

Draft Lottery Foibles Many

by Number 324

In a questionably effective attempt to make the draft more equitable ("a fair draft" sounds like a contradiction in terms), someone in Washington put 366 bits of paper into a fishbowl to be drawn out on December 1 to decide who would be most likely to go to Vietnam. Considering the results of the lottery, it seems that the dates were not distributed randomly.

In spite of the press releases stating that the lottery would decrease the uncertainty involved in the draft, about the best anyone could do was to divide all the draftable young men into three groups according to their order in the lottery, the first certain of going, the third not very likely to go, and the middle group in the same kind of limbo as before the lottery.

There was a great number of dates in the first group from December and November. In fact, the correlation between the months in the year and the number of birthdays falling in the first group was between +.81 and +.69, depending on how one ranked equal numbers. (All calculations were by the "rank difference method" after correcting for the different number of days in each month.) Likewise, the correlation between the months and the birthdays falling the last third was -.63, that is, as one progressed through the year fewer and fewer dates fell within the last group.

It seems that the dates were put into the fishbowl in order starting with January 1, and not mixed very well so that when the drawing began, they came out in inverse order.



Akin to Santa's reindeer, members of the Throop Three Committee position this year's tree just before the lighting ceremony.

Finns Have Unusual Student Union—Mrs. Brown Finds

by Phil Neches

While Harold Brown helped negotiate strategic arms limitations in Helsinki last December, Mrs. Brown did her homework. While in Finland, she studied student life at the technical institute in Helsinki, and filed the following report with a Tech interviewer:

The Finnish students have a wholly-student-owned Union, which owns and operates a unique and lavish student entertainment center and dorms. This would be comparable to ASCIT owning and operating the Student Houses, Beckman Auditorium, the Athenaeum, and Chandler all at once.

Rock Palace in the Snow

The Student Union building houses a complete theater, restaurants, shows, cafeterias, and entertainment rooms. It can serve as a convention center for 2000, and is used as such over vacations.

The architecture is quite in-

teresting and typically Finnish: from the outside, the Student Union looks like a rock fortress. The heighten this effect, the building is located on top of a hill! Inside, the use of stone and wood paneling provides a pleasant environment, according to Mrs. Brown (subtle hint for the Users' Group).

Officers Are Dropouts

Officers of the Student Union, according to Mrs. Brown, usually drop out of school for the year of their tenure in office. (This is beginning to sound disgustingly like certain goods and services provided to members of the Caltech community by students.) However, the officers receive a salary, which makes their leaves of absence remunerative as well as fun.

According to Mrs. Brown, some of her observations might be of interest to the Users' Group and the Committee on Undergraduate Student Houses.

Vandalism Continues; Third Armed Theft

A third armed robbery and isolated incidents of vandalism struck the Caltech campus over the term break. The holdup took place prior to the vacation. No details were released by Ken Charles, head of Campus Security. He did, however, release details and pictures of damage done in Dabney Hall early Tuesday morning.

The vandal entered Dabney Hall at 5:30 a.m. Tuesday and went to the basement. The windows in the doors of 06 and 07 Dabney were smashed with a 2 foot length of iron pipe which Charles' staff subsequently discovered. Charles reported that the glass fragments were projected with sufficient speed to embed themselves in bookcases across the hall. With the exception of one clock and a ripped book, no other damage was noted.

Charles fixed the time the criminal entered by the time on the face of the stopped clock. The custodian opened the building at 5:00 a.m.

A suspect in the second armed

robbery was apprehended and is now awaiting trial. The suspect is not from the Pasadena area. He is said to be 19 years old.

Automotive thefts continued with the emphasis on older model Chevrolets. Several batteries were reported stolen. One vehicle was recovered in south central Los Angeles, with all its accessories removed.

Three photomultiplier tubes, valued at \$1000 each were stolen from the astronomy labs Monday night. The institute theft rate continues to be at least \$3000 per month in personal property. No figures were released on Institute property.

Vienna Choir Boys Coming to Beckman Feb. 11

Caltech's Faculty Committee on Programs announces the winter-spring concert series scheduled for Beckman Auditorium. Misha Dichter, virtuoso pianist, opens the series on Saturday, January 31. His program includes music composed by Bach-Busoni, Beethoven, Brahms, and Moussorgsky.

The series continues with the Vienna Choir Boys on February 11; pianist Rosalyn Tureck performing the Goldberg Variations by Bach on February 28; the Repertory Dance Theatre of the University of Utah on March 14; Ciro and his Ballet Flamenco on April 4, and the series closes with the Turnau Opera Players in Mozart's *Così fan tutte* on May 2, 1970.

Two film series will be announced shortly. One honors the epic "silent" movies, and the other will introduce films for the first time shown in the U.S. and made by the current crop of the world's most promising film-makers.

Ticket information for series and individual performances may be obtained by calling campus extension 1653 or 793-7043.

News Briefs

IHC To Delay Decision On Moving

IHC Decision Delayed (Again);
Final Word Months Away

According to all indications received at this end of the line, IHC will not announce any decision on where they will move in the near future. Apparently, their Hollywood campus has been granted a stay of execution: no other explanation for their continued delay has been mentioned. (Note that IHC would need at least 18 months to prepare their buildings after the decision is made, wherever they go.) The matter thus seems likely to sit and stew for a while.

However, this Friday (that's tomorrow, fans), the faculty will hold a full-dress meeting on IHC. Just what will be on the agenda, however, remains uncertain as we go to press.

Demonstration in Favor of Campus Security Imminent

Some Techers who have been concerned about the recent rash of armed robberies and thefts (there have been a total of three armed robberies on campus to date) may march on the administration demanding that Ken Charles's plan to increase and upgrade the Campus Security Force be adopted. This would mark one of the only demonstrations in favor of campus

security in recent history, at any college or university.

Student concern seems to be based on some of the following facts: (1) the personal property loss rate has averaged between \$2000 and \$3000 a month for the last few months; (2) the administration has been cool to Ken Charles's proposals, despite *Tech* editorials endorsing them; (3) many doors and gates in the Student Houses had to be locked over vacation.

