

The

Ascent

October 2003

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Hundreds Protest Racism

By Antoinette C. DelBel

Hundreds of protesters gathered outside State University of New York at Buffalo, South, late afternoon on Sunday, Sept. 28 for a demonstration against racism. One arrest was reported.

The rally was organized by the International Action Center in conjunction with the International ANSWER coalition, or Act Now to Stop War & End Racism.

Matthew Lee Schwartz, U.B. student and representative for ANSWER, said the rally was a stance to say that Buffalo will not allow hate in our town, city or schools.

Held on the third anniversary of the second Palestinian Intifada, students spoke out against discrimination in Buffalo.

"Hate is itself a short word, but the definition to which it extends is by no means short," said U.B. student Ashley Rae Steinkirchner, mathematics and

comparative politics major.

Another U.B. student expressed himself through a poem he wrote in response to all the hatred, discrimination and racism he says he felt as an African American.

"America, a land of the free, why no free for me? Is my color a crime, what did it do?...Why does it seem like democracy is mocking me..." said Marquis Woolford, english major.

The demonstrators, carrying signs reading "KKK and Other Hate Groups, We Don't Have Time 4 Your Bulls##t" and "Honk 4 Love," slowed traffic as drivers honked their horns to show their support.

"The University of Buffalo's College Republicans support diversity and

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Hundreds gather at UB to protest against racism.
(Photo by Josh Gallagher)

USPS Apologizes For "Lewd and Filthy" Labeling

By Josh Gallagher

Many of those walking by Daemen College's Fanette Goldman/ Carolyn Greenfield Art Gallery would be surprised to hear that this month's show includes "lewd and filthy" exhibits of female nudity.

A quick scan of the gallery's holdings could give the casual observer the impression of comfort associated with seeing images faintly familiar, images they've seen before. A few landscapes, a reclining nude, juxtapositions of landscape and human figure, and a few playful ambiguously garbed women approaching a dark sea, nothing highly revolutionary, just scenes commonly viewed in any collection of European



masters, rather mundane even.

Not according to the United States Postal Service.

Three hundred picture postcards, depicting Buffalo artist and teacher, Joseph A. Miller's "Study for the Tempest," a study of two young women bent at the waist, buttocks flaring, descending into a stormy sea, were recently sent out to announce Miller's exhibition, "Joseph A Miller: Paintings and Drawings." They were promptly re-delivered accompanied by the definition of "lewd or filthy matter" from the Domestic Mail Manual Reference Book, Section CO3.5-4, which states as

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Midnight Madness

By Amanda Moen

On Saturday, Oct. 4 Daemen held its age old tradition of Midnight Madness. For those who are unfamiliar with this popular tradition, Midnight Madness is the first official day that college basketball teams begin practice for the sports season. This prep rally was used to introduce the Daemen community to this year's Men's and Women's Basketball teams, as well as Cheerleaders and Step Team.

The night was kicked off with Daemen's favorite announcer and Director of Residence Life, Dan Schiesser. He commented on how he was looking forward to the upcoming



Daemen's Cheerleaders show their moves at Midnight Madness
(Photo by Laura Beth Witt)

season. "I loved the great attendance and the enthusiasm given off by the crowd," Schiesser said. "All the seats were packed and there were even people standing up. I just hope this enthusiasm continues throughout the season." This will be Dan's third year announcing for the newly introduced Daemen Wildcats. He was not only pleased with the attendance, but the mix of those in attendance. "It was nice to see such a diverse crowd," he said. "All who were there were laughing and having a good time."

To get the crowd pumped before the main event, the Daemen Cheerleaders were the first to take the floor. After

(Continued on Page 3)

Opinions and Editorials

"...but they don't have souls"

By Josh Gallagher

"But they don't even have souls," that's a response I hear frequently when people find out I gave up meat six months ago. Other frequent nuggets of wisdom include, "I'm a redneck hill-billy, please help me tie my shoes" and "I walked too far in my grandpappies field and almost fell off the edge of the earth and I was skeered." Well, maybe not exactly like that, something similar at least, I'm sure you get the gist of it. The real response is "Why?"

Usually, in the interest of time, I just shrug off the question. Besides, that's a pretty intense question. No one really wants to know why.

Why would a normal western raised American suddenly give up meat? Well, in short it wasn't that sudden. It was more of a gradual transition based on experience in the food industry and a couple of accidental exposures to vegetarian propaganda.

First, I gave up fast food. Just like many teenagers, my first job was at McDonald's. Here's a little secret, McDonald's employees hate their jobs. And as for their managers, they probably wouldn't succeed doing much else. What does this lead to, you may ask, absolutely no respect for the food product or the customer. I'm very surprised there are not more fast food related illnesses. I've seen everything from inter-employee mayonnaise wars to intentional mistreatment of food for problem customers. Have you ever pointed out that there were pickles on your burger although you specifically requested otherwise, well then you're a problem customer.

Now if McDonald's is such a cesspool, I don't think it's much of a jump to include KFC, Arby's, Burger King, Wendy's, or Taco Bell. Ever been to S'barros? Well I've managed three different stores, every one of them had different managers and different standards, and there are two things that never change. New employees always make very simple mistakes that can lead to unsafe food being sold to a customer, and every manager felt that a meatball that hit the ground was still good. No matter how far a meatball falls, it never seems to look any worse and hence it can still be sold to the customer.

So anyway, I quit the fast food business. When employees are underpaid they perform appropriately, and if customers knew what's really happening to their food they would spray french fries and half-eaten lettuce across the food court in a multi-color show of disgust. Hungry, why wait!

In about 1998, Rolling Stone did an expose' on the meat-packing industry, did you know that McDonald's meat is actually of a very fine grade? Due to their massive buying power they get some of the best beef/cow available. Good news, sure, but apparently high grade beef standards only require 97 percent cow in their beef patties, the other 3 percent includes such delicacies as insect thoraxes, feces, and random matter including brain and bone fragments from the slaughterhouse. Don't worry though, it's all perfectly safe and healthy because it's irradiated to kill any harmful micro-organisms.

Getting hungry for some nice cow corpse on bread with a side of thorax and brains? Imagine what quality meat like Daemen College's very own Hallmark Management service must buy. While we were talking about the dining services, pay very close attention to those who serve your food, many of them rarely change their gloves as often as is necessary. Make a point to watch their hands, watch what they touch before they touch your food it's usually not a very reassuring sight.

But that's a very small part of my own personal leanings toward vegetarianism. By the way

here's a quick definition for you, many of those who refer to themselves as vegetarians still eat animal products such as milk, cheese, yogurt and seafood.

Vegans, refuse to eat any product that descends from animal suffering.

Suffering, that's the real reason I gave up meat. Every time I consume or purchase a meat product. I create the demand for a new meat product. I am directly responsible for torture, mutilation, savagery, and inhumanity with the purchase of every Quarter Pounder. I wish they would have put that on the label.

