

In light of everything going on right now we need safe havens for people. Maine is a pretty good place for getting land and for farming.



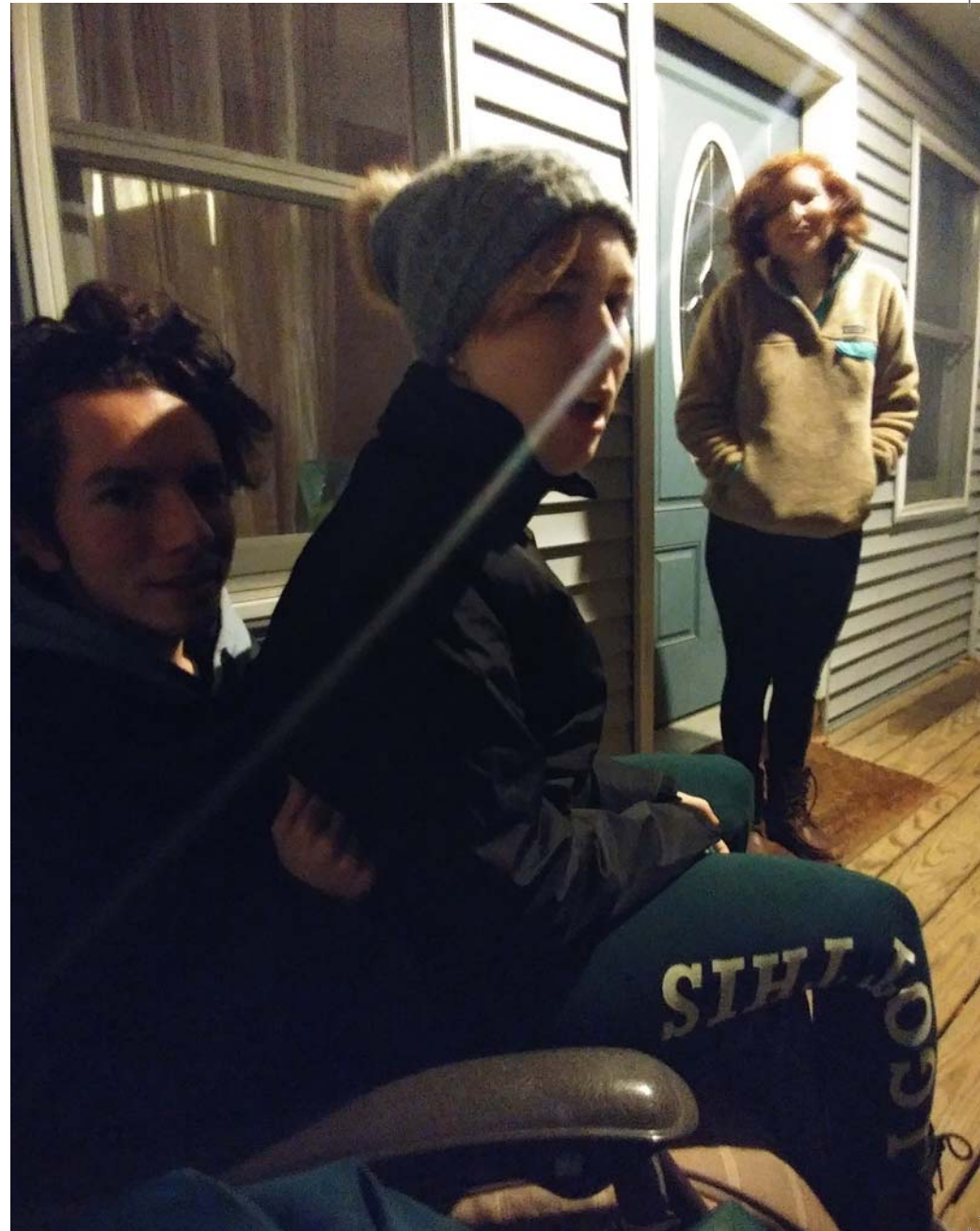








I was driving around looking for something to do but there is nothing to do in Woolwich except drive around so eventually I got tired and settled on sitting around at Ben's place until morning.



