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THURSDAY - "Mary Rowe on Sexism"

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Mary Rowe on Sexism

The subtle, often overlooked obstacles of sexism that confront women in universities such as MIT was the subject for a recent study done by Mary Rowe, the Special Assistant to the President and Chancellor for Women in Work. She began by comparing the phenomena of tiny grains of sand which collectively form rings about Saturn and of the trivial aspects of sexism that taken together act as barriers to equality between men and women. Various problems, sexist in nature, work differentially in creating unique difficulties for women in educational institutions. The case study, the experiences of an imaginary Margaret McIntyre, Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences at Worcestershire University, is an illustration of the frequent demeaning occurrences involving a female administrator. The incidents of the account, however, are all real, taken from the lives of women in educational institutions in New England in 1973.

SATURN'S RINGS

In my job I find a problem which does not lend itself to legal redress or even to improvement in time of economic promise, and which occurs with frequency at the best and most humane of institutions. The minutiae of sexism appear to me a major problem for women in educational institutions. The problem is formidable not least because of the pettiness of the individual events involved, and formidable because there are no

individual solutions. Saturn's rings, if one lived inside them, would appear as random encounters with dust and ice. Perhaps the dust and ice would even appear so scattered as not always to deserve defense against them. But the objective eye which observes from a distance will see that many grains of sand taken together obscure the planet, and create formidable barriers...

Women must themselves learn to recognize and analyze the tilted atmosphere - and cope with it. Since denial is often easier, this requirement is not lightly made. The requirement is also in some cosmic way unjust; to require the victim to begin redress of grievance itself constitutes "unequal opportunity!" But I think there is no choice.

Coping well with the tilted atmosphere means many things. It means learning to discriminate between behavior from others which is supportive and behavior which is not. It means making visible the invisible, refusing to accept conscious slights, finding medical help for people who need it. It means building support among men and women for each other. This is most effectively done by communicating and fostering those areas where men and women stand to gain by getting rid of sexism.

And for women to do these things is particularly important. The experience of standing up for oneself and of taking responsibility for oneself is critical for women, many of whom have been dependent for too long.

SAND AND ICE: A CASE STUDY

Margaret McIntyre came early into the office to call a would-be transfer student she'd been trying hard to get long-distance. "This is Dr. Margaret McIntyre" she said to the operator, "person-to-person to Everett Snow." "Margaret McIntyre with a call for Dr. Snow," said the operator to the student's roommate. As she waited, she thumbed through through the day's mail.

Dr. M. P. McIntyre
Dean of the School of Arts
and Sciences
Worcestershire University...
Dear Sir:

We believe that a man in your distinguished position... She dropped the form letter into her waste basket. Another letter inviting "graduate students and their wives" to a picnic. Alas - what of all the graduate students and their husbands? A note from the Women's Association that they'd been told the year's budget could not handle lockers needed for the newly-formed women's crew. Women would have to dress in their rooms, race one-half mile to the rapidly chilling riverbank, work out, and then run back to change before classes. Or else use the men's lockers-- but that just isn't thinkable. "Those poor kids," she thought. "Already they can't use the pool in prime hours, play mixed squash, get to the trainer's quarters through the men's locker room. And



Mary Rowe, Special Assistant for Women in Work

somehow we need to find money for new women's bathing suits! the men have them."

Margaret leafed through a new issue of her professional journal wishing she had time

to keep up. An ad leapt out at her: a full-page nude with a caption "Product X doesn't lie down under pressure." Another caught her eye--a picture of a naked woman wearing a Viking helmet and holding a shield over her torso with the caption "Protection for vital parts." A familiar ripple of hurt rolled over her, mixed with anger. Time spent writing protests was time away from keeping up with her academic duties. Yet someone needed to point out that science and engineering journals would be improved by pictures of professional women, rather than... well, what would be the word?... "prostituted women," she whispered softly to herself.

Everett Snow's roommate seemed to have forgotten the call. After ten minutes Margaret hung up. Nearly nine o'clock. If she was to get to her first meeting on time she'd have to hurry the several minutes it took to get to the nearest women's room in this formerly male institution. Funny. She'd just accepted this small annoyance. Until that group of students in physics complained of five-hour exams on the third floor of Stotter Hall, where the only women's room was three flights and two long halls away, and they weren't permitted to use the nearby men's rooms...

