun if five other people are on it.

Brown hatched the idea for a trip to South Africa, and then learned from his travel agent that it would actually cost $50 less to fly around the world than to return the same way they’d come. Thus The Endless Summer was born, a cross-country search for warm water and empty waves. (The irony is that waves are generally better in colder months, but The Endless Winter sounds more like a Soviet prison than a surf adventure.) Brown decided he would take the first two surfers who could finance their own flights, and his two knights soon appeared, ready for the quest: brown-haired Robert August, a goofy footer, and blond Mike Hynson, a regular. On camera they were presented as two halves of wholesomeness, but they were very different guys. August had just graduated from high school, as class president, and put his plans for college on hold after his family and teachers advised him not to miss the trip of a lifetime. Hynson was a few years older and already slipping into the countercultural revolution. He’d been busted stealing surfboards from famed shaper Hobie Alter, though Alter forgave him and loaned him money for the flight. One of Hynson’s big reasons for taking the trip, besides the chance for fame, was to avoid the Vietnam draft. The two surfers’ paths would diverge even more in the years following the movie.

The guys loaded up their boards and equipment at LAX, wearing business suits, and headed for Senegal, where they caught some very warm waves all to themselves, then to Ghana, where they taught some local kids how to surf. Brown was playing to white audiences, and 50 years later this whole segment has a decidedly neocolonialist feel, especially when a scene is inserted that was shot later in Orange County — and makes it look as if August and Hynson were surprised in the bush by a local chieftain, who was actually protector P. Paul Allen in blackface.

It wasn’t till South Africa that the surfing got good. After catching some crowded waves near Cape Town, the trio hitched a ride with animal lover Terence Bullen and his son, who were driving across the country to Durban and agreed to take on three passengers in exchange for gas money.

Bouncing down dirt roads in the back of a van, they happened upon Cape St. Francis, and Brown knew he had the footage he needed. He’d been shipping film back to the States for editing along the way, but those shots of Hynson and August were...
Learn more at pacificoaks.edu

Plant the seeds of social justice, respect for diversity, and individualism in the classroom. Master new approaches in curriculum and development theories at Pacific Oaks’ SCHOOL OF HUMAN DEVELOPMENT AND SCHOOL OF EDUCATION.

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

the END of Multiple Sclerosis BEGINS with Research

If you or a loved one suffers from Multiple Sclerosis and are looking for new treatment options, consider participating in a clinical research study.

Qualified participants receive study-related medical care and study medication at no cost and may be compensated for time and travel.

For more information on how you can make a difference and to see if you qualify, contact CNS:

844-562-7272
www.cnstrial.com/ms

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org

25% OFF* WITH THIS AD
COUPON CODE LAW0204

St. Vincent de Paul’s 54,000 square-foot thrift store offers clothing, shoes, furniture, housewares and appliances.

* mattresses and cars are excluded.
Expires 6/1/16—no photocopies—not to be used with other promotions.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul Thrift Store
210 North Avenue 21
Los Angeles, CA 90031
www.svdpla.org
Look Sexier... because you can!
LA's Most Celebrated & Friendly Injectors

COMING MARCH 2016
NEW DOWNTOWN LOCATION!
in Downtown, Little Tokyo

DEBI EXTENDS BOTOX EVENT!
March 1st - March 15th, 2016

BOTOX® AT
WE USE ONLY FDA APPROVED U.S. MFR BOTOX & FILLERS
*AS LOW AS $6.87 BASED ON 24 UNITS. 24 UNIT MINIMUM.
REFLECTS INSTANT $50 REBATE. SEE DETAILS AT WWW.OUBEAUTY.COM

$7* per unit

And here’s the great FILLER offers!

Juvéderm
ULTRA XC (1.0 cc) $395
ULTRA+ XC (1.8 cc) $395
VOLUMA XC (1.0 cc) $695

$50 INSTANT REBATE for RESTYLANE/LYFT

Perfecta
1.0 cc Syringe $320*
1.0 cc Syringe $335*

Philitane
1.0 cc Syringe $395
1.0 cc Syringe $395

Silk
$395

$50 INSTANT REBATE for RESTYLANE/LYFT

Radiesse®
“THE LONG LASTING FILLER AT A GREAT VALUE”
Reg. $650
$395

$50 INSTANT REBATE for RESTYLANE/LYFT

Phentermine Weight Loss Program
FDA Approved Appetite Suppressant.
$89 30-day Supply NO EXAM FEE

Lightsheer™ Hair Removal
60% OFF UNTIL 3/31/16
The Industry Gold Standard for Laser Hair Removal
3 mL Bottle $89

Cosmetic Laser Center

Dr. Kojian, Owner

130 N Brand Blvd., Glendale, CA
818.551.1682

Open 7 Days a Week 'til 8pm
NAMED BEST MEDISPA 7 YEARS IN A ROW
2009-2015

World Renowned motivational and inspirational speaker Tim Storey
Also appeared on Oprah’s Super Soul Sunday
In person at Set Free Burbank Church of God Sat. Feb. 27 7:00 P.M.
Located at 1716 W. Burbank Blvd. Burbank 91506
No cover but seating is limited so please RSVP to Pastor Phil 714-400-4573

LA WEEKLY
1425 WOODRUFF AVE.
BELLFLOWER, CA 90706

562.461.9870


10
For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that feeling that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ‘50s and early ‘60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

By the time they got back to the States, Brown and Allen were ready to release the film. They edited the footage together and started showing the film in small venues, just as he had others. All it took were a few screenings to reveal that he had something entirely different this time around. He had a hit.

“It was unbelievably popular from the very beginning,” Brown says. “Santa Monica Civic [Auditorium]. I think it holds like 2,500 people, we sold it out for a week straight. And we went back several months later and did it again. So that inspired us to think we could get this in theaters, and I wouldn’t have to drive to Pasadena every other night to show it in an auditorium.”

Rather than heading back out to make another movie, Brown decided to really market this one. August went off to college, but Brown and Hynson and some other surfers piled into a big bus and drove across the country. They filled up smaller venues, but they were still renting their own spaces and lacked the distribution it would take to really get the movie out there.

By 1966 Brown still hadn’t found a distributor, and he was told the movie would never play 10 minutes from the coast. So he rented a theater in Wichita, Kansas, the farthest away from the beach he could imagine. Thanks to the hustle of promoter Allen, he sold out a two-week run in the middle of a freak snowstorm. The marquee with “The Endless Summer” in block letters was covered in ice, but that didn’t stop Middle America from coming out.

The big distributors still weren’t convinced, so Brown blew up the print from 16mm to 35mm and rented a theater in New York City. “We got a lot of publicity,” he says. “We were too dumb to know, but I guess it was highly unusual that a couple California kids would come in and rent a theater in the Big Apple and show their movie.”

In the words of The New York Times’ Robert Alden: “With the kind of courage — some might say foolhardiness — required to become a surfer, Mr. Brown opened his film at Kips Bay Theater, without the auspices of a professional distributor or even a press agent. He’s just crazy enough to become quite comfortably rich.”

Glowing reviews followed, including praise from The New Yorker’s Pauline Kael, and the bigwigs finally started calling. They all wanted to toss some bikini-clad girls on the poster and figure out a way to work in a love interest, but Brown and Allen wouldn’t have it. This was not Beach Blanket Bingo.

Brown blew up the print from 16mm to 35mm and rented a theater in New York City. “We got a lot of publicity,” he says. “The Endless Summer opens with shots of Hynson and August, silhouetted in warm, orange sunlight. The surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.

For most surfers, there are many perfect waves, and that list often includes the one they just rode.

Imagine you’re picking up a child and spinning her around. What will she say as soon as you put her down? “Again! Again!” Most adults lose that feeling. Most adults lose that endless “Again!”

But not surfers. They want to ride the perfect wave over and over.

“I couldn’t help but think of the hundreds of years these waves must have been breaking here,” Brown narrates over the Cape St. Francis footage. “But until this day, no one had ever ridden one. Think of the thousands of waves that went to waste, and the waves that are going to waste right now at Cape St. Francis.”

Seeing Hynson and August paddle out again and again inspired countless surfers to pack their bags and venture outside their home breaks.

“Through the ’50s and early ’60s, surfers thought the surf in California was somewhat unique,” says Steve Pezman, publisher of The Surfer’s Journal and a contemporary of Hynson and Brown.
Brown’s documentary, as well as its 1994 sequel, had such an effect on surf culture that when his son, Dana, decided to make another surf travel movie, Step Into Liquid, surfers were less likely to seem to mind publicizing their hidden spots.

James Fulpbutt and a few buddies had discovered waves in a very un-picturesque location: the Houston Ship Channel, in the wake of giant oil tankers. It was their secret, and they had no plans to share it until Dana Brown asked them to be in Step Into Liquid.

“It'd be like you’re a movie star wannabe, and you turn off the set and Martin Scorsese gives you a call,” Fulpbutt says. “We discussed it a lot. Should we do this? Shouldn’t we do this? And we all came to the conclusion that if we’re going to do it with anybody, it would be the Browns. These guys are the best. They’re just about fun, the good side of surfing—not the chest-pounding arrogance.”

Tanker surfing still hasn’t taken off, but Cape St. Francis, the location of Hynson’s perfect wave, is barely even rideable anymore. For starters, Brown had exaggerated how often it’s good, and on top of that, all the development that sprang up around the spot in the years after *The Endless Summer* has taken over the sand dunes. That sand was incredibly important for maintaining the wave’s shape. It blew off the beach into the water and helped smooth over the rocky bottom.

No more sand, no more waves.

The most famous clip in all of *The Endless Summer*, of Mike Hynson, ecstatic, riding the perfect wave at Cape St. Francis, is actually footage from two different waves spliced together. Brown played fast and loose with some of his narration, and a few out-of-water scenes were shot back in Southern California. He also messed with the timeline a little and made it seem as if the surfers had crossed those sand dunes, not knowing where they were exactly, to find the perfect wave.

*The Endless Summer* wasn’t a documentary in the purest sense, but myths often have more power than facts.

“The world these surfers travel through is a world that seems to be completely uncomplicated by the reality of politics,” says Scott Laderman, author of *Empire of Waves*, a critical look at the sport’s global impact. “It’s as if they’re just traveling through this fantasy world of waves and animals and beautiful landscapes and seascapes.”

Laderman, an L.A. native, watched the film dozens of times as a kid, thinking, “I’ve got to get over to South Africa.”

Beyond a quick joke during the Durban sequences—“Sharks and porpoises have yet to integrate in South Africa”—there is no mention of the country’s vicious apart-
LOCALLY MADE / SMALL BATCH / PURE CANNABIS OIL
HIGH POTENCY / 420 MG / STRAIN-SPECIFIC
INDICA, SATIVA, HYBRID, CBD

ADULT ADHD?

Do mood swings, impulsiveness or other ADHD symptoms interfere with your life?

Are you between the ages of 18 and 55?

If so, you may want to consider the option of a clinical research study for Adult Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder.

Qualified participants receive study related medical care and study medication at no cost and may be compensated for time and travel.

844-323-1313
www.cnstial.com

“WE WERE TOO DUMB TO KNOW, BUT I GUESS IT WAS HIGHLY UNUSUAL THAT A COUPLE CALIFORNIA KIDS WOULD COME IN AND RENT A THEATER IN THE BIG APPLE AND SHOW THEIR MOVIE.”

— BRUCE BROWN, THE ENDLESS SUMMER PRODUCER-DIRECTOR

about the sport. “But all of that stuff has to go somewhere, and sometimes it’s right back in the ocean.”

The Endless Summer opens with shots of Hynson and August, silhouetted in warm, orange sunlight, and a big part of the movie’s appeal lies in its two main characters — no matter that Brown provides all the narration and the two surfers never speak. The Endless Summer is a buddy movie, a road-trip movie, an epic story of two heroes in search of glory. The story of someone traveling the world, solo suggests lonely contemplation, while a group doing the same feels like a rolling party. But with a pair of protagonists, you’ve got the makings of a deep friendship: Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda, Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis, Tom Cruise and Dustin Hoffman.

Brown played up the shared adventures of his charismatic duo, but Hynson and August weren’t great friends before the trip, and their paths diverged after it.

Three years after they returned, the film finally took off. Brown was getting great press and being called the surfing millionaire. He had put up $50,000 of his own money for promotion, and that investment was finally paying off. The film eventually earned $30 million.

Hynson went to a Hollywood lawyer, who told him he was owed millions. Even though the lawyer told Hynson not to talk to Brown, he picked up August and they both drove up to Santa Barbara to confront the director. Brown offered them each $5,000 cash, a new car and help with starting a business. August took the offer, but Hynson declined on principle. He tells L.A. Weekly he was dealing drugs at the time and had $15,000 in the trunk of his car, so he didn’t really need the cash. He later tried unsuccessfully to sue Brown and August.

Hynson wound up hanging with the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a hippie mafia based in Orange County, whose members preached the gospel of LSD and dealt tons of drugs. His experience smuggling film through Indian customs came in handy when the Brotherhood used him to hollow out surfboards to get hash out of New Delhi. His highs included marriage to model Melinda Merryweather and palling around with Jimi Hendrix.

Among the lows, he wound up jail several times on drug-related charges.

Hynson now lives in Encinitas, and he has a line of surfboards and clothing. He speaks to Brown and August only when they’re brought together for an event. Their memories vary when recalling that perfect wave and the voyage surrounding it; for instance, the other two swear Hynson never brought any marijuana to South Africa.

“We were together 24 hours a day,” August says. “There was no weed anywhere.”

After they all got back from the trip, August went to college, with plans for dental school, but he says an encounter with his own dentist changed his life forever. He’d scheduled an appointment with a specialist to get his wisdom teeth pulled, and the dentist told him, “I hate it. People hate going to the dentist. I create pain all day long, and the worst part is, I’m a bill collector.”

This was around the time The Endless Summer was playing in almost every theater in America, and the dentist told him, “You know when I’m happiest? When I’m in a surf shop. Everybody is so happy. They’re getting a board or they’re going somewhere.”

These days, when he’s not hanging out in Costa Rica, August can be found shaping boards down at his shop in Westminster. People still drop by to tell him the movie changed their lives, often in ways that have nothing to do with surfing. The search for the perfect wave is a metaphor with many meanings.

Brown has heard it, too. “I’ve had people come up and go, ‘You know, that movie changed my life.’ And I’d say, ‘You started surfing?’ And the reply was, ‘No, no, I became a disc jockey in Waco, Texas.’”
THE ESSENTIALS
ALL OF L.A.'S TOP RESTAURANTS UNDER ONE ROOF

THANK YOU FOR MAKING ESSENTIALS 2016 POSSIBLE

EAT FREELY
WORTH THEIR SALT

What’s gained and what’s lost now that Salt’s Cure has moved to Hollywood

BY BESHA RODELL

The original Salt’s Cure in West Hollywood was an odd kind of restaurant, one that tended to slip your mind when recalling favorite places to eat but one that — if you did happen to find yourself there — made you wonder why you didn’t think of it more often. Brunch was a bit of an exception; Salt’s Cure and its glorious oatmeal griddle cakes always turned up on “best brunch” lists, and the competition on a Sunday morning to snag a seat in the small dining room on Santa Monica Boulevard was fierce.

But dinner was not as much of an event, which may have been in part because the place was a little difficult to categorize. The term “open kitchen” is perhaps too formal to describe the setup that chefs Chris Phelps and Zak Walters had in the old location. It was more that the room itself was a kitchen, and customers sat either at the kitchen counter or at tables along the wall. It had the feel of an old-fashioned lunch counter, the kind without any kitsch, where guys cooked food in front of you and handed it across the pass to the customers themselves. Except here the food — ordered from a sparse chalkboard menu mounted on the wall — was mainly high-quality meat butchered in-house and served simply but with a touch of cleverness in its accompaniments and execution. A list of mainly natural wines (years before that trend truly took root) rounded out the experience.

Even after the place became an all-day affair, serving breakfast, lunch and dinner, it never lost the feel that it could just up and vanish one day.

Rather than vanish, Salt’s Cure moved a few miles east into a more conventional space. While about double the size of its original 34 seats, the new Salt’s Cure still feels modest in this age of dining rooms so big they can hardly be called “rooms” at all (there’s a reason “space” has become ubiquitous in food writing and PR, and it’s not only because we’re all desperate for synonyms for “restaurant”).

