

## Editorial opinion

# Fair exchange

THREE PILOTS have come home.

But how many remain? The only thing we know is that we don't know. That's what makes the prisoner of war and missing in action reality increasingly distressing for the families involved.

There very well may be prisoners who are listed missing. At the same time, there may be deaths where there are names in the MIA column. To this day, the North Vietnamese government has remained secretive, only occasionally disclosing names of captured or killed American servicemen.

If it seems cruel, it is. But can it possibly be any more barbaric than indiscriminate and criminal bombing of non-military targets in North Vietnam? If there's a family

in a Pennsylvania living room worried about the fate of a husband, son or brother, there's a North Vietnamese soldier in a rice paddy worrying about a wife, a daughter or a mother.

No one can expect the American people, especially those who have lost relatives to North Vietnamese prison camps, to abandon American POW's. But likewise, no one can expect a President of the United States to abandon them, either.

THE MOST significant remaining and developing tragedy of the war is that Richard M. Nixon has most definitely abandoned those men. For a man who's supposed to be a pragmatist, Nixon has failed miserably to realize what the Vietnamese have told him very

plainly: get your country out of the war, get your soldiers out of prison.

While Nixon is saving face, America is losing lives. And ironically, even Nixon must be able to see he can't save his own face, Lyndon Johnson's face or Uncle Sam's face.

America has lost a war — but even if it won the war, it still lost the cause. Nguyen Van Thieu has continued to prove his contempt for freedom and democratic principles with each day. Communism is one thing, but criminal despotism is another. It's hardly worth fighting for — not when the killing could stop now.

STOP PROLONGING the war, Richard Nixon: bring the prisoners home. It's the only answer.

## Earl Davis: Quinn oversteps bounds

### On the arts

Anthony Quinn is in the middle of a rut right now — a sort of professional sticky wicket, actually.

You see, Quinn has announced plans to film a proposed biography of Henri Christophe, Henri Who? Christophe.

Henri Christophe was the famed leader of Haiti who, with Toussaint L'Ouverture and Jacques Dessalines, led a bloody and successful two-year battle against Napoleon. There's only one significant difference in all this. Christophe was unmistakably black. Need I say more?

Quinn's project is now in pre-production and he even has a couple of black writers on the payroll. Tentatively titled "Black Majesty," the film also has brought down a spectacular barrage of criticism on him for undertaking an impersonation that many claim he is unfit and unsuited to do.

I concur. Anthony Quinn, for years on years, has been playing every conceivable facet of just about every nationality known to mankind, almost as if he has an unconscious or subconscious wish to be the epitome of an Everyman of All Movie Seasons.

But I think the time has come for the appropriate line to be drawn. Why does Quinn want to portray a black man anyway?

Quinn has commented that he wants to portray a man he has long admired. That's all well and good. Admiration knows no bounds and no races, or at least it shouldn't. Quinn has also stated that he is aware of the identification problems young blacks would have when their first exposure to Christophe will be via a man of another race and not of their own.

Quinn, however, wonders if he doesn't have the right to want black kids' love too. On an idealistic and humanitarian level, I would say no, but the last thing in the world Quinn will receive is love if he goes through with his wish, because distortion —

and this would be a distortion of the highest level, that against an entire race — is not a lovable quality.

Of course you may argue that Quinn might succeed in showing us Christophe's majesty, his torments and his love, his violence and his inner desires; in short, those emotions which are universal traits and applicable to every man, woman and child on this mortal sphere. And you'd be right.

But there is one big, insurmountable and significant feature that transcends any argument anyone can raise — and that is that Quinn is not black. It's that simple. He hasn't any conception — even if he stretched his cinematic and actorial imagination to the breaking point — of the life, feelings and attitudes of a black man, of past or present. Without this essential pool of experience to call upon, there is just no way he could give an adequate, let alone realistically on target, characterization of Christophe.

When you're born with black skin, it's not a curse, but a fact and a beginning. You go from there and proceed on toward whatever your particular destiny has waiting for you. And if you haven't that mandatory frame of reverence: uh-uh. No matter how noble your intentions may be.

I don't doubt that Anthony Quinn is sincere in his attempt and I don't doubt that he thinks and believes he has a case. But he is certainly big enough to find other projects more worthy of him — projects of which he is infinitely more informed and qualified to attempt a decent statement on? He's not doing anyone any favors, black or white, by this undertaking.

And, aside from jumping the gun, this isn't the first time this has happened, either. There are plenty of impressionable black kids who would've gotten a truer picture of Cleopatra by not growing up with the historically inaccurate and mistaken notion that the Queen on the Nile looked like Elizabeth Taylor.

Rich Grant:  
Anything goes

Sorry I haven't written but . . .

My roommate is an elephant. There is absolutely nothing wrong with having an elephant for a roommate, except this one plays his records too loud.

So I go into the study lounge where four guys are sitting on beds, saying things like: 'I pass...I don't think there is anything wrong with living in a study lounge...I'll raise you one...No, as far as I'm concerned, I like it...'

