



Honorable Mention

FALL 2002

The UAB
Honors Program
Undergraduate
Newsletter

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Art by Aleisha Baker

Africa

Casey Frew

Compiled by Mandy Haeuser
Edited by Mandie Gibson

This summer Casey Frew spent six weeks in Kenya with Operation Crossroads To Africa.

He worked in a hospital in Sotik where he took part in drug and AIDS education in the nearby schools.

Below is a collection of the emails he sent to friends, family and other supporters during his stay. They serve to illustrate all of his adventures, such as meeting the president of Kenya, working in a hospital and even petting a rhinoceros. Anyone interested in participating in Operation Crossroads To Africa can check out their website, www.igc.org/oca/index.htm.

June 18, 2002

Hey guys!

I'm currently writing you from Hofstra University in NYC! I'm happy to say that all of my luggage, as well as myself, arrived in one piece. We just finished our second and final day of orientation and you can feel the excitement in the air! One group is leaving for the Gambia in a couple of hours, and they are running around getting ready. Today we learned about all the diseases that could be potentially life threatening or make us violently ill (just trying to scare mom). I get along great with my group. We have had a lot of fun. One of our group members has gotten stuck in

Israel, where she is attending Ben Gurion University's Medical School (she is the ethnic Albanian from Kosovo). They have it cleared up now, and she will meet us in Kenya two days late. As you all know, I am the only male in the group. I just hope I don't drown in all the estrogen. It doesn't seem to be a problem, at least after two days anyhow.

Tonight we are going into downtown New York to explore. We are going to see Ground Zero, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and maybe Times Square.

We leave for the airport at 5:30 in the morning. Our flight leaves at 9:30 for London. I think we are supposed to arrive in Nairobi Thursday at 8:30 a.m. eastern time. They haven't told us much about where we are going. I'm not sure about the specifics on anything. I just know the name of our village is Sotik and we are 230 km southwest of Nairobi. I found out today that while we are there we will witness the great migration of the wildebeest. For those of you who don't know, the wildebeests were the gigantic herd of animals that went stampeding through the canyon, almost trampling Simba, in the movie "The Lion King." It is supposed to be the biggest attraction in Kenya all year. We don't have much of a project assignment yet, either. They just told us we are going to be in the hospital working with AIDS education, but we don't have any specific guidelines or goals yet.



I feel very blessed to be able to take a trip like this. I'm confident that it will be educational. It will help me grow emotionally as well as spiritually, and I hope to have fun. I would like to thank the following people who made this trip possible for me: Dr. Samuel Fischer, Dr. Greg Osbourne, Mr. & Mrs. Rick White, my grandparents Ed & Betty Clark as well as Jim & Laura Bender, Ralph Clark & Eastern Health Systems, Marcie Tolbert, my aunt and uncle Harry and Carrie Collins, the Bethunes, Susan Latta, Steve & Evelyn Stathakes (Our Place)...BEST CHICKEN SALAD ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!!, Ms. Cagle, Dr. Fadell Savany, Sue Jeffreys, Carla Key, Doris Brogdon, Roh Bragg, and most of all, my wonderful parents.

Next time I write I'll be in Nairobi!!

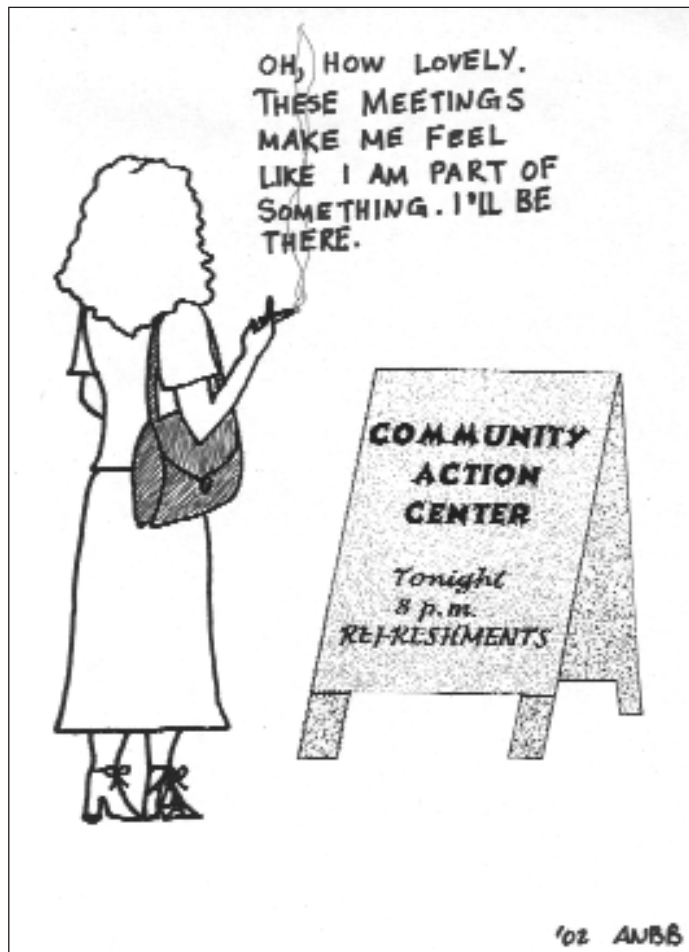
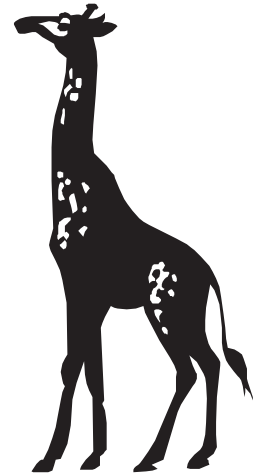
June 20, 2002

Hey Everybody!

