

Ka Leo O Hawai'i



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THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI'I AT MĀNOA

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'Power of the people' protest pulls against war

By Lisa Huynh

Ka Leo Associate News Editor

Chanting "ain't no power like the power of the people 'cuz the power of the people don't stop," about 100 participants marched from Kennedy Theatre to Campus Center, protesting war against Iraq.

Making up a small part of the whole, the group at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa joined others around the nation yesterday in a National Day of Student/Youth Action organized by the Not In Our Name project based in New York City.

"It was announced at the Not In My Name Web site a couple of weeks ago, and we just jumped onto the bandwagon," said event organizer Bjorn Marsen, an assistant researcher at the University of Hawai'i.

First-time protester Carrie Shklov called the event "interesting." The junior in social work says of the demonstration, "It was the first opportunity that I had to get involved in something that I believe in, something peaceful."

Shklov was joined by other first-time participants, including graduate student Keith Matthews, who just happened to walk up into the march. "When I heard about it, I wanted to see what the speakers had to say," Matthews said.

Hanalei resident and retired art professor Maryland Pollock flew in from Kaua'i. "I live on Kaua'i and am really interested in how active you guys are in O'ahu and the university. I'm a full-time activist on Kaua'i. But this is great what is going on at UH because this is where the thinkers are," she said.



ANDREW SHIMABUKU • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Nicky Wee leads the crowd as they march down McCarthy Mall in an anti-war chant during a rally held Wednesday afternoon at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa.

The march not only attracted participants but spectators as well. Engineer John Balogh wasn't part of the march, but he came down from his office in the Geophysics building when he heard all the commotion outside. "I think they are idiots," he said of the protesters. "They don't give a hell about the country, they don't give a hell about innocent people being killed."

Balogh, who was born and raised in Hungary, said he came to this

country for freedom. "I come from a communist country of terrorism and brutality," he said. "I fought against communism when I was 18 years old in 1956. We lost the revolution, so we had to leave," he said.

The protest angered Balogh, he being the first to express his emotions, "Believe me, this makes my blood boil."

"They don't know what freedom is. They are abusing the freedom," he said.

Professor of social work and participant Joel Fischer felt otherwise: "I think we are already at war. Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld and Ashcroft — they are doing everything to take away human rights. These are war lovers."

When Balogh was fighting communism in 1956, Fischer was sheltering a Hungarian immigrant who fought against communism. "I understand their struggle, and we are fighting the same thing," said Fischer.

He explains that the United States is becoming just like any left- or right-wing dictatorship, saying that "minority rights are being taken away, exactly what we accused others of doing."

Fischer says that he and Balogh should be fighting for the same thing, human rights.

Through and through, Fischer emphasized the symbolism of youth participation, "This country depends on you guys (college students), we (his generation) failed," said Fischer.

Charles Paul, member of Not in Our Name and a freelance programmer, says that there are other events on the horizon. "I'd say there should be one between January 18 and 20 and one in early December."

For individuals who may be intimidated at the thought of being labeled an "activist," Fischer says that they should talk to one person at a time. "Follow along until you feel comfortable. You can't let authority dictate your life," he said.

The march began at 11:30 a.m. in front of Kennedy Theatre and passed through Manoa's lower campus to Campus Center and back. The rally took place at 12:30 p.m. and continued until 1:30 p.m.



ANDREW SHIMABUKU • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Travis Thompson recites his poem entitled "Son of My Forefathers" before a student forum protesting a war on Iraq, following the anti-war march as passers-by look on.

Senate resolves Prez's faux pas

Faculty Senate tables censure resolution; adds changes to reorganization

By Beth Fukumoto

Ka Leo Associate News Editor

"Everybody fucks up some- time."

Those were the words of University of Hawai'i President Evan Dobbelle yesterday morning when he met with Faculty Senate representatives to discuss their objections to not being included in the system-wide reorganization proposal, according to a representative from the Manoa Faculty Senate Committee on Administration and Budget.

In the wake of neglecting to consult the senate on the proposal, which the Board of Regents will vote on this Friday, Dobbelle and Interim Vice President for Academic Affairs Deane Neubauer faced a proposed resolution for censure from the senate yesterday.

After an hour of discussion, the senate tabled the resolution for censure - so that it can be discussed at a later meeting - in favor of a second resolution that asked the administration to consult them on future faculty-impacting endeavors.

Frank Sansone, a liaison officer with the senate's committee on administration and budget, which proposed the censure, said the administration never consulted the senate during the creation of the proposal.

He said the censure vote was necessary because communication between faculty and administration "is an integral part of American higher education."

In response to the senate's objections and move to censure, Neubauer and Dobbelle met with Faculty Senate representatives yesterday morning to discuss the issues before the Faculty Senate meeting, where the senate would vote.

After the morning meeting, Michael Forman, president of the Faculty Senate and associate professor of linguistics, said: "It was a challenging meeting, and I think we made some progress."

Sansone said after the meeting: "I think the people at the meeting

See Faux Pas, page 2

TODAY IN HISTORY

ON NOVEMBER 21, 1877, AMERICAN INVENTOR, EDISON ANNOUNCES HIS INVENTION OF THE PHONOGRAPH. HIS WORK WITH A STYLUS ON A TINFOIL CYLINDER RECORDED AND PLAYED BACK SOUND.

SURF FORECAST

SOUTH SHORE 0-2 FEET
 EAST SHORE 3-5 FEET
 WEST SHORE 7-14 FEET
 NORTH SHORE 15-20 FEET
 HIGH SURF ADVISORY — NW-FACING SHORES

TODAY'S WEATHER



MOSTLY CLEAR
 ISOLATED SHOWERS
80-85°
 TRADES 10-20 M.P.H.

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Hormone remains controversial

By Christy B. Logan
The Daily Iowan
 (U. Iowa)

(U-WIRE) IOWA CITY, Iowa — At 4 a.m. on the Misty View Dairy Farm, 20 minutes from Iowa City, Iowa, mass production and economics take over when owner Dave Watkins rises to milk his 45-head of Holstein cows.

He has been in the business of producing milk for nearly 40 years, and he largely credits a genetically engineered hormone for his cows' ability to produce up to 325 gallons of milk per day.

"I use it on a daily basis and don't plan on stopping," Watkins said. "It's profitable. The cows naturally produce the (hormone), and the milk from cows who are on (recombinant bovine growth hormone) is no different from those who are not."

The synthetic hormone rBGH, which is used to increase milk production in lactating cows, remains a point of controversy for dairy consumers.

Since its approval by the Federal Food and Drug Administration in 1993, the highly controversial hor-

mone found in milk and other dairy products — such as yogurt, cottage cheese and ice cream — has some wondering whether rBGH affects humans who partake of products made from cows injected with it.

Opponents of the hormone contend that rBGH causes serious adverse effects in both cows and humans.

According to a report from the Animal Welfare Institute, rBGH has been linked to painful udder infections and crippling lameness in cows. Such cows are also more likely to suffer infertility, gastrointestinal disorders and a high incidence of disease, requiring greater amounts of antibiotics than an rBGH-free cow, the report further stated. Among humans, drinking rBGH milk contributes to prostate and breast cancer, abnormal growth spurts in infants and immunological damage.

"It's gearing agriculture toward mass production — ending the family farmer," said Jon Fogarty, the dairy manager at New Pioneer Co-op. "It has been linked to the early onset of puberty and menopause."

