



Walter Lee is consumed by his desire to have financial security for his family and worn down by society's racial injustices.

David LittleJohn, who plays the role of Walter Lee, gives a compelling performance of this anguished and frustrated man.

Walter Lee's intellectual younger sister, Beneatha, is played by University student Frelime Bell. The two siblings affectionately bandy insults back and forth, providing some much-needed comic relief.

Beneatha is the most rebellious in the family and is constantly defending the non-traditional choices she is making. She is teased for wanting to become a doctor and the family doesn't seem to relate to her interest in African culture.

The cast of A Raisin in the Sun does an admirable job at presenting a highly complicated

The Martin Luther King Jr. Theater Group donates a quarter of their ticket sales to local social service organizations. Their budget is very

slim. According to JacksonFahnbullen, A Raisin in the Sun was produced on a budget of \$500.

The group credits Jim Roberts, the producer of the Actors Cabaret of Eugene, for a providing

them with a place to rehearse and adapting a set for their use The Martin Luther King Jr. Theater Group had found a niche by filling a void.

They hardly have anything ethnic in Eugene. I appreciate their commitment to black history -after black history month," said Cessa Heard-Johnson, a University employee who purchased seven tickets for A Raisin in the Sun

It is a play that tugs at your heart and in one breath will take you from laughter to tears.

The last two performances will be March 7 and 8. at The Downtown Cabaret Annex. Tickets are\$6 in advance. Call 683-4368 for reservations.

LEGENDS

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Legends from Camp is not about multiculturalism so much as it is what multiculturalism is all about: a recognition of America's sublime opportunity to be enriched by a diverse legacy of experience.

A long-time advocate for a multicultural curriculum in the schools. Inada serves on the Commission on Racism and Bias in Education and has edited two major Asian-American anthologies. He is a professor at SOSC and served as a judge in last summer's Lane Literary Competition.

Inada is the author of Before the War, a volume of poetry.

Inada comes to Eugene to read and sign Legends from Camp at Hungry Head Books March 5 at 7 p.m. An open mike will follow.

T- BONE

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"somethin's comin'," but the audience doesn't have a clue. And, later, the fight that splits the pair of roadies in scene 15 doesn't have the dramatic effect it should because we're still unclear as to why and how our heroes are bonded. Klein's coupling comes off as one of those underwritten. arbitrary marriages of opposites currently infecting the post-modern stage.

I hear a lot of thunder but don't feel a drop." Weasel says in the first scene of the first act, and this is indicative of the play's promise to deliver what McKernie tags as "serious social issues.

Lots of heavy subjects are mentioned - racism, religion, nuclear waste and shady politics - but none are dramatized in-depth. We're treated, instead, to a parade of stereotypes - the crooked cop, the ugly. Southern anti-belle, the shady car-salesman — who trivialize these matters of modern importance in a slapstick, unfunny manner. The play has the shy fingers to touch important topics but not the balls to explore.

But even these mega-faults might be worth overlooking had T-Bone N Weasel been produced under a different director. The actors are cattleprodded by McKernie into delivering their lines in identical, loud and choppy bursts of rapid-fire speech - the same bursting of lines McKernie recently spewed so unsuccessfully as the sterile psychiatrist in the University's Equus production.

Words fly fast and the audience is puzzled and worse - disengaged from the action. The cast's forced speedy-line delivery makes one think methamphetamine addiction is a prerequisite for the University's Theater Arts program.

Set and lighting do not salvage this production. Craig Willis' stage design is too grungy, even for this play. The set isn't decorated, it's littered. Selected bits of refuse - red scrap metal, dead gray tires, black and white signs - soil and squander the stage. This isn't minimalism, it's trashism.

And Steve Ransom's bright lighting can't tame this wild set. Blocks of blank white fry the stage (and tan the actors, no doubt.) Everything's harshly lit and all-too-well seen: Imagine shining a 500watt floodlight into your garbage disposal.

Pretentiousness is theater's original sin. In T-Bone N Weasel, it is unforgivable. There's nothing worse than low-comedy parading around as if it were high art. It's like a blind-date with a blond drag-queen - fun for a while- but when it comes to parts of ultra-importance, one truly aches for the real thing.

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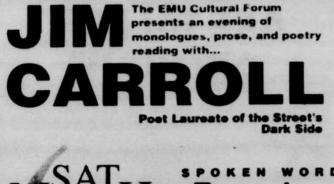
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