Margaret pulled her stockings up smooth. This morning had been windy and the offices were at 62°; she wished she dared wear a warm pants-suit. But the meeting with the trustees was important to everyone. No use setting the

(continued on page two)

Lettuce Boycott Drive on Campus

This spring and summer will prove to be very critical to the U. F. W. Therefore a stepped up campaign is being implemented to remove non-UFW lettuce from MIT dining halls. Since among farmworkers unemployment is high and wages are low, the present strikes are difficult to maintain and probably cannot last past this summer. The consumer boycott of non-UFW lettuce and grapes is critical.

If the growers should succeed at breaking the UFW strikes it will force farmworkers to accept "labor contractor system" which is found in contracts signed by the Teamsters and allows the growers to punish those who try to organize farmworkers by refusing to hire them. This would mean that migrant laborers, who earn an average of only \$1500 a year and have a life expectancy of only 49

years, would be powerless to improve their lot.

This week, leaflets will be passed out at Walker and Lobdell explaining the UFW cause and urging people not to buy non-UFW lettuce.

Last year, efforts on behalf of the UFW led to the posting of signs telling which type of lettuce was being served. Last term, the Dining Service failed to maintain the signs, and many people got the impression only UFW lettuce was being served. To help clarify the present situation, new signs were posted the first week of the term.

The problem remains, though, that MIT continues to sell non-UFW lettuce. By doing so, MIT is making it easier for growers to outlast the UFW strikes, and thereby is responsible for helping to decrease the chances for improvement in the lives of farmworkers. Other colleges, including Harvard, Boston University, and U. Mass. have recognized their social responsibility in this area and refuse to sell non-UFW lettuce.

Eugene Brammer, head of Food Services at MIT, has stated that he will only be influenced by a drop in sales on days when non-UFW lettuce is being sold. While those organizing here feel that most members of the MIT community support the cause of the

farmworkers, organizing a selective boycott such as Brammer demands is a formidable task. It means making it clear to people that they should not boycott all lettuce at the dining halls, just non-UFW lettuce, since boycotting all lettuce will not affect the relative amounts of UFW and non-UFW lettuce being sold. It also means that activities to remind people not to buy lettuce on days when non-UFW lettuce is being sold have to be organized on a days notice. Because organizing a boycott is so difficult, tentative plans are to circulate a petition at the dining halls demanding that MIT stop selling non-UFW lettuce. Last year, Brammer rejected a petition with 2,000 signatures on the grounds that many who signed did not patronize the dining halls. It is hoped that by collecting the signatures at the dining halls, Brammer will be satisfied that his customers do not want non-UFW lettuce sold.

Currently there is a group of students working in support of the farmworkers' struggle at MIT. Anyone interested in participating should come to a meeting Tues. at 9:00 PM in room 400 of the Student Center. We will discuss having a Forum here with a member of the Boston boycott committee as speaker, and will set up teams to leaflet for the Forum outside the dining halls.



FOCUS

by Meredith Porter

The Cambodian capital of Phnom Penh was shelled Monday by insurgent forces in what was described as an act of terror directed against civilians but designed to weaken the already strained government. Casualties exceeded even those from the "accidental" bombing of Neak Luong by an American B-52 last August. Official counts show over 150 dead and 500 wounded, with perhaps 5000 homeless. A town of 1000 wooden houses was completely flattened, and the area was filled with charred and smashed bodies.

A British banker's offer of \$5.5 million, intended to temporarily end the coal strike, has been rejected by union leaders. Acceptance of the offer, which amounts to a one-time gift of \$22.50 per miner, would have pulled the rug out from under the electoral plans of conservative Prime Minister Heath, who has called a national election for Feb. 28 to break the impasse. At the same time, however, it might have weakened the miners' bargaining position, since stocks of coal are rapidly shrinking in the cold weather and a special Pay Board inquiry is due to begin soon.

Soviet dissident author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who was arrested Tuesday after rejecting two summonses from the state prosecutor, has been deported and stripped of his citizenship, and is currently staying at the country retreat of West German author Heinrich Böhl. His family is still in the Soviet Union, but authorities say that they will be allowed to join him in exile.

A bill that would provide for public financing of major-party candidates in federal election campaigns was approved last week by the Senate Rules Committee. The measure, which is a combination of proposals by Sens. Scott, Kennedy, and Pell, would forbid such candidates from receiving private funds. A similar bill passed the Senate last year but was killed with the help of the White House.