Agribusiness, like any business is motivated by profits to keep costs low. In this case the "products" are living, breathing, feeling, thinking furfaces but that is quickly disregarded or rationalized in the pursuit of the dollar and outside the umbrella of consumer apathy.

The bird farming industry has learned that if they pack more chickens in cages they can make more profits. The more chickens in one cage the less cages you have to buy. The less space the chicken has to move, the plumper and juicier it gets. The only problem is the chickens get pissed; always having another chickens head up your ass is apparently rather taxing because they peck the hell out of each other. Don't worry though, those clever hillbillies figured out that you can fix that little problem by cutting off their beaks when their chicks. I guess you don't need anesthesia when their little, because they don't use it. As for the egg-laying hens, they get luxury suites; about one half square foot of floor space per bird, and they don't have to bother raising their unruly sons, male chicks are killed once their recognized through suffocation, decapitation, gassing or being crushed in a plastic bag.

Rather than describe the tortured life of every species of life that ends up packaged in our local supermarket, weighed, skinned, de-boned, fortified and priced masquerading under their pseudonyms of beef, poultry, and pork, I'll skip straight to the gory details of their bloody end. Take my word for it, they're all equally as horrific but space is limited.

Before slaughtering, Federal law mandates that that all animals be stunned (except Kosher). There are two methods for stunning: the captive bolt method which entails firing a metal rod directly into the brain of a squirming animal, and electric stunning which involves electrocution. Both techniques can lead to the illusion of a stunned senseless animal that is in fact only momentarily subdued or paralyzed. It isn't unusual for a slaughterhouse worker to see a animal screaming and jumping, after coming to halfway through the assembly line processing, which includes stations such as "the tail cutter," "the hide puller," and the "belly ripper." Pigs are susceptible to even further torture because their tough hides are boiled before processing; frequently this happens while they are still alive. Maybe it is hard for you to feel for these poor pigs, so I prepared another image for you, the HBO show, "America Undercover" made a documentary on various customs of animal cruelty throughout the world. One of the segments was on outdoor markets in Hong Kong. The film makers showed a merchant taking a "fresh" kitten out of its cage and submerging it alive in hot oil. After a short dip the still moving kitten has its skin pulled off its body while its mouth still twists in pitiful, pain wracked mewls. According to Dr. Carl Sagan, intelligence can be generally measured by the ratio of brain mass to body mass, on this scale pigs, rate right up there with humans, chimps and dolphins. There smart enough to feel fear

and dread pain.

There are other benefits other than being free of direct responsibility for the savage mistreatment of life. You most likely would live a longer, healthier life if you stayed free of animal hormones like bovine growth hormone, and possibly feel healthier, if you avoided the animal fats in meat products and kept to a minimum intake of over the counter artificial preservatives. There's also the matter of artificial atmospheric toxins that exist in heavier concentrations in the tops of food chains, but that a much longer article. Last time I looked the healthiest diet would be one reflective of Mediterranean cultures, heavy in carbs and vegetables, with a healthy dose of wine.

As for the most perplexing and dogmatic response, "But they don't have souls, it says so in the Bible." I'd love to see the passage, please, if you know what they're talking about e-mail me at jgallagh@daemen.edu, I'd love to do a follow up on this article I'll include any interesting criticisms and questions.

But, in advance, Christian thinker, St. Augustine is quoted as saying, "A society can be measured by the level of decency they allow to their most defenseless creatures." That sounds a lot more ethical than "But they don't have souls," doesn't it?

****Disclaimer: this is an opinion piece, some facts may have been misremembered by the author, for definitive information check out, The Journal of Animal Welfare, www.peta.org, www.whyvegan.com, Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" or just do your own research into what your supporting with your dollars*****

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Political Opinions

Real Masculinity Redefined

By S. D. Wright

"Where there's smoke," the deeply tanned, thickly-muscled man intoned, nodding his head to the audience, "there's fire." Or so Arnold Schwarzenegger said not too long ago, amidst charges that he groped women on the sets of his blockbuster movies. Greeted with raucous cheering from his audience, the Terminator proceeded to apologize for "behaving badly". Despite this honorable-sounding statement, Arnold later blamed Governor Gray Davis for the revelation of this behavior. He thus disregarded the fact that the victim accounts were published by the Los Angeles Times. It seems, then, that the concept of "journalistic independence" is as incomprehensible and unimportant to him as policy issues were to the fans of his campaign.

It is all well and good that Arnold has fessed up. I do, however, beg to differ with Mr. Schwarzenegger's initial statement. In reality, not everywhere that smoke hovers does fire flicker. One wishes it could be so simple. True, Arnold did have a problem with sexual harassment - one that would have instantly invalidated any other candidate in any political match-up (whether it be for city alderman or president). And, in this case, yes, the smoke led to a substantial truth about Arnold's character. But we as Americans hold dear certain other foggy perceptions about celebrity politicians, Ronald Reagan and Charleton Heston including. In our minds, they are at once manly and likable, as well as being morally-surefooted, character-

endowed men. But the "smoke" of celebrity identity often dissolves to reveal counterfeit personalities and, in general, false men.

Immediately after the shocking, terrible tragedies of Columbine High School and the gun death of a Michigan kindergartener, Charleton Heston appeared near the sites of both incidents, massing his NRA congregations to promote Second Amendment rights. Michael Moore, the plainspeaking liberal filmmaker, confronted Heston on these actions at Heston's home in the award-winning documentary *Bowling for Columbine*. Heston predictably retreated into another wing of the house, behaving just as any great masculine icon would. Wherever you may stand on the gun control issue - I happen to believe that every state should be allowed to determine its own gun laws - Charleton Heston's behavior exemplifies callous indifference to shooting victims. Virility is not defined by willingness to exploit those anguished by suffering. Quite the opposite, in fact. Heston displayed an insensitivity that would make John Wayne, the late, great masculine hero, belt him. Thus Heston emerges as the ultimate sissy.

The former Hollywood actor Ronald Reagan - and California governor - created a larger-than-life image of conviction and moral certainty, so much so that it led the otherwise brilliant speechwriter Peggy Noonan to title her biography of him "When Character Was King." In truth, the hero of the fundamentalist Christian Right was the first divorced president, and consulted psychics for information throughout his political career (a big no-no for the Pat

Robertson and Jerry Falwell followers of this world). As leader of the free world, the Gipper only understood a few abstract notions, among them basic anti-government and anti-communist mantras. His penchant for deregulation and government decentralization led to widespread bureaucratic scandal, as officials began treating the system with similar disrespect. In direct contrast to the Kennedy years, interest in government employment declined. And Ronald Reagan's foreign policy consisted of great lies that led to great scandals.

