13 October 2026 - light mode is so back

New vibes, new logo, new era(ish). I've kinda always gone for the old internet, web2 vibe. Last time it was in a Matrix, nu-metal, older brother core type of way. Now we're doing it in a hopecore, Y2K optimism, after 9/11 but before 2008 type beat. I like to change things up after a project drops, but only after substantial enough work has been made on the next one that I know what vibe I'm looking to capture. I said I was going back to digicore after Flowers Put on Better Shows. That's still true, but I'm moreso mixing 2010s pcmusic with the 2019/2020 rise of digicore/we-don't-wanna-be-called-hyperpop-so-call-us-ugrap-even-though-we-make-hyperpop sound. I'm looking to secure multiple collaborations for this one and I want some of them to be local. There's already one, they probably forgot we even made the track we made. Oh well.

Housekeeping since Flowers: he/they dropped, also I have gone back to Motorola after I think 10 years away from Motorola and Android in general. I got the Razr. Cool phone, I like that it's so useful even when it's closed. I think it keeps me from doomscrolling as much. Using the front screen is "good enough" to scroll without wanting to open it, but annoying enough to limit my time doing it. It may be making my screen time so much worse though because what I will do is leave YouTube videos running on that screen while I work. Whatever

Speaking of work, I am #OpenToWork on anything creative bro please. I'm literally begging for jobs that allow me to be creative and also make enough money to feed myself. My job isn't killing me yet, but I fear it will get there. If I were to miss my meds for a couple days it would probably be pretty ugly.

I'm in the process of trying to find everyone in Fredericksburg who is into the digicore/hyperpop sound, then bring the artists together and the listeners together and try to plan something but it is very difficult because these mfs don't actually go outside. There's kinda an overlap with alt subcultures like the emo/scene, goth, punk, and hardcore peeps, but godammit if I have to go to one more hardcore show in this city if I want to do human interaction with strangers similar to me I'm going to tear my mustache off. All anyone ever wants to make or play is hardcore, because it's "easy" (read: simpler. Lots of emo bands fall victim to overplaying. complexity is not quality and hxc is simple-ish on purpose) and I'm from the DMV so naturally I love hardcore myself but we gotta diversify our portfolio LMAO. Obviously this is exaggeration but you get me.

So if you're reading this and into these genres and in Freddy please hmu and we can try to organize.

ANYWAY, I have a growing synth addiction but I've also been selling a lot of equipment I never use anymore so it balances out, I really want a pair of cowboy boots, and I need some statement

coats for this winter. I also want some scarves and I think I want a pair of earmuffs. I think that would be a little bit sexy.

IN: YouTube Music(you can upload your MP3s to YouTube music and listen to all the music you own in the app for free with no ads!!!!), Android, sexy fat people

OUT: Paying a subscription for music(has been, consider this your final warning until the next one), the idea of gender as a concept that predetermines your actions or feelings, hopefully my arcade cabinet i might have a buyer

I definitely missed a few recent updates but honestly, I think some things should still be for me. No matter how small this audience is.

With all my love(as ever),

Geoff x

20 may 2026 - holy shit

This is a stream of consciousness. Just words flying from my brain to my fingertips. What. The. Fuck. I gave myself a night and a full day at work to process it all. It doesn't feel real. Arsenal Football Club, *The* Arsenal, champions of England. Over two decades of "is yours gold?" being my only possible response when my friends chat shit. I was 3 years old when last we won the league. I have vague memories of that period. I remember losing a UCL final two seasons later far more vividly, unfortunately. My brain was forming clearer memories by that point in my life. I remember my 5th birthday well, which was just 2 months before the UCL final in question.

My football club, the club of my father, and the club of his. Arsenal Football Club, top of the pile once again. As I watched the players celebrate receiving the news and the gathering of pure human emotion at the Emirates that followed, I couldn't help but think of my grandfather. How he'd have loved to see the trophy lifted by players like Bukayo Saka, Noni Madueke, and Ebere Eze. He had chosen Arsenal because they were one of the first clubs in England to employ black players.

