



The Weather Underground
los angeles 2007
EP in spring
www.myspace.com/theweatherunderground
"Band to watch in 2007" - www.indieforbunnies.com
"Fan's of the Walkmen, Cold War Kids, or the Libertines will love this band"

THE ROCKIT

LA'S ONLY ROCK & ROLL NEWSPAPER



ADVERTISE YOUR BAND!

\$100
QUARTER PAGE AD

WHY PRINT FLYERS?

- REACH MORE PEOPLE
- SPEND LESS MONEY
- SPEND LESS TIME
- KISS KINKOS GOODBYE

ADVERTISE YOUR BAND IN THE ROCKIT

This rate is available to unsigned local bands only

from the EDITOR

INSERT EXASPERATED TEENAGE SIGH HERE

When my cousin text messaged me to say that Morrissey was playing three nights in Pasadena and the pre-sale was the next day, I let out a scream that perhaps everyone stuck in the traffic jam alongside me could hear. Then I sent her an exclamation point riddled message to the effect that I had to get tickets.

My excitement was replaced with dismay the next morning when, after I was finally able to log into the pre-sale site, I realized that there were no tickets left in any section. The scenario was repeated that Saturday, when the regular sale began and ended within the fifteen minutes that it takes to actually get into the Ticketmaster site. I would have been better off standing in line, but since both Tower and Robinsons-May are closed, I couldn't even tell where I should have stood in line.

At press time, I still don't have Morrissey tickets. I think I'm okay with that.

Morrissey was my very first concert. I was fourteen and the tickets came courtesy of my aunt after two years of deadpan deliveries of Mozisms like "Now I know how Joan of Arc felt" (insert exasperated teenage sigh here) and "Heaven knows I'm miserable now" (insert visual

of a pubescent girl collapsing on her bed here). My aunt and my mom took my sister and me. My sister still claims that she hates Morrissey and that the show was just "alright," but I know she had a good time. So did my mom and aunt. Sixteen years and 1,000 bands (maybe literally, I can't remember) later, I still say that Morrissey put on the best show I have ever seen.

I tried to see Morrissey a few times after that, but the tickets always sold out far too quickly for me to ever secure one. Eventually, I did see him again, at Coachella in 1999. Morrissey gave another incredible performance, but something was missing. I had grown up and nothing could match the intensity of that first concert. It was like that night one year later when my friends and I were standing outside of the Knitting Factory, where we had gone to see Brassy and Idlewild, and there was Morrissey getting his ID checked. After years of obsessing over the conversation I could initiate if I ever met Morrissey, I finally got to meet him and all I could say was hello.

Maybe it's just best that I don't see Morrissey again. At least that's what I will keep telling myself as I sit around with no tickets.

Liz Ohanesian, Editor
editor@therocketnews.com

MIX TAPE

NOTHING SAYS I HATE YOU MORE THAN A MIXED TAPE

We at The Rockit firmly believe in the power of the mix, that perfect collection of songs that say the things that you can't.

This month, we decided to be a little festive about our faux mix tape. In the spirit of Valentine's Day, we offer a small collection of songs to remind you why you hate your ex.

ABC "VALENTINE'S DAY": Listening to "Valentine's Day" for the first time can be a jarring experience. Once you peel back all the layers of expertly measured theatricality so elemental to both Martin Fry's acidly histrionic delivery and Trevor Horn's brassy, in-your-face approach to production, it's almost forgivable to wonder whether what's buried underneath might be a perverse vow of commiseration when the world starts showing the song's subject the same brusque neglect she showed to Fry. Then: "With your heart on parade and your heart on parole/And I hope you find a sucker to buy that mink stole". Oh. Right. Gotcha.
- James Cabo

HARRY NILSSON "YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART": "You're breakin' my heart/ You're tearin' it apart/ So fuck you" No moping for Harry! That's the way to do it! - Luke McGarry of Pop Noir

