THE BEST AND WORST OF 2016

Yes, a lot of great things happened this year — from the return of the Rams to the legalization of weed. But still. Trump.
If we are what we eat, then we are everything—besides taste and nutrition, our meals tell stories of lifestyle, culture, and surprising science. This year’s “First Fridays” explores food from our insides out. Food has changed us, our bodies and our digestion, and we’ve changed food, from the earliest cultivated grains to food production on a massive scale. Let “First Fridays” put five courses on the table, sampling food evolution and the science behind it. Bring your appetites for knowledge!

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If we are what we eat, then we are everything—besides taste and nutrition, our meals tell stories of lifestyle, culture, and surprising science. This year’s “First Fridays” explores food from our insides out. Food has changed us, our bodies and our digestion, and we’ve changed food, from the earliest cultivated grains to food production on a massive scale. Let “First Fridays” put five courses on the table, sampling food evolution and the science behind it. Bring your appetites for knowledge!
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THE BEST AND WORST THINGS TO HAPPEN TO L.A. IN 2016

It was the best of times, and the worst of times. Well, mostly the worst of times. Perhaps there is comfort in knowing that Angelenos angling to get out of their cars — as The New York Times has repeatedly noted. In May, the Expo Line extension opened, connecting downtown L.A. to the Pacific Ocean with train tracks for the first time in 63 years. The above-ground light rail line may be slow, but no matter — people are riding the damn thing!

The city of L.A. won't get that sweet tax revenue, but the region will. And we'll hopefully, be seen as the year we began to turn that around.

BY HILLEL ARON

This should have been L.A.'s year. It was a year in which the city was celebrated on screens big and small, a year in which the city began to address existential crises of mobility and homelessness. It should have been a year of hope, growth and renewal. Instead, it was the year of Trump.

The Donald's election stunned Angelenos, who, of course, voted overwhelmingly against him, and the results cast a pall over 2016. The overwhelming against him, and Angelenos, who, of course, voted for him should have been the year of Los Angeles in 2016.

The Best

5. Recreational weed became legal.

And our wonderfully cantankerous governor, Jerry Brown, has sworn that California will defy Trump on climate change, saying recently, “We’ve got the scientists, we’ve got the lawyers, and we’re ready to fight.”

And that’s not our only fight. Looking back on 2016, there is much to be concerned about. Crime continued to go up, and for the second year in a row L.A. led the country in fatal police shootings. Our housing shortage, meanwhile, continued to drive up the cost of owning and renting a home, which forced even more Angelenos onto the street.

But let us not despair. There is plenty that L.A. can still feel grateful for. To keep things in perspective, here are the five best and five worst things that happened to Los Angeles in 2016.

The Best

4. The NFL finally came to town.

Instead, it was the year of Trump.

4. The NFL finally came to town.

Los Angeles has long been one of the most-filmed cities on Earth. But it was often a stand-in for some other city. It hardly ever played itself, to borrow a phrase from Thom Andersen’s wonderful film essay, Los Angeles Plays Itself.

That’s been changing of late. L.A. was all over our screens in 2016, particularly our small screens. New shows Flaked and Love, both produced by Netflix, lovingly showcased the prized (and thoroughly gentrified) neighborhoods of Venice and Silver Lake. HBO debuted Insecure, a show about a — gasp — black woman living in South Los Angeles.

These were only three of a great number of shows that take place in L.A., including New Girl, Togetherness and the best one of all, Transparent. And let’s not forget The People vs. O.J. Simpson and O.J.: Made in America, both of which were as much about race and gender in Los Angeles as they were about the eponymous running back.

Then there was La La Land, the saccharine, smothering, big-screen ode to Los Angeles. It might have divided audiences, but it cemented L.A.’s position as a place that not only makes movies but also inspires them.


Since the 1940s or thereabouts, life in L.A. has been defined by the automobile. That’s been both a blessing and a curse (though lately it’s been more like a curse).

But 2016 was a breakthrough year for Angelenos. Inglewood is the perfect place for L.A. Inglewood is the perfect place for the NFL — it wanted a stadium, needed investment and refused to give the team owners the tax breaks that other cities have acceded to.

The city of L.A. won’t get that sweet tax revenue, but the region will. And we’ll still be able to root for the home team.

3. L.A. continued to play itself.

The NFL — it wanted a stadium, needed investment and refused to give the team owners the tax breaks that other cities have acceded to.

The city of L.A. won’t get that sweet tax revenue, but the region will. And we’ll still be able to root for the home team.

Mayor Eric Garcetti, who has been criticized for a lack of urgency
neurocognitive disorder (HAND) as defined by the Frascati criteria. This study is for HIV-positive people who also have HIV-associated neurocognitive disorder within 45 days prior to study entry.

You may be eligible to participate in the SOTA studies if you:

- Are diagnosed with Type 2 Diabetes
- Are 18 years of age or older
- Have A1c levels between 7-10%

The SOTA studies are evaluating an investigational oral tablet compared to placebo that may help manage your blood glucose levels. Diet, exercise, and education are important in the management of Type 2 Diabetes (T2D), but many people also require drug therapy to manage their illness.

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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

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

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L.A.’S 10 BEST NEW RESTAURANTS OF 2016

This year’s greatest eateries offer high-minded global cuisine and some down-home flavors, too

BY BESHA RODELL AND GARRETT SNYDER

If there’s been one particular fuel that’s driven L.A.’s restaurant scene in 2016, it’s pressing, outsized ambition. This year our chefs and restaurateurs seemed to reach higher and to create restaurants that hummed with the aspirations of some very talented people. There was the generous extravagance of Gwen, built to hold Curtis Stone’s meatiest ambitions. The soaring grandeur of 71Above, located on the 71st floor of the US Bank Tower, is attempting to be a landmark restaurant for Los Angeles. Its name is rendered in marble and metal on the floor at its entrance, and the waiters have the suave formality of first-class airline stewards. The dining room circles the inner perimeter of the building, so no matter where you’re sitting you’re in range of the floor-to-ceiling brick-and-mortar, is a bona fide food phenomenon. The line begins at least 30 minutes before the doors open, and grows steadily over the day, snaking around Chinatown’s Far East Plaza. Why? Even compared with the hot-chicken stalwarts of Nashville, Howlin Ray’s is turning out some serious bird: The devilishly spicy skin — we recommend the “hot” spice level — is crunchy and well-seasoned, while the meat inside remains exceptional-ly moist. Each piece of chicken is accompanied by a few thick-cut pickles and a slice of white bread to sop up the spicy juices. Even better might be the two-fisted fried chicken sandwich, constructed with cole-slaw, pickles and tangy “comeback sauce” on a toasted bun. There’s some truth to the idea that hot chicken is just a trend right now, and that’s why Howlin Ray’s is so popular, but there’s something else at play here: Chef-owner Johnny Ray Zone is there daily, plating every piece of chicken, making sure it comes out correct. You can taste that kind of dedication, and it tastes very good. Howlin Ray’s, 727 N. Broadway, #128, Chinatown, howlinrays.com. –B.R.

7. Salazar

Above all, Salazar is a triumph of atmosphere. Walking through the gates into the garden dining area from the somewhat grotty intersection of Fletcher Drive and Ripple Drive is like stepping through a portal into a desert fantasy. It’s not too slick — the muted pastel chairs look as though they were pulled from a 1980s high school cafeteria, the sandy dirt underfoot gives everything a slightly dusty vibe — but it is beautifully laid out and designed. Chef Esdras Ochoa takes his inspiration from Sonora, Mexico: The tacos come on freshly grilled, slightly stretchy flour tortillas, and you can taste the smoke of the grill on the meats. The carne asada has a garlic char, the al pastor a hint of pineapple sweetness. Every now and then, a restaurant can rise above the sum of its parts and be perfectly suited for its exact moment in time. Right now, in L.A., Salazar is that restaurant. 2490 Fletcher Drive, Frogtown, salazarla.com. –B.R.

6. 71Above

71Above, located on the 71st floor of the US Bank Tower, is attempting to be a landmark restaurant for Los Angeles. Its name is rendered in marble and metal on the floor at its entrance, and the waiters have the suave formality of first-class airline stewards. The dining room circles the inner perimeter of the building, so no matter where you’re sitting you’re in range of the floor-to-ceiling brick-and-mortar, is a bona fide food phenomenon. The line begins at least 30 minutes before the doors open, and grows steadily over the day, snaking around Chinatown’s Far East Plaza. Why? Even compared with the hot-chicken stalwarts of Nashville, Howlin Ray’s is turning out some serious bird: The devilishly spicy skin — we recommend the “hot” spice level — is crunchy and well-seasoned, while the meat inside remains exceptional-ly moist. Each piece of chicken is accompanied by a few thick-cut pickles and a slice of white bread to sop up the spicy juices. Even better might be the two-fisted fried chicken sandwich, constructed with cole-slaw, pickles and tangy “comeback sauce” on a toasted bun. There’s some truth to the idea that hot chicken is just a trend right now, and that’s why Howlin Ray’s is so popular, but there’s something else at play here: Chef-owner Johnny Ray Zone is there daily, plating every piece of chicken, making sure it comes out correct. You can taste that kind of dedication, and it tastes very good. Howlin Ray’s, 727 N. Broadway, #128, Chinatown, howlinrays.com. –B.R.

5. Kali

Above, and its obvious aim of becoming something akin to a restaurant has been simmering for days. At the restaurant already has amassed a roomful of family-run jewel you might dream about — but it’s probably more accurate to simply call it a well-polished restaurant. The soaring grandeur of 71Above, located on the 71st floor of the US Bank Tower, is attempting to be a landmark restaurant for Los Angeles. Its name is rendered in marble and metal on the floor at its entrance, and the waiters have the suave formality of first-class airline stewards. The dining room circles the inner perimeter of the building, so no matter where you’re sitting you’re in range of the floor-to-ceiling brick-and-mortar, is a bona fide food phenomenon. The line begins at least 30 minutes before the doors open, and grows steadily over the day, snaking around Chinatown’s Far East Plaza. Why? Even compared with the hot-chicken stalwarts of Nashville, Howlin Ray’s is turning out some serious bird: The devilishly spicy skin — we recommend the “hot” spice level — is crunchy and well-seasoned, while the meat inside remains exceptional-ly moist. Each piece of chicken is accompanied by a few thick-cut pickles and a slice of white bread to sop up the spicy juices. Even better might be the two-fisted fried chicken sandwich, constructed with cole-slaw, pickles and tangy “comeback sauce” on a toasted bun. There’s some truth to the idea that hot chicken is just a trend right now, and that’s why Howlin Ray’s is so popular, but there’s something else at play here: Chef-owner Johnny Ray Zone is there daily, plating every piece of chicken, making sure it comes out correct. You can taste that kind of dedication, and it tastes very good. Howlin Ray’s, 727 N. Broadway, #128, Chinatown, howlinrays.com. –B.R.

4. Howlin Ray’s

Howlin Ray’s, the food truck–turned-
5. Erven

At Erven, former Saint Martha chef Nick Erven is proving that limitations only spur creativity. Omnivorous chefs making plant-based cuisine is perhaps the year’s biggest trend (Erven’s website calls it “coincidentally vegan”), but Erven makes a particularly compelling case for eschewing meat, pulling from ingredients flavors and textures you didn’t know they had.

Kale caulisome comes in a stunningly bright “tom yum gravy,” along with squash, hen of the woods mushrooms and pears. Soft, wobbly tofu is paired with lightly charred Brussels sprouts and doused in a pickled-garlic ponzu sauce. On a chickpea frittata turned dark with black garlic, the flavor that really sets the dish ablaze is the yuzu that dances at its edges. Add a fun wine list and service that is sometimes pitch-perfect, and you’ve got a restaurant that could very well act as the poster child for this new, thrilling era of plant-focused eateries.

514-516 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica. (310) 260-2255, ervenrestaurant.com. –B.R.

4. Here's Looking at You

Here’s Looking at You, like an increasing number of compelling places to eat in Koreatown, is not a Korean restaurant. It’s the brainchild of two Animal veterans — Jonathan Whitener, the former chef de cuisine, and Lien Ta, a former manager — who met working under Jon Shook and Vinny Dotolo. If you’re familiar with the food served at Animal, it’s easy to see the Dotolo-Shook fingerprints on Whitener’s cerebral, almost academic cooking: an easy fluency in mashing together international flavors, a flair for turning lowbrow into something that feels downright healthful.

3901 W. Sixth St., Koreatown, (213) 946-7513, gwenla.com. –B.R.

11. Shibumi

If you get on chef David Schlosser’s wavelength, this place can seem like entering an alternate dimension. While working in Japan, Schlosser realized that America’s understanding of Japanese cuisine is limited by our obsession with sushi, and there is a whole other world of dining that hasn’t made the leap across the Pacific. Shibumi is his effort to right that situation, in a dark, strange little restaurant downtown.

If there’s a defining element to Schlosser’s cooking, it is simplicity. The chef wants you to taste the ingredients — really taste them — so much so that eating here can be like discovering the elemental truth of foods you thought you knew well. There’s a focus on texture rarely seen in Western cooking, which can be revelatory or disconcerting, depending on the dish. Cold seafood dishes are designed to highlight the fish above all else, but Schlosser adds elements that reinforce the silkiness and freshness of a Japanese sea bream, for instance, by contrasting it with the barely-wobbly tofu is paired with lightly charred Brussels sprouts and doused in a pickled-garlic ponzu sauce. On a chickpea frittata turned dark with black garlic, the flavor that really sets the dish ablaze is the yuzu that dances at its edges. Add a fun wine list and service that is sometimes pitch-perfect, and you’ve got a restaurant that could very well act as the poster child for this new, thrilling era of plant-focused eateries.

