

The Nonsensical Writings of An Angry Young Nerd

no. 4



In this Issue: This Guy ↑
gives me my first tattoo

BONUS

2 Extra Pages!!!

The disposable camera had been sitting next to my keys, cell phone and wallet for about five months. I saw it every morning when I left and every night when I returned. I hated that stupid thing. I had left it in the back of my car for a week when I was in Albuquerque. I thought the film was ruined.

Right before I left for New Mexico, I went to a show a Beerland. It was mostly art punk, which I just don't get. But there was one band that actually appealed to me, the Wives. The music was still fairly arty, but it was loud and chaotic. The band went nuts, climbing on furniture and falling all over the place. I took a few pictures, and stuck the camera in my backpack, intending to grab some pictures of mountains or something when I was in New Mexico.

But after the thirteen hour drive home, I just dropped the camera on my counter. I was

certain sitting in my car fuck up the film. I was too pissed to use it, and I still had seventeen exposures left on it. I wasn't until the Fat Tour did I finally say, "fuck it, I'm just gonna finish the roll and get it developed." I wanted some Epoxies pictures, not as a slight to the Soviettes and Against Me!, which are current amongst my favorite bands. I knew the Epoxies were a more visual band and I also wouldn't be bummed if the pictures didn't turn out.

After the show, it was still another month before I got off my ass and got those pictures developed. I was excited. Not only did the pictures turn out alright, but I had taken my most favorite picture ever. It was of the wives, the singer had knocked over his microphone stand and was laying face down on the floor, still playing his guitar, and singing his heart out. That's fucking punk



Ink Me.

It was New Year's Eve and I could not wait for this year to end. But I wanted to start the new year off different. So I went and got a tattoo.

I had been planning this tattoo for a while. Its simple black letters proclaiming "Overcome the Past." I have this problem with depression and suicide that I want to put behind me. And since it was the end of one year/beginning of the next, the timing felt right. A rebirth of sort.

I'm scared shitless of needles. When I give blood, the nurses laugh at me cause I can't watch them stick me. And I know what you thinking, "How can you be scare of needles and want a tattoo?" Facing fear is a necessary step to overcome the past.

I went to True Blue Tattoos on Red River, cause I wanted to go to Emo's when I was done. Someone was getting worked on and I had to wait.

With only a Blender magazine to distract me, I kept rubbing my arm in anticipation of the pain I was sure to experience. I tried very hard to focus on how to be Nelly's bodyguard, I keep feeling incredibly anxious. I thought about just cutting out an going next store to Emo's instead.

But I stuck around and almost immediately pissed off

Jim, my artist, by rejecting his first drawing of my tattoo. The lettering was cool, but fancier than what I was looking for. The second was prefect: stark, simple, all most computer printed.

I got back in Jim's good graces by telling him that I had a zine and wanted to document my first tattoo in its pages. I gave him a copy to peruse and he seemed impressed, especially from the pictures I've been getting from a little disposable. I snapped a few pictures of Jim setting up and then he went at it.

It didn't hurt as much as I though it was gonna. I felt like

a super-wuss for freaking out when I was waiting. I asked Jim if I could interview him. He said "Sure, if you don't mind smart assed answers." But we spent more time goofing off than answering questions. Highlights include:

Me: What's it take to become a tattoo artist?"

Jim: A five to ten year conviction.

-and-

Jim: Many people have been seduced by Lobster Girl

Halfway through, Jim's cellphone went off. "God, if its my wife, I'm gonna kill her. I told her not to call me at work." He said. It was his wife. She must have asked, "What are you doing?" cause Jim said "I'm in the middle of tattooing someone." Then she wished him Happy New Year. I got psyched, it would have been symbolically perfect to have started my tattoo in 2005 and finished it in 2006. But Jim's wife was in Richmond, it was only eleven here.

