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Create

It makes us happy. It makes us irrationally angry. It inspires. It has the power to reduce us to blubbering messes and makes us step back, squint our eyes, cock our heads to the side and go “bwuh?” But most of all, it has the power to move. What is “it”? Art. A creative energy so potent it defies a simple, clean-cut, categorical definition. What one person considers a beautiful piece of artwork can have another thinking, “What a waste of space!” It is the job of the artist to make you feel, think, and wonder. Art pushes you to do; to splatter the world with your mark, in paint, in words, in movement, in sound. Art drives you to create and make the entire world your canvas. An artist doesn’t look at a blank piece of paper and think “nothing.” The artist sees everything blossoming before her eyes. Limitless potential: an opportunity for something amazing. As children, this spark of creativity came so easily. A discarded roll of wrapping paper was the start of an amazing pirate adventure. With some tape and perfectly folded newspaper, the curtain could go up. A wooden spoon and Mom’s good pots and pans: a symphony worthy of Carnegie Hall. Yet, somewhere along the line, our dazzling light of creativity dimmed under the pressures of school or finding a summer job to pay for that pesky car insurance. And we’ve all been in that tricky place, when all our hopes and dreams for the next masterpiece come crashing down around us, when frustration and anger kicks our struggling creativity to the curb and our original, beautiful work is recognizable beneath crossing outs, red pen, and eraser holes. But where would we be if the artists of this world (everyone) despaired, if we shoved our sketchbooks away, locked up our paintbrushes, burned our notebooks and gave up? We would live in a world of faded gray, muted tones, a vacuum of emptiness. Art is an infectious smile, a bear hug, the warm fuzzy blanket you couldn’t leave home without. Art is the favorite book you’re rereading too (you may discover new secrets there, even after one-hundred reads!). We all create, we all imagine. So get up! Go out! Inspire! Do! Be an Artist with whatever medium you wish!
Reading, Writing, Thinking, and Bringing AIDS Awareness to CSC

The Citizen Leaders

When you enter Randy and Robin’s Pathway class, the first thing you will notice, most likely, is that it is big. Our double class of thirty-nine students, with two student mentors and two teachers, seems enormous compared to most of the small classes offered. We start out most classes in multiple rows of desks, but by the end of class, we have inevitably moved into a “big circle” in order to conduct our discussions. Professor Hanson says that he thinks the class is going well. There are “no problems with silence” in our class—discussion generally flows fairly easily. “People are willing to agree, disagree, and talk amongst themselves.”

Our Pathway is called Awakening the Citizen Leader. We have looked at books such as Machiavelli’s The Prince and Cleve Jones’ autobiography, Stitching a Revolution, as well as Robert Greenleaf’s essay Servant as Leader, in order to learn about the different aspects of being a leader. There are marked differences in the descriptions of leaders, especially between Machiavelli, who thinks that a more direct approach for a leader is the way to hold and maintain power, and Greenleaf, who believes that a leader must look first to the needs of his or her followers instead of focusing on their own personal goals.

From October 11th to the 16th, our class brought six pieces of the world’s largest community art project, the AIDS Quilt, to the Sawyer Center Theater. There they hung for five days for any member of the Colby-Sawyer community to view. A constant reading of names by student volunteers occurred while the quilt was on display. Posters and Power Point presentations found on the side of the stage offered information and clarity on AIDS, as well as safe sex. Also, students could pick up free red ribbons in support of AIDS awareness or free condoms next to the display. (Note: Those condoms expire in January, just so everyone knows.) We hope that we were successful in bringing a higher level of AIDS awareness to our college and its students.

Getting to Know the Honors Program

New to All of This

When I entered Colby-Sawyer, filled with the typical freshman jitters of new roommates, classes, places, and trying to find a new home in the New England mountains. Adding to my anxiety, was the looming fact I had joined the Honors Program and was poised to be in rigorous classes with mountains of homework.

