

Continue Your Education— Talk With Sybille Colby

By **SUSAN J. SHUFORD**

"I would like to make a plea for more student input," states Sybille Colby, Guilford's new Associate Dean and Professor of German. Sybille is genuinely interested in the student population. In spite of her busy schedule, she enjoys talking to students and would like to see more of them.

Ms. Colby's title is more than a shade misleading. Actually, she is primarily in charge of planning and administration of Guilford's Continuing Education Programs. As such, Sybille is especially interested in dissolving the residual tensions present between main campus and urban center, a task she can more readily accomplish with the feedback of students.

Presently Sybille's position is mainly administrative, but that doesn't mean she isn't involved with both students and faculty. On the contrary, if her plans crystalize, the college will soon see some innovative new additions to the curriculum.

Sybille is especially excited about the possibilities of expanding Guilford's Arts and Humanities programs. In order to increase student appreciation of other peoples and cultures she would like to see Guilford offer more non-western courses and specifically a course in Jewish studies.

Other of Sybille's plans include the addition of non-credit mini-courses on such diverse topics as child abuse and arts and crafts.

Talking to Sybille Colby is like listening to chapters of a tantalizing novel. She is a fascinating person with many spell-binding tales to relate. Sybille was born in Silesia Germany, a region which was annexed by Poland after World War II. Sybille and her family, who are Jewish, immigrated to America in order to escape the Nazi holocaust.

For Sybille, immigrating to America included a rough nine-day ocean voyage in the dead of winter. At the end of this passage, Sybille and her parents landed in New York City, which was to become their new home.

In Germany Sybille was prevented from attending school because she was Jewish. Since the only English in her vocabulary was the lyrics to "All Around the Mulberry Bush," Sybille was

forced to adapt quickly to her new language and culture. She and her parents soon overcame these obstacles, while also managing to recoup their personal assets which were all confiscated by the Nazi Reich.

Those of Sybille's family who escaped Germany are now scattered from one side of the globe to the other. Australia, South America and Israel are their homes. Only Sybille's two children, both of whom are lawyers, remain in the U.S.

Sybille attended Barnard College, where she graduated, summa cum laude, with a B.A. in German Literature.

She acquired both her M.A. and her Ph.D. in Germanics from Columbia University and subsequently went on to teach at several colleges and universities.

In 1968, Ms. Colby accepted a position with the newly founded Kirkland College, a woman's college affiliated with Hamilton, an exclusive men's college in Clinton, N.Y.

The college opened with a freshman class and total of 19 faculty members, all of whom were told in effect, to "build a college."

It seems that Ms. Colby was one of a few experienced faculty members, most of

whom were just out of graduate school. There was no administrative staff as such.

"I began to talk a lot, and haven't stopped since," reports Ms. Colby, and that's how she herself became an administrator, first at Kirkland, and now here at Guilford!

Ever since, Sybille has tried to combine administration and teaching. Next semester she will be teaching IDS, and she also hopes to teach some Germanics in the future.

Interestingly enough, Sybille is part of a three-some of former Kirkland faculty members who joined the Guilford community this year. When Kirkland merged with

Hamilton in 1978, Sybille, Katherine Frasier (the new Dean of the Faculty) and Ellen O'Brien (Guilford's latest addition to the English Department) all decided to go elsewhere.

Partly by coincidence, and partly as a result of a close friendship and a little maneuvering all three ended up at Guilford.

When asked why she chose Guilford, among several other offers, Sybille replied, "There's a special human quality to this place," which coming from Sybille Colby says a great deal for Guilford College.

By **STEVE KAPLAN**

*Then the moon blazed down
Upon the vast desolation of
American coasts . . .*

Thomas Wolfe

In the '68 blood red Torine we slashed across the Piedmont's orange belly, singing and telling old tales and laughing at gilded memories. We barreled down the country boulevards, highways 98 and 64, twisting our trail between the green necked 'bacca stalks, all primed, stiff and skyward. We filled the Piedmont twilight with stories from the family of Man. From memory to Ireland to New York recollections to fall Florida-ward, and thence back to North Carolina via the local vocal yokel, we let our tales wander (pausing only for the momentary gasp of a blue strobe-lighted intrusion). We were criminals escaped, provincials sewn, students ignited, launched towards the full summer-ending moon to catch a glimpse of her ivory reflection in the inter-coastal mirror of North Carolina's Outer Banks. We cruised the dark ribbons of a Biophile package deal and filled the car with the cool relaxed laughter of compressed childhoods escaping through a prick in the semester's tough side. We were goin to de bich!

