

## Memories of Munich

Stephen Spaulding

I am trying very hard to concentrate on Germany now, and to think of something that I could tell you that you in some remote way could relate to. I think I should admit defeat and give up. As an introduction, I guess I could tell you what the heck I am talking about. Last semester, thirty-five or so students got bold and took a semester abroad. We all decided on Munich, Germany. Within this great group of thirty-five, each person had his own reason for venturing over the great Atlantic to a new world. Like the Pilgrims we went, only we were now going to a land with quite varied inhabitants, and ways of life already established that were very much unlike our own. I think I speak for the gang in saying - I was scared witless (but glad I had come).

I dare not bore you with all the gorry details to the trip. That, I think, would be unfair. You, the readers, unfortunately were not there. If there is one thing I hate it is enduring the telling of an experience that someone else has had from a place that I have never been. None the less, on with the story. I had the abroad experience and you did not.

Germany was wonderful. Can you even relate to that? Wonderful, like something you have never experienced before...like a new girlfriend, all's new, with the new frills and thrills, her new frills and thrills! Like, a good grade on a test-truly, a one time thing. The best: need I say more?

I guess, as a blossoming new reporter, in my own eyes of course, I have a job to do. That job is to make you see and feel Munich, Germany, as you read.

Come with me if you dare, to the market-place of Munich, Germany. Yes, I know what it is in German. But, most of you don't. It's like coming home from Germany all over again with every mother and her child asking me to say something in German. I'm glad some of those ladies didn't

speaking German. What was I talking about? Yes, the Market-place. Picture first, a clear day. Yes, German blue skies are just like ours-my mother's favorite question. Picture a statue, any statue will do, say, about twenty feet high. The statue is an old bronzed brown look. Around this statue, place five or six hundred people, a couple of dozen stores ranging from outdoor fruit-stands to stores comparable to Macy's in Washington. People, from everywhere, some wearing their traditional garb, most speaking their home language-everything ranging from Arabic, to French and yes, German. All these people and buildings are placed around the statue in a circle, a huge circle. On the right of the statue, I see an array of seats set out for people to come and sit, to talk, drink and watch people. And, the place is spotless, just like the subways. I see on the left, the Greasers (like Fonzie), followed by the wildest punk-rockers I have ever seen, with a group of gorgeous Italian girls nicely pulling up the rear. Picture, people all over the place, each one doing his or her own thing. A lot of tourists flood the area, taking pictures, pointing, asking me, in English, if I speak English. I answer "no," in English. As I write, I feel myself leaving the realm of the reader who has yet to go the Munich. It's like trying to tell someone about the high ropes course, or outward bound, or why you came to Guilford all the way from where you came. Are you understanding? The Munich semester changed my life. Because I went, I will never be the same again. My descriptions, any I would attempt, would fall short. How to describe Eindorf, or West-Berlin? Germany, is way outta this world, and my head is exploding. All of you that have been, think back as I do. All of you that haven't, talk to someone who has. You'll get the same remarks-GO TO MUNICH!! -Good Day!



## Alvin Ailey Performance 'Perfection'

Stephen Spaulding

Alvin Ailey. Never again will that name strike the same chords in my head as it once did. It once meant to me bright lights-neon style. The proverbial "name up in lights" pops into my thoughts. These thoughts conjure up thoughts of far-off places like New York and Broadway, or some other equally distant place to us, the normal, the untalented ones that dwell on this earth. You know how the process goes, you hear a name of a group and a couple of sets of people, or two, tell you how good they are and you've become an expert. I had become one of those type experts-the group, The Alvin Ailey Dance Ensemble. I considered myself a good hearsay expert. While studying Dance at the School of the Arts in Winston-Salem, I was first introduced to the name Alvin Ailey. And, after a few weeks, I could hold a competent conversation an AA. On performance (date) my hearsay expertise ended. I had finally seen the famed Ailey dance troupe.

