AN EXPLORATION OF MUSIC AND SUBCULTURE

GEEK ROCK

EDITED BY

ALEX DIBLASI AND VICTORIA WILLIS

Geek Rock

Geek Rock

An Exploration of Music and Subculture

Edited by
Alex DiBlasi
Victoria Willis

ROWMAN & LITTLEFIELD
Lanham • Boulder • New York • London

Published by Rowman & Littlefield
A wholly owned subsidiary of The Rowman & Littlefield Publishing Group, Inc.
4501 Forbes Boulevard, Suite 200, Lanham, Maryland 20706
www.rowman.com

16 Carlisle Street, London W1D 3BT, United Kingdom

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Information Available

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Geek rock : an exploration of music and subculture / edited by Alex DiBlasi, Victoria Willis.
pages cm
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 978-1-4422-2975-4 (cloth : alk. paper)—ISBN 978-1-4422-2976-1 (ebook)
1. Rock music–History and criticism. I. DiBlasi, Alex, 1987– editor. II. Willis, Victoria, 1977– editor.
ML3534.G39 2014
781.66–dc23
2014016393

™ The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of American National Standard for Information Sciences Permanence of Paper for Printed Library Materials, ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992.

Printed in the United States of America

To Brad Roberts, whose generosity in paying for permissions to use his own lyrics helped make chapter six possible. He is truly a champion of both geeks and rock.

To all the artists and musicians discussed within these pages who remain a constant source of inspiration: Frank Zappa, the Mothers of Invention, Jimmy Carl Black (whose hand Alex shook a year before his passing in 2008), Devo, Haustor, Darko Rundek, They Might Be Giants, Crash Test Dummies, the Mountain Goats, the Magnetic Fields, Cub, Man or Astro-man?, MC Frontalot, mc chris, Tullycraft, Weird Al Yankovic, and all of the artists on our extensive Suggested Listening list in Appendix 2.

Thank you for giving us so much wonderful music. And a place to come home to.

Contents

List of Figures

Acknowledgments

Alex DiBlasi would like to thank . . .

The first person I would like to thank is my coeditor, Vickie Willis. This entire project stemmed from her asking what I thought about doing a panel on geek rock at the Popular Culture Association's national meeting in 2012. Throughout the entire process, from a fellow academic panelist to a potential author filling out our book proposal forms to a coeditor putting the finishing touches on our book, Vickie has been both a consummate professional and a dear friend.

I would also like to extend thanks to Art Barrow and Andy Hollinden for their willingness to be interviewed for my chapter.

Special thanks are due to the following people who have been a tremendous help to me, past, present, and future: Dan Crall, who showed me music could be much more than just a few licks and lyrics; Brantley Blythe; Debra Baker-Schneider; Dodona Kiziria; Joan Hawkins; Bronislava Volkova; Glenn Gass; Adam Gratz; Eric Condon; Adam Duckworth; Graham Skinner; Jeff Taylor; Jonas Westover; Paul Charosh; Tom Shad; Charlene Giannetti; Debra Toppeta; Eric Abbey; David Wright; Bob McParland; Colin Helb; Mark Bernard; Samantha Albanese (the fastest proofreader ever); Jurgen Verfaille; Mark McCawley; Jordan Kilpin; and Thomas Kitts, who took me from being a guy who folded T-shirts for a living and knew a lot about The Kinks to a music historian who *used to* fold T-shirts for a living.

Finally, the highest of thanks and acknowledgment are due to my partner and travel buddy, Alexa Altman. She heard about all the good, bad, and ugly events that take place when preparing a book, lending an ear, and being everything I could have asked for and more.

Victoria Willis would like to thank . . .

Alex DiBlasi, whose fantastic knowledge, creativity, and Zen-like calm helped take this idea and make it a reality. I have not seen his shirt folding, but I can assure our readers than his musical knowledge is extensive and his brainstorming and creative ability are invaluable. Alex is a true geek rock geek, which is, of course, a compliment of the highest order.

Tom Kitts, whose encouragement is in large part responsible for the fact that I have continued to write about music. Double thanks for introducing Alex and me!

Bennett Graff, who is the best flippin' editor out there. Seriously. His guidance and support made this project happen. Do yourself a favor and work with this guy one day.

