

Shouting
Shorelines

Issue II

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**REUSABLE
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Is framing the bag and
hanging it on the wall

Shouting Shorelines
Collective
#2

Spring is here, along with Issue 2! With longer days and warmer weather it seems people get together more, and with more energy. Days seem to have more possibility, projects seem to have more room to grow. One conversation that continues to come up is the growth in our community. The way things are moving here is exciting to say the least.

Long Island is often overlooked as somewhat of a suburban wasteland of strip malls, gated communities and cultural blandness. If you don't know what to look for it's easy to miss the hidden gems tucked away amongst the office buildings and generic chain retail stores. Every town seems almost a cut and paste image of the next. And yet there are people who strive for more from their communities. On this vast island we call home there exists a rich culture, though spread thin, and we would like to show you what we love about where we live.

Recently a member of a touring band remarked that he admired the Long Island community. Unlike other places, we live miles apart from each other. While other communities are more centralized, we're spread out and are forced to come together and find those who support each other. We've latched onto the ideas that are counter to this failed suburban experiment. Our support is our strength and only by continuing that can we strive to create something bigger; something lasting.

It's time we build our culture around the positive things Long Island has to offer. It's too easy to become disenfranchised and let our hopes for a better place to live fall to the wayside. We can make our home what we want it to be by supporting places and organizations that enrich our culture and community, and share with each other what we hope to see in the future.

This issue is a testament to that ideal. The number of contributors have increased and the length of this issue has grown. The subject matter too has grown, while still focusing on our local community. In the half year since the idea for Shouting Shorelines was first planted the intentions behind it have grown. They still continue to grow and become more realized; this is only part two.

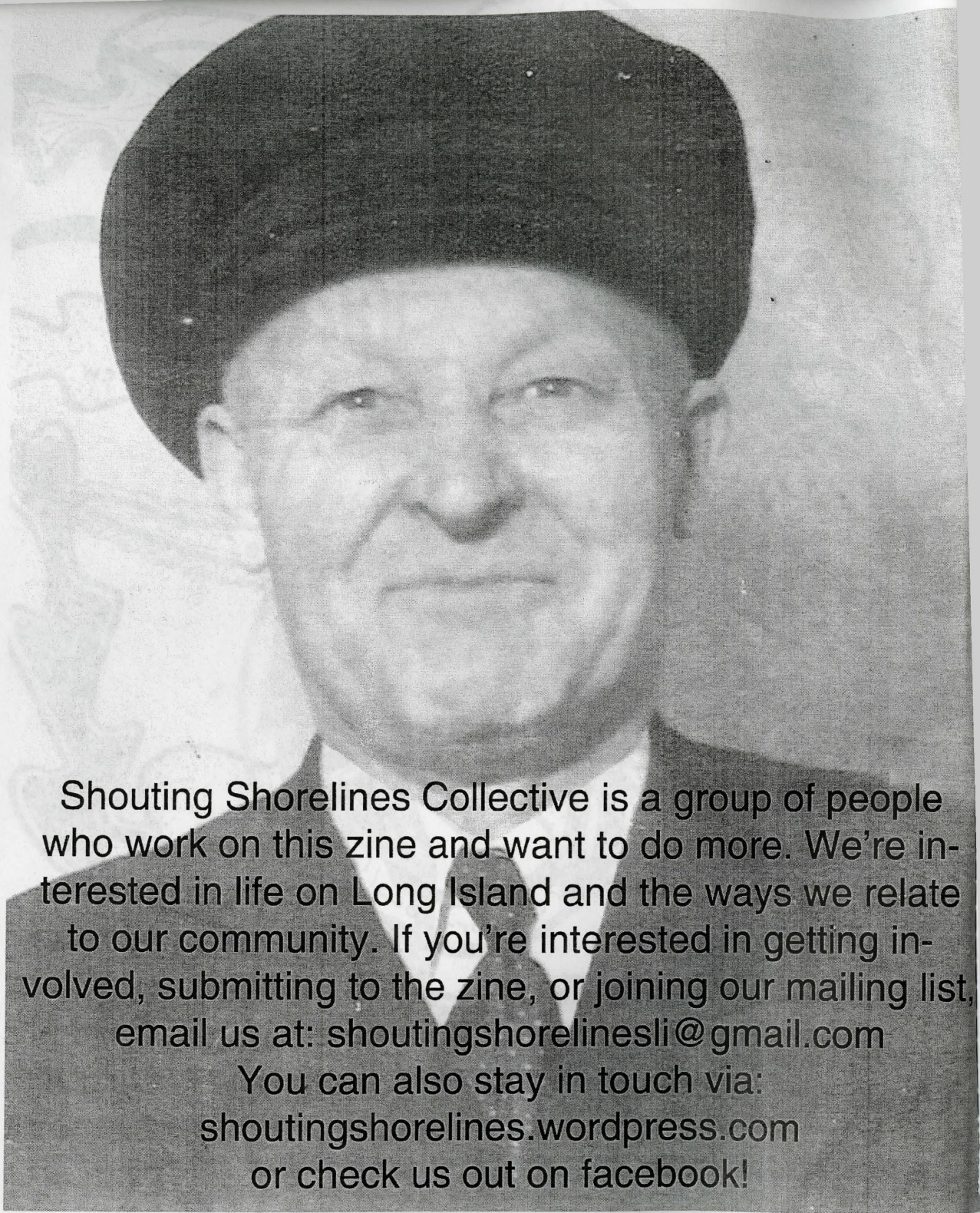
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Shouting Shorelines Collective is a group of people who work on this zine and want to do more. We're interested in life on Long Island and the ways we relate to our community. If you're interested in getting involved, submitting to the zine, or joining our mailing list, email us at: shoutingshorelinesli@gmail.com

You can also stay in touch via:
shoutingshorelines.wordpress.com
or check us out on facebook!

PARTY AT BLUE POINT - GOD BLESS YOU, MR. MACDOUGAL BY JEREMY JAMES

So I volunteered to write a show review for the show I went to a couple of weeks ago. It was Iron Chic, Everything Sucks, Polygon, and SeaSounds. I am not sure about Sea Sounds, I don't know if it's one word or two. The answer to this is only a text message away but I don't think I know exactly where my phone is right now.

Knowing I had to write a review for this show, one would imagine I would exhibit a greater degree of attentiveness to the goings-ons, particularly the musical goings-ons. Turns out I didn't. But mild knowledge of the subject matter never stopped me from writing about things in high school when the test was put in front of me and, if we can be discreet about this, it's a habit that stuck around.

The first set was Sean Auer and Sea Sounds. God only knows what to expect out of a guy holding an acoustic guitar these days, but Sean did a great job. The songs were great and he ended with a cover that was playful but not childish. (That "you make me feel like a natural woman" song) What I liked most about Sea Sounds was Sean's vocal arrangements. The dude really knows how to use his voice. This was no simple G-chord C-chord D-chord affair either. I guess what I worry about whenever I see a dude with an acoustic guitar is a shaky voice, generic chord progressions, and an Elliot Smith cover played incorrectly. Sea Sounds nailed it, and if I may say so, was the nicest surprise of the night. I guess it's fucked up to say I was surprised because it means I didn't expect much, but what can I say. We've all been swindled into applauding crooning young milquetoasts who play for too long at some point in our life, and SeaSounds was not that. It was the set I hope I get to see again.

Next up was Polygon.

Do I like Polygon? No, I can't say I do. They don't lack talent, they're not dicks, the songs aren't dumb, if anything they're a little more progressive and experimental than most bands on Long Island these days, at least as far as my secret niche of the scene goes. They just operate in a genre I don't spend too much time in. They're good musicians all around. Sick guitar tones. Someone in the band is actually named Tone, not sure how much that helps. I know when you read a review like this you're waiting for the hammer to fall and I start going off on what I really don't like about them, but I'm not into that. To be honest at this point in the show, the show was turning more into a party for me and I didn't pay enough attention to them to form the kind of opinion that could really help anyone. I did notice the guitar tone, though. When you think Polygon think mid-tempo, clean channel riffs that lean more towards indie than punk. Honestly, they deserve much better than this half-assed hack of a review.

Speaking of more indie than punk, Everything Sucks was up next. Here's a band I legitimately enjoy seeing. I know not everybody is into their shtick, but not everybody has the inclination to enjoy the finer things. Matt's lyrics are some of my favorite lyrics, and that's not relative to Long Island. There's a particular line about a "shit parade" I really like but they haven't played that song the past two times I've seen them and I don't wanna start thinking about the good ole days just yet. To really enjoy these guys you need a working knowledge of good-natured desperation, mild contempt, and an appreciation for irony that doesn't keep you from saying what you really mean. You don't need to be fluent in Arrested Development but it helps to know key phrases. OOPS I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE SHOW. Well that's because I was upstairs not watching the band when the band was playing. I've seen them before when I had no choice but to see them and given the choice between standing in a crowded living room a few degrees sweeter than I'd like and drinking beers with other like minded individuals whilst they go about their musical business I chose the latter. I'd like to think I wasn't really choosing beer over them because I could hear them fine. I was just sorta eschewing the standing around tapping my foot with my arms crossed next to the friend I haven't met yet.

Everything Sucks isn't the aggression on tap we've come to know and love from punk/hardcore, but rather ruminations on life in this modern world set to wandering guitars. Is that a platitude? Is it dumb to use words like rumination and platitude? Fuck. I thought I'd be better at this. This was supposed to be a show review. Fuck. Well do or don't check out Everything Sucks. Do, and you're in for a low-heat simmering, seething brand of indie smacking of Jade Tree influences, or at least what I've come to think about when I think of Jade Tree. Maybe Dischord would be a better label to say. I don't really know shit about either of those labels, so just pick a couple labels you're not familiar with and tell yourself they're a mix of whatever shit on that label is worth remembering.

The last set of the night was Iron Chic. For most of their set I'm sitting down talking with Matt from Everything Sucks about the Food Network in that upstairs room I was in for so much of the night. Something about that room felt to me like the party's best kept secret, but what was happening downstairs gave me the impression everybody down there was thinking the same thing about the room they were in. Maybe that's just the magic of house shows - everybody thinking wherever they are gives them one up on the rest of the world. Therein lie the magic of Iron Chic. Ok, now again, I have to be a little too forthcoming and admit that I don't like Iron Chic as much as all of my friends do. I wish I did, but fuck it, I can't rationalize my tastes. I'll say the same line about genre for these guys as I did about Polygon. I just haven't been getting too much pop-punk in my diet lately. What sucks is that I don't even want to call them pop-punk. They're the band you listen to when you're done with the national brand of pop punk and you want something a little more local, a little more relevant. Maybe when the weather gets warmer I'll give the full length another shot.

Anyone who was there will tell you I'm the one missing out, and I'm inclined to agree. Lubrano's lyrics have always been top-notch, Rob and Phil have been writing the hookiest hooks to ever hook you, and here I am bullshitting in some other room about what a douchebag Guy Fieri is.

All in all, there's something about house shows that will always be better than shows at a bar or some apathetic venue you're not allowed to re-enter. Call it whatever, but when a group of like-minded individuals come together for good music they do have one up on the rest of the world. Those huddled singalongs crammed in a Blue Point living room raising their hands and voices are the chewy center of the universe and, despite my tastes, I'd rather be at a house show than almost anywhere else.



*photo courtesy of Becca Lader

Kepi Ghoulie, Wax Phantom, Halfway To Hell Club,
Criminal Culture, Pretty Bullshit
Wednesday, February 16, 2011
@ Beerys
Bethpage, NY

I get bummed out about the lack of all-age spaces on Long Island. It's a problem we've had for sometime now. High rent and poor planning have led to the downfall of a number of venues over the years. Aside from house shows, the kids always seem to fall back on two options: the typical VFW-type hall or just totally excluding the kids and going the bar route. Renting a hall is expensive and going to a bar is exclusionary, so there is always a loss. It's part of the reason for the many divisions that have been drawn in the punk/hardcore scene on Long Island. It's a shame, but it's a problem that can hopefully be resolved in the near future.

In the meantime the status quo will have to do, in this case the old Long Island haunt, Mr. Beerys. For a cold weeknight in mid-February the bar was packed deep and full of warm, supportive faces sipping on beer and pining for spring to arrive soon. Kicking off the show were local newcomers, Pretty Bullshit. With a grungy-punk sound leaning towards pop sensibilities, Pretty Bullshit offer something new in a scene that often relies on the re-processing of familiar structures. Plus they do a sweet Zero Boys cover. Garage punk, Long Island style. Nice.

Next up were Criminal Culture. Though these dudes are from Tampa, they sound like they should be from Long Island. Melodic and heartfelt, they blasted through their set and definitely impressed some folks in the crowd. Though their mix was a little weird (one guitar noticeably louder than everything else) it didn't seem to matter too much. There were too many good vibes coming from their speakers.

With the crowd growing, Halfway To Hell Club started setting up. As they were about to go on Matt kissed Frank; a good luck peck for their set. It certainly paid off. Halfway has been around Long Island for a few years now, and though there have been some ups and downs the new lineup of the band seems to have settled in. After seeing these guys more times than I could even begin to count, this was easily one of my favorite sets. The mix was good and they were all relaxed, jelling well with each other. Playing an abundance of new songs, with a few old favorites thrown in, they seemed for the first time in awhile like a band that wasn't just going through the motions. Plus they did a great cover of "Left of the Dial" by The Mats. They all looked like they were genuinely enjoying what they were doing, not caring how it sounded or what people thought, just absorbing the moment they were in.

As this was the "official" release show for the Wax Phantom/Criminal Culture split 7", it made sense that Phantom was playing. They were on top of their game as usual, playing songs off the demo and split while throwing in some new ones. Folks sang along with their glasses pointed towards the ceiling. It was another great set from dudes who have been in, and continue to be in, some great Long Island bands.

