

The Muddraker

Volume 15, Number 6

Harvey Mudd College, Claremont, California

Wednesday, May 6, 1987

Harassment wave hits Mudd Deans and JB chair denounce recent acts

by Jonathan Oberg

Harassment has come to the Harvey Mudd campus. "The recent acts by students against students is unprecedented at Harvey Mudd College," says Dean of Students Michael Cappeto.

"We're not happy to see harassment at anytime, but in the past we've been fortunate; it has not previously been a problem at HMC," he said.

In a memo signed by Cappeto and by outgoing judiciary board Chairman Sugi Sorenson, the two expressed their disappointment that harassment was occurring at Mudd and asked students to be aware and responsible about the situation. A similar letter, signed by a host of HMC student leaders, asked students to help in eliminating harassment before it becomes established at Mudd.

"This is the first we've seen of acts of this magnitude," says Assistant Dean of Students Steve Domingues. "HMC students are generally more tolerant of others than these recent acts indicate."

A fine line

What is harassment and what is a prank? "There is a fine line," says Sorenson, "and it is very open to individual interpretation. Students who are very tolerant, for example may expect others to be as tolerant, and thus may view their actions as pranks while to the victim the acts may seem vicious." The college does not have a harassment policy, in part because there has never been a need, and in part because harassment is covered under California state law.

"We don't, for example, have a policy on hand-guns, or on manufacturing meta-amphetamines in the dorm rooms," said Cappeto, "but that doesn't mean we are not concerned or that it is acceptable."

Domingues and Cappeto are quick to point to the student handbook, citing that students are to respect the integrity of students.

"Harassment is demeaning, and shows no consideration for personal integrity," says Cappeto. "This is the kind of thing that whirling used to be, a degrading personal assault." "Not that whirling goes on now," says Cappeto tongue-in-cheek, "but if it did it would be between friends, sort of a joke that even the victim participates in, and is free to back down from." As for determining what constitutes harassment, that is up to the students.



Muddraker file photo

When does harmless fun and games become harassment?

Student involvement needed

According to the dean, students are on their own to regulate student life. "We're not here to tell students to stop harassing their classmates, or to hand down punishments," says Cappeto. "The student judicial and disciplinary systems handle that. But we are here to help students. That is why we were so pleased to see the letter circulated by the student leaders; it takes student involvement to make the system work."

"We see ourselves largely in the role of a mirror of the community," says Domingues. "When we see something we think is out of order or not functioning as well as it could, we try to focus attention on the problem."

"This is a community," says Cappeto, "and every function has its delegated position; we don't step in and disrupt the machinery. If we were to do so, the system would collapse." Both Cappeto and Domingues agree they would not want to continue in their jobs if the dean of students took charge of policing and disciplining students.

"We're here to help students," says Cappeto, "and students can come in at any time and talk about anything, and they do. If they have a problem, we try to point them in the right direction; if they feel they're being harassed, we help them contact the judiciary board."

Finding the perpetrator

The judiciary board is charged with enforcing the Honor Code of Harvey Mudd College. Composed of student-

elected representatives from each class and headed by a generally elected chairman, the JB attempts to mediate disputes and is empowered to enforce its decisions. When a harassment case occurs, the JB chair initiates an investigation.

"When the perpetrator is unknown," says Sorenson, "the JB chair sniffs around, tries to find out who is responsible. On a small campus like Mudd, just asking around, getting people to tell you what they know can generally resolve who is behind a situation." Once the JB chair has an idea who is responsible, he will confront the

Please see HARASSMENT, Page 4

Whirling: a historical perspective

This is the first in a (possible) series of articles that are based on documents found in the ASHMC Historical File.

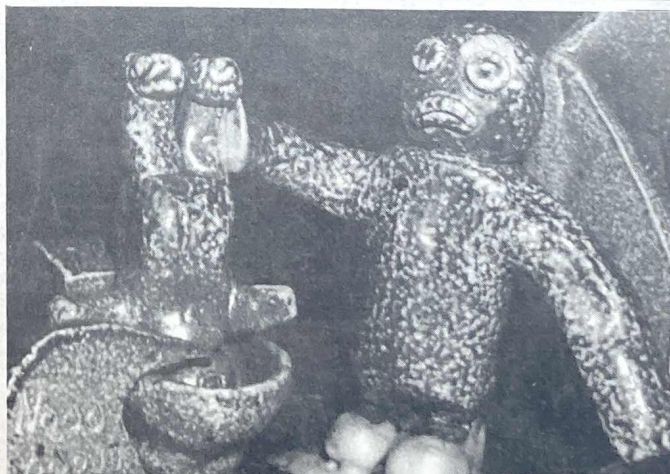
by Hal Heinze

On Oct. 4, 1980, *The Muddraker* displayed the headline "Faculty debates whirling." Yes, whirling has been around Harvey Mudd College for years now, but what was the faculty debating?

It seems that the freshman handbook contained a section describing whirling. Eleven faculty members presented a petition that requested President Baker to "take immediate steps to promulgate a regulation which prohibits entirely the practice of 'whirling' and establishes an appropriate penalty (such as temporary suspension) for infractions...." The petition was not endorsed by the Faculty Executive Committee because they felt that the penalty was too severe and that the students should have some input on the decision. The issue was debated further without resolution because the question of whether whirling was hazing or a non-malicious act could not be answered.

When did whirling begin? The

Please see WHIRLING, Page 4



Muddraker file photo

In the "glory days" of whirling, much art was devoted to the glorification of this sacred ritual.

Opinions

Letters to the editor

Computer science major should not be offered

Dear Editor:

I am writing in response to an article which appeared in the April 17, 1987 issue entitled "CS major a necessity?" I disagree with certain statements in particular and what I interpret as the thrust of the article.

The article seems to call for the establishment of a bonafide Computer Science Department and an undergraduate degree in Computer Science for a number of reasons. One of these reasons is "that there are not enough computer oriented clinic or research projects in each of the departments which offer Computer Science options to satisfy demand."

I think the people who wrote this article need to do some more research. First, the Engineering Clinic program admits to having *too many* C.S. clinics to adequately staff. Where are all the C.S. Majors who can't find a clinic?!! In most if not all cases, C.S. related clinics would welcome with open arms C.S. majors. In many cases the C.S. clinics are staffed by people who have had no more experience than CS 5; qualified people are always desired. So "research" opportunities exist.

Second, Math is the only department I know which has a computer science option. Are the authors stating that there are not enough Math Clinics in Computer Science? Take Engineering Clinic then. Math majors have done it before, and yes, even engineering majors have been known to take a Math Clinic now and then. Or are the authors stating that they cannot pick their research topic? Well welcome to the real world. Does anybody work on what they *think* they are interested in at the undergraduate level? Mostly not.

CS 5 doesn't teach graph? Why don't the students learn it themselves? It takes about 30 minutes to learn to use most of the functions that they will ever need to use. If they choose not to learn it that is their decision and they must live with it. And I really doubt whether the lab classes are planned with graph in mind.