EMINEM "KIM": If you've ever fantasized about killing your ex, Eminem has already beaten you to the punch on writing the best song about it. Raw, disturbing and emotionally uncompromising, "Kim" captures a violent domestic dispute between Marshall Mathers and his wife while their baby daughter sleeps. The ugly topic, constant screams, and throat-slitting sound effects notwithstanding, the song's power ultimately stems from Eminem sourcing his personal pain over his wife's betrayal. Even though it ends with her murder, it's his blood that's spilled all over this track. "Kim" stands as a reminder that hate is nothing more than love gone rotten. - Tim Tori

BLACK FLAG "I LOVE YOU": The thin line between love and hate exists precisely where the jagged, unforgiving blade tears through warm, unfaithful flesh. Hot damn, killing your girlfriend never sounded so refreshingly poetic. "Suspicion rules my very

soul/My knife is sharp, my thoughts are cold." Or, how does this stiletto fit? "I practice my knife, I feel the power/I look in the mirror and want to destroy her." Leaner and meaner words could only end up in a Chuck Palahniuk novel. Weightlifting has since quelled Henry's vaginal rage, thus depriving ball-less Men of the Millennium of future male-empowerment manifestos. - Dhm Bliggo

GLORIA JONES "TAINTED LOVE": He's an asshole plain and simple. Any bordering-on-tender moment they ever shared is far outweighed by his need to drag her heart through mire. When she leaves, you want to give her a standing ovation.
- Violet Peters

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS "CUBS IN FIVE": Revenge for the nerds. "Cubs in Five" is a recitation of improbable events (*The Canterbury Tales* topping best-seller lists, Bill Gates getting into synthpop), set to John Darnielle's galloping strum; the chorus delivers the final blow, a put-down (or shove-off) that should be obvious even to those who aren't sports fans: "And the Chicago Cubs will beat every team in the league / and the Tampa Bay Bucks will make it all the way through to January / and I will love you again. I will love you like I used to."
- Mary Phillips-Sandy of www.ruinedmusic.com

LUSH "CIAO!": You don't just know this song, you lived it. You ran into that ex of yours at a club and you thought you would be an adult about it and make small talk, but that small talk turned into a string of insults bouncing off imaginary armor. Miki Berenyi and Jarvis Cocker nailed it.
- Liz Ohanesian

BOB DYLAN "DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT": He's so cavalier. He turns the subject matter on its head. It's not a song about how his woman wronged him or left him. It's not a song about how a woman affected him at all. Dylan recalls her as a diversion, so completely forgettable that he can't remember enough about her to regret her. He can only regret her pointlessness. The secret fear in every "I hate you" song is that the person you hate has no memory of you or why you hate them. Bob beats that fear to the punch line here. - Arthur Javier

TV tunes

WENDY O. WILLIAMS AND THE PLASMATICS:
10 YEARS OF REVOLUTIONARY ROCK AND ROLL

by Ruben D. López

If one name stands out in rock and roll, it's Wendy O. Williams. After dropping out of school at the age of 14, she worked around the country doing odd jobs (including working as a macrobiotic cook) before finding her niche with The Plasmatics. From her trademark Mohawk to the onstage explosions of TVs and cars, *Wendy O. Williams and the Plasmatics: 10 Years of Revolutionary Rock and Roll*, chronicles her tumultuous ten-year career.

Highlights of her career include being banned in London before a performance to multiple arrests for indecency and obscenity on stage and even a Grammy nomination for Best Female Rock Performance. At one point, The Plasmatics

were the most popular live band without a record label, selling out venues like CBGB and Irving Plaza.

Williams, who died in 1998 of a self-inflicted gunshot wound, credited her look and views to not wanting to be part of the consumerist and materialist nature of most Americans, which was also why she often blew of TVs and cars during concerts. Williams even likened cookie maven Mrs. Fields to a heroin dealer for the copious amounts of refined white sugar in her cookies. Williams herself was a staunch vegetarian.

For anyone wanting to know more about Williams' prolific and wild career, *Wendy O. Williams and the Plasmatics: 10 Years of Revolutionary Rock and Roll* is a great starting place for the newbie or the hardcore fan.