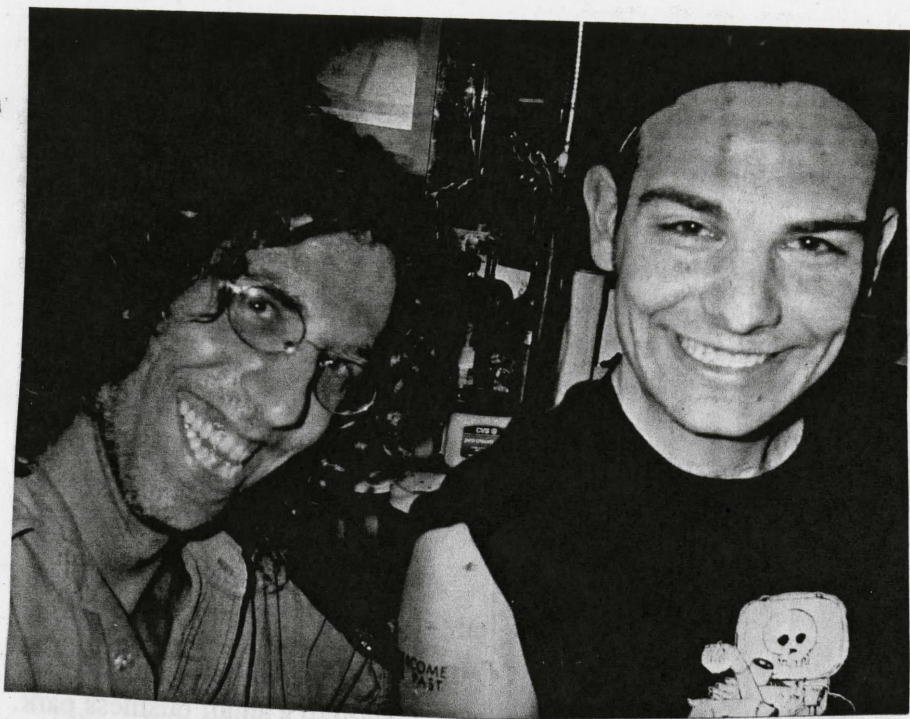
Because of my simple design, Jim was done in a flash. We got a picture of my tattoo, then a cheesy touristy picture of me, Jim and my tattoo.

Someone in the shop compared tattoos to potato chips, saying "you don't want just one." I was already planning my next. I said "I want to get 'Face Fear' on my wrist, but I heard that hurts like a motherfucker."

"Just once" Jim said.

The tattoo wiped out my wallet. I had no clue how expensive those things were. Broke I went home and finished out the year listening to Black Flag.

All January 1st, I reflected on my tattoo and decided it was the worst thing I could have done. Now, all I can think about is what I want next. Keeping with the rebirth theme, I want a phoenix. That easily gonna be two hundred bucks. And I'm trying to save money, so I can go back to school full time, I don't need to be dropping two hundred dollars on tattoos. Fuck, what did I get myself into?



"Did you hear the news?"
Marco asked.

"What news?" I respond.

"Apparently you didn't,
cause you would know what
news I was talking about.
Against Me! signed to Sire"

"They sold out." My friend
rants, a sentiment no doubt
shared by millions of punks
across America. And you
know what, I don't care.
Against Me! has yet to
disappoint me. Three solid
albums and a slew of amazing
seven inches. I've seen them
five times, climbing on stage to

sing "We laugh at danger and
break all the rules" I loved
them so much, I bought their
hoodie. Now, in Texas, hoodie
weather is like two months out
of the year. Whatever they put
out on a major should be great,
no better than great. As long as
their music is good and they
don't act like rock stars, who

fucking cares what label
Against Me! is on.

Marco counters, "Why
make a dvd about not selling
out?"

He answers his own question: they're gonna break up. I was thinking "the great rock and roll swindle" but Marco brought up a Jawbreaker comparison. That the band is in trouble and it's either break up or go on a major. He then points to this rumor that's be flying around the Internet.

I loathe to repeat this rumor. I pray that this rumor is one hundred percent horseshit. But it does shed light on the situation. The rumor is that Tom has a terminal disease and that this major labor album will be his last album ever.

Wow. If this is true, then it explains the song "Searching for a former clarity."

