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

WHY WE STILL MARCH

BY ANGELICA VARGAS
FIRST FRIDAYS
FEB 2

LIVE MUSIC | 8 PM–10 PM
JOHN DOE & EXENE
PHOEBE BRIDGERS

DJ LOUNGE | 5–10 PM
KCRW DJ ANTHONY VALADEZ
WITH SPECIAL GUEST
DJ REFLEX

DISCUSSION | 6:30 PM
FROM L.A., TO INFINITY –
AND BEYOND!
BENJAMIN DICKOW
DIANA TRUJILLO
PETER WESTWICK
AND MODERATOR
PATT MORMISON

L.A. INVENTS
A BECOMING LOS ANGELES SERIES

TICKETS AT
NHM.ORG/firstfridays
#FirstFridaysNHMLA
WOMEN’S MARCH
-LOS ANGELES FOUNDATION-

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20TH, 2018

RALLY STARTS AT 9AM,
PERSHING SQUARE- 532 S. OLIVE STREET, LA CA 90013

FOR MORE INFO: WOMENSMARCHLA.ORG
JAN 20
Join us for a FREE behind-the-scenes tour of The Los Angeles Film School’s campus!
RSVP TODAY
lafilm.edu/studiotour • 866-789-6188

LAFS

WAKE UP EVERY DAY AND LOVE WHAT YOU DO. IT’S TIME TO BE CREATIVE. YOUR PASSION, YOUR MONEY. THIS IS YOUR FIRST STEP.
Smile. It’s legal.

01·01·18

MedMen
From Lowlifes to the Olympics

Greg Snyder’s new book, *Skateboarding L.A.: Inside Professional Street Skateboarding* ($39, NYU Press), looks at skateboarding from the point of view of the skater as a catalyst for social change — a far cry from what was once a nuisance on par with white dogshit or kids on front lawns. In two years, skating will be an Olympic sport. Snyder takes the aesthetics of the sport and its long-standing cultural ties with L.A. even while fleshing out its global history and showing off where the locals skate in this entertaining dive into what skating is all about. The *Last Bookstore*, 453 S. Spring St., downtown; Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m.; free. (213) 488-0599, lastbookstorela.com/events/skateboarding-la-greg-snyder/.

—David Cotner

**BOOKS**

All That Glitters

The Da Camera Society’s aptly Chamber Music in Historic Sites is held in a variety of fantastic locations, and tonight’s season-launching concert is in the fairy tale–like Victorian landmark Doheny Mansion, whose ornate Pompeian Room features marble pillars and gilt decor under a large, glass dome. *Pacifica Quartet* invoke three varied works by Beethoven. The Indiana–based ensemble recently added a new violinist, Austin Hartman, and violinist, Guy Ben-Ziony, who now accompany the longtime husband-and-wife duo of cellist Brandon Vamos and the always physically demonstrative violinist Simin Ganatra. Even with these changes, expect superior, nuanced dynamics and rich tonal textures from these adept musicians. *Doheny Mansion*, 10 Chester Place, West Adams District; Fri., Jan. 19, 7:40 p.m.; $50 & $85. (213) 477-2962, dacamera.org. —Falling James

**TELEVISION**

Holy Tights, Batman!

Celebrating the golden era of the Bright Knight, the *Batman ’66 Exhibit* is a massive cavalcade of props, costumes and other ephemera from a TV series that’s anything but ephemeral; its five-decades–long appeal shows no signs of waning. Divided into sections — the Batcave, Collectibles of Batman ’66, the Gallery of Guest Super Villains, Stately Wayne Manor — the exhibition showcases treasures from the history of the phenomenon originally broadcast from 1966 to ’68. The original Dr. Cassandra costume worn by guest villainess Ida Lupino — from 1968 episode “The Encroaching Dr. Cassandra” — has never been seen in public. *The Hollywood Museum*, 1660 N. Highland Ave, Hollywood; Wed.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; runs through March 17; $15 adults, $12 students/seniors 65+, $5 ages 5 & younger. (323) 464-7776, facebook.com/events/1539137709474744.

—David Cotner

**DANCE**

An Odyssey of Local Dance

L.A. boasts a number of dance festivals, most with lots of troupes offering brief samples from their repertoire. Several years ago, the Odyssey Theatre launched a festival that is more a planned meal than amorgasbord, giving an entire weekend (sometimes two) to a few noteworthy local troupes. *Dance at the Odyssey 2018* opens this week with Micaela Taylor *TL Collective* in *Rosewood*, which blends hip-hop with contemporary dance. Next weekend, the stage belongs to L.A. Contemporary Dance Company, known for work by its artistic directors as well as its ability to attract other L.A. choreographers. *LACDC* brings a triptych program with contributions from director Genevieve Carson; Capezio award–winning dancer Nathan Makolandra; and Stephanie Zaletel, who heads local all-female troupe Szalt. The final weekend focuses on choreographer Corina Kinnear, who closes the festival with her provocatively titled *Naked*. *Odyssey Theatre Ensemble*, 2055 S. Sepulveda Blvd., West L.A.; Micaela Taylor *TL Collective*, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m.; Sun., Jan. 21, 2 p.m.; $15-$25; L.A. Contemporary Dance Company, Fri.-Sat., Jan. 26-27 & Feb. 2-3, 8 p.m.; Sun., Feb. 4, 2 p.m.; $15-$25; Corina Kinnear, Thu.-Fri., Feb. 8-9, 8 p.m.; $15-$25. odysseytheatre.com. —Ann Haskins

**THEATER**

From Dusk Till Dawn

Theatre of Note hosts its 23rd annual *Hollywood Performance Marathon*. Fifty-plus performers will donate their time and talent to benefit the nonprofit ensemble theater, known for its willingness to take risks. Expect an extravaganza of performances including comedy, juggling, poetry, puppets, performance art, dance, music, monologues and more. *Theatre of Note*, 1517 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood; Sat., Jan. 20, 3 p.m.-dawn; $20. (323) 856-8811, theatreenote.com.

—Richard Chang

**FASHION/MUSEUMS**

Calling All Dappers!

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

**LA’s Most Celebrated & Friendly Injectors**

**BIG COMBOS**

**JANUARY 11TH - JANUARY 17TH, 2018**

**BOTOX® at**

$7* per unit

**WITH PURCHASE OF ANY JUVÉDERM FILLER**

*AS LOW AS $5.87 BASED ON 24 UNITS. 34 UNIT MINIMUM. REFLECTS INSTANT $50 REBATE. SEE DETAILS AT WWW.OUBEAUTY.COM

**Juvéderm®**

**PURCHASE 60+ UNITS OF DYSPORT AT $2.95**

**PER UNIT**

**$250 TRIO**

**PURCHASE 24+ UNITS OF XEOMIN® Botulinum neurotoxin type A**

AND GET 1.5 CC OF Radiesse®

FOR JUST $7.95* Per Unit FOR JUST $350* (GREAT TOWARDS YOUR NEXT PURCHASE OF JUVÉDERM)

**No Double Chin. No Surgery. No Kidding.**

**kybella™**

Recommended 1-3 vials for first treatment and 1-2 for second.

**Introductory Offer**

**$495 PER VIAL**

**LIMITED TIME**

**FREE**

**100 OFF 1ST TREATMENT**

**CoolSculpting**

**Freeze the Fat Away PERMANENTLY**

**$199**

**30-day Supply**

**NO EXAM FEE**

**Remove fat permanently**

**More details at www.oubeauty.com • Botox Diamond Award**

**OBEAUTY MEDICAL SPA**

9 YEARS IN A ROW 2008-2017

**NOW 2 GREAT LOCATIONS**

818.551.1682 130 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale, CA

213.617.1682 125 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, CA

Open 7 Days a Week ‘til 8pm

seniors & students, $7 kids. (213) 763-3466. dapperday.com/natural-history-museum-of-la-county. –Siran Babayan

**ART**

**A Trio of Voices**

The Pasadena Museum of California Art offers a powerful triptych continuing PST, L.A./LA’s discursive exploration of uniquely Latinx and Californian voices. “Testament of the Spirit: Paintings of Eduardo Carillo” invites meditation across frontiers — public murals, intimate watercolors and masterpieces steeped in magical realism, which reveal his complex and creative mind. Upending phallocentric narratives, “The Feminine Sublime” offers large-scale works from L.A. artists aimed to counter traditional landscape painters, interrogating form and challenging aesthetics in a re-imagining of our relationship to dystopian realities. “Ana Serrano: Homegrown” is an “immersive garden of paper and cardboard referencing both built and natural environments that provide the soil for family traditions to take root.” Alisyn Stevenson, Museum of California Art, 490 E. Union St., Pasadena; Wed.-Sun., noon-5 p.m.; noon-8 p.m. on third Thursday of the month; through June 3; $7 adults, $5 seniors, students and educators; free 12 and younger. (626) 589-3665; pmcaonline.org. –Beige Luciano-Adams