All of our contributors. You guys, you geeky wonderful writers, this book wouldn't even exist without all your chapters and brilliance. You are the wibbly wobbly, timey wimey essence of the space vortex that lets our TARDIS of a book vworp through rock music the only way a TARDIS metaphor can: geekily.

All those who gave our contributors permission to use their work: Mike White, of Deadly Designs photography, for letting us use his photos of Man or Astro-man?; Man or Astro-man? for letting us use their lyrics in Shannon Finck's chapter "Man [Seeking] Astro-man?: Nouveau Surf Rock and the Futuristic-Past Nostalgic"; Brad Roberts, of Crash Test Dummies, and Hal Leonard publishing for letting us use the lyrics to "God Shuffled His Feet" in Paul Cantrell's chapter "'A Very Subtle Joke': T. S. Eliot, J. D. Salinger, and the *Puer Aeternus* in *God Shuffled His Feet.*"

Julie Choe Kim, Jessica Braswell, Dave Marley, Patrick Rapa, Julian Cook, Caroline Gates-Shannon, Amy Harbison, Patrick Crowling, Barry Hall, Ryan Whittier, and Jenny Cefaly. You all, in one form or another, gave me music, and geek rock in particular. Thank you for introducing me to They Might Be Giants (and teaching me algebra!); giving me mix tapes and recommendations; and expanding my knowledge, understanding, and love of music.

Travis Navarra, who is *the best*! Thank you for always giving me the best time, the best support and encouragement, and the best everything. You have clearly mastered the Force. I couldn't have done any of this without you!

Introduction

Q: Are We Not Geeks?
A: We Are Geek Rock!

Victoria Willis and Alex DiBlasi

Note: This introduction is written in the first person by both Vickie and Alex. Alex's words appear in italics.

I first heard about They Might Be Giants by word of mouth. My eighth grade algebra tutor, Julie Choe, sang a snippet from "Particle Man" and told me that I would love them; they were quirky, just like me. Shortly afterward, I found myself in a Sam Goody at the mall, flipping through long, awkward cardboard CD packages. The album had been mispriced by the store for $6.99, just within my middle school budget, which consisted entirely of my hoarded lunch money. It was fate. I took the giant cardboard box, with the CD stuffed inside like a Cracker Jack prize, up to the register. The sales clerk not only sold me the album for $6.99, he also sang me a snippet from "Birdhouse in Your Soul." I was dying of curiosity. I hurried home and popped the disc in my stereo. And I was still completely unprepared for what I heard.

Prior to this moment, I had been enjoying R.E.M.'s *Green*, XTC's *Oranges and Lemons*, and Morrissey's *Bona Drag*. One of my best friends, Jessica Braswell, adored Depeche Mode and had given me *People Are People* for my birthday, which I listened to on my Walkman while running. I was an unabashed bookworm and read everything I could get my hands on: Anne McCaffrey, Edgar Allan Poe, Alice Walker, Ayn Rand, John Locke, Victor Hugo, Harper Lee, and Ursula K. LeGuin. I took extra weekend classes and summer sessions in science or art at the Mathematics and Science Center or

through public school initiatives. I loved learning, I loved exploring, I loved reading, and I loved music. My glasses and braces and vampiric paleness were the frosting on my identity cake. I was a geekling, and I was ready to rock.

Flood spoke to me in a way that no other album had. The unexpected combination of guitar and accordion, the resonation of lyrics that were unfathomable on the surface (but promised greater depths), the structure of the album with its alternation between fairly standard song structures and musical innovations that seemed to reinvent the concept of song entirely—these all added up to an album that created a sonic experience similar to painting a canvas, reading a book, and conducting a science experiment all at the same time. Even though I was an avid music listener, *Flood* was my first encounter with an album that rejoiced ferociously in the quirky, smart, creative, and absurd. It was the first album I heard that demanded my participation in the construction of meaning, and it was the first album to send me online in search of more music, more knowledge, and more anything I could found out. I made sure no one was using the phone, and I dialed into Prodigy, meeting my first fellow TMBG fans online.

