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ON THE COVER:
Photo montage by Darrick Rainey

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Sandra Bernhard

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GO

CULTURE

Stripping Away Stereotypes

When writer-comedian Alison Stevenson realized that even alternative strip clubs rarely featured women with larger bodies, she set out to change that. Stevenson partnered with Elizabeth Flores and Linda Douglas to create Tihc Strip, a strip show that celebrates body positivity. On Friday, Stevenson and Douglas will join 11 other plus-size, female-identifying dancers in shedding their clothes — and their fears — onstage.

COMEDY

Love Story

Cate Gary and Robin Tran are both comedians, and in Unconventional Lesbians: The Cate & Robin Show they’re a double threat. Gary, whose credits include performing at the Comedy Store, Comedy Cellar and Flappers, is originally from New York, while Tran has appeared at the Comedy Cellar and Flappers, is originally from New York, while Tran has appeared on Comedy Central’s Roast Battle and Hulu’s new series, Comedy InvAsian, which features comics of Asian descent. They began dating in 2012, and in 2015, Tran came out as transgender. (In the YouTube short Tran, she reflects on her Vietnamese upbringing and struggles with gender identity issues.) That same year, the O.C.-based couple created their comedy/storytelling show, where they not only discuss Tran’s transition but the origins of their love story. Bootleg Theater, 2220 Beverly Blvd., Westlake; Fri., Dec. 14, 7-9 p.m.; $20. (213) 389-3856, bootlegtheater.org. —HIRAN BABAAYAN

MUSIC

Love/Hate Relationship

The last time Taylor Mac was in town, he astounded L.A. with A 24-Decade History of Popular Music, chronicling songs we know and love by era and cultural significance in grand and glitzy fashion, with a series of the elaborate eye-candy spectacles he’s become known for. Mac’s Yuletide presentation should be no exception. Taylor Mac’s Holiday Sauce seeks to celebrate the season “in all its dysfunction” and glittery glow. Mac is joined by longtime collaborators Machine Dazzle and Matt Ray, plus talented musicians and guests, all offering raucous musical renditions of holiday classics that reframe their meanings and the holidays by celebrating, exploring and skewering the love/hate feelings these festivities often evoke. Expect plenty of tinsel, lights and Christmas-y cheer as well as subversive, sexy and satiric theatrics that’ll help end the year with a bawdy bang.

FILM/ART

Get Your 3-D Glasses Ready

For 15 years, the good people of 3-D Space have put on the 3-D Movie Festival to celebrate the joys of 3-D visual cinematics, from the indie avant-garde to the apex of kitsch. But this year the optical amazement gets turned up a notch or two, as they partner with LACMA, where the current “Double Vision” presents a landmark survey of 3-D in the visual arts with a special focus on moving images and modern cinema. The festival happens all afternoon Saturday and Sunday, but the tippy-top highlight has to be the fantastic glory of Charles Phoenix and his famous narrated Retro 3-D Slideshow. Phoenix’s vivacious and contagious guide to glitzy Americana only gets more amazing and even a bit risqué when seen in multidimensional glory. Tickets to his live show Saturday night include all-festival passes and free special glasses.

DANCE

Heating Up the Holidays

The long-running, mostly monthly Forever Flamenco series usually has one or two dancers backed by a singer and musicians. For this Gala Flamenco, a full quartet of dancers — Vanessa Albalos, Maria Bermudez, Wendy Castellanos and Manuel Gutierrez — takes the stage with singer José Cortes, percussionist Gerardo Morales and guitarists Kai Narezo and Antonio Triana. This holiday edition from presenter Deborah Culver and associate producer James Bennett is the dance version of a glass of sparkling cava in a season otherwise dominated by eggnog-sweet Nutcrackers. Fountain Theatre, 5060 Fountain Ave., East Hollywood; Sun., Dec. 16, 8 p.m.; $40-$50, $30 seniors & students. (323) 663-1525, fountaintheater.com. —ANN HAJKINS

ART

Wearable Sculptures

“They can’t live without it. We can.” This is the exhibition title for Ingrid Luche’s new exhibition at Ghebaly Gallery — but it’s also a hint to the mysterious meanings behind her sculptural series called “Californian Ghost Dresses.” Made in a transatlantic process of action, memory and material accumulation, these fabric and mixed-media soft sculptures are both art and garments but neither thing exclusively. Their loose hanging folds and color and object enhancements reference the body as an expressive, movable feast of life experience ranging from celebrity sightings to house fires.

HOLIDAYS/ART

Festive Season

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PACIFICA
GRADUATE INSTITUTE

Jibz Cameron, aka Dynasty Handbag, performs Shell of a Woman. See Sunday.

You never had aerialists, vaudeville, burlesque, magicians, psychics or installation art. But then again, with enough cocktails in hand, you may well discover there are secret resident poets among your colleagues. The Poetry Brothel's immersive theatrical performance poetry environment presents its season finale, Office Christmas Party, and encourages dramatic, thematic over-sharing in a velvet-draped setting. Turn photocopying your butt into a romantic grand gesture of passionate individualism — for the holidays. El Cid, 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake; Sun., Dec. 16, 6-10 p.m.; $40-$80. thepoetrybrothel.com. —SHANA NYS DAMBROT

Alternative Art History
Jibz Cameron is a fascinating performance artist and actor who often goes by the nom de plume Dynasty Handbag (“no relation” to the venue, Ms. Handbag insists). In tonight’s solo show, Shell of a Woman, Professor Bags aims her unsettling perspectives and insights at the art world, couched as a PowerPoint lecture about the “10 Greatest Works of Art.” She admittedly will “make up lies” about the creation of these classic works and then will “naturally devolve into semiautobiographical/insane narratives peppered with songs, dance numbers and psychedelic inner monologuing.” Among other things, the good professor opines that “Picasso’s Guernica is about PETA activists setting free cows from a factory farm on the I-5 and the subsequent rebellion of said cows against their liberators.” Dynasty Typewriter at the Hayworth, 2511 Wilshire Blvd., downtown; Sun., Dec. 16, 8 p.m.; $25. dynastytypewriter.com. —FALLING JAMES

Creole Christmas
Every country and region has its own take on Christmas dinner; at Réveillon!: A Creole Christmas Feast, it is the Big Easy’s tradition that takes center stage. Sponsored by the Pacific Food & Beverage Museum and hosted by L.A.'s “oldest Creole restaurant,” the multi-course spread blends some of the best aspects of French and Southern cuisines. The evening starts with appetizers such as crawfish pie and concludes with bread pudding topped with Armagnac-infused praline. In between, you’ll have your pick of several seafood entrees. Some of the proceeds from the event benefit the Pacific Food & Beverage Museum and its sister food and beverage museums.

—SHANA NYS DAMBROT

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HOLIDAYS

TUE 12/18

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THU 12/20

Puppets in a Winter Wonderland
The folks at the Santa Monica Pier are restyling the iconic merry-go-round and carousel building this month as “Wonderland on the Water,” the pier’s first winter-holiday celebration in more than a decade. Adding to the seasonal diversions will be performances by Bob Baker Marionette Theater, which recently closed its longtime headquarters/theater. The puppets’ patriarch, Bob Baker, died in 2014, but the company continues to string his loving creations along in a variety of playfully endearing scenarios and settings. Santa Monica Pier, 200 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica; Thu., Dec. 20, 6 & 7 p.m.; free. (310) 458-8900, santamonicapier.org. —FALLING JAMES

WED 12/19

Slip-Sliding Away
Whether you can do a respectable imitation of an Olympic skater or you cling to the side of the rink for dear life, you too can pretend to experience actual winter for an hour at a time at the Holiday Ice Rink. (Provided you are willing to brave the masses of fellow inexperienced SoCal ice skaters.) The annual holiday event at Pershing Square is open through Jan. 21, but expect both physical and online tickets to go quickly as the holidays approach. Lockers are $3, skate rentals are $5 and skate helpers for children are $6. Check website for holiday hours. Pershing Square, 532 S. Olive St., downtown; daily, 10 a.m.-11 p.m., thru Dec. 30. holidayicerinkdowntownla.com. —AVERY BISSETT

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In early April 2008, I came to Los Angeles from the Bay Area to join L.A. Weekly as the new creative director, transferring from the company’s San Francisco branch, SF Weekly, after a decade as art director there. It was an exciting opportunity to come back to my hometown to work for the newspaper that was a huge part of my life throughout the ’80s and the early ’90s.