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2. Gwen

Gwen, the new Hollywood restaurant from chef Curtis Stone and his brother, Luke Stone, is striving for greatness in so many ways it’s a little head-spinning. It’s a meat importers and a butcher shop, a cocktail bar, a chophouse of sorts and a return to serious glitzy Hollywood dining. Unlike Stone’s other restaurant, the exceedingly intimate Maude, Gwen is large and brash, with one of the most breathtaking dining rooms the city has ever seen. The nightly prix fixe is more like an insanely over-the-top picnic than a formal meal. Courses come in great flurries of dishes, all served on little plates that spread across your table like puzzle pieces. You will see 20 or more dishes cross your table by the end of the evening, and many are stunning. You also can order à la carte at one of two bars.

Gwen is a monument to one guy’s glorious, meaty Hollywood dream. It’s a beautiful (albeit expensive) dream, from the butcher counter to the room to the delicate vintage glassware to the food, cooked with talent and love. 6600 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. (323) 946-7513, gwenla.com. –B.R.

1. Shibumi

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514-516 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica. (310) 260-2255, ervenrestaurant.com. –B.R.
FOLLOW THAT TREND

HERE ARE THE BEST — AND WORST — FOOD TRENDS OF 2016

Los Angeles had an exceptional year for food in 2016. The city may finally, universally be recognized as the culinary leader it is, and chefs and restaurateurs around town have made good on making sure we live up to, and can continue to claim, the honor. From the artisanal doughnut trend to fermented everything to Filipino flavors and more, L.A. is at the heart of some of the country’s most delicious and inspiring food and restaurant trends. (It’s not all good, of course. Read on for the worst food trends.)

So to celebrate all the great ideas L.A. chefs have put out into the world this year, we’ve compiled a list of our favorite food and restaurant trends of 2016.

Filipino food

The Filipino food movement has taken L.A. by storm this year. Unit 120, which houses Chad and Chase Valencia’s critically acclaimed modern cuisine at LASA and Alvin Cailan’s reimagined comfort food at Amboy, as well as visiting Filipino-influenced pop ups, is a hotbed of activity as more and more Filipino chefs look to their grandparents for inspiration. And it’s not just for lunch and dinner: Charles Olalia’s RiceBar may have the best savory breakfast bowl in the city and pastry chef Isa Fabro has been turning us on to Filipino-inspired desserts, one delicious cheese-, taro- and/or guava-filled pastry at a time.

Fermentation and pickling

Ancient preservation methods are on the upswing thanks to restaurants like Baroo, the jewel in L.A.’s crown of strip-mall restaurants. Fermenting and pickling have never been more popular, from fermented grains in bowls and homemade fermented fish sauce to house-made pickles at every other restaurant — it’s never been more on trend to add some aggressively tangy flavors to a dish.

Upgraded doughnuts

If you’re a fan of the doughnut, then 2016 has been good to you. From the surge of artisanal donuts by the likes of Blue Star and Sidecar to Fantastic Donuts’ delightfully gimmicky animal-shaped pastries and the doughnuts worthy of any Westsider’s trek eastward at Donut Friend and Donut Man, the city’s longtime love for deep-fried dough went upscale this year. They are also Instagram stalwarts, which frankly is half the battle, these days.

Ethics in the kitchen

This year we’ve seen chefs really act on their ethical convictions. Last year Michael Cimarusti’s Dock to Dish program supporting locally caught, sustainable seafood in L.A. restaurants launched and this year Roy Choi opened LocoL, showing that chefs are considering both the ethics behind their products and the employee structure and pay scales at their restaurants. Whether it’s deciding to include a service charge to help provide medical insurance to staff, refusing to serve endangered blue fin tuna or choosing drought-resistant produce, chefs are using their positions more and more to make a difference in their industry.

Weed in your food

While the relationship between weed and food isn’t anything new, L.A. chefs have taken cannabis to a whole new level this year. Forget about hash brownies — you can now have a cannabis-infused fine-dining experience with weed-based dinner parties from classically trained chefs. And it’s not just in food — mixologists like Gracias Madre’s Jason Eisner are making the most of the ingredient with cannabis-infused and bong-smoked cocktails. And with the upcoming legalization of recreational marijuana, we’re sure this is only the beginning.
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Popups and takeout windows
Whether a chef is unable to afford rent or wants to test a concept before asking for investments, the road to establishing a restaurant has changed a lot over this past year. Instead of going all in, a chef can test out a concept at a culinary incubator such as Unit 102 or Feastly to find his footing, rather than panicking and choosing the wrong partners or bleeding out all his cash; opening a small takeout window is also an increasingly popular option. Chefs also are using spaces for multiple “restaurants,” such as the lunchtime Cento pasta bar service at Birch, that resets to Birch for dinner — meaning there’s even more room for experimenting than ever before.

Bigger (and more delicious) fish selection
The average L.A. menu has finally begun to wean itself off of the omnipresent branzino and open itself up to all the other fish in the sea. Sardines, mackerel and other previously disregarded fish are having their moment on menus around the city. Considering so much of the ocean is overfished, this move toward oily little bottom-feeders is great for our hearts and our souls. And our futures.

Mexican food gets its due
After learning the ropes in culinary schools and famed kitchens around the country, a number of L.A.’s Mexican-American chefs are choosing to cook the food of their culture and experience as opposed to places with European-derived menus. The results are restaurants such as Ray Garcia’s Broken Spanish, Carlos Salgado’s Taco Maria and Wes Avila’s Guerrilla Tacos. The mixture of their culinary experience with their cultural heritage and L.A.’s great produce results in something truly unique, a facet of Mexican cooking that L.A. hasn’t much seen before. L.A. Weekly even wrote a huge feature on it. And just think, if they had stuck to what was safe, we’d never have Ray Garcia’s chicharrón or Wes Avila’s foie gras taco. — Hillary Eaton

The Worst Food Trends of 2016
There is so much to celebrate about food in Los Angeles, but even this culinary capital makes the occasional misstep. This year has seen plenty of good things in the food world, but there was a lot that went wrong, too, from oversaturation to questionable environmental practices to borderline financial malfeasance. Read on to see what we could do with a lot less of in 2017. (It’s not all doom and gloom. Here’s what’s been good about the year in food.)

Poké
Seems as though you can’t walk a block in Los Angeles without spotting a poké bowl shop. Most are tiny strip-mall spots serving up bland, chopped ahi tuna (or whatever fish it might be) in a soy-and-chili-inflected marinade on sushi rice. True, poké is a relatively healthy lunch, but the majority of these poké opportunists are merely cashing in on a fad (similar to the towering height of Pinkberry’s tart frozen yogurt craze in 2007) and don’t bear much relation to the soul-satisfying versions found in Hawaii. Many of them have cutesy, catchy names, from Wild Poké to Sweetfin to WikiPoké to PokiNometry, but if you must get your poké fix, the humble, unfashionable Daichan in Studio City has been serving a superlative though pricey one for the better part of two decades. Plus, as we discussed, this is a trend that might also be horrible for the environment: Our oceans, they are overfished.

Credit card–only restaurants
This year we have seen a novel addition to restaurant accounting: the credit card–only restaurant. Yes, these restaurants no longer accept cash. They eschew good old-fashioned legal tender printed by the U.S. Treasury in favor of plastic. When numerous restaurants and cafes started incorporating more cost-effective credit card processing startups, such as Square or Clover, in favor of the bulky, cumbersome and expensive point-of-sale systems of years past, the writing was essentially on the wall. Some restaurants have defended the new practice by saying it protects against mismanagement of cash, employee theft and robberies. But many customers who may only have cash on hand for various personal or pecuniary reasons would be turned away from said restaurants. We may now require an increasingly despondent addendum to the ancient adage “Cash is king.” What’s next? Gold-only restaurants?
Avocado toast

The modest avocado toast once, crucially, played second fiddle on sandwiches and in omelettes, but now the green fruit has become the main event on many menu items. You will find the ubiquitous “avo-cado toast” at breakfast-only cafes and even as an appetizer at fine-dining establishments. Sometimes one can have too much of a good thing (and we thoroughly enjoy avocados), especially when many of the simple-sounding avocado and toast concoctions breach the $15 price barrier and seem to have become an entrenched fad, rather than an extension of the chef’s innovative creativity. It was ironic when, for the recent span of a couple months, many restaurants selling “avocado toast” were bereft of their crucial ingredient due to an avocado shortage. The high demand for avocados may just, counterintuitively, crush the formidable trend.

Large-format dishes

Some chefs have embraced the idea of large-format dishes as the centerpiece on numerous restaurant menus a little too readily. The term refers to large dishes meant to be shared among a half-dozen or so diners. Though these dishes may be quite tasty, the problem resides in the fact that you would need a large group to try it, leaving single diners and couples out in the cold. And even if you are in a group, everyone at your table must be in agreement about sharing the gargantuan dish. Plus, prices are exorbitantly, and predictably, high for these items: Think $75 duck breast layered with foie gras, $90 whole pig’s head, $320 96-oz. rib-eye steak or $220 New York strip. Above, a pizza. It’s large-format, but you can call it, you know, pizza.

Lobster rolls

There was a time when the only lobster roll to be had in Southern California was in Ventura County, where the now-defunct Tuck’s Point in Channel Islands Harbor doled them out in the late 1990s. This was followed shortly thereafter by the original Hungry Cat in Hollywood. In the last couple of years or so, Lobsta Truck and Cousins Lobster Truck both opened brick-and-mortar locations adjacent to their roving locations, and lobster rolls have been popping up on the menus of more traditional restaurants around town, too. From Knuckle & Claw to Blue Plate Oysterette. What was once a novel (by way of New England or Long Island, depending on your loyalties) and highly prized rarity in Los Angeles has now become a mass-market foodstuff.

When done well, it has its endearing charms: chopped, tender lobster knuckle napped in drawn butter served on a grilled, top-loading hot dog bun (Long Island style) or the same lobster meat mixed with mayonnaise and lemon juice (New England style). (Or perhaps you believe it to be a Maine versus Connecticut battle. We don’t want to fight.) These days the lobster roll has achieved full carrying capacity, where one can even find them in run-of-the-mill shopping mall food courts. But given that Knuckle & Claw closed both its locations just this month, the trend may be dying an organic death already. —Kayvan Gabbay
Celebrate New Year’s Eve at the Marina

Saturday, December 31, 2016
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Celebrate NYE 2016 with two amazing fireworks over the beautiful waters of Marina del Rey!

7:00 p.m. Guests are invited to watch a live outdoor broadcast on a jumbo screen of CNN’s New Year’s Eve Live from Times Square in New York City.

8:59:30 p.m. 30-second countdown and view the Times Square ball drop followed by an amazing ten-minute fireworks display.

11:59:30 p.m. 30-second countdown to celebrate New Year’s Eve in Marina de Rey followed by another amazing ten-minute fireworks display.

Watch the spectacular fireworks from Burton Chace Park, Fisherman’s Village, or the many restaurants and hangouts overlooking the Marina!

Parking is available for $8 in County lots #77 and #4, located at 13560 and 13500 Mindanao Way respectively.

For More Information: marinadelrey.lacounty.gov • 310.305.9545
Every Witch Way

It’s arguable that the late 1960s and early ‘70s comprise one of the sexiest eras in film stylistically (think Russ Meyer’s buxom/bouffanted babes or the cat-eye-lined enchantresses of Italian horror films by the likes of Jess Franco), so it was only a matter of time until nouveau indie filmmakers sought to re-create some of that allure in a reverent, shamelessly retro way. Anna Biller’s The Love Witch looks like it’s an authentic low-budget romp from many decades ago, but its referential campiness and satiric tone give it modern appeal, especially to those of us who grew up lusting after or wanting to look like bodacious B-movie girls in blue eye shadow and go-go boots. The occult themes of the 2016 flick — the main character is a witch who puts love spells on men — also makes it super hipster-friendly (in case you didn’t know who wrote, produced, designed, directed and edited the movie, will be on hand at the 10 p.m. Friday screening for a Q&A at Cinefamily, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., Dec. 30, 10 p.m. (also Dec. 31-Jan. 4, times vary); $14 Dec. 30, $12 other screenings. (323) 330-4412, cinefamily.org.
—Lina Lecaro

The Dead of Winter

As a woman who’s been intoxicated on more than one occasion, I’m loath to admit that Chris D’Elia does a pretty good impersonation of every drunk chick, but it’s true. It’s a bit from White Male. Black Comic., his 2013 Comedy Central special, in which he also tackles why church is creepy and weird and, naturally, sex. If you don’t know his stand-up, it’s worth checking out this week at UCB Sunset, 5419 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri., Dec. 30, 7:30, 9 & 10:30 p.m.; $6. (323) 908-8702, sunset.ucbtheatre.com/performance/50997.
—David Cotner

Party Like It’s 2017

For the first time in recent memory, we can’t even pretend that the new year might have better things in store than the shitty one that preceded it (unless you’re an arms dealer and World War III is on your wish list). Alas, if you have kids and won’t be permitted to drown your sorrows like so many other people, Grand Park’s N.Y.E.L.A. Countdown to 2017: A New Hope isn’t a half-bad place to be. The alcohol-free, family-friendly event has live music and DJs on three stages — the Countdown Stage, the Get Down Stage and the Funtown Stage — as well as a photo booth, inflatable art and food from vendors including Bling Bling Dumpings, Mario’s Tacos and Pizza on Wheelz. Don’t worry — there will be plenty of opportunities to tie one on in the coming year. Grand Park, 200 N. Grand Ave., downtown; Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.-1 a.m.; free. grandporkla.org/nye. —Gwynedd Stuart
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HOLIDAYS

BIG FUN IN LITTLE TOKYO
Oshogatsu is the Japanese New Year celebration, and Little Tokyo is the place to celebrate it. Festivities run through the early afternoon with events centered around Weller Court and Japanese Village Plaza. You'll find Japanese cultural programming such as drum performances, mochi demonstrations, a kimono fashion show and martial arts. Over at the Frances Hashimoto Plaza, across from Japanese Village Plaza, kids can learn calligraphy, play games and listen to stories.