Who knew that the president who exuded an image of consummate toughness would secretly buy off Iranians for the return of hostages? Appeasement is still appeasement, even if the leader who commits it hides it from the country. Reagan's legacy in history, then, is less as a straight-talking man's man, and more of a deceitful, incompetent schemer.

Men who enjoy telling each other they're men often behave in a way that convinces others differently. In the final analysis, I suppose, the announcement from the Los Angeles Times was not all that surprising. Arnold is less than a gentleman, and his "tough man" image suffers in direct proportion to the number of times he took advantage of defenseless women. In the end, though, every measure of falseness relating to celebrity politicians reveals itself. The great romantic images Reagan and Heston represent are great and majestic. But, alas, Hollywood images are only vaguely-outlined vapor; similarly, like clouds on a sun-splashed day, they wander the political sky and muddy it with their presence.

Midnight Madness

(Continued From page 1)

the squad of 17 finished their opening cheer, they caught the crowd's attention with their rendition of the "Hot Boys Mix." Their energy and stellar performance filled the gym with school spirit. Newcomers to the squad, Cassie Phillips and Brittany Titus, had a great time with their first performance.

"I was really nervous at first, but once I got out there it was great," said Cassie Phillips, a first year elementary and special education major. Both ladies were satisfied with their own performance as well as the impressive routine done by the Step Team. With one performance under her belt, first year Physical Therapy student, Brittany Titus said she had a lot of fun participating in Midnight Madness.

"I really liked interacting with the crowd," said Titus.

As the night continued, the anticipation began to rise. Finally, the Lady Wildcats were introduced to the floor. As a part of tradition, the ladies battled it out in an intra-squad scrimmage. It was the freshmen and the sophomores versus the juniors and seniors. Freshman Alison LaPoint, a physician assistant major, really enjoyed her first time out on the floor with her new teammates. "It was a nice scrimmage where we had a lot of fun," she said.

Next, for the pleasure of all in attendance, was the Daemen Step Team. The ladies of the Step Team

put on an unforgettable performance.

"The Step Team did a really hot routine," said Lindy Rodriguez, a history and government/secondary education major. "You can always count on the Step Team to give you a good performance. They've yet to disappoint me."

Following the Step Team's performance was the introduction of this year's Men's Basketball team. As the men scrimmaged they showcased their talents for the fans. The men concluded the evening with their annual dunking contest. Three players from the men's team competed for the honorable title of "Slam Dunk King."

The evening was also filled with money giving contests as well. All members of the audience were given a ticket as they entered the gymnasium, through random selection tickets were chosen and audience members were given the chance to win up to \$500. As DJ Lawrence kept the energy alive, students relaxed and had a good time. Two Wildcat supporters Andy Wheeler and Mike Anders, both physical therapy majors, displayed their school spirit with a spontaneous victory lap around the gym. Students, like Desiree Williams, loved this kind of entertainment.

"The music was great and the interaction amongst all the students was even better," said Williams.

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A Different Twain in Shania

By Brittany Cozad

Music sensation Shania Twain rocked Buffalo's HSBC Arena Sept. 30 with an adrenaline pumping two-hour performance. Opening the show with her popular hit, "Man, I Feel Like a Woman" told the audience they were going to see a different side of Shania. Instead of wearing her usual highly criticized navel-bearing attire, Shania dressed to satisfy Buffalo fans for the first part of her show with a Sabres tee shirt and fashionable blue jeans. Like her clothes, Shania's mood was relaxed and comfortable as she belted out her hits from her current album "Up!" as well as from her previous records. Twain's last tour was known for her unusual fashion sense and energetic band. However, Shania's band stepped out of the spotlight and let her take over the stage. Performing in the middle of the arena allowed each section of the audience to enjoy all of the surprises Shania had planned for her fans.

During her two hour performance, Shania consistently interacted with her audience by signing autographs and accepting dozens of flowers from fans who gathered around the stage. There wasn't a dry eye in the arena when Twain embraced and sang "Nah!" to a four-year-old girl named Melanie, who had brought a sign demanding, "Shania give me a hug." Usually known for her desire for privacy, Shania let her guard down to run into the audience to sing "Happy Birthday" to a fan and admire her "Shania" sign. The most heart-stopping moment of all occurred when the audience realized the superstar was sitting in the 100 level section to sing her melody, "The Woman in Me." Throughout the show, Twain also provided exploding special effects during her upbeat songs. Fans also had the opportunity to enter a raffle drawing to get their picture taken with Shania onstage when they donated money to a food charity set up inside the arena. Although it's been over four years since Shania Twain toured, her love for music and for pleasing her fans still stands strong. As the audience left the arena humming her music, Shania's mission to reclaim her title as one of the top performers of country/pop and to "Rock this Country" with her new attitude on stage was clear.

Protest

(Continued From page 1)

support unity on our campus," said international relations major Matthew Pelkey, 19. "Without diversity we would not have unity, and without unity, we would not have a community."

Craig Pierce, an African American, said he was surprised to see more Caucasians at the rally than African Americans.

"The thing that touches me the most is it's not just all black people here today," he said. "I thought it was going to be all African Americans, but actually it was more of the Caucasian race that showed up."

"It shows that Buffalo, in bad situations, does pull together," he added.

The rally lasted about 45 minutes. No injuries were reported.

Flyers were passed around promoting a mass march on Washington on Saturday, Oct. 25 to end the occupation of Iraq and bring the troops home.

For more information visit www.internationalANSWER.org.

Movie Review

By Nina Zehr

The Italian Job

Starring: Mark Wahlberg, Charlize Theron, Donald Sutherland, Edward

Norton, Seth Green, Mos Def, and Jason Statham

Directed By: F. Gary Grey

Rated PG-13 for violence and some language

Running Time: 110 min.

Paramount, 2003

THE ITALIAN JOB: Fast cars, funny jokes

Anyone who has seen just one of the hundreds of crime caper movies knows this story: a reformed career criminal who has promised a loved one to get out of the crime business is drawn in *One Last Time*, because the plan is TOO brilliant and the payoff TOO enormous. Of course, this familiar plot often ends with the familiar career criminal getting double-crossed by a familiar villain and going down in familiar flames. The revenge drama, where a grieving protagonist must avenge a murdered loved one, is painfully familiar as well. *The Italian Job* combines both of these overused plot lines. However, the film employs amazing heists, a fast-paced soundtrack, actors with impeccable comedic and dramatic capabilities, and unusual circumstances that make it fun to watch and distract the audience from the predictable story. *The Italian Job* begins in Venice, where John Bridger (Sutherland) and his sidekick, Charlie Croker (Wahlberg) steal \$35 million worth of gold with the help of Steve (Norton), Lyle (Green), Left Ear (Mos Def), and Handsome Rob (Statham). Steve turns on the crew, steals the gold, and shoots Sutherland. (No, I'm not