I arrived during yet another time of turmoil for the publication. The entire staff was still trying to adjust to the company’s merger with its former competitor, New Times, which brought staff changes, reductions and a very unpopular move to new offices in Culver City. The editorial department was uneasy about the new creative director coming in from corporate to make some changes to the art department and to the look and design of the publication. Ironically, I had already experienced the same exact situation when I started with SF Weekly years before, when it went through a similar buyout. Nevertheless, I was warmly welcomed by then editor-in-chief Laurie Ochoa and promptly began working in my new environment.

That environment was the classic alt-weekly newspaper done the L.A. Weekly way. Long days of crafting, tracking and producing amazing editorial content combined with moments of levity and wackiness — my favorite being the very open pet policy at the office allowing dogs, some cats and even stage editor Steven Leigh Morris’ famous pet chicken to freely roam the floors. And it was apparent that everyone had a deep sense of pride in the publication and the long history that was part of it.

We share some of that history with you in this 40th-anniversary issue. The current amazing edit team, composed of Brett Callwood, Shana Nys Dambrot, Falling James, Lina Lecaro and Michele Stueven (veteran and new editors), has curated an excellent selection of stories celebrating the Weekly’s past.

—DARRICK RAINEY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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When editor-founder Jay Levin had the mad idea to start a weekly alternative newspaper in Los Angeles in 1978, corralling a small group of investors including actor Michael Douglas, there were already such notable predecessors as Los Angeles Free Press and the Village Voice. But Levin’s L.A. Weekly soon tapped into — and helped to propel — a riotous explosion in art, music, fashion, film and literature that had long been simmering around the Southland and by the late ’70s had begun welling up with a force that could no longer be contained in the underground.

The city’s newspapers of record, the Los Angeles Herald Examiner and the Los Angeles Times, were fairly conservative back then, and the two publications’ cultural coverage generally centered on the mainstream preoccupations and vanities of their perceived audience of mostly white, mostly male and mostly upper- and middle-class readers. Some of the more perceptive writers at both papers made fitful attempts to tap into the
burgeoning local interest in underground film, art and punk rock, for instance, but there were suddenly dozens of events at new venues every week that escaped notice or were too subversive to merit the full attention of those two staid newspapers.

If nothing else, L.A. Weekly quickly filled a void that hadn't existed a few years earlier — a void of a void, if you will — eventually outdistancing such local alt-weekly rivals as Los Angeles Reader by having more comprehensive calendar listings of both mainstream and indie films as well as compiling virtually every major concert and tiny gig at local dives every week, alongside extensive listings for dance, theater, readings, politics and other events. These weren't just flat, dry recitations of show dates and times; wise-ass music writers such as the late Scott Morrow, classical-music maven Mary Beth Crain and music critic Jonny Whiteside took gleeful delight in goring the prevailing sacred cows of the 1980s (Whiteside continues to do so today) while championing iconoclastic new performers several years before the rest of the world caught up to them.

Early editor/co-founder/publisher Joie Davidow had a lot to do with setting the tone of the newspaper's style and vision, and her efforts to make the Weekly embrace all the local sub-scenes in art and fashion were carried on in part by longtime calendar editor Sharon Bell.

As L.A. Weekly grew over the course of its first decade, the paper expanded to encompass a variety of distractions and provocations, from Matt Groening's "Life in Hell" comic (which continued running every week for years, long after the artist found fame as the creator of The Simpsons) to other recurring strips and columns by Lynda Barry, Carol Lay, Lalo Alcaraz and Robbie Conal, among others. The newspaper also championed the work of numerous artful and, on occasion, even daringly brave photographers, from Ted Soqui to Virginia Lee Hunter and many others. Hollywood punk princess Pleasant Gehman launched an audacious gossip column, "L.A. Dee Da," that was carried on over the years in evolving formats by archly witty and remorselessly wicked modern-day Rona Barretts such as Kim Jones and, later, Belissa Cohen. The Weekly's long-running astrology column, "Rocky Horoscope" by Rockie Gardiner, was a multilayered piece of scripture that traced the patterns and cycles of celestial bodies with an astronomical precision while being laced with cryptic riddles and pop-culture references that were richer, more detailed and, more often than not, uncannily accurate in mapping out readers' futures than generic horoscopes.

Throughout the '80s and into the early '90s, the Weekly was loaded with a diverse and motley assortment of distinctive columnists, staffers and freelance contributors such as Michael Ventura, Ginger Varney, Harlan Ellison and Steve Erickson. Early music editor Jonathan Gold eventually switched to covering restaurants — and not the stodgy, European-style "fine-dining" establishments that most other publications were focused on, as he ravenously tore through and explored this city's wide variety of cultures and street foods. Gold's replacement as music editor, former Bags guitarist Craig Lee, ushered in an era of wildly provocative, untamed writers such as Germs drummer Don Bolles, the incomparable punk stylist Shredder, the quietly subversive Felicia Dominguez and longtime staffer and prog-experimental connoisseur John Payne. Payne eventually was appointed music editor in the 1990s, following a series of more mainstream-minded editors who had often moved away from in-depth coverage of the paper's bread and butter and early raison d'être, the local underground music scene. Under Lee and Payne, with input from associate music editor/unconventional jazz-metal critic Greg Burk, the Weekly's music coverage would evolve from fannish, punk-style writing to more in-depth, provocative, contemplative and/or insightful musings from such luminaries as Ernest Hardy, classical-music columnist Alan Rich and punk pioneer Brendan Mullen.

Both Lee and Payne recognized
the rich variety of local music that was occurring across an increasingly wide variety of genres. Payne also revived L.A. Weekly's music awards for a short spell, after Lee started the annual series of popular award show/concerts in the late '80s.

During the Weekly's first decade, the newspaper was thoroughly unpredictable, with a sense of anarchy and frantic deadline excitement in the crowded, chaotic newsrooms in Silver Lake infusing the articles and columns with a freewheeling, jubilant, messy wildness. The atmosphere in the office was as eclectic as the content, with the likes of Ron Athey and Vaginal Davis (both renowned performance artists today), managing editor Kateri Butler, designers Bill Smith and John Curry, and music and art lovers in the production department, such as L7's Donita Sparks and The Mutts' Jacques Olivier.

After Levin stepped down from his multiple roles running the newspaper in 1992, the Weekly was sold and resold to a variety of sober-minded corporations including, at one point, a pet food company. The company expanded its copyediting and fact-checking departments, and the paper's prized news coverage headed in a more responsible and comprehensive journalistic direction in the following 20 years, with such dogged and persistent reporters, columnists and editors as Christine Pelisek, Patrick Range McDonald, David Zahniser, Gene Maddaus, Dennis Romero, Marc Cooper and Harold Meyerson breaking numerous important stories while confronting local, state and federal politicians with an unsentimental, unbiased and cynical perspective missing from other publications.

Much of the frenetic and boundary-pushing atmosphere of the old Weekly faded away under the various corporate owners, but newer writers in the '90s and beyond — such as incisive film editor Manohla Dargis, thoughtful film critic Ella Taylor, provocative columnist Erin Aubry Kaplan, witty staff writer Gendy Alimurung, fervent and tireless theater editor Steven Lee Morris, theater critics Lovell Estell III, Deborah Klugman and Bill Raden, and art mavens Peter Frank, Ralph Rugoff and Doug Harvey, among others — instilled a sense of higher, more intellectual standards while mixing their prose imagery and revisionist views.

