

# Shouting Shorelines

Issue 1



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## Shouting Shorelines Collective

You are holding this because we needed something to do. Jaded and burnt out by seeming monotony, we've failed to see the true potential of ourselves and the community that surrounds us. Tired of sitting around and talking about making where we live more hospitable, we're warming up our voices and sharpening our pencils.

It's time.

Time to show that we're here, that we're not the forgotten children that never left home. We still work that shitty job; we still see the contradictions of our modern lives; we still have our debts to pay; we're still struggling. But we've decided to take matters into our own hands and create a place where we can share ideas and teach other; inspire and learn without any judgement or leaving anyone out. We want to challenge ourselves to be better.

Over the past year something has started to happen on Long Island. The reemergence of a strong underground music community has given us a new sense of optimism. Though the music itself has been pivotal, the real instigators have been the members of the community. You don't need to just play an instrument to be active here. It's time to document our history and remind ourselves of the past, all while looking with eyes wide-open at the quickly encroaching future. We all have stories that stretch beyond our network of paved roads, box stores, and fast food shit. Our community exists inside of us and it's time to organize. We are the voice of each other. That's why we're coming together at this moment. We want to share ideas, plans, and make things happen for each other. We want to create a space for sharing, as well as a place to find comfort. If we all just spoke up a little more we would see that our needs aren't far apart.

This is a document of all the times we've had and will have; of our moments of joy, frustration, anger, humility, optimism, and love. If there is a motive behind what we are doing, it is only to promote these uniquely human qualities and make some use of our time. This is the document we're creating for and with each other. It's time to show that we all have more than we think. It's time to think beyond the suburban life handed down to us. We can create something new.



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murder shack review  
by chrisarena

girls to the front review  
by cary dane

tilt wheel review  
by sal

you are who you are  
by andrew

that's what she said  
by kim

shadows  
by chrisarena

counting backwards from square one  
by grace

long island radical history  
by craig hughes

that's okay  
by elyse

recipes

origami

lending library

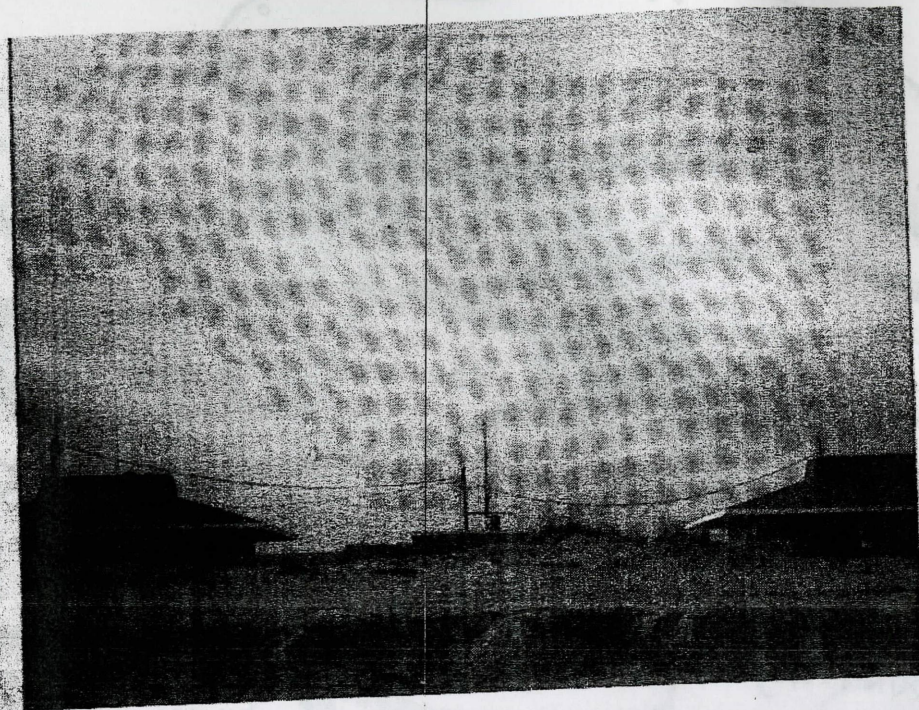
word search

mix tape

calender

artwork by: elyse, alexandra, sal, val, jeff, grace





**a bad taste**

to be angry at someone for disliking you  
is to have an inflated sense of self-worth.

he who dislikes himself  
likely has a feeling of anger toward himself  
as well.

what does that leave him with?

when I inhale from a cigarette  
I sometimes like to exhale from my nose.  
it tastes unfamiliar  
and burns my throat in a (nauseating) way  
that exhaling from my mouth  
does  
not.

what does that leave me with?




7/23 at the Murder Shack - Iron Chic, The Fucking Cops,  
Like Bats, Hands Like Feet Bastard Cut

Houses come and go, and in the short amount of time that Murder Shack was around there were some killer shows in their humid, yet spacious basement. In some ways this is almost more of an obituary than a recap of a great show; the Murder Shack will be sorely missed by the Long Island community. Good times were had, memories were made, and some great music was played loud and with passion, the way it should be. Hopefully, a new house (or houses) pop up soon enough.


But enough about that! Let's talk about this sweaty, thunderstorm-filled night in late July. And boy was it sweaty. The sweat was dripping off of everyone....and that was before even going inside! From the get-go you could tell that everyone was in good spirits that night. Despite the humidity there were plenty of warm embraces between all the buddies at the show. Kicking off the night was the first buddy band, Bastard Cut. Mikey sang, Rich wailed on guitar, Tim was old reliable, and Joey had his shirt off; nothing too out of the ordinary for dem boys. They played their Long Island-gone-Fat Wreck style and some of us sang along the way we normally do.

After a short break, more buddies started playing. This time, it was Hands Like Feet. Seeing Dave always brings a smile to my face. It's hard not to like a guy as friendly and genuine as him. Joe and I stood on the side, drinking beers and bull-shitting about nothing in particular. After awhile the humidity got a little too unbearable and it was up the stairs and out the door to get some refreshing, heat-blasted air. Refugees from the basement assembled in the driveway, drinking their beers and observing the lightning storm off in the distance. The whole night was much like the storm; beautiful, but too quick. With so many buddies around the night felt like a whirlwind, moving from group to group, gulping down liquids and watching clouds of smoke trail off. However, I didn't let this prevent me from checking out the two touring bands.







First up was Like Bats from Indiana. I'd see them late last year, playing at the bassist Kyle's house. Getting their first taste of Long Island, the boys in Like Bats played their Midwest pop-punk with heart; a quality us Islanders appreciate and hold very dear. From the smiles on the faces of the Like Bats boys, I'd say they had a good time. Up next from Cleveland were



The Fucking Cops. A little noodley, with some energy, these obscene-laden officers played some anthemic tunes that were the perfect lead up to Iron Chic.



So much can be said about Iron Chic; they're loved the world over and us Islanders are spoiled with how often and how well we know them. There's nothing quite like seeing them. The music speaks for itself, but the atmosphere they create around them (or that we've created around them?) is what the real draw is. Regardless of the heat, everyone packed into the basement; no one was missing them tonight. Their set was no different than many of their shows on Long Island; everyone crowded around them and listened with as much passion as they played. Surrounded by friends from around the country, I couldn't help but feel a sense of belonging and hope. It's been a long time since there were bright days on Long Island and Iron Chic, along with a handful of other bands, have helped to hearken the return.

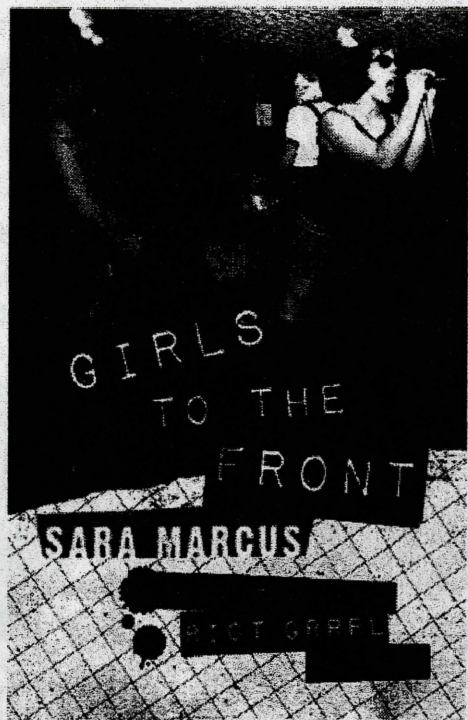


The last show at Murder Shack, though sad at the loss of a great house, gave some hope to all the attendees; that even though things are changing, the optimism in the air is too hard to ignore. No one left that basement feeling down that night, that would have been impossible. Instead we all had a reaffirmed feeling that good things are and will continue to happen.



