

It's hard to know what you mean when you say punk.
So, I want to talk about hardcore. There's hardcore
and then there's hardcore.

I only go to hardcore shows in the summer.

I've gone to hardcore shows in the winter.

But the one hardcore - the hot sweat and foul smell,
black leather, too many tattoos, beer cans thrown
through the sky leaking along their arch. Dirt clods
kicked up, kissing tendrils, crab walks, a general
demand to take up space.

The other hardcore craves heat in the dark. Ecstatic
dance. Intense movement, driving kicks.

At Capacity was hardcore, but in an expansive way.
People like Kavari are post-hardcore. DJ Manny is
hardcore, maybe a third hardcore where intensity and
sensuousity intermingle. Endless hardcore. Is the third
a post? A deferral. Something new or the
re-intensification of the same?

Explosive color, lots of skin, sweaty, sexy, but
intensely interior, insular. When you're really dancing,
lost inside, simultaneously so outside in an expressive
sub that connects everyone. This was the (post-)
hardcore of Kavari and Manny - they're creating
connectivity through bass.

The automatic doors at the Bushwick Art Center are
jammed. It produced a loud, plastic grinding sound,
repetitive and immediate. Then someone said Trump
had been shot.

The two hardcores are both hot and sweaty, but
there's different fluids and molecules moving through
the crowds. Different aggressions.

The thing about hardcore is that it will never die.

It doesn't care if you like it (except when it does).

Perfectly useless.

I'm going to all these raves. I'm thinking about
fireworks from years ago. I'm remembering the
antagonism of 2020's endless fireworks, or maybe
just the sense that everyone was outside. I went to the
rave alone and sat in the cloud of dust, in the chewed
out grass in front of Fort Tilden. I wandered through
the same sandy pathways. I knew them from the past.

two hardcore David Farrow

I felt the echo of our love.
I feel like people are attracted to the apocalypticism of
raves. There's the impending sense that war defines
the future of the country. That the intensification of
gay/queer/trans fuckery is a momentary blip.
Maybe a Weimar feeling. (But my cynicism does not
constrict my life)

(But my fear of the future does not deny who I will
become)

Sitting above the treeline, I hear the birds zigzagging,
spinning, tweeting - all at once. The knock of kicks in
the concrete hallway beneath. I found the rash shuttle.
Ocean waves. I feel so alive and so in love with the
city. Chatter drifts up from the field where cars sit,
one truck has beach chairs in its bed. People kissed
against the concrete wall, twinks fell into each other.
5:37, I breathe in the beach air.

A good argument must be beautiful.

Fishermen stretch down the beach. 9 ravers sit, chat,
and play with the sand. Someone remarks, "This is
exactly what I want to be doing with my life. My heart
is so happy." I see the endangered sandpiper running
along the beach. The same one we chased after. But
I don't necessarily feel sadness, more an affirmation
of myself for making the strange, challenging decision
to take a car out to the rave at Fort Tilden. I smell the
seafoam breaking against the sand. American flag
towel, camouflage crocs, an overworked star tattoo, a
fucked-up raver plays in the shallow waves. The rest
of the rave ambles on the sand. K said there's probably
events like this in every city in the country, but I'm not
sure. To be sitting on the beach after bopping around
the Glendale intersection fireworks, after loitering on
Myrtle for too long, only to find a bird circumnavigating
the crowd, panning its chirps in a spiral downward
towards bumps, joints, cigarettes, redbull, and plastic
bottles of water.

I sit by the cold waves. The wind rips across the
beach. Two embrace after one took a plunge in the
morning sea. To be in love and stay up all night with
your lover. One of the DJs snoozes on the sand,
another flops around in the breaking waves, laughing
alone. "Get baptized, Jesus beach god, go in the
water."

I've been thinking about insanity a lot lately. On
the concrete slab, overlooking the East River, the
milquetoast rave in the foreground, the dregs of the

hardcore show in the background, I said, "I think everyone is losing it." H and M agreed, speculating some subsisting covid trauma was reemerging this summer. There's a mix of fried, hyper-intensity and exhaustion. It's in the voice of the kids nervously discussing subway surfing. In the haggard, but rabid political climate. In the heavy heat that bursts into rain.

I was at a hardcore show. I biked deeper into Queens, knowing it was somewhere in Highland Park. They had a generator in the clods of dirt. People spilled into each other, the hiss of a nitrous tank in the background.

I was at a hardcore show and someone OD'd on the subwoofer. It took a while for anyone to notice. And

the DJ was so loud no one knew what was going on. And there was this artifice about epilepsy. A handful of people went over to C's. We spent a while in her room. She was playing insane music, some of it from fucking around with her turntable, some from her computer.

Someone started talking about raves, whether tonight was a rave - you get a sense that a rave is beyond a party, it requires going beyond, breaking into a place, being locked into an endless rhythm, twisted off of something, but also PLUR (PEACE, LOVE, UNDERSTANDING, RESPECT).

I'm on the roof, present in a field of disassociation, waiting for the sun to rise.