In the early '90s, Cohen's column became a celebratory yet skewering scenerster chronicle everyone wanted to be in, while the Weekly's calendar section under Bell and the especially clever and irreverent writer Libby Molyneaux became the true bible of L.A., its extensive listings leaving little out in terms of things to do in Los Angeles. Pre-internet, L.A. Weekly's free print edition was in every record store, movie theater, cool retail shop and kiosk all over town, providing a guide to the city like no other, with special issues such as the Best of L.A., and

Matt Groening’s "Life in Hell" was the foundation of the Weekly's comic section, which featured work by many other famous artists, such as Charles Burns' "Big Baby."
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issues dedicated to L.A. music, food and, later, the People issue (which grew out of the paper’s “Considerable Town” offshoot column called “Considerable People”), experimenting designwise with multiple covers and glossy magazine stock versus its usual newsprint.

Having moved from its Silver Lake digs to the former Hollywood Reporter building on Sunset in the early ’90s, the Weekly found its spiritual home in many ways. Mike Lacey’s New Times Media took over the paper in 2002, in a complex deal with Village Voice Media (the parent company of L.A. Weekly until last year) that saw Jill Stewart replace news editor Alan Mittelstaedt. With editor-in-chief Laurie Ochoa at the helm along with associate editor Joe Donnelly, the Weekly went on to win more national journalism awards than any other alternative newspaper in the country (including a Pulitzer Prize for food writing for Ochoa’s husband, Gold, in 2007).

By this time the influence of the web was undeniable, and more and more of the Weekly’s content was migrating online, including popular pop culture-driven columns by Dave Shulman, Henry Rollins and Nikki Finke, whose “Deadline Hollywood” column became a watchdog for the entertainment industry. L.AWeekly.com incorporated online slide-shows and some video as well. In 2008, the Weekly’s offices moved once again, this time to Culver City. VVM took the opportunity to issue budget cuts that saw many staffers ousted, including — despite the staff’s successes — the top editors.

Lacey had sold the Weekly to Voice Media Group in 2012 and the paper went through several personnel changes in the years that followed. But it always maintained a hard-working staff and a network of passionate freelancers, who continued to publish important stories reflecting the culture of Los Angeles with dedicated reverence, garnering many awards in the process. In 2017, VMG announced the sale of L.A. Weekly. It was purchased by Semanal Media in December of that year, with longtime art director Darrick Rainey named editor-in-chief and contributors who’d been working with the publication from several decades before joining the staff. The offices moved once again, in spring of this year, to the heart of downtown Los Angeles.

Through the country’s most tragic and triumphant times, through the paper’s own historical high points and low points, through acclaim and controversy, L.A. Weekly has endured, calling out injustices in social and political spheres, shining a spotlight on the city’s creative culture, art and music, and bringing together a variety of voices and perspectives that reflect and embody our city and our world — male and female; cis and LGBTQ; Caucasian and people of color; young and old. Everyone who contributed in the past 40 years is part of this rich legacy. Here’s to four more decades of doing so with the same expository vision, thoughtful approach and unfettered devotion.
LA WEEKLY
24

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6. 삼겹살 (Pork Belly)

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AH YES, THE OLIVE GARDEN REVIEW

Since its earliest days, L.A. Weekly has reviewed both the high and the low when it comes to food. The paper you have lovingly fetched for her from the dew-damp front lawn is going to be 18 months out of date.

This year, I was sure I had figured something out: I was going out of town, and I had put together a restaurant review in a hurry, and I managed to talk Anne Fishbein, our intrepid restaurant photographer, into meeting me for lunch 35 miles from her house — at the Arcadia Olive Garden, where we would act like tourists and explore the wonders of seafood Alfredo and unlimited bread sticks, to express for once the simple goodness of Tuscan goodness, I assured Anne. Olive Garden chefs now undergo rigorous training at the Culinary Institute of Tuscany, nor Anne's experience covered Tuscan country inns — Tuscan country inns of a sort that didn't really exist until a 1980s ad campaign for digestive biscuits convinced the Italian populace that they did, but no matter.

I had no intention of eating lunch at the Olive Garden. I was planning to intercept the grumpy photographer at the door and spirit her to the Derby, a track-fueled steakhouse less than a minute's drive down the street. We'd have a Sidecar or two. We'd laugh at how she'd been fooled. There would be leftover meat for her bull terrier.

Except that I was caught in traffic and ended up at the restaurant 20 minutes after she got there. She had commandeered a big table upstairs and was already into the bread sticks, long, doughy things slicked with grease and oil. She was working on a cappuccino, which was all but hidden under a swirlly tower of whipped cream. She was looking forward to a bowl of "Tuscan" soup with sausage, potato and milk, which she enjoyed — although the soup had clearly broken from being held at too high a heat — and a plate of eggplant parmigiana that consisted of crunchy eggplant Fringles bound with leathery strips of mozzarella.

I would like to say that I enjoyed the tomato-pesto-fagioli, which was after all no worse than the clear-out-the-crisper soups I make all the time, and that the tenderness of the fried calamari was greater than the sogginess of its bread. I would also like to report that the lasagna rollata al forno was just as good as the remarkably similar lasagna cupcakes from Silver Lake caterers Heirloom L.A., which are something of a local fixation. They weren't, though — they just weren't. Nor was the moment when the waiter filled the tiny wine glass to the rim and said, "That'll do ya"; nor the chef's excited tales of the Culinary Institute of Tuscany, nor Anne's delight at my abject misery.

She was not to be deterred from the house tiramisu, and she contemplated getting a platter of dolcini while I wondered how much straight Galliano would deliver me to a merciful death.

I'm the snob. I will always be the snob. Anne just scooped up my bread sticks. It was a prank taken one step too far.

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started writing for L.A. Weekly in 1979. At 18, it wasn't my first job as a
rock writer but it was my introductory foray into professional journalism — meaning I'd actually be getting paid. I'd already been publishing Lobotomy, the Xerox fanzine I'd created with Randy Kaye and photographer Theresa Kereakes, and writing for Slash magazine and New York Rocker since 1977.

Music editor Bill Bentley brought me on board, as we knew each other from clubs and parties and shared very similar tastes in bands. One night, getting drunk at the Frolic Room, we were talking music and he greenlit my first feature story, "Rockabili Redux," on the resurgence of American roots music. He was unaware of my ridiculously poor typing skills and I certainly wasn't about to tell him. I wanted to seem professional. Because high school typing class had been so boring, I'd literally cut every session in favor of going to some friend's house where parents weren't around, getting high while listening to Bowie. It took me an hour to get my first article for the Weekly down in longhand, and then all night to type it on a barely functional, borrowed manual typewriter.

Back then, fax machines didn't exist, so you had to complete your story a few days before it was due if you were mailing it in. Yes, mailing it! I preferred hand delivery. On the due date, I took the bus down Sunset to the Weekly office to turn in my story. I was unsure what to expect from a real newspaper; my only frame of reference came from hard-boiled crime reporters in the Xerox fanzine I'd created with Randy Kaye and photographer Theresa Kereakes, and writing for Slash magazine and New York Rocker since 1977.

My process for producing "L.A. Dee Da." went like this: I'd go out every night, often to three or more places, scrabbling a few notes in eyebrow pencil on a flyer. At the end of the week, I'd pop off a stream-of-consciousness column, which made its debut in 1980. He called me into his office one day and I thought I was in trouble for something. Instead, he offered me my own column, which he'd already named "L.A. Dee Da."

