

THE NONSENSICAL WRITINGS
OF AN ANGRY YOUNG NERD

#1

W

IS NOT A

TEXAN!

Stop spreading that lie that President George W Bush is from Texas. He is definitely not a Texan. Here's why.....

1. He was born in Connecticut.
2. a. His accent is inconsistent.

I know y'all think that we all sound the same, but depending on where you were born in Texas, you will have a different accent, I was born in Corpus Christi, and I have a Corpus accent. Any way, the President's accent waivers between East Texas and West Texas. And when he is asked a question his handlers didn't prepare him for, his accent disappears.

- b. His bothers don't have accents.

3. He acts the way Yankees think Texans should act. Calling him a Texan is an insulting to real Texans and an insult to the State. And insulting the State of Texas

down here is liable to get you hurt.

Alaniss Moresette is a fucking Genius.

I hate Alaniss Moresette

When the one cool radio station in Corpus began its downward spiral, it would play certain "alternative" songs over and over again until you wanted to eat a bullet. One of the overplayed songs was that stupid "go down on you in a theatre" song. God, I wanted to beat her to death every time that song came one.

But it's the song "Isn't It Irony?" that pissed me off more (if that's even possible). I remember first hearing the song waiting for a haircut and saying "None of those things are ironic." For those of you who never heard the song (you are extremely fortunate) it is about a bunch of vignettes that are supposed to be ironic, but are merely coincidental.

Irony is an abused word nowadays. People attach it to

anything weird or strange. Irony is expecting something, but getting something that is unexpected. With a song called "Isn't It Irony?" you expect to hear something in the song that is ironic. But you get nothing ironic; the opposite of what you expect. Expecting irony, but not getting any is actually ironic.

If she planned the song this way, Alaniss Moresette would be the greatest songwriter of all time

Ben Snakepit.

I want to thank Ben Snakepit for being by test subject. This was actually the first interview I've ever conducted and I've learned several things.

1. When transcribing interviews, don't mistake the record button for the stop button [which is why the first

answer is messed up] 2. I really seemed just to kiss ass through out the whole interview. And 3. I say "rock on" a lot...I mean really a lot, I must have said it like 20 times. I edited most of those "rock ons" so no one gets bored and I am working hard to develop a new catchphrase.

Generic Interview Intro:

Ben Snakepit draws this horribly addicting comic strip called Snakepit. It's just a three panel strip about what happened to him that day. And unlike some other autobiographical comics, Ben does interesting stuff. He plays bass for J Church and hangs out w/ pretty much "who's who" of punk rock. Plus he does it all in my new hometown of Austin, TX, which makes it doubly cool cause I know where everything is. Anyway, Ben was cool

enough to talk to me before Army of Jesus played. Thank again, Ben.

Me: Has anything changed in the comic since you got on Young American [Comics, an indie comic book company]

Ben: [here is that mistake I promised you, I thought about editing it out, but it segues into the next question] ...is better. But as far as getting better distro or anything like that, not really.

Me: Not really? Making any money?

Ben: I think last year I made like four hundred dollars grand total for the whole year.

Me: That's fucking awesome.

Ben: It's cool, but, like you know, it doesn't really pay the rent or anything. Maybe one day that will change.

Me: Maybe the movie adaptation.

Ben: Yeah.

Me: I'm curious, what does it take to become the song of the day?

Ben: Sometimes, its just what's on when I'm drawing, sometimes, it's like the song itself pertains to what happened

that day, or sometimes its just some random shit I just pull out of my ass.

Me: Fuck yeah. How'd you get involved with Razorcake magazine?

Ben: Um, have you ever seen the zine Tight Pants?

Me: Uh, no.

Ben: My friend Maddy does a zine called Tight Pants. And she and I used to be pen pals and we'd traded zines and stuff. And she wrote a column for them and she kept like telling me, "Oh, you should, you know, send your stuff to Razorcake. They might be into like having you write for them or something" And I sent them some stuff and they gave it a real good review. I like wrote them a bunch and then like when my band went through L.A. on tour, like they came out, Todd and Megan, the two people that did the magazine. They came out to the show, we hung and like went back to their place and got wasted. And the next morning, they were

like, "Oh yeah, we'll put out a book for you." So it worked out pretty cool.

Me: Rock on. Cause it was Razor cake that turned me on to your comic strip to begin with.