At this point in the night things started to get blurry. I hadn't thought I consumed as much beer as I did, but looking back on it I suppose I did. One of those creeping drunk nights. I know that I watched Kepi Ghoulie's set and, from what I can recall, rather enjoyed it. Out on a solo tour, Kepi was joined by Vic Ruggerio of The Slackers and the two of them acted like the old friends they are, enjoying the tunes. Though the bar had cleared a bit after Wax Phantom, the folks still around enjoyed the audial delights by dancing across the bar. A rather festive way to cap off the evening. By the time Kepi's set was over, I was saying my goodbyes and hugging all the friends I could grab.



Subj: Sourpatch, Bad Banana, Aye Nako
DATE: February 19th, 2011

I wouldn't say that I was lost, in that I knew where I was. I'd definitely say I didn't know where I was going (so okay, maybe, depending on how you define it, I was lost, but let's move on). After I don't know how many phone calls and quite a bit of backtracking, I eventually found Papacito's, and inside, Anna and some righteous seitan tacos.

We decided to take my car to 538 Johnson, where we found Sourpatch setting up. While they were getting ready, we chatted about the tenant's sophisticated spice rack and congratulated Angie (of Aye Nako) on the Very Okay demo (which rules).

Within a couple minutes Sourpatch got to it. Sourpatch, if you're unfamiliar, play cute, yet smart, indie-pop, with a pop-punk tinge; and despite the PA being less than perfect, they went off without a hitch; and I succeeded in forgetting and retrieving myself within those twenty minutes.

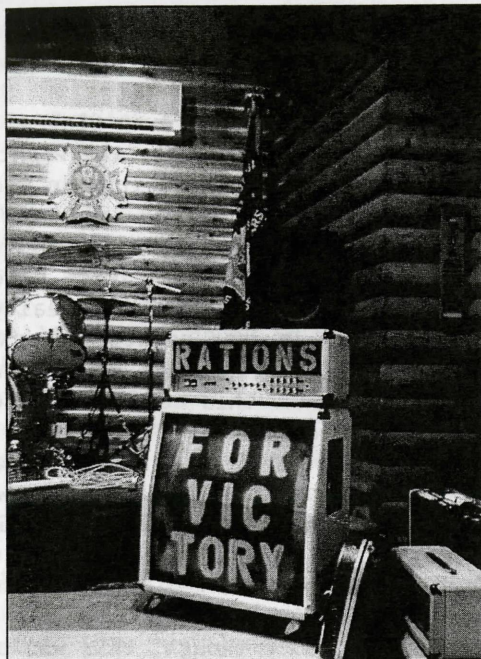
After retiring to the hallway for a smoke break, we walked into Bad Banana's "Stand Next to Me". We shuffled our way into a kitchen alcove and set about dancing and/ or cheering the set away. And although neither Anna nor myself could see very well, the PA displayed vast signs of improvement. Once they were finished I saw nothing but smiles all around; real eye smiles, at that.

Not surprisingly, Aye Nako killed it. And as great as Sourpatch and Bad Banana were, Aye Nako blew them out of the water. They played the demo in its entirety, plus some new tracks. Throughout the set and in every direction we saw nothing but heads bobbing, hips swaying and real, uninhibited smiles; I mean ear to ear, man.

For however long their set lasted, I was both completely engaged yet hypnotized. The intensity of feeling involved rendered me in a sort of warm fervor, as if I was transversing an infinite space within that finite time (which if it's difficult to understand, it's because it's a complex feeling, man!) I definitely knew where I was and what was happening, but I didn't comprehend actually being anything.

I don't think I'm exaggerating when i say it was one of those shows that reminds me why I go to shows. Afterward, instead of feeling drained and exhausted, we agreed to hang around for the dance party, which was also a blast, as we all got to forget about those student loans, insurance lapses, and/or unpaid parking tickets, if only until the music got cut. Still, these fleeting moments don't fill me with any stupid hope for the future, but only a real joy in moving about in them. Kudos to Anna, Jamie, the bands, whoever set it up, and everyone else that shared this with me; shit ruled!

-Cary Dane



Rations CD Release

March 19th, 2011

Space is really important to me. The space I am in affects my mood more than I want it to, and I can't help it at all. Bad lighting will make me uneasy and quiet. Overly large furniture will assure that I stand in a corner, cathedral ceilings let me breathe easier, and exposed poured concrete makes me stand straighter. The way that shapes and forms impact me has dictated everything from my apartment choices to where I went to college and my career path. So maybe it's not surprising that the venue of a show is almost as important to me as the bands playing. Beyond the quality of acoustics and room to stand, building materials, lighting, and layout contour my experience of the music and the night. So when we pulled up to the East Setauket VFW hall I was intrigued and somewhat anxious (not having the best luck with VFW halls in the past).

With my first step through the doorway, I felt very good about this space. Situated in an outcropping of trees, the East Setauket VFW Hall is basically a large log cabin. The walls are dark wood and covered with old photos and badges, war memorials and event posters. The ceiling is high and the lights hang low, giving the place a cozy yet spacious feel. Shuffle boards were turned into make-shift distro centers and the pool table became a place to rest drinks. Off in the back, not nearly the focus of the room, was a small bar staffed by a man who sang to himself the whole time while smiling happily at all the buzz and cheer. People milled about the distros and merch area, obviously feeling comfortable enough to leaf through things. Sometimes I feel like people are too intimidated to look at merch, either feeling pressure to buy or not knowing what to say to the bands/merch sellers. That definitely wasn't the case here, and I think the warmth of the space had something to do with that. The conversation seemed to flow a little easier and people seemed to smile a little more in what felt like a school camping trip.



Before the first band even played, I had a really good feeling about where the night was going. As Pretty Bullshit set up, it wasn't crowded, but it wasn't empty either. East Setauket is a pretty far hike but no one seemed to worry about how many people would show. None of the lights were dimmed when PB started to play, but it didn't really seem to matter.

Pretty Bullshit is a relatively new band. I think I've seen all their shows except one. Fast, short, solid, fun, punk. This was the tightest drumming I've seen from Andrew so far, and I love both Gerge's and Joe's voices. At some point Gerge kept dropping his pick and couldn't pick it back up, which resulted in lots of laughing through playing. Seeing this band always gives me little jolts of energy, which was just the perfect way to start out the night.

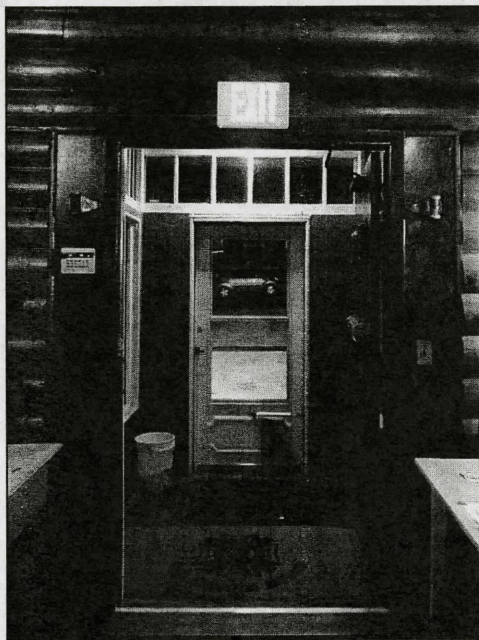
While Fellow Project set up people went out on the porch to smoke. I thought this was particularly nice as you can smoke indoors at VFW halls. People just wanted to be respectful of the younger kids and non-smokers I guess. Oh yeah, this venue is all ages. So that's exciting. Anyway, the porch was really great, with two distinct sections that could comfortably hold 10 people each. There was an old school mailbox in one corner. For a moment I forgot that this was not a kitschy Brooklyn bar trying to evoke a rustic feel and almost put my cigarette out in the box. Then I realized this was a legit mailbox and that would have been a federal offense. Whoops. Fellow Project blasted out an end-of-the-world epic set, with lights down low and bass up high. I was into it.

Next up were Make It Plain. The music is essentially pop, with catchy love lyrics and a bouncing rhythm, pretty different after Fellow Project but not in a jarring way. It was their first time as a four piece, having just added Justin on bass. Every time I've ever heard mention of Justin, his name is always followed by a breathless "he's such a good bassist." Turns out everyone was right. Make it Plain just gets better and better every time I see them, and Kristen gets more natural in front of the mic with every show.

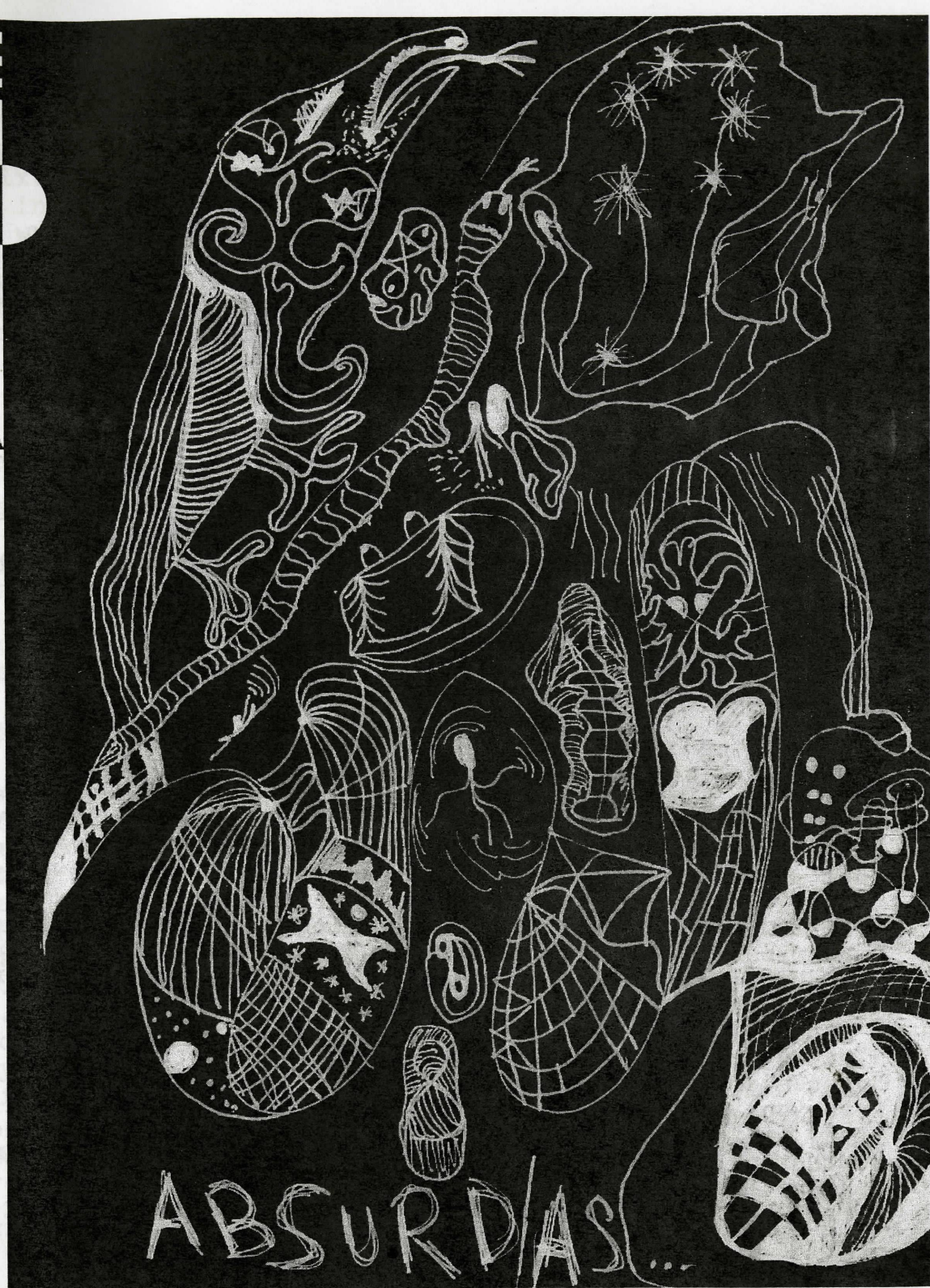
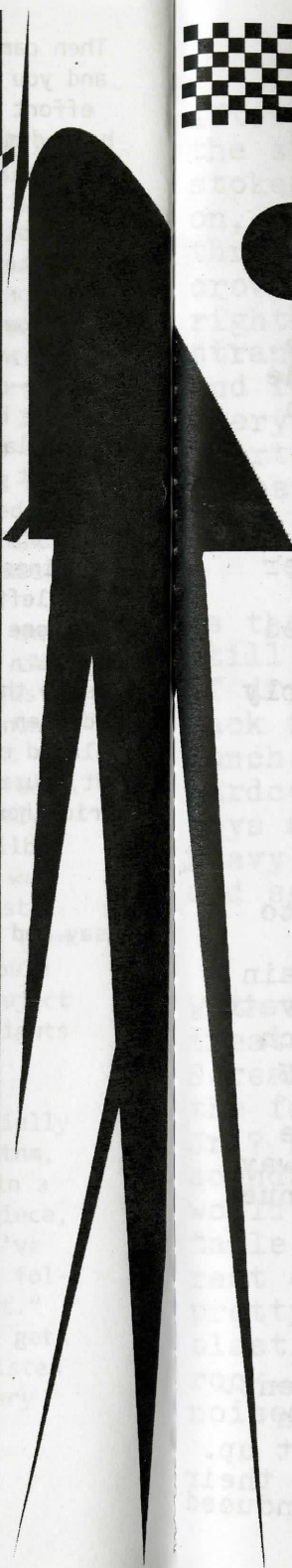
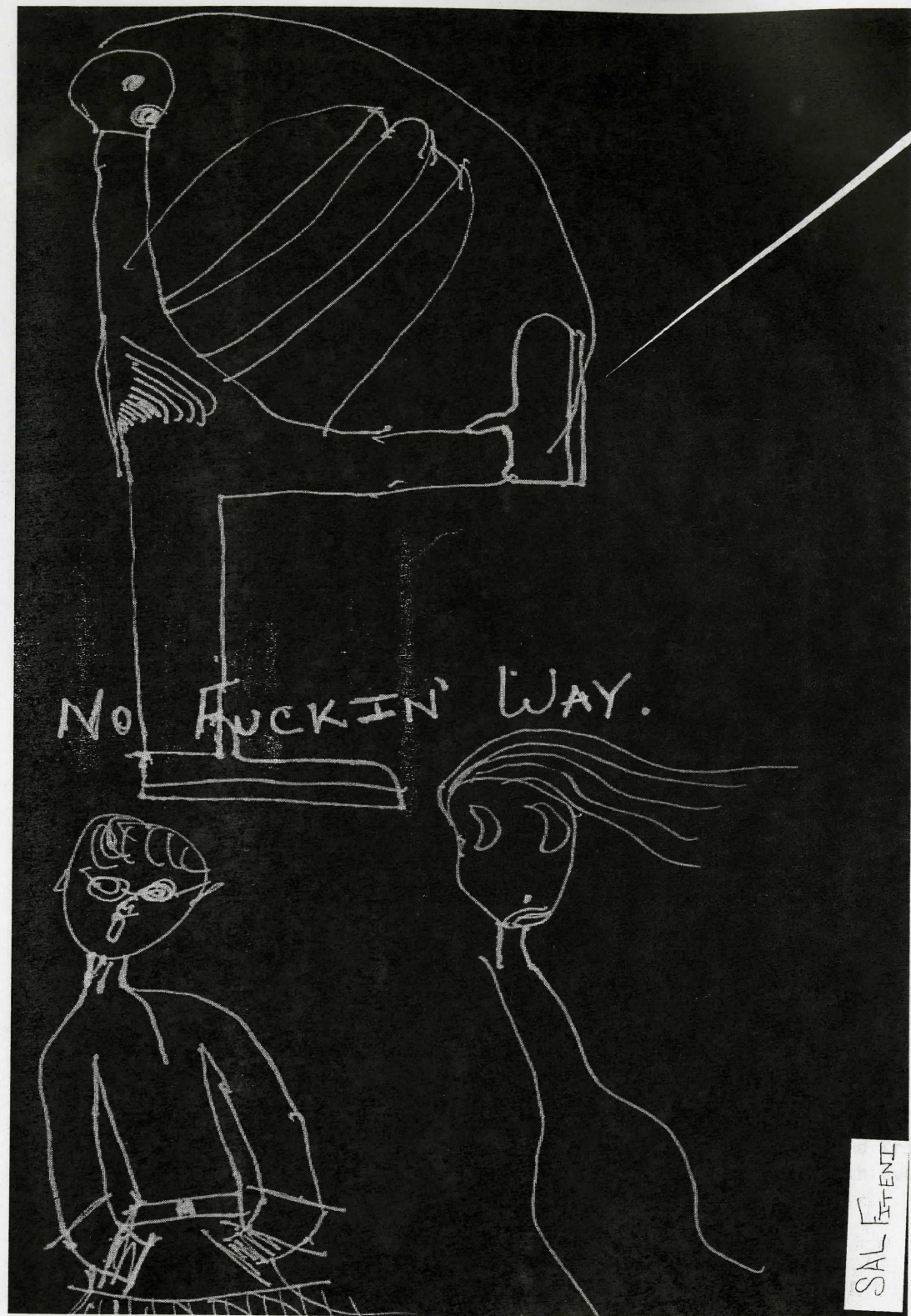
Then came Rations. Wells had put on this show as a CD release in his hometown, and you could see how excited he was to be playing here. He had put a lot of effort into getting the venue and spoke some kind words about the people who helped make it happen. I think there was a really strong awareness in the crowd that this is a good place for shows and we should respect it and each other in order to keep it as a venue. This was my first time seeing Rations, who had a good solid punk sound and a distinctly older following. They couldn't have fit in better with the VFW Hall, from the wild microphone, to the name of the band, and "For Victory" spray painted on their equipment. I was thinking a lot about the crowd during their set. Well into the night, with the fourth band playing, no one was getting belligerently drunk or aggressive. Then I realized that this was the only local show I could think of in recent memory where 3 of the 5 bands playing had females in them. And not just as singers, but bassists and drummers. Long Island has a pretty bad reputation for being a boys club in the music scene. I can't say for sure that this affected the attitudes throughout the night, but it was interesting to note.