Jay gave me free rein on content, and it often got pretty racy. But then, that's what the rock scene was all about. Obsessed as I was with Old Hollywood, in a punk-rock paean to 1940s gossip columnists Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons, I billed "L.A. Dee Da" as "the place to dig if you're looking for dirt." But honestly, if I'd actually spilled everything I knew, I'd have been run out of town. Unlike the loadies in the art department, I preferred to keep my debauchery outside of the office.

My process for producing "L.A. Dee Da" was way too much for dirt. "But honestly, if I'd actually spilled everything I knew, I'd have been run out of town. Unlike the loadies in the art department, I preferred to keep my debauchery outside of the office."

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I had wonderful relationships with all my editors. They each did their job with care and taught me so much about writing. I loved working with Bill Bentley because he cracked me up, and with Mikal Gilmore for his attention to detail and because he brought out the best of me with constructive suggestions for rewrites. I revered Phil Tracy because of his no-nonsense newspaperman persona, which matched my crazy noir-inspired fantasies. He seemed tough as nails but was super nice. I also admired the fact that he kept an emergency bottle of booze in one of his desk drawers, all "oldskool" newspaper man, which was what he was.

Jay Levin was kind of like a wacky father figure to me, too. In 1982, when I was about to be married to rockabilly singer Levi Dexter, Jay asked, "What would you like for a wedding present: money or drugs?" Unsure if he was posing a trick question or being serious, I answered sarcastically, "Both!" And in true '80s fashion, I got both from him, each portion of the two-part present way more generous than I'd ever dreamed in my broke punk-girl existence.

Many staffers were older than I was but they were mostly still young, and it all felt fresh, creative and fun. Lots of musicians and artists worked at the Weekly over the years, among them Craig Lee of The Bags, Don Bolles of The Germs, Suzy Gardner of L7, Falling James of The Leaving Trains [Still
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INSIDE THE PROTEST PIT

Robbie Conal remembers his satirical resistance to the 2000 DNC, held in L.A.

BY SHANA NYS DAMBROT

legendary artist Robbie Conal wears many hats along with his favorite “Enemy of the People” T-shirt — painter, activist, satirist, teacher, progressive icon and, of course, all-star among L.A. Weekly alumni. His “Artburn” feature ran from 1997 to 2003 or so, but he’d been contributing writing and illustration for years before that. A lot of incredible work lit up the pages during his tenure, but for our 40th anniversary, we look back at a particularly incendiary moment — the Herculean undertaking that was the L.A. Weekly Daily, a run of special editions brought out each day of the 2000 Democratic National Convention, which was happening in Los Angeles.

That was the year of the infamous police batons and rubber bullets incidents in the fenced-off area behind Staples Center, dubbed the free speech zone but more colloquially known as the protest pit, and it did get violent and ugly out there. “When [the Democrats] came to Los Angeles for their convention,” Conal writes in the notes in his Weekly covers anthology ARTBURN, “the Weekly went daily, and so did I. Five covers in four days. Tipper had her own pull-out section on Al’s day. You go, grrrr! She’s such a rocker. (Or just off her meds.)”

Sue Horton had been the editor-in-chief since 1994, and at that time Bill Smith was ruling the design and art direction roost. Conal recalls his entire run with the paper fondly, but the DNC project still ranks among his favorites. “I had a frenzied blast doing five covers in four days,” he tells me. “It was just me and Sue Horton and Bill Smith and a cloud of charcoal dust!”

“I HAD A FRENZIED BLAST DOING 5 COVERS IN 4 DAYS. IT WAS JUST ME AND SUE HORTON AND BILL SMITH AND A CLOUD OF CHARCOAL DUST!” — ROBBIE CONAL

Conal tells L.A. Weekly how he chose his cover subjects for the week. “Al Gore and Bill Clinton were obvious,” he says. “Tipper was my call. I’ve had it in for her and for Susan Baker (James Baker III’s wife) ever since their campaign from 1985 to the late ’90s to control what music American kids listen to. They started a group called the Parents Music Resource Center (known as ‘Washington Wives’) to produce smack on popular music lyrics. Yeah, that went well!”

As for Lieberman, Conal calls him out on the hypocrisy of his “whichever way the wind blows” positions. “Joe Lieberman became a sycophant to anyone with real power, just so he could hoover up whatever crumbs came his way.”

“And in L.A. we knew Gray Davis only too well. He was a take-money-to-do-nothing-about-big-corporate-corruption kinda guy,” Conal says, reminding us that “Gray’s the guy who gave us Arnold. And in relation to California’s electric energy crisis in 2000-2001, I could see Gray Davis saying, ‘Is it OK if I just do nothing? I’m having a rolling blackout.’”

As Conal wrote in 2003, sagely and prescient, in the end he values the merging of art and humor as “just one way of turning anger, disappointment and sometimes utter disbelief at the unconscionable doings of our political and cultural leaders into a form of silly — satirically joyful — resistance.”
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Andrea Bernhard has proven to be a most enduring comedian. Her sassy, unfiltered, meta takes on life and pop culture provide thoughtful laughs and so much more. She is and always has been fun to watch — in movies, on TV, on record. She is and always has been fun to watch.

Her latest stage show, Sandemonium, surely will offer all this and then some. Bernhard has perfected her “pastiche of madness,” a term we took from one of her past shows at REDCAT (yes, we jotted it down!). Bernhard is loose and spontaneous-seeming onstage yet remains razor-sharp in her points, ideas and narrative.

Her fearless style made her a perfect first L.A. Weekly cover subject, along with other young groundbreaking female comedians making a name for themselves at local venues like the Comedy Store. The 1978 debut cover story represented everything the paper sought to celebrate: uncensored commentary that was smart and bold but also sort of like hanging out and dishing with your Wittiest friend, the one who says things so brilliant and oddball yet spot-on that you often want to jot her words down for future use.

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Welcome to L.A. Weekly’s Movie Guide, your look at the hottest films in Los Angeles theaters this week, from indie art-house gems and classics to popcorn-perfect blockbusters and new movies garnering buzz. Check here every week before you make your bigscreen plans.

Opening wide
Friday, Dec. 14

Keeping the post-apocalyptic sci-fi adventure genre alive, Mortal Engines comes with a swanky blockbuster pedigree, namely a best-selling source novel by Philip Reeve and a screenplay by the trio who brought us The Lord of the Rings trilogy: Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens and Peter Jackson. Jackson originally was attached to direct but handed the reins to first-timer Christian Rivers. Steampunk production design abounds; only time will tell if it finds its intended niche.

The lack of publicity surrounding Clint Eastwood’s new feature, The Mule, is perplexing. Maybe Warner Bros. has lost faith in it, or perhaps its director-star didn’t want to compete for awards recognition with his friend Bradley Cooper (A Star Is Born), who co-stars. Nick Schenk (Gran Torino) wrote the screenplay based on a New York Times piece about a 90-year-old WWII veteran who became a drug courier for the infamous Sinaloa cartel in Mexico. Eastwood is now 88 years old. For that reason alone, the film is an event.

Spider-Man: Into the Spider-Verse is yet another comic book adaptation based on the Marvel franchise character, only this time the titular superhero is fully computer-animated. What’s the narrative hook this time? Multiple Spideys! Shameik Moore provides the voice of Miles Morales, a teenager of Puerto Rican and African-American heritage whose spidey strength ushers him into an interdimensional journey with others of his kind. A sequel and multiple spinoffs are already in development at Sony.

Wednesday, Dec. 19

Whether it succeeds or fails artistically, Mary Poppins Returns is going to be huge. This belated sequel comes 54 years after the cherished Julie Andrews original and has been lavished with four Golden Globe nominations. Emily Blunt looks practically perfect as the eponymous nanny who rejoins the Banks family a generation after their previous London adventure. Dick Van Dyke, 92, has lived long enough to revisit his role as the geezer at the Fidelity Fiduciary Bank who gets jiggly wit in a scene that will no doubt be adored by all who witness it. Broadway legend Lin-Manuel Miranda leads an all-star supporting cast.

