

10 October 2025 - there is much pain in the world but not in this room

Hi everyone!! I have no clue how many people view this or god forbid read it and I love that!! Death to analytics tbh, this is something so personal. Why should I care about the ROI of my personal passion projects? I'm not doing this professionally!!! Whooooooo cares?

who cares who cares who cares do what you want!!!! Things are wayyy too messed up right now for you to be worried about if people enjoy what you create. Creating at all is an awesome act of defiance in a world that seems to be trying to beat us into regressive submission and conformity right now.

Anyway, Saturday went great!! A few weeks back, one of my best friends and I got the same ad for emo night at the 9:30 Club and immediately got to work putting something together for Nina's birthday. I hit up the rest of our inner circle to do dinner at Outback(Nina had been asking to go to Outback for weeks at that point and I had to keep finding excuses not to so we could all do it together) then make our way to DC for the clurb. It was the first time the 7 of us have been able to hang out together in totality in close to a year. It felt great. Emo night was fun, I'm not really a nightclub person and that was definitely the vibe for the night, but going upstairs at the 9:30 Club is borderline magical. Watching all the happy faces and moving bodies from up top while some of my favorite songs played. . There were elder emos nearly twice my age and new kids coming into the scene. I finally got to understand what it's like for a millennial watching me sing an old Senses Fail song by watching these younger zoomers singing older Pierce the Veil and Paramore. What pride and hope that gave me! Subcultures are alive and well! We are connecting again, making memories, existing in a room where nothing from outside matters.

It reminds me of an old rave interview, I think originally in French. "The club is bumping, the ladies look good, the alcohol is flowing. There is much pain in the world, but not in this room."

We left at around 1AM to go back to my place because I live a few blocks from a taco bell. We got our 2AM taco bell and scarfed it all down in near-silence in my living room. I then slept until like 2PM.

The worst of times tend to bring out the best in people like you and I. The art and music that we are being blessed with right now? Goodness me. The people crave outlets!! And they are using them to great effect!!! Subcultures are thriving again. Cringe culture is dying, people are realizing again that it's not bad to enjoy yourself. We are craving community and connection, as we always are, but in times like this? We

3 October 2025 - scrambled eggs for brains: worthy sacrifice?

Hi, I hope you had a good week. Mine has been interesting. I have no clue how this is going to go, I'm letting words flow from my brain to my fingertips and I'm trusting what shows up on the screen. On Monday, I suffered a concussion during my football match while blocking a free kick. I managed to be out for a few seconds, which is a new experience for me. I feel very grateful to be alive and in control of my limbs, despite the lingering effects of yet another head injury for me.

I do worry at times how this will affect me later in life. It's a scary thought, one that's likely more intrusive for me, an amateur athlete playing the sport purely out of innocent love for the game, than for someone who makes their living kicking a ball. I get home after games, battered and bruised, and sometimes the prevailing thought is "what for?" It's a question that I don't even consider as having a real answer. I've still never missed a game, in my 24 years, through anything other than injury that fully prevented me from playing. It's a question I'm sure Nina quietly has for me when I come home from games in this condition, or when she sees the scars that litter my legs. It's a question you may have for me yourself.

I am quick to remind you, Nina, or anyone else that my first love has always been football. I have the cannon and gothic 'A' of Arsenal Football Club tattooed on my body. Watching the Arsenal teams of the early 2000s as a 3rd(some in my family may argue 4th but we'll never know the true answer) generation supporter of the club, watching Wenger and Henry lift a golden Premier League trophy as a wee child - something no team had ever done before, and it will likely never happen again in our lifetimes. Nothing moves me like this sport can. I've watched Henry turn to Walcott and Giroud and Welbeck and Nketiah and Saka. I've watched us go from a great defensive team to an awful defensive team to being nearly impenetrable again. I've felt my highest highs and lowest lows as a football fan. I've watched the US national team defy all of the odds and I've watched them massively underperform. I can't think of any single thing that's put me through the sheer range of emotion that football has in my life, as a fan and as a player.