Ben: Oh yeah, cool, cool.

Me: I read that non-stop. It was kinda annoying, cause I'd be like "one more page and then I'll go do something." And sure enough, I'd be reading 3 or 4

more pages. Then I gave it to a friend and he said the same thing.

Ben: That's cool I guess.

Me: They [Razorcake] seem to be dumping all the Misfits clones on you to review.

What's the deal w/ that? Are you the official Misfit's man?

Ben: I guess so. I mean I like the Misfits a lot, I guess probably more than anyone else there. I think when Todd sends me all those to review, I think he thinks he's being nice and doing me a favor, but it kinda sucks. Cause I get stuck with all these Dr Chud cds that

I can't even sell to Cheapo's. They don't even want them.

Me: Rock on. What gets you more notice, Snakepit or J Church?

Ben: Ah, well, I guess individually, Snakepit does. J Church is cool for getting to tour other countries and do that stuff. And that's Lance's influence and J Church being a legendary band. But a lot of times, people will come to me at J Church shows, and pick me out cause they know I do Snakepit, which is pretty cool. So it's kinda half and half.

Me: What's it like stepping into all the history?

Ben: It's pretty cool. It was like, just about every city we go to, we'll go to a record store and I'll find some new J Church record I still never seen before. And all the time people ask us to play songs that we don't know how to play, cause the band had fucking 300 songs before I even joined and now I know we've got at least 50

since I joined and its just crazy like that.

Me: Is this pretty much Lance's baby or do y'all have a little bit of say in it?

Ben: Lance writes the songs and stiff and it's definitely his band, but he's not a dick. If one of us has a song we want to give him to play or something, he's cool with it. And when we're writing stuff, we're like "Oh lets change this part like this." He's always really cool with that kinda stuff.

Me: Did Bloodbath and Beyond ever record?

Ben: Yes, we have a 7" coming out on Little Deputy Records.

Me: Holy shit, they're still around. [When I first got into punk 8 years ago, I was a huge Good Riddance fan. Little Deputy had put some of their early 7" out. But I hadn't heard anything about that label since 2000]

Ben: We're going to play the fest in Gainesville in November. Hopefully, the last I talked to the dude, the records

will be there. That will be our release party.

Me: Damn. I had to but new tires so I don't get to go.

Ben: Aw, man.

Me: Stupid state inspections.

Ben: That does suck.

Me: What ever happed to Assisted Living Dracula?

Ben: That was just kinda a one time thing anyway. Like I was in Portland for ten days and Nate and Mike and Amy, the other kids in the band, Amy lives in LA and she was just there for ten days. We all just happened to be there and we were like "lets start a band and play one show and break up." And that's what we did.

Me: The Great Rock and Roll Swindle. Any more Aqua Teen Hunger Force sourced bands out there?

Ben: Not that I know of.

Me: So you're originally from Virginia.

Ben: I grew up in Richmond.

Me: What's it like growing up in a state that most people don't associate w/ punk rock?

Ben: Well, I think that a lot of people would be surprised if they really thought about it. Like Avail is from Richmond, Strike Anywhere, before that Inquisition. There's been White Cross back in the day. Even Gwar and stuff. There's always been a good scene in Richmond. No, I take that back, not necessarily a good scene, but there's a lot of good bands from there. Here's kinda the opposite. There's a great scene here, but there's only five or ten bands that are actually worth a damn.

Me: What made you move to Austin?

Ben: I was working Tower Records in Richmond. And this girl I was really good friends with, she worked there too.

One night, we were at her house, and were drinking and partying and stuff, and the next morning I go into work and she had called in sick. And I knew she wasn't actually sick, cause we had been drinking the night before, but as a result, I had to

cover here cash register shift, which is shitty. I normally work in the warehouse. So I get kinda pissed off and I looked down and I saw her hoody up under the cash register. And I pulled it out and I took a dry erase marker and on the back

of her hood I wrote "I suck crap" so she wouldn't notice when she'd walk around. But it's alike a dry erase marker, and she's my friend, so it wasn't a big deal. So like a couple days later, she comes in and she's got her hoody and she's like, "Did you do this?" And I'm kinda kidding around, "I don't know, maybe." Just goofing. And she goes upstairs to the break room. Ten minutes later she comes back down and then she says, "I'm really sorry," and then she bolts. I'm like "What's going on?" the intercom comes on, it's the boss and he's like "Ben, come up here and talk to me for a minute." So I go up there and he's like, "What are you doing writing on people's clothes?"

and I'm like, "You know, Beth's my friend. It's not a big deal. It will be right off." He was "That's vandalism, blah, blah, blah..." And I'm like "Jesus Christ, you know, whatever" And he was "you're fired." And I'm like "Fuck."