Irregardless of all that, Against Me! has brought a lot of joy in my crazy mixed up life. I will remember them for that. And I will buy the new album, I will go see them on tour, even if it's the Warp Tour and I have to stand in the sun for eight hours and listen to boy bands. And I will continue to refer to Against Me! as the "greatest band ever" at least until they commit some offence worthy of revoking that title.

Take my wife, please.

This man's order was an hour and a half late. It was the high school dropouts who man my franchise's call center. The screwed up on the credit card info so we couldn't run the card. Plus they screwed the customers phone number so we couldn't fix the card until he called back. He called back ninety-nine minutes later and still wants the order. I take it, thinking, "There's no was this guy is gonna tip for two hour old pizza."

It's a custom barbeque pit shop in a small business park. I've delivered to them a few times before, usually when they are pulling an all-nighter getting ready for a boat show/garden show/crap like that. I remember them cause their warning signs are in English, Spanish and curiously, French.

I get there, the doors are locked. Not unusual. Then I noticed the chain and padlock around the doors, on the inside. I bang on the door.

The owner comes up and squints through the window tint. He really studies me. "Pizza Guy," he say and starts unlocking the padlock and doors.

I expect him to be pissed. We're charging him full price - \$35 - for old pizza. But actually, he's apologetic. "Sorry man, I thought you were my ex-wife," he says as he lets me in. "She's trying to get in and take money out of the business."

I thought he was making an ex-wife joke. Like: *I miss my ex, but my aim's improving*. So I'm like, "Oh, I though the boss was making you work late."

"No," he said, "my ex-wife got the house and I sleep here. Now's she's trying to get in and take the money. She's got a key to here, so I locked it from the inside."

And he's fucking serious. He really thinks his ex-wife will break into the shop and steal from the business they

built together. No wonder he was willing to wait two hours for pizza. He couldn't go anywhere else. He was trapped.

He happily pays for the pizza and leaves me a five-dollar tip. He then escorts me out and padlocks the door.



Cave In

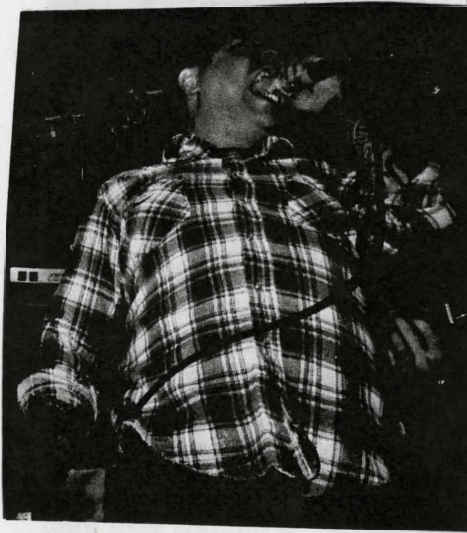
**Exit the King, Warwulf,
Doomriders, and Cave In.**
Emo's Dec. 15th

I don't get Cave In. Metal/Punk Hybrids don't light my fire. Worse, Cave In seems to mix art punk and art metal together. That mix doesn't

entice me out of my apartment in forty degree weather. But my friends were coming from San Antonio and they really wanted to see Cave In. They re-united me with my Against Me! hoodie, taking care of the problems with the elements. Then I heard Warwulf was playing. "Good", I thought, "At least there's one band that I want to see tonight."

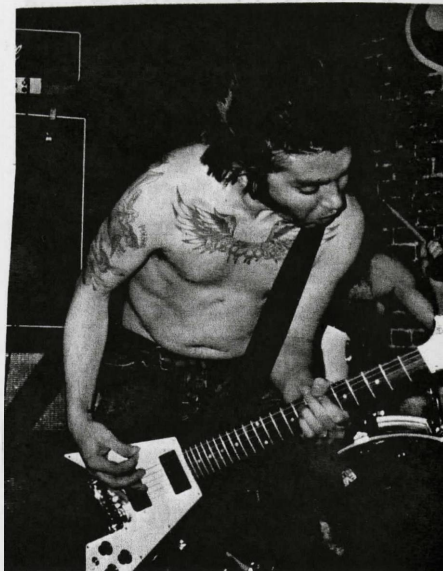
Exit The King. They played the metal/punk hybrid in a way that caught my attention. And in addition to being sonically appealing, they had a great visual presence as well.