Also opening this week: Sicilian Ghost Story; Backtrace; Beyond White Space; Bird Box; Capernaum; Dead Souls; Heading Home: The Tale of Team Israel; The Quake; The Second Time Around; That Way Madness Lies…; This One’s for the Ladies (Saturday, Dec. 15); They Shall Not Grow Old (Monday, Dec. 17).

Limited and art-house
Friday, Dec. 14

Because there isn’t enough misery in the world already, Lars von Trier has made an ultra-violent serial killer movie: The House That Jack Built. Matt Dillon stars as Jack, and the story follows this brilliant, depraved sociopath over a 12-year period that includes multiple sadistic killings, each rendered in minute detail. At Cannes, Von Trier went on record to say that the film celebrates “the idea that life is evil and soulless.” As the Dude would say, “Yeah, well, you know, that’s just like, uh, your opinion, man.” The Frida Cinema, 305 E. Fourth St., Santa Ana; Fri., Dec. 14, 9 p.m.; thru Dec. 20; $10. (714) 285-9422, thefridacinema.org.

If Beale Street Could Talk marks the confident return of Barry Jenkins, writer-director of the 2016 Best Picture Oscar winner, Moonlight. Like its predecessor, this is a romantic drama in a lushly emotional key. The story, based on James Baldwin’s 1974 novel, involves a black woman whose husband has been falsely accused of a crime. The movie premiered at the Toronto International Film Festival and was picked up by Annapurna Pictures. The Landmark, 10850 Pico Blvd., West L.A.; Fri., Dec. 14, various showtimes; $12-$15; (310) 470-0492, landmarktheatres.com. Also playing at the ArcLight, 6360 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Fri. Dec. 14, various showtimes; $16-$18; (323) 615-2550, arclightcinemas.com.

UCLA is showing a rare nitrate print of Joseph L. Mankiewicz’s A Letter to Three Wives, a sly and sophisticated comedy starring Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern. The film is a Hollywood classic but for this screening, the format is as significant as the movie. Cellulose nitrate, noted for its high-contrast luster, is so rare these days that few theaters dare to project it. Thankfully, the technicians at the Billy Wilder Theater know exactly what they’re doing, and viewers will be duly rewarded. UCLA’s Billy Wilder Theater, 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood; Fri., Dec. 14, 7:30 p.m.; $10. (310) 206-8013, cinema.ucla.edu.

Saturday, Dec. 15

Christmas Evil has been heralded by John Waters as the greatest Christmas movie ever made. Lewis Jackson’s 1980 cult classic is, in actuality, a carefully made and deeply weird melodrama about a man haunted by a traumatic childhood event that drives him to don a Santa suit and repay each child — both naughty and nice — in kind. The newly refurbished New Beverly Cinema will screen it at midnight to kick off its seasonal series. New Beverly Cinema, 7165 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax; Sat., Dec. 15, 11:59 p.m.; $8. (323) 938-4038, thenewbev.com.

Sunday, Dec. 16

Never-Ending Man: Hayao Miyazaki is a new documentary celebrating the life and work of the world’s greatest living animator. The film opens nationwide on Dec. 13, but the Aero Theatre presents a special one-night screening following its four-day Miyazaki retrospective. Members of the Los Angeles Film Critics Association will introduce the feature, which is directed by Kaku Arakawa. Aero Theatre, 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica; Sun., Dec. 16, 7:30 p.m.; $12. (323) 466-3456, americancinemathequecalendar.com.

L.A. Weekly also recommends these films still in theaters: Vox Lux; Bohemian Rhapsody; Ralph Breaks the Internet; The Favourite; Creed II; Widows; A Star Is Born.
was music editor at L.A. Weekly officially for about eight years, circa roughly 1997 to 2005, plus I had filled the role on an interim basis a few times before that. Following my and near all of my Weekly colleagues’ (humph!) unceremonious dumping in 2005, some might say I pathetically continued to contribute to the Weekly’s music and film sections, which I still do from time to time. Taken all together, that makes me the L.A. Weekly’s longest-serving writer/editor (I started at the Weekly in 1985), a fact about which I am, I think, quite proud.

During the aforementioned so-grand JP Era, one thing I noticed was that there was no universally admired way of doing this L.A. Weekly music editor job. Never had I had so many people hate my guts. First of all, re: my own writing, I was often called too arch, and my sentences were too long, and I was full of myself; in my defense, I’d say that as music editor of the L.A. Weekly, all this kinda crap was my prerogative.

And then the Weekly’s pre-internet open-to-comment feature stories and reviews about music were gifted with occasional letters to the editor, on paper mostly. One day a letter arrived, a missive that succinctly stated the case for my canning: “Hey, Why you got to diss [insert album title]? It’s a great record. You’re an asshole.” This was a pretty typical L.A. Weekly music section reader’s letter during my time at “the top.”

Music- and culture-wise, this particular era for the music “scene” in L.A. was a bit between things — decidedly post-post-punk, nascently hip-hoppy, kinda country and not really clear on any kind of main direction we all ought to be heading in; that state of affairs has become permanent, BTW. Well, I had to take the world’s emerging musical eclecticism into account, so as far as a big “concept” for my music section goes, my idea was that generally speaking Los Angeles was a place whose music fans needed to be dragged into the future, if not somewhat into the present. You might say I was trying for a new paradigm, far away from the dictates of the parochial and bossy New York/East Coast publicity/media corndogs who, along with Robert Hilburn at the L.A. Times, had shaped practically every idea about popular music, rock in particular, that L.A. music heads ever had, in too limited, culturally biased and basically blah ways, too.

Thus I tried to do some curation that would highlight the best and most relevant music happening here in L.A. and elsewhere on the planet, and I mean the best of every kind of music. My feeling was, and still is, why not? Somewhere in the middle of this grand, grand era, I also found the time (for time was a big issue, at 60 to 80 hours a week of sogglin’ away at all this) to do a couple of columns, called “Third Ear” and “Triple Echo.” On these pages I would typically review up to a dozen or so recent record releases that were, I admit, a heapin’ hodgepodge of every kind of recorded music under the big orange sun; from rock, pop, teenage bop, R&B and jazz to classical, world/ethnic, electronic and polka; my point was merely that it was all new music that was worthy of attention, and that one might look for connections twixt all of it. I had ripped off John Peel’s basic approach: “Here is something I like; you might like it, too.”

I could have some real fun with those columns; one time I reviewed a U2 album and my graphic designer, Dave Shulman, and I planted Robin Williams’ face over a picture of Bono, and no one noticed. This sort of thing is now a federal offense.

On the procedural tip, things were really different in those days, as far as how an editor deals with writers (in person, on the phone or at least exchange of emails). This is how an editor brings out the best in writers, I think — ultimately makes them sound more like themselves than they themselves maybe were capable of doing.

This was the part I liked the most, these one-on-ones with the writer where we join heads and hearts, shoot the creative shizz and try to make something new together. This was immensely rewarding for me; I found out that when you talk to people, you discover the secrets of the universe.

Meanwhile, along the way I or we decided to reboot the L.A. Weekly Music Awards, which had been tried a couple of times in previous years but which

ONE THING I NOTICED WAS THERE WAS NO UNIVERSALLY ADMIRE WAY OF DOING THIS L.A. WEEKLY MUSIC EDITOR JOB. NEVER HAD I HAD SO MANY PEOPLE HATE MY GUTS.

– JOHN PAYNE

strangely had simply been dropped. These were great nights of hilarity and chaos and awesome performances that did manage to bring a broad assortment of musicians, fans and scenesters all together under one big multicolored umbrella. Current Weekly contributor and stellar feller Paul Rogers was among my co-producers for these events; good on yer, Pup.

