

THE AQUINAS

Serving The University and community since 1916

CHRISTOPHER R. DOUGHERTY
Editor in Chief

MEGAN SILVIUS
Managing Editor

A.J. SANGUEDOLCE
Advertising Manager

MAN C. LEE
Business Manager

MATTHEW M. REAVY
Faculty Adviser

The ideal presidential candidate

Search criteria needs to be broadened

With the announcement of Rev. Joseph M. McShane's departure from The University presidency not more than six months ago, the administration is desperately searching for a replacement from the pool of available Jesuits. This rush might lead one to a state of uncertainty pertaining to the adequacy of the final choice for president of our university.

The qualities, experience and know-how of this candidate will undoubtedly affect the changes that occur throughout the University in the coming years, for better or for worse. So then, what should we require of a president? What minimum standards should we impose? Surely, we cannot be too picky, and conversely we should not let our sights slip too far down the barrel.

In short, let us not wander astray from such traits as prior administrative experience; this being somewhere on my own personal top five list. Our ideal presidential candidate should be accustomed to a multi-faceted position that caters to many audiences. Academic concerns, infrastructural changes, and external relations will rest on the shoulders of the chosen candidate. Administration, faculty, students, and the community all base concern on the people deemed worthy of the position.

If times is on the line, and decisions must be made, make not haste. Broaden the search criteria until the not only the bare minimum of skills and attributes are found, but rather past the edge of the Board of Trustees' table until a president who exemplifies the leader we imagine at the head of The University of Scranton, is uncovered. With lay persons and administration insiders included, the choices have increased significantly.

Time is never on the side of the hard-pressed, true, but I'd rather not drop another quarter into the crane game.

had a dream one afternoon. A dream that filtered down through a greyness, through the murk of 1000 winters. A thousand winters on planets whose airy reaches are occluded by methane, perhaps. It was obvious within several seconds that it wasn't a dream where I'd have control of my faculties, I felt the acute panic of disembowelment, of a severe torque gripping my limbs. "You're in Stalingrad, walking into the Sverdernask Machine Works," said my wife (she lying dead amid the rubble spoke through a shrapnel hole in her chest). "Either you're in Stalingrad and a Stuka killed me or you've smelled the dawn after 1000 winters." Her mouth was marble-colored. "Either that or you're in Scranton, Pennsylvania during the year God ordained we all atone. Probably that." And she ascended like a vapor and became one with the whine of bombers and tulips emerging.

Editorial Policy

The content of The Aquinas is the responsibility of the Editor in Chief and Executive staff and does not necessarily reflect the views of The University of Scranton, its staff or faculty.

The University adheres to the principle of responsible freedom of expression for its student editors.

All letters become the property of The Aquinas and will be considered for both print and online editions unless the writer explicitly states otherwise.

The Aquinas does not print anonymous or pseudonymous letters.



Your Letters

Affirmative action is racism

Dear Editor,

Ladies and gentlemen, institutional racism is very alive on the campus of The University of Scranton. The Mar. 27, 2003 issue of The Aquinas reported that The University decided to continue its policy of racial preference, also known as affirmative action. I must applaud The University's decision to file a brief to the Supreme Court requesting that the government stay out of private universities' business, even if they are practicing blatant racism.

However, I am disgusted that The University continuously chooses to engage in the racist practice of using a racial preference in the admissions process. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. inspired me to write this article. Why you may ask—why—when my critics are claiming that I am against helping minorities? King inspired me because he advocated judging people by "the content of their character" not "the color of their skin." Affirmative action judges people by the color of their skin.

While I am very much in favor of diversity and, therefore, very strongly support The University's minority recruitment program, I feel that to accept someone or deny someone admission to The University, based upon their race, a factor they are unable to control, is ludicrous and racist. Critics of my position will say that affirmative action is necessary in order to help boost the admittance level of minorities whose races were previously discrimi-

nated against in order to broaden campus diversity. Does this mean that some of these minority people are inherently "less than" Caucasians? If you answer yes, then you're racist, and you're wrong. Affirmative action's first negative consequence is the way it degrades minority students and sends them the message that they are not qualified enough to gain admittance into schools on their own merit.

