Why Doesn’t L.A. Have Native American Restaurants? • Henry Rollins Ponders President Trump

NATIVE ANGELENOS

L.A.’S INDIGENOUS CULTURES WERE ALMOST ERASED – NOW THEY’RE FIGHTING TO BE SEEN

BY DINA GILIO-WHITAKER
# Award Winning Quality

**1st Place** - Best Personal Vaporizer
Hempcon San Francisco, January 2016

**1st Place** - Best New Product 2016
Local Sesh San Diego, March 2016

**1st Place** - Best Vape Cartridge 2016
Potluck Cup, June 2016

---

**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>Foothill Wellness</td>
<td>7132 Foothill Blvd, Tujunga</td>
<td>818-352-3388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenhouse Herbal Center</td>
<td>5224 Hollywood Blvd, Little Armenia</td>
<td>323-666-2691</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NNCC DBA New Amsterdam</td>
<td>9021 Exposition Blvd, West Los Angeles</td>
<td>310-202-6622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Love Healing Center</td>
<td>6358 Vineland Ave, North Hollywood</td>
<td>818-732-7773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy’s Pipes</td>
<td>14430 Ventura Blvd, Sherman Oaks</td>
<td>818-817-9517</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Healing Touch</td>
<td>18013 Ventura Blvd, Encino</td>
<td>818-881-1462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PureLife Alternative Wellness</td>
<td>20751 Marina St, Chatsworth</td>
<td>310-246-9345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LA Wonderland</td>
<td>150 Venice Blvd, Downtown LA</td>
<td>818-732-7773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARC</td>
<td>432 S San Vicente Blvd, Beverly Grove</td>
<td>855-227-2420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MM Messengers</td>
<td>112 West 9th St. #526, Downtown LA</td>
<td>213-228-2882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California Caregivers Alliance</td>
<td>2015 West Sunset Blvd #201, Silver Lake</td>
<td>213-353-0100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reseda Discount Caregivers</td>
<td>18448 Oxnard Street, Reseda</td>
<td>818-757-0434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIP LA</td>
<td>Delivery Only, Greater Los Angeles</td>
<td>323-334-5153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sticky Medz</td>
<td>6074 Cadillac Ave, Los Angeles</td>
<td>310-837-7279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Kush</td>
<td>5919 S Broadway, Los Angeles</td>
<td>323-208-9397</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Because Quality Matters
GET GREAT GIFTS!
ON SALE NOW!

FRANK SINATRA
Happy Holidays With Frank & Bing + Vintage Sinatra
Combines a classic 1957 Christmas special with Bing Crosby and a collection from Sinatra’s 1950s TV shows.

JUSTICE
Woman
French electronic duo’s latest catapults from the elastic, R&B pop of “Pleasure” straight into the rush of “Alakazam!”. 

DE LA SOUL
And The Anonymous Nobody
Includes the single “Pain” featuring Snoop Dogg. The album also features Jill Scott, Usher, Justin Hawkins (The Darkness) and others.

EAGLE VISION
Combines a classic 1957 Christmas special with Bing Crosby and a collection from Sinatra’s 1950s TV shows.

VERVE
Wonderland
Sparkles with fresh, inspired interpretations of 13 traditional and contemporary holiday classics.

ALMOST CHRISTMAS
Original Motion Picture Soundtrack
Features exclusive new song by Robin Thicke, featuring Juicy J plus songs by Four Tops, Slick Rick, Dazz Band & John Paesano.

SARAH McLACHLAN
Wonderland
Wonderland sparkles with fresh, inspired interpretations of 13 traditional and contemporary holiday classics.

NOUVELLE VAGUE
I Could Be Happy
A new album comprised of punk and post punk standards imbued with the inimitable Nouvelle Vague touch.

A.O.I. LLC
Includes the single “Pain” featuring Snoop Dogg. The album also features Jill Scott, Usher, Justin Hawkins (The Darkness) and others.

HOLIDAY STORE HOURS:
• THANKSGIVING EVE (11/23): 10:30AM-8PM (TRADE COUNTER CLOSES AT 7PM)
• CLOSED THANKSGIVING
• BLACK FRIDAY (11/25): 10:30AM-11PM (TRADE COUNTER OPENS AT 2PM)
• SUNDAY (11/27): 10AM-6PM (OPEN & CLOSE EARLY DUE TO HOLIDAY PARADE)

6400 SUNSET BLVD. at CAHUENGA • (323) 245-6400
MON-SAT 10:30AM-11PM • SUN 11AM-10PM • TRADE COUNTER OPENS LATE AT 2PM & CLOSES 9PM ON RECORD STORE DAY
AMOEBA.COM - FREE SHIPPING ON MUSIC & MOVIES IN THE U.S.
NATIVE ANGELENOS ... 9

L.A.’s indigenous cultures were almost erased — now they’re fighting to be seen.

BY DINA GILIO-WHITAKER.
You may qualify for a research study that is testing investigational medication for the possible treatment of moderate to severe vaginitis.

If eligible, you will receive, at no cost, study-related:

- Investigational medication
- Physical exams
- Laboratory tests
- Compensation for time and travel

For more information, please contact:

2010 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 809
Los Angeles, CA 90057
Call 1-866-567-9756
INDIGENOUS BUSINESS

Can a Native American company replace the casino industry with a marijuana economy?

BY ALICIA LOZANO

Native American tribes are looking toward cannabis as their next big industry now that the green rush is here to stay. California company CannaNative is partnering or consulting with hundreds of tribes across Indian Country, including the Navajo Nation—the largest federally recognized tribe—to enter the weed market efficiently and legally.

CannaNative provides business-development consulting to tribes that are interested in growing industrial hemp and creating other cannabis-based products for commercial purposes. With recreational pot legal on the entire West Coast, the Native-owned LLC is eyeing larger grow operations, CBD (cannabidiol) medication and other retail opportunities that could potentially uplift impoverished tribes and help create an alternative revenue stream outside the multibillion-dollar gaming industry. CannaNative already has partnered or consulted with more than 500 tribes across the United States, in what could become the next big venture for Indian Country.

“California has the highest population of Native Americans and the largest concentration of Indian reservations of anywhere in the country,” says Anthony Rivera Jr., CannaNative founding partner and member of the Jumano Band of Mission Indians in Acoma, New Mexico. “With the passage of Proposition 64, California sets the stage for the rest of the nation and Indian Country as well.”

Cedric Black Eagle, CannaNative founding member and former chairman of Montana’s Crow Tribe, says Native people have a chance to bring much-needed income to their struggling communities. “They can see the window of opportunity to get into the business. A lot of tribes just want to make the most money.”

The idea behind using cannabis to boost individual tribal economies stems from tribes’ conflicted relationship with casinos. As of 2016, California has 72 Indian gaming facilities operated by 63 tribes. Those facilities earned a total of $7.3 billion, according to a recent report issued by Casino City.

Located just outside LA, on the much-traveled road to Palm Springs, the Morongo Band of Mission Indians and their gaming facilities are among the most popular in the Los Angeles region, generating an estimated $3 billion in local revenue, the tribe reports. Built in 2004, the Morongo Casino Resort & Spa is a $250 million veritable adult playground, providing roughly 3,000 jobs in various industries, with holdings in everything from gaming and restaurants to agriculture and manufacturing.

While some gaming sites, such as the Morongo’s and the nearby Pechanga Resort & Casino in Temecula, rake in millions of dollars annually, the current industry prevents countless tribes from building casinos on their lands, Black Eagle says. His tribe, for instance, is located in rural Montana, far from any urban center or tourist attraction. As a result, gaming isn’t a viable option for his tribe because, like any hotel or resort, casinos are population-based business ventures. Tribes nestled deep in rural regions can’t draw the kind of clientele easily available to those closer to cities.

To counterbalance that problem in California, the Legislature ratified 61 compacts with Indian tribes that stipulated nongaming tribes or those operating fewer than 500 gaming machines would each receive $1.3 million annually from a Revenue Sharing Trust Fund administered by the California Gambling Control Commission. In other words, gaming tribes would contribute a portion of their revenue to be distributed among nongaming tribes.

“One million dollars is a lot of money to an individual, but for a government that is trying to operate and build roads and infrastructure, $1.1 million is not a lot,” says Susan Jensen, executive director of California Nations Indian Gaming Association. “It’s helpful, but it still doesn’t make them self-sufficient. Other business opportunities are always something tribes are looking for.”

CannaNative works with tribes like Black Eagle’s remote Montana community to rev up their economies through marijuana.

“With cannabis it’s different, because everybody is on a level, even playing field,” Black Eagle says. “Not everyone is equal in Indian gaming.”

Black Eagle and other tribal chairmen working with CannaNative see pot as an untapped resource. In 2014, when Colorado and Washington legalized recreational weed, those states brought in $700 million and $675 million, respectively, in revenue, Bloomberg reports. Now that California, Oregon, Massachusetts, Nevada, Maine and Washington, D.C., have legalized recreational pot and more than a dozen other states recognize medical marijuana, CannaNative is hoping to connect indigenous communities to this cash stream.

“They did a pretty good job building up the Indian gaming industry over the last 30 years,” Rivera says. “We believe the Indian cannabis industry will far exceed the Indian gaming industry as we move along.”

Part of the problem with Indian gaming, Rivera says, is how little return tribes see of their own money. With cannabis, tribes can assert more control over their economic destiny. “Gaming involves contracts with the state and distribution to other gaming companies. We’re hoping through cannabis, tribes will retain more revenue.”

Yet some tribes acted too soon on marijuana cultivation, Rivera adds. By hurrying to join the green rush and planting crops, these tribes have opened themselves up to raids by the Drug Enforcement Administration. Just last year, federal agents descended on the Menominee Tribe in rural Wisconsin and confiscated 30,000 cannabis plants. According to local news outlets, tribal leaders were “confused and alarmed,” and insisted the plants had been legally grown for research on industrial hemp, which can be used for fiber, food and oil. Raids by federal agencies on Native lands is a particularly contentious issue within American Indian communities.

The 1973 Wounded Knee incident, where FBI, U.S. Marshals and the National Guard enacted a sometimes violent standoff with protesters, and the current protests in Standing Rock are front of mind. CannaNative was founded in 2015 to avoid this legal challenge. It was formed by a consortium of tribal leaders after the Justice Department issued a memo allowing hemp cultivation on tribal land. In essence, the Wilkinson Memo gave tribes the same power that states have to set their own weed laws. CannaNative’s goal is to encourage economic development and help tribes legally enter the cannabis market.

“Native Americans have a long, rich cultural history with natural medicines and remedies that come from Mother Earth,” Rivera says. “This is an extension of that.”

In fact, before European colonists came to the Americas, tobacco was part of spiritual ceremonies. In the early Virginia colonies, such as Jamestown, tobacco was even used as a form of currency to trade with the Native people. Tobacco quickly became an essential cash crop for colonists, sprouting America’s early form of capitalism, which led to the Southern plantation system.

Indigenous people lost control of their spiritual plant. But now marijuana could
Poverty runs rampant on many reservations throughout the country, and CannaNative hopes cannabis can help combat that. For instance, the Pechanga Band of Luiseño Indians reported a 91 percent unemployment rate in 2013, according to the Indian Country Today Media Network. The poverty rate among American Indians lingered at 23.6 percent during the 2009 U.S. Census, which reported that 32.4 percent of Native American and Alaskan Native youth live below the poverty line, according to the Center for Native American Youth at the Aspen Institute. The report also found that the average household income for tribal homes is $33,000.

Marijuana provides an attractive opportunity to bring in revenue and also tackle some of the health disparities plaguing the poorest reservations. “We have one of the largest, highest levels of... diabetes, heart disease, arthritis,” Rivera says. “We wanted to provide possible solutions to solve that health disparity.”

Recreational pot is still taboo among many tribes, just as it is among some non-Native Americans. Countless reservations battle fatally high levels of alcoholism and drug addiction. According to the Aspen Institute, “Alcoholism mortality rates are 514 percent higher than the general population. Suicide rates are more than double, and Native teens experience the highest rate of suicide of any population group in the United States.”

Given these alarming statistics, some in Native communities are resistant to the idea of marijuana. “Today the older generation are still looking at marijuana as a gateway drug,” Black Eagle says. “The younger set is using and researching medical marijuana, but it’s still a cultural struggle.”

That’s why CannaNative will first tackle industrial hemp. Relatively benign, thanks to its barely detectable THC levels, industrial hemp can be used in the manufacturing of clothing, oils, food and even construction materials. Total retail value of hemp products in 2013 totaled approximately $581 million, according to the Hemp Industries Association. CannaNative is hoping to capitalize on this growing market by partnering with Southern California-based Medical Marijuana Inc. to produce oil products from more than 560 tribes. Its deal with the Navajo Nation will expand Indian hemp production to tribal lands in Arizona, Utah and New Mexico.

“We have the land and we have the water. We believe this is the best opportunity for Indian tribes to look. We’re not fly-by-night,” Black Eagle says. “We are approaching cannabis as economic nation-building.”
ATTENTION!

Looking for highly motivated appointment setters for a thriving home improvement company!

Make up to $15.00 per hour, plus commission for sales!
Daily cash + Weekly bonuses! Must hire a minimum 1 year home improvement or telemarketing experience.
Make up to $900.00 weekly +
Giving away a brand new iphone 6 this month.

We are doing interviews everyday at 10:00am

Wise Construction, Inc.
844-861-1068
4009 Wilshire Blvd. #200D, Los Angeles, CA 90010
infowiseconstruction@gmail.com • Wise-Construction.com

5 Minutes to Downtown & L.A. Convention Center!
King & Queen Size Beds Available
Satellite TV
Most Major Credit Cards Accepted

3020 S LA BREA AVE

5 Minutes to Downtown & Staple Center!
5 Blocks to L.A. Memorial Coliseum
HBO & Sport Channels
Visit Our Website for Specials
snootyfoxxmotorinn.com

4120 SO WESTERN AVE

Experience the wisdom of
The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying
with teacher and author
Sogyal Rinpoche

December 9th @ 8pm
Writers Guild Theater

More Info & Tickets at:
USA.RIGPA.ORG/LA

Behavioral Research Specialists, LLC
Paid Participation Available
Depression - Anxiety - Bipolar - Schizophrenia - Pain - Alzheimer's
Opiate Addiction - Diabetes - Insomnia - Asthma - ADHD - Hypertension
High Cholesterol - Inpatient - Phase I-IV - Pediatrics - PTSD - Restless Leg
230 N. Maryland Ave.
Suite 207 Glendale, CA 91206
888-255-5798 Ext. 1
www.brstrials.com
info@brstrials.com

*Nicest Motel in the Area*
Suites & Penthouses Available
Complimentary Champagne
Roman Tubs in Suites
Wet Bars & Skylights in Select Rooms
Visit Our Website
mustangmotels.com
For most of this year, Native Americans and their allies — including Hollywood stars such as Mark Ruffalo, Shailene Woodley and Susan Sarandon — have been fighting the Dakota Access oil pipeline, hoping to protect the water of not just the Standing Rock Sioux tribe but also the 17 million people downstream in North and South Dakota. On Facebook feeds and cable news shows, Native Americans are in the media spotlight again.

But let’s talk about what it really means to be Native in California. In my case, I like to say that I’m a real Hollywood Indian.

By that I mean that, as a descendant of the Colville Confederated Tribes of Washington state, I meet cultural and legal definitions of “Native American.” And I happen to have been born in Hollywood, at the Kaiser Hospital on Sunset Boulevard, not far from Cahuenga, a street with a Native American name. To give you an idea about when that was, let’s just say that when my mother was in the hospital having me, my parents saw actor Edward G. Robinson (not sure if it was junior or senior) wandering the halls of the hospital.

My mother came to Los Angeles from Washington in the 1950s, a time of mass exodus of American Indians for jobs, at the behest of the federal government in its effort to bring a “final solution” to its Indian problem. More about that shortly.

But I call myself a Hollywood Indian with tongue in cheek, and a certain reckless ambivalence, because in Indian country, the Hollywood Indian is a joke. Not a joke as in “funny ha-ha” (although it can be), but a joke as in something that is a disgraceful aberration. A good example of this is the “Crying Indian” from those early-1970s anti-littering commercials. That guy, Iron Eyes Cody — aka Espera Oscar de Corti — was a 100 percent Sicilian immigrant who tried to pass himself off as an Indian for his entire life, until the day he died in 1999.

A Hollywood Indian, in other words, is someone who is a complete and utter fake, the worst kind of wannabe. There have been countless examples of the Hollywood Indian throughout the modern era, going back to the beginning of cinema, when Indians were a popular subject matter on film. Those days roughly coincided with the end of the Indian Wars era, and became entangled with the popular trope of the “vanishing Native.” The vanishing Native was, in fact, the most common storyline that those early films enacted, as in the 1925 silent film of the same name, adapted from a story by Western writer Zane Grey. While some of those films featured real, actual Indians (such as the 1920 film Daughter of Dawn, Nanook of the North in 1922 and The Silent Enemy in 1930), Indians were mostly played by non-Indians, as has invariably been true throughout Hollywood’s history of Indian portrayals, even today. Think of Burt Lancaster in the 1954 film Apache or Rock Hudson in Winchester ’73 in 1950.

More recently, consider Johnny Depp as Tonto in The Lone Ranger, or Rooney Mara as Tiger Lily in Pan. There are many more examples of non-Natives in starring roles as non-Natives who “become” Indians, such as Richard Harris in A Man Called Horse, Dustin Hoffman in Little Big Man or Kevin Costner in Dances With Wolves.

The Hollywood Indian inside joke is, however, in reality a manifestation of a very painful history that Native people everywhere live with. To understand it, we need to fully grasp its relationship to the vanishing Native stereotype, especially as it relates to California. This means unpacking a hell of a lot of very ugly historical baggage.