We finally arrived in Nairobi today after a seemingly endless flight. We arrived here at about 8:30 this morning, Kenya time. We are eight hours ahead of you, so you would still be asleep. I must say that Nairobi has surpassed all expectations and preconceptions I had. I expected a city of 2 million people to be slightly modern. The people in this city are among the poorest in the world. I don't remember if I put this in the last email, but the average Kenyan survives on only \$500 a year, little more than one dollar a day. I can only describe Nairobi in one way: absolutely and completely disgustingly dirty. It's no wonder why there are so many diseases here. There is garbage and rotten food lying on the sidewalks and in the streets. The people look at us as if we are green. People on

the street keep touching us. They are usually reaching out for money. One child grabbed onto my arm and wouldn't let go. I had to wrench my arm away from him. It makes you feel guilty for being a "rich" American. So many people are going hungry. When we went downtown we had to cram onto a matatu with almost fifty other people. The people next to me were so thin I could feel their hips digging into my side. Culture shock is a major factor when you go from New York to Nairobi. A taxi ride into town here costs about thirty cents whereas the same ride in New York would cost at least five dollars. The city seems ten times worse than anything I've seen in Birmingham. I wanted to take pictures, but I was advised that it would be foolish to take my camera into town because it would surely be stolen. If possible, I'll buy a disposable camera and take pictures when we come back in town.

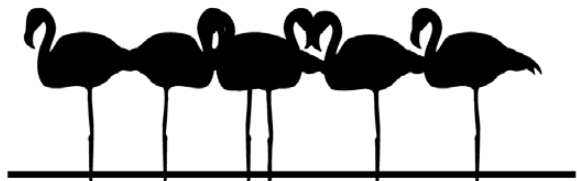
On a more entertaining note, we saw some giraffes and other animals on our way in from the airport. We will be leaving for Sotik in the morning. We are spending the night in Nairobi to catch up on our jet lag. We are staying at a YMCA here, which is situated uncomfortably close to one of its numerous ghettos. I'm not sure again how the email situation will be in Sotik. It took a long time to find a cyber cafe in town, and that was another surprise. Unlike the high-speed web browsing to which I am accustomed, these people don't even have decent Internet access. I'm sure I'll talk to you soon.



June 24, 2002

Hey everybody!

We arrived in Sotik Friday evening after a long bus ride. It took us four hours to go 230 km (~143miles). The roads outside of Nairobi are horrible. We were probably only going 40 mph most of the time, though we saw some amazing things on the way out. Down in a valley, we passed a huge lake that, when looked at, appeared covered in pink from the masses of flamingos feeding from it. Then we passed through an area where there were a bunch of orangutans sitting on the side of the road. Later we saw a couple of stripes of zebras.



When we arrived in Sotik there were a bunch of people near the bus stop. When we got off everyone started gathering around to look at us, the foreigners. They kept calling this girl in our group Monica Lewinsky. They asked me if the black people in our group were Americans and I said yes, and they said, "Is that a nigger?" I couldn't believe they said that! It is really funny how fascinated they are with the fact that we are Americans. Everyone is extremely friendly. Most of them can speak broken English, but I am getting to where I can speak broken Swahili, so communication is less of a problem.

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Participation in Honors Credit: The Story

Kathryn Pitt

Once upon a time there were two honors students. SHE was known as Miss Maybelline. HE was known as Eugene the Bean. Somewhere along in their second year (although it could have been their first or their last) the term "Participation in Honors" registered in their gray brain stuff. Miss Maybelline saw it in the Class Schedule under Honors. Eugene the Bean heard a friend mention it. BOTH were a little confused.

Miss Maybelline thought that once she signed up for HON 110 for one credit hour that she would have to go to eight honors-sponsored events during that term. She was kicking herself for not signing up in her first year when she had gone to all those movies and First Thursdays. WRONG. Little wee people, who spend lots of their lives in the Honors House, had been keeping track of all the events to which Miss Maybelline had lent her presence since her first day in the Program. Miss Maybelline's attendance history was kept in the wee office on a tidy, neat piece of paper which showed Miss Maybelline as having attended twelve honors-sponsored events, thus having enough event-slots filled to sign up and get credit for one entire credit hour in HON 110—without having to do a single thing except register for the class! AND, her record showed that she could also sign up for HON 210, if she chose, and attend only four more events during the next term since she already had four event-slots filled for HON 210. (AND, in case she was unable to get to four events during that term for which she registered for HON 210, she would have one more term to turn the Incomplete into a Pass.) Miss Maybelline was very pleased to discover that she would get some kind of credit for all those evenings she had spent at the Honors House.

Eugene the Bean, on the other hand, had been somewhat wrapped up in his social life outside the Honors Program and thought that he would never be able

to register for Participation in Honors. He had attended the very first movie and found that he had much more fun with the giggle of girls who had latched onto him as long as they went somewhere out of view of the Honors faculty ogres who might be gathering juicy bits for an exposé. But he found himself, in his junior year, in desperate need of one more credit hour so that the Powers That Be would acknowledge his full-timeness and allow him to keep his scholarship. Luckily, Eugene the Bean had enough sense to ask a few questions; one of the kind souls from the nether regions of the House told him that, yes, he would be able to register for HON 110, even without having yet attended eight events, as long as he was able to come to seven (remember, he had already come to one event back during his first week as a freshman) before the end of the following term. The kind soul also told him that he could call or come by any time to see how many empty event-slots he had to fill. Eugene the Bean sighed a big sigh of relief and went on to sign up for, and pass, HON 110, 210, and 310 during the next several terms.

Once Miss Maybelline and Eugene the Bean got their Participation-in-Honors act together, they were able to graduate and go on to live happily ever after.

The Short Version (taken from the Honors Program Handbook, page 28):

You may sign up for HON 110, 210, or 310—each of which counts as one hour of elective credit—whenever you have a reasonable expectation of completing the required attendance at 8 honors-sponsored events during the term for which you register. ... If you do not complete the requirements during the term, you will get an I (Incomplete) and have one more term to complete the course; after that, the I will turn to an F (standard UAB policy).

Note: You may, of course, choose to never sign up for Participation in Honors—and that is perfectly OK.

Another Note: Community Service (HON 112, 212, and 312) are another story altogether.

Honors Bake Sale

A bake sale to raise money for Bread & Roses was held on Thursday, October 22, 2002.