Sinsheimer Wins Virology Gold Medal

Dr. Robert L. Sinsheimer, chairman of Caltech's biology division, has been named the winner of the 1969 gold medal for virology awarded by the Royal Netherlands Academy of Sciences and Letters.

Dr. Sinsheimer received the award, which also carries an honorarium of \$2000, on Dec. 20 in Amsterdam.

The Caltech biologist, noted for his fundamental virus research, is only the second recipient of the award, which is given every three years. The gold medal, established by the M. W. Beijerinck Foundation, is awarded to "a scientist who has made a major contribution in the field of virology in the broadest sense."

Dr. Sinsheimer recently was elected president of the American Biophysical Society for 1970. He left Dec. 15 for The Netherlands.

Beckman's Willis to Head Concert Managers Association

Gerald Willis, 31, manager of Caltech's Beckman Auditorium for the past five years, has been elected president of the Association of College and University Concert Managers.

The organization, which has just held its 13th annual conference in New York City, is composed of 450 members from the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Willis will serve a two-year term.

Willis came to Caltech from UCLA, where he was engaged in administrative work in fine arts productions. He is a graduate of UCLA in psychology and a native of Van Nuys, California.

Fender Heads for India As Ford Consultant

Dr. Derek Fender, Caltech scientist who has made important contributions toward an understanding of the human visual system, left Saturday, December 20, as a Ford Foundation educational

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Summer Jobs in Economics Opened

Summer internships in economic development are being offered by the Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education to Juniors, Seniors, and Graduate Students. Each intern selected will be paid a stipend and work with a local economic development organization located in the West.

The internships represent a significant opportunity for students interested in concrete community development and are not limited to students with any particular academic background. However, verbal skills are important, and the ability of a student to accept responsibility will weigh heavily in his favor.

Please contact the Placement Office, Room 24 Throop, for further information.

Burn Your PE Reg Card!?



Members of the Perpetual Committee to Abolish P.E. Requirements dramatize their complaints against what they consider an unfair and superfluous system by burning their P.E. Enrolling Cards. Sources in the P.E. Office denounced this act as contributing to air pollution, however, the Committee continues its efforts undaunted. (Preliminary results on the poll are 160 to 90 against the requirement).

—Photo by Neches

LETTERS

Caltech: Competition vs. Understanding

Dear Sirs:

I have been encouraged by the recent letters of Mr. Guibas, and Mr. Dibartolomeo on education at Caltech, to write these few notes. They refer to my personal experiences here, and represent a personal appraisal of the situation. Whatever criticisms I have expressed here, are intended to be constructive.

I believe that the reputation which Caltech has for excellence is considerably justified, but there is much room for growth towards a greater excellence and a more human milieu. If we are careful, I do not think that this change would require the institute to sacrifice any of its genuine values.

Must Compete.

After spending a year here, I have come to the difficult conclusion that one must, of necessity, compete to survive at Caltech. It is true that competition spurs one to greater effort. It extracts from lazy men, work. But it also pits human beings against each other, and not playfully; as a condition of living it can at best be a necessary evil. But is it necessary?

A Caltech student generally attains a prodigious ability to come up with answers to problems set for him—and this is indeed very good. But a good education, I believe, entails more. It must enable one to feel uncomfortable about something, emerge from this discomfort with a well-defined problem, and then, come up with one's own solutions.

Grades vs. Understanding

I'm not sure that with the present system of assignments, examinations, and grades, this is being achieved. One spends so much time solving problems assigned by somebody else that there is no time to contemplate and come up with one's own ideas, let alone develop them. I may have learned to solve problems here, but I miss the quiet pleasure of really understanding something, of searching for nuances, which are present as much in Physics, as in Jazz, say. I miss the unpressured discussion so necessary to come up with good ideas. When there is time, a few years from now, perhaps the desire will be gone. I often wonder why there is no time for such activity. I think it is largely linked to the aforementioned fact that, under present conditions, to survive at Caltech, one must compete. One must try to do better than the next guy. One finds oneself pursuing good grades rather than sound understanding—and the two can be quite apart.

The system of examinations and competitive grading induces just this attitude. Grades are important, I believe, only towards giving a student an evaluation of his work for himself. It shouldn't be a means towards comparing him with others. But is there any alternative to the present system? Without competition can one preserve the quality of work, the diligence of the workers, and those general standards of excellence that characterize Caltech?

Cooperate or Compete?

I think (this has been said before) that "cooperation" is a valid alternative to competition. In any group of intelligent men there is a tendency to compete, which is natural, but perhaps it must be deliberately eschewed for a spirit of common well-being. The purpose of a university is not to find out who can do better work than whom, but rather, to prove that we can all do good work.

The proposals put forward by Mr. Dibartolomeo seem excellent

first steps towards making this purpose a reality. I think the University of Massachusetts scheme of putting the responsibility upon the student to plan his own education a very wise one. The peer-teaching programs, team-learning and tutorial groups proposed are admirably suited to the Caltech environment. I would like to suggest that:

(1) the emphasis on achieving good grades be attenuated by making all courses pass-fail (if it is at all necessary to fail anybody). Students will study just as hard and perhaps with a lot more enthusiasm. Experimental Programs in the Biology department at Caltech seem to support this assertion. Perhaps, then, some enjoyment will return to the process of learning.

(2) Teaching Assistants in each course should be encouraged to teach, and not just grade homework. I don't think that such teaching should be made compulsory, however. (I'm not sure that I agree with Mr. Guibas' proposal to award teaching prizes though!)

One needs more free time to be able to do this—and I think that this free time will be available when one doesn't have to grind for grades.

With No Grades

Without grades, we will be able to participate in such excellent experiments as the current junior high school education program and initiate some of our own, too. There is great opportunity at Caltech, and in Pasadena, to teach kids, liberal arts students, adults—and ourselves what science can be.