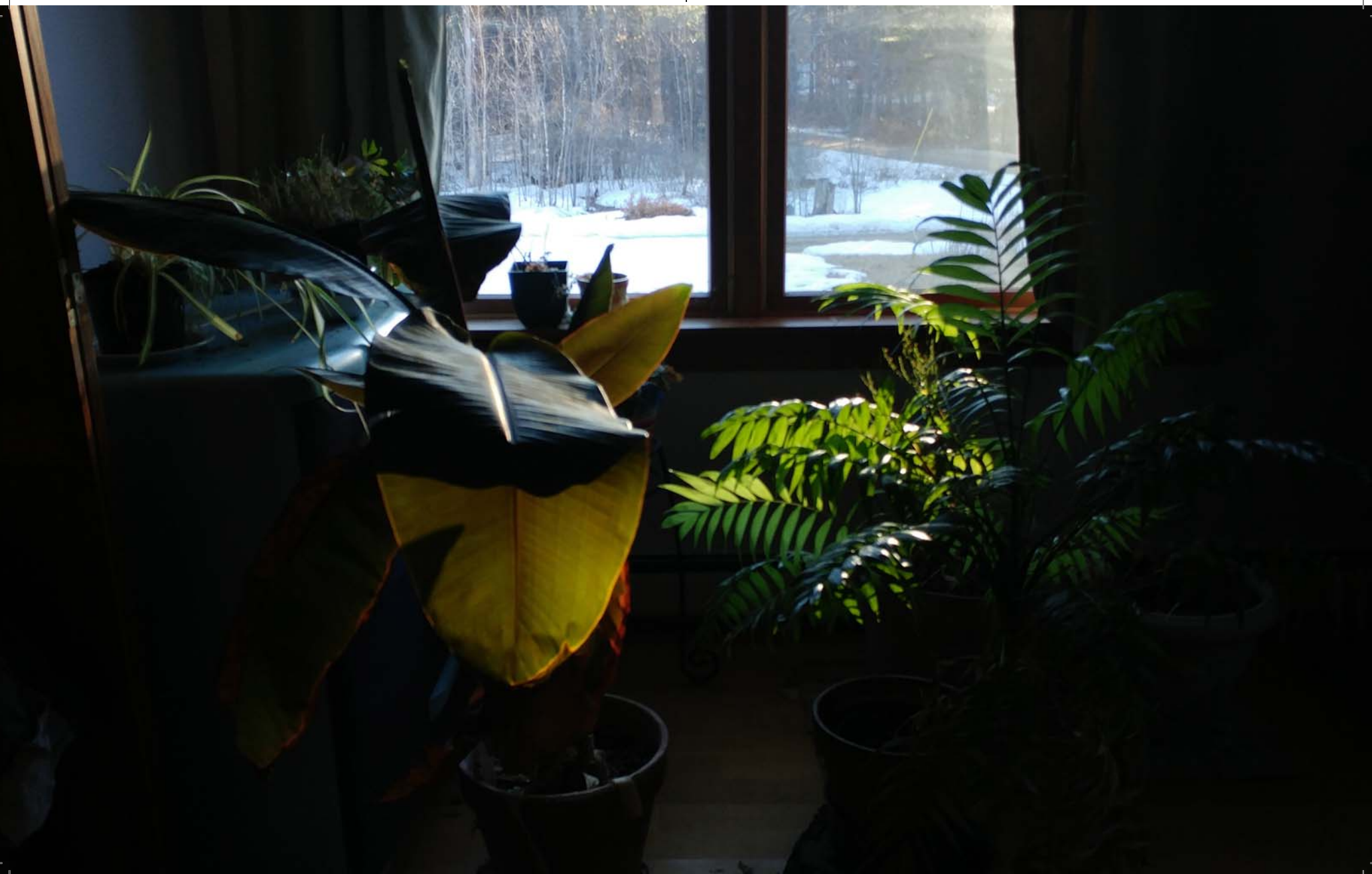










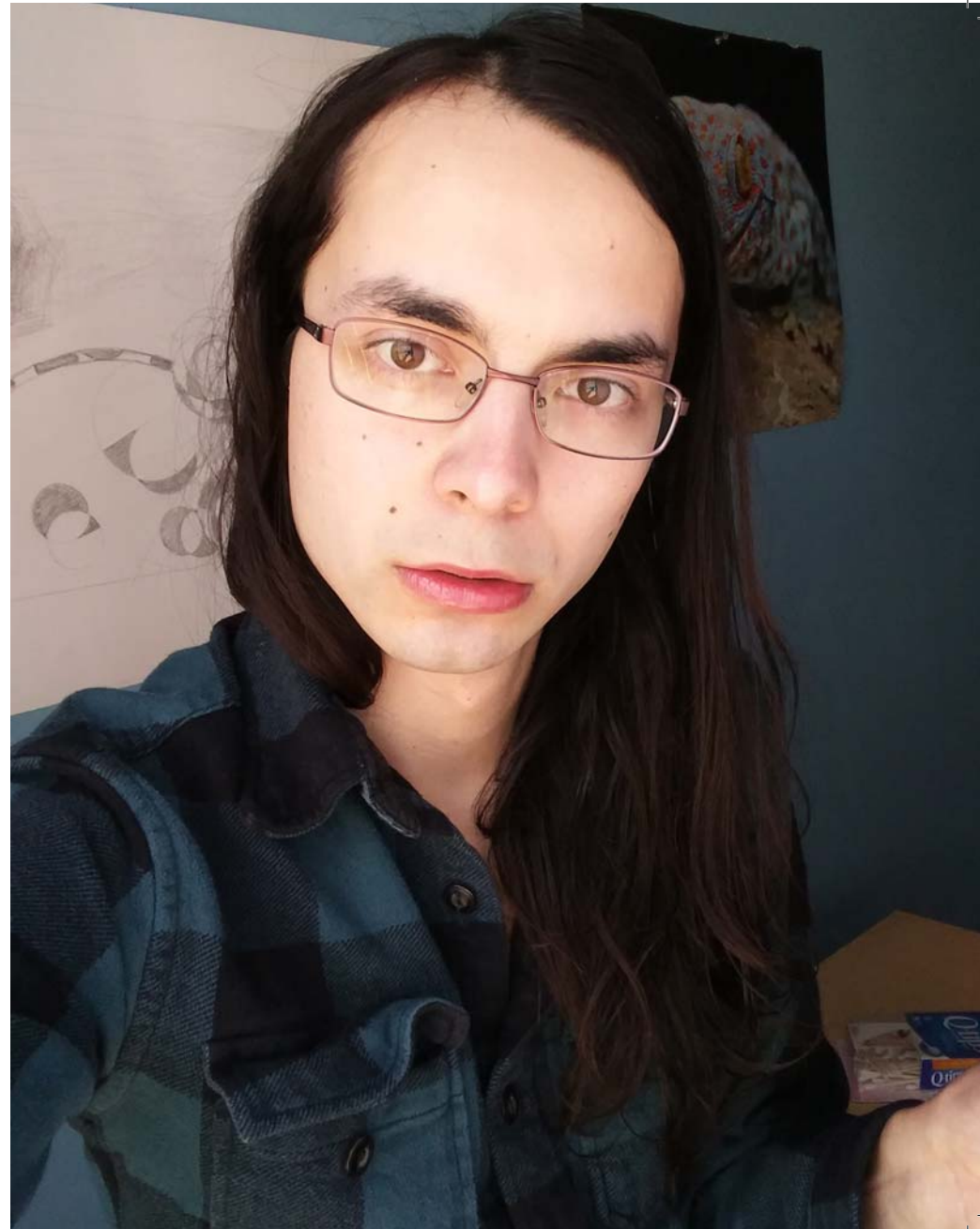






















I don't get all the things I need. I'm just getting to the point where I have food and medicine in a sustainable ongoing way.

People in Maine are already used to pulling together to survive.

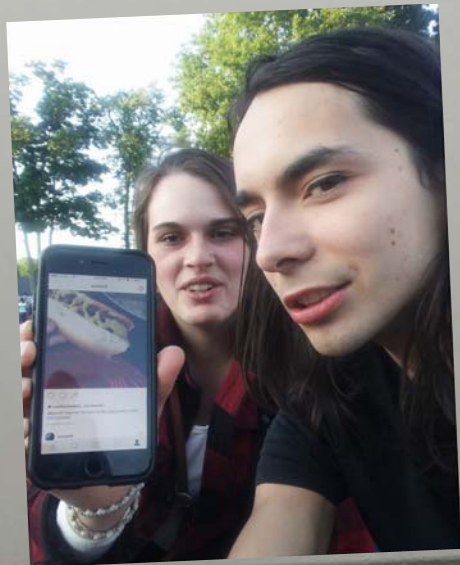




Whenever we cant face the thought of another weekend sitting around in an empty house in the middle of the woods, we get in a car and drive 3+ hours to hang out at my brother's dorm in Bar Harbour.










I brought my father's daughter along once to visit my brother. I think to her Maine is this romantic place for intellectuals and artist to drink micro brews and smoke homegrown weed in the woods.











It's just bizzare. Because like, it was like a thing that I knew existed, but you know sometimes it feels like something doesn't exist untill you touch it and see?