I got a lot of great help from a most royally hard-working bunch of teammates at the Weekly. Why, back then we editors had copy editors and proofreaders, for cryin’ out loud, and motherfargin’ fact checkers! Can you believe it? And we had superb photographers and photo editors, including the great Kathy Clark and Debra DiPaolo. I’d be remiss, too, if I didn’t offer praise here for my longtime execs, Paul Christie, both of whom I considered ace

As part of our 40th-anniversary celebrations, beloved former music editor John Payne returns as honorary music editor this week, taking the reins for the print and online music content. Here he looks back on his tenure with the paper. — Brett Callwood

REMINISCING
A former music editor on 33 years with L.A. Weekly

By John Payne

As part of our 40th-anniversary celebrations, beloved former music editor John Payne returns as honorary music editor this week, taking the reins for the print and online music content. Here he looks back on his tenure with the paper. — Brett Callwood
**FRI 12/14**

**Tijuana Panthers, Gothic Tropic**

@ **THE ROXY**

Tijuana Panthers kick up a lot of punky energy with such rambunctious tracks as “Right and Wrong,” from their 2015 album, *Poster* (Innovative Leisure), but some of the Long Beach trio’s most interesting songs come wrapped in different musical disguises. “Church Bells” is a surging, sugary power-pop bouquet of jangling guitars, while “I Hate Saturday Nights” mixes garage rock with a hint of Smiths-style melancholy. “Send Down the Bombs” sounds like a punk title but Tijuana Panthers croon breezily instead about “a mission of love from the sky.”

Gothic Tropic is a project led by singer-guitarist Cecilia Della Peruti, and her 2017 record, *Fast or Feast*, is lit up with such fizzy and gently spacey pop interludes as “Cry Like a Man” and “Feed You to the Sharks.”

— **FALLING JAMES**

**Earthless**

@ **THE SATELLITE**

Earthless bring the thunder for the second of two nights at the Satellite. *Black Heaven*, the latest album by the San Diego trio, contains only six tracks but three of them are longer than eight minutes apiece, giving singer-guitarist Isaiah Mitchell, bassist Mike Eginton and Rocket From the Crypt drummer Mario Rubalcaba plenty of room to ramble. The record might not be as psychedelically as previous releases, as Mitchell sticks to more metallic Black Sabbath–style riff-slinging and journeyman hard-rock howling. The impact of such overtly rocking tracks as “Volt Rush” and “Electric Flame” is largely retro, and “Sudden End” is a fairly straightforward power ballad blown up to large proportions. Also Thursday, Dec. 13. — **FALLING JAMES**

**Merzbow**

@ **THE REGENT THEATER**

The god of Japanese “noise” is one Akita Masami, aka Merzbow. He’s famed for a brutal anti-music that deals in clashing clusters of sonority whose radical reworkings of sampling softwares, digital/analog effects, obscure radio transmissions and mic punishment can be literally painful — though cleansing and surprisingly accessible after one’s ears adjust a bit.

The brain-shearing highs of his laptop ruminations are incredibly focused, his questioning locomotions through an industrial landscape at once exhilarating and demanding. If you dug a bit, you might find traces of progressive rock, drone/psychedlia, black metal, free jazz and early electronic music in Merzbow, along with an outlook shaped by dada and fetish culture. While his Vegan Straight Edge Noise Project is Merzbow’s current pursuit, most likely he won’t be strumming an smelly finger, returns to Los Angeles this week, always a happy hunting ground for the man. This festive club gig by the interstellar legend alongside Peanut Butter Wolf and C-Minus promises to be a sparkling opportunity for fans to see Clinton in a lively environment as the man dials back the years. Let’s face it, few things in life are more certain than the fact that “Atomic Dog” will get everybody in a room dancing like a loon. The feather-headed darling is still blessed with charisma by the bucketload, so rest assured that two weeks before Christmas, George Clinton will be bringing the joy to Catch One.

— **BRETT CALLWOOD**

**SUN 12/16**

**Something Shocking From the Stocking record release**

@ **CAFE NELA**

*Something Shocking From the Stocking* is a new CD via JoZeek Records that sees a bunch of rock & roll and punk groups, mostly from Southern California, performing Christmas songs. Some of them are originals, others are fresh takes on traditional favorites, but all are centered around this most wonderful time of the year. For contrast, hear The Darts’ ’60s girl-group swagger of “Mistletoe” and Insect Surfers’ surf-rock instrumental version of “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.” A handful of the contributors get together at Cafe Nela to perform songs from the album and more, including The Schizophonics, Santa Sabbath, Magnet Hearts, I See Hawks in L.A., Double Naught Spy Car, The Freeks and The Rotters. Beats listening to “Little Drummer Boy” over and over. — **BRETT CALLWOOD**

**MON 12/17**

The MEC Early Music Ensemble, ECHOI Ensemble

@ **ZIPPER CONCERT HALL**

Minimalist composer Steve Reich sets adrift seemingly simple, repetitive melodies that expand and ripple through the water, slowly evolving into new shapes while remaining anchored to their original pulses or patterns. His epic mid-1970s rhythmic incantation *Music for 18 Musicians* weaves together strings, winds, voices, marimba, xylophone and piano into a mesmerizing mosaic of brightly colorful sounds that occasionally evoke hints of birdsong and rainy-weather wind chimes. Monday Evening Concerts director Jonathan Hepfer
summons the forces of ECHOI Ensemble and the MEC Early Music Ensemble to contrast and align Reich's modernist works, including the vocal collage Come Out (1966), with the polyphonic vocal chanting of 12th-century composers Léonin and Perotin. —FALLING JAMES

Failings, Small Drone Orchestra
@ COXIAL ARTS
The cover art for Heaven Music by Ian Hawk, leader of the Portland, Oregon, project Failings, depicts a bucolic wintry scene of gigantic pine trees shrouded in snow. But the two-song, 25-minute release is not a cheery Christmas record. Instead, the two tracks — the sprawling “Breathes” and the slightly less sprawling and more percussive “Breath” — well up into intense fusillades of droning noise that rupture the sky with an awe-inspiring force before eventually subsiding into relatively dormant instrumental passages. In Hawk's mind, heaven is a place of extreme electrical storms. Local sound artist Don Lewis also shapes droning sounds into interesting forms of new music but, when he methodically runs a bow over an electric bass and manipulates tones via an analog synthesizer, the impact is more subtly ominous and hypnotic. Plus, Black Dog and Jamie Green. —FALLING JAMES

TUE 12/18
Nortec Collective
@ THE ROXY
Since 1999, Nortec Collective have been bridging two seemingly distant and opposing worlds, techno and traditional norteno music. They are among the leaders in the electronic dance music subgenre nortec, a unique spin on past and present that originated in Tijuana. The group's four members often split up into related projects such as Chorofila and Bostich + Fussible, but tonight they're billed at the Roxy as Nortec Collective. Such merrily entrancing tracks as "Radio Borderland" and the effusively poppy "Tijuana Makes Me Happy" manage to find the catchy similarities between festive traditional Mexican dance music and relatively modern techno grooves. The banda-loving band released what purported to be their final album, Motel Baja, in 2014, and yet they continue to re-emerge in various high-stepping configurations. —FALLING JAMES

Generation Axe
@ THE WILTERN
These guitar widdle fests are generally an acquired taste. Like the G3 shows organized by Joe Satriani, they're largely populated by people who wish to God they could play guitar as fast and shrewdly as the people onstage. It can get a bit much. That said, the lineup here is undeniably impressive, if you like that sort of thing. Steve Vai and Yngwie Malmsteen will always get fret-heads giddy, while Ozzy/Black Label Society six-stringer Zakk Wylde and Extreme man Nuno Bettencourt have been respected players for decades. The wild card (as opposed to the Wylde card) here is Tosin Abasi of prog-metal troupe Animals as Leaders — one can be sure that he'll be looking to earn his shred-legend props here. Get ready to be dazzled. —BRETT CALLWOOD