Last up, Sister Kisser. By now it seemed everyone, including the band, was on a happiness high. The crowd had thinned out a little and it seemed mostly friends were left. I guess this isn't always a good thing but tonight it felt great. Everyone singing along, leaning into mics, smiling and laughing. Sal fucked up lyrics, then Dustin did. They just laughed and sang louder afterwards. Maybe it wasn't their best set technically, but it was definitely the most fun seeing them had been in a while. The set ended and everyone was still buzzing, so Dustin just played right into another song. When it was over everyone packed up and headed out, buzzing about how good the night was. As I climbed into the van for the long ride home, I could still feel the warmth and happiness of the cabin with me. I hope more shows happen here.

Essay and Photos by:



Alexandra Dolan-Mescal



Paint It Black, Screaming Females, Punch, Iron Chic, Give
Sunday, March 6, 2011
@ First Unitarian Church
Philadelphia, PA

We met at the practice space and all got in the van. There was a Long Island contingent heading down I-95 to support our friends in Iron Chic. Crammed next to each other we all settled in for a rainy, traffic-filled drive. Smoke was seeping through the van and the smell of cyanide brushed our noses. We kept on going, like we always do in these situations; the only thing on our collective mind was the destination.

Actually, I had Nathan's french fries on my mind. See, I have this thing where I always get Nathan's fries whenever I'm at a rest stop on the New Jersey Turnpike. I'm not really sure why I do; something about the greasy, wrinkled fries covered in ketchup and pepper takes me to some idealized past. However, on this day we stopped at probably the only rest stop on the turnpike that didn't have any fries! My grumbling stomach fell deeper into a pit of hunger. The starchy substance I desired could not be consumed. I settled on a banana with the hope of filling my stomach when we got to Philly.

Once in the city the majority of van passengers decided to go to Geno's. Us non-meat eaters headed to Blackbird, an all vegan pizzeria. The walk was a bit further and the rain a little heavier than expected. Our mouths began to salivate at the sight of vegan eats on the counter. Ally and I each got Seitan Philly Cheese Steaks and boy, oh boy were they good! With full stomachs we decided we would walk to the First Unitarian Church. Despite being a bit of a walk, we undertook the trek huddled under an umbrella. About halfway through the umbrella broke; by the time we got to the venue we were soaked.

Instantly meeting up with other Long Island friends, we descended the stairs and entered the space. It seemed everyone was also soaked and the mixture of moisture and body heat was creating quite the muggy mess in the basement. Gathering my bearings, I took a peak at some of the merch and noticed that Paint It Black had an espresso maker set up. I got a cup just as Give were starting their set. Making their way up from D.C., Give mixed hardcore with more grunge-induced rock. Overall a really good set.

After Give the crowd started to grow and move closer to the stage. It was pretty clear that a lot of folks were stoked to see Iron Chic. As usual they were pretty spot on, mixing songs from their LP, EP, and Demo. They also threw in a pretty sweet cover of Plow United. The Philly crowd was going wild for the boys from Long Island. And rightfully so. It makes me proud to see a large crowd of strangers going off for guys I hang out with, play with, and feel close to. They've paid their dues and deserve every bit of the reaction they get. What was that reaction? Heartfelt sing-alongs, hands in the air, smiles stretched across the room. It melts your heart just a bit.

As the show moved on the mugginess of the room was rising. Still drenched from the walk, there was clearly no sign of drying off. For Punch's set I opted to stand towards the back again. Playing a brand of thrashy-screamo hardcore, Punch were far from their hometown of San Francisco. Hardcore, for whatever reason, has always been a bit of a boys show. And that's kind of shitty. To see a band that's heavy as hell with a female singer is empowering. It gets old seeing the same sweaty shithead on stage.

With Screaming Females following up Punch, the crowd was treated to more female empowerment. If you haven't heard Screaming Females do yourself a favor: slap yourself in the face and then go check them out. Do you like Dinosaur Jr.? How about Sleater-Kinney? Would you like it if the sounds of both bands got smashed together? Yes, yes you would. That's exactly what Screaming Females bring to the table. Perhaps they were slightly more 'indie' than the rest of the bill, but whatever. It was nice to see some pretty relevant, diverse bands. Screaming Females killed it, blasting through their set of loud, funky, off-kilter punk rock. Maybe some folks were turned off by their non-typical noises, but whatever bro; open your mind a bit.

By this point my level of energy was diminishing quickly. Tired from standing for six hours and grumpy from still being damp, I took a step back for Paint It Black's set. It had been a few years since I last saw Dan Yemin and company, and though I had been initially excited to see them, I was counting down the minutes till the show was over. Bummer. I must be getting old or some shit. Whatever. They were still awesome. Seeing Paint It Black in their hometown was a spectacle: bodies flying, sing-alongs, a sense of unity. At various times in their set, members of the band took time out to speak of each previous band and the overall diversity of the evening. It was a gesture that really showed that despite the often pigeon-holed views members of the punk community can have, we are a wide-ranging group that support each other and outlets creativity in a variety of ways.

On the way home, everyone passed out in the van. Matt drove steadfast with RVIVR on the stereo. I smiled at the newly minted memories of the day. This was a show that I think gave some inspiration to all involved. Hopefully.

Easy Livin'

By Kim

Living here on an Island... That's what I started out saying but it went nowhere. Like moving past those few words was impossible. It's weird how that happens. My head is full of shit that it wants me to spit out onto paper and then I go for it and absolutely nothing comes out. I think it's kind of fucked up. I'm just trying to let it out and I can't. Maybe it's the way my hands work. Maybe they know that if they let me start going then I won't stop until I get these cramps in my palms and fingers that will still hurt in the morning. Who knows, maybe this is just how it goes.

I wonder what I was setting out to say when I wrote that out about the island anyway? I think if I just left it the way it was then it's really misguiding. Like it kind of sounds like there's a bunch of coconuts around me or something when really there's just house after house of moms in sweat suits. This house isn't that bad though. It's got its quirks and there are no sweat suits. It's actually kind of dreamy. Not dreamy in the romantic wonderful way, dreamy in this weird awkward musty smelling way. When it's really quiet here it's nice. You can sort of get to know the house then. The way it creaks when it settles and the sounds and smell of the heat when its revving up to go. It makes you appreciate the walls a little more.

When we first moved here there were these two twin Siamese cats with crazy blue eyes that used to sit on our stoop. Genevieve would perch up on the screen door and they would just look at each other for a while and then get bored and it would be over. Then they stopped showing up. Just like that. We never fed them or anything so I guess they had every right to keep moving.

Alicia said we were good at moving and I guess I agree with her. I've moved 3 times in the past year if you count switching rooms with her. First it was to Murder Shack. Moving from my mom's house for the first time was so exciting. I got the room on Wednesday and was in and settled by lunch on Saturday. I brought a bed, a bookcase and a night table with me. There were some knick-knacks with that to but it was simple and I liked it. That house was pretty cool. We had a few awesome shows there that made me feel like things mattered and there was always someone left over in the morning on our kitchen couch. There was a lot of space in Murder Shack. The living room was big and I think the walls were covered in wood paneling. It was this awkward 70's comfort. There were some couches in there and me and Alicia would smoke a lot of weed and watch movies in there. It was really nice and I can't say I don't miss it.



There was this really great yard too. It was big and went on and on with few scattered trees in the middle that laid out just the right amount of shade for the summer sweats. I had a great window that looked out onto our huge awesome yard. Genevieve loved that window and I did too. When it rained it was the best. Elyse would come over with burritos and we'd lay on my bed filling our bellies and looking out the window. Sometimes I'd read to her but a lot of the time we were comfortable in our own silence and the sound of the rain.

That house was really great but things changed and died down and me and Alicia had to move. Finding a place to live on this island is close to impossible for kids who are just scraping by as it is but we found this house two weeks before our time was up at Murder Shack. So we moved in. The space I took had a kitchen in it with two refrigerators. It worked out for a while but then I started going crazy. I needed some privacy. Maybe it was the refrigerators or maybe it was waiting to people to come in and out. I don't know but I came up with a plan to fix it. I was going to build a wall. I had it all planned out in my head to. I told Alicia about it and she suggested we just switch rooms and we did and now I'm here.

I like it here. Here in this room, in this house, in this town and on this island. Sure, it takes a little longer to ride your bike to the store then say in Brooklyn or Queens and yeah, most of us need cars to get a lot of places but it's still not so bad if you really look at it. There are beaches (without coconuts) and waves and woods and in the winter the snow looks pretty nice for a while. A lot of this island is fucked but if you know the places to go to get away from it sometimes it's really not so bad.

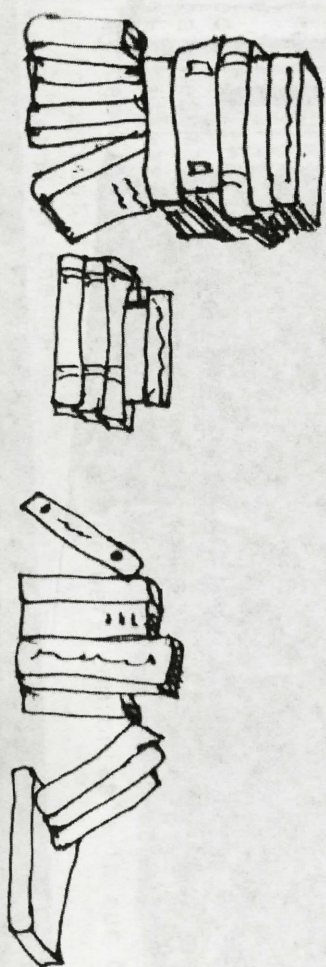


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WE CURRENTLY HAVE A LOT OF BOOKS ON OUR HANDS. WE WANT TO START A LENDING ~~LIBRARY~~ BUT DON'T HAVE A USABLE PLACE TO STORE AND LEND THEM. TO START WE NEED HELP CATALOGING THE BOOKS TO BUILD AN ONLINE DATABASE.

IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS OR WOULD LIKE TO GET INVOLVED

CONTACT US AT SHOUTINGSHREAVES@GMAIL.COM



From the unknowable depths of the mind of Matt Reynolds ...

Expensive Beds - Matt Brennan

I met Mia at an On the Might of Princes show in Garden City when I was in high school. She was wearing a Descendents t-shirt. I was wearing a Descendents t-shirt. She was the cutest, oldest girl who had ever talked to me. We made fun of bands we thought were lame. We told each other jokes. She was living the life of a twenty two year old art student in a Brooklyn apartment. I was living the life of a sixteen year old in a small room in my mother's house in Medford. She didn't seem to mind that I was six years younger than her. We exchanged phone numbers and email addresses. We were soon chatting for hours every week. Plans were made to hang out in the big city.

It was early afternoon when my train arrived in Penn Station. I had left my car on a side street in Patchogue roughly an hour earlier. My mother thought I was at the beach with some friends from school. I was alone in Manhattan for the first time in my life. Mia had arranged for me to meet her on the corner of Ninth Street and Avenue A. I took a much earlier train than I had needed. I wanted to allow for getting lost on the subway.

I was able to navigate mass transit better than I had thought and made it to our meeting point with about an hour to spare. I paced around the few blocks I recognized from going to shows with my friends. I strolled by CBGB's three times. I had to stick to my landmarks, otherwise I'd be lost. I did not have a cell phone. If I missed Mia at our meeting time, I'd have missed her altogether.

Eventually, I meandered back to our spot. She was gorgeous in shades. I was awkward in khaki shorts. Despite this being only the second time we'd seen each other in person, our late night aimless conversations had brought us very close to one another and we embraced as if we'd been friends for a decade.

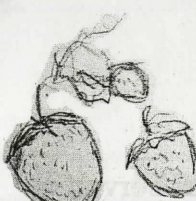
We walked through the city she knew. I learned which bars served minors. I learned which record stores didn't put security tags on their merchandise. We talked about her art school projects. She talked very excitedly about building a sculpture of a bed made only out of the butts of Marlboro cigarettes. I tried to think of a witty title for the piece, but failed miserably. I struggled to be hip at every corner.

After walking around for hours while doing very little, we decided to head to a club. There was a Morrissey party going on at a bar she could sneak me into. Although I tried to appear nonchalant about it, my stomach was sloshing with nerves. I was sure I'd be arrested immediately at the door. My only experience with New York nightlife at that time was "all ages" matinee shows at CBGB and the occasional trip to Irving Plaza. On all of these trips, I was with an army of like minded friends. Now, I only had Mia.

Surprisingly, we made it in without fail. Mia knew everyone. Folks hugged me and shouted their names at me in fake British accents. The speakers seemed to be blasting every Smiths record at once. The television screens over the bar flashed bootleg videos of Morrissey interviews. Everyone was making out with everyone. Mia dragged me across the dance floor. I stumbled around with Frankenstein shoulders. One of the fake accented fine fellows from Mia's school brought us over drinks. Mine was a rum and coke. The bucket brigade of alcohol from the bar to the dance floor did not stop all night.

The entire Lower East Side of Manhattan was spinning when we left the club at three in the morning. Mia stuck her tongue down my throat in the back of a cab hurtling over the Williamsburg bridge on the way back to her apartment. She pulled my shell shocked, boney body up three flights of stairs when we arrived at her place. She demanded that I remove my clothes. My shorts were around my ankles when every ounce of rum, coke, whiskey, beer, and wine spurted from my stomach, through my mouth and onto her.

Mia began to scream. I began to cry. I choked back my humiliated tears and mopped up the mess. Mia called me a jackass. I was a jackass. She took a long shower as I sat on her puke stained couch, staring at the posters on her walls.

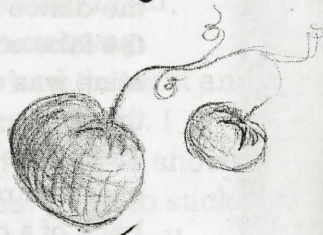


We're Planting

As a collective, Shouting Shorelines is about fostering and growing our local community. As individuals, we are vegetarians, vegans, locavores and omnivores. We like eating and eating together, so why not grow together too?

We are planting a vegetable garden in the backyard of our meeting space. If you want to get your hands dirty, come out and help! Digging Dates are on the calendar, and anyone who helps us plant or maintain the garden will be rewarded with a basket of goodies come harvest time. But even if you can't help out with our garden, try making one at home! Seeds come cheap, and nothing is more rewarding than eating your own time-and-effort fresh produce.

Space Issues



Despite how it may seem, you don't need tons of space - Herbs can grow on a window sill, strawberries and onions can grow in a small box on your front steps. If you want to do bigger things and don't have a yard you can work with, try guerilla gardening. Take a walk around your neighborhood and you'll probably find a small piece of land that no one seems to own, or a side-yard →

A Garden!

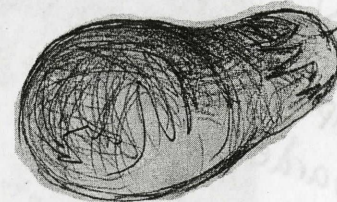


(and so should you!)

house

- of an abandoned^h or public land near an offramp - anywhere you can reach easily and safely, and that isn't too exposed to the nosy public. If you're looking to avoid legal gray areas, see if there is a community garden in your neighborhood, or plant in ours!

What to Do

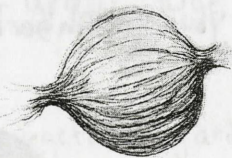


1. Think about your space. Southern exposure w/ lots of light? Or north-facing window sills? Read the back of your seed packets to see what is best for you to grow.
2. Start seedlings indoors w/ planting soil + egg cartons. put near window and spritz w/ water daily. Shoots should come up in 7-10 days. They are ready to transfer outside at 1-2 in tall.
3. Work your ground! Test the pH. Till the ground to aerate, and mark out your plot w/ rocks or mesh netting (best if you have animals) Plant seedlings 6-12 inches apart.

4. Water your plants! But when it's very hot out, only water in early morning or at night, or the water might burn off in the sun and actually burn your plants. no good.
5. Weed regularly. If you have insects, there are many organic pesticides you can make with normal kitchen ingredients (you can find recipes online) or buy pesticide - but make sure to wash your produce thoroughly!

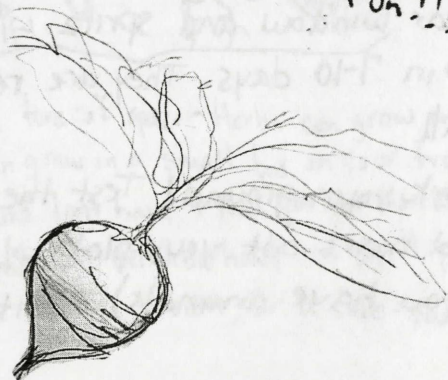
How You Can Help with Our Garden

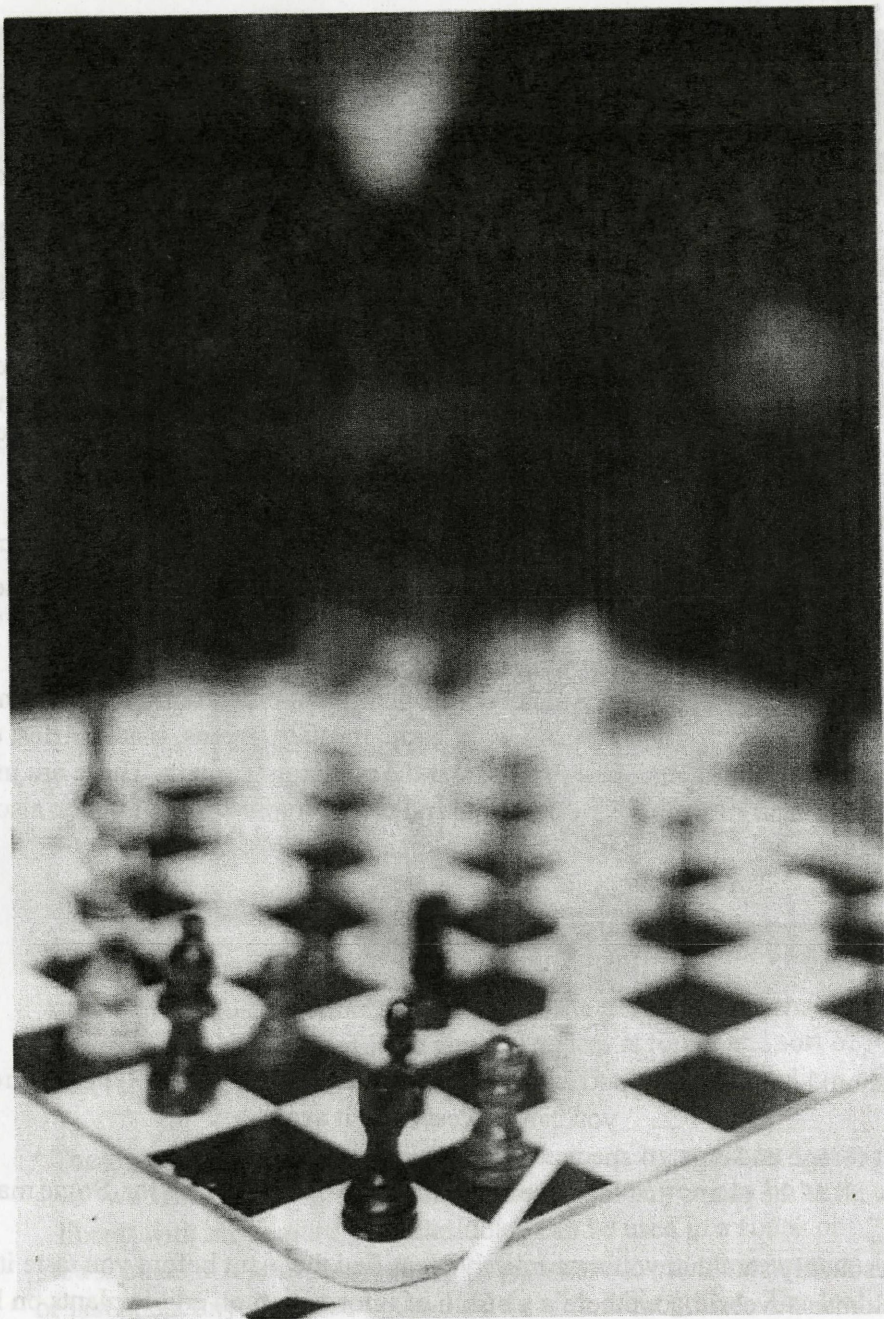
Come dig and plant with us! We'll post the events online. Come to our weekly meetings and help tend to the plants. Send us emails reminding us to water the garden! Make a sauce with us when we are over-run with ripe tomatoes. Tell the sun to stay shining and the weather to be nice.



Helpful Hints

Stagger your planting so everything doesn't come to harvest all at once. Let the worms be - they aerate the soil. Spiders will eat other bad critters. Fence out nosy animals. Leave space for a walking path so you can get to the plants! And be patient, plants explode with growth in the last weeks before harvest. And Have Fun!!!





SMOKING AND CHESS, AMSTERDAM

Forage (fôr j, f r -) n. - The act of looking or searching for food or provisions.

I first got into foraging as a result of a larger interest I had in becoming more self-sufficient and learning about various survival tools and sustainable food sources. I felt like I was taking for granted that everything I needed to live could be bought at a store with little to no thought about the means it took to get there. All the while becoming increasingly more distant from any natural instinct for survival. I realized I wouldn't know what to do if I couldn't go to a store to buy what I needed. I couldn't survive without money. Something about that didn't seem right.

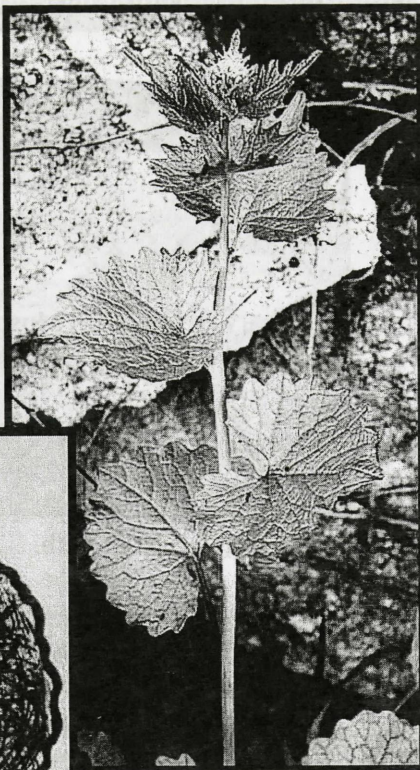
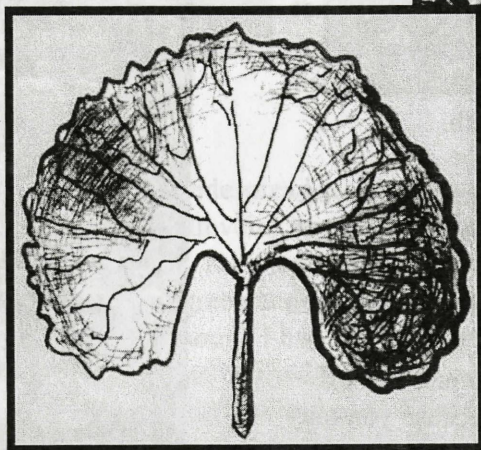
I would by no means consider myself an expert in foraging but it's something that I've done a lot of research on and enjoy doing. I figured I'd share what I've learned. Foraging is a pretty broad term and can involve searching for wild plants, mushrooms, berries, etc. or dumpster diving or collecting materials that would be otherwise thrown away. I'll be discussing foraging in the wild.