The second negative effect of affirmative action is the racial tension that it causes. When a white student walks down the halls of an affirmative action college and sees a minority student, the white student often wonders if the minority student is there on merit, or because of his or her race. Without affirmative action, there is no question that every student who is at The University is there on merit. Affirmative action seeks to provide diversity throughout schools so that people of different races may live in an atmosphere of mutual acceptance. When all students equally earn their way into The University, acceptance builds. However, when white students are outraged that they are considered "less than" minority students in the admissions policy, only toleration and resentment build.

Racism is wrong. There is no question about that. Racism is advancing or demeaning a particular person or group of people based on their race. Affirmative action is also advancing a particular person or group of people

based on their race. Affirmative action is racism institutionalized. Over the past century, thousands of The University's graduates came from the families of Irish, Italian and Polish immigrants as well as from various other social backgrounds. Most of these graduates and their ancestors were horribly discriminated against and grossly mistreated both socially and economically because of their ethnic background. However, these graduates of The University never needed affirmative action programs nor did they ever ask for them.

Despite the gross discrimination against these former students and their families of European descent, they managed to succeed in improving their own lives through hard work and merit rather than using institutional racial discrimination to achieve success. I am supremely confident that if affirmative action is eliminated, the minorities of today's America can do the same.

I encourage The University to go out and purposefully recruit minority students in order to improve campus diversity; however, I ask that The University admit these students on merit qualifications, not race. Until The University repeals its racist admissions process, I sternly urge any alumni not to donate money to The University.

M. Vincent Cruciani is a sophomore from Clarks Summit.

disadvantaged or handicapped persons—regardless of their skills or qualifications—to receive jobs, promotions, college acceptance and social benefits. Instead of hard work, dedication and diligence being rewarded, it is as though it is being con-

Please see RACE page 9

What is affirmative action? Affirmative action was created by the federal government to provide for the hiring of qualified minorities in governmental bureaucratic positions. This was reputable, necessary, important and influ-

ential in breaking the terrible race and gender barrier in American bureaucracies and corporations. Now affirmative action is being taken advantage of, blatantly being used and abused. It has become nothing more than an easy way for minorities, women, the economically

disadvantaged or handicapped persons—regardless of their skills or qualifications—to receive jobs, promotions, college acceptance and social benefits. Instead of hard work, dedication and diligence being rewarded, it is as though it is being con-

Please see GOSH DARN page 9

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLES

Bleepity-bleep bleep



Will Peoples

Profanity. It's funny, isn't it?

We all love it when a professor drops an obscene word in class. Everytime Cartman sings about Kyle's mom on "South Park" grins flash from ear-to-ear. ESPN asks people to vote on the top highlight of Monday's National Championship Basketball game between Syracuse and Kansas, with coach Roy Williams' live, on-air expletive during a post-game interview as choice D.

Why is this so humorous and entertaining though? Only a few years ago one would never imagine hearing "the B word" uttered on national television. Now it's quite common. Try walking around the Commons or standing in line in the cafeteria without hearing some dirty-mouthed sailor mutter a few choice words to his buddy. (No offense, Mr. Quinn.) Expletives are even a form of greeting to some people.

"Hello, ---face."
"Hiya, ---lover."

I admit I am no angel. I admit I often laugh aloud about some full-of-curses incident just as much as the next 20-something guy. However, I believe I am pretty good about watching my mouth. In fact, I don't think I ever heard as much profanity in high school as I do now at our Catholic institution. And, it is from all of you preparatory school fellows that I hear the most offensive material. (I won't even bother to bring up the Irish lads.) I find this all to be quite ironic.