# GIRLS TO THE FRONT

by Cary Dane



I had first heard of this book through my friend Jen. We had briefly discussed starting up a book club, and though we still have yet to carry it through, (not everyone's finished yet!) I'm excited by the prospect. Attempts at similar projects have either failed to come to fruition or else dissolved after one meeting or so. This one feels like it should work out though, so again, that's exciting!

Like most books about music, music scenes, or musical movements, "Girls To The Front" is an easy, quick read (this is of course excluding the 924 Gilman book, which is fucking impossible!) But what I enjoyed most in this title is that it didn't set out to glorify or

sweeten any handful of bands or personalities. Sure, important acts are mentioned and given ample credit, but the book is more so a celebration of riot grrrl as a grassroots movement, built up of autonomous chapters that sprouted up, mostly, out of nothing more than a abstract idea of empowerment. Such chapters were found across the nation, from Washington D.C. to Olympia, WA; and even as far as the U.K. & Eastern Europe (Yes, Huggy Bear is in there!)

Although you're ultimately left with a certain respect for the relaxed structure of such individual subcommittees, Sara Marcus



makes sure to demonstrate the particular pitfalls the movement encountered as a result of it. Infighting is rampant within any large group; however, with little to no actual guiding force, boundaries were sometimes perceived as crossed by other members without the offenders knowledge or intention. While some descriptions of such arguments make you squirm with knowing, it's only in the same way you remember yourself acting foolishly in some distant past. After all, most of the girls involved weren't at that time old enough to drive, and young people desire nothing more than the freedom to make their own mistakes.

Zines also played a major part in the book, as they did in the movement itself. Tammy Rae's "I ♥ Amy Carter", as well as Tobi Vail's "Jigsaw" are mentioned and cited, but Sara Marcus takes care not to give them the spotlight and to mention that lots of girls were putting out lots of zines. She also points out the importance of all the girls' zines, in that they became the dominant means of communication between groups separated by both terrain and distance.

Here again we see a clash as the author explains the media blackout, in which the young women involved refused to let major, corporate magazines sell their watered down image of Riot Grrrl at the expense of the feeling that made it so relevant and revolutionary in the first place.

All in all I was left with a new respect as well as a sharpened knowledge of the Riot Grrrl scene. A movement that was instrumental to a very large group of young peoples development, and produced a generation of young women who were not content to assume a spectator role to their surroundings as well as their own lives.



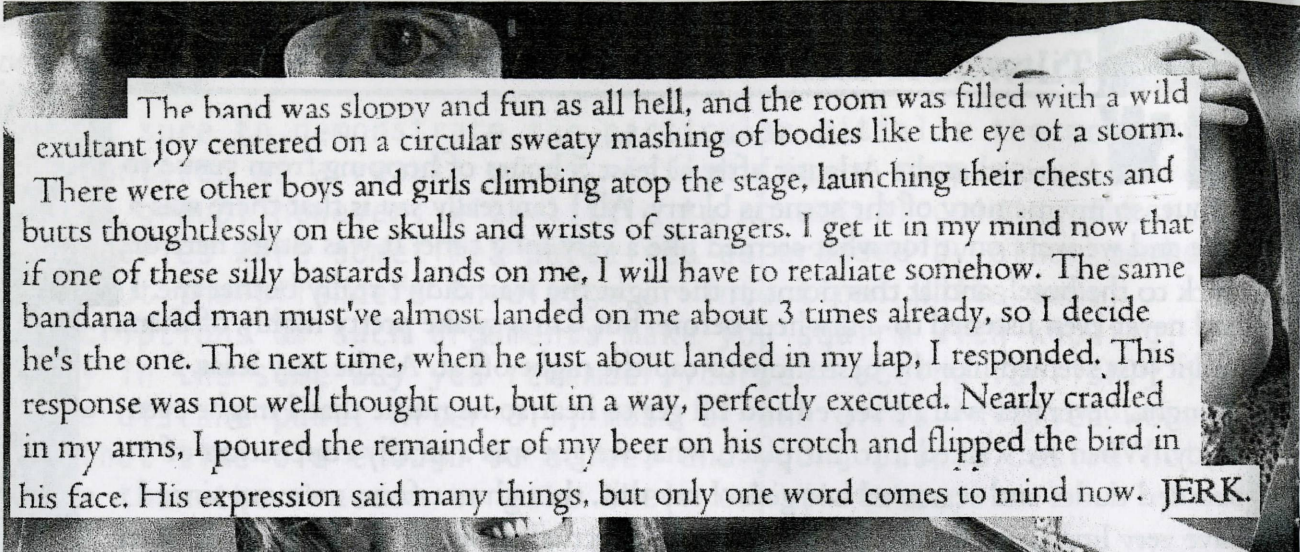
## Tiltwheel and The Tim Version at Fest 9

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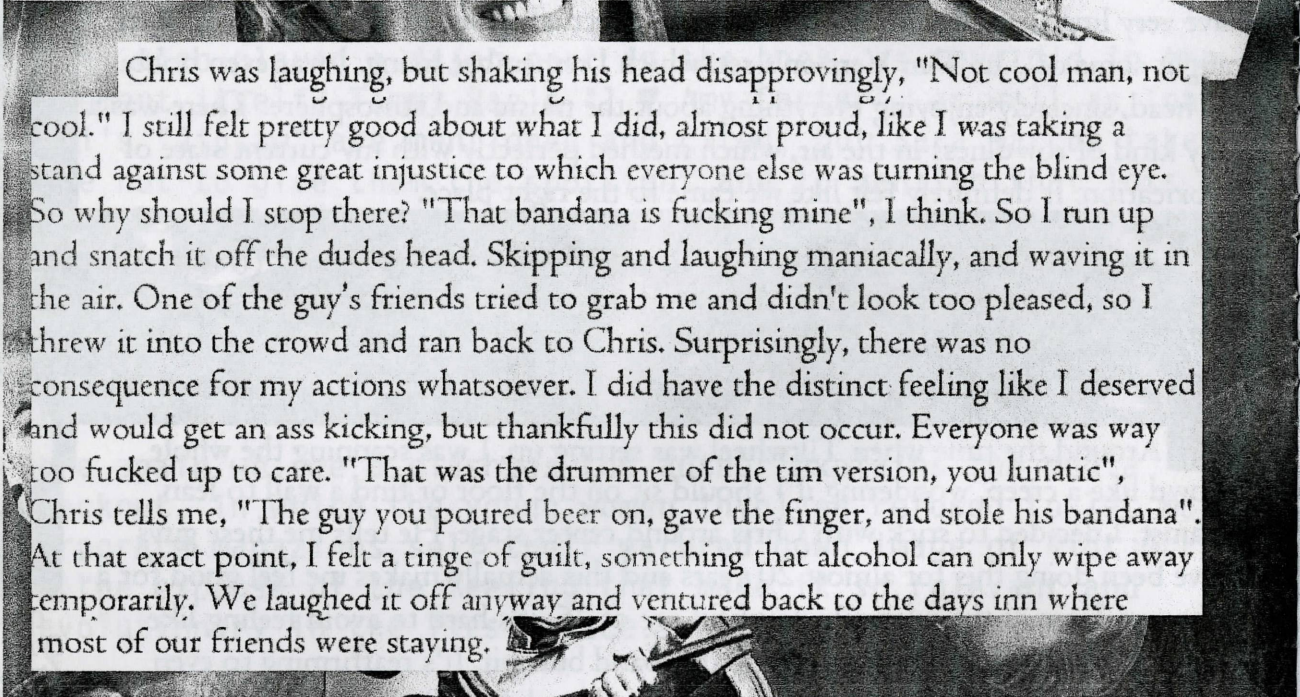
**W**e arrived at the Atlantic after at least 5 hours of hopping from venue to venue, so my memory of the scene is blurry. All I can really say is that there was a line and we were on it for what seemed like a very long time. It was either here or back to the hotel, and at this point in the night the wait didn't really bother me. I had never even listened to Tiltwheel before, but Chris spoke pretty highly of them, and it just seemed like the best show to cap the night off at. At the very least, I thought, beverages will be served and I'll get to hear some music that I might even enjoy. When we walked into the place, what we got was a smelly concoction of bearded dudes and scattered hot girls. I say this, though not from memory since I have very little recollection of what the crowd actually looked like. Luckily we even caught some of The Tim Version's set, which I remember liking. I was even bobbing my head, sincerely enjoying everything about the music and atmosphere. There was a jolly kind of rowdiness in the air, which meshed perfectly with my current state of intoxication. It definitely felt like we came to the right place.