Street food vendors will be serving up okonomiyaki, takoyaki and other dishes. Little Tokyo tends to get pretty busy on New Year’s Day and, while there is shuttle service available this year, your best bet is to take the Metro. The Gold Line’s Little Tokyo station is a short walk from the action.

Weller Court, 123 Astronaut E.S. Onizuka St., downtown; Sun., Jan. 1, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; free. (213) 626-3067, facebook.com/events/154509294657846. —Liz Ohanesian

DANCE

TURNING VIENNESE
Viennese coffee comes with whipped cream — or mit schlag — and Austria celebrates the new year in a similar frothy manner. The Neujahrskonzert (New Year’s Concert) is a nationally televised event with dancers performing in one of Vienna’s ornate palaces to live music, offering a peek back at the era of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The touring show Salute to Vienna has become an annual visitor, re-creating the flavor of the Neujahrskonzert complete with Strauss waltzes, polkas, ballet, ballroom dance and singing, with lots of music from the Strauss Symphony of America. Ticket price includes a post-performance glass of Champagne to toast the new year.

Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Sun., Jan. 1, 2:30 p.m.; $35-$115. salutetovienna.com. —Ann Haskins

PARADES

SMELL THE ROSES
The Rose Parade and the related Rose Bowl college football game usually are held on New Year’s Day, except in years when Jan. 1 falls on a Sunday. When that occurs, the festivities are moved to Monday, in keeping with a quaint tradition that began in 1893 to prevent churchgoers’ horses from being startled by noise from the parade.

This year’s theme, “Echoes of Success,” is a vaguely cheery salute to generosity and unselﬁshness, and the parade is led by a triumvirate of Olympic athletes — Janet Evans, Allyson Felix and Greg Louganis — one of just a handful of times that multiple grand marshals have been chosen. Lavishly decorated like gigantic cakes frosted with intricate layers of flower petals, the parade’s celebrated floats will drift like slow-moving clouds over to the intersection of Sierra Madre Boulevard and East Washington Boulevard for more public viewing on Monday afternoon and Tuesday.

Big Fun in Little Tokyo, Colorado & Orange Grove boulevards, Pasadena; Mon., Jan. 2, 8 a.m.; free-$68. tournamentofroses.com. —Falling James

MUSEUMS

HIT THE BRIXTON
In the spring of 1981, tensions between police and South London’s African-Caribbean population boiled over, resulting in a three-day riot known as Brixton Rising. After the fact, Margaret Thatcher would refuse to recognize that racism, rampant unemployment and widespread income inequality were contributing factors that led to the riots, but a positive outcome was the surge in black indie filmmaking in Great Britain. The Hammer program The Workshop Years: Black British Film and Video After 1981 revisits the film and video work of collectives such as Black Audio Film Collective, Sankofa Film and Video Collective and Ceddo Film and Video Workshop to reveal the ways in which they subverted the mainstream media.

Something tells us it’ll be instructive even today. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Tue., Jan. 3, noon-4 p.m.; free. (310) 443-7000, hammer.ucla.edu. —Gwynedd Stuart

VARIETY SHOWS

LIFE’S A CIRCUS
Variety is the spice of life, they say, and while most variety shows are the kind of circus acts that have pleased crowds since Barnum & Bailey were but glimmers in the median himself, somehow juggles a circus that could otherwise degenerate into anarchy. He manages these wild acts to give audiences something they never thought they’d see, as well as the tried-and-true circus acts that have pleased crowds since Barnum & Bailey were but glimmers in their fathers’ eyes.

Café Club Fais Do-Do, 5257 W. Adams Blvd., West Adams; Wed., Jan. 4, 8 p.m.; $25, $17 in advance. (323) 931-4636, faisdodo.com. —David Cotner
cultural exchange program made up of high schoolers from Fukushima, bring you up-to-date on the effects of the cataclysm that was the 2011 Great East Japan earthquake and tsunami. They’ll explain how they’re dealing with this constant nightmare in tandem with a performance led by Hawaiian musician and multiple Grammy winner Daniel Ho. Also included are expansive thoughts and contemplative actions from the members of the Grateful Crane Ensemble’s Tohoku Goodwill Tour, which produced entertainment for the benefit of survivors, many of whom lost everything in the disaster. Aratani Theater, Japanese American Cultural and Community Center, 244 S. San Pedro St., Little Tokyo; Wed., Jan. 4, 8 p.m.; free with RSVP. (213) 628-2725, jaccc.org/tomodachiconcert.

—David Cotner

Classical Music

Get Your Phil
Under the always-illuminating baton of frequent guest conductor Bramwell Tovey, the L.A. Philharmonic offers an evening of glorious melodies, heart-tugging romanticism and jaw-dropping virtuosity amid rich, sonic architecture. On tap are Walton’s lyrical and lovely Façade Suite No. 2 and a fairy tale coming to sumptuous life in Tchaikovsky’s Sleeping Beauty, Act 2. In between there’s Sibelius’ Violin Concerto, performed by the multiple-prize–winning violinist Ray Chen, who’s been sawing the strings since age 4 and was the first-prize winner at the Yehudi Menuhin International Competition at 19. Chen boasts truly breathtaking technique and sheer show-stopping magnetism.
Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S. Grand Ave., downtown; Thu., Jan. 5, 8 p.m. (also Sat. & Sun., Jan. 7 & 8); $20-$183. (323) 850-2000, laphil.com.

—John Payne

film

Fa So La La Land
Damien Chazelle’s latest film, La La Land, has been described as a love letter not only to Los Angeles but to movie musicals themselves. Shot in CinemaScope, his cinematic spectacle harks back to Old Hollywood and the all-singing, all-dancing hit movies it produced. The young auteur discusses the film, his life, and his love of music and musicals during An Evening With... Damien Chazelle at LACMA. Following the intimate conversation, there will be a screening of the much-beloved, candy-colored French musical The Umbrellas of Cherbourg, featuring a young Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Jacques Demy, the 1964 classic was a major influence on Chazelle and remains remarkably fresh despite predating La La Land by half a century.
LACMA’s Bing Theater, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Thu., Jan. 5, 7:30 p.m.; $25. (323) 857-6010, lacma.org.

—Matt Stromberg

EVENTS PROMOTIONS NEWSLETTER

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5 MOMENTS THAT DEFINED L.A.'S ART SCENE IN 2016

From protests in Boyle Heights to Black Lives Matter at MOCA, this year was about gentrification, power plays and how civil rights relate to expression

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

“I watched a white riot in Portland, Oregon, the other night,” comedian Dave Chappelle said on Saturday Night Live, the weekend after the U.S. presidential election. “The news said they did a million dollars’ worth of damage, and every black person that was watching was like, ‘Amateurs,’” he continued. “So I’m staying out of it.”

His monologue was as much defined by pauses and long, skeptical stares as by his words. “I’m just gonna take a knee by pauses and long, skeptical stares as he continued. “So I’m staying out of it.”

That monologue is certainly among the most spot-on pieces of performance art from this strange, dystopian year, in which a reality TV star and real estate mogul became president-elect just as this era has ended — for now.

It’s impossible to talk about the defining moments in art in L.A. this year — or most recent years — without talking about gentrification, power plays and how civil rights relate to expression. Here are five moments that resonated in 2016.

“Hey, hey, ho, ho, gentrifiers have got to go!”

On the evening of Sept. 17, a group of protesters gathered in Boyle Heights. They held signs that said, among other things, “Keep Beverly Hills Out of Boyle Heights” and marched down Mission and Anderson streets, past a number of blue chip and midlevel galleries that have opened over the past three years. They pasted eviction notices on a few gallery façades. The notice they posted on the front of a newly opened gallery run by United Talent Agency, which just recently began representing visual artists in addition to entertainers, read:

“YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED BY THE PEOPLE OF BOYLE HEIGHTS, who have fought for decades to preserve affordable housing for low-income families, reduced violence in the neighborhood, and have given their own labor and resources to make Boyle Heights a culturally vibrant community, that you must REMOVE YOUR BUSINESS […]”

Defend Boyle Heights, a group composed of activists, community members and others representing a range of backgrounds and interests, has taken a hard line: The galleries are part of the gentrification process and must leave. The reality of the situation is, of course, more complex. Most of the galleries lease their spaces — many of which are owned by the same woman, clothing manufacturer Vera Campbell — and, if they moved out, it’s highly unlikely community beneficiﬁng businesses or job-creating industries would replace them.

Still, protests such as those on Sept. 17 generated nationwide attention and much-needed conversation about just how complicit art organizations are in ongoing gentriﬁcation. It was also a call for transparency: Many, though not all, of the galleries and arts organizations that moved into Boyle Heights for affordable space simply failed to openly address their context, or acknowledge the displacement their presence could represent for surrounding communities. Development is messy, and if art spaces — ideally places for critical, experimental engagement with a baffling world — don’t address the mess, who will?

A lack of Chrismas spirit

In April, Ace Gallery, a long prominent if often confusing fixture of L.A.’s gallery scene, saw a notable change in leadership. Its founder, dealer Douglas Chrismas, opened his ﬁrst gallery in Vancouver in 1961 and has always been inseparable in name and reputation from Ace. His gallery ﬁled for Chapter 11 bankruptcy in February 2013 — just one more in a decades-long run of bankruptcies — and a reorganization plan ofﬁcially went into effect in April 2016. For the ﬁrst time in 55 years, Chrismas wasn’t at the helm of his own gallery. A court-appointed plan agent, Sam Leslie, would take the reins instead.

Initially, Chrismas intended to stay on, running the business’s curatorial side. That changed quickly. “I have advised Douglas Chrismas […] that he will have no further role in ACE operations as long as I am the plan agent,” Leslie wrote in a May 12 report to the court. He made the decision based on a number of ﬁndings, among them that Chrismas allegedly had staff move 60 artworks from the premises in the days before Leslie took over.

When Ace opened late in the 1960s, L.A. had few art galleries, and the market had few regulations (the art world is notoriously under-regulated anyway). It staged iconic, still-famous shows by Robert Irwin, Michael Heizer and others, whose work was often confounding. A lack of Chrismas spirit and others representing a range of backgrounds and interests, has taken a hard line: The galleries are part of the gentrification process and must leave. The reality of the situation is, of course, more complex. Most of the galleries lease their spaces — many of which are owned by the same woman, clothing manufacturer Vera Campbell — and, if they moved out, it’s highly unlikely community beneﬁti ng businesses or job-creating industries would replace them.

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School’s out
At the end of the spring term, HaeAhn Kwon, the only student still enrolled in the MFA program at USC’s Roski School of Art and Design, dropped out. The class ahead of her had dropped out collectively the year before in protest of curriculum, faculty and funding changes. In the letter she addressed to USC’s provost, Kwon wrote of the school’s “downward spiral of predatory, wrongheaded and woefully oblivious decision making.”

Greater L.A. has long been known for its art schools — Light and Space artists graduated from Chouinard in the 1950s; CalArts became home to the Feminist Art Program in the 1970s; UC Irvine graduated impressive classes of performance artists.

But the game started to change in the later 1990s, before Dennis Cooper wrote his sensationalized Spin article about the cool kids at UCLA, some of whom were already having commercial gallery shows. The game became pay-to-play, a decades-long plan for students to transition into a professionalized art world. But few artists have ever been able to succeed in the gallery world. And the economics of being an artist, always hard, are becoming increasingly prohibitive in L.A., as rents rise. USC once gave its MFA students exceptional programming at the Women’s Center or the participant-generated Public School or the participant-generated events, but that doesn’t work as it once did. Maybe it’s time to take alternative, collectively run education programs more seriously (such as the DIY Ph.D. that artist Sarita Dougherty is pursuing, the $10-per-class Public School or the participant-generated program at the Women’s Center for Creative Work).

We who believe in freedom

On July 7, one day after a Minneapolis policeman shot and killed Philando Castile and two days after Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a Baton Rouge, Louisiana, policeman shot and killed Philando Castile. The backslash over its changing policies may just be a reminder that the current system no longer works as it once did. Maybe it’s time to take alternative, collectively run education programs more seriously (such as the DIY Ph.D. that artist Sarita Dougherty is pursuing, the $10-per-class Public School or the participant-generated program at the Women’s Center for Creative Work).

The performance, called Tea for Three, marked the first time in about 40 years that the MFA program at USC’s Roski School of Art and Design was based on a loose plan and the personal tastes of its students.

The performance felt improvised but also perhaps a reminder of our limitations. We should be generating more of these moments in our museums and major institutions, so that it is not just this single night that stands out at year’s end. Still, honoring what works encourages more.

Blood coming out of her wherever

The evening of Nov. 18, Yvonne Rainer and Simone Forti were on the floor. The artists, who both dance and are both in their early 80s, have known each other since at least the 1960s. Rainer was trying to teach Forti a routine. Steve Paxton, 77, and also a dancer, leaned against the wall, wearing a hoodie. He didn’t want to participate, he said, because he’d just forget right away anyway. The two women complained about their limited agility.

The performance ended, with HaeAhn Kwon during her speech: “I don’t really know what I’m going to do next. I don’t know what healing looks like.” She continued, “You’re talking about imagining a black future, and I have no idea. I do hope that, starting with everyone in this room, we can really do our part to move this forward, because it’s a lot.

It was powerful to acknowledge collective uncertainty, as well as an inability to imagine a different future without a lot of help.

