

The Nonsensical Writings of An Angry Young Nerd

IN THIS EXCITING ISSUE

Life Lessons Learned From
My Boss's Halloween Party

PLUS:

I Make Blurry Photocopies Of
Poor Quality Show Pictures



ISSUE #3

I was driving out to Boerne...wow, if you had told me a few years ago I'd start a story with "I was driving out to Boerne..." I would have called you a liar. There is not a lot in Boerne. It's a place where the rich white folks of San Antonio move out to so they don't have to live near Mexicans.

My friend had hooked with a rich girl. They're some of those liberal rich people, but like all rich people, they treat their children like possessions. My friend wanted to move to Houston, and I guess her parents didn't want to see their tax credit, I mean, daughter move a mere three hours away, so they bribed them to stay near San Antonio. Her dad is convinced that society that as we know it will end, so he got some land and a farmhouse and gave it to them.

Anyway, I was driving out to Boerne to see their new house. Well, actually seeing the house was an afterthought, what really made me drive to San Antonio was Dillinger Four.

They were playing in Houston and San Antonio, but not Austin. So I made plans to meet Marco, grab something to eat, tour the farmhouse and go see a kick ass band.

The trip to S.A. was boring as usual and driving from S.A. to Boerne wasn't anymore exciting. Marco warned me that Boerne cops are pricks, so I was going the speed limit of sixty. I was probably ten minutes from their house, and I was coming up over a hill and right on the other side was a mother-fucking huge piece of eighteen-wheeler tire. I didn't know they came of the wheel that big, shit, it was practically the whole tire. I served to avoid it and lost control of my car. I weaved across the highway and then hit the grass. My car rolled once.

I called 911, gave them all my info, and then got out of the car. A man who had witnessed my crash asked me if I was all right. I hadn't checked. But there were no broken bones, no pain anywhere. I got a really small cut on my hand, but that

little scratch is no where near the gaping wound I got on my elbow when I had fallen off my bike the previous weekend. The man was amazed. "You just don't walk away from a crash like that with just a scratch. Someone protected you for a reason." I look at ~~on~~ ^{the} man's pickup. He has been towing a trailer with the name of a Round Rock church painted on it.

In punk rock, God and Religion are ridiculed. But I looked at the stranger waiting with me for the ambulance. I look at the itty-bitty cut on my hand. And I agree with that man. God did protect me for a reason. God did have something that He wanted me

to do. I thought about it for a moment and I knew. **God wanted me to see Dillinger Four!**

So I did as God willed, and the show will go down as one the greatest shows I've ever seen (even though D4 didn't play WRECKTHEPLACE FANTASTIC). There was like

thirty people in attendance, but it felt like three hundred. Every sing person knew every single word and we screamed along until it hurt to open our mouths. For about thirty minutes I didn't think about my totaled car in some Boerne impound yard. For eight or nine songs, I didn't have to figure out how I was gonna get back to Austin. The show was pure nirvana.

Life Lessons Learned at My Boss's Halloween Party

James: [Domino's at] Parmer

Me: Hey, I got a new car, you can start scheduling me again.

James: Great. Who are you?

Me: Who are you?

James: James

Me: James, Let me speak to Jason.

James: He quit.

Fuck, my frat boy boss quit. Jason was one of the least-dickheaded managers I've ever worked for. He was an unintentional teacher. A simple Halloween party he threw taught me so much about the world.

It was my first time in my boss's house. When Jason told me that he was buying a house, I ragged on him and accused him of growing up. He always acted like this was a grievous insult, but all of this Frat Bros were buying houses and settling down, so I guess he figured he had to, too.

He had been fucking Tasha, one of our assistant managers. She has two kids from the marriage that I think she is still legally in. This kids, the house, the two cars, the big screen, the knickknacks, doilies, and other crap associated with owning a home must be getting to Jason. This Halloween Party was clearly an attempt to relive the house parties of his youth.

Allen answered the door. Tonight, he was a fireman. In reality, he was a former assistant manager who quit jobs every few months. He hadn't worked for us for about a year and a half, but still like to keep track of us. I didn't recognize him until he said "Come on, Matt, you couldn't have forgotten about me already."

I counter with "I've been trying to forget about you since the day we've met. He laughs. I try to make it to the kitchen, but I am ambushed, by an exile from Arkansas, Tasha's cousin, Brandy. Brandy demands that I guess who she is. She is wearing a tie and a sideways Von Dutch Hat. I have no clue what she is supposed to be. This angers Brandy. "I'm Avril Levigne." and begins to list all the components of her costume.