Around the time when Tiltwheel was setting up, I was scanning the whole crowd like a creep, wondering if I should sit on the floor or find a wall to lean against. I decided to stick with Chris around center stage. He tells me these guys have been doing this for almost 20 years and this actually makes me feel good for a moment. Even at the relatively youthful age of 25, it's hard to avoid feeling like you're throwing your life away doing this band bullshit. It's reaffirming to even consider that the pure beauty and fun of this doesn't have to be a fleeting thing. And what if that same attitude was applied to other aspects of my life? Like my own fucked up fountain of youth, the kind with mortality still attached of course. And the only fountain I can recall was spewing cheap american lager from its spout; more than sufficient, and quite delicious. Anyway, back to the show...

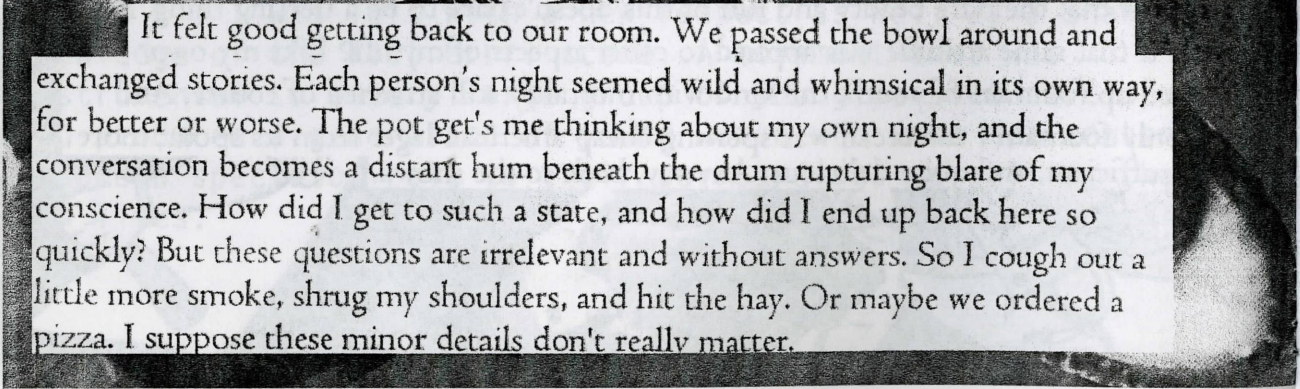




The band was sloppy and fun as all hell, and the room was filled with a wild exultant joy centered on a circular sweaty mashing of bodies like the eye of a storm. There were other boys and girls climbing atop the stage, launching their chests and butts thoughtlessly on the skulls and wrists of strangers. I get it in my mind now that if one of these silly bastards lands on me, I will have to retaliate somehow. The same bandana clad man must've almost landed on me about 3 times already, so I decide he's the one. The next time, when he just about landed in my lap, I responded. This response was not well thought out, but in a way, perfectly executed. Nearly cradled in my arms, I poured the remainder of my beer on his crotch and flipped the bird in his face. His expression said many things, but only one word comes to mind now. JERK.



Chris was laughing, but shaking his head disapprovingly, "Not cool man, not cool." I still felt pretty good about what I did, almost proud, like I was taking a stand against some great injustice to which everyone else was turning the blind eye. So why should I stop there? "That bandana is fucking mine", I think. So I run up and snatch it off the dudes head. Skipping and laughing maniacally, and waving it in the air. One of the guy's friends tried to grab me and didn't look too pleased, so I threw it into the crowd and ran back to Chris. Surprisingly, there was no consequence for my actions whatsoever. I did have the distinct feeling like I deserved and would get an ass kicking, but thankfully this did not occur. Everyone was way too fucked up to care. "That was the drummer of the tim version, you lunatic", Chris tells me, "The guy you poured beer on, gave the finger, and stole his bandana". At that exact point, I felt a tinge of guilt, something that alcohol can only wipe away temporarily. We laughed it off anyway and ventured back to the days inn where most of our friends were staying.



It felt good getting back to our room. We passed the bowl around and exchanged stories. Each person's night seemed wild and whimsical in its own way, for better or worse. The pot get's me thinking about my own night, and the conversation becomes a distant hum beneath the drum rupturing blare of my conscience. How did I get to such a state, and how did I end up back here so quickly? But these questions are irrelevant and without answers. So I cough out a little more smoke, shrug my shoulders, and hit the hay. Or maybe we ordered a pizza. I suppose these minor details don't really matter.

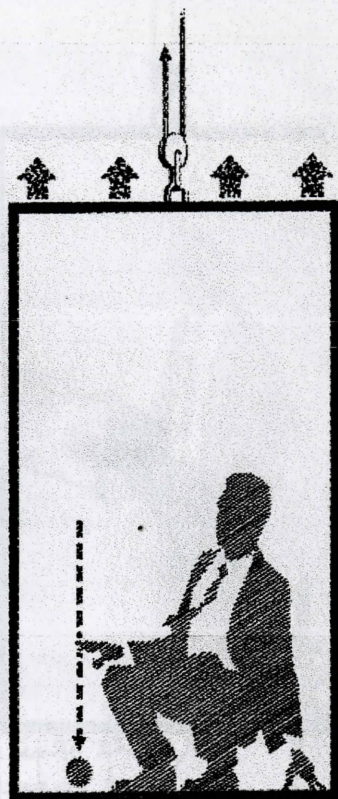


## You Are Who You Are by Andrew

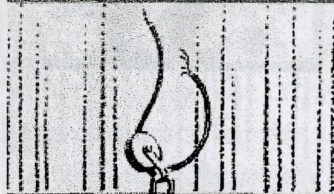
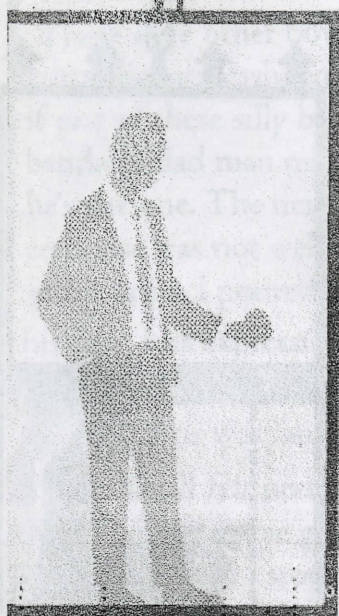
I realized I was living a life that I did not want...

I didn't question anything about it, just went along with it. I refer to it a previous life. Never questioned my job, my relationships, why I was going to school, the car I was driving, the house I was planning on buying, the girl I was going to marry, the friends I had, or even my surroundings. Some of these things were a long time ago and are not a part of my life anymore, but I am stuck with some of these things till this day. A few of the aspects of my previous life are considered what one is supposed to do to live a happy life but something just didn't sit well but as I said I never questioned it. I am thankful for some of the choices that were made because they put me in a position where I can now look back and question and allow me to do things that I necessarily wouldn't be able to do without being educated and have a "career." But at the same time what was achieved is it really worth it if it's something that at times makes you feel stuck and comfortable at the same time. But that is a whole separate topic. With that being said; what is a "man?" What is "happiness?" What is "success?"

From what I have seen the contemporary "man" is someone who has a good job, wife, kids, cars, and a house. I feel like it's a life for a certain type of person. It seems somewhat empty in most situations, and I know now that it's not the life for me. I've done it, I moved in with the first girl I dated we were talking about marriage, getting a house, having kids the whole lot. It then hit me that I was miserable. I worked two jobs, saved every penny I had for a down payment on a house while going to grad school. We were young and hoped for a better more comfortable future. I look back and it was a bleak, boring life. I looked at the people around me they were miserable, they settled in desperate need for some kind of stability...did what they were "supposed" to do. In my case was it the girl? Was it my surroundings? Was it the idea of getting married? Was it the nonexistent "life" I was living or not living? They are all possible reasons.