**ART**

**Pain ... Will You Return It?**

Prisons, for all their secrecy and security, have a soundtrack all their own — and artist Lawrence Abu Hamdan has made listening to one prison, in particular, his specialty. Sayndaya, the Syrian military prison north of Damascus, exists in darkness both actual and operational. No independent international monitors are allowed in, but former Sayndaya prisoners have used the memories formed by their heightened sense of hearing to give Abu Hamdan a sense of what the prison is actually like. Former Sayndaya prisoners have used the memories formed by their heightened sense of hearing to give Abu Hamdan a sense of what the prison is actually like — from architecture and floor plans to the places where the pain is dispensed. Hammer Museum, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood, Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m.; through March 3. Info: (310) 828-7223, nerdmeltla.com

**COMEDY/BOOKS**

**Ring Them Bells**

W. Kamau Bell is a different kind of comic in that his humor isn’t just observational — it actually does something about those things he’s looking at. His latest book, The Awkward Thoughts of W. Kamau Bell: Tales of a ’64”, African-American, Heterosexual, Clasgender, Left-Leaning, At insisth, Black and Proud Blerd, Mama’s Boy, Dad and Stand-Up Comedian ($28, Dutton), is an extension of his old Totally Biased show and his new United Shades of America series on CNN. Topical without being typical, Bell reveals what’s really going on in America today, which makes his comedy more necessary than ever. Largo at the Coronet, 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Grove, Mon., Jan. 23, 7 p.m. ($30), 8 p.m. ($25). (303) 855-0350, largo-la.com/event/1599487-kamau-bell-los-angeles/. –David Cotner

**BOOKS**

**Life Goes On**

No one gets out of this life alive — so what happens to you after you finally do get out? For a little perspective and zero hard answers, Live Talks L.A. presents Michael Shermer discussing Heavens on Earth: The Scientific Search for the Afterlife, Immortality and Utopia ($30, Henry Holt & Co.). Shermer wrote his latest meditation on the human condition after talking to both soul-chasers and those attempting to extend life unto immortality through various schemes such as transhumanism and cryogenic preservation, or those who are just trying to make heaven a place on Earth just like that Belinda Carlisle song. Ann & Jerry Moss Theater, 3131 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica; Mon., Jan. 22, 8 p.m.; $20-$55. (310) 828-5580, livetaiksla.org. –David Cotner

**MUSIC**

**Getting Experimental**

Whenever you see a green umbrella dangling from the lofty rafters of Disney Hall, it’s a sign that the night’s performance will be focused on experimental new music instead of more traditional and familiar classical works. Finnish conductor Susanna Mälkki, recently anointed as L.A. Phil’s principal guest conductor, guides L.A. Phil New Music Group (a scaled-down version of the main orchestra) in a Green Umbrella program centered on the world premiere of kinetic Brazilian composer Marcos Balter’s Things Fall Apart. That piece is preceded by the U.S. premiere of Italian composer Francesca Vernelli’s eerily keening Unfolding, which is unwrapped by versatile local string musicians The Lyris Quartet and electronics wizard Charles Bascou. Pianoforte stylist Joanne Pearce
This new year, we’re ringing in our right to be who we are, and feel how we want. The passing of Prop 64 states that every adult in California can legally consume cannabis — a plant that has been used for millennia to promote health, clarity, creativity and connection. Whether you’re looking to expand your mind with a cerebral sativa like Jack Herer, or relax your body with a sleep aid like Kush Cookies, Lola Lola™ is here to help you explore, discover, and do... you. Join us in celebrating California cannabis and freedom of expression.
A day without chili is like a day without sunshine — smelly, smelly sunshine — and say without chili is like a day without...America's Most Genuine Chili. — Siran Babayan

Performances

Cacophonic Ecstasy
Modern-day epic works of art are ex-tortionately rare — rarer still is the epic that gets finished before your very eyes. In Gifts of the Spirit: Prophecy, Automatism and Discernment, performance artist Ron Athey culminates the writing of his memoir, Gifts of the Spirit, something he’s been working on since 1980, when he left the Pentecostal Church that had raised him from birth as a living saint. To finish Gifts of the Spirit, Athey, composer Sean Griffin and 16 writers, six typists, a hypnotist, vocalists and musicians all alchemize his ecstasies to reach some new level of understanding of the divine tonight. Cathedral of Saint Vibiana, 214 S. Main St., downtown; Thu., Jan. 25, 7 & 9 p.m.; $25. (213) 232-6200, thebroad.org/programs/gifts-spirit-prophecy-automatism-and-discernment.

—David Cotner

COMEDY

And Then What Happened?
We all have our cinematic faults. Movies or TV shows we’ve never seen but know we should, like Casablanca, Pulp Fiction or Game of Thrones. Don’t judge. Host and comedian Kyle Ayers doesn’t shame people for their lack of film or TV knowledge. Instead, he turns their cluelessness into a comedy show. Originated in New York, Never Seen It gathers other comics, who not only get to rewrite scripts to titles they’re unfamiliar with but also direct them using actors, costumes, props and even a live score. Past selections have included Star Wars, The Godfather, Annie Hall, Jaws, Breaking Bad and Seinfeld. For tonight’s show, which will be recorded for Ayers’ new podcast of the same name, Ayers, Sara Benincasa, Joel Kim Booster, Dave Ross and Hampton Yount will stage their versions of The Revenant, Human Centepede, Breaking Bad and Black Mirror. Comedy Central Stage, 5639 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood; Thu., Jan. 25, 8 p.m.; free, reservations required. (323) 960-5519, kyleayers.com/neverseenit.

—Siran Babayan

MIXER/TALK

Group Banter
Wanna talk sex? A new series called Pillow Talk kicks off tonight with an intro ductory mixer. Questions may include: What are our current turn-ons and hang-ups? What private pleasures do we seek to fulfill? What public actions would we like to endeavor? What are our visions of sexual utopia? This “soft launch” will serve as a brainstorm and “foreground” for future programming. Writer and Hard To Read lit-series organizer Fiona Duncan will serve as programmer and supervisor. Other guests will include model, filmmaker, journalist and sex writer Tierney Finster; activist Alice Barker (of support.fm); writer and sex educator Anna Cecilia Alvarez; psychotherapist and Soulfriend Radio host Gaia Woods; and stylist, flutist and pornographic ad campaign manager Samuel Muglia. Space is limited; RSVPs required. Penthouse of the Standard, 550 S. Flower St., downtown; Thu., Jan. 25, 7 p.m.; free; reservations required. Email fad@hardtoread.us, or Instagram: @pillo_0wtalk.

—Richard Chang
MEET OVER 500 SEXY ADULT STARS

$25 OFF
Enter Code: LAWEEKLY
or bring this ad to the AVN Show entrance
Discount not valid on previously purchased tickets.

JAN 24-27

Hard Rock HOTEL & CASINO
LAS VEGAS
ALL AGES!

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27 2018

1PM-4PM (12PM VIP ENTRY)
MAINPLACE MALL • SANTA ANA

TACOS / BEER / COCKTAILS

Featuring Unlimited Food Samples & Drinks By:

AMOR Y TACOS
BOSSCAT KITCHEN + LIBATIONS
BOTANA EXPRESS
CALIFIA FARMS
CANCUN JUICE
CARNITAS EL MOMO
CUCINA ENOTECA

DEL REAL FOODS
DIA DE LOS PUERCOS
DON PONCHOS TAQUIZA
EL PEPEÑO Loco
EL POLLO NORTEÑO
GOODFELLAS TACO CATERING
HUBERT’S LEMONADE

INFINITY SAUCES
KITCHEN CULTURE CATERING
LA VEGANA MEXICANA
LA VIDA CANTINA
MAZ CAFE
MY TACO GUY
ROLLIN’ CREAMERY

RUBIO’S COASTAL GRILL
STREETFOOD SÁNDUCHE
SUJA JUICE
TACOLIZED
TAQUERIA GUADALAJARA
TEMPO URBAN KITCHEN
THE HUB

THE NEW TACO KID
TRU BRU
WESTSIDE TACO CO.

& MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED!

Tickets on sale now at VIVALOSTACOSOC.COM • BENEFITING SANTA ANA UNIDOS
Ghost Bikes

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

BY TOMMASO DI BLASI

Some of the most vulnerable people out on the streets [in Southern California] are bicyclists," says Danny Gamboa, co-founder of Ghost Bikes L.A., a movement that honors fallen cyclists. The 43-year-old spray-paints bicycles a spectral hue whenever a bicyclist dies in the City of Angels. Then, near the crash site, he locks the white, pedal-propelled vehicles to a street sign to commemorate the lost life and help raise awareness of L.A.'s traffic violence. He calls these voluntarily constructed roadside memorials Ghost Bikes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How many deaths are acceptable? You tell me," Rogers says. "If you cannot accept the value of a human life, then you have a serious psychological problem."

