

# Nine Inch Nails strike the Bell Centre With Teeth

by Mark Cameron

Friday, November 11 was a day to remember. After a lifetime of waiting, and a day of speeding along frosted highways like a maniac, I finally got to see one of the most influential musical artists of my generation: Trent Reznor. In case you have been living under a rock in the woods, Reznor is the man behind Nine Inch Nails.

I arrived early to scope out the Bell Centre and figure out where I would be entering later, and found to my surprise that a huge line was already there. The show wasn't going to start for another couple of hours, so I asked the biggest, meanest-looking security guard what was going on. He was a jerk though, and dismissed my inquiry with utter contempt. Next time I will ask the smallest, nicest-looking security guard. I found out the next morning that the big line was for Spiral members who were getting in early to hear the sound check.

When I found out that the big black-clad line was not for me, I took my leave. A brief meal and a few drinks later, I returned to the Centre and assumed my proper position in the completely un-special line. A few minutes and a brief frisking later, I was inside the Bell Centre, buying over-priced official NIN merchandise and waiting for the show to start. I made my way to the floor of the arena, and had a look at the crowd.

This concert would have been worth attending just to see the garb of its attendees. I've never seen so much black in one place before. In all directions black fishnets, black spiky hair and black combat boots conquered my vision. I was no less accountable for this dark phenomenon, sporting my new black NIN shirt and a black pullover.

When the sea of black filled to a reasonable level, the first opening band took to the stage. Death From Above 1979 pumped out some high-energy tunes and got the crowd moving. With only a singing drummer and a talented bassist, this band impressed me with the diversity of their tracks and the amount of sound that two people are capable of producing. I

had heard a bit of their music before the show and had thought it was okay but not spectacular. When I saw them perform live, they were bumped up a notch. These guys should be seen live to be truly appreciated. Keep your eye on them in the future; they will be big.

After DFA 1979 finished their set to thunderous applause, Queens of the Stone Age got up and did their thing. Unfortunately, their "thing" was sucking. I can't for the life of me understand why these guys were opening for NIN. Their music didn't fit at all. It was very pop and very trite. They had a horrible lighting arrangement that continually flashed ultra-bright spotlights directly into the audience's eyes. If I hadn't been so close to the front, I would have left. I eventually chose to close my eyes to the blinding beams and wait it out. Judging from the expressions of many people around me, I was not alone. When they finally finished, I clapped and clapped. Not for their music, but because they were done, and because it meant I was that much closer to hearing Nine Inch Nails.

When QOTSA left the stage, a semi-transparent, giant mesh curtain was lowered, obscuring my view of the stage and creating an element of mystery. I could see silhouettes of people running around setting up for the spectacle that would soon follow. After what seemed to be an eternity (but was probably only ten minutes), a single spotlight shone behind the curtain on a mic in the center of the stage. The music between acts quieted to silence. Suspense filled the arena. Then, out of the darkness, the face everyone was waiting for slowly emerged: Trent "God Himself" Reznor.

Keeping the curtain down for effect, Nine Inch Nails opened their set. They played a couple of tracks behind the obscuring curtain, then raised it so we could see the band. Their setup allowed for an incredible play of light and visual effects, including a fantastic music video shown on the mesh curtain later in the show. The whole thing seemed surreal. They played a wide variety of pieces spanning the band's career rather than focusing solely on the latest album,



Mark Cameron/The Brunswickan

In case you didn't recognize rock god Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails, he's the guy in black in the left hand corner.

*With Teeth.* The crowd was overjoyed to hear classic NIN tunes like 'Closer To God,' 'March of the Pigs,' 'Something I Can Never Have,' 'Head Like a Hole,' 'Hurt,' and even 'Burn,' along with the newer material. They played a long set, and came back for an

encore including 'Suck,' which the crowd really got into and sang along to.

The energy at the show was incredible. The crowd was excited, but mostly non-violent. People were singing along to their favourite tracks, clapping, whistling,

and hollering in appreciation. The group euphoria was like an incredible high. The NIN set had a dream-like quality that has still not entirely left me. Fortunately, I brought my digital camera with me, so I can look back at my pictures and say, "yes, that really did

happen. I was there." If you want to see the proof, go to photos.yahoo.com/mc\_questionmark.

For more information on the bands at this show, check out [www.deathfromabove1979.com](http://www.deathfromabove1979.com), [www.qotsa.com](http://www.qotsa.com), or [www.nin.com](http://www.nin.com).