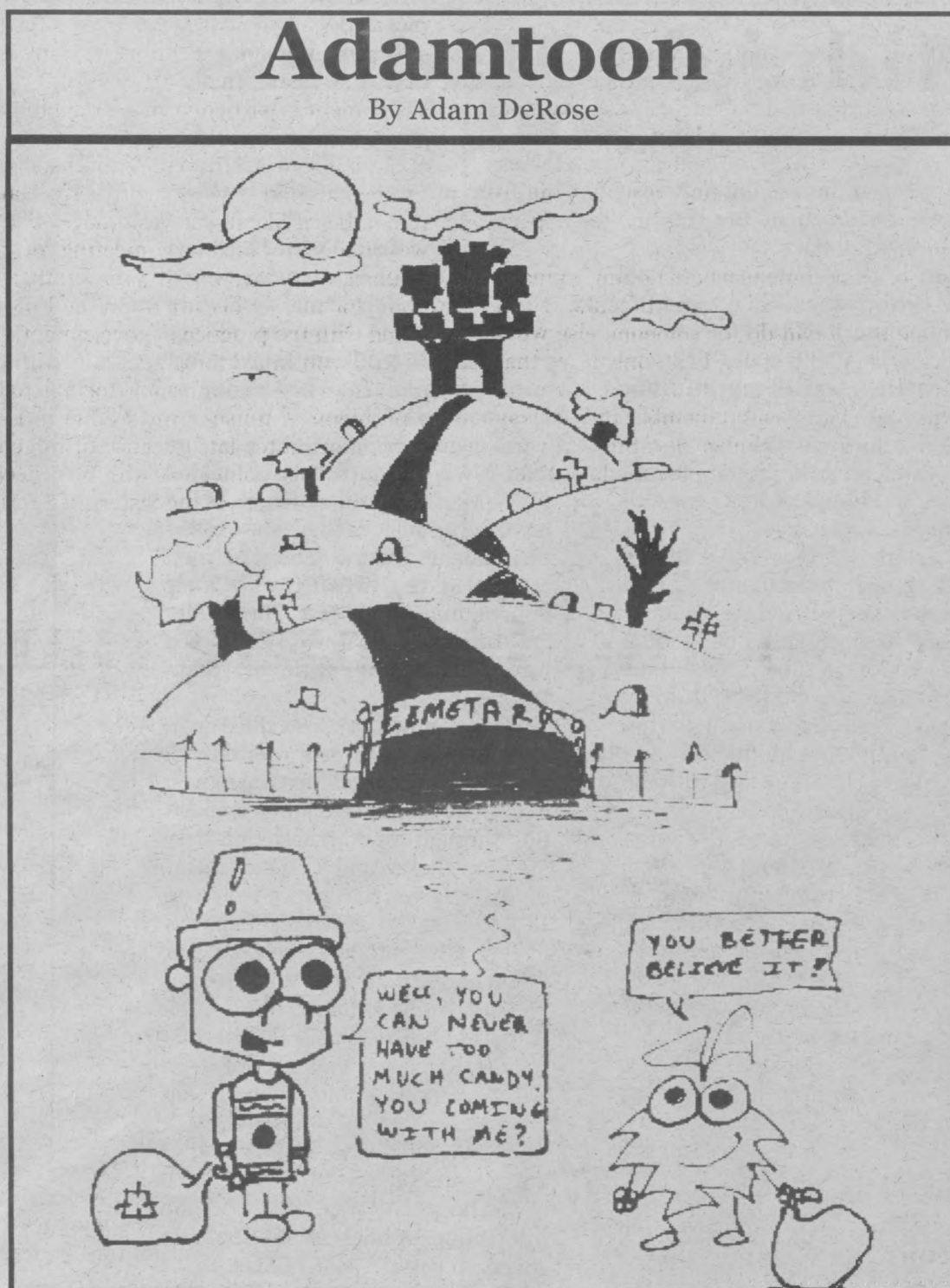
ruining the movie—the audience sees this coming.) The remainder of the movie focuses on Charlie's efforts to steal the gold back from Steve after enlisting the help of Bridger's daughter, Stella (Theron) and of the other criminals that helped steal the gold in the first place. We know, of course, how this story will end. But don't mind the lack of suspense; the story is told in such an inventive way, that we sometimes forget we've seen this all before. For example, the first heist requires John Bridger to crack a safe...underwater. After the crew steals the safe, a chase ensues...on motorboats in the canals of Venice. During the film's climax, Charlie and his partners must unload an armored car...after detonating a series of bombs so that the car falls through the street onto a subway track. The crimes themselves are not new to the audience, but the way they are carried out is creative and original. One of the most notable elements of *The Italian Job* is its solid ensemble cast, and some of the most notable cast members are not actors, but cars: three brand-new mini-Coopers that plow through the Hollywood walk of fame, down stairs, and into the subway system in the memorable heist sequence. These adorable, high-speed wonders of technology make the film a must-see, and not just for car lovers, either. Anyone can appreciate the amazing stunts that the cars perform.

Another particularly notable performance is Seth Green's. Although Green is not the most distinguished actor in the ensemble, he is by far the most comedically gifted. His impeccable timing is a true highlight, and makes the movie even more enjoyable.

Rent this movie. Watch the cars. Laugh at the jokes. You may not come away with a deeper understanding of the meaning of life, but you will have been entertained. I guarantee it.

Adamtoon

By Adam DeRose



A Tribute to the Late Dr. Ruth

This past summer, an esteemed member of the history & government department died. Dr. Ruth Stratton had been on leave for the past three years and was battling cancer. She was an inspiring and beloved teacher. She was a force, not only academically, but she was so active in committee work, etc.

By Deanna Predmore Romita

As a teacher, one of my main goals is to get my students excited about learning; to motivate them so that when they walk out of my classroom, they will want to know more; to give them a reason to ask questions and explore possibilities. There were two teachers, in 22 years of schooling, who really did that for me. One of them was Dr. Ruth Stratton.

I knew Dr. Stratton from the time I was a little girl because my father was a colleague of hers in the History and Government department at Daemen College. I remember her smile, her sweet hellos, and her genuine joy whenever she saw me. I remember her thoughtfulness when I graduated and when I got married. I remember her helping me plan a short-notice surprise party for my dad's 50th birthday and asking, "What else can I do?" when she had already helped tremendously. I remember her laughing with everyone else as they tried to hide behind couches and chairs.

Most of all, I will always remember Dr. Stratton as an incredible teacher who inspired me and made me proud of what I had accomplished. She had that rare gift that we all look for in our teachers, to not only teach us, but to spark our interest, to motivate us, to help us really understand.

Many of us become teachers hoping to make a difference in the lives of our students. I can only hope that I will do for someone else what she did for so many of us. I can only hope that as my students grow and learn and move on with their lives they will remember me the way that I will always remember her; She did what she became a teacher to do; she made a difference.