We took tangents, of course, quick steps in small stores with bottle shaped thermometers by the screen doors, where inside are fat men and women in tight slacks and racks of old sunglasses, ice cream and beer and tackles and fishing caps, petted meat and gallon jars of eggs soaked in vinegar, and

so forth, in general. And so, on we veered into such realms of capitalist fantasy as The Big T and Tasty Freeze and Dairy Queens which quenched the drive's hungers in a series of quickie, into the elegant seats of Franchizement, the American pimp. We ordered while our senses were fondled by the smell of old ketchup, stepped on hot dogs, oil on the pavement and grease in the fries; by the wonderfully musical electric blue light kept cracklin by thousands of freedom seeking insects each night; by the sliding screen window all misted by splattered mosquitoes and gnats; while pale piedmont cowboys stood bloodshot and smiling in the flourescent warmth of the parking lot, against the polished sides of their four wheel drive stallions, smiling at our strangely accented non sequiturs.

Yeah, the radio blared fifties and top forties and old gold to cushion our ears. We passed a field full of orange. Must be a crayon patch; a movie set; nuclear mutated underground orange trees; a Vitamin C coven. The herd of future jack-o-lanterns awaited their Judgement Day. (In Ireland they use turnips, big one . . .) The music dropped away to the loud roaring of a black preacher beaten to shriek heavenly inspired wisdom by the Bible Belt while a background of followers amenned him onward. Changing the station only changed the color. We learned the address we can write to (but, damnit, you never have a pencil when you need one, doncha know, brothers and sisters) to mail our Especially Spiritual Offerings and so see

manifested upon us, in the Long Run, the most satisfying, blessed trinkets of gratitude and extended bliss, guaranteed to remove all blemishes and memories of earthly sin and suffering or your hard earned money back, so help us God. (Jonathan Edwards is ageless and sweats hard for his fortune in the Carolinas.)

We went back past all of it, that is, we followed the brown muddy watershed down from the Piedmont to the warm salty mother, through the red clay to the white sands of new and then and before then, before we pale pink people had landed; we came from inside, back-tracking the trail of a dream to the birth site of a dreaming nation. We wandered confused over bridge after backbone bowed bridge until we lost all sight of the present but the delicate coastal road. We finally sniffed out a comfortable campsite and the Biophile Club settled in behind rows of green Boy Scouts on a strip of protective coarse greenery between the belly of the loud salty mother and her warm brackish inlet. There was a tiny graveyard with a white picket fence in the rough shrubbery, but the names were erased.

We slept night after night in our nylon fortresses and insect repellants, sheltered against mosquitoes and cloudy skies, four to a two, two to two, tooth to tee, chit chat, tit tat. Sleep conceived in miles of music, time, sand and sweat. And we rolled in the ocean and our hearts beat in rhythm with the low roar that's endless, prehistoric and prophetic. (Millions of sand crabs were washed from their wet holes to scramble back

down again endlessly down again fighting the ceaseless necessity of the ocean's up-rooting force.) We swam in the sunlight and water and moonbeams, seeing ourselves and each other in wonder.

Recharged and exhausted, we came back to climb between the cool sheets of Guilford, to sooth the sunburn and bug bites, to pull up the covers of schedules and papers and readings and dreams of escape that flew back to the ocean.

NCPIRG Brings Expert

By **BILL HALL**

Tomorrow, Wednesday night, Chip Reynolds of the American Friends Service Committee of High Point, will speak on Nuclear Waste Transportation, at 9 p.m. in the Gallery. After that meeting Chip will be talking to those people interested in working on the Nuclear Waste Transportation Through Greensboro Report. Chip has been working on Waste Transportation for a number of years, and is eager to get the wheels rollin' on this report.

Members of Carolina Action and Coalition for Safe Energy will also be meeting the Guilford P.I.R.G. people to help us with our report.

Material and research topics which need to be examined in detail will be assigned to all those meeting with Chip, and willing to put some effort into this community report.

For more information, contact Bill Hall or Richard Fulton in George White #7. Peace.

Inside the Outer Banks Trip