I make the rounds. Marcel, a driver, is a cowboy. Luciano, another driver, is wearing a huge afro and a gold Lone Ranger mask. Michelle, a former driver, was a belly dancer. Tasha and Jason were devils. Allen's wife was just wearing a black dress, I guess she was a witch or something. My assistant manager, Elaine, was a slutty Disney Princess. Devyn was slumber party girl and Becky was a blue haired, cat-eared girl.

This was my first frat boy party. My boss was expecting it to be bigger and a keg and a shit load of alcohol. Everyone was drinking. I don't drink. When I'm around punks and someone offers me a drink, I say I'm straightedge and

everything is cool. It's always more annoying when I'm around drinker's who've never hear of Minor Threat. I swear I has this exact conversation word for word that night:

Them: Want a drink?

Me: No thanks, I don't drink.

Them: You don't drink?

Me: No, I don't, but thanks for offering.

Them: Why don't you drink?

Me: I just don't.

Them: Have you ever drunk before?

Me: Yeah, I just don't drink now.

Them: Did you have a bad experience drinking?

Me: Nope, I just don't drink now.

Tasha points out that this party is only her third time to drink since she moved to Austin about three years ago. I think she's looking for validation. But I don't praise sobriety or condemn drunkenness. I don't drink

because that's what is best for me. I can't say what is best for any one else.

Important Life Lesson #1:

Only you know what's best for you.

We talk about nothing.

People drink more. Brandy decides she needs a cigarette. She asks who wants to go outside with her. Now, its pretty cold outside and no one else at the party smokes, so no one goes outside. Brandy starts balling about how's she been here three weeks and hasn't made any friends yet. She wants to move back to Arkansas.

Important Life Lesson #2

Friends are the most valuable things on earth.

Now, Brandy's little outburst caught me off guard, but is apparently quite common when she drinks. Tasha sits outside with her cousin and everyone returns to their conversations. More drinks are consumed and people start acting sillier. Devyn makes the observation, "I bet Matt's recording everything we do in his mind and is going to write a book about this." Well, Devyn, you're kinda right.

After Brandy had calmed down enough to be readmitted into the group, someone had hooked up a laptop to the stereo and the girls started

dancing. Allen's wife was the dj. Marcel joined the girls and soon all eyes were on him. Not because he was a good dancer, but because he was groping every girl within reach. The less tipsy girls moved away from him or left the dance floor. Marcel is thirty-six years old and divorced. I guess touching girls that are too drunk to do anything about it was his closest thing to human companionship. Eventually even the drunk girls avoided him. Then Luciano took over as dj and all dancing stopped.

People got a few more beers and Luciano was replaced. Tasha tried to get people dancing again. She tried to get me to dance with her. I politely declined. She tried to dance with me anyway. I am way too self-conscious to dance (unless it is counter-clockwise to a hardcore band) and sure as fuck not gonna booty dance with my boss's live in girlfriend. So Tasha danced with Elaine.

Allen has tried to fuck Tasha since he was first hired at Domino's. He even tried to spend Valentine's Day with her instead of his wife. Tonight, he

was liquored up enough to try to dance with her. Alcohol also made Luciano brave enough to dance with Brandy. Alcohol must have impaired Devyn's judgment because she danced Marcel. Jason comes up to me and says "I have it on good authority you could have any girl here." He quickly adds "except for that one" and points at Tasha

Now I'm stone cold sober, but I seem to be suffering from beer goggles. My co-workers look better. Maybe it's the sexy costumes. Maybe the Domino's uniform robs people of any sort of beauty that they naturally possess. Either way, I find myself serious considering hooking up with one of my co-workers and it scares me. Fucking a girl from a no future job like Domino's is like giving up, settling for what is convenient. I'd like one day to have a job I actually look forward to going to, but sleeping with a pizza maker seems like a good way to keep me trapped at Domino's

Important Life Lesson #3
Convenient ~~is~~ ^{does} not equal good.

Life Lesson 3.5: Procrastinate

Jason turns to get the girls on that are dancing. "Ladies, take your shirts off."

He is met with "Why don't you take your shirt off?"

So he does, followed by Marcel, Luciano and Allen, who should be required by law to have his shirt on at all times. Only I refuse to take my shirt off. But everyone else is having a great time, dancing, getting their picture taken, and laughing like assholes.

Important Life Lesson #4
Sometimes you have to let your guard down to have some fun.

