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Black leather and metal glinted in the sun as we circled the venue a fourth time looking for parking; the modest line leaned against the brick facade of the building and some stepped aside to smoke – this show was one we had all waited 10 years to see. “Did I leave my cheese stick in the car?” I asked myself as I speed-walked into the breeze toward the Hawthorne.

Taking our place in line, I settled in and listened to a slender, long-haired man and the petite woman in front of me chat about the concert and about his friend who had purchased the meet and greet package. A sweet couple stood behind me, chatting quietly and cuddling – they, and roughly half of the total audience – were old enough to be my parents. Twenty five minutes past the “doors open” time printed on my ticket, the line started moving. Inside I stepped through security to get wanded, where I was informed I had something in my pocket they needed to look at – I fished around, pulling out the offender – my cheese stick. Chuckling to myself, I put it back into my pocket and filtered through the dark hall into the theater. People already pressed up against the barrier at the front of the room to stake their place in the front row and the show wasn’t beginning for another hour.

Milling around, we waited for what felt like ages as the room filled up. Finally the clock

hit 8:30 and the show started. Opening up the night, we first watched a local band by the name Die Robot – I noted that they weren’t officially a part of the tour I’d come to see. Though their music is classified as Techno online, the heavy handedness of Screamo-style vocals left me with more of a knockoff, new-age Green Day kind of vibe. I felt bad as I rocked on my heels and listened to their set – I noted a guy headbanging heavily to their songs while everyone chatted and half-listened. I later overheard the headbanger talking to another girl in our area, “Everyone is hyped for The 69 Eyes, so the underdog bands are getting overlooked.” The lady he spoke to agreed politely. She wasn’t into it either.

Even though the audience didn’t reciprocate the energy, the singer and guitarist stayed hyped and had fun with his set and looked like they were having fun. Their bassist, on the other hand, took another path with her attitude. Cool aloofness seemed to be the goal, while she fell far short of that, coming off as disinterested and distracted. Die Robot cleaned up their set and removed their gear so that the second act could get their gear onstage. The Nocturnal Affair enlivened the theater.

The classic long-haired metalhead style of three of the five bandmates was enough for the crowd to become interested – nevermind the fact that they opened up their first song with some heavy technically-interesting guitar and amazing synchronized windmill headbanging. The whole set continued this way and by the end everyone was intent on the stage, anticipating the arrival of the

headliners. Antsy, I looked around the room, listening to others around me. One more performance until The 69 Eyes were to go on. I kept fiddling with the warm cheese stick in my pocket. The waiting killed me.

Smoke machines cranked up so high we couldn’t see more than eight feet in front of us, a pretty blonde entered the stage with her one other band mate. MXMS performed something like six songs and I sat on the floor to escape the smoke. The girl next to me joined me on the floor and we bobbed along with the Indie-esque band, who describe themselves as “Funeral Pop” on Facebook. She wasn’t bad and I even sang along when she encouraged us to join her in a rendition of “Something in the Way” by Nirvana. I’m the first to pitch a fit when anyone covers a song, let alone a Nirvana song, (a band for which I have a tattoo,) but I appreciated the way she emphasized different parts of the song than Kurt did, and she further slowed down the already very somber melody.

Back on my feet I waited on baited breath as the crew set up the stage for them: the band we’d all been waiting to see. The band that hadn’t toured the U.S. in 10 years. It was 10:30 and I was in anguish. Hot, crowded and thirsty, I just wanted to see The 69 Eyes. In front of me was a father and his son, there for his son’s first concert, The 69 Eyes are his second favorite band. Before the set began they allowed me to shoulder between them to read the set list that the roadies had taped to the floor directly in front of us. Right then and there I could have died. My heart nearly burst as I read line after line – The 69 Eyes were right behind the