WED 12/19
Protomartyr, Preoccupations
@ THE REGENCY THEATER
The pairing of Detroit post-punk group Protomartyr and Canadian post-punk group Preoccupations is, if not inspired, certainly smart. Both capture an earthly, honest, fucking gloomy vibe that lends serious weight to their output. Protomartyr were kicking ass in the Motor City for a while before the second album, 2014’s Under Color of Official Right, picked up the Pitchfork seal of coolness. 2015’s The Agent Intellect and 2017’s Relatives in Descent have allowed their rise to remain slow and steady but still enviable. Protomartyr continue to earn solid reviews and pick up fans by a steadfast desire to play this game by their own rules. Compromising isn't in the cards. Preoccupations seem to live by a similar ethos, which is why this gig will work so well. —BRETT CALLWOOD

Thom Yorke
@ THE ORPHEUM
Thom Yorke has some new music out. It's for the soundtrack to the film Suspiria, a film that encapsulates no small amount of the otherness and the doubt and the paranoia that underpin Yorke's music, both on his own and with Radiohead. It also dovetails nicely with the opulence and implied menace of a cinematic palace like the Orpheum. He'll probably also play tracks off his records The Eraser and Tomorrow's Modern Boxes. The question remains: Are you going to let your mind wander to contemplate how good Radiohead songs are in comparison — or are you going to appreciate these songs as works of art unto themselves, pristine and thriving in a singular moment in which you find yourself present and aware enough to accept them on their own merits? The choice is yours and yours alone. Also Thursday, Dec. 20. —DAVID COTNER

THU 12/20
Ministry
@ THE FONDA THEATRE
Al Jourgensen and Ministry may not have been able to match the commercial success of 1992’s Psalm 69: The Way to Suck Eggs, but one suspects that the main man couldn’t give a shit. Tracks like “Just One Fix” and “Jesus Built My Hotrod” saw the band stretch their legs outside of the ultra-hip industrial underground where they were already beloved thanks to the albums The Land of Rape and Honey and The Mind Is A Terrible Thing to Taste. Suddenly they were on MTV and performing to thousands. Subsequent releases haven't been as mainstream popular but they’ve still been great. They might not be as stark and cold as the likes of Skinny Puppy or Front Line Assembly, but nobody does the industrial thing as ferociously as Ministry. Also Friday, Dec. 21. —BRETT CALLWOOD

COMING SOON:
12/20 PAJAMA VS UGLY CHRISTMAS SWEATER PARTY TOY DRIVE
12/20 SPEAKERS N PALM TREES : TOY DRIVE
12/21 PEPPASEED: LA’S THROWBACK JAMAICAN REGGAE PARTY 4THELUV
12/21 CLUB 90’S
12/25 CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER & TOY GIVEAWAY
12/25 CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER & TOY GIVEAWAY 4THELUV
12/27 RHI RHI - DI BAD GYAL PARTY CHRISTMAS AND ANNIVERSARY PARTY
12/27 AL JOURGENSON - MINISTRY 37th anniversary party
12/28 CLUB 90’S
12/29 LA’S 3RD ANNUAL DANCEHALL BALL 2018
12/30 LATIN BASHMENT 3040 W. SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90026 (213) 666-6669 TICKETS & INFO AT CLUBBLOGLOBOS.COM /CLUBBLOGLOBOS /CLUBBLOGLOBOS @losglobos
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THE ROXY: 8000 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. Tijuana Panthers, Gothic Tropic, The Cozzmos, Fri., Dec. 14, 9 p.m., $17 (see Music Pick). Sadgirl, Wild Wing, Teenage Cavegirl, Sat., Dec. 15, 9 p.m., Inner Wave, Sun., Dec. 16, 8 p.m. The Buttertones, Pinky Pinky, Mon., Dec. 17, 8 p.m., $25 (see Music Pick); Dimension, Culture Shock, 1991, Sat., Dec. 15, 10 p.m.

COAXIAL ARTS: 1615 S. Main St., L.A. Failings, Small Drone Orchestra, Jamie Green, Black Dog, Mon., Dec. 17, 8 p.m., $6. See Music Pick.


LARGO AT THE CORONET: 356 N. La Cienega Blvd., L.A. The Aimee Mann & Ted Leo Christmas Show, Dec. 15-16, 8:30 p.m., $25.

LODGE ROOM: 104 N. Avenue 58, L.A. John Grant, Two Medicine, Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m., $22. Chamberlain, Curtis, Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m., $22.


MCBEE’S GUITAR SHOP: 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. Jackshit, Dec. 14-16, 8 p.m., $60 & $100.


THE TROUBADOUR: 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Pinegrove, Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m., free. The Sara Petale Band, Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m., free.

Fur Dixon, Thu., Dec. 20, 8 p.m.

THE WRITE-OFF ROOM: 21791 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills. The Deductions, Fridays, 8 p.m. Preston Smith, Saturdays, 8 p.m. The Bonedaddys, Sundays, 6 p.m. Teresa James & the Rhythm Tramps, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m.

ZEBUGNOK: 2476 Fletcher Dr., L.A. DJ Jeffertiti Moon, AJ Lambert, Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m. Stonebreed, Aboleth, Slug45, Desert of Talking Shadows, Run & Hide, Sun., Dec. 16, 7 p.m. Crazytown, Slant, The AKM Project, Thu., Dec. 20, 7 p.m.

JAZZ & BLUES


ARCADIA BLUES CLUB: 16 E. Huntington Dr., Arcadia. Lenny “Fuzzy” Rankins, Fri., Dec. 14, 7 p.m.; Hubert Dorigatti, Sat., Dec. 15, 7 p.m., $10.


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

THE LIGHTHOUSE CAFE: 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. The Alex Snydman Quartet, Sat., Dec. 15, 11 a.m.-2:30 p.m., free. The Riner Scivally Quartet, Sun., Dec. 16, 11 a.m.-3 p.m., free. The Nick Omelas Quintet, Wed., Dec. 19, 6-9 p.m., free.


1442: 1642 W. Temple St., L.A. The Hi Fi Honeydrops, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.

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


LATIN & WORLD

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

THE CONGA ROOM: 800 W. Olympic Blvd., L.A. Discoteca DTLA, Fridays, 9 p.m. The Conga Room Saturdays, Saturdays, 9 p.m.

EL CID: 4212 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Flamenco Dinner Theater, Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 7 p.m.

EL FLORIDITA RESTAURANT: 1253 N. Vine St., L.A. The Daniel Szabo Quintet, Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m., $15 & up. The Tony Tiextier Trio, Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m., $20 & up. The Joe La Barbera Trio, Sun., Dec. 16, 8 p.m., $20. The Bob Sheppard Quartet, Thu., Dec. 20, 8 p.m., $20.

1642: 1642 W. Temple St., L.A. The Hi Fi Honeydrops, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.