Eventually the girls stopped dancing and Marcel and Allen started dancing with each other, and grabbing each other.

Now, it's not really a life lesson, but an observation that I've seen enough times, it has to be true.

Those who are most vocally homophobic are actually secretly gay.

The party was dying down. Marcel and Devyn ended up hooking up. Luciano made out with Brandy. Allen tired to fuck the first female that would

let him, but there were no takes, even his wife turned him down. Then Brandy's second outburst shook the tranquility. Someone stole her cigarettes. Everyone pointed out the absurdity of house full of non-smokers stealing her cigarettes, but she insisted that's what happened. And she wouldn't give anyone a moments peace as she tore the house up looking for her cigarettes or the thief. Tasha asked me to make a cigarette run.

Me and Jason went outside so he could tell me where a convenience store was. I started to make a joke about everyone has to get up the next morning and go to Lowe's.

"Are you gonna make fun of me for living out in the suburbs?" He looked bummed

"No." I quickly lied.

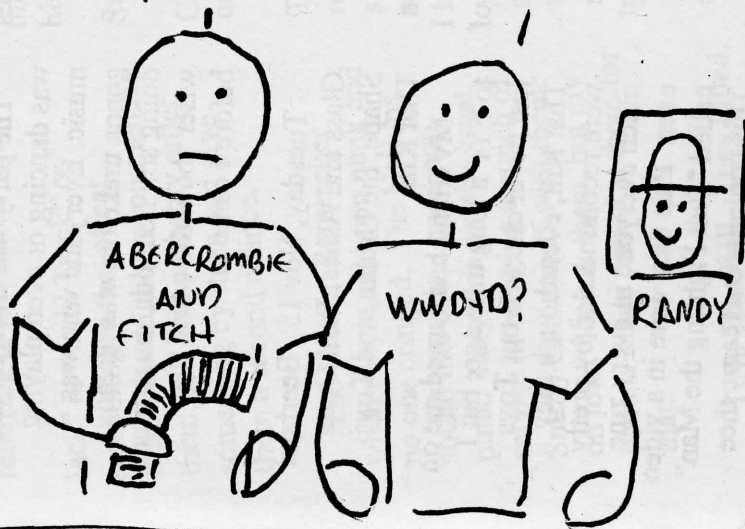
"My friends never came to my party. Y'all are cool, but y'all are coworkers."

"They'll come to the next one."

THE BALLOON PEOPLE IN "Plastic Surgery"

I'M SICK OF PEOPLE
SAYING WE LOOK ALIKE.
YOU'RE PUNK-PUT ON
THIS MOHAWK

I DONT REALY
LISTEN TO ANY
MOHAWK BANDS



LOOK, YOU'LL WEAR
THIS MOHAWK IF
I HAVE TO PUT IT
ON YOU MYSELF

I'D LIKE TO
SEE YOU TR



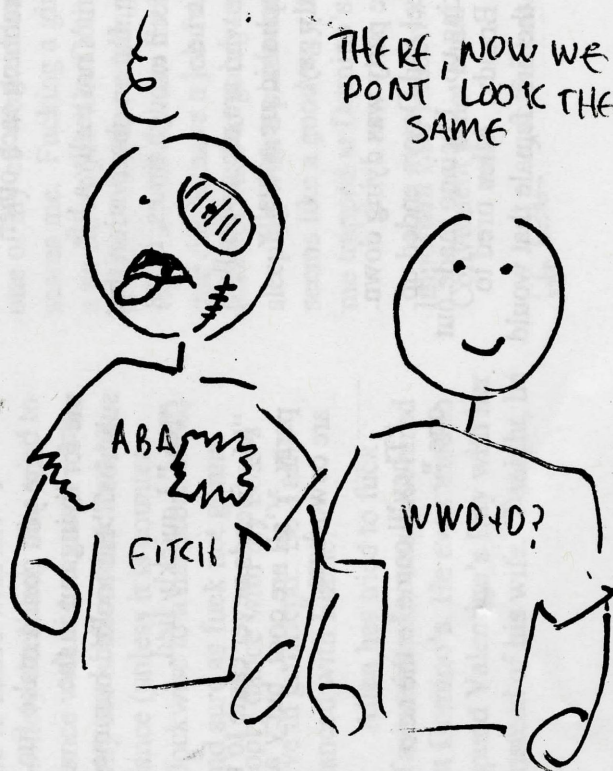
WEAR THE
MOHAWK
YOU STUPID PUNK!