Gamboa's advocacy has extended to his youngest son, Evan, who has joined his father in spray-painting Ghost Bikes. However, the 12-year-old middle schooler never imagined that he would have to set up one of the memorials for his good friend Eric Dagel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We can never take life for granted," Evan says. "We need to learn from this."
We’ve Got a Boat with Your Name on it!

The Los Angeles Boat Show is the ultimate destination for boating and outdoor lifestyle enthusiasts, featuring sport fishing boats, performance boats, ski boats, cruisers, jet skis, pontoons, motorboats, dinghies/inflatables, kayaks, stand-up paddleboards and a lot more! See ‘em, touch ‘em and sit yourself down at the helm! The fun starts here!

Admission:
$15 for adults; Children 12 and younger, FREE
Military ID, $5 discount

Hours: (Rain or shine)
Thurs.: Noon to 8 p.m.
Fri. & Sat.: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Sunday: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Details at:
LABoatShow.com

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

The reasons for attending the L.A. march varied as much as the diverse people who attended. As the one-year anniversary of this march draws near, the Women’s March L.A. Foundation has organized the second march on Saturday, Jan. 20. I spoke with some previous attendees about why they are marching again this year, what may have changed from the 2017 march, and their hopes for the coming year.

Felicitas Nuñez, a 70-year-old mother of four and grandmother of seven, marched for the first time ever in Los Angeles last year. “I am marching for fairness. I am marching for inclusiveness,” she says. “Women have been treated as second-rate citizens for too long and it’s time to level the field: equal pay for equal work. Through my working years I knew I would have to work harder than most to prove myself. Always hoping to remove the stereotype label placed on me for being a Latina woman — that makes me angry and sad at the same time.”

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

She does, however, have hope for the future. “They are more dreams than hopes,” she says. “I think the hatred being spread from the top is only making things worse. So I hope, with all my being, that we can get someone in that position who turns this disaster runaway train around.”

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

She continues, “Last year a few of my female friends didn’t understand why I was marching. I tried to explain it but they didn’t want to listen. In the last year I have...”

The Women’s March, one year later
By Angelica Vargas

More than 750,000 people marched along the streets of downtown Los Angeles on Jan. 21, 2017, to protest against President Donald Trump.

Photo by Ted Soqui

WHY WE STILL MARCH
Behavioral Research Specialists, LLC  
Paid Participation Available

Depression - Anxiety - Bipolar - Schizophrenia - Pain - Alzheimer’s
Opiate Addiction - Diabetes - Insomnia - Asthma - ADHD - Hypertension
High Cholesterol - Inappropriate - Phase I-IV - Pediatrics - PTSD - Restless Leg

230 N. Maryland Ave.  
Suite 207, Glendale, CA 91206
888-255-5798 Ext. 1  
www.brstrial.com  
info@brstrial.com

Weight Loss Program Study
Wanted: Overweight volunteers for 16 week study.

• Males/Females
• Ages 18-65
• Supplements at no cost to you
• Medical exam at no cost to you
• Van Nuys, CA
• Financial Compensation for participation

Call TODAY at 818.256.1697

WIN A $100 GIFT CARD TO AMOeba MUSIC!

Enter to win at laweekly.com/free/amoeba100

UCLA Meth Clinical Trial
A New Year, A New Approach!

Are you using meth and looking to reduce your use or stop using?

A UCLA meth clinical trial may be able to help. UCLA is conducting a clinical trial to evaluate two medications for methamphetamine use disorders. Possible risks and benefits will be discussed before agreeing to participate. All calls and visits are confidential and private. Eligible participants will have clinic visits twice a week, receive 12 weeks medication, and be compensated for study activities.

If you are between 18 to 65 years old, using crystal meth, and looking to reduce or stop call our research clinic in Hollywood (310) 709-1594

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

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

As for why it is important that she continue to march, Gonzalez says, “Women are still second-class citizens, and as a mother, I will be marching and taking action to change this for my daughter and generations to come.” Her hopes for the coming year are high: “I hope to see more women in leadership positions. I hope to see people get involved in their local communities and learn about issues that are important to them. I hope to see people take action and protect those issues through advocacy and the power of their vote. More importantly, I want to see change happen with women at the helm.”

Maricela Mercado marched last year with her husband, Antonio, and their 12-year-old son. “Economic justice, climate change, reproductive rights, LGBTQIA rights. We marched last year so that our voices would be heard around the world,” she says. “It was important to so many of us to show the world that when enough women demand change, nothing stands in our way.”

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

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

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

Since the march, our fears have turned us fierce. We have become advocates. We have found our voice and are speaking our truth. We have sparked the #metoo and #timesup movements. We are following congressional races in states other than our own, calling our congressmen and -women, signing up to run for office in record numbers. We are fighting to protect our Dreamers, our LGBT brothers and sisters and our environment. This year’s Women’s March, I believe, sends a message — a message that the movement has only just begun.

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

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

Angelica Vargas is a Latinx mother of three and daughter of immigrants. She is living her life so her parents know their journey was worth the sacrifice. She’s a self-described “proud Air Force mom and resistor.”
TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

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

BY BENJAMIN QUÍÑONES WITH RICHARD CHANG

Thousands of women are planning to descend on Pershing Square downtown on Saturday for round two of the biggest movement in America right now. The Women’s March Los Angeles starts at 9 a.m., and it’s expected, like last year, to be the largest women’s march in the nation.

“If we want democracy, we have to show up,” says Emiliana Guereca, founder and co-executive director of the Women’s March L.A. Foundation. “Hear Our Voice” was last year’s front-line rallying cry, as more than 750,000 people — some say closer to 1.2 million — rallied and hit the streets. And since that march, women’s voices have been heard — loud and clear. What was once a whisper network has turned into a boom mic.

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

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

In almost biblical terms, organizers and participants aim to revive the spirit of the feminine, and to revive the hearts of the crushed. Working from a place of pain, they’re turning it into a healing force, harnessing energy that has yet to be released.

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

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

Chi-town Mexicana

Emiliana Guereca, founder of the L.A. march, is a one-woman cavalry. Armored thick, Teflon tough, with the raw memories of Chicago-style segregation. “I grew up segregated,” says Guereca, who was raised on the South Side of Chicago. “Whites, blacks, Latinos — all in separate neighborhoods.”

After watching the 2016 presidential election, Guereca began to fill with anxiety. A man with no regard for women’s rights became president, and the possibility of mass deportations for the Mexican community and other immigrants became a real threat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A place for Muslim women, too

Before her interview with L.A. Weekly started, Jodat covered her lactating breast with a blanket and fed her new baby son Rumi, named after the 13th-century Persian Sunni Muslim poet. Her mother still lives in Iran and has
Jodat was born and raised in Tehran, in a Muslim home run by her grandmother, mother and aunties. She does not wear the Islamic hijab, the traditional Muslim headdress that has been identified in U.S. military literature as “passive terrorism.”

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

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

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

Jodat, who did not previously have a lot of experience organizing people, is now director of partnerships, connecting and collaborating with hundreds of other women. To date, Women’s March L.A. is partnering with more than 200 grassroots and community organizations, including Asian Pacific American Labor, Muslims for Progressive Justice, Black Lives Matter Los Angeles, California Coalition for Reproductive Freedom, Chicana Chingonas, Council on American-Islamic Relations, Code Pink, Dreamers United, GetLit, Guatemaltecos Para Justicia, Her Time Now, Iranian Persian Americans, Keep a Breast, Korean American Coalition, Latinas for Reproductive Justice, League of Women Voters, LGBT+ Center L.A., L.A. Federation of Labor, the Martin Luther King Coalition of Southern California, Maternal Mental Health Now, Mi Familia Vota, Moms Demand Action for Gun Sense in America, MoveOn.org, Natural Resources Defense Council, OXFAM, Planned Parenthood L.A., Rock the Vote, Salvadorians Para DACA, Tongva Nation, Unite Here Local 11 and Viva la Mujer!

Get out the vote

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

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

Obviously, the November midterm elections are a target and goal for Women’s Marchers across the land. Indeed, “First we march, then we vote” has become a popular chant among the L.A. participants this year.

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

At Saturday’s march, attendees will have a chance to register to vote at various stations. And when November rolls around, who knows? Maybe the many female candidates — and their supporters — galvanized by the election of Trump will have their day.
EXCELLENT MIDDLE EASTERN FOOD
LA. IS IN THE MIDST OF A BOOM. IN THE CUISINE, AND HERE ARE FOUR GREAT PLACES TO TRY IT

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

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

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

Chef-owner Conor Shemtov has brought his creative vision of Israeli cuisine, heavenly inspired and indebted to acclaimed Israeli chef/cookbook author Yotam Ottolenghi, to a bustling corner of Silver Lake. Reservations are exceedingly hard to come by, and the food takes considerable time to arrive out of the tiny kitchen, which is barely larger than a ship’s galley. Yet it’s still worth that special trip. 3536 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake; (323) 656-7598.

