### Page **Arts & Entertainment** 8

# Director Dusts off cultural film

#### Movie depicts the struggle of the African-American experience By Stacie Hakel another.

Staff Reporter

The beat of a drum and the sound of field cries echo as dust sifts through the hands of an African-American.

After winning the 1989 Jury Prize for the Best Film of the Decade with "Illusions," Julie Dash is at it again with "Daughters of the Dust.

Dash brings out the problems that the Gullah people face on the eve of their migration to the north.

The film shows the conflict that the women of the Gullah family must endure as they hold on to the traditions and beliefs that they are accustomed to, although they seek new culture and education from the mainland.

The film focuses on the Peazant family with Nana Peazant (Cora Lee

Day) as the matriarch. Being an elderly woman, Nana tries to convince the family to stay with her and stick to

their traditional way of living. The pregnant Eula Peazant (Alva Rogers), granddaughter to Nana, car-ries the "Unborn Child" (Kai-Lynn Warren) in her womb. Eula sticks close to tradition while the rest of the family drifts off in the excitement of the migration. The members of the family experi-

ence visions of the Unborn Child when Yellow Mary Peazant (Barbara-O) and Viola Peazant (Cheryl Lynn Bruce) return home from the mainland, bringing with them new tradi-tions and ideas.

Unborn Child symbolizes the du-ality that African-Americans experi-ence in the United States, as it has one foot in this world and one foot in

Set in 1902, in the sea islands of the south, Dash has captured the beauty of the beach with its dark, sensual colors. The ritualistic beat of the tribal chants helps to set the mood for this film.

Dash, having her own Gullah heritage from her father's side, gave her the incentive to write "Daughters of the Dust.'

"I'd never thought about it that much until I went to college," said Dash.

"Then I started learning about the Sea Islands, and the West African culture that's still prevalent there, and I realized things like why my father had a particular accent ... the stories from my childhood began to make

See DUST on 10



Nebraskan

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# Pro wrestling is family fun

I was seated in an uncomfortable the quantity of alcohol or nicotine the I was seated in an uncomfortable folding metal chair, had my \$2 Dixie cup of Cherry Coke in my hand, a \$3 saucer of nachos covered with a tea-spoon of cheese on my lap and was surrounded by a couple thousand people screaming at the top of their lungs for no apparent reason. I knew it was a night for profes-sional wrestling at the Omaha Civic Auditorium.

Auditorium.

## Gerry Beltz

I stepped out for a moment, for a bit of cooler air, but quickly found that the area outside the auditorium was an asthmatics' nightmare. Since the au-ditorium itself is a smoke-free zone, anyone having a "nic-fit", as I call it, had to step out for a smoke. I almost did the drill of "Stop, Drop, and Roll, (your name), Roll!" I figured my chances would be better inside with the screaming maniacs.

In the arena itself, there were people selling novelties and food every way you could look. One guy was selling \$5 programs that also happened to include a merchandise catalog from the wrestling federation that was ap-pearing that night. You know, \$20 dollar teddy bears that are mercian dollar teddy bears that are wearing a good guy t-shirt or a \$16 t-shirt with the likeness of some bad wrestler on the front. The list went on and on.

To my right was a large, burly man selling football-sized clouds of cotton

setting tootball-sized clouds of cotton candy (flavored lint and cobwebs, in my book) for \$1.25 each. There was still about ten minutes before the match was supposed to start, and I began searching the crowd on the off-chance that I might see a femiliar face. familiar face.

Of course the majority (about 80%) of the audience was under 12 years of age, and I noticed that the more kids an adult was supervising, the greater person consumed.

Of course, there were exceptions Of course, there were exceptions to this. Several parents had brought their youngsters here because this was quality family entertainment. Serving alcoholic beverages at a place with "quality family entertain-ment." Hmmm.... The lights dimmed. My colleague

Todd, a storehouse of professional wrestling information, returned from

wrestling information, returned from playing video games. The crowd started screaming even louder. "Here we go," I thought. Most males in the arena were im-pressed with the way it started. A leggy, salon-baked blonde woman was the announcer for the evening. She stepped into the ring amid a cornucopia of whistles and catcalls. For those that weren't too close to the ring, she

probably looked very attractive. How does one audition or apply for a job like that? I can just picture it in my mind:

Applicant: "The alphabet? All of

Interviewer: "She's hired."

She announced some rules for the evening. No smoking in the arena, no pictures may be taken for reproduc-tion that would result in a profit and we couldn't throw anything in or towards the ring. There were probably some other rules that she stated, but I was laughing too hard to hear them. We listened to the national an-

them, looked at a beat-up (yet awe-inspiring) American flag and the lights

inspiring) American flag and the lights dimmed down some more. "Okay," I thought, "now it's RE-ALLY going to start." This time I was right. There were a total of seven matches that evening, but it would be asinine to describe them all (there were a lot of similarities in the matches). In-stead, I'll try to hit on some of the highlights and interesting points of the evening. the evening.

Possibly the most heartbreaking



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