I think of my cousin Tyson, also no longer with us. The last I had seen him in person was in New York in 2018 or 2019. He had come over from London with a few of my other cousins that I rarely get to see, on account of being on the other side of the planet. We got to talk football, of course. Arsenal were deep in the worst period of our modern history. He understood how badly it hurt more than anyone else I've ever met. He was proper Arsenal. His voice notes in WhatsApp to my dad during and after games made me feel so seen. We lost him during the 23/24 season, when it looked like we would surely win the league that year. That fact brought me great peace, but I needed them to do it for real, for him. Now, they have done.

I have spent my life feeding on scraps, sometimes literally, but especially in a footballing context. I think part of this is why I am so moved by football. I told Nina last night that as a fan of a football club, 3 times a week, you are born and you will die over the course of a 90 minute period. Football manages to distill the human experience into these two 45 minute halves in a way that no other sport really can. Watching American football feels like consuming a slop product. It feels like scrolling Instagram. It feels like watching YouTube without an ad blocker.

I should have chosen American football, because these past 22 years could have been a lot less stressful. If your NFL team is dogwater they just get to suck with no consequences.

On Sunday afternoon, Martin Odegaard will lift the Premier League trophy at Selhurst Park. I, a registered club member, will be at Gus's in Richmond. That's the bar that houses the Richmond,

VA chapter of Arsenal America. I'll sing, dance, and cry with my people. 22 years we've waited for this.

It gets better, doesn't it? Surely this must mean that it does, in fact, get better.

Thank you, football. Thank you, Mikel Arteta. Thank you, Arsenal Football Club.

Thank you dad, through blurry vision now, for giving me this thing to fight for my entire life. There is no feeling like this. There is no love like this.

When I die, cut the cannon off of my arm and preserve it. Keep it next to my wedding band, because those will be the two most important things I will have had in this life.

Geoff

26 April 2026 - i think i realized why i've been writing

I'm in a kinda weird spot, emotionally. It's hard for me to put it into words, but I think the attempt at it is what is going to matter a lot more than the result. I am a creative person. I can and do create visual, audio, and multimedia art. I'm pretty good at it. I like to believe I'm a half-decent speaker and writer too; someone who can make topics filled with snobs and holier-than-thou assholes feel maybe a little more approachable to the average person because, by all accounts, I am very average.

For the average person, creating is a hobby and an outlet. That's largely what it is to me as well. I will not be making a living off of my art any time soon and will overwhelmingly likely be working a 9-5 until the day I die, unless I move to a different nation. I'd been sharing my art with my immediate community since I was 7-8, and with the world since I was 11. I was recording and editing skits with the family camcorder and Windows XP's movie maker or making slideshows/flipbooks on my sister's Nintendo DS Pictochat and sitting my family down to watch them at an age that could've probably gotten me on Ellen if someone had decided to document it. In 2012, I started a YouTube channel. The same one that is currently the yeoscore channel. I was uploading let's plays, skits, music, 2018-style commentary videos or video essays, and most recently settled on a mix of music/lyric videos and topic videos that kinda border on the modern commentary video setup.

In fact, I promised two commentary-style videos at the end of last year. They still haven't happened. I haven't forgotten, and I still think they are great ideas that I can execute very well, but I haven't done them. Why?

I don't feel as excited by making a YouTube video as I did at ages 11, 16, 18, or 21. There was a point, from 2019-2021 or so, where I was streaming games as well and was really enjoying it, and really enjoying creating highlights videos that were being watched by nearly nobody. I had another brief stint in 2024 making gaming videos with Hayden on a semi-secret second channel that I poured a lot of passion into, and thoroughly enjoyed. It was a 0-pressure, almost just-for-me, innocent pleasure of mine. I'm excited by the *idea* of doing that again, but in practice? YouTube feels kinda like a lost cause.

The Mcdonalds-fication, Mr Beastification, slopification, whatever you want to call it, of YouTube has been extremely discouraging. I'm going to be an unc shaking my fist at the clouds here: I miss the period where people created online largely for fun. If you wanted big bucks, you would take your show to TV and fail there like Ray William Johnson, CollegeHumor alum Adam Conover, or Lily Singh, because you'd have to strip your personality and become a corporate shill to succeed in that environment. Your fans would not follow you to television, and

the people watching television have no clue who the fuck you are. Adam, at least, returned to his roots and seems to be making great stuff again.