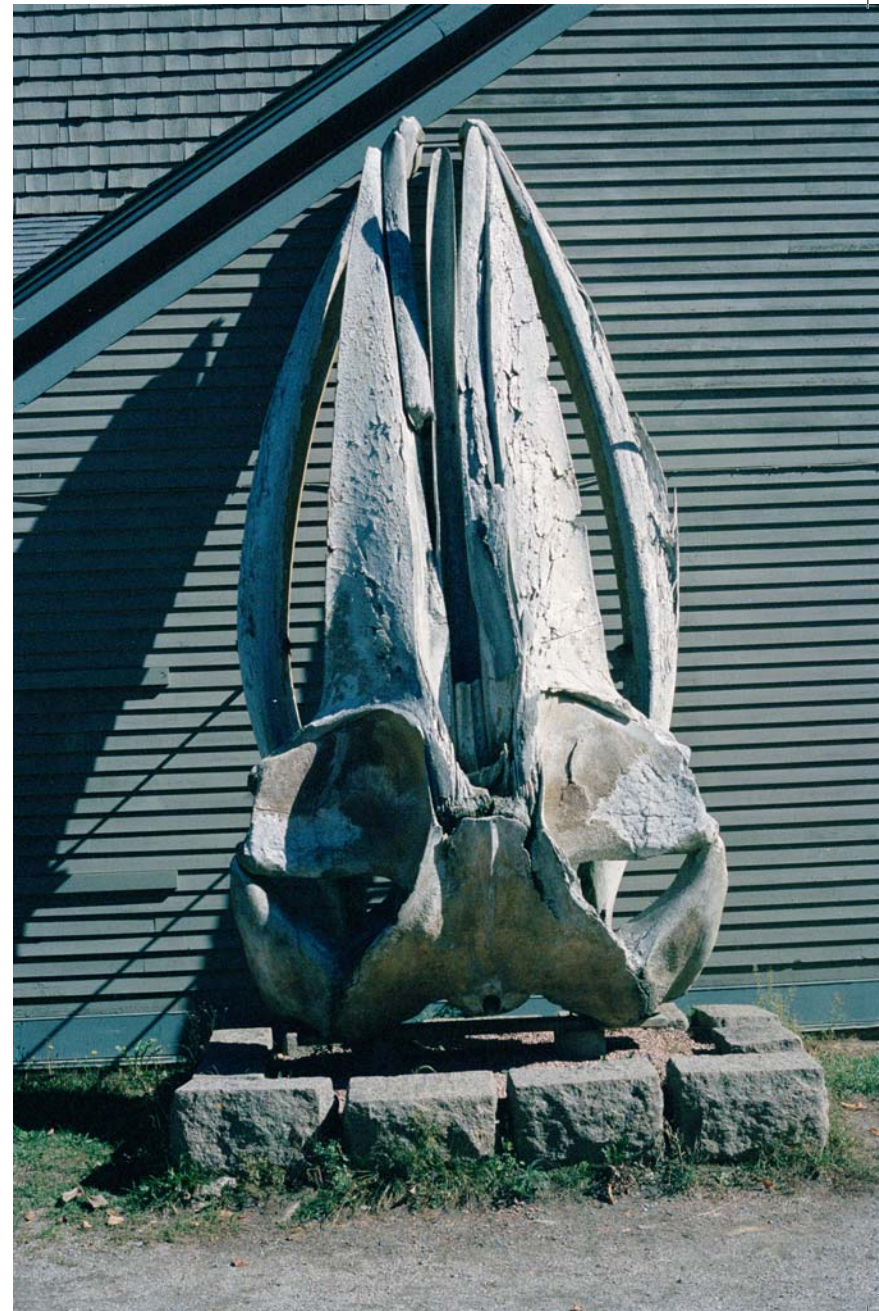
**Yeah deffinetly.**

It was just a slap in the face and it-

**I like this idea of being in a Maine is like a slap in the face.**

But like I can't shake the feeling that this is just a really big lake. But then I remember that this is all over the world. This body of water covers so much.











Bar Harbour is everything I want Maine to be. It's beautiful in a unique way, it's on the ocean and full of good places to eat. It helps that I'm not wrapped up in all the town hall politics and particular socio-economic misery of a place that survives because of the yearly flood of wealthy tourists and seasonal residents.