Warwulf. Indecipherable lyrics and kick ass music. I could



Warwulf

have left after the first song and still got my ten bucks worth.



Doomriders

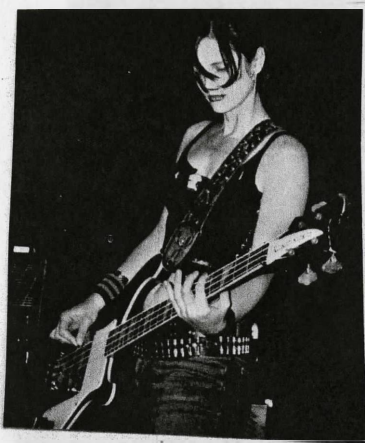
Doomriders. After they finished playing, I described them as "80's metal that doesn't suck." But that doesn't really do them justice. The

eighties hair metal permeates their music, but the brought it to a much more kick ass level. And although, I've never heard a representative of the "skate metal" sound, this is what skate metal sounds like in my head. And if this is a true representation of the sound, then I need to get some skate metal in my record collection.

Cave In I still don't get
Cave In. I sat at the bar and
watched "the Colbert Report".
After a particularly blistering
song, I turned to a friend of my
and said, "If Cave In sounded
like this all the time, I would
like them." Then they played a
sucky song.

The Loot: Exit the King cdep

The Highlight: My friend
scoring this kick ass poster.



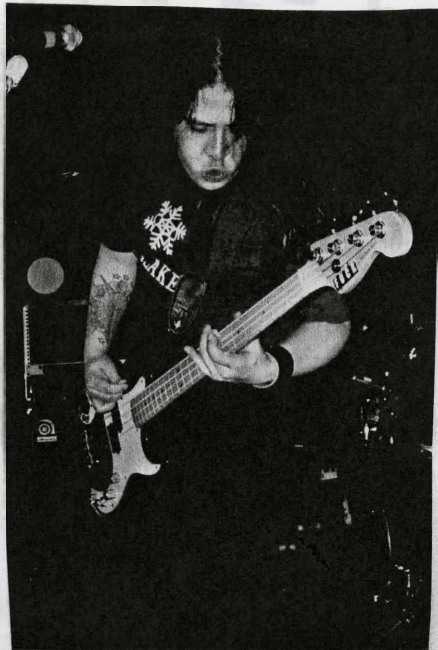
The Applicators

**The Dickens, Bricks ATX,
Tia Carrera, and the
Applicators**
Emo's Fri Dec 30th

Although, I didn't know it
for sure, this was going to be
the last show of the year for
me. And what a show! The
and Emo's didn't seem to
expect as large a crowd to turn
out, considering that tomorrow
night was new years eve.

The Dickens

I first heard of this band
from Moses of Confuzatron.
He worked at the same
newsstand/porno shop as the
singer of the Dickens. They
play this kind of metal that
doesn't take itself seriously and
was a lot of fun.



The Dickens

Bricks ATX

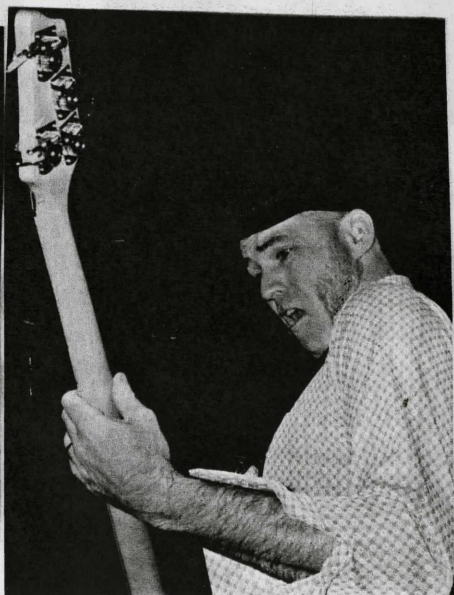
They play straight ahead punk. I dig it. They should be releasing something soon, so keep an eye out. Later on, I talked to the drummer about

photography and the whole film vs. digital thing. We agreed although the ability to take almost an unlimited pictures is rad, we've both been able to get some really good pictures from cheap disposable cameras.