The other statement that causes the righteous indignation is the statement that "Finally, the Computer Science sub-department does not have the faculty to adequately teach all of the classes that are needed." Open your eyes!!! Engineering is severely understaffed. Junior level courses where the professors can't make the connection between face and name because there are 70 people in the class (E-101-102). Senior level courses that haven't been

offered in years (E-158). And the *graduate* level courses are non-existent. The department just doesn't have the staff. Also, take as an example clinic. In Engineering, clinic is worth half a course to a professor, whereas in Math it is worth a full course. Engineering professors do that much less on their clinic? No, it's just that the clinic program couldn't maintain the current number of clinics if each one counted for a full course. (The obvious question is then, why offer so many clinics? I have no facts to back this up, but I think that the Administration is mandating a certain number of clinics.) This in a department that *OFFERS* a degree! and you complain about a sub-department? I am really shocked that the authors are that naive or just ignorant of certain realities that occur in the running of a college.

Also, the whole question of whether C.S. should be a separate department was considered by people who have much more perspective and expertise in the subject of graduate level Computer Science education than all of the authors combined. When the whole question of Computer Science major was raised, the school called a conference of experts in Computer Science and Computer Science Education, and the consensus was *don't* offer a Computer Science undergraduate degree! Graduate institutions are more interested in graduate students in Computer Science who have undergraduate degrees in subjects other than C.S. (Discrete Mathematics, Engineering, ...). I believe also that the conference recommended against forming a separate C.S. department. Now as to why there was/is a separate C.S. department, I think that was a decision of the president, but it is kind of tough to get the whole story on *that* issue.

"As far as financial constraints are concerned ... would not incur a terribly large initial cost." How much does it cost to endow a chair? I would estimate approximately \$1,000,000. I guess it depends upon what you mean by "terribly" large.

Item Last: "... augment our reputation in the academic community." I think it would have just the opposite effect. Another college just jumped on the C.S. bandwagon.

Now the one point that I do agree with is that there is not enough liaison between C.S. and the other departments. However, that problem is *not* unique. There is a general lack

Please see COMPUTER, Page 3

Politalk

The supreme travesty of justice

by Jeff Pitman

People moving out
People moving in
Why? Because of the color
of their skin
Run run run but
you just can't hide

—Strong, Whitfield

Shudder in your loafers conservatives! The liberal lunatic has returned to spread his godless, socialist, subversive, humanistic objectivism! No! No! Not that! I have too much homework! Please don't ask me to think, Mr. Politalk! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Welcome to conservative Hell!!!!!!

Good news for all you Klanners out there: On Wednesday, April 22, 1987, a Black Georgia man convicted of murder appealed his case to the Supreme Court on grounds that his sentence was a result of racial discrimination in the Georgian court system. His lawyers conducted extensive research and compiled documentation of similar cases from every state. The Supreme Court decided this week that there wasn't enough evidence to prove that Blacks, particularly in Georgia, are treated discriminatorially by the judicial systems. Well, at least five of them did, containing no less than three Reagan appointees. And the evidence was staring them right in the whites of their eyes. Fact: (Courtesy the LA Times) 95% of the 2200 people now on Death Row across the nation have been convicted for killing Whites. But Blacks are six times more likely to be murdered than Whites in the United States. Doesn't there seem to be a mild discrepancy there? But that's not all! We also find that, in the United States today, a person is 4.3 times more likely to receive the death penalty for killing a White than for killing a Black — nationwide. In the South, a Black murdering a White is 11 times more likely to be executed than a White killing

a Black. Is this what we call justice? Is this what we meant by "All men are created equal"? Has P.W. Botha taken up residence in Washington, D.C.? The morality of the death penalty aside, I find these figures completely repulsive. Didn't anyone learn anything from Harper Lee's *To Kill A Mockingbird*? Yes, America, Dr. King appears to have died in vain.

Apparently, Southern courts find White lives more valuable than Black lives. Worse yet, the Supreme Court has all but patted them on the back for their accomplishments. They could have, at the very least, asked the Georgia state government to investigate the objectivity of their courts. But no! That would be making a statement against the death penalty, or so the majority statement claimed. Rehnquist, Scalia, O'Connor, et. al., pull your heads out! This course of action in no way damages your precious death penalty! It, in fact, strengthens it, by eliminating much of the ever-present possibility of executing innocent people. As justices, you are meant to put some thought into your decisions, not just to turn your heads. There are serious problems with America's judicial system, and when faced with the opportunity to remedy these problems, you have turned your back on them — and on America.

Yes, much as we all hate to admit it, the glowing embers of racism still smolder in the United States today, and all it takes is this casual apathy to let these coals ignite the rest of our society. Racism is all around you: in the Aryan Nations in Idaho; the Ku Klux Klan in the South; in New York City; in Al Campanis' (perhaps unintentional) remarks on *Nightline*; in a certain West dorker who attempted to drown out the candlelight vigil for Black History Month. And as U2 play to half the

Please see POLITALK, Page 4

The Muddraker

The Muddraker is published 11 times per school year by the students of Harvey Mudd College. Subscriptions are \$10 per school year.

Letters to the editor may be sent to The Muddraker, Platt Campus Center, Harvey Mudd College, Claremont, CA 91711, or to MUDDRAKER via VMS mail. Letters to the editor become the property of The Muddraker. All letters must be signed. The editor reserves the right to edit all submissions.

The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the associated students, faculty or staff of Harvey Mudd College.

All rights are reserved. No part of this paper may be reproduced without written permission.

Editor in Chief	David J. Stuit
Managing Editor	Adrian McCarthy
News Editor	Tom Walsh
Opinions Editor	Robert Barrett
Features Editors	Donato Cabal and David Peyton
Photo Editor	Jung Park
Advertising Manager	Don Hosek
Typesetting Manager	Kelly Perkers
Production Manager	Carl Webb

Contributors and Production

Jason Adler, Jenny Booth, John Brimble, Paul Butler, Craig Byrnes, Arnold de Leon, Kye Epps, Brian Evans, Julia Freer, Penelope Gordon, Robert Gould, Don Hoard, Kris Levin, Pat McGraw, Douglas Moore, Jonathan Oberg, Erin O'Connor, Erik Olson, Jeff Pitman, Jeff Pittelkau, David Richards, Jon Rodriguez, Kyle G. Roessler, Scott Shacter, Wendy Shaw, Heather Sherman, Eric Smith, Mike Stark, Rudy Tjptahadi, Eric Zager

Politalk Special Report

Humanitarianism: American style

by Jeff Pitman

No, there's no musical quotes this time. No attempts to gradually lead you into a calm discussion of an atrocity of society. No music can express Ronald Reagan's latest bloody exploit. This time, this isn't a matter of morality or ethics. President Reagan has gone too far this time, way too far. Ronald Reagan is a murderer. A cold-hearted, bloody murderer. And he is quite proud of it.