Saturday is full of binge drinking, thus bringing about even more profanity. After a few drinks it is always the same tune: "Man, I need to get some 'A' off some 'Bs' tonight. Look at this effin' guy. Let's get some effin' pizza. Ah man, look at the effin' line. Don't cut, a-hole!" Sunday means heading to church at some part of the day, whereupon exiting out the chapel doors onto Madison Ave. one is commonly heard cursing the test for which he must study off his—um—behind. That is pretty bad. It is even worse for some reason or another—when it is a young lady doing the cussing.

Think about what you or your amigos/amigas have given up for Lent. I know many people who dismiss chocolate or candy, and others try to become a better person some way or another. I have not heard anyone say, "I am going to give up cursing." There has always been the concept of putting money in a jar for every articulated obscenity, but this idea seems to be confined to the world of television.

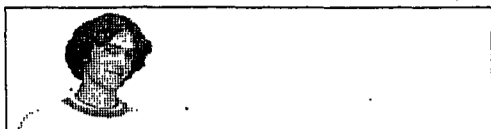
I am not discussing this because I am some clean-cut mama's boy. I just know that this behavior is not the most professional of mannerisms. Besides, everyone slips once in

Please see GOSH DARN page 9

Til we earn a holiday

Live in peace, pain and regret

None really knew when they stormed the Bastille it started the French Revolution. It was July 14, 1789, a clean, precise date, a whole number for historians to reference. The night before, various Parisians, San Culottes, wayward country-folk and bourgeoisie set out to plan a revolution not unlike a modern vacation to Disney World. Of course it didn't happen that way—they were swept in a moment that seemed to be real. That's us, freshman year, dancing on the tip of a sword unaware of the impending personal revolution ahead. We're swept in a four-year moment, a waking dream as bizarre, ironic and frightening as the ones at night. There was never a down payment for "the eventuality of growth and development" promised in talks we endured through Orientation sessions, or the Big O. We were just as susceptible to radical, sometimes self-destructive swings in our personal revolution as were those of the French Revolution. The liberation that the Parisians felt in the aftermath of the storm-



Michael Webster

ing of the Bastille is comparable to the liberation we gained as our parental units travel at hyperspace speed out of Scranton. We were so Goddamn empowered; I drank soda whenever I wanted—but it came at a price, responsibility. Little did we know of the implications of that fine print codicil of growth and development entailed. The University family likes to regard us as the valley-based Zion of community for the rest of the collegiate world to follow. Whatever it is you want, we do it best... pre-med, retreats, Orientation, Jesuit identity. The fact of the matter is the staff and faculty are talented and resourceful but it comes down to a personal decision. As a second semester senior, I speculate where have we wandered. This is the time

Guest Editorial

Who wuvs puppy dogs?

I do. If you're a regular reader of this column—hello, Tim Bodine of Oakland—you already know about my newest acquisitions: two of the cutest, most precious Labrador puppies your eyes ever laid themselves upon, Clementine and Mr. Peppers. I rescued them from a cosmetics testing lab six months ago, and since then I've helped them apply their makeup every morning. I don't always agree with the looks they choose, but I allow them to experiment. I'm shocked and awed by how much they've grown. Anyway, I was watching CNN and knitting my two pooches red, white and blue sweaters. As I watched the bombs over Baghdad, I realized there's nothing cuter than a dog in a sweater. Except maybe a dog in a sweater, sporting a jaunty beret. That used to be cuter, until the French forgot to do as they're told. Now berets sicken me. They'll always be associated with diplomatic feet dragging, and that's just sad. My two bundles of joy came into the room and plopped themselves down in front of the television. Supposedly, dogs see everything in black and white, but I'd like to think mine take a more complex view. Mr. Peppers is very much pro-war, while Clementine is more anti-peace—they have a good dialogue, kind of like my own version of "Crossfire." Yet, that night, something was different. They looked to the television with their adorable eyes, then back to me. They were staring. Something in their stares gave me "paws" to think. They stared and stared, interrogating me with their eyes. They were asking me hard questions. They were asking why we had to wait until dark to scrawl Francophobe epithets on the neighbor's garage door. If you're allowed to hate a whole nation of people who disagree with you, you should have the courage to do it in the daylight,

