

DOPAMINE FURNACE CREATIVE · THE MANIFESTO · OCTOBER 2026

ALL OF ME



The thesis and the manifesto.

Who is Dopamine Furnace? The one holding the camera.

THE THESIS

All of me is all of me.

I gave it away in pieces for a long time. Now
I'm taking it back, in one place, with my
name on it.

The stories come first. The words fund the
services. The door is open for yours.

I'm not scared anymore.



He's the one holding the camera.

The one at the end of the bar when the home run lands. The one who planned your weekend like it was his own. The one standing in the shadow of the steeple, peeking around the corner, grinning.

He has no face in the cover photo, and you still know exactly who he is. That's the whole trick. Dopamine Furnace is one man who spent 44 years investigating himself while it felt like no one was curious, and who finally decided to be the one who is.

I've given it all away for so long.

It got fragmented. A piece here, a piece in a box over there, a version for work, a version for the dark, a version for whoever was asking.

I've always been vulnerable. I just put it in different boxes and containers instead of putting it all here.

This is here. This is all of it. I'm holding on to these things, and I'm hoping people come find me here instead of me going everywhere else to find them.

I'm finally taking all of me back for myself.

It's the first time I really looked and was proud.

I took it in the mirror, zoomed all the way in. Then I went back through the shots that day and this one stuck. I was proud of the way I looked. I was proud of what I was representing. I was proud of my body, and proud of the gear I was wearing: the pieces that said who I am, and the things I usually give away without being asked.

That photo is a statement. **This is who I am. This is what I want. I want to be worshipped. I want you to pay attention to me. I want you to lick me and want to breed me. But I want you to do it within what I am.**

All of me is all of me.

Not in the picture. Running the picture.

I cropped it the way I did on purpose. As a photographer, and as a guy who always felt like he was on the outside, present but not belonging, this is exactly what that feels like. My head isn't in it. I'm not part of the composition.

But I'm the one controlling the composition. I'm holding the phone. I decide what gets seen.

You never see the face. You still get almost all of who he is. You can guess he's queer just from looking.

That's the whole project in one frame.



WHY THIS PICTURE IS EVERYWHERE

Because it matters.

WHY IT'S THE COVER

It's one of the first times I really looked at myself and was proud, of my body, of what I was representing, of the gear that said who I am. If the whole project is me taking all of me back, this is the first frame of the taking.

WHY IT'S EVERYWHERE

Because I spent years scattering myself across different boxes and containers. I'm not doing that here. This is the one place, so the one picture follows you through it. It's the thread, the same way the stories are.

WHY YOU SEE IT IN PIECES

Because that's how it got given away: fragmented. A crop here, a corner there, a torso, a hand holding the phone. Each piece is a piece I'm taking back. Put them together across the site and you get all of me, which is the point.

WHY IT'S REMIXED

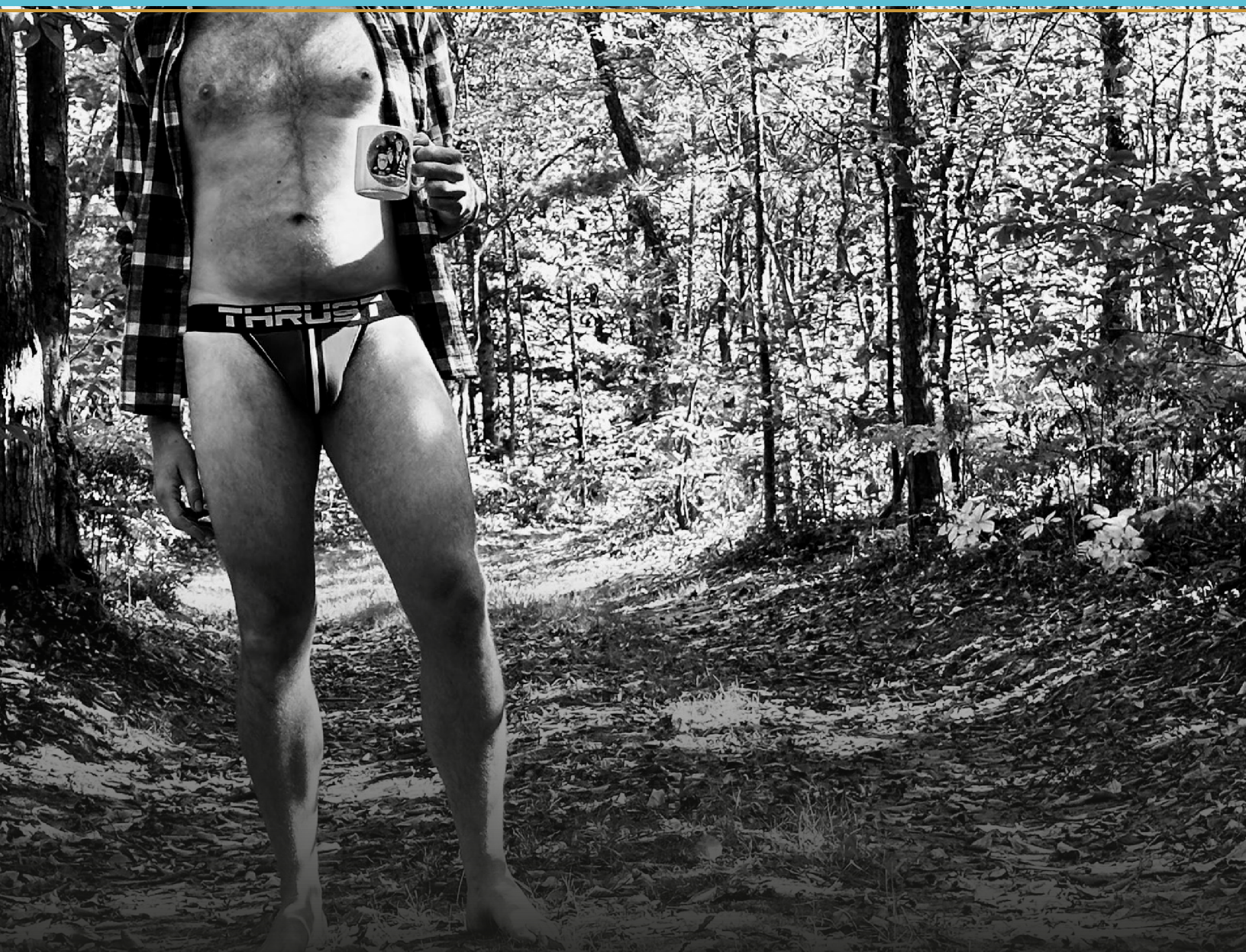
Because I'm not one version. I want to give it a different flip for each of the identities I've been through: a linocut, a rhizotype look, a different ground, a different mood. Same body, same frame, a different me each time, and every one of them is still me.