Is it worth it? I'm not sure. Do I care if it is or isn't? Probably not. Football is a game. It doesn't matter, tangibly, to anyone who doesn't have any money in the game. I don't. The only value I get out

of football is sentimental, and I guess the exercise and health benefits that come with that. Through this sport, I've broken bones, injured muscles and ligaments, felt immense physical and emotional pain; I've shed countless tears as a result of this silly little game.

I'd do it all again. I'd do it 10 times every day for the rest of my life if it means I got to continue going to stadiums with the best friends in the world, connecting with other lovers of the game, and occasionally lacing up and doing the damn thing.

Scrambled eggs for brains, a worthy sacrifice? I guess that's only for me to decide. You'll probably say no.

For me, it's a resounding yes.

Have a lovely weekend. I'll be celebrating Nina's birthday tomorrow night, and if I see you there, I hope we have a safe and amazing night out.

And when I wake up on Sunday, I'll be up early. The football will be on, and I wouldn't miss that for the world.

With love,
Geoff

26 September 2025 - is human connection a recession indicator?

Over the years, I've found myself increasingly dissatisfied with the way tech's relationship with the human experience has evolved. In a bit of positive irony, that sent me on a years-long, deep, and very online vacation down the rabbit hole of alternative social medias. It's been pleasant. From my beloved PI.FYI, to neocities, to rediscovering Tumblr(strangely only enjoyable to me on desktop - maybe we should be relegating most socials to a desktop-only experience?), and to watching SpaceHey go from concept to tangible thing. These spaces are full of creative people who are unafraid to create and unapologetic in sharing their creations. Dare I say, using these "alternative" social platforms fills me with... hope? Who knew that a chronological feed would make you feel more connected to the people on the other side of the screen than a website that feeds you the same content over and over again because it thinks it knows you?

These types of social media, long thought extinct, are back. It's like it's 2008 again. Is human connection a recession indicator? It's as though we've lost so much as a collective society that all we need or want now is to hold onto each other. I've never seen so many people at some of the local shows I've been to recently. It felt, for a while, that lockdown(and Amazon free same day shipping) had done irreparable damage to my fellow Gen Z and our upcoming friends of the Alpha variant. Yet somehow, on the other side, I go to local thrift and vintage shops and I'm rarely alone in there anymore. Flea markets are packed. And at an established thrift chain like a Goodwill? People shopping, talking, laughing with strangers. Groups of friends going to find their next outfits or upcycle materials on the cheap. It feels like there's a zine to pick up everywhere. I feel so much love and human connection now when I walk the streets of my little city; I guess the worst times bring out the best in many of us.

Online, if you look in the right places, the sentiment is similar. Instead of doomscrolling, I browse neocities pages. Scrolling Instagram leaves me feeling anxious, scared, and depleted, among other things. Browsing on neocities or sorting PI by "All" leaves me feeling hopeful, inspired, and refreshed. If you go to where the people are, you'll feel a lot more like a person. Everyone on Instagram is trying to be too cool, so many on Substack are trying to be the smartest person in the room at all times, and Threads and Twitter are full of ragebait and very little actual humans. I guess

YouTube is still cool, but only with browser extensions to age it down.

I ramble a lot, but if there's anything you should take away from this little attempt at connection from me to you:

We're living in strange and uncertain times. The US is proudly funding and actively arming a genocide in the middle east and is unapologetic in using her military might against her own citizens stateside. Things are objectively bad, but when things are bad, creativity and connection keep us alive. Talk to your neighbors, engage in community wherever you can. Use social tools that actually promote social activity more than you use the Instagrams and the Twitters and similar sites. Use browser extensions to de-modernize YouTube. Feel human again. It won't kill the overall sense of heavy foreboding, but it might offer you a glimmer of hope at times, which is near the limit of what we can ask for.

Never stop creating! What you make is all we have! What you, yes you have to share is so, so important. Personalize everything! Stickers, rhinestones, draw on shit!!!!

With great amounts of love,

Geoff