The synthetic hormone, which mirrors a naturally occurring hormone produced by cows and

humans, allows animals to increase milk production by nearly 10 to 15 percent once it is injected at two-week increments. According to Watkins, lactation decreases about 60-75 days after a cow has given birth.

"There is a misconception about using anything that's genetically engineered," said University of Iowa biology Professor Emeritus Eugene Spaziani, who has studied the growth hormone for more than 40 years.

Spaziani said dairy buyers need not worry about being affected by the hormone. Amino acids found in the stomach would destroy rBGH during the digestive process if it appeared in milk, he said. In order to do serious harm to humans, the hormone would have to be directly injected into the blood stream, he added.

Representatives of Monsanto, the St. Louis-based company that first produced the hormone nearly eight years ago, report that nearly one-third of the nine million U.S. dairy cows are injected with rBGH.

The synthetic hormone has been banned in Canada and the European Union, the report says, concluding that it compromises a cow's health and well-being.

Faux pas: Proposal now includes 'dialogue' clause

From page 1

understands that the faculty is very concerned about being consulted whenever plans are being made that affects academic programs. It is our understanding that the administration will consult with us in the future."

Sansone also said that the administration showed the faculty a revised draft of the reorganization proposal that addressed the senate's concerns.

The revised reorganization includes:

- A one-year limit to the vice president for international education position, followed by an international search for a replacement.
- An international search for the vice president for academic affairs, the position currently held by Neubauer.
- And language that requires the administration to consult the faculty in the future on faculty-relevant structural changes.

In response to the administration's apologies, the committee that originally proposed the resolution presented the second resolution, which was eventually passed, to the senate at 3 p.m. yesterday.

Instead of a motion to censure the administration, the revised resolution stated that: "(the) Manoa Faculty Senate expects that the university faculty senates will be

consulted with sufficient time for meeting with full review in the process of defining the specific roles and functions and operational plans for the system-level offices and ascertaining the potential impact on academic programs and the budgetary policy."

In particular, the resolution requests that the president or his designee meet with the senate to develop a consultative process to further communication between the system-wide administration and the faculty.

Some senators argued that the resolution did not address the administration's failure to give the senate a chance to review the reorganization proposal.

And they suggested that Dobelle be asked to not present the proposal to the BOR until the senate has reviewed it further.

In response to his colleagues' concerns, Sansone said: "(Dobelle) basically pleaded with us not to go that route because his back was against the wall. ... In order for him to go to the legislature, he's promised them not to ask for more funds until he has a new plan in place.

"It's a really sad situation. I don't feel very comfortable encouraging you to vote on this. Because, basically, he put the gun to our head. If we vote against this, we are basically shooting his opportunity to go to the legislature on our behalf."

According to Sansone, the appropriate changes to the proposal have been made, and it is the "honorable" thing to allow Dobelle to present the proposal to the BOR.

Sansone said a specific concern with the proposal itself was that the reorganization "would lead to a decrease in autonomy by the different campuses."

He added that the original proposal created a new bureaucracy that gave the administration the power to manage and direct instead of coordinate and facilitate.

Receding tides reveal new Roxy reality show

By Lauren Sumida

Ka Leo Contributing Columnist

This is a true story of 12 girls, picked to travel the world surfing, while having their lives taped, to see what happens when girls stop being polite and start getting real.

The Real World, Roxy style.

Bringing a new kind of reality show to its viewers, MTV and Roxy have teamed up to travel across the country, holding casting calls at selected Quiksilver Boardriders Clubs. In the most recent stop, the Quiksilver Boardriders Club in Waikiki, young women surfers traveled across the state in hopes of becoming the next Surfing wahine juggernaut, Lisa Andersen.

One hopeful, having missed the casting call in California, flew to Hawai'i just to try out. "I would rather have been rejected in Hawai'i than in North Carolina or Florida, where other casting calls are taking place later this month," she said.

MTV and Roxy are choosing 12 finalists to travel and train at surf spots including Australia, Costa Rica, Fiji and Tahiti. In a "Survivor-style" elimination format, these surfers will be tested in winter swells for 45 days with hopes of earning a wild card entry into a Pro Surfing event, and a Grand Prize sponsorship.

Always the innovator, it comes as no surprise that Roxy has teamed



LAUREN SUMIDA • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

UH students Cassy Cotzin, Crystal Cotzin, and Sarah Fisher wait for their interviews at the Quiksilver Boardriders Club in Waikiki

up with MTV to produce such a concept. We all know someone who eats, breathes and sleeps surfing; this just gives us a closer look at what it's really like. Since "Blue Crush" opened this past summer, surf camps around the United States have had an overwhelming increase in attendance.

More and more girls were seen in surf lineups and companies that once catered to men only are now sprouting women's lines hoping to broaden their audience. Gallaz, owned by Globe Skate Shoes, is not only interested in producing women's shoes, but is now venturing into women's apparel as well.

As each year goes by, Roxy expands its growing schedule of events to become more accessible to young women around the globe. By sponsoring surf camps on both coasts of the United States and holding annual surf events like the Roxy Pro and Roxy Surf Jam in Hawai'i and France, Roxy helps to expose young women to the potential of their surfing.

Roxy is not only known for surfing, but has been gaining popularity in other board sports too. Through sponsoring elite athletes like Lisa Anderson, four-time Women's Surfing World Champion and Stine Brun-Kjeldaa, the Silver Medalist in Snowboarding at the Nagano Olympics, it was only a matter of time before Roxy would conquer the world of women's board sports.

Since the emergence of women's surfing, Roxy has been on the fashion forefront. Being the first company to make women's boardshorts, it was also the first company to sponsor women athletes and create an ad campaign around the team. Pairing up with MTV will be the most recent venture of this decade-old company.

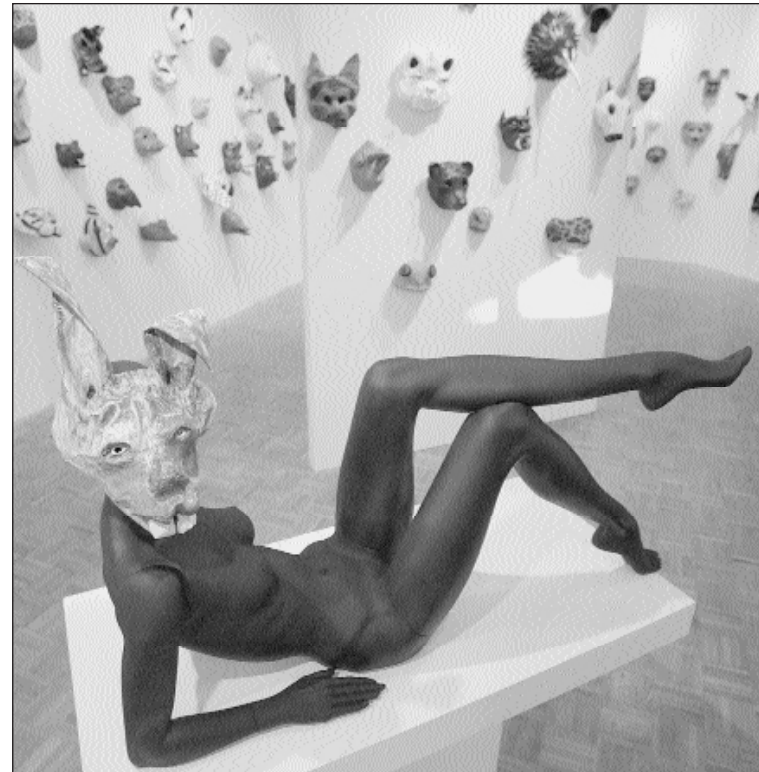
By choosing 12 surfers who all have the drive to come out on top, it'll be interesting to see who survives the cut. Stay tuned to MTV next summer and be prepared to be amazed.