Most people don’t know this, but California has more Native American people than any other state; according to census data, Los Angeles is considered to be the second most indigenous-populated city in the country, with around 54,000 people who self-identify as Native. When displaced Latin American and Pacific Island indigenous peoples are considered, L.A. has the largest population of indigenous peoples in the entire country.

But in a city of 3.8 million, it’s damn near impossible for those Native people to be seen, particularly when there is a complex web of stereotypes and common misconceptions that make them even more invisible. This is because, at their core, those stereotypes and misconceptions challenge the very authenticity of those who are Native.

Vanishing Act

First, let’s consider some quick history. The landmass now known as California was, prior to foreign
settlement by the Spanish in the mid-1700s, even then the most populated landmass on the continent, with upward of 1 million indigenous people. Thanks to Spanish germs and the abuses of the mission system, which enslaved the masses, broke up communal living systems and eroded traditional lifeways, massive depopulation occurred in the late 1700s and early 1800s.

After the Spanish occupation gave way to the new republic of Mexico and the mission system was dissolved, despite efforts to return land to the Indians, there were more waves of depopulation, and very little land was actually returned. The Spanish practice of granting land to the aristocracy continued with the Mexican government, and the California landscape was gradually transformed into a vast ranching empire.

In 1848, the U.S. war with Mexico concluded with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, coinciding with the Gold Rush. For indigenous peoples, the Gold Rush meant a new wave of genocidal terror and land grabs, since the establishing of the state of California in 1850 was accompanied by a policy of Indian extermination. Well into at least the 1870s, Indians were legally hunted for bounties by citizen militias, and in some cases endured forced marches from their home territories to remote reservations and rancherias.

Now in American hands, California’s new corrupt, discriminatory land laws ensured the passage of the land-grant ranchos (still in Mexican hands) to mostly wealthy, white settlers from the East. But despite ongoing depopulation, the Indians did not vanish. The United States made many treaties with them, but none of the negotiated treaties were ratified by the Senate, as required by law. This translated into massive land theft.

By the turn of the 1900s, U.S. federal Indian policy had taken over and California Indians, like Indians in the rest of the country, became subject to the new policy of forced assimilation. Children were removed from their homes and sent to faraway boarding schools, which trained them to be laborers and domestic servants. But in California, they were subjected to a system of indentured servitude — virtual slavery — under an 1850 law, ironically called the Act for the Government and Protection of Indians. The law wasn’t formally appealed until 1937.

The Indians’ survival against predatory practices under the triple colonization of Spanish, Mexican and American occupation depended on the assuming of new identities. Having been absorbed by the Spanish and Mexican ranchos as laborers, and intermarried, many Natives adopted Spanish surnames, and in many cases referred to themselves as Spanish or Mexican to avoid slaughter.

A Whitewashed History

But how has this history of genocide and land theft been written? By and large, it has been whitewashed with denial and almost total evasion. Instead, what we have gotten are highly romanticized narratives about benevolent missions and beautiful Spanish architecture, intrepid explorers and hardy pioneers, brilliant land speculators and creative geniuses. Indians are literally written out, in what Native studies scholars call “replacement narratives.”

These are not just outdated, 19th-century histories. They were perpetuated throughout the 20th century, and persist today. It wasn’t even acceptable in the academic world to use the term “genocide” to describe California history until after the 1970s — when I was still in high school. And the concept of Native American genocide is still highly contested, despite an abundance of primary-source evidence.

These replacement narratives — whereby settlers become the new Native population (for example, people born and raised in California are “native Californians”) — are not only cemented by written histories but are woven throughout popular culture, and the film industry in
particular, Hollywood traffics in invented images and tropes of disappearing Indians (tragic but inevitable), noble savages (existing only in a romanticized past) and savage Indians (whom cowboys and the U.S. Cavalry are destined to defeat via the ideology of manifest destiny).

Those representations evolved into the more recent tropes of the Indian fighter (most notably Billy Jack, a mixed-blood Navajo Vietnam veteran who famously fights racist white men with martial arts), the environmental Indian (our friend Iron Eyes Cody, the crying non-Indian), and the “groovy Injun” (the hippiefied beads-and-feathers Indian — think Cher and the infamous “Half Breed,” or the 1960s teepee-living counterculture). For an excellent rundown on these Hollywood representations, see Cree filmmaker Neil Diamond’s ground-breaking documentary Reel Injun, which is the first feature-length film to examine the way Hollywood has perpetuated the stereotypes and misunderstandings about American Indians. Note that these images don’t, in fact, represent actual, living Native people, even when real Native people are used to play Indian parts. They are no more than the projections of the dominant society’s fantasies about Indians, who are deemed to no longer exist.

Real Native people, in the meantime, are still living unseen on reservations and rancherias, and in other Native communities and border towns, still fighting oppressive U.S. policies and laws and struggling to protect what remains of their lands and cultures.

In the 1950s, however, the federal government imagined a final solution to its “Indian problem.” Ominously called “termination,” it envisioned an eventual end to the Bureau of Indian Affairs and to America’s legal responsibility to enforce treaties and protect Native resources — in legal terms, the trust responsibility. Termination included a plan called “relocation,” a jobs program designed to empty out reservation communities by offering low-wage jobs in big cities, ostensibly to combat intractable poverty in Indian Country. This would effectively terminate tribal nations and make it easier to privatize Indian lands, which could then be transferred into non-Native, non-trust based ownership.

What it in fact did was result in a massive population transfer of reservation Indians to large metropolitan centers. Los Angeles was one of the target destinations. It is why L.A. today has so many Indian people, and why more Native American people live in urban environments than on reservation lands nationwide.

The Problem of Authenticity
Back to where we left off before we got sidetracked on the subject of history: the idea of Native authenticity. The net effect of centuries of genocide; of writing Indians out of history; of replacement narratives; of pernicious Hollywood tropes and misrepresentations; and ongoing colonial federal policies and laws, is that Native people cannot be seen for who they are as Native people. They are made invisible, effectively erased from national discourse. And even when they are visible, for example, at public events like powwows or in other cultural settings — they are often thought to not be “real Indians,” especially if they don’t have the right name, the right look or the right address. A perfect example of this questioning of Native authenticity came (not surprisingly) from President-elect Donald Trump. In an infamous racist rant in front of a 1993 congressional subcommittee hearing, voicing his opposition to Indian gaming laws, he declared, “They don’t look like Indians to me.”

On the individual level, this challenging of Native authenticity plays out in invasive personal questions such as “How much Indian blood do you have?” Or statements like “I had a great-grandmother who was a Cherokee princess,” as though an imagined Cherokee ancestor is a legitimate claim to a shared indigenous identity.

This ongoing process of erasure and disbelief in Native authenticity has serious implications for today’s Native people, especially in Southern California. The systematic obliteration of California Indians has led to contentious, humiliating bids to restore political relationships between tribal and federal governments. They are all too often denied due to the inability to prove an ongoing distinct community — even when the dissolution of a community was a survival strategy against the genocidal policies of state or federal governments to begin with. These are the kinds of challenges faced by the Tongva and

LA Weekly, Tito’s Handmade Vodka and LA Animal Services have partnered to raise money and awareness for animals in need. For every Tito’s Handmade Vodka drink feature sold, $1 will be donated to the LA Animal Services. In addition, Tito’s Handmade Vodka will match every $1 that is donated.

The goal of Puppy hour is to bring together our community of dog lovers while showcasing local restaurants/bars who are pet friendly and most importantly - raising money to help save our furry friends!

**Tito’s Handmade Vodka DRINK FEATURES**

**SUBURBIA » Miles Davis**
**R10 » Winter Coat**
**HEY 19 » Lola**
**ABIGAILE » The Bulldog**
**DIA DE CAMPO » Spicy Chihuaha**
**DOWNSTAIRS BAR » K-9 Mule**
**STANDARD STATION » Doggy Style**
**TAVERN ON MAIN » The Big Puppy**

**GO ONLINE AND VOTE FOR YOUR CHANCE TO WIN!**

Tito’s Holiday Prize Pack
Equipped with everything you will need for a great holiday!

3 winners will be chosen at random.

Puppy Hour runs from November 17th - December 17th

Want to WIN a The Tito’s Holiday Prize Package?
- Follow @TitosVodka on Instagram
- Post a picture of your Tito’s Cocktail on Instagram @TitosPuppyHour

LA WEEKLY.COM/TITOS

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PUPPY HOUR COCKTAIL!

For more information on the LA Animal Services, visit laanimalservices.com

Please enjoy Tito’s Handmade Vodka responsibly.
Acjachemen people (and others, including the Tatavium, Chumash, Serrano, Kitanemuk and Luiseño), who are the original peoples of Los Angeles and Orange County. Although they are officially recognized by the state of California, neither the Acjachemen nor the Tongva enjoy federal recognition. Without federal recognition or a trust-protected land base, there is almost no protective buffer from the plague of relentless development. This means that sacred sites are routinely destroyed. Anthropological studies, for instance, estimate that about 90 percent of Native sacred sites in coastal Southern California are gone.

Relatively new state laws such as Senate Bill 18 and Assembly Bill 52 do, however, aim to afford greater protection for tribal cultural resources. SB 18 requires local governments to consult with Native nations prior to development projects, while AB 52 adds tribal cultural resources to the categories of cultural resources in the California Environmental Quality Act. But even then, in public debates to protect lands from development, the significance of the laws to protect Native sacred sites often is overlooked in favor of environmentalist rhetoric about protecting endangered species.

This was the case in the recent Banning Ranch victory in Newport Beach. The Coastal Commission’s September landslide vote to deny a permit for the Newport Banning Ranch mega-development was heavily weighted not only by the preponderance of endangered plants and animals on the site but also by its concern for the protection of tribal cultural resources. It includes at least eight important archaeological sites, three of which are eligible for the National Register of Historic Places and California Register of Historic Resources.

In its decision, one of the commissioners referred to the Dakota Access pipeline resistance by the Standing Rock Sioux tribe in North Dakota, and at least three of them indicated that it was critical to meaningfully engage with Native nations before approving such a development, which hadn’t been done.

It was a stunning and rare victory for Native sacred-site protection in Southern California. But media coverage of the story never included any mention, let alone a meaningful discussion, of the significance of the Native aspect of the controversy. In the coverage, the Native community was again rendered invisible.

Real Indians in Southern California

Despite the grinding indigenous expunction wrought by capitalist development and state assimilation, Native people work diligently to maintain the memories of their ancient village sites and place names. The Tongva and Acjachemen people know Banning Ranch as Genga. Reconstructed precolonial maps of the Los Angeles and Orange County landscape show dozens of indigenous place names that include Puvungna (Long Beach), Panhe (San Clemente), Yangna (downtown L.A.), Kuruvungna (near Santa Monica), Pimu (Catalina Island), and Ostungna (El Sereno, where I grew up).

At UCLA’s American Indian Studies Center, a project called Mapping Indigenous Los Angeles intends to reclaim the city’s original names. Utilizing digital media, the project remaps L.A. through the stories and perspectives of all indigenous peoples who call L.A. home. “Mapping Indigenous L.A. arose out of discussions with communities and out of the co-P.I.’s [principal investigators] commitment to self-representation of indigenous people in Los Angeles,” says Mishuana Goeman, professor of Native American literature and gender studies at UCLA. “We wanted to intervene with the mission education that erases California’s Indians’ thriving presence. We wanted a space for us as indigenous peoples to recognize and learn from each other as well. It is also a place where you can go to collect resources that are in many different areas around the city.”

Others work to protect the ancient cultural sites of L.A. and Orange County, as was the case with Banning Ranch. The Sacred Places Institute, based in Santa Monica, is composed of indigenous activists and scholars who were instrumental in raising the awareness of the cultural significance of Genga, leading to the preservation of one of the last remaining open spaces on the Southern California coastline.

“Now more than ever, as threats to our sacred lands, waters and cultures are on the rise, it’s critical to support indigenous...
peoples and Native nations working on the front lines fighting for human rights and environmental and cultural justice,” said Angela Mooney D’Arcy, who is a member of the Acjachemen/Juaneño nation and executive director and founder of SPI.

The election of Donald Trump (and his alt-right cronies at the helm of the White House) presents the prospect of an uncertain future that delivers an authoritarian, race-obsessed president and a Republican Congress with the power to eliminate the political existence of indigenous nations, and a conservative Supreme Court that could not be counted on to stop it. These are dangerous times to be indigenous.

But Native Americans refuse to vanish. During the relocation era, Indian Alley was a place many Indians crash-landed in L.A., and it still is. A mini Indian Country within the sprawling metropolis’ Skid Row, the Row’s Native presence was cemented in 1974 by the formation of United American Indian Involvement at the legendary 118 Winston St.; it has become a place of healing for the Native downtrodden. And recently, it is increasingly known as a place of art, where contemporary Native culture becomes visible again, as in the recent works of Santa Fe street artist Jaque Fragua, who scrawled spray-painted screeds including “Decolonize and keep calm.”

Native culture is infiltrating all aspects of mainstream California life, even in the whitest, most unlikely of spaces, such as surf culture. An organization called Native Like Water (formerly InterTribal Youth), while based in San Diego, encourages Native youth to engage their indigeneity through surfing. With its Hawaiian roots, surfing is arguably the most popular indigenous sport. L.A. even boasts one of the unsung heroes of early surf culture, Johnny Rice. A Prairie Band Potawatomi, Rice, who died in 2015, was part of the original Malibu crowd that inspired the Gidget books and movies and was an apprentice to the famous Manhattan Beach surfboard shaper Dale Velzy. He eventually became recognized as one of the grandfathers of the Santa Cruz surf scene.

Against all odds, Native culture is visible nearly everywhere you look in Los Angeles, even if the Hollywood Indian is, in other words, a dying breed (to use a really bad pun). As Native people assert their indigeneity against the assimilative forces of the dominant society, they unerase themselves from a tragic history and insert themselves into L.A.’s vibrant present. Like it or not, Indians are here to stay. As for me, I will always be a real Hollywood Indian ... and I have the birth certificate to prove it.

Dina Gilio-Whitaker is an award-winning journalist who holds the position of policy director and senior research associate at the Center for World Indigenous Studies. She is the co-author (along with Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz) of the new book “All the Real Indians” Died Off and 20 Other Myths About Native Americans. She lives in San Clemente.
Sips for this year’s Sips & Sweets event provided by

NATIONAL CAKE DAY FLASH SALE!
BUY ONE GET ONE FREE TICKETS!
lawekly.com/sipsandsweets

Petersen Auto Museum
Friday, December 2, 2016 • 8pm – 11pm • VIP Hour 7pm – 8pm

A portion of the proceeds from this year’s Sips & Sweets event benefits foodforward.org
BEYOND FRY BREAD

Los Angeles has the country’s largest population of Native Americans but no restaurants reflecting their cuisine

BY BESHA RODELL

W

hy are there no Native American restaurants in Southern California? And what would they even look like if there were?

“It’s a good question, and one I don’t know the answer to,” says Lois Frank. She is a chef, academic and food historian, and a member of the Kiowa Nation. Her book, Foods of the Southwest Indian Nations, is one of the most complete documentations of Native American foodways. And she’s also a former resident of Los Angeles.

“L.A. is great. You can get delicious Cuban food, Asian food, Thai food,” she says. “Why aren’t there Native [restaurants] there? There is a Native community and the Native communities are active.”

Of course, L.A. isn’t alone in its lack of representation of Native American cuisine. Outside of the Southwest, there are very few restaurants that specialize in the food of indigenous people, and the majority of those that do focus on fry bread, which is the most widely recognized foodstuff connected to Native American culture. Fry bread is also the most controversial, having emerged as a subsistence food made mostly from government rations on reservations post-colonization. It is often cited as a factor in nutrition-based health problems among Native communities. “People whip out fry bread, and it breaks my heart,” Frank says. “Historically, that’s only from the last 150 years. It’s not from 10,000 years ago.”

In L.A., the only dedicated outlet for Native American food is a food truck that sells fry bread tacos and does mainly private events. The lack of knowledge in the broader community about non–fry bread Native foods is, in part, what happens when a population has its culture and land violently and systematically taken away. “We’re still coming out of the boarding-school era where people were ripped up or relocated, and some of that information was lost or forgotten,” Frank says. “We’re just fixing those broken chords and bringing it back.”

Nationally, and even in other parts of California, there’s a growing movement toward resurrecting the cooking traditions of pre-colonial America, often known as “decolonizing the diet.” But Frank dismisses that idea. “People talk about ‘let’s decolonize,’” she says. “How would you do that? You can’t. Let’s not fool ourselves. But what we can do is to indigenize. So we’re not undoing, we’re redoing. We’re reclaiming, we’re eating and educating. That’s where it’s going.”

The most visible recent example of Native American food being cooked in a restaurant setting is Francis Ford Coppola’s Werowocomoco, which opened in Geyserville in the Bay Area earlier this month. While Coppola says that he’s trying to bring attention to indigenous foodways through the restaurant, he has faced much criticism too, centering mainly around cultural appropriation.

But there are also grassroots examples of indigenous chefs hoping to give diners a real understanding of what cooking and eating was like before Europeans arrived in the Americas. Last month at a lunch that was part of the annual Southern Foodways Alliance fall symposium in Oxford, Mississippi, I was served a meal cooked by Sean Sherman, a chef from Minneapolis who calls himself the Sioux Chef. Sherman has been covered extensively in the press (including an in-depth profile in The New York Times) for his efforts to revitalize Native American cuisine. The lunch he served used only ingredients and techniques that would have been available to pre-colonial American cooks, which meant no dairy, sugar, eggs, pork or wheat. Instead, we ate smoked fish with wild greens, sun-dried rabbit, and bison cooked with cedar.

Eating Native American dishes without the use of foods that came here by boat from Europe distilled for me some of the reasons why promoting and explaining this cuisine is not easy. The ingredients of the Americas — corn, potatoes, chocolate, vanilla — have been so fully incorporated into the diet of the world, it’s easy for people to forget that much of what we think of as American or Italian or British food would not be possible without the gifts of the New World, and indeed the indigenous people who cultivated and traded and cooked with these ingredients. Only when one sees those ingredients with the European influence stripped away do they become purely native to this continent.

