

Playing ball

Eighteen students, faculty members, administrators and town officials shed their suits, ties and titles a few days ago and played volleyball.

They formed two teams — but not teams of students against "them." Students, faculty members, administrators and town officials played together on teams with each other rather than against each other.

They introduced themselves and called each other by first names, dealing with each other as people and equals rather than numbers and bureaucrats.

When they started the game they all knew the rules, but they played together like bumbling novices. As the game went on, they started talking to each other, letting each other know who was going to hit the ball when. They helped each other, filling in the gaps when someone fell or ran somewhere else to hit the ball. They taught each other better methods of serving and hitting the ball.

By the end of the game they played more like professionals — fast and efficiently.

This game of volleyball, played at the Encampment, capsulizes what the Encampment was all about: introductions, communication, filling in the gaps, learning and ignoring formalities.

At the Encampment names became people. Students, faculty members, administrators and town officials were introduced to each other so that they could match names they had heard to physical people with human characteristics. They met in a friendly atmosphere which should make the tone of

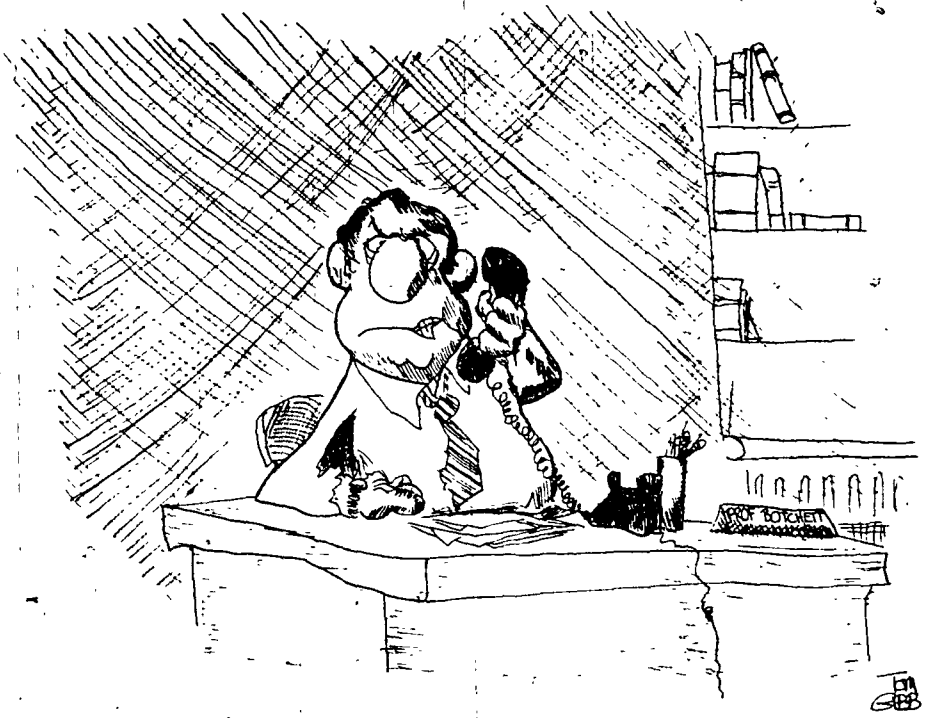
their future working relationships more friendly. It is much easier to get a goal accomplished when you are dealing with a friend rather than a name.

Many of the participants went to workshops where they learned about issues they had known very little about before. They learned the factual background of the issues. As students, faculty members, administrators and town officials, who may never have communicated with each other before, exchanged what were many times conflicting views and ideas, those who knew little about the topic were exposed to both sides of the issue.

New ideas and approaches to problems were discovered through that communication and learning process. Opposing sides now understand each other better and may have compromised and modified their ideas so that the gap between them has begun to be filled.

Encampments must continue so that this introduction, communication, learning and gap-filling process can continue to bring students, faculty members, administrators and town officials closer together — and closer to solving University problems.