LAUREN SUMIDA • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Applicants waiting for their turn to be interviewed fill out forms while in line at the Waikiki Boardriders Club

What's up, Doc?



ANDREW SHIMABUKU • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

A black mannequin poses with a rabbit mask among a sea of others crafted by various University of Hawai'i at Manoa students of Art 101. The gallery of masks entitled "Where the Wild Things Are" is currently on display at the Art Building.

OPINIONS ON DRUGS

Page 4 | Thursday, November 21, 2002

Editor: Lance Collins | (808) 956-3214 | opinions@kaleo.org

2C-B feels like E, just much better

Users experience the Blessed Virgin



**Go Ask
Alice
2C-B**

I will try first to describe the general feeling of 2C-B. It comes on very smoothly and feels "round" in all aspects. There is a "synthetic feeling," a "laboratory taste" to it, that reminds me of acid, only lacking the edginess. All is round. The visuals are truly extraordinary. Everything is swimming and undulating.

In the periphery of vision, bright flashes of light appear and disappear like tiny hi-speed comets. It feels a bit like being inside a soap bubble looking out through rose-colored glasses. Inanimate objects just morph around, but plants have a special quality of aliveness to them. The most striking thing is that the light is broken into specific frequencies. For instance, when I took a shower, all the drops of water on my body reflected different colors; my feet looked like they had been adorned with small precious stones.

Then there is some giddiness and lightheadedness. My body felt very relaxed but, at the same time, I felt restless and could not sit or lie down longer than a few minutes. While chatting with a friend, I exploded a couple of times in a helpless fit of a laughter — that sort of hysterical laughter that begins with a funny remark but then starts to feed itself until you're suffocating. I did not explore microbes much, but at some point I saw slowly moving amoeba.

So much for the ambience. Now, does it rate as a major psychedelic? My answer is definitely Yes, although you're not likely to get the full experience if you're attending a social gathering. I initially took 20 mg and went to meet a friend then later visited a bar — there was no disruption of ego, no feeling of being spaced out. I had a marvelous time, but was too distracted to feel anything profound, but next morning just before sunrise I took 15 mg alone with highly interesting results.

Like good ecstasy, 2C-B opens up a window to the sensual/feeling-center of one's being. It doesn't pour out in the form of universal empathy and joyfulness. It is more

introverted. It's not at all "spiritual" in the classical highbrow sense. It's very raw and sexual.

I first felt like being some sort of man-beast, a hungry, lean predator like Hesse's "The Steppenwolf." I affirmed the existence of animal urges within me, which was very unusual me. But I'm telling you, it was really good. Then it became a journey to that ball of energy burning inside me.

I had insights like the epic poetry of Blake; the torment and bliss of sexuality, the active male principle lost in the labyrinthine Eternal Female, squeezed and then elongated; became Ariadne's thread, then appeared as raging Voice in the Wilderness, only to be placated by apparition of Blessed Virgin; Mother-Goddess Maya, the wily bitch gained upper hand once again, then Yahweh brought down fire on Lovely Rita Meter Maid.

I experienced all kinds of strange emotions. I was moved nearly to tears and then again I felt something like despair. If one would see the full extent of the game being played, it would drive one mad because it was absolutely meaningless. Of course, that too would be only one particular act, one particular level.

I felt intensely that the only real objective in life was to make oneself so "transparent" so that all could see this fire burning inside. Yet, we all cover it up with all kinds of bullshit. We do it automatically and unwittingly. Associated with this insight, there was a vision of the sensual core as a temple where the terrible secret of God was housed: endless fury, pain, and infinite tenderness perfectly entwined. Outside its walls, angels faced each other, putting a finger on the other's lips, making a sign of silence.

I wanted to mention that music sounds wonderful on 2C-B. It's not like on 'shrooms, when you can "enter" the music, but you thoroughly resonate with the feeling-tone of the piece you're listening to. I would recommend "evocative" classical music, like Tchaikovsky or Schumann, if you don't mind a bit of madness in the background. I suppose Verdi would be a good choice. Or you may dig up a record you used to enjoy a lot, but haven't listened to for years. It will be like hearing it for the first time, and the static only enhances the pleasure.

Seeds helped me discover infinity



**Go Ask
Alice
Morning Glory**

I ordered a pack of Morning Glory seeds from eBay. We chewed 75 each. Since it was our first journey into the world of hallucinogenic drugs, we didn't want to take too much. I felt as if I were racing at high speeds through a tunnel, but at the same time remaining completely still.

It seemed that I was in the correct state of mind and everything else had gone mad. The people on the television were appalling. Fake in every way, doing everything possible to "fit in" and be accepted by society. It was disgusting, so I put on "Dark Side of the Moon." I felt every note played, every word spoken.

Somehow, it got turned off. I guess my friend did it. The more I looked around and watched TV, the more hatred and disappointment I felt towards the human race. Such magnificence, such potential, yet almost unwilling to use it. It was hell in a sense to see the human race in such a raw, unpolished form. Monkey-like, just another animal.

As I looked closer at a crumb in my water, it ballooned into various large objects. A hot air balloon at first, then it appeared to be a planet floating in space, then a universe. Thus, my theory of infinity was born. There was indeed a universe inside that tiny crumb. And even smaller crumbs inside that tiny universe, and so on, forever. Earth is just another crumb and we are smaller crumbs. This probably sounds like a bunch of gibberish to everyone else, but it makes perfect sense to me now.

The second time I ate more. About 150-200 seeds. It was around midnight when I ate them, on an empty stomach, I might add. After two hours or so, I still felt no effects and assumed that it wasn't going to work. It was then 2 a.m., so I attempted to get some sleep. No sooner than my head hit the pillow, I began to break out in cold sweats. I was getting very tired so I tried to ignore it and go to sleep but it wouldn't be that easy.

Just as I was falling asleep, I was jerked awake again by what felt like muscle spasms in my head. "Shit," I thought, "I'm going to die." I awoke at 5:30 a.m. and felt fine. I walked outside and everything changed. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen — my front yard. The grace of the birds, the determination of the ants marching on the concrete beside my feet.

I've been to hell, I've been to heaven, or so it feels. I've had both good and bad experiences with it and came out with good and bad feelings toward everything. I am nothing, yet I am infinite.

Salvia guided me to understand 'Beauty'



**Go Ask
Alice
Salvia**

I had finally obtained some powerful enhanced Salvia leaf. I turned out all the lights, filled the bowl, and put on my favorite trip music. I filled up the bowl again and things became interesting.

I decided to play Pachelbel's Canon and see how this would affect the trip. It is an incredibly beautiful piece of music and I cannot stress how important music is to psychedelic experiences, especially with a substance as easy to work with and as malleable as I find Salvia to be. To me music is an important part of my life and the contribution that Canon made to the setting cannot be underemphasized.