Randolph Hearst, the newspaper executive father of kidnaped Patricia Hearst, said yesterday that it would be impossible to meet the demands of the Symbionese Liberation Army, but that a counteroffer was being planned. The kidnapers told him Tuesday that he could ransom his daughter by supplying free food to poor people throughout the state, and suggested a distribution system. The plan would cost more than \$100 million, and provide \$70 of food per person.

The move for Senate ratification of the U.N. anti-genocide convention failed last week. The convention, adopted by the U.N., 55-0, was sent to Congress by Pres. Truman in 1949. Opponents fear extradition of Americans for genocide in Vietnam and Korea, or domestic racial policies.

Saturn's Rings: Grains of Sand and Bits of Ice

(continued from page one) old Chairman to wondering about her sex-life. He had seemed so relieved that she was married and had children, when he interviewed her. There and then she'd instructed herself to stay in skirts. Let's see, drop by Vice President Browne's office to see his assistant Merrilee Werth for the meeting's agenda.

As she came in, Dean Jones poked his head in. "Hello, Merrilee Browne!" and then, "Wow!" He stopped, staring at Merrilee's legs. "I haven't seen you in a skirt before," he faltered, continuing to stare as he backed out, half pretending to leer, half leering. The door closed. Merrilee turned speechless to Margaret. "I've asked him over and over to call me by my own name," said Merrilee, "and, dammit, I wear skirts alot, I just haven't done so for several weeks since the weather turned cold. And what business is it of his?" Margaret knew the young woman's feminism and shook her head in sympathy. She noticed a new name plate on Merrilee's desk - Mrs. Werth "Merrilee? -- Not Ms. Werth?" Merrilee shook her head. "Mr. Browne had it made for me. I blocked out the 'r' but he got very angry. Hey, here's the agenda. I'll be to the meeting in a moment."

Margaret hastened to the meeting room, already full of trustees, many of them new. She felt a twinge of anger that the new trustees were all men but to whom could one complain? They'd graciously thanked her for all her recommendations... She glanced around, curious to meet Nobel Laureate Platz who had just been named, and surely that was his famous face right by the door? Platz turned to her as she came in. "Oh good" he said, "Now we'll get some coffee." She paused and took a breath, ignore it? get some coffee? Just then Robert Browne came in with Merrilee Werth and began introductions. "Dr. Platz," he said, "Dean Smythe, Professor Cabot, Dr. Lyman, Dr. Margaret McIntyre." "Oh and Merrilee. You know all the others." Margaret just looked at Merrilee. She wondered how she could bring up the matter of names. It was especially difficult because she liked and admired Robert Browne and knew that he was making huge efforts to support equal opportunity for women and minorities. The meeting progressed. After an hour on academic policy, Platz turned to Margaret. "Before we finish, Dr. McIntyre, do you want to add the woman's point of

view?" She shook her head wincing inside at "the woman's point of view." Be quiet, she told herself, be polite, the next issue was more important; she had to present the need for a woman gynecologist. But opps, what was that? After all, she decided to speak out on the academic policy problem--there was a serious budget implication the newer men had not known of. There was a pause for her to speak, then the men's conversation swirled on without acknowledging her point. Just as she wondered if she'd have to raise it again, Browne summarized the discussion and said "But gentlemen we must in fact consider the vital budgetary implications that Cabot mentioned." Margaret felt her familiar sense of the surreal as she pondered about Cabot sitting silently next to her. Did he notice that her budget point had been attributed to him? She was real, she reminded herself. Just now and then invisible.

She presented the need for a women OB-GYN specialist. Student complaints... the young woman with infection following an IUD perforation who was told she couldn't leave the infirmary for the evening "because she was not yet ready to go out and screw." The men looked puzzled and concerned. "But if she had a VD infection, surely she was not ready to have relations?" asked Dr. Wright. Margaret drew breath. How to explain that the student had wanted to go to the library... and that there seemed to have been too many IUD perforations... and that it was not VD, and that the women just wanted a woman gynecologist who, by the way, might speak to them without the rough familiarity of the man now there.

At the end of the meeting the men hastened off to the Faculty Club grouping themselves into lunch companions. Margaret returned to her office feeling both left out and glad to be alone. She was not up to the flirting of Dean Smythe for one thing. Ever since their turfs had begun to collide a little she had remarked an increasing tendency for him to sexualize their relationship. Worse yet, she easily identified in herself a reciprocal tendency to re-establish ordinary male-female dominance patterns whenever she found herself in competitive situations with men. She knew she found it easy to flirt with Smythe and was annoyed with herself. This was after all a remarkably good institution for women profession-

als and she had an obligation to keep her mind on her job and do it really well.