A Letter of Remembrance... Dr. Ruth

-- Dr. Sharon Murphy teaches Political Science at Nazareth College in Rochester. This is a letter she wrote in tribute to the late Dr. Ruth.

Ever since I found out that Ruth was ill, I wanted to contact her to tell her how much she meant to me and what a big impact she had on my life. But knowing that she prized her privacy, I never did so. I am happy to have an opportunity to set down for the record the major impact she has had on my life.

I first met Ruth when I was assigned to the Department of History and Government as a student worker, to earn some financial aid. I think it was 1975, my first year of college. I found it a challenge, because there was almost no work to do, so I would usually come and put my hours in but not really do much. It made me feel guilty and out of place.

More than anyone else, Ruth seemed to sense my discomfiture and tried to make work for me. Ruth had a weekly job for me. On Tuesdays, I would go to the library and photocopy the Supreme Court decisions for the week as they were printed in The New York Times. Since I had a lot of time I would also read them. In this cradle was born my passion for the study of politics and government. Little by little, as I realized that I would probably not be able to make a living as a musicologist, I became more and more interested in history and politics.

At the end of my sophomore year, I left the music department and became a history and government major. Ruth became my academic advisor. I took many classes from her. One assignment is particular that I remember was to go to a government meeting and write a paper about it. As a girl from the suburbs, it was scary for me to find my way into City Hall, but I remember it like it was yesterday. I suppose it was really an ordinary meeting of the City Council that day, but it was another turning point for me. I became more and more fascinated with the practice of government.

Ruth continued to be generous with her time and I always felt comfortable turning to her with a problem. I finished my studies in December 1979, a semester late because of my change in major. This coincided with my decision to leave the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Mary into

which I entered in January 1978. So suddenly I was back home with my parents and at very loose ends, having finished my degree and needing to find a job.

I was naive. I was the first college graduate in my family and received no guidance or advice from my parents who themselves knew nothing about how a college graduate should go about obtaining employment. I can remember applying for many jobs only to be turned down as either unskilled or over qualified. I was devastated.

So I went back to Daemen to see Ruth and cry on her shoulder. As usual, she received me warmly and said to me, in a surprised voice, "Why Sharon, you of course should go to graduate school!" I guess she just assumed that I would do this, since I had done well in school, but at the time I did not even know what graduate school was. So she opened this door for me, explaining what graduate school was and how it was organized, and giving me guidance on how and where to apply. This help Ruth gave me was the most important factor in leading me to graduate school and to my present career.

Later, in the late 1980s, when I was settled in my job at Nazareth, we all went for lunch one day at the Perkins across from school, remember? You, me, Ned and Ruth -- it made me feel so good. By then Ruth, and all of you, were treating me not like your student but like your colleague. What a privilege.

You can see, then, that Ruth changed my life. She was responsible for me changing my major to history and government and for my going off to graduate school. When I think of the enormous impact she had on me, it reminds me what a powerful role professors play in the lives of their students, even without getting intimately involved with them. Thinking of her renews in me a desire to do for my students what she has done for me. There was no fanfare or bombast about Ruth. She did her work very well, without drawing attention to herself, dedicating herself in the classroom to us students day by day, course by course. She set a good example for me of how to live a life as a professional in higher education. I will miss her.

Sincerely,

Sharon

Up and Coming Band, Too Late

By Amanda Whalen

I had the privilege of interviewing a very talented alternative rock band from West Seneca and Lancaster. Mark Goracke, 16, Steve Polcholpek, 17, Ryan Owczarczak, 16, and Dan Reedy, 17, are the talented musicians behind Too Late.

They got their big start by playing their own version of "Rock in the USA" by John Cougar Mellencamp, for the spring concert at Queen of Heaven grammar school. They were in seventh grade. After that, they just started learning how to play other bands' songs they liked.

When it came time to choose a name for the band Goracke blurted out, "Too late." They were supposed to think of a name to put in the program for the Queen of Heaven talent show. It got down to the wire and was too late -- the pro-

grams had already been printed. It eventually just stuck!

The guys play a mixture of music. From classical rock to modern, popular rock hits and even some acoustic pieces. But their own sound is a blend of rock and pop.

Their music allows them to define who they are.

"Playing music is a way of expressing yourself," said Polcholpek.

So far they have been very successful with shows. Too Late has played at the Queen of Heaven Carnival twice, many private parties, and a benefit for Mercy Flight. Their biggest accomplishment was the day the guys took second place in their second competition in the Battle of the Bands in West Seneca. As far as recent shows go, they are looking forward to a show at Showplace Theater this winter.

Being well known throughout the community is another big and exciting accomplishment.

"It's fun," Goracke blurts out.

Polcholpek agrees.

"You get to have a lot of fun with people and you build a fan club," he said.

They are making the transition from being known as that cover band to being known as those guys in Too Late. I saw them perform live at the Queen of Heaven Carnival this past summer and had the privilege of hearing their CD. At the show, they rocked the stage. The tent was filled with people of all ages (but mostly teenage girls), singing along and tapping their feet, just enjoying the beat and songs.

When I asked what it felt like to play live, Owczarczak referred to the fans.

(Continued on Page 6)

Ebony Star: Africa

By Shemisa Ali

You've been lied to.

Your whole life you've been misled to believe that Africa is a land that is nothing more than an economical disaster, politically in crisis, and its multitude of cultures and people are "barbaric" or "savages." However, Africa is the richest and most valuable continent throughout the world. Do you even know where the brilliant diamonds and the shiny gold that so lavishly decorate the nape of your neck comes from? Did you know that the oil we need to fuel our homes and fancy cars, besides the Middle East, was born within Africa?

Better yet, did anyone ever tell you that the first being to ever walk the face of mother earth came from Africa approximately 200,000 to 160,000 years ago? I know it may be shocking to most and this truth may even piss some bias readers off, but there is actual evidence to prove it. As a matter of fact, the first civilizations were created in Africa before the people migrated to other lands and recreated other cultures while evolution and the division of continents took place. Climatic changes that came with migration had a strong impact on the evolution of people along with changes in skin tones, development of culture and languages.

Why do you think that the Europeans wanted so badly to conquer and control the people and resources of Africa? The beauty and value of Africa's resources is ample and definitely profitable. Before the degradation and exploitation of Africa, Africa was a land of noble kings and queens, prosperity, influence, advancement and future success.

First, analyze these two excerpts that were written by W.E.B. Dubois from *The World And Africa*, "In the end it was the Saiti kings from the delta who opened Egypt to a flood of foreigners. The Greeks came, and Egypt was turned into a teacher of the world; its culture spread. Alexander and Caesar sat at its feet." The second

excerpt reads: "When persons wished to study science, art, government, or religion, they went to Egypt. The Greeks, inspired by Asia, turned toward Africa for learning, and the Romans in turn learned of Greece and Egypt." This goes to show that at an early time in history, Africa was a flourishing nation. It was the primal foundation of art, scientific knowledge, mathematics, and literature. Meanwhile, the rest of the world observed like students.