I saw people standing in front of me. One of them was pushing something into my head and I could feel it piercing my skull. He continued until it was all the way in and then the people vanished. I was floating in black space above my head. I realized that I was probably going to go back into my body at some point. It was a pity because it was so sad that in this space I could be anybody. Soon I would be me again and I realized that I did not want to be me. After floating in this netherspace for a while, I somehow re-entered my body. I thought this was where the trip would end.

Instead, it was where it became interesting. Up until now, it had

been a rather normal trip; enjoyable and different, but nothing special. I opened my eyes and was back in reality. When I rested my head in my hands, I saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life: a forest scene — totally in tune with nature, devoid of the ravages of man. I felt so thankful to be able to witness this beauty and I heard a voice whisper in my ear: "You're Welcome."

Eventually, it faded. As I sat there listening to the music, I realized how beautiful everything was. I saw my soul, like clear glass, and inside it was everything that was beautiful in the world; then a phrase hit me: "Beauty is Soul and Soul is Beauty." I hurried over to my computer and just wrote down a string of consciousness about the beauty of everything. I remembered a quote I'd heard on a Salvia trip weeks before (said by a spirit guide when I asked what he was): "The question is not what am I, the question is, what are you?" I realized how important that was, how in order to find beauty in the world, we must first look inside ourselves.

I took more from this experience than a few trippy visuals. I experienced more from this trip after I came down than I have from any other source in my life. I know it sounds odd, but I truly feel that I learned something important, a secret that stays secret in its obviousness. Afterwards, I went outside and looked around at the plants, the trees, the buildings, the people, and I realized that they were all beautiful.

Wine lingered on — even after shut-eye



**Go Ask
Alice
Alcohol**

My regular drug choices are caffeine and refined sugars. I don't typically extend my consciousness beyond the infrequent effects of caffeine and refined sugars. These are mind altering drugs.

But the other week, my friends had a birthday party at an upscale Honolulu restaurant. It was a wonderful party with lots of food. They broke open a three liter bottle of wine. Not many people were drinking, but I decided that since I wasn't going to be driving home, I'd drink.

I downed the first glass pretty fast. It wasn't the typical red wine I have encountered in my life. It seemed to be a little watery. In any event, I drank another few glasses with dinner. I definitely began to become buzzed. My previous experiences with alcohol were not very pleasant. I always ended up going to bed feeling very alone in the world and didn't sleep well — being pissy the whole next day.

In any event, I found the birthday girl and we danced to whatever random slow-song was serenading the restaurant. Knowing I was buzz-

ing, she was being playful about the whole thing. My sense of comedy was heightened. Not only did I get into several laughing fits — where they start out laughing at something silly and then being unable to stop — but I also was able to make everything funny.

Heat was radiating from my body and at times my face turned bright red — turning red with little relation to the introduction of alcohol into my body. The evening was rather pleasant — good times with great friends.

I had a little trouble falling asleep, but I didn't experience the loneliness that usually came with drinking. My sleep was rather short and I had a hard time waking up. When I got to the gym, I didn't feel quite right.

Most of the day's routines were extremely difficult. When I laid on my stomach to do leg curls, the room kept moving although I had come to a complete stop. That was when I realized I was still drunk. I began hysterically laughing. I finished my routine and tried to run off the drunkenness.

The rest of the day was okay. After my shower, I didn't feel drunk anymore. It was an unusual experience that I'll probably limit to once or twice a year. The benefits and costs are about even and I enjoy my sleep.

The Voice of Hawai'i

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Cigarette smoking deviates from traditional Egyptian social values



**Salam
Hawaii**

Mona Darwich-Gatto
Board of Publications Member

Nicotine. Even I have had experiences with it. I remember when I first smelled it. As a young child born and raised in Brazil, most of our housemaids smoked. My mother would tell them, "Please, smoke outside, in the backyard." When I was five or six years old, one of our maids left her cigarettes in our social bathroom and I tried it out. Oh, boy! I coughed so much! It had a peculiar smell.

In 1992, my father decided to move our family to Egypt — my parents' land. We faced cultural shock, and my parents started to grow apart. They were raising nine children in a new country, and the stress was taking its toll on them. Talks about divorce became a routine in our home. My mother left the house for a month to think about the future of the marriage. I noticed that the eldest family "counselor" of my parents smoked a lot, and while he smoked, he offered my parents to smoke, too. My parents decided to stay in the marriage after all.

For me, cigarettes represented a deviant behavior. How could my parents, who looked as devout Muslims, be smoking? I mean, my mother covered her face, and my father dressed as an Arab with a turban and everything. Seeing them smoking was not matching in my radar. Then, I learned, they are humans after all. Later, I also learned that my maternal grandmother, maternal aunts and uncles smoked. In Egypt, just like it

was in the West in the 1940s to the 1970s, smoking was fashionable — it meant that you were modern. But for my parents, it marked a new phase in their lives.

In my teenage years, I experimented with cigarettes when I was depressed. I wanted to be an adult, and smoking was an adult thing to do, right? It was an occasional thing. I still did not learn how to inhale; I just enjoyed the pleasure of smelling a Marlboro Light.

Nowadays in Egypt, it is rare to see a female smoking because it's not socially acceptable. Of course, men are allowed to smoke freely. If I wanted to smoke, someone had to offer me a cigarette in the tourist areas so that others would assume I was not from there and nobody would bother me. The pipe, or the "hukas" is a big thing there. It has no filters, but it comes with many flavors. However, smoking nicotine never became an addiction or a routine because I did not want to waste my money on it.

I decided that I would rather spend my money on clothing. I would rather make a statement with my clothing than by hurting my health.

The last time I visited my mother in Egypt was two years ago. She still smokes in secret after meals and before she goes to bed. I thought of bringing her American Marlboro cigarettes, but I decided not to buy them. She is my only mother — I want her to live long and stop smoking cigarettes.

However, it is hard to tell her to stop. She was a widow since last year, with seven of my siblings still in her care. Cigarettes are one of the few things she gets pleasure from, for better or for worse.

Smokers suffer from penis envy, we all suffer from polluted air



**Stout
Minds**

Christopher Mikesell
Ka Leo Staff Columnist

I'm sick and tired of smoking. I'm sick of it because I'm disgusted when I find myself even downwind of burning tobacco or marijuana and tired of it because, ultimately, I know that the putrid fumes it produces will hurt me in the long run. Why are we looking for weapons of mass destruction halfway around the world when joints and pipes are here, puffing in our faces with impunity? Why can't we do something to control this epidemic?

Look, to be fair, I'm not saying that smokers are necessarily bad. I'm one of those people who subscribes to the notion that, as long as what you do doesn't injure anyone else, you can write the expiration date on your birth certificate as early as you want. Some would prefer the more destructive members of society to remove themselves from the gene pool sooner rather than later, but that's their preference. I may not object to smokers in and of themselves, but then again, I don't object to Darwinism either.

But as soon as people who smoke infringe on the breathing space of the people who choose not to, I get a bit incensed myself. Of course, people do have the right to smoke. People also have the right to bungee jump with rubber bands. People have the right to go into space without protection (which would, no doubt, come in handy if you landed on the planet of lusty alien romantics). People have the right to make shows like MTV's "Jackass," for goodness sakes. Nobody said that everything people

have the right to do has to make any kind of sense in order for it to be legal in a just society.