And I had worked there for two years, and I was kinda "oh shit." So I go home, it's like ten in the morning or noon or something. I get home. I lived w/ a bunch of roommates in this house called the Snakepit,

which was where I got the name for the comic. I get back and everyone's sitting and I'm like "dudes, I just got fired. You know, it sucks." And they're like, "Oh yeah, check this out," and held up an eviction notice that we had gotten that day. I was "Well, that's fate, you know. It's time to get out of town." I didn't have a band or a girlfriend or anything holding me back. So I just jumped on a bus and came here.

Me: Why Austin?

Ben: I don't know. I had never even been here before. I had a friend that lived here and he said it was cool. And he kinda offered up his couch in passing.

Me: Rock on, that's pretty much the plot for a movie. So you get to meet all these bands on tour, who should we watch out for?

Ben: The Ergs are the fucking shit these days. This band from Richmond called the Pink Razors. This band from Southern California called Drinker's Purgatory. The Swing Ding Amigos, Shark Pants from Arizona or New Mexico or somewhere in the desert. That's all I can think of right now.

Me: My little brother is thirteen and listening to Green Day and Bowling for Soup. What could I give him to transition him to real punk?

Ben: The Ergs, the Observers. Some old Snuff.

Me: That's I everything I wanted to know. Any final words?

Ben: No...[pause] Party on.

One-liners to fuck with
Republicans...

If this war is so important,
why aren't you serving in it?

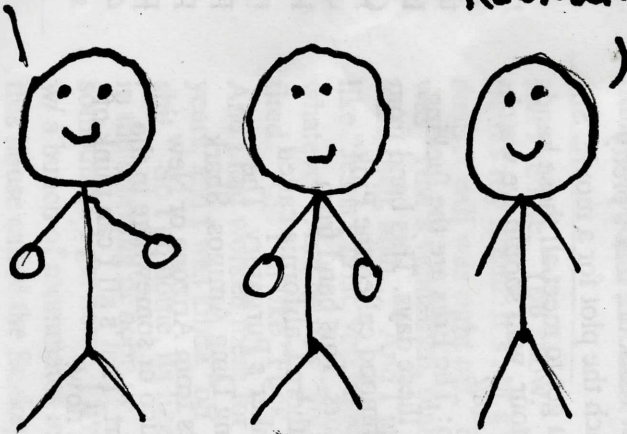
This is not like Starbucks, Caleb thought to himself. And the little coffeehouse was not. It had art on the walls that Caleb would never, ever understand. The employees look like the never set foot in a mall. And displayed prominently, was a cartoon that portrayed President Bush in a negative light. I should have checked this place out before I suggested we come here.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BALLOON PEOPLE

AT FIRST, THEY WERE STICK FIGURES.
BUT THEY WERE HARD TO TELL APART

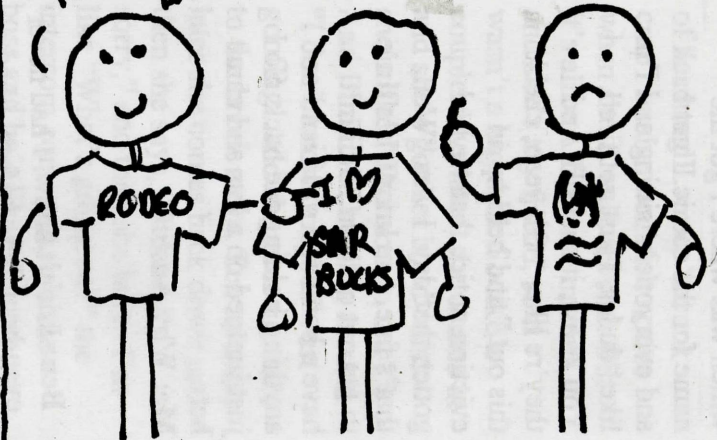
WHO AM I AGAIN?