Settlers to America almost immediately co-opted Native American ingredients, forming not only the base for the American diet but also much of Europe’s diet as well.

While looking into options for Native American meals in Los Angeles, I came across Roy Choi’s Native Spirit Feast, which he will be hosting for the third year in a row, at Commissary in the Line Hotel. The menu includes fry bread (with honey and pumpkin curry), and foi gras terrine, and all kinds of international influences that have nothing to do with Native American culture. But Choi isn’t trying to represent the food of Native people.

“Our food never pretends or claims to be Native,” Choi says. “I’m not in a position to represent the food that way. It is more my spiritual connection to the universe and speaking up in my own way about the failacies our country was built upon. There’s a difference between thanking people and perpetuating genocide. If we are really going to hold onto this holiday, then let’s re-examine the story. Until then, my places will either be closed [on Thanksgiving] or celebrating the Native spirit.”

And until there is a place in Los Angeles to eat true Native American cuisine, Frank suggests you think more about the culinary gifts we continue to enjoy that were given to us by indigenous Americans. “Ask yourself, ‘What do I eat that Native people gave to the world?’” she suggests. “Keep a log for a day and just think about it.”

Beyond that, seek out Native foods from around the country. “Everyone can participate. Seek out something Native and buy it. You can consume and buy wild rice that’s hand-harvested from a Native community. Or mesquite flour, or prickly pear syrup. When you buy that wild rice from a small company, you support everything that’s tied to the cultural components of that. And that’s a great, proactive place to be.”
An Ode to Native American Food

LORETTA BARRETT ODEN DISCUSSES “THAT LITTLE THANKSGIVING MYTH”

The legendary Corn Dance Café in Santa Fe, New Mexico, was owned by Loretta Barrett Oden, a writer, TV host, chef and advocate of Native American culture and cuisine. The upscale restaurant served pre-Columbian food throughout the ’90s to people who arrived from around the world. Corn Dance became emblematic of the Southwest, but as it happens, Barrett Oden started tinkering with the idea while living in LA.

Though she’s based in Oklahoma, Barrett Oden does work around the country, including creating special-event menus for L.A.’s Autry Museum. She talked to us about her controversial stance on fry bread (perhaps the most famous Native American dish), getting people to understand pre-Columbian food and of course, “that little Thanksgiving myth.”

SQUID INK: Fry bread is an important part of the culinary culture of a lot of Native Americans, but you’ve very publicly been resistant to it.

LORETTA BARRETT ODEN: Yes. You would not believe how often I get that question, because when anyone thinks of Native American food, Indian food, however you want to address it, the first thing that comes to mind is fry bread, Indian tacos, Navajo tacos, whatever they happen to be called wherever you might be. In the past I’ve taken an extremely strong stance against fry bread because of the health implications. We have very dire incidences all over Indian Country of Type 2 diabetes, and it really has to do with the radical change in our diets during the days of relocation. The people were taken from their homelands and moved to reservations, a whole bunch of tribes, to right here in Oklahoma, old Indian Territory. The Navajos, the other people on these forced marches, were put on the reservations, they were starving. So the U.S. government had to feed them somehow, and so they dipped into their stores of white wheat flour and lard, hence the creation by very inventive, survival-minded Indian women to fill the hungry bellies of their families.

Fry bread was created.

I used to be totally against it because of that but, you know, in more recent times, I have to really look to its history, and it was a survival food, unfortunate as the circumstances were. Then on the other hand, everyone has some kind of bread, sometimes fried, like beignets or doughnuts, for heaven’s sake. It’s something that I softened my stance on, partially because Ben Jacobs, who’s the operator-owner of Tocabe, probably one of the most famous fry bread houses in the country, in Denver, has become a really close friend of mine. He’s a young chef, he’s very creative, he does wonderful things other than fry bread at Tocabe. When we first met, he said, “Oh my God, I was so afraid to meet you, she’s going to hate me,” because I’ve been very, very outspoken about fry bread.

I worked for a number of years with a lot of different tribes and most especially with the Tohono O’odham tribe in southern Arizona. These people have the highest rate of Type 2 diabetes of any people from the planet. They lived off of the desert food, they live on the Sonoran Desert. I lived down there for three months putting in a little café for the benefit of the people, to reintroduce their own desert foods to them, and I’ve seen the effects of fry bread. It became such a staple, we went through a couple of generations and all of a sudden they’re thinking, this is traditional food. I guess traditions can always be built as time moves on, but I grew up in Oklahoma and my people — I’m Potawatomi — my grandma, my mom, my aunties, we didn’t cook any fry bread.

The first time I had fry bread was at the Oklahoma State Fair as an Indian taco or a Navajo taco. But with its origins rooted so deeply in relocation and in the commodities program ... I used to go out and stand in line with my grandparents for commodities at the old Indian agency, and it was hard and white wheat flour, although they came in really pretty printed cotton bags so that you could make clothes. ... So there’s all kinds of memories wrapped up in that.

The food that was doled out was government-surplus commodities stuff. When I was growing up, the only nutritious thing in that commodities packet was probably the pinto beans. While my grandma made biscuits and pancakes and all of that, fry bread wasn’t a part of my upbringing.

Fry bread seems to be spread all across the U.S., or at least west of the Mississippi. Do you think it’s seen as some sort of unifying dish? Oh, certainly now it is. I think really it became so widespread through the powwow circuit. Every powwow you go to now, there’s that fry bread truck, so I really think that that’s how it became so widespread.
Ho! Ho! Ho! This cool “with just the right amount of sweet” cocktail is a wonderfully delicious way to make anyone’s spirits brighter.

**Maker’s Mistletoe**

**Ingredients**

1-1/2 parts Maker’s Mark® Bourbon  
3/4 part DeKuyper® Peachtree®  
Schnapps Liqueur  
2 parts orange juice  
Splash of grenadine

**Instructions**

1. Build over ice in a rocks glass.  
2. Garnish with a half-moon orange slice on the rim.
I was looking for Native American food in L.A., and the only thing I can find is one fry bread truck. L.A.’s a really big place yet that’s all we seem to have, commercially. I wonder why that is — part of our civic pride is we like to know about different kinds of food, but Native American food hasn’t made an impact in this city. I have my theory on that. You know, I just hate politics. And I thought, “Well, I’ll get into food and that’s going to be as apolitical as I can get.” Well, it’s probably one of the most political arenas. And I’m going, “Oh my God, what have I done.”

I think that maybe the government would have to ‘fess up to the injustices of what happened in the Americas before Native American food can really take off. So that’s the political side of it that I really don’t like. I like to use the food as my tool for enlightening people in a gentle way. I think that in order to get to know another culture, in order to get to know other people, share the table with them.

In Santa Fe when we opened the restaurant, people really didn’t quite know what to expect. It seemed a little exotic, the Corn Dance Café, Native American food. Got there and it was cool, it wasn’t weird, it wasn’t exotic, it was food they were mostly familiar with. I did a lot of bison, a lot of corn, beans, squash, venison, quail, salmon, trout, all of that good stuff. Kind of pre-Columbian-ingredient-based, and people were so pleasantly surprised and they had no idea that things like tomatoes and potatoes, chocolate and vanilla, originated in the Americas. That nowhere else had these foods before Columbus stumbled ashore.

I consider Native America to include everything from Nunavut to Tierra del Fuego and everything in between. So it’s North America, Mexico, Central South America, all the stuff, that’s what my menu was based upon. My ingredients were anything that I could find between those two points. You hear people in Indian Country say, “Well, you can’t nail down Native American food because we’re so many different nations and so many different people and the food was regional and seasonal and all that,” but overall, it’s Native American food.

You did touch on something when you said that there was a lot of Mexican food in L.A. and that you consider Native American food to be of both continents. Maybe we do have Native food. It’s just not called that.

Yes, oh most certainly. Some don’t really think of Mexicans as being Native Americans but, you know, come on. Certainly the use of corn. Mexico is the corn cradle. The corn came from the ancient wild grass seed teosinte. They cultivated this for thousands of years and figured out how to grow it, prepare it. It turned into ears of corn, that we know today, from little teosinte seeds in a pod like peas, like little tiny nuggets. To figure out the process of nixtamalization, they boiled the dried corn, then they ground it, it turned into masa, they made the tamales and the tortillas out of masa, and that released the nutrients in the corn and made it something other than cattle feed.

A lot of the foods that now are part of mainstream Thanksgiving meals are Native foods. Oh absolutely, yes, they just got the timing wrong. The whole thing about that little Thanksgiving myth is that... I have to be gentle with it because on my dad’s side of the family I’m actually a Mayflower descendant. Talk about inner conflict. But, you know, the timing was wrong. That coming together of those people at that particular time and that little story that’s told, half of the people in that boat coming across the Atlantic, and it was really the new people who helped them to survive. This gathering was one of many, but it’s supposed to be a harvest feast that would happen in the fall at harvest time. The turkeys are, in the Americas, one of the few domesticated animals that we had. Certainly the corn, the squashes, the pumpkins, that’s all originated in the Americas. A lot of those foods then and now — sweet potatoes — are indigenous to the Americas. All of that is really Native American food. It doesn’t seem like it now, with global warming, but November would have been a little bit late to have this harvest feast that they then began calling Thanksgiving.

The only time we really talk about Native American food in the media is around Thanksgiving. Well, it’s better than nothing at all. This time of year rolls around and people say, “Well, what are you up to, Loretta?” And I say, “Oh, I’m just gearing up to feed all those pilgrims out there.” — Katherine Spiers
SKIP THE MALL, SHOP LOCAL!
THE 9TH ANNUAL UNIQUE LA HOLIDAY MARKET

DECEMBER 3 & 4 / 11AM - 6PM / DTLA / INFO & TICKETS AT UNIQUEMARKETS.COM
Are you interested in trying to improve the way your brain works?

If yes, you may be able to join a study where you add FDA-approved medication(s) to your HIV-regimen to improve neurocognitive performance.

This study is for HIV-positive people who also have HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder (HAND) as defined by the Frascati criteria.

It will help us to identify if adding Maraviroc (MVC) and/or Dolutegravir (DTG) to their current antiretroviral therapy will improve neurocognitive performance. Participants will be enrolled in this study for about 96 weeks. Compensation will be provided.

To join you must be:
- 18 years of age or older
- HIV-positive with an undetectable viral load
- Have had a HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder within 45 days prior to study entry
- Able to complete the neuropsychological test in English

For more information contact the UCLA CARE Center at careoutreach@mednet.ucla.edu or via phone 310-557-9062

There are limitations to the confidentiality of email communications. Do not include any sensitive health information if you choose to contact the study team via email.

Clinical Trials

UCLA Meth Clinical Trial

We all have secrets...

Would you like to stop or reduce your Meth use? A UCLA meth clinical trial may be able to help. UCLA is conducting a clinical trial to find out if an anti-inflammatory medication can help patients stop or reduce their meth use, and improve mental functioning, by reducing toxic brain inflammation caused by meth. Counseling, study medication, and compensation are included in this 18-week outpatient clinical trial. Interested in learning more?

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.uclabam.org/meth

UCLA Meth Clinical Trial

TO ADVERTISE IN CLINICAL TRIALS CALL 310.574.7303

REPRIEVE
Randomized Trial to Prevent Vascular Events in HIV

The main purpose of this clinical trial is to see if pitavastatin can prevent heart disease and heart disease related deaths in people living with HIV infection who are taking antiretroviral medications. Pitavastatin is a type of medication that, along with diet, has been approved by the FDA for the treatment of high cholesterol. It also lowers triglyceride levels in the blood.

This study may last up to 6 years (total of 21 visits) and you may be eligible if:
- You are living with HIV
- You are between the ages of 40 and 75
- You have been on antiretroviral therapy (ART) for at least 6 months
- You have a CD4+ cell count at or above 100
- You are not currently using a statin drug
- You have no history of cardiovascular disease (heart attack, stroke, etc.)

Talk to your medical provider today about your cardiovascular risk and to see if you would qualify for this study.

UCLA CARE Outreach Hotline

310.557.9062
**SHOPPING**

**Me, Myself and Aye!**

“Shop local” is a common refrain this time of year, but now that an evil billion-dollar corporation is president, it feels more important than ever to stick it to his CEO buddies by putting our money where our mouths are. Shopping goes hyper-local at AyE! Boyle Heights: Alternative to Black Friday Marketplace, Leadership for Urban Renewal Network’s art and crafts market for local makers and artists. The impressive roster of vendors offers everything from jewelry and leather goods to nail decals and hand-sewn plush dolls to elotes to snack on. Stretch your holiday shopping dollars and feel good about whose pockets they end up in. City Labs Boyle Heights, 553 S. Clarence St., Boyle Heights; Fri., Nov. 25, noon-4 p.m.; free with RSVP. ayeboyalheights.splashthat.com. —Gwynedd Stuart

**FILM**

**Hardy Har Har**

Return to those chortlesome days of yesteryear at the Laurel & Hardy Festival, screening some of the comic duo’s best short films, both silent and sound. Many of these shorts were shot right here in Southern California — everywhere from Echo Park to Cheviot Hills to Highland Park — and the decades-strong enthusiasm in keeping Stan and Ollie topmost in the comedy pantheon is thanks directly to the support of venues like the Music Hall. As always, each show starts with a selection of American pop favorites played on the Mighty Wurlitzer, accompanied by a faintly mortifying audience sing-along. Old Town Music Hall, 140 Richmond St., El Segundo; Fri., Nov. 25, 8:15 p.m.; Sat., Nov. 26, 2:30 & 8:15 p.m.; Sun., Nov. 27, 2:30 p.m.; $10, $8 seniors. (310) 322-2592, oldtownmusicall.org/films.html. —David Cotner

---

**Hammer Museum invites you to Women’s Center for Creative Work: Thank You for This Community — A Dinner at the Hammer.** The Frogtown-based feminist nonprofit hosts programs, performances and workshops for fellow creative and professional females, everything from yoga to theater to auto shop classes, as well as a feminist library. For tonight’s gathering, the collective’s founders and members invite nine other local projects and organizations — Sewing Rebellition, Everything Is Medicine, Thank You for Coming, Decolonize L.A., Las Fotos Project, Project Q, Mujeres de Maiz, Honey Power and Crafts woman House — each of which takes charge of some aspect of the meal, whether it’s the food, decorations or entertainment. More than just breaking bread, the evening is also a discussion on “our individual communities and the layering of them to create a larger feminist and creative community in Los Angeles.” Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Sat., Nov. 26, 2-5 p.m.; free, RSVP required. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu/programs-events. —Siran Babayan

---

**COMEDY**

**Point and Glick**

Actor Stephen Kramer Glickman, visually self-described as “Kingpin from Daredevil crossed with Grumpy Cat” yet surprisingly affable, co-stared for five years on Nickelodeon’s Big Time Rush and voiced Penguin Toady in the animated feature Storks. Nonetheless, stand-up remains his true love, the craft from which he created The Night Time Show, a monthly extravaganza delivering guest stand-ups, nontraditional acts, an offbeat backing band, interstitial videos, audience contest giveaways and Glickman, seated behind a desk, conducting interviews. This month’s show features Brody Stevens, Quincy Jones, Jimmy O. Yang and other heavy hitters, a karate demonstration and free Fireball shots. Hollywood Improv, 1162 Melrose Ave., Hollywood; Sat., Nov. 26, 10 p.m.; $10. (323) 651-2583, hollywood.improv.com. —Adam Gropman

---

**SHOPPING**

**Hotter Than Potter**

J.K. Rowling is credited with being one of the most creative minds in modern literature — but she never managed to come up with a Small Business Saturday event that would benefit the independent merchants of Diagon Alley, did she? The day after Black Friday, Geeky Teas & Games in Burbank hosts the Diagon Alley–Style Small Business Saturday, a market for people who wish they were wizards. Attendees — who are encouraged to wear their school uniforms — can browse Potter-themed wares by local crafters, and then hang out for Potter trivia and a sandwich from the Grilled Cheese Truck. Let the muggles have the mall. Geeky Teas & Games, 2120 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank; Sat., Nov. 26, 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; free. facebook.com/events/118559618238869. —Gwynedd Stuart

---

**PARADES**

**A Star in the East**

It’s not beginning to look at all like Christmas on the streets of L.A., but for a little while, Whittier Boulevard in East Los Angeles will be decidedly more seasonal. The East Los Angeles
Christmas Parade, one of the longest-running Yuletide parades for the Latino community, has returned to march down Whittier from Eastern Avenue to Goodrich Boulevard, bringing the classic assortment of parade participants, like marching bands, floats, car clubs and maybe even the odd celebrity. After the parade, expect a holiday festival with music, food and more. Whittier Blvd., East Los Angeles; Sun., Nov. 27, noon-5 p.m.; free. elchristmasparade.com. —Gwynaedd Stuart

HOLIDAYS

Injuries?

No Recovery, No Fee.

