

VOL. XVI NO.3

Who were this year's big winners at Haigazian's **Awards Day**?

Flip to page 12 to find out.

Walk on, through the wind Walk on, through the rain ...Walk on, through a Pool of Livers... If you're intrigued, flip to **page 22** to see what we're talking about. You can also check out the other creative submissions.

JULY 2008

Honour Killing?

You think you know enough about

Skip to **page 24** to learn more about this unfortunate cultural phenomenon.

May 2008 was a month in which Lebanon and its citizens witnessed a lot of turmoil and instability in general. For that reason, the Haigazian Herald interviewed President Reverend Dr. Paul Haidostian as an attempt to summarise the difficulties that HU faced throughout the harsh times, as well as to give the students some insight on some matters.

### How were the mood and atmosphere on campus and within its vicinity during the tense periods?

The first thing that came to mind were previous experiences of war, especially in the Haigazian neighbourhood, since throughout the war years in Lebanon, this region has gone through a great deal of danger. However, experience has helped, and so in order not to repeat these happenings, we immediately went into crisis management mode - as the safety of students and faculty was our main concern. So getting in touch with those in need also became important. Then, on the material level, the safety of the buildings was essential, not to mention the library and its valuable resources.

#### (Keeping in mind the fact that the President and his family live in the Mugar Building, the next question just had to be asked.)

Did you remain in your residence despite the dangers surrounding your neighbourhood last month? I sent my girls to a safer area, but my wife and I stayed

here throughout the troublesome times.

### Did you feel safe?

Not always. But the possible physical damage that could have risen if things were to escalate further was what worried us the most. I mean, the location of Mugar Building is very delicate, and after all, that building embodies the Haigazian libraries. It was not an easy thing, but I can also say that it was not the worst of experiences. It is unfortunate because one should not have to compare bad things with worse things. In our case, we could. I saw us on foreign and Arab TV stations. What people saw was the heavy military presence. So we didn't really enjoy that; it's not the kind of publicity that we want for our university.

#### How did the university address the academic closures and overcome the mood of the university students?

As I am sure you know, we lost eight academic days of teaching. But I am glad to say that the staff came to work on most days and we were constantly preparing to reopen as soon as conditions permitted. When we decided to resume classes, I called for a faculty and staff meeting; not all the faculty could show up, but all staff members were present. Nonetheless, it was a nice gathering; I talked about our perspective in relation to what was happening and how our main role at the time was to successfully complete the academic program, and not necessarily to complete all the activities we were hoping to do. We also anticipated frustration from students who lived in areas relatively distant from the university, and those who were still under unpleasant conditions. That is why some staff employees were spending more time with the students, reassuring them that Haigazian is still that neutral ground where no conflict exists, despite the tensions in the country.



How did instability impact short and long term Haigazian University plans, mainly the reconstruction of the Heritage Building?

Our plans in general had to be halted for a while. The construction site at the Quad was no different, but the works resumed as soon as the political situation was relatively stabilised.

#### There have been many complaints from HU students concerning the "overfriendliness" of some soldiers who are guarding the street leading to HU. What was done about their "overfriendliness" with some people, and the "unfriendliness" with others?

Overfriendly or even unfriendly behaviour should not be accepted, but let's be realistic: this behaviour was fuelled by the heavy military presence around campus, especially around the Mugar Building, and this led to some lack of discipline but there is no cause for alarm. Frankly, I expected us to face worse problems. I assure you that we presented our complaints, and all I can say is that every time we raise our voice, something is done as soon as possible. We have a good friendship with our neighbours and people are very responsive to the problems we face.

After the rise of the prices of practically every other good in the Lebanese market, HU students were surprised to find that even the HU credit cost

### has increased this year. What is the reason? And don't you think the timing could not be worse?

We were very transparent and early in announcing this to our students, so that they are not caught off-guard at a later stage. We were very upfront and honest, and the economic situation eventually led to this minimal increase. In contrast, there are significant expansions concerning the financial aid offerings and the removal of the credit limitation. So if you really think about it, the student is the one who is gaining more. We cannot control the economy of Lebanon and the world, but we keep financial viability. As people know, Haigazian is not a business, and students' financial situations are taken into consideration.

### On a lighter note, which events/activities were you most fond of during the past year?

I greatly enjoyed the student Classical Music performance. I love music, and to see people think of Beethoven and Bach at noon was refreshing. I was also fond of the spiritual retreat organised by the Spiritual Life, especially since I played a role in it - due to the absence of a campus minister.

### Since you mentioned it, when is HU expecting a new campus minister?

We will have the pleasure of welcoming a new Campus Minister this coming academic year, meaning in September.

### If you were to relive your student days at HU, which course would you anticipate enrolling in, and which club would you join?

I would happily attend any Intercultural Studies course, for I have always enjoyed them. I would also love to attend and audit classes in Political Science or Computer Science.

As for the club I would join if I had the chance to, I would be inclined to join the Desert Streams. I think most people naturally see themselves there. I also would think of sport activities because I used to play football and table tennis during my university years.

Interview by Manuel Kurkjian (ADC)

### Editorial:

### EXI<sub>S</sub> T

I am now supposedly an official Haigazian graduate - the only thing lacking is the document that I will acquire soon enough. The first few times I walked past Haigazian after that subliminal "graduate" feeling took its toll, I felt something weird, a part of which may have been a sense of uncertainty as to whether I could still say I belonged there now that I have graduated.

And then it hit me, and I started wondering. Even the most hardened people sometimes seem to get attached to places, people, anything, just in order to feel a sense of belonging, a sense of community, or a sense of completion. But that turns out to be a prison sometimes.

Authority figures: Prior to the Doha intervention and the selection (freakin' finally!) of a new president that resulted in major firework displays, I once saw a few cars on the highway with some teenagers sitting outside the windows, wearing shirts that said, "2007 - 2008 BALA RA2EES" (without a president). Blatantly, the issue was immensely bothering them. I'm not saying I approve of politics that can't agree on an authority figure, but that's besides the point.

Religion and a "Higher Power": So many are blindly caught up in religion, basing every step they take on the teachings of their religious leaders, doing their utmost to make sure that they follow the creeds they must adhere to as believers. Others put their complete faith in God, and refuse to question His existence, due to the need to believe that there is someone watching over, protectively.

Family: One of the most annoying things is when you are sitting home alone on a Sunday, and you call up a friend to make lunch plans, but you get the traditional "Sunday is family day, I can't go out today." Besides the smaller-scale family thing, many families have a "head" of the house, or a "head of the clan," who they go back to for guidance or support.

Homeland: When living in another country, some are always pining after their own country and wishing to go back to it or visit it to feel that sense of mass belonging, to kiss their land's soil.

Society and Cliques: Another habit people have is

I would like to share the below "poem" with you. It was written by Nancy R. Smith in 1973, and was spread by word of mouth throughout the world as part of awareness raising groups and campaigns (including the Women's Movement).

### For Every.

For every woman who is tired of acting weak when she knows she is strong, **there is a man** who is tired of appearing strong when he feels vulnerable.

For every woman who is tired of acting dumb/people not trusting her intelligence, there is a man who is burdened with the constant expectation of "knowing everything."

### Letter from the Counselor

### Dear Resilient Haigazian Students,

It has been a tough academic year for all of us, students and teachers. It was not easy for any of us to pretend to be to studying or teaching when our minds were somewhere else, occupied with more basic day to day concerns, such as our safety, the safety of others, the future of our country, our own personal futures, etc. Somehow, however, we all made it.... We were able, against all odds, to survive one trauma after the other. We experienced lots of tragedies, uncertainties, frustrations and disappointments, yet we were able, each one of us, to wake up in the morning, get dressed, brush our teeth, and come to class. This is a BIG achievement that we should ALL be proud of. It is not easy to be determined, it is not easy to be decisive, it is not easy to have a goal and be stubborn enough to realise it. But you all did it, dear students. So, congratulations, not on your success in the world of academics, (although I wish that too :)) but on your success in the real world.

As you know by now, this world that we live in, (planet Earth that is) does

sticking to a certain clique of people who you identify with, who you feel you relate to and belong with, an "emo" group, a "queer" group, an "intellectual" group, a "macho" group, an "athletic" group, a "fun-loving" group etc... People do not want to feel like misfits. That sometimes even triggers hypocrisy.

Abusive relationships: Many times, abused partners learn to feel that they are inferior to the "dominant" member in the relationship, regardless of the physical or emotional anguish that becomes part and parcel of the whole matter, and they aren't able to leave.

Educational institutions: Those places are sought after for enlightenment, to go down paths that will make people feel that they belong in a certain field, to find others, especially within the same field of interest.

These are just a few examples I could think of under the huge pressure crushing me as I attempt to write this piece at lightning speed to make the post-deadline deadline set for me by Mr. Kurkijan. Moving on.

Oftentimes, you join in all those things not only to become part of a group or to handpick your entourage, but to meet a future spouse, who you imagine to be your other half, who will complete you, who you can create a family with (I'm getting to that).

Many times, our attachments make us feel that change will ruin everything, make us want to turn our backs, run in the opposite direction, opposite all the progress we have made, to return to a familiar point where we feel safe, sheltered.

But this should not be the case. As individual beings, you should take risks, allow yourselves to venture onto undiscovered grounds, into wild waters (and all those other clichés). It is very important to abide by some standards; generally just taking karma into consideration - misdeeds will come back and haunt you somehow.

Besides that, you should break off the bounds set by others for you, and just live your life. I have met so many people who are miserable as a consequence to having been too busy taking the "what will they say?" into consideration. Shed your fears, and consequently, shed your cloaks. Be yourselves.

Do not be afraid to break free...

Break free of the stereotypes.

Break free of the roles that society has set for you. Do not adhere to standards merely because society has made you believe you have to. Find your happiness

For every woman who is tired of being called "an emotional female," there is a man who is denied the right to weep and to be gentle.

For every woman who is called unfeminine when she competes, there is a man for whom competition is the only way to prove his masculinity.

For every woman who is tired of being a sex object, there is a man who must worry about his potency. For every woman who feels "tied down" by her chil-

dren, there is a man who is denied the full pleasures of shared parenthood.

For every woman who is denied meaningful employment or equal pay, there is a man who must bear full financial responsibility for another human being. SHERALD

#### and follow it.

Break free of all the shackles that have been placed around you by parents, by friends, by society's images, by gender roles, by sexual limitations (I'm not propagat-

ing pornography or promiscuity, this requires deeper thought than the seemingly obvious), by love, by land, by anything.

Do not be limited by the religious prejudices you were brought up with. Shatter them. Do not be limited by racial biases. Be open to all people. It's the person that matters, not



what they look like, or what's written on a silly document - which is not even there by choice; it is something you are forcedly born into (and which is a major burden to change in Lebanon).

Don't let your body set your limits.

If you are a "female," it is not necessarily true that your sole purpose is getting matried before turning, I don't know, like 26 (or else be dubbed an "old maid" or a "prostitute") and then having 23409872309582 children and then serving them and your partner until the day you breathe your last breath. You can rise above that. You can be what you want to be. If you want to become a truck driver, then so be it. If you truly aspire to be a Stepford Wife, but only because YOU want that, and not because mother and father want you to be so, then go for that.

If you are a "male," you do not necessarily have to be the sole breadwinner of the house, you do not have to marry an immaculate virgin who has to be home whenever you are. You do not have to ditch somebody you love because she's not. You do not have to be a tough bastard who cannot, must not, will not shed a tear ever, because it is wrong, and weak, and vulnerable to feel.

Yes, people want to feel that they belong. But you can always have bonds to something, without letting it own you.

Do not forget to live before you die.

Jenni Feghali The Now Ex Haigazian Herald Editor in Chief

For every woman who was not taught the intricacies of an automobile, there is a man who was not taught the satisfactions of cooking.

For every woman who takes a step toward her own liberation, there is a man who finds the way to freedom has been made a little easier.

Jenni Feghal

not always treat you fairly or with any rules of "known" logic... Your whole country has disappointed you, many of your leaders have given you false hopes, many of your parents were not understanding of your needs, many of your friends "hated" you for not sharing their political views, some of your classmates stopped talking to you because you belonged to the "wrong" "religious sect," etc... In short, things were not OK for many of you this last year, right? But guess what? You are not going to stop what you have started: A road of self-discovery, a road filled with surprises, challenges, obstacles, and many expected as well as unexpected rewards. Of course, you are not going to stop now because deep inside, you know that it is the only road to be trusted.

Congratulations again for all your personal achievements. If it were up to me, I would give each one of you a degree in "resilience and perseverance." You definitely deserve it.

Hanine Hout :) :) :) University Counselor Assistant Professor in Education

### News In and Out of HU

### USAID Donation to



### ΗU

June the 5th of the current year marked a great day for Haigazian University and its deserving students in particular. U.S. Ambassador to the Middle East Michele J. Sison presented HU with a \$700,000 cheque to sponsor scholarships for qualified students.

The United States Agency for International Development (USAID) grant, presented by Ambassador Sison, will support undergraduate students in their quest for education, as well as help set up a new fund for graduate students.

"One of the United States' core values is education, and Haigazian University has grown in size and academic offerings, becoming the place of world class education, right in the heart of Beirut," stated Sison when she met with a number of Haigazian students, along with faculty and administration. Sison, accompanied with USAID Director Raouf Youssef, also mentioned that this fund will allow students across Lebanon to continue their education and make their country - and ultimately, the world - a sounder place.