right? Dogs can be so naive. They asked me if freedom fries really taste like freedom, or just the pettiness of a castrated Congress desperate to appear useful. (I don't let them eat people food, so they'll never know.) Why, my two darling puppy dogs asked, did I continually sic them on protesters whose arguments were not only cogent, articulate analyses of the geopolitical ramifications of war, but concise enough to fit on a single poster board? That one was easy—because while anti-war protesters and I may disagree on many things, there is one thing on which we agree: anti-war protesters taste delicious. They were asking me whether patriotism is defined as putting an American flag sticker on your SUV. Is that supporting the troops? Of course, I said, as long as your SUV is big enough. It should have a smaller SUV inside it, for making those short trips from the front seat to the back. We were reading this column by John LeCarre, titled "The United States of America has gone mad." Has it? Oh, you silly puppy dogs! I think it's time for you two to get to bed! So I tranquilized my two inquisitive pooches with a hearty dose of Fox News. They quit their yapping, and I'm sure their dreams were fair and balanced. As I watched them sleep, I remembered why we are fighting this war: so that one day, Iraqi columnists will be able to have cute puppy dogs of their own. In 10 to 12 years, once the region has been totally stabilized by a series of wars and democratic revolts, the Iraqi people will finally have lovable pets. I guess I cried a little then, but it may have been because Bill O'Reilly was on.

The Pitt News, University of Pittsburgh

GOSH DARN

Continued from page 8

a while amongst company around whom you would rather not be heard saying "mother-ffer." By watching our mouths on a constant basis we would all appear as much classier people for sure, and I do believe it would rub off on others, making the world a much more pleasant place. (Hooray!) But, for real...expanding one's vocabulary beyond four letter words is

never a bad thing. There is one time when profanity is allowed though, during registration. I cannot comprehend how this system is never anywhere close to being 100 percent free of errors. Registration takes place six weeks every year. What the eff is going on the remaining days of the year? @#%\$*&!

CHECK OUT ANNEX

@

Lackawanna Community College Review tonight at the Mellow Theater 7 p.m. EST

of year when seniors begin to strangely identify with Jackson Browne lyrics, I guess. Everything is tested in the college year I was told, we break down juvenile concept systems and set a plaster of new ideas and competing philosophies that harden into our adult lives. Which is a very distant and safely abstract way of approaching a reconciliation between now and May, but is that what we do? Senior year is the end of collegiate idealism. The cynic emerges. All aspects of normal life as you've known it since pre-K are up for grabs. The protocol of plaster hardening identities seeps from its high minded shelf releasing its cynicism to ravage couples, well plotted five year plans as well as liver constitution—little soco amaretto lime to make you feel like a junior again. Right? But why the glum face dames and chaps? Isn't this what we have waited for the past four years? We have been running so fast these past four years to feel a sense of fumbling sentimentality now. Screaming, we want to go back again to a time when our prospects were promising and undefined. Of the past year we easily recall: clarion skies were somehow a part everyday, activities were without frustration, crushes and idols were still intact as

appropriate-unhealthy fixations. How soon we forget our homesickness then and the fear of our first test or paper. The present moment is the place we should live, the romanticizing the past dooms our present and allows us to pour it out the bottle into countless nights of drunken drama. The queen of Corona will never free us from the sense of wanting to be where we're not. Again, we fall victim to emotional pitfalls; sensationalism of an almost surreal time in our youth leads us to believe that we exist in an almost dream like state-wake up. Now, we are left wandering through April hangover from our emotional intoxication. We procure careers and solutions for those hard-to-crack riddles of graduation parties but it never seems to be just right. I have chosen a marriage to the sea, in the ship "Sloop John B." Fame and fortune, glory to come—a pirate's life for me. "I don't know how to tell you all just how crazy this life feels. I look around for the friends that I used to turn to pull me through, looking into their eyes I see them running, too." Peace. Dedicated to Cpt. John Lawncrest and crew.

