

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.

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.

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.

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!!! Whooooooooo 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

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