Auto, Motorcycle, Truck, Bus, Bicycle, Workplace, Slip & Fall, Animal Attacks, Faulty Products and Wrongful Death

Tinsel Town

While New York City may have the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree, Los Angeles has its own holiday tree-lighting tradition at the Music Center Plaza. This year, the official L.A. County Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony features Christmas music from the versatile five-piece ensemble Brass Pacifica, as well as melodies from the Antelope Valley Master Chorale. And, as if the dazzling lights and dizzying tunes weren’t enough, this free event further warms the cockles of our cold, dead hearts with free hot chocolate for everyone. Music Center Plaza, 125 N. Grand Ave., downtown; Mon., Nov. 28, 5 p.m.; free. (213) 972-7211, musiccenter.org/events/special-events/la-county-tree-lighting. —Tanja M. Laden

FILM

Stranger Than Science Fiction

Octavia E. Butler was the foremost female African-American science-fiction writer; her dozen novels earned two Hugo Awards, as well as making her the first sci-fi writer to receive a MacArthur “genius” grant. Butler’s science fiction was disquietingly mind-expanding stuff, with African-American characters who search otherworldly dimensions for insights into Earthbound matters of race, power and the true nature of humanity. Let It Be Known: Short Films Inspired by Octavia E. Butler is a program of experimental films by artists including Jamilah Sabur, Lauren Kelley, Buki Bodunrin, Ezra Claytan Daniels, Suné Woods, Ariel Jackson and Wura-Natasha Ogunji. REDCAT, 631 W. Second St., downtown; Mon., Nov. 28, 8:30 p.m.; $11, $8 students & members, $6 CalArts students/faculty/staff. (213) 237-2800, reduct.org. —John Payne

COMEDY

Lady Laughs

Donald Trump is president-elect, but the third annual Funny Women Festival is harnessing the power of 600-plus female comedians to prove the joke’s on misogyny. Organized by Lauren Frost and Erin Miller Williams of sketch group Cake Batter, the four-day festival stages stand-up, improv, sketches, musical comedy, storytelling, film and video screenings by both emerging and veteran performers — some with names like The Boobe Sisters, The Pippa Middletons and Size Matters — as well as industry panels meant not just for up-and-coming comedians but for all female artists. Past performers have included Mary Lynn Rajskub, Wendi McLendon-Covey, The Office’s Angela Kinsey and Kate Flannery, Grey’s Anatomy’s Kate Walsh and Frangela. Following last year’s event at iO West, this year’s shows will take over a good chunk of Highland Park at venues including the Hi Hat, Sonny’s Hideaway and Highland Theater. A portion of the proceeds benefits the Downtown Women’s Center, a nonprofit that provides services to homeless women. The Hi Hat, 5043 York Blvd., Highland Park; Wed., Nov. 30, 8:11 p.m. (also Thu., Dec. 1-Sat., Dec. 3); $10. (818) 917-7242, funnywomenfestla.com. —Tanja M. Laden

BOOKS

Against Shel

When singer Tom Gabel of the punk band Against Me! announced in 2012 that he was transitioning to life as a woman and adopting a new name, Laura Jane Grace, much of the often-conservative rock establishment supported the vocalist’s bold change into a more intrinsically authentic identity. It was only then, however, that Grace realized just how difficult life as a transgender woman would be, as her evolution seriously affected her relationships with friends and family. In an incisive new autobiography, Tranny: Confessions of Punk Rock’s Most Infamous Anarchist Effect Change. The exact nature of the specific trip usually is under wraps in order to add an element of mystery and encourage open-mindedness, but past excursions have addressed homelessness, at-risk youth, animal welfare and disaster relief. In an effort to balance out the consumer-oriented Black Friday and Cyber Monday customs, GivingTuesday Do Good Bus invites guests to take part in a new tradition that focuses on giving back, hopefully setting an altruistic tone for the rest of the holiday season. Metro Expo Line, Culver City Station Park & Ride, 8817 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City; Tue., Nov. 29, 9:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.; $45 (includes lunch). (310) 853-8355, dogoodbus.com/ride-with-us-2/public-rides. —Tanja M. Laden

CHARITY

Get on the Bus

The Do Good Bus is a restored 1976 Crown Coach that takes riders on community-minded expeditions throughout Los Angeles in order to benefit different causes each month. This year, the Do Good Bus is on a holiday charity tour, including rides to the 11/28 Christmas Tree Lighting Ceremony, the 11/29 Tree-Lighting at the Plaza, the 12/3 Charity Comedy Show, and the 12/4 Give & Get Holiday Party. dogoodbus.com. —Tanja M. Laden
HOLIDAYS

Heavenly Peace

L.A. is probably one of the few places where it's possible to ice-skate in 72-degree weather. Now, the biggest ice rink in the city is adding another perk with a spin on the classical ice-skating tradition. Silent Night Skate Party is a brand-new ice-skating experience that has headphoned skaters moving to the tunes of three different music channels. Onlookers can watch people moving around in silence from the VIP Igloo, while skaters take breaks to pose for pictures in front of L.A. artist Kasey Blaustein's angel-wings mural. Costumes are encouraged, adding yet another fun (albeit surreal) dimension to the whole experience of quietly skating in silence in warm weather. Holiday Ice Rink Pershing Square, 532 S. Olive St., downtown; Thu., Dec. 1, 7-8 p.m. & 8:30-9:30 p.m.; $9 general admission, $4 skate rental. (213) 624-4289, holidayicerinkdowntownla.com/los-angeles-events. —Tanja M. Laden

BOOKS

I See France

As part of Central Library’s ALOUD lecture series, writer-director David France discusses his new book, How to Survive a Plague: The Inside Story of How Citizens and Science Tamed AIDS, with Dr. Mark H. Katz and writer-activist Tony Valenzuela. France, a contributing editor for New York magazine and former senior editor for Newsweek, covered the outbreak of the disease from the beginning. (He also wrote Our Fathers, about the sex-abuse scandal in the Catholic Church, which was adapted into a 2005, Emmy-nominated Showtime movie.) France’s memoir is a companion to his excellent, Oscar-nominated 2012 documentary, How to Survive a Plague, which chronicled the founding of ACT UP and TAG (Treatment Action Group) in New York, and how its activists fought not only the government and pharmaceutical companies but also a homophobic society to get access to effective drug treatments at the height of the epidemic during the mid-1980s. (212) 929-9130 ext: 1123, lfla.org/calendar/author-aj-caprio.
A CULTURE PRESERVED IN COPPER

Edward S. Curtis’ photographs of Native American life are as controversial as they are beautiful

BY EVA RECINOS

In the early 20th century, when people were beginning to grasp the power of photography, the medium’s possibilities seemed endless. Beyond portraiture, photography was suddenly recognized as a way to document entire communities and their ways of life.

For Edward S. Curtis, that power to capture a moment in time translated to a desire to preserve cultures that seemed on the brink of extinction. So he fixed his lens on Native American communities, leaving behind a record that’s important in terms of its historical significance, the technical skill it demonstrates, and its aesthetic beauty.

According to the Library of Congress, Curtis’ work “is now recognized as one of the most significant records of Native culture ever produced.” His photos appear in “virtually every anthology of historical photographs of Native Americans.”

“Rediscovering Genius: The Work of Edward S. Curtis,” an exhibition at West Hollywood’s DEPART Foundation, features rare works by the photographer. The most significant of these: copper photogravure printing plates rarely shown to the public.

Curator and scholar Bruce Kapson has dedicated the majority of his life to studying Curtis’ work, and is recognized as one of the foremost experts on the photographer’s life and times. As Kapson explains, Curtis moved to L.A. in 1919 and lived here until his death in 1952 — so it makes sense, he still thinks Curtis’ pieces show a clear display of power.

The exhibition also features other work by Curtis, including prints, so the viewer can contextualize the copper plates and see how Curtis’ images are manifested in different ways. Curtis’ foray into motion pictures, In the Land of the Head Hunters (also known as In the Land of the War Canoes), plays on a loop in the gallery.

Kapson argues that it’s the “first feature documentary ever filmed.”

Scholars usually give that distinction to Robert Flaherty’s Nanook of the North (which Kapson acknowledges), but Na-nook has been criticized for a number of reasons. Open Culture’s Ted Mills explains that Flaherty might have incorrectly portrayed Inuit hunting techniques (in other words, staged the scenes), since the main character’s tribe had “long ditched the spear for the much more effective gun.”

Curtis’ work has been subjected to similar criticism. In the Land of the Head Hunters depicts rituals from Hopi, Cheyenne and Navajo groups. Yet some scholars (and outlets such as The New York Times) have called it a dramatization rather than a documentary film. Curtis’ photographs usually get the same critiques: They operate from an outsider’s perspective, they purposely make the figures seem timeless, they employ props, etc.

Kapson hears these criticisms all the time, but he stresses that the historical importance of Curtis’ work and his masterful eye are undeniable.

“He was the first photographer to ever work with the American Indian as an equal and not an object of curiosity,” Kapson says. “He was the first photographer ever to involve the American Indian in their portrayal of how they wanted to be viewed for future generations.”

When considering Curtis’ work today, it’s important to take into account a contemporary Native American perspective. Muralist, public speaker and Apache Skateboards founder Douglas Miles is a tribal member from the San Carlos Apache Nation in eastern Arizona. While he admits that it’s “difficult to take away from the iconic power and tragic visual poetry,” he still thinks Curtis’ pieces show a clear display of power.

“What if Curtis had given the camera to Native people?” Miles wonders via email. “What if Edward S. Curtis had allowed us to curate the photo shoots? What if Edward S. Curtis had Native people as assistants during his travels to Native communities?”

Kapson chalks up a lot of the criticism — at least within academia — to jealousy. Curtis found great fame through his work despite having only a “sixth-grade education.” He created relationships with magnates such as J.P. Morgan and Theodore Roosevelt Jr. Today, Kapson adds, many Native American communities have used Curtis’ work to trace their heritage.

“In instances, Curtis also did 10,000 wax cylinders of sound recordings of language ... and those wax cylinder recordings are sometimes all that exist of native languages,” he says.

When Curtis began this project, Kapson explains, “Many tribes west of the Mississippi had already been on reservations for 30 years.” By the end of the project, it had been 60 years.

Ultimately, Miles says that now’s the time for Native American narratives created by Native Americans. “Because our art is the voice of Native American people, the type of work of Edward S. Curtis created is no longer needed. With cellphone cameras, we are all Edward S. Curtis today.”

Considering the current political climate, viewing Curtis’ work inevitably brings up a number of issues. After all, it depicts a historically disenfranchised community. And it brings to mind the struggle happening over the Dakota Access pipeline.

For Kapson, however, the aesthetic beauty of the images is the central focus of his show. “I’ve been doing this since I was 18,” he says. “I am still moved when I see that image on that plate.”

COURTESY OF EDWARD S. CURTIS

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

The press release — if it can be called that — for Tobias Kaspar’s show at Jenny’s takes the form of a calling card with typed text on one side. A scene is set: a guy sits on a barstool in a kitchen with big windows, staring at a laptop. He inhabits “a world of memory, of recalling, of hatching out of a cocoon, and smelling the color black (which was like wax and lilies). The interviewer keeps telling her he’s a Symbolist, name-dropping the 19th century movement that privileged a destructive impulse (to cut off digits, to destroy, to resist).” The writer, though, is conflicted about such distinctions, reminding himself that — for Tobias Kaspar’s show at Jenny’s — “bar mitzvah boy” pillows, too, depicting young men in colorful skullcaps. Redling Fine Art, 6757 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; through Dec. 23. (323) 460-5187, ghebaly.com.

Floating stormtroopers

The prop master who worked on Star Wars officially certified the two stormtrooper costumes Kathryn Andrews used in her current show. Each life-size trooper is attached to a stainless steel cylinder, its feet hovering above the floor as if gravity has no hold. Both troopers and cylinders are impeccably clean. All around these sculptures hang large framed images, Andrews’ “Black Bars” series. Black bars painted on the back of Plexiglas obscure screen-printed images of women surrounded by Creamsicles, flower or fruit. The works in this show, perfectly calculated, pull pop culture into an austerely desirable objects. Ghebaly Gallery, 2245 E. Washington Blvd., downtown; through Dec. 23. (323) 282-5187, ghebaly.com.

Shiny surfaces

TheProp release — if it can be called that — for Tobias Kaspar’s show at Jenny’s takes the form of a calling card with typed text on one side. A scene is set: a guy sits on a barstool in a kitchen with big windows, staring at a laptop. He inhabits “a world of great privilege, a very materialistic world.” The writer, though, is conflicted about such a world. The work hanging in the galleries shines and shifts. It’s all silver-gray, images, patterns and text engraved with lasers into reflective fabric that Kaspar has stretched over human forms. “Red almons” reads one of them, though you can only make out the words if standing in the right place. The fabric plays tricks. A few days after the opening, a woman interested in such distinctions, reminding him our senses are simply part of us. The 95-year-old artist’s current show at apartment gallery Park View, mainly featuring works from the 1940s and ’50s that have their own intuitive, internal logic. In one long painting — done in watercolor, ink and crayon — angular, dancing shapes are enclosed within an irregularly geometric shape of red. Park View, 836 S. Park View St., Westlake; through Jan. 7. (213) 509-3518, parkviewparkview.com.

Dangling fingers

Weeds made of copper and bronze grow out of cracks in Ghebaly Gallery’s concrete floor. Kelly Akashi installed them as part of a subtly restless exhibition called “Being as a Thing.” Two brown-gray severed fingers hang from rope in one room. In another room, cherry wood armatures hold dripping, twisting candles and pieces of human fingernails. From a distance, every object looks delicate and tasteful, but there’s something else going on here: frustration and a destructive impulse (to cut off digits, to set fire) mingle with the impulse to create desirable objects. Ghebaly Gallery, 2245 E. Washington Blvd., downtown; through Dec. 23. (323) 282-5187, ghebaly.com.

Perfect, silver emptiness.

RE-SKETCHING NATIVE COMEDY
Native Sketch Comedy Showcase lets indigenous actors show off their versatility

BY MATT STROMBERG

In the popular imagination, Native Americans are rarely associated with humor; they’re represented as either solemn keepers of ancient wisdom or long-suffering victims of genocide and oppression. When they are featured in comedic situations, they’ve historically been the butt of jokes in movies and on TV — where they’re often portrayed by non-Native actors — rather than the creators and beneficiaries of that humor. Although this is slowly changing, the Native Sketch Comedy Showcase aims to give indigenous actors a boost toward stage and screen, particularly in comedic roles.

The showcase was launched in 2013 in conjunction with L.A. Skins Fest, a Native American film festival now going on its 10th year. This year’s fourth annual showcase, which took place Nov. 16, featured seven Native actors in sketches written by seasoned writers from UCB, iO West and the Groundlings. By and large, the sketches didn’t engage with explicitly Native themes, instead offering the actors a chance to show their wide comedic range.

“I wouldn’t mind getting sketches with Native themes, but my main goal is to show the actors performing strong, funny material,” says festival and showcase founder Ian Skorodin. “One of our goals is to get just normal roles as normal people, such as a doctor, a cop, a lawyer, an accountant.”

By eschewing a singular Native theme, the showcase highlights the diversity within the Native American community, bringing together performers who represent just a few of the 560-plus federally recognized tribes: Blackfeet, Crow, Choctaw, Lakota, Coahuiltecan, Cherokee. It also reflects the diversity of their backgrounds, with roots in large cities, small towns and reservations all over the country.

There were a wide range of roles on view in the showcase. In nine tight sketches, the actors transitioned from cavemen debating club regulation, to industry insiders lampooning Hollywood sexism, to divorced parents playing a ridiculous game of one-upsmanship to win the affections of their child. Not every sketch was a winner, but those that connected drew peals of laughter from the packed house. More than simply being funny for their own sake, the sketches served the purpose of highlighting the versatility of these performers for the assembled casting agents and scouts.

In “Grandma June’s Car Ride,” Nicole Starrett donned a kerchief to play a sweet, elderly matriarch who regales her family with stories of menstruation and flatulence. Shaun Taylor-Corbett proved a deft physical comedian in “Raised by Muppets” (written by Joey Clift, a member of the Cowlitz Indian Tribe), which took the premise of first-date awkwardness to absurd lengths. The evening closed with a particularly meta sketch set in a support group for half-baked characters in half-finished scripts. Shyla Marlin shone as a young Jewish girl, Carley Liebowitz, the 12-year-old heroine of a Twilight-like vampire screenplay written by a 12-year-old girl named — you guessed it — Carley Liebowitz. Not a single role was explicitly Native American.

“The point about diversity that’s been made over the past year,” actor Jason Grasl said, “is that we just want people who aren’t white to have a chance to play the same roles as white performers — including our own.”
“Outstanding, as witty as it is shocking.”
–Jordan Riefe, The Hollywood Reporter

“McDonagh re-creates traditional Irish family drama only to set it ablaze with a postmodern blowtorch.”
–Charles McNulty, Los Angeles Times

NOW thru Dec 18 only!

MARK TAPER FORUM | DTLA
CenterTheatreGroup.org | 213.628.2772 | @CTGLA

50 CENTER THEATRE GROUP
SMOKE SIGNALS

Native American filmmaker Kayla Briët captures her father's language before it vanishes

BY APRIL WOLFE

A little girl clad in a pink, fringed Native American outfit with two long braids draping down over her shoulders spins around and around. Her face is one of focused concentration, totally oblivious to the audience watching her, as she steps in and out of the six hoops in her hands. This is Kayla Briët — the young award-winning, self-taught filmmaker — as a child in her personal documentary short film, Smoke That Travels. It has screened at festivals all over the world and earned her multiple fellowships. And she's only 20.

In the film, that old home video footage of her dancing is juxtaposed with a clip of then-President Reagan in 1988, giving a speech about Native Americans. "Maybe we made a mistake," Reagan says. "Maybe we shouldn't have humored them in that wanting to stay in that primitive state, and said, 'You know, come join us, be citizens.'"

The clip has a particular resonance for Briët. "When I was young, I was talking to my dad about why it feels like many people aren't taught about Native culture in their education," she says, "and my dad told me about the first time he saw that clip of Reagan when he was a young man. He heard this beloved president saying words like 'primitive,' and it made my dad feel — for the first time — 'Perhaps I am an outsider.' It haunts him to this day."

Briët, who is Potawatomi, as well as Chinese, Dutch and Norwegian on her mother's side, says it was a difficult decision to include that Reagan clip. She's a fierce optimist who focuses on the positivity in her artwork, and that speech represents something painful in her familial history. But she is adamant that both sides must try to "learn the full story in order to build a bridge to understanding." She remembers being in school, reading about Manifest Destiny, "and of course everyone looks to you for your reaction." It's why she's determined to make the kinds of films and interactive games that go past a cursory understanding of Native history and get to the heart of their beliefs.