On Tuesday, April 28, 1987, a Portland, Oregon man, 27-year-old Benjamin Linder, along with two of his Nicaraguan co-workers, was killed by the Contra army. He was not a soldier, he was unarmed. He was an engineer, working on a rural electrification project in a small Nicaraguan village. Oh, the conservatives say, but he was working for the Sandinistas, so he's a traitor. True, he did receive a paycheck from the Nicaraguan government. He was paid a whole \$13 a month to help build a hydroelectric power plant. His friends say that he went to Nicaragua in 1983 because he wanted to help poor people. On Tuesday morning, he was in his office, which the Contras blew up with grenades. His co-workers were also shot to death.

Perhaps the most fitting reaction to this traitor's death came from his family, who lives in Portland. His father described Benjamin as "the kind of guy who wouldn't hurt a fly... but he was a marked man." Benjamin's brother also had kind words for President Reagan: "The American government killed my brother. The Contras murdered my brother. And President Reagan says 'I am a Contra.'" Linder's American associates on the electrification project also had kind words for the President. One female worker, in tears, said of our government: "...those bastards..." Yet today we still see commercials on television telling us that "The Nicaraguan freedom fighters are us.... Support President Reagan on Nicaragua."

An American civilian, working with peasants in an underprivileged foreign country to give them electricity, is murdered, and what do the murderers have to say for themselves? The official Contra leader said that "It's not our responsibility" to watch for Americans in a war zone, and that Linder had been warned. This is true; although it was actually that, during a raid, the Contras kidnapped a village woman who was sent back with the message that everyone working on the hydroelectric project was marked. From Washington, the official statement mimicked that of the Contras, that Linder had been notified about working in a war zone, and that it wasn't their responsibility. It's nice to know that our government gives its citizens advance notice before it exterminates them.

Perhaps the Reagan administration's argument can be applicable in Lebanon, where Americans there are

at the mercy of terrorists who wish to punish the United States, but this is a completely different situation. American taxpayers have paid this army \$100,000,000 (officially), and, most of all, Linder was trying to help people. Not Communists. Not terrorists. Not mass-murderers. People. People who have no electricity. People who live in the constant fear of themselves or members of their families being blown up or shot by Somoza's former assassins. People, as the late Linder himself said in 1983, whose greatest fear is "...the Soviets, not the Sandinistas, but the Contras." Yes, there are still Americans in Nicaragua, and they are all the more determined now not to let Linder's work go to waste. These people are risking their lives to help "poor people." The very peasants they help will probably be shot anyway, and the power plants and irrigation systems they are building will probably also be blown up, but why should they abandon these peasants now, when they are most needed? The alternative is to return home and give money to people trying to kill their friends. But President Reagan, on the day of Linder's murder, calls Iran-Contra scandal co-mastermind John Poindexter an "honorable man" publicly. How many more lives, America? How many more people have to die before we put a stop to the slaughter? Will it take the death of someone you know? Will it take your own death? I, for one, am very ashamed to be an American citizen. My parents' tax money goes to the murderers of humanitarians. I am not happy. What about you?

COMPUTER

Continued from Page 2

of communication between all departments, not just C.S. and everybody else. There is probably a management problem vis a vis Administration and Departments that has caused this to come about. Making C.S. a full department isn't going to solve this problem; it would probably exacerbate the problem.

As a whole I found that opinion to be putrid garbage, (Well, maybe that is a *bit* too strong, but it sounds great) written without forethought or even basic research. The authors need to reexamine their motives for writing the article and for entering this college. All students entering this college must realize that it is a *college* that emphasizes broadness. Engineers who enter this college realize, for the most part, that they have little chance at becoming an expert in VHSIC. If they wish to be an expert they go elsewhere. A student entering this college expecting to become an expert in some field of Computer Science should realize that it will be near impossible, especially since there wasn't even a C.S. major when they entered! Their entrance into the college would not prompt the formation of the department or major, and they were/are naive if they believed it would.

—Mike Hamill

Longtime traditions squelched

Dear Editor:

Well, well, well. It looks like another fine Harvey Mudd tradition is going to be squelched. Yes ladies and gentlemen, the Harvey Mudd shit list is on the verge of being banned along with the posted dorm awards. This is indeed a sad turn of events.

As a contributor and victim of both events, I fail to see why they should be banned. Not only are they often amusing, but I believe that they serve a useful and informative purpose. Yes, the criticism is sometimes harsh and possibly, every once in a long while, out of line, but these forums should continue to be a part of life at Harvey Mudd College. Everybody must learn to recognize that they are not perfect and that not everybody is as fond of them as they are of themselves. It is never too late to learn this basic fact of life: you cannot please all of the people all of the time. Being different or exhibiting unique behavior is everybody's right, but by the same token, it is somebody else's right to be perturbed by the behavior. These "awards" attempt, in their own round about way, to smooth out the sharper and more noticeable edges; after all, these flaws are the most open to criticism by the general populace at large as well.

An important aspect of a good education is preparation so as to be able

Please see SHIT LIST, Page 4

Payment policy denies freedom to dissent

Dear Editor:

One of the first acts that Joyce Rutledge has accomplished as president has been to induce mandatory payment of ASHMC dues upon registration. Although there are probably a few misinformed souls that believe that this is an excellent idea, I beg to differ. The process should remain as it was.

Earlier this year, many students, faculty, and administrative members were unaccountably perturbed with the presentation of the ASHMC shit list on the outside of Platt campus center. Although I personally found this one exceptionally mild in comparison with years past, a great uproar was raised by a pansy (so called because they refused to associate their names with their opinions) contingent of Mudd. Rutledge's act seeks to circumvent the necessity of the shit list by making payment mandatory at registration.

The now defunct method of collecting ASHMC dues had many advantages and nuances that worked to the benefit of the community; mandatory payment can only serve to remove

them. These dues are actually just small part of the larger dues required by this school; they are different in that students can only draw from this fund to finance the purchase of beverages for the parties at HMC. Students at registration and on several occasions at the meals at Platt have the option of either actual payment or billing it to Pendelton. To avoid payment of these dues, the student must go out of his way, but even then, the student gets billed by default through Pendelton. The shit list is aimed at these delinquents who flatly refuse to support the system or demonstrate great apathy (which is essentially the same and possibly even worse because the people are not thinking). The people whose names are printed on the shit list deserve to be there, as it is expressly reserved for those who did not pay their ASHMC dues. The list informs the rest of the community who these people are; possibly peer pressure generated by this forum might lead the delinquents to alter their position.

The strange thing about these "delinquents" is that they have ev-

ery right to express their opinions in this manner; as mentioned before, they eventually have to pay anyway. What Rutledge is attempting to do with mandatory payment is to remove an easy means for the average student to dissent. The freedom to dissent is a right basic to the precepts of democracy! Innocuous steps and curtailments on individual freedoms must be watched for and avoided; undue complacency at these early stages will only encourage those in power to shorten the leash. The instigation of unnecessary mandatory laws can only serve to restrict and bind the student.

Unfortunately, Rutledge and company have failed to understand the present system, and have opted for a measure that has implications that they neglected to consider. Hopefully, this is not indicative of a fundamental misunderstanding of the system or the people at Harvey Mudd College, else next year's students will have to put up with a student council even more elitist and self serving than the one inaugurated under the past president.