But more important than continuing the Encampment itself is continuing the spirit of the Encampment. That spirit is people working together in an informal, friendly atmosphere to solve problems rather than opposing organizations demanding things from one another.



'Hello, Shields? Five of my advisees got every course they pre-registered for. What's the matter?'

The question of funding

Last spring 70 of the more than 300 student organizations submitted budget requests to the Associated Student Activities budgetary committee. Since University budget allocated only \$152,000 for student activities, only 50 of those organizations received money, and few received all they requested.

For the past several years the University has managed to give the student activities funding committee some additional "temporary funds" to distribute to the student organizations according to criteria set up by the committee and the University.

Recently the University switched into the student activities' budget about \$60,000 in "temporary funds."

The administration deserves a big thank-you for this much needed additional money. Some projects student organizations had given up

hope of sponsoring may be able to get off the ground now with these funds.

The budgetary committee believes that if the permanent funds were increased, by the amount just given in temporary funds, student organizations could be given sufficient money for their planned projects.

The committee needs the funds most in the spring, when the organizations submit their budget requests to them. When the committee must deny an organization permanent funds for a program in the spring, often the organization will not resubmit that request when the committee receives temporary funds that could pay for the program. As a result, many good programs are lost.

Temporary funds also cannot be counted on. This fall the committee received temporary funds and two years ago they received about

\$10,000 but last fall they received nothing. The committee did receive \$40,000 in temporary funds last spring, but next year it could receive nothing.

This makes student organizations very insecure. They do not know how to plan for the coming year because they do not know if there will be sufficient funds provided through temporary funding.

To give the organizations that security and to make sure good programs do not have to be dropped, permanent funding must be increased.

The questions of how much this permanent base should be increased whether the increase should come from a student activities fee or a tuition increase, and what percentage of funding should be temporary must be studied by students and administrators together before the next University budget is written.

The registration scheme

By ROBERT GARFIELD
of the Collegian staff

In a survey taken at the Nuremberg trials, nine out of ten ex-Nazi officers agreed that the best way to obtain information, cooperation or anything else desired from an enemy prisoner is to break down his resistance, usually by depriving him of food and sleep. Evidently the people at Shields have a copy of that survey.

It saddens me to report that sometime ago the University, in conjunction with a number of campus organizations and downtown businesses, began incorporating that strategy in a sinister plot which threatens to physically, psychologically and financially undermine every student registered at University Park.

The frightening truth is that the hatches of this dreadful scheme have refined the Nazi method. It is now so subtle, so insidious, that most students are not even aware of what is being done to them. How can you resist a force you cannot even see? I shudder to think that I myself have been subjected to it so long, but the very fact that it hasn't been uncovered sooner is evidence of the resourcefulness of their diabolical plot.

Suddenly, while eating my dinner last night, I realized what was being done. I was trying to figure out what courses I had signed up for that day at registration when the whole sordid mess became apparent to me. The horrid truth struck me with such impact that the spoon fell right from my hand. Even as I write this expose, I am scraping Spaghetti-O's off the leg of my pants.

REGISTRATION! Why hadn't it occurred to me before? Follow me as I reconstruct the events of my day from the time I handed in my course cards to the time I arrived at home. See if the nasty truth does not reveal itself to you as well.

11:00 A.M.: After two hours on the floor, trying to find a fifth period class on MWF that meets third period between Willard and Sparks and fills an other cultures requirement, I'm exhausted. After I hand in my course cards (and forget to make a copy of my courses), I order La Vie in advance. I'm worn out, so I don't notice I've gotten myself in debt by ordering La Vie

through to the year 2000. In a daze I've joined Back the Lions. One dollar for seven days and seven nights. Rah, rah.

Signing becomes a habit. I sign up for fraternity rush. Then sorority rush. I walk up to the ACTION booth. In a selfless move, I devote six hours a week to explaining to international students the virtues of the outer loop. My head is spinning. I'll sign anything just to get out of Rec Hall. As I'm leaving I register both my car and my bike. In my hurry to leave I've forgotten that my bike is in Philadelphia and that I don't own a car.