After expressing his gratitude for the delegation, Haigazian President Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian said the day was a remarkable commemoration of partnership between the university and USAID, and that "partnerships like these are not accidental. Good [ones] are based on values that transcend the instant situations and reflect a quality of relationship, a meeting of a developmental outlook, and a plan to match needs and resources."

Haidostian also emphasised the nature of the grant and highlighted USAID's motto: "From the American People," adding that "even though leaders of countries, organisations, and universities plan, administer, and imple-



ment various types of support, the long term impact is created when people help people."

Haidostian finally paid tribute to those whose efforts helped shape Haigazian University's mission towards excellence in trust, education and service.

President Haidostian thanked organisations such as the AMAA, the Philibosian Foundation, The Haigazian University Women's Auxiliary, the WCM, as well as financial aids provided the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, the Vatche and Tamar Manoukian Fund, the Robert Boghossian and Sons Foundation, and the Marsh Patriotic Union, and others.

### Our Lebanese TabboulØ

HERALD



Lebanese society, rather than a melting pot, is a tabouli dish, where diverse religious and ethnic groups successfully create a succulent mix. These are words that describe the reality of the Lebanese society better than any other. On Wednesday, June 16th, Tavit Kazanjian and I represented Haigazian University at the public hearing "The Changing Ecclesial Context: Impact of Migration on Living Together in Diversity", organised by the World Council of Churches and the Middle East Council of Churches.

The public hearing, which was hosted bv Catholicos Aram I, head of the Armenian Orthodox Church (See of Cilicia), took place in the Armenian Catholicosate of the Holy See of Cilicia, bringing together representatives of Lebanon's six largest faith communities, regional ecumenical organisations, churches, Christian agencies, university professors and students. As part of the youth's personal testimonies about migration. I pre-

### Unity Through Film

How about dedicating a day to remind us of what we

have in common with our pangea day fellow human beings? In a world where forgetting our friends and losing others has become

too common, where we are divided by hatred, racial prejudice, and religious intolerance we need something to awaken us. This is the aim of Pangea day; a universal event promoting forgiveness and tolerance through the power of film ...

How did it start?

In 2006, film-maker Jehane Noujaim won the TED prize which granted her a reward of \$100,000, and she had a wish to change the world. Pangea day was the brainchild of her wish: a day where the whole world unites through film.

What happened in this day?

On May 10, 2008, 6 different locations (Cairo, Kigali, London, Los Angeles, Mumbai, and Rio de Janeiro) were linked through a live programme of powerful films, musical performances and farsighted speakers.

The films were chosen from over 2500 submissions presented by applicants from over 100 countries. From these, 24 were chosen to be broadcasted on this day. Each

sented the case of the Armenian integration in the Lebanese society. During my presentation, I attempted to portray the positive experience that the Armenians have undergone, starting from their original great influx into Lebanon at the time of the Armenian Genocide. Some stereotypical conventions still linger among the Lebanese, and some of these were evident when comments such as: "Oh, you couldn't be Armenian! You speak Arabic so fluently," were made. The Armenians may be considered an integral part of this society. With the new Armenian generation's mastery of the Arabic language, the high rates of exogamy and the enrolment in non-Armenian schools, we have proved to have established ourselves on firm grounds as a crucial part of this society. Though the Armenians have maintained their language and heritage remarkably, they have not found any hindrances towards a positive integration. Throughout the years, they have attested themselves as an indispensable ingredient to the Lebanese tabouli dish.

The presentation raised one important question from a member in the audience: "Since the Armenian experience of integration has been so positive, what advice would you give to migrating groups in order for them achieve a similar experience?" The answer to this was simply: the avoidance of extremities in action - the Armenians embraced their culture powerfully, without allowing this to be a hindrance in their embracing of the culture that in turn had embraced them.

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

movie had a message for the world, and most importantly, helped others to see the world in the eyes of another human being. There were performances from global musicians, like Rokia Traore, and the Iranian band Hypernova, amongst others. Among the speakers were Queen Noor of Jordan and musician/activist Bob Geldof. Two particular guest speakers caught my attention. An Israeli mother who lost her son under the hands of a young Palestinian wrote a letter to the mother of the killer, saying that she is not angry at the latter's son: she only wished that the two sons knew each other because she was sure that if they did, no-one would have killed the other. Another guest speaker was a Palestinian man who lost his brother under the hands of an Israeli soldier, he claimed that the soldier killed his brother because his brother was someone he should fear, and that fear made him kill. Both these people were in a group which wanted to nurture communication and tolerance between the Israeli and Palestinian families suffering from these kinds of losses.

I think the idea of a day like this is exceptional and miraculous, with a hope that people all over the world will be open and accepting, as well as taking part in this event in coming years.

If you would like to learn how to make a difference, visit www.pangea.org (however, you must either speak Spanish, or be Babelfish literate to get it.)

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)

### Haiqazian s4th Annual Student Art Exhibition

The Haigazian University Arts & Crafts Club organised its 4th Annual Student Art Exhibition at The Haigazian University Art Center, the Matossian Gallery. The guest of honour was artist Rosevart Sisserian, who was acknowledged on the opening day. In appreciation, of that, Sisserian donated one of her paintings to the university collection.





The Exhibition started on Monday, January 16, 2008 at 6:00 PM and extended through Wednesday, June 18 till 7:00 PM.

It opened with around forty oil paintings, drawn by thirteen students. This year's subjects and styles of painting were music, still life, as well as abstract pieces. Depictions of people playing musical instruments were very impressive, as wel as the fruit and vegetables presented in the still life paintings. The students' art advisor, Raffi Yedalian, appreciated the new masterpieces, and the noticeable advancement of the students year after year.

- HERALD

### Moon Over Copenhagen A Tdl<sup>1</sup> Story with Subtitles

 Wiels and Albert

Niels<sup>2</sup> was a big fat Nordic bully in Copenhagen. And Niels had a queer thing for the Moon. (Nobody saw him after midnight. He said he went to bed early.)

It all started when schoolboy Niels found a parchment written by an Irish monk.<sup>3</sup> The scroll said that the Moon disappeared when one looked the other way.<sup>4</sup> Niels looked the other way and ... and ... PUFF! ... No Moon.

He started to blabber excitedly. But his mates shook their heads and walked away. This did not go down well with young Niels. So when he grew up and got to be in charge of the Royal Mint,<sup>5</sup> he lined up all the school-

masters and clobbered them into chanting his Credo:6

"No look, no Moon...

No look, no Moon..."

But not everybody would sing along. Good friar Albert<sup>7</sup> protested:

"Rabbits jumping into top hats!" "Father Nature is not like thats!"

"Poor old man," the chorus murmured sadly, "Little Thomas<sup>8</sup> will hermeneutise all this when he grows up." Albert withdrew sulkily to his cell and spent the rest of his life searching his soul.

In the mean<sup>9</sup> time, the chant in the yard outside grew louder and louder.

"No look, no Moon!

"No look, no Moon!

"No look, no Moon!

Albert died a broken man.

Yes, there was something rotten in the state of Denmark.<sup>10</sup>

Footnotes:

1. Toll: Loss caused by a disaster/Rings of a funeral bell (Oxford American Dictionary).

2. Niels Henrik Bohr. Nobel Prize in Physics 1922.

3. Bishop George Berkeley XVII.

4. One may say anything after the 6th pint of Guinness.

5. Yes, Bohr was a Sephardic Jew, but it was Newton who made a more than comfortable living in the Royal Mint. AND got to bludgeon his opponents, too Bohr founded the Theoretical Institute of Physics in Copenhagen in 1921. He bludgeoned everybody.

6. Bohr was the godfather of the credo of Quantum Mechanics, the "Copenhagen Interpretation." Formulated during the years 1925-7.

7. He said: "The theory yields a lot, but it hardly brings us any closer to the secret of the Old One. Some, like D. Bohm worked out alternative interpretations presently popular only in cranky Noorish circles.

8. T. Kuhn of Paradigms (1922-96).

9. Mean: unkind, vicious (Oxford American Dictionary).

10. Hamlet Act1, Scene 4.

Hratch Barsoumian, Ph.D. Associate Professor of Physics

### War On Women



Contrary to the war on terrorism, the war on women and girls is not of much importance. Internationally, the victims of this war are uncountable, whether they are harmed in houses, or in back alleys. It's actually the worst human rights scandal of the present day, and the fact that it happens everywhere and in all fields makes it even more of a problem. Countries all over the world are the stage to violence against women; even those that are well developed. In Sweden, for example, the number of incidents against women and girls has increased in recent years: 22,400 cases were reported in 2003 and 24,500 cases were reported in 2005. In

Spain, the number of women killed by their partners has been increasing since 2001. In France, one woman gets killed by her partner every four days. Moreover, it's important to point out that women from high economic classes and low economic classes find it harder than others to run away from violence. The poor do not have the means to escape, and the rich will be losing too much. Therefore it is essential for the society to take responsibility and stop collaborating with violence against women through nonchalance, forgiveness and silence.

Women hold high ranks in a large number of organisations and international movements that defend women's rights worldwide. Among the rights they defend are those of women who are victims of violence and human rights violations.

In most cases, those women make up the backbone of movements that work with teenage girls who were victims of rape or who are minorities. Their work is based on protesting against the fact that violence towards women is not being punished, enforcing women's rights of living without violence, and helping women who are victims of it. Sadly though, those women who defend humans rights usually find themselves marginalised and victimised as women, and as members that go against the normal functioning of society. The perpetrators are usually the government, political parties, or even partners. Moreover, many of those women have mysteriously disappeared as a result of their work. They have even had to escape from their countries and seek protection elsewhere.

Violence against women is a threat to humanity and human rights, priority should be given to uproot it. No matter what we do, we should all work on stopping this violence, after all, we shouldn't forget that a woman is the mother, sister, wife and daughter, and before all that; the broken winged creature.

> Ali Akil Khalil Ambassador of Peace and Human Rights in Lebanon and the Middle East

### Farewell

### Letter From Dr. Inglizi

Dear HU Community,

Certain moments, feelings, occasions, relationships and experiences, that are recurrent and universal, make a work written years ago seem as relevant today as it was then and might be in the future.

"Farewell," written while I was in Sudan, seems appropriate again, and now, it addresses the multicultural, ethnic, political, lingual, microcosmic, and religious mosaic community of HU. To all of us, may we learn to always respect, understand, sympathise, and allow the positive aspects of our diversity - rather than our differences - rule.

"The Survivor" was written at a date and time when I had to learn one of the simplest, yet hardest lessons that Lebanon has had in store for me; a Lebanese, born and brought up away from "home" and always having this feeling of "home and away."

The moral, you ask?! Many; one of which is developed communication skills. (I know what you're thinking: "Here goes Miss English!" They don't have to be in English, though. Surprise!!) These are the means that we, the Lebanese, need in order to solve our differences and rejoice in our

is that? Well, if I may intrude, for we Literature majors, are known to allow ourselves poach, even in woods beyond

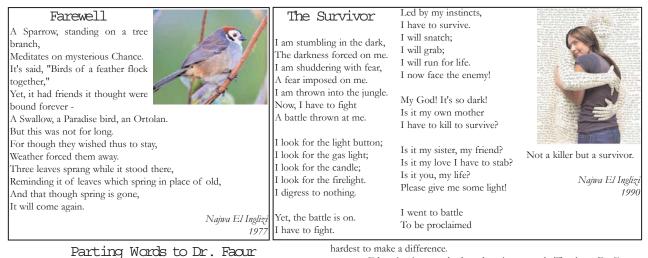


our supposed 'limited' boundaries: knowledge, culture, broadening one's horizons, allowing only the sky to be our limit, breaking through the darkness of ignorance, transcending stereotyping, learning that dancing with a partner (my students would say: "Here she goes again: 'It takes two to Tango'.") is much nicer than dancing alone! How about not dancing at all?! Who would want that?! Of course, sadly, I'm committing a logical fallacy! Better than Tango, still, are the Dabkeh, the Zorba and folkloric group dancing, aren't they? Doesn't that bring to mind that not everything of the past is necessarily bad?! How about if we go back to our grand-grand-fathers' candlelight and learn anew what it means to rejoice in its shimmering brightness, rather than get lost into the darkness around, to rejoice with the knowledge that each one of us has the right to think, analyse, criticise,

accept, agree, refuse, object and speak up. Students must be aware that that means expressing yourself, of course, and not shouting and drowning others out - as they also must know that "To be quiet and let silence speak" is an option. However, we must continue to dance to the same beat, many beats, all beats, without giving up on ourselves, our homes, our nation, the macrocosm of our lives, the tiny Lebanon, the dot on the world's map, the David who stands up to Goliath, the Shakespearean court fool, who's no fool at all! Let us learn: one must become one's own leader before one seeks a leader, or seeks to become one, one's own supporter before one supports others or expects them to support one, one's own advocate before one could stand in defence of others or expect them to defend one. Be aware: though "many cooks burn the broth," a bunch of sticks is unbreakable, one candle does give light, but a 100candle lamp lights the room, hugging with one arm is much better than killing with two, perceiving is much better than seeing. Be aware that "you and I" will build a much better nation than when it's "you or I!" Good luck to all of us brave hearts; pieces of a multi-coloured puzzle that awaits its magnets to pull it together!!