The problem I have with YouTube right now is that they(whoever "they" are) brought television to YouTube. I have 0 issue with sponsored videos and sponsored video segments. I have no issues with pre-roll and even mid-roll ads. The *amount* of ads we are being shown before, after, and during videos has become a problem. I also have an issue when a person's entire catalogue is corporate, sanitized slop. Mr Beast showed the world that it was possible to run a brand-safe slop factory online, and now that's the meta. It's so hard to look at a Mr Beast and still want to participate in the same platform. We are not peers. I do not fuck with him or anyone like him. I do not want to be seen in the same places that he can be seen. He is my direct enemy in many different ways. I mean this with every fiber of my being. Mr Beast makes me lose all hope in a decent future, his content is so dystopian and discouraging and makes me feel so hopeless. It makes me feel like there will never be a world that's enjoyable to live in. This guy makes me sick to my stomach in many of the same ways that Elon Musk, Sam Altman, or Peter Thiel do. They represent the downfall of humanity, in my mind.

It's so incredibly hard to want to participate when scrolling YouTube in recent years just fills me with so much dread. It's a shame, too, I still prefer online content to any other. There are tons of channels out there that I think still capture the essence of the golden era of the platform, when kids would say "I like to watch these YouTubers" rather than "I like to watch YouTube." There is a difference. This was an era where you would be hooked by personalities, rather than topics. You stuck around for the person creating the content rather than the content itself. Algorithms, the attention economy, brand-safe planning, the shift to short-form content... no singular thing killed this era, rather all of these things at once.

I think this is where I found a lot of love in writing. The writers I follow, people like Savannah Brown, Taylor Lorenz, amongst a long list of independent music and fashion mags, fill me with what I would call a sense of authentic creation. I think the medium of print or text lends itself to that authenticity a lot easier. It's pretty easy to pick out AI articles and people largely only write like this out of a place of love. I think it's a lot easier for me to exist amongst peers here than on YouTube, or even in music.

But, like I said, there are channels that are still embracing the spirit of what I think an online sharing platform should be. Bunch of Friends, Vanilla Mace, turtlewithhat, slushy noobz, nicole raffie. These people inspire me to create. They ooze charisma and a love for the joy of creation. You see that this isn't work to them, even though they all rely either partially or totally on that income, and you get the sense that they would still be doing it without any money to be made. These are creatives first and businesspeople second. Like many old white guys say about any white Celtics player, they're doing it the *right* way. My opinion, of course.

Many OGs in the space also never switched up. JacksFilms still feels like JacksFilms, just older and a bit more mature. Markiplier still feels like Markiplier. CoryxKenshin still feels like CoryxKenshin. Jacksepticeye still feels like Jacksepticeye.

I'm hoping that these channels can someday soon give me the energy and strength to do it again, because it does feel like a piece of me has been missing for a few years. Forgive me for being a bit of a doomer on this front.

With lots of love,
Geoff

19 march 2026 - going unc mode

11:25 PM on my 25th birthday. I've settled into my nightly routine: shower, get dressed, grab my laptop off the bookshelf, consult the pen, get in bed and get Online. Is this iteration of that routine a little extra special? nah, not really. That's ok. I actually prefer it this way. My relationship with my birthday is complicated. I've had a lot of bad ones. My parents and family have always worked very hard to give me the best birthday possible(and that could mean very different things at different times. i experienced shifts in financial circumstances post-2008 that were pretty vast. i think a lot of millenials, my fellow zillenials, and some of the older zoomers will feel me on that.). For some reason, though, throughout a lot of my school years, my birthday almost always meant an absolutely horrid day at school. Don't know why, just kinda always seemed to turn out that way.

With all that said, I'm not really prepared for my birthday to turn out as well as this one did. today went weirdly well. "it's quiet, too quiet" ahh birthday.

