

As The Mountains Grow

by Christopher Gaylen Haberman, Troy Evel Blackledge and Chad Amery Patteson
The Print Staff

Tricking down liver lips losing every battle. Humming tunes of naughty bar themes, "running down a dream," raging down the river of thought, fisting The Man with masculine hits of Kool-Aid acid tests, fighting Superman, to make the blueprints of every television program legible to the naked human thigh.

Cinnamon Roll please. "We the people," at As The Mountains Grow, would like to welcome a new member to our midst, still thinking, still honoring the [normal] leathery Prince of the Purple Rain, thank you for being our friend and neighbor. Sometimes the sunshine isn't as bright as we'd like it to be. Our newest brother is Evel McKnieval, Purveyor of Precognition.

THIS WEEK'S TOPIC: Freedom of Speech and the inevitable search for the American Dream.

Master Gaylen of the River: To quote some guy in West Texas, "Thank you for free speech ... (burp) ... it makes free meals, nakedness and drunkenness more fun." Freedom of Speech is

leached away from our dying hands every time someone makes a judgement upon us, or every time we censor ourselves. The mighty Script that we all use is red-penned to death, and jury duty for freedom has unleashed our negativity upon humanity. Everything is postponed for jail sentences and lists of appeals, and freedom of execution, the freedom to string up a killer and make him famous. (Fudge-Packin', Crack Smokin', Satan Worshippin', Mother F**kers. A shirt of moldy moth bites I will be buried with.) If I can't sit around and belch my incredible thoughts onto empty blankets, or influence you with freedom, something most people don't have, then you can take this house and burn it with the torch you light your barbecue with, because facades are something we are used to, and something we can only purge with free speech, which now costs cash.

As far as the American Dream is concerned, the American Pie of yesteryear has been Hostess-sized into empty calories, and Wild Turkey has been

liquified, as has everything. "Back when I was a kid," the old man drums, "things were different," Poordom and poverty can be passed for better things and nicer things.

Money and greed are the dream we really have. A wet sickness that has no withdrawals, and no fresh kittens to brighten the world, just a plastic monstrosity of manic preachers with black magic ripcords in their frail chests, oozing a substance no dream could identify. But continue to feed your children neon clusters of tomorrow, and have them grow up to a dream that forefathers devoured, vomited and expected us to clean up.

Evel McKnieval, Purveyor of Precognition: Thank you Master Gaylen, send my regards to the kittens. It is my supposition that the concept of the American Dream is completely incongruent with the notion of free speech. A dream is an effluvium of sights and sounds reflecting the state of one's subconscious. When subconscious thoughts become draped with a patchwork of old glory,

accompanied with Sousa-rific tunes of idealized society, a dream becomes an Uncle Sam car-wash of the mind. Free speech is correspondent to free thought, and if thoughts are channeled, whichever way, then one's words will be directed. But, since we all want wives and/or husbands with as many children as we can physically pump out, with large, energy inefficient vehicles to get groceries, or nutrient-poor food supplements, then we are truly free anyway and I'm just wasting paper. Dear Prince, what have you to say to-day?

Sir Amery du' Lake: Glory, glory, hallelujah. Oh, now I get it... Cinnamon Roll!

The American Dream is different for each person. And because of these differences, conflicts often occur. One person's American-white-picket-fence may block another person's American-majestic-view. Then an American-sawed-off is used to regain the American-majestic-view.

Ya' can't please all of the people all of the time, especially when it comes to speech. So,

censorship is useless. The rules for determining what should or shouldn't be censored can never be properly defined. It is the responsibility of the speaker to determine if the speech is appropriate or not.

Without free speech, there can be no free thought. And with no free thought, the American Dream can never be conceived or fulfilled. Speak wisely and listen wisely. Keep an open mind. And most of all, don't squeeze the Charmin'.

Hey guys, next time we'd better have a funnier topic. This stuff is bringin' me down. I'm 187-thousand.

A nice ripe age for menopause to set in. Your ribs have broken me down guys, but the mountain will set us back to reality, where paper isn't wasted and midget bowling is allowed down back alleys where garbage cans are inspirations for national policies.