At the new Salt’s Cure, honey-colored wood dominates, the walls are whitewashed brick, and big windows open out onto Highland Avenue. It has the feel of a bistro, albeit an American one with a sort of sleek rusticism.

The kitchen now functions from behind swinging doors rather than out in the open, and there’s a real bar where you can eat or drink and where an expanded drinks program operates, one that retains its focus on interesting wines (with a much longer list) but now includes cocktails. Really, really good cocktails. If you’ve never fully understood the allure of a Singapore sling, having only had horribly sweet versions, the bar at Salt’s Cure is a fine place to reverse that particular prejudice. The original cocktails, too, tend to be balanced and elegant.

The menu, which comes on paper instead of a blackboard, is longer and far more verbose, with actual descriptions of the dishes. The blackboard still exists, though, residing beside the front door, and on it you’ll find the day’s steaks and chops, offerings from the whole-animal butchering that is the heart of this restaurant.

Along with prime cuts of beef, which are big and tangy and fantastic, you might find something called “pork secret,” a small, seared cut of pork so tender you’ll be happy to eat it medium rare. Or a lamb loin chop, a cross-section of muscles that’s bouncy and bloody and musky and returns you to your base carnivorous state, tearing at the meat like a wolf.

The regular menu tends to focus on the byproducts of the butchery, as well as seafood and salads. A fat, white sausage with a lovely, smooth consistency comes with poached apples and sauerkraut, an example of the way Phelps and Walters are able to translate classic cooking, in this case German sausage-making. They channel the country cooking of France with pork pâté over a slice of crisp apple on hearty wheat toast, and there are hints of Spain in the wide dish of clams with hunks of nubbly lamb sausage. A generous slice of grilled bread at the bottom of the bowl soaks up the meaty/oleoceanic juices.

Beyond the subtle international influences, there are dishes that are purely New American and produce-driven. Pork ham confit — shredded, pleasingly oily slivers of piggy ham — is paired with a jumble of greens over some kind of puree. One night it was a bitter-edged rapini puree; another night, grassy green pea took the limelight.

The brunch here retains its crown as one of the best in town, though service tends to be slower and more disorganized during the daytime weekend hours. It can take 20 minutes to get a cocktail, and certain items run out within an hour of the 10 a.m. opening time. But those oatmeal griddle cakes are as good as ever, hearty yet light and crisped at the edges.

I had a few things at Salt’s Cure, during one dinner in particular, where the seasoning was way off: where the pickled escarole atop rosy chicken liver toast was so salty it obliterated the creamy liver; where a salad of baby beets, baby kale and cultured cream was too salty to eat; where a special of fried smelts lacked salt and became floppy and wet too quickly (usually, I can eat the crispy little fish like popcorn). Even the grapefruit pie, one of the restaurant’s longtime signature dishes, lacked the pithy grapefruit flavor that gave it its sweet/sour/bitter magic.

This experience was singular, and on return visits some of the dishes that had been awash in salt were balanced and lovely. I’m going with the benefit of the doubt here; all kitchens have an off night. This kitchen, in my experience, has far more nights where it’s doing just about everything right.

In this sense, not much has changed about the soul of this restaurant, despite the more orthodox menu and service. For the restaurant’s ongoing legacy and its business model, these changes are probably good, and for the most part they’re surface differences.

But I’d like to take a brief moment to be a little sad at the passing of the old model. That terse blackboard menu, the semipermanent feel of the room, the intimacy of sitting right at the edge of the kitchen — it had an audacity and purity of personality that I found refreshing.

But if I’m being honest, this new, reinvented Salt’s Cure is more likely to come to mind when I get that oft-repeated question: “Where should I eat in Hollywood?” If that question ever plagues you, try to remember Salt’s Cure. It won’t be that hard.

SALT’S CURE | 1155 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood | (323) 465-7258 | saltscure.com | Dinner: Nightly, 6-11 p.m. (bar open until midnight). Brunch, Sat. & Sun., 10 a.m.-3 p.m. | Entrees: $18-$34, much more for market-price steaks | Full bar | Valet and street parking
**Eats // Squid Ink //**

**DEMITASSE OFFERS MORE**

**BEER, WINE AND A FULL MENU AT NEW ROASTERY AND KITCHEN IN HOLLYWOOD**

The coffee nerds of L.A. are well familiar with Demitasse, the coffee shop that started in Little Tokyo but now has outposts in Santa Monica and Mid-City. We here at L.A. Weekly are slightly obsessed with their hot chocolate, their Kyoto-style iced coffee and just about every other caffeinated thing to come from behind their coffee counters. Last summer, owner Bobby Roshan told the L.A. Times he was planning a location in Hollywood with an expanded food program.

That plan has come to fruition with the opening of Demitasse Roastery & Kitchen on Cahuenga Boulevard.

While other Demitasse locations have been slowly expanding their food offerings (the Santa Monica location offers sandwiches and salads from Fundamentalings (the Santa Monica location offers L.A.), this larger space will serve more as a full-fledged restaurant. There will still be a strong focus on hand-roasted coffee, which will be done in-house. But this Hollywood location will serve breakfast, lunch and dinner.

They’ve brought on chef Jeff Lustre, who worked for a while at the sadly departed Alumette in Echo Park. Lustre has been holding pop-up dinners at other Demitasse locations for more than a year, usually leaning on his Filipino heritage for inspiration. The “globally inspired” menu at the new Hollywood Demitasse will likewise have Filipino flavors, as well as touches of Spain and other international influences. The menu sounds incredibly ambitious, with dishes such as hearts of palm with beets, Cara Cara orange, an egg steamed in black tea and mousseline vinaigrette, or whole red sea bream served with thin pancakes and black garlic.

There’s also a beer and wine program, focusing on natural wines and local beers. A “special signature Demitasse shim menu” is promised, “shim” being a low-alcohol cocktail. For this purpose they’ve brought on cocktail consultant Marissa Grasmick, who works full-time at Aestus in Santa Monica. –Besha Rodell


---

**Local Bananas Are Back at the Santa Monica Farmers Market**

It’s just a few minutes past 8:30 a.m., and a stand piled with bananas at the Santa Monica Farmers Market is mobbed with customers hurling questions. “Will these make good banana bread?” asks a man with a toddler strapped in a stroller. “Which of these is ready for eating right now?” asks a woman holding a massive bunch of bright yellow fruit. Two older men who look as if they’ve spent the last decade backpacking the subcontinent ask which bananas the locals in India would prefer, while other customers break large bunches of fruit into smaller ones.

Andy Sheaffer of Vista Punta Gorda Ranch in Ventura County and a ranch employee do their best to keep up with the questions while defending the crop against grabby customers. Bananas that are completely yellow end to end can be eaten immediately and are scooped up quickly by the hoards. The ones with a hint of green at the tips should be ready in a day or two, and they’re all great for baking once they’ve fully ripened.

If this sounds like a lot of excitement for bananas that are half the size of the imported versions you can get at Albertsons, know that it’s been a long time since area farmers market shoppers have had bananas that are half the size of the imported versions you can get at Albertsons.

---

**DAILY HAPPY HOUR 4PM-9PM**

**50% OFF ALL DRAFT BEERS AND HOUSE SAKE**

**DAILY LUNCH SPECIAL**

**11:30AM-3PM**

**YELLOWTAIL COLLAR OR SALMON COLLAR $5.00**

**FRESH OYSTER 2PC $5.00**

**SAKISHI 6PC SET $5.00**

**(WHEN YOU ORDER TRUST ME SPECIAL OR CHIRASHI SPECIAL)**

**ENTRÉE**

**SEAFOOD TEMPURA BOWL (SHRIMP, SQUID, SALMON, ZUKKINI, AND STRING BEANS) WITH MISO SOUP AND SALAD**

**HAND ROLL**

**NEGITORO HR $4.00**

**SPICY TUNA HR $3.00**

**SALMON SKIN HR $3.00**

**CANADIAN HR $3.00**

**ALCOHOL**

**DRAFT BEER 11OZ $2.50**

---

**DINING ROOM**

**BRUNCH 7 DAYS A WEEK 10AM - 2PM**

**service in the main dining room and at the bar**

**let there be Brunch**

---

**FARMERS MARKETS**

**CROSSROADS**

**3785 WILSHIRE BLVD • LOS ANGELES • (213) 388-1620**

**www.CrossroadsKitchen.com**

---

**KASHIKA**

**3785 WILSHIRE BLVD • LOS ANGELES • (213) 388-1620**

**www.KASHIRAJAPAN.COM**

---

**MUKAI SUSHI**

**8284 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles**

**www.MukaiSushi.com**

---

**LA WEEKLY**

**February 26 - March 3, 2016**

---

**PHOTO BY AMY SCATTERGOOD**
If Los Angeles Wants James Beard Awards, We’ve Got to Get Our Act Together

On Feb. 17, the James Beard Foundation announced its annual list of semifinalists for chef and restaurant awards. This list has long created some confusion among consumers and chefs alike. Are the folks on this list nominees? The answer is no: These are the chefs and restaurants looking to take their array of kitchen equipment to the next tier. Prices are a bit higher than the previous two locations, but in general you will spend less than you would at most brick-and-mortar outlets and probably about the same as the cheaper online vendors — with the added bonus of great customer service. 1255 W. 190th St., Gardena; (310) 630-1688. —Garrett Snyder

AWARDS

SASABUNE

Trust Me Sushi

GRAND OPENING

Glendale 101 N. Brand Blvd, Suite#220
Glendale, CA 91203
Tel: 818-696-1124

Other Locations

Wilshire 11917 Wilshire Blvd,
Los Angeles, CA 90025
Tel: 310-478-3596

Beverly Hills 9162 W. Olympic Blvd
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
Tel: 310-659-3878

Sasabune Express Store

Pacific 970 Monument St, Suite#118
Palisades Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Studio City 4816 Laurel Canyon Blvd
Valle Village, CA 91607

The delicious, refreshing, THC-infused soda.
Available at SoCal dispensaries.

drinksprig.com

COOKWARE

Where to Find Bargain Kitchenware in L.A.

One of the unspoken myths perpetuated by glossy food magazines (and even glossier chef-driven cookbooks) is that you need to spend a lot of money on your kitchen tools. In a perfect world, we all could shell out $50 for a Shun knife or $200 for a Le Creuset, but for amateur cooks and kitchen hobbyists, that kind of investment isn’t always feasible.

The good news: A tight budget shouldn’t keep you from getting the equipment you need. All over town, you can find deals on all types of kitchen supplies at warehouse outlets and online vendors — with the added bonus of great customer service. 1255 W. 190th St., Gardena; (310) 630-1688. —Garrett Snyder

AWARDS

If Los Angeles Wants James Beard Awards, We’ve Got to Get Our Act Together

On Feb. 17, the James Beard Foundation announced its annual list of semifinalists for chef and restaurant awards. This list has long created some confusion among consumers and chefs alike. Are the folks on this list nominees? The answer is no: These are the chefs and restaurants looking to take their array of kitchen equipment to the next tier. Prices are a bit higher than the previous two locations, but in general you will spend less than you would at most brick-and-mortar outlets and probably about the same as the cheaper online vendors — with the added bonus of great customer service. 1255 W. 190th St., Gardena; (310) 630-1688. —Garrett Snyder

AWARDS

SASABUNE

Trust Me Sushi

GRAND OPENING

Glendale 101 N. Brand Blvd, suite#220
Glendale, CA 91203
Tel: 818-696-1124

Other Locations

Wilshire 11917 Wilshire Blvd,
Los Angeles, CA 90025
Tel: 310-478-3596

Beverly Hills 9162 W. Olympic Blvd
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
Tel: 310-659-3878

Sasabune Express Store

Pacific 970 Monument St, Suite#118
Palisades Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Studio City 4816 Laurel Canyon Blvd
Valle Village, CA 91607

The delicious, refreshing, THC-infused soda.
Available at SoCal dispensaries.

drinksprig.com

COOKWARE

Where to Find Bargain Kitchenware in L.A.

One of the unspoken myths perpetuated by glossy food magazines (and even glossier chef-driven cookbooks) is that you need to spend a lot of money on your kitchen tools. In a perfect world, we all could shell out $50 for a Shun knife or $200 for a Le Creuset, but for amateur cooks and kitchen hobbyists, that kind of investment isn’t always feasible.

The good news: A tight budget shouldn’t keep you from getting the equipment you need. All over town, you can find deals on all types of kitchen supplies at warehouse outlets and online vendors — with the added bonus of great customer service. 1255 W. 190th St., Gardena; (310) 630-1688. —Garrett Snyder

AWARDS

If Los Angeles Wants James Beard Awards, We’ve Got to Get Our Act Together

On Feb. 17, the James Beard Foundation announced its annual list of semifinalists for chef and restaurant awards. This list has long created some confusion among consumers and chefs alike. Are the folks on this list nominees? The answer is no: These are the chefs and restaurants looking to take their array of kitchen equipment to the next tier. Prices are a bit higher than the previous two locations, but in general you will spend less than you would at most brick-and-mortar outlets and probably about the same as the cheaper online vendors — with the added bonus of great customer service. 1255 W. 190th St., Gardena; (310) 630-1688. —Garrett Snyder
awards committee keeps shafting us. But I'm here to tell you that it's not the committee's doing. If L.A. wants actual awards, then L.A. — all of L.A. — needs to get its act together.

Before you start accusing me of declaring our chefs and restaurants unworthy, let me explain. The committee has one task: to put together the semifinalist list. After that, the awards are a pure numbers game. The people from the semifinalists list who get the most votes become nominees, and then another round of voting happens to decide the winners.

Voting at both of these stages is done by hundreds of voters, mainly food media and past winners. The voting ballot stipulates that a judge should vote only for restaurants where he or she has actually eaten. This tends to give big cities with lots of visitors a major advantage, especially in the national categories. Last year, Russ Parsons pointed out in the L.A. Times that David Chang's New York City empire alone has won more awards than all of Southern California. Because New York has so many visitors, particularly of the chef and food media variety, voters are much more likely to have eaten at — and therefore vote for — NYC restaurants. It's an advantage that the Beard Foundation has yet to figure out, and until it begins sending a panel of judges around the country to try each semifinalist (which would be an outrageously expensive undertaking), it's unlikely to change.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.

The other complaint I hear a lot from food types is that the same people end up on the semifinalist list year after year. Aside from Best New Restaurant (for obvious reasons), that tends to be true: I've lost count of the times Suzanne Goin has been nominated for Outstanding Chef, and as much as I adore the Varnish, it would be nice to see another L.A. bar program recognized. But I also get the sense that the committee is reluctant to move on from the Goins and Cimarustis of L.A. because those chefs deserve to win and never have. It's hard to justify putting the brilliant up-and-comers on these lists when their mentors have never properly been recognized.