Helen Molesworth, MOCA’s chief curator, wrote about this event in her end-of-the-year roundup, as did Carolina Miranda at the L.A. Times. We already had it on our list, too — the wide attention a tribute certainly to the event’s effectiveness but also perhaps a reminder of our limitations. We should be generating more of these moments in our museums and major institutions, so that it is not just this single night that stands out at year’s end. Still, honoring what works encourages more.

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THEATER DITCHES THE THEATER
From a site-specific ghost tale on the beach to a relationship drama in a barber shop, 2016 was a banner year for creatively staged experimental theater in L.A.

BY BILL RADEN
Taking the true measure of any stage scene has little to do with box office receipts or number of productions or even stage awards. Rather, it is found in the vitality and vibrancy of experimental work — that ontological frontier of performance, the poetic imagination and the head-scratching unknown where zeitgeists are first forged in the viscerally powerful and unstreamable terms that remain unique to the theater: the live relationship between actor and audience.

As the following recaps of five of the coolest and most creative experimental stagings of 2016 testify, L.A.’s avant stage was in fine fettle, and its continuing love affair with site-specific work and interactive audience immersions continued to make out-of-the-box synonymous with out of the theater.

And the Drum by Capital W
A dinner party invitation, a rendezvous with a dozen strangers on a dark Koreatown side street and a nondescript three-bedroom Craftsman all set the stage for And the Drum, the mysterious and whimsical but intensely pleasurable site-specific hybrid from two-woman experimental-theater collective Capital W.

Writer-director Lauren Ludwig and producer Monica Miklas described their creation as “immersive dance theater fused with a dinner party.” But the evening of dining and intimate tête-à-têtes with the ensemble and the evening’s star, L.A. performance poet Martha Marion, felt more like a freewheeling book musical with jazz and swing.

Over the course of the evening, the whisper-close physical proximity to the actors dissolved the traditional firewall between the fictive and the real. And it made highly stylized dance numbers and conversationally pitched recitations of Marion’s wry metaphysical verse — about life, politics and the redemptive nature of love — seem as second nature as sharing stories with good friends over supper.

The ABC Project by Annie Lesser
In Los Angeles, no immersive artist tangles the lines that separate audience and actor to greater effect than experimental playwright-director Annie Lesser. In 2016, she debuted the ABC Project, her ambitious, A-through-Z immersive investigation of emotional catharsis and connection, which conscripts audience members as active characters in one-on-one and two-on-one, highly introspective experiences.

In Apartment 8, which officially launched the cycle, audience members found themselves cast in the role of murderer — and locked in a bathroom with their dead lover — in a chilling tale that transcended empathy and horror to produce something at once morally implicating and critically contemplative. Barbershop, set after hours at an East Hollywood hair salon, was a 25-minute meditation on the paradox of trust and cruelty, which form the obverse sides of any love relationship.

Courageous actors and Lesser’s fertile invention and exacting eye made each show an exhilarating and profoundly unsettling journey into the poetics of extreme intimacy.

The Day Shall Declare It by Wilderness
Merely taking the theatrical performance out of the theater and into an industrial space often is enough to charge it with the romantic frisson of the downtown art happening (Oakland’s Ghost Ship disaster notwithstanding). But to transform a tumbledown, 1920s Arts District factory into the warren of Great Depression-era environments of The Day Shall Declare It, creators-directors Annie Saunders (who also performed) and Sophie Bortolussi’s symphonic dance meditation on the dignity of work was an atmospheric coup de théâtre.

An artful collage of Working, Studs Terkel’s 1972 oral-history classic, and early Tennessee Williams one-acts, the show featured Bortolussi’s gravity-defying choreography (danced by Saunders and fellow performers Chris Polick and Anthony Nikolchev). But its real achievement was using the almost embarrassing-voyeuristic proximity of spectators and performers to viscerally implicate the audience in a more profound recognition that the economic and social inequities of the 1930s are much, much nearer than we’d like to believe.

The Shell by the Speakeasy Society
A tale about a grotesquely maimed WWI conscript might not seem an overly enticing choice for an evening of audience immersion. But with The Shell — the second installment of The Johnny Cycle, the Speakeasy Society’s sprawling adaptation of Dalton Trumbo’s 1939 anti-war classic Johnny Got His Gun — writer-adaptors Juliane Just (who co-directed with Genevieve Gearhart) and Chris Porter (who also scored the show) used the story of a man’s literal disembodiment as a vehicle to explore the ideological corners of narrative itself.

Second Skin, Santa Monica Beach
Kate Jopson’s atmospheric, site-specific staging of playwright Kristin Idaszak’s eerie riff on a Celtic sea legend came as a haunting reminder that unleashing immersive theater’s most elemental magic can be found in something as simple as a fire pit at night and a windswept beach.

Second Skin explored the murky no-man’s land of mother-daughter and sister-sister relationships in a Rashomon-like memory play about shame and guilt and the tragic consequences of misunderstanding. As each narrator successively recounted the death of a beloved aunt (including the dead woman herself), the perspective gradually widened, the gaps in understanding narrowed, and the scene was set for a climactic exorcism that was both literal and figurative.

What made it unforgettable was Jopson’s expert use of both the setting sun and Santa Monica Beach’s vistas of savage surf and expansive sand to frame the kind of deep-focus pictures that are impossible on a stage but in Second Skin were both sensually evocative and poetically emblematic.
FOR YOUR HEALTH

ARTIST IAN JAMES’ SHOW
FEATURES PHOTOS OF OBSOLETE HEALTH AND BEAUTY GADGETS

BY CATHERINE WAGLEY

This week, a boy sneezes out an airplane in a drawing that’s been installed near MacArthur Park, and a new mural at MOCA depicts, among other things, owl-shaped planters.

Technical healing

Artist Ian James hired a model with black hair and amazing eyelashes to wear already obsolete technological gadgets that were invented to heal. She appears in multiple photographs in James’ show at Vacancy, always in the same mesh, hot-pink sports top. In one photograph, she wears a gadget designed to reduce under-eye bags (the actual device, a tiny object, is attached to a rock on the gallery floor). In another, she wears a thick, white, portable neck massager. The photographs themselves, all based on instructional or advertising images, are sculptural.

Sometimes the picture of the model overlays another, bigger image of markings in sandstone; other times strips of clear plastic intersect the woman’s friendly face. James titled the show “Time and the Technosphere,” after a book in which spiritual leader José Argüelles proposed replacing our 12-calendar with a more “synchronic” 13-moon, 28-day calendar. The work has a pseudo-scientific, perversely commercial feel to it, as if it’s all an advertisement for something you can’t quite put your finger on.

Learn to be like microbes

Extremophiles, organisms that thrive in extreme environments, can live in intense heat or under pressure. Artist Nina Waisman proposed we learn from them, studying their movements and behaviors, as part of her project Intelligence Moves. Mimic them, and maybe we can adapt to extremes, too. This week, Waisman is hosting workshops at the Hammer as part of her ongoing project, the Laboratory for Embodied Intelligences (LEI). Visitors can participate in workshops, games and exercises designed to help put us in touch with microbial behaviors and languages. It’s an experiment in being a little less human.

Local box office

If you read Quintessa Matranga’s wall drawing The Dork Diaries from right to left, the story goes something like this: A boy with short-banged ’90s hair sneezes out an airplane. The airplane becomes a puzzle, shedding pieces as it flies. A woman in a bathing suit lands on a shed puzzle piece and, eventually, two power-operated women plugged into wall sockets enjoy a romantic dinner inside the brain of a bald, bemused girl with an abnormally wide forehead. Matranga’s wall drawings appear in “Everyday War” at Ashes/Ashes, an exhibition that includes a decrepit hand made by Jenine Marsh from plaster, rubber, flowers and other things, and an odd assemblage of glassware, tubes, soda cans and plant life by Scott Benzel that’s like a DIY laboratory for making who knows what.

Everything looks simultaneously familiar and absurd.

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A couple of years into his supposed retirement, the 80-year-old Ken Loach showed up at Cannes with I, Daniel Blake and proceeded to win the Palme d’Or (his second, after 2006’s The Wind that Shakes the Barley). The film follows an aging carpenter (Dave Johns) who struggles to navigate the mindless bureaucracy of Britain’s welfare system. But it’s also a social drama — in the vein of such Loach classics as Cathy Come Home, Family Life, My Name Is Joe and Riff Raff — it’s also shot through with a bitter sense of humor; Loach’s vision encompasses both the absurdity and tragedy of life on the fringes of society. We spoke recently about how he finds his subjects, how his films have changed and (of course) cinema in the age of Trump.

You’re no doubt been following the aftermath of the American election.

Yes, absolutely. I’ve been following for some months, I should say. I was very sad to see that the Democratic candidate who had the best chance of winning was excluded, and I think that was a serious mistake by the Democrat Party. Bernie Sanders was a far more credible candidate, and likely to be far more popular — at least, judging from this side of the Atlantic.

Since the election, people have said to me, “I can’t really think about cinema anymore — it feels pointless and frivolous now.” But then I’d think of you and your work. You’ve always been so politically engaged, and you’ve essentially been making films of resistance and confrontation for about five decades now.

I think that cinema is a medium of communication. It’s as valid as novels or fine art. You can relate it to journalism as well, a background and their personality. And what we were like, “That would be a good story to tell, because it brings a lot of ideas together.”

In the case of I, Daniel Blake, we both kept sharing stories about people whose emergency money stopped. Whether they were late for an appointment, or hadn’t filled out a form correctly, or filled out a job application wrong — all of a sudden, their money stops. And when their money stops, they can’t eat. And we heard stories of families feeding their children biscuits. We said we should just go around and hear people talk and just see if there’s a film in this. We went to six cities and towns together and sat with people and said, “OK, what’s going on?” Paul did more research on his own, and then he wrote the two characters, and then the first draft.

When you are working with these characters, do you take different things that have happened to other people and create a sort of patchwork for them? I know that’s how you worked on some of your early films.

Yes, Paul is quite a sophisticated writer, so you do take things from different stories, but the beginning point is a character with a background and their personality. And then it’s finding things that fit into that, otherwise it would be very mechanical. It’s very much about creating a rounded character whose life corresponds to some of the things we’ve heard.

I’m always impressed by the naturalism you get from very unknown actors, or in some cases, nonprofessionals. I was interested to read that Dave Johns is a bricklayer-turned-comic. How do you find these people?

We’ve got a very good casting director named Kathleen Crawford. We see a lot of people right at the beginning, and we find the idea of what we’re looking for, and then she just goes out and finds people. We see some regular actors, but we also see comedians, musicians, maybe in this case just men or unionists who’ve got a good way of presenting things. We just see people from all over. I think Dave was a bricklayer briefly, like three years. He had done stand-up for almost all his life.

When you do find the right actor, is there a process then of working with them to sharpen the character, to fuse the character and the actor more?

We do a few things. Like in this film, Daniel has had a wife who is dead now, so we cast someone to be the wife, and they went out together, and we took the photographs, and he had the memory of her. And with Katie and the kids, we did things to make them a family. We went on long trips together, so she could get used to being with them. Like if they were naughty, she would tell them off.

I love these almost biblical overtones in the film, when they talk about how he has to meet the Decision Maker, who is this elusive, unseen figure, almost like God.

It’s real! This is what the person is called! It’s not an invention. It is like Kafka, this mysterious bureaucracy you can never understand. You can never get to the bottom of these people. People talk about a faceless bureaucracy, but this is faceless in an absolute way. You never know people’s names; they’re not allowed to give you their names. They have these arbitrary and extraordinary depersonalized descriptions — the Decision Maker, the Assessor. It’s deeply frustrating for someone who is used to talking to someone face-to-face. And the worst thing is that the government knows about this inefficiency. They’re constantly inefficient, they constantly make you wait, because the aim is to drive you out.

Adapted from the film I, Daniel Blake, directed by Ken Loach.

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BY BILGE EBIRI

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includes a rapper practicing his rhymes, a co-worker complaining about his family. He carves his poems, slowly, patiently out of all that mundane material. That approach is not unlike Jarmusch’s, who here steadily builds meaning and beauty out of simplicity and routine. Jarmusch’s films usually have tangible narrative arcs — even if they’re loose and subdued — but Paterson is resolutely undramatic, following a week in this man’s life with minimal changes in his day-to-day. Yet with each step, the film gains depth. Small variations in routine start to feel monumental.

Driver’s defining quality heretofore has been his intensity, so he might not seem at first the right choice for a part like this. But he grows into it beautifully: Paterson is a big lug who drives a big bus, and the actor is able to convey thought without ever seeming self-absorbed. Paterson might be composing poems in his mind, but he’s also aware of his world; he lives in the moment, absorbing the bits and pieces around him and shaping them into something new.

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JARMUSCH’S PATERNON SHAKES THE EVERYDAY FOR ALL ITS BEAUTY

Paternon is the purest distillation yet of Jim Jarmusch’s aesthetic. The title refers to the town in New Jersey as well as the character: Adam Driver plays a man named Paterson, who lives in Paterson. (It also refers to William Carlos Williams’ masterpiece Paterson, an epic poem about a spinner in the everyday.) Paterson goes through his daily routine: waking up, talking to wife Laura (Golshifteh Farahani), driving a bus, walking his dog. The language of real life drifts in and out of his world. He hears men talking about women, kids talking about revolution and coffee,

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24

FIGHT THE POWER

At 80, director Ken Loach still takes on the system

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Film

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(29)
The He Decade
WOMAN POWER SERVES A BOY IN MIKE MILLS’ LATE-’70S REMEMBRANCE

BY MELISSA ANDERSON

One of the quasi-bohemians in Mike Mills’ gauzy Century Women loves to document ephemera, taking photos of everything she owns. A similar instinct — archiving as art — guides Mills’ movie itself, a trip back in time in which era-specific talismans substitute for genuine thought. Though big feels glut

The writer-director’s previous feature, Beginners (2010), about an anomic adult son’s relationship with his newly out 75-year-old father, Century Women is rooted in its maker’s autobiography. The place and time is Santa Barbara, 1979, a pivotal year for 15-year-old Jamie (Lucas Jade Zumann), Mills’ surrogate, who lives with his divorced mom, Dorothea (Annette Bening); Dad resides in Jamie’s other lodger, for help decoding his current cultural passions, fact-finding that necessitates shots of Talking Heads album covers and other late-’70s semaphores.