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

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

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

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

Soom Soom Fresh Mediterranean
Quietly opening recently in Beverly Grove, Soom Soom (translated as “sesame sesame”) serves up classic

A culinary adventure of discovery

CHIANGMAI

FLAMENCO DINNER
Every Saturday
Seating for dinner begins at 7:00
Showtime: 8:00pm

4212 SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90029
RESERVATIONS CALL (323) 688-0318 OR VISIT ELCIDSUNSET.COM @ELCIDSUNSET

BEVERLY HILLBILLY HOLIDAY TRAY
FEEDS 4 PEOPLE $59.95*

· 1/2 rack Baby Back or Beef Short Ribs
· 2 Cornbreads
· 4 Sides of your choice
· 2 Draft Beers or 4 Fountain Drinks

*Mention the tray from LA Weekly to get this special price!

3377 Wilshire Blvd #104 · Los Angeles, CA · (213) 201-1070
Daily 11:30AM to 10PM

BOOGIE MCGEES BAYOU SMOKE HOUSE Bbq.com · (213) 201-1070
Follow us on social media for more specials
NEW YEAR, NEW YOU,
ORDER ONE OF OUR DELICIOUS VEGAN CAKES TO RING IN THE NEW YEAR!

DO YOU LOVE craft beer?
BECOME A crafty BASTARD!
Member Benefits:
- EXCLUSIVE OFFERS
- DISCOUNTED CRAFT BEER
- EVENT DISCOUNTS
- FUN BEER UPDATES
- PRIVATE PARTIES
& MORE!

FREE TO JOIN!
GET CRAFTY AT: CRAFTYBASTARDSLA.COM

HAE JANG CHON RESTAURANT
ALL YOU CAN EAT Menu 27 items
Lunch/$25.99/-$23.99/11am-3pm, on Weekdays, Except Holidays. Dinner/$27.99/3:00pm to Closing Weekdays, All day on Weekends and Holidays
MINIMUM TWO PERSONS
- WE ONLY USE USDA CHOICE AND PRIME MEAT -

LA WEEKLY
FREE STUFF

LA WEEKLY

LA WEEKLY
FREE TO WIN

LA WEEKLY

LA WEEKLY

LA WEEKLY

LA WEEKLY

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

The quick-service surroundings belie tremendously well-honed flavor, skilled craftsmanship and quality ingredients. The succulent chicken shwarma, carved straight from the vertical spit, hits all the right taste receptors and may just transport you to the hefty, filling pita sandwiches topped with fries that you may remember with relish from your last trip to Tel Aviv. Furthermore, you rarely find the justly famed Israeli spin on lemonade called lemonnna, which contains the crucial element of muddled mint leaves, much of anywhere else in L.A. Here you can have glass after glass of this restorative tonic. 8744 W. Third St., Beverly Grove; (310) 888-8804, soomsoomfresh.com; additional locations in Beverly Hills and downtown Los Angeles.

Mizlala

Despite the passing of the guard from the now-defunct Simon’s Cafe to the significantly hipper Mizlala, Simon’s signature coarsely ground merguez sausages have been proudly carried over to the new menu. Once chef Simon Elmaleh retired, his son, Daniel, took over the reins of the modest neighborhood Moroccan cafe.

With big shoes to fill, Daniel has revamped the menu in a creatively novel direction informed by his long tenure with the SBE Hospitality Group. Rustic root vegetables are subtly sauced with tahini and apple cider vinaigrette. Grilled branzino (Mediterranean sea bass) is paired with a tart labneh (Israeli strained yogurt). The menu also features aggressively spiced lamb kefta kebabs that may just become your newest addiction. And the long-simmered tajines seem to be even lighter than before. The stodgy, old-world Casablanca-esque decor of the previous restaurant has been supplanted by a more modern, less cluttered, minimalist environment complete with an urbane, expansive open kitchen. It’s still a family operation (those merguez sausages are dutifully made according to Simon’s recipe) that has taken a delicious new approach to Moroccan cuisine.

4515 Sepulveda Blvd., Sherman Oaks; (818) 783-6698, facebook.com/pg/Mizlala-Restaurant/about/?ref=page_internal.

—Kayvan Gabbay
LIVING UP TO THE HYPE

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

BY BEIGE LUCIANO-ADAMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“This is mainly focusing on the femininity of women, because I feel there is a little bit of negative energy over here, and there’s kind of like a man-hating culture being created,” she explained, revealing that peculiar U.S.-European cultural divide. “Why can’t we celebrate our differences?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“It’s challenging that right now, and becoming that, and we’re really finally in that space with major galleries. Are we there yet? No. Are we looking like we have a real possibility of being that? Yes.”
DISNEY’S ALADDIN LOOKS GREAT
But the film-based musical is light on substance

BY DEBORAH KLUGMAN

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

Based, with moderate revisions, on Disney’s 1992 animated film, the show features Adam Jacobs — who originated the lead role back in 2011 — as a contemporary Aladdin, an impoverished young grifter whose life isn’t going much of anywhere until he meets and falls in love with the beautiful Princess Jasmine (Isabelle McCalla). Whereas Aladdin is incarcerated by his poverty, the rich and materially pampered princess is captive to the demands of her royal status, which mandate that she marry a prince. She’s already rejected all of the eligible men her father the Sultan of Agrabah (Reggie De Leon, no longer a parrot), from entering the cave. Aladdin, eluding their designs, himself gains possession of the lamp and access to the powerful genie (Michael James Scott) who resides within it. He and the genie navigate various misadventures and misunderstandings, but in the end, they both get what they want — Aladdin his princess and the genie his long-yearned-for freedom.

A make-believe tale like this isn’t supposed to be deep, some would say, and should be taken for the frivolous bit of entertainment it was designed to be. But even a depthless story needs truth and a bonding relationship to make it resonate. In this case, a canned lead performance (it seems as if Jacobs has been doing this role for too long) and an equally lackluster one by McCalla put a damper on any magic from the get-go. The sparks between these two lovers do not fly, even as the duo sail above the proscenium on their magic carpet, warbling their romantic duet. As the scheming beggar, Weir gives a capable performance, nothing memorable. It’s left for Scott as the jive, clownish and somewhat fey genie to emotionally connect to the audience — but even here it’s a too visibly crafted performance, not a fluid one.

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

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

Even a depthless story needs truth and a bonding relationship to make it resonate.

LENNY BRUCE COMES TO LIFE IN SOLO PLAY

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

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

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

Throughout, Marmo weaves accounts of Bruce’s relationship with the three women he loved — his mother, his wife and his daughter — with re-enactments of some of his most celebrated riffs, along with depictions of his clashes with the law. We witness his desperate pleas to a judge (to no avail) that he be allowed to perform his act in court to prove his bona fides as a social commentator as opposed to an unprincipled mouthpiece of public obscenity, which is how he was being viewed. Another powerful sequence describes the moments following a crash in which he watches, anguished and helpless, as a car rolls over his wife’s body; then he’s at her side, frantically begging God for her life, insisting that the man. There’s never a moment when we doubt that the person before us is this smart, tormented individual come and gone.

Bruce’s scatological language and candid riffs on sex, racism and religion — not to mention his personal drug habits — netted him numerous arrests and incarceration.

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

I AM NOT A COMEDIAN … I’M LENNY BRUCE | Theatre 66, 5112 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood | Through April 1 | theatre66.com
or two terms and change
I’ve wondered: Is his refusal to
boog himself down in the
soiling back-and-forth of
news-cycle politicking the
most frustrating trait of
Barack Obama’s? Or is his
indifference to bullshit one of the most
honorable, one to inspire, one that, were
we all to follow his example, might indis-
putably better our world? Obama tended
to let the ephemeral ugliness wash past his
feet as he strode toward goals greater than
any one day’s talk-radio outrage, toward
change he believed might endure. Of
course, by not looking down as often as he
might have, he sometimes missed how the
ephemeral (death panels! birth certificate!
Benghazi! Solyndra!) had hardened into
muck; how that muck slowed him down;
how millions of the Americans whose lives
and futures he sought to improve were
sold each day that his every move was ne-
farious — that he was a foreign adversary, a
Manchurian Muslim, a devoted anti-white
racist, an Alinskyite wealth-redistributor,
the puppet of Bill Ayers or George Soros,
even the Antichrist himself. Could Obama
have soothed the fever-minded Breitbart
set if he had taken time to engage with this
nonsense? Probably not. But his long-term
bet on the decency and reasonableness
of the American public certainly has, in
the short term, come to appear disastrous.
He and his administration didn’t let the
bullshit get to them — but they did little to
stop it from swallowing their country and,
potentially, their legacy.

