

# Social contract: working within the system for change

**Matt Hunt**  
Capital Times Columnist

In 1967 the editor of the campus paper wrote an editorial in which she complained of the betrayal of the student body by the administration.

Reading it now twenty-six years later, I find her words relevant. The editor, Tish Clever, tried to move the student body to act and thus demonstrate its dissatisfaction to the administration. She was, in fact, trying to invoke the social contract.

This is the concept that two parties are involved in government: the rulers and the ruled. The rulers (the governing body) creates and enforces laws and in general protect the interest of the ruled (the citizens). In return, the citizens obey the laws and pay tribute to the rulers.

If either one fails to fulfill their part

of the contract, they have violated the contract and action must be taken. When the government fails to meet the

## THE CITIZEN

needs of the citizens, the citizens must act. In many cases, this action is called revolution.

I do not mean to suggest that it is necessary to forcefully remove the government, remember that revolutions can be peaceful. Like Tish Clever, I am calling for the student body to act. I feel that my needs are not being completely met and I think you feel the same way.

Working at the *Capital Times*, there is equipment we would like to have. The faculty is spread thin, which hurts the quality of instruction. The

equipment needed for one of my classes is outdated.

I am not alone in my dissatisfaction. I have had many discussions with people who don't like some of the conditions.

Some people required to take Western Traditions I, II, III feel they should have exposure to other cultures than Western. Some would like a sports program.

Others feel that the importance of internships is not stressed enough by the departments.

As a citizen, I say it is time to invoke the social contract. I say it is time for us as citizens to live up to our responsibilities in the social contract. Inherent in the social contract is the duty of the citizens to intercede when the government fails to meet their needs.

How do we do this? Attend meetings. The Faculty Senate has meetings once a month, and I have been informed that all

students are welcome. The Student Government Association meets weekly, and everyone is invited to attend. So go! Make your voice heard.

Too busy to attend meetings? Do the times conflict with class or other activities? Try this, find out who belongs to these organizations. The SGA office is in the Student Activities Office, room 212. The officers are listed on the bulletin board outside the office, as well as the SGA office hours.

The Faculty Senate office is on the first floor, Room W151, and the office is open from 8 am until noon; talk to people there, make sure they know about your concerns.

Try contacting people in the provost's office. They are here for us. They are people too, and can only know of our feelings if we tell them.

There are two ways to change things, creating chaos or working within the

system. Chaos isn't what we want; it will only make things worse. Working within the system, using it to change itself for the betterment of all, is what we want to do.

I am only one citizen and I can not and must not presume to speak for everyone. What I think means nothing by itself. If all of us believe it and act upon it, that matters. If everyone who reads this column feels that conditions here must be changed, do something about it.

Invoke our social contract, and let the administration know how you feel. In fact, continue to tell them until conditions are better. Don't be a passive individual, become an active part of this community. Make the social contract work.

If we don't do this, then we have no one to blame for the conditions here except for ourselves.

# Moonlight strolls in Autumn a break from civilization

**Michael Starkey**  
Capital Times Columnist

So the semester is in full swing and by now I guess you've got your routine locked in for the duration.

How about a little diversion in the best tradition of the true scholar? You know what I mean, that little aside that spice up life like a bowl full of real meat-eaters chili. So come and do the wild thing in the dark outside where the mosquito army has departed.

Okay ... you don't fancy a romp in the dark, how about a moonlight stroll in the crisp air of central Pennsylvania Woods.

This is the time of year I live for, the air gets an edge like a razor and the colors start to fall out of the paintbox all over the place. I like the other seasons but when we transit the autumn equinox and the days start to shrink as the night takes over, I kick into overdrive.

I took a walk with my special

someone the other night and remembered why it is I'm a junkie for the fall. The sun was just setting

## STARKEY'S SANCTUARY

beyond the hills and a splash of crimson and violet swept the blue from a cloudless sky. The last gasp of day danced its way across the river and as the evening rushed to embrace the night I could smell someone burning logs on a hearth, sending out primordial signals that zapped those base synapses we all cloak under a veneer of civility. Yeah, FIRE.

You need to feel that animal rush down your spine every once and awhile to remind you that we survivors at the top of the evolutionary heap are still subject to the rigors of the real world.

Shuck off your plastic clothes and get

some cotton and wool next to your skin, then drop your watch and wallet on the dresser and head outside for the real show.

As the sky clears on the cooler eyes of autumn, the great magic of the universe is revealed again. Pick someone you really like, and go to a field away from the hustle and bustle of your daily life. Blanket in hand, seek a spot to lie back and gaze (I find it best to share the "oohs and ahhs"). There are great books in the library on stars and stargazing buy you only need to open your eyes to really enjoy the infantile artistry of the cosmos.

On the way to your vantage point, try this little experiment on yourself; inhale deep slow measured breaths through your nose and let them sink deep into your belly ... exhale slowly and let your mind focus on the sensation of the warmth spreading inside you. (Warning ... the *Capital Times* staff is not accountable for any sudden loss of

breath or dizziness that may result from partaking in this experiment.)