Tia Carrera

This was my first exposure to stoner rock. It was pretty good. The music brought visions of unemployed full time college students discussing socialist politics. The guys whose apartment we appropriated for the no-budget film I worked on would really get into this. The band was intense, but the bass player looked like he was fighting narcolepsy. If it wasn't for the front-

THE BRICKS ATX



frantic movements of his hands, you would swear he was a zombie.



The Applicators

At the beginning of the Applicators' set, a handful of testosterone filled minors slam

danced and preened for the romantic attention of the band. It didn't work. The Applicators owned this crowd. People were singing. People were dancing. My head was bopping and my toes were tapping. Good straight punk

The loot: Applicators c.d.
The highlight: my conversation w/ Ashley of Signal Lost

The Applicators



?, Bear Proof Suit, and Holy Shit! Beerland Fri 1/6

I was talking to guy at True Blue Tattoos before the show, trying unsuccessfully to photograph Lobster Girl. I was there, and I thought about getting a tattoo before the show. I was concerned a bit about the time, but its not a punk show will start on time. But I have this sick obsession with punctuality and I put my tattoo on hold and walked down the street to Beerland. And for no reason, cause the drummer for ^{two} of the scheduled bands got sick and they had to cancel.

? (I apologize to this band cause I forgot your name)

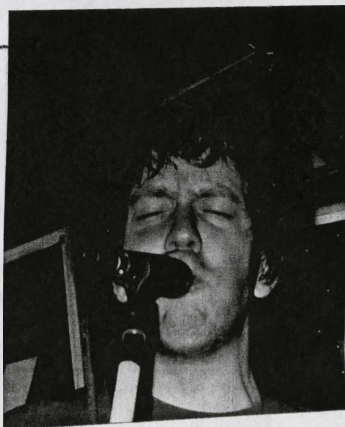
They were a last minute addition, to make up for the two other bands flaking. Don't let the fact that I can't remember their name lead you to believe that they are not a good band, cause they are great. I've seen them one time

before and thought the exact same thing. They play spastic punk noise. The singer busted his lip during the first song. This is the kind of music that

my parents fear I'm turning my little brother onto every time I give him a c.d.

Bear Proof Suit

Named after a Simpson's joke (is it just me or are the Simpsons not funny anymore) and the show list in the Chronicle described them as members of the Modern Machines. While I've only seen the Modern Machines once, and BPS doesn't look like it shares a member w/ the Modern Machines to my memory. But, if the two bands do have any members in common, I ask them to make Bear Proof Suit their primary band. Not that the Modern Machines are bad (though Taco Blessing was a disappointment), Bear Proof Suit was a lot more rowdier.



Bear Proof Suit



Holy Shit wrapped up for Christmas

Holy Shit!

The tattoo idea had been marinating in my head for a while now, and I thought about bailing on this band to go get inked. It was still early, so I said, fuck it, I can still get my tattoo after the last band. I thank god that I didn't cut out early. The name is appropriate, cause that is what I was thinking while they played. They are psycho-crazy-foaming at the mouth-just plain nuts-fucking great. I wish I had three or four camera with me, or a digital camera with the