—Christopher Gottschall

Harassment takes many malicious forms

by Wendy M.K. Shaw

Recently at Mudd, students have been receiving notices about harassment. Most of us not only have heard about the recent harassment issue, but we know at least one person who has been the recipient of the "pranks" that were often malicious rather than funny. There were three different pranks that, although they were possibly perpetrated by different groups of people, appeared to have similar attitude and appeared at the same time: Geek of the week signs glued on doors, Low Grade notices for Life and anonymous emergency phone calls.

Geek of the Week signs were probably the least offensive anonymous pranks of the three listed above. They were in the form of some sort of certificate, had a name written on them, and were glued very strongly to that person's door. Although it appears that nobody really got very upset upon finding these on their doors, they were very difficult to remove and could have depressed people insecure about themselves.

The Low Grade Notices for Life that were sent out to many freshmen actually did have this effect. People went to their mail boxes and found the small yellow envelope that is immediately recognized as a low grade notice.

When they opened it, many of them were surprised to find an actual low grade notice inside — in the class of Life from the Squid Patrol. The comments inside were crude, rude, and obnoxious. They were also completely anonymous. Reactions ranged from surprise and laughter to anger and depression. One person's immediate reaction was to post it on his door. However, most recipients of the low grade notices did not find them funny.

Said one recipient, "The main reason I didn't take it as a joke is that it wasn't signed. If it had been from a friend or signed, that would have been different. But since it was anonymous and so rude, I was offended by it. I don't know if the people who were sending it really thought of it as a joke. In a way it's really immature... it's like saying that it's bad to do well. And I don't think most of us were being arrogant about it either."

Carrie O'Donnell explained the problem more succinctly: "You could find some humour in it if you tried hard enough, but it hurt people's feelings. You could hit somebody in a bad week — and some people were having bad weeks — they hadn't had much sleep, classes weren't going well, and then they get a low grade notice telling them that they're failing life. You can't mess with people's minds at this school because we're under an awful lot of pressure.... You've got to be funny when you're doing a prank and they've got to be to your friends. Anonymous? Then it's malicious."

Probably the worst pranks of the three were the anonymous emergency phone calls. At 2:00 a.m. one morning, a number of Freshmen and Sophmores received phone calls from somebody claiming to be from Campus Security. The person identified himself as the officer who actually was on duty at the time. He then went on to say that the switchboards were down, so a phone call from home had been received by security. He told the recipient of the call that there was an emergency at home. Worried, most of the recipients called home. In a couple of cases, somebody in the family actually was ill or in the hospital — receiving the phone

call was very shocking and frightening. A couple of people phoned home and didn't get an answer. If there was an emergency, this made sense — everybody would be at the hospital. Obviously, this much worry and fright was not funny. Even the panic before the people called home was completely uncalled for. The people who got the pranks had very little in common. Some of them get good grades without working too much. Others get good grades by studying constantly. Some are having trouble in classes, working

a lot or very little. In general, the people who got them tend to call attention to themselves. But at such a small school, who doesn't? A few people just call attention to themselves by being quiet; others are loud and extroverted. The message of the "pranks" is "We don't like you"; even if they each come from one person, their anonymity make them appear to be coming from a group. Maybe they were intended to cause emotional distress.

SHIT LIST

Continued from Page 3

to withstand many forms of criticism with grace and understanding and possibly learn from it. These forums offer an excellent educational opportunity in this area of human development. Although the abolition of these forums might possibly spare a few of the weaker souls a bit of temporary trauma, it is only putting off the inevitable to a later date when it could possibly hurt even more, particularly when the student leaves this amazingly sheltered community.

—Christopher Gottschall

POLITALK

Continued from Page 2

world about Martin Luther King Jr. and about prejudice, how many of us actually stop to think about what they are saying? America, you have to care about what's going on around you. Because if you don't, then someday it may be you that is gunned down in your driveway by men wearing swastikas, as Jewish radio talk show host Alan Berg was in Denver only a few years ago. Apathy does not breed safety. Apathy breeds death.

WHIRLING

Continued from Page 1

answer (believe or not) was found in the Oct. 4, 1980, issue of *The Muddraker*. Joel Berendzen wrote an article on the "History of Whirling" which was an excerpt of the late Professor Aledrip's manuscript entitled "Cultural-Socioeconomic Cross Sectional Studies of Juvenile-Onset Hair-wetting Syndromes." The article found the first reference to whirling in the Bible, book of Isaiah: "[The Lord] will seize firm hold on you and will whirl you round and round...." Specialists call this type of whirling *Theowhirlia*. Whirling became more advanced with the invention of the flush toilet in the late 1800s. It seems, according to

Berendzen's article, that whirling disappeared for about a century only to reappear at Harvey Mudd. The article also claims that the first Mudder to be whirled was Professor Gerald Van Hecke's roommate, Donald G. Gross.

In the next *Muddraker* Gross, class of '61, sent a letter to the editor in which he recalled his first "whirlpooling" (as they called it in those days). He has fond memories of that first whirl, but recalled on a sour note that "as with all good things, the deviants took charge of whirling."

In 1980, in response to the faculty's debate one student offered a solution: "... put screens over all the toilets on campus" (*The Muddraker*, Oct. 27, 1980).

HARASSMENT

Continued from Page 1

individuals, inform them that there is a problem, and try to get their side of the story.

"The JB doesn't run any sting or entrapment schemes. If we know who to talk to, we will. Usually by talking to both parties some agreement can be worked out to satisfy the victim and the perpetrator."

Sorenson sees the JB chair function first as an impartial arbitrator. "If when I was investigating I thought I was getting too close to the issue, that I was developing a bias and losing my impartiality, I'd take myself off. The JB chair's first obligation is to remain impartial."

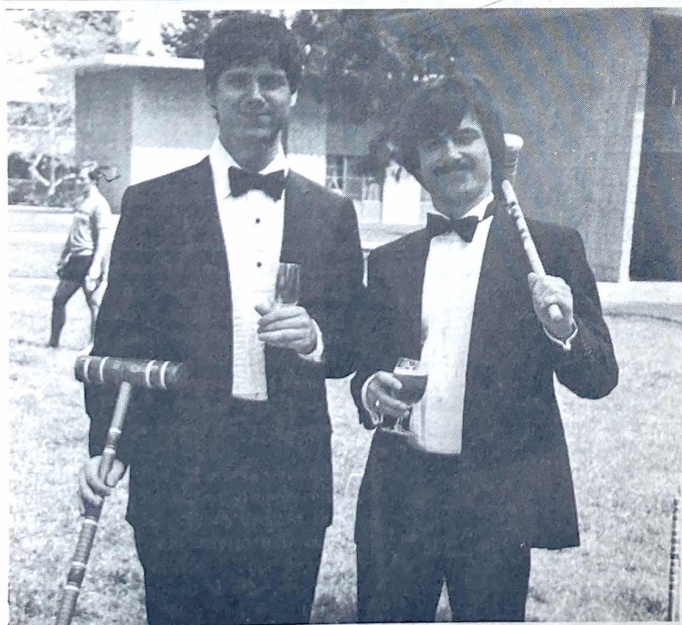
Caseload up

Sorenson reports that the number of JB cases is up about four times this year over last, and he attributes that

partly to the current openness on campus. "People are learning to come forward, to tell us about problems. Often when someone is having problems they clam up, try and tolerate. But there is an increased awareness this year about the JB."