25 is a weird age. It's, I feel, the last time each individual birthday feels exciting. Like, being 22 sounded cooler than being 21 and being 23 sounder cooler than being 22. 26 sounds like it's going to be no different than 25. 30 sounds like where it's at, though. That's, I guess, the next exciting one. 30 should feel like turning 21 again. You become the youngest of your group again. A 29 year is the oldest "young adult" but to the "adults?" 30 is brand new!!!! And then you get to be the youngest middle aged person at 40 and then i feel like you get to do it again at 50 then you get to be the youngest elder at 60 like do you understand what i am saying here????? is this making sense????? I feel like at 25 we go from counting by 1 to counting by 5 then at 30 we start counting by 10s. This probably doesn't matter. I'm just saying shit, i fear.

I feel like I'm at an age now where people start trusting my judgement. Like, nobody wants to take instructions from a 24 year old but 25? That guy is seasoned, that's a vet. This guy's entering his prime years. I'll probably lower my auto insurance deductibles when my renewal is up. Insurance companies trust me not to crash now. Rental companies, too.

I also kinda reject the idea of "prime years." It's supposed to be that pocket between 25 and 30. Supposed to be your physical peak. Athletes tend to peak at 28(although we are seeing that peak happen earlier and earlier with the amount of games/events we're churning out of our youth athletes now. There's so much more mileage on their bodies by the time athletes leave college or go pro now. Don't get me started on the issues with youth sports. I'd write a fucking book.). I guess that's where it comes from. I feel like we never really peak, your life circumstances

change, so does your body. I guess you can be peaking whenever your body and circumstances align. At 20 I was playing what more footy but I'm a much better footballer now at 25 than I was at 20 I body wasn't playing football as well when I was playing more football. I'm making more music than I ever have right now, though, and I am the best musician I've ever been right now. Does this make sense? I think so. I wanted to run a blog as a kid but didn't have a laptop, things didn't align. The circumstances and the body can align at any time. It all depends on what you want to be doing, I guess.

I feel like I'm just saying shit at this point so it's probably best to stop writing.

Love you all, I can't believe you decided to take time out of your day to click a link or go to my website and read what I have to say.

That's pretty special.

With all the love in the world(as ever),
Geoff

7 march 2026 - breaking free from imagined restraints

Because why the hell was I forcing myself to only do this on Fridays? It was hard enough at my last job, where I actually was writing these from. I was taking half an hour on Friday mornings and writing these. I work from home on Fridays now, but even still - my new job requires far too much of my attention to be able to do something like *feel* like this kind of writing requires. Saturdays are cool, too. So are Mondays, Sundays, and the other ones. How about I just start writing these whenever I feel like it? What then?

What now, then?

I've been doing things again. Big steps, lads, trust me. I've been exposing my belly to the outside world again. It's difficult. Really, don't underestimate the power of 5-10 pretty scary seconds. But, despite this, I am doing things again.

Music. Been working on it. Entering one of those periods where I'm sitting on a lot of stuff but none of it feels worthy of a cover art and a release. Weird. Too many different styles to ship them in one box, but nothing strikes me as special enough to deserve its own box. I might have to start sending demos to friends to get second opinions. I'll never release this year otherwise. I don't know what exactly shot my musical confidence coming into the year, but I've gotta find a way to ditch it.

I got another tattoo - my first from a friday the 13th flash! there's another friday the 13th next week, and I plan to do it again. I enjoy being a canvas for artists to express themselves on. I believe art is a top 3 most important thing in the world, I love being a home for other people's art - forever!

Work has been fine. Moving swiftly along because all my supervisors say to not think about work from the second I clock out and they're right. I have a few work friends who have been made kinda miserable by the job, and I was about there for a while myself. I had to separate work Geoff from real Geoff. Work Geoff is a fake entity, a database of knowledge about one specific subject that spits out results when given different stimuli. This database borrows my body for 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. I've largely disconnected my being from my job and that's saved me a lot of heartache and a lot of headaches.

World's scary as fuck at the minute, but you don't need me to tell you that. If you're here, you're probably here from my Instagram story, so you know exactly how I feel already.

I dunno man, I'm just trying to stay creative through it all. Making music, snapping pictures, hopefully I'll feel like recording a video here soon. I say it to everyone else, but I need to be able to tell *myself* that *my* art is important and that the world is better off with *my* art in it as well.

I'll get there, I hope. This was kinda word salad. Sorry. My thoughts have been really scrambled in recent weeks. Don't know, dude.