You would be surprised at how many edible plants and mushrooms are growing right in your backyard. I've found wild onions, wild garlic mustard greens, blackberries, chicken of the woods mushrooms, dandelion greens, and the common plantain. Those are just a small handful of a large array of edible plants and mushrooms. Some of which also have medicinal qualities.

A few things to keep in mind when foraging:

1. You should only harvest up to 25% of a given plant. This way the plant will grow back and you can harvest from it again.
2. Don't forage endangered species.
3. Know all of the plants that look similar to the one you're looking for. Some may have toxic look-alikes
4. Be absolutely sure that you've correctly identified the plant before you taste it!!! If you go to www.wildmanstevebrill.com there's a bunch of information on edible plants on Long Island. Also you can email Wild Man Steve Brill with questions if you're unsure of anything.
5. Don't forage near major roads. Debris from car exhausts can contaminate the plants nearby. Also even though fuel is now unleaded, the effects from leaded fuel can still be in the ground.

Wild Garlic Mustard Green (*Alliaria Officinalis*)



Wild Garlic Mustard Greens grow low to the ground. They are dark green in color with a lot of little veins. The leaf is round and sort of heart shaped. They usually grow in patches. The leaf has a garlic-y smell.

These are practically found everywhere and are known to be “invasive” weeds. Which is great for harvesting because you can be more liberal with the amount you take. They can be used in a soup or stews, made in a pesto similarly to basil, sauteed with other veggies or just about anything else you would do with other greens. The leaf and stem are both edible. You can find a variety of recipes online for them.

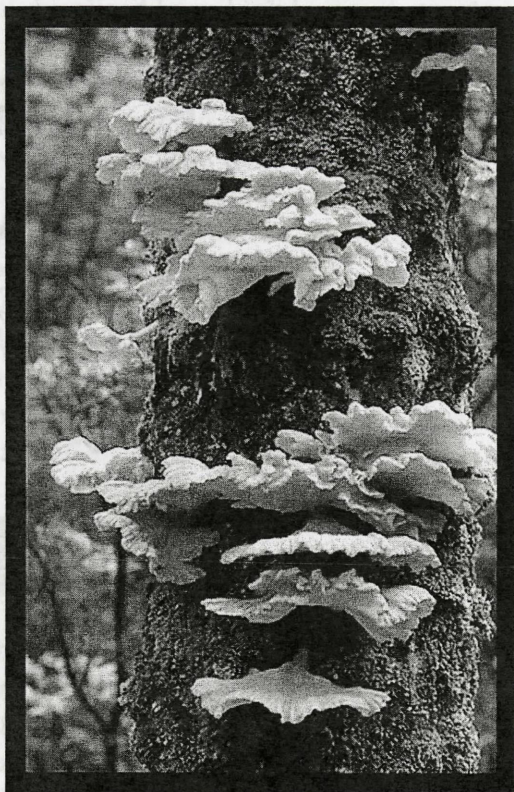
Chicken of the Woods Mushroom (*Laetiporus sulphureus*)

The Chicken of the Woods Mushroom is a bright yellow and orange fungi. It usually grows in large leafy clusters along tree trunks and stumps. They are a very distinct looking mushroom and do not have any poisonous look-alikes so they are a great mushroom to start with.

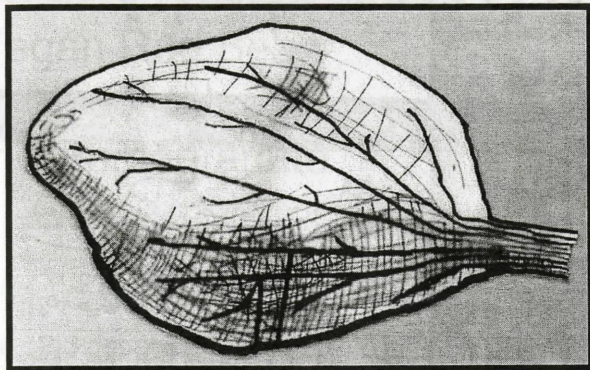
Chicken of the Woods should be harvested when they're young otherwise they get brittle and woody tasting. The brighter the coloring the younger they are and the more tender. When harvesting Chicken of the

Woods you don't want to just tear off chunks of the mushroom because you may destroy the mycelium and it may not grow again. Instead take a knife and cut pieces leaving some room at the base so that more will grow and you can go back and harvest again next season.

Chicken of the Woods gets it's name from it's uncanny likeness to chicken. As a vegetarian it's my favorite mock chicken substitute. Even my chicken eating friends can attest to it's likeness.



The Common Plantain (Plantago Major)



The Common Plantain is one of the most widespread weeds around. You'll see it growing just about anywhere. They have broad leaves with veins that run parallel. (Most plants have a vein in the middle and smaller veins coming out it. The plantain does not). It doesn't have any flowers but it has a seed head that starts out green and as the seeds mature they get brown.

Every part of the plantain is edible although I haven't tried to eat it yet. It has medicinal qualities that I have used it for though. It can be used to treat mosquito bites, bee stings, bleeding, cuts and bruises. It also draws out infections and can be used to treat splinters and to get glass shards out.

To use the Common Plantain medicinally, make a poultice. The easiest way being to chew up the plantain leaf and use a bandage to hold it in place. Saliva is also known to have antibacterial qualities so it would be the most effective way to use it. If you don't want to chew it up, you can use a knife and chop it up or put it in a blender with a little water. There's also a way to make Plantain oil but I haven't tried it yet.

These were just a few of the most available, easy to identify plants and mushrooms that grow on Long Island. Wild Man Steve Brill has foraging tours starting in the spring and going all the way throughout the fall. He takes you around a bunch of major parks in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Long Island. I'll be signing up for several of his tours as well as going on foraging hikes on my own if anyone is interested in joining in get in touch!!! The warm weather is here. Let's do stuff together!!!

it's easy being Vegan!

SIMPLE VEGAN CHOCOLATE CAKE



by
kim

Ingredients:

- 3 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 tbsp cocoa powder
- 2 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp salt
- 2 cups water
- 3/4 cups vegetable oil
- 2 tbsp apple cider vinegar
- 2 tsp vanilla

Directions:

- Preheat oven to 350°
- Mix all dry ingredients
- Mix in all wet ingredients and continue to mix until there are no lumps
- Pour into cake pan
- Bake 40 min.

Let cool and top with Chocolate Frosting

Ingredients:

- 1 cup sugar
- 6 tbsp cornstarch
- 4 tbsp cocoa powder
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1 cup water
- 2 tbsp oil
- 1 tsp vanilla

Directions:

- Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt & cocoa in medium sauce pan with in the water
- Heat over medium heat until it begins to boil. Boil 1-2 min.
- Remove from heat and add oil and vanilla
- Cool and spread on cake when it sets

Vegan Mexican Pizza

- 2 pitas, 1/4 onion, 1/2 tomato, 1/2 bell pepper, 4 big spoonfuls tom. sauce, 2 big spoonfuls spicy salsa, black beans and daiya cheese (optional).

- grease baking sheet, put pitas on, oven to 425° mix sauce + salsa, coat pitas. chop veggies, drain beans, put on pitas. Bake 12-15 mins! Easy.

Sweet Potato + Kale Stir Fry

(serves two)

- 1 sweet potato, cubed (1 in)
- 1 bunch kale leaves
- 1 lime, for juice
- handful pumpkin seeds
- olive oil
- salt + pepper

- lightly fry cubed sweet potato 5-10 min.
- Add roughly chopped kale + a little water, cook 5-10 min. Add in seeds, season w/ lime, salt + pepper, and serve!

Vegan Red Bean Hotdogs with Chili and Pomegranate Guacamole

Yield : 2-3 depending on size

prep time : 30-45 mins

Origin: Joe's brain

1 can of red beans (kidney)

1 cup sliced almonds

1/2 cup veggie stock or water

salt pepper and powdered ginger (to taste)

1 whole avocado

1/4 cup pomegranate puree and some seeds

1 lime

1 can green chili

1/4 cup chopped red onion (opt)

fresh cilantro

To make hot dogs : in a food processor combine beans, seasonings and fresh cilantro with 2 tbs of olive oil till mealy (it's best to pulse the machine.) Set mixture aside and combine almond and stock, puree. Combine the almond mixture with the beans and gently mix till stiff on a sheet of clear wrap. The almond paste will act as a glue to hold the dog together. Put a spoonful of mixture in the center. Pull the lip of the wrap over the mixture and gently make the shape of a hot dog, then continue to roll it by crimping the ends with your fingers and making a rolling pin motion. Fold the tabs of the plastic wrap inside and set the dogs in the fridge to firm. You can grill, bake, or lightly saute. It will cook fast (3 mins or so.)

To make pomegranate guacamole: chop one avocado and red onion. Mix with lime juice, salt, pepper, and cilantro in a bowl with some oil. Mix in pomegranate seeds and water, puree. The consistency should be that of apple sauce.

Hearty Tempeh Slop

- Half block of Tempeh
- off-the-cob Corn (Frozen or canned)
- Frozen Cut Green Beans
- Canned Red Kidney Beans
- Onion (half or whole) - chopped thick
- Spiced to taste
(pepper, salt, chili powder, cayenne pepper, paprika, garlic, cumin)
- Olive Oil

1) Cut up Tempeh, marinate in bowl with oil and spices

2) In pan, fry oil with Onion, salt, pepper

3) Add Tempeh, fry till brown

4) Add veggies, spice to taste

5) Enjoy!

CAPITAL

an interview

Sunday afternoons are when Capital hangout. They get together, shoot the shit, and work on songs. Mainstays on Long Island, Capital are a bit of an institution around these parts.

Outside of the region they aren't widely known. While other bands tour, push ahead and work their way up the punk-rock-ladder, Capital have stayed local and maintained the original purpose for playing music: having fun. Despite having families, jobs, adult obligations, the guys in Capital have stayed true to their roots and operate without any aspirations for something bigger.

With sauce simmering upstairs I sat down with Capital in between jamming on new songs.

Chrisarena: So, to start, whose who and what do you play?

Joey: I'm Joey, I play guitar.

Chris: Chris, Drums.

Rob: Rob, guitar.

Duncan: I'm Duncan, I play the bass.

Tom: I'm Tom, I sing.

CA: You guys have been a band for what, six years now?

D: 15 years.

(laughter)

J: 6 years exactly, pretty much.

CA: How did you guys get together?

T: Duncan tells this story so good.

D: Oh man. Rob, just tell them how you know it.

R: We were practicing in our old room. Our friend Phil was leaving The Reformation because he was going to move to Japan, so we wanted to start another band. Chris had known Joey and got him to come down and practice. We jammed a few times and liked how it was going. Then we got Duncan into the mix, gave him a demo of 4 songs and he said he wanted to play bass. From there we were wondering who we could get to sing for us. We actually tried out our friend Hugo to sing for us, but it didn't work out too well...

D: ...I thought he did a great job.

R: Then we were talking to General George who was across the hall, recording there at the time. He brought up that Blood Red was breaking up and he said we should talk to Tommy. So we called him up, sent him the songs, and the next week he said he was into it and joined the band. And that's when we became Capital.

T: Yup.

D: Period.

(laughter)

CA: Since the band started, what changes have you seen in the Long Island scene?

C: More bar shows have definitely popped up. Some of the mainstays are gone. There's no Kill Your Idols anymore. Crime In Stereo is gone. I'd say that's the biggest thing I've noticed, more of a bar scene and the 21 and over scene is bigger.

CA: Do you think that's because of people getting older or just a lack of all ages venues?

C: Probably a combination of the two, I'd think. Some people want to branch out and start playing some different things that won't go over as well at a hardcore show.

T: I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that people got lazy. It's a lot easier to book a show at a bar than to go on the hunt to find VFW Halls and stuff like that. There's a small handful of people that are able to do that, but I think that's why the bar-core scene is so huge. There's shows at bars like every week. It's just easier to roll into a bar that's already there, but then you kind of give up the all ages thing. And to me that's always been a big part of it, all ages shows.

R: Bar shows have always been in the mix though. Even since back in the day there was Ground Zero, Railhouse, Outer Limits...

C: ...Dr. Sheas

R: ...Saints and Sinners.

T: But a lot of those things didn't have an age limit. I'm not talking about the bar in particular, I'm talking about a bar show where you have a hardcore band playing a 21+ show. To me that's kind of crazy. Me personally. I'm not speaking for everyone in the band.

D: I just think it came down to the choice between not doing anything at all or doing something a little compromised. Especially when times were really hard and venues weren't around. I think the economy getting worse is actually better for hardcore because it opens up more halls and places to the idea of doing shows. I don't think a country club would necessarily be down for doing shows if they weren't hurting for business like everyone else.

T: I never would have thought that place ever would do a show.

D: I think that it's probably better now for hardcore. At least right now.

CA: You're talking about Bergen Point, right? I remember going to sweet sixteens and stuff there.

D: My senior banquet was there for high school.

T: My father-in-law shoots 18 holes there everyday.

D: There's definitely a lot more younger kids into the tough guy bands now, like the New York Hardcore sound. Which when I was younger going to shows was more of a Queens thing. Now it's much more of a Long Island thing. Long Island was known for something that was different and now it looks like a lot of other places.

CA: What do you mean that it looks like other places?

D: I feel like when you used to go to a Long Island show - and this is a really general statement, kind of more of a feeling - it was just something different, at least about the bands playing or the combination of bands. Like a sense of diversity, not everyone was playing the same sound. And now you'll see shows like that, where there's more of a standard sound. It kind of looks like anywhere. A Long Island show could be a show in New Jersey or a show in Massachusetts. It doesn't really have any distinguishing characteristics.

CA: I've heard of bands from say, Virginia and they're considered New York Hardcore because that's the sound. It's not a regional thing anymore.