They Might Be Giants fans are unlike any other group of fans. And despite this *gigantic* generalization, I believe it holds as true today as it did in the heyday of college rock. When I first logged into the TMBG bulletin boards on Prodigy, I encountered people who were quirky, intelligent, creative, and warm. Most fans I know, both then and now, have an appreciation for the random and the absurd. They are well read, quick to laugh and quick to debate, and enthusiastic. While *Flood* floored me by giving me a musical experience that I wasn't even fully aware of craving, the community of They Might Be Giants floored me as well by providing a forum of discussion, interpretation, and intellectual exploration of *Flood*, *Lincoln*, and "the pink album." Much in the same way that I had never encountered music like *Flood*, I had never before encountered discussions of music that oscillated between politics, television, literature, history, science, art, and film. I had never met a fan of any other band who burst enthusiastically into song while working out an algebra problem.

In other words, I had never before been so surrounded (albeit mostly via dial-up modem) by geeks.

At the time, however, we didn't call ourselves geeks. We were smart people who liked to play with ideas, who were passionately enthusiastic about things that we liked, and who were less concerned with whatever it was that other people seemed concerned about. I can't speak for anyone else, of course, but even though I was fairly socially awkward (which, as an introvert, I still am), it never bothered me too much, and I didn't know what to call that. Part of the reason was because that I, as a girl, never truly fit into the stereotype of geekery. One of the benefits of being marginalized by a

visible signifier (if marginalization can have a benefit), such as sex or race, is that it becomes more difficult to be marginalized on other grounds. I think in some ways, and I'm speaking as a white girl geek, that identifying as "geek" when the world around me tried to identify me as "girl" and "white" let me, in Lacanican terms, be a little more than I had to mean, since I couldn't/didn't mean what I was (symbolic-ally) ordered to.

In 2011, They Might Be Giants released *Join Us*, their first nonchildren's album in four years. It was brilliant. For me, as a long-time fan of the Johns, *Join Us* harkened back to *Flood* and *Lincoln* and the pink album in its exuberance and wit, and its musical complexity was built on the foundations set by those albums for exploring songness and music's sonic impact. Listening to *Join Us* and thinking about the history and discography of They Might Be Giants led me to thinking about geekery, the meaning(s) of geekery, the reclamation of "geek," and the "geek" in the rock. However, no one was writing about geek rock. No one, in fact, had written about geek rock. I emailed Alex DiBlasi, musicologist extraordinaire, who confirmed that not only was geek rock not currently being discussed in academia but also that Wikipedia had deleted their geek rock page. "What would you think," I typed him, "of doing a geek rock panel at PCA?"

I sat back and thought about it. Vickie and I had first met two years earlier at PCA's national conference in St. Louis. We had several mutual friends, including the chairman of PCA's numerous music panels, Dr. Thomas Kitts of St. John's University in Queens. Vickie and I became fast friends, with our conversation topics ranging from the obvious (music, film, popular culture in general) to the esoteric (everything from religion to Dave Letterman's observation that plucking one's nose-hair results in a sneeze—something I ended up testing after a few drinks). Needless to say, the bond formed and was cemented: buddies for life!

The following year, I actually sat out PCA, instead racing the calendar to finish my master's thesis while also juggling two day jobs and a writing gig where I somehow ended up reviewing five-star restaurants in Manhattan for an online publication that catered exclusively to women. My thesis was a discussion of Frank Zappa and his relationship with American culture, as examined through three albums: We're Only In It For The Money *(1968),* Joe's Garage (1979)*, and You Are What You Is (1981). Zappa had been a powerful influence on me since I was a kid. Being a drummer, most of my other musical heroes were drummers—Keith Moon and Ginger Baker were obvious ones, but I also loved Jim McCarty of The Yardbirds, Mick Avory of The Kinks, and whoever it was that clashed straight eighth notes with a shuffled rhythm on Dale Hawkins's original "Susie Q," one of the greatest rhythmic innovations in rock music—but Zappa, along with Ray Davies and Pete Townshend, appealed to me on an intellectual level.*

What I liked about Zappa the most was his intelligence. He never tried to hide it or water it down, though he certainly held and professed a mostly negative attitude toward institutionalized education. (In fact, I'm sure he would think my work on him—along with those of any number of authors who offer analyses of Zappa's music—was at best a curiosity and at worst just plain silly.) I grew up in a culture that fetishizes stupidity. The sitting president at the time of my teenage years was a bumbling fool who made up words and butchered some of the most basic components of modern American English grammar. Zappa found the greatest transgression one could commit in their daily lives was to be stupid. I found that his critiques of hypocrisy, willful ignorance, and conformity were just as applicable in the early 2000s as they were in their own time.