The trend towards a more vigorous Humanities department sounds promising too. If a free-lance school of Education, with emphasis on experience, could be part of that plan, I'm sure it could be very effective, provided of course that students have time to make it so. Instructional Technology is a fast-growing field that Caltech seems ideally suited to study.

Honor

To end, I would like to repeat that these are my individual opinions (although I know they are shared by several of my friends). I hope that the discussion already initiated on the subject, will continue, and lead to concrete results.

Perhaps from all this will grow an honor that requires more from us than just not taking unfair advantage of another Caltech man—one that encourages us to take fair advantage of him, to learn from, and with him.

—Vivek Monteiro

Mooney Lauds Heroic Efforts of Throop Tree Committee

Dear Sirs,

One of the nice things about having offices in Throop Hall was the Christmas tree which magically appeared each year atop the dome. Now that we have moved to the Business Services Building we find the tree is even more appreciated since we can now see the tree from our offices. It is a big tree this year, and its lights are especially pretty after dark.

Since I don't know exactly who is responsible for erecting this tree year after year, I thought the *Tech* could help pass on our appreciation and thanks to the appropriate individuals.

—Richard L. Mooney
Purchasing Agent

Dibartolomeo Discusses Plans For Improving Campus Life

Dear Sirs:

It's now the beginning of a new term and things don't seem much better than second term last academic year when I was a soph. Some people are content with the way TTech is, most because they have no standard by which to compare with, a few because Tech does actually fit their academic pursuits. But most students aren't very happy here.

Two issues ago in the *California Tech*, I wrote a letter entitled "Life at Caltech Questioned". I hope you had a chance to look at it. If not, let me sum it up by saying that I found life here to be a repulsion from studying and not an attraction to learning. Few people are enthusiastic about what they are doing and the on-campus lifestyle shows it. A reasonable analogy can be made to a child whose mother tells him to wash his hands before each dinner. He gripes and sometimes fakes it by just running the water in the bathroom without wetting his hands. Then once he gets sick and knows it was caused by his dirty hands. Then he starts washing them on his own motivation and enjoys doing it. Similarly, education should be an enjoyable process in which a student deeply feels he is learning.

Some of the proposals I made to relieve Caltech from this mother role fell along the lines of postponing or removing option selection on the part of undergrads, removing option requirements, and establishing student study groups for harder courses which could feed back to the lecturer the progress of the students. These are just some particulars, there are others such as student evaluation sheets of the faculty which would be helpful.

Since that article was published, there has been one meeting of concerned students. Some rough ideas of what should be done came out of the group. These were to organize an accredited work project course on the educational experience at Caltech and a companion

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Other Campuses

by Dave Lewin

Happy New Year! As part of my campaign to corrupt the hearts and minds of the student body, I bring you this edition of Other Campuses. Sorting through the reams of exchange papers that manage to pile up at a phenomenal rate, I noticed that they range in quality from neo-*New York Times* to new-junior high newsheet. I would like to award the *Bickley* prizes for journalistic inanity to: *The Biola Chimes*, for their forthright editorials against cards, miniskirts, and rock music. The prize is a pinocle deck and an autographed picture of Mick Jagger, to be presented on February 29th, 1970.

A feature story in the *Rensselaer Polytechnic* indicates that guys with high numbers will be safe—if their boards are in Alaska, Colorado, Kansas, or Utah. New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Oklahoma say they need every warm body. You can go I-A while in school if you hail from Ohio or New Hampshire, but have to drop out to gain that dubious honor from a Tennessee, South Dakota, or Missouri board. Groups from USC, the University of Maryland, MIT, and elsewhere have run statistical analyses of the "random drawing" and found it was—you guessed it!—nonrandom. Selective service comment was: "We all have to go sometime." But why now?

Daily Dung Awards

The *Colorado Daily* announced the first annual Thomas Crapper Memorial Awards, named after the inventor of the flush toilet. They went for such actions as:

—Sen. Edward Kennedy, although admitting that as many as 300,000 Vietnamese civilians had been killed or wounded in the past four years, most of them by allied and ARVN forces, wanted to make sure the American public was aware that only a small number of those had been intentional killings, the others being merely as a result of bombing or shelling.

—The administration of Colorado State University are insisting that the students enjoy or at least pay for CSU's aspirations as a

national football power, or be denied extra-curricular activities such as registration for classes.

—Sen. Thomas Dodd (R.—Conn.) said perhaps the My Lai massacre was carried out by soldiers under the influence of marijuana.

Peace

The West Georgia College *West Georgian* provides a translation of the Christmas saying "Peace on Earth; goodwill toward men."

"PEACE ON EARTH," but Vietnam doesn't count 'cause it's hell and everybody knows hell's not on earth.

"GOODWILL TOWARD MEN" can only be achieved through murdering all the Communists (Hurray, Lemay!)

Have a happy Winter Quarter. I hope to be back soon with more from the outside world, if the U.S. Mail stays solvent.

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The CALIFORNIA Tech
Volume LXXI Number 12

Thursday, January 8, 1970

Published weekly during the school year except during holidays and examination periods by the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology, Inc. The opinions expressed in all unsigned articles herein are solely those of the newspaper staff.

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The California Tech Publication
Offices: Winnett Center, 1201 East
California Boulevard, Pasadena, Cali-
fornia, 91109. Represented nation-
ally by National Educational Ad-
vertising Services, Incorporated.
Printed by News-Type Service, 125
South Maryland Ave., Glendale,
California. Second class postage paid
at Pasadena, California

Subscriptions\$1.50 per term
\$4.00 pper year
Life Subscription\$100.00

FRANKLY SPEAKING

by Phil Frank



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David Wilson

Smog Bowl - 1984

I rose from my \$20 seat and peered through the brown haze. For a moment I was certain that I had caught a glimpse of the old pigskin, or a player at least, but it was just a bag of peanuts tossed from a vendor to another fan, 3 rows down.