11:25 A.M.: I'm finally outside. Before I know it I've bought season tickets to the Hill House lox and bagel brunches. As someone reminds me that West Halls is showing "The Love Muscle" Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, I convert to the Baha'i faith.

By now, I no longer control my actions. I'm handed a pamphlet by someone from the Campus Crusade for Grommets. Seeing the error of my ways, I persuade the canvasser to convert with me, and we both devote our lives not only to grommets, but to gaskets and flanges as well. While persuading him I also signed up for kung fu lessons and give two pints of blood.

12:10 P.M.: In a trance, I follow a mass of students to the Student Book Store.

2:10 P.M.: By the time I get into the Student Book Store, I have forgotten what courses I registered for, but I feel compelled to pick up a few items:

- 12 doz. spiral notebooks (Cheap. They have University of Guam printed on them)
- 1 Donny Osmond lunch box
- 2 cans Atmosheen
- 1 box Confidets

3:30 P.M.: I finish checking out.

3:45 P.M.: I arrive home, but only after having made commitments and purchases that I never would have of my own free will.

By now you, probably see how you too have been menaced by this devious and sinister plot. Now that I've revealed it to you, you can be on guard for it when you register next term. Hopefully this will spell the end of the treacherous conspiracy.



This side of the truth I hate you, Robert Redford

By JACK JACKSON
of the Collegian Staff

I stopped long enough to flash my phony cards at the burly bouncer. My friend Rocky showed him a tattoo that said "Korea 1952" and the two of us strode illegally into the bar.

"Nice place," I said loud enough so that everyone within earshot would be sure I was 21. We ordered drinks and started staring at all the people there. Most of them were stoned or wrecked. A few of them were drinking, too.

"I'm with the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board," a voice said over my shoulder. I faced him, starting to plead temporary insanity when he continued, "and I was wondering if either of you two fine 21-year-olds could spare a buck for another drink." He stumbled off before I could throw him a quarter.

Rocky hadn't been watching. He was busy staring at girls, trying to find one for me to meet. Rocky is too shy to talk to girls, but he points out the best ones for me.

He pointed to a freshman girl who wound up in the bar because she thought the line outside was for registration. She was filling out her number four card with a swizzle stick.

Brimming with the full established value of my twenty and one years, I walked over and said, "Hi."

"Are you Robert Redford?" she asked. "Of course not. My name is..." She walked off with a sigh before I could finish. The seat she left empty was soon filled by another girl, so I tried again.

"Hi," I crooned bathing-her with the full force of my three vodka collins. "You're not Robert Redford," she said and walked away. I went over to Rocky.

He tried to explain that Redford was a new disease, mostly. All the girls are in limbo, hanging around the bars waiting for him.

I looked around the room, watching the girls. Each of them, in turn, was looking around carefully, fixing their stares only at tall blonde guys that hung around with Paul Newman.

I ordered Tequila and squeezed twelve lemons through my hair. "Hi," I said to the girl next to me. She passed out. Lemon poisoning.

I lied again after washing my hair out. "Hi," I smiled. She looked at me closely. I must have looked very much like Redford at that point because she paused before walking away.

"That's not fair," I yelled running after her. "You're being a snob." She turned. "There are three reasons why you can't call me a snob," she said

nicely. "First, I'm friendly, second, I'm outgoing and third, I'm better than you."

She walked off while Rocky was explaining that to me.

Finally, out of desperation, I walked up to a girl and said, "Hi, I'm Robert Redford's little brother." She looked up through the haze with a gasp. "You can't be. It isn't possible. You don't look at all like him. (She sniffed once) except for your hair. He always washes it with lemons."

Rocky and I left the bar. I was depressed and Rocky saw it, so he suggested I change my image. We went home and I put on a Superman uniform and fixed up a pair of glasses so I'd look like Henry Kissinger. I was a prize of red and blue. Nobel Peace Prize winning glory when I stepped back into the bar.

