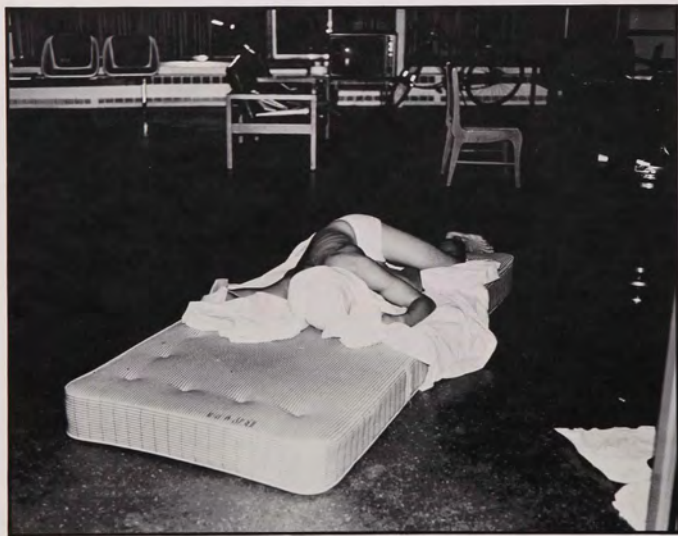


HOUSING

By Ev Short



a. ostrowski

"See that window up there on the third floor? . . . well half of that is my very own territory!"

So you move into your own room a 2x4 cell-like structure, in which will occur some of the most memorable times of your life—college career.

Ah, dorm life . . .

Oy vey, mama, the guys in my suite are real obliging; they kindly offered to take me up to a place called the Pub (have you heard of it?). Anyway we had a very exciting time. I even met some of the campus police. The boys were kind enough to give me a nice cold shower after I threw up over the balcony . . . I wish I could remember more but I can't from that point on.

Possibly freshman year was the worst. Hopefully, things progress as the years pass. The youthful part of you still wants to do the crazy things you did in high school. And yet, the adult part of you keeps saying, 'you're in college now . . . act it!'

Every day in a dorm is as carefully planned as an IBM computer and you carry out your tasks accordingly. Studying under a high intensity lamp, you must never use red ink (not commonly accepted). Make doubly sure your electric pencil sharpener is in good working condition.



t. nixon



r. emerson

65



c. margeson



a. ostrowsky

The four walls of your room seem to shrink in closer and closer with each rain storm—and the rain storms at URI are never ending. And the drab, off white, peeling paint seems to become more ominous and less acceptable as the semester creeps by.

Your laundry piles up, your wastebasket is overflowing, your ashtray is stuffed with cigarette butts, your albums are old and scratched and even your poetry is becoming stale.

Oh, mama . . . these trivial things about living in a dorm don't bother me. Besides, even if I did want to move out, I couldn't, for the housing contract stipulates that I must live here for a full year. Funny, I don't remember reading that on the contract, do you? Anyway at least meals are great: we get steak with wine sauce, fish with wine sauce, hash with sauce of wine, ice cream with wine syrup—all good and kosher mama, so don't worry.

In many ways, dorm life at URI will never change. Possibly because there are some things about youth that will live forever. Idealism the search for truth and a love for life have always been and will always be outstanding attributes possessed by the young.



c. margeson



Music, parties, sex, romance, bull sessions, etc. are still apart of dorm living. Since the very beginnings of dormitory life, groups of girls have gathered together in each other's rooms to "compare notes" about their latest love affairs. Guys in dorms such as Browning and Burnside have sat around television sets to watch hockey games practically since the day those dorms were built. While others in dorms like Adams and Bressler (R.I.P.) have staged their own makeshift street hockey and basketball games, leaving dents, scratches and holes in the walls of their worn battered corridors and suites, as everlasting, universal symbol of the fact that there is a thin line between manhood and boyhood, left for residents of generations to come.