YOU'RE THE DUMB
REDNECK



SO I GAVE THEM SHIRTS TO SHOW
THEIR PERSONALITIES

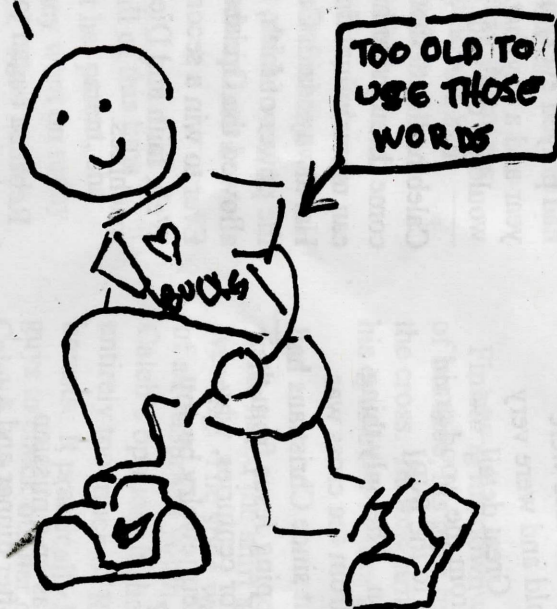
HAHA!
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'RE WEARING
A DRESS.



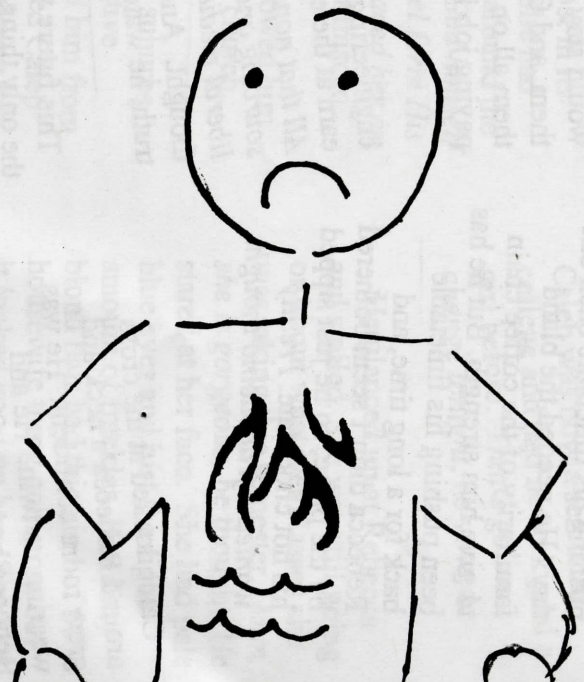
SO I HAD TO GIVE THEM PANTS & SHOES

NOW, HOW DO I EXPLAIN
THE CIRCLES FOR HEADS?

CHECK OUT MY
PIMP KICKS



HOW ABOUT
"LACK OF ARTISTIC
ABILITY"



As they got their drinks and sat down, Caleb considered pushing his timetable back one day. He needed the bland familiarity of the coffee chain to give him strength. But he has been pushing his timetable back for a long time, and Rebecca didn't seem bothered by the place, so he just sipped his hot chocolate. *I really wanted a frappacino though.*

Caleb looked at the cross around Rebecca's neck and grew more confident. He was wearing its twin. He and Rebecca had purchased the crosses at the gift shop of their church. The crosses were made of gold and were very expensive. Great detail was etched in, from the wood grain on the cross to the INRI

inscription. The only thing missing from the cross was Jesus. But since Christians had been stripping Jesus from their religion for centuries, why should their jewelry be any different?

Caleb was on a mission. Tonight, after dinner and a movie, Rebecca would realize that she wants to spend the rest of her life with him. They would have three children, all

named after prominent Old Testament figures. Rebecca would stay at home and raise them, and Caleb would support them all on the great high-paying job he gets with his

engineering degree that he'll earn at the end of the semester. *All that nonsense about outsourcing and job scarcity is liberal media bullshit,* he thought. And Caleb knows the truth, he watches Fox News.

This future was inevitable, the only thing that Caleb had to do was ask Rebecca out. He knew she would say yes. He had prayed every night for a year and a day that Rebecca would go out with him, and

Caleb had faith that God would come through for him. "Faith can move mountains," Pastor Hal always said. Caleb knew the power of faith, faith had allowed the Greatest President Ever to win a second term. Well, faith and Diebold voting machines.

