

DICK DYER: A Man For All Seasons

Kitson Broadbelt

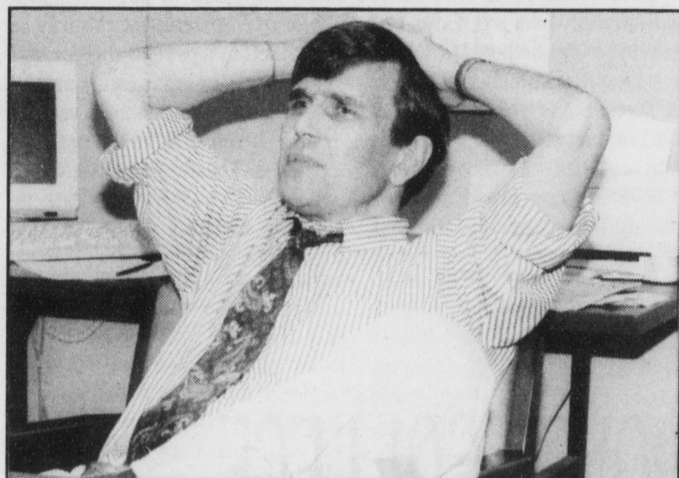
Features Editor

WHEN Dick Dyer was three years old his mother decided that it was time the family made their own Christmas decorations. For the task young Dick was taken aside and recruited for the task of sewing, so that he might help.

"So being raised doing this stuff," Dick now says leaning far back in his desk chair, "It never seemed strange."

Maybe not to Dick. It becomes quite apparent to one in the midst of their first encounter with Dick Dyer that there are very very few things that this man finds to be strange. To Dick, many situations and character traits are funny and many things are sad, many are noble and many are right, but scarcely anything is strange.

This is not to say that Guilford College's Assistant to the Dean of Students is in any way crazy himself. At best he might appear eccentric at first glance. A man of average height and build with a boyish haircut now turned a bit grey, Dick looks something like an



Daphne Lewis

Back in the saddle again; Dick Dyer at home in his office

old sea Captain. His expression, when you catch him unawares, often seems to be that of a weary Ahab; a man who long ago quit the juvenile chase of white whales in favor of protecting children from sharks. And though white whales can be devilishly elusive, there are always too many sharks.

"The line between succeeding and failing here is a real fine line," Dick says, polishing his glasses.

"I'm conscious of that *all* the time."

I first heard of Dick as a prospective student the spring of my senior year in high school. My mother and I were on the Guilford campus tour when Dick passed by. He spoke briefly with our guide and she laughed at something funny he said. As Dick walked away our guide told our group proudly: "He's our school's hit-

man." My mother clenched my arm in fear and a look of confusion and panic spread across her face. One brave mother swallowed her fear and asked "why is he the hit-man?"

"He gets the job done." Our guide said quickly. "If there is something that needs to be done, if you have a problem with a class schedule, a rooming situation, a judicial matter, Dick knows exactly what to do and who to talk to, always." The mothers relaxed.

Dick does get the job done. In his 15 years at Guilford he has seen many classes come and go. He has helped whomever came to him. "It takes so little to make the place work." He is fond of saying. "It's a wonderful place but it's not a place that seems accessible to some people. And we tend to overstate things a bit. We say things like 'everyone here is so friendly.' And, in fact, most of the people here are friendly, but then the kid finds one person here that isn't friendly and they hit this wall and they call home and they go 'God, Mom! I met this terrible so-and-so.'"

But being the hit man is only the beginning.

Dick speaks quietly and almost sadly about the incidents that ended his ministering days back North. In Maine, when a couple of his closest friends felt called to the Ministry and announced that they had come to liberate the church, they rose abruptly and excoriated Dyer during a moment of silence. Dick had an understandable falling out with the meeting group shortly thereafter and decided to go South. Now, however, he finds himself ministering more than ever.

But perhaps it is the quilting which distinguishes him most commonly as the resident Renaissance Man of Guilford College.

Elaine Brigham, a friend of mine and education major called me very excited last year with the news. "You will not believe this. He quilts." "He quilts what?" I asked. "Quilts, he took second place in the State Competition last year. Dick Dyer quilts!"

Please see DYER page 6

MOVIE REVIEW: COLOR OF NIGHT

WILL THE STAR DARE EXPOSE HIS WILLIS?

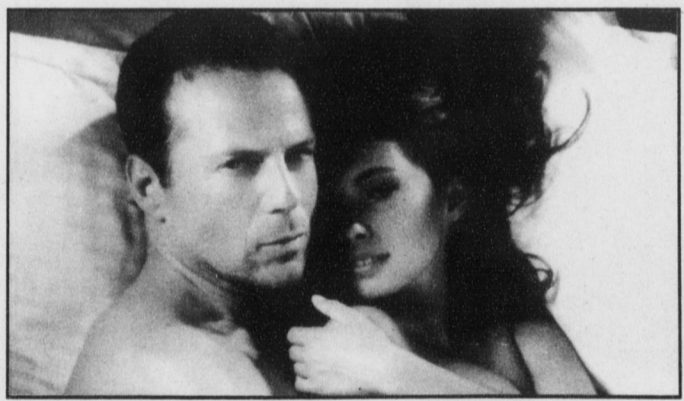
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THE SUMMER MOVIE IS A MULTI-HEADED BEAST. It feigns to its audience all sorts of devious falsehoods, putting on one face as it makes itself another. I remember vividly the summer of 1989 when advertisements began to spin through the media world for Robin Williams' new film. The commercials on television and the trailers in the theatres all showed scenes of frolicking and merriment with Mr. Williams telling jokes, doing imitations and delighting everyone on the screen with him. The movie was *Dead Poets Society* and as you can imagine (if you don't remember), this incongruity between substance and advertisement led to a great deal of confusion in the theatres the first week of the film's release.

This bewildering phenomenon, however, in no way hindered *Dead Poets Society*, which went on to become one of the summer's biggest blockbusters. Perhaps it is because of this that Hollywood the Industry continues the practice of packaging many of its summer releases in conflicting and sometimes contradictory wrapping.

Example: Bruce Willis' *Color*



Hollywood Pictures

Of Night the last of this year's high-profile Summer Movies.

Most movie-goers and television watchers have seen all the steamy, sultry, sexy commercial clips of Mr. Willis and his young co-star Jane March in the shower, in the pool, in the tub, in the kitchen and occasionally in the bed. The lighting is always low and warm and the movement is almost always in slow-motion. The movie poster is a still shot from those hot and heavy shower scenes depicting Ms. March's expression locked in the sheer bliss of her silver-screen coupling with Mr. Willis. So tell me, what is this movie about?

Like *Dead Poets Society*, the scenes in *Color of Night's* advertisements indeed come from the

movie. But also like *Poets* the themes of *Night* are not those expressed by its two-minute trailer or its movie poster.

The *Color of Night* emerges from its advance commercial notices as a very intelligent film, the most intelligent I've ever seen Mr. Willis a part of. And while it is still very much Hollywood, the consistently conflicting soundtrack an example, it is particularly good Hollywood.

Mr. Willis leads as Bill Capa, a psychologist whose last patient committed suicide in his office. Capa then travels to Los Angeles California to see an old fellow psychologist friend and relax. When

Please see COLOR page 6

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