After first discovering Zappa in 2000, I went through a pretty hard and heavy period of roughly two years where I saved up lunch money (the solution being that I could always eat when I got home) and then every Thursday headed to 13th Floor Music in downtown Seymour, Indiana—a local record shop that I am happy to report is not only still in existence but outlasted *all of its corporate competitors—and ordered a Zappa album. The following Tuesday, there it would be, costing me a total of eleven bucks. I never knew what to expect, either, as far as what kind of music would be on the disc—that was the beauty of Zappa's music!*

As an angry young man with a budding libido, I favored both his political stuff and all the songs about sex. As a drummer, each album was like a workout. What little fourteen-year-old Alex didn't know was that he was learning how to negotiate bizarre time signatures and the kind of complex rhythmic patterns that, had they been presented to me then as sheet music, would have led to me shitting myself. By the early summer of 2002, my ears shifted toward a style of music that Zappa never quite seemed to embrace, though I immediately saw an ideological connection: punk. Not only was it loud and fun, it was fast! *Playing The Ramones or Dead Kennedys' music with marching sticks (which, in my stubby Italian hands, looked like a pair of baseball bats) gave me muscles, which in turn gave me the attention of female fans. Though none of them dug Zappa—and believe me, I tried—they* did *like The Ramones!*

My Zappa CDs gathered dust as I plumbed the depths of The Clash, Cheap Trick, HIM, The Rolling Stones, The White Stripes, Marilyn Manson, and Neil Young's respective discographies throughout my teen years. It wasn't until college, on this new website called YouTube, that I came across a video of Frank Zappa on CNN's Crossfire *from the mid-'80s. I had read all about the censorship battles in the 1980s but had never actually seen anything from them. Suddenly, I found myself remembering why I loved Zappa in the first place, as he made* Washington Post *reporter John Lofton look like the puffed-up gadfly he was, correcting his erroneous facts before eventually*

telling him to kiss his ass. It was glorious, and seeing that video triggered a Zappa renaissance for me. By fall 2007, I had every album the man produced during his lifetime. I took the famed Zappa class at Indiana University, where I did my undergrad. The following year, I was the grading assistant for the class. I even almost subbed one week due to the instructor's possible absence.

Taking a class on Frank Zappa—as well as other classes on The Beatles, Jimi Hendrix, and the history of the blues—showed me that my love of music could be more than just a hobby. Double majoring in film and rock history, I learned that talking about these forms of artistic expression can shine more light on the history of a given society than studying their involvement in any given armed conflict. After all, without art, what is twentieth-century history, aside from military campaigns, mass murders, and pollution? I decided to pursue my studies further, which led me to Brooklyn College.

During my first semester as an adjunct at St. John's, Vickie asked me about doing a panel on either They Might Be Giants, or, as she put it, "more 'geek' rock bands in general?" Though I had excelled academically in college, I never really considered myself much of a geek. I was in bands. I have long hair. I have a tattoo that isn't Star Trek *related. And when all of my friends got really excited about how Joss Whedon was set to direct an episode of* The Office*, I had to look him up to find out who he even was—and even now, I haven't seen any of his stuff.*

But at the same time, I thought about my own experiences of marginalization and how there were artists whose music spoke to me when I needed a reminder that it was okay to be different and that being a stupid bore is far worse than having long hair and listening to albums with titles like Burnt Weeny Sandwich *and* Playground Psychotics. *Pete Townshend, Ray Davies, and even Marilyn Manson were voices for my angst and frustration, but Frank Zappa took it a step further, presenting not just society's problems but solutions as well. He celebrated the individual while also reminding his audiences that we collectively had the power to change our lives for the better, provided we chose not to drop out, as the hippies had under Dr. Leary's orders, and also made sure we were gone before the sun came up anytime we were out stealing jockeys from rich people's lawns (which I did, more than once—sorry, residents of Mutton Creek Estates).*

I immediately wrote Vickie back: "I'm there."

