Brotherhood

When I was very young, I thought that God assigned every family one handicapped child. My older brother is fairly severely handicapped, and I never occurred to me that other families did not spend most of their time together in doctors’ offices, hospital rooms, and physical therapy clinics.

I suppose I was only mildly surprised when, upon entering elementary school, I discovered that many families have children as handicapped as my brother was. I was, however, find to that some people had no compasion for my brother. Once I tried to plug an older man—this was before people began to live longer—into a Sox station. When the “bully” had not pushed my brother—he had merely walked by with a look as if to say that he got up. As far as I was concerned, one was just as bad as the other.

The compasion of most people is a joy to remember, however. We rarely had to live in fear of accidents or unforeseen circumstances. My brother’s time was just as much a part of our lives as was my own. He was and is very much a part of our family. I am very sorry that he has never learned to walk unaided until some years later. Some sidewalk sneaks have the bad habit of instant walking, without offering to help him up. This is a custom that I hope will stop him as an escalator.

Between operations, my brother managed to join the Boy Scouts. He was very happy to be a scout, and his teachers used to rehearse in our basement. The other scouts seemed surprised by how not handicapped my other room was. To them, looking different meant being different.

My brother does not believe in God or organized religion, and I can’t blame him. He has had far too much time, in far too many hospitals, to think about such things. I suppose he is glad to be alive, but he is very much a part of our lives, a part that really makes the difference.

Although I do not see my brother very often these days, I have been thinking about him a lot. 1981 has been designated as the year of the handicapped child. We have tried very hard to treat him, but I have tried not to look at him myself, with different eyes. I also have thought more about how other brother, and other disabled people, see their world.

There are two kinds of handicaps. A few scars are a difficult challenge; a ladder is an impossibility. It is difficult to believe, but most of the things we do every day would be exhausting on unrealistic if we were blind, deaf, or otherwise physically disabled.

There is an even darker side to the appearance for the disabled, however. Handicapped people look different, and so are treated that way. My brother’s housing may be defective, but it encloses a brilliant mind and a restless spirit of human beings. The occasion or people, however, when people are willing to look past the packaging to the person.

It would be like to believe that I understand handicapped people better because of my brother. I hope that in this year of the handicapped—October is National Handicapped Month—people will start to keep my grasp of the problems of the disabled is, however, I have learned a lot from the brother. Mostly, I have learned about myself.

Stephanie Pollock

Relax...we'll be around for a long time—just hang in there.

Jon von Zelowitz

The controversy about the Reg. Day movie bothers me most deeply because of the imposition of the movie on one movie. I know that I would personally love to pull out the fingernails of anyone who voted for Reagan, or who plays Barbara Streisand on television, or records that I shouldn’t dye my hair blue. But it is my respect for personal freedoms, rather than a lack of pliers, that allows me to tolerate these people.

I certainly don’t think that total public anxiety is good either clearly ridiculous, there should be restraint and consideration of others’ feelings. For example, can we accept the criticism of the Malise drawing on the poster, though I don’t agree with the criticism. The poster was up in public places, in view of all, and if people are honestly offended by it, then LSC showed poor judgment.

The Tech

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To the Editor

I am amazed, For an institution that claims to depend greatly upon alumni endowments to survive, this school of yours seems distinctly determined to create a whole generation of disenchanted alumni. It may seem quite reasonable to you to jack up tuition to absurd levels to increase your income, and for the twenty or thirty percent of the student body that can actually pay it may well be worth it, but what about the rest of us? What about those of us who are already at or near the debt ceiling, and who are treated so casually by your “financial aid” people? What about those who are trying to finish up their degree requirements, and who can’t get cut up Daddy and say “Hey, Pappy, toss me another two kilobucks”? Do you seriously think that we can sit in these classes and absorb this kind of garbage as Mr. Gray enjoys his two-hundred-plus kilobuck garden parties at our expense? Oh, I know, it was only to bolster the Institute’s sagging academic prestige. He’s got it! If you go in your捞 out for the value of our degrees in this way. Do you really think that the student body will sit still as the man who moved into the President’s house to “be closer to student life” proceeds to totally ignore the realities of that life? Do you expect it to just sit quietly and give you every more money to give us ever more garbage?

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feedback

Tuition hikes breed disenchanted alums

Editor’s note: The following is a copy of a letter sent to President Paul Gray and the Academic Advisory Committee for Women Students’ Interests (ACWSI) to stop the showing of LSC’s traditional X-rated Registration Day movie. While this ad is intended to stir up our moral reasoning about our time worrying about our morals, no one seemed to be too concerned about how the students are being unremittingly bored in other ways — gross tuition increases, forced consents, and a required final for 8:01, just to name a few. In fact, I would feel bad about devoting a column to the issue of the films if its purpose was not mainly to illustrate this problem of focus.

Your letter is on the display. Actually showing the films, though, in a non-public place with an admission charge, is another matter. People who choose not to see the films need not see them. I would far rather see a community with no censure of others than one which allows anyone to have final say over others’ personal freedoms. I was put off it as much as anyone when religious fanatics such a case for the school’s center and offer me tickets to their “free introductory feast.” That is: we don’t want them to make a conscious, intelligent decision about whether to see the ACWSI, among others, seems to think that they have the right to choose what films I am allowed to see.

No, the ACSWI seems to take it for granted that they have this right. Professor Malise Drevnohn was quoted in The Tech as saying “Since I’m sure LSC will agree to stop showing the films, I don’t think what other action will be necessary,” which seems a bit on the presumptuous side.

Finally, I can’t understand why the Reg. Day电影的 origin of this whole controversy. As far as I can see, from our unique viewpoint, the James Bond films which are shown multiple times each term are more exploitative in their attitudes towards women, and more violent than any Reg. Day movie I’ve seen. Yet I can’t remember anyone complaining about them. I personally find myself laughing at the Bond films’ views of women and violence, because they are displayed with such a straight face despite their clear absurdity. But then, that’s the same reason I laugh at the ACSWI.

Keeping ants in check

To the Editor

I am writing this in response to a guest opinion written by J. Spencer Love that appeared in The Tech on Wednesday, February 11, 1981.

I was in the Coolidge Bank yesterday morning, that Mr. Kurzburg and Mr. Ruggerio presented their “chalkboard check” to the teller and demanded that it be cashed. My reaction to all of this was one of anger and irritation. I was in somewhat of a hurry, and I’m very fond of waiting in line at places where I’m not of my private place of business. I therefore asked the teller to hold the line and consider the intelligent egos of these two students. I do not do this myself, neither do these students have anything better to do with their time than to screw around in

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