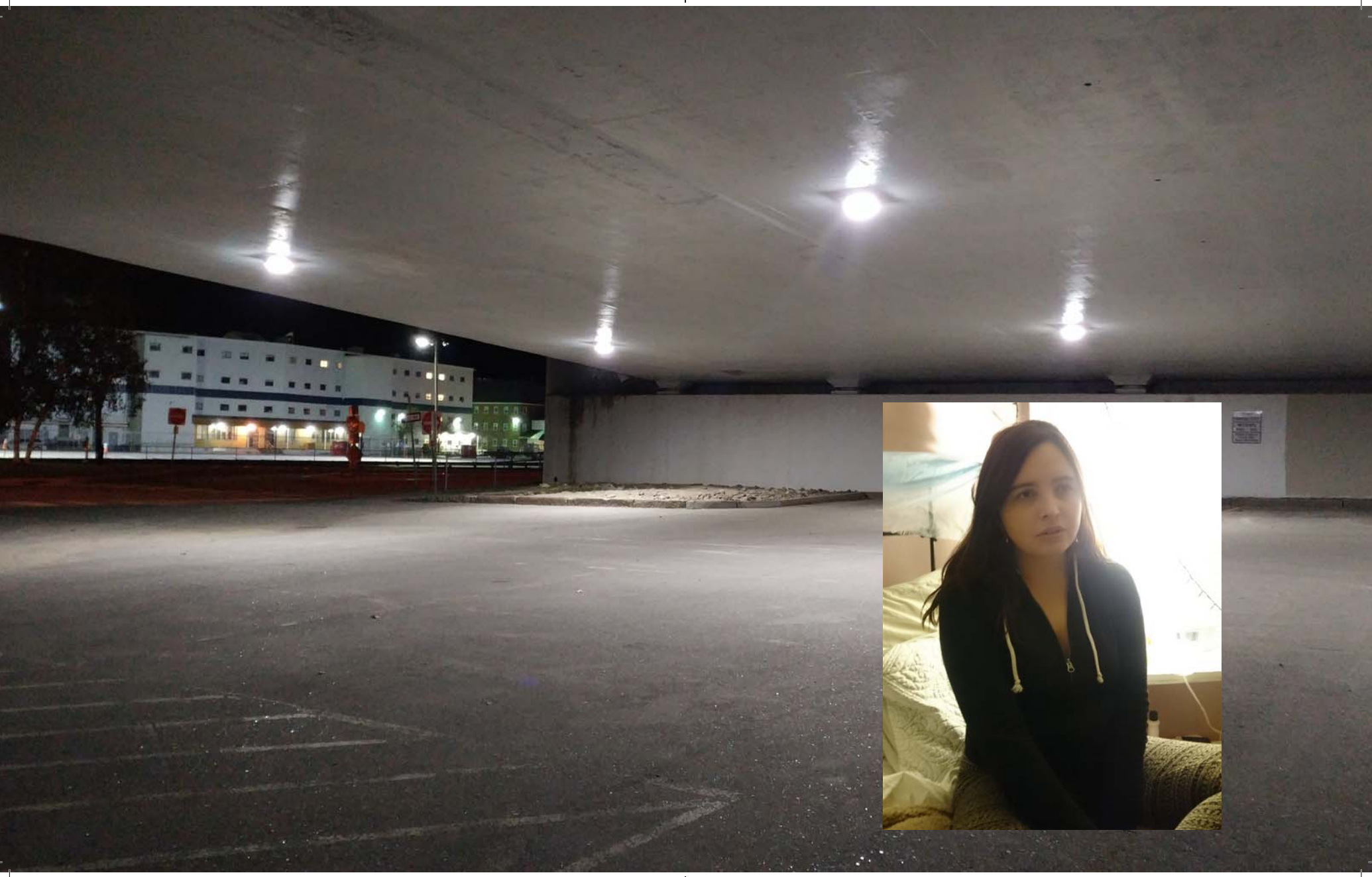














# RIVER BOTTOM VIDEO



Handwritten sign on a whiteboard:

Don't miss out on the 1st floor  
the best selection  
of the latest video  
and more...  
the whole lot and  
more...  
the whole lot and  
more...  
the whole lot and  
more...



TENANT PARKING - ONLY  
UNAUTHORIZED VEHICLES WILL BE TOWED AT THE OWNER'S EXPENSE

In a lot of ways I love Bath. It's my home and it's residents have supported me and been formative in a way that most other places never will be.

Bath is also the town where my step-father abandoned me, where my mother was laid off, and most importantly, where I was too far the fuck in the woods for anybody to come find me.

























Would you come back to Maine after you were done going to school?

Probably not.

Would you want to stay in Boston?

I want to stay in the Boston, but I'm worried about the government enforcing the new world order, or some catastrophic event happening while I'm in the city. So, I might come back before all that takes place.

'Cause the woods will be better.

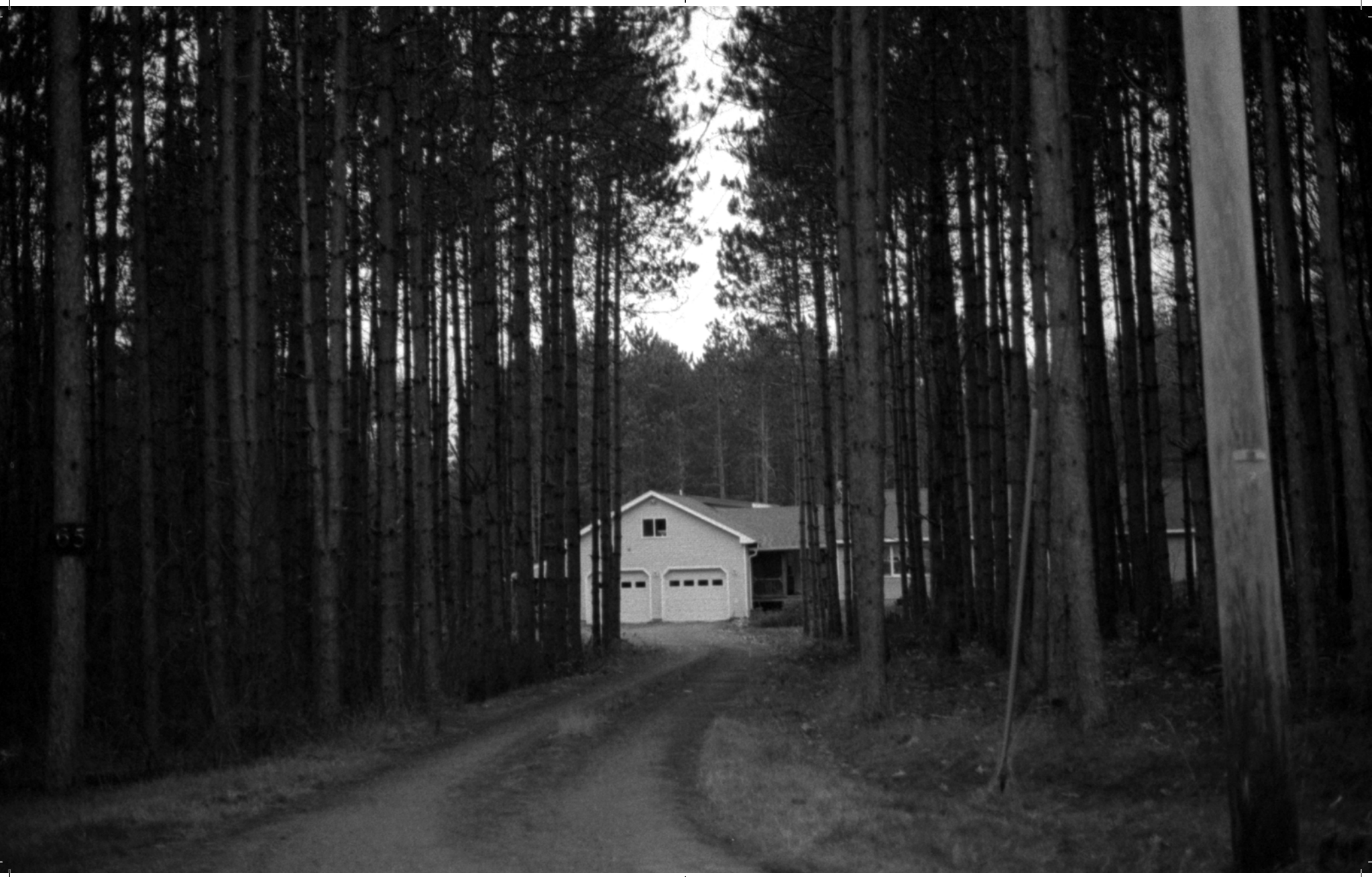
There's more hiding places.

Better for survival.

Yeah.





