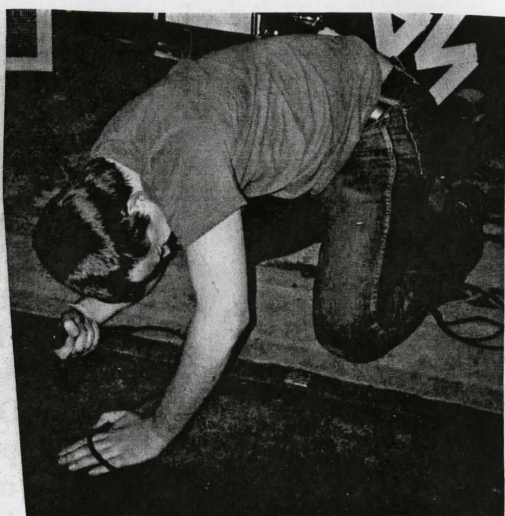
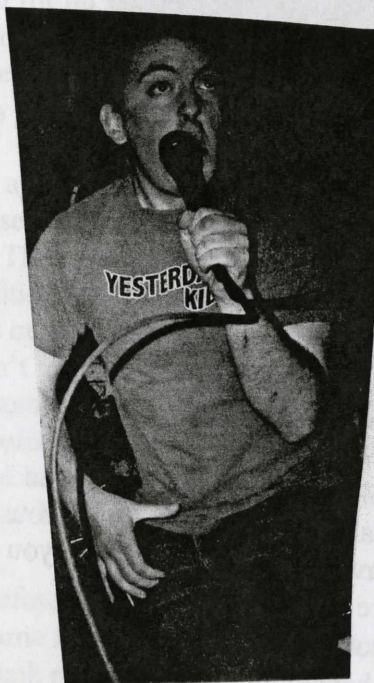
biggest memory card know to man. They played angry nut-job hardcore.

I left the show pondering this: Like Against Me! and This Is My Fist!, Holy Shit! **Rocks** the exclamation point. Does putting an exclamation point at the end of your name make you kick ass? Or do you have to kick ass first, then you are allowed to add the exclamation point?



Holy Shit!

Even these
pictures cannot
illustrate the
fury of this
band!



The Loot: Holy Shit buttons, cdr, and shirt.

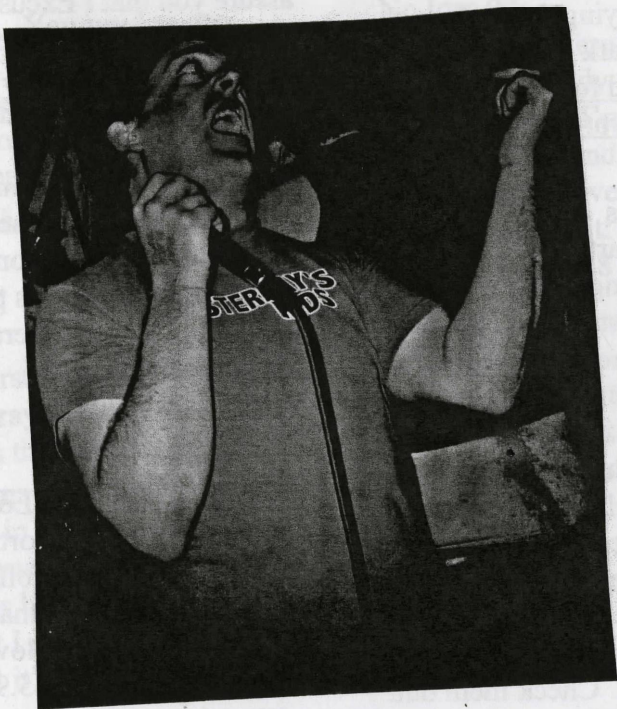
The Highlight: I work w/ a bunch of ladies that think my music is scary, but love gangsta rap. One of them was going to a gangsta rap concert just down the street from Beerland. I walked by it on the way to True Blue, and security was wandering the concert goers. When my show was over, I walked by it again. Cops had shut down the

street in front of the club and were dispersing the crowd. They even had mounted police!

Sturgeon: Why are you angry?

Me: It's the music I listen to.

Sturgeon: Listen to something more mellow. I suggest Bob Denver



More Holy Shit!

