

This just in: Perry and Dellas sucks

I am a big fan of vintage clothes, but I guess it's just the Nordstrom shopper in me that doesn't like stores that are strictly recycled and retro. The store I'm talking about is Perry and

rid in my opinion—I didn't see anything that was suitable for anyone except my grandma. There were muumuu and awful shapeless dresses in colors that everyone forgets the name to because they sound like other gross words—like puce, for example. The guys' clothing rack was a little better. They had recycled Hawaiian shirts in cool prints and some nifty pocket T-shirts. All I could think was, "Too bad I'm not a guy, or this store might hold a little more potential."

As I was exiting the store, I noticed that behind the counter were some cuter clothes, like an old Japanese styled kimono dress. I wondered what they were doing back there, and if they were even for sale. I didn't want to ask the guy behind the register though because he seemed too preoccupied with staring off into space. Maybe they were items just waiting to be priced, or maybe they were the clothes that were going to be put up on display to lure customers unknowingly into the store. Either way, I figured that it didn't really matter. I had seen enough of Perry and Della's, and I was ready to move on to bigger and better things.

Overall, this was my first shopping experience that had less than satisfactory results. Don't get me wrong, though—if you shop at Perry and Della's and have scored some sweet bargains, power to you. Maybe last Thursday just wasn't the day to hit the jackpot at this particular store. Like I mentioned above, I am not a hardcore vintage freak, so this probably wasn't the place for me to be to begin with. Whatever the case may be, if you do happen to have some spare time and you are in the great location of downtown Milwaukie, don't be afraid to stop by. Maybe they will have a better selection and a friendlier employee who's actually approachable...



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THE MUMMY

The Mummy, a remake of the classic 1932 film of the same name, hits theaters Friday. Starring Brendan Fraser (Blast From the Past), The Mummy tells the story of an evil high priest named Imhotep who is cursed to remain undead for all eternity.



Bond and beauty mismatched in fast-paced heist flick *Entrapment*

ANGIE DASCHIEL
A&E Editor

Here is the message that Hollywood is sending to women everywhere: be gorgeous, witty and talented and you might just snag a man who could pass for your grandfather. This happened in *As Good As It Gets*, *The Horse Whisperer*, *A Perfect Murder* and most recently in *Entrapment*. This heist film leaves the audience for the most part satisfied, yet with one question in mind: what in the hell is a hot chick like Catherine Zeta-Jones doing with an old cool like Sean Connery?

Connery plays Mac, a suave, accomplished thief. Connery is basically playing 007, only much, much older. Zeta-Jones (*The Mask of Zorro*) portrays a thief named Gin, who greatly admires Connery's work. They team up only days away from the millennium to steal an an-

Sean Connery and Catherine Zeta-Jones in *Entrapment*. INTERNET

cient Chinese mask. Predictably, an attraction develops, yet the two keep the relationship professional. At least for a while.

The scenes in which Zeta-Jones and Connery actually pull off the thefts are edge-of-your-seat, hold-your-breath suspenseful. Zeta-Jones' catlike dancing skills are impressive as well as her ability to convey an incredible sexiness while

keeping her clothes on. Yet the role that Connery played would have been better suited to a younger man. Many people think Connery is sexy, but when his costar is less than half his age, a creepy feeling is cast over the relationship.

This isn't a movie that one should run out and see, but if you are dying to see Sean Connery as Bond once again, this is your chance.

New CDs: crappy Cranberries and Clackamas Jazz

Cranberries CD fails to deliver

KARL KATZKE
Associate Editor

The new CD from The Cranberries, "Bury the Hatchet," sucks. The Cranberries shouldn't be burying the hatchet, they should be burying this CD—preferably, six feet under.

At first glance, the CD is pretty cool. The cover art is some of the best digital photograph manipulation I've seen used for an album, and it grabs attention. The art inside the cover is also amazing—the photographer and designer in me admires the skill this took.

The instrumental work, as always, is practically flawless. Comparing "Hatchet" to their 1992 album, "No need to argue," you can tell that this new album is much more mature.

What hasn't matured is Dolores O'Riordan's voice. In some songs, it maintains the reedy lilt that provides just the right accent to sweet ditties

about her family, friends, and the political environment in Ireland. That was what made "No Need to Argue" such a success.

In other songs, O'Riordan's voice turns into a sour, bitter instrument of condemnation. And this screeching, immature style doesn't fit the mature harmonies that the rest of the band produces.

O'Riordan's lyrics also haven't matured; in fact, they've regressed with her vocals. I don't like it when a singer repeats the same words over and over and over and over again. Also, I prefer words to nonsense syllables.

Where are the story songs that I liked so much from The Cranberries in the first place? This CD answers no questions and asks no questions.

The Cranberries seem to have reached the end of their useful life—let's throw them out before they stink up the whole refrigerator.

And as for me, I'm just glad the music store I shop accepts returns.

Vocal jazz 'One Love' weaves spell of beauty

JOEL P. SHEPERT
Copy Editor

Mainstream, one of Clackamas' two jazz choirs, has grown in countless ways since its inception. Their new CD, "One Love," is the latest step in that evolution.

Representing Mainstream's singers and repertoire from the 1997-98 school year, the disc features dynamite chops from various soloists, the tight harmonies of the ensemble, and the "killin'" work from the backing ensemble.

"One Love" differs from the zippy energy of 1995's "It's All Good," and the full mesh of 1996's "Under the Influence." "One Love" is more laidback, but no less energetic. The CD flows like water, at once dynamic and serene.

The unity of theme is a step above the earlier CDs. A beauty emerges from the album that envelops the listener in a sea of love. The album is musical medicine for the soul.

The rollicking, drum-driven "Straight On Red" with imaginative piano, synth and vibes, and smooth choir vocals, opens the album in style, and Stevie Wonder's "Bird of Beauty" sets the stage for the joy of life with Brian Stone's sweet tenor solo.



One particularly standout tune is John Coltrane's "Afro Blue." Bass and piano weave a serene tapestry, enlivened by Jon Barbur's rich tribal beat, and sweetened by the vibraphone of guest musician Mike Horsfall. Any

Chitwood's hearty alto solo wraps deliciously about the listener.

On "Mountain Greenery," the CD's high point, the choir, over Dan Gaynor's playful piano and Lisa Pofelski's warm acoustic bass, sings, *In a mountain greenery where God paints the scenery/Just two crazy people together/When you love your lover, let blue skies be your coverlet/When it rains, we'll laugh at the weather.*

"Like a Lover" features a lingering solo of warmth and affection by Megan Ergenbright, backed by subtle instrumentals and subdued harmonies. The arrangement draws out the poetic depth of the lyrics: *Like a lover, the morning sun/Slowly rises and kisses you awake...oh, how I dream I might be like the morning sun to you.*

The CD is available in the Bookstore, or from the Music Dept. at ext. 2434. With "One Love" in your player, you just might find yourself feeling "one love" in your heart.