I've been coming to the Smog Bowl each New Year's Day for 15 years. I remember the old games well, but details of more recent ones are a little hazy. At first we'd watch the players, concentrating on the game; then it was the bench and coach's antics. A few years ago we could still see the cheerleaders. This year, I can see three rows down.

Smog King

At half-time, as they crowned the Smog King (this year, General Motors), George, the guy next to me, argued that there haven't been any players on the field since the government took over football. He claimed the playing field has actually been urban-renewed into a high-rise parking lot (parking lots are temporary storage areas for autos which are between freeway tie-ups). George thought we were being brainwashed, but things were clear to me.

Maybe 15 years ago the government could get away with such stuff—like how they used to tell us we'd be getting out of Vietnam. But that doesn't work in 1984, no sir! They wouldn't dare tell us we were getting out of Vietnam *this* year.

Clean Gene Strikes Out

The guy behind us joined the

argument. His name was Gene, and although he sided with George, he didn't talk about brainwashing. Gene wanted us to vacuum the smog away: cover the stadium and withdraw the air, the proof of the high-rise would show through. I was jokingly calling him Clean Gene when this kid in front of us, Hubert, got his daddy, Richard J., to smash Gene, who was much smaller. All this commotion caused the riot squad, headed by Dick and Spiro, to take over.

Law and Order was restored, but with no one left for three rows in any direction, there wasn't much to look at. I kept hoping someone new would come into view, but no one had, and the game was almost over.

King of the Road

So, I finished drinking my Santa Barbara (you skim off the oil layer and drink the lower phase), removed the oxygen tube and replaced it under my seat, and donned my gas mask for the trip home. On the way out, I finally could see the "Welcome to the 1984 Smog Bowl" sign, which had fallen to the ground. During the game, pollution had rotted the rope holding it up.

While driving home I thought how sad it is that us common folk don't have more power to make things better. I'd have pushed for cleaner air back in 1970. In order to overcome my feeling of impotency, I stabbed the gas pedal to the floor and felt my 378 horses come to life. Ah!



Most of us celebrated such pedestrian holidays as Christmas and Hannukah over the term break (if not just before), however, Dr. Huttenback prefers the rites of the Feast of the Saturnalia.

Are You Experienced

Y and Educational Ideas

by David Schor

The Caltech Y is looking for members of the Caltech community who would like to participate in experimental groups with the goals of "personalizing" the Caltech educational experience and trying to improve opportunities for excitement and participation at the Institute. With all of the talk going

on here today among students and faculty about student-centered education. Several professors, especially at the freshman level, are already using an informal seminar approach, often with classes held at the professor's home or at least away from the traditional (and sometimes stifling) setting on campus. The Biology Division has experimented with letting students decide what is important to learn in genetics and biochemistry, and its student-faculty committee has pushed for extension of a tutorial approach—not remedial—to learning in other areas of Biology (see the last *Tech*). A possible use for the Y's student centered education groups is to share some of the experiences arising out of these and other approaches and build on that knowledge to create an innovative/exciting/functional environment for learning. Members could teach each other (bongo-playing to bird-watching) or learn together. Each group's direction would be up to the members of the group, of course, so the list of possible topics is very long.

The placement of students on faculty committees which took place within memory of most of the students now at the Institute is a good first step towards creating a true spirit of cooperation and encouraging communication between these often antagonistic groups. However, it seems that the student representatives are ineffective in accomplishing these goals. With Caltech's small size there is no need to rely solely on such a representative system. The Y would like to extend this area of contact to more individuals on both sides by setting up student-faculty dialogue groups for those who think that Caltech can be changed for the better and who feel that this might be a good way to do it: groups of three to five students and faculty would meet to talk about their experiences, ideas, and dreams for the Institute. It is hoped that at least some of the groups might proceed to offer suggestions to implement improvements they feel are necessary.

The encounter group experience is becoming a part of the Caltech experience. A large number of students and a few faculty have participated in one or more such groups since the Y greatly expanded

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NEWS BRIEFS (Cont.)

consultant to universities in India. He will be in India for two months explaining the advantages of interdisciplinary collaboration in research and teaching. Lack of communication among different scientific specialties is said to be a major problem in Indian research.

Dr. Fender himself is an interdisciplinary. He is a biologist and electrical engineer and uses both specialties in his work. He has a joint appointment at Caltech as professor of biology and applied science.

Much of his time will be spent at the University of Delhi, which has 65,000 students.

Following a series of seminars he will conduct in India, Dr. Fender will go to Australia for a month, discussing the subject of perception at the University of Sydney and at the National University at Canberra, where the visual systems of all animals below man are being studied.

Mrs. Fender will accompany him. They will return to Pasadena April 1.

McKee to Chair Environment Engineers' Board for Year

Dr. Jack E. McKee, professor of environmental health engineering at Caltech, has been elected chairman of the Environmental Engineering Intersociety Board for the 1969-70 term.

The EEIB was established in 1955 to improve the practice, elevate the standards and advance the cause of environmental engineering to better serve the public. It is the only engineering organization certifying to the professional qualifications of the practitioners of its specialties.

ATTENTION BALLPLAYERS

There will be an organizational meeting for baseball on Wednesday, January 14, at 11:00 a.m. in the gym lecture room. Players, managers, and statisticians are needed.

Throop Beat

by Etaoin Schroedlu

So you think you have trouble passing those tests last term? You've been bested, and by none other than your local friendly security guards. I'm told that these worthy individuals have to pass security tests by not only the Pasadena Police Department but also the FBI and the Atomic Energy Commission. That sort of impresses you, doesn't it; after all, how many of us could pass those tests?

From the Horse's Mouth

Only at Caltech Dept.: The position document being prepared by the Admissions Committee for circulation to the faculty concerning minority admissions is being referred to unofficially by the Committee as (what else?) a "White Pater."

Hard Hearted

No announcement has yet come through from IHC concerning their proposed move to Pasadena. Although I'm told that meetings over there are continuing, it now appears that the decision may not be made for several weeks, or months. Apparently removal from their present location need not be immediate after all.