The Pedestrians Future
Shock lp Residue (cd on
Criminal IQ)

I've been waiting patiently
for this album...ok that a lie. I
checked my mail everyday
from the day I ordered it to the
day it came in. And I was not
disappointed. The Pedestrians
feed my pathological need for
eighties hardcore, modernized
for those too young to
remember the decade. PS,
they're playing Austin in
March. Mark your calendar.
What I paid for it: \$11.98
What it's worth: \$16

Clorox Girls This Dimension
cd. Smart Guy

Something dug in my brain
from the first song. The music
and lyrics are pretty regular
punk rock, but the vocals stuck
out. I think it was the third or
forth song that I said
"Exploding Hearts" – that's
what the vocals were
reminding me of. And when I
heard the twelfth song, Tara, I
swore it was a stolen Exploding
Hearts song. Check them out.
What I paid for it: \$13.99
What its worth: \$15

I Excuse
"Burn the Empty to the Ash"
Snuffy Smile cd

"Japanese bands are better
than American bands." That
statement is a gross
generalization. We just only
hear the greatest Japanese
bands and assume that all
Japanese bands are that good.
But that's not true, and I can
assure you that there are shitty
bands in Japan. I can also
assure you that I Excuse is not
a shitty band. They are a
fucking amazing band. Great
pop punk (a genre pretty much
given up for dead over here): if
they haven't toured America
yet, I beg them to come over. If
they can't afford to, some punk
rock millionaire needs to pony
up and bring them over.
What it paid for it: \$7
What it's worth: \$12

The Sweethearts Looks
Could Kill cd Mortville

Fifty's rock and roll with
enough swagger to make it
punk. Songs about love.
What I paid for it: \$5.99
What its worth: \$8

World Burns To Death The
Art of Self-Destruction 7"
Prank

This has been out for a while, but I'll admit it, I missed the boat on this band. I think I was their name on a thank you list and bought their other 7" based on that. I got this sucker when I ordered the Signal Lost 7". This band, the only word for them is Brutal. Brutal

Music, Brutal Lyrics, Brutal attack on all that is wrong with the world. I need to see them play live. You need to see them play live. Buy this. And the full length that will be coming out soon.

What I paid for it: \$4

What it's worth: \$7

Tiltwheel
S/T ?

The first 7" Melodic punk.
Nifty spray painted logo.
Includes that song from

Cinema Beer Goggles that stays in your head for weeks and was my first introduction to this band.

What I paid for it: \$3

What it's worth: \$5

The Urchin
"Fragile Songs in Lukewarm Dreams" Broken Records Lp

More great pop punk from Japan. If America doesn't step up, pop punk will join cars and home electronics on this list of shit that Japan kicks the crap out of us regularly.

What I paid for it: \$6

What it's worth: \$10

Against Me!
"Sink, Florida, Sink"
No Idea 7"

Slightly different versions of songs I already own. It doesn't matter, I'm a sucker for anything this band puts out.

Super snazzy cover too!

What I paid for it: \$5

What its worth: \$8

I Excuse /the Tim Version
? Snuffy Smile

Kick ass pop punk backed with kick ass country punk.

What it paid for it: \$3

What it's worth: \$5

Lucero Nobody's Darlings

Liberty and Lament cd

This is what country music would be right now if it was co-opted by Toby "I'm so patriotic, I'd suck the President's cock" Keith and the like. There's enough electric guitar and passion for even the most stuck up punk. I compare them to the Weakerthans, because they are both elicit feelings of depression. But it's a good depression, one that

leaves when the disc is through and takes with it all the negative feelings you've been accumulating.

What I paid for it: \$10

What it's worth: \$15

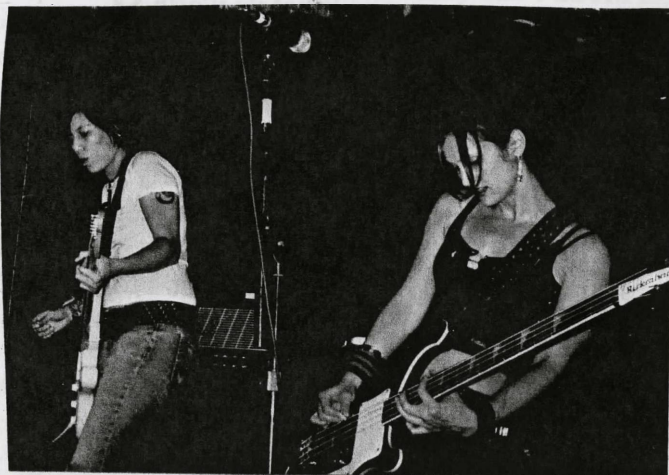
The Marked Men

? Shit Sandwich

More great melodic punk. Former members of the Reds. Once, when I was a snotty little brat just getting into punk, I sent Little Deputy \$6 and told them to send me something cool. One of the 7" they sent was the Reds. I played that until my first record player broke, then gave it to my friend with all my records. Nice little side note, but adds nothing to the review.