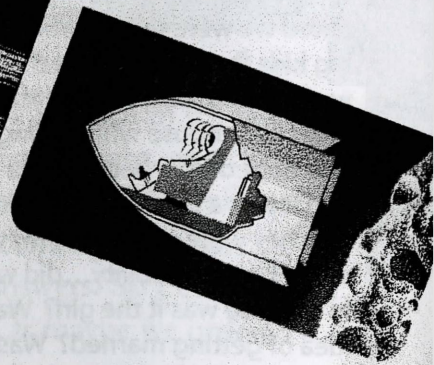
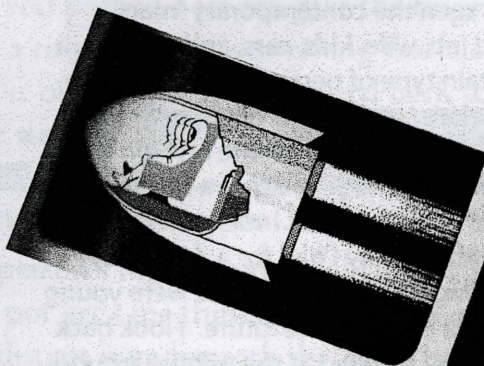




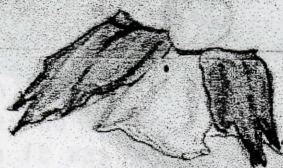
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But those are the things that make a successful/happy/man. And when one doesn't want those things how can you be a happy/successful/man? So as any punk would say fuck what they think, fuck society blah blah but as you reach a certain age you sort of pick your battles per say. But punk has its own contradictions and I don't want to go into this right now. Just trying to let you know what was going on with me. I just continue to remind myself that I want more; I want to do more, and to experience everything because there is no point to limit myself. Because how annoying is that dude at the bar who's life ended after high school and talks of "the days when." I'm still having those days and plan on many more of those "days."

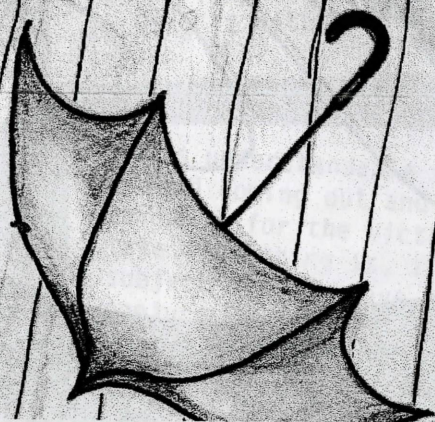
Who knows what's to come. Things change they always do. Maybe I'll move into the woods or buy a house here, maybe I'll date a dude, maybe I'll do some drugs maybe I'll stop, or I can just hope to live without influence and do what's best for me. I can just for myself and hope everyone else can accept difference or change. All with the hope that ill know that I don't have to question my choices because I've experienced first hand the things that I wondered about.







We are often told that we are incoherent, but into the word people try to put an insult that it is rather hard for me to fathom. Everything is incoherent. -Tristan Tzara.





# THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

By Kim

Sexual assault is a touchy subject with most people. It comes in many different forms but no one person's experience has any less value than the others. From being touched or talked to inappropriately, to being physically attacked, the feeling of violation is the same. It also does not have to come from a stranger. In my case it was a friend, a person I openly invited into my home. In other peoples cases it is their own partner, family member, or friend as well.

Dealing with the after effects of these situations can sometimes be the hardest thing someone has to do. How do you talk about it? Do you need to talk about it? Will anyone listen or understand? Who is the right person/people to tell? These are the exact questions I asked myself for months and honestly, coming out with my story had mixed reviews.





It is pretty obvious to me now that I was too naïve to think that everyone would understand. It was hard for it to come out and when I finally stepped up to the plate and started talking, people started freaking. No one thought about how rough it was for me to talk about it. No one really understood how to react to the words I was throwing up at them.

It came to my attention that a lot of my friends didn't even know what sexual assault was. Almost as if because I was not raped then, by default, I was not violated. Everyone got scared, especially the boys. It made them take the side of my aggressor; making excuses for it and turning my situation into a he said/she said.

The immediate excuse being made for this person was that I had had prior relations with him, so maybe that made him think it was okay? Maybe he was just being a little too aggressive? Maybe he was just too drunk? Maybe he just didn't realize?

There is no excuse. I was violated in my own space and there is no fucking way I will make an excuse for that.

This all made me realize how scary this is for people to hear. How could one of your friends do something that fucked up to another friend? They couldn't. Not at all. Not in your mind. But that's exactly what did happen. So everyone starts talking. Your story gets spread to people you didn't personally talk to and your words get jumbled. Your extremely personal situation goes out and becomes something completely different in its entirety. And what this all comes down to is other people's fears. Could your friend really do this? Could you do/have done this to someone without knowing it either? How often does this happen and we just don't know about it?

It is understandable for someone to not know how to respond or react to a friend coming out and talking about their sexual assault experience. As hard as it is for the victim to be speaking out, it can be extremely hard to take. The thing is, if someone is talking about such an extremely sensitive subject all you have to do is listen. You don't have to feel the need to conjure up a story so that you can relate or worry that you don't know what to say. If someone has found the nerve to talk about it, most likely all they need are ears to listen.



Just sitting there, not saying a word and really taking in what your friend is trying to tell you can be the best help you are going to give them. Also, try and be aware. Be aware of what she is feeling, be aware of what you are feeling, be aware that she is in control, and be aware that she knows how to solve her own problems and is not looking for answers.

For those who are worried about violating others or questioning if maybe you have in the past you need to learn good consent. Ask yourself some questions about how you yourself would define consent and then talk to your friends about how they define it.

Ask questions during a sexual experience. Even if you are being intimate with a partner you need to check in and then keep checking in. "Is it okay for me to do this?" "Are you sure you don't feel uncomfortable?" And pay attention. If your partner says, "Yeah, its fine" and you're confused, take a step back. Never assume. If it's really okay maybe they'll ask you why you stopped. Maybe they'll say, "Thank you for stopping. I just didn't know how to say no." Consent can be sexy and does not have ruin the mood. Becoming aware of what your partner's true do's and dont's are can make your experience that much better.

If you still feel like you're not helping or understanding sexual assault, look for outside sources. I have found help with my own situation from the following zines: "Support," "Learning Good Consent" and "What Do We Do When? A Zine About Community Response To Sexual Assault." I also found the most help in this situation from a collective called Support New York that specializes in helping victims of sexual assault. You can find everything you need on their web site, [supportnyny.org](http://supportnyny.org), from someone to talk to who will just listen, to readings on coping or helping someone cope with sexual assault. They will even speak with your aggressor for you if you need/want.

When I first started out with this essay I thought it would be something completely different. I was so angry at my aggressor and I was not looking at a way to inform but more of a way to rant and scold. I see now that those feelings were valid and still are but can be brought out in a much more positive way. I want to thank Milo at Support New York for helping me come at this in a more progressive/positive way and for really seeing my situation for what it was, not what everyone wanted it to be. Also, I would like to thank Laura and Elyse for letting me know I didn't have to keep it in anymore.

I've always seen myself as a strong girl, but coming out with this made me question that all together. Now I know I don't have to.



# Shadows

by Chrisarena

We don't walk enough in this town. It's easier to hop in the car and go. We don't feel the ground against our feet or breath in the flavors of our neighborhoods. That's why we give each other dirty looks. That's why we can't relate.

I walk through my neighborhood daily. Leaving the house each day, my dog and I crawl the grid of my hometown, seeing the familiar sights. I've lived here for 25 years. I remember playing street hockey on Leo Lane... I was beat up in front of that creepy house in the 4th grade... that house over there burned down, but was rebuilt... my dog shit on that corner the other day. These memories all flash before me. It's hard for them not to. These are the streets where my life was formed, where my home was created. Is it still my home?



So many that used to live here have moved on in one way or another. At dusk their shadows haunt the pavement, flickering like some distant, dream-like memory. They crawl down from the trees and tumble from behind bushes, stretching out and making you remember. Days of youth, of a time when young eyes saw the world new, as a place where good could happen.

It's hard to pinpoint when the ghosts started outnumbering the living around here. Maybe that's the natural progression of aging; the loss of community. As children we rely on our surroundings and the people in them, to provide for us and create our living environment. We latch on, with innocence, to those that will support us, sustain us. We search for community.

I started getting bitter before I was old. I was thinking about the old days before they had even grown out of infancy. Everything was in the past and there was no way of regaining it. Instead, all to do was keep moving ahead, work that shitty job and not be so miserable on the weekends, play in a band and try to make something of it. You know the picture. You've seen it in yourself and others. Complacency becomes so easy and the only solution is to destroy yourself a little more each night. It's not the life I envisioned for myself or those around me. Somewhere along the way the idealism of youth had disintegrated.