So the moral of the story is this: If we want those sweet awards, L.A. has to become a must-visit city. We're getting there. Last year was a record year for tourism. Multiple national magazines have declared Los Angeles to be the best eating city in the United States. Our food journalists are some of the most boosterish writers in the country, for better or worse. Major food festivals, such as the upcoming All Star Chef's Classic (which brings many chefs who are past winners, and therefore voters, to stay and eat in L.A.) will help greatly. This is an issue of tourism: The folks who run the L.A. Tourism Board ought to make a major push for L.A. as a food destination.
Chinatown After Dark

First Thursdays
Mar 3rd, 2016 6pm - 10pm

Featuring:
Chego
Kim Chuy
Qin West
Scoops
Thien Huong
Pok Pok Phat Thai
East/West Shop
Ramen Champ
Unit 120 - Now Open
Lao Tao Taiwanese Street Food Pop Up

Live Music Featuring:
Jason Arimoto, Ph.D. on Ukulele

chinatownla.com
facebook.com/losangeleschinatown
twitter.com/lachinatown
Instagram: Lachinatown

- Far East Plaza 727 N Broadway Los Angeles, CA 90012 -
COMEDY

**Foul Play**

After last year’s hiatus, the Groundlings’ X-rated Trash Show returns. An annual, midnight tradition since the ‘90s, the show includes sketches considered too risqué and inappropriate for the comedy theater’s mainstage but perfectly suitable for a skin flick. Alumnus and Saturday Night Live writer Mikey Day again directs members of the main company, who will likely display full frontal nudity. It’s like watching intentionally funny porn. Groundlings Theater, 7307 Melrose Ave., Hollywood; Fri., Feb. 26, 11:45 p.m.; $14; 18 and older only. (323) 934-4747, groundlings.com. –Siran Babayan

**The Other Opera**

Although Pacific Opera Project has presented a series of classic operas since opening shop in 2011, there’s never been anything remotely traditional about its approach. The local company kicks off its sixth season with Franz Lehár’s The Merry Widow, a comedy of manners about European railroad company that wants to steal her. There’s bawdy puppetry, burlesque, comedy of manners about 19th-century Paris. But artistic director Stephen Karr have moved the action to a movie parodies and contrastingly cowgirl with her mustachioed asshole in the cinematic sphere to prove it. Edited by Anthony arrangements. And Jared Polin, this visual representation captures die-hard fans in 10 cities, from Oakland to New York, who’ve marked themselves as tribute to Moz, who in the book’s foreword lovingly writes: “Ink has brought me into being as a part of so many lives, and only death can seal it up or cut it down or scrorch it off.” This book launch/exhibit includes an appearance by guitarist Jesse Tobias of Morrissey’s band. Bob Baker Marionette Theater, 1345 W. First St., Echo Park; Fri., Feb. 26, 10 p.m.; $15 in advance, $20 at the door. (213) 250-9995, face book.com/events/1244735665543791. –Gwynedd Stuart

**Oh! You Pretty Things**

There’s a decided shortage of sword swallowing and knife throwing happening in modern entertainment. Not so when the traveling variety show Pretty Things Peepshow comes to town. The four-person troupe of muscly men and buxom ladies is part circus sideshow, part classic vaudeville — besides the sword swallowing and knife throwing, there’s bawdy puppetry, burlesque, comedy and more. It’s a mini-circus minus the horrifying clowns and questionable treatment of animals. Bob Baker Marionette Theater, 1345 W. First St., Echo Park; Fri., Feb. 26, 10 p.m.; $15 in advance, $20 at the door. (213) 250-9995, face book.com/events/1244735665543791. –Gwynedd Stuart

**Wizard of Moz**

L.A. may have the monopoly on Missouri fandom, but the limited-edition photography book To Me You Are a Work of Art shows the singer has devotees all over the country, and they have tattoos of his face, autograph, lyrics and album covers to prove it. Edited by Anthony Amor and Julian Chavez, and photographed by Patrick Moore, Nicole Kuntz and Jared Polin, this visual representation captures die-hard fans in 10 cities, from Oakland to New York, who’ve marked themselves as tribute to Moz, who in the book’s foreword lovingly writes: “Ink has brought me into being as a part of so many lives, and only death can seal it up or cut it down or scrorch it off.” This book launch/exhibit includes an appearance by guitarist Jesse Tobias of Morrissey’s band. Bob Baker Marionette Theater, 1345 W. First St., Echo Park; Fri., Feb. 26, 10 p.m.; free, book is $55. (213) 265-7452, lethalamounts.com. –Siran Babayan

**DIY or Die**

Don’t just let the people at Cometbus, Motorbooty and Spaghetti Cinema steal all the glory. In observance of Zine Week L.A. and the 2016 L.A. Zine Fest (coming March 6), today’s Ama-ZINE Workshop offers the chance for at-
LEAP YEAR SALE!

The sale that only happens every 4 years!

STARTS
MONDAY
FEB 29TH
WE TOAD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN

Free Restring on Monday Feb 29th!
Bring in your own strings or buy a set
and we will restring it for Free!

SALE ALL MONTH LONG!

LIFE & STYLE
Promotions Newsletter
Exclusive Los Angeles lifestyle and fashion news, events
and offers that only LA Weekly readers have access to.

LA WEEKLY
Sign up now at laweekly.com/newsletters

Boutique of women's clothing, lingerie, jewelry and accessories.

Formal, casual, funky all fabulous.

Displayed on eclectic home furnishings.

COME ON IN!

5619 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood • (213) 260-5633

BE THE CHANGE

The Chicago School of Professional Psychology

EDUCATION INNOVATION SERVICE COMMUNITY

THECHICAGOSCHOOL.EDU

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
AND MULTIPLE CITY LOCATIONS NATIONWIDE

A NONPROFIT INSTITUTION

888-852-1419

FIVE STAR BAR

ART • MUSIC • BURGERS • BEER

FEBRUARY 25
JOHNNY OTIS DAVILA
FILTHY HUNS / PAZ HOWLER

FEBRUARY 26
WHALESHARK • GOTHAM POLICE

FEBRUARY 27
WORLD SAINTS • HOLY DIVER LIVE
FEBRUARY 28
DIRTY HEAT • SHARK MUFFIN

267 SOUTH MAIN STREET
LOS ANGELES, CA 90012
323-428-4492
WWW.FIVESTARBARDTLA.COM

Urban Americana, an
antique and design
collective, is located
in the heart of the
newly rediscovered
Zafiria Design District
in Long Beach, CA.

Enter to win at
laweekly.com/free/urbanamericana

IllumenAlighty

Urban Americana, an
antique and design
collective, is located
in the heart of the
newly rediscovered
Zafiria Design District
in Long Beach, CA.

Enter to win at
laweekly.com/free/urbanamericana

Boutique of women's clothing, lingerie, jewelry and accessories.

Formal, casual, funky all fabulous.

Displayed on eclectic home furnishings.

COME ON IN!

5619 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood • (213) 260-5633
tendees to make eight-page zines they can fill with anything from poetry to comics to insults that really hit home. Also on hand: the fest’s traveling zine library and a button-making station. It’s a perfect opportunity to finally realize those teenage punk-rock dreams of zine publishing stardom. Craft & Folk Art Museum, 5814 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Sun., Feb. 28, 1 p.m.; $5 members, $10 general. (323) 937-4230, cafam.org/programs. —David Cotner

ROAD TRIPS

Get Outta Town

Feeling nostalgic for the days of field trips? Obscura Society L.A. and Cartwheel Art Tours have the answer for that. Sunday’s Riverside Road Trip is a bus-based journey into the heart of the Inland Empire’s art world. You’ll stop at Tío’s Tacos, a wonderful restaurant filled with sculptures made from found and recycled objects by owner Martin Sanchez, and take a private tour of the spectacular Mission Inn. Travelers will move on to the “Women of the New Contemporary” at La Sierra University’s Brandstater Art Gallery, where they will view a new collection of murals, sit in on artist talks and attend the exhibition’s opening reception. It’s a lot of art packed into one day and, while you’ll be traveling by bus, you’ll need to be ready for plenty of walking, too. The bus departs from Los Angeles’ Arts District. Urban Radish, 661 Imperial St., downtown (meeting point); Sun., Feb. 28, 12:30 p.m.; $75; (213) 537-0687; cartwheelart.com/art-tours, atlasobscura.com/events. —David Cotner

FOOD & DRINK

No Meat, No Problem

Who says vegans can’t enjoy a good old-fashioned chili cook-off? For the fourth year in a row, Golden Road Brewing founder Tony Yanow is hosting the Vegan Chili Cook-Off, a celebration of meatless chili, at his Burbank craft-beer pub. Five high-profile vegan chefs from across L.A. will do battle, including Roy Elam of Plant Food and Wine and Mollie Engelhart of Sage Organic Vegan Bistro. For $10, spectators can taste 3-ounce samples of each entry — and vote for the people’s choice winner. Tony’s Darts Away, 1710 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank; Sun., Feb. 28, noon-4 p.m.; $10. (818) 253-9170, tonysda.com/happening-at-tonys. —Garrett Snyder

mon 2/29

PODCASTS

Fear Itself

Are you frightened of the emptiness of the Last Terrified, a live taping of the final episode of Terrified, one of Nerdist’s most celebrated podcasts, an exploration of how fucked up people are based on their various fears and anxieties. Comedians/therapists/empaths (circle one or more) Dave Ross and Anna Seregina plumbed the depths of the human condition over the course of two years — this final show includes surprise guests joining them to perform the rawest unveiling of fears in public that you could possibly imagine. NerdMelt Showroom, 7522 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood Hills West; Mon., Feb. 29, 9-10:30 p.m.; $8. (323) 851-7223, nerdmelt.com. —David Cotner

tue 3/1

POLITICS

Poll Dancing

Is America feeling the Bern? Will Trump triumph? Are we ready for another Clinton in office? When master of horror Stephen King deemed Ted Cruz the “scariest candidate,” was that an endorsement or a warning? Find out how the electorate answers these questions and more at the Hammer Museum’s Super Tuesday Bash, co-presented by the UCLA Bruin Democrats and the UCLA Bruin Republicans. The university’s politically minded students invite you to follow the polls on the Hammer’s big screens for a night of toasting the political process, endless commentary and boozy ideological debates fueled by a cash bar. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Tue., March 1, 5:30 p.m.; free. (310) 825-4321, hammer.ucla.edu/programs-events/2016/03/super-tuesday-bash. —Neha Talreja

BOOKS

Thanks for the Memoir Ease

Comedian Nikki Glaser, host of Comedy Central’s Not Safe With Nikki Glaser, interviews Bonnie McFarlane about her new book, You’re Better Than Me. In her memoir, McFarlane writes about her life and comedic career, from her childhood to a Canadian farm to her appearances on The Tonight Show With Jay Leno, Late Show With David Letterman and Last Comic Standing. McFarlane also directed the 2014 documentary Women Aren’t Funny, which looked at the age-old debate about sexism in comedy and featured Joan Rivers, Chris Rock, Sarah Silverman, Rosie O’Donnell, Wanda Sykes and Adam Carolla. But fans know McFarlane best as co-host of the podcast My Wife Hates Me, in which she and comedian husband Rich Vos mostly bicker about their marriage and the industry. Skylight Books, 1818 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz; Tue., March 1, 7:30 p.m.; free, book is $15.99. (323) 660-1175, skylightbooks.com. —Siran Babayan

wed 3/2

COMEDY

Schitt’s and Giggles

Schitt’s Creek on the POP network (formerly TV Guide Network) is a Canadian...
We all have secrets...

UCLA IRB#12-000949. This UCLA research study is being conducted by the UCLA Department of Family Medicine (PI: Keith Heinzerling MD). Funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

...Is Meth yours?

If you are 18 years or older, using crystal meth, and looking to stop, call our research clinic in Hollywood (866) 449-UCLA or visit www.uclacham.org/meth

We need to find better medicines for the treatment of Alzheimer’s disease.

IF YOU ARE...
• Age 60 to 85
• Experiencing a decline in memory
• Or already diagnosed with Alzheimer’s disease (mild to moderate stage)

Concerned about Schizophrenia?

If so, Apostle Clinical Trials is currently enrolling volunteers for a clinical research study using an investigational product that may help reduce symptoms.

Qualified participants may receive:
- Study-related medical exams and study medication at no cost
- Compensation for time and travel

Please contact Apostle Clinical Trials
(562) 437-4780
1040 Elm Avenue Suite 309
Long Beach, CA 90813

www.aphostclinicaltrials.com

Do You Drink Alcohol? Are you Caucasian?

The Addictions Research Laboratory in the Department of Psychology at UCLA is looking for Caucasian individuals age 21 to 45 who drink alcohol regularly to participate in a study about responses to alcohol. This study involves coming to UCLA, providing a DNA sample, and completing an intravenous alcohol administration session—a total of 4 visits.

Participants will be compensated up to $220 for participation, an average of $10.50 per hour.

To get more information about the study and complete a screen, please visit https://www.surveymonkey.com/s/AlcoholResponseStudy2.

For specific questions, please call (310) 206-6756 and mention the “Alcohol Response Study.”

Let us help you achieve your weight loss goals!

Introductory Offer! $19.95*

* New patients only. Includes Consultation & Body Composition Analysis, FDA Approved Appetite Suppressants, Fat Burners, Phentermine, Water Pills, & FREE LIPO-TROPIC INJECTION m/b-12

Only valid with this ad, cannot be combined with other offers, Expires 3/31/19

Shed Even More Weight!
HCG INJECTIONS
ONLY $9 PER SHOT

Fast Acting

Fat-burning injection
PLUS B12 SHOT $20

Beverly Hills Office
OC Weight Loss & Anti Aging Center
714.544.8678

1125 S. Beverly Dr., Ste. 410, Los Angeles

YoungerLook.com
s sitcom about the reverse rags-to-riches story of an obnoxious, wealthy family that loses its fortune and moves into a motel in a small, rural town. The Paley Center hosts a discussion on the comedy series with the cast, including co-creators Eugene Levy and son Daniel, SCTV alum Catherine O’Hara, Annie Murphy, Emily Hampshire and Jennifer Robertson, and screens a preview of season two, which begins airing March 16. The Paley Center for Media, 465 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills; Wed., March 2, 7 p.m.; $25; (310) 786-1000, paleycenter.org. –Siran Babayan

BOOKS

She’s a Little Runaway
After Cherie Currie’s harrowing 2010 memoir, Neon Angel, singer and guitarist Lita Ford gets to have the latest word on the story of ‘80s rockers The Runaways. As part of Live Talks Los Angeles, Ford discusses her new book, Living Like a Runaway, in which she writes about joining the band at 16 and recording and touring with the group, which was hugely popular in Europe and Japan, even though they never achieved arena status in the United States. Later Ford found solo success as a Grammy-nominated pop-metal princess. She also looks back on being managed by Kim Fowley and Sharon Osbourne, as well as her collaborations and relationships with Ozzy Osbourne, Nikki Sixx, Jon Bon Jovi, Eddie Van Halen, ex-husbands Jim Gillette and Chris Holmes. Bootleg Theatre, 2220 Beverly Blvd, Westlake; Wed., March 2, 7:30 p.m.; $20-$25, livetalksla.com or bootlegtheater.org/event/1076387-live-talks-lita-ford-los-angeles. –Siran Babayan

THUR

Spock Check
Who better to satirize the musical-theater genre and the “farical aspects of science fiction” than a sibling duo composed of a playwright and a Caltech theoretical physics grad student? Boldly Go! A Musical Parody Based Upon Star Trek promises to go “where no musical has gone before.” Sure, musical theater has already been turned on its ear, but not Spock’s pointy ones, and the idealism of Gene Roddenberry’s original creation is brought to life in 19 original numbers (including “Warp Drive Tango” and “Live Long and Prosper”), as the Starship Enterprise navigates the late 23rd century in this brainy concoction. Star Trek fans take note: this is sure to be a sell-out! 10th Street Playhouse, 1023 10th Street, Santa Monica; 7 p.m.; $40, tickets4play.org. –Skyllaire Alfvegren

State of California
Los Angeles Regional Water Quality Control Board
FAC T SHEET AND NOTICE OF OPPORTUNITY TO COMMENT
Former Continental Graphics Facility
101 North La Brea Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90036

The Revised RAW proposes further characterization of UST-related contamination in soil, soil gas, and groundwater to be followed by the removal of contaminated soil for disposal at a permitted waste disposal facility. The Site characterization and waste remediation activities are being proposed for the protection of human health and groundwater quality in the Site area.

Opportunity For Public Comment
The proposed Revised RAW is now the subject of a 30-day public comment period to address any questions or comments the public may have. Your participation is encouraged. The Regional Board will not make a final decision to approve or implement the RAW until the public and interested parties have had a chance to review and comment.

The plan may be reviewed at the following link (under the Site Maps/Documents Tab):
http://geotracker.waterboards.ca.gov/profile_report.asp?id=T10000003894

Make money by Making a difference.
Octapharma Plasma donates get paid every time they donate. So you can earn good money to help pay for things you need and feel good knowing your donation saves lives.

New donors make up to $250*

*Earn up to $25 for first five donations + Promotions & fees may vary by location and be subject to change. All others $5 minimum donation. Proof of Social Security number & current residence postmarked within 30 days.

A World That Works for Everyone
Health — Success — Fulfillment
Harry Morgan Moses
Teaches Sundays at 10:00am at SpiritWorks, Center for Spiritual Living
260 N. Pass Ave. • Burbank, CA 91505
All Are Welcome
www.spiritworkscenter.com
Live streaming www.myspiritworks.com

t noon last Nov. 14, tick-ets for a hotly anticipat-ed event went on sale. Brown Paper Tickets told the organizers that at exactly 12 p.m. it had received more than 500 discrete requests for admission. By 12:01, the event was sold out.

But this wasn’t a concert, comedy show or sporting event. It was “an afternoon of tea, discourse, music and dance in the spirit of the estimable Miss Austen,” otherwise known as the Jane Austen Evening, held Jan. 23. Now in its 18th year, the Pasadena-based re-enactment event has developed a zealous fan base.

