



Confessions of a Dormitory Attendant

Hi, URI students know who we are. We used to be called Evening Managers. We "managed the night." How did the less elegant but more graphic title of Dormitory Attendant come into being?

It's possible that the State Department in Providence got the word that somewhere in the south of RI dwelt a large & thriving community of humanoids living in closely-packed dormitories at a place called a UNIVERSITY. The in-dorm atmosphere is surprisingly

reminiscent of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." So people were hired to watch over these humanoids each night to make sure they didn't destroy themselves in their enthusiasm, their lust for life. Marvelous tales were brought to the ears of the wise men in Providence; when they heard of the near-world-record feats, the celebrated "keg parties" that rivaled the body-packed phone booth contests of the 1950's, the mysterious "trains" that sometimes went off the track, they were amazed. They listened with growing respect to stories of the Great Water Fights and understandably confused them with an older battle of local interest — the Great Swamp Fight. They were skeptical with regard to the story of General Burnside, who not only named a great URI dorm, but invented sideburns as well. Last year at Burnside Hall, true to prophecy, one side of the building burned.

And the tales went on. There was the one about IRVING and his dog who delivered half-sour pickles and sandwiches to starving inmates at 10:00 every night. He waged capitalist war with The Truck and The Machines. These combines in miniature were sometimes stocked with questionable edibles. They especially loved to eat quarters. Nickels and dimes were spat out. If a humanoid was lucky, a lumpy something would appear to remedy the widespread dormitory disease called The Munchies.

Frequently the humanoids would place themselves across from each other separated by a long green board. Holding a round wooden paddle in one hand, they would assume a crouched posture and with narrowed eyes and tense smiles double-whammy each other, sending a small white ball lightning — quick across the table. Sometimes the ball would be returned. This was called "ping-pong." A form of Chinese torture.

Halloween, the full moon, and Thursday nights often produced bizarre happenings. Faint strains of Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" would play as formerly calm inmates rushed around baying at the moon. On Halloween, a man with a large plastic bag over his body was asked who he thought he was. "A giant condom, of course," came the indignant reply. A girl won a contest dressed as a large plate of spilled spaghetti and meatballs.

In the dining halls so much food was thrown that a new floor was put in. It was the color of mashed potatoes and gravy.

Our wise men in Providence thought and thought. They reasoned that Evening Managers sometimes didn't manage their evenings very well; the humanoids needed attending to so we naturally became Attendants. As the euphemisms continue, I foresee — and hereby suggest one more — why don't they just call us Zookeepers?

Eleanor Carpenter



D. Lew



S. Johnson



D. Lew





D. Lew

Suites

Walls of cardboard . . . 8 people with the option of being as close or as distant as they choose . . . to be part of The Complex . . . balconies — a luxury worth its weight in gold — watching the football games without leaving the dorm . . . hearing everything from the suite next door through the bathroom walls . . . discovering the Supersuck . . . having a living room to relax in, party in, or just escape to . . . Whose turn is it to clean the bathrooms?

Donna Cagen



C. Margeson



FACES



W. Merguerian



C. Margeson





C. Margeson

Faces somehow strange
yet too familiar
to be new,
familiar
bring words to mind:
lettered pictures
with a story to share
inventing perhaps time
and a place,
those particulars
of adventure





REBIRTH



A Prayer to Humankind

For are we not one, have we not one desire,
to heal our Mother Earth & bind her wounds?
And do we not all seek peace, even as our brother
the lordly elk upon the vast & silent plains,
to be free as the spotted eagle climbing
the laughing breast of our Father Sky,
to hear from the dark forests & flashing rivers
to the curling lip of the sea the intricate harmony
of the varied ever-changing Song of Creation?

O Humankind, are we not all brothers & sisters?
Are we not the grandchildren of the Great Mystery?
Do we not all want to love & be loved, to laugh
& to play & to work & sing & dance together?

Let us let the children out, break
the traps of fear our fathers left us,
set them free, give them trust, to grow
to seek & question, to play & dance & sing,
to build a rainbow world of endless love,
for love is life believing in itself.

Hear, O Humankind, the prayer of my heart.

excerpts from Medicine Story
of the Rainbow Tribe, a poem
written in 1971 dedicated to
Alan Watts







In November of 1974 a group of student, faculty, staff, & community people were sitting around discussing the need in this area for a new type of growth. After about a month of clearing, a seed was planted.

It took nearly six months for the seedling to stand in sunlight; during the germination period we watered it, cared for & hoped in it. No one knew for sure what would happen. We had our own dreams but this was a group effort so — the one seed became many.

When it sprouted, a gathering of 300 was present. Here, it took shape. The plant contained a part of everyone. It grew because there was a need.

Next year there were offshoots, as each blossomed there was a gathering to celebrate the rebirth. The plants are thriving; many thanks to past, present & future gardeners.

I remember a girl who came to me at the orientation & said she was having second thoughts about coming to the week-end because she didn't know anyone else who was planning to attend. I told her that I didn't think that would be too important . . . she came. As I remember those few days with the help of video-tape & slides, she shines thru with the biggest smile. I saw her the other day; she asked how she could lend a hand with Rebirth next year.

I can't help but smile when I think back to the first week-end. The good Mother gave us all she had in stock — sun, rain, snow & wind (we almost lost the tents).

You'd think that such changes would have bummed a lot of people out. It didn't, the craziness drew us closer.

Elmer Palmetier had us dig a little hole six inches into the earth & then shared his knowledge of the dynamics that go on there. A small thing, but a lot of people will never forget it.

We spent months trying to line up Doug Henning, the newest reincarnation of the great Merlin. He was interested, said he'd come . . . he didn't. . . our own Jive Ananda, Peter Grossi, shared his yoga of dynamic apathy with us. Henning he wasn't but his version of illusion is homegrown & it made for great smiles . . .

Thanks to Rebirth, Phillip Berigan, Sam Lovejoy, Richard Valariano from the Findhorn Community, & the R.I. 2000 Lecture Series were appreciated by many of us. A very beautiful thing, to share some time with hard workers, fighting for what they believe in.

The Tai Chi workshop was magical, like seeing a slow-motion version of reality. It's becoming more & more wellknown, & rightly so, as it's not a fighting form like karate or kung fu but more of a life-giving ballet, meditation-in-motion.

The famous Love-22 graced us with his presence. Before going to his workshop we all thought he was crazy. Afterwards, we knew it. He's crazy enough to put all his time & energy into something he believes in. . . . so what if it's the number 22 with its cosmic implications maybe it's true, what's your obsession?

I think one of the strongest things the week-end revealed was that we're not all that different. We all sleep, eat, laugh & cry. The cold & rain made it easier to see that.

Some of us were afraid that it was going to be a religious trip. It wasn't, there were no dogmas being bought or sold. Just a fine time with some good people, some crazy weather & the funnyfaced gods in each of us.

Mike Lapointe











W. Merguarian

