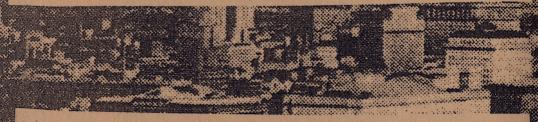


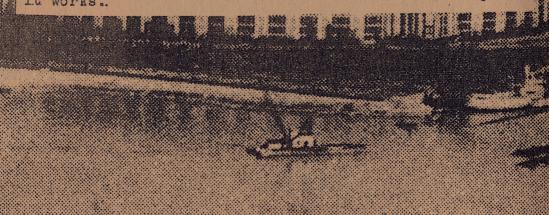
BRUTAL HONEST TEA

Ohio

This past March I was at a bar show. It's something I don't subject myself to that often. I generally find the atmosphere to be stifling and not contributing well to conversation.



At this particular bar show I respected the performers and the concept that night - DIY. I had come by myself which is something that I do more and more often as I get older. I now feel socially confident enough that I go places on my own and I'm left with my thoughts. It gets lonely sometimes, especially when I want to bounce my thoughts off of someone else, but for the most part it works.



On this particular night I was watching the performers and they were doing a great job. All of a sudden, for seemingly no reason, I started to feel really inadequate. Not socially inadequate, but more like doubting all of my life achievements and just sort of wondering if I had made the right choices and done the right things. The idea had presented itself to me before but I had always rejected it. I had been reflecting on this a lot lately and I felt like the denial had finally eaten through me.

Leapolis Dirum Wisconsin

Had I been working so hard and so often that I did not

have time to question the very things that I was

Green Bay

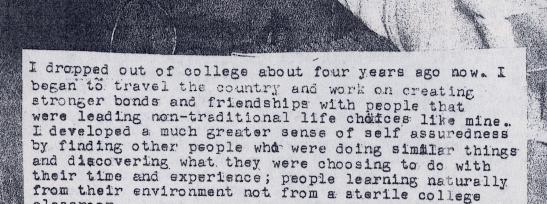
Waterloo Dubuque Racine Hollandi Ralamazoo Detroit Stale East Control Racine South Bend Toledo Cleveland

Luffs own DIM projects like a mail order company for my

friends" projects, putting on events to demonstrate our style of art and culture, touring the country w/defferent bands and zinesters, buying a house, getting married, and working on the Zine Symposium. Now that my dreams had been actualized I was wondering the use of it all. I had wanted this for so long now that now that I actually had it I had Jefferso no idea what to do next. Now that II had it, I found that it wasn't what I really expected at all. I had always just thought if I accomplished all of my ozam goals at abreakneck pace that would make me happy.

In reality by constantly working to accomplish these goals I either forgot how to be happy or just never had the time ..

I had been arrogant for so long; sure that there was only one "good" path int life, only to find out years later that there are many different options and what is right for one person is not right for everyone.



classroom ..

But despite four years of complete, relative freedom II never did a lot of the things I wanted to. I was constantly travel ing. but II never went to Europe. In fact II never even went outside of North A merica at all. There's no challenge in doing the same, comfortable things over and over again. I think I was attempting to convince myself that I was living "dangerously" by doing the same things over and over.

Sure, there's regional differences in parts of our country and it's more educational to see it in real life than to read a book about it, but I feel like my time could have been spent better.

I spent some time learning more about carpentry (after learning the basics by building forts as a kid with Dan) but I never built a house or worked on other projects that would really challenge my skills or develop them.

I want to write a book about government involvement in in domestic espionage programs but I'm not much of a writer. I just enjoy reading books on those topics. Is it even proper to write a book when my best writing is spent explaining to customers why their order is so late?