So, people have the right to be somewhat self-destructive. But, while those rights exist, people also have the obligation to be responsible about how they try to kill themselves. Take Oregon for instance. Oregon's euthanasia program is very exact about how you are to bump yourself off, prescribing a long sequence of pills to be taken over an extended period of time. It's safe for those around you, it's very precise about its limitations, and it gives you a lot of time to think about whether or not you should be taking that last pill.

The Oregon pill method is a lot more efficient than the road smoking takes you down. Euthanasia pills can be likened to a single sniper going into hostile territory and dispatching a single Iraqi target, whereas smoking and its derivative product, second-hand smoke, are more akin to aiming nuclear warheads at downtown Baghdad and sitting back to watch the fireworks show. Not-so-messy or very messy. Hard choice.

Think about it. What exactly do people do when they smoke these things? They stick them between their lips, suck, and blow. It's amazing; some of these devices are even marketed for superior flavor. Some are minty-fresh menthol flavored, and others are advertised as smooth and long-lasting.

No doubt these are favorable traits to have in a rod-shaped, orally applied appliance — it's not like smokers are about to stick them anywhere else, right? But please, smokers, have enough decency to keep your habits behind closed doors, beyond my range of vision, or smell, for that matter.

Nitrous is no laughing matter



**GO ASK
ALICE
Nitrous**

Last week, while sitting and chatting in Subway, a lady friend of mine told me that she had tried Nitrous Oxide for the first time the night before. The first thing she recommended was that I try it at least once. I agreed, and we went over to the local porn emporium, which is known to distribute it.

We weaved through aisles displaying videos for those with anal and goat fetishes and finally arrived at the main counter. After splitting the cost of a pack, \$10 each, we drove to a park near my house and found a dark corner to stop the car.

Keeping an eye out for any Five-0 prowling the neighborhood, we busted out the shit. She was the first to partake, in order to show me the proper method. Never before have I witnessed a female having an orgasm without any form of sexual contact until that moment when Nozzie inhaled a balloon-full of NO2.

After dropping the balloon, she leaned back in her seat and began moaning. Her back arched as her eyes closed and lips parted. As her breasts reached toward the night sky, Mitsie's head moved from side to side as purring, quaking whispers softly poured from her throat. After about 30 seconds passed, she lay back in her seat, sighed, and smiled contentedly.

Needless to say, at that moment, I wanted nothing more than to breathe pure Nitrous Oxide into my lungs.

So I did. Being a nervous NO2 virgin, my first inhalation wasn't

as spectacular as I had expected. Although I did experience mild sound distortion and a sense of complete bodily relaxation, it didn't have the same power upon me as it seemed to have had upon Mitsie. I was disappointed as hell.

But Mitsie had the perfect cure for that: she told me to close my eyes and wait a few minutes. When I opened them, she had a new balloon prepared for me — a double dosage of NO2. I thanked her and prepared myself: exhaling completely, I cleared my lungs of all oxygen. Inhaling completely, I filled them with the cool, sweet gas and continued the pattern of inhalation/exhalation into the pink punching balloon. After four repetitions, I began to feel the night close around me.

Enjoying the sudden onrush of sensory distortion and closing my eyes, I continued to breathe from the balloon. Suddenly appearing behind my eyelids was a white mass, strands and patterns of greenish purple dancing throughout. I felt all physical sensations disappear as I became something else, something divine, something that could SEE reality for what it was. While, in truth, the "orgasm" of the NO2 high lasted for a grand total of 10 seconds, it felt as though time meant nothing and that I was on a journey through forever.

For the next round, she and I decided to enjoy a simultaneous experience. We both agreed that a double-dose would be perfect. Before inhaling, I put one of my favorite new CDs in the player: A Perfect Circle's "Mer de Noms." I played the song "Orestes," and we prepared ourselves for the next round.

As the world disappeared, the vocals of Maynard James Keenan and the atmosphere of the music

pressed me into a void where the music acted as a soundtrack to a land of perfection. While there, I felt nothing but content. As the most potent effects wore off, the intensity of "Orestes" increased, creating a perfect balance for the situation. I stared at the carpeted inner roof of my car and enjoyed the beauty of the moment as Mitsie's NO2 orgasm reached its crescendo.

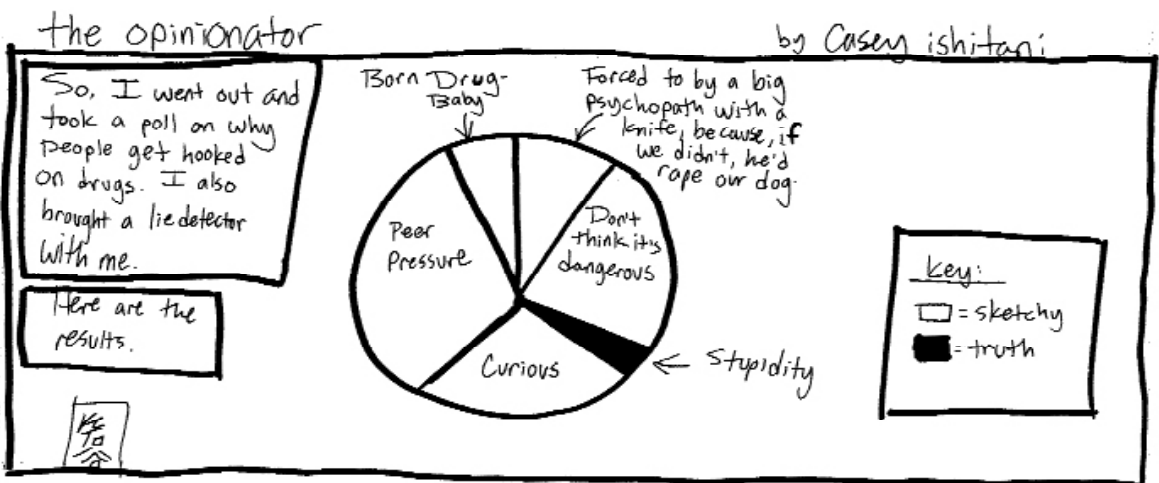
What happened next will go down in the annals of my life.

As the song continued, a lyric that perfectly represented the situation was sung by Maynard: "One more medicated peaceful moment." So so so true. Breathing in a toxic gas that we bought at a XXX video store, this girl Mitsie and I had discovered a sense of peace that we had never felt before. When I told her this, she merely sighed and emitted a final groan. In the state of transcendental realization that I was feeling, the beauty that lay beside me in the dark car seemed beyond what was real. To see if she truly existed, I moved to kiss her lips.

It was passion at its fullest. Our first kiss, our first taste of each other's life. Amazing.

Feverishly, we filled the balloons again, another double. Inhaled, exhaled. Kissed. Only one part of me felt her lips and tongue against mine, the physicality of me. My spirit body felt pure, burning, molten human flesh coursing down my throat and throughout my veins. Her breath became my breath, her flesh my flesh, and her soul my soul.