Many regular attendees, unable to get tickets and frustrated by the purchasing process, flooded the event’s Facebook page with angry comments. Apparently a computer glitch had prevented the sale of 80 tickets. When those were made available a week later, they sold out within minutes.

As a dancer and historian, I’ve attended many Jane Austen balls, but I’d never seen a response like this. Yes, it’s a wonder-ful event, but this year’s sell-out was so outright. Yes, it’s a wonder-ful event, but this year’s sell-out was so

A subculture that’s all about manners gets rude when Pasadena’s annual Jane Austen Evening sells out in minutes

BY RENÉE CAMUS

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND JANEITES

A subculture that’s all about manners gets rude when Pasadena’s annual Jane Austen Evening sells out in minutes

the Victorian Tea & Dance Society’s Jane Austen Social, on Jan. 24, and its Jane Austen Spring Assembly on March 12. Why has the Jane Austen Evening become the event of the year?

Walter Nelson, a dancer and presenter of many historically themed events, started JAE in 1998 as a way to jump-start the English country dance community in Southern California. The world was firmly in the grips of Austen fanaticism and had been since 1995, the year Ang Lee’s Sense and Sensibility, Amy Heckerling’s Clueless (a modernized Emma) and the essential Colin Firth–starring Pride and Prejudice miniseries were all released. Nelson clearly had found the perfect hook to attract new-comers to his events.

“It really is about a hook,” Nelson says. “I’ve become rather cynical about market-ing, [but] I think people feel a greater draw to an event that has Jane Austen’s name on it. If I called it ‘the Prince Regent’s Assembly,’ we would get half the turnout.”

But clearly there’s more to JAE’s popularity than just a name.

Inside the Pasadena Masonic Lodge, the Jane Austen Evening begins at 4 p.m. with an elegant tea and dinner, followed by English country dancing — a traditional, community-building folk dance with couples in long lines, often seen in Austen films — until 11:30 p.m. I spoke to attendees as young as 13 and as old as 76, from places as far away as San Francisco and Las Vegas. Formal attire is required, and the major-ity of revelers wear Regency-era clothing straight out of an Austen novel.

“When you walk through those doors, you really are walking through 200 years in time,” says Tim Steinmeier, who took over organizing the event when Nelson’s day job became too demanding. “People behave differently because of the costumes and the formalwear. It’s totally amazing. You just can’t get that anywhere else in today’s society.”

Nelson agrees that the ambiance is a huge factor: “I think [attendees] are looking for something that feels ‘Austen-y.’”

The movies attract many people — espe-cially women — to these events by portray-ing Austen’s era in a way that makes it seem especially romantic: the slow, gentle movements; joining gloved hands with your partner and gazing into his eyes; flirt-ing yet keeping your distance. They want to go back in time. They want to live it.

This was certainly true for Syrie James, who writes Austen-style novels. “When I first fell in love with Jane’s books after seeing the movies, what I really wanted was to live in a Jane Austen novel,” James says. “Since I couldn’t do that, the next best thing was to write about it. Actu-ally, the next best thing is to attend one of these balls.”

Darlene Hamilton, organizer of the Victorian Tea & Dance Society’s Jane Austen Social, says, “Why is Halloween so popular? People like stepping into an alter-native personality/reality, and this one’s a very lovely one.”

But sometimes this kind of perfectly healthy escapism turns ugly, particu-larly when tickets to the most anticipated Austen-related event of the year disappear too quickly. The event has always been popular, but sell-out times have decreased dramatically, from three months to two weeks to, now, a matter of minutes.

“We really broke some records here,” Nelson says. “It’s a little distressing, and people are getting nasty and angry and bitter.”

Some of the people who attend these gatherings are costumers first: They sew beautiful, historically accurate costumes, and they start dancing as an excuse to wear their finery. Others — like me — are danc-ers first: Their love of dance leads them to learn more about the clothes and the history, and to find or create outfits to wear.

With JAE, a third group enters the mix: the Janeites, Jane Austen aficionados who take their Austen events very seriously.

The differences between the various attendees aren’t typically a problem. Each group is happy to help the other, but here (perhaps because of the nature of the Internet), some people responded in ugly, decidedly non-Austen ways.

There were those who felt that dancers should have first shot at tickets, lest the event turn into a fashion show instead of a ball. Others said that to divide things in such an unwelcoming way was unfair; after all, they argued, the costumes are an important part of the atmosphere.

It’s disheartening — and odd — to watch members of a group bound by its affin-ity for a novelist of manners and country dancing turn on one another.

Fortunately, this divide is not apparent at the ball itself. Nelson and Steinmeier know their audience and keep the dances simple, maintaining that smooth elegance seen in films, achieved from walking steps rather than the energetic skipping actually danced in Austen’s day.

For example, “Mr. Beveridge’s Maggot” is a popular dance for Austen-based events because of its use in two filmed versions: the Firth Pride and Prejudice and Emma (1996). But the dance is actually from 1813, when Pride and Prejudice was pub-lished. Nelson explains, “It’s a minuet, and really should be danced in powdered wigs and panniers.”

But it’s a beautiful dance that captures the quintessence of that Austen romant-i-cism and ambiance.

“It’s not necessarily reality, but it’s what people are looking for in this particular ball,” Steinmeier says. “It’s not a dancer’s ball. It’s a mysterious, it’s an obsession. It’s their idea about how things were in the past.”

JANE AUSTEN SPRING ASSEMBLY
| South Pasadena Masonic Lodge, 1126 Fair Oaks Ave., South Pasadena | Sat., March 12, 11 a.m.-11 p.m. | $105 | victorianteaanddance.org
HOLLYWOODPANTAGES.COM / 800-982-2787

MARCH 15-20

TAYLOR MAC’s
24-DECADE HISTORY OF POPULAR MUSIC

FEATURING SPECIAL GUESTS
MARIACHI REYNA DE LOS ANGELES
Sat, Mar 12 | Royce Hall

MARCH 15-20

HOLLYWOODPANTAGES.COM / 800-982-2787

DEPRESSED?

MEDICATION NOT HELPING?

If you have been diagnosed with Major Depressive Disorder, or MDD, and are taking anti-depressants, but still feel depressed, consider participating in a clinical research study.

Qualified participants receive study-related medical care and study medication at no cost and may be compensated for time and travel.

For more information on how you can make a difference and to see if you qualify, contact CNS:

844-714-6464

www.cntrial.com/depression

MOVEMENT 2016:
EXPRESS YOURSELF

Pre and post show party featuring music from DJ Manifesto, photo booth, spinning disco balls, runway and dance party. Make-up artistry for those who want a fresh coat of paint, provided by smashbox

MUSIC CENTER FOR THE ART OF PERFORMANCE AT UCLA

2015-2016

cap.ucla.edu
Are you currently experiencing abdominal pain and constipation due to your Irritable Bowel Syndrome condition?

We are conducting a clinical research study on an investigation study medication for people with Irritable Bowel Syndrome with constipation (IBS-C). You may qualify if you are:

• 18-85 years of age
• Currently experiencing abdominal pain and constipation due to your Irritable Bowel Syndrome condition
• Able and willing to make daily reports on your symptoms throughout the study
• Able and willing to participate in the clinical research study for approximately 18 weeks

*additional criteria may apply

Eligible participants will receive at no cost:

• Investigational Medication
• Study related care
• Compensation for travel and possible other reimbursement

For more information, please contact

Southern California Research Institute Medical Group, Inc
8110 Airport Boulevard, Los Angeles CA 90045
Principal Investigator: Dr. Timothy Simmons

Bisrat Yirgou, Study Coordinator at (310) 674-0144 ext 2140
A Ghostly Apparition Rides the Metro

ALSO, VINTAGE PHOTOS OF PROSTITUTES AND POETRY FOR ABIGAIL ADAMS

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, faceless kids climb ropes in West Adams, and a deathlike apparition makes repeat appearances in a Silver Lake show.

Second first lady

L.A.-based Alex Chaves, a painter and writer, titled his first book, *Abigail Adams*, after our nation's second first lady. But his Abigail is a conflicted American icon, maybe an iconoclast. Grace Dunham, also a writer-artist and the younger sibling of Lena, wrote something of a blurb for Chaves. It took the form of a letter and included the following: "Some people wear their hearts on their sleeves; others paint their hearts on their canvases. ... But your heart? I wonder if it's in New Jersey, or inside your tummy, or scattered around in sacred, banal places, buried like treasure." Dunham will read with Chaves this weekend.

Hustler with a camera

In the mid-1980s, Scot Sothern spent time roving around Southern California, seeking out prostitutes and photographing them, often in odd bedrooms or hotel rooms. The intimate B&W photographs were hardly ever shown in the intervening years. Now a book is coming out and the small, vintage images hang at Little Big Man gallery next to typewritten narratives pinned to the wall. The narratives, written in retrospect, give raw glimpses into Sothern's encounters with the women. He never comes off as an outside observer. Rather, he's a hustler too, negotiating, sometimes engaging sexually, fascinated with the way the women resist or embrace him.

Ghoul on a train

For his show "King and Slave," Julien Ceccaldi painted a mural on the back wall of Jenny's small Silver Lake space. A bald, emaciated, naked man sits on a Metro train bench, while three other nicely dressed, healthy-looking passengers lean away from him. A man holds his nose. A woman covers her face. They seem grossed out and scared. The emaciated figure makes repeat appearances in this show.

Public school training camp

Artist Ajay Kurian's "Unilateral Educational Disarmament" is a vaguely militarized, candy-colored gym-class nightmare. Installed at JOAN, Kurian's show begins in a darkened entryway, with a vitrine lit green, like a fish tank. Bells and tiny gingerbread men populate the plastic, chintzy scene. Then, in the main room, child-sized figures with melted metal limbs and heads without features climb ropes and loiter. They wear gym shorts and T-shirts. "I saw Napoleon on horseback," one shirt says.

Museum Of Latin American Art

DON'T MISS OUR WEEKEND CELEBRATION!

EXHIBITION OPENING - SAT. FEB 27 | 7:00-8:00PM
FREE FAMILY FESTIVAL - SUN. FEB 28 | 11:00-5:00PM

The Museum of Latin American Art (MOLAA) kicks off its 20th Anniversary Weekend Celebration with the opening of a new exhibition, MOLAA at Twenty: 1996-2016, on Saturday, February 27 and a FREE Family Festival on Sunday, February 28.

MOLAA AT TWENTY: 1996-2016
O URBAN PIONEERS!

Broken Fences tackles race relations and real estate on Chicago’s West Side — just not very well

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

One of the more effective moments in Steven Simoncic’s socially conscious melodrama Broken Fences comes about 15 minutes in, when Hoody (Bruce A. Lemon Jr.), a black man living in a house that has been in his family for generations, gets a first look at his new neighbors. The genial auto mechanic and his wife, D (Donna Simone Johnson), enter their backyard to catch sight of a Caucasian couple: Czar (Coronado Romero), a white-collar guy who works in advertising, and his pregnant wife, April (Mia Fraboni). The pair, for various reasons — partly economic and partly to evade the suburbs — have purchased a home in Chicago’s Garfield Park, a neighborhood that’s rundown but on the cusp of an upswing.

Hoody’s nuanced double take and the accompanying query — “Y’all ... need directions or something?” — sum up the conflict at the heart of the play.

The dialogue, to this point, is mostly chatty exposition among Czar, April, Czar’s buddy and colleague Spence (Kris Frost) and his wife, Barb (Ivy Khan). The latter couple are nosy bigots who’ve dropped by to get a look at their friends’ new digs, and to marvel at the pioneering pluck of Czar and April and their choice to move into the ghetto.

The entrance of Lemon and Johnson rescues the production from a vexatious sense of contrivance, some of it rooted in the script but much of it brought on by stagey performances. Under Andre Barron’s direction, the opening scene between Czar and April unwinds without chemistry, while Frost and Khan come across as caricatures, there to serve as uptight foils for the down-home folks on the other side of the fence.

All this is really too bad, since Simoncic’s timely take on gentrification and the interconnection between race relations, real estate and the relentless financial pressure on today’s working and middle classes deserves the dramatic spotlight he is trying to leverage.

For even as Czar and April celebrate their new domicile and the imminent birth of their first child, Hoody and D are wrestling with soaring property taxes and other bills that they cannot afford. For D, the daughter of a homeless addict who found shelter years ago due to the kindness of Hoody’s mom, the prospect of losing the only home she’s known is a double disaster.

Lemon and Johnson are believable as longtime marrieds, and some scenes play well, such as one in which April and Czar argue over why they made what now seems like the wrong move in the first place.

My favorite moments come in the bonding between the two principal home-owning men as they pass a joint across that doggone fence. Their exchange serves up a wisp of brotherhood and reason, to be gently savored before it’s finally snuffed out.

BROKEN FENCES | The Road Theatre Company on Magnolia, 10747 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood Through April 3 | (818) 761-8838 | roadtheatre.org
“Engrossing, innovative and sincere. An excellent ensemble. Mae Whitman is a treasure. York Walker is thrilling to watch.”  
— BROADWAY WORLD

“An ambitious exploration of lives in today’s complex world. David Pittu and Sharon Lawrence shine!”  
— GUARDIAN LIBERTY VOICE

“Breathlessly negotiates race, religion, and sexuality.”  
— ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

L-R: Sharon Lawrence, York Walker, Mae Whitman and David Pittu. PHOTO BY CRAIG SCHWARTZ

BY Bathsheba Doran
DIRECTED BY Robert Egan

Now thru March 20, 2016

MARK TAPER FORUM
135 N. Grand Ave, Downtown L.A.

CenterTheatreGroup.org 213.628.2772  @CTGLA
BAD COP, WORSE COP

Triple 9’s great cast, mean premise and killer heist all get wasted

BY ALAN SCHERSTUHL

Bad cop movies — whether bad movies about cops or movies about bad cops — can be like those Arctic core samples from which scientists determine long-gone CO2 levels, though in this case they’re measuring American anxiety about police authority. Pop on John Hillcoat’s agonized pulp thriller Triple 9 in 20 years and you’ll at least have evidence of the current national wariness toward the militarization of that now-stout-er-than-thin blue line. It’s also a précis on the personal failibility of individual officers — and, apparently, of what happens when producers cut up a long, complex film into something they consider more accessible.

This is a bad cop movie in both senses of the phrase, one thick with murderers, dope sniffers and special-ops monsters, all prepared to put their own concerns and safety above those of the public they’ve sworn to protect. An exemplary cast runs through the motions of shooting innocents sworn to protect. An exemplary cast runs through the motions of shooting innocents sworn to protect. An exemplary cast runs through the motions of shooting innocents sworn to protect.

The film opens well, with one of those capers: a clockwork bank heist whose construction as a sequence is as intricate as what the characters are up to. Like the bank robbery we’re watching Triple 9’s hooded hoods execute, the set piece always feels as if it might spin out of control, and viewers must huff along to keep up. Who’s heisting what, and why, is never as clear as the how — Hillcoat and Cook like to catch us up as we go. That’s invigorating as that heist becomes a chase becomes a shootout, all misted over by one of the bank’s exploding dye packs.

Hillcoat’s interest in step-by-step procedure is still involving during a long early scene of chaotic police work in which Casey Affleck’s Grade-A Certified Good Cop leads a SWAT team through the apartment of a drug kingpin, sweating each door, closet and corner.

The thrill wears off, though, as the story becomes convoluted, motivations get hidden from us and characters languish as thumbnails. The story isn’t complex, but its telling is tangled, often willfully so. It’s the kind of movie in which one character suggests to the gang one of those ideas so crazy that it just might work — in this case, the “Triple 9” of the title. But then the scene ends with everyone mulling over the ramifications of a term the film won’t get around to actually defining for quite a while.

Here’s a cheat sheet: The title has nothing to do with that bonkers Herman Cain tax plan from four years ago. It’s instead a heel turn made electric in last year’s Old Glory tie, as something like Winslet’s counterweight. He plays the sad old salt, wooozy with drugs he’s seized off perps, convinced something big is going to hit his town soon.

Too bad Triple 9 has so little time for these people. It’s got three hours of plot stuffed into just under two hours, and the breath-to-breath storytelling of those early set pieces gives way to structural uncertainty and then incoherence — it’s hard to tell how much time has passed between scenes, or just why, as the twists come, the characters would suddenly turn so dumb. The cast is often stranded in such familiar scenes that the filmmakers don’t bother to give us all the key beats of their arcs.