Live, Learn, & Intern

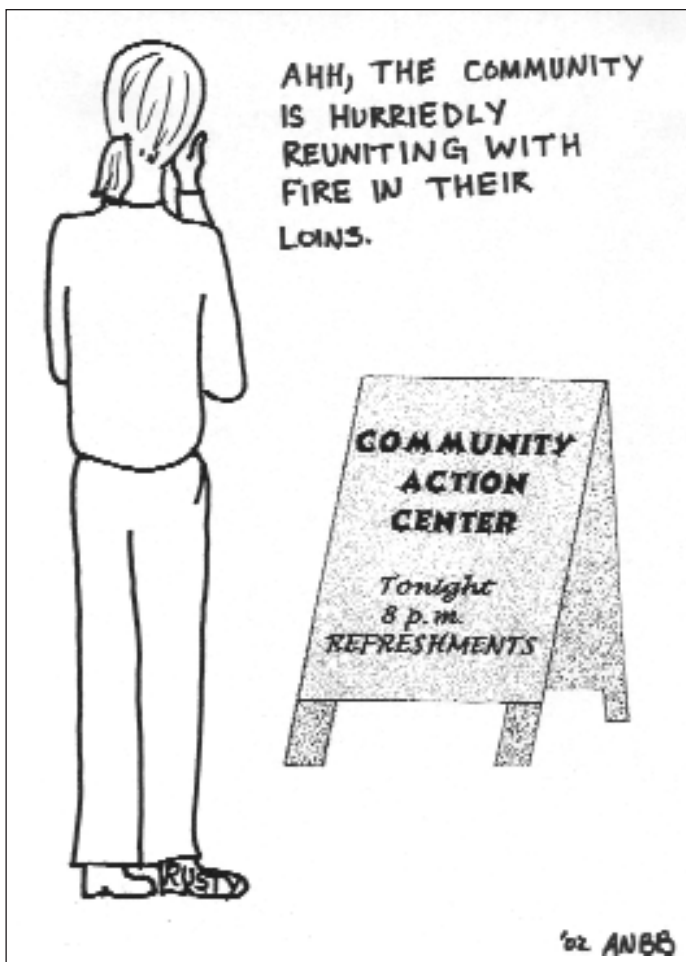
Mandie Gibson

Honors Program students Nic Carlisle and Lucy Jones learned this summer that there is a difference between hearing about something and actually experiencing it. As participants in the Bryce Harlow Institute on Business and Government Affairs Live, Learn, Intern program, Nic and Lucy gained practical experience in the political arena of Washington, DC. The Institute is one of three programs sponsored by the Fund for American Studies in partnership with Georgetown University and is designed for student who seek to enter the business world and have an interest in government affairs. Students live in dorms on the Georgetown campus and take two classes to augment their learning as interns in Fortune 500 companies, trade associations and lobbying firms. Nic and Lucy recently shared their insights regarding their internships in the nation's capital.

Nic Carlisle, an Honors Program senior and Finance major, interned with the National Federation of Independent Businesses. One of the top three most influential lobbying firms in DC, the NFIB's internship offers students an insider's look at how public policy and small business interact. Nic regarded the experience as invaluable and encourages anyone who is interested in politics, or people who don't really know what they are interested in at all, to investigate the many options available through internship programs. Nic plans to attend law school, and he would like to eventually work for a legal foundation in one of DC's lobbying groups.

Lucy Jones, an Honors Program junior and English major, interned with the National Council for Agricultural Employers. As an NCAE intern, Lucy worked with lobbyists who represent labor-intensive agriculturists. She got first-hand political experience working with senators and representatives on Capitol Hill; she cites the hands-on training she received from individuals who have a passion for change as invaluable to her interest in public policy.

In addition to the knowledge gained from their quality work experiences, Lucy and Nic benefited from the lectures of prominent, mostly Republican, political figures. Accordingly, they both commented on the strongly conservative nature of politics in the DC area. Despite this, both highly recommend the program for other Honors Program students, stating that such experiences equip individuals with a practical understanding of the government and the political system. For more information about internships in the DC area, visit www.dcinternships.org.



HP Into Music

Adam Martin

On Saturday, July 20, BlazeRadio (UAB's Internet radio station, for which I am volunteering as DJ, Music Director, and Local Music Coordinator) teamed up with the Entertainment Committee to sponsor a local music concert on campus. My contributions included booking 3 of the 6 bands on the schedule, confirming parking lot availability, planning the concert budget, handling band contracts, hiring a sound professional, advertising and securing promotional items. Six local bands (Catchfire, Model Citizen, Vesper, Some Of None, Dan Sartain and the Crimson Guard, The Disconnection) performed at the UAB Great Hall. Admission was free, food was served, prizes were given away, and attendees were rocked hard. An article was written in the July 23 issue of the Kaleidoscope about the event (you can read it online at www.uab.edu/kscope). The story was called "Smeltdown Missed By Most" and was written by Kendrick Thomas. As the title would suggest, attendance was low. Overall, roughly 100 people showed up to the event. Plans are in the works for a similar event on a larger scale. This will take place during the Spring.

If you would like to listen to my show, go to www.uab.edu/blazeradio on Thursdays. It's called "Deus Ex Machina" and features underground alternative and local music. If you would like to submit information about a local band you or some friends are involved with, please e-mail me at adam2@uab.edu.

What Is Credit?

Stan Mackin

Vice President of Commercial Loans, Bank of Alabama

My friend Will Blackmon asked me to help him out by writing this article. I said sure, provided I could have a little fun and possibly moralize. Deadlines being what they are, he said okay.

Credit has a positive side and a negative side. It makes it possible to buy things that you can not afford to pay for with your own money, but too much makes it possible to lose things that you paid for with your own money. Good credit is something one rarely ever thinks about, but bad credit weighs heavy on the mind. Three o'clock in the morning to about five thirty seem to be a good time for people to think about bad credit.



Most people first learn about credit through the credit card experience. Those shiny new pieces of plastic with your name on them find their way to your mailbox and beg for use. They seem to say “do not keep me just for automobile emergencies, use me now and become a better, nicer, and more popular person.” Credit card balances mean profits for credit card companies. These companies are specialized banks that borrow money in the form of FDIC insured certificates of deposit. They then pay for your purchases and charge you interest on the balance. These companies make money when interest income and fees taken in from card holders exceeds the sum of interest expense paid on certificates of deposit, charged off balances, salaries and other expenses. If credit card companies did not share account holder information, there would be no such thing as bad credit because one could go from lender to lender omitting any bad experiences. However, they do share information through an industry referred to as “The Credit Bureau.”

Credit bureaus make money by selling personal bill paying histories to credit card companies and others. You agree to this somewhere in the application for credit cards, loans, insurance and a whole lot more. These companies build a credit record by aggregating credit experiences over time. They simplify their output by assigning a score to each history. Lenders translate this score into good or bad credit. Here again financial gain motivates the credit bureau. They keep careful records of how people pay their bills without caring whether a person pays on time, late or at all. Social Security numbers in effect tattoo credit histories to people through moves and name changes.