Growing up, I always felt a strong connection to community. Maybe it was because of school, or little league, or boy scouts, or just running aimlessly through town. I had the feeling that I knew people, that I always had someone to run to. As time went on, that sense of community felt less present. I didn't get friendly "hellos" from my neighbors, I lost touch with people. Things didn't feel the same.

So I walk through my hometown, trying to rediscover this idealized vision of community. The ghosts and memories follow and comfort me at the loss they too have experienced. But unlike me, these shadows have banded together and formed their own gang of lost souls. They have their community, but I still wander this suburban grid searching, trying, to form a gang of my own here in the present. A group that looks to forget the confines of the past and strive to create something new, something that will enlighten and produce, and replace memories with actions.



# FEBRUARY

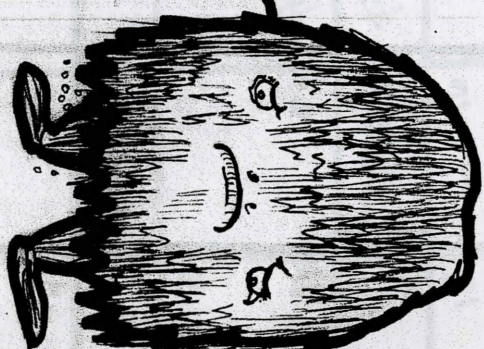
2011

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
30	31	1	2 SS MEETING	3	4	5
6 NOT VALENTINES CRAFTS	7	8	9 SS MEETING	10 ARTS & PARTS	11	12
13 KNIT KNIGHT	14	15	16 SS MEETING	17 DANCE PARTY	18	19
20	21	22	23 SS MEETING	24	25	26
27 KNIT KNIGHT	28	MARCH 1 MARCH MARCH	2 SS MEETING	3 PUZZA + PUPPETS	4	5
6	7	8	9 SS MEETING	10	11	12 POLAR BEAR BIKE RIDE
13 KNIT KNIGHT	14	15	16 SS MEETING	17	18	19
20	21	22	23 SS MEETING	24	25	26 POTLUCK
27 KNIT KNIGHT	28	29	30 SS MEETING	31 APRIL 1 APRIL RULES FOOLS!	2	3

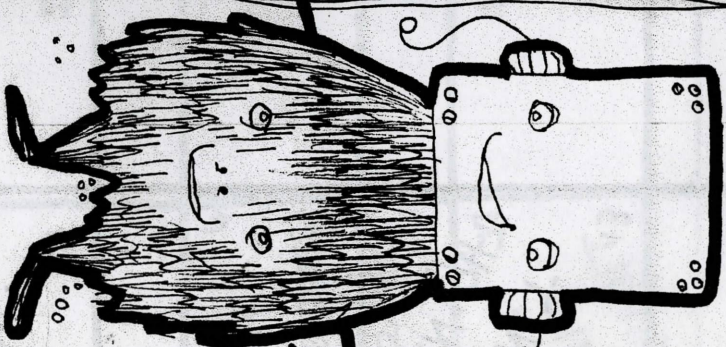




a monster!



that's  
okay,



I can be a  
monster too  
sometimes



### Counting Backwards From Square One...

It took me 20 plus years to believe what I've been trying to convince myself my whole life... That my happiness did not have to depend on the amount of money I had in my pocket, the things that I acquire or the relationships with the people in my life. I knew these weren't things I looked for to make me happy and yet when I would find myself poor or alone I would be miserable. It's like I knew I didn't have to care about these things if I didn't want to but I had nothing better to care about so I did.

For the longest time I had all of these preconceived expectations of myself and the people in my life; this deeply ingrained idea of how relationships are supposed to be. I expected my parents to be infallible. They were supposed to always be right, teach you things and be completely selfless. I expected friends to be there forever; to really listen to you and care about the things that are important to you. I expected boyfriends to be loyal and mean it when they said, "I love you." Even after being let down countless times, in the back of my head the expectations were there. I told myself that one day I would find a job I could tolerate enough, one that would pay me enough so that it would be worth it. I had convinced myself that if I found the right person... the right situation that I would be happy. I found myself in one shitty relationship after another. Just killing time so that I wouldn't have to be alone. Bouncing around from one shitty job to another hoping that maybe if I just made enough to survive and live comfortably that I could learn to relax and settle with what I had because I was afraid it was the best I'd get. I had made a career out of something that I told myself was supposed to be temporary. I was working in an office pretending to be productive; dealing with the bureaucratic bullshit that I told myself I never wanted to be a part of. A life of predetermined mediocrity that everyone around me seemed to be happy with... so why shouldn't I? Settling for things was the story of my life.



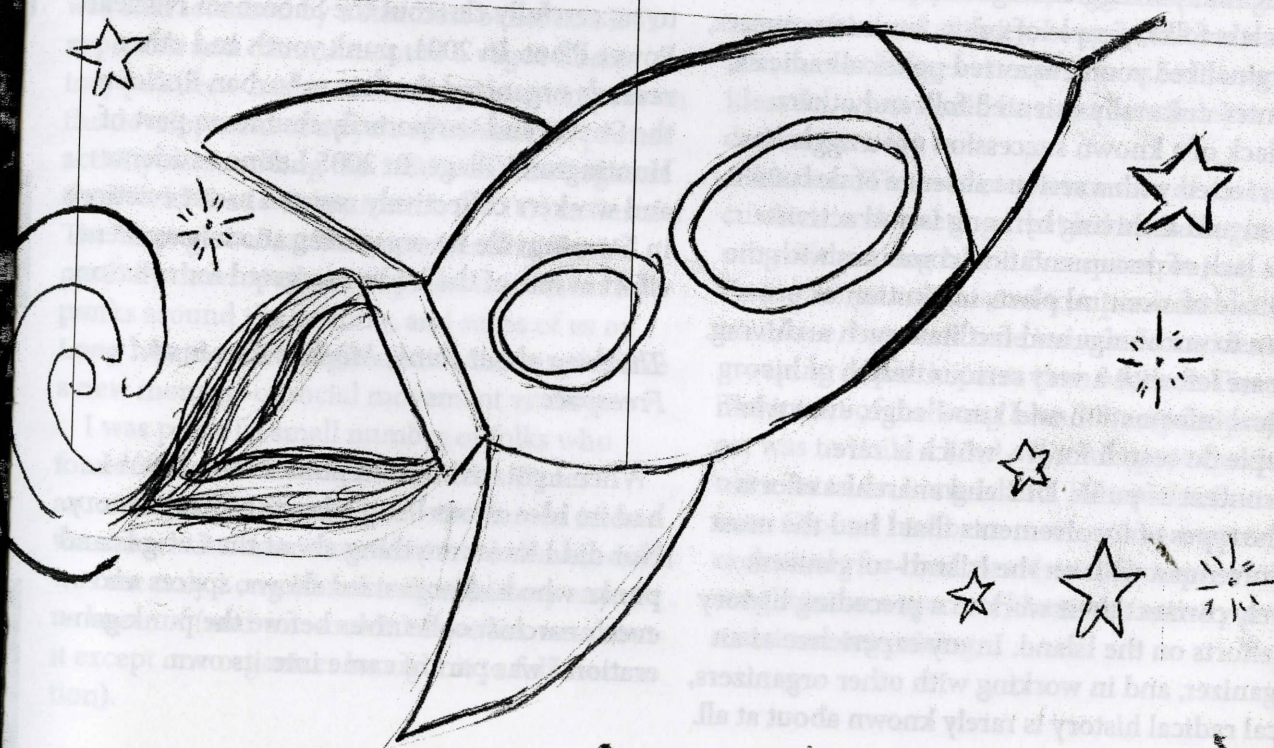
I spent so much of my time relying on other people and things I thought I needed to make me happy that I didn't stop to wonder why I wasn't happy without them. Something needed to change... I started re-evaluating myself; I learned to accept the faults of my family, friends and romances and accept them for what they were. I realized that I couldn't change the people around me and that I would have to work on something I could change... myself. I had to truly believe that I didn't need someone to make me whole... that X amount of dollars wasn't going to change my life or at least how I felt about it and that spending my life obsessing over what should or shouldn't be was just a giant waste of time. So I quit the job I never wanted in the first place and took a chance on doing something I really wanted to do. I started focusing on what I needed to do to be happy with my life and myself. I resolved myself to change the things I didn't like and learn more about the things I did. I started teaching myself how to be less dependent on money and more dependent on my own skills and knowledge. I realized that I could live with no expectations and no dependencies and be completely free. Ultimately, that's all I ever wanted. It seems like a simple enough concept but applying the theory to real life proved for me to be much harder. It's still a work in progress but I'm a happier person than I've ever been. It's like re-learning life.