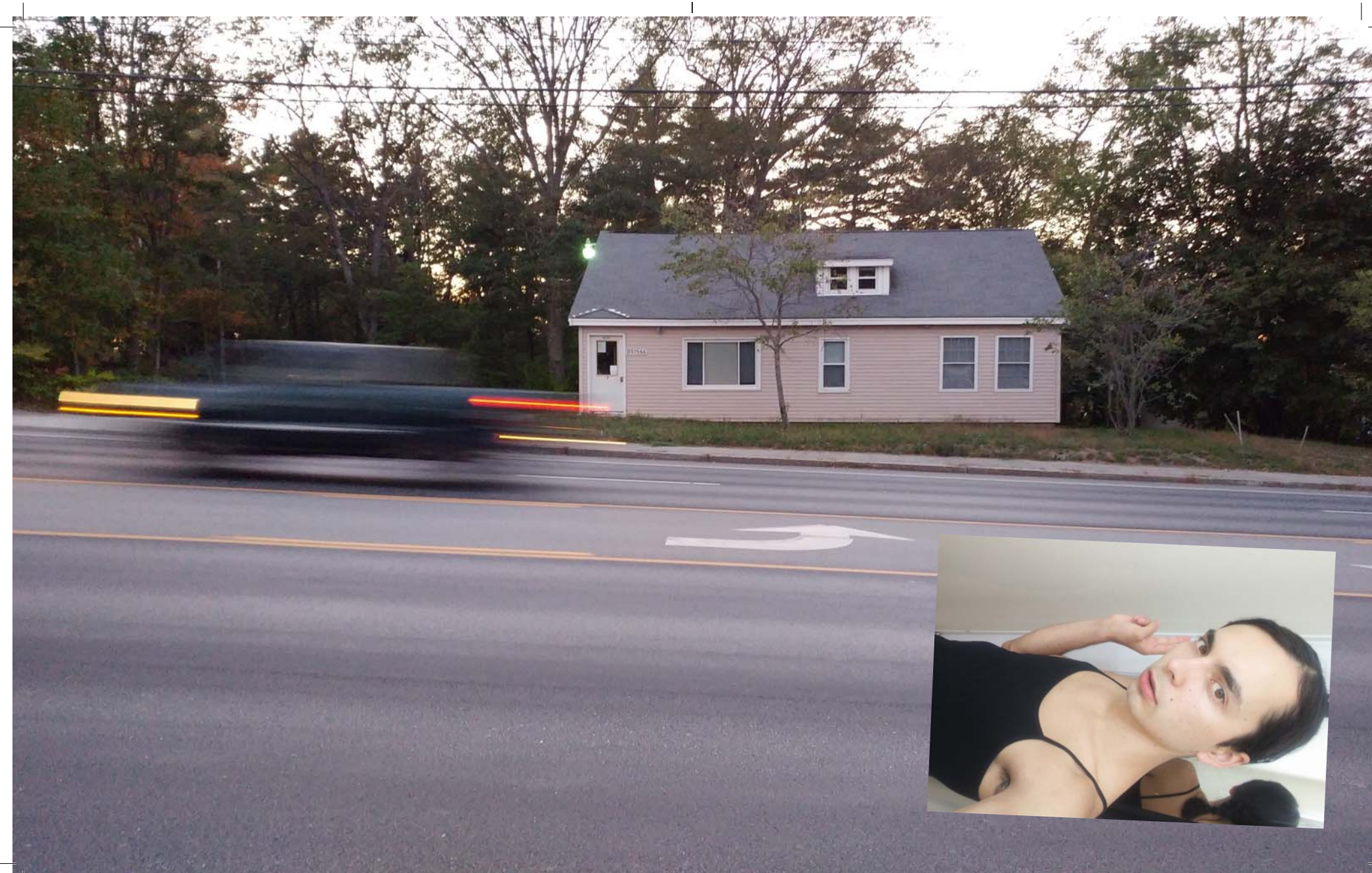










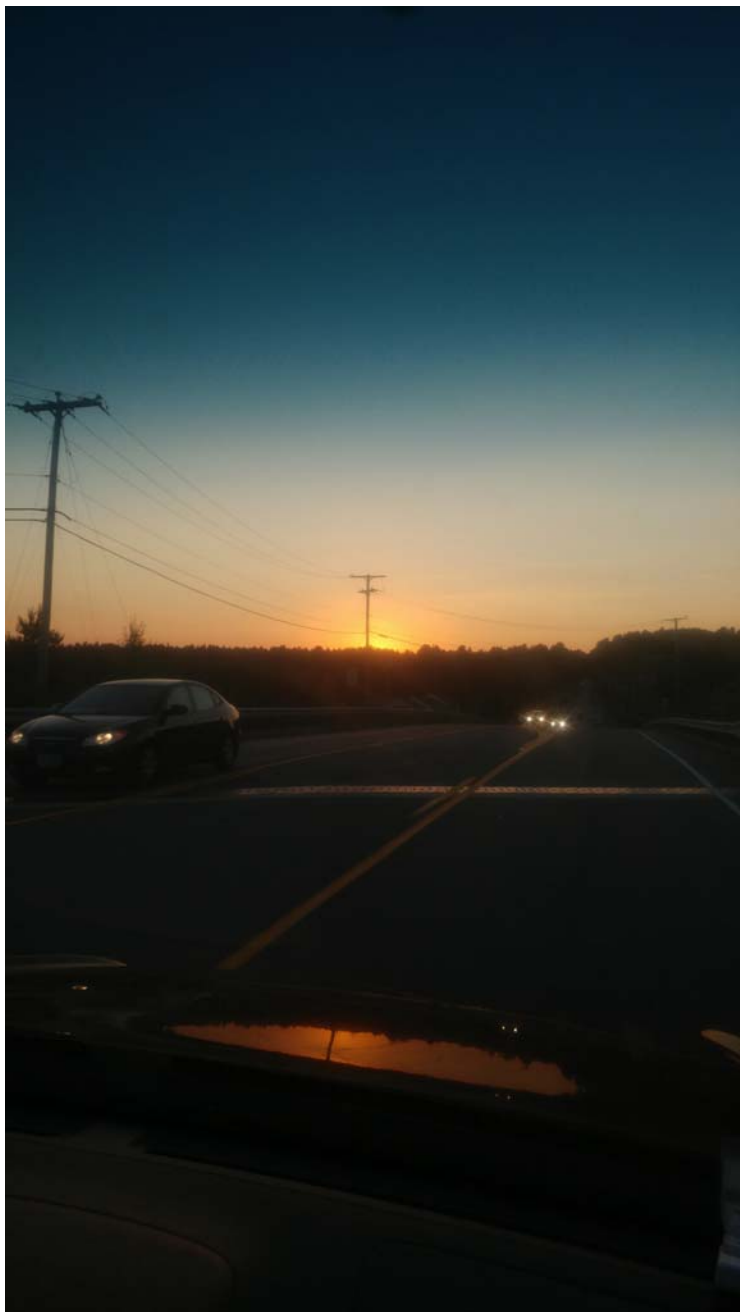


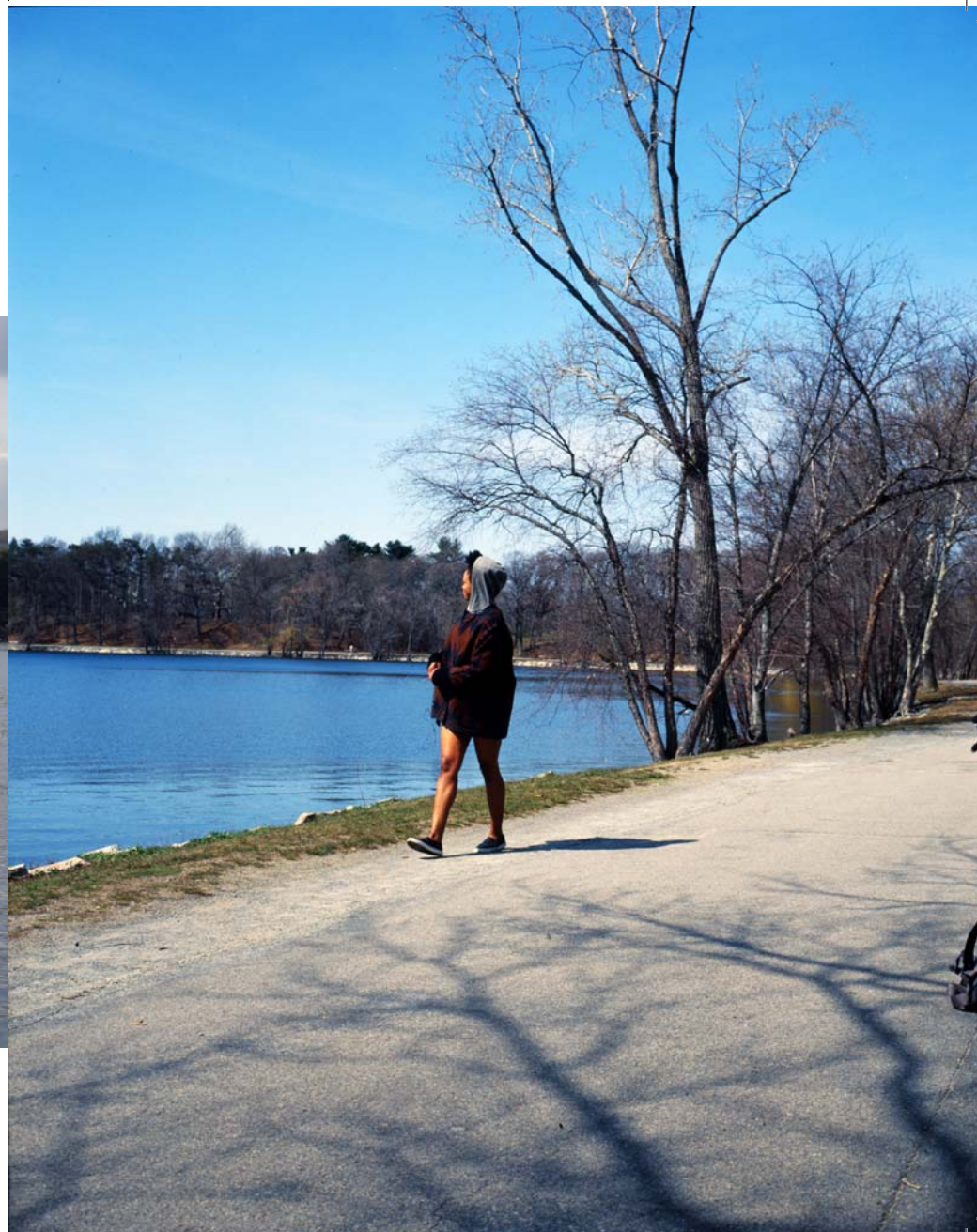






















So, your in high school still?

**Yeah.**

**Are you planning on going to school?**

**Yeah. I wanna go somewhere in Boston.**

**Why Boston?**

**It seems like a city but it still has a lot of history. And it's a city but it's not a huuuuge city.**

You could say that about Portland.

True but - Portland is definitely still Maine.



In Boston I've always felt there was something emotionally fulfilling. Maybe I imagine that in Boston I can set the expectations of who I am. Of the kind of behaviour that can be expected. How I dress, who I sleep with, where I spend my time, what I have to drink and smoke.

In Boston all of this costs money. A lot of money. Living is expensive in the Hub. I don't think I want to scrape by just to exist in such a fundamental way.