Don't just look around you at the shadows, make up stories in your head about the things you imagine you see, let your nose pick out different scents in the air, feel the hairs on your arms and legs stand up, notice the way your ears go on alert and play with the sounds of the night. Do this two or three times a week and you'll be amazed at the way you feel!

The pop psychologists are always telling us to relax and get in touch with our true feelings but they never relate relaxation to the real world, they seem to miss a lot of the primal stuff like darkness and fire and imagining wondrous things that go bump in the night.

I'm sure more than one of you is cranked off by the weather as it gets rainy and cold but hey, use what ya got!

When the clouds come and your day outside is trashed, get basic and

discover the joys of a bathrobe and warm socks combined with a snuggle in your little bed/nest. Add a good book (go on and read for FUN just once) and top off the ensemble with a cup of hot soup or maybe even (sin of sins) cocoa with tons of little marshmallows. I must confess a strong attraction for the sound of rain on a tin roof (it's the best tranquilizer and has given the muse over to me more than once).

I can hear the groans now "What a dork. Kid stuff. Loser..Not on your life," and a host of others, but trust me on this, though the Madison Ave. and Hollywood Blvd. types would like you to think otherwise, easy inexpensive and nice stuff like curling up and dreaming a few hours away real is soul food of the first order.

So go on, take a little time for yourself of even share a little, see the geese fly, watch the leaves change, and play nice with the other kids...it's good for what ails ya.

# Shower etiquette, or How to survive your roommates

**Michael David Winter**  
Capital Times Columnist

Sharing an apartment is a co-operative effort. Sharing a room in an apartment is a challenge. Four guys with 8:00 am classes trying to share a shower is downright impossible. For one thing — you aren't really sharing a shower.

You're taking turns in the bathroom. Now I suppose that actually sharing a shower might work for some people, it's just that the thought of sharing one with a member of the same sex doesn't appeal to me. If it did, I assume that it would take more time than waiting your turn. Or so I suppose considering my experiences of showering with the opposite sex. But that's another story.

It isn't just the showering that takes so long either, it's the fact that all of you have to use the toilet first thing when you wake up. We are not talking about a quick little wizz here folks. We're talkin' about readin' magazines and sprainin' Lysol.

This, in and of itself takes a good deal of time — especially when you just can't stop reading until you get through all of



**The Wasteland**  
the playmate's statistics. This takes longer because you're trying to compare them against a two-dimensional centerfold. You can only do so much with a slide-rule.

If it happens to be a Tom Clancy book, I have been known to spend an entire shower with one hand held up away from the water so that I could finish a chapter. Of course, if it's a Tom Clancy book I'm liable to read it while I'm driving, working, in class, or on a date (don't even ask).

But what — you may very well be asking yourself — has this got to do with shower etiquette? That is a very good question.

Oh! You want an answer.

Well, there are certain things that one can do to make the shower for the next

person a kinder and gentler thing.

For one, clean your own hair out of the drain. I find this disgusting enough at home when it comes from members of my own family, now we are talking about people who have been lord knows where before you ever met them and even now that you're living with them (you call this living?).

Something else that you can do is to leave the water set to run out of the lower spout, not the shower head. If I want an early morning shock to the system, I'll go running naked in a snowstorm. Until such time as I develop masochistic tendencies, I would appreciate it if I didn't have to deal with a sudden cataract of ice-cold water over my half-conscious body. The tile floor against my feet is already more cold than I care to endure first thing in the morning.

In terms of thing that live in the shower space (and I don't mean bugs and mildew), it is accepted that there are going to be 4 bars of soap, six bottles of

shampoo, and nine different brands of conditioner. There is nothing that can be done about that.

However, if you need to move something to get your own stuff, at least put it back the way you found it. There have been too many times when I have needed to waste ten minutes in the shower trying to get enough shampoo out of the bottle because someone turned it over from being on its head. I don't know why people are compelled to do that. If you see a bottle on its top, you don't have to worry about it getting dizzy. Leave it alone. If the bottle is standing perfectly fine until you knock it over, then put it back upside down again.

This leads me to another peeve I have about how people treat others' things around the bathroom. If you are going to use someone else's toothpaste, and you see that they are working the tube up from the bottom, don't squeeze the tube from the top! I am not even talking about the middle here, but someone who deliberately tries to drive all the toothpaste back into the bottom of the

tube. What kind of demented maniac would do something like that? It isn't even something I would call a fiendishly clever idea. It is just frustrating as all get out, and the person or people who are responsible had better cut it out now because I have really had it.

Now, I don't want you people to think that I'm some kind of anal retentive neat freak. It's just that the only two rooms I care about having in order are the bathroom and the kitchen. The rest of the house could be a pig sty — and frequently is — and it doesn't really bother me. It is just this petty little stuff that drives me completely around the bend (like piling your dirty dishes in the sink when the dishwasher is empty).

Quite honestly, so much disrespect has been shown to me and my things that I am ready to move all my bathroom stuff into a locked drawer and replace all my roommates' various shampoos with Nair.

Of course, I would probably still have to remove the hair from the tub myself.

## Stairway to Hell

by Trev Stair

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