Africa is not the only country that faces economical devastation and starvation; in essence, hunger and poverty is faced all over the world, from Asia to Europe to South America and yes, even the United States of America. Africa is a beautiful continent of green grasslands, clear as crystal rivers and dancing waterfalls, blazing sunshine, with animals that cannot be found anywhere else but Africa. Moreover, within this country alone was the birth of fossil fuels, gold, diamonds, uranium, and so many other valuables. However, why does Africa seem as if it's a land that's no more than political instability and economically a crisis? My friend, Africa's resources unfortunately aren't used to nourish its people or better their way of living. The wealth of the land is sold off to the rich and powerful in places such as the United States and some other areas in Europe, while the people are suffering. Manipulation, poor leadership, greed, war, and stealth are the underlying causes of Africa's suffering.

To conclude this article on describing the beauty of the peoples of Africa despite what's been portrayed, African people are indeed beautiful, with ranging skin tones as bright as the light of the sun, to as dark as the midnight hour, with fine, thick, curly, long or short hair. Various cultures, arts, and religions sparked, enlightened, and at one time influenced the world. So before you become judgmental about what you heard about Africa, go and seek the truth for yourself.

Too Late

(Continued From page 5)

"The crowd makes everything so worth while," he said.

Reedy agrees. "It's a rush that everybody is there for you," said Reedy.

To Goracke, being on stage is somewhat of a surreal experience.

"Playing live can be a little creepy at times," he said. "You see people singing along with music we wrote and I have to laugh to myself."

The band has encountered some hurdles along the way, from getting gigs to getting people to like their sound.

However, schedule conflicts are their biggest hurdle. Between school activities at Saint Francis High School, sports, jobs, and homework, somehow, practicing seems to fit in. And boy have they done an awesome job fitting in practices and shows.

Near the end of the interview, I got to find out a more personal side of the band and each member.

Goracke, from West Seneca, started playing piano in first grade and then started playing guitar in seventh grade. He enjoys playing different types of guitars and wishes he was a better jazz-style player. Some day, Goracke hopes to play at HSBC Arena or at Six Flags over Darien Lake. He plans on attending college and hopes to still be playing with his band mates, with a few CD's under their belts. Goracke has one bit of advice to people pursuing their dreams.

"Do what you love to do because life's too short," he said.

Polchopek, from West Seneca, has played piano for five years, and took up the drums in seventh grade, which he has been playing for four years. He likes doing cover songs from bands like Foo Fighters, Nirvana, and Red Hot Chili Peppers. Polchopek's dream is to play in Las Vegas. He wishes to go on tour with some popular bands sometime. Polchopek plans on attending college, and eventually working professionally as an audio engineer and running his own studio. He knows practicing hard will get him closer to his dreams.

"Face the monster - practice," said Polchopek quoting Mr. Fatty, his music teacher at Saint Francis High School.

Reedy, from West Seneca, listened to and fell in love with music as a kid. His love for music encouraged him to start playing the guitar. He likes to play pretty much everything from classic rock to metal, but would like to learn how to play the free bird solo from Lynyrd Skynyrd. He says that getting the chance to play at well-known places and getting noticed would be amazing. Reedy still wants to be playing music in the future and going to school.

Reedy offered some advice for people looking to start a band: "It's like Nike, Just Do It," he said.

Owczarczak, the only member from Lancaster, started playing bass after his little brother quit. He wishes to play in a couple of sports arenas during his music career. He's commented that being well known throughout the community hasn't changed him. Owczarczak wants to finish school and continue playing music, hopefully on a larger scale.

Playing music is something Owczarczak loves to do. He says that finding something you love makes it easier to continue.

"Do it for the love of music and never stop once you start," Owczarczak said.

With a lot of dedication and patience, the guys are making their way to the top. They have a four-track demo and eight more original songs ready to go.

They are working on getting a full CD recorded and promoted, and hopefully land a record deal. "Patience is the key to success," say members of Too Late.

More information can be found on their website at www.2laterock.cjb.net.

DINNER WITH THE DEAN

Beginning on Nov. 4, Dean Peter Siedlecki of the division of Arts & Sciences will be instituting a series of dinners with the dean. Students



interested in discussing problems within the division, presenting ideas, or just looking for a meal are invited to sign up in the divisional office, DS230D. Interested students from the departments of English, Foreign Languages, History & Government, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Philosophy & Religion, Psychology, and Visual and Performing Arts should leave their names with Kitty Mahar, the secretary of the Arts & Sciences Division; and, in turn, the first six who indicate an interest will receive directions and other necessary information.

Looking for an internship?

Visit Co-op's Web site at

www.daemen.edu/career

Bingo Night

By Amanda Moen

So what did you do on Saturday? Who needs to go out when you can go to BINGO!!

On Saturday, Sept. 20 the staff from Residence Life presented "Not Your Grandmothers Bingo." As students piled into Wick's Social Room they prepared themselves for big prizes and bingo dabber madness.

The Master of Ceremonies (MC) for the night were two of Canavan's finest Resident Assistants (RA's), Freddie Sanchez and James Felicita. The guys led the participants through an evening of fun and laughter.

Several of the students were overwhelmed by the fantastic prizes. "I really wanted to win the stuffed guerrilla," said Kate Serefine, an elementary and special education major. Surprisingly enough the first prize to go was the good old Tickle-Me-Elmo doll. Students also had the chance to win various gift certificates, a Bills blanket, a car kit, CD player, a Dust Buster and a dart board to mention a few.

The night was a success, which meant that the charity the RA's were supporting was a success. It just goes to show that your grandmother doesn't always have to be a winner in the game of bingo!

Naked Ass Girls are Art

(Continued From page 1)

follows: "Obscene, lewd, lascivious, or filthy publications or writings, or mail containing information on where, how, or from such matter may be obtained, and matter that is otherwise mailable but has on its wrapper or envelope any indecent, lewd, lascivious, or obscene writing or printing, and any mail containing any filthy, vile, or indecent thing is non-mailable."

An acting supervisor of business mail entry made the decision, deeming the works as "lewd or filthy" and therefore unmailable.

"That's a violation of our freedom of speech...the matrix, the indispensable condition of nearly every other form of freedom," said Josh Doan, art major. "Censorship is allowing someone else to set our standards for us, I don't remember giving that right away and especially not to some mailman," he said, paraphrasing a famous supreme court decision.

Daemen was forced to mail the postcards in envelopes to assure proper notice of the current exhibit.

The United States Post Office has belatedly apologized for its decision, even offering to pick up the already delivered mail.

"Joseph A. Miller: Paintings and Drawings" can be seen at Daemen College's Art Gallery until Nov. 1. Miller will be speaking about his works on Oct. 21 at 11:30 a.m. in the gallery.