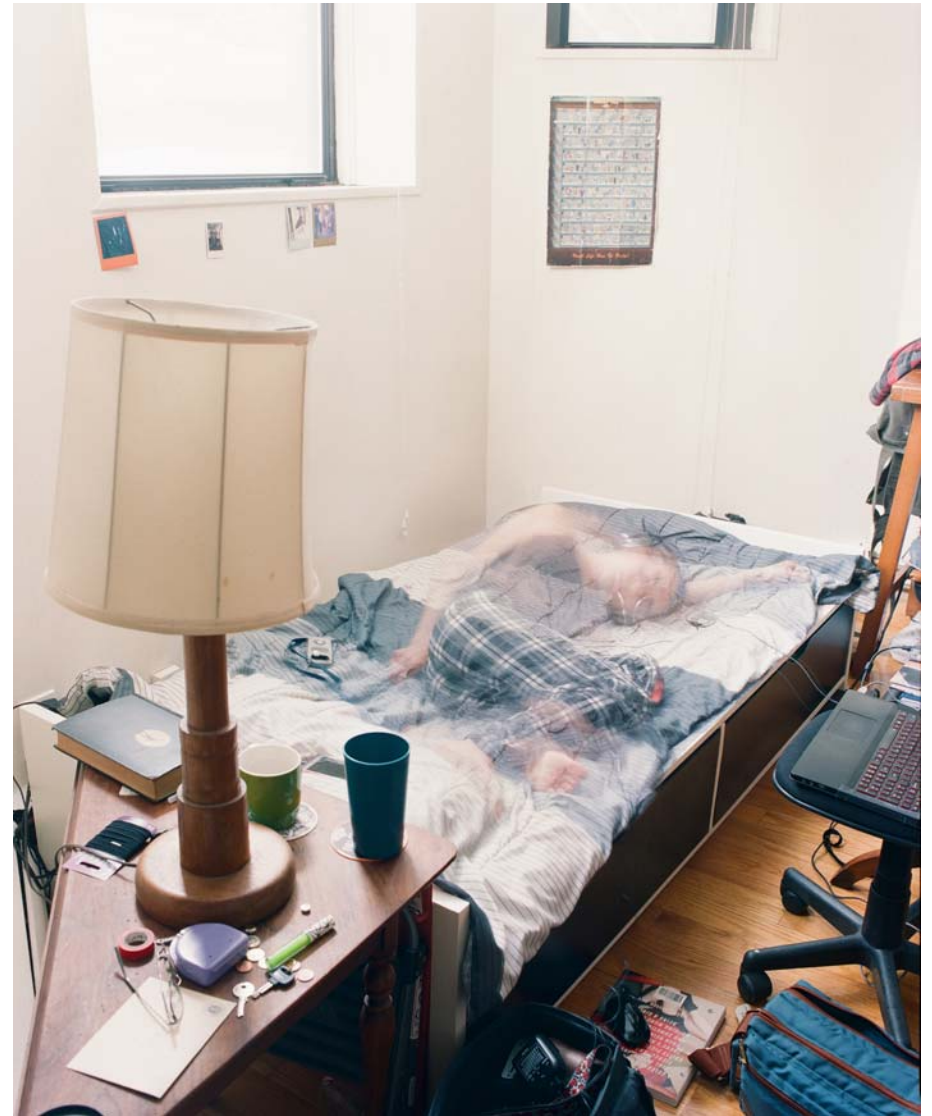








I know plenty of my friends from back home who have found their space in Boston. Maybe they plan to go back to Maine, or maybe they plan to stay. Either way I understand that Boston is palce where people cycle in and out so quickly and regularly that it's always easy to find space for yourself in the gaps that are left behind. I know I'm just filling a gap here. I don't think I can live forever in someone elses space, even if it never really belonged to them either.

















Sparkely boy comes out of the woods to play drums in your basement.