EHERALD

Dr. Najwa El Inglizi, Haigazian University, Lecturer in English





"Don't leave home ... "

This is what we told Dr. Basma Faour at her Farewell Reception, with tears flowing and an aroma of sadness dominating the atmosphere.

In our own special way, students and faculty members alike, we all try our

best to make a difference, to change the hearts and minds of everyone in the institution that unites us: Haigazian University.

However, when it comes to the Education Department specifically, Dr. Faour was (and always will be) a special and valuable entity that affected the department, the programme, the classes, the students, and finally the Education Student Society, ESTATIC. Her hard work has not gone in vain; it is still found in the hearts of her students, because she instilled in us the love for teaching. She has taught us to question our surroundings, to be critical thinkers, and to be responsible, not only to ourselves, but also to the minds of the children that we will be teaching.

When it comes to ESTATIC, she was not only an amazing advisor, but she was also the power that was urging us to do our best, and to try our

Education is not only about learning to teach. Thanks to Dr. Faour, we have learned that learning to teach is teaching from our hearts, minds, and souls; teaching to make a difference in the lives of the generation of the students that will be in our care and under our wings.

"A hundred years from now, it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove... But the world may be different because I was important in the life of a child."

Kathy Davis

On behalf of the students in the Education Department, I can say that if we achieve this goal, then our purpose as teachers will be fulfilled, for this will be the greatest accomplishment, and a fruit of our professors' labour.

Dr. Faour: you have been a great inspiration to all of us, you have left a mark and an imprint in our minds and hearts, and we hope that the department will continue in your footsteps. The changes you brought along were not easy to fulfill, and your work is appreciated.

We wish you the best of luck ... You will be missed dearly...

GETTABLE!

Don't forget us, because no matter what, to us, you are UNFOR-

Maysa Masri (EDU)



HU says Farewell to Miss Aline Zeitunlian



Trip to Jordan (Social Activities Club)



Farewell Reception for Dr. Basma Faour



HERALD

Staff Easter Gathering



Seniors' Society Meeting



Election of Student of the Year



Beach Party (SAC)



HUBS Townhall



Commemoration of the 93<sup>rd</sup> Anniversary of the Armenian Genocide (Heritage Club)



Extreme Rafting (Xtremers)



Music Course with Mrs. Artinian



Debate on Genocide and Turkish-Armenian Relations (Debate Club)



HERALD

Orphan Day (Desert Streams)



Student Painting Exhibition (Arts and Crafts Club)



Classical Music Concert (Music Club)



Rally Paper (SAC)



Debate on Free Will (Debate Club)



SHERALD

Band Performance (Music Club)



Faculty and Staff Gathering on Friday, May 16 After Turmoil in the Country



Blood Donation to St. Jude Children's Center



Dr. Haroutioun Armenian Visits HU



DJ Jalal brings the campus down!



HU Internal Swimming Competition at LAU



President Haidostian meets Barcelona boys

## Haigazian Herald

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Educational Students' Fair (Education Society)



Falafel and Hot Dog Sale (Social Activities Club)



Online Registration Orientation by Mr. Nazareth Nicolian



Traditional Food Sale (Heritage Club)



SHERALD

Renovation of the Heritage Building has begun



UNDP Resident Representative in Armenia, Consuelo Vidal hands a souvenir to President Haidostian



Tennis Team Participates in the Spring Tennis Cup 2008 Tournament



Nayiri Kalaydjian and Tavit Kazanjian represent HU at a Public Hearing

### HU's Futsal Team in



### Barcelona

This year, the futsal team, which included 13 HU students, coach Vatche Baghdassarian, and the head of delegation, the HU Sports Department Coordinator, Sahag Bidinian, went to Barcelona to take part in the Euroesade 2008 tournament. They departed on the 7th of May, and were set to return on the 11th. However,

#### The HU qoals

The team was losing 1-0 when Sero got the ball. It was about 7 minutes into the game. In front of him were a defender and the goalie. He managed to pass the defender, fake the goalie, and goaaaaaal. The ball went into the right corner of the goal, leaving the score 1-1. Shortly after, there was a corner. Misak was on the left. He was open. He ran to right, got control of the ball, and goal number 2. It happened so fast, that the goalie wasn't even expecting it, and everyone, started cheering

After interviewing the 13 members, this is what they said:

#### About the country and the people:

The country was very beautiful, the building structures, he scenery, the people (the girls), the night life, the atmosphere, the crazy weather, and even the kamikaze

### One on One with the Players



#### Vatche Alexanian:

I loved socialising with people of different races. They were 8 great days, which were the result of a mixture of fun, fun and more fun. It was like heaven. Shant Abousham

It was fantastico. We have a fantastic team, who I am very proud to be playing with. I loved Misak's goal. Shant Arapsessian:

This trip changed me as a person, but especially some of my viewpoints with respect to certain ideologies. Although we tied once, and lost three times, it never affected the team's morals. The guys were motivated; they were there to play, and to win. Sero Babikian:

I had many great experiences. Not only did I learn to be more sociable, but I also got to watch European teams play live in Barcelona for the first time in my life. Jean Baghboudarian:

Living away from home, in a country very different from ours, was an experience on its own. I learnt how

due to unfortunate events taking place in our beloved country, they were stranded in beautiful Barcelona, staying in Cataluñya, where the lights are always flickering, and tourists are always wandering. The team thus finally arrived back home on the 16th of May after a long journey passing through Rome and Syria.

The team played four games. Their first game was on Friday, the 9th of May, where, in the morning, they faced the Spanish university, Universidad Pontificia De Comillas, and lost 4-0. Then in the afternoon, they faced another Spanish university team, who replaced the LAU Byblos team, because the latter weren't as lucky as the HU team to catch a flight out. Our team lost this game 2-0. Nevertheless, the guys didn't falter. Saturday morning, they faced an Italian university team, ASP Bocconi Team, and were leading 2-1. However, the other team scored a last minute goal, and the game ended 2-2. In this game, our scorers were Misak Harmandarian and Sero Babigian. Lastly, the team played their last match later on that day, facing the French university, ESSEC and lost 3-0



pigeons. There was 24 hour tourism, and the people there were so lively. They were living a life void of worries about what the future might bring, and void of taboos and religious restrictions.

It is important to mention that, although our team did not win any of the 4 games, the other teams were fai more superior to us, technically and physically and still we lost by only a few goals.

EHERALD

Having said that, the HU boys were also fortunate enough to watch two Spanish 1st league matches. On the 7th of May, they attended the Espanyol vs. Atletico Madrid game, which was in Stadio Olympico Mont Juic, and on the 11th, they attended the Barcelona vs Mallorca game, which was in the great Nou Camp Stadium

Now, all the guys have come to a common consensus which is, what happens in Barcelona stays in Barcelona yet, after a lot of grilling, I was informed that they spen their days mostly walking around and getting metro rides, visiting places such as Sagrada Familia, Gaudi's Park, Barcelona Aquarium, Barcelona Port, La Rambla Barcelona beach, Camp Nou, while Mr. Sahag spent most of his days in the airport trying to figure out the best way to get the team back home, coordinating the plans with the HU administration.

were expecting better results. Furthermore, they felt extremely thrilled because they got the opportunity to play in Barcelona, and as Sero said, to score a goal there. About the team

The trip was a great way to bring the guys together They kept saying that it was a bonding experience and that they became a family there, standing by each other and helping each other out.

About how they felt given the situation in Lebanon:

In this domain, I got mixed viewpoints. Some were glad not to be in Lebanon during the chaotic times, while others wished to return to be closer to loved ones. They were all worried, but chose to make the best of their time there, believing that things would soon settle down. Some, like Joseph, felt guilty for having such : wonderful time there, while others wished they could have staved a bit longer.

to do my laundry by hand. I tried communicating with the locals, but they didn't speak a word of English. I did, however, have the fortune of meeting a Sudanese Armenian.

The guys thought the tournament itself was not well

organized, but the professional standings of the teams

and the players, managed to make it work. The guys had

a lot of fun and gained a lot of experience from this

tournament as the other teams were far advanced in

skills and technique than they were. Nonetheless, some

#### Haig Boghchalian:

The trip, the tournament, and meeting people of different races were amazing. What was new to me was using the metros, being on time, using maps, and using their public phones. I learned how to interact with the natives.

#### Harout Degirmenijan:

What I liked most, aside from going to a live European football match in Camp Nou (Barcelona vs Mallorca), was the room I shared with other 7 members from my team.

#### Ioseph Garboushian:

For many of us it would have been impossible to see such a city on our own or play football with European university teams. We have a promising team. It was much more than just football.

#### Sevag Ghazarian:

I enjoyed my time there very much. No regrets. What made this trip so memorable was how the team was able to create a great atmosphere. Each and every individual played his part in making it a trip that will be remembered for a long time.

#### Misak Harmandarian:

Even though we were tired from the trip and a bit worried about life back home, I thought it was odd that we didn't win any of the games (specially against the Italians) considering the team played very well. Wael Khaddai:

Everything was new; a new life, new experiences, watching the people making money on the streets; some even pretended to be statues for that purpose. Being the only non-Armenian made me feel left out when the guys would talk in Armenian, but they were kind enough to teach me some words, and Sahag treated me extra spe cial too. Thanks.

Hrag Kozanian:

Being there and living new experiences was all great However, I also finally understood what it meant to

miss loved ones. It was as though we were all equals there, even the coach and Sahag. Hagop Mihranian: This trip was a once in a life time experience. Throughout



the time we spent there, the members always kept in touch, tried to coordinate with one another, and toured the city together.

Also, during the interviews, the team thanked Haigazian University for providing them with such an opportuni ty, and for taking care of the expenses during the extra 5 days. They would also like to thank the sports coordinator, Sahag Bidinian (the godfather), and coach Vatche Baghdassarian, for taking care of them and making sure they were happy. They all hope that this will be the first of many similar opportunities to come, and that maybe next time, other sports teams may have the chance to go with them as well. In addition, Misak would like to thank the famous HU stars in Cataluñya, Vatche "El Dayo", Shanto, El Zouzou, and everyone else who made this trip a perfect experience for him. Vatche also thanked Misago Armandi Maradona for being such a modest star.

Content provided by Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)

### Actors and Dance

### EHERALD

### StEpS





As seen from previous years, the HU dancers are always ready to astonish us with their new dance routines and creative mix of different kind of dances. This year again, they presented us "StEpS".

For more than 3 months, the dancers have been practicing day and night in order to bestow the best of their talent.

On June-13-14, 2008, "Beit el Tabib" theater was full of enthusiastic and eager audience to witness this event.

"StEpS" was a mix of Oriental, Jazz, Salsa, Hip bop, Waltz, Jive, Rumba, Samba, Tango, Armenian folk dance, Dabkeb and many more types of art. All presented in very unique and professional manner. One minute you are drawn to the Latin world of "salsa" music where the sensual

Rumours



moves of the girls make the heart of the guys melt, another where the royal décor and elegant costumes accompanied by waltz moves sweep you off your feet to ancient Europe, another moment you are blown by the dance beat of

street dancers and hip hopers where the art of dance truly began, of course without forgetting the Egyptian, oriental and Armenian traditional dances. These are just some examples of the magic of performing arts that "StEpS" displayed on stage.



If you didn't attend the event, don't get frustrated there is always next year. What do you know; you may even join the club and be one of those courageous students on stage giving the best they can to set forth a worthwhile show.

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)



A couple is hosting a cocktail party for their well known friends, but when the first couple arrives, they find out that the wife is missing and the husband is shot unconscious in the bedroom... What happens next? Oh well, you should have been there to see it...



The plot of the play was interesting, funny, and made the audience eager to find out what was coming next, and who was going to uncover what secret...

This year's HU

"Rumours" which

was held in Babel

Theater on April4,

5 and 6. The story-

line is as follows:

Club's

was

play

Actors

the

masterpiece

The script was very comical, amusing, and entertaining. Although the students acting in the play are not professionals and some of them had never been in plays before,



the way they portrayed their characters' personalities was astonishing, their articulating and body language was depicted in a very convincing manner.

Throughout the play, the laughter of the audience was audible due even to the smallest things like Aline's facial expressions when handling her infamous crystal, how Dima was smoking a cigarette on the stairs, and how Maysa was so unfashionably - and I don't only mean her clothes - annoying with her backache, and much more...

I think the play was great, every year we expect something better from our beloved Actors Club. Great work, and we can't wait till we see the surprises of next year's play.

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)

### Haigazian Herald

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### Awards Day

### SHERALD

June 19, 2008. Another year, another Awards Day celebration... How objective can I be while writing this from my usual "I hate stupidity" perspective? I'm not sure, but I'll tell you how it went. The same way it goes every year. Some are favoured, others are not. Some take the pill and swallow it, others take it, gargle with it, smile at the rest of the crowd, and then remove it right back out. All I'm really wondering this year is - was the shouting necessary? I mean it's great that we got the whole "Lebanese people onstage" experience, but we also went deaf in the process... And was the Herald really that lousy that we weren't even mentioned once on stage (though I was personally apologised to for that, I am not the Herald, I am a member). In fact, it would have been meaningful if we got any criticism, even negative; we report for the sake of this university and its students.