"Hey, look," someone screamed, "it's Robert Redford's brother."

Berlin: mixture of old and new

Editor's note: Arthur Turfa studied in Germany this summer under a program sponsored by Georgetown University.

By ARTHUR TURFA
of the Collegian Staff

Even from a relatively remote section of West Berlin, the 365-meter television tower across the Wall in Alexanderplatz dominates the horizon. This tower symbolizes the rebirth of a city — or a part of a city. In what once was the center of the old Berlin, the Berlin of the Hohenzollerns, the Bismarcks and the National Socialists, a new city is being rebuilt on the ruins of three decades ago.

But not all that is in East Berlin glitters, to give a new twist to an old maxim. In the vicinity of the Wall, empty shells of houses remain neglected. The saints in the mosaics of the Cathedral look down not upon an altar, but instead upon a pile of rubble. On the Museum Island, the Altes Museum has yet to be rebuilt, although according to a sign nearby, this undertaking is being prepared for.

What is being built, in lieu of the Cathedral et al., is the "Palast der Republik," a monument to the quarter-of-a-century old German Democratic Republic. Like the large paved areas of Versailles and the Vatican, the Palast is intended to awe the visitor, to instill a certain feeling of respect mingled with fear.

According to the official tourist guidebooks, the socialist metropolis of Berlin is a charming mixture of

the old and the new. Many areas of the capital are rather run-down, when compared to cities in the capitalist world. However, it must be said that there is no Harlem here. The reconstruction efforts come slowly, burdened with the red tape (pardon the pun) characteristic of communist bureaucracy.

This same bureaucracy is responsible for the ever-present lines. The line at Checkpoint Charlie to get into the East, the line at the Volkspolizei (Peoples' Police) headquarters, and even the line at a sausage stand share the same ancestor.

One must have the patience of a saint to endure the waiting, and there is no alternative. A nation of stoics, so to say, lives on the far side of the Iron Curtain. But not only the citizens of the GDR are subjected to the waiting, the tourists receive the same privilege. On the whole, United States citizens have it easy when compared to citizens of the Federal German Republic. Americans receive more smiles, especially when they have some command of German. West Germans receive hostile glances and have orders barked at them.

So the Americans come in great numbers to the East. Crossing the border presents no insurmountable difficulty. After a little paperwork and a fiscally-absurd rate of exchange (all guests must pay out 10 West German marks for the same number of East marks; a bank would give you three times the amount of East marks), the tourist finds himself strolling along the Friedrichstrasse en route to the subway that will take him to "Alex," what Berliners call Alexanderplatz.

Uniforms abound in the capital. Hundreds of soldiers from the Volksarmee (Peoples' Army) walk the streets, enjoying their passes. More than once, soldiers from the Soviet Red Army can be seen on leave, eagerly photographing the sights of the city. In the schools, East Germans learn that the Russians are their brothers and protectors. One East Berlin joke runs: What's the difference between a brother and a friend? Answer: You can choose a friend. Solidarity must first erode centuries of distrust and hatred in order to take hold. Approximately 20 Red Army divisions are stationed in the GDR, without them the Soviets would lose their control completely.

That control almost slipped away on June 17, 1953. Thousands of workers called strikes and took to the streets. Even West Berliners walked over the wall-less border to participate. Party Secretary Walter Ulbricht managed to save his skin, but a good many comrades lower in the Party fell into disfavor. Today there is no dissent. The people are proud of the fact that they enjoy the highest standard of living in the Eastern Block. This standard of living entails mail delivery of only two or three days a week, waiting lists for cars, etc. On the other side, unemployment is unknown (there's always some kind of job found for the jobless person, however menial) and insurance seems to be better than before.

For better or worse, the GDR exists, and as of several days ago, officially established formal diplomatic ties with the United States. Hopefully, this recognition will result in a greater understanding between the two nations, an understanding that a decade ago was unthinkable.

the daily Collegian

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