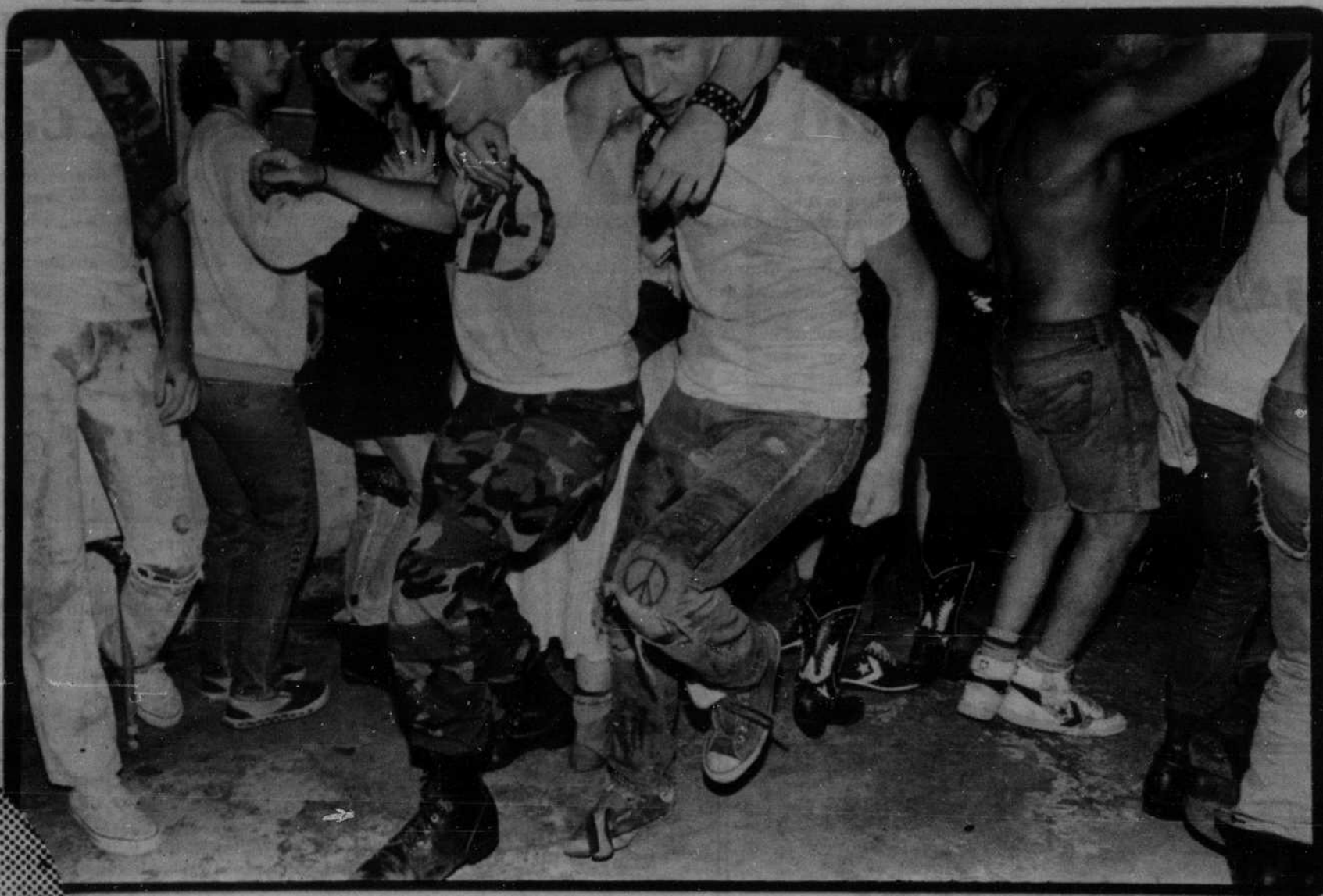


And the
hardcore
live on.



Photos and text by
Hank Trotter

And the hardcore live on. Cuttin' the rug punk style means grabbing a friend by the neck and, in a swirling run, clearing the floor with fists and elbows. The occasion is a basement party with live hardcore bands. Adrenalin O.D. from New Jersey and E-13, formerly of Eugene, berate the audience with monstrous decibels of noise.

The crowd, many fortified with various cheap label beers, join in the slam dance, pick up the fallen slammers or seek safe corners from which to view the show. The air is thick with smoke and sweaty heat.

"Flags may come, and flags may go," Jon Lyons of E-13 mockingly intones to the group of revelers, "but Old Glory will last for eons." He finishes up with over-driven guitar and squealing feedback. The song over, the audience claps and hoots appreciatively.