PUNK IS NOT
A UNIFORM



* FIGHT SCENE LOVINGLY
RIPPED OFF FROM
CALVIN & HOBBS *

THERE, NOW WE
DONT LOOK THE
SAME



"You're too optimistic. My friends have always been flakes and they always will be flakes."

Important Life Lesson #2
redux.

Nothing is more valuable than good friends.

Allen decides he wants to help me get cigarette for Brandy. I don't want Allen in my car. He is very drunk and I don't want to clean puke out of my car. Also he is a racist asshole. I tried to convince him to stay here, but he extremely loud in pointing out how "sober" he is. We are standing outside at two in the morning in the heart of Bush Country, so I give in before we attract any of Williamson County's finest. On the way I get to hear how Mexicans are ruining America and how Arabs get their chewing tobacco from Walmart. Oh, yeah, and when we get back, we learn that Brandy found her cigarettes in the bathroom, so the whole trip was pointless.

Important Life Lesson #5
Sometimes, you just got to put up with shit.

The party was over, no one was dancing or even playing music. Everyone who was gonna make out was already doing so. I cut out, much much wiser about the world than before I came in.

Tuesday, Nov 15 Beerland
Glass and Ashes, Bent Outta Shape, the Urchin, and Toys That Kill.

My friend had turned me on to FYP a long time ago, but I just never checked out Toys That Kill, even though they were recommended by pretty much everyone in every zine ever. Plus they were in a video called "Belt Fighting the Man" This coolness overcame the expected 30 degree weather and got me out there.

Glass and Ashes. I've been to a bunch of shows in my life. Sometimes I had cotton with me, sometimes I didn't. Usually when I don't have cotton, it doesn't matter. This time I didn't have cotton and I feared for my ears.

Bent Outta Shape. I don't know what to think about this band. I couldn't hear the vocals and the guitars were out of tune. I never heard them before so I didn't have a frame

to judge them by. The lead singer looked like my little brother as a grown up and kept referring to himself as "Cool

Jack" or "Cool Track" or something to that effect. Razorcake highly recommends them, so I will probably order something by them and give them a second chance.

The Urchin. Remember when people said pop punk and no one cringed. The Urchins sound like that...good pop punk. They also did the great service of bringing a bunch of Snuffy Smile stuff with them on tour. I thank them, but my wallets kinda pissed at them for that.

Toys That Kill. They killed. That's pretty much all you can say about a band that good. Oh yeah, St Paddy filled in on bass for them. Great times to be had by all.

The Loot: Glass and Ashes cd, Toys That Kill cd, 2 Toys that Kill 7", the Urchins lp, I Excuse cd, I Excuse/Tim Version 7" and a Blotto/Altiara 7"

The Highlight: In preparation to sing his song, St Paddy took out his gum and stuck it on the music stand that was holding his cheat sheet.

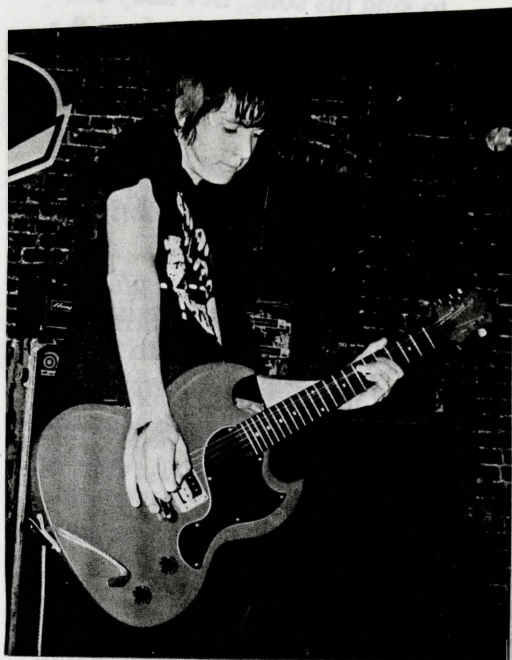
Saturday, Nov 26 Emo's

Total 13, the Marked Men, Clit 45, and the Briefs

I'm starting to hate Emo's. They have broken with punk rock tradition and started shows when they are scheduled to start. Now this is fucking with me bad. The past eight years of my life. I've never seen a show start less than thirty minutes after the printed start time. I've banked on this phenomenon when making my work schedules.

Oh, well, I guess this is Emo's way of putting the punk back in punctuality.