Fleeting — and extended — glimpses of period paraphernalia aren’t enough for Mills, though. He interrupts the film to include collages of Iggy Pop and other punk avatars, scrapbooking that extends to many of the cinematic tomes of second-wave feminism to which Jamie is introduced by Mother’s little helpers. Our Bodies, Ourselves is strenuously name-checked here; passages from the 1970 anthology Sisterhood Is Powerful are read aloud.

But the references seem awkwardly exploited, inserted to satiate not so much Jamie’s advisors — those first female readers — as the teenager himself, a virginal boy who gets into a fastfight for becoming an evangelist of the clitoris, lecturing a dense, sex-boasting buddy about his horrible technique. Just like a Black Flag EP or a skateboard, consciousness-raising becomes a fetish item, a nostalgic-soaked bauble in Mills’ movie, which snugly (and obtusely) includes a long passage from Jimmy Carter’s infamous “crisis of confidence” speech, rhetoric that derided the consumption on blatant display in the film.

Despite the film’s title and Bening’s central role, women are oddly peripheral. Their misfortunes become Jamie’s incidental gain. Frettting over her son’s emotional state after he sat in a waiting room as Abbie got devastating medical news, Dorothea praises his valor. “I’m fine. I learned a lot,” he reassures her, acting one more test in an easy-A class.

20TH CENTURY WOMEN | Written and directed by Mike Mills | A24 | ArcLight Hollywood, Landmark

OPENING THIS WEEK

CASABLANCA 75TH ANNIVERSARY
(1942) PRESENTED BY TCM

Casablanca is a sharply political movie, displaying overt admiration for anti-fascist activists and sympathy for refugees while subtly probing the corrosiveness of appeasement. In the decades following World War II, the 1944 Academy Award winner (Best Picture, Best Director Michael Curtiz and Adapted Screenplay by Julius J. Epstein, Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch) has been viewed as a glamorous love story, a quotable relic of Hollywood’s heyday and a gateway drug for classic-film addicts. But against the current rise of nationalism and xenophobia, the political climate that generations have taken as a backdrop for the romance of Ilsa Lund (Ingrid Bergman) and Rick Blaine (Humphrey Bogart) crashes to the forefront. Suave dissident Victor Laszlo (Paul Henreid), lauded for his anti-Nazi tracts and daring getaways, impresses even blase Rick, whose bar serves as a neutral gathering spot in the Moroccan city under French colonial rule. In the early 1940s, Casablanca became part of an escape route for European migrants yearning to breathe free. Ilsa, her former lover Rick and husband Victor meet at this crossroads, and how they respond reflects their ideologies. Lofty, cynical and defiance are as important as passion in their interactions, and the isolationist Rick only regains moral clarity by choosing a side. Casablanca was filmed in the safety of the Warner Bros. lot, but the cast of immigrants and exiles who had fled the Third Reich conveyed their visceral fear. While the future was uncertain, the resolute characters of this exquisite wartime drama found peace through love and resistance. (Serena Donadoni)

MIKE MILLS’ LATE ’70S REMEMBRANCE
WOMAN POWER SERVES A BOY IN

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YOUR WEEKLY MOVIE TO-DO LIST

Ring in 2017 With the Mighty Wurlitzer
Friday, Dec. 30

It’s been four years since Nora Ephron died, and in her absence no one has come close to picking up the rom-com torch she left behind. When Harry Met Sally (written by Ephron and directed by Rob Reiner) is a bit-tersweet reminder of a time when romantic comedies were actually both funny and romantic. It’s a fitting entry in Cinemafilm’s aptly titled The End of the Worst Year Ever, Please Make It Stop, Forget Canada — Can I Please Leave the Planet?, I Need a Break Here, Thank God It’s the Holidays Comfort Film Fest. Cinemafilm/Silent Movie Theatre, 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax; Fri., Dec. 30, 7:30 p.m.; $11. (323) 655-2510, cinemafilm.org.

Lawrence of Arabia is the rare classic that actually exceeds its imposing reputation, and nothing does its breathtaking sweep justice like a giant screen. Looks and feels like, then, that the Egyptian is screening it as it was meant to be seen: on 70mm. Don’t be intimidated by the 216-minute runtime: David Lean’s epic flies by with all the force of a passing sandstorm, and Peter O’Toole’s magnetic performance (the first of many) in the title roles have always warned young women that their real language is not spoken in a loophole: After his heart attack, his doctors say he shouldn’t work, but the inertia of a long tentacles. Hearing a recording of their speaking staff and unfamiliar to the aliens, the military to communicate with the aliens, long before they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to brush stroke convey meaning. To find out what the creatures are here, and whether they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to master this nonlinear language. If this all stays up late with My Neighbor Totoro. The eponymous creature is one of the most beloved in the world of animation — ditto director Hayao Miyazaki, whom this film put on the world stage. We should all be as lucky as Sat-suki and Mei, two young sisters whose new house sits at the edge of a forest containing not only the friendly Totoro but other spirits as well. Purists that they are, the folks at the Nuart are screening Miyazaki’s classic in the original Japanese with English subtitles. Nuart Theatre, 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Dec. 30, 11:59 p.m.; $11. (310) 473-8530, landmarktheatres.com.

Saturday, Dec. 31

Few revival theaters are open on the last night of the year, and fewer still celebrate the festivities with a Mighty Wurlitzer pipe organ. For both, there’s only one option: New Year’s Eve at Old Town Music Hall, a yearly tradition featuring the usual assortment of music, short films and a surprise feature; this being a special occasion, there will also be light refreshments and sparkling apple cider. Reservations are required in advance, so call ahead. Old Town Music Hall, 140 Richmond St., El Paseo, La Verne.

THEME: BEST ACTRESS

FENCES

August Wilson tuned his ear to his direction, but he’s also not easy on the force of a passing sandstorm, and Peter O’Toole’s magnetic performance (the first of many) in the title roles have always warned young women that their real language is not spoken in a loophole: After his heart attack, his doctors say he shouldn’t work, but the inertia of a long tentacles. Hearing a recording of their speaking staff and unfamiliar to the aliens, the military to communicate with the aliens, long before they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to brush stroke convey meaning. To find out what the creatures are here, and whether they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to master this nonlinear language. If this all


Sunday, Jan. 1

With a new year upon us, we must all of us remember to be wary of the Wet Bandits. For a reminder of how to combat those sinister home invaders, avail yourself of Home Alone at the New Beverly. Macaulay Culkin may have weaponized his pet gerbil, but the family’s protective dog certainly never mentioned about “phase” his career, but the movie that made him a household name seems poised to remain a holiday staple for years to come. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Sun., Jan. 1, 2 p.m.; $6. (323) 938-4038, newbev.com.

The Aero simultaneously rings in 2017 and closes out its screwball comedy series with a Marx Brothers double feature: A Night at the Opera and Monkey Business. The latter was their biggest box office success, while the former was their first original screenplay; both display their singular gifts for slapstick, which manages to come across as both joyously lowbrow and rarefied high art. Yuck it up and hope the next 12 months go better than our last rotation around the sun. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., Jan. 1, 5 p.m.; $11. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

Tuesday, Jan. 3

Speaking of rom-coms, Ernst Lubitsch directed some of the greatest ever made (including The Shop Around the Corner, which Ephron loosely re��ade as You’ve Got Mail). Among that august company is Trouble in Paradise, an exemplar of the “Lubitsch touch” that countless filmmakers have attempted to emulate. In it, a thief (Herbert Marshall) and a pickpocket (Miriam Hopkins) fall in love and plan to part a fluffy magic from his riches — a scheme that begins to fall apart when their man’s wife enters the picture. LACMA, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid-Wilshire; Tue., Jan. 3, 1 p.m.; $4, (323) 857-6000, lacma.org. —Michael Nordin


despite the desperate life choices that the mov-ies have always warned young women against. Loach treats this like every other film that most African Americans have not seen: on 70mm. Don’t be intimidated by the 216-minute runtime: David Lean’s epic flies by with all the force of a passing sandstorm, and Peter O’Toole’s magnetic performance (the first of many) in the title roles have always warned young women that their real language is not spoken in a loophole: After his heart attack, his doctors say he shouldn’t work, but the inertia of a long tentacles. Hearing a recording of their speaking staff and unfamiliar to the aliens, the military to communicate with the aliens, long before they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to brush stroke convey meaning. To find out what the creatures are here, and whether they come in peace, Louise and Ian try to master this nonlinear language. If this all
down a highway in Hampton, Virginia, in 1961” declares Janelle Monáe six minutes into the candidly honest pageant Hidden Figures. The film’s leads, a trio of African-American mathematicians (the others: Taraji P. Henson and Octavia Spencer) employed at NASA to perform advanced calculations as part of the space program’s crises, have just turned around a shakedown traffic stop from a cracker cop. Impressed at the importance of their jobs, and by their politeness, he offers to escort them straight to their Langley office, sirens blaring. A red felt Bozo bulb isn’t as on-the-nose as that dialogue, but the impulse behind it rings true. How often, as you’ve lived your life lately, have you wondered if the freedoms you’re exercising now will persist through to the 2020 election? Hidden Figures, directed by Theodore Melfi (St. Vincent), is a canny and necessary crowd-pleaser in which not one moment feels like life itself. But, together, in their superb Hollywood falseness, they accrete into a portrait of our best idea of our national character while still exposing bitter truths about who was allowed to be what back in that age of presumed “greatness.” It’s subtle as Sunday School felt-board parables, each moment sweated over to communicate clearly to 10-year-olds and hard-of-hearing grandparents. But few of those moments insult the intelligence of the rest of us — and I expect that anyone can find inspiration in the script’s attention to the small, concrete steps real people make to create change. And, hey, white folks: Kevin Costner serves as an example of how to help and get out of the way. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**GO JULIETA** Natalie Portman has had a small succession of parts that have allowed her to expand beyond stereotypical female roles, but her Jackie Kennedy, which never gives into the Lady Macbeth insanity that it could have, is the pinnacle of her performances. Jackie’s oscillations from stoicism, to hysteria, to dutiful wife, to thoughtful artist, and then to grieving widow and back again, are seamless and heartbreaking. And Noah Oppenheim’s script is rife with the kind of dialogue an actress would sell her soul for: witty, observant, and thoughtful art lover, and then to grieving widow and back again, are seamless and inevitable. What’s important is that Julieta finds herself constantly, over the course of her life, assuming guilt and responsibility for those around her. Almodóvar moves his characters like a god (or at least a moralist), but his attention to detail and his fondness for unexpected bits of tenderness gives these people shape and dimension. The men in this tale often leave emotional devastation in their wake, and it’s up to the women to assume responsibility. Almodóvar’s women find strength in one another, and the film resists easy resolutions. Julieta may move like an answer, but it’s not afraid to end as a question. (Blige Ebiri)

**GO A MONSTER CALLS** Writer-director Kenneth Lonergan asked this question in 2000’s sibling drama You Can Count on Me: What if the depressed guy doesn’t actually know he’s depressed? Now, in Manchester by the Sea, he again paints the portrait of an emotionally stunted guy who hasn’t processed a painful death. Only now Lonergan’s asking: What if no one in this story even knows what depression is? The result is a poignant, surprisingly hilarious depiction of grieving and small-town life. Snow piles on the dirty-brick colonial buildings of a Boston neighborhood, and Lee Chandler (Casey Affleck), a maintenance guy, shovels the walkway again and again. He’s mechanical, emotionless, as he enters into little everyday-living tableaus of the people in an apartment complex. Lee says so little, moves so slowly and without emotion, that he’s a blank slate. Soon, Lee has to return to the small fishing village where he was raised, where he’s told that his brother Joe (Kyle Chandler) has died. Rather than an emotional outpouring, he delivers a succinct “Aw, fuck you” and then a “Sorry, can I see him?” And then Lee’s delivered some astonishing news: He’s now legal guardian of his 17-year-old nephew, Patrick (Lucas Hedges). That prompts a string of flashback sequences, where Lee seems like a total stranger to the man he’s to raise, physically affectionate, with a wife (Michelle Williams) and three kids. We now understand that something has happened to make him so cold. Yet Lonergan doesn’t force the revelation these scenes build to into any kind of get-cha moment. Instead, he proves that no basic premise must be original to make an excellent film. All you need is honesty and an understanding that real life isn’t like the movies. (April Wolfe)

**Sensational. A work of great beauty, great feeling and great cinema.** Manohla Dargis, THE NEW YORK TIMES

**A MONSTER CALLS**
Tony Erdmann

**A MONSTER CALLS**...
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CINEMARK 18 & XD
2031 Century City 15

XEROME

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LA MOLLICA

28

CALL THEATER FOR SCHEDULE.

2:45 p.m.

3:05 p.m.

4:40 p.m.

5:05 p.m.

6:05 p.m.

6:25 p.m.

8:15 p.m.

8:35 p.m.

8:55 p.m.

9:15 p.m.

9:35 p.m.

10:15 p.m.

10:35 p.m.

11:05 p.m.

11:25 p.m.

12:45 p.m.

1:40 p.m.