Aaron Paul plays a bottomed-out junkie, skittish and unreliable — quite possibly the last thing the world ever needs to see him play again. Ejiofor proves sturdy as the not-quite-good man forced to do bad to save his family, but he never distinguishes his performance off ers more than this rehash deserves.

Between the artistic success of his supernatural chiller The Sixth Sense, but he should be getting kudos for continuing to inspire brooding, twisty, half-assed imitations a decade and a half later. In Backtrack, writer and second-time director Michael Petroni’s glossily shot yet soullessly schematic Australian mystery, emotionally fragile psychiatrist Peter Bower (Adrien Brody) discovers he sees dead people, including his mentoring shrink (Sam Neill) and a hooded little girl who must’ve escaped from Don’t Look Now. But don’t fret; that’s a first-act reveal, and Peter’s ghostly curse is just a hokey catalyst to guide his guilt-ridden character back to his hometown.

Suffering from the recent death of his own daughter, Peter’s mopey intensity is exacerbated by repressed memories of a tragic train accident
Eddie the Eagle is No Cool Runnings
Biopic of British Ski Jumper Fails to Inspire

BY SCOTT TOBIAS

In the Winter Olympics, ski jumping is one of those sports — bobsledding and luge are others — where Joe and Jane Satellite Dish cannot tell the difference between a great performance and a terrible one unless the athlete is carried away on a stretcher. No doubt there are crucial nuances in power and form, but on television, the mechanics all look the same: Athlete whooshes down giant ramp, athlete glides majestically downhill, too. So it’s tempting to imbibe the Eagle unaware of it. The hero is a jumper-come-lately who’s dodging a future as a plasterboard, the villains are Olympians who have been honing their craft since the age of 6. Unless their stories are colorful, their achievements don’t matter. That’s true of primetime Olympics broadcasts — and of Eddie the Eagle.

Actor-turned-director Dexter Fletcher, who previously made the Pretenders’ jukebox musical Sunrise on Leith, approaches the material with an uncomplicated exuberance that wears you down. Not a second of Eddie the Eagle rings true, but it goads the audience into gazing its cheery platitudes anyway, like the shots the other athletes force on the teetotaling Edwards in Calgary. Did Edwards really learn proper aerial form through a Bo Derek sex fantasy? Did he really spend the Opening Ceremony passed out in a laundry bin? It’s tempting to imbibe every last drop of Fletcher’s noxious absinthe and get drunk on his tall tales of underdog achievement. But it won’t feel good in the morning.

For broadcast networks to simply show the event — round after round, jump after jump, from 70- and 90-meter distances — they’d have to be willing to watch their ratings glide majestically downhill, too. So instead, they look for inspirational stories to package — and they got a doozy in Michael “Eddie” Edwards, a British ski jumper who finished last in the 1988 Games in Calgary, but whooped and flapped as if he’d won the gold. Never much of a force in the Winter Games, the Brits had no tradition as a ski-jumping nation, which allowed Edwards to slip into competition without much experience or skill (and to considerable controversy from the sporting elite). But with his Mr. Magoo glasses, his ungainly frame and his big personality, Edwards was a media sensation: a working-class bloke with dreams of Olympic glory.

The Jamaican bobsled team also dazzled Calgary with its non-excellence that year, inspiring the Disney comedy Cool Runnings five years later. And now Edwards’ story has finally been packaged as Eddie the Eagle, which could be dubbed a Full Monty cash-in if it weren’t so late for that, too. A tacky embroidered sweater of a movie, Eddie the Eagle has the populist tone of those TV packages for the Olympics, only at 20 times the length and without Bob Costas’ narration. It tiptoes around the stickiest questions about Edwards’ legitimacy, invents a hard-drinking American coach out of whole cloth and covers most of his hero’s athletic progress in a training montage set to Hall & Oates’ “You Make My Dreams Come True.” Short of outfitting Edwards with a beer helmet as he careens down the incline, the film’s commitment to broad feel-good-isms is absolute.

As Edwards, Taron Egerton is as crazily mannered and over-the-top as the nerd in an ’80s college comedy, but clips of the real man downgrade that assessment to merely “a bit much.” After scenes from Edwards’ childhood establish him as a physically limited boy — the person who admires Winter Olympic medals of outfitting Edwards with a hard-drinking American coach — the stickiest questions about Edwards’ legitimacy, invents a hard-drinking American coach out of whole cloth and covers most of his hero’s athletic progress in a training montage set to Hall & Oates’ “You Make My Dreams Come True.” Short of outfitting Edwards with a beer helmet as he careens down the incline, the film’s commitment to broad feel-good-isms is absolute.

As Edwards, Taron Egerton is as crazily mannered and over-the-top as the nerd in an ’80s college comedy, but clips of the real man downgrade that assessment to merely “a bit much.” After scenes from Edwards’ childhood establish him as a physically limited boy — the person who admires Winter Olympic medals — the film’s commitment to broad feel-good-isms is absolute. 

That’s true of primetime Olympics broadcasts — and of Eddie the Eagle.

Actor-turned-director Dexter Fletcher, who previously made the Pretenders’ jukebox musical Sunrise on Leith, approaches the material with an uncomplicated exuberance that wears you down. Not a second of Eddie the Eagle rings true, but it goads the audience into gazing its cheery platitudes anyway, like the shots the other athletes force on the teetotaling Edwards in Calgary. Did Edwards really learn proper aerial form through a Bo Derek sex fantasy? Did he really spend the Opening Ceremony passed out in a laundry bin? It’s tempting to imbibe every last drop of Fletcher’s noxious absinthe and get drunk on his tall tales of underdog achievement. But it won’t feel good in the morning.

Eddie the Eagle | Directed by Dexter Fletcher | Written by Sean Macaulay and Simon Kelton | 20th Century Fox | Citywide

For Full Festival Schedule & More Info: www.HollywoodReelIndependentFilmFestival.com
Tickets Available Now: hriFF.eventbrite.com

HICKEY | Feb 19, 8:15pm | At Regal Cinemas LA LIVE
DISPLACEMENT | Feb 19, 9:30pm | At Regal Cinemas LA LIVE
LOVE MEET HOPE | Feb 20, 7:30pm | At Regal Cinemas LA LIVE
THE PAPER STORE | Feb 20, 9pm | At Laemmle’s Music Hall, Beverly Hills
IMPERVIOUS SHIFT | Feb 20, 11:30pm | At Laemmle’s Music Hall, Beverly Hills

EDDIE THE EAGLE | Directed by Dexter Fletcher | Written by Sean Macaulay and Simon Kelton | 20th Century Fox | Citywide

HOLLYWOOD REEL INDEPENDENT FILM FESTIVAL
Feb 18-20 At Regal Cinemas LA LIVE
Feb 21-29 At The Music Hall Beverly Hills
1982 It is admittedly lazy to begin a review of a movie written and directed by an African-American filmmaker with references to Tyler Perry and his even more didactic peer T.D. Jakes, but the regressive, flatly written 1982 could have come off either of their assembly lines. (Actually, Perry would have at least attempted some levity.) Written and directed by Tommy Oliver, 1982 is a ham-fisted morality tale about love, marriage and the fallout of the 80’s crack epidemic as though told by someone whose intel on all three came primarily from pulp sources. Hardworking, blue-collar Tim (Hill Harper) is a devoted husband to Shenae (Sharon Leal) and father to their smart, ridiculously cute daughter Maya (Troi Zee). When a figure from Shenae’s murky past returns to wreak havoc — shattering the marriage, besmirching Shenae and endangering Maya — Tim has to show that being morally upright does not preclude kicking some ass. Oliver’s script is full of broadly sketched characters gracefully manipulated through a plot both treacly and exploitative. (A scene in which a turned-out Shenae turns tricks for crack is less shocking than shamelessly manipulative.) Harper does his best with his character, but it’s Leal who, by virtue of her talent, makes the film such an exasperating viewing. She brings a dark prickliness to Shenae right from the start, before we know her backstory and before her past returns to drag her family down. She also hints at psychological and emotional currents never really supplied or fleshed out by the script — and makes the viewer wish the actress and her character were in a film worthy of them.

EDDIE THE EAGLE The sports media found Olympic glory. Or it would have, had Edwards not finished dead last in two different events at the 1988 Winter Games in Calgary — but whooped and flapped as if he’d won the gold. Now Edwards’ story has been packaged as Eddie the Eagle. A tacky embroidered sweater of a film, it has the populist tone of those TV packages for the Olympics, only at 20 times the length. It tippets around the stickiest questions about Edwards’ (Taron Egerton) legitimacy, invents a hard-drinking American coach (Hugh Jackman) out of whole cloth and covers most of his hero’s athletic progress in a training montage set to Hall & Oates’ “You Make My Dreams Come True.” “Short of outfitting Edwards with a beer helmet as he careers down the in-run, the film’s commitment to broad feel-good-isms is absolute. From director Dexter Fletcher’s perspective, there are only two types of people: those inspired by Edwards’ plucky resolve and the Finnish snobs or bureaucratic prigs who insist that he’s denigrating the sport. If there’s a reasonable position somewhere in the middle — the person who admires Edwards’ determination but respects the cruel meritocracy of athletic skill — Eddie the Eagle isn’t aware of it. The hero is a jumper-come-lately dodging a future as a plastering apprentice; the villains are Olympians who have been honing their craft since the age of 6. Unless their stories are colorful, their achievements don’t matter. That’s true of primetime Olympics broadcasts — and of Eddie the Eagle. (Scott Tobias)

JACK OF THE RED HEARTS Few would understand the trials and tribulations of living with a special-needs child, but as the mother of a son on the autism spec-
trum, director Janet Grillo (Fly Away) ably and sentimentally immerses viewers in that demanding experience in Jack of the Red Hearts. AnnaSophia Robb stars as “Jack,” a septum-pierced teenage runaway who, in a quick-cash attempt to gain custody of her younger sisters, impersonates a caregiver to a family with an 11-year-old autistic daughter named Glory (Taylor Richardson). Moderately streetwise but in over her head, Jack not only manages to fool the low-functioning girl’s petsually frazzled mother (Fanke Janssen), uncomfortably numid father (Scott Cohen) and frustrated teen brother (Israel Broussard) but also forms a bond with her young charge. Aside from some hallucinatory POVs shots to illustrate Glory’s sensory issues, the film has the sterile look and feel of a made-for-TV melodrama, the situation and its lived-in details far more compelling than its blandly earnest plotting. There’s an unnecessary romantic intrigue between Jack and the brother, and the inevitable crumbling of the delinquent’s façade — along with a denouement of good intentions and forgiveness — plays out exactly as it would on the Lifetime network. Still, it’s rare that a drama shows such specificity to the resilience of those coping with, and that sensitivity goes a long way. (Aaron Hillis)

THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON

The title puts you there, but this wide-eyed there-and-back-again doc consists of safflower rouge production is explained in slices of life, most of them more mundane or painful, where Only Yesterday truly shines. The present-day scenes often have the pastoral reveries common in anime; the socioeconomics of safflower rouge production is explained in detail, as well as the benefits of organic farming. Yet it’s radical, on-the-edge comedy when the conventions of superhero movies. Marvel cosmic “merc with a mouth” is a sort of shock-jock Spider-Man, with the Punisher’s arsenal, Wolverine’s healing powers, and the dialogue of one of those open-mic comedy dudes who believes its some sort of courageous truth-telling to point out that men like blowjobs. Onscreen, he can’t go a minute without a one-liner about jerking off, or calling bad guys “cool in the face” or “who’s in bag of dick tops.” In a tense moment in his pre-costume life, talking with his love (Morena Baccarin) over how he’ll deal with the cancer that’s killing him, he spouts with some wishfulness, “I had nickel for every time I spanked it to Bernadette Peters.” Between the patter, Deadpool’s about splatter, song of it memorable: Deadpool pinballs the hero picks the same joke targets as its finally revealed, but the painful ache of older Taeko’s imagination, as the presence in her life; as she ruminates on that scene instead of the heist. The rental wariness toward the militarization of that now-stouter-than-thin blue line.

DEADPOOL

Deadpool is his own stylishly retrograde RiffTrack, cracking endlessly about balls and gayness, about burn victims and 90s bands and the conventions of superhero movies. Marvel cosmic “merc with a mouth” is a sort of shock-jock Spider-Man, with the Punisher’s arsenal, Wolverine’s healing powers, and the dialogue of one of those open-mic comedy dudes who believes its some sort of courageous truth-telling to point out that men like blowjobs. Onscreen, he can’t go a minute without a one-liner about jerking off, or calling bad guys “cool in the face” or “who’s in bag of dick tops.” In a tense moment in his pre-costume life, talking with his love (Morena Baccarin) over how he’ll deal with the cancer that’s killing him, he spouts with some wishfulness, “I had nickel for every time I spanked it to Bernadette Peters.” Between the patter, Deadpool’s about splatter, song of it memorable: Deadpool pinballs the severed head of Mook A to take out Mook B, and he cheerily loses the use of every limb, Monty Python and the Holy Grill-style, fighting the immovable Colossus (Stefan Kapicic), on loan from the X-Men movies. It’s all too much, by design, and it’s also by design that carving about it make you feel like a killyo. Go ahead, and go nuts if your life has a void in it that can only be filled by a superhero who gets an eyeful of Gina Carano and immediately declares that she must have a “wang” — and later compares her to Rosie O’Donnell. You just can’t pretend it’s radical, on-the-edge comedy when the hero picks the same joke targets as Donald Trump. (Alan Scherstuhl)
J ust after sundown on a Friday night, illustrator Van Jazmin stands in the middle of the Lab L.A.’s dirty off-white floor, which has been mottled from years of dancers grinding their shoes into the paint. He is intensely focused on the DJ, a Dutch producer named Oliver Heldens, whose dark, messy hair bounces around his face as he grooves to his loud house music mix. Jazmin holds a sketchbook with his left arm and braces it against his waist. He pulls a red marker from the breast pocket of his worn denim jacket — an heirloom from his hippie grandmother, decorated with an old “Steal Your Face” patchwork. Then he starts drawing, first framing the page an inch from the edge, as if preparing a comic book panel.

He looks back up at Heldens and feverishly begins to draw in the frame. Within minutes, a tricolored illustration of the DJ takes shape. Once he’s done, he retreats into the crowd to find a new subject.

Thanks to Van Jazmin’s nightlife illustrations, those debaucherous Hollywood nights that would mortify your mother have been immortalized in ink on paper. The artist takes an impressionist spin on capturing club culture by freeform drawing his way through the swirl of faces and bouncing shoes that make up the dance floor. His illustrations tell the sweat-soaked story of L.A.’s vibrant club scene, a late-night world that some might otherwise never see and others simply can’t quite remember.

Van was born Savana Jazmin to bohemian musicians in rural Pennsylvania. Although born female, he knew from an early age that he was miscategorized.

“I grew up without gender roles,” he says. “I also grew up barefoot. So having to wear shoes reminds me of having to stand in lines with girls [at school] and not being allowed to be a Boy Scout.”

Jazmin’s predilection for artistic documentation began when he was a child growing up on a secluded Appalachian farm. His early childhood renderings depicted the family’s livestock as erratic musicians who encouraged him to draw their jam sessions. But in class, his preferred form of expression still got him in trouble.

“I had this teacher that looked like a female David Letterman, and she confiscated one of my drawings,” Jazmin recalls. “She was taken aback because it had nudity in it. It was this weird David Bowie-inspired drawing of these two aliens. One had big tits, and the other one had this kind of phallic tail coming out of the back. In my head it was just science fiction.”

Jazmin’s fan art — a drawing of David Bowie, whom he’d met once in Florida — soon caught the eye of Riff Raff’s merchandising team, and he was hired to design the artwork for Riff’s Neon Icon album.

While hanging with Riff Raff at 2013’s Mad Decent Block Party, Jazmin was placed in a familiar situation: socially adapting to his surroundings through his art.

“I was kinda nervous because I didn’t really know anybody except for Riff’s media people and a few people at Mad Decent,” he says. “I was just this weird person backstage, like, why am I here? So I just started drawing. I was drawing people like Djemba Djemba and Cashmere Cat, and people would walk up to me and start conversations.” He had found his calling.

Jazmin now immerses himself in the EDM and hip-hop industries, and dance culture’s vernacular dominates his illustration portfolio. “When I’m going to these events and parties, I’m not just drawing what I see but I draw what I hear. I capture quotes, conversations and concepts,” he explains, while drawing a portrait of his L.A. Weekly interviewer.