D: Yeah, the regionalism kind of went away with the Internet. Now bands can be from wherever and not be influenced by their local scene. They can be influenced by whatever they want to hear. It's different in that way too.

CA: You guys are all older, do you feel any sort of disconnect with the younger kids at shows?

T: I don't know man, I'm 36. I really don't have much in common with someone who is 15, but I will not discount them. I mean I have zero in common, other than music. My wife taught kids in kindergarten that go to shows. I mean, Tim...

D: ...Chimenti, from every Long Island band.

(laughter)

T: Yeah, Tim, who is like a peer of ours, my wife student taught him in 5th grade. Kids from our town come up to me and say "Oh, I have such and such as a teacher." My ex-girlfriends and stuff are their teachers at Lindenhurst High School. It's fucking weird. I don't have anything in common with them per se, but I won't ignore them. And I play the music for them. I'm playing it for younger people. My main mission is to get younger

people as psyched as I was. Like, when I saw 7 Seconds play, they were all older. They probably weren't as old as me, they were in their late 20s, but to me that seemed super old. And I was still psyched.

CA: It's almost like returning the favor.

T: I guess, yeah. That's pretty deep.

(laughter)

CA: So you guys just released *Givers/Takers*. You released it online for a free/donation download. Why did you choose to do that?

J: Well, no one really buys CDs anymore. We didn't really want to go down that route. We've always tried to keep things DIY because we always had the access to do so. So, since we recorded it ourselves, we spent a bit of money to mix it. We just figured since we weren't trying to make any money, to throw it online and if people donate, cool.

R: It is being pressed on vinyl as well.

CA: Yeah, what's going on with that?

R: Justin from Underground Communique, who put out the other Capital records on vinyl, is going to do it again. It's in the process of being made now, just waiting on the test press. He did a good job with the other records and getting them out there. And also just him saying "Hey, I'll put out both of your band's records," was very cool. We haven't had any other offers that were better, so why not go through him again? Not to even say better...

CA: Nothing Solid?

R: Yeah, we probably could have put our record out with a number of friends labels, but he had already been there for us in the past so we figured we should do it again.

T: He was there when nobody gave a shit.

(laughter)

T: Not like there's a lot more people now that give a shit.

D: He was there before anything, man.

(laughter)

T: And I think as far as CDs and downloading...I know that from the one spot that 1200 people downloaded it. How

many people got it from bandcamp?

J: Not that many...a couple hundred.

T: Then there was another site that had 200 or 300 downloads. We would never be able to sell 2000 CDs. Ever. So if we try to charge people for it, we'd be sitting on a giant stack of CDs...

D:Throwing them around.

T: We might have got rid of 100...couple hundred at most. So giving it away for free, at least I know that 1500 people definitely have it.

D: And there's not as much clutter.

T: For us, I think that's like a gold record.

CA: The record seems to be a shift a bit in sound. Still in the melodic hardcore realm, but with new new sounds and ideas compared to previous records....

J: There's definitely not a shift.

CA: Well, shift is maybe the wrong word. Maybe it's just a maturing in sound?

J: Well, we've been a band for 6 years now. We've learned how each other plays and how to get our blend together. Sometimes it takes awhile. Sometimes bands break up before they even get to that level.

CA: Yeah, this is your third full-length. Some bands don't even release one.

D: I feel like on the first record, we would have all different sounds in the same song. We'd have a melodic part, a more abrasive part, and all these different sides of us that were there that we just kind of delved deeper into. On this record there's a song like "Conspiracy Theory" which is like a Jawbox song and then "Anonymous" which is a really heavy song. So, those elements were always there but now they're intensified.

J: Our songwriting has become more cohesive.

D: Yeah, exactly. Cohesive. I agree with that a lot.

J: We've always had the parts and the styles have always been there, but we didn't really put them together. Not to say anything about those songs. When I listen back to those songs, I love the songs from *Signal Corps* and *Homefront*. Those are the first songs that we wrote.

R: Keep in mind that on Signal Corps there are songs that are almost 5 minutes long. Now we try to cut the fat and not make songs too part-y, keep it a little more simple. We've progressed by dumbing it down a bit and keeping it a little more straight up...

D: ...Focused.

R: Yeah...not playing 6 million different parts in on song. Kind of basing it around 3 or 4 solid riffs.

C: Which at times is a lot harder than it sounds.

D: Lets say we have all these great ideas now. We know what we can do, now what should we do?

C: Exactly, what's going to make this song good?

R: We look at it more from a songwriting approach, rather than "Hey, we have all these cool riffs, lets write a song."

J: And that basically comes with being in a band for as long as we have.

R: With all the same members too. It's been all of us the whole time. Which is something we're pretty proud of.

CA: When you started the process for the record, did you have any aims or goals?

R: We wanted to get signed to Bridge 9. Tour with some bigger hardcore bands.

(laughter)

C: I remember Joey saying when we first started writing, after *Homefront* was released, that he wanted a whole mess of songs so we could pick and choose. Which is what we did. We had 18 songs and 12 made the record. So, from an initial standpoint that was a goal.

R: Which is the opposite of our other records. It was like, "Well, we only have 9 songs, we're going to have to put them on a record."

CA: You recorded the record yourselves at Duncan's house...

R: Yeah, Duncan's house in Sayville.

CA: So, you just set up in the living room? What was that like?

D: It was awesome. We had a lot of fun.

R: We did it over Thanksgiving weekend, so we had a large chunk of time to just take our time and really record. We spent a day just setting up and then the next morning woke up and started the recording process. Recorded all day, hung out afterwards at night, and then the next day just went back to recording.

D: Made some prank phone calls at night...

CA: Is that where Tuff came from?

J: No, Tuff came from down here. You had some good ones though. Remember the Taxi guy?

R: Yeah, yeah! The whole Tuff prank was not done on purpose. I've been doing pranks like that to people for quite sometime. We always said that we might want to prank someone and put it on the record and it just so happened that Joey recorded maybe 2 or 3 I had done. The one with Barrie and one with Ricky from Backtrack. That was the funniest one he had on recording and it just so happened to go hand in hand with one of the songs on the album about meathead hardcore.

D: There were pranks that are a million times better than that that are unrecorded and should remain unrecorded.

(laughter)

D: What was the question? Oh yeah, Joey recorded everything on pro-tools. We did it at my house and took it super serious and it was awesome.

J: We did like three takes of each song. We were pretty well rehearsed.

C: All live too.

J: We barely did any guitar punch ins.

C: We'd overdub some effects.

R: Once we got the music recorded, as Tom would get the vocals together we'd progressively record him. After a few months, maybe more like a year, we finally got most of the songs recorded. You have to keep in mind that we had 18 songs, so we had to have lyrical ideas for all of them to pick and choose. Not to say that the songs we left off the record aren't good, but they were probably the furthest from completion.

CA: Are you doing anything with those songs?

R: Yeah, we plan on doing some 7"s. Capital is the type

of band where we just take our time. We try not to make it a pressure situation. We're all very busy and have full-time jobs or family or whatever it may be. We kind of take it at our own pace, which is why I think we've lasted so long. We try not to make it a miserable thing. We know when it's crunch time, but this isn't at the top of our priorities. We want Capital to be something we enjoy and keeping it as something we do for fun helps.

J: This is our hobby.

D: To me this is a hobby and not a trend.

(laughter)

T: Print.

(laughter)

CA: If this is a hobby, what else do you guys do?

D: I think music for all of us, is basically what we do. I go to work and I think about music. I have a few people at work that I talk to about it, but the majority of people I don't talk to. It's kind of like this universe that we all exist in, the music world.

R: That's definitely the answer because if you think about it we all even do other bands. Chris has the Monolith, Duncan has Make It Plain and Thieves and Assassins, Joey does Bastard Cut, Tom does Tori Amos covers...

(laughter)

T: I'm involved with the music industry.

CA: You're involved with MerchDirect, right?

T: Yeah.

D: A small DIY printing company. Up and comers.

(laughter)

CA: How did Chris Hannah (Propagandhi) get involved with the mixing and mastering of *Givers/Takers*?

J: He posted online that he wanted to do some mixing and mastering in his free time. So I showed him some of our *Homefront* stuff and he was into it. I told him we recorded it ourselves and tracked it live. I sent him some rough mixes I had and he was into it. So I sent him over all the pro-tools files and he started sending us back rough mixes. It was way better than I could have ever made it sound. It was cool working with him. I thought he was going to be a little weird, but he

was mad cool.

T: He did a great job. He's our guy.

J: So the 6 leftover songs: we plan on working on those as B-sides and sending them back to him to mix.

CA: A lot of people as they get older drop out of punk and hardcore, you guys are all older, why choose to stay involved? Likewise, why choose to stay on this expensive island?

R: I love Long Island.

T: Me too.

J: I think we all do.

R: I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. You hear about people moving away from New York, but there's no other place like it. We have the beaches and Montauk and then one of the biggest cities in the world. It's very diverse. I like Long Island. This is my home.

C: A big part of sticking around is that there were always good enough bands playing to keep me coming around. There was always someone I wanted to check out. Which I think kept me around as long as I have.

R: Just growing up on Long Island, your life tends to revolve around it. We are older than the typical kid in the scene so a lot of us have full-time jobs. We can't just up and leave.

CA: You've formed your life here.

R: Yeah, exactly. I own a house here, have a career. But as far as going to shows, being older I'm just busy. I have a kid now, so I don't go to shows as much anymore and I'd almost say I don't care. I go to a lot of shows because I play shows or if it's a lot of friends bands that I want to support. But very rarely do I ever say that I want to go to a show and check out this band. My way of participating in the scene now is just from writing music and playing.

T: We just love the music.

D: We get bored easily.

R: We just love writing music and the type that we write. If we loved hip hop and we were rapping, we'd be apart of the underground hip hop scene. And also the people. It's good to be around like-minded people.

CA: What are your plans for the future of Capital?

R: Just doing what we've always done. We practice once a week, we write songs, as we get songs together we give them to Tom so he can work on vocals. Once we have enough stuff together we'll record. I don't see it ending anytime soon and I don't see it taking off; it's just going to kind of stay in limbo, like where we are now. We don't have the option to get out there and tour and try to see the country and get people who never heard us to like us and buy our records. We just stick around, play the local shows we can, maybe an out of state show here and there, but basically just writing music and hanging out. I look at Capital practice as a day to hang out with my friends.

J: That's basically what it is. This, to me, is my favorite part of the band. Just hanging out at practice, jamming on riffs...

T: ...Creating.

J: Yeah, creating. Working on songs.

D: It's like guys have their poker night. This is my poker night.

T: I never go to band practice, but this band is fucking awesome.

J: You should come to practice more often.

(laughter)

T: They are a great band and they are the most prolific people that I have ever worked with as far as writing and practicing. And it's fucking awesome. That's why I think we're still a band, because if we sucked...

J:no one would care.

T: Well no one cares now.

J: I'm saying within ourselves.

T: It's a fucking good band and we write really good songs. Like really good songs.

J: We write songs we all want to hear.

T: I just wish the world would recognize.

(laughter)

T: I think maybe it's easy for us because we're not touring and we don't have any pressure..

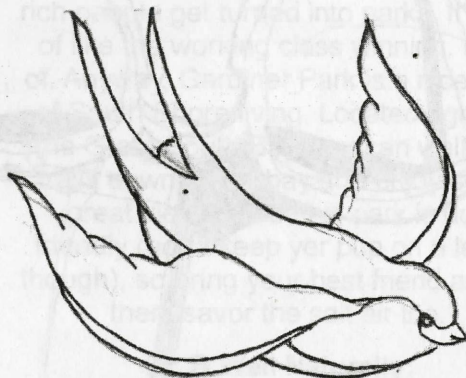
R: Yeah, and in a lot of bands there's always "oh, this person hates this person," band drama.

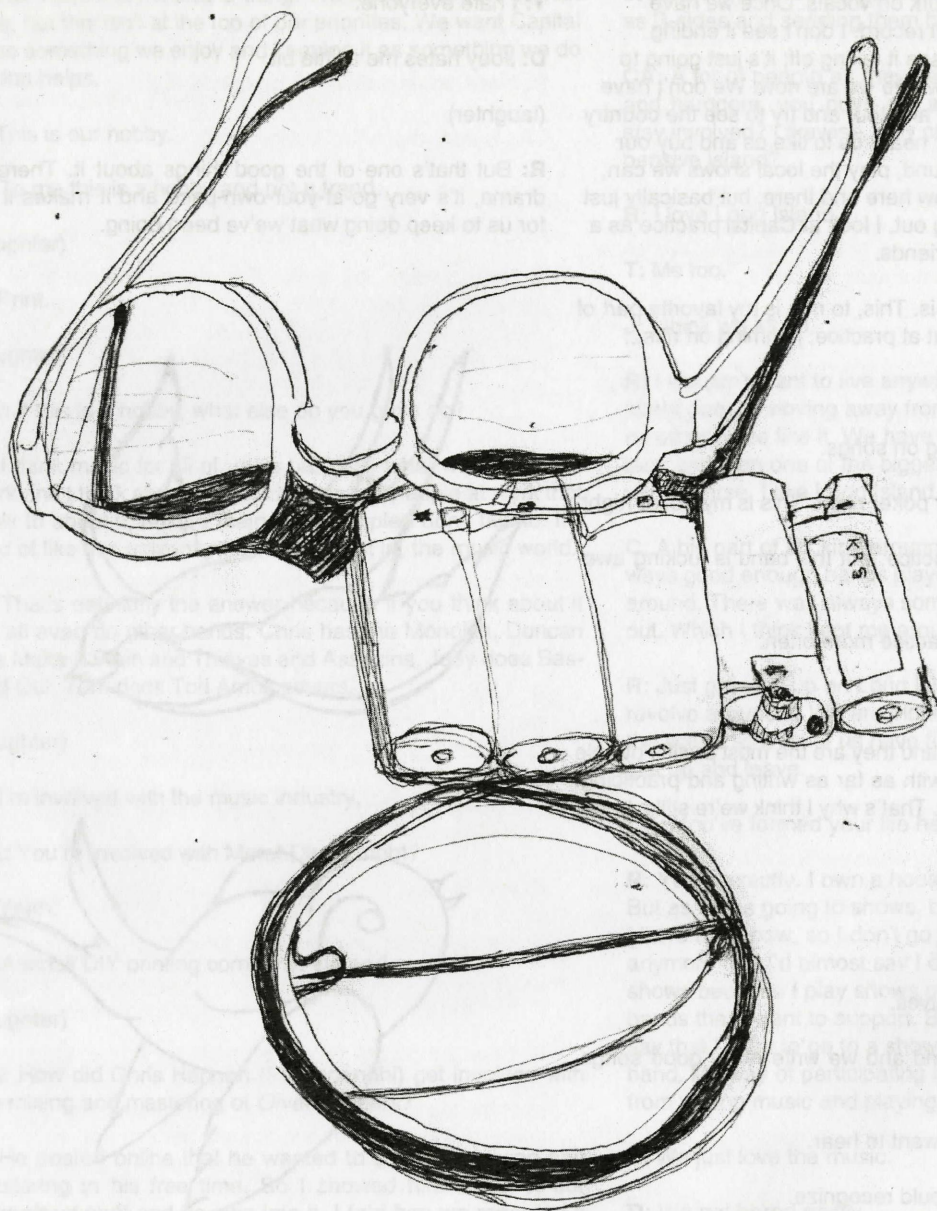
T: I hate everyone.