The Admissions Office has received about 35 applications from prospective female frosh. Dr. Miller, who has talked to some of them in person, says that some of the applicants are "exciting," and interesting people. As the deadline for applications is not until February 1, the Office hopes to have about 100 applications, and should be able to find 20 qualified female applicants without trouble.

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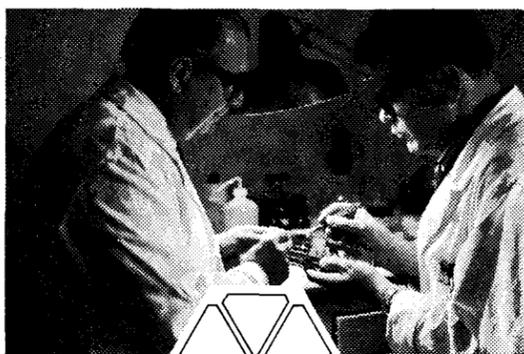
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Campus Interviews

Wed., February 18

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The Black Moochie

Ed. Note: This is the last in a series of excerpts from part two of The Black Moochie, a novelette by Eldridge Cleaver. Reprinted from the November, 1969, issue of Ramparts Magazine.

Pat Moore's shop was upstairs, over the Club Alabam. I wanted my hair gassed, so Chester took me to Pat Moore's, complaining every step of the way that I was a fool. I wanted to please Lupe. I was 17, Lupe was 26—a woman over the flip little girls I'd been catching up till her. I wanted to impress her with how slick a cat I was. Pat Moore sat me in the barber's chair and draped a sheet over my shoulders, like a KKK man without his hood. Then he started greasing me down, spreading a thick goeey muck over my skin along the hairline, then rubbing it into my scalp to protect the flesh from the violent action of the hair-straightening chemicals he was about to apply. "If it gets too hot and burns more than you can stand, jus' hollar," Pat said. Taking a rubber spatula, he began slapping the gas onto my head in big goeey lumps, like a woman slapping lard into a hot skillet. Taking a comb, he slowly worked the gas into my hair, inserting the comb at the front of my head and pulling it straight back along the curve of my skull to the end of my hair at the base of my neck.

Soon the comb was running through my hair without any opposition from the kinks. In a moment every last kink had been murdered outright, and each strand of my hair was stretched out on my head like an elongated corpse on a barroom floor. "You be looking like Rudolph Valentino in a minute," Pat said. The shit was beginning to burn my skull, but I didn't say anything. I wanted to leave it in as long as I could, because I had been schooled to the fact that, up to a certain crucial point, the longer you left the gas in, the straighter your hair became. If you left it in beyond that crucial point, then the acids and lye in the gas would eat all the hair off your head, would eat all the skin off, in fact, theoretically, it could eat your whole head off, bone and all. "O.K., Pat," I said, bolting from the chair at last. "Get this shit out quick, man." Pat led me to the sink and bent my head over it. Using a little green hose with a spray nozzle attached to it, he rinsed and washed and rinsed my head until every last trace of the gas was washed away, leaving a crop of weird-looking hair standing all over my head. (Looking back, these strands of hair impress me as the perfect metaphor for the anarchy existing among so-called Negroes in America. Each strand was a stranger to the other; each stood alone, resembling a mob rather than an organized mass. Each strand seemed to be stumbling around blindly, seeking its true identity, seeing nothing of itself in the strands around it.) Pat said, "Now how do you want to wear it, my man? Want me to fingerwave it or set it in the pachuco style with a ducktail in the back?" "Stick fingerwaves to me, baby," I said. And Pat went to work. When he finished, I had a do just like Nat King Cole. Had I chosen the pachuco, I'd be looking like Sammy Davis Jr.

I could hardly wait to get back to Rose Hill to see Lupe that night. I went home and took a bath, careful not to wet my hair or move my head too violently for fear of shaking out the waves. When I met

Lupe that night, under the clothesline next to Francis' pad at the end of the row of apartments in the Projects, she said in her Mexican accent: "Eeeek! What happened to your hair?" She led me out of the darkness into a patch of light cast by the street light up at the top of the hill. "What did you do to your hair?" she asked in a most horrified tone. "You've ruined it!" she said, and tried to touch my hair. I knew that if she touched it she would knock the waves out. Gasses are for looking at, not for touching! "No!" I cautioned her, "don't touch it or you'll mess it up." "You're crazy, Leroy!" she said. "I don't like your hair that way. I like it fuzzy like it was!" Then, crying, she wrenched herself violently from my arms and ran into her house.

Weaving back and forth, in and out of these other lives, a boy goes on his way. Where his nose is headed he hardly has the sense to ask. He simply goes, following his own feet. And what a chase. The basic reality was the marijuana. The yesca, the stuff of the boy's existence. From the moment when Chico cuts him into getting high, he rapidly develops as a wise handler of the weed. More than his wisdom was his availability. How he scampers about those hills with the bag.

Weighing out the pounds. Sacking up the cans. Rolling up the joints. Conscientious businessmen getting ready for the evening's trade. People coming from miles around to cop some of that good old Rose Hill marijuana, and we'd be there waiting for them with everything ready to go. Joints all rolled, cans ready at \$7 each—our specialty. Then the pounds. The easy dollars. Easy Money. Good name for a book. Easy Come, Easy Go. One must tell a great deal about reality in order to justify writing a book, yet so many of these fools who tell nothing at all come off the presses again and again. When I write, I want my words to drive a spear into the heart of America.

Push Here!

SPIRIT IN THE SKY: *Norman Greenbaum; Warner-Reprise 6365.*

Spirit In the Sky is a good but undistinguished performance. The merit of the record is purely in the arrangements. The lyrics are undoubtedly about as inane as they come, particularly those of "Milk Cow." The instrumental accompaniment, though competent, is not particularly outstanding. Despite all this, the total effect is enjoyable. In other words, I like the record but I can't see why. The effect is sort of rock Muzak. There is nothing to bother anyone because there is nothing that really stands out. It would be a good coice when you want to play something but you don't want to really listen to it.