A short photographer wearing glasses approaches and starts snapping pictures of the artist. Now Jazmin is working on a piece that captures all of the cameras in the room — a GoPro in the back streaming the event. Heldens all over the Internet, numerous camera phones, the photographer’s lens pointed at him.

The illustration comes together in colorful layers. He’s drawing over his initial outlines in a neon teal, making the red indistinguishable. He interchanges his media people and a few people at Mad Decent,” he say
If you abandon your car and climb into the smog-shrouded Cypress Park intersection of the 5 and 110 freeways, you’ll discover a little-known arterial called the Arroyo Seco Parkway Walkway. There’s a stairwell reeking of urine and a homeless encampment, but otherwise it’s the semi-private secret of those few locals who walk in L.A. — a bizarre civic crossroads where there’s nothing stopping you from stepping onto the freeway and snuffing out your existence in a Sig Alert of glory.

This is where Brian Simon, better known as the avant-garde electronic composer Anenon, chose to meditate during the recording of *Petrol*, his poetic love-hate letter to L.A.

“It’s this weird, unknown place where thousands of people pass by but never pay it any attention,” says Simon, the bespectacled producer who was raised in Beachwood Canyon but until recently lived in Boyle Heights. “I’d go up there and meditate on car sounds. It was thrilling but calming, too.”

He’s speaking at the moment from Mexico City, where he recently decamped with his girlfriend to take a sabbatical from the hometown he’s never really left. He returns for an album release show at the Los Angeles Contemporary Archive on Feb. 25.

“The experience made me think about the dichotomy of walking versus driving in L.A.,” Simon continues. “Living here puts you in your own emotional bubble, where you might not interact with people for days at a time. You get lost in your own head.”

The chaos and clutter of the city manifests in the alternately frenetic and serene pace of *Petrol*. Simon juxtaposes found sounds that capture the tidal crush of traffic with anxiety-riddled synthesizers and plaintive saxophones.

It’s a uniquely modern record that obliterates genre, settling at a nexus between improvised jazz, minimalistic dance music and ambient. It’s as meticulously planned as a freeway grid and as infinitely sprawling as the tract suburbs outside the city limits. Its title came from a four-way intersection near Simon’s old apartment, where a gas station occupied every corner.

“The older that I get, the more I feel the weight of everything,” says Simon, who just turned 32. “I’m really attracted to this place where beauty and sadness mix and become this unspoken thing. I’m trying to build my own language.”

Such conceptual ambition is nothing new for Simon, who studied music history at UCLA and built his own Non Projects label into one of the city’s most respected electronic imprints over the last five years. His musical vernacular reflects a decade of tireless experimentation.

With *Petrol*, released March 4 on Friends of Friends, he’s achieved something masterful and permanent, built from several improvisational jam sessions, and whittled down into something taut and simmering — as intimate and unknowable as the neon cityscape seen from the freeway.

“Driving in L.A., you get these epic vistas, but you lose them really quickly and you’re stuck in your own little bubble again. That’s what this album is trying to capture,” Simon says. “There are so many visions and perspectives, micro-pockets and climates. So many intersect, but so many don’t. This is the city as choose-your-own-adventure.”

**THE LODGE AT LOS ANGELES CONTEMPORARY ARCHIVE**
2245 E. Washington Blvd., downtown
Thu., Feb. 25, 7 p.m. | free

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Shots Fired podcat. Find him online at passionweiss.com.
THU. FEBRUARY 25
BRI ALYSSA BIRTHDAY BASH
FT. DRAKE-O-THERULER + AZSWAYE

FRI. FEBRUARY 26
AMBULANCE
FT. MASTED & DREAMS

SAT. FEBRUARY 27
NATURE WORLD NIGHT OUT FEST
FT. SOULJA BOY, TRASH TALK, WEDDIT & MORE

SUN. FEBRUARY 28
FACTION 3
FT. NATCHA, JAKES, MEGALODON, POGMAN & MORE

THU. FEBRUARY 25
PLUGGED IN
FT. JSTJR, BIG MAXK, LIL TEXAS, CHOPPA DUNKS & MORE

FRI. FEBRUARY 26
TRACK MEET LOS ANGELES
FT. YPINTY SCROLL, NAV, C.E. & AIR DJ

SAT. FEBRUARY 27
KONA + WW.F PRESENT: CAN I COME, TOO?
GIANNI LEE, SOFTEST HARD

FRI. MARCH 4
RONCOVACOCO
15 YEAR ANNIVERSARY SHOW

COMING SOON:
2/26 BROWNIES & LEMONADE
3/4 COLORS LA
3/5 8 KALACAS
3/6 THE BODY (RECORD RELEASE)
DRAKEPARTY.NET PRESENTS: WAY UP
3/17 COUNTERPARTS
3/18 G. PERICO
3/18 MUNDANÇE & RABIT
3/19 FUSION
3/23 FAUST
3/24 KIRKO BANGZ
3/25 DAS BUNKER GRAND RE-OPENING
3/26 THE WORLD OF DRUM & BASS 2016 TOUR
3/26 TROJAN LOUNGE

4/2 THE RETURN OF DOUBLE AGENT & RUDO MOVIMIENTO
4/2 LIVE FROM L.A. W/ J STASH, TRILLJ Sammy & MITCH PORTER
4/7 TIM HECKER
4/9 BANE: FINAL LOS ANGELES PERFORMANCE
4/10 B-SIDE LOS ANGELES PRESENTS: 10 YEARS OF DEEP MEDI
4/14 ARB: THE APRIL FOOLS FOOLIN TOUR 2016
4/24 COMEBACK KID
4/29 BACKSLIDER / SEX PRISONER
5/6 DAS BUNKER STAR WARS NIGHT V
5/27 ESPLÉNDIDO GEOMETRICO
5/29 KINGDOM
7/8 TARRUS RILEY

COMING SOON:
2/28 REDO LATIN SUNDAYS
3/2 EDM SCHOOL W/ BRILLZ & VIRTUAL BUDD
3/3 DAVE LUXE
3/5 BLOOD ON THE DANCE FLOOR
3/5 LIL DURK
3/6 DJ BLIND
3/8 DJ MAMITA
3/10 DJ SEVEN
3/11 SERTAB ERENER
3/12 JANET BENTON
3/14 DJ DEE FOUR
3/15 FOUNDATION REGGAE SUNDAYS
3/17 DJ KOURTney
3/18 MANGCHI
3/22 3025 PRESENTS: CELEBRITY CRUSH, ARJUNA GENOME, KATHLEEN DREEMS
3/24 VIOLENT J (OF INSANE CLOWN POSSE)
3/24 BILLIONAIRE BUCK
3/26 VICTIMS
3/29 BANJEE BALL
3/30 RUMBLE FOR THE JUNGLE
3/31 UNEARTH
4/9 ALEX WILEY

EVERY WEEK:
TUESDAYS LOS GLOBOS LOCALS
SUNDAYS FOUNDATION REGGAE

TICKETS & INFO AT UNIONCLUBLA.COM F/CLUBLOSLOBOS
HOMES APART

It's real pretty to think that it could get down to it, humans will resist authority...
D'Angelico Guitars Presents The 2nd Annual

Malibu Guitar Festival
Located in the Heart of Malibu
Cross Creek

April 28 - 30, 2016

Kenny Wayne Shepherd
Robert Randolph - The Empty Hearts
Dale Watson - Laurence Juber - Fabrizio Sotti
Marcus Eaton - Michael Hayes - The Maze With Michelle Wolf
Special Guest Albert Lee...More To Come!

For Early Bird Ticket Specials Go To

MalibuGuitarFestival.com
Metric
@ HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
The daughter of Canadian poet and former Carla Bley lyricist Paul Haines, Metric singer-keyboardist Emily Haines has always had an unusual way of looking at the world. She’s certainly no vapid pop starlet. “Offer me a free lobotomy/Got to be sedated to be seen/On the cover of your magazine,” she murmurs coolly on the opening track of Metric’s sixth record, Pagans in Vegas. As with much of the Toronto quartet’s work, the recent album is an unexpected collision of influences, from propulsive synth-pop to more introspective indie rock, evoking such influences as The Cure, Depeche Mode and Joy Division. Guitarist-producer Jimmy Shaw pumps up electronic tracks like “Cascades” with a dance-music glow but also gives Haines’ ruminative vocals room to wander among the skeletal post-punk riffs of “For Kicks.” Also at House of Blues Anaheim on Sunday, Feb. 28. —Falling James

Diane Coffee
@ THE ECHO
Sometime Foxygen drummer Shaun Fleming doesn’t take into consideration styles or time frames on his second album as Diane Coffee, Everybody’s a Good Dog. The potpourri follow-up to his hazy and psychedelic debut, My Friend Fish, touches on that album’s vibe only once, on “Gov’t.” Instead, it visits Motown on “Too Much Space Man.” Horns take center stage on the Rolling Stones–influenced “Soon to Be, Won’t to Be” and space jams on “Spring Breathes” is airy and gorgeous. Theatricality abounds, as Fleming takes cues from The Rocky Horror Picture Show a number of times, on “Everyday,” “Not That Easy” and even the raw punk of “I Dig You.” —Lily Moayeri

Women Fuck Shit Up Fest
@ THE SMELL
With a name that subverts the macho, mindlessly violent ethos of the early ‘80s hardcore scene, the Women Fuck Shit Up Fest offers two days of “art, poetry, music and feminism” to benefit Girls Rock Camp Alliance. While it would be nice to evolve to a point where such pointedly female-dominated bills are no longer needed as a counterpoint to Coachella, it’s still nice to see a lineup loaded with fully loaded punk and indie-pop performers, whatever their gender. Reflective pop bard Allison Weiss headlines day one, preceded by the contrasting hard-rocking and revitalized punk Batwings Catwings, arty disco-based post-punk confrontationalists French Vanilla and the yearning indie-rock eclecticism of Le Ra, a coed quartet based alternately in Tijuana and San Diego. Day two includes surging local punks Upset and Post-Life, the riot-grrrl dance-pop of WASI and beguiling pop-rocker Colleen Green. Also Sunday, Feb. 28. —Falling James

Parquet Courts
@ AMERICAN LEGION HALL POST 306
In the six years since their formation, Brooklyn-via-Texas rockers Parquet Courts have maintained a rigorous work ethic that’s reflected as much in their recordings as in their fiery live performances. The quartet recently announced plans to release their fifth studio album in six years, Human Performance, in April, and that doesn’t even include their two EPs and a Live at Third Man Records set. If first single “Dust” is any indication, Human Performance will be the rockers’ most polished to date, at least compared with the manic energy of their garage-meets-post-punk past. With a sound and ethos that remain fiercely grounded in the DIY scene (they aren’t even on social media), Parquet Courts are one of the rare emerging bands that continue to grow without worrying about catering to the mainstream. Also Sunday, Feb. 28. —Daniel Kohn

Megadeth
@ HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
Maybe Dave Mustaine was a bitter bloke long before his 1983 firing from soon-to-be heavy-metal juggernaut Metallica, but certainly he’s spent his time since spewing spite through his consistently successful metalpiece, Megadeth. Of course, the ‘deth’s 15 albums of sonic vitriol would never have been possible without Mustaine’s virtuoso six-string shredding, knack for penning accessible thrash-metal ditties and appropriately acidic snarl. On the quartet’s latest studio effort (first with drummer Chris Adler and guitarist Kiko Loureiro), last month’s Dystopia, Mustaine’s cynical takes on global events are illuminated by firework spirals of fleet-fingered widdling and similarly dexterous rhythm-section gymnastics. Megadeth’s apparently open-ended tenure as metal mainstays should be little surprise, considering their deft delivery of some of the genre’s central tenets: apocalyptic angst, instrumental mastery and ambitious, melodramatic arrangements. —Paul Rogers

Drive Like Jehu, The Dogs, Feels
@ THE ECHOPLEX
Tonight’s lineup is an unusual mix of bands from completely different backgrounds and eras. Led by Pitchfork singer Rick Froberg and Rocket From the Crypt’s Jon Reis, the recently reunited Drive Like Jehu came out of San Diego in the early ‘90s with a heavy, Mission of Burma–style sound that alternated post-hardcore tempos with elaborate math-rock time changes and epic song structures. Fronted by Little Caesar’s Loren Molinare, The Dogs were one of L.A.’s very first punk bands, arriving here in the mid-1970s after starting out as a high-powered MC5/Stooges–inspired trio in Michigan in the late ‘60s. Feels, meanwhile, are a new local band formerly known as Raw Geronimo. On their self-titled, Ty Segall–produced debut album, singers Laena Geronimo and Shannon Lay alternate between chaotic punk and spacey dream-pop. —Falling James

James Intveld
@ THE GASLAMP
Honky-tonk/rockabilly idol James Intveld
FRIDAY - FEB. 26
WE ARE THE WEST, MAESA, ELI & THE ITCHES

SATURDAY - FEB. 27
ISAAC ROTHER & THE PHANTOMS, THE TWO TENS (ALBUM RELEASE SHOW), GLUTTON THE PEARLS

SUNDAY - FEB. 28
SULTRY SWEET BURLESQUE

MONDAY - FEB. 29
OPEN MIC, ROUND 2: COMEDY

TUESDAY - MAR. 1
REGGIE WATTS & KAREN, JACKBENNY

WEDNESDAY - MAR. 2
SHORT FILM NIGHT

THURSDAY - MAR. 3
BOB WOODRUFF, LITTLE LONELY, YORUS TRULY MICHELE

FRIDAY - MAR. 4
MAD REVIVAL, JEN AWAD, EVERYDAY ANIMALS

SATURDAY - MAR. 12
SUGAR FLY (RECORD RELEASE SHOW)

---

2.25 PALEHOUND w/ MIYA FOLICK + RAYMOND HAMMER @ THE ECHO
2.25 KNEEBONE & DANDERLUS w/ TEENS @ ECHOLPLEX
2.26 104 w/ SQUIDSPERM + SILK + PARTY TIME + INDUCE + DZA + FRIENDS + FRACAS @ THE ECHO
2.26 DIANA COPEFF (SHAUN FLEMING OF FOXYGEN) w/ LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT + INFANTRY @ THE ECHO - SOLD OUT
2.26 CLUB 90s + BRITNEY SPEARS NIGHT @ ECHOLPLEX
2.27 VISION + CORAL CRANES + DRAMININGS w/ THE GREAT INDOORS @ THE ECHO
2.27 BOOTIE LA: ONESIE NIGHT @ ECHOLPLEX
2.27 FUNKY SOUL @ THE ECHO
2.28 DRIVE BY JIM @ ECHOLPLEX - SOLD OUT
2.28 BACON w/ TIM BURTON + DIJEX + ALEX & RAY from THE SMITHS + ARTHUR AND THE VIRGINIA PASSENGER @ THE ECHO
2.29 DAVID BOWIE TRIBUTE SHOW w/ CAUGHT A GHOST + RYAN BEATTY + TEARIST + HAMMERED SATIN + VUM + MORE @ THE ECHO
2.29 WILD WILD HORSES w/ LINE & CIRCLE + SNOWBALL II + BARROWS @ ECHOLPLEX - FREE
3.03 PET ADOPTION AT AMOEBA SUNDAY FEB. 28 NOON - 3PM BEST FRIENDS ANIMAL SOCIETY LA WILL HAVE THEIR MOBILE PET ADOPTION TRUCK AT OUR STORE! bestfriendsla.org
3.04 GET A $20 GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR JUST $10 IN-STORE AT AMOEBA HOLLYWOOD MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29TH FROM 5-6PM.