Bon Jovi Powers Up

*Duracell Launches New Commercial
Featuring Worldwide Rock Superstars*

MEDIA ADVISORY--(COLLEGIATE PRESS-WIRE)--Bon Jovi's highly anticipated "This Left Feels Right" - a collection of the band's greatest hits entirely re-worked- is being released in November and coincides with the latest installment of Duracell's "Trusted Everywhere" ad campaign. This new 30-second television spot features performance footage of Bon Jovi and highlights the use of Duracell batteries to power the band behind the scenes and onstage.

With millions of screaming fans hanging on every word, the commercial demonstrates how Bon Jovi trusts Duracell batteries to power the microphones they need for each night's performance.

For a limited time, music lovers who purchase Duracell batteries will also receive discounts ranging from \$3 to \$5 off the new CD when it hits.

Please Recycle
This Newspaper

This new segment is part of an ongoing story that will continue through the semester. Look for Parts 2 and 3 in future issues!

THE TREE THAT BINDS THE WORLDS

Part 1

By Dan Crofts

My name and background are of no importance. All that the reader needs to know is that I am an American, born and bred, and that I was born in the year 1986. I am approaching my senior year in high school, which places an immense responsibility upon my shoulders. I must contemplate what I wish to do with my life, and find a means of achieving this goal. And, for a time, I had positively no idea what I wanted. I was bewildered, lost, overwhelmed with indecision and anxiety. The experience of which I write changed this forever.

Roughly a month ago, on a hot, stagnant August afternoon I sat on my back porch in deep thought. This was only one instance among many in which I thought of what it would be like to look upon my life; that enigmatic gift that may only be experienced once, as a complete waste. Should I fail to find my niche in life, I thought, I might end up with no alternative to settling for something that gives me no true pleasure. Other high school students may not give the slightest consideration to this concept, but it troubled me very deeply on that day. I often find solace in certain leisurely, if not somewhat odd, activities, such as throwing a ball against a wall, or fence, and catching it as it bounces back. I soon found myself on my feet, throwing a tennis ball against the large, brown fence that encloses my backyard. At one point, in my intense frustration, I tossed the ball with a bit too much force, causing it to bounce off of the fence, striking the adjacent garage, and taking flight in the direction of a large oak tree growing behind the fence. Within seconds it disappeared into the knothole in the middle of the tree.

Before I continue, I would ask the reader to bear in mind that I had not, up to that point, taken notice of anything unusual, regarding this tree. I have known it my whole life to be a con-

siderably ancient tree, perhaps as old as the land itself.

Apart from that, I knew nothing of it. All I knew at that point was that I had lost a perfectly good tennis ball, and I needed to retrieve it. Jumping over the fence, I struggled to climb the tree, reaching into the knothole. Surprisingly enough, I could not feel the ball anywhere in there! My hand searched the sides, top, and bottom-nothing. I then set my feet on the garage, struggling to stand. The garage is only inches away from the tree; I was able to crouch down on the edge, and simultaneously stick my head into the knothole. The knothole was fairly large, so I had no trouble with this.

In the darkness and stench, I saw nothing except peeling wood. As strange as the disappearance of the ball was, even stranger was the queer, abrupt draft that I felt ascending from below. I quickly returned my head to the open air, feeling almost overwhelmed by the contrasting heat. I was about to dismiss the matter as simply a matter of scientific origin, though I am far from being an expert on such matters. Before I could turn away, however, my curiosity got the better of me. Peering once again into the knothole, I noticed that the bottom was no longer composed of wood, or of anything, as there was a large, round hole in its stead. I stuck my head in, and felt the draft yet again.

I was able to squeeze my right hand into the knothole, though this was more of a struggle. I ran my hand along this apparent hole, in order to verify its existence. Indeed, it was real. Not content with this confirmation, I peered down into the darkness in an attempt to discern how deep the hole might be. I could see no perceivable bottom, only miles of darkness. The draft felt quite refreshing, but strangely somber at the same time. Through slow movements and tight squeezes, I was able to worm my way into the tree, descending into the cold darkness. The light had begun to diminish when I finally reached the bottom, some three minutes later. I didn't find the ball at the bottom, neither did I find a reason to explore the area further. Needless to say, I found myself considerably disappointed. The "miles" of darkness turned out to be only a few feet. Thus, I began my slow and steady ascent to the top.

At this point, in place of the frigid draft, I felt an immense heat emitted from the bottom of this pit, or whatever you would care to call it. It surprised me somewhat, but I thought nothing of it. As soon as I reached the knothole, I began to feel the draft again. And, as I stuck my head out into the open air, I quickly learned why. In place of my backyard, garage, house, and the countless other houses that line the street on which I live, I saw miles of solid ice. Yes, miles of ice and snow blanketed a coarse, mountainous region across which a chilling wind moaned ominously. The sky was gray and forbidding, a perfect companion to the bleak landscape. To say that I was dumfounded would be an understatement.

I, at that point, had begun to wonder if I had inhaled a strange, intoxicating chemical emitted from the interior of the tree. I repeated my slow and steady descent to the bottom, feeling the scorch of the strange heat all the way. Upon completing my following ascent, I found myself looking out upon the same grim, frozen landscape as before. What had happened?

Attention!

The Ascent is now
accepting personals
and classifieds.

maximum for per-
sonal ads are 35
words.

Send submissions to

ascent@daemen.edu

Horoscopes

By Laura Beth Witt

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 22)

Right now, no major disasters or calamities are heading your way. However, it might be best to start taking a more logical approach to problem solving as a preventive measure.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 22)

New relationships seem to have potential, but they will not go as far you first hope. Remember that love can be fleeting, but true friendships are not. Finding a good friend may be a better use of your time than looking for new romantic relationships.

Sagittarius (Nov 23-Dec 21)

A new person will be coming into your life, which may shake up relationships with your other friends. If you try hard enough, stability will come to all of your relationships.

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19)

You need to get out more! You feel locked up, like a bird in a cage. Your past efforts have not freed you of this cage. It is not a complete escape you need, but rather a new outlook on the future and all of its possibilities.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18)

You are now spending time with a new group of people. You may wonder why such a change occurred. The reason for this is that YOU have changed. You are redefining your path as an individual.

Pisces (Feb 19-March 20)

You may find that you have been revealing secrets that you had wished to keep. It is healthy to open up to those around you, but be careful about who you entrust with secrets. It may come back to haunt you unless you are cautious.

Aries (March 21-April 20)

Within the next week you may find that you are caught within controversy. If someone close to you draws you into conflict, remember that being true to yourself always brings the solution. What seems difficult at first can easily be remedied.