Nevertheless, the Haigazian Herald would like to congratulate all those who were presented with awards today. You worked for it, you earned it. If you didn't work for it, you stole it\*. But that's okay. You see, here at the Herald, we report anything and everything, including those we dislike, because that is our responsibility as a UNI-VERSITY club: to look past our self-absorbed selves and see those around us. So to those of you who did not receive - better luck next



time. And remember, it's a lot more than a medal or piece of paper that you have worked for. You feel unappreciated and underrepresented, but you're champions to us.

\*Student Life, though, believes you deserve it

### And the Award Goes to...

### Haigazian Herald Competition Results:

Best Creative Writing: "One Last Thought" by Anita Moutchoyan Best Reporting: "Forgetting the Memory?" by Jenni Feghali Best Author: Rok Hamze and Jenni Feghali Best Prolific Writer: Manuel Kurkjian Best Poem: "Lullaby of the Damned" by Dima Matta Best Poet: Nayiri Kalaydjian

### **Individual Student Awards:**

Most Active Student: Abed Mashaka Most Supportive Student: Nijad Itani Most Dynamic Student: Nairy Arakelian and Aline Keshishian Most Peace Loving Students: Aline Keshishian and

> Ghenwa Ghamloushe Most Persevering Student: Maysa Masri Most Active Student: Dima Matta Talented Athlete of the Year: Sultan Raydan

### Individual Club Awards:

Best Activity: Dance Club Most Dedicated Club: Dance Club Most Popular Activity: "Outdoors" by Social Activities Club Most Innovative Activity: Jordan Trip Most Adventurous Activity: Sports trip to Barcelona







Student of the Year: Antranik Ketchedjian



### Concerns

### I Whimper Because I Can; Now Hire Some More Cashiers

I can never write enough complaints. I really can't. And what helps this undying desire to whine is the fact that even after me, myself, and others have repeatedly complained about something, it goes in one ear and out the stinkin' other.

I can never understand why they ask us to express ourselves. I can't really grasp the reason we're encouraged to complain. I mean, pass by the long-as-the-China-Wall lines at the cashier any time we need to pay something, and you'll hear all you need to hear. And as you stand there, Hour 2, dripping in sweat and cursing the moron that just skipped you in line, you realise you never really



wanted an education to begin with. You stare at the money in your hands, and the various large heads in front of you in line. You gaze at the smiling cashiers inside their cubicles and wish you had a fork. You know it then, you know what you need to do. You need to hold on to the money in your hands. Hold on to it tight. And run. Run like the wind. Run like the prisoner that has just escaped the imprisonment he was taken into for murdering

people that skipped him in line while waiting to pay his registration fees. Run like that man, because he runs for freedom. He runs for quicker service. He runs for us.

SHERALD

Like that man, I long to run. Run right into the office of whoever the heck is in charge and ask them why they can't do what most other universities are doing during registration periods and hire more cashiers. It won't cost you much. You won't go bankrupt. I know how to use a calculator, I can volunteer. But when you make us wait a couple of hours in line, then smile at us from your cubicles and expect everything to be alright, we become a little bit suicidal. And we think of murdering cuddly animals. Because that's what anger does to a student.

So I greatly encourage you, administrative body of Haigazian, to solve this as soon as you possibly can, because I have dead relatives that move faster than your lines during registration. Rok Hamze (PSC)

### Drop-and-END



For many years, HU students have found themselves in troubling situations when it comes to registering for courses and organising their programme of study before the forthcoming semester: and

They

had

Ιt

after the completion of these mundane tasks, everyone would feel relieved - but only for the shortest time. However, the problems are far from over, for many of us are to reschedule our courses during the frustrating drop-and-add period. This period expires after the first week of a new semester; during this one week, students have a limited time during the day to (sometimes, literally) chase their advisors to amend their schedules. This is one of the most hectic and unorganised jobs; most advisors are always late and take all the time they need to reach their offices, in praise of a snail's pace with a nice, warm coffee mug in their hands, as if having just walked out of a long hot bath - while the exhausted students display worn out and ho-hum faces, trading gossip and expressing frustration. "They come late and leave early" adds one student, "this is unacceptable, and it's totally unfair." When asked whether this issue should be taken to the Herald, he sarcastically replied "ba'ed bakkeer!"

Sometimes, the advisors are not even there, even during their duty hours. There are ample solutions to this crisis, and unfortunately, not one of them has been fully implemented. Instructors could start by understanding student wants and needs by coming earlier and leaving

later, which should be the case because these "early" and "late" hours are actually their assigned times, to ease both their and the students' time constraints - at least during this specific period. Instructors could provide after-hour care, such as on weekends, as a gesture of good-will, for students with desperate time problems. Alternatively, if these solutions are too farfetched, there could be an increased number of instructors dedicated for the drop-and-add period. Or, this job could be left to the students, whereby an electronic service could provide the students with access to their schedule amendments during drop-and-add.

Since we are a democratic nation where everyone wants their voices heard (or "want to endlessly complain," in the eyes of some bourgeoisie staff) there are some very few minor technicalities that perhaps should be taken into some form of diminutive consideration to make the world a relatively better place.

Antranik Narguizian (ADC)

### The Ungrateful and Their Big Mouths



amused me how they made us walk all the way around to get to our puny-sized university, as if the little passageway we used before was suddenly extremely unsafe. We could have been attacked by flying saucers and dancing lobsters; but then they placed the tanks there, blocking those 2-3 feet of empty passing space to protect us - the Ungrateful.

And you see, even with the complaints that all these students had made (mostly females) about the "over-friendliness" of the army and policemen camped outside our institute of higher learning, the kindness (:) never stopped. Until, that is, the big shots kissed and made up outside of Lebanon; the country they were slitting each other's goats - I mean throats - for. That's how things work today. You can talk all you want, complain until your tonsils dry up and fall off, or go on strike till you're beaten with sticks. Whatever it is you complain about, the problem still remains.

So is the case at Haagen Dazs University. Non-smoking sisters and brothers of mine, if you've noticed the "No Smoking" signs scattered all over campus then looked right beneath them, you would notice our walking chimney students and teachers puffing away like there's no tomorrow. And don't bother complaining, they'll nod,

smile, then ask you to "shove it," and thus you walk away with your tail between your legs and cancer in your lungs.

Then there are the times we concernedly speak to our Student Life Office about the useless lights put on all around campus. Why we need lights on in class or by the stairs at 10 am with the sun smacking us across our faces is anybody's guess. All I'm saying is take your bourgeoisie, money-wasting energy-consuming habits to another planet. Then again, you could always increase our tuition fees so you can afford to SAVE THE STINKIN' WORLD.

I've complained on paper before. It did very little. So I'm thinking I'll write this and hope our saviours go back to Doha and discuss Haigazian and come back with solutions. And maybe a couple of vending machines. We could use a few of them on campus.

Until next time, Lebabomb, keep those hearts beating. And if you've got the energy, don't shut up.

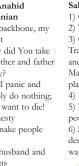
### CHERALD

1) Describe your parents in two words. 2) If you could ask God only one question, what would it be? 3) If you were to die tomorrow, what's the first thing you would do today? 4) What quality do you look for most in the person you'd like to date/marry? 5) Why do you think you are alive? 6) What is it the thing you enjoy most about your life?



Antranik Dakessian 1) Devoted, diligent 2) Why? 3) I would extend my day 4) Eager to go 5) Because I have a mission to complete 6) Life itself





Sahag Bidinian 1) Caring, generous 2) Why am I here? 3) Go to Old Trafford stadium and watch Manchester United play 4) Intelligence 5) To encourage people to do sports 6) Seeing HU students every day and watching football



Mohamad Kanaan 1) Kind 2) How can I become rich? 3) Help poor people and forgive others 4) Loving 5) To be happy 6) My wife



Mirian Nasser 1) Understanding and caring 2) Are You pleased with me? 3) Die as a martyr 4) Honest and confident 5) To die later as a martyr 6) Love

Rabih Obeid 1) Cool and silly 2) How's the weather up there? 3) Kill all the people who I hate 4) Cute and honest 5) Because it's stupid not to 6) My pants

Rayan Al Roz Caring and 1) understanding 2) Are You satisfied with me? 3) Hold my brothers very hard and kiss them 4) Protective, confident 5) To pass through life's obstacles 6) My beloved Ali



Aline Sarafian 1) Lenient and caring 2) Is there an afterlife? 3) Enjoy every last moment 4) Flexible and faithful 5) To make my parents happy 6) Food

Carla Yedalian 1) Generous and caring 2) Why did You create us? 3) Spend time with family and friends 4) Generous, faithful and loving 5) I'm alive to give my best to the world 6) The person who loves me



Menar Boyadjian

Kevork Sabajian 1) Bank and problems 2) Why did You create me? 3) Wait 4) Wise 5) Ask God 6) A girlfriend

1) Givers and takers 2) Is Christianity the true religion? 3) Continue my life normally 4) Honest 5) To change the world 6) Myself

Tavit Kazaniian 1) The bank and problems 2) What are Your future plans? 3) Kill people that I hate 4) Wise and beautiful 5) Because I'm not dead 6) A girl



Nijad Itani 1) Loving and caring 2) I don't have a question because I'm not the one who can ask God 3) Spend time with all the people that I love, my friends and family 4) Respect 5) This life is a test for me 6) Family



by moment 4) The person himself 5) Because God said so 6) A special per-



Lara Zouk 1) Picky & responsible. 2) When will this end? 3) I would steal someone's invention 4) Brains 5) To try and figure out what it would mean to leave a memory of me 6) Marwan Jaffal



Araz Keuroghlian 1) Hard working 2) What's my purpose? 3) Jump out of a plane 4) Make me feel alive 5) To satisfy my purpose of being 6) Food!



Karadaghlian 1) Demanding but fair. 2) Is Jesus Armenian? 3) Respect 4) Excellence 5) To make a differ ence 6) Reason



Zeinab Abboud 1) Mom: Giving; Dad: Reasonable. 2) Why me? 3) Pray and ask people to forgive me 4) Respectful 5) Because God wants me to be 6) Me



Mohamad Temsah 1) Sweet and sour 2) What's a sure-fire way to control the universe? 3) Go to Mars 4) Perfection 5) Coz God said so.. 6) Yelena and Hinata



Khaled Alayli 1) Generous, kind 2) Nothing 3) Pray 4) Humourous, true love 5) To worship God 6) Dad







Rawia Matar 1) Generous and kind 2) Do I have bad luck or good luck? 3) Spend all my time with my family and my lover 4) Honest 5) To be happy 6) My ambition

Maria Palazian 1) Generous and loving 2) When I die, will I go to Heaven? 3) Spend time with my family 4) Honest 5) To become a famous person 6) My piano



Sarine Topalian Vahan Yoghourdjian 1) Ashta w 3asal. 1) Milk and honey 2) Is there room service up there? 2) Can I have a free 3) Sky dive ticket up? 4) Witty and 3) Take my heart out clever and give it to A 5) Coz I'm the 4) Funny and caring. 5) Coz I'm the spice coming female prophet. of your life 6) My music col-6) Friends (people lection who love me)



Gassig Karamanougian 1) Patient and caring 2) Can I have some more questions? 3) Bungee jump 4) Honest 5) It's not my time to die 6) Air (Oxygen)



SHERALD

Sona Berberian 1) Good and bad 2) Are You satisfied with me? 3) Spend 25 hours with my fiancé 4) Mature 5) Marry the one I love 6) My beloved fiancé Elie



Rana Ghandour 1) Lovely and helpful 2) What's Your shape? 3) Praying 4) Funny 5) Because that's what God wants 6) Friends



Talar Mandoyan 1) Ideal and caring 2) How am I going to die? 3) Commit suicide 4) Generous 5) Destiny 6) Music

Marwan Jaffal Gerard 1) "Damn it" Gulgulian 2) Who are Your 1)Loving and parents? caring 3) Go to Crete 2) Who killed 4) Their eyes President Hariri? 5) To destroy reli-3) Sky dive gion 4) Honesty 6) Books (I would 5) Destiny say wrestling but 6) Computer everyone already knows that)



Diala Al Kady 1)Understanding, caring and tender 2) Why am I alive? 3) Graduation live? and wedding 4) Generous, ten-5) For some reason I don't know 6) My parents 6) Parents, Wael and my fiancé Rori

Dana Al Kady Alexandra Sheaib 1) Caring and giving 1) Supportive 2) Am I going to heaven? 2) How long am I going to 3) Graduate 4) Generous 5) To be tested in my actions

3) Get married 4) Honest 5) Because God wants me to be 6) My dad

Alexandra was too shy to take a picture. We hope the face she drew gives readers an idea of what she looks like.



Sarine Krikorian

1) My best friends 2) Do You prefer me as a blond or a redhead? 3) Do anything crazy that comes to mind and spend time with family and close friends 4) Funkiness 5) To make people happy and show them it's OK to smile without a reason 6) Optimism



Nour Al Zamely 1) Caring and friendly 2) Why me? 3) Nothing 4) Trustworthy 5) Because I love 6) True friends



Dunia Kraiem 1) Loving and fair 2) Why did You create me? 3) Be in the company of good friends 4) Sense of humour 5) Because God has a purpose for me on this earth. 6) Faith



Tello

Honest. 2) Why did He

Nigoghossian

1) My guides/

take my dad?