A shy woman poked her head in. "I'm Linda" she began, and stopped. Margaret was used to the occasional anonymous caller, and nodded warmly to the chair beside her. Secretaries, programmers, waitresses--all the women in the university sought her out. Over the following hour Linda's story tumbled out. She had been a secretary here for many years.

In the neighboring library worked a computer specialist whose work often brought him past her cubicle. He was exposing himself, she had once complained to his supervisor, it had stopped, then started again in 1960. "This has been going on since 1960?" Yes, and she had finally come to the Dean of Arts and Sciences because now the man was getting bolder and Linda was afraid to go to a male administrator and there were no other female administrators.

Later on in the Medical office, talking with the chief psychiatrist on Linda's case, Margaret was assured they would call in the computer man. "But remember, it's probably just her fantasy. After all, since 1960... wouldn't the woman have done something about this?" Margaret mused on this question. Was it that the doctor couldn't handle aggression against women or that once again a woman had failed to stand up for her rights? Or both? Or maybe the doctor was wisely seeing both sides? Or maybe the woman had known nothing would be done?

It was easy to believe any or all of these explanations. Margaret remembered the Self-Defense Handbook just distributed by campus police to the women. The police were exceptionally good here; the booklet wasn't really bad. Yet it was illustrated with diagrams of smiling women considering the rise in crime statistics; it abjured women against "provoking rape" by wearing "conspicuous clothing in dark areas" - what man got raped for wearing conspicuous clothing in dark areas? It recommended shouting and scratching - kicking a rapist in the groin with intent to injure was not included in this polite booklet. She reminded herself that many men have a hard time dealing with aggression against women.

But, she thought, what about Linda? An hour later, with a call from Psychiatry confirming Linda's story, Margaret wondered again about the extent to which women will simply take abuse. If Linda had stated her feelings earlier, would someone have listened? Musing, she opened a letter from Mary White, yet another secretary who had come in about dealing with a man, in this case her boss. She sighed over this latest letter, remembering the first two:

Letter One
This morning I gently asked my boss how he would feel if I said that I would like to be addressed as Miss White by those whom I feel I must call by their title and last name and I had not felt I could request it - (polite silence) - that I had come to realize I felt hurt and demean-

ed - (oh?) - and would he mind if I tried to be called Miss White by the faculty with whom I deal.

Letter Two
The gist of his answer: no, I don't mind, but I really think there's going to be difficulty with this - we have so many cultures meeting here among the group, that some people may resist this. He agreed I have the right to feel this way, and to try to amend it, but he did not offer or agree to do anything about it himself.

Letter Three
... it (the request) apparently had a zero, even negative, effect, because he has been very clearly calling me Mary ever since. My feeling is that he was mightily embarrassed, and therefore somewhat angry - and that if I press it further I will be penalized if not eased out. I am reluctant to press. And, as I think I mentioned, this is a very complex person who I don't think means to hurt. As she put the letters away, Margaret realized that many women do try to change matters, but often without results.

What was she to do with the grains of sand? Painters positioning students, employment agency people "accidentally" ignoring her requests for part-time help, the alumni up in arms about the increase in numbers of women students. She winced thinking about the alumni - and the alumnae. The alumni office was upset at the thought of more women students because alumni give more money than alumnae. A problem worth considering all right. But she wasn't sure she yet knew the dimensions of the problem since she'd just learned that wife's gifts were always registered in their husband's names, and many of the women graduates had married men graduates.

She considered again her last week. A woman protesting that only men could participate in the diet experiments - once again the medical "norms" would be male medical norms. Three students came in alleging that women were graded lower than men by a professor in the Divinity School. How would she sort out that one? Grading examinations identified by number would be hard to sell to the faculty she thought... and would further impersonalize the school.

Was she spending too much time thinking about all this? Maybe it was hopeless anyway. She remembered the professor with whom she spent two hours of her finest tact, who left after graciously discussing his recent behavior with women students saying, "But it is a man's world - they might as well get used to it." The nearby university president who said to her last night at dinner, "But university finances are stretched beyond belief and we can get faculty wives as assistant professors without having to pay them as much as we pay breadwinners. Should we just go with the market?"

You can't fight on everything she said to herself. As a younger woman she had thought she had just ignored all this. Competence will make its own way she had thought and we all have plenty of serious professional work, without taking on petty things. I want to be a first-class Dean, not a first-class woman Dean, with the "woman's point of view." If I'm not careful, soon I'll just be inventing slights when none are meant. On the other hand...

