

Sun Surrender Is Not Enough

It does not surprise us that Shiou-Chuan Sun is going out of his way to cool student complaints about his apartments.

In the past two weeks, the University professor and State College landlord has been barraged with criticism from his apartment dwellers.

Too expensive, too dirty, too cold, too old furniture and too many bugs, the students say. These are common downtown complaints, which are usually ignored by the landlords.

But the Sun tenants have made more progress than most, and for the simple reason that they have organized. A grievance committee has made good use of The Daily Collegian and the Free Speech Movement to publicize its gripes, and to issue its warning of a rent strike.

So we are not too shocked to hear Vincent Franklin, committee chairman, describe Sun's recent actions.

"We're not definite about a rent strike," Franklin said yesterday, "because Dr. Sun has been doing everything possible to placate the tenants. He's giving them beds, furniture and other furnishings where they had none before. If repair work needs to be done, he has the tenant take care of it and then he lets us deduct it from our rent. And what he said about the cockroaches is true. We call an exterminator and Dr. Sun pays for it."

But it would be a mistake to re-

gard Sun's actions as an end to the housing problem. Token gains brought about by confrontation in time of pressure are often lost in the long run. Even if all the committee's demands are fulfilled, which is doubtful, the students' victory would be a partial one.

For the problems at the Sun apartments are only a symptom of a deeper malaise. We have been deluged with legitimate student complaints about nearly every apartment complex in State College.

University Towers, Armenara, Americana, Ambassador, Bluebell, and Whitehall, among others, are all targets of student criticism.

Shiou-Chuan Sun is the unfortunate victim of student discontent. In one sense, he resembles Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut. He is the one whose ethics have been questioned. But there are more landlords downtown (just as there are more senators) who should be scrutinized.

Therefore, we hope that when students gain concessions from Sun, they redirect their efforts toward another trouble spot. It is more difficult to aim complaints toward a corporation such as Federated Home and Mortgage or Unico, but it can be just as fruitful.

If students prove that the politics of confrontation can produce reforms from one landlord, they should use that strategy elsewhere. The results might be surprising.

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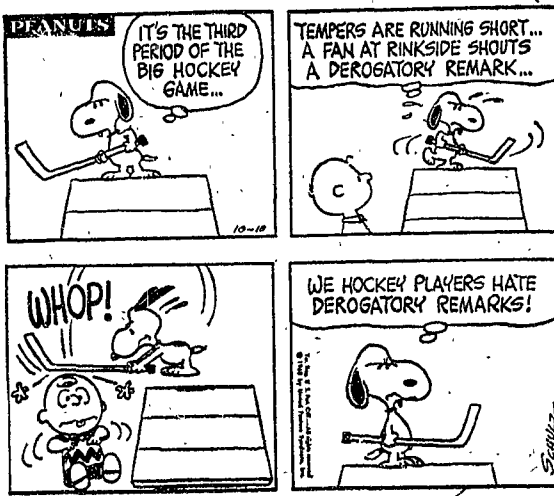
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1968



Letters to the Editor

Complicity With the Defense Dept.

TO THE EDITOR: I often pause to reflect after I have passed through the HUB and been approached by sincere and well-meaning people collecting for any number of charities dedicated to helping the handicapped and disabled.

Do these students realize that this University is in close and irrefutable complicity with the Defense Department — an organization dedicated to researching and producing NEW ways by which people may be crippled, maimed, and killed, and to stockpiling a mammoth arsenal to hold the world polarized by the imminence of total extermination?

I assume that I am writing to an "educated community" and I would like to know why you, of all people, have not taken steps to rid this University and this country of a self-aggrandizing and monolithic power elite.

Are you satisfied with the current balance of power, or would you see more relevance in a society which allocated millions for the research of human problems, and relegated those men bent on the destruction of their fellows to seek out paltry contributions in the HUB?

