

I believe in 'Yesterday'

Liz Travers

The Clackamas Print

"The first audience is like [your] training wheels," said Kelly Renee Miller, who plays Mrs. Hedges in the Theatre Department's production of Garson Kanin's play, *Born Yesterday*.

However, this cast definitely didn't need any training wheels.

Born Yesterday debuted on Thursday night at 7 p.m. The lights came up at 7:03 p.m. to a beautifully crafted hotel set, complete with railings, foyer and a chandelier.

Each character makes his or her appearance with flair, from Harry Brock (played by Matt Morrison) to the maid in the first scene (Jennifer Whitten).

The story starts out with Brock coming to Washington, DC to buy a governor (played by John Schmidt). He is a devious, selfish, self-centered, arrogant snake played perfectly by Morrison. It appeared that Morrison had absolutely no trouble learning the part as he swaggered across the stage, barking orders at his cousin, Eddie Brock (played by James Sharinghausen).

Bille Dawn is Brock's girl in the story. She is sweet and naive, and has no sense or manners. Played by

Heather Ovalle, she gives the impression of being as dumb as a bag of hammers, but as the story progresses, her shallow exterior cracks, giving a glimpse of the intelligent woman underneath.

Every character in the show has a depth to him or her that isn't seen until much later. The reporter, Paul Verrall (played by Mark Polendey), starts off being a little devious after he takes on the project of refining Dawn for Brock. As the lessons continue, Dawn begins to understand the power of knowledge as Verrall falls in love with her.

The costumes, which were fashioned for about 1946, were just great. The hotel staff (played by Jennifer Whitten, Dawn Quick and Emily Yakoola) had very authentic-looking uniforms, complete with brass buttons and bellhop hats.

For some of the cast, this was their first show. Quick and Yakoola have both been involved in theatre before.

"I got talked into it," said Quick.

Sharinghausen, a little newer to the stage, said, "I was threatened with naked mole rats."

Born Yesterday will continue to run through March 11. For more information, or for tickets, contact the Theatre Department.



ABOVE: Heather Ovalle and Mark Polendey.

RIGHT: John Schmidt and Nick Kornafel.

Adam J. Manley Clackamas Print



I think it's fair to consider myself both a gamer and a journalist, and I'm worried that a time is approaching where I'll be forced to choose between the two.

I doubt I'm the first "gamer" to pursue "real journalism," but I've always seen this column as a way for a "gamer" to offer insight on our culture for some readers who might otherwise be left unaware. Well, things are heating up for gamers in the media again, and somebody has to say something about it.

Roughly a month ago, I found a video clip from a Fox News affiliate in Milwaukee where they "reported" that it was possible for children to be approached by sexual predators using their Nintendo DS while driving down the highway.

Luckily, the idea of somebody communicating with a stylus (a small, pen-shaped object) while operating a vehicle is absurd enough, never mind the fact that is impossible while the kid is playing a game.

Then there was a story that CNN ran two weeks ago and disgusted me on multiple levels. A 15-year-old boy who, along with some friends, killed a homeless man and rubbed their own feces on his face.

CNN reported that the boy told police the beating "reminded him of a video game," and without any explanation or further mention of gaming, the story continued. Now, anyone who reads the story will believe the kid was acting out a video game where the purpose is to kill a homeless man and rub feces on him ... a game I'm almost positive doesn't exist.

Which brings me to just this last week, where a trial began for a murder in Klamath Falls, Ore., of a 20-year-old man who, killed a 15-year-old boy in a motel and blamed it on video games. The attorney said they're just looking for a sentence less than murder, and neither he, nor the Associated Press, nor the Medford NBC affiliate, gives a damn about the effect this kind of reporting will have on the public's opinion of video gamers.

The reason I'm bringing these stories to light is because they are all high-profile examples of how the media is fueling a new kind of discrimination. Soon, gamers might be expected to attend "anonymous" meetings, use separate bathrooms or even sit in the back of the bus!

Does that sound absurd? Of course it does ... but it's far less absurd than the idea that I'm somehow less of a person or more prone to violence because of the way I choose to spend my free time. Media outlets that recklessly portray gamers this way are the reason so many people think it's okay to blame video games for the actions of psychopaths.

So, if forced to choose, I'll stick with my video games. The things I'm capable of as a journalist are much worse.

'The Caiman' repulses

Rachel Gillette

The Clackamas Print

Weighing in that the average American knows very little Italian and next to nothing about Italian politics, *The Caiman* was already playing to a tough crowd.

Indirect tactics and drudgery were not sufficient ways to win viewers over.

The Caiman is a political, Italian film directed by Nanni Moretti. It stars Silvio Berlusconi, I managed to grasp that he is a charismatic and likable leader who held Italy in a headlock by controlling the media, namely television. He has also been tried on numerous accounts regarding extreme financial discrepancies.

Despite my lack of insight concerning corrupt Italian Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi, I managed to grasp that he is a charismatic and likable leader who held Italy in a headlock by controlling the media, namely television. He has also been tried on numerous accounts regarding extreme financial discrepancies.

The jobs at the prime minister would have been a decent plot if this was the clear agenda of *The Caiman*. It was hard to decipher if this was the focus, or if we were to be empathizing with Orlando's character and his woes.

His woes are plentiful, and Orlando does a terrific job of tugging the heartstrings. He is a wonderful lead with

witty, dry one-liners and honest intentions. His liability was the only draw I felt to the film (aside from the hilarity of the subtitles, in which "pajamas" is spelled "pyjamas" and an "S" is placed everywhere a "Z" should be).

Bonomo grapples for footing in his waning marriage, trying desperately to keep it together. His debt is overwhelming, and he pitches for a script before he has read its entirety.

Only after the script is accepted to be filmed does Bonomo realize he is now producing a blatantly left-wing movie that aims to crucify Prime Minister Berlusconi before Berlusconi charms his way through the next election.

Powerful leaders appear to be taboo in Italy, and films that dare to show them in an unfavorable light are simply unheard of. Unfortunately, there is more mention of how these films are never made than of the fraudulent Prime Minister himself. It would seem that *The Caiman* was trying to inform Italy of Berlusconi's slimy nature, but it only toyed with this concept and never actually accomplished the feat.

While struggling with whether I was to care about Bonomo's love life or the roundabout at Berlusconi, I somehow got lost and stopped caring about both and waited for the lights to come up so that I could give my best death-stare to the lustful couple behind me who kept kicking my seat.



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