Total 13. I walk in on them already playing. They are making an intense amount of noise for a two-piece. They are playing this modern take on old 80's Hardcore, which is the way to my heart at the moment. I talked to the singer/guitarist later on, there is no way he is old enough to drive. Now this gives me great hope for the future, it makes me feel like I'm a fucking geezer.



Gives me hope for S.A.

The Marked Men. I was them play with the Soviettes a year ago. Although the Soviettes blew them away at that particular show, I could tell the Marked Men were pretty fucking amazing. I kept an eye for them and was super psyched to see that they were playing w/ the Briefs. I had high expectations and if they had given me one of those customer satisfaction surveys, I would have checked the "exceeds expectations" box every time.



A MARKED MAN

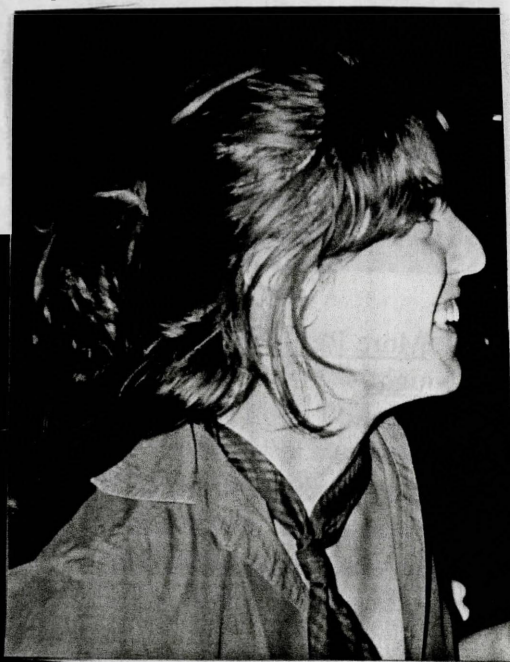
Clit 45 I would have put money that the population of this show would have been 80% underage girls here to see the Briefs. Nope, most of the crowd was crust. I have never heard Clit 45, but they put on a good show. I took the opportunity to fuck around in the pit. I have to get extra rowdy to prove myself cause I was wearing a Weakerthans shirt amidst leather and spikes.

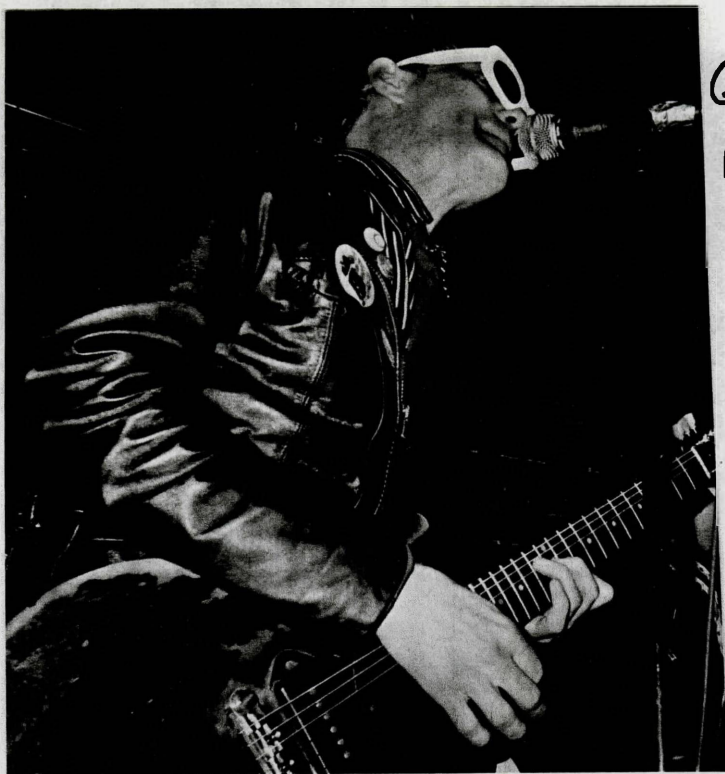
The Briefs. They kick ass. This is like my third time to see them. I wish I had gotten the new album before the show, so I could sing along instead of just swaying to the music. I was surprised by the number of crusties that sung along to the Briefs. But crust punks always surprise me. I once saw a crust wash his hands after using the restroom, while a prissy emo boy walked right past the sink on his way out. **Lesson:** Can't judge a book by it's cover. Anyway, Briefs = Fun.