D. L. Kirkpatrick '71

Locked in an Ivory Soap Tower

TO THE EDITOR: I just read Mr. Puttaiah's letter of Oct. 4 about off campus housing problems of State College. I would like to thank him for reviving the 49-day-a-month issue that was brought up in my letter of Sept. 24.

For those who just tuned in on this, the 49-day-a-month issue simply means the overcharging by some landlords for their fictitious occupancy of their apartments. As it was my prediction, your paper did generate some momentum in the direction of solving our off campus housing problems.

Issues of high rents and apartment clean up are already red hot. It is encouraging to just see how many students have taken an active part in this to find a sensible way out of the dilemma. The last word, then, is that Penn State students are NOT apathetic.

There is another point worth mentioning here. It is about the way you report these things. Almost everyday that I read your paper, there it is right in the front page, a professor-landlord arguing and maintaining that he did clean up his apartments. On the other hand somehow, 90 per cent of his student-tenants or just tenants manage a point out that the picture is not all that rosy.

Well, this leaves us with some guesswork as to who is right and who is wrong. Guess for yourself. It should work. However, my main point is the difficulty in my mind to associate Mr. Clean's image with that of a suave university professor dressed up in his academic regalia sitting up on his ivory tower. Can you imagine the Harvard Crimson or the Michigan Daily reporting everyday on an argument between one of their professors and a group of students about Ivory Soap or Ajax, and that right in the front page?

It seems to me it'll be better to include other concerned landlords in the dialogue to make the whole thing more general. Meanwhile, if possible, less personal attention be given when it gets down to the Ivory soap details.

Saeed Alavi
 Graduate Student — Fuel Science

'The Two of Us' Goes; Doesn't Anybody Care?

By PAUL SEYDOR
 Collegian Film Critic

The theatre managers downtown are beginning to irritate me. Already they've begun that sickening and unofficial policy of keeping movies of extraordinary merit for brief tenures or of importing such movies at inopportune times, like at the end of a term, or during final-exam periods.

I had originally intended to devote today's column to "The Two of Us." And though I may yet, many readers might question the point, since the movie left town yesterday, after barely a week. Nobody seemed to care that it's one of the finest movies of the year, just as last winter term nobody seemed to care when two of the best films of last year, "In Cold Blood" and Bergman's "Persona," a masterpiece, were smuggled in, respectively, during the last week of classes and the final exam period.

It's as if the managers were ashamed of presenting good films. "Persona" especially got the shaft: The Daily Collegian wasn't even around to carry the ads. "The Stranger," another outstanding movie, was accorded a Sunday through Thursday visit and was then kicked out to make room for, if you can imagine, "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." "Will Penny" galloped into the Cinema I for a few days and was soon rustled off without even a hitch at the Cinema II.

What replaced "The Two of Us" at the State? Walt Disney's "The Parent Trap." If it were something new, or something that we might want to see, like "Belle de Jour" or "Zita," it might not be so bad, but "The Parent Trap" . . . ! This is crass and crude; worse, it's unfair and insulting.

What Can We Do?

What to do about the situation? Better to ask first, why do anything at all? For Staters, movies are the only continuous form of professional entertainment, of art, in this desert. This being so, the theatre managers hold a monopoly on one of the few things to DO in this town other than drinking or partying.

To return to the first question, frankly, I haven't an answer. Much of the blame rests squarely on the students. It is doubtful that the majority care enough for good films to demand more; or, at least, to insist that the few decent ones stay longer. In a typically vicious cycle, because most students don't see the better movies, they have precious little basis for discrimination anyway. (Think of it: "The Stranger" stays for five days; "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" for almost five weeks!)

Most Do Nothing

Of those who recognize good films, few, I suspect care enough to say something to the managers; fewer to drop a note; fewer still to do anything at all. (A boycott would be impractical and stupid: one, it can't even be arranged and sustained in behalf of a student bookstore; two, we would be screwing ourselves in order to screw them.)