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12:00 noon.
Do you feel that I, Daniel Blake is having an actual, tangible impact in terms of affecting any kind of change? I've read a number of pieces from the U.K. press saying, “Well, this could be like Cathy Come Home in that it could actually lead to some real progress being made.” It’s interesting. In Parliament, they’ve been discussing changes to this system. They were going to make further cuts to the money that the very poorest people get. And while we think there are still cuts that will be made, I don’t think they will be as grave as they could have been a few weeks ago. I can’t say this is due to the film, but the film has been part of the conversation. Who knows if it played a part or not? Even if it did, they would never admit to it playing a part.

I recently read a quote from you, I think from the 1980s, where you said, “I’ve spent as much time defending my films as I have making them.” I don’t think we have to defend our films, but there’s an element of the fascist mentality in it — in that you create people that you don’t have to consider as fellow humans.

CGI entertainments. Liam Neeson — who voices the tree — inines lines like “Many things that are true feel like a cheat.” He speaks thus to Connor (Lewis MacDougall), a friendless Irish schoolboy whose mother (Felicity Jones) is dying. You parents may be terrified, but older children will be fine. They might also relish the stark, restless watercolor renderings of a trio of fairy tales: a grizzly giant tells young Connor. The tales are prickly and mean, like unpurged GriFFs. Connor quails: What is the lesson in them? Meanwhile, he’s bullied at school and can’t get along with the grandmother he’s packed off to live with. Her home is full of rooms kids mustn’t play in, but she’s played by Sigourney Weaver, so you know she’ll be a person rather than a caricature. It’s worth Don_FOUND in the giant’s destructive impulses in real life that A Monster Calls is at its most thrilling and dangerous. Has any kids movie since the original WIlly Wonka so persuasively demonstrated the terribleness of acting out the fantasies kids’ movies endorse? (Alan Scherstull)

I, Daniel Blake.

CGI MOLNIGHT. A question is posed to the main character of Barry Jenkins’ wondrous, superbly acted new film, Moonlight: “Who is you, man?” The beauty of Jenkins’ second feature radiates from the way that query is explored. It is asked by a black man of another black man — those too often not deemed worthy to be given a chance to respond to this most fundamental of inquiries. Divided into three chapters, Moonlight tracks its protagonist, Chiron, in as many stages, each titled with his name or nickname: at ages 9 (“Little,” played by Alex Hibbert), 16 (“Chiron,” Ashton Sanders) and approximately 26 (“Black,” Trevante Rhodes). The film takes place primarily in Liberty City, a housing project in Miami where Jenkins grew up. In the first section, Little finds refuge in a boarded-up dope house and holds an empty crack vial to the light, a stretch of silence that HIBBERT, among the most watchful young performers I’ve ever seen, makes spellbinding. Juan (Mahershala Ali), a local drug kingpin, offers loving counsel: “You gotta decide who you gonna be. Can’t let nobody make that choice for you.” Chiron is already made up their minds about who Little is: “soft,” “a faggot.” The taunting and abuse become worse in Moonlight’s middle section, all while teenage Chiron struggles to make sense of his own desire. He is able to explore it with a friend named Kevin (played as a teenager by Jharrel Jerome) who shares his inchoate yearning. A betrayal leads to an even swoonier kind of romance in the third section and a reunion — filled with pain, regret, hurt and love — that’s almost too much to bear. (Melissa Anderson)

CGI SILENCE. Martin Scorsese opens his foreword to the latest edition of Shusaku Endo’s Silence with a simple, impossible question: “How do you tell the story of Christian faith?” The director isn’t presumptuous enough to present his adaptation of that beloved novel as a definitive answer, but his film does read as another step on the filmmaker’s path toward making good on his aspiration, early in life, to become a priest. Silence takes place in 17th-century Japan, when Christians were sailing from Europe to spread the good word — not that their hosts wanted to hear it. It centers on two such priests, fathers Sebastião Rodrigues (Andrew Garfield) and Francisco Garpe (Adam Driver) of Portugal, who receive the demoralizing news that their mentor, Cristóvão Ferreira (Liam Neeson), has finally relented after years of violent persecution in the land of the rising sun and publicly renounced his faith. And so they set off, bringing with them only what they can carry on their back and in their hearts. Not since The Free of Life has Christianity been explored onscreen in such serious, conflicted terms. Silence is restrained, austere, even ascetic; you feel guilty eating popcorn as Rodrigues grows ever more gaunt and worn down after willingly subjecting himself to the same harsh treatment at the hands of a Japanese inquisitor (Issey Ogata) that his predecessor endured. “I pray, but I’m lost,” he says to a God he hopes is listening. “Am I just praying to silence?” That’s the eternal question, of course, and though Scorsese doesn’t make it feel new he certainly underscores how real and urgent it is. (Michael Nordine)

CGI TONI ERMANN. Delving into micro-economics and macroaggressions, Toni Erdmann, the dynamic, superbly acted third feature by writer/director Maren Ade, is social studies at its finest. This quicksilver, emotionally astute comedy operates on many different registers and modes: Whoopee cushions and gag teeth are part of the fun, but so too is a piquant dissection of father-daughter bonds and of the sinister banality of corporate consultancy. In the filmmaker’s non-nonsense humanism, mortification motors the plot so that a modicum of dignity can be restored. The film opens with one of several seemingly humdrum exchanges: the delivery of a package. The recipient, Winfried Conradi (Peter Simonischek), a rumpled, teddy-bearish, snow-haired music teacher, allows people to be cruel to others. And the state has no responsibility. There’s a political agenda at the center of it.

That facelessness, that anonymity, allows people to be cruel to others. Yes, absolutely. The aim is to personalize so that that someone doesn’t know who they’re deciding about. They don’t have to confront a physical person who is being thrown out of their house or who doesn’t have any food or who can’t feed their children. It’s not fascist, but there’s an element of the fascist mentality in it — in that you create people that you don’t have to consider as fellow humans.

I, Daniel Blake.

CGI MOLNIGHT. The permanent testwork and features of the U.S. and Canadian cinemas are maintained and operated by the Landmark Theatres. For orders and complete information, contact Landmark Theatres at 877-775-7554, or visit landmarktheatres.com.
THE BEST MUSIC OF 2016

Guns N’ Roses at the Troubadour, Sia at Coachella and that long-awaited Frank Ocean album: Our favorite shows and sounds redeemed an otherwise difficult year

BY L.A. WEEKLY STAFF AND CONTRIBUTORS

A s the world seemingly crumbles around us, the mantra of L.A.’s vast and varied music community remains, “We gon’ be alright.”

The best music coming out of Los Angeles was soulful and life-affirming, even at its darkest. YG’s grim street sagas were buoyed by politicized defiance and G-funk grooves; Warpaint’s ominous incantations found new life in pop hooks and dance-floor tempos.

For live music in Los Angeles, 2016 may be remembered for the year of the “secret” show. Big-ticket acts including Iggy Pop, Lady Gaga and Guns N’ Roses downsized into intimate venues, warming up for larger-scale tours and giving those few fans lucky enough to score tickets the thrill of a lifetime. Festivals continued to dominate, as well, and didn’t always thrill of a lifetime. Festivals continued fans lucky enough to score tickets the tour concluded, with West pushed to the brink and winding up in the hospital. But it’s an album stuffed with ideas, ranging from the holy master-piece “Ultralight Beam” to the winking self-parody “I Love Kanye” and the stark centerpiece “Wolves.” Yes, TLOP is a chapter in the life of one music’s most captivating figures. But it’s also a statement record, where West, warts and all, is the world seemingly crumbles around us, the mantra of L.A.’s vast and varied music community remains, “We gon’ be alright.”

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1. The Life of Pablo (Rough Trade)
2. Welcome to Plaskett (Def Jam)
3. Deap Vally, Femejism (Nevado)
4. Warpaint, Heads Up (Rough Trade)
5. Frank Ocean, Blonde (Boys Don’t Cry)

fueled by grunge, goth, bassist Micayla Grace’s smooth glide and Jessie Clavin’s soaring guitar solos. It’s about going to the farthest extremes without dying. It’s the album of the year of the “secret” show. Big-ticket acts including Iggy Pop, Lady Gaga and Guns N’ Roses downsized into intimate venues, warming up for larger-scale tours and giving those few fans lucky enough to score tickets the thrill of a lifetime. Festivals continued to dominate, as well, and didn’t always thrill of a lifetime. Festivals continued fans lucky enough to score tickets the tour concluded, with West pushed to the brink and winding up in the hospital. But it’s an album stuffed with ideas, ranging from the holy master-piece “Ultralight Beam” to the winking self-parody “I Love Kanye” and the stark centerpiece “Wolves.” Yes, TLOP is a chapter in the life of one music’s most captivating figures. But it’s also a statement record, where West, warts and all, is

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1. Anderson .Paak, Malibu (Steel Wool/ObE/Art Club/Empire)

Anderson .Paak, the slickest dude ever to come out of Oxnard, was everywhere in 2016 — stealing Coachella and the BET Awards, dropping guest hooks and verses with A Tribe Called Quest, Mac Miller and Kaytranada, soundtracking a Google commercial. He even followed up the stellar Malibu with a quick victory lap in the form of Yes Lawd!, the funky debut full-length from NxWorries, his collaboration with Stones Throw producer Knxwledge.

Paak’s sudden rush of success was the fruit of more than a decade of grinding, which explains why Malibu sounds less like a sophomore album and more like bone-deep work of an old soul. The feel-good jams “I Am I Wrong” and “Come Down” hook you on first listen, as does Paak’s seductive singing voice, part velvet and part sandpaper. Curtis Mayfield meets Bobby Womack. Then you go back and revisit the autobiographical “The Waters” and “The Season/Carry Me” and realize two things: This guy can rap his ass off (“sharp as a Ginzu,” as he boasts) and he has a personal story as compelling as anyone in hip-hop. Like a Butterfly before it, Malibu is the kind of album that can inspire everyone else to elevate their game. —Andy Hermann

**Best L.A. Live Shows of 2016**

5. Iggy Pop, Teragram Ballroom, March 9

Only a couple of months after David Bowie died, Iggy Pop played an intimate warmup gig at the Teragram Ballroom, performing material from The Idiot and Lust for Life, both co-written and produced by Bowie during the duo’s “Berlin era.” It was exactly what we grieving Bowie fans needed — not a tribute but a subtle salutation, a celebration of an audacious alliance that changed music forever. Josh Homme and his fellow Queens of the Stone Age served as backing band, and the new stuff Josh and Iggy collaborated on from Pop’s latest album, Post Pop Depression, gave the evening historical range and relevance. Not only did the show reaffirm our lust for life but it reminded us that legends are still with us, and their legacy never dies. —Lina Lecaro

4. Sia, Coachella, April 17

Sia’s Sunday night appearance on the Coachella stage cleverly addressed the singer’s discomfort in the spotlight by allowing her to hide behind her trademark wig and instead put elaborately choreographed dance numbers front and center. That concept was taken to a new level creatively, as the video that audiences saw projected onto the screens featured celebrities such as Kristen Wiig, Tig Notaro and Paul Dano, seemingly all part of the onstage action — or were their parts prerecorded, with look-alikes re-enacting everything live? Fans blew up Twitter trying to figure out what they were witnessing, casting Sia’s set as a Coachella moment for the ages. —Philip Cosores

3. Kanye West, The Forum, Nov. 1

Kanye’s Saint Pablo tour was either the best or worst gig of your life, depending on which date you witnessed. At the fourth of six Forum shows it was magnificent, a one-man hovering art installation with West traversing over a pit of out-of-reach fans, isolating himself like a prophet on a hillside. Physically hanging in midair, he was also mentally in limbo. The weeks following saw his behavior become increasingly erratic. The tour never was completed. The night I saw him, he amended “Feedback,” declaring, “I swear to God I ain’t crazy.” On his next L.A. stop, he checked into a psychiatric hospital. —Eve Barlow

2. Grace Jones, FYF Fest, Aug. 28

“If you missed Grace Jones, you fucked up,” declared James Murphy of LCD Soundsystem, who were given the thankless and humbling task of going on after the legendary Ms. Jones turned FYF into her own giant discothque. Wearing white tribal body paint, a set of ever-more-spectacular headaddresses and not much else, the onetime model and all-time champion of offbeat, funky cover tunes delivered a mesmerizing performance highlighted by her slinky version of The Pretenders’ “Private Life” and Roxy Music’s “Love Is the Drug,” plus her own “Slave to the Rhythm,” to which she Hula-Hooped throughout. If she plays L.A. again, don’t fuck up — go see her. She’s a living treasure. —Andy Hermann

1. Guns N’ Roses, The Troubadour, April 1

Do you remember the ridiculous concert footage from the Bad tour? When fans convulsed during Michael Jackson’s performance as if they were witnessing the second coming of Christ? I never thought I’d see that sort of hysteria at a rock show, not when most rockers have been reduced to reality show stars with Kat Von D tattoos. However, we were teased for months that this was going to be different. There was vague messaging; nothing garish, nothing much else, the onetime model of ever-more-spectacular headdresses transformed into a current of electricity, the kind of electric wave that slay a crowd alongside Slash? He did, at the Troubadour on April Fool’s Day, disbelief seeing projected onto the screens that shit was about to change. There was orgiastic relief as rock’s biggest “what if” was answered: Would Axl ever again come of hard rock. —Eve Barlow

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Music // Bizarre Ride //

NO SPIN ZONE
WHY DON'T LA’S HIP-HOP AND R&B RADIO STATIONS PLAY MORE HOMETOWN ARTISTS?

BY JEFF WEISS

If you want to understand how depressingly generic L.A.’s contemporary rap and R&B radio stations are, examine Power 106’s playlist. Of its seven most-played songs, six feature Drake or The Weeknd. The entire 44-track exercise in sterility includes one solo cut from an L.A. artist — YG’s “Twist My Fingaz” — released 18 months ago.