Good credit generally means having a good credit history. A good credit history means moderate borrowings and paying on time with no charge-offs. Credit bureaus keep track of the number and amount of a person’s loans and credit card accounts. They keep up with how many times a payment has been 30, 60 or 90 days late and also if a balance has ever gone unpaid. Credit scores decrease as the number of active credit accounts increase. Credit scores decrease with the number and amount of times past due. Charge-offs remain a part of credit histories for seven years. One way to increase a low credit score is to close all zero balance credit cards and to begin paying bills on time. Without a charge-off, this plan could move a low score into the good range in a couple of years. There are no short cuts to time and experience.

Having good credit is really about keeping your financial options open. Most new college graduates soon face buying a car or house with borrowed money. The best financing deals go to the best credit risks. For college graduates, being a good risk means having a job and a good credit score. A credit history really becomes a record of a person’s choices.

The power to make a choice is freedom. Good decisions keep a person in position to choose again. Bad decisions seem to put us on track to make more bad decisions. Use credit, but use it wisely.

Where Are They Now?

Nic Carlisle

With the wave of music flooding the airwaves today, music listeners are drowning in options. It seems like we can’t turn on the radio without hearing about the next up-and-coming megastar. One day we are all singing along in our cars to a #1 song; the next day we can’t seem to remember the artist’s name....Britney who? With the pop machine cranking into overdrive, I find myself pondering a serious question: “Are musical artists disposable these days?” It certainly seems that music fans have lost all sense of loyalty. So, having said all that, I feel compelled to leave you with a list of names that no one seems to remember. Whether you loved them or simply loved to hate them, there is no denying that these artists were huge.

Where are they now?

10. Shania Twain
9. Coolio
8. Boys II Men
7. Garth Brooks
6. Fiona Apple
5. Sisters With Voices (better known as SWV)
4. Matchbox 20
3. Natalie Imbruglia
2. Bone, Thugs, & Harmony
1. Lauryn Hill

Of course I can’t let you go without a small shout-out for my new favorite girl. Everyone should check out Norah Jones. The album is called “Come Away With Me.” Her sound has been compared to Billy Holiday and she is guaranteed to slow down even the most stressful day. In the age of disposable pop, she’s a real breath of fresh air!

Hollywood? We Don't Need No Stinkin' Hollywood!

Mason Isbell

Lindsey Elmore, Wayne Skipper, John Fields, Theresa Bodon, Emily Simon, Brittney Pietrzak, Tom Dalby, and I World Premiered six separate short films at the Sidewalk Moving Picture Festival on Saturday September 21st. The Sidewalk Film Festival, as an entity, has been a part of Birmingham for the last four years. Sidewalk began as a collaborative effort of (predominantly) local independent filmmakers. Since its emergence in 1999, Sidewalk has gained growing support from local, national, and worldwide corporate sponsors and has helped to earn Alabama a respectable position in the filmmaking industry.

Hollywood even came out to show its growing affinity for using our state as a backdrop. The Touchstone Pictures film *Sweet Home Alabama* held its World Premier as the inaugural event of this year's Sidewalk Moving Picture Festival. From my humble (i.e.: usually questionable) understanding, portions of this movie were actually shot here in Alabama. A native Alabamian, Amber Benson, came home from Hollywood to show her film, *Chance*, for which she wrote, directed, and starred. Amber gained renown as a witch on the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* television series.

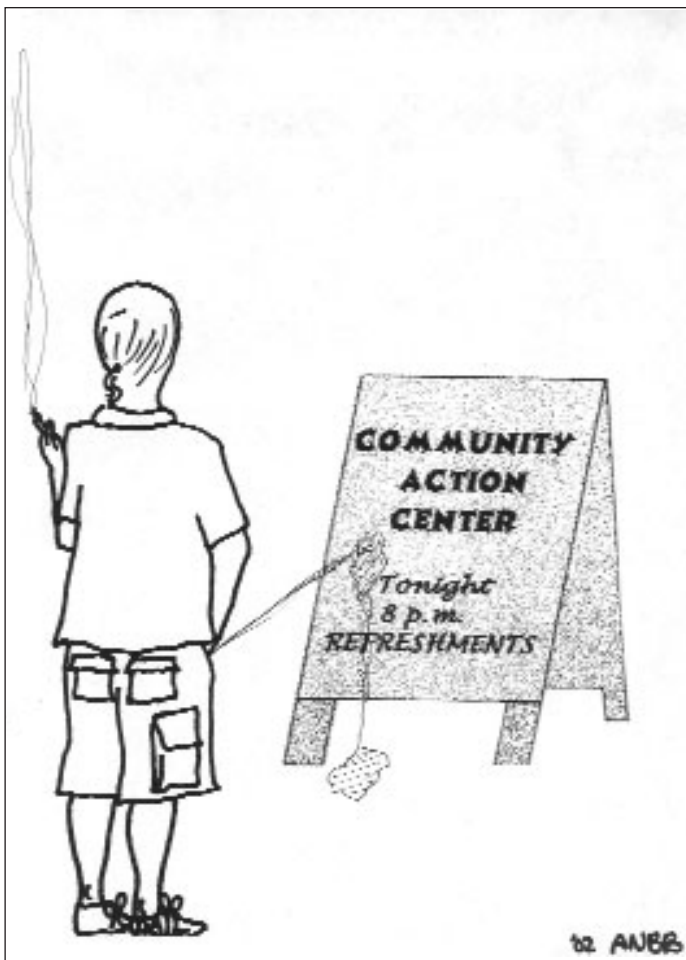
Even though it rained all weekend, my friends and I ventured out to North side to see what the Film Fest would bring. We endured the tempests, and when there was reprieve, it was short-lived. For soon, the awful, midday humidity would begin to arise

from the concrete, as if the water itself could be unsatisfied with the location in which the heavens saw fit to deposit it. ...And then it rained...again. ...Then, there was even more humidity. More rain...more humidity. The endless cycle continued and the poetic outlook from earlier in the day went straight to shit. However, the majority of the buildings in which the festival was housed had air conditioning (thanks be to Trane, Carrier, and Kenmore, the elder gods of A.C.) In the end, the films we watched were quite enjoyable, the beer we drank was quite cold, and we were surrounded by conditioned air. So...how, logically, could we really complain? During the hotter months of the year, these are the three things that top the list of weekend "must-haves" amongst college students (barring, of course, the inclusion of: sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll...can't have that now can we?)

