

Nine Inch Nails purge Portland fans

by Christopher Haberman
The Print Rhapsody Editor

Critters fuzzed in sweat-filled arenas and danced a prom dance with wet stains on their briefs. Trent Reznor boomed his broken heart and screamed his neurosis to a big, nasty, hot, sweaty, excited, alcohol-enriched crowd of saps dancing to beats recorded in some closet in California.

But this night belonged to a sold-out, Yukon Jack-holding, stand-in-line-for-an-hour, Portland crowd that had no idea who was opening, and were basically shocked that Reznor decided to tour at all, a self-destruct tour at that. After so many destruct, we don't expect Reznor to want anymore money than he already has. Reznor, to my knowledge, has never toured, except at Lollapalooza '91, and it was definitely surprising to see the name of the Nails, the Nine Inch Nails, playing their blackened mass to our heartland mecca of suburbanite shells.

Type O Negative opened the show, after rumors of Tori Amos and Acid Test and about 100 other bands. It didn't matter who opened, it just mattered who finished. Type O Negative played a short, hair-in-the-face set, chains dangling and keyboards on auto-loop. The crowd gave acclaim when they announced that they would be playing their last song. "I knew we'd at least get something out of that." Mr. Negative added, before he strummed slow chords to a hidden drummer. They are a good band, but they were a simple appetizer to a feast that would cause many to purge beyond capability.

The crowd cheered and waited an entire hour for Reznor to break his own heart, the roadies to set up and the crowd to get wild. The crowd got bigger and the smoke began to rise. Disco beats dazzled and people, already a frenzy from mass, began swaying, creating their own open spaces, stealing from others' elbow-room. The feeling in the air was, "I can't believe I'm going to watch Nine Inch Nails."

But it was no dream. Toto, Dorothy and crew teased the crowd of many, sweaty, moshy, some showered, some covered in other cover-ups, until they emerged as demi-gods surrounded by men in black shirts. The secret service was at an all time high. "Hey, do you want to work security? It is warm inside."

Security was as tight as the crowd. Music started and lies surfaced and security tensed and everyone began to move around; everyone began to swim in the sweat of the suit they prepared for the evening. Reznor wasn't the image I assumed of the pink-sweatered sweetie I saw in B-sides magazine a month ago. He was the anti-M-TV war pig, topped with gloves, sleek and lean, angry as any recording. Reznor's voice was outstanding, just something that could happen without the help of machines. But as the machines helped, I'm sure, the voice was all Nine Inch Nails; it was all Trent Reznor. "...The most intense show of the 90s," as quoted in the Oregonian. I agree it was a most intense dis-

play of industry, willpower and emotion. Reznor is a bundle of anger, a true embodiment of resentment, a man who really kicked Portland and the surroundings into the trash heap where we were found. The whole show was just a reflection of Pretty Hate Machine, with a few mentions of "Wish", and Broken and our ultimate downside of the downward spiral.

"Seattle were a bunch of pussies," said Reznor, looking across the sailing crowd, people heaped on people. Oh, he says that to the all the girls in every little town. A self-destruct tour that flashed its pan and left me breathless, dehydrated and mourning for more.

"They were great, man," said Scott Ransom, student, who attended the show. "I still can't believe I saw Nine Inch Nails."

I still can't believe I saw Nine Inch Nails. Thank you Mommy for giving me children's aspirin in a table spoon of orange juice and allowing me to borrow your Master Card.

PIT RATING: (A SLICK SEVEN) Crazed psychos took the night off to dance in the bar, and their fantasy-heads existed only in dry-heave nightmares. The place was really, packed. Fire laws were broken and no one stage-dived. It was the music and only the music. Wild, intense volume, bouncers around, digging their clammy claws into back sides of pilots of beat-up beamers. Dancing around, shaking that thang, while everyone sang the words to songs that have written themselves on our memory. No first aid-vans traveled through broken glass, and no one received the bus pass to the hospital, but after awhile, people drank water and the world was smooth again. As far as pits go, this was really good, but people weren't there to fight this night; they were there because of spendy tickets bought a month ago, for a self-destruct tour that painfully, pleasurably, blew up in our eager faces. NIN.

'Field of blue' lingers on McLoughlin wall

by Russ Jones
The Print Staff

I came upon a field of blue. It was much like many summer skies of yesterday. Beneath that timeless, azure vault, I'd stretch upon my back and wander too with the lazy, cotton clouds that came and went with endless ease: Spanish galleons with billowed sails, castles floating high upon some misted mountain crest, shapes that turned and changed, weaving scenes of magic and mystery.

I came upon a field of blue and I was drawn into this same mysterious world of summers past and present. A new world where memories stir and imagination reaches inward and outward.

To linger is to travel upon roads where arrows seem to lead nowhere, yet wander through a place of vibrant, living, growing things: sea birds, space birds, soaring sailing things, embryos, atoms, twining vines reaching upward, twisted roots striving downward, a minaret bathed in gold, flashing fingers of yellow fire, the wash of ancient seas on primal shores and more, all live and flow within this field of blue.

To enter this world, take some time and visit the SE stairwell of McLoughlin Hall. This is the location of a recently completed mural created by Rick True's Winter 1994 Basic Design classes (2 sections).

The completed 6' by 9'

grid is composed of 45 individual diamond-shaped panels. These panels were first assembled in their final configuration, marked with corresponding entry points along the matching edges, then individually numbered in series to ensure proper placement when reassembled. The panels were then distributed to the Basic Design students to create their own imaginative imagery, as long as the various shapes entered and exited at the appropriate marks along the panel edges. This concept encouraged an energetic flow of shapes and patterns through the larger grid.

To enhance overall continuity of the individual panel themes, a limitation designating the use of colors containing white

and blue helps pull the wide variety of colors into a blue "aura". This effect is heightened by mounting the panels on a rich blue back-

ground. Stop and explore the visions and ideas of 45 individuals united as a single mural.



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