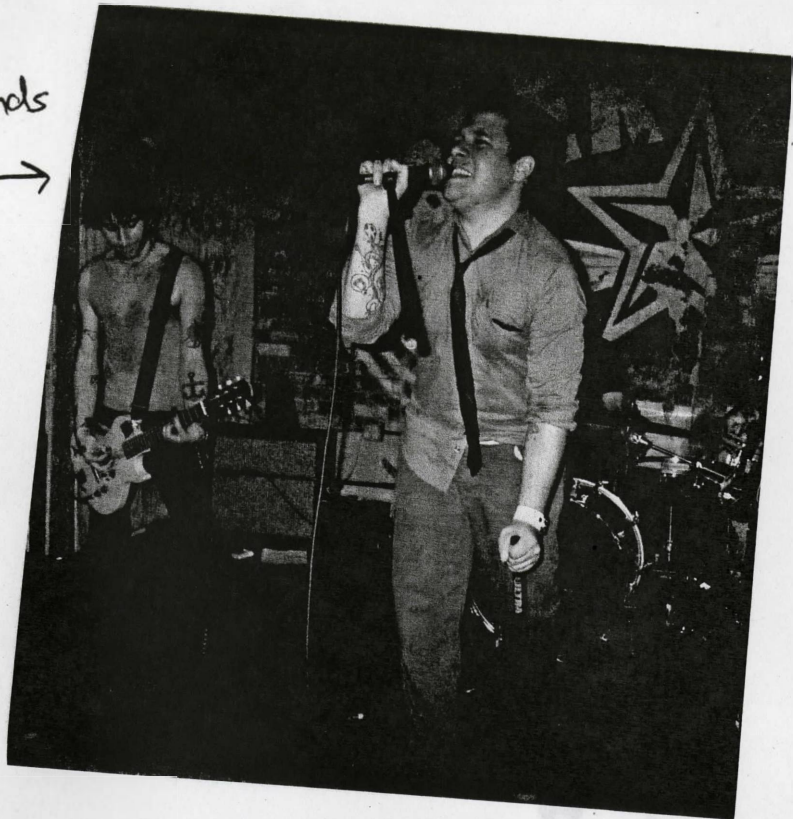
What I paid for it: \$4

What it's worth: \$5

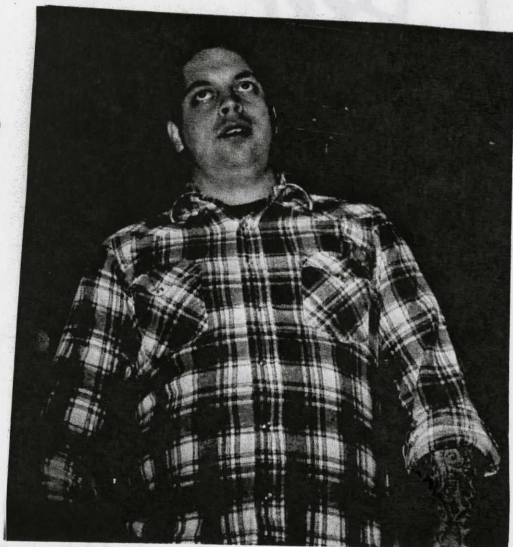


I cant set enough Aplicators

The Ends



I love this pic,
but I'm afraid
the dude from
Warwuff will kick
my ass for making
him look goofy



How Punk are you?

Name the band from the Set list

[At lanta
Intention

[Day
Game
Sports

[Insty
Beer
New

[Songin C
TWAH

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