Love you 5ever though,

Geoff

16 january 2026 - hopium year????

Okay lads, we've gone from every single Friday to Fridays when I feel like it. But that's okay. That's good, I've been busy. I've just had my first straight up good week at my new job. Not that the job sucks or anything, it's just a lot of information and I was finding myself overwhelmed. I still am, at times, but I'm regulating a lot better. I actually had a panic attack and had to leave early one week ago today, so to have had a good week is big - huge!

So, the holiday season -

I don't talk about car guy stuff nearly as much as I used to, but I did have a track day a couple days before Christmas. I love to be able to use my entire car, using the entire tachometer through all the gears. I learned a lot about the limitations of the car and what I'd like to do next. We went with our friends Pat and Anna, who are getting married this year! And I'll be part of the wedding?????? So excited and so very honored. If you wanna see me do car shit, btw, it's probably just a matter of time before I make an appearance on Pat's YouTube channel. Until that day comes, you should watch him anyway.

Christmas came and went with a bittersweet quickness; the biggest Christmas I've had in years while also missing the most people I'd really rather have around this time of year. Nina's parents are out of the country at the moment, and we both have a sibling who spent Christmas in another state. Hoping to see all of these people sooner rather than later. Hayden and Jo becoming Christmas regulars has been amazing over the years. I've talked about it before, but having friends who fit with your family is an experience I wish on everyone.

I have been working on music. I've been making some of the best stuff I ever have. I may have some outtakes to share with the world again sometime soon. I have talking points already written(and have for a few weeks) and will likely record this year's Better than the Grammys yap sesh. Waiting until February seems like too long a wait. I really would have already done it, but I contracted illness on Christmas that has kept me out of even speaking in complete sentences for most of the day without coughing until literally today. Today is the first day where I haven't coughed since a couple days after Christmas, but I am still having to clear my throat. Oh well, we're getting stuff done.

I'm excited for this year. I don't have too many goals, but I do have them. I want to upload on Youtube at a minimum of once a month, I want to write one of these with the same minimum frequency. I would love to be able to announce an album by the end of the year, but you can't rush that. I want to see as much live music as possible. I want to maybe go to a World Cup game. I could live without that one though. If Arsenal have a chance to win the Premier League, I want

to be at Lincoln Hall in DC to soak it all in. I need to be there for that, should the occasion arise. I want to go to New York again and buy overpriced vintage at Rogue. I want to go to Chicago and visit our friends Mai and Reb. I want to go to Philly and do whatever people do in Philly. I want to go see the many amazing thrift and vintage shops in Pittsburgh. I want to take a train to all of these places rather than drive.

I'd like to go to at least one music festival. The easy choice is Warped, because they always come to town(when they exist, at least), but what if we crossed the country to go to one? Who knows.

I want to continue to lean into my friendships for love and support, easing the burden on my significant other. A structure built on many pillars will long outlast a structure built on one. I want to go out for lunch more often on the weekends. I want to try going to a movie theater again. I want to take more pictures. I want to strengthen my relationships.

I want to make the leap. You know the one.

I guess I have more potential goals than I thought. I'm not too pressed on completing them. If you put them all in a blender, the resulting smoothie would simply say "I want to continue to enjoy myself without guilt the way I did in 2025."

I hope you do the same. We'll compare notes at the end of the year.

With all the love in the world(as ever),

Geoff

12 Dec 2025 - loving thy neighbor is actually so easy

Been a while. I meant to take a break from this but it's been almost a month LOL. My plate's been pretty full. I've done a lot, been through a lot. I've been forever changed in some ways and made more concrete in my already long-standing reality in others. It's December, so that means my annual war with my mutuals who use Spotify has seen another flashpoint, especially in regards to the past two years where I've been training my sights on anyone using only streaming services to consume music at all. I say this as lot when I bring up this topic, but it really is a conversation for another day. It had its day a few days ago and I don't feel like doing it again. It'll have its day again soon, maybe. Hopefully. Artists should be able to make tangible amounts of money from their art. $4 for my EP that comes out tomorrow gets me a sandwich at my office's cafeteria. 5 People buying the EP feeds me lunch for a whole week. Would be lit.