Briët's father is one of only 10 people left on this planet who can speak his Native language. He often performs his people's ring dance, like the one Briët performed as a child, at sites like Knott's Berry Farms, surrounded by simulated scenes of the "old West." In Smoke, Briët allows the melodic tongue of her father to dissolve into a kind of spoken-word electronic track she composed, which was inspired by the traditional songs she heard as a youth. Briët knows a few words of her Native language but wants to make it her mission to become fluent, to pass it along to another generation. Much of Smoke is concerned with the overwhelming drive to preserve her culture, a burden she says can sometimes feel heavy. But she's not alone.

“I've met so many different Native filmmakers and storytellers traveling with my film, artists who also share a part of their childhood," she says. “It's a very common theme in Native filmmaking, exploring the past and trying to capture that and share it with others. Native art at its core is very vulnerable.”

Film about — and starring — Natives has a long and complicated history, dating back to 1913's Hiawatha, a silent film based on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem about the leader of the Iroquois. As the first film featuring a Native American cast, it presaged the later fetishization of indigenous culture reflected in movies over the next decade. Right before Nanook of the North (1922) — an early, partially fictitious documentary about the Inuit people — took the fetish to its pinnacle, one of the more celebrated all-Native films, The Daughter of Dawn (1919), screened at the College Theater in downtown Los Angeles to rave reviews. Thought lost until 2012, Daughter eventually received a long-overdue restoration.

It wasn’t until 1967 that another film of prominence, The Exiles, featured an all-Native cast. While made by a white man, The Exiles — which tells the story of young Native men and women who moved to Bunker Hill — offered a more intimate and loving portrayal of its characters. It was a re-creation of daily life of urban Native Americans, where they dance and drink and cruise the city, hyper-aware they don’t fit in but trying their best nonetheless. They want to escape their history to become so-called “regular people,” part of America’s dominant culture. But in some ways, becoming “regular” means abandoning their culture. At the mercy of a modernizing country that has just chosen to lay waste to their treaties, squeezing them out from their homelands and into the city, these youth are caught in a world in-between, marooned as second-class citizens denied full entry to the dominant white hegemony.

Briët’s father, who grew up in the 1970s and ‘80s, was fortunate enough to be reared after the rise to prominence of the American Indian Movement (AIM), which allowed many Natives to reclaim their heritage and pride — though not necessarily their rights. Briët reaps the benefit of her father’s experience.

“You do feel a sense of longing in the past,” she says. “But it’s an ember of a fire, and you feel proud to pass it on to others. I don’t think I’ve ever felt ashamed of being Native in school. But I know I am very fortunate to say that.”

The Native films that have come out since AIM — and since Briët was born — are reverential, dramatic and also increasingly directed by Natives too. Think of Chris Eyre’s classic family film Smoke Signals (1998), Zacharias Kunuk’s Atanarjuat: The Fast Runner (2002) or Sterlin Harjo’s Barking Water (2009).

Still, there very few Native filmmakers, and even fewer who are female. Yet this doesn’t seem to concern Briët. She’s also in the minority of females studying computer science and coding. More than anything, she says she wants to harness the power of virtual reality, because she “love[s] the idea of VR being a new medium with a level playing field, where anyone can step up and decide how it will be used.”

Briët may be on her way to making her mark on cinema and technology, but she’s still got a piece of that little girl in her, the one who stands before the world and dances for herself and her people, with eyes and heart forward.

ZEMECKIS’ ALLIED PROVES THRILLER CONVENTIONS CAN STILL THRILL

Allied opens. Brad Pitt parachutes so gently and quietly onto a stretch of Moroccan desert that at first you think he might be dead. And maybe he sort of is — maybe he has to be. Pitt’s Max Vatan is a pinched, terse figure in the first act of Robert Zemeckis’ World War II thriller.

Arriving in Casablanca, the Canadian assassin — a member of Britain’s Special Operations force — meets Marianne Beauséjour (Marion Cotillard), the French Resistance agent who will pretend to be his wife, as they embark on a mission to assassinate a Nazi ambassador. She knows all the rules of deception, of pretending to love someone; her face lights up when she first sees him, as if they’ve known and adored each other for years. When things get too intimate, he insists that sex between operatives is a mistake. She tells him, “The mistake people make in these situations isn’t fucking — it’s feeling.”

You can maybe guess what happens next. Proximity notwithstanding, Allied is an old-fashioned romantic thriller of the sort nobody makes anymore, the kind where glamorous men and women pose as people they’re not, and then discover that they’ve become the people they’ve been pretending to be, all while wondering about each other’s true identities. The story has overtones of Hitchcock’s Notorious and Suspicion, as well as Casablanca, and even Charade. Allied is not as good as the classics, to be sure, but like its heroes it’s pretty close to what it’s pretending to be. It’s the kind of film you can send your parents or grandparents to the next time they complain that they don’t make ‘em like they used to. — Bilge Ebiri
CHASTAIN SEIZES POWER
SET IN A NOW BETTER THAN OURS, MISS SLOANE PITS A POWERFUL WOMAN AGAINST THE GUN LOBBYISTS

BY ABBEY BENDER

Miss Sloane opens with a clever gambit: Jessica Chastain’s face fills the screen in a tight close-up as she talks about strategy, breaking the fourth wall. From the film’s opening minutes, the audience is put at the mercy of a charismatic figure and forced to piece together what she might represent about our increasingly bizarre political landscape. Chastain, with her fiery red hair and forthright delivery, is often cast as the ambitious woman of politics make it clear that Miss Sloane was expected to greet America in the wake of a newly elected woman president, and the reality lends the film a strange heaviness. The glass ceiling remains in place, but Chastain still strides briskly across the screen, her character always fighting for her beliefs. Director John Madden — whose résumé includes the considerably tamer The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel and Shakespeare in Love — keeps his camera in constant motion, and their scenes together are always benefit from more exploration, and the filmmakers leave us to wonder — what was she like before her work became her life?

Mainstream cinema could always benefit from more complex women — even this film could, as the character of Esmé Manucharian (Gugu Mbatha-Raw), who works with Elizabeth and becomes a pawn in her game of getting the gun control bill passed by any means necessary, is sadly underwritten compared with her superior.

MISS SLOANE | Directed by John Madden Written by Jonathan Perera | EuropaCorp ArcLight Hollywood
“ONE OF THE MOST ELECTRIFYING, FASCINATING, SENSATIONAL FILMS THIS YEAR!”

Dennis Cerfemy, People

“AMERICA’S SEDUCTION”

“STUNNING.”

“ONE OF THE MOST HIPPIE SENSATIONAL FILMS THIS YEAR!”

Dennis Cerfemy, People

“Hitchcock-like Thriller”

“A MUST-SEE!”

Maria Robinson, USA Today

“EVOLUTION”

Lucie Hadvahlovic’s mesmerizing sci-fi arthouse stunner. Evolution, a story about an island of little boys being raised by a colony of palfid mothers, is gorgeously unveric. Nicolas (Max Brebant), a prepubescent boy, swims through the electric-blue and rust-red seaweed on the ocean floor, then is frightened to the surface by a glistening red starfish, its five protrusions spanning out to the size of its torso. Back on land, Nicolas questions why his mother (Julie-Marie Parmentier) and all the others feed the boys medicine and seaweed goop. “Because your body is growing, and you’re weak,” she says. But these boys don’t seem sick at all. These mysterious exchanges between the village mothers and their sons instigate the simple narrative with a creeping dread. The boys seem relatively normal, ridding one another and digging in the sand to play, while the mothers gather together on the shore, silently bathing their sons. When they leave. Where do they go? The girls? It’s not long before the boys are taken “to recover” at a convalescent home. Here’s where Hadvahlovic reveals a mind-bending gender role reversal, because the common grooming of these boys, the way they’re bedridden and prodded and prodded in the belly, is reminiscent of exactly the kind of “harvesting” scenes we’ve come to associate with female characters in movies. Clues reveal the origins of these boys, but nothing is explicit. This is a film that doesn’t reward a close watching, sometimes subtly, horrifically grotesque — and somehow beautiful. The sucking, liquid, sludgy sound from one scene isn’t something I’ll likely shake from my brain anytime soon. (April Wolfe)

“BAD SANTA 2”

Directed by Mark Waters | Written by Johnny Rosenthal, Doug Ellin and Shauna Cross

Broadgreen Pictures and Miramax | Citywide

“The cardinal sin of this movie is its inability to laugh at itself. The script is hopelessly weak, the plot is a mess, the acting is slobbery. But this is a movie that’s determined to show the audience — and the world — that it’s not afraid to laugh at itself. And it’s not afraid to laugh at the world. That’s the real genius of this movie. It’s not afraid to laugh at the world, but it’s not afraid to laugh at itself. And that’s what makes it such a great film.” — April Wolfe

KATHY BATES BEST DESCRIBES BAD SANTA 2 AND THE AMERICAN TURDSCAPE

In the 13 years that have passed since the first Bad Santa, two hugely talented actors from the cast died — R.I.P. Bernie Mac and John Ritter. Both were supporting players whose personalities outsized their roles. Now, Kathy Bates swallows up all the open air left by their absence and becomes it out with the stench of a nasty, give-no-fucks woman with a cut who’ll take a shit with the door open — that moment drew a voluminous gasp-laugh from the women in our audience.

In the opening scene, a carefree Willie Stokes (Billy Bob Thornton) ogles a breastfeeding mother in slow motion and crashes his convertible into a valet stand. Yeah, that wasn’t his car, and he’s fired. Willie hasn’t shaken the rotund idiot-kid Thurman Merman (Brett Kelly), who’s grown up to be a curious, virginal sandwich artist at Hungry Hoagies. And Willie obviously hasn’t learned his lesson from the last Christmas heist in a mall that went awry, in the original Bad Santa; against all his better judgment, he takes off for Chicago for another score with mastermind Marcus (Tony Cox) — who also tried to kill him.

Now they’re ripping off a charity org, and Willie’s long-lost loudmouth biker mom, Sunny (Kathy Bates), is the ringleader. Sunny is smart-assier than all the men combined. She scales with the darkest, most mind-fuckiest burns as the ultimate Mommy Dearest. Still, Bad Santa 2 is no Blazing Saddles. It’s not scathing political commentary but a bleary-eyed view of humanity at its worst — something to laugh at as we simultaneously disavow it. — April Wolfe

BAD SANTA 2 | Directed by Mark Waters | Written by Johnny Rosenthal, Doug Ellin and Shauna Cross

Broadgreen Pictures and Miramax | Citywide

NOTES ON BLINDNESS

“I cried, and my tears fell into your eyes, would you be able to see again?” That gorgeous heart-breaker of a question is one that the theologian John Hull reports being asked by his son in the years after Hull went blind in 1983. Hull recorded audio diaries in the first years after losing his sight, charting his adaptation, his occasional despair, and the glittering insights and memories with which he lit up a world gone dark. Eventually, after years, he found something more than hope — in emerging “out of that shadowland of passivity,” he seized the agency he had previously enjoyed as a family man and professor and gained a new understanding of the mind. Working with those original tapes, the filmmakers create art out of what too often is a documentary stop-gap. By having its actors lip-sync along to Hull and his family’s own voices, the staged re-creations that so often pad nonfiction films here achieve a peculiar formalist beauty. We’re watching a guess at what the people saying these words might have looked like, just as Hull himself had to guess. The staged scenes and incidental footage sometimes are as moving as Hull’s words. (“Who had the right to deprive me of the sight of my children at Christmas?” he asks.) There’s a dreamy sadness to all the silhouettes, to the fingers feeling along wallpaper, and one strong sequence involving slow dancing to The Shirelles’ “This Is Dedicated to You,” while Hadzihalilovic reveals a mind-bending gender role reversal, because the common grooming of these boys, the way they’re bedridden and prodded and prodded in the belly, is reminiscent of exactly the kind of “harvesting” scenes we’ve come to associate with female characters in movies. Clues reveal the origins of these boys, but nothing is explicit. This is a film that doesn’t reward a close watching, sometimes subtly, horrifically grotesque — and somehow beautiful. The sucking, liquid, sludgy sound from one scene isn’t something I’ll likely shake from my brain anytime soon. (April Wolfe)

“LION”

Saroo Brierley’s memoir A Long Way Home examines, in its uncertain prose, one of the signal concerns of our age: How do those of us who have grown up in relative comfort smooth our good luck with the lot of the rest of the world? That question gets hinted at in Garth Davis’ lavish, lopsided Lion. Brierley was born in a small Indian town, then lost at the age of 5 in Kolatka, and at last adopted and raised by a pair of well-heeled Aussies. He returned to India to find his birth family a quarter-century after he had gone missing, and the sorrow of those years — and the guilt of having been given a life of plenty and opportunity denied to them — haunts A Long Way Home. In Lion, it’s just mentioned. Commercial filmmaking still flummoxes interiority and moral complexity. So it’s fortunate for the filmmakers that Brierley’s book also is thick with the kinds of things that crowd-pleasers ace. Here’s a globetrotting, boy-on-his-own adventure, a narrative of scrappy survival and familial love and many teary reconciliations, tracing the outlines of Brierley’s life in a busy two hours. The lost-in-India scenes prove compelling, often scary and beautiful at once, especially whenever Saroo is in flight. In the lurching third act, in which Saroo is all hunkily grown up (played by Dev Patel) and trying to make sense of his life, I found myself wishing the movie would either add a half-hour to its running time to flesh out the plateau of new characters (played by Rooney Mara, Nicole Kidman, et al.) or just skip to the waterworks. (Alan Scherstuhl)
“JESSICA CHASTAIN GIVES A RIVETING PERFORMANCE!”

JUSTIN CHANG, Los Angeles Times

“★★★★★
A SHOCKING TWIST YOU’LL NEVER SEE COMING.”

RAMA TAMPUBOLON

“MISS SLOANE’ IS A TRIUMPH!”

SCOTT MENDELSOHN, Forbes

“JESSICA CHASTAIN IS SENSATIONAL. AN OSCAR® WORTHY TURN THAT BURNS UP THE SCREEN. THIS IS A MOVIE THAT WILL HAVE PEOPLE TALKING LONG AFTER THEY LEAVE THE THEATER. A MUST SEE FULL OF TWISTS AND TURNS.”

PETE HAMMOND, DEADLINE

“MISS SLOANE’ CRACKLES WITH EXCITEMENT AND PERFORMANCES. JESSICA CHASTAIN MANAGES ONE OF HER FINEST PERFORMANCES YET. A COMPLETE AND MARVELOUSLY UNSTOPPABLE FORCE THAT IS WORTHY OF ACADEMY AWARDS® CONSIDERATION.”

CLAYTON DAVIS, AwardsCircuit.com

JESSICA CHASTAIN
MISS SLOANE
MAKE SURE YOU SURPRISE THEM

DIRECTED BY JOHN MADDEN

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25

HOLLYWOOD ARCLIGHT at Sunset & Vine (323) 464-4226 arclightcinemas.com 4-Hour Validated Parking $3
SUNDANCE SUNSET CINEMA 8000
West Sunset Boulevard (323)365-2217

LAEMMEL’S MUSIC HALL 1036
2222 Cahuenga Blvd., west of Highland (323) 467-8409
Treasures (Trezoros) Fri., 12 noon, 2:45, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Sat., 10:20, 12:45, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Sun., 10:20, 12:45, 7:20; Mon., 12:45, 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Tue., 7:20, 10:10 p.m.; Wed., 10:10 p.m.; Thu., 7:20, 10:10 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:40, 1:40, 7:40, 10:45, 1:45 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

WESTWOOD, WEST L.A.

AMC CENTURY C 10 10520 Santa Monica Blvd., Apts. 100-123 (310) 898-6800
Aliens Fri., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Sat., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Sun., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Mon., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Tue., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Wed., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.; Thu., 10:20, 12:30, 2, 4:30, 7, 9, 11 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:40, 1:40, 7:40, 10:45, 1:45 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

AMC LAEMMEL’S ROYAL THEATER 11523 Santa Monica Blvd. (310) 477-5681
Best Worst Thing That Ever Could Have Happened Fri., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Tue., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Wed., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.; Thu., 10 a.m., 12:30, 2, 4:40, 7:40, 10:30 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:40, 1:40, 7:40, 10:45, 1:45 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

LANDMARK’S NUART THEATER 14 2135 Montana Ave. (310) 473-8530; No Texting
On the Map 1, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 p.m.
Seasons (Les saisons) 12:30, 2:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.

LANDMARK’S REGENT 1040 Brompton Ave. (310) 208-3250; No Texting
Aliens Fri., 1:30, 4:35, 7:35, 10:35 p.m.; Sat., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Sun., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Mon., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Tue., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Wed., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.; Thu., 12:45, 3:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:45, 1, 4:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

CULVER CITY, LAX, MARINA DEL REY

CINEMARK 18 & XD 6081 Center Drive (310)568-3639; Screenings
Aliens Fri., 10:25, 1, 20, 4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Mon., 1, 20, 4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Tue., 1, 20, 4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Wed., 1, 20, 4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.; Thu., 1, 20, 4:15, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:45, 1, 4:45, 7:45, 10:45 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

COURTNEY’S SANTA MONICA 4
1000 West Olympic Blvd. (310) 444-6808
Moana Fri., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Sun., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Mon., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Tue., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Wed., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.; Thu., 9:30, 12:10, 3:50, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.
Rules Don’t Apply Fri., 6:30, 10:30, 1, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30 p.m.
The Edge of Seventeen Fri., 11:30 a.m., 5, 9 p.m.
RiffTrax Holiday Special Double Feature, Thu., 7 p.m.