Sorenson credits the upperclass students. "It is difficult to explain to the freshman just what the JB is all about. They learn from example, from how they see other students react. It's been very positive this year." Sorenson credits the dean of students' office for some of the student response.

In general, Sorenson, Cappeto and Domingues agree that the new wave of harassment is unfortunate, but feel that it will resolve itself as students become aware of the problem. "Once we point out a discrepancy from the way the community could be and the way it is," says Domingues, "students get it back on track."



Former South Dorm Presidents Rob Gould and Scott Porter put on airs at croquet day, April 18. A croquet set is now available for public use from the South Dorm Jock Scott Boyd.

Photo by Jung Park

Grocer's Daughter: whispered tones and jazzy screams; Running in the Family: frolicky bass line and funky chorus

by Jeff Pitman & Pat McGraw

The Blow Monkeys:
She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter
RCA

With their new album, "She Was Only a Grocer's Daughter," the Blow Monkeys have developed further a style that cleverly incorporates elements of funk and soul with a unique twist of their own. Dr. Robert's vocals wrap around the instruments, sometimes with a slithery whispered tone, and sometimes in a soulful jazzy scream.

Jeff: Yeah! Actually, though, I found their last album, "Animal Magic," to be much stronger musically — at least it better showcased their eclecticism. This album seems to be more of a synthesis of the ideas from "Animal Magic." For instance, on that album there was "I Backed A Winner In You," which begins as a Negro spiritual, followed by "Forbidden Fruit," which runs in Dr. Robert's traditional brassy groove. On this album, however, the songs tend to be more commercially oriented. Still, the songs are great on this album, too, especially "Cash," which I find exciting simply because it combines a lot of musical genres, and it works very well.

Pat: I think that one of the things which makes this group interesting is that their style cannot be pinned down to one particular category. As you mentioned, some of the songs on this album sound somewhat commercially oriented, but that doesn't describe them accurately. While hints can be found of many commercial artists including Prince and Elvis Costello, Dr. Robert manipulates them for his own purposes. His lyrics, though on occasion deceptively simple sounding, transcend commercialism, sometimes challenging icons as in "Don't Give It Up": "... when who should walk in but Jesus, Jesus Christ himself. He said, 'Young boy! Give us a kiss.' I said, 'Where?' He said, 'On the lips where else, where else?' I said, 'I'm sorry my dear, but if you choose to live by the Book, Don't you know it's a sin in itself...' Unlike the darker-sounding songs on the last album, this one shows some faith in a brighter side of life as in "Rise Above" or "How Long Can A Bad Thing Last," which carries an exhortation to enjoy what is available in life reminding me somewhat of Prince's "Paisley Park." By the way, I agree that "Cash" is one of the most interesting cuts.

Jeff: The Blow Monkeys were originally denied American visas because the immigration officials decided that they didn't present any artistic value to American culture. This is typical of the treatment they've received here: "Digging Your Scene" made it to No. 17 on Billboard's Hot 100, but nobody bought the follow-up, "Wicked Ways." Why? Bob Geldof picked "An-

imal Magic" as one of the 10 best albums of last year, but it failed even to make gold here in the U.S. Hopefully, they may expand their audience with this album; the remix of "It Doesn't Have To Be This Way" is getting lots of air play on Power 106. But no other stations are even touching it. Even KROQ, who should naturally be two singles deep into the album by now, has only played the above single as an "Import Tune." Meanwhile, "Don't Give It Up" leaps to No. 3 on the British charts. America deserves an alternative to Bon Jovi, Cinderella, et al. What seems to be the problem?

Pat: I agree. This is just one example that shows that there is plenty of good music that is being ignored. It may not be for everyone, but it is out there if you are willing to be adventurous.

Jeff: Next!!

Level 42:
Running In The Family
Polygram

Pat: This is a pretty solid pop album, but within this context it is not bad. The songs that mainly caught my attention were "Children Say," and the title track, which included some reminiscences which, as Jeff said, are a little bit like "Our House" by Madness. In addition, there was a basically decent love ballad, "It's Over," and "Two Solitudes," a song about the real isolation that sometimes lies behind what seems like togetherness. Most of the

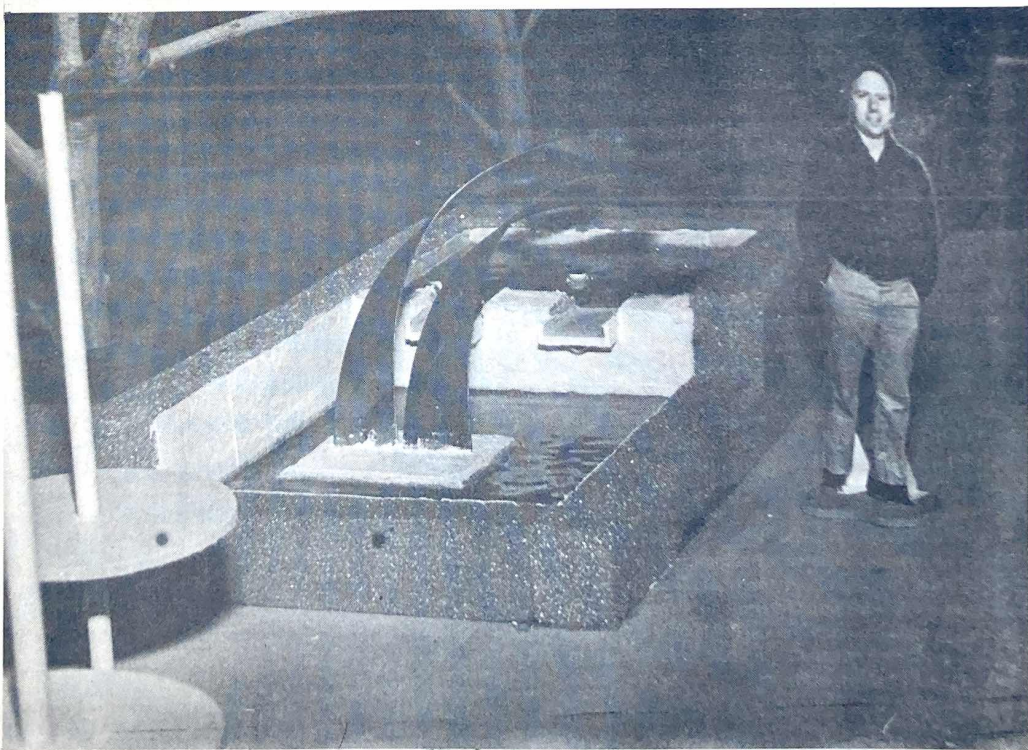
album is pretty well within the bounds of commercialism. Not very adventurous, but not bad, either. I think Jeff disagrees.