Even as a kid I knew that the life that was expected of me was not what I wanted but it's like I was waiting to outgrow the feeling and it never happened. The pattern that your life is supposed to take is shoved so far down your throat that it's hard to imagine that when you grow up you'd still feel like it wasn't the life for you. You're always told, "When you get older you'll see!" I was just too scared. The fear that you're making a huge mistake is so daunting and the prospect of security is so inviting. Somewhere in the back of my head I guess I thought having



a secure job and someone to lean on was smarter and safer than chasing after pipe dreams of true love and of a life where you can live how you want. We're all scared to death of making mistakes but in reality we all make them and the worst-case scenario is that you'll either end up poor or alone, which becomes the driving force in the decisions we make. I realized there are far worse things than being poor or alone.

I guess I always had the puzzle pieces and I just wasn't sure how they fit together. One day they all just clicked. I was doing what I had to do when I should have been doing what I wanted to do. I didn't want to merely survive this life... I wanted to live it. I didn't want to depend on anything or anyone to feel complete. I wanted to know that when all was said and done, that I could wake up and look myself in the eye and tell myself I was a better person than I was yesterday. And that when I was stripped of all of my possessions and the people I hold close to my heart that I could live with who I was left with...myself.





## *Long Island Radical History in Context*

Long Island is a difficult place to ground sustainable organizing efforts and cultural alternatives. Anyone who has lived there knows it: the housing is pricey, transportation expensive, the draw to go elsewhere often overwhelming. Radical projects that are only a year or two apart often act as if predecessors hadn't existed, leading to a situation where punks and political radicals on the Island re-invent the wheel over and over again.

In popular writings and culture, the dominant image of the suburbs is white, middle class or rich, and largely absent of conflict -- that is, with the exception of the periodic outburst of youth alienation or an increase in teenage meth addiction. Most often, youth on Long Island grow up without a sense of the many struggles waged by poor and working class folks, people of color, feminists, queers, marginalized youth, assorted political radicals, counter-culturally oriented folk and others.

A lack of a known succession of struggle has intersected with a serious absence of documentation and archiving by Long Island activists. This lack of documentation combines with the absence of a central place, institution or program to encourage and facilitate such archiving. We are left with a very serious dearth of historical information and knowledge, even when people do search for it -- which is rare.

In context of punk, DIY and anarchist efforts -- the types of involvements that I had the most involvement with on the Island -- organizers rarely connect their work to a preceding history of efforts on the Island. In my experience as an organizer, and in working with other organizers, local radical history is rarely known about at all.

Knowledge of local radical history is important because it teaches lessons that may provide insight into building more sustained radical efforts and because it connects activists to a historical tradition of localized empowerment, which itself is often a strong motivational force. Strategy and empowerment are decisive if the desire is to build cultures of joy, creativity and resistance that can prevail and more meaningfully impact daily lives.

There are many examples of radical efforts on Long Island. For example, in the 19th century Brentwood was an anarchist and utopian commune called 'Modern Times.' During the 1970s through the early 1980s women's liberationists managed a very important organizing and cultural space in Hempstead and East Meadow called the Women's Liberation Center of Nassau County. In the 1980s anti-nuke activists created a national stir when they utilized direct action to successfully closeout the Shoreham Nuclear Power Plant. In 2001, punk youth and other radicals organized the first suburban Reclaim the Streets and temporarily shutdown part of Huntington Village. In 2005 Latino residents and workers collectively resisted racist evictions in Farmingville by organizing an encampment effort at one of the houses targeted for eviction.

### *Thinking about Punk, Modern Times and Freespace*

When I got involved in punk in the 1990s I had no idea about Long Island's radical history. Nor did I know anything about the Long Island punks who had organized shows, spaces and even anarchist collectives before the punk generation I was part of came into its own.



. Learning some of the history made an important impact on me and played into how I attempted to contribute to organizing efforts. Below I give a brief synopsis of some projects that more or less came out of the punk scene on Long Island, in hopes that they inspire folks to think about the local past and ask questions of how historical insights might impact projects they are involved in now.

During the mid/late 1990s Long Island punk went through a major transition as an older generation that had headed up show organizing at the People with AIDS Coalition (PWAC) and Common Ground Collective – people who were perhaps the most consistent players in the local hardcore scene during the early and mid ‘90s – moved on and elsewhere. From there, a younger group of kids started taking organizing initiative. Simultaneously, the political energy that had grown from 1990s DIY hardcore scene – which was characterized by a steadfast belief in a DIY approach and commitment to a vague liberatory politics – had made an important impact on the development of a cycle of intensified protest activity surrounding the 1999 resistance against the World Trade Organization (WTO) in Seattle. The “anti-globalization movement” in the U.S. partially developed out of projects initiated by punks around the country, and some of us on Long Island were caught up in what seemed like a new moment of social movement vitality.

I was part of a small number of folks who founded a collective called Modern Times around 1997. Modern Times was named after the anarchist commune mentioned above, which was the only Long Island radical history any of us knew of (and we wouldn’t have known about it except one organizer brought it to folks’ attention).

Modern Times grew in numbers, commitment and experience over our 3 or 4-year existence. The Collective was largely rooted in the punk scene that many of us had been involved in for year’s prior. Many of us were also inspired by the increase in anarcho-punk activity around this time, which also played an important role in the development of a base for Modern Times. The Collective functioned both as a relatively small core of organizers and a wider network of groups: ARA, Food Not Bombs, the IWW, animal rights and international solidarity groups and so on. We drew largely on the punk scene, which we also contributed to, as a space for the development of radical activity.

As the century turned anew, the anti-globalization/anti-capitalist protest activity that had substantially intensified between 1998-2001 swiftly demobilized, or at least changed appearance and activity. Long Island radicals also made changes as experiences led to new ideas for what would be most beneficial to dedicate energy to.

Modern Times hosted a number of discussions and meetings that led to the beginning of the Long Island Freespace project. Freespace was connected to a punk and hardcore base, but also came to include a wider grouping of participants than Modern Times. The intent of the Long Island Freespace project was to build a kind of youth space that had not existed on Long Island. Where the Common Ground had been more or less a venue exclusively for hardcore shows, Freespace sought to be a space of liberatory activity and sustained organizing.



It took a few years to actually get a physical space, and in that time Freespace organizers had formalized Freespace as a 501/non-profit and built a set of programs and organizational structure that was able to use the building once we got it. Participants organized shows, art events, political talks, a bike workshop and other projects. By the time we actually leased the space – a large and kind of disgusting space with a shithhead landlord, located near Ronkonkoma's train station – the organization had made a reputable name for itself on Long Island. Collective members had relations with a broad swath of community organizers and organizations and footing in various scenes across the Island.

During the time we had the physical building we hosted dozens of hardcore and punk shows, as well as, cultural and political events; organized a solid lending and zine library; hosted a small literature distribution; and setup a very popular community bike workshop. We sought to build a sustainable radical youth presence on Long Island, but we couldn't sustain. We closed about eight months after opening.

Like Common Ground and other attempts at building an autonomous youth space on Long Island – in our case, one that moved for and through liberatory dialog and activity, and served to propagate radical intentions, ideas, actions – Freespace couldn't sustain for a complex set of reasons. Some of these have to do with the change in social movements of the day. The anti-globalization movement was creative, and it thrived on direct action and contentious politics. On Long Island this energy developed in numerous projects that found commonalities in particular ideas and actions. Autonomy and self-determination was absolutely decisive for any success groups related to Modern Times had.

But when Freespace became dependent on funding through grants, much of the radical political energy was channeled into fundraising that shifted autonomous energy and activity into a structure more easily sellable to foundations and a wider liberal audience. The bizarre autonomy found in Modern Times and the groups and individuals that composed it, was no longer as free to develop as it had been. Every stress related to funding became much more difficult to deal with when there was rent to pay. Indeed, having a high rent to pay became the linchpin of Freespace's death. Our rent in Ronkonkoma was over \$4,000 a month. While we had obtained significant financial support from one Long Island progressive foundation, for the most part we became dependent on hardcore shows for our income. Core members of the effort increasingly became burnt out by the development of Freespace as a punk/hardcore venue – even though most of us, at least initially, had come from the punk and hardcore scenes. Becoming more-or-less a venue – particularly at a time when punk-as-career was increasingly prevalent amongst those in bands – meant that difficult tensions became structural to the space. Most notable, at least for me, was when an anti-choice band wanted to play a show at the Space and participants of the Long Island Womyn's Collective and others raised protests. There were intense debates between factions of the punk and hardcore scene that were ultimately left unresolved. These debates evinced that Freespace could not afford just to eschew issues internal to the punk and hardcore scene – our funding was coming from shows, overwhelmingly male-dominated hardcore shows, and the project couldn't survive without them. In some ways sexist practice became structured into Freespace's survival because we collectively couldn't afford



to say "no," and we couldn't offer a financial alternative to a scene that often times thrived on rhetoric and actions very far from the core ideals the Space sought to promote. What was worse was that these shows were not income guarantees – we could not have enough big shows to ever feel comfortable with our income throughout the time we were open in Ronkonkoma.

