Murrow's story still relevant

Ben Maras
Editor-in-Chief

Shot completely in black and white and clocking in at just over 90 minutes, "Good Night, and Good Luck" may just play out to be one very important film

Written and directed by George Clooney and Grant Heslov, it chronicles the clash between broadcast journalism pioneer Edward R. Murrow and fear-monger Sen. Joseph McCarthy; along the way, providing a glimpse of the brain of the paranoid 1950s America, as it cowered in fear of the "red menace" – and being labeled a traitor themselves.

Moving beyond the subject matter, the acting is wonderful, the production work is simply beautiful, recreating the feel of the time and place. The black and white film lends to the moody feel of the work, and every camera angle and juxtaposition feels well thought-out as the writing. Clooney, you done good.

The opening sequence lulls the viewer into a false sense of security. Murrow is receiving an award for his pioneering work as a broadcast journalist, and after a few moments, he launches into his acceptance speech, defiling his network and sponsors who did not stand behind him, and so begins the story.

From this point on, the plot jumps straight into the midst of the battle, with station executives being asked to sign a "loyalty oath" sponsored by McCarthy. As the controversy rages, Murrow begins to defy the wishes of the station and his sponsorship. Throwing caution to the wind, he tackles McCarthy head on, case by case; but will the Senator be able to get to him first?

It ends as it started, a gloomy reminder of where fear had led the country, with a 'you asked for it' sort of sign off:

"Good night, and good luck."

Had this just been a petty narration coming from Clooney's mind, it would not be half as moving as it is. Remember, all of this happened, and we are left wondering "Could it happen again?" (Hint, hint).

And this is why it is everyone's privilege and duty to see this film.

One thousand times more thought provoking than anything Michael Moore has ever done, the message is easier to digest in this form.

Although its theater play is somewhat limited, "Good night ..." has already won awards and praise all across the board, so rather than trying to sum it up with a few shallow words, I will turn it over to Murrow himself, as carried proudly on the movie flyers:

"We must not confuse dissent with disloyalty. We must remember that accusation is not proof and that conviction depends upon evidence and due process of law. We will not walk in fear, one of another.

"We will not be driven by fear into an age of unreason, if we dig deep into our history and our doctrine, and remember that we are not descended from fearful men – not from men who feared to write, to speak, to associate, and to defend causes that were, at the moment, unpopular."

Internet Photo

David Strathaim portrays Edward R. Murrow in "Good Night, and Good Luck," a historical drama directed and co-written by George Clooney, chronicling Murrow's rebellion against McCarthyism.

Contributed Short Fiction:

A Cautionary Tale

By Roxanna Matthews

Editor's note: contains potentially offensive language

It was the kind of day to drive a snowboarder mad with joy – 24 inches of fresh powder, a clear blue sky and not a whisper of wind. And 14 year old Jason and his friends had gone full-bore, gonzo insane. They had just accomplished a kamikaze sweep across an intermediate run, leaving crashes, collisions and a cloud of curses in their wake. Then they stood amongst the trees beside the trail, exalting in their youth and strength, and describing their bravado and skill in language guaranteed to offend parents, teachers, and anyone with an appreciation of graceful rhetoric.

Finally, Jason's wandering eye fell on a group of brightly clad tots building a snowman near a cluster of trees at the foot of the bunny slope.

"Hey man! Watch me scare the fuck out of these little fuckers!" he exclaimed, stepping onto his snowboard and kicking off with practiced ease. He sped down the hill, crouching low to cut wind resistance. His pants flapped around his legs like khaki battle flags. One longhaired blonde tot in a blue snowsuit and matching knitted cap with a pink pompom was patting the snowman into perfect roundness. Her back was to him and she was a target too good to miss. He aimed straight for her, intending to knock her off her feet and destroy the snowman at the same time. But she must have heard the flapping of his pants, because she leaped aside at the last minute, and Jason cannoned straight into the snowman. It had been built around a tree stump. The snowboard shattered, and Jason flew into the shade of the grove.

"Are you hurt?" He heard a high voice ask. He turned his head and saw the blonde in the blue snowsuit. Not a little girl, though. The short stocky blonde man with the full beard repeated, "I said, are you hurt, punk? 'Cuz if you're not now, you soon will be." Then the blonde and all his husky midget pals beat Jason to a pulp. As they left, one little man pried Jason's eye open and growled, "That'll learn you to mess with snow gnomes."

The ski patrol eventually found Jason and rushed him off to the hospital. He walked with a limp the rest of his life, and his cheekbone healed badly which gave his face an oddly lumpy look. When his leg came out of the cast, his parents sent him to military school in Florida – no mountains and no snow. But the worst, the utterly worst part of the whole thing was that no one ever believed his story about snow gnomes. But if you're a snowboard punk, you might want to think about it.

Do you have creative writing of your own that you're interested in having published? If you are a student, staff or faculty member, submit your own poetry, prose, short fiction, or whatever you could think of that is concise enough to fit in a column about this size and you could get published.

artsentertainmented@gmail.com.

Poetry should be no more than 30 lines. Prose and short fiction should not be longer than 500 words.
Writers of all levels are encouraged to submit!

'Implement' delivers agonizingly bad metal, keeps playing anyway

Tayo Stalnaker
The Clackamas Print

Heavy metal is one of the most powerful forms of music. The fast, chunky riffs of the guitars and the deep pounding of the bass and drums perfectly timed to the deep growl or high pitched wail of the vocalist can bring one to their knees.

The Clackamas metal band Implement will bring people to their knees but only to beg for them to stop.

Listening to Implements demo CD, a one track 30 minute live show, one gets the impression that this band should never have been formed.

The first three minutes of the demo is random crowd noise (if three people are a crowd), guitars being badly tuned, and random Nine Inch Nails music.

This, sadly, was the high point of the CD. What happened next can only be described as tragic.

After the crowd dies down (which doesn't take long, most of them probably left), Implement bursts into their sloppy, ill-conceived sludge they call "metal" played in the key of suck.

The most wretched part of their set is their drummer. Implement's drumming was mostly crashing cymbals, a constant pounding of the snare drum, and was very badly timed. Not to mention this guy couldn't play double bass with a gun to his head.

Not all of the blame can be put on the drummer, which is what typically happens when a band plays a horrible live show. The remaining members of the band were just as horrible, with the exception of the lead guitarist. He actually shows some potential, just not with Implement.

However, someone who can share a lot of the blame is the lead singer. Implement's front man sounds like the love child of Chewbacca and Peewee Herman. One can't help but laugh at his off key drunken bellowing. Somebody get this guy vocal coach, please.

Oregon has had its share of good bands, Everclear, The Dandy Warhols, Poison Idea, Sweaty Nipples etc.

What Oregon needs is a good metal band. Implement will not fulfill this dream. They don't even come close.

For some good metal, try Children of Bodom, Opeth, Amon Amarth, Shadows Fall, In Flames, and Strapping Young Lad.

Implement will never be as great as these bands and they should stop trying.

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