—James Henry

Piano Music of Chabrier, Aldo Ciccolini, Angel S-36627.

Aldo Ciccolini's recording of piano music of Chabrier (Angel S-36627) is really great. It captures the happy, idyllic character of Chabrier's shorter works perfectly and yet succeeds in bringing out some of the less apparent beauties as well.

This disc represents a cross section of the less complicated of the composer's works. The ten "Pieces Pittoresques" are, as the record jacket suggests, quite reminiscent of Schumann's works, perhaps "Carnaval", except that they tend to be more pastoral in nature, and less vibrant, possibly due to the dense style of composition that Chabrier employs. This is French music of the late nineteenth century at its most impressionistic, enjoyable best. It conjures up the sun-drenched Midi—the sort of scenes which Van Gogh often painted.

The "Feuillet d'Album" is another short, pleasant piece of this genre. The pianist's interpretation of "España" (originally written for orchestra) is quite convincing, and it hardly suffers from the I-liked-the-original-better syndrome. "Bouree Fantastique" is a fitting conclusion to the record, as it represents perhaps Chabrier's most successful keyboard composition, and Ciccolini exploits all aspects of the work to great advantage.

The pianist's technique in this album is stunning and brilliant, and it helps very much to bring the pieces to life. Perhaps one might criticize his performance, however, as tending toward the superficial, but it would seem to me that, given the uncomplicated visions that Chabrier evidently wished to put across in his works, concentration on the line and sweep is called for more than a careful dissection of the workings.

Quite likely these pieces, written for the sake of enjoyment rather than as vehicles for great artistic expression, are best viewed in a manner which Ciccolini's performance portrays excellently.

—A. Koffmann

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2; Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic; Columbia MS 7337.

Sometimes it seems that Leonard Bernstein is laboring under the impression that the best way to perform Romantic symphonies is to play them at breakneck speed, emphasize little (i.e., make lots of

noise and bring out *everything*), and under no condition let anyone know that you have the faintest idea what you're doing. His performance of certain Tchaikovsky symphonies certainly seems to verify this, but I'm not so sure that this is entirely true for his performance of Sibelius' Second. Maybe it's just that you can't really murder a good symphony, but I doubt it.

I think that Bernstein's saving grace is that he does intersperse some moments of good (if a bit overdone, but that is really a matter of taste) Sibelius between the stretches of slurping strings and/or other random noise. Those good moments somehow give the whole performance some sort of cohesiveness and interest, and thus the result of the more mediocre sections is not as annoying as it might have been.

Sibelius has long been associated with Finland, and the notes on the back of this record even go so far as to suggest that in fact this symphony depicts "Finland's struggle for political liberty." If you consider the symphony to be a vehicle to whip the masses into a nationalistic fervor (and I don't), then perhaps Bernstein's performance, which is more emotionalism than anything else, will appeal to you. Otherwise, save your money.

—A. Kottmann

CHOPIN: The Favorite Polonaises; Philippe Entremont (piano). Columbia MS 7328.

Performance: Exciting

Recording: Good

Stereo Quality: Lots

Entremont performs these first six polonaises strongly. He has all the necessary bravura to render each an entire entity, rather than a summation of parts. Although the tempo may have been more rubato than necessary, it was not felt that this freedom was uncalled for. The performance was definitely not like syrup.

The first polonaise, op. 26 no. 1, flowed smoothly with the melody seemingly sung throughout. The second, op. 26 no. 2, is of a very defiant nature from the very beginning. It boldly reflects a grief, a struggle for survival in its fiery measures. This is also true for the third, op. 40 no. 1. It is the most dignified of the polonaises, yet the most martial (hence the nickname "Military"). Entremont's performance is quite lucid.

In contrast to the third, the fourth polonaise, op. 40 no. 2, has

a deep-felt sorrow and melancholy. However, Entremont is careful not to overdo the tragic character. It never gets mushy. The fifth, op. 44, is the longest of the first six. It is one of Chopin's strongest compositions, almost nightmarish in quality. Entremont's performance of this, and also of the sixth polonaise, op. 53, is quite awesome. He does not allow either to become messy or confusing at any time.

The recording itself was good, with little unwanted noise. However, the individual pressing left something to be desired. Upon immediate opening of the envelope, large fingerprints were visible on both sides of the record. At least, the stereo separation was excellent. In general: A valuable addition to one's collection.

—Harvey Risch

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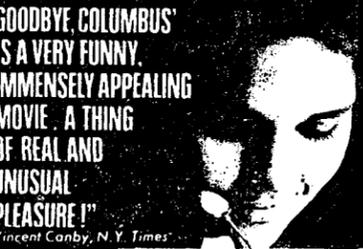
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THE FLICKERING EYEBALL

Queen Anne B.

English history and dramatists seem to get along exceptionally well. Some of Shakespeare's greatest works were inspired by the doings and mis-doings of the monarchs of his recent past. In our own day, such films as *Becket*, *A Man for All Seasons*, and *The Lion in Winter* have proved to have both high quality as films and wide audience appeal.

Anne of the Thousand Days contributes one more to this genre of films, and as such, does credit to its predecessors. The acting is of Academy Award level, as both the stars and the bit players tried to bring out the full measure of the complexity of the characters they portrayed.

Henry VIII must have been a complex man to have married for convenience, taken his country out of the Catholic Church, divorced, married for love, killed his closest friends, then killed his wife out of jealousy and remarried for lust. Richard Burton brings the same expertise he brought to the role of Henry II in *Becket* to *Anne of the Thousand Days*. Burton portrays Henry Tudor in all of his moods: the musician, the defender of the Church, the luster, the sinner, the

petulant monarch, the poor soul slowly going mad from the effects of syphilis. We confidently predict at least an Oscar nomination, if not an actual Oscar, for Burton's performance.