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

The undertaking is ambitious, even
singular. Have we ever been allowed into the
room at so many high-
level government meetings and summits?
But it becomes clear quickly that Barker
has few unguarded moments to show us.
Don’t expect raw statecraft.
The filmmakers jet along with the pods
to Vietnam, where the president speaks
of healing and takes questions from eager
young people; to Laos, where he notes
with frank poetry the devastations of Richard
Nixon’s secret war; to Japan, where he is
the first U.S. president to speak at Hiroshi-
ma. There, he calls upon the world and his
own country to dare to look unblinkingly
at what the bomb did — and to strive to
maintain a global order that he insists has
matured past world wars between super-
powers. Meanwhile, the journalist/activ-
ist/academic-turned-U.N.-insider Power
steeps herself in ongoing conflicts. With
the concerned zeal you might expect from
the woman who literally wrote the book on
preventing genocide, Power visits villages
in Nigeria where girls have been taken by
Boko Haram. Her tears, as she listens to
the stories of mothers, seem those of a per-
son, not a performing politician. “What I
can tell you as the personal representative
of President Barack Obama is that we will
never give up,” she vows. “We will never
give up.” But the fight, she reminds them,
must always be waged in a way to prevent
the creation of new terrorists.

Curefulness can’t forestall all tragedy, of
course. As Power’s motorcade departs one
village, a young boy dashes into the road
and is killed; Power later briefly recounts
a visit to the child’s parents afterward. That
experience might have been shattering,
but Barker’s film finds little time to treat it,
and Power reflects on it only for a breath
or two. The filmmakers offer us glimpses
of the diplomatic life but too little telling
or two. The filmmakers offer us glimpses
of the diplomatic life but too little telling
of Obama and several
of the first female president. Barker cuts
too quickly for us to feel their disappoint-
ment. But he holds the camera on Rhodes’
stunned face for many long seconds, as
the speechwriter who in so many ways had
been the voice of Obama — of hope itself
— stammers in darkness. “I can’t even...”
he says, before stopping and thinking. “I
can’t even...” he begins, before stopping again.
His mouth opens and closes without words.
“I mean, I can’t...” he finally says. He tries
again: “I can’t put it into words. I don’t
know what the words are yet.”

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

THE SUSPENSEFUL DJANGO IMAGINES THE KING OF GYPSY JAZZ AT WAR

By Alan Scherstuhl

In Django, a film driven by a cast and crew committed to creating a gripping and realistic portrayal of the life of Django Reinhardt, the world's most famous gypsy-jazz guitarist, the story of his life is told. The film, directed by Etienne Comar, is a filePath to the real-life experiences of Reinhardt, whose talents and skills were challenged by the rise of fascism in Europe.

Django Reinhardt, born in 1910, was a virtuoso guitarist and composer who rose to fame in the 1930s. His music was not only a reflection of his own experiences but also a commentary on the social and political climate of the time. The film captures the intensity and passion of Reinhardt's music, as well as the challenges he faced in his personal life.

The film's opening scene sets the tone for the rest of the film. In a forest, a young Django Reinhardt is seen playing his guitar, surrounded by nature. The scene is a perfect representation of Django's早期 music, which was heavily influenced by his experiences as a child growing up in the Gypsy community.

As the film progresses, we see Django's talents and skills challenged by the rise of fascism in Europe. The film's plotline is filled with tension and suspense, as Django must navigate the treacherous world of politics and espionage.

The film's performances are outstanding, with a cast led by Nicolas Cage, who plays Django Reinhardt. Cage's portrayal of the musician is mesmerizing, capturing the raw emotion and passion that defined his music. The supporting cast, including Selma Blair and Anne Winters, also deliver powerful performances.

The film's score, composed by Ennio Morricone, is a perfect complement to the on-screen action. The music is a reflection of Django's life and experiences, and it adds an extra layer of emotion to the film.

In conclusion, Django is a powerful and compelling film that tells the story of one of the greatest musicians in history. The film is a tribute to Django Reinhardt's legacy and the challenges he faced during his lifetime. It is a must-see for music lovers and anyone interested in the history of jazz.

---

For more information on Django and other films, visit www.ewn.com for the latest reviews and news.
to get back at their kids for being sarcastic about it. The movie also sympathizes with parents, especially those poor, disillusioned souls who know how much a pain in the ass it is being a responsible adult on a daily basis. As much of a nightmare Mom and Dad spins in turning parents into raving homicidal lunatics, the audience also knows how hard it is for actual moms and dads to just get up every day and try to be good parents to these little muchfuckers. To all those people, Mom and Dad has your back.

(Craig D. Lindsey)

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

**THE ROAD MOVIE** Cover your eyes and weep for your soul, here comes Dimitri from Baku, the son of an exploit-ative chutzpah, a 70-minute feature consisting of nothing but incidents recorded by the dashcams of Russian motorists. There are wipeouts and head-ons, semi barreling along in the wrong lane and trans losing power and sliding straight into traffic. Livestock flipped by speed-ing drivers and a viciously troubled woman who seems to be a young woman’s hood to bang his fists on his windshield. The mayhem is hypnotic, scabrous, scaringy, unpredictable, astonishing, dispiriting, repetitious, clearly both amoral and immoral and, by the end, a little dull. Even over the short running time, you can feel your hu-manity’s diminishment. It’s not bloody, exactly, but you — like the drivers of the cars we peer out of — will spend many minutes here waiting, in pain, led, as we regard crumpled vehicles: “Is that driver dead?” What’s interesting here, besides the disconnecting fact of the movie’s existence and profitability, is the glimpses it offers into everyday Russian life. You’re never more yourself than when you’re driving a car, and the chatter we hear before all hell breaks loose often proves fascinating. (So does the Russian pop music the drivers have chosen.) Of course, anytime you see 10 or 12 kinds of dogs or cats in an incident-free driving here, you will tense up, possibly gripped by a panicked sense of memory. All through the movie, as the unseem drivers hurtled along, I found myself pumping phantom brakes. Some especially memorable miles find us plunged with the drivers into smoke that obscures the road, including a trip past a (“hermaphrodite” of a forest fire, the sky a pinkish purple and the flames edging to the roadside. (Alan Scherstuhl)

**SMALL TOWN CRIME** Ishom and Ian Nelms’ Small Town Crime, starring John Hawkes, seems to promise a quirky, Long Goodbye–like detective story in a mountain town, following an alcoholic ex-cop who finds a dead body and pursues the killer at all costs — when he’s not bumbling from one townie bar to the next. But why set their story in a small town if it and its inhabitants have no defining personality or mannerisms? Every town possesses a history, culture, lineage and language unto itself, but in the Nelms’ scenes we see none of that. Here’s a half-boiled mystery and boring bad guys, but the film does have a saving grace: Hawkes’ comic timing. Ex-cop Mike Kendall (Hawkes) wakes up each morning wherever his nightly wanderer has left him. Sometimes he’s in his home with his car plowed through the front yard; sometimes he’s not. One fateful day, splayed in the middle of a field, clinging to some trash, he finds a young woman, bloody and barely alive. Drunken Mike also glimpses a smigden of hope: He could get a little piece of his old life as a cop back by finding the guy who did this. We’re given no sense of what the woman’s murder is commonplace or extraordinary in this community, even though it seems like everyone knows everyone. As the investigation proceeds, and young, sexy corpses pop up in this seemingly serene town, it’s never explained where there’s apparently a local reserve of linger models ready to get shot or locked up in someone’s trunk. The crime genre has long had many a woman problem, but does emulating a throwback style necessitate repeating old mistakes? (April Wolfe)

**ONGOING**

**CALL ME BY YOUR NAME** Luca Guadagnino’s romantic drama Call Me By Your Name sneaks up on you — by the end, it stings with the lingering ache of a late-summer sunburn. Adapated by James Ivory from Andre Aciman’s acclaimed novel, the story follows 17-year-old somewhat introverted musician Elio (Timothée Chalamet) and 24-year-old doctoral student Oliver (Armie Hammer) through a long, frustrated summer of latent desire and thwarted courtship, culminating in a fervid if ephemeral affair. Guadagnino adeptly captures not just physically of a burning love but also the emotional and intellectual components, and the film is all the more salient for that careful, realistic interpretation. It’s the 1980s. Elio and his family reside in a palatial but rustic Italian villa in the northern countryside, where peaches and other succulent fruits dangle just within reach from the trees shading the family’s land. When Elio’s father’s new summer research assistant Oliver arrives, the sleepy house suddenly takes on new life, Elio, who slinks in and out of rooms to study the houseguest, at first takes offense at the new student’s “arrogant” goodbyes (a casual “Later””) and then to his lingering hand on Elio’s bare back. But it’s really Elio’s burgeoning feelings for Oliver that allow us to know how hard it is for him. When Elio finally tells Oliver he’s attracted to him, the scene is grandly romantic, like a queer Casablanca. The Chalamet leading man. (April Wolfe)

**GO COCO**

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

**DARKEST HOUR** Joe Wright’s Churchill—finds his-mojo drama Darkest Hour is an epic of lion girding, a rousing wikki-deep summary of the gist of Winston Churchill’s first month in power as prime minister, building to his delivery of the second most famous to-arms speech in British history. Wright’s film is sleek, wholly convincing in its production design, and in one crucial sense something rare: Here’s a war movie about rhetoric rather than battle scenes. *He’s mobilized the English
language," a rival of Churchill's mutters, in awe, after one of the prime minister's climactic speeches. To drive the point home, Wright (Atonement, Pan and the 2012 Anna Karenina) shows us the hangdog visage of another rival, played by Stephen Dillane, who looks as if the director, who has no fear of overstating the obvious, has told him to shave. That he may be a lout, the trombone beat will score the shot. The idea that powers Wright's film is that declaring the will to fight is itself a fight.