I've done some photography for Alex, who to me, my siblings, and my parents, is family. I enjoy every second that I'm around him, whether we're doing music together, playing video games, on a group outing, but especially when I have the pleasure of watching him perform as Related Searches, i get to be a fan, the music is genuinely fantastic, and i get to play photog/videog for a night. How delightful, to have friends like him, Hayden, Xavier, and Hayden's lovely wife Jo who so seamlessly fit into my life, with me and with my family. It means a lot to me that I can be at a family event and send an open invitation to all of them. They don't have to show up, they can't always do so, but it means a lot to me that I have people that can. Especially right now.

My new job is very boring, I'll spare you the details. I've met some great people though, and I hope I can nurture these relationships. You never know when you'll meet someone that will become very important to you.

I have an EP coming tomorrow. Well, at midnight. It would be great if you listened to it, however you decide to. I would love for you to make a purchase on Bandcamp because the purchase bonus took forever to make. All the art for this release was done by hand by Nina and I.

My old routine, at my last job, was to come in on a Friday morning, call or text everyone I needed to call or text, then write the blog post for that week. I get off work an hour and a half earlier now, and I don't work Saturdays anymore. This feels like the right way to end a work week. I've gained all these experiences over the past 7 days, and now this is my announcement to myself that I'm done, for the next couple days at least.

We keep moving, that's all we can do. We take the ebbs and flows as they come.

With all the love in the world(as ever),

Geoff (hit 420 subscribers on youtube last night - you know what to do)

14 Nov 2025 - today sucks. who needs to make music anyway?

Hello friends. It's my last day at my current job. It sucks pretty bad. I just tearfully wrapped up my last ever motorcycle sale. I will never, professionally, sell a motorcycle again. I'll probably buy and sell a few privately as the years go by. I'll be itching for a bike in a year or so, I'm sure. There's a lot I'll miss, unfortunately more than the one big thing I won't miss. When places say it's like a family to work there, typically that means that management is an evil empire. This place felt like living with my parents and siblings, for better AND for worse. In all the good and bad ways you can think of. I haven't been working on music. I think internally there's been too much turmoil this week.. I haven't been up for it. I do have some ready to go, waiting on art. It's hard to let go of an aspect of a project, even something like art. I'm used to being the only person doing everything so I've been getting antsy. I think part of that is just me being emotionally all over the place recently in general.

On the topic of not feeling like writing music, it started feeling forced. Felt like going through the motions. That's never good. Time to take a step back for a while. I'll have Saturdays off for the first time in my adult life, so that means I can participate in the local scene a lot more. Looking forward to that, big time. I'll be able to go to car events again. I haven't done anything car related since a drift event this spring. And I hadn't before that since the same event the year before. I'm looking forward to doing car shit.

I'm enjoying writing like this. I think this has helped to keep me level over the past couple months, if that makes sense. It's keeping the water in the glass, so to speak.

Don't think I have much more to say. Today really, really sucks but it's for the best. I'll miss this desk, I'll miss turning to my right and seeing one of my biggest musical inspirations waiting to make eye contact with me and call me gay, I'll miss running across the street after a really bad day and getting drinks with my comrades, I'll miss the owners, who treated me like I was one of their kids, for better or worse. I'll miss getting paid to ride motorcycles, music in my helmet, not having to talk or be fake nice to people who don't deserve it.

I fought tooth and nail to leave this place because I had definitely started to outgrow it. It is what it is. I'll still miss it like hell.

With love,
Geoff

7 Nov 2025 - i quit my job and hope is alive

Hi, I hope this yap session finds you well. Ummm so first, I did end up uploading the Charli XCX cover the night of last week's entry. Uploaded on Halloween night, I can not believe the reception. I don't know if it's you or a bunch of strangers, but people are really enjoying it. I really can't wrap my head around it. How encouraging! I'm also adopting a strategy for writing a body of work that I never have before, probably inspired by the Ninajirachi album: Writing chronologically. Not just in the songwriting itself, but literally producing the songs in order of 1-2-3-4, you know? It's been fun. Walter's been helping me by validating my madness. We're well on track! Hoping to be able to make this happen next year! I'm also working with Nina for art on an unrelated body of work, hoping to get that out soon. Housekeeping over, thanks for listening.