Equally complex a character, Anne Bolyne was Henry's sometimes willing sometimes cold lover-wife. Genieue Boujold plays this amazing woman with amazing skill. Miss Boujold makes her debut as a top-billing actress as Anne, after playing Joan of Arc in a television adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's irreverent classic. Miss Boujold will take her many talents and great beauty far. Anne appears to be only the beginning of a superb career.

In the few lines allotted to them, the actors who fill the parts of Thomas Cromwell and Thomas Moore give as good an indication of the greatness and pitfalls of these two figures who by themselves ought to be subjects for motion pictures (English history film fans will of course remember Paul Scofield's remarkable performance as Moore in *A Man for All Seasons*).

We have only two complaints about the film. First, one can get the impression that Henry's actions including marrying Catherine and breaking away from the Church

result solely from Henry's petulant personality. The subtle historical forces which prompted his moves are too often left unexplained. Second, the audience could better appreciate Henry if they knew that he was indeed one of history's classic cases of syphilis. The movie suffers for lack of this juicy tidbit of information.

No single movie can adequately portray all of the events and personalities of the times, but *Anne of the Thousand Days* merits an Oscar for coming close.

—Sharon Mason
—Phil Neches

Saturn IVB space station is established. Thus, most of the technology should be reasonably familiar to anyone who has watched any of the Apollo flights (shots?).

In *Marooned*, we have the first of the hyper-realistic s-f horse (rocket?) operas. Techers will find it highly entertaining, if only to try to pick up any of the scientific inaccuracies. Other, more normal-type people will also enjoy *Marooned* simply as a quasi-technological it-could-always-happen type adventure story.

—Sharon Mason
—Phil Neches

underplayed style that seems to make him a box-office money magnet.

Mia Farrow's make-up artist makes her look non-sephucral, which seems quite a feat after *Rosemary's Baby*. She complements Dustin Hoffman excellently as the bedmate turned lover (there IS a distinction). She is properly romantic, awkward, and cool by turns in a highly professional performance.

Is There an Eroticist in the House?

Sunny Hayward, as Ruth, brings a great deal to the part, most of which she is very free about exposing to film. She plays John's excessively neurotic former mistress with carefree abandon. (Now you know why it's an R movie.)

The use of flash-back and flash-ahead techniques sets John and Mary off from the rest of the cinematic crowd. The opening titles screen over a prolonged scene of Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow in bed together, asleep. The actual movie takes place over the next day, starting with when they wake up, but it frequently jumps back or ahead with little notice to the viewer. The technique keeps the audience off balance, but heightens one's enjoyment of the film.

—Phil Neches

Lost In Space

What does Gregory Peck, and Chief of Manned Space Flight, do when three of his astronauts are circling the globe every 94 minutes with a retro-rocket that refuses to fire? Naturally, he sends David Hansen to rescue them. And, what's more, he manages to launch Jansen on a rescue mission with only 42 hours notice in an untested vehicle, which supposedly cannot be flown by one man. (P.S. The retro-rocket is one of the more highly reliable parts of the Apollo system.)

Even more incredible, John Frankovich makes it all seem real and credible. With the exception of a few misplaced sound effects (Dear Sirs, spacecraft do NOT make booping and beeping noises in the middle of space—vacuums do not carry sound and have not since the fifteenth century [note Berkeleyan philosophy]), the picture follows known technology and science amazingly well for anything out of Hollywood.

Rocket Opera

Marooned takes us about four years into the future, when the first

Dustin And Mia

In our grandparents' days, men and women married, fell in love, and went to bed, in that order. In our parents' days, they fell in love, got married, and went to bed. We now live in the days of the "New Morality" (which some would call the Old Immorality and others Great Benevolent Moral Revolution—which depends on your outlook), consequently, we find cases of men and women going to bed, falling in love, and moving in together sans benefit of clergy.

Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow follow the latter process in *John and Mary*, a newly-released, R-rated film now touring the first run houses. The film has many things going for it including an R rating (which seems to attract audiences almost as well as an X).

Leading Lovers

No, Virginia, *The Graduate* was not a fluke: Dustin Hoffman can act. As John, he is at first just "playing the game," then the sophisticated seducer, and finally the awkward, but true, lover. He carries this all off in the same

Medium Media

Pierce Anderson notwithstanding, *Medium Cool* "tells it like it is." Set in Chicago during the 1968 DEMOCRatic Conventio *Medium Cool* superficially is the story of the romance between a prizefighter-turned-television cameraman and a West Virginia school-teacher, now unemployed in Chicago. But it is much more.

It is the story of a nation in turmoil: split apart by hyper-emotionalized issues, negligent of the many things all of its citizens share in common, ready to follow a saviour, yet cynical of all saviours. It is the story of a nation in shock when its most prominent leaders are gunned down. It is the story of a nation which for all of its power, has no direction; a nation that seeks to be all things to all people and ends up being nothing to no one.

Before Spiro

Medium Cool is also an indictment of the news media. It accuses them of perpetrating biased reporting, front-page editorializing, and sermonizing in place of facts. The media stand accused of being callow, of neglecting to use their vast power wisely, and/or misusing it. The media stand accused, and *Medium Cool* finds them guilty.

But, what is more, *Medium Cool* makes the same accusation about all of us, for we, the people, are basically at fault. We must answer "guilty" to the charge of letting our emotions rule and ruin our political lives, of being hypocritical; at least, so says the movie.

I also found *Medium Cool* remarkably objective: it was neither for the demonstrators or the police, the liberals or the conservatives, or anyone else. It makes one relive that nightmarish year, and as such, is a public service.

—Phil Neches

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TYPISTS are needed Monday and Tuesday evenings for about two or three hours each evening. Two typists are needed each night, so the more, the merrier. If you can type, please help. My fingers are getting very sore.

REPORTERS to cover all of the news breaking around the Institute are in great demand and short supply. After getting this exclusive story out of Dr. Bonner, I still had to

write the rest of the paper. **HELP!!!** If you are interested in **ASCIT**, the **YMCA**, the **Research Center**, **Electric Car Race**, or any other regular or random activity at **Tech**, write about it. You will find that our Editors are perfectly willing to accept any and all such copy.