DOWNTOWN, S. LOS ANGELES

DOWNTOWN INDEPENDENT 257 South Main Street (213)671-6133
One More Time With Feeling 3/07, 7 p.m.
Adrift (2016) Fri., 7:30 p.m.; Sat., 7 p.m.; Sun.-Mon., 6 p.m.; Tue., 7 p.m.; Wed., 6 p.m.; Thur., 7 p.m.
CGV CINEMAS LA 621 South Western Avenue (213)388-9000
No Texting
REGAL CINEMAS L.A. LIVE STADIUM 14 1000 West Olympic Blvd. (844)466-7342 4046
Geostorm Fri., 10:30 a.m., 1, 4:30, 7, 10:30 p.m.
No Texting

IVY VILLAGE 3323 S. Hoover St. (213) 748-6321
Call theater for schedule.

WEST HOLLYWOOD, BEVERLY HILLS

LAEMMLE’S AIRY FINE ARTS THEATRE 8566 Wilshire Boulevard (310)478-3836
One More Time With Feeling 3/07, 7 p.m.
David Bowie is Mon., 7:30 p.m.; Tue., 1 p.m.

LAEMMLE’S USA CINEMA 1034 1328 Montana Ave. (323)366-4619

AERO THEATER 1328 Montana Ave. (323)466-3100

MOONLIGHT

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 2016 - LOS ANGELES

CALL THEATERS FOR SCHEDULES
Manchester By The Sea

If you’re doing giving thanks for your country — or what’s left of it, at least — and have some mashed potatoes to spare, consider partaking in Cinematica’s Delicatessen post-Thanksgiving leftovers potluck. Marc Caro and Jean-Pierre Jeunet’s film may not be appetizing in and of itself, what with the postapocalyptic vibe and evil butcher whose choice cuts are all of the human variety, but with the way things appear to be headed it may be wise to ahead of the cannibalistic curve. Cinematica’s Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m.; $12. (323) 655-2510, cinematica.org.

There is, of course, a remake of The Crow in the works, which means you’ve only so much time to take a mental snapshot of the original before the new version alters your perception of it. You can do so at the Nuart, where the film that has become a sort of living tribute to star Brandon Lee (who famously died during production, fired a live round) screens on 35mm. Though hardly an upbeat enterprise, The Crow offers its own noirish sense of optimism by reminding us that “buildings burn, people die, but real love is forever.” Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Nov. 25, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

Saturday, Nov. 26

John Cassavetes is better remembered for his work behind the camera than he is for what he did in front of it — he mostly took acting gigs as a means of financing his independent productions — and the New Beverly is offering a chance to see both. First up is Gloria, quite possibly the most accessible film Cassavetes ever directed, followed by Machine Gun McCain. The former stars his wife and frequent collaborator Gena Rowlands (who earned an Oscar nomination) as a woman on the run from the mob; the latter also concerns organized crime, with Cassavetes as a recently released prisoner who quickly gets back to his old ways. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Sat., Nov. 26, 7 p.m.; $8. (323) 938-4038, thenewbev.com.

It would be forgiveable if, as an Angeleno, you’ve never actually sung in the rain. Passing up a chance to see Singin’ in the Rain on 35mm, however, is a much more serious offense. While it’s true that musicals aren’t for everybody (including, for what it’s worth, this writer), Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen’s is an all-timer that everybody (including, for what it’s worth, this writer), can appreciate. Its Technicolor musical numbers, its masterful Billy Wilder whose lighthearted setup belies its staying power. And if you weren’t aware that Marilyn Monroe’s bombshell status was owed at least in part to some serious comedic chops, make haste to the Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., Nov. 27, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americanincinemathequecalendar.com.

Tuesday, Nov. 29

Wes Anderson has penned more than his fair share of memorable lines over the last two decades, few of which cut to the core like this one from Moonrise Kingdom: “I love you, but you don’t know what you’re talking about.” This tale of young love, the kind that reacts to and rebels against the adult world around it, manages to feel both beautifully rose-tinted and painfully realistic. ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., Nov. 29, 8:15 p.m.; $15.75. (323) 464-1478, arclightcinemas.com.

—Michael Nordine

the mirror. Warren Beatty’s long-in-the-making Rules Don’t Apply isn’t nearly as concerned with the future as Martin Scorsese’s The Aviator was, looking instead to the past and all its comforts while treating the darker chapters of Hughes’ life with too light a touch. Beatty — who wrote, produced, directed and stars — finds his billionaire subject in the mid-60s, by which time his well-earned reputation as an eccentric not only precedes but defines him. Movie magic has always superseded truth, and Beatty is enamored of Old Hollywood. Here he seeks to re-create its magic — would that it were so simple. Abdon Ehrenreich plays Hughes’ new-in-town driver, who’s tasked with ferrying around the even newer-in-town Marla Mabrey (Lily Collins), a contract actress who spends her first several town Marla Mabrey (Lily Collins), a con- tract actress who spends her first several weeks in Tinseltown wondering what (or even if) she’ll meet the eccentric mogul and have her screen test. Marla is virginal and devout, which is to say she’s exactly the sort of delicate flower that wilt when exposed to the harsh light and smell of L.A. Beatty plays Hughes’ neuroses mostly for laughs, an occasionally paternal characterization with keeping the film’s aw-shucks nostalgia but at odds with how the mogul actually treats his underlings. Sure, everything we’re watching this man do represents another step toward debilitating mental illness, but hey, look: He just ordered 350 gallons of banana-nut ice cream! Beatty reserves his most heartfelt moments for the end, when a few moments of clarity cut through the haze, but by then his Hughes is too far gone. (Michael Nordine)

SEASONS (LES SAISONS) There’s a grand concept to Seasons, the animal observation doc from the creators of Winged Migration and Oceanos, but in practice the film, is about animals surprising you. You’ll be pleasantly engaged in observing a bird standing there after a snowfall, and then a snowbank will shudder a little until from it emerges the head of a lynx, looking just as goofy and yawning as your cat shacking off a pile of laundry. Here’s another lynx, in verdant woods, standing at attention until its cub vaults into the frame and seizes its neck in a wrestle-hug of claws and fur. Here’s a billygoat, grand and fluffed-up as a parade float, breaking the silence with one mad bawl. Directors Jacques Perrin and Jacques Cluzaud give us marquee mammals, too, of course: There are wolf chases, wild stallions nickering, and marquee mammals, too, of course: There are wolf chases, wild stallions nickering, and — of itself, what with the postapocalyptic vibe and evil butcher whose choice cuts are all of the human variety, but with the way things appear to be headed it may be wise to ahead of the cannibalistic curve. Cinematica’s Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m.; $12. (323) 655-2510, cinematica.org.

There is, of course, a remake of The Crow in the works, which means you’ve only so much time to take a mental snapshot of the original before the new version alters your perception of it. You can do so at the Nuart, where the film that has become a sort of living tribute to star Brandon Lee (who famously died during production, fired a live round) screens on 35mm. Though hardly an upbeat enterprise, The Crow offers its own noirish sense of optimism by reminding us that “buildings burn, people die, but real love is forever.” Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Nov. 25, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

Saturday, Nov. 26

John Cassavetes is better remembered for his work behind the camera than he is for what he did in front of it — he mostly took acting gigs as a means of financing his independent productions — and the New Beverly is offering a chance to see both. First up is Gloria, quite possibly the most accessible film Cassavetes ever directed, followed by Machine Gun McCain. The former stars his wife and frequent collaborator Gena Rowlands (who earned an Oscar nomination) as a woman on the run from the mob; the latter also concerns organized crime, with Cassavetes as a recently released prisoner who quickly gets back to his old ways. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Sat., Nov. 26, 7 p.m.; $8. (323) 938-4038, thenewbev.com.

It would be forgiveable if, as an Angeleno, you’ve never actually sung in the rain. Passing up a chance to see Singin’ in the Rain on 35mm, however, is a much more serious offense. While it’s true that musicals aren’t for everybody (including, for what it’s worth, this writer), Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen’s is an all-timer that everybody (including, for what it’s worth, this writer), can appreciate. Its Technicolor musical numbers, its masterful Billy Wilder whose lighthearted setup belies its staying power. And if you weren’t aware that Marilyn Monroe’s bombshell status was owed at least in part to some serious comedic chops, make haste to the Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., Nov. 27, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americanincinemathequecalendar.com.

Tuesday, Nov. 29

Wes Anderson has penned more than his fair share of memorable lines over the last two decades, few of which cut to the core like this one from Moonrise Kingdom: “I love you, but you don’t know what you’re talking about.” This tale of young love, the kind that reacts to and rebels against the adult world around it, manages to feel both beautifully rose-tinted and painfully realistic. ArcLight Hollywood, 6360 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Tue., Nov. 29, 8:15 p.m.; $15.75. (323) 464-1478, arclightcinemas.com.

—Michael Nordine

the mirror. Warren Beatty’s long-in-the-making Rules Don’t Apply isn’t nearly as concerned with the future as Martin Scorsese’s The Aviator was, looking instead to the past and all its comforts while treating the darker chapters of Hughes’ life with too light a touch. Beatty — who wrote, produced, directed and stars — finds his billionaire subject in the mid-60s, by which time his well-earned reputation as an eccentric not only precedes but defines him. Movie magic has always superseded truth, and Beatty is enamored of Old Hollywood. Here he seeks to re-create its magic — would that it were so simple. Abdon Ehrenreich plays Hughes’ new-in-town driver, who’s tasked with ferrying around the even newer-in-town Marla Mabrey (Lily Collins), a contract actress who spends her first several weeks in Tinseltown wondering what (or even if) she’ll meet the eccentric mogul and have her screen test. Marla is virginal and devout, which is to say she’s exactly the sort of delicate flower that wilt when exposed to the harsh light and smell of L.A. Beatty plays Hughes’ neuroses mostly for laughs, an occasionally paternal characterization with keeping the film’s aw-shucks nostalgia but at odds with how the mogul actually treats his underlings. Sure, everything we’re watching this man do represents another step toward debilitating mental illness, but hey, look: He just ordered 350 gallons of banana-nut ice cream! Beatty reserves his most heartfelt moments for the end, when a few moments of clarity cut through the haze, but by then his Hughes is too far gone. (Michael Nordine)

SEASONS (LES SAISONS) There’s a grand concept to Seasons, the animal observation doc from the creators of Winged Migration and Oceanos, but in practice the film, is about animals surprising you. You’ll be pleasantly engaged in observing a bird standing there after a snowfall, and then a snowbank will shudder a little until from it emerges the head of a lynx, looking just as goofy and yawning as your cat shacking off a pile of laundry. Here’s another lynx, in verdant woods, standing at attention until its cub vaults into the frame and seizes its neck in a wrestle-hug of claws and fur. Here’s a billygoat, grand and fluffed-up as a parade float, breaking the silence with one mad bawl. Directors Jacques Perrin and Jacques Cluzaud give us marquee mammals, too, of course: There are wolf chases, wild stallions nickering, and —
European wildlife, starting in an Ice Age and cruising through the rise of man and the continent’s subsequent deforestation and pollution. Our ancestors slowly edge into the action – one of those stagy dramatic scenes involves the domestication of dogs. As cities spring up, the big mammals light out for the mountains, and eventually the filmmakers cut from spewing smokestacks to a helicopetar of dying bees. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**Q&A with original MERRILY cast**

**STARS FRIDAY, NOV. 25**

LAEMMLE THEATRES

9036 WILSHIRE BLVD. (310) 478-3836

BEVERLY HILLS

The Hollywood News

– We Got This Covered

– Screen Daily

– The New York Times

– The New Yorker

– BroadwayWorld.com

– The Los Angeles Times

– The Washington Post

– The Independent

– The Guardian

– The Independent

– The Hollywood Reporter

– Variety

– LA Weekly

– Los Angeles Magazine

– The Hollywood Reporter

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New York Times

– The New YorkTimes
YOU AND A GUEST ARE INVITED TO ATTEND AN ADVANCE SCREENING OF

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29
AT 7:30PM

FOR TICKETS, LOG ON TO
laweekly.com/free/jackie

IN THEATRES DECEMBER 2

THIS FILM HAS BEEN RATED R

Please note that passes will be given away on a first-come, first-served basis, while supplies last. Passes received through this promotion do not guarantee you a seat at the theater. Seating is on a first-come, first-served basis, except for members of the reviewing press. Theater is overbooked to ensure a full house. No admittance once screening has begun. All federal, state and local regulations apply. A recipient of tickets assumes any and all risks related to use of ticket, and accepts any restrictions required by ticket provider. Fox Searchlight Pictures, LA Weekly and their affiliates accept no responsibility or liability in connection with any loss or accident incurred in connection with use of a prize. Tickets cannot be exchanged, transferred or redeemed for cash, in whole or in part. We are not responsible if, for any reason, recipient is unable to use his/her ticket in whole or in part. All federal and local taxes are the responsibility of the winner. Void where prohibited by law. No purchase necessary. Participating sponsors, their employees and family members and their agencies are not eligible. NO PHONE CALLS!
Every neighborhood produces its own legends. Hip-hop’s hyper-regional traditions date back to the borough and block-party rivalries of New York but thrive even in this Snapchat epoch. In the East Bay, Mac Dre will always outshine Dr. Dre. Boosie might as well be the ratchet Buddha of Baton Rouge. And in Koreatown, Far East Movement could win congressional seats. This might surprise you if you only knew the trio (formerly a quartet) for their 2010 smash, “Like a G6” — one of their three hits to crack the Billboard Top 40 between 2010 and 2012. In the process, they defined rap’s early flirtations with the then-nascent EDM boom and became the first and still only Asian-American hip-hop artists to see mainstream stardom.

Should you live west of Crenshaw, you could be forgiven for not knowing what happened next. Despite two follow-up singles, “The Illest” and “Bang It to the Curb,” that won Power 106 rotation, boomed at Lakers games and racked up roughly 10 million YouTube plays apiece, Far East Movement found themselves at a career crossroads.

“We had to take a break,” says Kev Nish, over bulgogi at a friend’s restaurant in Koreatown. “We lost J-Splif to family stuff and felt like we’d lost our label. There was no engagement. We heard the same things from executives — it’s too Asian, too hard to market, everyone [featured] on the songs connects more than you guys.”

The message from their label, Interscope, was as simple as it was untenable: Give us another “Like a G6.” So they amiably left and experienced a lengthy bout of soul searching. They debated quitting as artists to focus on their label/management business (Transparent Agency) and booming Spam N Eggs parties (presented alongside Tokimonsta and their management client, Dumbfoundead).

“We pride ourselves on being American as a mofo. We drink beers, grew up in L.A. and party, but it felt like something wasn’t connecting,” Nish continues, sitting next to his partners, Prohgress and DJ Virman.

“We always assumed that we were no different than, say, Mike Posner, but we started realizing that it wasn’t true anymore,” he says. “And when we went to Asia, we weren’t viewed as regular Chinese or Korean people, either. We decided that we needed to go out there and meet other artists from there and learn about who we were as people.”

Like the election of Barack Obama, Far East Movement’s ascent hinted at the potential for a post-racial America — until the initial glow evaporated and those claims seemed absurd. Some saw them as a gimmick, or refused to take them seriously. Troll commenters hissed at them with language lifted from Breitbart News.

Yet their turmoil and travel yielded their best album, last month’s Identity, which hit No. 1 on the iTunes dance chart with zero marketing — and placed at or near the top of the overall charts in Korea, China, Malaysia and other Asian countries. On it, Far East Movement achieved exactly their intent: Create and perform well-written and irrepressibly catchy songs fusing dance music, pop and rap.

“We pride ourselves on being American as a mofo.” — Kev Nish

It’s the latest turn in a career that dates back to freestyles in the parking lots of Koreatown coffeehouses. Now you can find their picture hanging on the wall of the award-winning Park’s BBQ. Avatars of one of L.A.’s most vibrant neighborhoods, Far East Movement have created a thriving marketing and music distribution network with partners in most major Asian countries. They’ve solidified their legend by living up to their name.

An L.A. native, Jeff Weiss edits Passion of the Weiss and hosts the Bizarre Ride show on RBMA Radio. Follow him on Twitter @passionweiss.
THU. NOVEMBER 24

THANKSGIVING DINNER: FREE MEALS FOR ALL

FRI. NOVEMBER 25

KLUB LA: BLAQ FRIDAY

SAT. NOVEMBER 26

SUBSUELO X LATE NIGHT LAGGERS

COMING SOON:

11/24 BOIBAR
11/29 LATE NIGHT REVIVAL
11/30 BOY HERO
12/1 FLEXUP LA, FT. BAD ROYALE
12/3 WINTERFRESH MUSIC FESTIVAL
12/6 THE RARE OCCASIONS
12/7 MAYHEM FT. BARE NOIZE
12/8 THE SPITS
12/9 GLADKILL
12/17 DJ MODERN ROMANCE / CHRISTMAS / BIRTHDAY / DJ RETIREMENT PARTY
12/18 GHOST NOISE
12/22 SUGA FREE

THU. DECEMBER 1

DIY MUSIC LAB USC SHOWCASE
SYLVAN LACUE: THE LONER TOUR

COMING SOON:

12/10 SHABBAaaa
12/12 THE FLOOR IMPROV NIGHT
12/14 RETCH
12/15 SILENT PARTY LA
12/16 UNDERGROUND RISING HOLIDAY CELEBRATION
12/17 LONG LIVE THE KANE TOUR
12/17 BASHMENT BOOGIE
12/18 CIERRA RAMIREZ
POST-ELECTION BUTTHURT

I can’t think of a better time to be in America. Although it wasn’t the outcome I thought was the best way forward, the reality of President-elect Trump is endlessly fascinating.

During the president-elect’s acceptance speech, I noticed a difference in his tone and delivery. I don’t think it was exhaustion or adrenaline that was no doubt coursing through his veins after being elected to the country’s highest office. Nor do I think it was surprise, even though every poll seemed to have gotten it wrong. I think it had just hit the president-to-be what a massive chunk of meat he had torn off.