Despite my fear, I went head on into it, hoping that at the end of the four years, I would be graduating with the blue and white honor cord around my neck, and friends from the Honors Program cheering me on.

The first honors students, like myself, I met were in my Pathway class, Coming of Age Narrative, taught by the vivacious Ann Page Stecker. As we passed around a ten-

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Monthly Muse

Eternal Playtime

Amanda Gibbons,
Class of 2012

As a college student, you may be in the process of “simplify, simplify,” taking some advice from the wild wonder, Henry David Thoreau. In the living-quarters-transition from room to dorm room, apartment, house, parent’s basement, or just younger-you room to older-you room, there is going to be some possession reduction. It is essential for your mental power that you consider each item coming along on the journey carefully. However, there are a few childhood tokens that deserve their place. There are some treasures you should never part ways with.

The teddy bear, or panda, or cow, or giraffe is a comfort. Before my friends and I went off to college, we went to Build-a-Bear and made matching companions. Raskol adds some spice to the décor of my dorm room, propped up on my pillow, even if the bed is not made (which is rather rare I promise…). Not to name names, but I know innumerable students that rock the fuzzy friend. Besides, you have been through too much together to lose each other when your needs are so high.

Something even the chilliest of the chill will need, come paper and presentation time, is stress relief. Nothing takes your mind off meetings and manifest destiny for a little while quite like bubbles. For everything else, there’s Play-Doh. Until you have experienced a room full of flying hot pink rocket ships and lime green blobs soothing midterm aggression, you cannot fathom the benefits of having this great impressionable substance on hand. The frisbee encourages throwing, keeping the violence away from textbooks that need decoding. This simple activity also gets students out of the computer lab while the weather

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A Collage of Comments

Coming of Age

Ann Page Stecker,
Professor, Humanities

Seven weeks ago we were nervous strangers meeting in a field behind Ivey moments after students had left their parents and I had gathered my wits and my excitement to start another year at Colby-Sawyer in the inestimable pleasure of Wesson Honors work. We played a getting-to-know-each-other’s-name game, laughing at ourselves for finding it hard to catch and throw and remember. And I remember that some students were distinctly better at the game than others, but that I was clumsy and slow-witted. Now we know each other better, and we can toss ideas back and forth, playing with new insights with agility and courage and creativity. We are looking at coming of age narratives and rites of passage using the perspectives in a variety of novels, movies, and the work of anthropologists and students of mythology.

Ideas about the “Coming of Age Narrative” Pathway in the students own words:

“It think the course really opens our minds to different things in our society, not just about novels and ‘coming of age.’” (Krista DiGloria)

“A magical top hat…you never know what you may discover.” (Claire Toffey)

“Interesting, unpredictable, and creative.” (Kate Richards)

“I really like the structure of the class itself. I like how it is an open discussion about books, movies, and life in general. There is no real structure, which is enjoyable. We are free to share our thoughts.” (Maggie Gousse)

“Stretches creativity to new heights!” (Halley Gisonno)

“When someone goes through a change in their life that forces a change in themselves.” (Siara Dunham)

“Heightens imagination to new levels and takes you on a journey into new worlds.” (Jillian Jowders)

New to All of This - continued from page 2

nis ball, learning each other’s names, the friendliness blossomed, and I knew, right under that fading sunlight, I had chosen the right path for my education.

Following the weeks after orientation and as the first-year nerves eased and classes had begun, my Pathway class started to open my mind to different cultures, races, and individuals. To my surprise and delight, the class is not overladen with random essays and homework—anything we do has a point, even eating fortune cookies for a book about China.

My Pathway, unfortunately, is a rarity in my schedule. I fill my hours with tedious homework (secretly loving) and hating some of the work. Luckily, I found the perfect place to complete each of these grueling assignments. While relaxing in the quiet atmosphere of the Honors Suite, the air scented with the spicy aroma of coffee and green tea, I read, write, and think, reveling in the peace of Colgate’s attic and the campus as a whole.