Maybe I can study downstairs. The elevator doors open and this guy stares at me. I take a step and he says, "Get out of my room." Beyond him are posters of skiers and one of the football schedule above the down buttons. His bed curls.

Taking the stairs down, I decide to eat lunch. First, I check the blue box in the union building to see if any copies of The Daily Collegian are left. They are all in the recycling barrel down the hall. I take five copies.

Did I write any articles last night? Swinging both arms freely, I walk to the mailbox. The combination number doesn't work. I twist the knob again and again. Then I move over to the right building section. Although, I haven't written for months, the Record Club of America has replied.

In the dining hall, I bring the fork up to my mouth. Suddenly, a hand restrains me. "Don't eat that," a voice says. I look up. There is a man in a business suit, glancing at the veal on my plate.

"Thank you," I say. "You've saved my life. How can I ever repay you?"

"Never attempt to harm anyone named George Batnid," he says.

I never saw Batnid again.

At the next table, a group of freshmen are talking.

"Pop."

"No, you idiot. It's soda. S-O-D-A."

"You're sick. Where I come from, everybody says pop."

"Take that."

"Oh, yeah? Take that."

"En garde."

"Ka-pow."

"No, you idiot. It's bang. B-A-N-G."

"You're sick. Where I come from, everybody says ka-pow."

Leaving the dining hall, I head over to Osmond Lab for a required science course.

The faculty member says, "Blab blab blab blab blab blab beauty and order of the universe blab blab blab one point off for every day you miss blab blab blab blab blab tests will be comprehensive."

As I cross Pollock Road to get to the HUB, a bus nudges me. I slide to the HUB desk where a woman takes my ID card and hands me a copy of The Collegian. I make a paper airplane out of it and hand it back.

Grabbing my ID card, I run out and catch the bus which is now ten feet away. I leap aboard and ask the driver, "Who is paying you to do it? I can't offer you more money, but I can pay you the same amount."

The driver says, "Where's your ticket? You can't get on the bus without a ticket."

I make it through the rest of the day, avoiding buses, meals and classes. As I walk back to my room, I see a girl I ask her, "Can I walk with you, to protect you from the type who would ask if he could walk with you?"

She laughs...

### Letter policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy or non-campus affairs. Letters must be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include the name, term and major of the writer.

Letters should be brought to The Collegian office, 126 Carnegie, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld by request. If letters are received by mail, Collegian will contact the signer for verification.

## the Collegian

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## Penn State Students going home this weekend? go by bus

Leave Friday from campus and return Sunday  
Frequent schedules east & west

**RESERVATIONS Required**

for all campus departures. Reservations can be made by purchasing tickets Wed. & Thurs. between 1:30 & 3:30 p.m. on first floor HUB across from main desk or at the terminal before 8 p.m. on Thurs. night.



FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON DEPARTURE TIMES AND FARES PLEASE CALL THE STATE COLLEGE BUS TERMINAL 237-4181 AND 237-2253 OR TALK TO OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE HUB.

## important notice!

Sera-Tec Biologicals is happy to announce the opening of our plasma donor center at 120 S. Allen St. (Rear Entrance of Rite Aid Discount Center), State College, Pa.

We are now accepting individuals to participate in a medically safe procedure of plasma donation to help make available critically needed therapeutic products derived from plasma.

All participants are financially compensated and can earn \$40.00 per month for their contribution.

Please call now for details of how you can become a plasma donor ... Call: 237-5761 ... Hours 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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## UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

Tuesday, October 3, 1972

**SPECIAL EVENTS**  
Lecture by Dr. John Higham, University of Michigan, on "Unity and Diversity in American History," 8 p.m., Room 108 Forum.  
Free University Classes begin.

**MEETINGS**  
WRA Orchestra, first meeting, 7 p.m., White Building.  
PSOC Equestrian Division, 7:30 p.m., Room 111 Animal Industries.

**SEMINAR**  
Comparative Literature, luncheon and discussion, 12:15 p.m., HUB dining room "A".  
John Balaban, on "Vietnamese Oral Folk Poetry...An 'in person' View."  
Biochemistry, 11:10 a.m., Room 101 Althouse Laboratory. W.A. Wood, Michigan State, part II on oligomeric changes in enzymes.  
Microbiology, 4 p.m., Room S Frear. Dr. Ronald Glaser, Hershey, on "The Rescue of EB Virus from Hybrid Cells."  
Engineering Mechanics, 3:55 p.m., Room 215 Hammond. Dr. Benjamin Howell, Jr., on "Distribution, Cause and Prediction of Earthquakes in the U.S."

**EXHIBITS**  
Kern Gallery—Opening Oct. 2, multi-media works of Constantine Kermes, Continuing, art works of Dr. Kenneth Beittel and sculptures of Mary Cady Rubinstein.  
Chambers Gallery—Serigraphs and prints by Ray Dunlevy and ceramic sculptures by Chloe Ann Dellaport.