It was as if he had been punched in the solar plexus and rushed to the podium immediately afterward. Rather than elated or confident, he seemed stunned. This is understandable. I don’t think he counted on getting this far and am not convinced he really wants the job.

This state of awe, almost rendering the man paralytic and heavy-lidded, was even more on display when he made the rounds to his future office to talk to the outgoing President Obama. Trump told the press that he thought the meeting with the president would last only 10 or 15 minutes, but it actually went much longer. The look on Obama’s face, one of civility being pulled by its ear through a keyhole, was agonizing.

Later that day, when he was sitting next to Paul Ryan, Trump was the paunchy neophyte in the room, a billboard for “not a fucking clue.” Trump had better prepare himself for nothing taking 10 or 15 minutes for the next few years.

These are only some of the signs of Trump’s unraveling. His petulant tweet, complaining like a child about the protesters who took to the streets in reaction to his win, was another glimpse of how unaware he is of the magnitude of the job that less than half of the participating electorate sent him to do.

As always, I read posts underneath articles to see where people are at. After the election, I saw a lot of “suck it up” sentiments. The term “butthurt” and the phrase “Need a tissue, bro?” were used frequently. I think these are just fantastic.

As the Electoral College tally was coming in, I thought of Mitt Romney and wondered what he was thinking, watching Trump win. There had to have been moments of stunned disbelief as he tentatively stuck the tines of a silver fork into his foie gras and said aloud, “Golly. I mean gosh. What the fuck?!”

Butthurt.

Donald Trump told his fanboys at one rally after another that he would “repeal and replace Obamacare.” He also said that he would build a wall on America’s southern border and that Mexico would pay for it. He repeated until he was orange in the face that he would deport or arrest up to 11 million undocumented immigrants via a “deportation force.” These were some of the “yuger” arrows in his campaign quiver. Only days after winning the election, “repeal and replace” was repealed and replaced by an openness to “amend” the Affordable Care Act. The wall was walked back to fence and 11 million became 3 million.

Word to Trump supporters: Your hero went from grabbing pussies to being one. Oh, the butthurt.

Then there is the Electoral College and the popular vote. The former, steeped in antiquity, elitism and, at this point, convenience, probably would stick bigly in the craw of many Trump supporters if they understood why it was put into place and if Trump had experienced the opposite outcome by winning the general and losing the electoral. The hard truth for the president-elect’s millions of fans is that he got fewer votes than Hillary Clinton. That is to say — he lost.

You need to check your jeans, partner. You’re spotting. Bigtime butthurt.

You know how Trump said all manner of jobs will be coming back to the States because he’s going to ease taxes on all those corporations, which will beat the fastest path back to USA? Did you believe him? What would any of these behemoths want with American workers when they can pay other humans a fraction of what an American needs to get by? They have stockholders to satisfy and the demands of Amazon.com to supply. Your love of convenience and low prices sent the jobs away. If you paid an American to make your cellphone, only rich people like Trump would have them.

Besides, the corporations don’t want you. You’re too fucking whiny and self-involved with your butthurt.

You’d better head out to Walmart to stock up on supplies for your Patriot Pantry because there’s no way you’re going to do that work. Save yourself the backache and just settle for butthurt.

Reince Priebus will be Trump’s chief of staff. Good. Trump will need someone to walk him ever so slowly through the mechanics of not only the executive branch but through the workings of government itself. He brought in Steve Bannon, a campaign staffer and executive chairman at Breitbart News, as his chief strategist. Wow. Between these two and Mike Pence, racism, homophobia and misogyny will be action plans.

Fortunately, Trump will deliver on only a fraction of his promises. Need a tissue, bro?
Books Shade
@ EXCHANGE L.A.
Ten years ago, German duo Books Shade delivered their second full-length album, the dynamic and fully realized dance-music masterwork *Movements*. The CD version featured a dozen (nine on the LP) choice cuts of German house and techno, many of which — such as the dubby “Body Language” and the massive “In White Rooms” — were omnipresent on global dance floors in 2006 and for years afterward. The Frankfurt duo of Arno Kammermeier and Walter Merziger are touring in support of *Movements’* 10th anniversary, as the album has been nicely reissued in a variety of formats for those who still love it, or who maybe missed it the first time around, with new remixes from the likes of Nils Frahm, Eats Everything and M.A.N.D.Y.

Jimetta Rose, Low Leaf
@ THE ECHO
Without a doubt, this has been a banner year for R&B. With megastars such as Solange Knowles, Anderson .Paak and Frank Ocean releasing chart-topping albums in 2016, ushering in a renaissance of the genre, it’s been easy to let lesser-known voices fall through the cracks. But don’t let Los Angeles native Jimetta Rose slip away — her velvety, vintage tone spills out of the modern era and into the pool of classic artists like Aretha Franklin and Etta James. Her music, by contrast, is bouncy and fresh, and fits in well alongside A Seat at the Table, Malibu or Blonde, making for an intriguing, multifaceted sound. Joining her is Low Leaf, a classically trained pianist and self-trained harpist making eclectic beats for a new generation of lovers. — Artemis Thomas-Hansard

Kool Keith
@ THE BELasco
Keith Thornton has so many ideas buzzing around inside his head that he needs a small army of alter egos to voice them all. The Bronx native records most often under the name Kool Keith, but he also expresses himself with such characters as the natty intergalactic gynecologist Dr. Octagon, the ever-smooth Black Elvis and the ultra-ominous Dr. Doooom, among others. On Kool Keith’s latest album, *Feature Magnetic*, the ambitious rapper has assembled his own Justice League composed of such peers as MF Doom, Atmosphere’s Slug, Ras Kaas and Dirt Nasty. “I come from a place where superheroes meet up,” Keith declares on “Super Hero,” as he drops surreal references to Spider-Man, fast cars, reindeer, sex and the New York Yankees within a single verse before MF Doom jumps in on this “purely secular mission.” — Falling James

Nik Turner’s Hawkwind
@ COMPLEX
Vocalist-flutist-saxophonist Nik Turner has drifted across the seas of space and time with numerous unusual musicians since the late ’60s. He’s one of the few performers to have collaborated with both hippie rockers, such as Randy California’s Spirit, and punk royalty, including The Damned, The Ruts and The Stranglers. Turner is best known for his years with the spacey British prog-rockers Hawkwind, and tonight he appears with his latest incarnation of that long-running group. No matter what he calls his various backing bands, you can expect to hear such Hawkwind classics as “Silver Machine” (which was covered by The Sex pistols) alongside trippy anthems by Turner’s more recent project, Space Ritual. Even with his head in the clouds, Turner usually manages to channel his psychedelic divinations with driving, hard-rock force. — Falling James

Fatal Jamz
@ THE ECHO
Fatal Jamz mastermind and frontman Marion Belle sings like a guy who’s already a rock star, even if most people still don’t know his name. His music is an entertaining mishmash of classic power-pop, glam-rock and swooning ’80s wave — Bowie and Sweet by way of The Cure and Kajagoogoo, with guitars and synths trading massive hooks and Belle emoting like an eyelinered MTV heartthrob in a strobe-lit wind tunnel. “I’m like the CEO of love and here’s my business card,” he teases on “Lead Singer” off his latest album, the deliciously tawdry Coverboy, which also features musical tributes to Jean Paul Gaultier and Nikki Sixx. This is the final night of Fatal Jamz’s monthlong residency at the Echo, so expect Belle to leave it all on the stage. With Part Time, James Ferraro and Smith Westerns’ Cullen Omori. — Andy Hermann
Ron Carter Trio
@ CATALINA BAR & GRILL
It’s easy to be overwhelmed by Ron Carter’s extensive history. His empathetic, warmly intuitive bass lines have been documented on more than 2,000 albums since he left his Michigan home and relocated to New York City in the early ‘60s. After getting his start with such luminaries as Chico Hamilton and Eric Dolphy, Carter is most often remembered for his stint in the Miles Davis Quintet, in which his rolling, rambling double-bass patterns gave the all-star band its earthen anchor. Unlike so many other jazz musicians from that era, though, Carter has continued to be wildly prolific and relevant through his extensive career as a bassist and cellist, not only as an esteemed sideman but also as a bandleader. He’s composed the scores to numerous films and has the chops to mix jazz and classical music styles. Also Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3. -Falling James

Martha Redbone & the Thunderbird Society
@ El Rey Theatre
Thursday, December 1.

Ramonda Hammer, LA Font
@ THE HI HAT
Ramonda Hammer close their monthlong residency of free shows at the Hi Hat by celebrating the release of a new single, “Zombie Sweater.” The song has all of the local band’s trademark elements — eerie tendrils of woozy guitar that sprout into a full-blown, grungy hard-rock powerhouse, crowned by Devin Davis’ melodically yearning vocals. The title track of the group’s recent full-length, Whatever That Means, is a similarly dizzying blend of trippy guitars and achingly vulnerable confessions. Even tunes that start out more softly and more intimately, such as “Goddamn Idiot” and “See,” soon shift into heavier passages. Fellow locals LA Font alternate between punky hard-rock bursts such as “Oh Me Oh My” and more jangling and mysteriously evocative indie-pop tunes like “Can’t Be Beat” and “Don’t Smile.” -Sam Ribakoff

Lee Fields & the Expressions
@ EL REY THEATRE
Must be a heavy deal having the specter of James Brown looming large over your shoulder for your entire dang 45-year career, but Elmer “Lee” Fields has taken that burden and kicked it into the stratosphere. The North Carolina born-and-bred singer can boast a gritty tone, tuff ’tude and authentic cool that many liken to Mr. Brown’s, so much so that he was nicknamed “Little JB” at one time. But Fields deserves much praise for the deepened style and hard-earned substance he brings to the classic soul-man strut, with his voice reaching the broad expanses of desert and space meet and magic seems real. She doesn’t pummel the listener with the beat; she eases people into the groove and lets the mix breath with ambient and world-music influences. Her recently released EP, Let the Light In, expands on her commitment to dreamy sounds that are as subtle as they are profound and, at times, downright psychedelic. She’s a good fit for Wednesday night party Clinic at Couture, where the headliners represent the most forward-minded DJs in the global underground. Locals Shawni and Surreal also will be on the decks. -Liz Ohanesian

ON SALE NOW

Lee Fields & the Expressions
$28

Ramonda Hammer, LA Font
$17

Ron Carter Trio
$25
THE FEDERAL BAR:
ALEX'S BAR:
BLACKLIGHT DISTRICT:

CLUBS
ROCK & POP

ALEX'S BAR: 2931 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, The Quakes, Delta Bombers, Straight Shooter, Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m., $15. Death by Stereo, River Rats, 23 Skunks, Purker in the Headlights, Sat., Nov. 26, 6 p.m., $15. Frank & the Deans, The Hez, Sun., Nov. 27, 8 p.m., $5. Alice Bag, Bombon, Rats in the Louvre, DJ Polyester, Tue., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., $10. The Magnificent, The Voodoo, The Ugly Beats, Thu., Dec. 1, 9 p.m., $7.

BOOTLEG THEATER: 2200 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Fischer Mason & the Stars, Slagts, Ergots on Ergot, L.A. Drones, Sun., Nov. 27, 8:30 p.m. Aina Bea, Devin Hoff, Nia Andrews, Moonton, Mon., Nov. 28, 8:30 p.m., free. Vancouver Sleep Clinic, Lo Moon, MTNS, Tue., Nov. 29, 8:30 p.m., $15. My Bubba, Frank Fairfield, Meredith Axelrod, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., $15. Whitehorse, Thu., Dec. 1, 8:30 p.m., $10.

CAFE NELA: 1806 Cypress Ave., Los Angeles, Pedal Strike, Zapata & the Heretik, Dangerously Sleighy, The Rosemary Reyes Band, Fri., Nov. 25, 8:30 p.m., free. Inaizuma, Voodoo Train, Sunday Morning Sinners, Sat., Nov. 26, 8:30 p.m., $5.


CANYON CLUB:

CODY'S VIVA CANTINA:

CANYON CLUB:

Club Tickets Available at:

THE ECHO:
THE ECHO:
THE ECHO:

GASLAMP RESTAURANT & BAR: 6251 E. Pacific Coast Highway, Long Beach, Knight Ryder, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., TBA. Mac Sabbath, Sat., Nov. 26, 5 p.m., TBA. Sen Dog, John Stamos, Sun., Nov. 27, 5:30 p.m., TBA.

GENESIS CONEN: 7401 E. Manchester Blvd., Los Angeles, Kenneth Perrin, Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m., TBA. Theo Eastwind, Wed., Nov. 30, 8 p.m., TBA.


HAROLD'S PLACE: 190 E. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Chris Stein Benefit, a benefit for the Saccharine Trust bassist with Rubber Snake Charmers, Toys That Kill, Saccharine Trust, Molotlas, Rats in the Louvre, Terminal A, Good Dog, Skintight, DJ Don Cesar, Sat., Nov. 26, 6 p.m., $10.

HARVARD & STONE: 5221 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Johnny Travis Jr. & the Delta Dawns, Sundays, 8 p.m., free. Brenda Culp & the Alaska Lovers, Las Angeles, Birmingham Main, Mon., Nov. 28, 8 p.m., free. The Golden Tongues, The No. 44, Dream Phases, Tue., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., free. Horses Heaven, Grand Canyon, Beethoven, Wed., Nov. 30, 8 p.m., $15.


HM157: 1113 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Panthar, MKR, PRO-TEK, Bellly Belt, Gigi Gash, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10.

THE HOTEL CAFE:

THE KIBITZ ROOM:

KUMO'S WORKSHED:

LOSI GLOBOS:

LOS GLOBOS:

LOSI GLOBOS:

MRS. FISH:

MRS. FISH:

THE MINT:

THE MINT:

MRS. FISH:

OPEN LETTERS THEATER:

PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE:

PALADINO'S:


PAPPY & HARRIET'S PIONEERTOWN PALACE:

RUSH 2017:

SKID ROW:

THE ETHICAL TAILORETTA:

SPACELAND:

SPACELAND:

THEO'S WOODSHED:

TIMBER LAKE:

TOY UNIVERSITY:

THEO'S WOODSHED:

THEO'S WOODSHED:

THEO'S WOODSHED:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:

TICKETS:
Secondmen, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., $20. The Sunday Band, Sundays, 7:30 p.m., free. Open Mic, Mondays, 7 p.m., free.

**RESIDENT:** 428 S. Hewitt St., Los Angeles. Jackie Jackson & Her Royal Gents, Sun., Nov. 27, 8 p.m., free. Dream Boys, The Tyde, Smokecreens, Tue., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., $5. Oliver Riot, Zeke Duhon, Andrea Guarino, Wed., Nov. 30, 8 p.m., $5.

**THE ROSE:** 245 E. Green St., Pasadena. Venice, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., $26-$38. Dukken, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $28-$38. The Dan Band, Thu., Dec. 1, 9 p.m., $30-

**THE ROXY:** 9009 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Skinny Lister, Sat., Nov. 26, 8:30 p.m., $20. Dragoneville, Globz, Autumn in June, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick). Helmet, Local H, Thu., Dec. 1, 8 p.m., $25.

**SASSAFRAS SALOON:** 1233 Vine St., Los Angeles. The Rumproller Organ Trio, Mondays, 9 p.m., free.


**TERAGRAM BALLROOM:** 3787 Cahuenga Blvd. W., Studio City. Eliza Shaddad, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., $28-$38. Dokken, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., $28-$38. The Ron Carter Trio, Sun., Dec. 1, 8:30 p.m., $23; 8:30 & 10:30 p.m., $20 (see Music Pick).

**TINSLEY ELLIS:** 1234 W. 77th St., Los Angeles CA 90017

**TUNG POK LOUNGE:** 9048 Balboa Blvd., Northridge. Cool Blue, Mondays, 7 p.m., free. Johnny Van’s Big Band Alumni, Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., free. Rex Merrivether, Wednesdays, 8:10 p.m., free.

**THE LUXE SUNSET BOULEVARD HOTEL:** 11461 Sunset Blvd., Brentwood. Juliana Hatcher & Carey Frank, at jazz brunch, Sundays, 11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., $60.

**VIBRATO GRILL & JAZZ:** 2930 Beverly Glen Circle, Los Angeles. Tony Galla, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., free. Bob Sheppard, The Pat Senatore Trio, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $25. Andrea Miller, Tue., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., $20. Anna Midy, Thu., Dec. 1, 9 p.m., $20.

**VITELLO’S ITALIAN RESTAURANT:** 4349 Tujunga Ave., Studio City. Edna Wright, Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m., TBA; Louie Cruz Beltran, Sun., Nov. 27, 8 p.m., TBA. The Stratos Ensemble, Wed., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., TBA. Johnny Boyd, Thu., Dec. 1, 8 p.m., free.

**THE WORLD STAGE:** 4321 Degnan Blvd., Los Angeles. Charles Owens, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., $20. Munyingo’s String Band, Tue., Nov. 29, 8 p.m., $20. Ken Briggs, Daven Samtariya, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., $20. Sisters of Jazz Jam Session, Sundays, 8 p.m., $5. Jazz Jam Session, Thursdays, 9 p.m., $5.
**LATIN & WORLD**

**COCO PALM RESTAURANT:** 1600 Fairplex Drive, Pomona. Chino Espinosa y los Duenos del Son, Fri, Nov. 25, 10 p.m. Free. **THE CONGA ROOM:** 1753 Vine St., Los Angeles. Juan de Dios and Cesar Rubalcaba, Sat., Dec. 3, 10 p.m. Free.