Dorm life at URI, however has changed in astounding ways, notably, during the academic year 1972-73. Never before until this year, had men and women lived together on the same floor, next door and across the hall from each other. Never before had a rather detailed publication called "The Birth Control Booklet" been paid for by and distributed amongst URI residents. Outsiders and parents have never been so angered and confused by the much publicized "goings-on" at the Kingston Campus.



j. norris



c. margeson

The permanent encampment of a transient army . . . tenements to many and "home" to so few . . . the President's Blue Ribbon Commission on the Quality of Life in Residence Halls . . . ecology meetings in Dorr Hall . . . Gonorrhoea testing kits . . . free coffee at Heathman . . . a Hot dog stand in Adams . . . phone bills but "color-coordinated" phones . . . drug workshops in Ellery . . .

Co-ed, finally a reality after many years of planning and hard work on the part of countless dedicated individuals, affected two dorms this past year, Heathman and Barlow. Although there were many initial problems, the idea has obviously been quite successful, for many more dorms will be co-ed next semester.

The draw backs to co-ed living have been more numerous than many individuals expected. For instance, fondness for someone of the opposite sex who lives on the same floor can often be more of a terrible mistake than a love affair. For two people must see each other day in and day out, and things easily get monotonous routine and meaningless. Another thing one can not have half of the privacy one used to have in a single sex dorm. For people are in and out of each other's rooms all day and every day.



c. margeson



c. tohey



l. toney



c. margeson



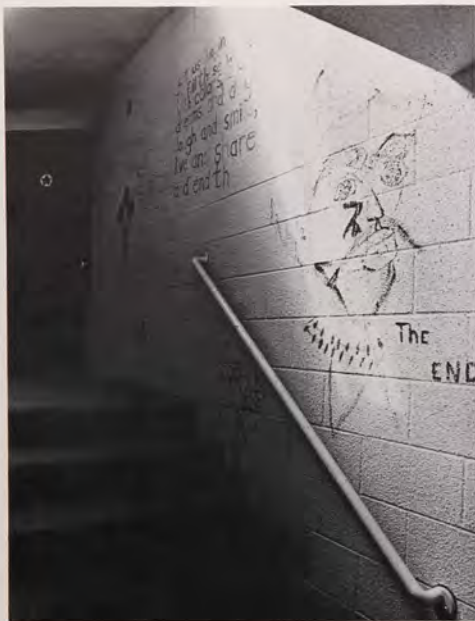
a. ostrowsky

Just one advantage, however, far outweighs every drawback in the book. It is that members of the opposite sex, perhaps for the first time in the history of URI dorm life, have finally had the rare opportunity to get to know one another without the old, familiar "sex object" hangups.

Prior to co-ed, URI men were more or less forced to get to know URI women by asking them out. Rarely did a man go to see a woman at her dorm without the thought that with each visit there would be more of a chance for a relationship to develop.

If a man did go to visit a woman for merely reasons of friendship, the woman, brainwashed by the usual campus social norms, would either cynically suspect or hopefully expect a "more than friends" relationship to form in the near future.

These feelings of foreboding more often than not, resulted in a lack of confidence and ill feelings on the part of both sexes.



j. norris



a. ostrowsky



j. mahoney

Thanks to co-ed most residents are finding this lack of confidence disappearing. There is less of a sex hangup in most residents than there used to be. Men and Women are finding each other out; they are finding, much to their surprise that there are many kinds of people living at URI—not just two kinds male and female. Oddly enough, many brother sister relationships have been formed . . .

"Mama, I've learned that I can love a girl without being in love with her . . . Mama? . . . Mama? . . . operator: I think the line went dead . . ."

. . . In all seriousness, however, no generation that has gone before can actually realize the phenomenon that co-ed living is. No one can—unless they experience it, the way it is now on college campuses. All the mistrust from outsiders, parents, the men who put Dr. Baum on the spot in a farce called the "morality hearing"—all their doubts can be understood—for they have unfortunately not been quite as lucky as we.

Dorm life at URI will always be people living together, or trying to live together, in harmony amidst the confusion, the frustration, the laughs and the joys of college life.

Changes like co-ed living are the result of what people living together in harmony will create with cooperation and determination, to make the campus community a better place to live in.

..Irving my son:

Why don't you come home?
You missed your Uncle Sydney's
47th Birthday last week. I
know what it is—you don't
love your mother anymore.
Are you a hippie, God Forbid?
Are you sleeping with a girl?

Such a bright boy, such good marks
But if he doesn't love his mother—a Bum
as your father would say . . . aBUM.
Come Home.
Mama

. . . ah, dorm life.