The Burbank station’s chief competition hasn’t fared better. Despite launching with the goal of “exuding L.A.,” Real 92.3 FM should apply for a Canadian passport and pass out poutine. Its only original idea was stealing Big Boy and DJ Carisma from its rivals. Real 92.3 undoubtedly makes Eazy-E’s spirit swoon for broadcasting on the same frequency as 92.3 The Beat, which hosted the dearly departed “Ruthless Radio Show.”

The only recent YG single in rotation is a Drake collaboration.

The most lucid part of Kanye’s Sacramento rant was when he said, “I know it’s a lot of real programming directors with wives and kids that love music, that can’t play what they want to play because they’ve been paid to play that bullshit over and over.”

A recent YouTube clip of a sobbing blond evangelical went viral when she linked American moral decay to hearing Vince Staples “Norf Norf” on the airwaves. But for L.A. residents, the biggest surprise wasn’t pithy evangelical zealots getting upset about gangsta rap but, rather, that red-state radio stations play Vince Staples while his hometown ignores him.

Never mind independent artists; even major-label signees with promotional budgets get iced out, save for mix-show spins or greyarea-hour tokenism. The only Schoolboy Q song played is the one that features Kanye. The only recent YG single in rotation is a Drake collaboration. You’re more apt to hear Kid Ink on Power 106 than Kendrick Lamar. Rihanna called Interscope’s Boogie her new favorite rapper, but until he gets a feature from her, it’s unlikely that he’ll get any much-deserved spins.

It doesn’t have to be this way. I just came back from Houston, where 97.9 FM (“The Box”) exemplifies the importance of a radio station that regularly plays local heroes, from Z-Ro to DJ XO. It helps foster regional culture and also strengthens the bond between hometown artists and their communities. In Atlanta, three separate radio stations are devoted to modern hip-hop and R&B with a heavy emphasis on Atlanta music, part of the infrastructure that has made that city a music-industry capital.

Such hometown-friendly programming is reminiscent of the days when the Baka Boyz controlled programming at Power 106. Artists including Domino, Funkdoobiest, A Lighter Shade of Brown and The Pharcyde competed for airtime alongside Dre and Snoop. An unspoken compact existed between the audience and the DJs, who were invested in the city and nurturing the next generation of stars.

In that era, programming directors reflected local demographics and championed Latino rappers. In today’s climate, we have Inglewood- and South Gate-raised King Lil G, a certified hometown icon earning millions of YouTube plays per video, but he still can’t cross over to the mainstream due to radio politics.

Of course, it’s never been easier to get your music heard. Satellite and internet radio, YouTube, the streaming networks and Pandora offer a panoply of options. But when Chris Richards of The Washington Post recently asked a class of 27 high school freshmen how they listened to music, radio still ranked as the No. 1 way. In L.A., we’re lucky to have KDAY and KCRW. Dublab is thankfully supposed to come to you
I'm in Charing Cross in London at an affordable hotel that caters to business types. I arrived a few hours ago. I didn't even try to stand up to the jet lag that almost mugged me when I walked into the room. I fell out for a few hours and woke up just in time to watch the gray sky drain away and turn dark. I've been staring out of the window, down onto the street.

Tomorrow I'll be at BBC Radio 6 for some production work. The length of my stay here will be approximately 43 hours. It's a long way for a cup of tea, but to me it's worth it to be at the BBC and have a few hours to walk around.

Most places I go I can relate to musically. In almost any major city I frequent, I have memories that are tied to music. Some of the first shows I ever did in a touring band were here. They didn't always go well, but by the time I was 21, England and especially London were part of my life.

There are at least two versions of this city for me. One is a place where I have performed for four decades, which is very real. The other, to a certain degree, exists untroubled by facts. It is the latter I greatly prefer. When I think of England, I think of all the bands and the thousands of records that journeyed across the Atlantic to the record store where, 30-some years ago, I went almost weekly, hoping another single had made its way to the bins. I wish I could say that I'm as obsessed with this music as I was when I was younger, but it's only gotten worse as I've grown older. The music of bands like The Damned, Buzzcocks, Alternative TV and countless others from London seems even more miraculous now than when I first heard it.

Now and then I meet some of the people from these bands, and I do my best to not freak them out with my enthusiasm. Earlier this year I did two shows at the Barbican Theatre in London and after one of the shows Gaye Advert, along with Segs and Ruffy of The Ruts, came by the dressing room to say hello. I've met them several times before, but it was all I could do to keep my cool.

I never liked being in a band all that much.

Have you ever walked around some place, looking for the clues to some mystery of your life? You don't exactly know what you're looking for or what you would do if you found it, but it keeps you on the streets for hours. I do this in a lot of places, from where I grew up to cities all over the world. The context the music from these places gives me when I walk around is completely invented in my mind; that being the case, it's all mine and the perfect definition of freedom. My thoughts are the songs the band left off the records, knowing I would eventually find them on some night, somewhere. I guess it's that music I want to thank these bands for.

One night later: The session at the BBC went well. We tracked the voice drops for four shows in 2 hrs., 43 mins.

It's Friday night and the streets are packed with young people of all kinds. Punk-rock kids, Muslim girls, the martini crowd with their short skirts and tight pants — all parade past the window of the coffee place I'm in. I'm listening to Machine Gun Etiquette by The Damned, as I try to do every Friday night. It sounds better here. I live for moments like this.

One night later. Back in Los Angeles at a coffee place. I got in a few hours ago and almost immediately started running a fever. It's the crossing-the-finish-line comedown. My body knows it has a few days before the tour resumes and it's letting me have it. Despite feeling bad, I had to get out of the house. So here I am, as always, listening to the soundtrack that lives between the notes.
Remembering Bowie
@ THE SATELLITE
It’s been less than a year since David Bowie died on Jan. 10 in New York City, and major tributes to the Thin White Duke are planned for the new year, including “Celebrating Bowie,” a tour featuring former bandmates, which stops at the Wiltern next month. Tonight’s “Remembering Bowie” commemoration at the Satellite is a more intimate affair that should nonetheless emphasize again how the former David Jones radically influenced a disparate array of musicians. Local quartet Gateway Drugs will reinterpret some of Bowie’s songs through the rosy prism of their jangling psychedelic pop, while Frankie & the Studs frontwoman Frankie Clarke will take more of a classic Hollywood glam-rock approach. Death Valley Girls’ fearless hellion Bonnie Bloomgarden likely will also bring some hard-rock thunder, whereas Feels’ Laena Geronimo could punk things up or go in a more sugary, pop direction. —Falling James

Mark de Clive-Lowe
@ BLUEWHALE
The New Zealand–born Mark de Clive-Lowe has taken his soul-jazz sonics all over the world. Now ensconced in L.A., he was a central component of London’s broken-beat scene for several years. A pianist-composer as much as wizardly electronic producer, de Clive-Lowe takes his roots as a jazz musician into heady realms with ‘70s jazz–inspired, funk/rock realms with ‘70s jazz–inspired, funk–rock production setup on the fly using drum machines, keyboards and spontaneous sampling to create new remixes at every show. This “New Year’s Eve Eve” celebration features de Clive-Lowe with his group, Church (also the name of his latest album in a name fully defying the funk), joined by a live string section, vocalist Nia Andrews, Church resident DJ Sean O’Shea and super-special guests. —John Payne

Queen Nation
@ THE OBSERVATORY
Queen are one of the few bands that have a way of meaning something different to everyone. Released between 1973 and 1995, their 15 studio albums shattered barriers by bringing together influences as wide-ranging as heavy metal, symphonic rock, funk, jazz and rockabilly. Though Old Chintatown is long gone, the Queen Nation Tribute Band are very much on right now. Dirty Eyes and The Katellas complete the bill. —Brett Callwood

Mr. Airplane Man, The Zeros
@ REDWOOD BAR & GRILL
Boston band Mr. Airplane Man is often compared to the White Stripes, not only because they’re a guitar-and-drums duo but also because they blend garage rock and authentic blues with sizzling results. Still, it’s a lazy comparison because sonically, the differences are stark. Mr. Airplane Man’s use of delicate harmonies is important, as is the fact that singer-guitarist Margaret Garrett has a voice that could calm a prison riot. Tonally, they’re smooth, rich and brimming with bluesy passion. Put them on a bill with sleazy Cali punk pioneers The Zeros and the show is an enticing proposition. The Zeros have been the definition of on-again-off-again for three decades, but the band are very much on right now. Dirty Eyes and The Katellas complete the bill. —Matt Miner
the hands of L.A.-based Draemings, who layers echoing vocals and builds a beat that feels like Dr. Martens creeping across a booze-sticky goth club dance floor. As Draemings, Kimi Recor’s knack for tugging at heartstrings extends to her original material. Her 2016 album, *The Eternal Lonesome*, is full of dark jams with big vocals and bigger choruses, such as the synth-heavy “Like a Ghost,” which can make you sing along through a really bad day. The lineup for this free show hits all the right spots to start the new year, from the post-punk of Moaning to the more experimental Their Only Dreams. Try to catch Ever So Android, too, who give soulful garage rock an electronic edge. —Liz Ohanesian

**Fan Fiction, No Win**
@ **THE BOOTLEG**
“My insides are dried up/My outsides are restless as ever,” Fan Fiction’s Rick confesses amid a crush of guitars on his new EP, *Fort Anxiety*. The song segues from the sirenlike guitar tolling of its intro into a more euphoric pop-punk momentum as he surveys being on the cusp of adulthood. “I’m just a fucked-up version of me,” he admits, until the guitars take him out of his self-pity and he realizes, “I’ve got my whole life in front of me.” No Win are a new band featuring former FIDLAR drummer Danny Nogueiras. In sharp contrast with FIDLAR, No Win revel in unabashedly melodic power-pop tunes. There’s a little of FIDLAR’s punky drive, but Nogueiras’ hooks and pop instincts are closer to Big Star than to Agent Orange. —Falling James

**Flying Hair**
@ **THE ECHO**
Good news for freaks and creeps: L.A.’s Flying Hair recently hit vinyl, the most suitable possible format for their mind-grinding, analog-dystopia downer punk. Their *Haunted Hangout II* tape is available now from Casual Acid Tea, and was mixed and produced by Brian McKinley, the arbiter of sonic excellence from RTX, Black Bananas and progressive disco duo Basil & Rogers, so he knows how freaks should sound. Naturally, *HHII* is as cosmic as it is heavy: We all know dark matter is far heavier than the heaviest terrestrial metal, and that’s what Flying Hair chew through here, with Roky Erickson–meets–pulp sci-fi imagery and a dynamic based more on dark corridors and jump-out-of-your-seat scares than on melody and harmony. —Chris Ziegler

**Jay Dee Maness**
@ **CODY’S VIVA CANTINA**
The loss of Merle Haggard and Red Simpson this year seemed to sound a final death knell for legitimate California country, but anytime Jay Dee Maness takes the bandstand, all such dismay is erased. The legendary pedal steel guitarist, who replaced Tom Brumley in Buck Owens’ Buckaroos circa ’69, is an incomparable musician with impeccable taste and an impressive trove of stellar credits. Maness’ warm, expressive style — always complementary, never overplayed — made him an in-demand sideman, and he has recorded with everyone from Gram Parsons and The Byrds to Charlie Rich and Waylon Jennings. Joined at this weekly sit-down jam by formidable guitar slingers Carmine Sardo and Cody Bryant, pianist Skip Edwards and local hero Ronnie Mack, Maness is in the ideal setting, and the results are invariably stunning. —Jonny Whiteside

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8:30 p.m., $5. The Gears, The Mormons, Akrid, Lovable Mutts, Fri., Dec. 30, 8:30 p.m., TBA.
4:50 p.m., free.

2500 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach. New Year's Eve Party, with Dance the Whimsey, The Black Eyed, Dark Crystal, Nowhere Girl, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m., $40-$175.


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THE BLACK QUEEN
TELEFON TEL AVIV & VOGEL

SAT. DECEMBER 31
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THU. JANUARY 5
ROSECRANS AVE w/ AzSWAYE

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THE MOTH

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YOUTH CODE & DISGRACE

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1/13 LAGOS TO LOS ANGELES
1/17 THE MOTH
1/19 UNDERGROUND RISING
1/19 INDIE NIGHT
1/20 TEEN PARTY
1/25 SECRET AGENT
1/26 FAMOUS DEX
1/31 COLORS COMEDY
2/18 THE 40TH BIRTHDAY RUMOURS RAVE
2/28 KODIE SHANE

THU. JANUARY 5
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THU. JANUARY 5
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ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

Fri. December 30
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DJ SNEAK, DOC MARTIN, FELIX DA HOUSECAT, DJ REZA, PAUL AHI, TRENT CANTRELLE, FREDDY BE & KENDO

SAT. DECEMBER 31
TOGETHER AS ONE: NYE 2017
DJ SNEAK, DOC MARTIN, FELIX DA HOUSECAT, DJ REZA, PAUL AHI, TRENT CANTRELLE, FREDDY BE & KENDO

COMING SOON:
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1/17 THE MOTH
1/19 UNDERGROUND RISING
1/19 INDIE NIGHT
1/20 TEEN PARTY
1/25 SECRET AGENT
1/26 FAMOUS DEX
1/31 COLORS COMEDY
2/18 THE 40TH BIRTHDAY RUMOURS RAVE
2/28 KODIE SHANE

THU. DECEMBER 29
PROJECT BLOWED XXII
ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

FRI. DECEMBER 30
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DJ SNEAK, DOC MARTIN, FELIX DA HOUSECAT, DJ REZA, PAUL AHI, TRENT CANTRELLE, FREDDY BE & KENDO

SAT. DECEMBER 31
TOGETHER AS ONE: NYE 2017
DJ SNEAK, DOC MARTIN, FELIX DA HOUSECAT, DJ REZA, PAUL AHI, TRENT CANTRELLE, FREDDY BE & KENDO

COMING SOON:
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1/20 TEEN PARTY
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1/26 FAMOUS DEX
1/31 COLORS COMEDY
2/18 THE 40TH BIRTHDAY RUMOURS RAVE
2/28 KODIE SHANE
Dinner Show, Fridays, Saturdays, 7:30 p.m.; Sundays, 6 p.m., $20 & $35. New Year's Eve Flamenco Celebration, with Los 440's, Sat., Dec. 31, & 9 p.m., $60-$110.

