

RESIDENCE

YET ANOTHER DISSERTATION UPON RESIDENCE

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After two years in an all women's residence and a month's not too quiet observation of Mackenzie and the Lister Complex in general, I present here before your very eyes my own final opinion of residence after lengthy premeditation and much research.

As far as residences are concerned, those on the University of Alberta's campus contain some of the finest potential I've seen. However, in the interests of economy some peculiar ideas about the requirements of frosh and students in general, residence has here as elsewhere been successfully killed.

Students today may be younger and somewhat less experienced in handling themselves socially, but the average student is infinitely more independent than his 1950 counterpart. Elaborate social prearrangements are no longer necessary, rather the opportunity and the desire to seek out one's own types of people is the preference which makes residence as it is somewhat obsolete.

Under present conditions, the student is restricted to his all men or women friends after certain hours, where he battles any number of additional difficulties arising from a lack of privacy. The initial social arrangements for introducing the new student to the university are really very commendable but the sometimes palpable atmosphere of forced participation later in the year gets to be a bit much. However, let not the very commendable efforts put out by the various house committees go unappreciated, because there were some really fine bashes arranged which most people enjoyed. If the house committees stick with taking care of the house and not get involved with elaborate sessions over the violation of petty rules, residence could be almost bearable this year.

Involvement seems to be sadly lacking in residence, perhaps a reaction to the incredible group involvement that evolves in such a situation. As 10% of the campus is living in residence, but does not proportionately participate, the actual involvement would seem somewhat minimal.

Heaven forbid that I should defame beer socials or cafeteria dances; they supply the near ideal occasion for happenstance meetings and are usually one hell of a good time. I refer, rather, to the incidentals that have arisen around the very structure of residences and the apex of their administrative processes.

Ideally, the residence is reasonably accessible to the rest of the campus, and is a guaranteed place to crash to anyone who is registered at the university. It is a neat package: a place to hang your hat, eat three square meals prepared by someone else, with washing machine facilities, telephones, a maid who sweeps the place out once a week and leaves clean sheets, and a study room or two in which to pursue academic inclinations. In reality it is all of the above. Additionally it is segregated, overcrowded, lacking in privacy, and saddled with the most ridiculous set of rules ever compiled for the complacent people who find themselves living there.

All activities concerning the whole of the university life are well advertised. Yet how easily residence becomes the centre for those who inhabit it, unless they divorce themselves from the place and use it for eating, sleeping and occasional study. This was the original purpose. Somewhere along the line residence got out of hand, and frosh introduction week and all the suggested activities were prolonged to encompass the entire year.

There are definite social benefits to be gained living in residence. As an out of province student, residence appealed to me as the ideal way to meet people from this side of the country. It also removed the problems of stepping off a plane and taking trunk in hand to find a place to live. The flurry of activity and the genuine warmth extended to me by the various committees was sincerely

appreciated over the settling in period. Now established, though, I find myself resenting the fact that in the coed residence there are such extensive restrictions to effect nullifying the coed concept. I also resent the fact I am paying an exorbitant fee for no privacy, mediocre meals and restriction in every social sense--cloak-and-dagger booze, set hours for seeing friends as well as lovers, and fines handed out from house committees who don't believe in what they are forced to do.

**NO UNINVITED
WOMEN BEYOND
THIS POINT**

The crux of the problem lies, without a doubt, in the actual construction of residence. Tiny rooms ideal for one person contain two. Only house committee members get singles, and not for love nor money can one obtain a single otherwise, unless one's roommate departs and there is no one else prepared to move in. The number of people on the floor creates an obvious noise problem and drives one far from one's castle to seek other refuge.

One can't argue with the fact that some people like to



live in all male, all female residence. Mackenzie should be advertised as a coed and escapes me. Seven floors of residence are separated by that same confusion in a piece of Henday topped by a fearsome of the facilities the way they are arranged. Each bathroom--one for each wing--is altered men and women on each floor could without grossly insulting anyone. The coed principle and the experience of having women a little closer together, making coffee and perhaps even having a little closer to home, if I have my expression.

As things are now, the 'happy' residence aggravates the tendency to separate either driven completely into their own or preoccupied in their social activities, agonizing over their relationships, both consequently lose sight of their main aim. However, visiting 'privileges' just to get a straw. That the term should exist is fine if we are old enough to handle it. At the university and see our way to the registration, why should there be a charge for entertaining at one's leisure in a room for an exorbitant fee to rent?

Residence desperately needs a more modern style arrangement and more like a party with facilities for those who would like someone to talk to made available. We need single rooms instead of double. Double means an increase of fees as they pay with those rents to be charged to the complex presently under way. It is a policy, I can't see the residence giving, the light of the number of rooms, the students actively displeased with it.

Residence as it stands tends to make it difficult for one reason or another that there are 1000 of us on this campus. Whether the result is a peculiar influence, or perhaps just a part of the residing populace is to be known. But in a survey in Centre Hall day over a period of an hour, a half students from residence and the 500 other strangers. The inclination to flee and find more interesting diversions outside dissipates with warm winds of summer.

We are mature students seeking an experience perhaps part of ourselves. We do need a personnel supervising our moral development. We pay nearly \$800 for a room in an apartment building with no restrictions anything except the usual revolting. I don't think the small amount of Service compensates for the basic privilege to enjoy and as a student staggering through a university, I dislike being told how to spend when I can entertain, and what to do to cope up.

Residence and all the predicted moralistic accompany it have to change. The Administration has the right to do so, except on their own moralistic standard: pack one's bags, pay the bill plus \$60.00 and move out but I really don't see why I should. For the acutely young and naive I can understand the Administration's tenderhearted concern for moral well being, but it occurs to me that this is not the place to handle the needs of adolescence. Take a year off and see if it is necessary, there are no jobs all the time and bushy tailed B.A. enthusiasts at the university an adult seeking education for and not an infant to be amused. Tell your nose. That's what it's all about, folk infants.