Jeff: How right you are. Ok, so maybe this isn't as strong an album as the Blow Monkeys 1, but still, there is a lot of musical talent in this band. I had pretty much your reaction to their last album, "World Machine." Somehow, the songs just didn't seem to click for me. But this album has a lot to offer. First off, "Lessons in Love" is doing reasonably well here, and it may help to break the ice for album sales. But this song is pretty worthless compared to the rest of Side One, which I consider some of the best music to come out this year. "Children Say" is spectacular, despite its apparent innocence. Actually, this is a quality both bands have. They come on smoothly, with a loose, jazzy style, but their lyrics project a completely antithetical viewpoint. Take "Children Say," for example. Mike Lindup's falsetto chorus hides the images of betrayal in the first verse: "All my friends have sold out, couldn't handle the pressure." In "Running In the Family," the frolicky bass line and and funky chorus mask the dark verses about the futility of existence because man is destined genetically to repeat his parents' lives. This is the classic Greek theme of man vs. the gods, with a modern twist. This ain't no disco. Finally, granted, "It's Over" is a ballad, but it is much, much more. Phil Gould's lyrics take

the standard love-lost sentiments and turn them inside-out in taking viewpoint of the one that leaves. This is probably the strongest song on the album. Mark King's vocals take on a new quality in this song, the pain in his voice indicates perhaps identification with the words he is singing. Hey! You out there! Buy this record, if only for these three songs! If you can't buy it, borrow it! It is a worthwhile investment.

Pat: Well yeah, I agree that "Children Say" and "Running in the Family" are pretty good, as I said before. These seem to break away from the traditional simplicity and standardized subject matter of most radio-ready "music." The rest, granted, is okay within its context, but I personally prefer music that departs farther from standard forms and overused themes.

Jeff: Okay, so Side 2 isn't so 'hot,' but there's still more to the three good songs. On these songs, the band "has it." The problem with "Lessons in Love" is the overuse of Mark King's well-acclaimed bass. But on the rest of Side 1, Level 42 finally come together as a band, and show their true talent. "Children Say" has some really innovative harmonies, which work because King pulls back on his bass. Likewise, his instrument is almost indistinguishable in "It's Over," which is the mark of a good band. Maybe this isn't a record for everyone, but, hey, give it a try. I haven't heard their first five albums, but this one works for me.



Muddraker Opinions Editor Robert Barrett displayed his model of a fountain that he hopes to build on the patio outside Platt Campus Center.

Photo by Eric Zager



Photo by Eric Zager
Professor Robert Valenza enjoys reliving math with his students.

Valenza gets rave reviews as math prof

by Wendy M. K. Shaw

There is a new professor around. Unfortunately, Dr. Robert Valenza might not be here for long — this is his part time job. In case you are won-

'Valenza is the finest math instructor this side of Jupiter.'

happy when he was offered a teaching position at Mudd last semester. Although that position didn't materialize, Valenza teaches two math courses, Discrete Mathematics and Linear Algebra, this semester. Next semester he will be teaching Differential Equations. From then on, he wants to teach about one course a semester until either the school stops needing a part-time professor or until he gets tired of holding two jobs.

Aside from being incredibly enthusiastic about math in general, Valenza has a quite novel approach to teaching the subject. In his classes at Mudd, his students only notice the frequent "You could read the book's explanation of blank, but this is a much more elegant way of showing the same thing..." However, this mild rejection of the text is only because there are four other sections taught by other professors. His ideal way of teaching a class would be without any textbook, as he did in his first calculus class. This way he can not only teach so that the students understand all of the material at the right pace, but he can integrate vari-

dering, he usually (except Tuesday and Thursday afternoons) is a systems analyst for Gould Navcom Systems.

If you are lucky enough to be in his class, you already know that he is an excellent teacher. "I don't know what it is," he said. "It's sort of something that happens between me and a class. I like to relieve things ... I like to be in somebody else's mind and sort of relive steps with them. There are only a few places you can do that. You can do that baby-sitting and you can do that teaching."

Valenza's first teaching job was while he was a graduate student at Columbia. After having proven his teaching abilities to be excellent in a couple of recitation sections, he was asked to teach a Calculus II lecture. The first semester, there were 120 students in the class. The next semester, enrollment doubled and the class had to be divided. This was, of course, due in part to the course guide which gave the instructor a 4.8 out of 5, saying "All hail Saint Valenza, future king of the universe! ... From all indications, Mr. Valenza is about the finest mathematics instructor this side of Jupiter In short, Mr. Valenza is the Rolls Royce of pedagogues, the caviar of lecturers." As he pointed out, it was written by somebody who was "obviously intoxicated." But the author still knew what he was talking about.

After getting his doctorate, Valenza taught at a small, midwestern college for two years. Although he always has loved teaching, he was very disappointed by the quality of his job and with the lack of respect he received as a professor. So he decided to give in to the lure of industry, accepting a position at RCA, where he worked for several years on, among other things, the launching of six communications satellites. He then moved to work for Gould Navcom.

Although he admits that working in industry is nowhere near as dismal a prospect as was presented to him by academic circles, and he actually likes working for industry, he was very

Valenza has quite a novel approach to teaching the subject.

ous portions of the course without being bound by somebody else's organization of chapters in a textbook. Also, writing his own problem sets make the problems into a more exact representation of the focus of the class.

He also tries to take pressure away from tests since nobody works independently in reality. As a result, he would rather help people through tests instead of letting them struggle, sweat, get the answer wrong, and never learn why their small mistake was wrong. The frustration doesn't add to the learning process. In addition, he likes teaching lower-level math classes so that he can integrate math with the world. "Western civilization is calculus. You could take a bunch of slides that an art history teacher or an architect would be happy with and explain them with calculus."

I asked Valenza what he does for fun. His response was that at the moment he didn't really have the time for fun between his two jobs. He added that teaching is the only thing he's ever done that has gotten a strong response. Considering the way he teaches, that is saying a lot.

Julia's Child

Lettuce eat soup

by Jason Adler

It's a Thursday morning and your first class was at 8:20 or maybe 9:40 or perhaps you don't have class today. It's all irrelevant, because you just can't make it to breakfast with any of those schedules. "But everything's all right," you tell yourself. "I'll have a hearty lunch." When 11:30 rolls around, your stomach begins to bark. You approach Platt and are bewildered. "Why is the Platt jail gate closed? Platt should be open." To your dismay you discover that Platt is in fact open and it's Soup 'n' Sandwich Excursion Day.

Well, this week Platt helped me keep my promise.

I thought sandwiches are only to be made as a last choice when the rest of the meal appears inedible. That's why I usually prepare myself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the excursion days. Actually, I suppose if I were really in the mood for a sandwich, I would enjoy the sandwich part of the excursion.

But it's a whole new tureen for the soups. Periodically, I have tried the soups and each time I do, I make a promise to myself. For some reason, the next month I'll always break my promise and try the soup again. Well, this week Platt helped me keep my promise. The soups were unlabeled, giving me the three choices of Sopa de Reddish-Orange, Soupe a Green-

stuff and Soup du No-way. I chose the fourth one and sat down. Having problems eating Platt's labeled soup, how can I eat their unlabeled soup?