The Loot: Marked Men shirt and cd, Total 13 cdr, and Briefs new cd.

The Highlight: They was these two little girls who were throwing around big gutterpunks in the pit of Clit 45. They were little things, seriously they couldn't be older than the dude from Total 13

SH6 WILL KICK YOUR ASS





Goofy
Punk
Rock.

Fuck Yeah!

More Reviews of Records I
bought.

Again, I don't get records for free. I have to spend my own money on these puppies. If I feel the album is worth more than what I paid for it, then I dig the album.

Toys That Kill
"We Control the Sun" Recess
They sound like a more mature FYP. If that means

anything to you, you probably already own this album.

What I paid for it: \$10

What it's worth: \$15

The Briefs

"Steal Your Heart" BYO

This is their fourth album, you have to have an idea what these guys sound like. Catchy as fuck, sing-a-long scratchy punk that borders on new wave.

What I paid for it: \$10

What it's worth: \$15

Glass and Ashes

"Aesthetic Arrest" No Idea

My curse is back. Sometimes when I hear a band for the first time live, I rate them better than what they actually are. Glass and Ashes are one of those bands. When I first saw them, I thought they were the Second Coming. Now that I've heard the album a few times, I think they are a average band. I do not regret buying this album, nor will I hide it when company comes over. It will get plenty of play, it's just not what I hoped it would be based on the show.

What I paid for it: \$10

What it's worth: \$10

Total 13

S/T self released cdr

I was scared my curse would strike again wit this band. Nope, this is a good fucking band. Great 80's inspired hardcore from two kids that probably weren't conceived when the 80's ended. I told all my friends still in SA to check out this band.

What I paid for it: \$6

What it's worth: \$6 (as awesome as this album is, it's still a cdr and there is no reason to pay more than \$6 for a cdr)

Bloodbath and Beyond

"Jihadcore" Little Deputy 7"

Davey Tiltwheel, St Paddy, Ben Snakepit and Mike Napkin take a break from their regular bands (Tiltwheel, Dillinger Four, J Church and The Observers, respectfully) to form a giant mega-rad punk rock powerhouse. It sounds much like the illegitimate love child of the aforementioned bands. I love the aforementioned bands and I love this side project. Bonus: they're included lyrics to the cover song.

What it paid for it: \$3

What its worth: \$6

Career Suicide

"Signals" Slasher 7"

Eighties hardcore.

Theoretically, I should be eating this up. But I just don't feel anything about this record.

What I paid for it: \$3

What it's worth: \$3

Army of Jesus

"Rats in the Walls" self released 7"

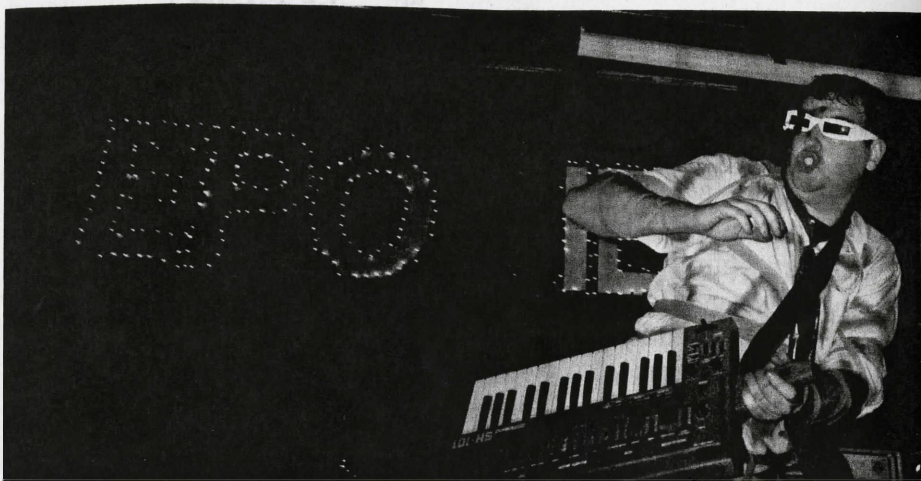
Great fucking hardcore. Eight songs of unadulterated awesomeness. God Bless Army of Jesus (ps, not a Christian band)

What I paid for it: \$4

What it's worth: \$5



HERE ARE THOSE
EPOXIES PICS
I. OWE YOU



Praise or insults can be directed to:
angryyoungnerd@hotmail.com
or
[myspace/angryyoungnerd](https://www.myspace.com/angryyoungnerd)