How, you might ask, did so many Honors students get so many films entered into this festival? Simple, we took the *Ethnographic Filmmaking* Honors seminar, and had some of the hardest working professors on the campus pushing for the showing of our films at this year's event. If you have the time, and I literally mean, if you have the time (it's demanding), TAKE THIS CLASS. These fine young women will straighten out any misaligned academic habits that you may have picked up, and they will teach you to accomplish things that you never dreamed possible. How many of you can currently add to your resumes: Have directed and edited films shown on IMAX, and at The Sidewalk Film Festival in Birmingham, Alabama? I know eight Honors students who can. And, it's got kind of a tingly, Christmas Morning/First Kiss kinda thing goin' for it. You should try it on for yourself sometime... Um...the filmmaking...and that Sidewalk thing...Yeah, that's it... Whoa. Ego head-rush...that's new.

* Both the Sidewalk Moving Picture Festival and Ethnographic Filmmaking receive Mason's highest rating of: BADASS.

** Your author has not been compensated by any of the aforementioned parties. If compensation had been given, he would have written much, much more than the above.



This is your story without
Honors Publishing.

(You do the math)

Chinese Medicine vs. Western Medicine

Ajay Kamireddi

Introduction

Over the last several decades, Chinese medicine has made an impression among Western doctors and patients alike. Started as a vogue movement among European aristocrats who sought an alternative in the late 19th century, the amalgamation of Chinese medicine with Western medicine did not gain popularity until recently. Nowadays, pharmaceutical companies spend hundreds of millions of dollars validating the efficacy of Chinese remedies.

Since its inception some two thousand years ago, Chinese medicine has stayed amazingly static, which is a fact that serves simultaneously as one of its strengths and weaknesses. Unlike the Western idea of scientific thought involving experimentation and research, Chinese culture abhors novelty and seeks to uphold traditional values. Following the lead of ancient texts, Chinese medicine has been rather indifferent to empirical evidence and uses natural substances in a practical method. The focus of Chinese medicine involves the relations, processes, and transformations that surround the *qi*. It is believed that as *qi* circulates throughout the body in a systematic manner, one's body enjoys a state of harmony and balance; thus, the individual enjoys good health. The Chinese believe that the *qi* is so maintained via a proper diet, exercise, acupuncture, moxibustion (a burning of dried wormwood at certain points on the skin), meditation, and sexual practices. A malady is the product of a disorder in *qi* circulation that impairs important fluids from reaching certain body systems.

Chinese doctors always seek to know the background and constitution of the patient since they believe this has an important effect on how an illness progresses. From a very early period, the Chinese understood the importance of the pulse, which to them was a sign of *qi* circulation. They also sought signs of exhaustion, exposure to cold, gluttony, anorexia, sexual dysfunction, and sleep-deprivation. Over time, other examinations were added to the canon of Chinese



medicine: ocular, auditory, and olfactory examinations. More recently, Chinese medicine has incorporated blood cell counts and the monitoring of blood-glucose levels from their Western counterparts.

Perhaps the best known of Chinese medical methodologies, acupuncture is the systematic insertion of metal needles at specific points of importance. These points are marked by meridian maps, which are possessed by most Chinese doctors today. There are several points on each of the fourteen meridian lines that run within one's body, with each point having an effect on some physical attribute. Since the Chinese believe that disease is a result of an imbalance in *qi* circulation, they use acupuncture as a method to restore proper circulation. Paralleling acupuncture, moxibustion also stimulates certain nodal points on meridian lines to restore proper *qi* circulation.

Chinese Medicine – Recent History

Until the 18th century, Chinese medicine was able to match Western medicine in its efficacy. However, following several scientific revolutions and the comprehension of how microbial agents cause and spread diseases, Western medicine made a quantum leap in disease identification and cures. These two paradigms of medicine were isolated from each other until colonization forced them to meet in the late 19th century and early 20th century. Soon, Western medicine began to flex its superiority as it helped introduce elementary hygiene and treatments for such widespread diseases as smallpox, typhoid, and diphtheria. However, under the new nationalistic sentiment of Communism, Chinese

medicine regained a new symbolic power. Today, physicians in China are trained in both Western and Chinese methodologies, confident that they have a vast amount of information to call from as they treat their patients.

General Findings on My Trip to Beijing

As one of the largest cities in the world, Beijing is extremely congested and thus diseases spread quickly within the city. Unlike other developing countries, the only major disease that one should worry about is tetanus. However, like many other countries, a tourist or foreigner must be utterly dependent on filtered water since tap water is not sanitized. In previous years, despite having the largest handicapped population in the world, many cities in China had buildings that were extremely dilapidated and inaccessible to the handicapped. Nowadays, with better planning, the government has instituted more public buildings to be handicapped-accessible and Braille-friendly.

Local clinics can deal with most cuts, burns, dog bites, colds, coughs, digestive infections, and very minor surgeries. While these clinics have some technology for chemical analyses, microscopes to check for pathogens, and shelves of antidotes for

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Dail's Quote of the Day

This semester the interdisciplinary class has had a chance to view two movies based on novels written by Arthur C. Clarke, a science fiction author and the individual credited with the discovery of the communications satellite. In one of his many non-fiction books, "Profiles of the Future: An Inquiry into the Limits of the Possible," Clarke first stated his three Laws:

- Clarke's First Law - When a distinguished but elderly scientist states that something is possible he is almost certainly right. When he states that something is impossible, he is very probably wrong.
- Clarke's Second Law - The only way of discovering the limits of the possible is to venture a little way past them into the impossible.
- Clarke's Third Law - Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.

bites from various animals, the conditions are far from luxurious, devoid of even air-conditioning despite the sweltering heat. As China has opened up its borders to people from other nations, new ideas have influenced both Chinese culture and medicine. Over the last two decades, there has been a small, yet steady stream of expatriates into China from Europe and America. Furthermore, following the annexation of Hong Kong, many of these people have moved to either Beijing or Shanghai. With these new people come new ideas and preferences for Western medicine. Many of the doctors in Beijing that are well-versed in Western medicine have been trained by Russian doctors, who themselves have spent years studying in either St. Petersburg or Moscow. Nevertheless, acupuncture remains a strong alternative to Western medicine; it is used by many doctors to cure migraines, bone spurs, and body aches.