We meet Churchill in May 1940, when the Nazis have stormed Europe right up to France, and outgoing prime minister Neville Chamberlain (Ronald Pickup) still is insisting that Britain's best chance to avoid invasion is a peace deal with Hitler. Churchill, of course, vows to fight. Wright is adept at immersing us in place, snaking his camera through this lavish re-creation of a secret London command center. And in lead Gary Oldman, he has an actor he can trust with both the biggest and smallest moments. The lead is there, and he's appropriate, but this is a human Churchill. Too bad the sequence of Churchill quizzing everyday Londoners on whether Britain should fight plays hammy like a Midwestern grocery store's party plat. (Alan Scherstuhl)

Felicité

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

Films don't die in Liverpool

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

There's a glorious tension in Vincent Van Gogh's paintings, the thick paint holding each of the artist's gestures like an insect in amber, and the long, hardened material still appearing to vivify and pulse. Animators Dorota Kobiela and Hugh Welchman free that contained movement to make Van Gogh's brushstrokes breathe in Loving Vincent, an engrossing exploration of the artist's final days rendered in his signature painting style. Like the work of Van Gogh, whose audacious imagery has been reproduced into ubiquity, their first feature is at once audacious and safe. After a live-action shoot with actors cloaked in the garb of Van Gogh's subjects, Kobiela and Welchman led an animation team in hand-painting the images, so Postman Roulin looks like his 19th-century French counterpart but is also recognizably Chris O'Dowd. It's Roulin's son Armand (Douglas Booth) who undertakes a Citizen Kane quest, interviewing those touched by Van Gogh to create his own portrait of the troubled outsider. Kobiela, Welchman and Jacek Dehnel have written a thorntory narrative, with two observant daughters, the gregarious Adeline Welchman and Jacek Dehnel have written a portrait of the troubled outsider. Kobiela, Welchman and Jacek Dehnel have written a thorntory narrative, with two observant daughters, the gregarious Adeline and the ebullient Adeline Welchman and Jacek Dehnel have written a portrait of the troubled outsider. Kobiela, Welchman and Jacek Dehnel have written a thorntory narrative, with two observant daughters, the gregarious Adeline and the ebullient Adeline. "It's the most daring decision in the film finds Bloom in Hollywood, please God let her record the audio version. The film finds Bloom in Hollywood, working with Dean Keith (Jeremy Strong), a misogynistic industry type. He throws a bag of bags at Molly's head, which she instinctively dodges. In that moment, it's clear how Molly has continually adapted to the whims of hotheaded or forceful men. You can't change the man who will throw bagels at your head, but you can duck and react and outsmart him. Dean quickly realizes he has a woman willing to deal with his outbursts and orders her to start running his poker games at the Club. As she picks up the game like a pro, Sorkin gives us the kind of hot-shot-brilliant-mind montage we rarely see with a female character. (April Wolfe)

MY ART

Laurie Simmons' My Art is as Singular as its Title Promises

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

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

The story finds Simmons, as a 60ish Simmons-like artist named Ellie, dashing away from New York and her teaching duties to work and relax in a more successful acquaintance's plush country manse. There she indulges in the absent owner's pot stash, works on a project in which she stages and shoots her own earliest versions of scenes from films like Bolt, Book and Candle and Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid, and tenderly cares for her terrier Ping, who has lost much of the use of his hind legs to degenerative myelopathy.

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

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

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

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

Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri

At first, the prospect of Martin McDonagh (In Bruges, Seven Psychopaths) skewering some racist Missouri cops delighted me. Frances McDormand as Mildred, a grieving mother who taunts the local police for not solving her daughter's rape and murder case, can be a lady vengeance for the ages. But as McDonagh's story turns toward the redemption of one very bad cop, Jason Dixon (Sam Rockwell), I found the Irishman McDonagh out of his league in handling uniquely American ills.

McDonagh painstakingly humanizes a character whose very first line has apologetically tortured a black man in police custody. And then Three Billboards Outside Ebbing, Missouri seems to ask audiences to forgive and forget wrongs like police violence, domestic abuse and sexual assault without demonstrating a full understanding of the centuries-long toll these crimes have taken on victims in real life. Mildred pays the twonight little ad man of Ebbing, Red Welty (Caleb Landry Jones), to raise up three successsive billboards reading, "Raped while dying." "And still no arrests?" "How come, Chief Willoughby?" "Racist, incompetent cop Dixon flips a lid over this, threatening Red. Dixon is protective of the reputation of his boss Chief Willoughby (Woody Harrelson), enough to commit battery against Red. But as we quickly find out from the gossip of nearly every character in Ebbing, Dixon would rather be arresting and torturing black people. And yet despite the gripes I have with McDonagh's handling of urgently-of-the-moment storylines and archetypes, he also has created a character so singular that he has to be bought maroon covers. It is, as with all McDonagh projects, his wicked dialogue that wins my affection, and Mildred's is some of the grouchiest, sharpest I've heard. (April Wolfe)
COMING SOON:
1/25 YUNG GRAY
1/26 LADY DAMMAGE “COREDOOM” ALBUM RELEASE PARTY
1/26 SUBLEVEL FEAR DOC MARTIN/ SUBLEVEL LIVE AND KENNY GLASGOW
1/26 MARINATE X LATE NIGHT LAGGERS PRESENTS
1/27 VELVET ACID CHRIST
1/28 #MADFAMILY ADVENTURE
1/29 NEON DREAMS
2/1 NUT BLANCHE & FONDLE MAGAZINE: HVOB (LIVE)
2/2 KRAAK & SHAAM (DJ SET)
2/2 SAVED BY THE 90S
2/2 GARI SAFARI
2/3 DEEP PRESENTS: REMEMBER? XL SERIES W/ LOUIE VEGA & MARQUES WYATT (ALL VINYL, ALL NIGHT)
2/3 SHAUN REEVES AND HALO 모니트어(DJ SET), DA CHICK, WILD & FREE WITH SPECIAL GUEST OVERJOY
2/5 TRINA
2/6 LOVE & LUST 2018 WAZE & ODYSSEY, DENNEY AND SECONDICITY
2/7 JOLLOF N CHILL
2/8 MOVING CHANNELS FT. SHIFTY RHYTHMS & FRIENDS
2/9 UNIQUE3 & BAI BURGER: NAILZ N PONYTAILZ TOUR LA
2/10 LOUD & CLEAR: A GATHERING FOR CREATIVE SOULS
2/11 SEAN HEALY PRESENTS: LITTLE STRANGER
2/12 SWEET SUNDAYS: SONIDO LATINO
2/12 THE LIVING STRANGE CHURCH OF THE 8TH DAY PRESENTS: GASp, TRAppIST, DEADBEAT, FRACTURED & HARM
2/18 JOLLOF N CHILL
2/22 MOVING CHANNELS FT. SHIFTY RHYTHMS & FRIENDS
2/23 DEEP PRESENTS: REMEMBER? XL SERIES W/ LOUIE VEGA & MARQUES WYATT (ALL VINYL, ALL NIGHT)
2/23 SHAUN REEVES AND HALO 모니트어(DJ SET), DA CHICK, WILD & FREE WITH SPECIAL GUEST OVERJOY
2/25 KARAOKE IS FOR LOVERS - EMO KARAOKE
2/25 VIVA LATINOAMERICA
2/26 CLUB 90’s
2/27 A CLUB CALLED RHONDA
2/28 MICKI MILLER & VENZELLA JOY LIVE HOSTED BY KEVONSTAGE!
2/28 SONIDO LATINO: SWEET SUNDAYS
2/28 YUNG GRAY
2/29 IRONussen
2/29 H simple
2/30 SEAN HEALY PRESENTS: LITTLE STRANGER
2/30 SWEET SUNDAYS: SONIDO LATINO
FLESH EATERS RETURN

BY JONNY WHITESIDE

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

Perhaps the highest example of punk’s disimprisoned aesthetic, the Flesh Eaters staggered and slammed through a propulsive round of shadowy, wrenching albums, all topped off by Chris D’s agonized vocals, always detailing otherworldly tableaux that typically found him crawling naked through broken glass to atone for or repair some spiritual or romantic catastrophe. It was a sort of devastating existential psychedelic state: intense, low-lit, scorching in its brutal immediacy and assuredly not for the fainthearted — the ultimate achievement in uneasy listening.