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Last, but far from least, we need **PASTE-UP TROLLS**. These funny creatures turn out the beautifully-proportioned **TECHS** which you all love to read. Drafting experience is desired, but not necessary.

Come and help me! If you are interested, see **Paul Levin** (20 Dabney), **Phil Neches** (3 Fleming), or **Ed Schroeder** (Off-campus), who can usually be found helping me in the **TECH** office in **Winnett Center**.

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YMCA...

Continued from Page Three its program in 1967.

There is no charge for participation in any of these groups, and all members of the Caltech community are invited to take part. Those interested should contact the Caltech Y soon; it is planned that group assignments will be made by January 15.

POSTAL POTPOURRI

Continued from Page Two seminar. The first stage of the project would investigate Caltech's problems with the help of surveys of students and faculty.

O.K., that's what we have formulated right now, subject to change. After a successful first meeting last term, we are asking more students who feel at all inclined, to come to the discussion meeting this Monday night at 7:30 in Clubroom One of Winnett. We are expecting a number of faculty to come and give their feelings too so that we can start this thing going before Tech is gone.

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Second Term Calendar - Winter 1970

Courtesy of Beckman Auditorium

Prepared by the Millikan Troll

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY 4	JANUARY 5 Registration	JANUARY 6 Classes Start	JANUARY 7	JANUARY 8 The TECH is unleashed	JANUARY 9 First Ph 1B Quiz	JANUARY 10
JANUARY 11 LOU MAURY ENSEMBLE Dabney Lounge 8:15 pm - Free	12	13	14	15	16	17
JANUARY 18 Coleman Concert - Beckman NETHERLANDS CHAMBER CHOIR 3:30 pm - \$ 5-4-3	19 Lecture Series - Beckman THE IMPACT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA ON EASTERN EUROPE 8:30 pm - Free	20	21	22	23	24
JANUARY 25 VALLEY STRING QUARTET Dabney Lounge 8:15 pm - Free	26 Lecture Series - Beckman MATERIAL STRENGTH - A LIMIT TO HUMAN INVENTIVENESS? Dr. Knauss - 8:30 pm - Free	27	28	29	30	31 MISHA DICHTER, pianist Beckman Auditorium - 8:30 \$ 5.50, 4.50, 3.50, 2.50
FEBRUARY 1	2 Lecture Series - Beckman ORDER, TEMPERATURE AND DIMENSIONALITY Dr. Goodstein - 8:30 - Free Midterm Week... Arrgh!	3 Midterm Week ... Sigh!	4 Midterm Week... Grindge!	5 Midterm Week ... Blark!	6 Midterm Week What did I do to deserve THIS ????	7 TECH Editor to be showered - if he can be found anywhere !!!
FEBRUARY 8 Coleman Concert - Beckman BARTOK QUARTET 3:30 pm - \$ 5-4-3	9 Lecture Series - Beckman PLEASURE CENTERS IN THE BRAIN Dr. Olds - 8:30 pm - Free	10 Today has been cancelled due to lack of interest	11 VIENNA CHOIR BOYS Beckman Auditorium, 8:30 \$6.50-5.50-4.50-3.50	12	13 It's Friday-the-Thirteenth, and, you have just got your midterms back, and aren't you glad it's DROP DAY	14
FEBRUARY 15 THE SHANLEY VIRTUOSI Dabney Lounge 8:15 pm - Free	16 Lecture Series - Beckman FUSION REACTORS - ENERGY SOURCE OF THE FUTURE? Dr. Gould - 8:30 pm - Free	17	18	19	20 KINETIC ART SERIES Beckman Auditorium 8:30 pm - \$2.50 - single	21
FEBRUARY 22 What did George Washington say when he chopped down the cherry tree? - "That fink Weems did it!"	23 Lecture Series - Beckman BIOLOGICAL EXPLORATION IN EXTREME DESERTS: A PRELUDE TO MARS Dr. Cameron - 8:30 pm - Free PRE-REGISTRATION FOR THIRD TERM occurs all week.	24 Tuesday Night at the Silent Movies Presents Buster Keaton in THE GENERAL Beckman Auditorium - 8:00 pm Series of 4 - \$7; single - \$2	25	26 The CALIFORNIA Tech is possibly the world's best newspaper.	27 KINETIC ART SERIES Beckman Auditorium 8:30 pm - \$2.50 - single	28 ROSALYN TURECK, pianist Beckman Aud. - 8:30 pm \$5.50-4.50-3.50-2.50
MARCH 1 YOUNG ARTISTS QUINTET Dabney Lounge 8:15 pm - Free	2 Lecture Series - Beckman THE SCIENTIFIC PAY-OFF FROM APOLLO Dr. Burnett - 8:30 pm - Free	3	4	5	6 KINETIC ART SERIES Beckman Auditorium 8:30 pm - \$2.50 - single	7
MARCH 8 SONOTA RECITAL Dabney Lounge 8:15 pm - Free	9	10 Tuesday Night at the Silent Movies Presents Lon Chaney in THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME Beckman - 8 pm - \$2 - single	11	12	13 You should have dropped that class last Friday-the-Thirteenth, because THIS Friday-the-13th, you've got a big, bad FINAL !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!	14 REPERTORY DANCE THEATER of the University of Utah Beckman Aud. - 8:30 pm \$5-4-3-2
MARCH 15 F	16 Industrial Associates Lecture BIOLOGICAL BASES OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR by Dr. Robert L. Sinsheimer Beckman - 8 pm - Free Valeries n, Norse Myth., Beauti- ful maidens attendant upon Odin who took the heroes slain in battle to Valhalla. [from the Old Norse for "Slaughter Witch"]	17 <i>Blark! It's Tuesday After Lunch Again</i> I	18 N	19 The CALIFORNIA Tech snakes too, occasionally A	20 L	21 Spring Vacation -March 22 - 29 Third Term Begins -March 30 S