While Chinese medicine has distinct drawbacks in regard to caring for patients that need urgent help in emergency situations, it seems to possess many

advantages over its more touted Western counterpart. As my mentor, Dr. Li, emphasized, Western medicine depends on synthetic drugs for a “quick fix.” Although it may cure the ailment, its stress on quickness and uniformity may create major side-effects in individual patients. Instead, Chinese medicine focuses on gradual solutions to a person’s ailment. A physician meets with the patient over a long-term period to fully comprehend an individual patient and how his or her body may react in certain situations and with certain drugs. Chinese medicine also seems to be better for chronic ailments, such as asthma, bronchitis, diabetes, and nerve disorders. For example, let’s consider the nerves around the cranial, thoracic, and lumbar regions of the spinal cord. If something is ailing a patient in this region, Western medicine would usually seek out surgery. However, due to the extreme abundance of nerves in this area, surgery is precluded. With Chinese medicine, this ailment can still be cured via acupuncture, a more effective and cheaper alternative, stimulating key nodal points.

The key to many of the methodologies employed by Chinese medicine, such as acupuncture, is diligent training. As the top medical school in China, Peking University Medical College (PUMC) has a rigorous training program that is becoming employed by many other medical schools around the nation. Founded in 1917 by none other than American John Rockefeller, PUMC has only 60 spots available annually, making it super-competitive. The first two years of any medical student’s career begin at the general Peking University taking core classes (this is equivalent to our pre-med curriculum). Thereafter, students spend six years in medical school. They often follow this with a year of research and a few years of residency, most often in Internal medicine. Chinese medical students are taught techniques in both Chinese and Western medicine. While such a system may take longer, it eventually empowers the patient in providing more options for treatment and empowers the doctor by expanding his or her knowledge-base.

Slavery Reparations and Slavery Today

By David Murphy

My interest in slavery reparations was first piqued when I attended the Southern Regional Honors Council Conference in Nashville last year. The First Plenary Session was entitled “The Great Debate: Reparations - From Chattel Slavery to Racial Profiling.” Expecting a balanced presentation on the justice of slavery reparations, I was surprised when the debaters assumed that reparations should be given and proceeded to debate how those reparations should be distributed. Given the many differing views on this topic, it seemed that the only thing all of us at the meeting could agree on was that “The Great Debate” had been a divisive way to begin the conference.

My purpose in writing here is not to delve deep into the pros and cons of the reparations debate but only to share my view and set down a few observations. For my part, I am firmly against

reparations for the descendants of slaves in America. My reasons for this include the sheer impracticality of determining who should actually be paid reparations, the injustice of forcing those who have never owned slaves and are not themselves descended from slave owners to pay these reparations, and the benefits that the descendants of those slaves enjoy today. This last reason bears some explanation. While in no way justifying colonialism or slavery, it is a fact that the descendants of slaves are better off today as a result of slavery. The great African-American writer Zora Neale Hurston once said, “Slavery is the price I paid for civilization, and that is worth all that I have paid through my ancestors for it.” Dinesh D’Souza in his book *What’s So Great About America* perhaps explains it best: “Jesse Jackson is vastly better off because his ancestors were enslaved than he would have been if that had never happened. If not for slavery, Jackson and others like him would be living in Somalia, Ethiopia or Nigeria. The enormous improvement in their condition can be verified by simply

asking them whether they would consider moving to one of those places.”

Lastly, I would like to point out that, according to Anti-Slavery International, 27 million people still live in slavery. If slavery is such an all-consuming evil (as it truly is) why do reparationists continue to fight about slavery that happened over one hundred years ago when pure chattel slavery still exists in Mauritania and Sudan? For instance, in 1993, the U.S. State Department estimated that up to 90,000 blacks live as the property of North African Arabs in Mauritania. In addition, according to American Anti-Slavery Group, up to a million children in India, Nepal, and Pakistan are forced to weave carpets in unspeakable conditions, and the sex slave industry in Thailand and Southeast Asia holds millions in bondage. The reparations movement in America may eventually be successful and good may result from it, but how much more good would be done if slavery was truly ended worldwide? If you want to make a difference, go to www.iabolish.com.

Our accommodations here are awesome! We have beds. I have my own bedroom and we all have hot showers, electricity, and everything. We even have a cook named Jemima, who cooks our breakfasts and dinners. We are living like kings compared to the other groups of students. One of the other Kenya groups



has to sleep in tents. I was really lucky. We spent the whole weekend basically walking around, meeting people, and integrating ourselves into the community. Saturday we went into town to buy supplies and had a group of about 20 kids that followed us everywhere. The children are fascinated by us. Every time they see me they run around screaming “mzungu,” which means “white man.” They always get excited because they think I’m going to give them presents. And I usually do. There are two little girls that live next door to where we stay and they have all of us wrapped around their fingers. They are the cutest little girls I have ever seen, Ilvania and Harriet.

We went to church Sunday. What an experience. We walked in and everybody turned around and stared. The music was really good. It had a very stereotypical African sound. The little kids ran to us and sat in our laps during the service. We couldn’t understand what the preacher said because it was in Swahili. I was introduced to the Kenyan handshake Sunday. It’s different. I’ll just have to show you.

Everything here is unsanitary. Sewage runs down the street gutters. They can’t afford to have closed sewage like we have, so it just runs down the streets. Children walk through it barefoot.

We started work at the hospital today. I saw a natural birth and a Caesarian section. It is amazing how the hospital operates. It is so much different than what we take for a hospital in the U.S. For the Caesarian section they didn’t give the patient an epidural block, but just made her inhale ether through a mask. And there weren’t

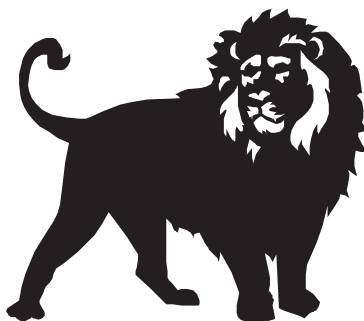
any monitors connected to her during surgery either. They simply cut her open and ripped the baby out. And once more, they didn’t even use a cauterizing iron when they cut her open. I’ve never seen a surgery without a cauterizing iron or monitors. The doctor said I could take pictures, so I’ll show you when I get back.

July 7, 2002

Hey guys!