In April of 2012, at the Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association's conference in Boston, we presented a panel on geek rock that was the inspiration for this book. I presented a shorter version of my chapter "They Might Be Lacanian: They Might Be Giants, Jacques Lacan, and the Rhetoric of Geek Rock," arguing, in essence, that the listener's reading and participation in a song is what makes geek rock "geeky." While the content

of the song is certainly a contributing factor to a song's geekiness, it is the listener's understanding and participation in the construction of meaning that puts the geek in geek rock. Alex DiBlasi, my now coeditor, and Shannon Finck both also presented earlier versions of their chapters, along with Andrew Crowley, then in his first year of grad studies at Brooklyn College, who prepared a paper on Van Dyke Parks's album *Song Cycle* (1967). Our panel, much like geek rock itself, was an unexpected hit. We had begun by addressing a gap in the scholarship and the lack of discourse surrounding the phenomenon of geek rock. We finished by proposing a book.

For the panel, we had what might have been the most unfortunate time slot imaginable, the same ninety-minute period allotted for PCA's keynote speaker, Mr. George Takei. As the panel chair, I welcomed the remaining attendees in the room with, "Greetings, Star Wars *fans!" The smaller crowd made for a stimulating discussion after we presented our papers, becoming a much more informal conversation among peers rather than the standard Q&A that follows a panel. Eventually, one of the attendees, who was previously unfamiliar with modern geek rock, suggested we float a call for papers into cyberspace as a means of gauging academic interest in the subject.*

After the panel, Vickie and I spoke with an unnamed employee from an unnamed publisher who, much like the fellow at the Mos Eisley cantina who introduced Obi-Wan Kenobi to Chewbacca, pointed us in the direction of Bennett Graff from Scarecrow Press. We pitched the idea to him of doing a coedited collection of essays on the subject of geek rock.

And he loved it. The rest is, as they say, history.

Much like my introduction to *Flood* by way of algebra, writing and editing this book appears to have been my destiny. I have long been convinced that They Might Be Giants were forerunners of geek rock and that the release of *Flood* solidified a burgeoning rock movement that has come to influence bands like Weezer, Jonathan Coulton, mc chris, Moxy Fruvous, Jimmy Eat World, DaVinci's Notebook, and Frank Black, to name a few. The release of *Flood* also influenced music listeners by changing the expectations for music and song writing, leaving fans with new conceptions of what made a song a song, and opening up the possibilities for exploring meaning within music. By failing to recognize and discuss geek rock, we have failed to investigate some of the more interesting relationships between music, audience, and meaning. This book attempts to make up that lack while continuing the circulation of discussion. Lacanian puns notwithstanding, I do hope to legitimize the place of geek rock within academic discourse while also opening up the discussion and hopefully inspiring future research. And, because I'm ambitious, I hope the entire impact of this book is the exact opposite of Vogon poetry.

To that end, we start at the beginning. Or rather, Alex DiBlasi, my coeditor of all things sonic (including screwdrivers), starts at the beginning. I hope you know where your towel is.

In a choice that was made to present the artists in chronological order and not some sort of weird ego trip, my chapter on Frank Zappa is the first in this book. My chapter presents Zappa as one of the forerunners of geek rock. Though I mostly deal with his influences and several musical instances of techniques and qualities that now serve to define geek rock, Zappa himself had geeky characteristics, including his vast knowledge of a variety of musical styles, his highly literate and intellectual persona, and his admiration of everything from The Shaggs to Beavis and Butt-head*. Though Zappa himself would most likely have balked at being called a geek, his influence on this subgenre is undeniable.*

Using her background in the social sciences to study one of rock music's more enigmatic figures, Martina Topić offers a unique perspective on Captain Beefheart. Using discourse analysis and discussions of his live performances with The Magic Band, Martina's essay contrasts Beefheart with his more mainstream contemporaries, positing that Beefheart's outsider status within the music industry make him another notable influence in the history of geek rock.

Moving ahead to the end of the 1970s, Ian Steinberg offers a fascinating study of geek rock gurus Devo. Ian sees parallels between the group and the Italian futurist movement of the early twentieth century, exploring the many similarities and differences between their manifestos, goals, and means of achieving them. This chapter also pays special attention to both groups' relationships with technology and its role in their respective developments.