The Ignatian identity

By BUD HEPLER For The Aquinas

Recently a group of Fordham students came to The University to hold a discussion on the Ignatian identity of the two schools and how it causes two dissimilar schools to share certain fundamental elements. I feel that it would be very easy for this article to come out sounding like a book report, so in the spirit of Father Phil's homilies, I've come up with a list of things Ignatian that permeate everyday life here at Scranton. First, on Fridays in Lent, those crazy signs in the cafeteria reminding you that if you are Catholic it is, in fact, a Friday in Lent, so lay off the cheeseburgers for a day. Second, the giant excerpt from Luke's gospel in the lobby of Brennan hall reminding us all that we are gifted with something special here at The University (an education, in case you were wondering) and that it comes at a price (and that doesn't mean thirty-thousand dollars). Third, the crucifix in every classroom, reminiscent of your days in a single-sex catholic high school. Fourth, the campus wide events to promote awareness of international and domestic social justice issues, such as the forest of white crosses placed in the field next to CLP representing unborn victims of abortion. Fifth is Saint Thomas Hall. Sixth, the smiling faces of Father Phil, Father Callahan, Father Al and the rest of the priests working on campus. Seventh, the mandatory theology classes

filled with studious freshman and procrastinating seniors. I was going make it an even ten, but being as uncreative as I am, I will just finish up with number eight, the giant statue of Saint Ignatius which you could not miss even if you tried. So the funny top ten list didn't work out as well as I would have liked. All the better, because now I can try my luck at being serious. The Jesuit identity of the school is something we see every day yet we sometimes fail to appreciate. It's not just in the objects and landmarks that make up our campus but the people who we see and know on our campus. More than any sign or symbol ever could, the people here carry the Ignatian identity of our school. They are what make it a good place. So, you ignore the mission of the school now and then. You skip mass, you drink till you pass out, you curse and miss classes and gossip and try to instigate food fights in the cafeteria. But you are only human, and things like that can be expected from time to time. It's only when you sit back for a moment and realize you feel comfortable with the people around you (and you love your school enough to endure snowstorms in April) that you get a chance to fully appreciate the spirit of the Jesuits that invigorates this University. That's when you see the power of community that Ignatian spirituality builds on our campus and across our country.

Bud Heppler is a freshman from Drexel Hill.

RACE

Continued from page 8

demned. A minority student who was involved in extra-curricular activities, kept a high G.R.A., did well on his or her SATs, wrote an essay with a proper thesis statement, deferted his or her argument and was prepared and responsible during an interview obviously deserves admission to any school. A person in the majority, who did just the opposite, should simply not be chosen. In the 1954 court decision, Brown v. Board of Education, U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice Earl Warren said that a school or educational institution is no place for "separate but equal" standards, environments, etc. Why should separate hiring practices—especially admission procedures—be administered within a college or an institution of

higher education? Whatever happened to civil rights? Are people being forced to give up their civil rights so others who allegedly do not have civil rights can enjoy them? How fair is that? Think about it; the most qualified person for any application should receive the position or appointment. It is that simple. It is fair to say that affirmative action worked and was quite necessary years ago. Many, for fear of being branded a racist or intolerant, have adopted a distorted view of affirmative action, which I like to call "neo-affirmative action." This misconstrued notion of a formally legitimate concept and the people who hold it are disgraceful. So, instead of hiring the most qualified person, employers are forced to choose someone based primarily upon race or quotas. Many of us

might have been neglected because of it and will never know it, and many of us who haven't experienced its devastation will experience it in the future...if the oppression persists. Have you ever wondered why on many applications for credit cards, rebates, products, SATs, PSATs, LSATs, ACTs and college applications ask what race the applicant is for example: South Western Pacific Islander, Indigenous Alaskan or Northerner, African-American, Hispanic, Chicano, White or Latino? That's for affirmative action and to meet the quotas that many institutions and organizations are required to abide by.

Brian McCabe is a sophomore from Floral Park, N.Y.