It would, I realize, be naive of me to expect the managers to forget about profits every now and then, in deference to the real film-lovers of this town, to give them a chance to see the better movies when they come, even to study them. That would have too much to do with responsibility (which only students, not business-

men, are supposed to have). It would be too much to expect even if it were pointed out that any losses would be made up immediately with films like "Funny Girl" which everybody in the whole-wide-world sees. (Note: "The Sound of Music" played here at the Nittany, where, if any of the profits were poured into upkeep, the results aren't apparent.)

Twelvetees Displays Integrity

Little, rinky-dink, hole-in-the-wall Twelvetees Cinema is the only theatre in town that displays what we might call integrity. God knows how the place manages to keep going, but I'm grateful it does. And I apologize if it seems contradictory of me, then, to complain that Twelvetees, too, is guilty of rushing movies out of town too soon after they begin their run. That's why I get to review so few of them: I hardly get in to see a film there, write something approaching a thoughtful and organized critique, before it's gone and something else has replaced it.

Anyway, I strongly advise avoiding "The Parent Trap," not just on principle but also because it's a plain, Godawful, dumb movie. Anybody who pays to see this trash is a fool; anybody who likes it is an ass with no taste whatsoever.

About "The Two of Us," then, whoever cares to listen (maybe it will return to Twelvetees soon). If movies can be friendly, "The Two of Us" is the friendliest movie of the year. The setting is World War II, France; a Jewish family sends a young son to live with a peasant family in the country so he will be safe from the Nazi's; the old man of the family is anti-semitic, but doesn't know the boy is Jewish; the two of them develop a touching grandfather-grandson relationship.

Real Poetry

What could have been a dreary message-movie is, instead, a work of real poetry. Flowing, delicate, charming, fragrant, pregnant with sentiment but trading skillfully that treacherous line between sentiment and sentimentality, recalling the best moments of Truffaut's films.

The director, Claude Berri, achieves that almost impossible task: he inspires sympathy for a bigoted person. At the end, the old man doesn't overcome his prejudice, acknowledge that Jews are okay, and go off into the sunset a better man, the music swelling up into a triumphant coda. Life, as Berri seems to know, isn't that simple. The closest the old man can come is when he turns to the boy and says, "Well, the Jews, they're no worse than the rest of them."

The movie is peculiarly American in its presentation of the old man and his attitudes. When he announces he has nothing against the Jews, that he just wants France for the French, he's not unlike my roommate's father, griping about the infiltration of "foreigners," forgetting, of course, that he comes from the same stock.

Like Many Americans

When the old man lists all the standard characteristics of Jews, calls them money-hungry but lazy, he is like my father voicing similar complaints about the Negroes. And when, after his dog dies, the old man laments that his time is up, the life of which he was a part is no longer, he is like the older generation of this country, unable to free themselves from an older order, from the ways things were; sad, because they're too old to change, tragic, because they can't understand that some change is for the better.

The love Berri makes us feel for the old man is like the love we feel for our parents and relatives, however much we may reject their views. The goodness of "The Two of Us" is that it helps us, for awhile, to understand the reason for their views. Moreover, because of that, it reveals how often we ourselves are guilty of similar generalizations or gross dismissals because we do not or cannot disengage ourselves from our environment. And that, after all, is the beginning of tolerance.

Two kinds of men make good CPAs.

1. Guys who like to have a boss.
2. Guys who like to be the boss.



If he wants to, a CPA can join almost any kind of business. Or a large accounting firm. Then he'll have a boss.

Or he can start his own practice and work for himself. Then he'll be the boss.

Or he can form a partnership with other CPAs. That way he'll be one of the bosses.

You can select courses that will help you earn your CPA certification soon after college graduation. Or you can do graduate work. Ask your faculty advisor about it.

You may wonder if you have the right temperament. Being able to work with all kinds of people helps. So does an ability to analyze and solve diverse problems. (A CPA's work these days is seldom routine.) And you should be the kind of person in whom people can put their trust and confidence.

A STATEMENT FROM THE COMMITTEE FOR A HIPPER PENN STATE JAZZ CLUB

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JANIS JOPLIN

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