**COUNTRY & FOLK**

**THE CINEMA BAR:** 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Marco Sanchez Band, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., free. Paul Cheese, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., free. Funky Jen, Sun., Nov. 27, 9 p.m., free. The Hot Club of L.A., Mon., Nov. 28, 9 p.m., free. Cody LePow, Tue., Nov. 29, 9 p.m., free. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 9 p.m., free. **THE COWBOY COUNTRY:** 13157 S. Olympic Blvd., Sylmar. Open Mic, Fri., 9 p.m. - 10 p.m. **THE CRIB:** 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Tina Michelle & the Rhinestone Band, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., free. The Deep Cuts, Sun., Nov. 27, 9 p.m., $20. Drop (DJ set), Cooper Saver, Sat., Nov. 26, 10 p.m., TBA. **THE CROWN & CASKET:** 6121 E. Telegraph Road, Los Angeles. The Industria del Amor, Los Fugitivos, Banda el Mexicano, Los Muecas, Los Fredyds de Arturo Cisneros, Los Bondadosos, Sat., Nov. 26, 7 p.m., $5. **THE CUSTODIA:** 1210 W. Third St., Los Angeles. Merle Jagger, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., free. Mojo Monkey, Fri., Nov. 25, 8 p.m., free. Supergirl & the Shutterbugs, Thu., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free.

**DANCE CLUBS**

**THE AIRLINER:** 2419 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. So Gone, with DJs TBA, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., $10. Los End Three, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Dehasse, with Groovebox, Eddie Portillo, Lenny Marlin, Thursdays, Thursdays, 8 p.m., $5-$10. **THE BANCHESSA: GRILL & BAR:** 13721 Burbank Blvd., Burbank. Van Nuys. **THE BELASCO THEATER:** 1059 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Party Thieves, Mayhem, Ricky Remedy, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., $25. **BOARDER’S:** 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Stinett, Hollywood’s dark-wave bastion and goth dungeon, with resident DJs Amanda Jones, John C. Ramone, plus sexy,sinful-and-audiable aromas, Saturdays, 10 p.m.-10:30 p.m. Blue Mondays, where it’s always the 1980s, a decade of “bad fashion & great music,” with resident DJs, 18 & over, Mons., 8 p.m., 53-57. Club Mos, an indie-pop dance soiree with DJs and live bands, hosted by Keit Wilson, 18 & over, Wednesdays, 8 p.m., TBA. **THE BIG TOPPER:** 4493 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles. DJ Lady DM, Sat., Nov. 26, 6 p.m., TBA. **COUTURE:** 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Los Angeles. Oona Dara, Wed., Dec. 1, 10 p.m., $20. See Music Pick. **CREATE NIGHTCLUB:** 6021 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Oakay, Fri., Nov. 25, 10 p.m., TBA; Noize Fridays, Fridays, 10 p.m. Unmet Ozcan, Two Friends, Sat., Nov. 26, 10 p.m., $17 & up; Arcade Saturdays, Frierdays, 10 p.m., $20. **DRAGONFLY:** 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Respect Drum & Bass, Thursdays, 10 p.m., $10. **THE ECHO:** 1822 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Funky Soul, A Trew, soulful party with Music Man Miles, DJ Soft Touch and others, 21 & over, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $5-$10. DJ Ray, DJ Alex, Sun., Nov. 27, 10 p.m., $8. **THE ECHOPLEX:** 1154 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Club Dub, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chastek, Renny Cortez, The Dungeonmaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21 & over, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.-7. **EXCHANGE:** 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Booka Shade, Doofy, Fri., Nov. 25, 10 p.m., $20 & $90 (see Music Pick). TFR, DJ Funk, Sat., Nov. 26, 10 p.m., $20. **GENERAL LEE’S BAR:** 475 Gin Ling Way, Los Angeles. DJ Joey Alturda’s Shangai Noir, Wednesdays, 9 p.m. **GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB:** 943 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m. **LA CITTA:** 336 N. Hill St., Los Angeles. Funky Reggae Party, with Dj Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Saturdays, 2-9 p.m; free; DJ Paw, 9 & over, Sundays, 9 p.m. 2 a.m., free. Moist Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., TBA. **LOS GLOBOS:** 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Dredgway, MixedByDJ, DJ Dahl, Fri., Nov. 25, 10 p.m. Self Provoked, G’San the Man & E-Stro, Anthm, Sat., Nov. 26, 9 p.m., $5-$10. **OCTAVIA:** 1923 E. 7th St., Los Angeles. House the Bats, with goth and death-rock DJs, 21 & over, fourth Friday of every month, 9 p.m., $5. **THE REGENT THEATER:** 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles. Colors: Black Friday, with DJ Printz, Jabari, Hunchwont, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., $19.99-$50. Bootie LA, 21 & over, every other Saturday, 9 p.m., $15. **RIVIERA:** 8071 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. HDG, a house, garage and disco night with DJ Garth Warwick & DJ Mateo Senlola, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., free. **THE SATELLITE:** 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Los Angeles. Purple Friday: Peace Dance Night, with Micah Jamieson, Fri., Nov. 25, 9 p.m., free-$5. Dance Yourself Clean, Saturdays, 9 p.m., free-$5. **SHORT STOP:** 1455 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Super Soul Sundays, 21 & over, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Motown on Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., free. **SOUND NIGHTCLUB:** 1642 N. Las Palmas Ave., Los Angeles. Miguel Migos, Fri., Nov. 25, 10 p.m. Nora En Pure, Benn, Sat., Nov. 26, 10 p.m. German Bragante, Mon., Nov. 28, 10 p.m. **SOUNDHOUSE:** 3580 Yonge St., Toronto. **THE STUDY HOLLYWOOD:** 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Club Gender, Thursdays, 10 p.m. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free. **THE TIKIYAKI ORCHESTRA:** 1615 N. Colorado Blvd., Altadena. The Evangenitals, Sat., Nov. 26, 8 p.m., $10. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, Wed., Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m., free.
Love music? Want to update your music library? Enter for your chance to score $50 worth of free music!

Enter to win at laweekly.com/free/itunes
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 11/30/16

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA
8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com

2g for 20
ON ANY STRAIN FROM OUR EXCLUSIVE SHELF
(one coupon per patient)

4901 Melrose Ave • Los Angeles CA 90029
323-466-6636 • mjcollective99@gmail.com

OPEN EVERYDAY: 11AM-7PM

* MUST PRESENT THIS AD TO REDEEM SPECIAL OFFER

PRE ICO AND PROP D COMPLIANT

MUST BRING IN AD
NEW PATIENTS
$35
RENEWALS ANY DOCTOR
NEW PATIENTS
$35
RENTER FROM ANY DOCTOR
$25

MUST BRING IN AD

ARRESTED FOR DUI?
310-858-5550
ALCOHOL / DRUGS / MEDICATIONS-RX

240 Evaluations
Medical Marijuana Evaluations
BE SEEN BY A REAL MEDICAL DOCTOR
WALK-INS WELCOME • 24 HR VERIFICATION
100% PRIVATE/CONFIDENTIAL
ID CARDS • CULTIVATION LICENSES SPECIAL
$25 RENEWAL FROM ANY DOCTOR
$35 NEW PATIENTS

MUST BRING IN AD

8229 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park
818.992.7616
www.xposedclub.com

CANOGA @ ROSCOE

LA WEEKLY
www.laweekly.com  //  November 25 - December 1, 2016  //
**Skin Club LA**

Opens Daily 12pm-4am

18 & over

Open DAILY 12pm - 4am

11908 Mississippi Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90025

310.479.1500

FREE ADMISSION:

12pm to 4am

W/ Coupon

Dress Code Strictly Enforced

**NOW HIRING DANCERS.**

OUTGOING ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINERS WANTED. COMPETITIVE PAYMENTS, FUN SAFE ENVIRONMENT, HIGH END CLIENTELE.

PLEASE CALL 310-838-7546 TO INQUIRE ABOUT AUDITIONS.

**Adult Warehouse Outlet**

YOUR #1 SOURCE FOR THE ADULT MARKET & INDUSTRY IN LOS ANGELES AREA!

WEB SITE: WWW.ADULTWAREHOUSEOUTLET.COM

We are open to the public and wholesale customers with products at unbeatable wholesale prices.

WE HAVE A HUGE SELECTION OF:

- **REALISTIC DILDS**
- **PENIS ENLARGER PUMPS**
- **LINGERIE**
- **MENS REALISTIC MASTURBATORS**
- **PENIS CYBERSKIN EXTENSIONS**
- **LUBES & CREAMS**
- **SEX ENHANCERS PILLS**
- **BACHELORETTE FAVORS**

Thousands of Adult Toys
Plenty of Lubes, Oils and Enhancers
Largest selection of DVDs in San Fernando Valley

OUR NEW HOLLWOOD LOCATION!

6660 Hollywood Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90028

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

ORDER ONLINE WWW.ADULTWAREHOUSEOUTLET.COM

WE OFFER DISCREET SHIPPING ON YOUR PACKAGE!

**Fantasy Island**

SHOWGIRLS

WATCH ALL YOUR FAVORITE SPORTING EVENTS

NFL, NBA, NHL, MLS COLLEGE FOOTBALL AND UFC

**FREE ADMISSION WITH THIS COUPON**

FREE ADMISSION

FREE ADMISSION WITH THIS COUPON

LUNCH SPECIALS ARE SERVED MONDAY THRU FRIDAY 11:30AM TO 2PM.

OPEN DAILY 11:30AM-2AM • FULL BAR & KITCHEN

11434 W Pico Blvd. • Los Angeles, CA 90064 • 310-477-4379

FANTASYISLANDLA.COM
SPEARMINT RHINO
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
2020 E. OLYMPIC BLVD. LOS ANGELES 90021 (213) 629-9213
M: MON-THURS 11AM-1AM, F-SAT 11AM-2AM, SUN 11AM-3AM
W: THUR-FRI 11AM-1AM, SAT 11AM-2AM, SUNDAY 11AM-3AM
SPEARMINTRHINO.COM

DECEMBER
16TH & 17TH
TWO NIGHTS ONLY

1/2 OFF ENTRY
WITH THIS PASS
ONE DRINK MIN. PURCHASE REQUIRED. CANNOT BE COMBINED WITH ANY OTHER OFFER. NOT VALID DURING SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS OR PAY PER VIEW EVENTS.
FULL WEEKLY Entry Expires 02-01-17
FREE CAB RIDES TO SPEARMINT RHINO DOWNTOWN LA FROM ANYWHERE IN THE DOWNTOWN LA AREA!
FOR PICKUP CALL 323-309-7542 323-332-8141 323-503-6565

OH, WHAT FUN
4th Annual
IT IS TO PLAY!

NOVEMBER 2ND
THRU
DECEMBER 19TH

Donate $10 and receive a wristband good for 2-4-1 Nude or Bikini dances during your same day visit at any California Spear Mint Rhino Gentlemen’s Club, California Girls Gentlemen’s Club, Dames N’ Games and Blue Zebra Adult Cabaret.

A portion of all donations will benefit the Military families of Operation Help A Hero and the women and children of Families for Justice as Healing.

All donations are tax deductible.

Thank you
SPEARMINT RHINO VAN NUYS

JOIN US DAILY FOR
$30 NUDES TIL 10PM

DECEMBER 16TH & 17TH

SHOWTIMES
11PM & 1AM EACH NIGHT

1/2 OFF ENTRY
THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR 1/2 OFF ENTRY.
Not valid during special events. One person per coupon only.
Valid at Van Nuys locations only. Cannot be combined with any other offer.
15004 Oxnard Street Van Nuys, CA 91411
(818) 994-6453 18+ w/ID
spearmintrhino.com rhinosuperstore.net
LA WILY Expires 02/01/17

SPEARMINT RHINO CITY OF INDUSTRY

FREE ENTRY DAILY TIL 8PM!

LIVE ON STAGE JANUARY 2016
PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

CHRISTIANA CINN
SHOWTIMES:
11PM & 1AM EACH NIGHT

DECEMBER 2ND & 3RD

1/2 OFF ENTRY
THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE 1/2 OFF ENTRY INTO THE CITY OF INDUSTRY SPEARMINT RHINO.
NOT VALID DURING SPECIAL EVENTS. ONE PERSON PER COUPON ONLY.
CANNOT BE COMBINED WITH ANY OTHER OFFER.
LA WILY Expires 02/01/17

SPEARMINT RHINO CITY OF INDUSTRY

LIVE ON STAGE XXX ADULT FILM SUPERSTAR

NIKKI DELANO
SHOWTIMES:
11PM & 1AM EACH NIGHT

DECEMBER 16TH-17TH

FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE • FULL NUDE
**Eco Spa**

$50 SPECIAL!

35 Gorgeous Girls

310-328-8303 or 323-424-2759

20826 S. Vermont Ave., Torrance, CA

9am to 9pm

**Asian Massage**

310-465-8787

3989 S. Centinella Ave, LA 90066

9:30am - 10pm

**Kellie**

Independent sexy white masseuse, 31, gives fantastic rubs!

Brentwood (818) 384-0203

**WY Massage**

**Beautiful Asian Girls**

2610 W. Sunset Blvd

Los Angeles 90026

Open 7 days

11am-10pm

**Eco Spa**

Special $50


310-328-8303 or 323-424-2759

9am to 9pm

20826 S. Vermont, Torrance, CA 90502

**Asians Massage**

915 Adult Massage

40/1 hr

Thi Thai Spa

Grand Opening

(213) 322-2798

Thi Thai Girls & Thi Thai Guys

50 Shades of Grey curious?

Ask about our special couples rate.

Female Owned & Operated

(310) 559-7111

Ladies, we are hiring!

www.Dominionsm.com

**WY Massage**

**Beautiful Asian Girls**

818-886-1688

845-3 Reseda Blvd, Northridge 91324

Open 7 days

11am-10pm

**Professional**

**Massage**

Cute & Sweet

2356 S. Robertson Bl

310-838-2188

**Eco Spa**

Special $50

35 Gorgeous Girls

310-328-8303 or 323-424-2759

20826 S. Vermont Ave., Torrance, CA

9:30am - 10pm

**EXOTIC BROWN SUGAR**

Come & enjoy a delicious full body massage by soft, sweet & petite Monique.

310-396-2480 or 310-433-4829

**THE DOMINION**

LA’s most respected BDSM club since 1980!

Mistress Isabel

Featuring our staff of beautiful and experienced Dominas, Switches and submissives.

8 elegantly appointed theme rooms

Dungeon Rentals available

50 Shades of Grey curious?

Ask about our special couples rate.

Female Owned & Operated

(310) 559-7111

Ladies, we are hiring!

www.Dominionsm.com

**To Advertise in Adult Classifieds**

310.574.7379

**Adult Employment**

Dancers/Topless Barmaids

Security Guards

Attractive. Will train. No exp. nec. Excellent tips. 2 SFV locations.

818-540-1188 or 818-999-3187 aft 12pm.

(310) 561-0154

Millionaire

I’ll make you one in 24 months! Fit, attractive real girls only. Sexy starlets, 18-45. Free STD testing. ACA coverage available. Serious inquiries, call now! 310-405-9080

OCD Productions

0997

Bondage & S&M

Sanctuary Studios

(Pomometry Passive Arts)

7000+ sq ft fully equipped BDSM facility. Open 7 days.

310-910-0525

SanctuaryStudiosLAX.com

The Dominion

LA’s most respected BDSM club since 1980!

Safe * Sane * Consensual

Female owned & operated

310-559-7111 www.Dominionsm.com

**Asian Massage**

310-455-8787

3989 S. Centinella Ave, #102 & #201, LA 90066

9:30am - 10pm

**Eco Spa**

Special $50

35 Gorgeous Girls

310-328-8303 or 323-424-2759

20826 S. Vermont Ave., Torrance, CA

9am to 9pm

**LA WEEKLY**

November 25 - December 1, 2016

www.laweekly.com
ATTENTION!

Looking for highly motivated appointment setters for a thriving home improvement company!

Make up to $15.00 per hour, plus commission for sales!

Daily cash + Weekly bonuses! Must hire a minimum 1 year home improvement or telemarketing experience.

Make up to $900.00 weekly +

Giving away a brand new iphone 6 this month.

We are doing interviews every day at 10:00am

844-866-1068

4009 Wilshire Blvd. #200D, Los Angeles, CA 90010

info@wiseconstruction.com • Wise-Construction.com
Holidayfest
SAT., DEC. 3RD 12-5p
ON SOUTH LAKE AVENUE

PASADENA 2016

Celebrate the Season
* WITH SPECIAL EVENTS AROUND THE DISTRICT *

North Pole Kid Zone @ CORPORATE CENTER PASADENA
251 S. Lake Avenue: KIDS CONCERT WITH EMMY WINNER LUCKY DIAZ AND THE FAMILY JAM BAND (1PM & 3PM) * APPEARANCES FROM SUPER HEROES & POPULAR PRINCESSES * BOUNCE HOUSES * LOUNGE AREA * HOLIDAY FACE PAINTING & MUCH MORE!

Santa’s Village @ THE SHOPS ON LAKE
345 S. Lake Avenue: PHOTOS WITH SANTA * POPCORN MACHINES HOLIDAY GIVEAWAYS & SCAVENGER HUNT RAFFLE * LIVE MUSIC Featuring Music From: Caught a Ghost, Leftover Cuties, Run River North

Holiday Happy Hour @ THE COMMONS
140 S. Lake Avenue: HAPPY HOUR * LIVE DJ * HOLIDAY PROMOTIONS & CANDY SAMPLING * PRODUCT DEMONSTRATIONS * COOKIE DECORATING STATION

Districtwide Activities
ROAMING HOLIDAY CHARACTERS * SCAVENGER HUNT HORSE & CARRIAGE RIDES (3 LOCATIONS) * SINGING CAROLERS * IN-STORE PROMOTIONS

Complimentary Parking & Admission
PARKING IS AVAILABLE AT CORPORATE CENTER PASADENA
251 S. LAKE AVENUE, PASADENA. * Details subject to change

Additional Horse & Carriage Rides Available Dec. 10 from 12-3pm

COMPLETE DETAILS AND ACTIVITY INFO AVAILABLE AT WWW.SOUTHLAKEAVENUE.ORG