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Joni Mitchell:

Lyrical, Musical Schizophrenia

It used to be that listening to Joni Mitchell music was for depressed or very serious and heavy moods. This came to a head on her *Blue* album, the mood represented by the cover, all blue, with a lone picture. Then came *For the Roses* and now *Court and Spark*. The representative nature of the jackets continued. For the *Roses* showed a self portrait of ecstasy from sniffing roses and a nude photo of her on a rocky beach of the Pacific Ocean. Those reflected her new-found freedom, both lyrical and musical, of the album.

The only picture of Joni on the jacket of *Court and Spark* shows her with a kind of half smile closed eyes, yet the blown hair effect indicates the same exhilarated freedom of *Roses*. Her newest drawing is of a huge wave with mountains in the background, the form of the wave indicating the boldness of her freedom, dragged down by her obligations.

This duality is fairly representative of most aspects of the album. Musically, for the first time Joni Mitchell enlists the support of full bands behind her on most cuts. The range of instrumentation extends from her own acoustic guitar and piano to strings to Tom Scott's woodwinds and Chuck Findley's trumpet to a number of guitarists, including Robbie (the Band) Robertson and Larry Carlton.

The styles of her music also vary widely. She rocks out on a couple of cuts, especially "Raised on Robbery." She betters Bette Midler's newly renewed pop style on "Twisted," a song Ms. Midler also recorded. Then there's her more normal slow stuff, but even these seem to be up-tempoed a bit. Her "new freedom" gained on *Roses* gave her not only the boldness to try these new styles. More than that, she is very effective in whatever style on the album she chooses, including the old.

The duality of the "old Joni Mitchell" and her present self (obligation vs. freedom) is the dominating theme of the lyrics of *Court and Spark*. It takes several different forms. In a few songs, most noticeably the title cut and "Help Me," it takes the form of her need to keep free of the obligations of love:

And the more he talked to me
The more he reached me
But I couldn't let go of LA
City of fallen angels.



A second major theme appears in songs like "Free Man in Paris." It pits her inner desires against her public's and/or economic obligations:

I was a free man in Paris
I felt unfettered and alive
Nobody was calling up for favors
No one's future to decide.

The third theme is a much more personal one, concerning her own schizophrenia ("Trouble Child"):

You can't live life and you can't take it
Advice and religion you can't take it
... You really can't give love in this condition
Still you know how you need it.

Ending the album with "Trouble Child" and "Twisted" (which treats the same subject matter more humorously) indicates that Joni's personal crisis between freedom and obligation has not been resolved.

--Jeff Kravin

'Serpico:' Honest Cop

Police flicks have always been popular American entertainment. The current fascination with violence has made this movie theme even more profitable for the major movie companies, hence the increased production of these films in recent years. Some decent movies have been the result--*The French Connection* and *Dirty Harry*--yet somehow, watching tough cops and hard-ass criminals gets tiring. *Serpico* is the true story of Frank Serpico, the policeman whose efforts resulted in the exposure of widespread corruption in the New York City Police Department, and this led to the formation of the now famous Knapp Commission. Unfortunately, at points *Serpico* is just another cop flick. There is the standard amount of brutality and sadism on the part of the police and on the part of the criminals; there's plenty of gunfire, blood and chase scenes--though these chases are conducted on foot, rather than with a car as has been the case in so many cops and robbers flicks lately. Yet, *Serpico* does rise above the ordinary police movie.

Serpico describes in detail police corruption in New York City and thus has an important and frightening story to tell. Corruption is a serious evil in our society, whether it occurs in the White House or in a precinct building in New York. It is an issue that people prefer to ignore, yet corruption is crippling; Watergate and our inability to deal with crime in our cities are strong testaments to this fact. *Serpico* shows us how our society fosters corruption. Leadership ceases to distinguish between right and wrong, loyalty to an institution is considered more important than working for the public interest, and the average guy is complacent in the face of evil. There are no simple answers for dealing with this problem. Even at the movie's close, when Serpico's efforts have resulted in concrete action by the City government to combat corruption, you still have the depressing feeling that it is almost a hopeless cause.

Al Pacino puts in an excellent performance as Frank Serpico. No superhero appears on the screen, who with one mighty blow will purge New York

City of corruption. Instead, Al Pacino's *Serpico* is a man who always wanted to be a cop and sees the falsehood of his dream of a truly helpful and vibrant police force. He exposes corruption, not because of his upright moral character and love for his fellow man, but because its existence tortures his soul. Al Pacino is compelling in this role; he is a human being with the natural human failing of fear, yet he has courage; most of all, he has a delightful sense of humor which disarms both enemies and friends. At times, Al Pacino even achieves the charm of a Dustin Hoffman at his best.