Rebecca began to talk about one of her classes. Caleb tried to pay attention to whatever she yapping about, and failed. His mind started wandering. He traveled back to the moment he

met Rebecca. It was his first week at his new mega-church and he had gotten lost in its labyrinthine halls. She had found him roaming around the roller rink. *I swore God himself had plucked an Angel from His Holy Chorus and placed her on His Earth*, Caleb reminisced. Adding to the angel comparison, she "showed him the way" around the church.

Growing up in the suburbs, raised by overprotective parents who shielded him from any sort of risk, forged Caleb into the shy and timid man he is today. Scared of rejection, he never was able to directly ask her out. He instead

formulated a plan so ingenious, he wondered why no one had thought about it before. He would become her best friend. Hanging out with him, Rebecca would have to realize what a great guy her was and he would leverage that friendship into a real relationship.

He spent all of this time with her. He met her parent, she met his. They went on many pseudo-dates. They were always joking around with each other that most people just assumed that he and Rebecca were together. Caleb loved it when people made that error.

To Caleb, every moment together was pure bliss. But Caleb was now a senior in college and had never kissed a girl before. *That's gonna change tonight*, he vowed.

He glanced up at Rebecca and smiled. She was still going on about whatever classes she was taking this semester. *Man, she is gorgeous*, he thought. He stared at her face. She had pale blue eyes and just the right amount of freckles. Her dirty blond hair had this kind of 50's housewife thing going on, but it looked good on her. She had cute lips that didn't need to be painted red like a harlot's.

Finishing his downward scan of her face, his gaze returned to the cross. Its long arm directed his eyes even further south.

He hated the shirt she was wearing. The style was typical of all suburban youth, but in Caleb's opinion, it showed entirely too much of Rebecca's breasts. It practically begged guys to check out her cleavage. Caleb hated those perverts that took advantage of the view the shirt had to offer. Curiously, even thought Caleb took the opportunity to peek when she

wore that snirt, ne never included himself in that group of perverts.

Caleb noticed something. If he sat up straight in his chair, he could see an additional two millimeters of Rebecca's boobs. So he did. He could not wait to see them in their entirety. *Maybe tonight, after the movie. God won't mind, because it will be true love*, he daydreamed. They would go

back to his room in his parents house. They would start making out. In the real world,

Caleb's heart started beating, ut back to the fantasy. Then fter making out, she would ke off her shirt. And, he'd et to see her nipples. His antasy overwhelmed his brain, hich thought the illusion was tual stimuli and sent blood to 'aleb's dick, giving him a light erection.

Immediately, the twenty-two years of evangelical conditioning kicked in. Shame of basic biological functions flooded his body. Blood left his penis and surged to his bigger head. He snapped his attention for where it had previously been, the visible parts of Rebecca's breasts, to her eyelevel, as if he had been paying attention the whole time.

She didn't meet his eyes. Caleb feared the worst, that she knew what he was thinking.

The purity of her spirit would be disgusted at his immoral thoughts and she would never speak to him again. His future was shattered, and he began writing a new future in his mind. He would become a youth minister, lecturing how lustful thought cost him his one true love. He'd probably even make one of those little comics that churches are always wasting trees on.

Then Caleb noticed Rebecca wasn't avoiding eye contact with him, she was looking over his shoulder. *Our future is still secure!* The blood in his face subsided, his heart slowed and he smiled.

It was almost a full second before Rebecca realized Caleb was looking her. It was her turn to get embarrassed. She stopped rambling flushed red, and made herself small in her chair. Caleb was exited that he didn't lose her, but based on her reaction, he knew what she

was starring at. Caleb knew it was something that he didn't want to see. But like a car

accident, he couldn't resist, he turned, and of course, she had been staring at a guy.

During the course of their six year friendship, Rebecca had only two boyfriends. The bizarre relationship relation she had with Caleb usually kept most guys away. When she did have a boyfriend, Caleb became a moody little bitch.

He would infringe on the couple's privacy and incite his rival into arguments. Rebecca would always side with Caleb, by virtue of their long friendship, and she would inevitably be dumped. And Caleb always made sure his shoulder was available for her.