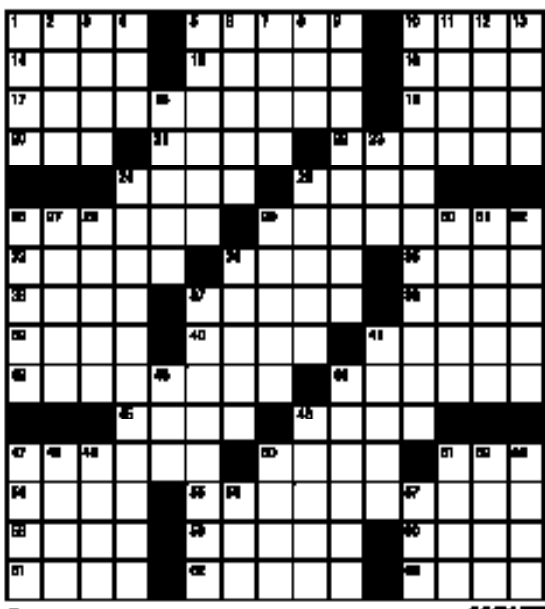
Ten minutes later, we lay on the cool grass in the center of the park with our limbs intertwined. Our eyes stared into the black sky and its burning white embers, our humanity slowly returning to us, but our minds never to be the same.



COMICS & CROSSWORD

Crossword

- ACROSS**
- 1 Striky vessel
 - 5 Lourens
 - 10 Fishing wing
 - 14 Bandurky's lake
 - 15 Reader's dock
 - 18 Track shape
 - 17 Philanthropist
 - 19 Slip-on slipper
 - 20 Instant lawn
 - 21 Disinformation
 - 22 Personal instability
 - 24 Immature
 - 25 Makes a decision
 - 26 George of "Diary"
 - 29 Left without parents
 - 33 Kicks
 - 34 Motor add-on?
 - 35 Galena's resident
 - 36 Hideout
 - 37 Stuffed
 - 38 Afghanistan's neighbor
 - 39 Creamy shade
 - 40 Addict
 - 41 Throbs
 - 42 Inland monkey
 - 44 Scottish port
 - 45 Angelica and Diavolo
 - 46 Rapid punches
 - 47 Astronaut Buzz
 - 50 Mary's little pet
 - 51 Apr. season
 - 54 Hawaiian lute
 - 55 Marching band leaders
 - 58 Play opening
 - 59 Unearthly
 - 60 King of Norway
 - 61 Russian verb
 - 62 Harnessed like man
 - 63 Fill-in writer



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11/21/02

- DOWN**
- 1 Anarchist trope
 - 2 Black-and-white treat
 - 3 Considerate
 - 4 March a raise
 - 5 Elements
 - 6 Adds spirits
 - 7 Crafter's partners
 - 8 As well
 - 9 Hurd up
 - 10 Human being
 - 11 Nemo's egg
 - 12 Colombian metropolis
 - 13 "Revolutions of the Vindictor" painter
 - 16 Dental-care product
 - 23 Utmost degree
 - 24 Lemon, orange, et al.
 - 25 Alphabetize
 - 26 More competent
 - 27 Common insect
 - 29 French ruse
 - 29 Hall and
 - 30 W. Hemisphere protection syst.
 - 31 Thrill
 - 32 Thickheaded
 - 34 Lawyer's title
 - 37 "L.A. Law" co-star
 - 41 Smith of football
 - 43 William Tell's carillon
 - 44 Obstructed, like a river
 - 46 ___ Lee Curtis
 - 47 Aida or Lucia
 - 48 "Peanut" girl
 - 49 Go out with
 - 50 Skulk about
 - 51 Fish from Dover?
 - 52 Bicyclist's baby buggy
 - 53 Inviting letters
 - 56 Antique auto
 - 57 Smallest bill

SOLUTIONS FOR 11/20/02

P	E	R	O		P	A	L	S		A	C	R	E	S	
O	M	A	R		A	L	I	T		B	H	A	R	I	
M	I	N	I		B	I	L	O		P	I	V	O	T	
E	L	D	E	B		A	I	R		C	E	D	E		
	D	N	A		A	C	C	O	L	A	D	E	B		
S	T	U	T	T		A	U	G							
Q	U	N	S		T	E	L	E	S	C	O	P	I	C	
P	I	E		P	E	N	A	L	T	A	C	E			
A	N	S	W	E	R	A	B	L	E		W	R	E	N	
					R	A	N			E	D	G	I	E	S
G	A	M	E	R	A	M	A	N		E	E	N			
A	L	E	C		L	O	B		M	E	L	T	E	D	
T	A	C	K	Y		T	H	E	E		D	A	D	O	
E	M	C	E		T	O	B	B		E	G	A	D		
R	O	A	R	S		O	R	T		D	E	M	O		

POOR BOYS: GET A JOB



PAUL

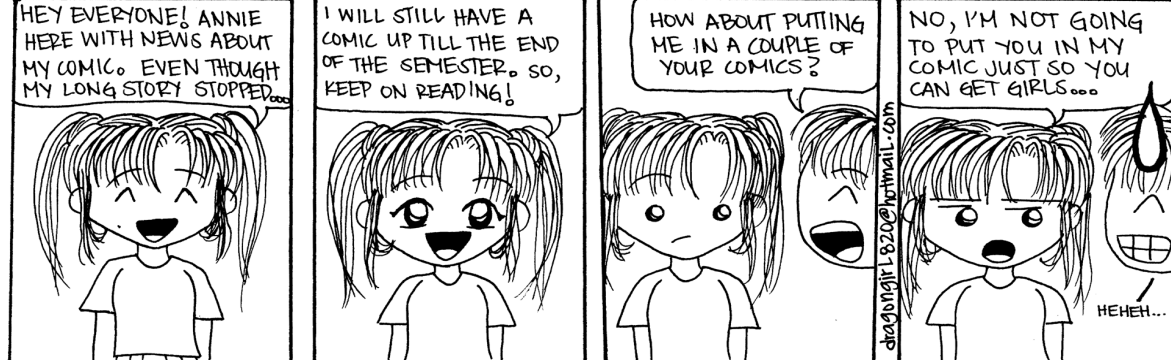
BY BILLY O'KEEFE WWW.MRBILLY.COM



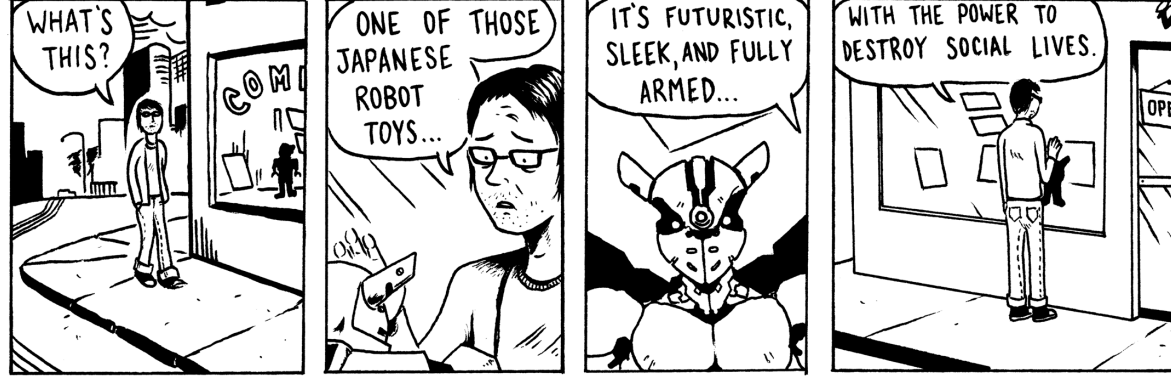
MISTER SNOOGS



Dragon Girl



BRAIN HURT "robot"



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Coach: New role means no more 'hang out' time

From page 8

secure a spot on Goo's staff, taking on graduate assistant-type responsibilities during his final year as manager.