NEXT WEEK'S TOPIC: A review of nouns: an insightful search of persons, places and things.

Tool's Keenan gave fans 'serious, fun-loving' show

by Christopher Haberman
The Print Rhapsody Editor

Lachrymology. The study of crying. Raised in essence and shining blazes of Green Jello (now Green Jelly), turkey shoot-outs and cricket-farmers saving carrots and letting the world feel the pain from the inside-out.

Once upon a chime, about a week or so ago in an instrumental sweat-market called Salem, a focal band called TOOL rushed their wayward rock-a-willy upon the fecal center of Oregon. The band that lingers behind conversation, thumbing their way into bass boxes, TV clay madness and opera-land harmony lapped up the starving masses with a musical-money-orgasm that left me strapless, hurting and hungover for more.

Steel Wool opened the show with acid warp rhythm and string-struck collages that warmed my parts. I've seen Steel Wool before, and this time I listened instead of scamping for chicks, because they have really improved as a band.

Maynard Keenan, singer for TOOL, interrupted the next band, FAILURE, reflecting on the crowd on what real rude bastiches they were. And yes, luckily Salem sweat will never change, because ignorance is bred down the hall, first door on the left.

FAILURE oozed on the stage, their band name sprayed on the stacks like an address on an early '80s curb. But once again the crowd didn't want these neighbors on their block. People must understand that fifteen dollars away from dime bags was spent on quality entertainment and that warm-up bands are a necessary commodity to see the finale.

FAILURE was very, very good. I'm broke in spirit, or I would buy their album. But as the crowd rubbed their cynicism on me, I too could not wait for the box to open and the anguish to start.

A naked man with a mohawk casually immersed the stage with his presence, ribs busting, muscles tensed. Keenan, the

singer guy with a peculiar tattoo of his spine on his lower back, became ridged and insulted the crowd first, and then broke into song. Twisting into a still position, lifting his left leg and standing motionless, his mouth open and lungs blazing a tearful fury that filled the arena.

Keenan was not fond of the crowd. During the show, some whacko got on stage, past security and Bob and Nick followed, security tags whipping their thighs. Whacko then ran into Keenan, who then attacked him, dropping the mic, slamming his enraged fists into his fat forehead. He finished the song, left and returned and spoke. "If one of you sexy, sweaty young things gets up here again I hope you can run, because if I catch you I'm gonna rip off your pants and show your little weenie to this whole place." The crowd cheered, and many laughed. Keenan is a serious type fun-loving psycho that mixes up any dainty dinner party.

Lizard-like serpentine silhouettes began to sway and then

danced a maze, and sang, shallow and nasal, ripping into my favorite song, "Sweat." It seemed perfect, contagious and ear-swallowing, so meaty and marbled that I sweat for friends I didn't know I had.

My co-patriot and big boss man, Shawnte', dreamed of crickets in tall grass, transferring their intelligence through thin thickets of loin, bathing in Mickey's Big Mouth, and drenched by the rain. "Hey man did you hear that?" he whispered. "Yea," I responded, "That's TOOL."

PIT RATING: (Nothing like KMFDM last week, but a moist 8 and a half.) Felching did not occur, for that I may count my fingers and toes. Pooh Bear flew around, and some people showed up for football practice, but missed

the game. Blonde hair, and bleached as the desert sands striped its way into my mouth and again I injured a hurt index finger, bent back to the knuckle. Pain was in the air, and the art of crying was done in the bathroom, drenched in the refreshing treated water of Salem's sleigh ride of sewers. Loaded guns cocked back their silver bullet hammers and body searches slammed paranoia (already to a nice climate) to an all time medium. Butt-ness riders rocked the highlands, seated, low, banging along, young and old, sexless and sure. Someone named Rob bothered everyone and hugged all the wrong people, angering, spilling his nature on the pokes. Hardcore psychos were asleep in the long grass listening to the crickets and peeing porridge. Good show. "Yo, Joe."



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