Simultaneously, the Long Island DIY punk scene that thrived through bands like Latterman was dissipating. The base of that scene increasingly moved elsewhere, primarily to Brooklyn. People who had allowed their basements to be used for shows changed locations, or their desires and commitments went toward other interests. This included some of Freespace's organizers.

Shifts in the landscape of social movements, channeling of contentious and community-building activity into fundable initiatives, dependence on a financial base of hardcore shows, and the decline of a DIY punk and hardcore community on Long Island, not to mention burnout developing amongst the core organizers, meant that Freespace had to close. Soon after, the organization disbanded. People made commitments to other projects, but for the most part things ended when we moved Freespace's belongings into a storage unit, and then into various houses across the Island.

### *Moving from There*

Modern Times and Long Island Freespace are part of a longer history of attempts at radical organizing on Long Island. They provide particular experiences that might be of use to other folks interested in building sustainable suburban radical efforts there. But this short essay isn't the place to go into everything we learned that might be of use to other groups.

Perhaps what I most want to get across in this short piece is that there is a longer history to punk, youth and radical efforts on Long Island. Assessment of each set of experiences can be very helpful in connecting current efforts to a longer trajectory of empowerment and organizing, and also helpful in building from such efforts – that is, organizing with the knowledge of what's already been done successfully and what has failed.

It's always exciting to hear about new initiatives on Long Island. I look forward to the day when one of those projects seeks to document the history of the many efforts to create thriving alternative cultures and radical spaces in the dozens of towns and villages of Suffolk and Nassau county's. Perhaps this zine, like the hundreds of other Long Island zines produced in the last few decades, will eventually be found in an archive that springs from a documentation project. In the case that a project like that never develops though, this zine, like the hundreds of other Long Island zines before it, will likely be stored in someone's attic. In a couple of years it may be completely forgotten. Hopefully not.

- Craig Hughes



# 5 MEALS Under 5 Dollars

## CHANA MASALA

- 1 CAN CHICK PEAS
- 1 pk FROZEN SPINACH
- 1 CAN TOMATO PASTE
- 1 chopped TOMATO
- SALT, PEPPER + (IF YOU HAVE...) CUMIN, TURMERIC, GARLIC

**DIRECTIONS:** heat oil in pan, throw everything in, cook 10-15 min

## Zucchini - Potato, Lathkas

- 1 medium zucchini
- 2 Potatoes
- 1 onion (chopped)
- 3 tbsp corn starch

Peel + grate potatoes + zucchini. (you can leave skin on zucchini for color).

Place in bowl lined w/ dish cloth. Drain any excess liquid.

Add chopped onion + corn starch. Mix thoroughly.

Make into palm sized Patis  
Fry in vegetable oil.

Eat em up !!

## CHICKEN RAMEN BAKE

- CURED CHICKEN MEAT / 2 PACKS RAMEN
- 1 PACK FROZEN SPINACH / 2 CANS CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP
- SHREDDED CHEDDAR / SALT + PEPPER / GARLIC CLOVES

- OVEN TO 350° BOIL RAMEN TO DIRECTIONS (DON'T USE FLAVOR PACK)  
- MIX OTHER INGREDIENTS AND COOKED NOODLES IN BAKING DISH.  
- BAKE 30 MIN. SPRINKLE MORE CHEESE ON TOP, BAKE ANOTHER 15 MIN. ENJOY!

## Spinach + Asparagus Frittata

- 1 pack frozen Spinach
- 6 stalks of Asparagus
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 premade pie crust
- Salt + Pepper

**Directions:** Heat oven to 350°  
Chop Spinach + Asparagus, mix into eggs + pour into crust, bake 20 min.

## chocolate avocado pie

- \* 3 avocados
- \* 1/2 cup + 1 tsp lemon juice
- \* bag of dark chocolate chips
- \* frozen pie crust

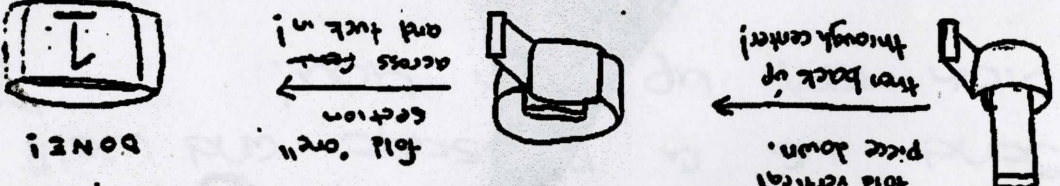
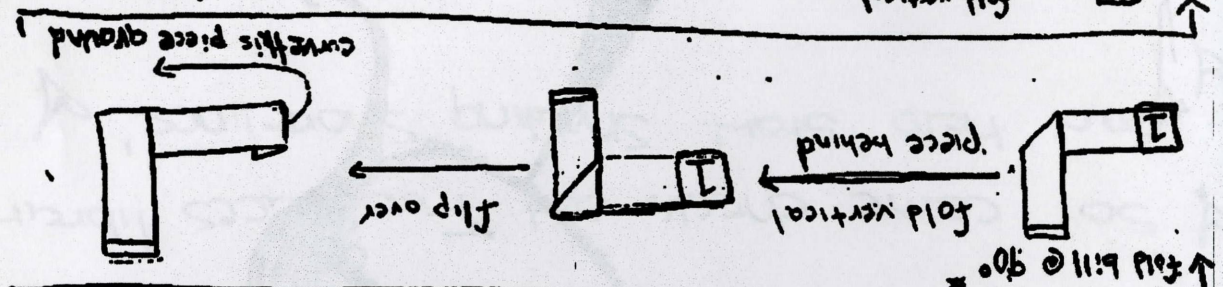
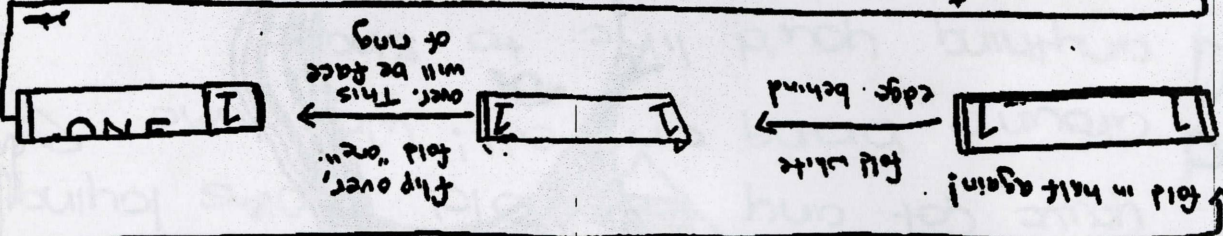
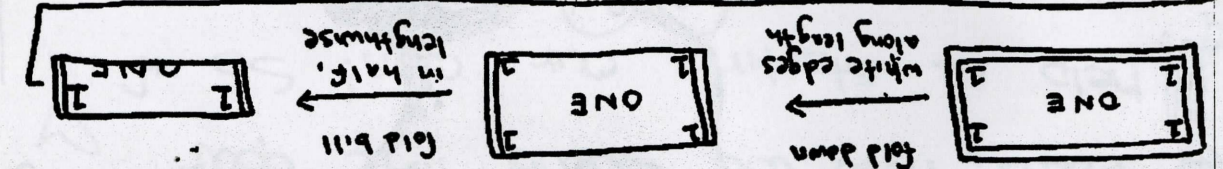
1. mash up avocados, a potato masher or fork work well. stir in lemon juice
2. melt the chocolate chips till melted
3. slowly with stirring add chocolate to the mashed avocado.
4. stir until smooth
5. pour into prebake pie crust
6. refrigerate overnight