D: Joey hates me a little bit.

(laughter)

R: But that's one of the good things about it. There's no drama, it's very go-at-your-own-pace and it makes it easy for us to keep doing what we've been doing.





LONG NIGHTS DREAMING OF REVOLUTION, LEVELING EXIST NSE FOR A NEW STAR

SUPPORT LOCAL!

Supporting local organizations, parks, and stores is important to us. In an area where cars are the main form of transportation it's easy to pass places by without noticing them. Local, as opposed to corporate/chain/whatever, is more personal and offers communities ways to come together better. As a whole, Shouting Shorelines fully supports local establishments. Here are only a few of our favorites:

V & T Supermarket Inc:

12 North Franklin Street, Hempstead,
NY 11550-3828

This place is huge. Go here and get overwhelmed with awesomeness. Jalapeños that are actually hot, Asian bakery goodness, curry pastes like whoa, and dun, dun, duuunnn . . . the May Wah chicken wings that Food Swings uses! Afterwards stop by the Salvation Army (possibly the best one ever) on the same street and bring in some/buy some thangs.

Food for Thought:

154 Seventh Street, Garden City, NY
11530

Food for Thought is a health food and product store that has been in Garden City for over 35 years. It's my fave lunch spot when I'm working. You can get anything there from supplements, to beauty products, to gluten free cereals, and delicious veg food (non-veg, vegan, and gluten free too). The staff and owner are super sweet and helpful to boot. The collard greens with roasted garlic and cashews, the quinoa burger, their veggie patty in a pita, and the mango and goat cheese salad are so good. They have part of their menu online too. Next time you go to a show at the Ethical Humanist Center stop there first and get tasty.

Gardiner County Park:

Mountauk Highway and Manor Lane,
Bay Shore

It's pretty cool when land once owned by rich people get turned into parks. It's sort of like the working class winning. Kind of. Anyway, Gardiner Park is a nice slice of South Shore living. Located right on the Great South Bay, you can walk the trails down to the bay and enjoy some great views. Also, this park is dog friendly (gotta keep yer pup on a leash though), so bring your best friend and let them savor the salt air too.

Dr. B Well Naturally:

8 Washington Ave. Plainview, 11803

Great little independent health food store some friends turned me on to. Most people rave about the fresh vegan lunch options. You can run in at lunch time and pick up a fresh sandwich and dessert. My favorite aspect is actually tucked in the far back corner. Past the healthy baking goods and vegan desserts there is a veritable goldmine of hard-to-find spices. And what's better, you can pick the amount you get! You can fill a little bag with all the yellow mustard seed you need for the one dish you are trying, or buy a massive jar of it for weekly cooking. Love it. The store carries some good fresh produce as well. The people who work there are friendly and really invested in the philosophy of healthy living. Definitely worth checking out.

WBAI 99.5FM

WBAI is New York's listener sponsored, non-commercial public radio station.

They are part of the Pacifica Radio Network and have been providing New Yorkers with a variety of progressive programming since 1960. They offer an alternative to mainstream media, covering topics of social, cultural, and political importance. Check them out 99.5 FM or they stream live at www.wbai.org and also archive old shows for up to 90 days.

Fourth World Comics:

33 Route 111, Smithtown, NY 11787

Long Island and comic shoppes are not the best of friends. But Fourth World carries a pretty legit variety of things that aren't DC or Marvel. Granted they won't have issue by issue of real independents, but they're pretty up on major independents like Image, Dark Horse and vertigo, which are really doing some cool things right now (IE; Cowboy Ninja viking, Creepy and Sweet Tooth). The people who work there know what they're talking about, but don't get into proving how much more comic savvy they are than you; which is another reason it's the best spot before the Belt Parkway.

WUSB 90.1 FM

Radio commercials are lame, and WUSB is Long Island's largest non-commercial station. A free-form station, WUSB offers a wide variety of music, talk, and sports radio. A little bit of everything. Check 'em out by turning left on your dial to 90.1 FM or going to wusb.fm

FreeWheel Bicycle Collective:

<http://freewheelcollective.wordpress.com/>

After freespace came to an end Freewheel relocated to Stony Brook University. They're a college club there now, but you don't have to be a student to get or give some help. They offer not only free bicycle repairs, but really help you to understand what the problem is and how to repair it yourself! kinda like a teaching a man to fish type thing. I haven't gone since I moved in west, but they taught me how to adjust my spokes, for free, while listening to The Misfits so yeah, A+. The only real downside is that they only meet Tuesdays from 6-9

Huntington Cinema Arts Centre
423 Park Ave Huntington, NY 11746

www.cinemaartscentre.org

The Huntington Cinema Arts Centre is a small independent theatre. They have been an integral part of local culture on Long Island. They support independent, off kilter cinema as well as local art and music.

Malverne Cinema:

350 Hempstead Ave. Malverne, NY
11598

This is by far my favorite movie theatre on Long Island. Foreign and Independent reign supreme here - it carries film releases you would usually have to go into Manhattan to see, and has a wide variety of films playing in any given month. Built in 1946, the theatre has a nice antique feel to it, despite having been renovated to fit more screens. No stadium seating, no blockbuster crap movies. Cash only. This is a cinephile's theatre. There are often people standing around afterwards discussing the films. The little town in which it is situated is also nice for a post-film wander. There are very few of these places left on Long Island, so if you're going to go out to a movie, go here. It's also cheaper than most big cinemas, so it's worth the drive!

Vaya Bags:

<http://www.vayabags.com>

Offers a unique selection of messenger bags and backpacks. All are made using a combination of recycled canvas from local sailboat factories and used tubes from local bike shops, but this is only part of what makes Vaya stand out. The hand-crafted quality of their product definitely shines through everything they make, ipod cases included.

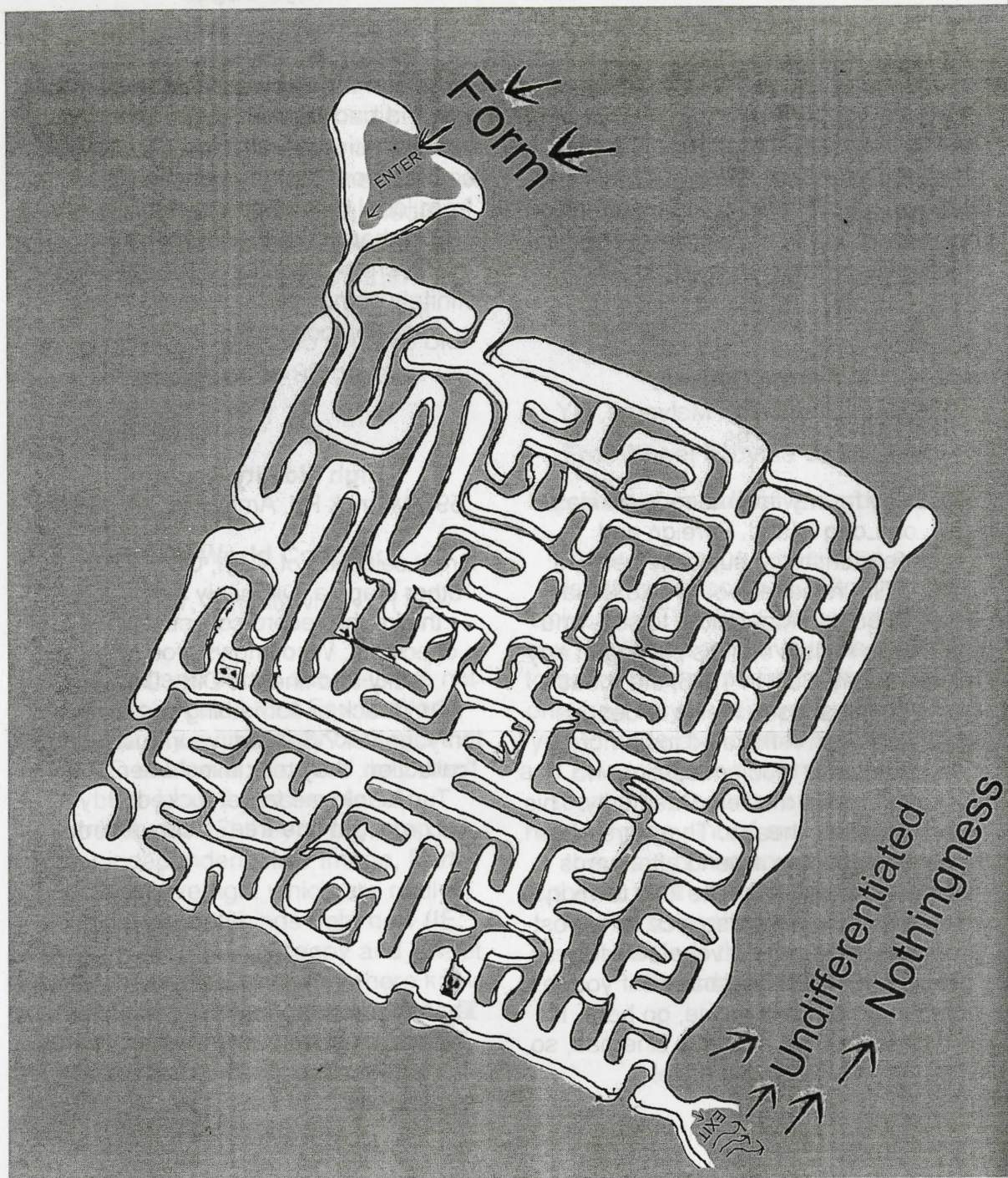
High Fidelity Records:

59B Merrick Rd. Amityville, NY 11701

Great selection of Vinyl, CDs, DVDs, and other crapola. Definitely a spot for y'all that're the record collectin' types to check out. Who knows, you might get lucky and find the Dirty Dancing soundtrack or something cooler. Down on your luck? Sell 'em your dusty old CD collection, they took mine when Looney Tunes told me to get fucked. Buy 12 records, get one free? I can get into it.

These are just some local joints we like. What are your favorites? Email us and we'll put them in the next issue!

The Maze of Existence:



The Decision

For the first time in my life I walked out of a job. And there was no climactic emotional meltdown, not even a good old boss/employee showdown. Nothing to cement the decision, so not a word of explanation given. I simply collected my few belongings, punched-out, got in the car, and drove away. Speeding down Acorn Street was uniquely exhilarating, like I'd just robbed a bank or some shit. And cliché comparisons aside, I definitely pictured myself a man on the run. When stopped for gas, with eyes glued to the passing traffic in front of me, I felt a strange, panicky paranoia creep up my spine. In my head were visions of a white van screeching to a halt, and tossing me in the side door; they'd beat me senseless, and I'd come to in the shop with a fresh stack of panels to cut and a bin piled high with orders to fill. The numbers on the digital gas counter seemed to creep on forever, moving only slower as the fear thickened, but in reality only softening their landing. In a daze, entranced even, I began driving in the direction of my practice space. "Fuck it", I thought, if the rest of my day is free, might as well spend it working on something I find personally meaningful. I turned off my cell to avoid the calls I'd surely receive once they realized I hadn't returned from lunch break. And my phone would stay that way until I was good and drunk later in the evening. In that state, the messages would seem entertaining. But at this point? Well, they'd only induce the type of stress I was attempting to escape.

So here's what I think happened in a few different parts:

The Buildup

Like most people, I was just happy and grateful to find something, **anything**. In this case, a friend referred me when she found out I'd been looking for a day-job. I was getting tired of the graveyard shifts I'd been working for the past year, so this really did seem like the easy way out. It would have been foolish not to jump at the opportunity when I'd been so desperate for a change. In this state, with the bar driven to such depths, I was able to see the positive aspects:

- ✓ No customers to deal with!
- ✓ Listen to the music you want!
- ✓ Sleep at night like a human being should!
- ✓ Get some experience using power tools and driving a forklift!

"And better yet, hey, even if this job doesn't work out, warehouses are always hiring, so this will be great for my resume!" Oh joy, things really did seem to be looking up for me, and it all seemed to be happening due to a change in attitude, one of the side effects of positive thinking. Months prior, I recall writing a list of goals to achieve: Get a job with daytime hours, stop obsessing over girls (lack thereof), cut back on drinking and resentment etc. Well, at least one of those goals was being reached now, and maybe soon the others would follow. Maybe I'm on the path to becoming a better person. **Yes?**

NOPE.