Julijana Zhabeva-Papazova wrote an insightful chapter on a group and its chief songwriter who hail from Croatia, Haustor and Darko Rundek. Utilizing an eclectic array of musical styles and influences years before Paul Simon's Graceland*, Julijana details Haustor's history within the context of Yugoslavia and its subsequent dissolution in the early 1990s. The band's lead singer and primary songwriter, Darko Rundek, has continued as a solo artist to create socially conscious music with a knack for unique instrumentations.*

Coming from a background in rhetorical studies, Vickie Willis's chapter on They Might Be Giants gives a reading of their early demo "Now That I Have Everything" by way of Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytical theory of the mirror stage, where humans, in infancy, discover their reflection in the mirror. Vickie uses the song's themes of identity and claims of contentedness to discuss notions of ego, desire, and the birth of cognition.

Though they have unfairly been written off as a one-hit wonder and the stuff of early '90s nostalgia, the quirky Canadian rock band Crash Test

Dummies have finally gotten some academic attention courtesy of Paul Cantrell. Paul's focus is on the group's 1993 concept album, God Shuffled His Feet*, which featured the tune Paul refers to in the chapter as "that humming song." His chapter is a full analysis of the album's lyrics, which we were able to include with both the permission of their publisher (Hal Leonard) and CTD's lead singer, Brad Roberts.*

In the first of two chapters that discuss a phalanx of musical artists, Caroline Gates-Shannon brings discussions of gender and sexuality into the fold as she details the history of American twee pop. Though separate from geek rock as another subgenre under the "alternative" header, Caroline sees twee as geek rock's female parallel, with its emphasis on traditionally feminine interests, albeit interests that themselves present a regression into childlike wonder and innocence.

The last chapter in the collection dating back to our original panel from PCA, Shannon Finck's examination of Man or Astro-man? presents the reader with one of the strangest entities in '90s rock this side of G. G. Allin: a surf-rock group from outer space, or so they claim. Taking the group's incorporation of imagery and technology from the heady days of Sputnik and early manned spaceflights, Shannon gives us a history of retro-futurism (that is, how people in the past saw the future) and how it has become an entire aesthetic of its own in the present day.

Our last chapter detailing geek rock in the 1990s comes from Nadav Appel, whose chapter focuses on The Magnetic Fields' 1999 triple album, 69 Love Songs*. A staggeringly eclectic release, Nadav examines the album's many takes on love (and the broad range of genres represented on the album itself) as an expression of geekiness, realistically depicting relationships, failures in communication, and the kaleidoscope of emotions that accompany the various stages of romantic love.*

Taylor Peters's chapter on The Mountain Goats discusses the characteristics of geek rock, performance authenticity, the lo-fi aesthetic, and how Mountain Goats singer and songwriter John Darnielle is himself a massive geek. The essay expounds on the musical, lyrical, and contextual factors that make geek rock geeky, while at the same time providing a glimpse into what makes The Mountain Goats' work unique. For all of his work in providing a definition of geek rock and investigating its major characteristics, Taylor's chapter may as well be titled "The Mountain Goats: A Geek Rock Case Study."

This volume ends with a chapter by Chris Russell on Geek Rock's hip-hop cousin, Nerdcore. Chris begins with his memories of a concert by Nerdcore artist mc chris, before elucidating the relationship between geek culture and race as well as one of the big buzzwords in music criticism: authenticity. Utilizing historical depictions of geek and nerd culture in the media, from Revenge of the Nerds *through* The Big Bang Theory*, Russell also dedicates*

some time to Weird Al Yankovic and the performance of race in Yankovic's parody of Chamillionaire's "Ridin' Dirty," "White and Nerdy."

With that, I would also like to echo Vickie's sentiment that this volume constitutes merely the beginning of valid and critical academic study of geek rock and geek culture within popular music. There is plenty more to be written about on this subject. At the end of our book is a suggested geek rock listening list, including the artists discussed in our chapters and many more.

As the listening list demonstrates, there are more than enough artists out there for us to rally more scholars to someday embark on *Return of the Son of Geek Rock*, but that's for another day—a day which, I hope, is in the very near future. For this book only skims the surface of the artists, the geeks and nerds, and the rock that needs to recognized and canonized. I hope that I don't have to wait as long for new books and articles, and even more geek rock bands and artists, as I have waited for hoverboards and jetpacks. I hope that after reading these pages, you are inspired to contribute some writing, academic, journalistic, blogistic, songistic, and otherwise, to geek rock.

Live long and prosper, may the Force be with you, and may your flux capacitors never run out of plutonium.