WHY IT'S THERE BECAUSE IT MATTERS

It's not decoration and it's not a thirst trap with a business card stapled to it. It's the proof that I'm not afraid to show who I am, and the invitation for you not to be afraid either. If I can put this at the top of my own front door, you can tell the story you've only ever told in the dark.

WHY THERE'S NO FACE

Present but not belonging, and the one holding the camera. You get almost all of who he is, and the face is yours to imagine, which might be you.



44 YEARS OF GHOSTS AND LEGACIES

At hotels and bars and murals and churches.

I'm 44. I want to celebrate that, and the Brewers, and myself, all at once. Every place we've all inherited and inhabited together. We swirled past each other, briefly, at the end of a bar cheering on a home run. We stood in the shadow of a church steeple. We bowed at each other's knees while we peeked around corners for passersby.

That's my Milwaukee. I don't want to hide it. A lot of other people have stories like that too.



I spent an entire life investigating myself when I didn't feel like anyone was curious about me.

The day the Brewers went to the World Series is the day I started trusting my voice.

I don't want to hide my stories anymore. **They're important. They're meaningful.**

I'm not scared anymore.

I book trips. I tell stories. I tell it like it is.

The trips were part of the journey. Someday it's just me, Aaron Berth, selling my stories. For now there are doors, and every one is real.

JOURNEYS

I plan trips for the person, not the itinerary. Someone should look at your trip and say: someone saw who I am and what I needed in this city. That includes the neurodivergent traveler and the queer, divergent one. Someone thought of you.

BURN SESSIONS

A real person to dump on, by video, for 15, 30 or 60 minutes. Fierce kindness, not Midwest nice.

THE PRESS

The words themselves: essays, zines, guides, the things I write when I stop editing myself.

I will always see the best and kindest in people. I want the best, for them and for me. I only go with intention.

How it funds itself. The only thing I'm focused on right now is putting out my words and hoping people are interested in my services. Ultimately, I'm hoping the words are what fund the services. Stories first. Services at the door.

Bring yours.

This is a community collaboration, not a monologue. I want other people to tell their stories the way I'm telling mine: the ones they've only ever told themselves in the dark, the ones they always wanted to tell somebody and were too scared to. If it was a church, a bar, a mural, a hotel hallway, a ballgame, a stranger, a ghost, it belongs here.

THE FURNACE RULES

- 01 Say it straight. Fierce kindness, not Midwest nice.
- 02 Be seen on your terms.
- 03 Crop yourself in.
- 04 Hold the camera. Control the frame.
- 05 Put it all in one place.
- 06 Tell it anyway.
- 07 Photograph what you've inherited.
- 08 Plan the trip for the person.
- 09 Stand in the shadow of the steeple at least once.
- 10 Cheer at the end of the bar.



WHO IS DOPAMINE FURNACE?

He's you, if you've ever been
present but not belonging.

All of me is all of me. Come find me here.

AARON BERTH · DOPAMINE FURNACE CREATIVE · MILWAUKEE · YOU'VE GOT THE SPARK. I'VE GOT THE MATCHES.