I think back of the night in Dana Auditorium, and my mouth still gapes open in the proverbial awe of the movements the audience witnessed. I simply could not believe what I was seeing. It was-perfection. I sit and wish for my body to be able to move as theirs did, free, graceful, powerful, full of energy. Picture if you will, a balloon. Picture it floating through the air, un-hesitating, smooth and graceful. Confident-

ly, the dancers glided, just like a balloon-patiently waiting an outside force, choreography in this case, to make their bodies matriculate the next series of moves extraordinaire! I feel hung helplessly out on a limb, with my safety depending on my ability to give an accurate description. To say the dancers were strong, in dance terms means the dancers were balanced, confident, and looked centered with their jumps, and lifts, along with other varied dance moves of which long descriptions would deem boring. Regardless. The Ailey group was by no means boring. They were perhaps the most exciting dance troupe I have seen in a while. I've seen alot of troupes in the last few years, everyone ranging from Gus Giordano to The North Carolina Dnace Theater. (jazz, ballet, Respectively)

The Ailey Dancers add a new twist to words performing. I saw intense, serious dance. I saw intense, comical dance. I saw intense care-free latin-style dance. The Ailey dancers covered all realms of theater-art. Yet, not a word was spoken. I think of the beginning of the performance-the soft red-lit background like a sunset of a Bahamas postcard. The music, soft, light, making you take in all the dancers were communicating-nonverbally. All, Latin-style-hot and spicy. The second part taken right out of the era of "sweet

Georgia Brown." The time when women were spunky and free. The time when men were men and women were women and the women knew who wore the pants. They wore them under their skimpy dresses over their black lacy hose. The music was tasteful-raunch if I could be permitted to say. Sheer comedy prevails as real woman meets real man and real chaos erupts as the women ends up, as usual on top. I was taken back to an era I never knew. Never will my thoughts return, unless I see the Alvin Ailey once again. The third movement, entitled The Colony, most impressed me. Maybe, it was the music-slow, intense, or the costumes-new wave, modern. I waited throughout this piece for an explosion of energy. The dancers could not possible keep that energy balled-up inside. I felt this suppressed enegy most in their contractions, which almost pulled me out of my seat to the stage to attempt. They make dancing look so easy. That night, like each of you probably did, I went home and tried what I had seen the dancers do. I, failed, too.

Their dancing reminded me of the ultimate sports car, creeping slowly by. We each yearn for it to explode forward with a slam of the accelerator-0 to 100 in 1 second. Only it does not accelerate, it continues slowly by allowing you time to drool over its every intricuity. You beg for more, then its gone.. - until next year, maybe.

## Movie Review

### "Killing Fields" Lifts Ignorance

By Lois Haas

Cambodia. For most Americans the name renders images of bombed-out thatch villages, deep in decay; emaciated thousands in overcrowded refugee camps. The American psyche perceives that country through a fog of sympathy that is pregnant with the plight of uncomprehending Western mentality. (We know the misery is there, but we cannot really relate to it.) Even more forcefully present in the Americans mind in terms of Cambodia - and other Asian countries that survive as victims of the Vietnam war - is ignorance.

As Americans, we have found it far easier to bear the humiliation of losing the Vietnam War by simply ignoring it and the entire dishonorable affair. The violent campus protests, the deceit of the Nixon Administration, the bombs dropped by the U.S. Air Force

that saturated Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia in their own blood and American blood - it seems we successfully repress all those horrors with new political marvels (or illusions?) such as "the new American patriotism" inspired by Ronald Reagan. And then, just when we have deceived ourselves to the point of complete ignorance, the Vietnam War and the wars it generated assault our conscience with brutal accuracy. "The Killing Fields" is one such catalyst of the conscience.

The movie presents the true story of NEW YORK TIMES journalist Sydney Schanberg. Covering the Cambodian aspect of the Vietnam War, Schanberg was present when Phnom Penh (the Cambodian capital) fell to the Communist Khmer Rouge in 1975. Schanberg employed a well-educated Cambodian, Dirth Pran, as his translator. The main

focus of the movie is Pran's fate in Cambodia once the Khmer Rouge takes control. But more than just presenting a moving, true story of Pran's heroism, "The Killing Fields" exposes the viewer to exactly what the title implies: the acres of death in which Cambodia was seeped during the struggle between Communism and anti-Communism.

In seeing "The Killing Fields" Americans may realize just what little they know of the whole Cambodian affair and the three years of secret bombing of Cambodia by the U.S. The realization of ignorance is the beginning of overcoming ignorance, and all the guilt produced by "The Killing Fields" just might provoke we Americans to face the Vietnam War. In facing it, we can accept it and learn from it. And perhaps never again be cultivators in "The Killing Fields."