

Prof adds different perspective

Joe Wallace
Staff Writer

When talking to Mark Leeper, you'll quickly realize he likes to joke around a lot. You'll also realize that he is a well-qualified addition to the Guilford faculty.

Leeper, 29, was born and raised in Lincoln, NE, where, as he puts it, "The land is flat and so are the people. But they are also very friendly." Leeper got his undergraduate degree from the University of Nebraska. After realizing that he wanted to leave his home state for a little while, he went to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. There he received his master's degree in 1989.

However, he isn't finished yet. Leeper is currently working on his doctoral dissertation dealing with the plight of women in politics.

"I studied politics because I saw that something was wrong," Leeper explained. "I saw the tremendously unequal representation of women and other minorities in politics and said 'Hey, something's

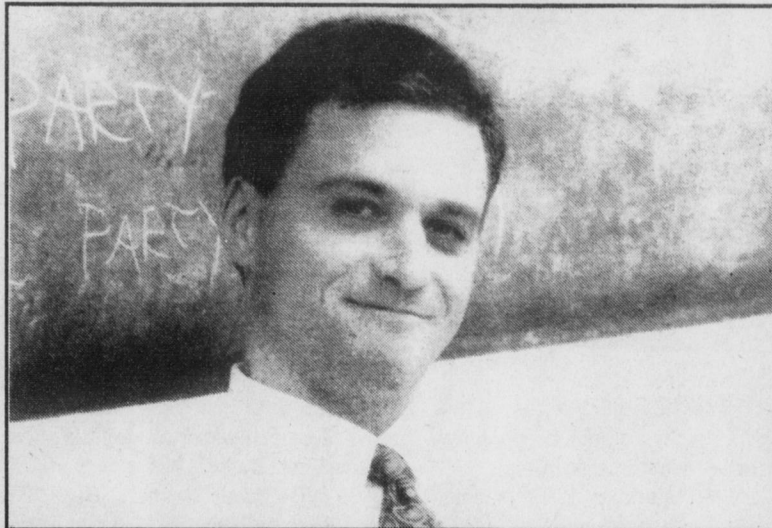


Photo by Ben Cadbury

Mark Leeper enjoys his time at Guilford.

got to be done about this.' So, like many of my family members before me, I began studying to be a teacher."

So why would a cornhusker from Nebraska choose to come to Guilford?

"At first, I didn't know the answer to that," Leeper answered. "I had never even heard of the school until I was doing my graduate stud-

ies at UNC-CH. But, one day a neighbor of mine told me about the school and about the people and about how the school was unusually collegial and friendly and I knew I would like it.

"But that is not what I like most about the school. What struck me as the most important to me is that the faculty at Guilford is expected to have a close relationship with

the students, while at the same time put a premium on teaching. I feel this is important to the learning process and making each faculty member readily available to the student can only add to the benefits of acquiring an education.

"I also like Guilford's attitude towards its students and faculty. The school has taken the stance that students are here to learn and though they do not discourage faculty members from writing papers or attending symposia,

they do stress that the faculty's first priority is to teach. And once that is taken care of, we can see what type of financial support the school can dig up to allow you to do some research."

Leeper's views tend to fit in very well with those of many of the students and faculty members at Guilford. But what he tries to stress in his classes is that there are "at least

two sides to every issue and both sides deserve respect. It is up to each person to know both sides and try to come to an understanding of them. It is normal to disagree, but what comes from that disagreement is what is important." That is why, Leeper, who describes himself as having slightly left-of-center political views, has assigned for his American Politics course the book, *The Way Things Ought To Be* by Rush Limbaugh.

"I think Rush is a symbol of right-wing conservatism, and though he may be extreme at times, he supplies a very good overview of the conservative agenda. It is the conflict that arises from learning about a view that may be different from your own that enhances your learning and makes us all better citizens in the future."

Leeper is looking forward to fulfilling many of the goals he has for himself: become a positive part of Guilford, start a family with his wife, and complete his doctoral dissertation - not necessarily in that order.