3) Enjoy my

day and say

goodbyes

4) Honesty

5) God's will

6) My mom

der

Elza Kayakoulakian 1) Lovely and adorable. 2) Where do we go after death ? 3) Have fun to the maximum 4) Must not be a liar 5) Because God created us 6) My mom



Avo Sarafian 1) Hackle and Iackle 2) Am I gay? 3) Anything involving speed! 4) Long red curly hair 5) Ever heard of Biology? 6) My turtle



Adam Rkein 1) Good and caring 2) Are You for real? 3) Fly an airplane 4) Personality 5) I don't know 6) Food



Natascha Schellen 1) Strict and kind 2) Was Princess Anastacia really shot with her family or did she survive? 3) Tell my family and friends I love them and sky dive! 4) Courage 5) To live for others and for God 6) My family and friends



Wael Khaddaj 1) Annoying and caring 2) Are You there? 3) Have sexual intercourse 4) Generosity 5) No comment 6) My girlfriend



Samar Choujah 1) "Naggers" who care 2) Why does mankind exist? 3) Everything that comes to mind 4) Honesty 5) Because I have a role to play in this world 6) Chocolate!!!



Shahe Seukunian 1) Will and perseverance 2) Why? (He'll know what I mean) 3) None of anyone's business 4) Compassion 5)I'm alive to live & to exist 6) My sanity



Catherine Moughalian 1) Overprotective 2) Is there life after death? 3) Spend a night in Paris 4) Someone who can handle my mood swings .. 5) I don't think life has a point! 6) My guitar



SHERALD

Amani Kandil 1) Annoying but loveable 2) Are You a woman? 3) Get a massage from Adel :P 4) Understanding 5) I don't know. We'll see! 6) Adel's massage



Adel El Salman 1) Best friends 2) Will I take Your place? 3) a) Give a massage b) Amani & Marianne. 4) Open mindedness 5) To take God's place 6) Music (speaking of Heavy Metal)

Maya Harbali 1) Sweet and lovely 2) Hell or Heaven? 3) Spend the day with my family 4) Honest 5) To help others 6) Fries



Zahy Abdul Sater 1) Cute and tender 2) How old are you? 3) Walk naked on the road 4) Loyalty 5) Summation of biological causes 6) My brain

Elie Bassil 1) Freakin' beautiful. 2) Why? 3) Make as much friends as I can 4) Open mindedness 5) If I knew I would be dead by now 6) Friends



Tamara Khabbaz 1) Support of a lifetime 2) Why isn't life fair? 3) Surrounded by people who love me 4) Loyalty 5) I have a mission to accomplish 6) Water

Nour El Khoueiry 1) "I donno" 2) Was it You who made man or was it man who made You? 3) Spend time with my favorite people 4) Honesty 5) I have my purpose 6) Intercourse



Khatchadourian 1) People I avoid 2) How hot is it gonna be in Hell once I get there? 3) Get a tattoo on my tongue! 4) Aggressiveness/violence (in some ways) 5) I'm not sure if I should say that out loud! 6) Being Myself!



Bob Matraji 1) Loving & caring 2) Why am I not the son of Bill Gates? 3) Sleep with every girl in the Playboy Mansion 4) Honesty 5) To make fun of 'Bunny' (a.k.a. Marianne) 6) Bugatty Veyron (a car)



Rami Kaddourah 1) Supportive and caring 2) Why do You do these things to me? 3) Make sure the people I care for are OK. 4) That she would care about my feelings 5) To suffer and make other people happy 6) My video camera



Mava El Saneh 1) Limited 2) Why me? 3) Travel around the world 4) Respect 5) Not a clue 6) Hope



Christophe Demirdiian 1) Bossy and pushy 2) Why am I the way I am? 3) Go to Cancún. Mexico 4) Respectful 5) God wants me to be alive! 6) My friends

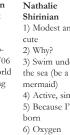


**Bedros-Sarkis** Hagopian 1) Don't move (I hear that a lot) 2) Can I come in ? 3) Rob a politician's house 4) Sense of humour 5) I'm here because I'm here ... 6) Electricity



Shant Kurdian Maria 1) Stubborn but Shahbazian 1) Generous and 2) How are You? caring 2) What's the 3) Do everything point of living? 3) Go to Armenia 5)Because my par-4) "Macho"-ness 5) I'd like to know 6) My family

Hera Hagopian 1) Stubborn but caring 2) About the tragedy that hap pened on 11/9/06 3) Travel the world 4) Understanding 5) Still trying to find out .. 6) My parents



# 1) Modest and 3) Swim under

4) Active, simple 5) Because I'm 6) Oxygen



cute

illegal

4) Simplicity

ents made me!

6) My bed

### Over to You



Sarine Boghtchalian 1) Lovely and cute 2) Are You a man or a woman? 3) Spend a day in Hawaii with my boyfriend 4) Respectful 5) Because of my parents 6) My boyfriend Aram



6) My boyfriend

fully

Harout



Albert Vanelian 1) Simple and loving 2)Who are Your parents? 3) Visit Tibet 4) Being an intellectual 5) I was an accident 6) Coffee



Manougian Nalbandian 1) Friendly and 1) Boring yet fun 2) What's next? 2) Why are we 3) Make a wish to live again! 3) Tell the one I 4) Understanding love that I love 5) To make my own destiny 4) Respectful 6) Faith 5) I want to

funny

alive?

him

know

6) Friends



SHERALD

Antranik Narguizian 1) Perfectly fine 2) Does human intelligence exist anymore? 3) Finish publishing my book 4) Temperance 5) Lucky Strike 6) Drink coke and eat Mentos at the same time! (google it)



Firas Zahalan 1) Helpful and loving 2) Why am I in HU? 3) Pray and say goodbye 4) Trust 5) No comment 6) Girls



Hagop Ghazarian 1) Loving and caring 2) Why do people die? 3) Spend all my money 4) That she would love me! 5) Because my parents made me 6) My parents



Mary Anne Tohmeh 1) Unpredictable and loveable 2) Are we dead or alive? 3) Write a note to every person as a special memory 4) Understanding 5) Who said I am? 6) "Dodo"



Mirna Gharib 1) Overprotactive but Salbe 2) Will it last forever? 3) Spend the day saying goodbye to my family and loved ones 4) Loyalty 5) Everything happens for a reason 6) My love!



Naviri Shahinian 1) Take care of me 2) I don't want to ask anything; let His will be done 3) Enjoy as much as I can 4) Honest, understanding of me, intelligent, attractive 5) Seek higher education and have a comfortable job 6) Food



Halabi

helpful

4) Trust

plish

6) My brain

Mahmoud 1) Caring and able 2) Why does my unfair? life suck? 3) Say Goodbye to my best friends 4) Honesty 5) I have something to accomus...



Rachel Abdallah 1) Caring and love-2) Why is life so 3) Spend the day with people who love me 5) Enjoy the "blessing" that God gave

6) My brother



Lina Kassas 1) Strict but adorable 2) I don't believe in God to ask him! 3) See all the people that I love 4) Smart 5) That's nature 6) People



Omar Salam 1) Open minded and nice 2) Why ain't I rich? 3) Pray all day 4) Caring 5) To play my role and then die 6) Love



Elie Habbaky 1) Male and female 2) Why did the chicken cross the road? 3) Tell all the people I love the way I feel about them (good or bad) and then skydive with no parachute! 4) Eve contact 5) Because I made it to the other side of the road (before the chicken) 6) Music BABY!!!



Koko Ekmekdiian 1) Serious and interesting 2) Why does injustice always prevail? 3) Everything I haven't done! 4) Nothing in specific 5) Because I think. 6) My self esteem



Sarhad "Mac" Arisdakessian 1) Genius and fun 2) Why is there 24 hours in a day? 3) Watch Lord of War again! 4) Rich 5) Because I'm breathing 6) My notebook



Omar Hamzi 1) Mum, dad 2) Do You really exist? 3) I would open up to someone about a big secret 4) Someone who won't betray me 5) For something I'm still searching for ... 6) Music



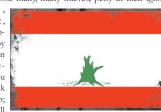
Paul Meguerditchian 1) Loving and caring 2) Are You pleased with me? 3) Drive a Formula One car 4) Modesty 5) I don't know 6) My friends

### Politically Yours

### Freedom and Chaos

You cannot talk. You do not have the power of speech or reason, you do not have the ability to communicate through language - you are robbed of it, utterly and completely, and you are left with those who have taken it away. How do they not disgust you, those thieves, those many, many thieves; petty in their igno-

r ance, pathetic, turned robbers by their own incompetence? You cannot talk to sheep; they will



not listen. You cannot discuss with them the grazing route that will be taken, they will not understand, if left without a grazing route, untended, they will die. Be it of malnutrition, separation from the herd, or some other way, their end is inevitable. What do you do?

Force them. Get a long branch and shove them in the right direction, shove them into place. Get some dogs, vicious and frightening, baying and snarling, circling around them, and make them flee with terror, flee into place. Through force, and only through force, can one truly aid these sheep to survival, otherwise they will die.

Then why not? Within this Bedouin society in

### Happily Brainwashed

What is happening to the human race? Are we losing grip of traditional civilisation due to our own shortcomings and ignorance? Why is it becoming harder to find trust, love, and honesty in people? I assure all of you, this is no article that will answer your questions, it will question your answers - as well as your actions, thoughts, perspectives, beliefs, and interactions. Unfortunately, if you were someone who disregards the fact that man was created a rational and questioning animal; you probably will find no meaning or incentive in reading this.

Today, we have entered the log phase of globalisation, mass production, conglomerate marketing, a spiralling gap between rich and poor, immeasurable pollution, and mechanisation - all this with a blithe and oblivious spirit, a smile on our faces, and a brainwashed, programmed mind, not knowing of the devastating consequences, which we are already living through today. The brainwashed are not only those who "blindly follow leaders," or "chant political slogans," or "kill in the name of God;" these are embellished advertisements by media chains and world powers - in actual fact, almost

### The Twisted State of Politics

Recently, Lebanon was caught in the clutches of violence; quite similar to the violence that took place during the civil war. People became more divided and the concept of "us" and "them" came to the centre stage of our existence. Everywhere you would go, people had nothing to talk about except for blaming this or that sect, and fighting over who was responsible for the turmoil.

On Monday, I got to university, and for once, no-one bothered to talk about the political situation. Everyone was busy analysing the oh-so important issue of the Euro Cup. Our political instability and the fact that our own people were fighting each other were no longer important; after all, the Euro Cup had started. which we live, this utterly divided nation of clans and tribes, each cling to their beliefs and religions, each cling to their respective deities and gods, clashing, refusing to back down, and each are convinced they are right. Slaughter, senseless slaughter, mindless destruction, closure around oneself as if the outside world would seek to destroy you; these are signs of weakness and utter defeat. For what does a cornered animal do? It will growl, and strike at you in a desperate last attempt to save a life that is already lost, a vain attempt to prolong an existence that is without meaning or purpose. If you must die, little animal, then you must die, otherwise stop thrashing. Why is Lebanon thrashing?

It is thrashing because it is failing. A living, breathing entity, a stagnant beast, struggling to survive multiple deaths, multiple viruses infected into its once pure body. Lebanon is dying, and as the viruses continue to plague the body, conflicting with each other, they disintegrate the vital organs, slowly, painfully, gradually, inevitably. Lebanon screams, thrashes, lashes out, but it cannot defeat the invisible death that is soon to lead it to its bitter end. Lebanon is diseased, its once beautiful form mutilated by internal leeches that suck the life out of it. Why? Why continue this torturous existence? The patient is in, she is waiting, she is suffering.

Either heal her, or kill her; she cannot heal herself. Lebanon thrashes out at any attempt for healing, and refuses them out of fear and panic. Lebanon refuses to die, choosing to live at any cost, to go on, to continue the legacy and the glory. Whatever glory Lebanon had an age ago is now lost, lost as it shivers and fights

everyone is brainwashed. Being brainwashed doesn't mean following a specific group or party. Brainwashing is a process that is slowly fed into your system from a specific point in your life by some form of 'power.' You would perceive this 'power' as a factor that gives you your identity, your dignity, and your attributes; for example, if you are isolated and deprived of the right to think, feel, eat, and sleep, you are in a state of nonentity - but when you reclaim these rights through television shows and internet sites and downloadable music and fast-food chains and cell-phones, you develop a dependant personality towards these donours - and so the donour could have absolute control over you. You would be manipulated, shaped, lied to, cheated on, stolen from, and not even take notice of it. Technology has been primarily used for the betterment of mankind; to facilitate communication and interaction between different people, but this now seems almost inapplicable, because we have grown dependant on it. To put this into perspective, let me pose a question: what do you feel you can't live without? Can you live without your USB, your Facebook account, your e-mails, your television set, your iPod, your laptop, your cell-phone, your car, your internet, and your money? This has now become a rhetorical question, but one definitely worth

SHERALD

this inevitable death. The higher hand is needed here.

Freedom? Independence? Vagaries of perception, illusions, delusions, no such things exist, nor should they, lest the very forces of existence collapse. No man is born free, not in Lebanon; every man is born into a tribe, and every tribe is controlled by a leader, who claims to be God's hand on earth. There is no freedom, and there should not be. There must be control, there must be order, there must be dominion, there must be leashes. Rabid dogs fighting over territory will destroy themselves if they are not leashed and tugged by a higher power if they are not grabbed by the ears and pulled down until they whine and whimper for forgiveness. If they refuse to coexist, then they must be forced down by leashes, rough hands, and muzzles. If the sheep cannot decide on a route of their own and go their separate ways, they must be pushed and coerced into going as a unified force. If freedom means destruction, if freedom means the devaluing of man, the widowing of wives, the creation of orphans, the harbingers of chaos and despair, of misery of death, of shattered hopes and lost dreams... Then bring this higher hand in and let it force the dogs and sheep into submission.