Caleb knew what kind of guy Rebecca was into and sure enough the guy she had been staring at fit the mold. Goatee, spiky hair, conservative clothes, Caleb mentally

checked off the list. All expected, until he saw the book she was reading.

"He's not your type." Caleb told her.

"How do you know?" she replied.

"Look at the book he's reading." It was Kurt Vonnegut's "Breakfast of Champions"

"Why that name sound familiar?"

"Cause we burned that book at camp."

Caleb studied Rebecca face. She was clearly unable to reconcile that the objected of her desire was in league with Satan. She kept looking at the guy.

"Maybe he's just doing research? Pastor Hal read that book." She countered.

"Pastor Hall read only until it started talking about penis sizes, the he declared it eviler than all the Harry Potter books combined."

Caleb thought for sure the issue was closed. Then the guy put his book away and got up to leave. Rebecca watched him as her came near. He must have noticed her, as he walked by them, he looked at Rebecca and he said, "How's it going?"

Rebecca again turned crimson and again fell back into her seat. Even though that boy proudly displayed his lack of Christian values, Rebecca had a new crush. Caleb realized that he wasn't going to be seeing a movie tonight, or any new part of Rebecca's body.

I'm not cool enough to score free music, so I'm gonna review stuff that I have bought recently.

Against Me!

Searching for a Former Clarity Fat Wreck

Wow, this is fucking good. All the power and emotion that you expect from Against Me! But, it lacks the definite "hits" that have been on previous

albums. There is no Pints of Guinness Makes You Strong, no We Laugh at Danger and Break All the Rules, no Walking is Still Honest, no Cliché Guevara, no Rice & Bread, no Turn Those Clapping Hands..., no Tonight We Give It 35%, and We Did It All For Don. Like I said, the songs are

great, but none grip your heart like any of the above-mentioned songs.
What I paid for it: \$10 (+ shipping)
What it is worth: \$15+

Death By Stereo

Death For Life Epitaph

Much like Sampson, Death by Stereo seems to have lost its power now that Efraim has cut his hair. Angry metalcore, though not as good as the first two albums.

What I paid for it: \$13.99 (+ tax)

What it is worth: \$10

Alkaline Trio

Crimson Vagrant

It's been close to five years since I saw the Trio (yes they were actually a trio back then) play the common area of a University of Houston Dorm for three bucks. And with all the twelve year old fans of the band, I was scared that this album was going to ruin that really good memory. Luckily this record wasn't that bad. More spooky pop punk that flies out of Hot Topic
What I paid for it: \$12.99 (+ tax)

What it's worth: about that

The Pedestrians

? 7" Southkore

I've been on this weird
"reliving the eighties" kick.
Which is super-fucked up
because I was born in 79. But
the Pedestrians bring spirit of
eighties punk rock to one too
young to have experienced it.
This fucking rocks.
What I paid for it: \$4
What it is worth: easily six

Hammer

blue Deranged

Ho. Ly. Fuck. The "making
punk a threat again" cliché has
been thrown around a lot, but
this band is probably the only
thing that that expression could
aptly apply to. This band
would make mall punk kids
wet their pants and call their
mom from cell phones to get a
ride home. Just get this album.
What I paid for this: \$8
What it's worth: \$15

Stole Your Woman

In a box some shitty
label

I have this curse. If I hear a
band for the first time live, then
I rate them cooler than they
actually are. But this time, my
curse really fucked up. This
band really, really sucks.
Approximate lyric (I can't give
you an exact lyric, as I only
listened to this crappy album
once before selling it back) "
you slept w/ everyone I know,
you'd be cool if you were a
guy, but you're a girl so you're
a ho." I know what you're

thinking, "Matt, be nice to
these guys, based on that, they
have to be in high school." No,
they are fucking 30. If you
write shit like that when you're
thirty, you need just to give up
on your dream of being a real
musician.

What I paid for this: \$8

What it is worth: DO NOT
PAY for this. If someone gives
you this album, then they do
not like you.

HOW PUNK ARE YOU?
NAME THE BAND FROM THE SETLIST

10

#1 #2

HANGING UP PHONE

STAGGER

WHAT DID I DO?

THINKING OF YOU

SHOLLY

PWW

9TH ST

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT

WHATEVER

PARANOIA

30 MIN.

Hints? Answers? angryyoungnerd@hotmail.com