---

2.25 FLYGRLS: THE PARTY w/ DJ JCK DJY + NOODLES + AMY PHAM + KRONICA
2.26 DRAKE VS. KANYE (TRIBUTE PARTY)
2.27 NATASHA LAGGREN - FREE
2.27 SOUL CLAP & DANCE-OFF FT. JONATHAN TOUSSAINT
3.04 SUBLICITION 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY (THIRD NIGHT) - SOLD OUT
3.05 SUBLICITION 5 YEAR ANNIVERSARY (NIGHT TWO) - SOLD OUT
3.06 THE ROCK AND ROLL FLEA MARKET PIGTAILS & PIRATE SHIPS: A PIPPIE LONGSTOCKING CELEBRATION
3.11 DANCE IN A PANIC WITH TOGETHER PANGEA + GATEWAY DRUGS + KAV + MAGIC WANDS + DRINKING FLOWERS + MORE!
3.12 BOOTIE LA: ‘90s MASHUP NIGHT
3.13 SOUTHSIDE SUICIDE TOUR w/ POUYA + THE BUFFET BOYS + SUICIDE BOYS + DON KREZ + GERMA MIKEY THE MAGICIAN
3.15 JUNIOR BOYS w/ JESSY LANZA + BORYS + COOPER SAVAR
3.16 MAGMA w/ HELEN MONEY

WWW.THEREGENTTHEATER.COM FOR TICKETS & INFO

---

2.25 FIRST FRIDAYS w/ LOWER DENNS & GARDENS VILLA @ THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
2.25 PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON’S PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE SCREENING + LIVE SCORE @ THE BELLACE HOTEL + BELRAC THEATRE
3.04 PANIC IN LA w/ DJ PREMIER + CRAZE + STANDO + GROUNDSLAVA + N.A.S.A + BELASCO THEATRE

WWW.SPACELAND.TV FOR TICKETS & INFO

---

MEET YOUR NEW BEST FRIEND PET ADOPTION AT AMOEBA SUNDAY FEB. 28 NOON - 3PM BEST FRIENDS ANIMAL SOCIETY LA WILL HAVE THEIR MOBILE PET ADOPTION TRUCK AT OUR STORE! bestfriendsla.org

GET A $20 GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR JUST $10 IN-STORE AT AMOEBA HOLLYWOOD MONDAY, FEBRUARY 29TH FROM 5-6PM.
has long been one of L.A.’s most distinguished, sincere artistic forces. No retro-fixed cornball, he has an innate dignity of bearing plus talent to burn, whether headlining his own show or touring the globe as a hired gun with the likes of The Mavericks and John Fogerty. Performing here to raise funds for his ailing father (himself a hardcore rock & roller who passed on his feverish love of country and big beat to James and his siblings), this should be a day of intense, deeply emotional music. With additional kicks courtesy of superb local blues royals James Harman and Kid Ramos (to name but a few on this multi-band brawl), expect a large, high-voltage musical charge. —Jonny Whiteside

**Purple Disco Machine**
@ SOUND NIGHTCLUB
Party people probably have hit the floor to the sound of Purple Disco Machine’s “My House” at least a few times. With a follow-up that preys on spoken words kicked up for maximum funkiness, the club hit captures that moment when you’re about to call it a night but just can’t leave the dance floor. It’s the jam that will trigger your second wind, and much of the German DJ/producer’s output is like that. Purple Disco Machine has a knack for refreshing the conventions of classic house — speeches with religious imagery, big vocals and generous helpings of piano — in both his productions and his DJ sets. He can make old favorites sound new and bust out current jams that will pack the floor.
—Liz Ohanesian

**Hammered Satin**
@ LOS GLOBOS
L.A.’s Hammered Satin are a band from an alternate universe where John Lydon never moved past selling acid at Hawkwind shows, and where punk and post-punk didn’t happen ’til T. Rex was damn good and ready to leave the spotlight. That means a universe full of fabulous outfits, of course, but that also means Heavy Metal Kids, The Jock and Milk ‘N’ Cookies would’ve been all over the charts — which would’ve made Hammered Satin a lot easier to explain to a 2016 L.A. that might look at these guys and think, “Are we doing hair metal again?” No, man — we’re doing hard-edged, ’70s-style, teenage disco-crunchers, crushers and stompers, just like Marc Bolan would’ve wanted. It’s too sweet to be punk but too punk to be The Sweet — or half-hammered, half-satin, just like the name promises. —Chris Ziegler

**Plague Vendor, The Bots**
@ THE TROUBADOUR
Though the name Plague Vendor probably conjures up an image of super-pale dudes cloaked in black, growling stuff about Satan while hidden behind oil-slick-straight hair and corpse paint, this Whittier-based band actually would fit in better on a bill with local surf-punk heroes FIDLAR and Togethers. This is the part where half of you rejoice and the other half of you are very, very disappointed. But if you fell into the latter group, fear not — Plague Vendor may not be metal, but they’re still pretty heavy, taking cues from post-punk tempos with a hardcore spirit. Catch the Epitaph-signed shredders as they prepare to release their sophomore LP, Bloodsweat, out March 25. With Los Angeles blues-punk brother duo The Bots.
—Artemis Thomas-Hansard
ROCK & POP

THE AIRMILNER: 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Drug
Fragrant, Dangerously Sleazy, Cuban Vomit, Kill for
Kick, L.A. Suspects, Jive Patent, Lonely Summers,
Loss for Concern, Pedal Strike, Revolting Sounds,

AEROSOL BAR: 917 E. Colorado St., Glendale. Sadistic
Intent, Raptor, Raptor Remains, Sakrifizer, Fri.,
Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $15. Sumac, Endon, Black Spirituals,
Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $15. Cute Heels, Arisk, Hide, Sun.,
Feb. 28, 9 p.m., $10. The Nineties, Kenny Segal, Ruff

MORNING BECOMES BRIDGING THE GAP, WEDNESDAYS, 9:30 A.M., FREE.

LONESTAR, Morgan Ovens, Sat., Feb. 27, 9 p.m.,

HAROLD'S PLACE: 1530 S. Disneyland Drive
Anahiem, Nick Carter, Fri., Feb. 26, 7 p.m., $29-50.
Kip Moore, The Cadillac Three, Sat., Feb. 27, 7 p.m.,
$32.50-55. Metric, Sun., Feb. 28, 7 p.m.,
$25.50-55.

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

THE KIBITZ ROOM: 419 N. Fairfax Ave.,
Dhana Bam, plus comedians, Wed., March 2, 8:30 p.m.,
free. LA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Xia, Braintoy,
Thu., March 3, 9 p.m., $10.

LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd.,
Los Angeles. Kong Crooked, Horseshoe Gang, Smart Asses, Fri.,
Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $15 & $30; Optik, Fri.,
Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $24.50. B.A. Drones, Daytime Runner, Thieves, Civa,
A Horse A Spoon A Bucket, USB Slave, Sun., Feb. 28,
7 p.m., $6. Hammered Satin, The Flytraps, Mute
Swans, Tue., March 1, 8:30 p.m., $5 (see Music Pick).

LA SANTA CECILIA: 366 N. La Cienega Blvd.,
Los Angeles. Ben Bronin, Fri., Feb. 26, 9:30 p.m.,
$30.

THE GLASS HOUSE: 200 W. Second St.,
Pomona. Strong Out, Fri., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $18. A Static Lullaby,
Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $18.

THE GLASS HOUSE: 200 W. Second St.,
Pomona. Strong Out, Fri., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $18. A Static Lullaby,
Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $18.
Have You Detoxed and Relapsed Again? And Again? If So, We Have an Alternative.
Are You Sick & Tired of Being Sick & Tired?

**MEDICAL OUT-PATIENT NARCOTIC REPLACEMENT MEDICATION PROGRAM**
We Treat
Chronic Pain & Addiction
Very, Very Private & Confidential
We Now Have
SUBUTEX, SUBOXONE and NALTREXONE

**AMOEBA.COM**
FREE SHIPPING ON MUSIC & MOVIES - NO MINIMUM!

Thursday • February 25 • 6pm
**RUN RIVER NORTH**
Celebrating the release of their new album, *Drinking From A Salt Pond* (Nettwerk) with a live set and signing. First 150 purchasers will get a special poster to be signed after their set.

Friday • February 26 • 6pm
**THE ROSE**
245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Faster Pussycat, Bullet Boys, Fri., Feb. 26, 9 p.m., $25-$30. Three Dog Night, Sat., Feb. 27, 9 p.m., $45-$75.

**THE ROXY**

**RUSTY’S SURF RANCH**
256 Santa Monica Pier, Nu-Blu, Sun., Feb. 28, 8 p.m., $15. Soft Body, Mon., Feb. 29, free.

**SAINT ROCKE**
142 Pacific Coast Highway, Hermosa Beach. The Stone Foxes, Hunter & the Dirty Jacks, Fri., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $12.

**THE SATELLITE**
1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Porn Poms, The Controversy, Mondays, 9 p.m. Thu., Feb. 29, free.

**SKINNY’S LOUNGE**

**SKYBAR AT MONDRIAN**

**THE SMELL**

**SOL VENUE**

**THE STANDARD HOLLYWOOD**
300 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Ogden, Wed., March 2, 7:30 p.m., free.

**TAI FRENCH RESTAURANT**
1115 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Craig Ekkins, Mr. Squeeze & the Medicine Men, Fri., Feb. 26, 10:30 p.m., free.

**THE RUNAWAY**

**THE TROUBADOUR**
9081 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Gnrfick, Knox Hamilton, hosted by Cadillac Zack, Mondays, 9 p.m.-midnight, free.

**VILLAIN’S TAVERN**
1356 Palmetto St., Los Angeles. Herbsail, Bootleg Shine, DJ Dusty Wagon, Fri., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., free.

**THE VIPER ROOM**
9852 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Sammy Profit, Sebastian, British Mendoza, Anna Reisland, Collin Jess, Mon., Feb. 29, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Money Money Money, Arsenic, SpaceCream, Wed., March 2, 7:30 p.m., TBA. The Delta Rigs, Thu., March 3, 8:30 p.m., TBA.

**VAMPIRES CAFE**
1939 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Vampires Everywhere, Sun., Feb. 28, 7 p.m., TBA. King’s X, Tue., March 1, 7:30 p.m., TBA. Phil X, Timothy Craig, Thu., March 3, 7 p.m., TBA.

---Falling James---

**THE OLD TOWN PUB**

**OSTER HOUSE SALOON**
12446 Moorpark St., Studio City. The Drums, Saturdays, 3:45 p.m., free.

**THE PARK BAR & GRILL**

**THE BAKED POTATO**

**THE BARKLEY RESTAURANT & BAR**
1400 Huntington Drive, South Pasadena. Best Friends Animal Society Los Angeles with a live set and signing. For a full calendar of events, visit AMOEBA.COM

**BLUE WHALE**

**BOOK SHOW & PARLOUR OF WONDERS**
5503 N. Figueroa St., Highland Park. The Parisians, Madame Pamina & John McDuffy, Thu., March 3, 7 p.m., TBA.

**CUT THROAT BOAT**
901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**CUT THROAT BOAT**
901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**CUT THROAT BOAT**
901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**CUT THROAT BOAT**
901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.

**CUT THROAT BOAT**
901 W. Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Pete Anderson, Mondays, 8 p.m., free.
EDWARDIAN BALL

B

Presented by co-hosts Rosin Coven and Vau de Vire Society, this year’s affair will offer ballroom dancing, interactive performance art, sideshows and an Edward Gorey operatic stage show featuring Edwardian Ball founder Rosin Coven and Dark Garden Cosretly.

Music will be by the Gentlemen Callers of Los Angeles, Delachaux, The Klonw, the John Brothers Piano Company and the Speakeasy Syndicate.

THE FONDA THEATRE | 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood | Sat., Feb. 27, 10 p.m.-2 a.m. | $55 and up | All ages | edwardianball.com

LATIN & WORLD

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

EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Flamenco Dinner Show, Fridays, Saturdays, 7:30 p.m.; Sundays, 6 p.m., $20 & $35.

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

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

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

——Falling James

COUNTRY & FOLK

BOULEVARD MUSIC: 4316 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. Jim Nichols & Morning Nichols, Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $15.
UNION NIGHTCLUB: 1050 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. DJ Mayer Hawthorne, Fri., Feb. 26, 12:30-2 p.m., free.


THE BELASCO THEATER: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Chus & Ceballos, Sat., Feb. 27, 10 p.m., $20 & $90.


THE REAL BIRTHDAY BASH: 8 p.m., TBA. West Hollywood Park, 647 San Vicente Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE 16TH ANNUAL BRAZILIAN CARNAVAL OF AXÉ & SAMBA: With Carla Vis, 8 p.m., $45-$55. El Rey Theatre, 3039 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles. See Music Pick.

THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Stylz and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., Los Angeles. Sweater Beats, Falcons, Josh Pan, Fri., Feb. 26, 9:30 p.m., $10; Control, with DJs spinning dubstep and more, 19 & over, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., Avalon, where DJs are in the house with techno, trance and more, 21 & over, Saturdays, 9:30 p.m.; Markus Schulz, Sat., Feb. 27, 10 p.m., TBA. TigerHeat, a night of pop with go-go dancers and special guests, 18 & over, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.

LA WEEKLY DANCE CLUBS:

—Falling James

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.
**Monday, Feb. 29**

**DALEY:** With Avery Wilson, 7:30 p.m., S22; El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**Tuesday, March 1**

**Run River North:** 8 p.m., $16; The Teragram Ballroom, 1234 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles.

**Tyga:** 7 p.m., $35-$55; Ventura Theatre, 26 S. Chestnut St., Ventura.

**Wednesday, March 2**

**Alison Wonderland:** With Golden Features, 9 p.m., $22.50; The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

**Matisyahu:** 7 p.m., $20-$40; The Wilton, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**Thursday, March 3**

**Go**

**Best Coast, Waves:** With Cherry Glazerr, 7:30 p.m., $29.50; The Fonda Theatre, 6126 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

**Black Tiger Sex Machine:** With Apsahe, Dabin, 8 p.m., $20; El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wilshire Blvd.

**Empress of:** 8 p.m., $16; The Teragram Ballroom, 1234 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles.

**Fetty Wap:** 8 p.m., $35-$50; Hollywood Palladium.

**Joe Satriani:** 7 p.m.; TBA, Fox Performing Arts Center, 3601 Mission Inn Ave., Riverside.

**Vance Joy:** With Elle King, Jamie Lawson, 7 p.m., $35-$50; Shrine Auditorium & Expo Hall, 665 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles.

---

**Classical & New Music**

**The Band Of The Royal Marines, The Highland Dancers Of The Scots Guard:** Sun., Feb. 28, 3 p.m., $30-$55; Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Northridge Blvd., Northridge.

**The Bennetwitz Quartet:** The Russian musicians honor their countryman Antonín Dvořák and Austrian composer Joseph Haydn at a Da Camera Society performance, Sun., Feb. 28, 2 & 4 p.m., $85; The Lanterman House, 4420 Encino Drive, La Cañada Flintridge.

**Considering Matthew Shepard:** With the help of a 29-member chorus and a small instrumental ensemble, Conspirare artistic director Craig Hella Johnson presents his new oratorio, which is based on the 1998 hate-crime murder of Shepard in Wyoming, Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $35. First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, 540 S. Commonwealth Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Crescента Ensemble:** Violinist Jacqueline Suzui and pianist Susan Swiecik go on a lunatic search for Einojuhani Rautavaara’s Lost Landscapes, Wed., March 2, noon, free; Glendale City Seventh-Day Adventist Church, 610 E. California Ave., Los Angeles.

**The CSUN Wind Ensemble:** Tue., March 1, 7:30 p.m., $15; Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Northridge Blvd., Northridge.

**Go**

**Danil Trifonov:** The young Russian pianist chooses up selections by Brahms, Schubert and Rachmaninoff, Fri., Feb. 26, 8 p.m., $20-$105; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Danish String Quartet:** The Scandinavian group digs through string quartets by Beethoven, Janacek and Mendelssohn, in Campbell Hall, Tue., March 1, 7 p.m., $25 & $35; UC Santa Barbara, 552 University Road, Santa Barbara.

**The Dublin Guitar Quartet:** The new-music ensemble strums a program TBA, Sun., Feb. 26, 6 p.m., free; LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

**Jeffrey Siegel:** The pianist delves into such distinctly American composers as George Gershwin, Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland and Scott Joplin, Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $39; Wallis Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts, 9390 N. Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills.

**Kaliedoscope Chamber Orchestra:** The group focuses on Messiaen’s AScènesand the West Coast premiere of Jonathan Russell’s Bass Clarinet Concerto, Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $30; First Presbyterian Church, 1220 Second St., Santa Monica.

**The Knights:** The Brooklyn combo covers the water-front with pieces by Mozart, Ravel, Vivaldi, Turnina and pop musician Sufjan Stevens, Sun., Feb. 28, 2 p.m., $50-$55; The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College

---

**L.A. Lawyers Philharmonic:** With Rozi Crane, Golda Berkman, June Lockhart, Carol Lawrence, Ed Asner and others, Thu., March 3, 7:30 p.m., $25-$100; UCLA, Royce Hall, 340 Royce Drive, Westwood.