For the sake of humanity, for the sake of happiness, for the sake of families, for the sake of legacy, for the sake of continued existence in a world devoid of strife and struggle... There must be a hand. Freedom brings about the reign of chaos and despair. Freedom brings about the inevitable doom of Lebanon.

Mohamad "Polaris" Temsah (ENL)



entrenched and carved through the depths of our mental substratum since our births, that "unlearning" these behaviours seems almost impossible. Human beings have lost contact with their primitive instincts; they lost their need to communicate with each other before communicating with the world, they lost what their forefathers have been trying to build for thousands of years: their own civilisations with their own sets of beliefs and principles, their own language and their own heritage. All of this is diminishing as new universal principles are being erected.

Antranik Narguizian (ADC)

Lebanon is indeed unique. We face serious issues, yet the moment we find a simple distraction, we start acting like

we live in a perfect world. The Euro Cup, which is taking place on another, and which affects us in no way, takes precedence over the fact that our society is in tatters and our politics is so confusing that even we don't have problems understanding it.

Don't get me wrong, the Cup is a good distraction; however, it should not be taken seriously to an extent that it would shift our perspectives and would move the spotlight away from an issue that is of great importance for our existence in a country that belongs to us.

We should learn to divide our attention in a way that gives every issue its right weight and importance. Watch the Euro Cup and enjoy your time, but instead of spending an hour talking about players and coaches, spend some time tackling topics that would bring us closer and would bridge our differences.

Amani Kandil (PSC)

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### SHERALD

### Fists of Rusted Iron

I opened my book, read the first line, and reread it over and over again. I couldn't move on. My thoughts weren't with me. I was in a different place, but my eyes were repeatedly moving over the same sentence. No matter how much I tried to focus. I couldn't. It was this one word that had been crippling my thoughts: 'UNITY."

For the past couple of months, this word never left my mind. I saw it everywhere and on everything. I witnessed its effects when it shattered: I saw answers in its presence. Its importance struck me.

With regards to the body, the cells, muscles, and nerves work in unity. In art, a master viece focuses on the unity of all the different colours and shapes. Concerning the universe the planets unite in their movements to avoid collision. The vin-vang unites to represent the nteraction of the two energies that symbolise life... and still, the Arabs haven't united.

Arabs?!? There are no Arabs from where I see it. There is no uproar of passion that one feels for the roots they belong to. I stand alone in considering myself an Arab. My Arab roots are deep, deeper than the civilisations buried millions of years ago, carved deep in my heart. Arabism... This is the culture of religion, of origin, of honour. These are people who wear their pride on their shoulders and carry their faith in their eyes. The Arabs, so gentle to their families and communities, yet so aggressive in defending their values.

Why is it that people define themselves in these countries as "being Arab" but aren't really part of their culture? Why do these people want to modernise their homes with the latest furniture and avoid the "2a3de 3arabiyi ?" It truly saddens me how Arabs can see their fellow brothers killed by enemies and stand there watching, with no tears in their eyes and with hearts so solid. Who is that individual that is going to stand up and stamp, "Enough?!" Where is that drive?

Arab Unity. That's my dream: Arabs in all these countries uniting in their strength , standing their grounds, standing by each other, and supporting one another, like brothers. Arab Unity. It's my cause.

Sara Masri (ADC



Free Bird



And you proudly say that you are free, yet you follow your shepherds' every word. You kill your brother only because he refuses to abide by the words of a biased leader and fight for your rights as a human. Well, that i impossible. You forgot the march for minimum wage, and marched for so-called freedom and justice

You still insist not to care and blindly believe that the grass is greener on the other side. You Kill in the name of God, when you have no clue about His words; you only follow the men who claim they recite his words, yet they are sinners far beyond your comprehension. You are doped with religion, sex and TV. So what good are you if you only follow? You are no better than sheep. When will one of you stand up and say: "I want to lead," for GOOD reasons?

Now answer me this, will your shepherd pay your rent, clothe you and your family, put dinner on your table, or pay your tuition? No, and ye you still bow, clap, and waste money on bullets - money better suited to buy bread. I chose to bow to no man and no God, and I can say that I am free I still can point out what is wrong with no fear; regardless of which side ha done the wrong. Try to feel what I feel, it is great! Freedom tastes so good that you have to try it to know about it. So instead of firing your weapon for your leaders, when are you going to fire them at your leaders, the cause of all your problems? What are you afraid of? Death and burning for all eternity? Well, how about you live for now and not fear doing what you know i right, which is the same thing they tell you is wrong and sinful? Close your ears to them for one day, shut your TVs for one day, and just listen to the sounds of nature. It is then and only then that you will know right from wrong, then and only then will you become free; free, like a bird. Adel Salaman (PSC

Begging For Mercy

I can no longer hide how I feel. I can no longer deny what I see. Lebanon is my country. I am sick of newspapers and TV programmes, I am sick of politicians and press, I am tired of the peoples' prejudice and name-calling, and I am fed up and disgusted with discriminatory concepts.

"Political Recognition" is something I have had enough of. I thought colours were used for marketing and advertising purposes, or by designers and psychologists, but I never thought that they would be used to categorise people!

Schools and universities are there for all citizens who seek an education, so why should we deprive our ambitious youth from attending the colleges and universities they choose just because they support a certain political party? Political discrimination has crossed its



### Keep Politics Out of It

I'm not the type of person who likes to watch the news. It's always been so depressing, I thought. But then, with the recent events that happened in Lebanon, I felt obliged to keep informed. Unfortunately, I don't really understand much of the Arabic news, so I was forced to watch CNN instead. As I was watching that biased English-language news station, a headline caught my eye: "U.S. envoy: Myanmar deaths may top 100,000."

line to the extent that it has even reached those same students, who have begun classifying others as Xs, Ys or Zs, instead of Lebanese.

Cafes, restaurants, shopping centres, and markets, are for all people to satisfy their needs. How can we just watch politicians close our stores and shops, hotels and restaurants, and do nothing about it? Hospitals and med-

ical centres are for all patients; is it right to let people suffer if they belong to other groups? It is not acceptable for patients to fear that they won't get the right medical attention needed if someone there finds out about their political opinions.

I can no longer stand to see mothers and wives col-

(CNN, May 7, 2008). Oh great, another devastating natural disaster; is the world coming to an end?! As I continued watching, however, I realised that a lot of people were dying because of the lack of aid. The Burmese government was refusing outside help; I was shocked and also very confused to hear this. So I did some research on the country. As it turns out, Myanmar is ruled by a military junta - a committee of 12 military generals -who seized power violently in 1988 and changed the country's name from Burma to Myanmar the following year. According to the BBC, the government controls everything, from media and internet access to industries and the black-market. The regime has also been accused of human rights violations. The main reason they were hesitant to accept international relief, in wake of the cyclone disaster, is that they do not appreciate any criticism towards their government. As an objective reporter trying to understand both sides, I have come to the conclusion that the real problem is the lack of cooperation between international and local aid groups. Most international relief organisations did not trust the military in Myanmar to distribute their aid

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lapse and cry. I don't know how and where to get the strength to catch a glimpse of light from all of the darkness engulfing our country. My friends, I just ask you for mercy! Be wise and stop blindly following those politicians. Remember that we are all Lebanese. Look around you and see the gloomy faces, hear the sad echoes, and feel the pain. Those people are suffering and are asking for some compassion. The worst part is that those people are us! So let's just 'delete' war, discrimination and consequently, sorrow, from our glossaries. Let's just have the power to say NO to grief and intolerance.

I plea for your mercy, damned politicians! We've had enough damage and murder. It's time for us to regain our lives.

(When I wrote this, Downtown Beirut was still closed due to political struggles. Now that it has reopened, I hope Lebanon prevails and Beirut maintains its freedom and love of life.)

#### Kohar Eid (ADC)

(food, clothes, medicine, etc.) to the local victims, and likewise, the military did not trust the international organisations that wanted to send aid workers into the country - especially not those with human rights on their agenda. One organisation that did manage to get relief early on is the apolitical IRFF (International Relief Friendship Foundation), which worked together with ABITSU, a Burmese NGO, sending in supply trucks through the Thai/Burmese border. This aid has gone directly to the victims "without having to go through government or military forces" (irff.org). The International Committee of the Red Cross, since its founding, has always maintained a position of total neutrality and focused instead on only providing immediate aid. This has established its credibility, which some of the more politically minded aid organisations have a hard time obtaining. Therefore, the ICRC has been able to send in aid workers where others have not.

The controversy over Myanmar aid thus serves to show that involving politics in relief projects is a bad idea and may cost lives, regardless whether the involvement is on the donour or the receiver side.



### Between Above and Below ...

Manacles of time and space Shackle me from breathing ... Within me lie oceans Embracing the deepest secrets...

Memories of broken dreams Shepherd me to unknown paths... A trail of shattered hopes Covets my endless freedom...

Tempests of ceaseless existence Storm my most profound essence... Feelings incomprehensible Render me inconceivable to my own self...

With no definition for happiness

### Ditching Godot

It was 7 AM; I was awake, sitting in bed, when in fact I should have been in class. However, since all the roads were closed due to the protests all over Beirut, reaching Haigazian University was quite impossible. On a day like this, the idea of going to West Beirut was as difficult as going to the moon. As I was contemplating nothing in particular, my father was in the living room watching the current events on TV. I heard the news reporter interviewing some civilians in the Batroun region - where the protests hadn't reached. What attracted me more specifically and what really made me think was an old man's statement as to why he opened his

### Hanging by a Telephone Thread

It's not going to ring; I just know it, what are the odds? They say that a woman's chance to get struck by lighting while speeding on a highway in her blue Volvo while wearing a yellow blouse knitted by her grandmother is twice as more likely to happen than her to be able to find a decent date on a Friday night... But I never let mere statistics get in my way It is bound to ring, it

will, it shall, it must. It's not. Taking a vow of celibacy, I drown the phone in an insurmountable amount of pil-

Blood of the Lost



I stroll along a lane of illusions...

Though stars glow in the skies above, Galaxies grow in my soul within ....

Laments and torments of humanity

Resonate in my quietest moments...

Silent are these screams, yet so piercing They shake me with every breath I take ...

I surrender myself to moans and groans

Unknown feelings become my shelter

Rise from the aroma of rose petals...

Shadows of my self-destruction

A soothing rage reigns over me Throwing me into mazes that daze ...

I tremble sensing the cold waters,

Those from worlds not within the reach of all...

The sacrilege of others renders my sanctuary...

replied, "I opened because there is nothing better to do, we need to live every day as it comes, till it gets better... This statement made me link

Lebanon's current

shop on that day. He

unfortunate situation with that of the two characters in Samuel Beckett's masterpiece Waiting for Godot, who have nothing to do in life but to kill time and wait ... Wait for Godot, not knowing who he is or what he looks like, as if waiting to

lows, not having the heart to unplug it, yet determined not to hear that wretched ring that your life depends on. not to mention the money you have to feed it in order for it to keep dialing, and of course, ringing!

I shan't stoop to thine level, you malignant piece of machinery. I shall let your cords rot in the deepest circles of hell, past the Styx river, past Uncle Hitler, sitting on the sidewalks of hell, queerly smoking a cigarillo (mint flavor, please) with his legs crossed, eagerly looking at the passengers, hoping his eyes would come across a blond bimbo, typical Aryan bitch! O phone, go bury thyself alongside of poor little Ophelia and her bouquet of purple orchids and accompany her in song while she gives a pitiful yet memorable rendition of Aretha Franklin's classic "I Will Survive". Be gone phone, be gone!

...You damned phone, always conveniently silent! Enough, I shall go to my room, and never look back. So I go to my room, grab my cell-phone and dial my home number... A simple maintenance call really, I just wanted to make sure that it's still working. I turn on the light, on and off a few times then lean closer to check the

EHERALD

Yet I freeze myself to my last breath... My demolition subdues my senses As I become nothing, but a fallen angel...

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

die. So, are we - the Lebanese people - becoming like those characters, just waiting for the situation to get better? I think we are; we don't know what we're waiting for, we don't like the situation, and want to change it, with no leads as to how

VLADIMIR: Well, shall we go? ESTRAGON: Yes, let's go. They do not move.

It's not like Lebanese people have nothing to do but wait. We are the pearl of the Middle East, the soul of the Arab countries, the descendants of the powerful Phoenicians. We are the ones who can change our lifestyles, not anyone else, and we must therefore take the initiative.

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)

light bulb. I didn't want the phone to think I'm too desperate

Silence, I freeze, brief moment of deep pondering, I rush back to the living room, couldn't leave my "appliances" alone.

It's fine, I tell myself, it will be ok, I just need to keep myself busy. After a third bar of Kit Kat, a fourth bag of nachos (extra cheese, of course) and a few (more or less, again, mathematics has never been my forte) glasses of Jack, I jumped on the sofa and gave an unforgettable performance of "The Sun Will Come Up Tomorrow" with tears in my eyes, I follow it with "Those Were The Days My Friend" - the western "bouka2 3ala 2el 2atlal." Drowned in my sorrows and my whiskey, hugging a pillow that I decided to name "Lola" after much thoughtful consideration, I vowed never to answer the phone for as long as people shall call!