Transitioning from a calm life to the rambunctious challenges of college has been no easy feat. Yet, even to be cliché, each day seems to bring new adventures and new people. Even though it has only been two months, I have already found a second home at Colby-Sawyer.

Monthly Muse
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is nice for group effort study breaks. The greatest stress-busters are friends...so Candy Land anyone?

Spending increasing hours at your desk is the perfect reason to keep it amusing. My Newton’s Cradle and bobble-head snail help me bounce ideas. This small distraction can be surprisingly focusing. There is no reason why functional and entertaining cannot collide; my computer screen cleaner looks like an M&M. For inspiration, I keep it classic with Dr. Seuss. Oh, the Places You’ll Go! sums up the journey to happiness at a first-grade reading level, “And will you succeed? Yes! You will, indeed…Except when you don’t. Because, sometimes, you won’t.” Many children’s books cover the key life lessons that certainly do not change with age. At seven, you may have learned from that book “life’s a great balancing act,” which remains true. At last, we come to the ultimate tool for a good time: crayons. Who does not want to color in a Disney Princess after a miserable day? Okay, gentlemen, maybe a Transformer or two? Growing up, or being grown up, do not be afraid to play and play with a free mind. Never let anyone tell you that you’re too old for crayons. Never be afraid to be a kid.
London made me feel alive. My senses were working on overdrive. There were charming British accents to hear everywhere I went. The scent of “bangers and mash” and cider penetrated my inviting nostrils when we strolled by the quaint and seemingly ancient pubs. The sun beat rays of vivacity down upon me as we traversed the cobblestone. Yes, the sun was a constant companion for us in London for a straight ten days. What a miracle that was, seeing as the first words out of my coworkers’ mouths when I told them where I planned to vacation were, “Buy a raincoat pronto!” or “Bring an umbrella!” Who would have thought that one of my many souvenirs from London would be a pretty impressive and long-lasting sunburn?

Strangely enough, every time I looked at my sun-baked and achy flesh, I could not help but smile. That burn brought me right back to Hyde Park, soaking my feet in the gentle waters of the Princess Diana Memorial Fountain and watching the children splashing around without a care in the world, or standing beneath the London Eye, wide-eyed and wondering if I’d be able to conquer my fear of heights with just one ride.

Thankfully, my sunburn wasn’t the only precious (yet, painful) gift I took away from London. The moment I set foot on the merciless airplane that was to send me back to the stress and cold, hard truths of reality, I began to miss London. I missed London in that tragic kind of way that is typically associated with being unwillingly separated from the love of your life. My heartstrings were still irrevocably stuck to the Tower of London’s walls and the numerous bridges that run across the Thames. I was not ready to let go of the magic I uncovered on my daytrips to Brighton, Bath, Bourton on the Water, and of course, Platform 9 and ¾.

This deep longing to return to the warm and comforting arms of the city of my dreams created a divine energy in me that I thought I had lost for good when the pressures of college, paying bills, and living up to a multitude of expectations from a variety of sources had brutalized and battered my creativity into oblivion. I felt the urge to write for the first time in ages. I had forgotten what it felt like to have a dire need to pick up a pen, as if it were the last action I’d ever perform on Earth. The right side of my brain and I were joined in blissful harmony once again. The feeling was so surreal that I wanted to stand up and shout, “I am a writer!”

Thank you, London! I will return some day and bow to you like one would bow to the many royals that you house!

As you look to next semester, you will notice that there are six (!!!) Honors classes being offered. Two of the classes aren’t open to every member of the program, Pathway and the intro course for those who didn’t take the Honors Pathway, but that still leaves four classes open to the rest of the program participants. This is absolutely amazing! Up until this point there have been three Honors classes a semester, and one has always been a Pathway. The choices have doubled! Much of this is due to the large incoming class. Horray!! We look forward to hearing and writing about these classes next semester. If there is anything else you feel should be included in a future edition of honorificabilitudinitatibus please email whonorsnewsletter@gmail.com.