Sorry I haven’t emailed in a while. It’s hard to find a computer around here. I’ve done a lot since the last time I emailed you. We have seen a lot of interesting cases in the hospital. Tuesday we watched Dr. Gusso remove a tumor the size of a cantaloupe from a man’s neck. It was Burkitt’s Lymphoma, which is only found in Africa from what I’m told. The man hadn’t been to the doctor in thirty years and he finally decided to come have the tumor taken out. I just don’t understand how he gauged when it got out of hand and it was time to see a doctor.

It’s amazing to see their surgeons in action. There are no monitors. They put this man under general anesthesia, but the anesthesiologist fell asleep during the

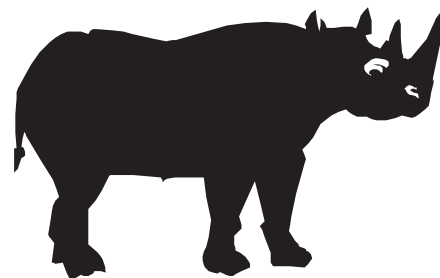


surgery! These people amaze me. I discovered while working in the Outpatient Department that they test about half the patients for HIV. What I don’t understand is why they don’t tell their patients that they test them, and they aren’t required to alert patients that test positive! It’s no wonder that AIDS is such a horrible epidemic over here. It really blew me away. A lot of the patients here end up dying, too. People wait until they absolutely have to go to the hospital because they don’t have enough money to pay the bill. I worked in the children’s ward last week and while we were off over the weekend four kids died. There were only 15 kids in there to begin with. Most of the patients have malaria or HIV with

tuberculosis. One whole ward of the hospital is dedicated to HIV patients that have tuberculosis. They are like walking skeletons. Everyday when we walk home, people stop us and talk to us. Most of them want us to help them because they think we are doctors.

We went to an elementary school last week to start a drug education project. The first thing the principal asked for was money. The school is in horrible shape. The floors are dirt; some of them have gravel down. The walls are just slats of wood with 2-inch gaps in between each slat. It’s like they are taking classes in a barn. He thinks that since we are Americans, we are automatically rich. We had to explain to him (like we explain to everybody) that not all Americans are rich, and we don’t have money to give away. We started teaching the eighth graders drug education on Thursday. Everything was going great until it started raining. The roofs are metal, so I couldn’t hear myself think when it started raining. We had to just sit there for thirty minutes until the rain quit. Things are really going well with our school projects, though.

I am surprised how well I have acclimated to the way of life around here. Now I kind of walk through town and pay little attention to the donkeys and sheep that we share the sidewalks with. I am also beginning to ignore the piles of manure that line the streets and sidewalks. The concept of a relaxing bowel movement doesn’t exist around here. But good news! I haven’t suffered from any diarrhea yet! We have been taking little trips to neighboring towns by way of matatu. A matatu is just a minivan that serves as a taxi. They are extremely uncomfortable and smell bad. When we went to Tenwek last Saturday, there were about thirty people in the matatu we rode in for an hour. Everyone has extremely pronounced body odor—they also have no problem with sitting practically in your lap. Things like that don’t bother me as much anymore.

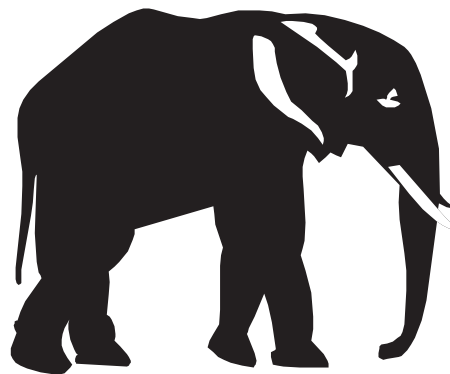
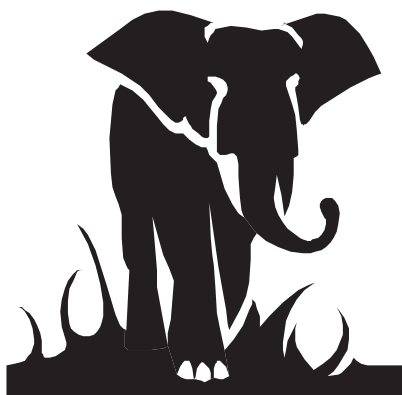


We went on a safari yesterday! We took a trip to Lake Nakuru National Park. It was so much fun! We saw giraffes, lions, rhinos, zebras and baboons. It's amazing how close you can get to them. We were about fifteen feet away from a pack of giraffes. They just ignore you like you aren't there. The baboons will let you get right next to them. We got out of the car and walked up to a family of baboons. I took a picture of one from about two feet away! It was an amazing experience. One bad thing did happen before we left, though. Our vehicle was a Nissan aptly named "Sunny." Our trip was anything but "sunny" though. The engine quit right as we were leaving Nakuru and we were stuck there for three hours. We had to give all of our money to fix it

government-operated health clinic, which is located in the middle of the Kalenjin tribe. I was shocked at what I saw there. Apparently it is the time of year when the Kalenjin people circumcise the girls that have come of age. This is a big problem around this part of the country and the tribe is notorious for it. Girls come in with horrible wounds to their... well, you know. I really just can't believe that the parents would do such a traumatic thing to their child. The parents take their twelve-year-old daughter to a witch doctor (they actually have those here), who takes either a shard of glass or a knife and slices the labia like it's a piece of meat. Of course these witch doctors don't know what they are doing, so there is a big problem with

taking. Now he is lying in the hospital slowly dying. He has sores all over his legs because of his kidney failure and is in a lot of pain. He is such a bright kid. He speaks better English than most of the adults. Every time I go to see him he won't let me leave. He starts to pout when I tell him I have to leave and won't let go of me. It's such a senseless tragedy. All of this could have been avoided if he had received proper treatment from the beginning. I try to not dwell on it too much because there's nothing I can do yet.

We have been doing a lot of travelling on the weekends. On the 13th we went to Kisumu and Lake Victoria. While we were there we went out on a canoe and paddled around a huddle of hippos. It was kind of



because the driver didn't have any money. He is supposed to refund us tomorrow. We ended up driving home at night, which is a dangerous thing in Kenya. We have been warned about bad things that happen on Kenyan roads at night. They were very true. We passed two bad accidents on the way home. I mean these cars were completely smashed. The people pass you flashing their bright lights and the roads are extremely rough. It's just something I hope I don't have to experience again. Oh well. I'm still alive and that's all that matters.

Two things I miss most: cold pasteurized milk, and a WASHING MACHINE!!