Taurus (April 21-May 20)

Your bull-headed nature may be landing you in trouble soon. Other people's opinions of you may not be as flattering as you would hope. It is time to admit to your faults and remedy them.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

You have been moody and irritable towards those close to you and have some apologizing to do. This attitude is not completely un-called for, though, because some friends may not be as trustworthy as you first thought.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You are currently experiencing a pleasant feeling of equilibrium with your emotions. Presently, everyone seems friendly towards you, and all is going well. Problems you've had with people in the past may be bothering you, resolve these issues as soon as possible.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22)

It is time to slow the pace of your busy schedule. It may seem difficult to you, but listening to the advice of others may be the best thing for you. Instead of always taking on other people's problems, get caught up on some important work.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22)

It may seem like your goals are too far away to ever reach, but don't give up! You are closer to your goals than you think. Don't be afraid to stop and take a break now and then. Remember that every new dawn brings your goals closer.

Crossword Puzzle



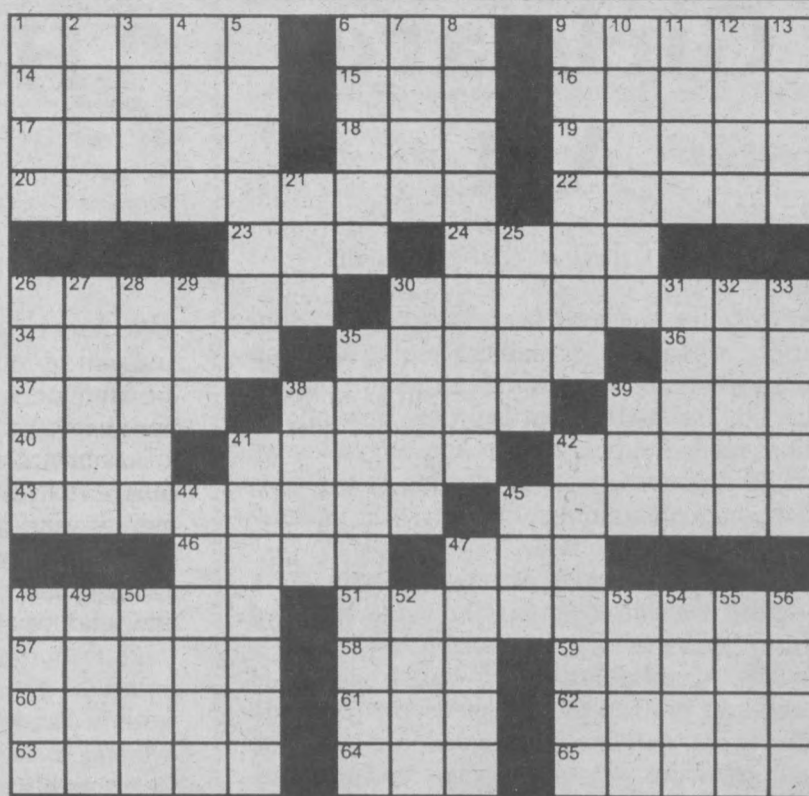
October 3, 2003

ACROSS

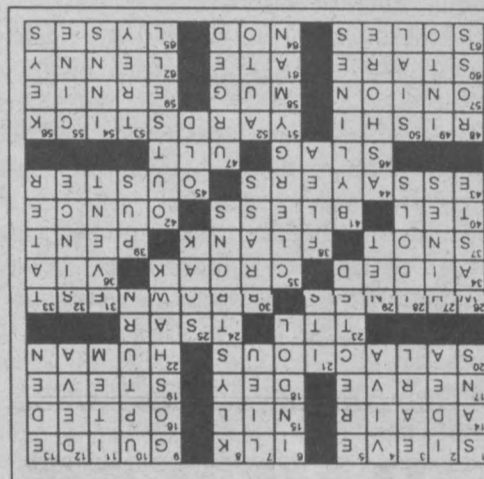
1. Sifting utensil
6. Type
9. TV or tour
14. IL zip 61411
15. Nothing
16. Decided
17. Sensitive subject
18. Dairymaid
19. Actor Martin
20. Lustful
22. People
23. Time to Live
24. Russian ruler
26. Bratty kids' complaint
30. Most brown
34. Helped
35. Frog noise
36. By way of
37. Booger
38. Cut of meat
39. Closely confined
40. Distance
41. Pray over
42. 1/12 pound
43. People who write essays
45. Forcing out
46. Metallic ore residue
47. Ultimate, for short
48. Indian sage
51. Three foot ruler
57. Ring or grass
58. Root beer brand
59. Bert's friend
60. Focus on intently
61. Already eaten
62. Singer Kravitz
63. Colloidal solution
64. Head shake
65. Lysis (plural)

DOWN

1. African Bushman
2. Thought
3. Duke of ___
4. Live!
5. Built
6. C8H7N
7. Place
8. Electron tube
9. Large hawk
10. Upset
11. Couple
12. God
13. Eve's home
21. It is (con't)
25. Get really wet
26. Garbage
27. Fatha
28. False gods
29. Nothin' but ___
30. Copper, zinc alloy
31. Occurrence
32. Between then and now
33. ___ tot
35. Priest
38. Dog's nuisance
39. Hindu tenth month
41. Carry writer's name
42. Sell more
44. On land
45. Not new
47. Impelled
48. Rachel's baby's daddy
49. Opposite of "out of"
50. Upper layer of earth's crust
52. Car
53. Three pips
54. Hotels
55. Cinematograph
56. Door openers



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Dating Advice

Dear Lisa,

I've been in love with my boyfriend for 1 year and 4 months. I love him dearly. The problem is we fight frequently -- sometimes about unnecessary things. He sometimes makes me feel useless. Recently I met this wonderful guy I work with. I love my boyfriend, but this guy makes me feel special which my boyfriend doesn't do. What must I do? I don't want to hurt my boyfriend but I also want to try out this new guy.

-Try Before I Buy

Dear Try,

If your boyfriend is making you feel useless at 1 year and 4 months, by the time you get to 4 years and 1 month you'll feel like absolute roadkill.

I can appreciate that you'd like to "sample the wares" with the cute guy you work with, but there's one step you've got to do first:

Come clean with the guy you've got. End the relationship and go for the work guy, or tell your

boyfriend your self-esteem has taken its last grenade on his behalf and that things have got to change or you're walking.

The bigger question is, however, how can a guy you've only known for a year make you feel so bad about yourself? My theory is that you hit a low point in your life and were feeling particularly vulnerable. In swoops Mr. Boyfriend and wham, you're in love on the fast track to misery.

Some of these nasty jerks may seem like they have the IQ of a bat, but in reality they're as intuitive as Sylvia Browne -- they have a built-in radar for vulnerable women they can dump on.

Every fantastic, confident woman I know has dated one of these guys once in their lives, and it always followed a particularly low period in their lives. For me, it happened after a difficult time for my family. Another friend fell in into the jerk-trap right after her brother died.

The bottom line is this--act honorably, and don't take any crap.

Everyone deserves to feel special. Don't settle for anything less.

Kisses,

Lisa