Contaminated Cloisters

We enter them early in September and leave them sometime in May. And according to the way the individual responds to this brick-wall environment, it can either be the shortest, or longest, ten months of their college career. Dormitories at URI are in themselves a contained community of students, experiencing perhaps the most valid, tangible education a University can offer, exposure to our peers.

Within any given four walls of any of the 19 residence halls on campus, students find themselves confronted with continually changing situations that reflect, for the most part, the life-styles of the college student of the Seventies. The spontaneous elf-imposed rituals of instant energy complete the scenario for those who experience the freedom of living alone for the first time in their lives. The walls vibrate with people, and like bees in the hive, they are moving and living at an ever-quickening pace. They make noise, ranging from lovers' screams, to

pounding walls, to over-amplified stereos, to thumping heads on solid wood doors.

Yet it is interesting being a part of this involved microcosm called a dormitory. It is not unusual to find things pulsating one night at very high levels, and then the next morning be the only one left on the hallway. The intensity can halt and usually does, at the slightest notice.

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Sometimes this whole transition can be very disturbing to the person with a more acute feeling of loneliness, but to find solitude is something rare enough to make it novel around a place like this University. A person tends to savour those moments when the hum of the electric lights is the only noticeable sounds of human development, and the undisturbed stillness spreads itself like a blanket over the campus.

"Shihhhh...' He motioned to me with one finger on his lip to hush. We stood there, in the semi-darkness of the disheveled room and listened to the silence. Shortly after we started this game of quiet we heard a noise that pierced, ever so sharply, the peace we both knew. It was a piano, and a drunkened piano player, who ushered his music through the hallways and across the streets of the deserted campus. The fog seemed to soften the harshness of it all, or that he didn't even know how to play the piano, that made him sound so bad."

After the vacations, the momentary trips into the wilderness of the 'real world,' they all return. Even the ones who vow they'll never return to that 'pit of human beings' after they've found a comfortable couch down the line, always come back. In visions of sober reflection, they'll all agree that one Friday night, a long time ago, was possibly the most revealing in their lives.

"See that window . . . fourth floor up . . . three in?" Alex eagerly said to his wife.

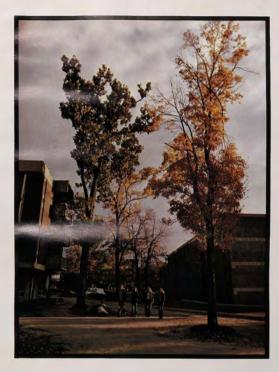
"Yeah . . . " she said, not really understanding the importance of his concentration.

"Well, hangin' out that window, about six years ago, really drunk and really sick, I saw you for the first time."

They are there, those solid structures of University housing, and, as one critic once observed, those "great, big, ugly, soulless buildings, uninspired in design, with paperthin walls, stingy little rooms, and no style at all" will, most likely, be there for a long, long time.

- Stephen Andrade





L. Toney





A. Ostrowsky

W. Merguerian







B. Clark



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C. Margeson



A. Ostrowsky



B. Rock



B. Rock

"One — is the population —
Numerous enough.
This ecstatic nation
Seek — it is
Yourself."





KING DICK
5AYS:
KEEP THERMOSTAT
SET BETWEEN
65°-68° F
THIS MEANS YOU!

Richard M. Mistore

W. Merguerian



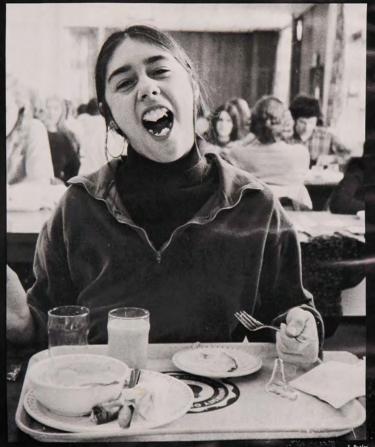
A. Ostrowsky



D. Lew



76.



J. Butler





C. Margeson



W. Merguerian