## All together now, everybody

by Noah Gataveckas  
*The Athenaeum*  
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WOLFVILLE, N.S. (CUP) -- You remember it, I remember it, we all do. And, yes, I know you would

like to forget it and never have to think about how you and everyone you know used to do it in unison at weddings/bar mitzvahs/school dances, but I am absolutely refusing to go on living another minute before we all pull a chair up to the table and have a discussion about the Macarena.

So, you're pretending that you forget, eh? Let me refresh your memory. The year was 1996. Most of us were impressionable youngsters, playing in the parks during recess and curiously chasing after the opposite sex. We were old enough to appreciate the Simpsons, but still young enough to watch YTV. And every single social event would necessarily culminate at some point into a giant orgy of idiotic dancing and Spanish gibberish.

Picture it. You'd be at your elementary school dance and those new age-y electric piano chords would start blasting from the speakers over a simple THUMP-THUMP of an electronic bass drum. Then all you could hear was the screaming of recognition. You'd look around you, and all you could see was your friends and teachers - every last one of them - transform into unconscious zombies possessed by the music. Their one objective: dancing as hard and rigorous as they could.

Chances are, even you couldn't help resisting when the vocals came in. "Dale a tu cuerpo Macarena/ Que tu cuerpo es pa'darle alegria y cosa buena..." Along with everyone else, you did the dance. You probably still remember how to do it: right hand, left hand, right palm, left palm, left elbow, right elbow, right temple, left temple, right hip, left hip, right butt, left butt, wiggle to the left, wiggle to the right, "Heyyyy Macarana! AIIIGHT!?!", complete with the 90 degree turn and a celebratory hand clap.

What the hell happened? How could we as a society have allowed this unfathomably embarrassing dance to become a social phenomenon on such a massive scale?

I know every decade has their dance craze. The 60s had the twist, which to this day is still pretty cool; the 70s can blame the Hustle on the overuse of romantic disco strings combining with copious amounts of cocaine; the 80s were a decade that celebrated how nothing needed to make sense in pop culture, so what better dance to adopt than the Electric Slide? But how can we even attempt to justify the Maca-friggin'-rena? Seriously, how the hell did this happen?

Well, I'll let the online encyclopedia Wikipedia try to explain how this travesty could take place. Originally released in 1993 by the Spanish band Los Del Rio as a "new flamenco rumba pop" fusion, the song had significant success in Spain. It wasn't until 1996 when American producers the Bayside Boys made a dance-club remix and released it worldwide. It then ascended to sit atop the American U.S. Billboard Hot 100 singles chart for fourteen weeks (most of the summer and part of the fall), selling four million copies along the way.

The funny thing is the dance originated from a Venezuelan Flamenco instructor who invented it for her class. From there, somehow, it spread like a cancer through the rest of the world, poisoning radios and social gatherings of all class, race, and creed — talk about inauspicious beginnings.

Nowadays, people barely talk about it as though it was some sort of scarring trauma which our unconscious suppresses so that we can manage to go on living our lives. Maybe that's rightly so: is there any rational explanation we, as former perpetrators of this

terrible fad, can offer? Well, I can't think of any, and this is exactly why I want to address this issue here and now.

Fads can be an incredibly dangerous thing. If we've learned anything from the Macarena, this is exactly it. However, they can also be a source of great fun: why else would anyone have learned the stupid dance to begin with if it wasn't in some way rewarding? Assuming one wants to play the fad game, the goal ought to be to try and balance one's own personality with the constantly changing trends of pop culture. You don't want to get suckered in to another Macarena, but at the same time, abstaining from all new forms of expression for fear of being labeled doesn't seem wise either.

So, in a few words, I implore you to use discretion, boys and girls. Maybe that tattoo you're planning of getting across your chest saying "Get Rich or Die Tryin'", or your XXXL jeans that barely go above your knees, or that Von Dutch/aviator combo you rock so proudly on Friday nights may not just be seen as totally bizarre ten years from now, but in fact a subject of ridicule (if it isn't already). Feel free to enjoy and partake in fads when they crop up, but remember, in the end, it's just a fad.

After all, when everyone else has already stopped, you don't want to be the last one doing the Macarena. Aight?

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## I bet you "Lucky Lindy" never flew so high



Mark Adams/The Brunswickan

UNB's jazz-infused Cabaret Rouge wowed audiences last Friday night. Drama, slam poetry, and music abounded.

# Alexander Keith's

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## Those who like it, like it a lot!