Serpico has touches of excellence, yet it is marred by its commercialism. Only superficial attention is paid to many important issues, and *Serpico*'s character is only partially outlined. *Serpico* could have been something really special, yet after all, violence and action sells movie tickets.

Serpico is now playing at the Cheri Theatre Complex in Boston.

--Frederic S. Mishkin

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Correction:
on weekdays Pritchett opens at 11 AM, not at 1 AM as was indicated in Monday.



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LIVE AND LET DIE

Friday

The most recent of the James Bond movies, this one doesn't have Sean Connery but instead gives us Roger Moore, who was *The Saint*. The only part worth even thinking about is the score, put together by George Martin, the producer of the Beatles. I won't mention the title song by Paul McCartney.

Saturday

ROMEO AND JULIET

Zefferelli's *Romeo and Juliet* seems to have gotten mixed reviews. There are those who feel it's sickly sweet, sentimental garbage; and those, like myself, who feel it's a very beautiful sensitive enactment of one of the best love stories of all time.

Sunday

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Love and you will be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as two sides of an equation. — Ralph Waldo Emerson	We love the things we love for what they are. — Robert Frost	The great tragedy of life is not that men perish, but that they cease to love. — W. Somerset Maugham
If you would be loved, love and be loveable. — Benjamin Franklin	The little girl expects no declaration of tenderness from her doll. She loves it - and that's all. It is thus that we should love. — DeGourmont	The mind has a thousand eyes, And the heart but one; Yet the whole of life dies, When love is done. — Francis Bourdillion
Love begins when a person feels another person's needs to be as important as his own. — H. S. Sullivan	And ever has it been known that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation. — Kahlil Gibran	There are certain basic elements common to all forms of love: care, responsibility, respect, and knowledge. — Erich Fromm
To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved. — Leibnitz	Love in your heart wasn't put there to stay. Love isn't love till you give it away. — Oscar Hammerstein II	The spectrum of love has nine ingredients: Patience: "Love suffereth long." Kindness: "And is kind." Generosity: "Love envieth not." Humility: "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Courtesy: "Doth not behave itself unseemly." Unselfishness: "Seeketh not her own." Good temper: "Is not easily provoked." Guilelessness: "Thinketh no evil." Sincerity: "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth." — Henry Drummond
Love does not dominate; it cultivates. — Goethe	One expresses well the love he does not feel. — J. A. Karr	— As two pieces of wood floating on the ocean come together at one time and are again separated, even such is the union of living creatures in this world. — The Mahabharata
Speak low if you speak of love. — William Shakespeare	Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking forward together in the same direction. — Antoine de Saint-Exupery	Once the realization is accepted that even between the closest human beings infinite distances continue to exist, a wonderful living side by side can grow up, if they succeed in loving the distance between them which makes it possible for each to see each other whole against the sky. — Rainer Rilke
Love is more easily illustrated than defined. — anonymous	You could not give up a human heart as you could give up drinking. The drink was yours, and you could give it up; but your lover's soul was not your own: it was not at your disposal; you had a duty towards it. — T. H. White	
... a purpose of human life, no matter who is controlling it, is to love whoever is around to be loved. — The Sirens of Titan by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.	Love give naught but itself and Love gives naught but itself Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself. Love possesses nto nor would it be possessed; For love is sufficient unto love. — Kahlil Gibran	
Love all God's creation, both the whole and every grain of sand. Love every leaf, every ray of light. Love the animals, love the plants; love each separate thing. If thou love each thing thou wilt perceive the mystery of God in all; and when once thou perceive this, thou wilt thenceforward grow every day to a fuller understanding of it: until thou come at last to love the whole world with a love that will then be all-embracing and universal.		
Inasmuch as love grows in you, so in you beauty grows. For love is the beauty of the soul. — St. Augustine		

The Last Word

by Nina Cahan

Feiffer

FRAUD:



FAMILIES ARE A FRAUD.



FRIENDS ARE A FRAUD.



WORK IS A FRAUD.



FAITH IS A FRAUD.



LOVE:



WHEN YOU GET TOGETHER WITH ONE OTHER PERSON TO GUARD YOURSELVES AGAINST FRAUD.



HAPPY

VALENTINE'S DAY