I'm quitting my job. My last day is one week from today. I work with people I really love underneath a guy who seemingly goes out of his way to take the most awesome job ever with the most awesome coworkers ever and make it a living hell. I don't know how he managed to fumble that, but after a little over two years of trying to make it better, I've decided that that is not my responsibility. I'll be going to a job that's going to really improve my quality of life by providing me with a healthy raise and benefits, but it's going to challenge me- a lot! It won't be easy, but I'm looking forward to it. If it sucks, I'll take their training and the license that comes with it and go elsewhere.

In other news, Sic Semper Tyrannis motherfucker!!!!! As uninspired I am by an Abigail Spanberger establishment Dem, I am very inspired by my state's outright rejection of the wannabe fash losers. I love you so very much, Virginia. I may be moving to our capital in the next year so it's refreshing that it won't be full of people who want me dead LOLLLLLL

A huge closed-fisted and jealous "congrats. happy for you." for NYC who elected fellow DSA member Zohran Mamdani to lead them into a hopefully more affordable future. You wouldn't believe what happens when you appeal to the common person! I'm so jealous of them. They have an expansive subway, a city you don't need a car to live in, and now they're about to be the nation's first and most important experiment in progressive policies. May he stick to his platform and promises, and may he abandon the party one day? As a treat? He didn't need them to win, did it without establishment endorsements. Anyway, you can read this analysis from anyone else. Congrats to them. Congrats to them. I'll be in NYC next month a few days before he's sworn in, I wonder how the vibe will be. Haven't been to NYC in a few years now.

I am so very full of hope. It's never too late, for you or for our collective society, to make a meaningful change and improve our quality of life. KEEP MAKING SHIT, now more than ever!!! Upload the song, the video, the drawing. Scream at the top of your lungs, you have talent! The world needs it!

With all the love in this strange little world,

Geoff

31 Oct 2025 - your favorite cover artist’s favorite cover artist

Happy Halloween whaaaaaaattttttt it feels like yesterday we were entering June!! what da hell what da helly what da helly

So i did the guitar thing and did NOT record the process because I had to reteach myself soldering and the instructions on the pickup I got were wrong so I was pretty much just leaving the guitar plugged into an amp with my phone playing music against the pickup and touching wires to things until I could hear the music out of the amp. It was a process, but it worked out in the end. The guitar looks amazing and plays even better. Very happy with the results!!!

I recorded a cover of Charli XCX's 'I might say something stupid' on a whim because I finally put Brat in my local library, when I got to that song I was like "dude imagine just a little bit of guitar underneath this" like I didn't fully have the capacity to do it myself LMAOOO so the next day I recorded it and spent the night after that mixing and re-recording some guitar parts. I'm happy with the way it turned out, maybe you'll see it tonight? Probably tomorrow idk it's Halloween, will I be able to get you to listen on Halloween? Should I care?

I relate to the track in more ways than maybe I'm prepared to admit, but the overarching narrative that I take away from it is that the pressures are largely internal, and that makes me feel better about it a bit. I'd still like to not be so hard on myself. We'll file that one and revisit it.

In other news, we're probably moving to Richmond in the next year or so. That will be cool, I want to be there for the transition from medium city to big city. I think it'll be fun. They just took the training wheels off by removing height restrictions outside of downtown and adding another rapid transit line. What a time to be alive, what a time to be Virginian, sic semper tyrannis RAHHHH

Aight that's all I got keep making shit love you mean it bye

Geoff

24 Oct 2025 - I ramble about myself this week

Hello Void, how was your week? Mine was pretty nice, actually. Last weekend, we went out to dinner with my parents and had a ton of fun. Our Kenyan sand boa, Nibbler, arrived on Wednesday and is digging away in his enclosure as we speak. Allegedly, at least. New holes appear every few hours and at night you'll see him sticking his head out. What a guy! Today is my mom's birthday! Please listen to some Slipknot for her. We went to the mall last night and I picked up a new setup at Zumiez. I haven't skated for a few years but looking forward to getting comfortable cruising around again, re-learning old tricks and learning new ones. I love transition skating and luckily there's a lot of low-stress tricks in that category.