From afar, I hear a smothered buzzing sound, persisting and persevering... "HELLOOOO???"

Dima Matta (EDU)

Her last romance she found

No sign of innocence covers her pale skin Hair... luscious and red as the blood she bathed in... Demon's bride she is...that brutally terminated the "Lost" Her uncommon smile represented her retributions cost

By sudden bells of chapels.. Tranquilised by suicidal dreams Blankness covering her metal wings... Cries of rights....crawling down her spine Sting of a cannibal bite, seducing her eagerly Witty witch she is cursing ... Scorning her rivals... Giving them pills of eternal suffering Sprinkling death without a sound Silence that crucified nature... She feels a raging pleasure As she tortured her victims Then laid them down as corpses Murderous thing she did It was victorious glory that resurrected her from the cold chains And angels merely stare ... Going round and round with laughs And flags in their hands The colours of black and red... Sculptured for Genocide! As her victims felt the death of their flesh...

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She buries their lies with lives Slowly releasing them from their pain Alas, she weeps. Her form glistening with such paleness As her tears rush from her bare eyes She becomes a creature of the moon That is when her skin turns into glass... Pure, translucent, beautiful glass... An angel she was... That released lost souls while she was tainted in black As she cried for lust secretly... Aching for her "Lost" love While disfiguring herself in its blood... She acknowledges her fate!

Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

### Old and Deranged



life our flashes right before your when eves you are about to face your death, when soul vour escapes your throat with that last breath. In my experience, I met

sav

my death at the very beginning of my life - during my youth

- the time I would finally discover my identity, know my true potential, visualise who I want to be, and get close to feeling comfortable in my own skin. This was the moment of my death.

Why? I'm not sure, because the memory of that moment is too vague, and I'm going to lose too much energy to clear it up.

Today, I live in the shelter of an old building with a friend of mine called Bobby, but everyone on the streets know him as Flippy-Bob (he flips out on people many times during the day by cursing their mothers for minutes on end, and then gets back to normal; he was abandoned by his own mother at the age of 5 years on May 5, 1985).

Anyway, my mattress is made up of old rags I found in the garbage (which I had to lose a tooth to acquire), a hanger I use to dry my underwear on, and an old, chipped red cup (which I stole from Flippy) is my "toothbrush" (it's where I put my rotting dentures when I sleep). These make up my bedroom. I mean I know it's not a five-star hotel suite, but it's as good as it comes. The seasonal and weather changes are a wreck, but I have gotten used to them by now. Summer time is when I don't wear my underwear (I keep it clean and hide my precious hanger all season.) Spring time is when I look pretty (I put some flowers in my hair to hide the dirt that piles up.) Autumn is the time I feel old (it's so unpredictable.) But winter, winter time is when it gets ugly; my underwear doesn't keep me warm much, but at least the rain washes the dirt from my hair.

When it comes to food, I have nothing to worry about; my friend Aleco (from the nearby slaughterhouse) always finds me something to eat - he's just too kind. Flippy lights up a fire, and we are good to go.

But it is times like these that get me thinking and take me to the summer of my life, and the winter of my death. I always wish to die in summer, the time I was happiest, having reached the peak of my inner-peace; a time when I was surrounded by friends, love, and books. I still speak well by the way, and Flippy gives me that "what-the-hell-are-you-talking-about" face. I try to teach him sometimes, but it's too hard, with him flipping out on me.

It was 9:30 pm on a Sunday night. I had just taken the hottest shower using my mom's bathing cream. I took a deep breath: I could still smell the scent of vanilla in that bottle. I wore my pink PJs, straightened my hair (the way I like it), and went out to watch some TV. My dad came in and sat next to me.

One question; it required a yes or no answer; I said yes. I don't know why I said ves.

My God, it's cold!

HERALD

Oh yes, now where was I?

I could hear footsteps nearby. I ignored them (wasn't sure if they were from my past or present). I closed my eves, and tried to think back

The footsteps were getting closer, and there were voices accompanying them too.

Now I was sure they're from my present.

The voices and footsteps were closer: What do I do? Where can I go?

I looked up, and four guys were standing over me. It was their smell that made me look up more than anything else did.

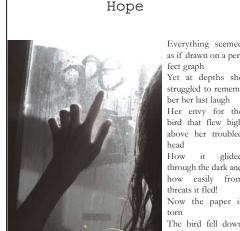
"Those rags do not belong to you", one of them said.

"WHAAAT?! Of course they are mine", I yelled, but the force drove the dentures out of my mouth, and I ended up spitting on them.

They laughed, removed the rags from underneath me (very gently), and turned away.

As the footsteps began fading away, all I could say was: "Jutht give me ma damned hangerrr you bathtardth!"

Maysa Masri (EDU)



Everything seemed as if drawn on a perfect graph Yet at depths she struggled to remember her last laugh Her envy for the bird that flew high above her troubled it glideo through the dark and easily from

torn The bird fell down to the ground

Where has her world gone? Under her dark thoughts it drowned She's done swallowing lies She's done faking smiles It's not these deceiving eyes that make her see Look beyond your weepers... You'll find the real "She" Now lost deep within herself... Seeking... Looking to find some clarity or meaning Could she find the light hidden beneath? Would she find the path, could she finally breathe? How long would she have to wait? She's fading... Now she's filled with hate! Nothing's left but her silent and hollow cries Though she still sheds blood and tries... And tries To mend the bird's wounds, to bring it back to life ... By cutting out her pain ... Making her bleed hope ... A knife!

Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

### Confessions in A Desert The stars are beautiful: never shone better



My cup is quarter full; never been tastier My friends are great; never been lovelier My heart is stitched again; never been healthier

I love my circle; hasn't been unbound since I crave for help; but it would soon be gone My health is better now, I would be long! Does an unfortunate event shows me where I belong?

I shed mine own tears Pitiful be thy distress More rain is our fears. Forgive me; for thy tears make Her depressed.

Like thoughts of a dying atheist; indeed You saved and gave life to my soul Lest burying me alive again; shivers the prowl Lest jealous heavens stole our hearts

When stones get softer Where I feel like a burn My mind streams heavier Though my body goes numb Got to let it out Can't stand this crowd

Lest it won't make me proud "Love?"

Who am I to speak of "love?" Who am I to make one feel me? Who am I to make one understand me? Who am I to make one feel my heart? Who am I to make one cry with me and for me? Who am I to hurt another? Who am I to choose another's footsteps?

Mine own eyes are open Yet I can't see Tears of pain AND joy are overwhelmed to be free They wet this sorrow with glee!

Wake up! Thy tears shall not help thee Thou art aged enough to comply Thou shall be left no more She shall not understand thee

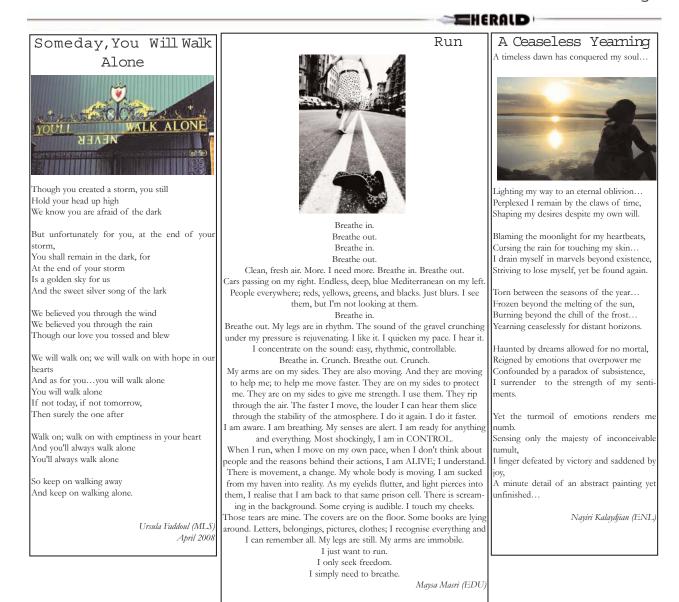
Thou shalt get to know her Whilst she shalt not know thee Hush my child, my son and friend Release thy tears, let them out For it is never shaming to admit Thou hast never lied, and thou shalt not!

Love thy journey Thou art a child Let it out... ... and let it out... Just kiss the sand! And turn the page!!!

Avo Sarafian(CSC)

### Haigazian Herald

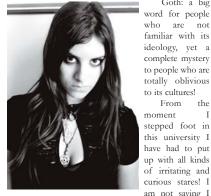
I wanna shout



### Goth is What I Am!

are

From



am not saying I did not expect this sort of reaction at all, but still, I certainly do see fit to enlighten the ignorant - or even worse - the misinformed, of Goth ideology ... My ideology!

On more than one occasion, I'm sure that most of

you have encountered those of my kind in certain concerts, or mostly in today's "youth hangout zones"... but before you start making any kind of mental image...Let Goth: a hig me just 'erase' any kind of misconception you might hold. Those kids you see walking around with bizarre not outfits are NOT Goths, for today's subcultures have taken many forms: for instance, the 'Punks' have no real statement to make ... they exist just as a 'fashion misfortune'. The 'Emos,' (also known as 'Posers') are willing 'victims' of self-mutilation, and who for some reason are deeply in touch with their feminine side in a pathetic and pitiful way. Finally, the 'Metal Heads' are known the to be the engenderers of chaos and mayhem, and are often covered in spikes and chains... Now this article is not about the recognition of fashion senses... 'Tis true that Goths have a special dress code, like the bearing of particular signs on their necks, such as the Christian Cross, the Pagan Pentacle, and Ancient Egyptian symbols, like the 'Eve of Ra', and the 'Ankh' - and of course, the constant black wardrobe. But a true Goth's culture is not about what we wear, the number of piercings and tattoos we have on our bodies, or the music we enjoy...

it's really about who we are and being at peace with that. Goth is, and always will be, a value, a way of defining beauty, a cultural sensitivity, or taste, and as such it finds expression in varied ways in which a culture can be expressed...Now don't think of Goth as a fad, it's not. For some, it may be, but for a vast majority of longterm Goths, it is a part of our personality, our very being. It is an outlook on life, a point of view. It is not a religion or a cult, as many perceive, but a lifestyle based on the appreciation for the darker side of life, particularly art! It's the ability to find the light in the darkness and embrace it for all its worth... other members of our broader culture may fear or reject the genuine uniqueness that Goth encourages. Goth is about respecting individual choice!

If Goth should mean anything, it means honesty... if you are a Goth, you would know how to be true to yourself!

Goth encourages us to accept people for who they are, just as we expect them to do the same...It opens our eves to the beauty in sorrow and the elegance in darkness.

Goth is who I am! It is not a fiction that I am trying to hide behind ... They believe that I am fallen and broken... Not true... For I am merely a part of a truth that embraces darkness and morbidity...

Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

### No Strings Attached



It's in the way they'll never understand you. You've come to terms with that,; you understand humanity. And even before you reached your teenage years you dug yourself this hole, a ditch to protect you while you live, a grave to keep you from escaping when you die. No one else understands. No one else is you. It has made you

paranoid. It's given you these choices, and though you've rebelled, you

always fell back on the only one you know; the only one you cannot avoid. You fell back on you. It is obvious now, as you sit among them,

you'll never fit in. You will never be a part of the crowd. And they will always criticise; they will always remind you that you'll never be a member. Through it all, you remind yourself why you never wanted it in the first place.

I was raised to believe that everything I was taught was the truth; that any question in the back of my mind could be asked so long as it did not question my religious loyalties. I grew up in a religious household and although we were situated in Brooklyn, New York amidst people of other cultures, religions, belief systems, sexual orientations and political affiliations - there was always this subconscious sense of bias, where it became almost natural that I see it fit to mingle only with those who shared my beliefs. Although I mainly associated with people of other religions and affiliations, I was sure never to discuss religion or allow them to attempt to "change" my mind. I was there to defend; if necessary, I was there to verbally attack anyone who dared to question what I stood for, although in my mind, I wondered about it every day. Put simply, I was placed in this "bubble" to protect my beliefs from any questioning or any attempts made by another person or the 'devil within me' that would lead me to doubt what I was taught. I suppressed my doubts for years, as I have seen many do around me - until the day I realised I was just as ignorant as those I have mocked all this time. And as I stood there in the shadows of the person I had become, I was finally able to question what information I had been fed throughout my life. And as my

### SHERALD

doubts piled up and finally reached the surface, I realized I never really believed in it at all.

Today I am not bound by any religion. I follow no political group, I do not identify with any specific culture, nor do I conclude that I am Lebanese simply because my parents identify as such. And now, I look around me and realise that the more people tend to push away any question they have about their beliefs, (related to religion, politics, sexuality, or culture), the more this world leans towards a stage where we become puppets manipulated by whoever controls the strings. People will criticise forever, but you will still exist.

One of these days, they tell you, it's going to bite you on the nose. And as you walk around with a swollen honker - you'll realise that the more they preach, the more they push their similarities on you - the more you'd rather stick to your ditch. And you know better than to think they want any more than to have you call shot-gun in your own car. When everything goes wrong, and no one can lift the load, you will have to learn to live alone. Accept it. Live for it. Crave it.

I crave this loneliness. I praise it. In the midst of an accident, I am the bleeding patient in the back of the ambulance... Waiting for the crowd to dissolve so that I am cured. I will never drive the same road again. I will walk right through the rubble, with no strings attached.

is my style.

