Rusted Root's new CD: All You Need is an Open Mind

New material pleasantly surprising

by Sheila L. Bickel Entertainment Editor

If you've been waiting for some new material by Rusted Root, wait no longer. "Remember," the groups latest CD is out in stores.

If many of you, like myself, were somewhat disappointed in their last CD, not in the quality of "When I Woke," but in the amount of re-recordings, you will be pleasantly surprised by the new songs.

"Remember" offers all new tracks with the exception of "Scattered" which can also be found on the first album, Cruel Sun.

The trademark Rusted Root sound is still intact on the most recent release but is slightly altered. On most of the tracks, the prolific drum beats are toned down and a new merging of instruments is in place. True fans need not worry for the African and Middle Eastern melodies still shine through.

If this album had to be summarized in one word it would have to be texture.

"Who Do You Tell It To", which is my personal favorite, reminds me of a small child that plays with the black keys of a piano. It has a very short quick beat fueled primarily by a banjo with playful lyrics over top such as, "Who do you play with upon the shore...run daddy run again, my friend...cause I want to play."

Track two entitled "Virtual Reality", has what you could almost call a rustic country sound that makes you want to 'et loose and dance.

Another song worth drawing attention to is "Baby Will Raam." This slow, mellow yet kinda jazzy tune is definitely something new. I can't think of anything that they have previously done to compare it to. Give it a try though. I bet you'll be impressed.

That is the whole point behind the entire CD; give it a try. The music is different but just as noteworthy as earlier work.

Also check out "Heaven," with lyrics as, "...when I find my way to heaven, I will walk it down to earth, I will tie my shoes to heaven..." and "Sister Contine," with "...oh sister contine light my wings, glide on by through the words you're singin'...". The latter also is enriched by powerful and smooth background vocals.

Remember is considered a perfect "headphone" album but you don't need any special equipment to appreciate the band's homespun-but-celestial sound. All you need is an open



Craven's Scream a B-movie farce

by Chad Clouse Collegian Staff

From Wes Craven, the man who gave us Freddie Kruger, comes Scream. A movie of the same caliber as vintage Craven.

In a small California town a series of murders are taking place, and as in all horror films, the cops are clueless.

The killer is dressed in a dime store Halloween costume, which has a melting plastic face in the shape of a scream. The killer calls women on the telephone and talks to them before scaring them silly and attacking them.

The killer's first victim is Drew Barrymore and her boyfriend. The scene is true horror.

The main character, Sidney, is more fortunate then Drew in that she repeatedly escapes the killer. Sidney is however traumatized by the fact that this new killer has confessed to killing her mother a year before. Sidney has already fingered who she thought was the murderer, a man now on death row. She has fingered the wrong man.

The killings progress in classic horror movie style, with death following a few simple rules. There are three things people should never to do in a horror movie---have sex, drink or do drugs or say "I'll be right back."

Wes Craven presents these rules mockingly in that he follows them to a point and then breaks them all in the finale.

This is true B-movie material with the main characters in high school, however Craven leaves out a few necessary pieces of the B-movie horror genre. There is never the classic breast shot. If you're looking for nudity in this movie you'll be disappointed, even the one sex scene is cut short, leaving me wondering why this movie earned a R rating. It couldn't have been for the killing, which is obviously fake.

The killing, while believable, lacked the effects that big movies can afford. This was low budget, corn syrup and cherry juice. The killer's knife never actually penetrates the bodies. With a big name like Wes Craven directing this piece you'd expect atleast the standards of Nightmare on Elm

The few flaws don't seem to be slowing the movie down at the box offices, and I suspect that is because Drew Barrymore's name is in the credits. Sorry people, she lasts 10 minutes into the first scene where she is killed. For a girl known to throw her body around and flash it in her movies, she is conservative here. (She's wearing a turtle-neck guys, no chance of nudity).

This movie, for all the big names--Drew Barrymore, Courtney Cox, Neve Campbell, David Arquette--seems to be aimed at the high school crowd. I heard girls screaming in the theater, but had no idea why since the killer's emergence is predictable. Unfortunately, the R rating may prevent those the movie is aimed at from seeing it. I would have rated it PG, on account that the evening news is just as bloody.

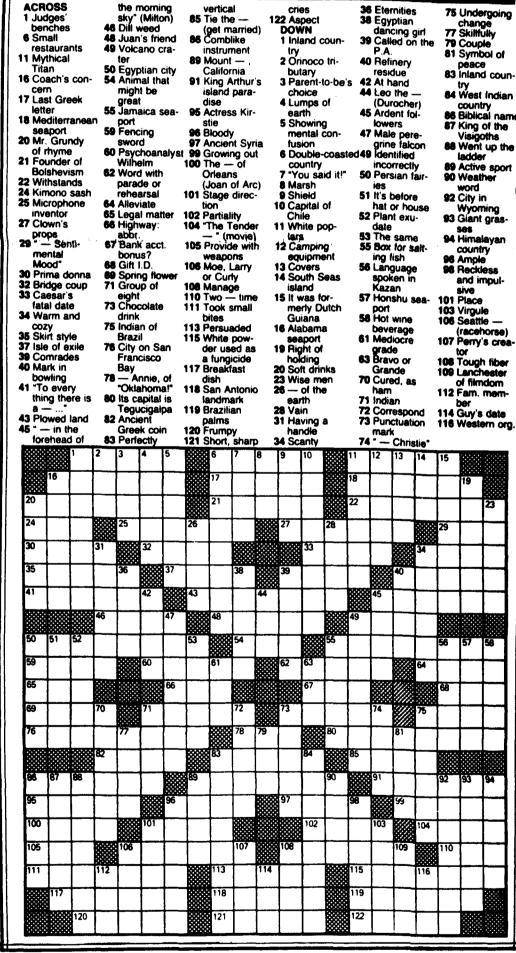
I'm not saying don't go see the movie. It is scary, and the killer (or killers) are well hidden until the end. Until the confession, it is still unclear who has been committing the murders. However, go during the day to avoid full price or wait for the video.

I found the movie refreshing in that it dared to make fun of itself, and other B-rated horror, as it went along. More importantly, it swerved away from the cheesy finale with the screaming virgin getting the best of the killer. Craven knew when to say enough with the scripted B horror and create his own brand of horror.

Remember, always look over your shoulder, never run up stairs, and never answer the phone in the middle of the night.

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