"He asked as a manager last year, he wanted to get into coaching, and he wanted to be in there with our meetings," said Goo. "I thought it was time for him. He showed the maturity and the loyalty that he wanted to be a part of our program, so we let him do that."

The bonus duties as manager gave Petersen "a good head start" on coaching, according to Goo. But they also meant that Petersen's relationship with the Rainbow Wahine had to morph from friendship to player-coach. No more shopping trips or rooming with the girls.

"It was harder at the start because we're used to him hanging out and giving us advice on the side, but now he's a coach," said sophomore wing Jade Abele.

"I do miss the companionship, when we used to all hang out, but now, good for him, he's assistant coach," she added.

Petersen, though, said he did not mind that he could not grow as close to the players as he once did. "When they're old, finished their eligibility, then we can hang out again," said Petersen.

Being a coach also means that Petersen can no longer scrimmage with the players during the offsea-

son, as dictated by the NCAA.

"I really miss competing with them, against them, teaching them on the court as we're playing," said Petersen. "You can make corrections right there, and I'm sure that's why there's NCAA rules to prevent that kind of activity."

Not being able to hit the court with the 'Bows has also had an undesired effect on his waistline.

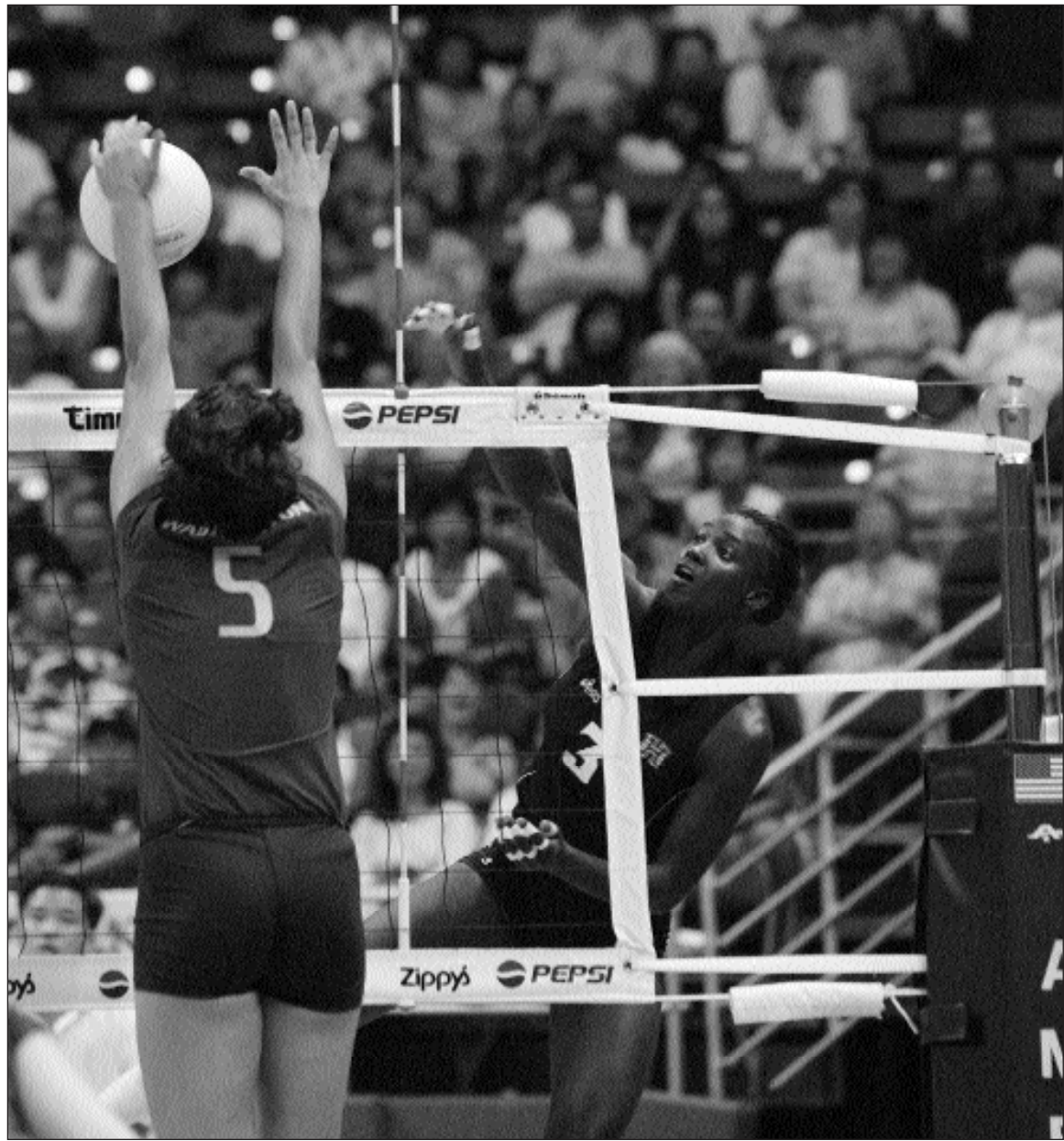
"Now I got to jog, and I hate jogging," said Petersen. "I ride the bike. Michelle Gabriel introduced me to the StairMaster."

But although Petersen can no longer compete with his players, he still finds time to teach even those who play different positions.

"He really knows what my strengths are and helps me to try and accentuate those, and he knows what I need work on," said Abele. "He gives me a few little pointers here and there, even though he's really in charge of the posts."

After all, Petersen will have to work with all the positions if he does someday find himself in his "ultimate dream job" — as head coach of the 'Bows. But he does not mind being a lifelong assistant here either.

"I just love the game of basketball, and I enjoy helping these girls develop into great players," said Petersen. "Hopefully they know that I love basketball that much, and hopefully they can care as much as I do. That's all I ask for."



JORDAN MURPH • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Junior outside hitter Kim Willoughby, pictured here in a game against Washington earlier this year, was named WAC Player of the Year for the second year in a row. Six more Rainbow Wahine also earned All-WAC honors.

Willoughby leads seven 'Bows on All-WAC squad

Ka Leo Staff

Seven University of Hawai'i Rainbow Wahine volleyball players won postseason Western Athletic Conference honors this week.

Junior left-side hitter Kim Willoughby made the first team and won WAC Player of the Year for the second year in a row.

Besides Willoughby, three

more 'Bows appeared on the all-conference first team: junior left-side hitter Lily Kahumoku; senior setter Margaret Vakasausau; and senior middle-blocker Lauren Duggins.

The all-conference second team included an additional three: junior middle-blocker Karin Lundqvist; junior libero Melissa Villaroman; and senior setter Jennifer Carey.

Tomorrow, the Rainbow

Wahine begin postseason play as the number one seed in the WAC tournament, held in Reno, Nev. The Wahine first face eighth-seeded Louisiana Tech at 1 p.m.