“I don’t think The Flesh Eaters would’ve happened if it had not been for the U.K. and New York punk scenes goosing Los Angeles’ outcast musicians to give it a go here,” Desjardins says. “When the L.A. punk scene exploded, I was already writing record reviews for Slash Magazine, and I thought, ‘Why the fuck not?’ I don’t need some suit-and-tie, coke-sniffing record company to tell me it’s OK. This was really an important moment, not just for knowing I could play music but also [because] the DIY ethos in every facet of my creative life, including my writing, has always been the prime thing for me. Music writers have often called it indescribable,” Desjardins says. “I guess we just do it to play the kind of music we like, the way we like to play it. Or, to paraphrase, before the whole shithouse goes down in flames.”

Never one to squander an opportunity to raise some hell, The Flesh Eaters are back, one more in a spasmodic series of reunions, with Desjardins leading the group’s stellar and best-known lineup. “Paradoxically, though I’m the sole lyricist, wrote about three-quarters of the music and am the nominal head of the band, I’m the only one who doesn’t make their living playing music,” he says. “All the other guys in this lineup, who played on A Minute to Pray and A Second to Die, the second Flesh Eaters album, are all very successful in their own endeavors. John Doe and DJ Bonebrake from X, Steve Berlin of Los Lobos, Dave Alvin, formerly of The Blasters, with his band, and Bill Bateman, drummer of The Blasters, as well as other bands around town, such as The Electrick Children.

“We do have a booking agency now, so theoretically we could be doing more shows than usual in the next couple of years. Of course, these guys’ own bands take priority,” Desjardins says. It’s not as if Desjardins has been sitting around clipping coupons and waiting for his buddies to free up their schedules. He is a prolific writer and film historian with an eye-popping résumé: “I had a very productive creative life, churning out a 500-page anthology of all my lyrics, poems and dream-journal entries in 2009; five novels; a volume of short stories; and my long-in-the-works Gun and Sword: An Encyclopedia of Japanese Gangster Films 1955–1980. It’s 800 pages long, so that was a gigantic magnum opus to bring to a close.

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

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

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

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

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

The Flesh Eaters play at the Echoplex at 8 p.m. on Thursday, Jan. 18.
Herman’s Hermits Starring Peter Noone © CANYON CLUB
“I love my songs!” Peter Noone of Herman’s Hermits tells us via email. The singer behind 20 top-20 hits (60 million records sold) is still adorable at 70, with those blond school-boy locks flapping over his forehead and a voice nearly as strong as in the ‘60s, when “I’m Henry VIII, I Am,” “Mrs. Brown You’ve Got a Lovely Daughter” and “There’s A Kind of Hush” made everybody want to be from Manchester.
It’s a legacy of masterful pop confection, and nothing encapsulates that better than “No Milk Today,” a sentimental biscuit of strings, harmonies and chimes. (Chimes!) Clearly enjoying his hit parade, Noone says, “I think I have 10 more years of touring, keeping a close watch on Mick and the boys to see how they go!” Also Saturday, Jan. 20, at Saban Theatre. —Libby Molyneaux

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

G3 2018 with Joe Satriani, John Petrucci and Phil Collen © THE ORPHEUM THEATRE
Joe Satriani’s 1987 Surfing With the Alien was a pivotal release in the instrumental rock-guitar wave that broke through commercially in the late ‘80s and early ‘90s. The melodic shredders on that album and those that followed were ear candy for lovers of riffs that were both infectious and catchy and technically dazzling. Satriani conceived of the G3 tour in 1996 as a showcase for instrumental guitar. This year’s cavalcade of in-your-face guitar histrionics will again be headlined by the Bay Area guitarist, with support from John Petrucci of prog-metal stalwart Dream Theater and Def Leppard’s Phil Collen. If past G3 tours are any indication, the three-hour celebration of rock guitar will inevitably culminate in an overwhelming jam session. —Jason Roche

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

Body/Head, Gunn-Truscinski Duo © ZEBULON
The respective identities of the Body and the Head in the Kim Gordon/Bill Nace dyad Body/Head are still unclear, but what they lack in piddly nitpickery they make up in frank and brutal freedom by taking free rock to places that those first bluesmen never thought to go. Gordon — you know her and/or love her from Sonic Youth. Nace — nice guy from Northampton, Massachusetts, and handy with a guitar. If you don’t like one particular scree or screech, just wait for the next song and maybe you’ll be into that. Also: The Gunn-Truscinski Duo, which is guitarist and occasional Kurt Vile road-dog Steve Gunn with drummer John Truscinski, playing sometimes meditative, sometimes incendiary noisy folk music that doesn’t so much reinvent the round-robin as evolves it into a less aggressive kind of sonic being. —David Cotner

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

Michael Nesmith & The First National Band © PAPPY & HARRIET’S
Even when Michael Nesmith was camping it up as one of The Monkees in the mid-’60s, the Houston native was infusing the band’s pop-minded recordings with his own distinctive, occasionally country-tinged originals. Although the singer- guitarist rarely gets as much credit for in-
Converge  
@ REGENT THEATER
As metalcore devolved into an Auto-Tuned cartoon of itself in the late aughts, with bands simply checking off price-of-admission sonic signatures of sound-alike contemporaries rather than forging original punk/metal mergelizations, genre pioneers Converge retreated deeper into their creative bubble — and are all the better for it. For their reputation-cementing 2001 album, Jane Doe, founding screecher Jacob Bannon and guitarist Kurt Ballou were joined by bassist Nate Newton and drummer Ben Koller, and this foursome have charted a relentlessly single-minded, increasingly adventurous course since. Their ninth album, The Dusk in Us, was 2017’s most compellingly brutal record, its 3-D urgency and indignation summoned by an exhausting attention-deficit rhythm section, Ballou’s twinking fingerwork and a characteristically convulsive performance from Bannon — a man who would apparently recite the alphabet bent double and puce with outrage. — Paul Rogers

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

Judas Priestess  
@ WHISKY A GO GO
Livin’ after midnight? Rockin’ till the dawn? Then you’ll surely want to see Judas Priestess, the world’s only all-girl tribute to Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest. Given the official beneficence by Priest vocalist Rob Halford, Judas Priestess — singer Militia, guitarist Rena Sands and JoSette, bassist Gyda Gash and drummer Hillary Blaze — play all the hits from Priest’s storied 45-year history; Judas Priest.
LA WEEKLY PRESENTS

WEDNESDAY,
JAN 24 & 31, 2018

ROCK & POP


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


Cafe Nela: 19005 Cypress Ave., Los Angeles. The Melvins, Akin, Enemy Proof, Sunset Couriers, Fri., Jan. 19, 8:30 p.m.; S5. La Taya, Antti Social, Sat., Jan. 20, 8:30 p.m.; S5. Original Sun, Bad Bruno, Sun., Jan. 21, 7 p.m.; S7. The Tornados, Skunk Monks, Thu., Jan. 25, 8:30 p.m., $5.


The Cave: 40789 Village Dr., Big Bear Lake. Wynnonna & The Big Noise, Fri., Jan. 19, 6:30 p.m. Matalachi, Sat., Jan. 20, 6:30 p.m.