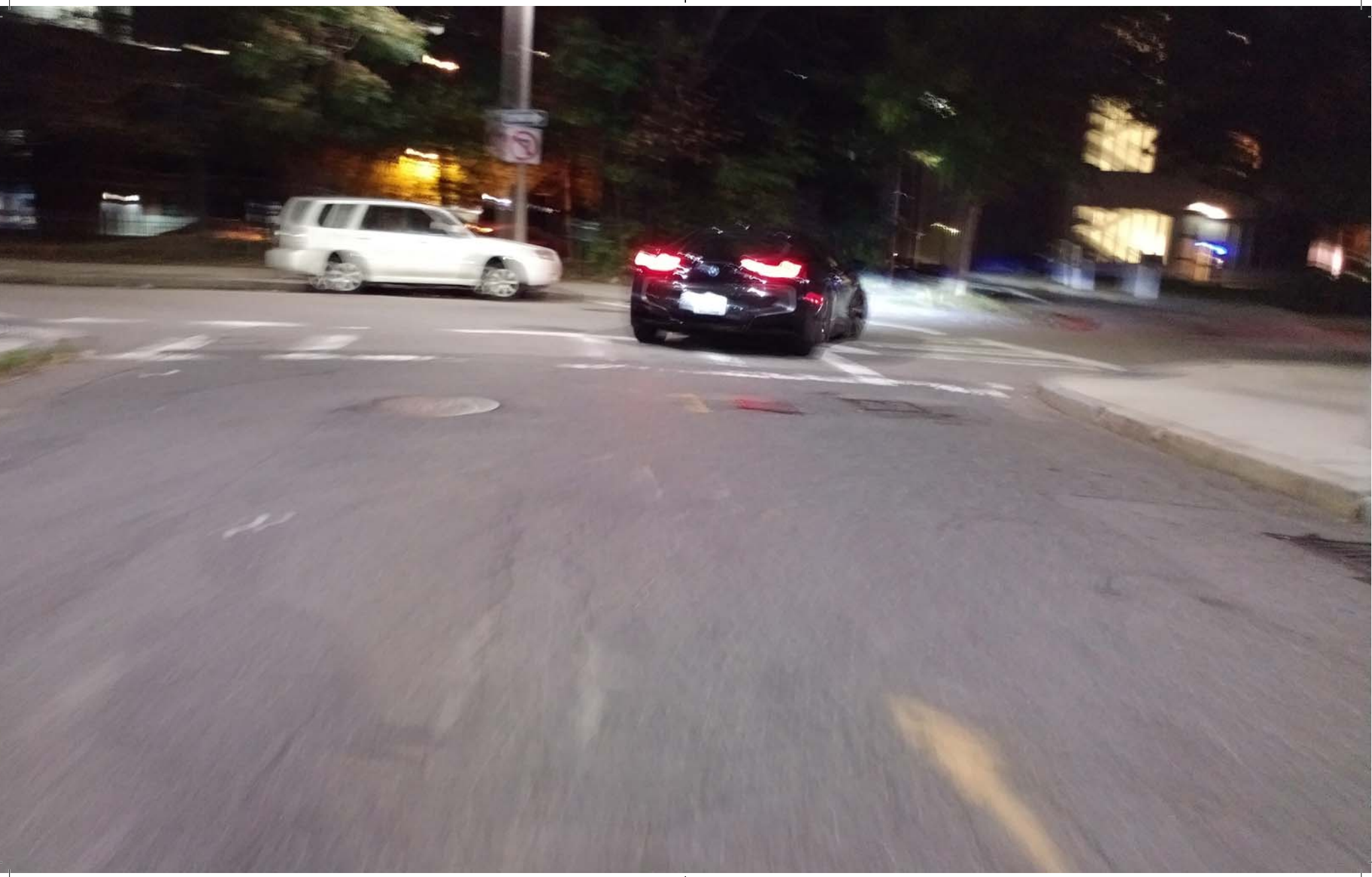




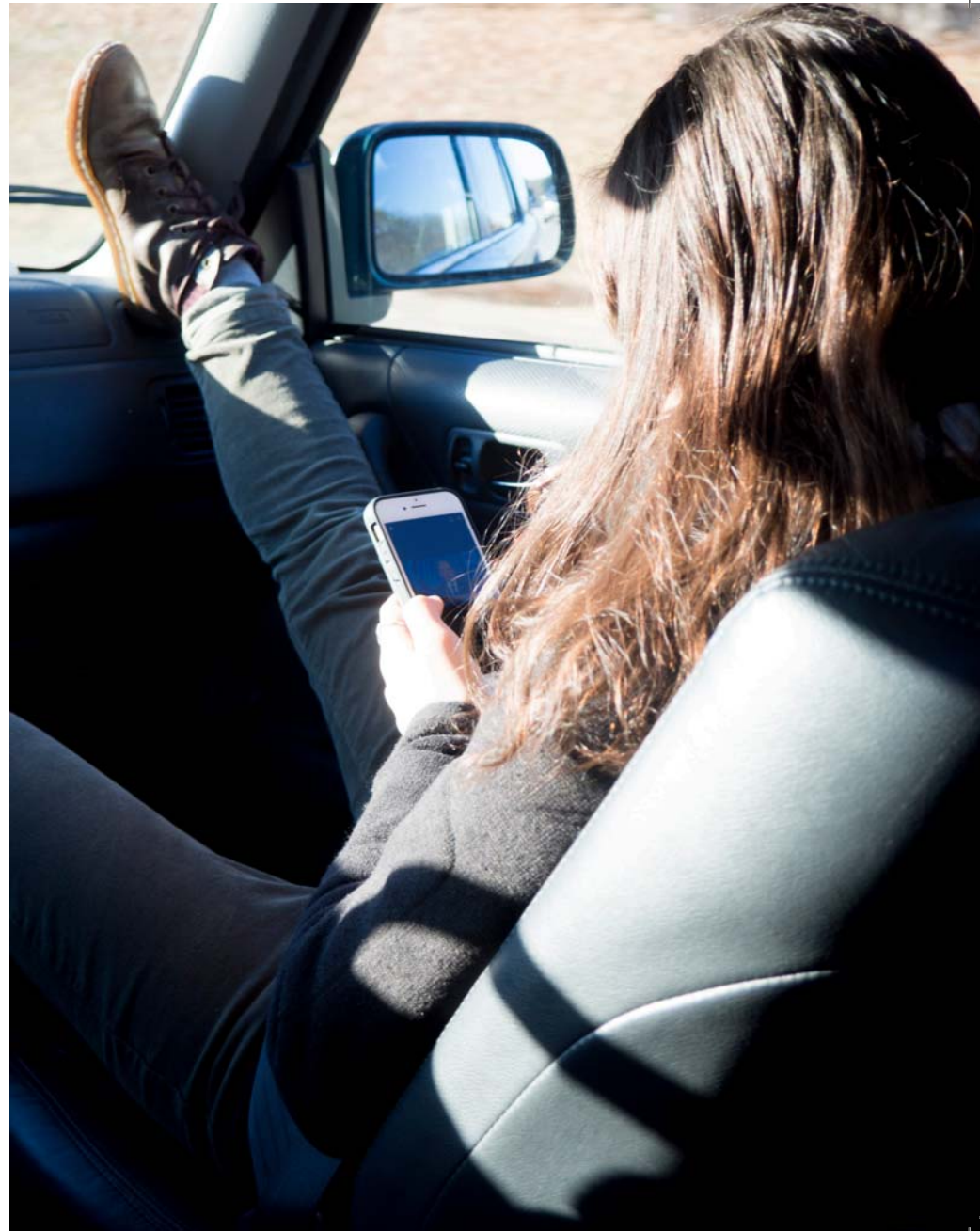
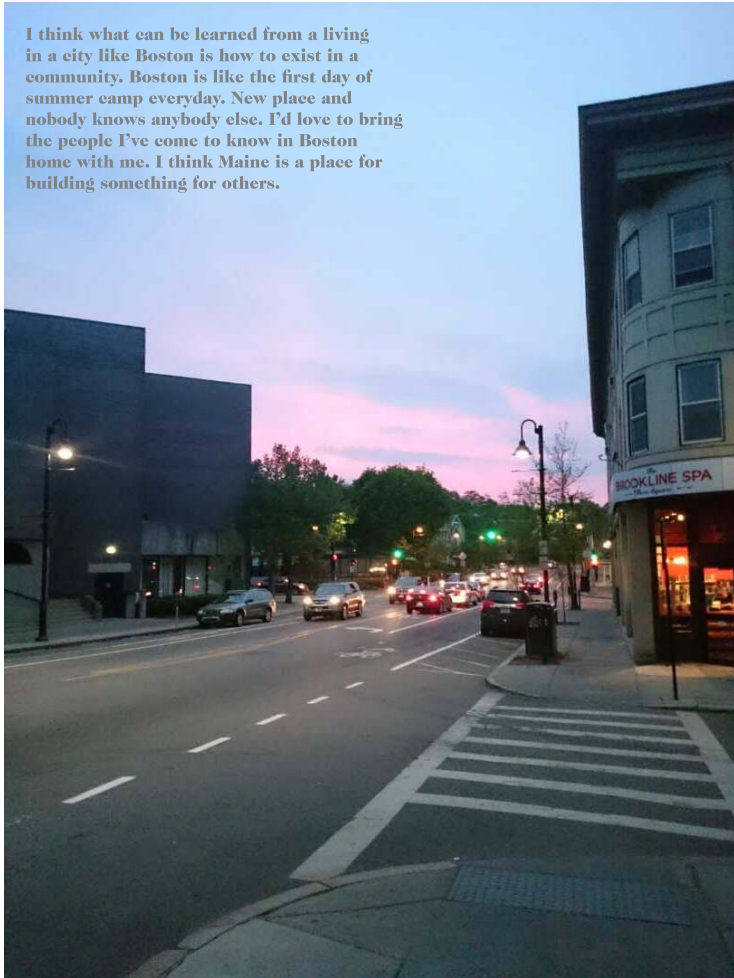








I think what can be learned from a living in a city like Boston is how to exist in a community. Boston is like the first day of summer camp everyday. New place and nobody knows anybody else. I'd love to bring the people I've come to know in Boston home with me. I think Maine is a place for building something for others.





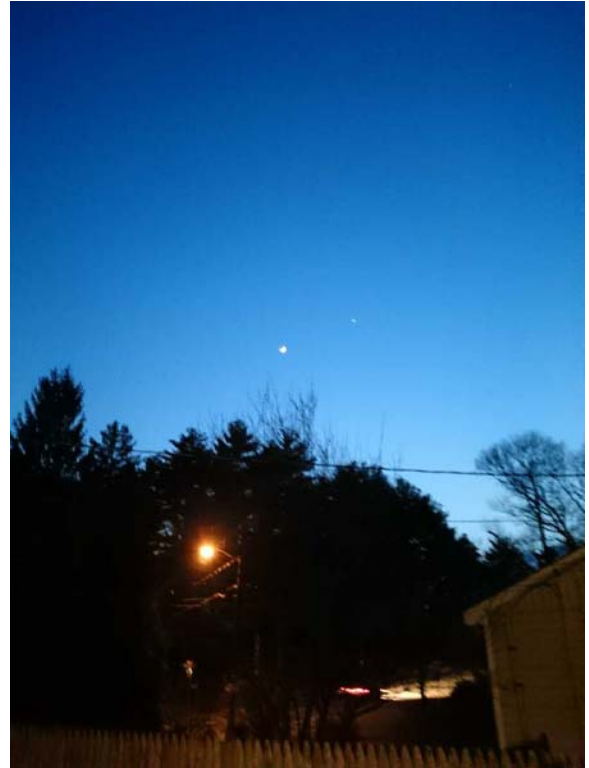
This photograph shows my little sister with her bag & camera after waiting to long on the other side of the island. The tide came in and when we got pack to the sandbar it was already covered in three feet of water. That day we drove back to New Hampshire. From there I went back to Boston. It seems strange for me enter and exit this space so casually. The water in this photograph is worlds away from Allston basement shows.

In this case I think it's clear how my younger sister is a link between these worlds. Geographically her life exists between urban Boston and rural Maine. She also represents the place where many compartmentalized spaces in my life meet.











Sorry Mom

Fuck Maine

XMD

KRU

UCKH...  
Che...  
TL