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

DANCE CLUBS
THE AIRLINER: 2419 N. Broadway, L.A. Low End Theory, with resident DJs Daddy Kev, Nobody, The Gaslamp Killer, D-Styles and MC Nocando, Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m.
AVALON HOLLYWOOD: 1735 Vine St., L.A. White, Fri., Dec. 14, 9:30 p.m. DJX, DMorse, Epstein, Escpe, DJ Tweet, Sat., Dec. 15, 10 p.m. TigerHeat, Thursdays, 10 p.m.
BOARDER’S: 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., L.A. Bar Sinister, Saturdays, 10 p.m., $10-$20. Blue Mondays, 8 p.m.-3:30 a.m.
THE ECHOPLEX: 1134 Glendale Blvd., L.A. Dub Club, Wednesdays, 9 p.m.
GRAND STAR JAZZ CLUB: 943 N. Broadway, L.A. Club Underground, with DJs Larry G & Diana Meehan spinning Britpop, post-punk and new wave, 21+, Fridays, 9 p.m., $8.
LA CITTA: 336 S. Hill St., L.A. Funky Reggie Party, with DJ Michael Stock & DJ Boss Harmony, Fridays, 9 p.m., $5. Doble Poder, with cumbia and norteno bands TBA, Saturdays, 2-9 p.m., free; DJ P WLAN, 21+, Saturdays, 9 p.m.-2 a.m., free, DJ Millist, Mondays.
LOS GLOBOS: 3040 W. Sunset Blvd., L.A. Club 00s, Fridays, 10 p.m., $10.
LURE: 1439 Ivar Ave., L.A. Lure Fridays, Saturdays, 8 p.m., $20.
THE MONTY: 1222 W. Seventh St., L.A. Velvet Timmee, with DJ Don Bolles, DJ Noah Wallace, Fri., Dec. 14, 9 p.m.
THE SATELLITE: 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., L.A. Dance Yourself Clean, Saturdays, 9 p.m., $5.
THE SHORT STOP: 1456 Sunset Blvd., L.A. Super Soul Sundays, Sundays, 10 p.m., free. Motown on Mondays, Mondays, 9 p.m., free.
SOUND NIGHTCLUB: 1642 N. Las Palmas Ave., L.A. Maya Jane Coles, Fri., Dec. 14, 10 p.m., $33. Walker & Royce, Sat., Dec. 15, 10 p.m. Deep Space After Dark, Sundays, 10 p.m. Space Yacht, Sundays, 10 p.m.
THE VIRGIL: 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. Funkmosphere, Thursdays, 9:30 p.m.-2 a.m., free-$5.
—FALLING JAMES

CLASSICAL & NEW MUSIC

HANSEL & GRETLE: Director-designer Doug Fitch’s fanciful staging highlights L.A. Opera’s presentation of the operatic fairy tale, Sat., Dec. 15, 7:30 p.m., $16-$294. Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, 135 N. Grand Ave., L.A.
KITKA: The Bay Area women’s vocal ensemble raise their voices in this dramatic setting with a selection of Eastern European folk and choral works, Sun., Dec. 16, 3, 5 & 8 p.m., $65. Bradbury Building, 304 S. Broadway, L.A.
L.A. CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Mandolinist Avi Avital takes the band through Vivaldi’s Four Seasons, Fri., Dec. 14, 7:30 p.m., $25. Mon. 207 North Catholic Church, 701 California Ave., Santa Monica.
L.A. CHILDREN’S CHORUS: The chorus’ new artistic director, Fernando Malvar-Ruiz leads a program of holiday music by Bach, Kodaly, Barber, Elgar, Verdi, Saint-Saëns, Britten and Vivaldi, Sun., Dec. 16, 7:30, 3 & 5 p.m. Pasadena Presbyterian Church, 585 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena.
L.A. MASTER CHORALE: Grant Gershon conducts a “Festival of Carols” with the help of organist John West, pianist Lisa Edwards and a chorus of 100 singers, Sat., Dec. 15, 2 p.m. Walt Disney Concert Hall, 110 S. Grand Ave., L.A.
L.A. PHILHARMONIC: Pianist Yefim Bronfman investigates Brahms’ First Piano Concerto, and Zubin Mehta conducts Brahms’ First Symphony, Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Mehta conducts Brahms’ Second Symphony, and Bronfman dials up the composer’s Second Piano Concerto, Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m., Sun., Dec. 16, 2 p.m. Disney Hall.
LA BOHÈM: Pacific Opera Project revives its playfully sarcastic yet emotionally moving update of Giacomo Puccini’s opera, in which the tragic romance between Mimì and Rodolfo is relocated to modern-day Highland Park, Fri., Sat., Dec. 14-15, 7:30 p.m., through Dec. 22, 7:30 p.m. Highland Park School Field, 531 S. Avenue 57.
MESSIAH SING-ALONG: Grant Gershon guides the audience through a sing-along version of Handel’s oratorio, Mon., Dec. 17, 7:30 p.m. Disney Hall.
MORNING CONCERTS: The MEC Early Music Ensemble and Echo Ensemble explore Steve Reich’s Come Out and Music for 18 Musicians alongside more ancient works by Léonin and Pérotin, Mon., Dec. 17, 8 p.m., $27. Zipper Concert Hall, 200 S. Grand Ave. See Music Pick.
WASTELAND: Soprano Stephanie Aston and percussionists Dustin Donahue, Sean Dowgray and Ryan Nester perform music by Chaya Czernowin, Katherine Young, Andrew McIntosh and others, Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m., $15. Art Share L.A., 801 E. Fourth Place, L.A.

FALLING JAMES

FOR MORE LISTINGS, PLEASE GO TO LAWEEKLY.COM.

CONCERTS

FRIDAY, DEC. 14

BARRY MANILOW: 8 p.m. Microsoft Theater.
COLTER WALL: 9 p.m. The Reyl Theatre.
THE H.E.R. EXPERIENCE: 8 p.m. The Novo.
POLO & PAN: With Haamul, 9 p.m. Fonda Theatre.
SAN HOLL0: With Slow Magic, Taska Black, Duskus, Eastgost, 9 p.m. Shrine Auditorium.
TAYLOR MAC’S HOLIDAY SAUCE: 8 p.m., $29-$119. UCLA, Royce Hall. See Gola.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15

BIG GIGANTIC: With Win & Woo, 9 p.m. The Novo.
CURRENT JOYS: With Michael Vidal, El Reyl Theatre.
DIANNE REEVES: With Peter Martin, The Soraya.
MEZROB, PRURIENT: With Kelly Moran, 9 p.m., $27. The Regent Theater. See Music Pick.
NIGHTMARE: With Midnight Tyrannosaurus, Nitti Gritti, Swage, 10 p.m. Shrine Auditorium.
TAYLOR MAC’S HOLIDAY SAUCE: 8 p.m., $29-$119. UCLA, Royce Hall. See Gola.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16

CHILDISH GAMBINO: 7:30 p.m. The Forum.
GALA FLAMENCO: 8 p.m., $35 & $50. Fountain Theatre, 5060 Fountain Ave. See Gola.
MONDAY, DEC. 17

CHILDISH GAMBINO: 7:30 p.m. The Forum.
ROYAL MACHINES: 7 p.m. El Rey Theatre.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18

THE CALIFORNIA WILDFIRES BENEFIT CONCERT: With Father John Misty, Haim, Jeff Bhasker, Jonathan Wilson, Lucius, Mac DeMarco, Nate Ruess, Rivers Cuomo, Rostam, Tim Heidecker, Weyes Blood, 8 p.m., $39-$199.50. The Theatre at Ace Hotel, 929 S. Broadway, L.A.
GENERATION AXE: 7 p.m. The Wiltern, 3790 Wilshire Blvd., L.A. See Music Pick.
THE SOFT MOON: With Hide, Lingua Ignota, 8 p.m., $22. The Regent Theater, 448 S. Main St., L.A.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19

CHANTICLEER: 8 p.m. Walt Disney Concert Hall.
THE H.E.R. EXPERIENCE: 8 p.m. The Novo.
THOM YORKE: 9 p.m., $55.50 & $65.50. The Orpheum Theatre. See Music Pick.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20

FISHBONE: With The Expanders, Law, Bite Me, Bambi, 8 p.m., $25. The Regent Theater.
HERB ALPERT & LANI HALL, THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER: 8 p.m. Walt Disney Concert Hall.
THOM YORKE: 9 p.m., $55.50 & $65.50. The Orpheum Theatre. See Music Pick.

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