**Go**

**The L.A. Phil New Music Group:** Expressive conductor Mirga Griginyte-Tyla administers the world premier of Annie Gosfield’s Refracted Reflections and Kaloperatic Static alongside other adventurous experimental music by Witold Lutoslawski, Conlon Nancarrow, Clara Iannotta and Chaya Czernowin, in Green Umbrella presentation, Tue., March 1, 8 p.m., $20-$57; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**Go**

**L.A. Philharmonic:** Pianist Sergio Tiempo unravels Alberto Ginastera’s Piano Concerto No. 1, and Gustavo Dudamel conducts the world premiere of Andrew Norman’s Play Level 1 alongside John Williams’ Soundings and Aaron Copland’s Appalachian Spring Suite, Fri., Feb. 26, 11 a.m.; Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 28, 2 p.m., $20-$196; Conductor Gustavo Dudamel continues his obsession with composer Gustav Mahler with a performance of the expansive Third Symphony, augmented by mezzo-soprano Tamara Mumford, female singers from the L.A. Master Chorale, and L.A. Children’s Chorus, March 3, 8 p.m., Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$120; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Magic Flute:** L.A. Opera brings back director Barrie Kosky and theater group 1927’s visually imaginative production of Mozart’s opera, which has the singers interacting with animated images. The cast is strong, particularly sopranos Martha Selberg and So Young Park, Sun., Feb. 28, 2 p.m., Wed., March 2, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$359; Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave.

**Mary Lattimore & Jeff Zeigler:** The husband-and-wife team of improvisational musicians Bobby Bradford, Michael Watkovich, William Roper and Joseph Mitchell. JAB stars vocalist Anna Homler, singing “an invented language,” with accompaniment from bassist Jeff Schwartz and “soundscape percussionist” Falling James, Sun., Feb. 28, 3 p.m.; Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$57; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Obhiro Cowboys, JAB:** The Cowboys feature improvisational musicians Bobby Bradford, Michael Watkovich, William Roper and Joseph Mitchell. JAB stars vocalist Anna Homler, singing “an invented language,” with accompaniment from bassist Jeff Schwartz and “soundscape percussionist” Falling James, Sun., Feb. 28, 3 p.m.; Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$57; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Obit Hiro Cowboys, JAB:** The Obhiro Cowboys, JAB features improvisational musicians Bobby Bradford, Michael Watkovich, William Roper and Joseph Mitchell. JAB stars vocalist Anna Homler, singing “an invented language,” with accompaniment from bassist Jeff Schwartz and “soundscape percussionist” Falling James, Sun., Feb. 28, 3 p.m.; Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$57; Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Pianist:** Barrie Kosky and theater group 1927’s visually imaginative production of Mozart’s opera, which has the singers interacting with animated images. The cast is strong, particularly sopranos Martha Selberg and So Young Park, Sun., Feb. 28, 2 p.m., Wed., March 2, 7:30 p.m.; Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $20-$359; Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave.

---

**The Tale of the Tangerine Man:** From the internationally renowned Cirque du Soleil, Thu., March 3, 7:30 p.m., $39.50-$120; Highland Park Ebell Club, 131 S. Avenue 57, Highland Park.

**The Tale of the Two Rivers:** Conspirare artistic director Craig Hella Johnson presents his new oratorio, which is based on the 1998 hate-crime murder of Shepard in Wyoming, Sat., Feb. 27, 8 p.m., $40. The Colburn School of Music, 670 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles.

**The Tailor of Panama:** The Full Court of the Holy Roman Empire, Sun., March 6, 2 p.m., $30-$50; The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College.
**NIRVANA CLINIC**
Medical Marijuana Evaluations

$25 $35

- Renewal from Any Doctor
- New Patients

(MUST BRING AD)

12 MONTH
RECOMMENDATIONS

Walk-in Welcome • 24 Hour Verification • ID Cards • 100% Private/Confidential • Cultivation Licenses Special

4511 W. Sunset Blvd • Los Angeles, CA 90027 • 323-663-4444
ATM Available • MONDAY-SATURDAY 11AM-7PM & SUNDAY 11AM-6PM

www.420-evaluations.com

**ROBERT PALLAS M.D.**
Medical Marijuana Evaluations

RENEWALS ANY DOCTOR
New Patients

Good for 12 Mos.

$25*

$35*

Cultivation License available

11312 Venice Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90066
(310) 313-3161

24 hour online & phone verification
Open Mon-Sat 12pm-7pm
Walk-ins Welcomed

*MUST PRESENT THIS AD TO REDEEM SPECIAL OFFER

**NOHO EVALUATIONS+**

$30 $40

- ANY DOCTOR RENEWAL
- NEW PATIENT

WE MATCH ANY LOCAL DR’S PRICE WITH FLYER - VETERAN DEALS AVAILABLE

OPEN EVERYDAY: 11AM-7PM

**Chronicals**

Medical Marijuana Evaluations

$35 $25

New patient Renewals

4313 Atlantic Ave
Long Beach, CA 90807
(Carson and San Antonio/Bibby Knolls)

4344 Eagle Rock Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90041
(cross-street York Blvd)

**MEDICAL DOCTOR MARIJUANA EVALUATIONS**

$30 $40

12 MONTH
RECOMMENDATIONS

Walk-ins Welcome • 24 Hour Verification • ID Cards • 100% Private/Confidential • Cultivation Licenses Special

www.medical-marijuana-doctor.net

8925 Sepulveda Blvd.
North Hills, CA 91343
818-891-0180

1133 S. Vermont Ave. Suite #16
Los Angeles, CA 90006
213-384-9333

ATM Available • MONDAY-SATURDAY 11AM-7PM & SUNDAY 11AM-6PM

“A Natural Medicinal Solution”

ECMM Venice

Evaluation Center for Medical Marijuana

$35 New Patients

$45 Renewals

13347 W. Washington Blvd.
Culver City, CA 90066
Morton W. Barke, M.D., Inc.

Walk-ins Welcomed!

www.ECMMVENICE.COM

424-835-4137

24/7 Phone & Online Verification • Photo Verification Cards Available
51 | $20 OFF 1/2 OZ’S W/ THIS AD

FIRST TIME PATIENT & REFERRAL PROGRAM OPTIONS:

1. Free 8th of LOVE NUGS (w/$10 Donation)
2. Free $10 Gram (w/$10 Donation)
3. $25 Cap on 8 Strains (Limited 2 8th’s)
   or 500 Cap on $10 Strain (Limited 1)
   or 250 Cap on $10 Wax (1 - 2 grams)

* All FTP get a FREE Gift Bag on your choice of a Joint, or Bread Cookie.

PROPRIETY D COMPLIANT • PRE-ICO COLLECTIVE

PROP D COMPLIANT • PRE-ICO COLLECTIVE

FIRST TIME PATIENT & REFERRAL PROGRAM

4720 VINELAND AVE. NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91607
(ON VINELAND, BETWEEN RIVERSIDE & CAMARILLO) • 10AM-8PM
(818) 980-MEDS

Promotions & discounts cannot be combined. All promotions valid while supplies last & are subject to change.

LBC 420 EVALUATIONS
by Dr. Raja Toke
Southern California’s Most Affordable & Legitimate Alternative Healthcare Centers

WE MATCH ANY COMPETITORS PRICES
[with proof of ad]

- CALL OR FAX FOR A DOCTOR TODAY!
- 100% PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL
- IF YOU DON’T QUALIFY YOU DON’T PAY!

LBC 420 Evaluations is one of the largest and most trusted clinics in the Long Beach area providing you with the safest and most affordable MMJ recommendations. We offer the best in new patient or renewals. We are 100% legal and in compliance with all state laws under prop 215.

SoCal420docs.com
720 ALAMITOS AVE., UNIT A, LONG BEACH 90813 • (562) 599-8420

Real Doctors! No Skype!
MON-SAT 11AM-7PM
BOOK YOUR APPOINTMENT TODAY

Gift certificates available

FEBRUARY SPECIALS!!!

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ID CARD PURCHASE

* $25 * $35

For Renewals
For New Patients

EXEMPTIONS AVAILABLE

OPEN 7 DAYS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
NOW THREE LOCATIONS

HOLLYWOOD
1439 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028
Cross Street Sunset • (323) 463-5000 • (323) 463-2222
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

LOS ANGELES
1155 NORTH Vermont Ave. #200, Los Angeles, CA 90029
(323) 463-5000 • (323) 463-2222
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

RESEDA
6650 Reseda Blvd. #101B, Reseda, CA 91335
(818)654-5882 and (818)370-7379
10am to 7:30pm Monday through Saturday • Sunday from 10am to 6:30pm

OPEN SUNDAYS AND EVENINGS TILL 7:30

www.TheRecommendationStation.com
NOW HIRING DANCERS

HAPPY HOUR
11AM TO 6PM
CANOGA @ ROSCOE
8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com

1/2 OFF ADMISSION BEFORE 7
$5 OFF ADMISSION AFTER 7
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY
WITH AD • LAW EXP. 3/31/16

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

12147 Victory Blvd. by Laurel Canyon
North Hollywood, CA
in the SEARS shopping center
www.vipshowgirls.com
818.760.1122
ALWAYS HIRING NEW GIRLS!

SPECIALS:
Monday - $100 1/2 Hour Nude Dances
All Day & All Night
Tuesday - $40 10 Minute Nude Dances
Wednesday - Nude Dance for $20
Thursday - 2 for 1 Topless Dances $20
Sunday - 2 for 1 Nude Dances for $30

MORE GIRLS
MORE EXOTIC SHOWS
& A CLASSIER
VIP EXPERIENCE

NEW SPECIAL!
12PM - 7.30PM
EVERY DAY
$100 FOR A 1/2 HOUR NUDE DANCE

18 AND OVER
ALL PRIVATE
FULL NUDE
LAP & COUCH
BOOTH

FREE ADMISSION FROM OPEN TILL 9PM
12PM - 2PM

10624 HAUGHTON BLVD. LENNOX, CA
310.671.3073 • JETSTRIP.COM
MON-THU TILL 2AM THURS TILL 3AM FRI-SAT TILL 4AM SUNDAY TILL 2AM
FREE PARKING • EXP 3/31/2016

HIRING FOR ALL POSITIONS

ALWAYS HIRING NEW GIRLS!

NEW DANCE SPECIALS
$30 Nude All Day Monday

Mini Premier Lounges now available

THURSDAY COUPLE’S SPECIAL
Admissions 2 for 1
Buy 1 drink get one free
Enjoy lapdance together

FRIDAY - FREE BUFFET
12PM - 2PM

FREE STAGE DANCE ON YOUR BIRTHDAY!

1/2 OFF ADMISSION
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY
WITH AD • LAW EXP. 3/31/16

GROUP AND BACHELOR PARTY DISCOUNTS

1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY
WITH AD • LAW EXP. 3/31/16

MORE GIRLS
MORE EXOTIC SHOWS
& A CLASSIER
VIP EXPERIENCE

NEW SPECIAL!
12PM - 7.30PM
EVERY DAY
$100 FOR A 1/2 HOUR NUDE DANCE

18 AND OVER
ALL PRIVATE
FULL NUDE
LAP & COUCH
BOOTH

“EARLMILLER.COM”
8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com
M-TH 12PM-3AM FRI 12PM-4AM SAT 2PM-4AM
SUN 6PM-2AM LUNCH AND DINNER MENU AVAILABLE

12147 Victory Blvd.
by Laurel Canyon
North Hollywood, CA
in the SEARS shopping center
www.vipshowgirls.com
818.760.1122
ALWAYS HIRING NEW GIRLS!

FREE ADMISSION
with this coupon
subject to minimums
void during special events
restrictions apply

10624 HAUGHTON BLVD. LENNOX, CA
310.671.3073 • JETSTRIP.COM
MON-THU TILL 2AM THURS TILL 3AM FRI-SAT TILL 4AM SUNDAY TILL 2AM
FREE PARKING • EXP 3/31/2016

HIRING FOR ALL POSITIONS

ALWAYS HIRING NEW GIRLS!

NEW SPECIAL!
12PM - 7.30PM
EVERY DAY
$100 FOR A 1/2 HOUR NUDE DANCE

18 AND OVER
ALL PRIVATE
FULL NUDE
LAP & COUCH
BOOTH

“EARLMILLER.COM”
8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com
M-TH 12PM-3AM FRI 12PM-4AM SAT 2PM-4AM
SUN 6PM-2AM LUNCH AND DINNER MENU AVAILABLE

1/2 OFF ADMISSION
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY
WITH AD • LAW EXP. 3/31/16

MORE GIRLS
MORE EXOTIC SHOWS
& A CLASSIER
VIP EXPERIENCE

NEW SPECIAL!
12PM - 7.30PM
EVERY DAY
$100 FOR A 1/2 HOUR NUDE DANCE

18 AND OVER
ALL PRIVATE
FULL NUDE
LAP & COUCH
BOOTH

“EARLMILLER.COM”
8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com
M-TH 12PM-3AM FRI 12PM-4AM SAT 2PM-4AM
SUN 6PM-2AM LUNCH AND DINNER MENU AVAILABLE

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED
TOTTALLY NUDE
WHERE THE PARTY NEVER ENDS®

Déjà Vu
SHOWGIRLS
1000s OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS AND 3 UGLY ONES®

FREE ADMISSION
MUST BE 18+ TOTALLY NUDE ENTERTAINMENT

ATM ON SITE CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED VIU CASH AVAILABLE BIRTHDAY PARTY HEADQUARTERS

FOLLOW US ON TWITTER @DEJAVU_C2C

SPEARMINT RHINO GENTLEMEN'S CLUBS
2020 E. OLYMPIC BLVD., LOS ANGELES, 90021 (213) 629-9213
M-W NOON-2AM TH-TH NOON-3AM F-SAT NOON-4AM SUN 6:30PM-2AM
FREE ENTRY OPEN - 6PM DAILY
FREE CAB RIDES TO SPEARMINT RHINO DOWNTOWN LA FROM ANYWHERE IN THE DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES AREA!
FOR PICKUP CALL: 323-503-6565 323-284-6464 323-982-8585
Hang with us at home!
FULL BAR • FINE FOOD
3 FOR 2 DANCES
ONE FREE ENTRY WITH THIS PASS
VALID ONLY AT DAMES N' GAMES LOS ANGELES. NOT VALID DURING SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS OR PAY-PER-VIEW EVENTS.
SPEARMINT RHINO'S
DAMES N' GAMES
TOPLESS "SPORTS" BAR & GRILL
2319 EAST WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES, CA 90021 (323) 589-2220
OPEN DAILY 11AM-2AM DAMESNGAMES.NET
One man, one woman.
SPEARMINT RHINO
CITY OF INDUSTRY
MARCH 24TH-26TH
THURS 11PM FRI & SAT 10PM & 12AM
1/2 OFF ENTRY
This coupon is good for 1/2 off entry into Spearmint Rhino - City of Industry. Not valid during special events. One person per coupon only. Cannot be combined with any other offer.
15411 East Valley Blvd., City of Industry, CA 91746 | Ph. 626-336-6892 | spearmintrhino.com | 18+
A research study of a new combination antibiotic is now underway for people suffering from Crohn’s disease.

Doctors are seeking participants for a clinical study testing a novel approach for the treatment of Crohn’s disease: treating the bacteria which may be a cause of Crohn’s disease.

The study medication is in pill form and is a combination of three antibiotics: clarithromycin, rifabutin, and clofazimine. Remission at week 26 is the primary endpoint and is a combination of three antibiotics:

- The study medication is in pill form and is a combination of three antibiotics: clarithromycin, rifabutin, and clofazimine.
- Remission at week 26 is the primary endpoint.
- Other criteria apply.

Study participants will receive study related exams, lab tests and study medication at no charge. Compensation is available.

Please visit www.medvinresearch.com to learn more or call 1-562-479-0330.
WITH OUR NEW
WHOLESALE PLUS PRICING
GREencoast IS CRUSHING ITS
L.A. COMPETITION!

CHECK OUT OUR NEW 15,000 SQ FT SUPER STORE
2211 E. OLYMPIC BVLD - LOS ANGELES, CA - 213.439.9051
COVERING ALL OF L.A., SO CAL & OC | VENICE - LOS ANGELES (LAX) | S.F.V - LONG BEACH | ONTARIO | ORANGE
WWW.GCHYDRO.COM