Room Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m., TBA.
EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Flamenco Dinner Theater, Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 7 p.m., $20; $15 for students. CAFÉ 36: 1253 N. Vine St., Los Angeles. Salsa Night, Fridays, 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 9:30 p.m., $10.
THE GRANADA LA: 17 S. First St., Alhambra. Salsa Fridays, Friday, 9:30 p.m., $10. Salsa & Bachata Saturdays, 7 p.m.-3 a.m., $15; Salsa & Bachata Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m., $5. Salsa Thursdays, 8 p.m., $5.
LA CASA: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Voice Bohemia, Mondays, 10 p.m., free. —Falling James
COUNTRY & FOLK
DANCE CLUBS
THE AIRLINER: 2149 N. Broadway, Los Angeles. The Rap Contest, presented by Selfassie, Tuesdays, 8 p.m.-1:30 a.m., $20. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styless & MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m., $20-Anthony St., Long Beach. The Good Foot, third Friday of every month, 9 p.m., $5-$7.
AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1375 Vine St., Los Angeles. Low Steppa, Wet Hand Dan, DMorse, Diamond Head, Knox, Fr., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., $25-$30. Michael, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m, TigerHeat, Thursdays, 10 p.m., $5.
BOARDNERS: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles. Bar Sinister, Saturday, 10 p.m.-$20. Blue Mondays, Sundays, 8 p.m., $3-$5.
THE EXCHANGE: 1527 S. Hope St., Los Angeles. Giuseppe Ottaviani, Sniejder, Gai Barone, Sat., Jan. 20, 10 p.m., $5-$10. GOLD Diggers: 5632 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Lady Millionaire, third Saturday of every month, 10 p.m.-2 a.m. Thursday, 21, free., 9 p.m., $5.
LA CITÀ: 336 S. Hill St., Los Angeles. Punk Reggie Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Big Hands, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Sundays, 2-9 p.m., free; DJ Paw!, 21, Fridays, 9-10 p.m., $2. DJ Moore, Mondays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free.
THE STARDUS: 17417 Firestone Blvd., Downey. FUGTHC, Sat., Jan. 20, 9 p.m., $15. THAT '80s BAR: 10555 Mills Ave., Montclair. '80s Dance Party, with new, old-school and freestyle favorites, Fridays, Saturdays, 7 p.m.-2 a.m., $5-$10. TOKYO BEACH: 2191 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. INX Dance Electric, Sun., Jan. 21, 9 p.m., Yakotuye, Thu., Jan. 25, 9 p.m.
VAMPIRE LOUNGE & TASTING ROOM: 9865 S. Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. La, Joe, Sat., Jan. 19, 5 p.m., Julietta, Sat., Jan. 20, 6 p.m. 3rd Eye Tribe, Mon., Jan. 22, 5 p.m.
THE VIRGIL: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Funkinthesphere, Thursday, 9:30 p.m., 3rd Floor, free-$5. For more listings, please go to lawek.com.
CONCERTS
FRIDAY, JAN. 19
DE LUX: 9 p.m., $20. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., Los Angeles.
DREZ: With Loosid, Ryan Collins, 9 p.m. El Rey Theatre, 5515 Wiltshire Blvd., Los Angeles.
JELLYBAY: With Joe Saratini, John Petrucci & Phil Collen, 7:30 p.m., $35-$59. The Orpheum Theatre, 842 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. See Music Pick.
J BALVIN: 9 p.m., $70. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana.
JUAN DE MARCOS & THE AFRO-CUBAN ALL-STARS: With The Harold Lopez-Nussio Trio, 8 p.m., $40-$56. Valley Performing Arts Center, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge. SKULLCRACKER: With Time 2 Killa, Sacred Fire, Common War, 7:30 p.m. Garden Amphitheatre, 12762 Main St., Garden Grove.
TUAPA PANTHERS: With Spandet Timepiece, Sweet Hands, In the Constellation Room, 8 p.m., $15. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
WOLF PARADE: With Charly Bliss, 8 p.m., $25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
THURSDAY, JAN. 25
ASP ROCKY: 11 p.m., $75. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
BROOKLYN BOWL: 8 p.m., $25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
CARI LANE: 7 p.m., $25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
CATELEON: 8 p.m., $25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
ECHOES OF THE PAST: 7 p.m., $25. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd, Santa Ana.
THE NEW OPHELIA: The latest edition of the ensemble laces together three string quartets by Ludwig van Beethoven, in a presentation by The Da Camera Society, Fri., Jan. 19, 8 p.m., $65 & $85. Doheny Mansion, 10 Chester Place, Los Angeles. See GoLA.

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

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

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

JOSHUA GETLIN, JOSHUA ISRAEL, SCOTT COULTER, JOHN BOSWELL AND YOUTHFUL GRATITUDE: The choir belts out works by Brahms and Fauré, following the world premiere of Jeffrey Bernstein’s Our Father My Father, Sat., Jan. 20, 8 p.m., $25. Altadena Community Church, 943 E. Altadena Dr., Altadena.


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

THE SANTA MONICA HIGH SCHOOL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Sun., Jan. 21, 11 a.m., free. Laemmle Monica Film Center, 1332 2nd St., Santa Monica.

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

For more listings, please go to laweekly.com.
**State Licensed Dispensaries & Doctor Certifications**


*LA's Best Smoke Shop, Since 1998*

**Chronicals**

all your medical marijuana needs in one place.

**Chronicals**

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

**Medical Marijuana Evaluations**

4511 W. Sunset Blvd • Los Angeles, CA 90027 • 323-663-4444

Real Doctor on Site • ATM Available • Monday-Saturday 11AM-7PM & Sunday 11AM-6PM

nirvana-clinic.com

**Review**

- **12 Month Recommendations**
- **$25** for Renewal from Any Doctor
- **$35** for New Patients

**Promo Prices**

Promo prices - terms & conditions apply

WALK-IN WELCOME • 24 HOUR VERIFICATION • ID CARDS • 100% PRIVATE/CONFIDENTIAL • CULTIVATION LICENSES SPECIAL

**January Specials!!!**

- **Free Gift with Every ID Card Purchase**
- **20% OFF**
- Discount applies to all MMJ patients, students, senior citizens and military
- Or mention this ad

**Exemptions Available**

**The Doctors**

Open 7 Days for Your Convenience

**NOW THREE LOCATIONS**

**Hollywood**

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

**Los Angeles**

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

**Reseda**

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

Located one block from the metro red line

Located one block from the metro red line

Located one mile east of the 101 freeway

Open Sundays and Evenings till 7:30

**JANUARY SPECIALS!!!**

- **$25** for Renewals
- **$35** for New Patients

24-Hour Verification (Live and Online)

Terms & Conditions Apply

All patients are seen by a California Licensed MD • Medical Board Requirement

www.TheRecommendationStation.com

**LA's Best Smoke Shop, Since 1998**

**Daddy's Pipes**

Since 1998

818-817-9517 • 14430 Ventura Blvd, Sherman Oaks, 91423
Monday-Thursday: 10am to 10pm • Friday-Saturday: 10am to 11pm • Sunday: 10am to 9pm

www.daddyspipes.com

**Los Angeles**

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

**Reseda**

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

Located one mile east of the 101 freeway

Open Sundays and Evenings till 7:30
NEW LEAF WELLNESS CENTER

50% OFF ALL VITAMIN/Wellness Shots

VITAMIN SHOTS

EMOTIONAL SUPPORT ANIMAL EVALUATION

MEDICAL MARIJUANA EVALUATION

CBD PRODUCTS

20% OFF ALL NONNIE’S NECTAR CBD PRODUCTS

NEW LEAF WELLNESS CENTER

(424) 835-4137
13347 W. Washington Blvd, Culver City, CA 90066
www.NewLeafWellnessLA.com

* Valid until January 31st
The hottest place to meet Latinos!

Try FREE: 213-316-0876

www.fonochatlatino.com 18+

LA WEEKLY

Godfather
The Gentlemen's Club

HELP WANTED

Shift Managers, DJ's and Security

Call: 818-901-8797
Wed-Fri • 12-4

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

THE ONL

Y FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

CANOGA @ ROSCOE

Real Singles, Real Fun...

1-213-316-0225

More Numbers: 1-800-926-6000 Livelinks.com, 18+

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

THE ONLY FULL NUDE/ FULL BAR CLUB IN LA

XPOSED

1/2 OFF ADMISSION BEFORE 7
$5 OFF ADMISSION AFTER 7
1ST SODA FREE
ALCOHOL EXTRA • NO COUPONS ON TUESDAY
WITH AD • LAW EXP. 1/31/2018

M-TH 12PM-3AM  FRI 12PM-4AM  SAT 2PM-4AM
SUN 6PM-2AM  LUNCH AND DINNER MENU AVAILABLE

SOUTH AVE. • CANOGA AVE.

WE SHIP FREE

CASH PAYS BEST

1-888-MegaMates
Los Angeles:
(213) 687-7663
www.megamates.com 18+

WHO ARE YOU AFTER DARK?

213-316-0880

PLAYMATES OR SOUL MATES, YOU'LL FIND THEM ON MEGAMATES

ALWAYS FREE TO LISTEN AND REPLY TO ADS!

MORE LOCAL NUMBERS: 1-855-831-1111
WANNA HAVE FUN? Call 323-CHAT NOW (242-8669)

TRIE IT FREE!

Investigational medications compared with placebo (sugar pills) with outpatient counseling available in research study for:

COCAINE users

Compensation may be provided for time and travel.

For more information, please call: 323-938-8184

Matrison Institute on Addictions, Los Angeles

Research Investigators: Dan George, MPH, MBA; Jere Martinez, M.D.; and Tasmim Shamji, M.D.

This research project is sponsored by the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

SPONSORED by the National Institute on Drug Abuse
Complete your MBA in just 16 months with Cal State LA

The fully-employed MBA program in Downtown Los Angeles.

Apply for Fall 2018 by March 15th

CALSTATELA.EDU/DTLA/MBA