Employee Performance Review

Employee Name:	Derpy Designs	Department:	Warehouse
Job Title:	Back Room Bitch	Immediate Supervisor:	Herpette
Date of Review:	4/13/11	Next Level Supervisor:	Brobossington
		Too New to evaluate:	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Based on your discussion will you be submitting a revised Position Description?		Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	

Summary of Performance:	Performance Definitions:
O Outstanding	Performance is superior on a consistent and sustained basis.
E Exceeds Expectations	Performance exceeds requirements.
M Meets Expectations	Performance meets position requirements.
NI Needs Improvement	Performance meets some position requirements, objectives and expectations.
<u>U Unsatisfactory</u>	Performance does not meet position requirements, objectives and expectations. Immediate attention to improvement is required.
NA Not Applicable	Criterion does not apply to this position.

Rating

Quality of Work:	Work products are complete, accurate and in an acceptable format.	
Quantity of Work:	Completes assigned work efficiently and in an organized manner within an established time frame, works to complete duties and sees a task through to the end while taking into consideration current responsibilities and workload.	
Individual Effectiveness:	Displays a cooperative attitude in the workplace, exhibits respect and sincerity with others to achieve objectives.	
Communication:	Expresses ideas and information in writing and verbally, in a concise, organized and appropriate manner to the audience. Conveys information to supervisors, peers and customers in a timely, clear and concise manner. Listens to others, and is open-minded to evaluate suggestions from others.	
Service Focus:	Takes a personal interest in both internal and external customers. Creates a pleasant atmosphere for interaction and takes appropriate action to meet their needs.	
Judgment and Decision Making:	Realistically weighs and evaluates information, separates important from unimportant, assesses probabilities and consequences and takes appropriate action. Demonstrates the ability to make sound and timely decisions, is accountable for results and selects decisions alternatives that meet the objectives of the department.	
Team Building:	Actively seeks and encourages group participation to complete work, sets priorities, is innovative and solves problems.	
Job Knowledge:	Demonstrates comprehensive knowledge of tasks, processes, equipment, procedures and materials necessary to perform job.	
Initiative:	Generates ideas and initiates action to seek information to solve problems or follow through with a task; self-starter.	
Ongoing Skills Improvement:	Displays an interest in and uses initiative to not only maintain current skills, but also continuously upgrade skills to meet changing requirements of the job.	
Dependability:	Exhibits reliability in being available for work, sometimes without close supervision, and takes ownership in the work to be performed.	

Shit + Sucked.

The Downfall

First I'll explain as simply as possible what happened. I'd like to think it was one day, one instance, that caused me to snap. This would make the whole situation much easier to elaborate on. But no such luck. It was a slowly fermented, boiling pot of rancor building up in my gut. There were the stresses that came along and blurred the original job description to the point of no recognition, but this was no surprise. Baggage lurks beneath the bright surface of every seemingly straight forward situation, just waiting for your first moment of unguarded comfort to strike and never let go. To name a few, there was the 1 step forward-3 steps back progress and organization, the seemingly endless panel cutting and subsequent sawdust inhalation, the shithead owner with his selective nitpicking, the degrading and unappreciated janitorial work. Not to mention I had four bosses breathing down a supervisors neck, breathing down my neck; all of whom had a limited view and a penchant for the type of reinforcement that was exclusively negative. But I had no desire for their bullshit praise. "Good enough" would likely be the highest acclaim ascribed, regardless of effort given, so really what would be the point? Basically, what they saw as micromanagement was in my mind a counter-productive splitting of hairs; a collective cluster fuck of misdirected frustration. And all of this came along slowly like the changing of seasons, with stealth and imperceptibility. First they made me comfortable and safe, then they made me dependent; and when I pushed back, the nail was hammered in deeper. They instilled in me a fear that I needed them more than they needed me. But we were NOT in harmony, and I would hardly call the relationship symbiotic. Sure, they were an innocent enough parasite for the idle observer to overlook, but I knew they were slowly pecking away at my soul.

The Lull

So what was once the whistle while I worked became a chronic ring; the tinnitus while I toiled. Each completed order, a deeper whipping lash of hatred into the bin. It was as if I awoke one day, all too self-aware, or just enough to notice how fucked everything was. And not just my life, but the whole human race. Each persons tragedy, a microcosm of the suffering of all mankind. Even us "privileged" suburban, middle-class types have to give away the best hours and years of our lives to some company that will never matter in the grand scheme. Even us "lucky" enough to have a passion in life, must watch it ushered away with our youth, sucked dry, devoid of but a flicker of light. I see this nameless frustration in the faces of rushing commuters, and in the cold, dead eyes of the working stiff. And I thought of my own position in this world: suited only to these menial, spirit shriveling employments. But what could I do? I was already there in that state of mind where there's no turning back. I punched walls, kicked boxes, and cursed my life. I literally shook on the way in the morning, cringing at the drive time DJ's radio voice, and just praying for it all to end. "Please let the building be on fire, anything, someone, something, anything, please help..." I pled, desperately to myself. At least two-thirds of the day was spent longing for termination, but I knew they wouldn't fire me. Why risk having having to pay towards the unemployment checks of someone who was so obviously burning out on their own? Then suddenly there was that epiphany day. The one where I realized that no one else is going to change things for me, and that even I can't be my own savior, just my own decider. My shoelace was going to snap, but it sure as shit wasn't going to be too late. There was time left, and I was done wasting it whining. So I walked out. This would all be their problem now.

The Truth

The employee review was taken from some website I found through google image search. The truth is, they never gave me any sort of performance review. For that to be necessary, the greedy bastards would've had to at least consider me for a raise or some sort of health benefits. And there's just no real incentive for them to offer any discernible comfort or satisfaction to whatever meat-blanketed robot fills the slot; I get it guys, I get it. Oh, and if it seemed like I was bitching, well, I was. The position of the working man is completely fucked. And the pride that comes along with it is utter nonsense. Almost everyone I know hates their employer. Isn't there something wrong with that? I am genuinely jealous of the future generations of humans that will be liberated from this hogwash by the the true age of machines. That's right, I want to be obsolete.

THE SLUGGIES

A BUNCH OF SLUGS LIVING TOGETHER

#1 - TALKIN' WORK



A Work Of Fiction

It was two years later when the idea came upon us. We had little to go on but what was known we recorded in our notebook. We feverishly picked apart our short list. Scribbled, drew arrows, connected thoughts, questions.

Do you know what these are for?

Would you recognize the street? It was white? What time do you think the train would get in around? A list, six numbers long or so. That was it. Shelling pistachios, circulating smoke, staring at the notebook. Up into eyes, back down at ink, eyes, back down again locked on it. We can do this. We're gonna fucking do this. We can fucking do this.

Do you know what these are for?

We drove down block, block, block, block, station, lot, station, lot. Brass burned our thighs. No plan. Back into the grid and around a narrow curve. We saw, we were frozen, we saw. A brief locking of eyes, and a confirming squeeze of hot hands.

Heeeeyyy. We're a little lost.

Walking over, lips spread giving way to a wet smile.

Leaning on the car.

Aww, you girls can't find your way?

Big wet smile.

Smells good in here.

Where you trying to go?

We heard that there's a park around here that's a good spot to smoke at. Do you know how to get there?

Big wet smile.

Wanna come? C'mon, get in. You can show us how to get there and get high with us.

The car lowered with the addition of another passenger.

Brass burned our thighs. We had no real plan.

We pulled the car up right by the lake. That lake. Burning. Turned off the engine. Rolled up a spliff and passed it back and forth. Pretended to listen. Punctuated the mood with convincing laughter. Burning.

We got out and walked down to the edge. Water dribbled into the lake from a rusty pipe. We passed it around one more time, watched some mosquitoes making ripples. Last pull then flicked it into the water. He was sitting down. Said something we didn't care to hear.

Standing behind him, our shadows stretched thin and long.

Do you know what these are for?

A craning of the neck. The same rays of light that turned the outline of the evergreens gold bounced off the brass.

Do you know what these are for?

We smiled big and wet.

Do you know what these are for?

Incisors glistening.

Do you know what these are for?

I kicked a foot in the center of his shoulder blades and barred down with all my weight flattening him to the dirt and grass.

Do you know what these are for?

He scrambled forward towards the edge of the water. Another blow to the spine and weight reapplied.

Do you know what these are for?

Panicked, flushed.

I asked you, do you know what these are for?

Hair in hand, vice grip. Put your mouth to the fucking pipe.

Brass burning in the sun.

Do you know what these are for?

Put your fucking mouth around the pipe.

You know exactly what these are for.

Put your mouth around the pipe.

You better because you know what these are for.

Put your mouth on the fucking pipe.

Watch the mosquitoes making circles.

Put your mouth around that pipe because you know what these are for.

Watch the mosquitoes making their circles.

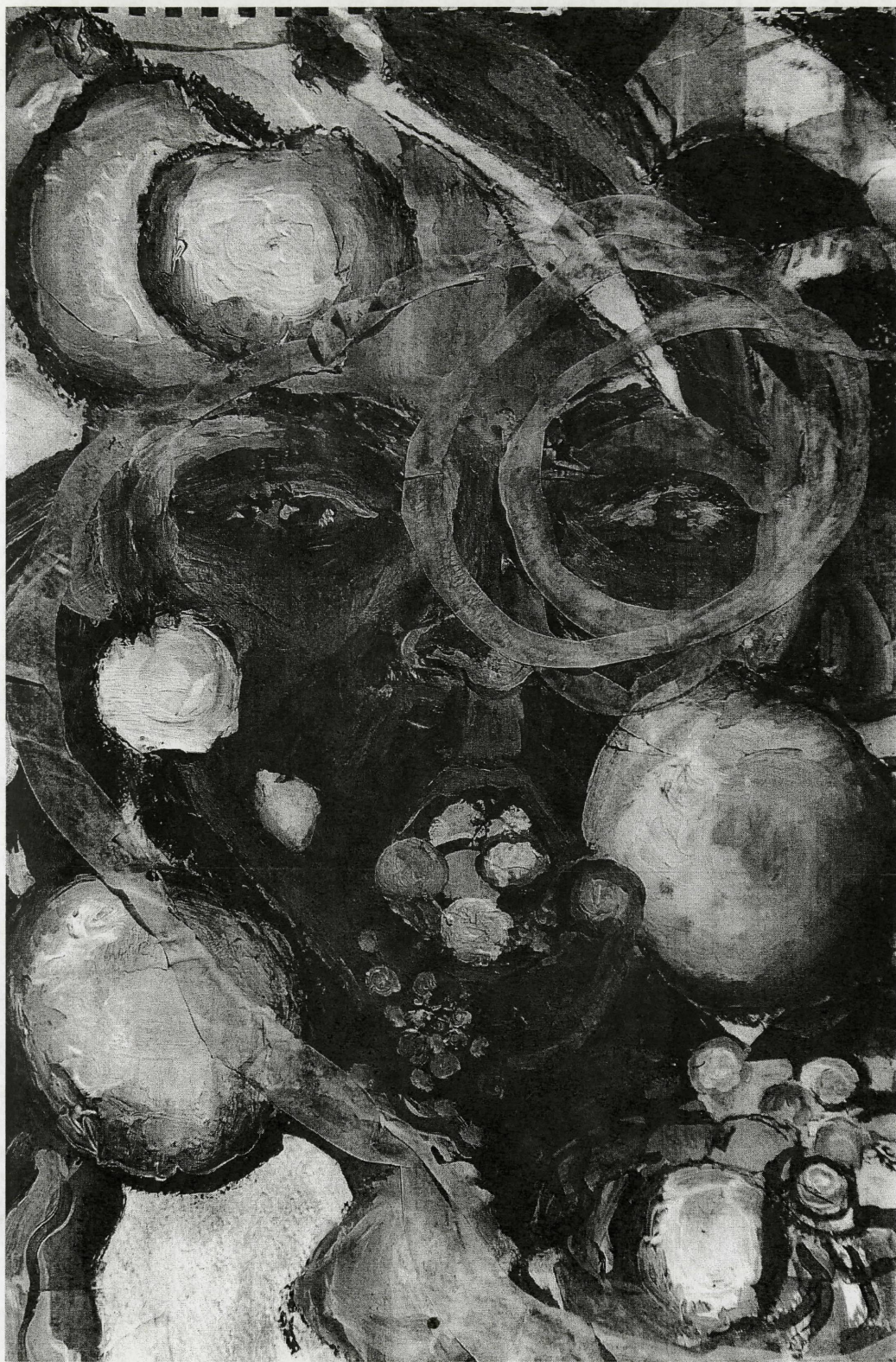
You know what these are for.

Watch the circles.

Put your mouth around the pipe.

You know what these are for.

By Anna Jane



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CAPTAIN GRANDPA'S FAVORITE SONGS VOL 2.

SONGS WE LIKE TO LISTEN TO SOMETIMES
AND THINK YOU SHOULD HEAR TOO!

1. ARCHERS OF LOAF - "WEB IN FRONT"
2. ADD/C - "WALLACE"
3. THE HEAT TAPE - "21ST CENTURY TURD"
4. SUNDIALS - "HIDDEN BOOKS"
5. THE BABIES - "BREAKIN THE LAW"
6. SILK WORM - "CLEAN'D ME OUT"
7. FREE KITTEN - "TEENIE WEENIE BOPPIE"
8. RINGERS - "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"
9. SOUR PATCH - "SKY IS FALLING"
10. FIGURES OF SPEECH - "ALPHA OMEGA"
11. LUSH - "500 (SHAKE BABY SHAKE)"
12. SNOWING - "IT'S JUST A PARTY"
13. VERY OKAY - "NO ONE KICKS YOU HERE, BRUNO"
14. FELLOW PROJECT - "CROCOGATOR"
15. THAT DOG - "MINNEAPOLIS"
16. YEAR ZERO - "PAPER BULLETS"
17. THE EISINORES - "NEXT TIME I WON'T"

CHECK OUT THE SHOUTING SHORELINES BLOG FOR DOWNLOAD LINK

reusing or recycling!



PLEASE RECYCLE