I've been doing this thing these past couple days where I don't skip songs. I do this every few months when I feel like I need to reset my listening habits, when I realize that I've been skipping to the same few songs every time I drive. These "no skip" periods can last hours, days, or weeks. It all kinda depends on my mood. I feel like I was pretty stuck in a rut as a listener, so I might drag this out a while this time. A couple more days at least. It's even weirder when you get skip-happy when you don't use streaming services. Like, I bought all this music and put it into playlists. I paid for these songs. There isn't a single one in here that I don't like. Why am I skipping them? Weird. But that's why I'm doing this little reset. Fun times! Very exciting and riveting to force myself to do... kinda, nothing. Great! :p

I've got a bunch of stuff coming in to upgrade my Strat. This black Squier Affinity Stratocaster has been in my life since I was 2 years old. In 2003, my parents got my brother this guitar and a blue Johnson learner acoustic. To his credit, he did get pretty far in his lesson book. When he graduated from high school and left for the Army, my parents traded him a 1990s Acura TL for his guitars, so they could give the instruments to me. Fast forward a few years, and I still have them. I put much more playable but very cheap strings on the Strat a few years ago but that's all I've done. Last year, I got a Telecaster and have been using it a lot more than my Strat. They kinda do the same thing. I get better chugs out of the Strat, but that's about it. I've decided to lean into that and specialize this guitar. I'll be taking it from its factory SSS (Three single-coil pickups) setup to a SSH (Two singles and a dual-coil humbucker as the bridge pickup) setup, installing locking tuners, upgrading the tremolo bridge, and doing it all myself! Paired with some more metal-friendly strings, this will make the guitar happier to play heavier genres like hardcore, punk, and emo that I enjoy. Humbuckers provide a great warm tone and take very well to distortion, with the right settings this guitar could also find a place in midwest emo, which is often dominated by Telecasters.

Buncha nerd shit. I may record the process, we'll see!

Apart from all that, I have a desire to return to the 9:30 Club. What a venue! I want to go back real bad. Hopefully soon.

Thanks for reading my word salad, this week is all about me I guess. Keep making shit, I know I will!

With love,
Geoff

17 October 2025 - you’re so important that they’re trying to turn your talent into prompts

Hello everybody and maybe nobody! I hope you had a great week as the fall weather starts to set in. In Virginia, that could mean nothing. We tend to get a few "false autumns" before it actually sticks around. Went shopping and somehow got a bunch of Von Dutch stuff last week which is pretty cool! We've got a snake coming which is also pretty cool. The world is pretty wonked up right now, though. That's left me feeling pretty odd as a baseline.

You know what really helped with that? Finally listening to Ninajirachi's album I Love My Computer. It reminded me why I love dance music. Something that's easy to forget when my most listened-to genres are hardcore and emo. It also, strangely, reminded me of my disdain for AI-generated "art."

You can't generate what that album put me through. You can't generate love or joy or anger or fear or lust or anything else that art makes me feel.

Images, videos, essays, cover letters, songs. All things that are meant to reflect the creator, an emotional time capsule of sorts, connecting you to readers, listeners, hiring managers, real people. We were promised a future where tech would take care of the boring and mundane, should we want it to, so we can put more energy towards these more emotional and creative tasks. The future we got has so far proven to be the direct inverse of that promise. I still have to get out of bed and do laundry, but I can tell an AI bot to "make" "art" for me. It'll use math and reasoning to steal from countless sources and make an everything soup of other people's art in a certain style. Cool, I guess. If you're into that. Does absolutely nothing for me. I refuse to call it art at all.

Again, I beg you: Do. Not. Stop. Making. Shit. Do not leave us with these pitiful excuses for creation, we need you. We need your perspective, your desires and fears. We need that now more than ever.
You're so much more important than you think, and AI generated bullshit is proof of that. These tech companies are spending billions to try to replicate what is innately inside of all of us. What you've known how to do since you were a child. The talent deep within all of us. Maybe those billions would be better spent distributed to the massive network of artists worldwide who can create better than these bots ever could.

You're so much more important than you think. They wouldn't be trying to replicate you otherwise.

Love,

Geoff

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