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

THE GRANADA LA: 175 S. First St., Alhambra. Salsa Fridays, Fridays, 9:30 p.m., $10. Salsa & Bachata Saturdays, 7 p.m.-3 a.m., $15. Salsa & Bachata Tuesdays, 9:30 a.m., $5. Bachata Thursdays, 7 p.m., $5-$10.

NEW YORK PLACE: 2601 S. Soto St., Los Angeles. Ray Carrion & The Latin All Stars, Fri., Dec. 30, 9 p.m., $20.

THE PALMS RESTAURANT: 9060 Florence Ave., Downey. La Charanga Cubana, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.-2 a.m., $100.

TIA CHUCHA'S CENTRAL CULTURAL & BOOKSTORE: 13317 W. Gladstone Ave., Sylmar. Open mic, Fridays, 8-10 p.m.

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THE CINEMA BAR: 3967 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. The Hot Club of L.A., Mondays, 9 p.m., free.


COWBOY COUNTRY: 3231 E. South St., Long Beach. Joe Johnson, Dec. 30-31, 9 p.m, $5.

THE COWBOY PALACE SALON: 21635 Devonshire St., Chatsworth. Sterling Silver, Fri., Dec. 30, 8 p.m., free. Hollywood Hillbillies, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m. South 65, Tue., Jan. 3, 8 p.m, free. The Mary White Band, Wed., Jan. 4, 8 p.m, free. Debra Lee & Trigger Happy, Thu., Jan. 5, 8 p.m.

IRELAND'S 32: 13721 Burbank Blvd., Van Nuys. Acoustic Jam, Tuesdays, 8 p.m, free.

JOE'S GREAT AMERICAN BAR & GRILL: 4311 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank. Jason Brand & the BC Riders, Fri., Dec. 30, 9 p.m, free. LaBamba & the Hubbubs, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m, $29 & 53. DJ Patrick Morrison, Mon., Jan. 2, 9 p.m, free. The Ploughboys, Wed., Jan. 4, 9 p.m, free.

SAGEBRUSH CANTINA: 23527 Calabasas Road, Calabasas. Sonny Moreno, Sat., Jan. 7, 9-10 p.m, free.

TINHORN FLATS SALOON & GRILL: 7709 N. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles. Tina Michelle & the Rhinestone Riders, Fri., Dec. 30, 9 p.m, free. LaBamba & the B&L All-Stars, Fri., Dec. 30, 9:30 p.m, $20. Markus Bitar, Menno De Jong, Fri., Dec. 30, 10 p.m, $20 & $90. Duke Dumont, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $120 & $300. Inception, Saturdays, 10 p.m.

FUBAR: 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Body Bump, Fridays, 10 p.m, 2 a.m. free. B.F.D., Thursdays, 10 p.m, free.

GONG LIN WANG: 451-473 Gin Ling Way, Los Angeles. All Day I Dream, with Lee Burnidge, Hoj, Gojei Hewek, & Iheveshi, Sun., Jan. 1, 11-10 p.m, $45. See Music Pick.

GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB: 945 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry & Diana Meleen spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m, $8.

HONEYCUT: 819 S. Flower St., Los Angeles. DJ Ladymonix, DJ Whitney Fierce, waxing disco, Wednesdays, 10 p.m, free.

HOWL AT THE MOON: 1000 Universal Studios Blvd., Universal City, New Year's Eve 2017, with musicians TBA, Sat., Dec. 31, 7-1:30 a.m, TBA.

LA CITA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Punky Reggae Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony, Fridays, 9 p.m, $55. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Saturdays, 2-9 p.m, free; DJ Pavo, 21 & over, Saturdays, 9-2 a.m, free. Moist Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m, TBA.


THE MAYAN: 1038 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Saturday Nightclub, with DJs serving Top 40, salsa, house, pop, hip-hop and more, 21 & over, Saturdays, 9-2 a.m, $20, $30.


NEWPORT DUNES WATERFRONT RESORT & MARINA: 101 N. Bayside Drive, Newport Beach. Resolution NYE 2017, with SNBRN, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m, $130-$375. Above & Beyond, Sun., Jan. 1, 29 p.m, $55-$65.

NOOR: 300 E. Colorado Blvd., #200, Pasadena. NYE 2017 Party, with DJ Richard Blade, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $130-$53.

PARADISE RESTAURANT: 889 W. 190th St., Gardena. The Sixth Annual Carpe Diem New Year's Eve, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $25-$50.

PATTERN BAR: 100 W. North St., Los Angeles. Midnight City, DJ Panamajack, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, free.

PUB WITH NO NAME: 1013 S. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Club Underground, with DJs Larry & Diana Meleen spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21 & over, Fridays, 9 p.m, $8.


THE REGENT: 1234 W. 7th St., Los Angeles. Funky Sole, with Music Man Miles, DJ Soft Touch and others, 21 & over, Saturdays, 10 p.m, free-55.

THE SOCIALIZER: 1254 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. R&B Only on NYE, with Supreme the DJ, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $29-$50. Dub Club, an eternally mesmerizing night of reggae, dub and beyond from resident DJs Tom Chasten, Roy Cordero, The Dungeonmaster and Boss Harmony, plus occasional live sets from Jamaican legends, 21 & over, Wednesdays, 9 p.m, $7.

THE EDISON: 108 W. Second St., Los Angeles. N.YE Show, with a DJ TBA, aerialists, tap dancers and more, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $100.

EXCHANGE LA: 618 S. Spring St., Los Angeles. Awakening, Fridays, 10 p.m, Jordan Suckley, Eddie Bitar, Meneo De Jong, Fri., Dec. 30, 10 p.m, $20 & $90, Duke Dumont, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $120 & $300. Inception, Saturdays, 10 p.m.

FURAB: 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Body Bump, Fridays, 10 p.m, 2 a.m. free. B.F.D., Thursdays, 10 p.m, free.

GIN LING WAY: 451-473 Gin Ling Way, Los Angeles. All Day I Dream, with Lee Burnidge, Hoj, Gojei Hewek & Iheveshi, Sun., Jan. 1, 11-10 p.m, $45. See Music Pick.


HARD ROCK CAFE: 1645 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. New Year's Eve Celebration, Sat., Dec. 31, 8 p.m, $100, $150, $200 & $300. All Night Party, with DJ John Joseph, Sat., Dec. 31, 9 p.m, $20-53.


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MARGARET GLASPY
Emotions and Math
At their best, these songs share the self-examining intimacy of Elliott Smith and the imaginative melodic intonations of Joni Mitchell, two of Glaspy’s most obvious influences. - Pitchfork

JOSEPH
I’m Alone, No You’re Not
A masterclass in pristine 3-part harmony, the album features golden, shimmering pop songs tucked next to the most delicate ballads: love lost and found, amplified by three unwavering voices.

SHIRLEY COLLINS
Lodestar
Whether stark and menacing, grief-laden or simply plain daft, Lodestar is a triumph of storytelling and sound. A welcome return from a true oracle of traditional song.

VIOLENT FEMMES
We Can Do Anything
A breezy return to what they do best: acoustic folk-punk with ragged edges, held together by Gano’s ear for a ringing melody and delivered like a peculiarly skittish Lou Reed.

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Head Carrier
Proving that they’re just as raw, smart, combative, and thoughtful as when they first burst onto the scene, The Pixies knock another one out of the park.

ALLAH-LAS
Calico Review
On Calico Review, the California quartet’s third album, Allah-Las weave their dreamy version of west coast psychedelia with advanced songwriting and exquisite production detail.

AGNES OBEL
Citizen of Glass
Obel, a classically-trained pianist, creates dark, crystalline chamber pop by incorporating the sounds of centuries past with lush string arrangements, voice modulation, and electronic effects.

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PASSADENA SYMPHONY: Soprano Sherezade Panthaki casts alyth arias by Handel, violinist William Hagen sifts through Bach’s Violin Concerto No. 1 in A minor, and Nicholas McGegan conducts Bach’s Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and Handel’s Water Music: Suite No. 2, Sat., Jan. 21, 2 & 8 p.m., $35. Ambassador Auditorium.


RUSTY ANDERSON: Sat., Jan. 14, 8 p.m., $20-$40. Smothers Theatre, Pepperdine University.

SALASTINA MUSIC SOCIETY: As part of LACO music director Jeffrey Kahane’s “Lift Every Voice” festival, the chamber musicians string together Kurt Weill’s String Quartet No. 1, Op. 8; Beethoven’s Caprices for Two Violins; and Benjamin Britten’s String Quartet No. 2 in C major, from this hilly seaside refuge, Sun., Jan. 15, 3 p.m. Villa Aurora.

THE SANTA CECELLA ORCHESTRA: The band’s wind musicians step up with airy tunes by J.S. Bach, Bizet, Farkas and Nielsen, Sat., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., $24. Santa Cecilia Arts & Learning Center.


SHANGHAI QUARTET: Violist Cindy Wu takes the lead on Brahms’ Quintet in F, Op. 88, and the chamber musicians lay down quartets by Mendelssohn and Barber, Sat., Jan. 14, 4 p.m., Doheny Mansion.

SHE ROCKS AWARDS: With Lita Ford, Shirley Manson, Esperanza Spalding, Fri., Jan. 20, 7 p.m., $40-$175. Hilton Anaheim Hotel.

THE SMELL BENEFIT SHOW: With Best Coast, No Age, Bleached, Ty Segall, Vice Cooler, Sat., Jan. 7, 9 p.m., $35. The Belasco.

SURF CURSE: Fri., Jan. 13, 8:30 p.m., $25. The Observatory.


THE DEVIL MAKES THREE: Fri., Jan. 6, 8 p.m., $27.50. The Viper Theatre.


PASADENA SYMPHONY: Soprano Sherezade Panthaki casts alyth arias by Handel, violinist William Hagen sifts through Bach’s Violin Concerto No. 1 in A minor, and Nicholas McGegan conducts Bach’s Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and Handel’s Water Music: Suite No. 2, Sat., Jan. 21, 2 & 8 p.m., $35. Ambassador Auditorium.

PHANTASM: The viola quartet shape-shifts its way around ancient melodies by Byrd, Gibbons, Locke, Purcell, and parts of J.S. Bach’s Art of Fugue, in a Da Camera Society presentation, Sat., Jan. 21, 3 p.m., $35 & $75. Doheny Mansion.

ROBERT ZAPPULLA: The Claremont professor gives a recital of harpsichord music by Girolamo Frescobaldi, Sat., Jan. 1, 4 p.m., free. Church of the Angels, 1100 Avenue of the Arts, Los Angeles. See GoLA.

MANNHEIM STEAMROLLER: Fri., Dec. 30, 7 p.m. Fox Performing Arts Center, 3801 Mission Inn Ave., Riverside.


LA. CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Sat., Jan. 21, 8 p.m., $29-$125. Alex Theatre.

LE SALON DE MUSIQUES: Soprano Summer Hassan, pianist Francois Chouchany, cellist Vijay Venkatesh, violinist John Walz, and violinists Vijay Venkatesh mull over works by Russian composers Tchaikovsky, Martinu, Rachmaninoff, and Eloise Shankar offers the West Coast premiere of her late father Ravi Shankar’s Sitar Concerto No. 2 (“Raga Malhar”), Jan. 13-14, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 15, 2 p.m., $20-$190. The Broad Stage, Santa Monica College Performing Arts Center.
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656 Legal Notices

Quintana and Leena Patricia Quintana Resendez to Leena Patricia Quintana Resendez. Now, therefore, it is hereby or- dered that persons inter- ested in the said matter of change of name above mentioned are hereby notified that the original of this order be published in the LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation for the County of Los Angeles, once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the date set for hearing of said petition, so to publish 12/15/16, 12/22/16, 12/29/16 and 1/5/17. Dated Nov 23rd, 2016.

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660 Public Notices

Fictitious Business State-
ments
The following person(s) are doing business as: MARTETT DAD HAT, 529 Doflein Lane, Pinole, CA 94564. This business is con- ducted by an individual. The registrant(s) has/have not com- mitted to transact business under the fictitious business name or names listed above. Signed: Geormel Benson, Secretary, December 8th, 2016.

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656 Legal Notices

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE FOR CHANGE OF NAME
Case No. EDC12-125
Superior Court of California Los Angeles Superior Court 500 East Olive Avenue Bur- bank, CA 91502 North Cen- tral District. On 11/15/16 in the matter of petitioner Noah Cruz Resendez, Leena Patricia Quintana Resendez, and Jake Resendez. It is hereby ordered that all per- sons interested in the above-entitled matter of change of name appear before the above-entitled court as follows to show why the petition for change of name should not be granted. Located at Superior Court of California, 500 East Olive Avenue Bur- bank, CA 91502 North Cen- tral District. On 12/29/16 in the matter of change of name having been filed against the clerk of the court, and it appearing from said peti- tion that said petitioner desires to have his name changed from Noah Cruz Resendez to Jake Resendez.

619 Employment

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MAIL TO: JURO HAVNED. Now, therefore, it is hereby or- dered that all persons inter- ested in the said matter of change of name above mentioned are hereby notified that the original of this order be published in the LA Weekly, a newspaper of general circulation for the County of Los Angeles, once a week for four (4) successive weeks prior to the date set for hearing of said petition. Set published 12/15/16, 12/22/16, 12/29/16.

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