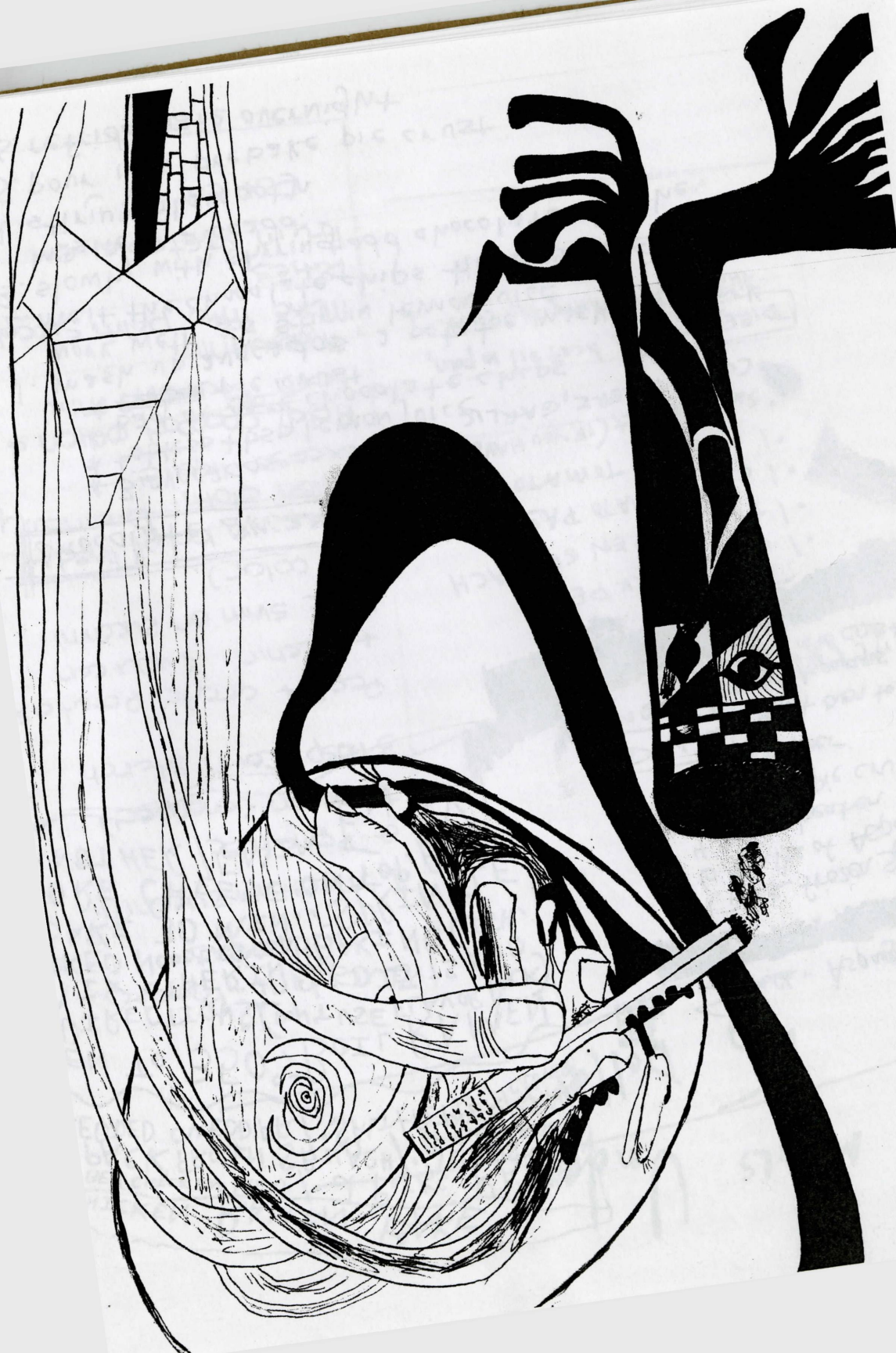
# ORIGAMI

The BLING RING Edition



Once you've tried it a few times, you can size the ring to your finger by choosing length to fold upwards.










## Bring Some Books!

We were lucky enough to have the free space library fall into our paws, now we would like your help at starting our own! So if you've got any  old books laying around bring em all! We'll take anything you'd like to share!

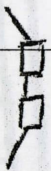
So come check out Free Spaces library and help start Shouting Shorelines!

Send us a message and we'll pick em up from you!

Shouting Shorelines



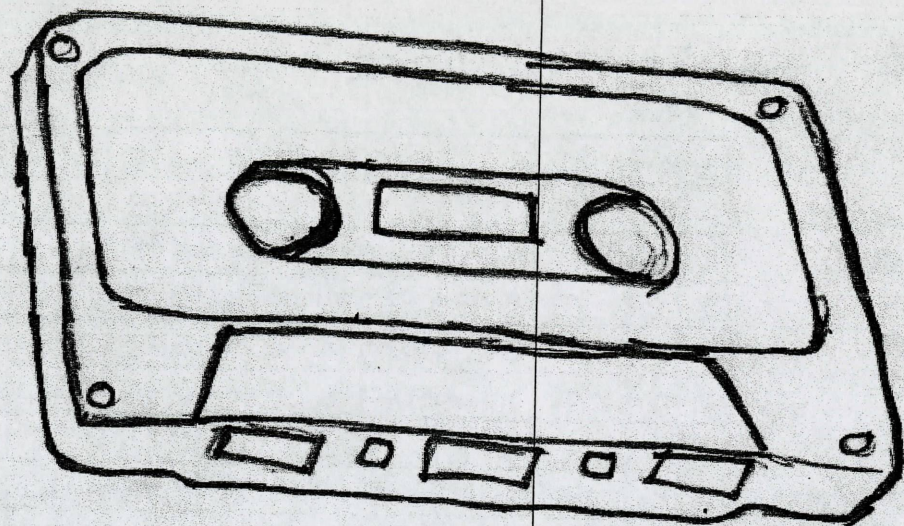
# WORD SEARCH



- ANTIGUITY
- THE BLUFF
- CREERY
- SNOZBERRIES
- GAEMLIN
- SMOOTHIE
- BUAT CAKE
- MOONSTER
- MODERNITY
- BEER
- GIAL CAT
- IGGY
- SATURN
- SHAMING SHORELINES
- JUGGALO
- DOUG BAG
- COMMUNITY
- IKE
- GNAR

S	A	B	N	G	O	P	K	B	E	M	C	D	Y	Q	L	R	G	S	Q	Z	C
F	M	L	O	P	O	P	A	V	B	C	R	S	O	T	E	F	G	H	I	J	O
K	L	O	M	E	H	L	S	U	Q	R	S	E	A	C	L	V	Y	U	X	U	M
Z	K	I	O	M	T	H	D	T	U	G	R	E	W	A	E	F	L	S	A	L	A
L	C	H	A	N	I	H	I	E	K	A	R	E	O	A	T	C	A	F	H	A	U
A	R	A	L	A	S	A	L	O	W	E	D	Y	I	S	G	T	T	H	A	E	N
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I	S	H	O	O	E	R	B	E	T	B	E	T	B	E	T	B	E	T	B	E	T





## THIS IS EXCELLENT!

During the process of making this zine we decided to make a tape of what we've been listening to. What came together was pretty great!

So here's a list of songs of whats on our tape. Feel free to make this yourself or send us A) a blank tape or B) \$2 and we'll make it for you!

## YOUR TAPE JACKET!

1) cut around dotted line

### Side A -

Hooky - What It's Like  
 Surfer Blood - Catholic Pagans  
 Personal and The Pizzers - I Don't Feel So  
 Happy Now No More  
 Each Others Mothers - Extra! Extra!  
 Screaming Females - Starve The Beast  
 Everything Sucks - I Lack Gumption  
 Stupid Party - No Hell  
 Janis Martin - Cracker Jack  
 Ave Tare - Laughing Hieroglyphic  
 The Muppets - Ma Nan Ma Nan

### Side B -

Devotchka - Head Hanzo  
 P.S. Eliot - Troubled Medium  
 Big Boys - Work Without Pay  
 Fleshies - Grounded  
 Glass Candy - Colors  
 The Smiths - Ask  
 Slingshot Dakota - Michael Jordan Saved  
 my Life  
 Big Soda - Raper RT.  
 Pumpfinger - The Same wavelength  
 Ave Noko - Molasses Slow  
 Spraynard - Damn Juice, Damn!

2) Insert into  
 tape jacket  
 and go wild



FOLD  
HERE

FOLD  
HERE

# CAPTAIN GRANDPA'S FAVORITE SONGS VOL 1.

FOLD  
HERE

FOLD HERE

## CAPTAIN GRANDPA'S FAVORITE SONGS VOL 1

FOLD  
HERE

FOLD  
HERE