Number two, Fresno State, which recently took the 'Bows to five games, plays seventh-seeded Southern Methodist University. Third-seeded host Nevada goes up against number six University of Texas-El Paso.

Waikiki Beach Marriot Resort Classic

Nov. 23	Hawai'i vs. UCLA	1 p.m.
Nov. 24	UCLA vs. Sacramento State	2 p.m.
Nov. 25	Hawai'i vs. Sacramento State	7 p.m.

Projected Starting Lineup

No.	Player	Pos.	Ht.
5	Jade Abele	F	6-0
14	Christen Roper	C	6-5
21	Michelle Gabriel	G	5-6
31	April Atuaia	G	5-10
32	Natasja Allen	F	6-2

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New coach, familiar face for UH

By Lori Ann Saeki

Ka Leo Sports Editor

"Catch the ball, then make the move," Gavin Petersen barks.

He hovers beneath the basket, calling out instructions, encouragements — and corrections — to players who stand a head taller than him. He even has an office on the third floor, between basketball assistant Da Houli and softball head coach Bob Coolen.

Just don't call him Coach Pete.

After all, the newest member of the University of Hawai'i Rainbow Wahine basketball coaching staff isn't so new — he spent the last three seasons as team manager.

"Some people say once you get into a position of authority, are you going to get a power trip," said Petersen. "And I'm not like that. ... I'm still the same Gavin."

Petersen joined the Rainbow Wahine basketball program as a manager four years ago after rooming with former players Hedy Liu and Kylie Galloway. That same season, Jon Newlee also joined the staff to coach the posts. But when Newlee left at the end of the 2001-02 season to lead the Idaho State Bengals, head coach Vince Goo did not have to look further than his own bench to find his new assistant.

"(Gavin) showed over those three years (as manager) that he has a lot of loyalty to the program," said Goo. "He has a lot of camaraderie with the other coaches on the staff and the players, so I



JORDAN MURPH • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Gavin Petersen has gone from giving water to giving advice to the Rainbow Wahine posts. Clockwise from left: freshman Penny Jones, junior Julia Washington, senior Christen Roper, freshman Callie Spooner, and senior Natasja Allen.

just thought he'd be a good fit."

Also part of the program's incoming class four seasons ago were 6-foot-5 center Christen Roper and 6-foot-2 forward Natasja Allen. Now, Petersen has gone from delivering them water and fresh towels in games to delivering them the ball on inside drills in practice.

"I've seen them come in when they were raw and seen how they've progressed," said Petersen.

"It just makes it easier to have

two leaders like that on the team that I know can show the new girls we have coming in what needs to be done," he continued. "I'm supposed to be helping them, but at the same time they're helping me out too, making it a lot easier transition."

In addition to making the transition from manager to coach, Petersen, who played guard at University High, now finds himself teaching the posts.

"He knows the game well

enough so he can coach any position," said Roper.

Said Petersen: "Being brought up as a guard ... we kind of always knew where everyone was supposed to be on the floor, in that we get the ball to the post people so we know how we need them to be for them to receive the ball."

Petersen's previous experience as a guard has also brought a new facet to the Rainbow Wahine post game.

"Our moves are a lot faster,"

said Roper. "Faster footwork — more like a wing."

"I try to make them more of an all-around player," said Petersen.

"Sometimes, (the Rainbow Wahine are) going to be a little smaller," he noted. "Even though Roper's (6-foot-5), she might be a little smaller and might be a little quicker than the other players guarding her. So you got to be able to use your advantage."

"I still expect ... power moves, but at the same time we worked a lot on finesse stuff, being quick and taking what the defense gives you."

In the preseason, Petersen worked with the posts on dribble moves, reverse layups and, as Roper put it, "NBA moves." But sometimes his own guard-quickness works against him.

"Probably the hardest thing for me is having the patience," said Petersen. "They might not have the agility and the quickness that guards do, but coming from my perspective, I expect them to. And sometimes that's unfair."

"I got to go back and (think), how was I taught when I was eight years old, ten years old, drills to help develop your quickness. Because when I was younger, I wasn't the quickest of players, I wasn't the fastest, but it's just something you work on and you develop it by just keep working hard."

Petersen's own willingness to work hard also helped him to

See Coach, page 7

Splashing on all four cylinders again

Olsen wins in first race off crutches

By Benjamin Chaffin

Ka Leo Associate Sports Editor

After eight months of rehabilitation, junior Rebekah Olsen swam in competition last Friday — and won. Olsen, captain of the University of Hawai'i Rainbow Wahine swimming and diving team, took the 100-yard Freestyle last weekend against the University of California-Santa Barbara. In her first week off crutches, Olsen won the race by more than a second.

Olsen, a transfer student from the University of Florida, still struggles with a 3-year-old hip injury. In September, she finally received a helpful surgery for a torn labrum — a ligament that holds the ball and socket of the hip together.

Coping with the injury at Florida, Olsen nearly gave up on swimming. "I couldn't walk anymore, and I was still swimming, and it was just not really fun anymore." But Olsen did not quit, believing that she could stick with it if she found the right evaluation of her hip. "I felt like I wasn't done swimming, like I still had more to prove."

Midsummer, Olsen decided Hawai'i was the move for her. She came to the Rainbow Wahine with an impressive record. In California and Oregon she secured state cham-

ampionship titles. She qualified for Olympic trials five times and swam for a U.S. all-star team that toured Europe.

Several schools offered Olsen scholarships when she decided to leave Florida. Hawai'i head coach Mike Anderson recruited her, though the last time he saw her swim was when she was 17.

Olsen made her decision, expecting the right atmosphere at Hawai'i. "I wanted to relax a little bit and have some fun. The fun that I used to have in swimming."

"It's a big difference here. ... I wanted to be with people who were more real ... I find that here. People who love what they do and are having fun doing it."

Olsen swam against the UCSB Gauchos despite the remaining pain in her hip. She iced her leg all Friday before taking second in the 50 Free and then first in the 100 Free. Though Friday's events increased the pain, Olsen managed to swim Saturday, taking third in the 50 Free.

"It's better that I'm in the water swimming and making the steps toward being a regular swimmer, and involved, and ... more of the team," Olsen said.

Olsen emphasized swimming at the college level as a team sport. She said that while first place fin-

ishers get attention, swimmers who place in races also earn points and play an important role.

Olsen was not able to practice with the Wahine until the week of the Rainbows' meets. She said that her team is supportive at practice and has a growing solidarity. They live together, and Olsen rooms with freshmen Yan Chen and YingJuan Zhen, who are also important contributors to the 'Bows speed.

Olsen expects the team to slowly improve and predicts that four Rainbow Wahine will qualify for NCAA's this year. She sees this as a confidence booster for the team and described NCAA's as "the most fun you've ever had." There, she said, the cheering is so loud, "you can't even hear yourself think."

Friday night, Olsen swam for the Wahine's best 100 Free time this season: 52.24 seconds. Olsen joked, "I beat some of the guys. ... They weren't too happy about that. They came over and told me to knock it off."

Olsen found last Friday's success in the Freestyle encouraging. "It's not my best time, but I think that that shows that I haven't lost anything, and the next time I swim, I'll be even faster."



ANDREW SHIMAUKU • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Junior Rebekah Olsen, a transfer from Florida, won the 100 Free last weekend against UC Santa Barbara despite having been on crutches the week before.