With any of the meals at Platt, I like to drink a couple of cups of ice water. Besides having to drink Claremont water, I had never dreamed that this desire would pose any sort of problems. I was wrong once again. Getting the ice is usually very simple but filling a cup with water is always a challenge. To the far right of all the other beverage machines is a tiny pipe which trickles water at room temperature when activated. "Trickles" is an exaggeration; water could be evaporated in less time than it would take for this faucet to moisten the corner of a napkin. If someone happens to be using the lemonade or punch machines or if anyone in southern California flushes a single toilet while I'm trying to get some water, the faucet practically works backwards, sucking the water back out of the cup. Filling three cups can take up the entire meal time.

Meanwhile, the other diners are enjoying the new items introduced to Platt. One day chips and melted jalapeño cheese were available. I've had both good and bad "nachos." I thought these were excellent. The jalapeño cheese was just right: too spicy to eat quickly but not so hot as to ruin the flavor of the cheese. If the cheese was not spicy enough for those extreme fire-eaters, extra jalapeños were available. For a few days, milkshakes were also served in Platt. The shakes were kept in the large soup tureens and were therefore sometimes a little runny. But the change from plain ice cream made it a delicious treat. Platt finally found a good use for the soup tureens!

Watson tells Sorenson Get Wheel

by Kris Levin

In the conclusion of the two-part Watson Fellows series, we feature Sugi Sorenson. The other Mudder to receive a Watson Fellowship, Dave Somers, was featured last issue.

Sugi Sorenson, a native of Villa Park in Orange County, is the other 1.25 percent of the nation's Watson Fellows from Mudd this year.

Sorenson's story is very different from Somers', yet boils down to the

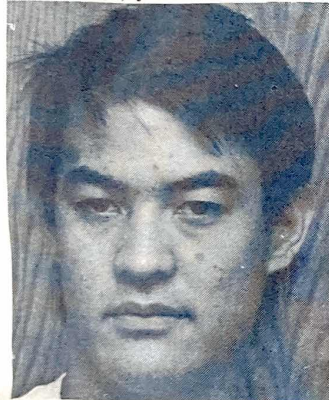


Photo by Eric Zager

Watson spokes-man, Sugi Sorenson.

same. Last fall, one and a half years before the Watson proposal deadline, Sorenson first heard about the Watson Fellowships. The idea of being given \$11,000 to do whatever he wanted in another country for a year was too good to resist, so he submitted a proposal.

"When I rewrote the proposal I included more information that I'd researched since the initial submission," said Sorenson. "I felt it gave me a better chance with the Watson people."

Not many Mudders apply so the competition at school isn't difficult — both winners agree the proposals aren't as strong as they could be.

"The Watson Fellowship is a lost opportunity for a lot of Mudders," Sorenson said.

Once Sorenson found out about the Fellowships and the opportunity they provide, he thought about what he'd like to do. "I decided I wanted to study bike manufacturing, since biking has always interested me. The Watson Committee wants the applicants to do something personally significant — I thought this would be a good chance."

The committee stresses "human" things, so Sorenson adapted his proposal to include bike racing. "I initially proposed studying in France and Italy because I knew I could get there, although I really wanted to study the techniques in the Soviet Union, too," he said.

Once the first proposal was submitted, Sorenson began spending a lot of time researching what he wanted to do

so he would be prepared for the interview. Sorenson said, "The interview is the big thing so I tried to do a lot of preparation."

"I walked in with a stack of stuff including maps. Instead of letting them ask questions, I took the initiative. This showed I'd done a lot of work and had a genuine interest."

At the interview Nancy Bekavac, a key Watson selector, commented that Sorenson had expressed an interest in Soviet studies and asked why he hadn't proposed visiting the U.S.S.R. Sorenson was prepared for this question, though; he told the committee that he wanted to go to the U.S.S.R. but at the time he'd had no contacts. Since the proposal was submitted he'd been looking into going to the U.S.S.R.

Sorenson feels that taking the initiative and showing he'd done work, especially about the Soviet portion of the trip, impressed the committee and was a large factor in his receiving the grant.

"I played it safe in the first round (the Mudd committee)," admits Sorenson, "but in the interview I went for broke and it paid off." Bekavac ended up helping Sorenson with Soviet connections also.

Sorenson's Watson Fellowship is for spending next year in Europe "biking around with a tent on my back and living like a pauper to study bike manufacturing and racing in France, Italy and hopefully the U.S.S.R. I hope to ride with some teams while I'm there, too."

His "pitch" to the Soviets so they will allow him to stay in the country is that "the Soviet riders use Italian bikes and I hope to study their method of manufacture and exchange ideas from other countries I've visited."

At the moment Sorenson is in contact with the Soviet Consulate in Washington, D.C., the Soviet Sports Ministry and various U.S. diplomats in the U.S.S.R. in an effort to get permission to visit. Sorenson contacted the U.S. diplomats through Professor Nathaniel Davis and hopes to speak to the people while he's in the Soviet Union with Davis's trip.

Sorenson's parents didn't have much to do with his application. "When I first told them I applied they looked at it as something a college student does. Once I got the award they really started to ask what it's about. They're very happy I'm going to do this, though Dad's happier than Mom — I think she's going to miss me a lot."

Finally, Sorenson suggests that everyone, especially current juniors, "think about it. Someone wants to pay you \$11,000 to do what you want to do abroad for at least nine months. Now's the best time to travel. Why wait until you're too old to enjoy it? This is the chance of a lifetime."

Mary Jane's Place

Just one of those days

It snuck up on me, at first, on little cat's feet bundled up in fuzzy doggy slippers. And then suddenly it was upon me with its huge razor sharp incisors, tearing the flesh from my bones with a ferocity usually not seen outside of a convention of game show hosts. Yes, it was one of those days, and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. It all began in my nine o'clock class

"Mary Jane?" I stood, and leaned over the second row of chairs, reaching for the five sheets of white paper bound together by a staple and often called the test I took a few days ago. My arm was trembling a bit more than I usually like it to. As Professor A let go of these five utterly insignificant little pieces of paper and their even less significant staple, the tiniest of malicious grins came to his face. This, I realized later, signaled my imminent damnation.

I sat back down, test in hand, praying for the moral fiber to see my score and retain my faith in a just world at the same instant. Now, this calls to mind such a plethora of philosophical questions that I certainly couldn't spoil the metaphysical mood by doing such a corporeal thing as looking at my test score right then. . .

(Before I continue, I must make a bit of a definition:

dweeb: *n*, A person who has just completely destroyed the curve on an exam, and therefore feels a great need to boost his ego by asking everyone else what their lousy little scores are.)

"Hey Mary, whatcha get?" I heard from the zweeb next door. My reply was, unfortunately, not printable in such a fine journal as this one. This, however, did not in the least little bit daunt the zweeb. He grabbed my test out of my hands, and read my test score to the entire class, causing much more rolling in the aisle than, say, your average Wednesday Nighter skit.