July 29, 2002

Hey everybody!

A lot has happened over the last few weeks. Last week I was working at the Sotik Dispensary. It is the local,

infections and tetanus. The girls that are circumcised will have a problem with urinary infections for the rest of their lives. They do this biannually, in July and December. Female circumcision is against the law, but nobody gets in trouble for it.

This week I've been working in the pediatric ward at the hospital. It has been a very depressing week. There aren't many patients anymore because the malaria outbreak is subsiding, but there is one child that I have become attached to this week. He originally came to the hospital with strep throat. The doctors gave him some medicine and sent him home, but the infection didn't go away. The infection then moved to his heart in the form of rheumatic heart disease, and now there is nothing the doctors can do. This week his kidneys and liver started to fail because of all the medicine he was

scary because I've heard of how dangerous they are, but I trusted that our guide knew what he was doing. We never got closer than thirty feet from them. The most exciting thing that we did there was eat at a Chinese restaurant. It was so nice. All the food here is so bland. I would chop off my left arm right now for a Domino's pizza. Last weekend another student and I went to Meru for four days. It took us eight hours to get there because the public transportation in this country is a nightmare. I have plenty of stories to go along with that. The first day, we climbed part of Mt. Kenya. The climb was pretty neat, but the exciting part was on the drive back down the mountain. On the way down, we saw ten elephants. The first one was the size of a house! I had never seen an elephant this big. He was just walking along and, when we pulled up next to him

continued on page 11

he turned around and blew his trunk at us as we took off. A few minutes later, we came upon a herd of elephants that were blocking the road. We had to sit there for about two minutes while the driver honked the horn at them. They finally moseyed off the road. The next day we went to Sweetwater's game reserve. The first thing we saw was a rhino named Morani. He is supposedly the only tame rhino in the world. We walked about a mile out in a field to chase down a rhino. I have never seen anything so crazy. When we got about fifty feet away, our guide screamed "Morani, Kuja!" which means "come," and the rhino walked up to us like a dog! It was so exciting! I couldn't believe that this rhino was letting us pet him. My friend got a picture of me leaning up against the rhino. He finally shoved me out of the way with his head and walked away.

Yesterday, we went to Massai Mara Game Reserve. It was a classic African scene. This is where the Massai tribe is located. They are the most traditional of all the Kenyan tribes. They live in mud houses and dress in traditional garb. When we went inside the park, we drove up on a pack of lions eating a warthog! We drove up and got about eight feet away from them. They pretended they didn't notice us. It's awesome to see all these things that you normally only see on the Discovery Channel. We could hear them ripping the tissue and bone as they devoured the warthog. I nearly wet myself. That's pretty much all that we've seen and done in a nutshell.

I forgot to mention that last week the President of Kenya came to Sotik to give a speech. It was the biggest thing that has happened to this town in a long time. All the kids had a day off of school to go see

him. Danielle and I went to watch him give his speech at about one o'clock. We stood there in the hot African sun for about thirty minutes when a guard spotted us, the only white people in the crowd, and pulled us aside. He told us that we should be up in the VIP tent, which was right next to the President's tent. They escorted us back there and sat us down in the district commissioner's chair. I kind of felt bad because we have only been here for five weeks and we got to sit in the VIP tent when most of these people have lived in this hell hole for their entire lives and have to swelter in the sun.

We are leaving for a travel week Friday and will head to Mombasa, a coastal town on the Indian Ocean. I'll get home on August tenth and I'm pretty much ready. Despite what everyone said, I haven't been miserable and I have had a wonderful experience. I can't wait to see everyone again!

Rape Response

Mandy Haeuser

Last year Sravanya Gavini and Rozalyn Farmer decided to get involved with Rape Response, an organization within the Jefferson County Crisis Center. More recently, Barkha Manne and Reesha Shah went through training and joined the volunteer team.

As volunteer counselors for Rape Response, these women are on call for two 12-hour shifts each month. If there is a rape reported during their shift, they go and help the person deal with his/her trauma. The victims can go either to a hospital or to a sexual assault facility, depending on their needs. Once the victim arrives, he/she must endure a very invasive exam in order to collect evidence that may be used to prosecute the attacker. The counselor talks the victim through the process and explains all medical, legal, and counseling services available to him/her.

Mostly, however, the counselors talk to the women or men who have been raped about whatever they seem to need to talk about. Often victims of rape blame themselves, so counselors often address that issue. In addition, the counselors are trained to know how to

talk to victims and those close to them about all issues relating to rape.

Unfortunately, services like those offered by Rape Response are very much in need in Alabama and all around the country. On average, 3.8 rapes are reported every day, and Rape Response sends a volunteer counselor in response to each case. Nationally the number of completed rapes is sadly still increasing, and according to FBI statistics "about 80% of rapes go unreported."

Rape Response was started in 1975 to help the growing number of victims begin their healing process as early as possible. Though only women are allowed to volunteer as Rape Response counselors, men are welcome and encouraged to volunteer in other aspects of the Crisis Center such as the Suicide Hotline, the Teen Line, Kid's Line and other counseling services.

If interested, don't hesitate to get involved! Call 323-7782 or email Rape Response Program Coordinator Nancy Falls at nancyfalls@yahoo.com for more information. Not only is this a wonderful opportunity to learn more about yourself, but also it's an incredible opportunity for you to make a difference in peoples' lives when they need it most.

*All statistics were obtained from Rape Response

And Once Again, It's On

Mo McKinstry

Once again Arrington and HP team up together. The UAB Honors Program has been partners with 7th-grade students at Arrington Middle School for three years. It has been a wonderful experience for the students as well as for the Honors Program. In the past years, we have created everything from green houses to ethnographies. Since this year's topic is "Origins", (you should know this by now), we are dealing with science. Our goal this year is to help our buddies at Arrington understand science by taking a hands-on approach. The projects range from "Electrophoretic Analysis of Flower Pigments" to "Efficacy of Activated Carbon Filters in Removing Organic Contaminants." We keep daily logs on what goes on in our group and also have fun. Although some projects are harder than others, as a team, we can work anything out. Amanda Hauser, a second-year student exclaims "After just one meeting, I'd say this year holds great promise!" We meet every other Tuesday at Arrington Middle school from 2:00-3:15.

Thanks go to Barbara Watson and Eric Funches for their commitment to Arrington and the Honors Program. Keep up the good work.

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