



## 'Flu Season' proves to be contagious

By Nathan Sturgess  
Associate Photo Editor

I don't want to write this review. I don't want to write it because I'm tired and troubled and at the bitter end of a long slash short winter term.

It seems out of character, doesn't it? People don't write reviews of theatrical productions this way. People don't say things like this at the beginning of any piece for a reputable reverent publication. It's too blunt, too distasteful, too honest.

But only such a preamble would begin to acclimate you, the reader, unsuspecting though you be, to the layers of complexity fused into the passionate prose of William Eno's "The Flu Season."

As with any theatrical production, the playwright seeks to move the audience, whether it be to laughter or tears, doubt or understanding. But few productions do so, so honestly and directly as "The Flu Season." Eno seeks not so much to envelope the audience in a vicarious experience as much as he tries to spatter his story onto the canvas of the audience's real life.

The characters Prologue and Epilogue, played by Brandon MacFarland and Heather Ovalle, respectively, continuously process and critique the substance of the play with the audience, constantly reminding us that it's not so important what's happening to the characters as much as it matters what is happening to us, what it means to be a viewer of theater and to view your life as theatrical.

I could spend a lot of your time telling you how well the set and lighting complimented the mood of the play; how well each actor did or didn't do; how well they portrayed their character, which were all exemplary. But what Eno is emphatically trying to say is that these are actors. The point isn't whether they became someone else in a convincing way but that they somehow approach a representation of us all in the most raw and direct sense.

Man and Woman, played by Justin McDaniels and Emily Robison, respectively, are who we are at our weakest. Each line is composed like the disappointed, discouraged thoughts we often think when we are most alone or just before we fall asleep. The characters, Man and Woman, are held together by a dangerously thin plot but are so tightly tethered to our own darker human experience that they cannot help but capture our attention.

Just as the idea of theatrical character is so terribly deconstructed, so is the use of language. Eno consciously and purposefully turns language on its head, making it difficult, foreign and often emotionally offensive. Not to create separation between the characters and us but rather to remind us of what our thoughts really sound like. Instead of the smooth and warm words we are used to hearing spoken amongst each other, Eno chooses quick poetic quips that are often sporadic and subtle. The structure of the language is designed to make you uncomfortable, putting you in that mental place you so often avoid, but so clear that you can almost sense Eno's own mind working, scribbling down the lines as they are spoken on the stage.

As the love found between Man and Woman inevitably deteriorates, so does the sanity of Prologue and Epilogue. Prologue, so focused on what might happen and then what might have happened, resigns himself to doubt and incredulity while Epilogue, ever focused on what has happened, gives in to grief, but not without assuring herself that we, the audience, have participated in the tragedy and that we have seen our own lives tragically.

Partly because of Prologue and Epilogue's commentary, Man and Woman seem disconnected from the circumstances that befall them, as if they have no say in the matter of the fate. At one point, Epilogue addresses the author of the play directly, expressing her distaste in the devolutionary process. From this you get the impression that Man and Woman are simply and truly intellectual constructs of the author and his extension Eno himself. They are not so much realistic as they are poetic understandings of material.

This symbolic or poetic understanding of a material world is another important theme in Eno's play. The sterility of the mental institution where Man and Woman reside serves as a clarifying juxtaposition with this fact. For Eno, the act of living can be thought of, and in this case represented, in a procedural way: a simple formulaic process of cause and effect. But what adds color to this gray perspective is the ability of the characters to snatch glimpses of a poetic world through short forays into lovemaking and the romantic symbolism that accompanies it. This poetic world tragically fails them ultimately. But the audience is consoled, though weakly, by the meaning invested in the process of living.

Eno pulls back the curtain of theatrical mechanics only to reveal further layers of complexity in the relationship between audience and actors. He begs of us that we ask questions, many questions about our identity and how we live, how our life is and is not a play like his, how we are and are not in control of our destiny. Eno does not offer many answers but emphatically wants us to ask them.

### The Flu Season

#### Ticket Pricing:

Adult: \$10

Youth under 18: \$8

Students: \$8

Seniors: \$8

#### Location:

Niemeyer Hall

#### Show Times:

Feb. 24- March 6

Thurs.-Sat. 7:30 p.m.

Sun. 2:30 p.m.

Rating:

Contributed

## Enjoy Italian culture; not just about pasta anymore

By Joshua Baird  
Arts & Culture Editor

As an Italian (pronounced ih-tal-yuhn; only uneducated people say ahy-tal-yuhn), I feel that it is not wrong for me to first think of pasta when I think of the land that my mother's family hails from. In fact, I would wager that is probably what most people think of, or possibly the Vatican, "The Sopranos" or my least favorite thing that any Italian has ever been involved with - "Jersey Shore."

What many people do not think of, however, is the vast number of amazing flavors that Italy puts forth in the world of booze.

Known worldwide as the land of star-crossed lovers and Mafiosos, Italy has created a number of the great cocktail ingredients that are used worldwide. One of my favorites is Limoncello. In fact, that was the flavor of my wedding toast.

Limoncello is a fabulous concoction using grain alco-

hol that has had lemon, lime or even orange peels soaked in it for at least a week, which causes it to absorb the oils, color and flavor from the zest. It is then mixed with equal parts simple syrup, which is only water and sugar boiled together until it becomes a viscous fluid.

The drink is very sweet and is best in small amounts, unless you want to go into a diabetic coma from all the sugar. One thing I did at least for my wedding toast was to mix it further with champagne; this gave a lighter drinking experience.

Have you ever heard of a drink called a "Slow Comfortable Screw Against the Wall"? Probably not, but it is another classic cocktail that has not been able to catch on with the current generation of pub-crawlers. This drink contains sloe gin (which isn't really a gin at all, it's more of a liqueur), Southern Comfort, orange juice and Galliano.

If you think about it, the name is a description of what goes into preparing the drink. The only part that doesn't make sense is the "against the wall" bit, right? There is a reason for this as well. Galliano comes in a tall thin bottle that most bars place at the back of the collection of booze

so that it is resting against the wall to prevent it from falling over. This is proof that there is a method to the madness of naming cocktails.

The last item we have on the menu tonight is Tuaca. So my French accent is horrible in person and even worse in print, but Tuaca is definitely a new classic. Flavored with citrus and vanilla, it is the perfect drink for use in shots or in a number of cocktails. See [www.tuaca.com](http://www.tuaca.com) for recipes.

According to Tuaca's website, modern Tuaca comes from a 500-year-old recipe that was created for Lorenzo de Medici, a historic ruler of Florence, the homelander of Niccolò Machiavelli, the infamous scribe who later wrote the book on how to be a great leader and in doing so was banished from his home.

In short, Italy has no shortage of great flavors, so choose some for yourself and decide which one is your favorite. I know which one is mine: all of them. Salud!

**Disclaimer:** We at The Clackamas Print do not encourage drinking to excess or underage drinking of any kind. Remember to drink responsibly.