Randy Specs

gets some advice

Jonathan White
Staff Writer

The door had one them nameplates which read: Rev. R. B. Daisy Counselor of the Far-Feuch/Far Ratch. Randy knocks on the door; he hears a muffled, "C'mon in." The door opens, Randy's eyes pan from the floor to a couch where a cat sits smiling, flinging gobs of wax from its floppy ears left and right all over, making an awful mess. Randy pokes a finger in a pool of the brown ear sludge and says, "Mmm...butterscotch."

"No, not quite feller. Porkgrease," Rev. R. B. Daisy pipes up from her desk where she is cross-stitchin' a design that resembles a white rabbit. "By the way, that's Jack the Kitty, and I am Rev. R. B. Daisy. You must be a Mister Randy Specs. Professor Tachewapooia notified me of yer rude behavior in class the other day. What's goin' on in that tangle scalp of yers?"

Randy strode past the cat and sat on the opposite end to the couch. "Well, ya see, it's like

this-when I wuz a little young-un, I suffered from a *terri-bull* accident. I can't say much 'bout it right yer, coz I'm like a piece o' wood 'bout to be split with fuzzy fantasy and urgent desires fer a bowl of vittles. Plants and animals. Yes, indeedy! Just a plate of the stinking mess. Ya see, I am optimistic. A bowl of plants and animals may be our last gesture, eh Revvvv?"

"Dear heart, now listen to yer counselor. I'm gonna prescribe you a bottle of Stewzac. The Modern Curdle Sciences along with the whippin skills of this here establishment's fine Doc Parfest's discoveries, we have put together a potion which suppresses furry love and makes yer thoughts dowsed in drunken happiness. Now be on yer way and stop torturin' yerself! Git on outta here!"

"But Rev, I'm not depressed, I got them good vibes and such. And what's with that mulchin' kitty? It got critters breedin' some kinda tribe of pig gut. I just need to git outta this here bandwagon of unhitched yerselfs, hisselfs, herselfs, tree hugz, stubs of bugzzz."

Not a lucky summer

Reagan Hopkins
Subscriptions Manager

Regardless of popular "Guilford consensus," art professor Roy Nydorf claims that his so-called "unlucky summer" was actually super.

Nydorf's bad luck began in Italy during a trip he and his wife took this summer. While stopping in Florence on their way back from visiting friends, Nydorf's rental car was broken into. The thieves took all of their clothing, some of his wife's hand-made jewelry, and three of his paintings. Some of the paintings stolen were Italian paintings from previous visits Nydorf had made to the country.

Nydorf said, "I got over it in about three hours. What else could I do?" He feels that the incident could have been a whole lot worse and is thankful that the thieves took only material things.

Nydorf's luck didn't improve

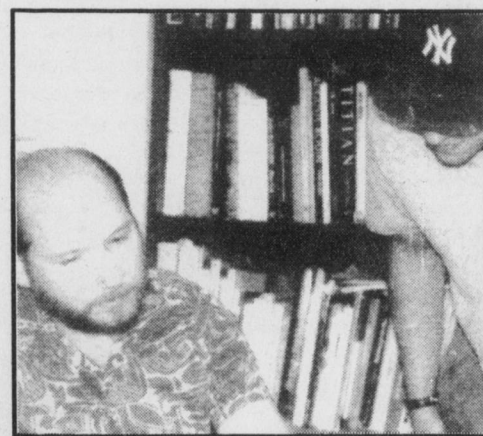


Photo by Rob Davidson

Roy Nydorf working with a student.

much when he returned to the States. While out in his yard later in the summer, he was stung twice on the head and once on the eyelid by a not-so-friendly bee. Nydorf claims, "I thought then that it was the beginning of a bad day, I just didn't know how bad!"

Later that evening, as he was walking over to help his next door neighbor fix a burglar light on the

side of his house, Nydorf felt a sharp sting on his foot. As he bent down to fine the culprit thorn vine to remove it from his foot, he came face-to-face with a copperhead snake coiled in striking position. "Then, I ran," Nydorf states. "I knew it was a bad day!"

Nydorf says that he was more interested in the hospital machines than the bite. After five days, he was feeling great.

His attitude about his whole summer is extremely positive. Nydorf feels his unlucky streak provided some great stories to tell, but his summer really was fine.

Incidentally, Nydorf's next-door neighbor was robbed in broad daylight the very next day.

The Guilfordian needs a Features Editor.

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