

basically unsolicited thoughts:

(i regret pretty much everything i ever wrote in first person)

we are listening to hit bargain, by the band hit bargain, which is a great band name.

i read their write-up on stereogum, which is a terrible blog name, and alex sent us the lyrics and i read those too. i then listened to the album on soundcloud where it had fewer plays than i expected.

these are the extent of my explicit biases, i also have several latent ones, anyways:

my taste in punk never evolved past my chemical romance,

(does hot topic still exist?)

but this album is thoroughly pleasant and sonically inoffensive. it sounds professional. good people, good politics, it would probably behoove you to spend money on this shit also it might be free i didn't look.

guitars have somehow become underrated?

she said 'i like my white boys a little nervous' ;

it's funny cause a tennis player gave me a backhanded compliment.

which is to say nothing of 'love'.

sex ruined baseball metaphors for me,

also, i don't think the golden state warriors are going to win the nba championship.

the basic, rudimentary appeal of some run of the mill cynicism is probably pretty self evident but just in case you somehow haven't made this basic inference:

it takes a lot of disappointment to get to this point;

i'm just saying it helps to assume they won't.

never been able to give dirty looks but i would like to give one that says,

'you are just as two-faced and obsessed with popularity as everyone else here.'

a recurring dream in which i crawl to the end of a fiery hellscape,

you're there at the end holding up a sign that says:

'you have to be willing to be bad to be good'

hit bargain is self-described as queencore, no freddie mercury,

so thank god we have music bloggers on the scene to authoritatively explain what queening means,

a straight white male, meaning that i will never be asked to represent, defend, or speak on behalf of my 'community'. by which i mean, no one should, of course.

also it seems prudent to mention that i am still learning the breadth of my own ignorance and it appears at this exact moment to be very wide.

to say that i don't know much about being queer. but this non-musical quality is one of the first things i learned about hit bargain.

in this case they do want you to know. and queerness is integral to this band's musical identity and it might even help their chances of success in the extremely-progressive-at-least-on-some-corners-of-the-internet world of 2016. but also you should know that hit bargain would, in all likelihood, be billed on blogs as 'queer punk' no matter what they did. punk bands are white males, after all. don't you know.

once again i know nothing and here i am babbling away,
straight and white and reasonably well spoken and finally handsome,

my naïve ass vantage point has been accepted as default and anything else as other.
they will define you by the differences between you and me.

patriarchal falsehoods and inanities have stained our brains,
today i wonder who it was who told me seven years ago that you shouldn't ask
because asking, 'gives her a chance to say no';
i want names.

having one's heart in the right place yields no hard evidence,

i do believe there are hoards of un-convicted rapists and sexual predators among us,
you probably said hi to one today,
i do believe that straight men, allies included, are generally even less concerned
about campus rape than they outwardly project. i sincerely doubt that michael roth
thought much about sexual assaults today. i doubt it bothers him before bed.

i see you following her around this party. and i do nothing.
can shitty-dude-ness be unlearned

it is so sticky // to-leave-what-should-be-left

the walls of the frat house scream. and i hope you take the time to feel really fucking
guilty at some point. by association if nothing else. now works.

i would advise one to evade the unfounded belief that your reason for being sad is
subtly yet distinctly different from everyone else's;
get you one who can do both.

eat the pussy like an interrogation.
take it slow.

i know my voice needs to be proportionally diminished,
but for some reason i just can't shut up,
that is to say,
you really ought to read something else.