Now, the actions of this zweeb and the fact that I was soon to be the recipient of a low grade notice with the little "Inaptitude for the course" box checked combined to bother me. A bit. Well, no, let's face facts here, the thought of that nasty little yellow envelope being placed in my mailbox royally pissed me off. I'm talking about a "To hell with you, cruel world, I'm pissed off!" sort of state of mind, which began to mature within me as I sat through what I can only term an uninspired lecture by professor A and a similar one by Professor B at ten o'clock.

So, by the time the day had reached its halfway point, there was steam rising out of my ears, and my eyes were searching everywhere for

someone (anyone) to bother me. I mean, I'm stoic to a point, and generally disapprove of you "You really should talk about it, you'll feel a lot better" types who seem to be lurking everywhere, but when I get this pissed off, I need some sort of release, or else I tend to become rather unproductive.

So, I go to Platt, figuring one look at the menu will be enough to cause a soul cleansing explosion, and just what do you suppose the little buggers are doing? They are serving decent food! Today of all days, the food is better than edible, in fact, even a bit more than appetizing.

I laugh at myself for thinking I was pissed off before, because NOW I truly understand the phrase. My vision is blurry with anger as I sit down at the table with some friends, waiting, begging them to annoy me in the least. I mean, we are all good buddies, we give each other a hard time all the time, but today everyone is completely filled with good cheer. It's all, "Hi, Mary!" this and "Lovely dress you're wearing" that, and "Would you like me to drive you down to the bank to deposit the \$200 you forgot I owed to you?" the other. All this niceness made me realize new levels of anger that I had never dreamed were possible.

The rest of the day continued in this manner: my philosophy class was canceled due to nice weather, Ed McMahan called to say I'd won ten million in the Publisher's Clearinghouse Sweepstakes, and this guy I've been lusting after for months sent me two dozen red roses and asked me to accompany him to London for a night on the town with Andy and Fergie. By eight o'clock, I was so upset I couldn't even move from the chair I sat in for fear of breaking any seven of the Ten Commandments. I had no idea how to get out of this mess I found myself in on one of those days.

A few minutes later I was visited by (of all things) a frosh.

"Hey, how ya doing!" he asked. I chose not to respond, simply staring at the wall. He came farther into my room. "Hey, are you OK?" he asked. I guess the steam in the ears and the sound of gnashing teeth didn't tip him off. They just don't make frosh like they used to. He looked at me, and somewhere found the guts to ask, "Look, do you want to talk about it?"

"YES!!" I cried, jumping up, grabbing his shoulders and shaking vigorously. "DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE?"

"Whoa, I didn't mean talk to me!" he mumbled as he quickly found the door.

I sat down and smiled. You all are right; I did feel better after talking about it.

The Student: a bit different from the rest

by Louis Rossi

The door to the dean's office burst inward as if some explosive had detonated on the other side. The silhouette of The Student stood framed in the doorway. The freshman strode forward to the desk and slammed a white form on his desk, upsetting the dean's coffee.

"Screw college," The Student shouted, "I've been hired by AcmeTech Inc. in Toledo."

The form read, "WITHDRAWAL FORM 11-9474C." All the information was neatly typed into the spaces provided. The dean looked out at The Student. "I strongly encourage you to reconsider. We have invested a lot of financial aid in you. Why, your parents are going to donate a new dorm to us soon. College is the place for you. Don't disappoint us."

"I withdraw," The Student said flatly and strode out the door. The dean looked down at the sheet in front of him. Under Item 46c was the question "Why have you chosen to withdraw?" The answer was typed in block capitals below: "A MATTER OF SANITY."

The Student never made it to Toledo, however. Just as he was packing his bags, a white gas seeped into his room through the heating vent. He awoke the next morning in what appeared to be his old room. "What's going on here!" he shouted. "Who cleaned my room? It isn't Wednesday, yet." On his desk, he saw a manila envelope. "What's this? A registration packet? Sophomore core?!? E & M, E-53, DE's, P-Chem ... Oh God! I'm still a student!"

He bolted for the door outside. In the courtyard, he saw what looked like another student unicycling toward him. All the students in sight were wearing the same thing: Levi 501s and a plain black T-shirt.

"Good morning, 555-17-1972. Did you sleep well?" the uni-que asked.

"Who are you? What is this thing stuck to my forehead?" The Student demanded, pulling at the white rectangle attached to his forehead.

"I'm 539-18-9453. Don't do that; that's your meal card. You'll need it for the special dinner tonight. Don't you like shepherd's pie?"

"I'm a man, not a number. What do you want with me?"

"Ah, I see you haven't spoken with the professor yet. You had better do that. Didn't you see the low grade notice on your door?"

The professor's office was a large white room with the picture of a unicycle on the wall. The student sat in a sturdy dorm lounge chair. The professor's meal card merely had the number "666" on it.

"555-17-1972, I've been waiting for you."

"Who are you? You're not a professor. Where's your chalkboard? What

do you want?"

"I want what every professor wants. I want you to work. I see you haven't done your homework for today."

"No, I haven't. And, I won't do any more homework either. I'm not a sophomore; I'm a free man!"

"I'm afraid the president wouldn't like that. You had better answer some questions if you want to pass. Why did you withdraw from college?"

"As I told the dean before: It's a matter of sanity. What is the president's name? You can't keep me here. I demand a weekend!"

"You are in no position to demand anything. You can have your weekend but I'm afraid you won't enjoy it. You have a term paper and two take-home

quizzes to do."

The Student fled in terror. Before The Student reached the quad, the professor had called Campus Security. The Student zipped across the Cannon Green only to be confronted by two Campus Security officers.

The Student stopped. The security officers drew their clubs. They stared menacingly at him. "Don't do it, Boy. Leaving the quad is an Honor Code violation." The Student, not knowing what to do, did what came naturally.

"BOO!" The Student cried. The security officers scattered to the left and right and The Student raced onward.

East field was behind him now. He could almost see Foothill through the smog. The Student had friends on

the outside. The alumni would help him if he could make it back to the Real World. If he could hide out for a few days, an RTD bus might come along. Then, he heard a quiet crunching sound close behind him. He turned to face that which he feared most. Ursula Cart approached.

"Get away from me! I will not be a sophomore!" he cried. But Ursula Cart, like most clinic projects, merely carried out its duties, its builders having long since graduated. Most of the other students shook their heads at this spectacle but some noticed a tear sliding down the right headlight as Ursula Cart carried The Student back to the quad and wondered if this student was a bit different from the rest.

IN VIETNAM THE WIND DOESN'T BLOW IT SUCKS



COMING
IN JUNE

Stanley Kubrick's

FULL METAL JACKET

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS STANLEY KUBRICK'S FULL METAL JACKET
STARRING: MATTHEW MODINE ADAM BALDWIN VINCENT DONOFIO LEE ERMEY DORIAN HAREWOOD ARLISS HOWARD KEVIN MAJOR HOWARD ED O'BRIEN
SCREENPLAY BY STANLEY KUBRICK MICHAEL HERR GUSTAV HASFORD BASED ON THE NOVEL THE SHORT TIMERS BY GUSTAV HASFORD CO-PRODUCER PHILIP HOBBS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JAN HARLAN
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY STANLEY KUBRICK