Rok Hamzeh (PSC)

### Hayallah!

Okay Anto, here you go! I forgot to write this article on time because of my poor time management skills and weak memory. I kept forgetting about it. And what's worse is that topic ideas kept rushing through my mind with an obvious confused expression characterised by moving 43 muscles in my face: a frown. There are almost a million topics to write a 300 word paragraph about: civil marriage, sick mentalities, economic situation, Lebanese politics, dogs, health, kids, university, time management, memory... What's worse this time around is the fact that I have to include my opinion or thoughts about the topic I choose, according to Anto Narguizian of the *Haiggzian Herald*.

I worship the idea of civil marriage for its hidden economic benefits. I despise sick mentalities and seem to encounter lots of people with them everyday. I don't give a @\$%# about the economic situation (frankly speaking!). I can't understand politics in Lebanon; everyone else who is not a politician also doesn't, so please, stop pretending! I find dogs friendlier than humans in certain situations when they don't give me a blank/clueless look when I ask something, and actually react and BARK! Health is the

last issue that concerns me because I am so sick of the close-to-a-million times I've been notified, in my entire lifetime, about this issue, by flyers, papers, or e-mail forwards. And actually, I hate it when there exist those supposed-to-be-attractive-but-are-not-really titles, such as: "the truth about diets," "chocolate is beneficial," and "how to lose 2 kilograms in 10 days." I love kids who appreciate silence while playing, or who respect sleeping time, or who even eat tidily! I don't find it amusing to write about university. My time management skills are poor. My memory is weak. There you go, Anto! 11 topics in exactly one 306 word paragraph!

Lara Zouk (ADC)

### Looking For Innovative Ways to Cure Boredom? Me Neither.



We've all heard the common "I'm bored to death" remark. Known as the 'desire for desires', this bothersome emotion is perhaps below the seabed of our sea of desirable emotions. It seems that boredom can indeed have major harmful psychological effects on the individual and social level, when experienced for chronic periods of time - especially for adolescents. When action starts receding, people who are prone to boredom are more likely to engage in harmful activities: eating disorders, compulsive gambling, and drug addiction, to name but a few. In the long-run, boredom will eventually serve as a stimulant for bad behaviour. When we are happy and entertained, the brain releases a chemical messenger called dopamine; people who are very vulnerable to boredom naturally have low levels of dopamine - meaning that they always need to do something new to stimulate their minds and behaviours. The solutions to this elusive problem vary according to each individual, but are not too farfetched or innovative: they are clear and simple. Meditation, social interaction, finding new hobbies and interests, physical exercise and mindfulness will undoubtedly ease mental pressure and lower boredom levels - it is that simple. The issue is: will you reserve some time for these activities? Boredom also makes us feel uninspired and unresponsive to trying out new activities - so what the bored people need is that small activation energy - the fire - to get them up for a fresh start. Unfortunately, there is no potion to ignite this activation energy, this part remains up to you.

Antranik Narguizian (ADC)

### Commercial Earthquake

It was the earthquake that befell the Minoan civilisation, leading to its untimely demise. The same is happening to this post-Hellenic civilization; but this takes the form of destructive commercialism, where an insignificant piece of paper is the currency of the realm. The talk of retained care is not realistic since that is like time itself, 'gone with the wind.' The rotting mortal mind is sucked in by the superstardom and the so-called humble star idols. A runaway mindset is deemed irrelevant and absurd. Only what stimulates physicality is accepted, leaving what is for the mind to rot in the cellars of a decaying and neglected past, for it is deemed irrelevant to a present denied. "What is unknown is unmissed," a great man once said. Logic and past are no more.



Marwan Jaffal (BAD)

### HERALD



### HONOUR KILLING

Honour Killing, regarded as morally laudable by many tribal and rural cultures, has come under immense international condemnation by amnesty groups and governments that campaign to protect the rights of females who fall victim under the hands of their own families, who justify their deaths simply under the name of Honour Killing.

This killing is an act where a female is considered to have brought disgrace and dishonour upon the family. It is often the case that a female refuses an arranged marriage, seeks divorce (may it be from an abusive husband), or commits adultery, that prompts a member of her own family - often her brother - to murder her.

Honour Killing, this issue's Awareness topic, will shed light on multiple façades of this discerning matter, which encompasses an insightful case study, a legal case, and an article by Ms. Rasha Moumneh.

#### Antranik Narguizian (ADC)

### Cold-Blooded Murderers

Thursday, May 15 was the day Morsal Obeidi paid



the ultimate price, her life. At 11:20 pm Morsal was murdered by her brother at the suburban railway station in Germany. The murderer confessed his violent crime and the family was satisfied because

to them, Morsal was a source of shame. A few days later, the murder was announced as an "honour killing."

For some people, it is naturally impossible to accept lifestyles different to their own - particularly those belonging to Eastern traditions. They cannot integrate with other cultures, especially when these people emigrate to the West - in this case, Germany - as Morsal's family had done. These people have their own beliefs and concepts carved in their minds and their traditions are carried in their blood. For them, such crimes are socially acceptable; any women in the family that may cause shame can be killed by a close male relative, under the premise of conserving honour. But the question is: is it fair to kill these women and get away with it, unpunished? And whose responsibility is it to protect these Eastern women from the cold-blooded murders?

Morsal was just 16. Her only crime was that she loved the way the German girls lived and so, she behaved like one. Is it a must for Eastern women to be punished if they adopt liberal characters? It was merely the uncovered hair, the short skirts, and the make-up that drove Morsal to her fate and made her a victim of honour killing.

Such cases never end. Women die and there are very few attempts to provide them with adequate safety. Fortunately, the National Jordanian Campaign was launched in January 1999. Those who launched this project were convinced that

women should be protected, and they began convincing others to sign their petition. They used different methods such as the internet, interviews, media fax, and ads to spread awareness and encourage the public to sign. The aim of the campaign was to publicise the problem in the foreign media to alert more people to understand the seriousness of this problem. One of the most important steps they took was the immediate request to omit Article 340, which allows killing in the name of honour. If the launching of this campaign was the first daring step to stand in the face of injustice, then we should propagate these campaigns and jointly take action by education and amendments to state laws. Although this process will need a lot of time and effort, it is bound to succeed.

Every day, more and more women are dying. And unless action is taken, the number of women killed in the name of family honour will remain a statistic with an extremely significant value.

Kohar Eid (ADC)

### Identifying Honour Killing

Honour killing is considered to be a crime that threatens the unity and harmony of the community, and acts as a barrier that prevents women from progressing in their lives. The social definition that is acknowledged traditionally, is that honour killing has to do with the woman alone; a woman who has (sexual) contact with a man - outside the frame of marriage - is killed, in order to maintain and protect the honour of the family. However, a great misinterpretation of the meaning of honour lies here because human values (such as dignity) are neglected. Focus is instead put on the woman's body and her virginity.

According to the law in most Arab countries, the woman is an object owned by the man who assumes responsibility over her behaviour and life. The social traditions lead to the isolation of the woman in her home. She is required to cover her entire body up and act according to his desire in order to maintain the honour of the family, namely the father, brother or husband. A decent honourable man has to have a decent honourable woman, but a woman cannot be so unless she is caged. She has a set of rules and regulations to follow; if she digresses, she would get killed in the name of honour; an honour that is defined by the person that kills her for reasons and motives only he knows, and that might not even have anv relation with honour or dishonour.



This is quite a blatant example of the constant discrimination that women face in the Middle East. Moreover, as mentioned above, laws in most Arab states give the man of the family the full right to act as he deems reasonable when he finds that he is being dishonoured by his woman. Jordanian law concerning honour killing states that: "he who discovers his wife or one of his female relatives committing adultery and kills, wounds, or injures one of them, is exempted from any penalty." Syrian law states: "He who catches his wife or one of his ascendants, descendants or sister committing adultery or illegitimate sexual acts with another and he killed or injured one or both of them benefits from an exemption of penalty." Moroccan Law states: "Murder, injury and beating are excusable if they are committed by a husband on his wife as well as the accomplice at the moment in which he surprises them in the act of adultery." And in Pakistan, honour killings are known as Karo Kari. The practice is supposed to be prosecuted under ordinary murder, but in practice, police and prosecutors often ignore it. Often, a man must simply claim the killing was for his honour and he will be set free.

Lately however, the work of activists has led to the emergence of a wave of awareness and people in some countries started demanding the abolition of these laws. For example, honour killing was no longer considered legal in Iraq in 2002. In Lebanon, which is considered the most Westernised Arab country, the law was amended in 1999. It is important to point out the fact that, even though these laws were abolished, it does not mean that honour killings are not taking place. The only difference now is that they are being disguised as accidents. Perhaps over time, the topic of honour killing will become a thing of the past. Until then however, it is important to raise awareness about the stupidity of such acts and abolish them.

Amani Kandil (PSC)

### Awareness

### EHERALD

### Honour Killings & the Lebanese Penal Code

Perhaps the most sensationalized crime against women in the Arab world today is the so-called "honor crime". Our society remains a highly

patriarchal one, and everything from social norms to legal codes serve as consistent reminders that women are primarily reproductive and sexual beings whose behavior requires control and constraint by men, by the family, and even by the state. The most extreme example of this tyranny over female bodies is the killing of women in the name

of honor and its legal justification in modern penal codes.

What may be surprising to many is that there is no actual article in the Lebanese penal code that deals with crimes of honor in the broad sense of the term. What does exist in the code is very specific: if a man catches his wife or female family member committing an act of sexual impropriety such as adultery and kills her in the heat of the moment, he will receive a reduced sentence (what is commonly referred to as a "crime of passion"). In effect, this precludes any form of premeditated murder. Despite this, the distinction between crimes of honor and crimes of passion is often blurred, thereby reinforcing the notion that men have a "right" to punish women for improper sexual behavior.

In fact, the vast majority of murder cases brought to court don't

### Victims of Honour Killing

In Aleppo, a 23 year old mother of two was strangled to death by her brother who suspected her of having a relationship with another man (May 2008).

On an Egyptian couple's wedding night, the newly married woman was stabbed to death by her husband. After his arrest, the husband said that he was unable to break his wife's hymen on the wedding night, leading him to conclude that she was sexually experienced (December 2007).



A 20 year old girl was shot and killed by her 15 year old brother in the village of Jubania, Syria for having a relationship with a boy and becoming pregnant. The killer is unlikely to face any severe penalty.

A 22 year old Indian girl was beaten and burnt alive by her father and uncle for having fallen in love with someone

her family did not approve of. The murderers are currently under arrest (April 2008).

In Syria, four members of the same family have been arrested for forcing their son to kill his sister because she had married a man through an "Urfi" marriage (April 2008).

An 18 year old girl was either killed or forced to commit suicide for having developed a relationship with a man belonging to a scheduled caste. After the victim was caught with her lover, the victim was dragged home by her relatives and beaten to death. The girl's parents are currently behind bars (April 2008).

A 12 year old Indian girl was beaten to death by her father and uncles. The victim's grandmother said that her sons killed her after they found a fourteen year old boy, her schoolmate, in her room late at night. They beat her to death, and the father and his brother then allegedly burnt her body and dumped it in a well. The body has yet to be found (April 2008). even qualify as honor crimes. Men who have killed women in premeditated murder or as a result of a domestic violence incident (which happens very frequently) often try to spin the story into one of sexual jealousy or infidelity in order to qualify for a reduced sentence. An actual reduction in sentence is thankfully extremely rare in Lebanese courts.

Having said this, a closer look at the penal code reveals that, whether through omission (not criminalizing marital rape), by providing legal loopholes (a rapist is exonerated if he offers to marry his victim), or by giving reduced sentences for crimes of passion, the same underlying principle governs our legal



system: families, and specifically its male members, continue to hold power over women, their bodies, and their lives.

While honor killings may very well be one of the most heinous crimes against women, these types of murders need to be seen along a continuum of violence against women that is both condoned and pardoned. It is an entire culture of legitimized violence against women that needs to be challenged.

> Rasha Moumneh Project Coordinator at Kafa (enough) Violence and Exploitation

Kafa is an organisation that works to eliminate gender-based violence. Visit the site for more information: www.kafa.org.lb

A 17 year old Iraqi girl was brutally beaten and stabbed to death by her father for having developed a relationship with a 22-year old British soldier. The father was initially arrested but released two hours later because it was an 'honor killing' (March 2008).



A 33 year old Pakistani mother

of six was shot dead by her brother on suspicion that she had developed 'illicit relations' with other men (February 2008).

A 16-year-old Canadian girl was strangled and beaten by her father in a dispute over her refusal to wear the hijab at school. She died of injuries in the hospital (December 2007).

A 47 year old Turkish woman deserted her husband and moved in with her divorced daughter, a mother of three sons. They were located by the father and his son who came to the women's home, where the son brutally killed his mother and his sister by beating them on the head with a bat, with his three young nephews watching. Upon his arrest, the 19 year old said that he had killed the women to clean the honor of his family (August 2007).

A Pakistani woman, aged 40, divorced her husband some years ago. She was living with her five daughters and two sons. Her eldest son, suspecting her of having 'illicit' relations with one of their neighbours, shot her in the head (July 2007).



After years of being in an abusive relationship, a Kurdish woman living in Germany, obtained a restraining order against her husband and filed for divorce, and referred to that day as "the happiest day of her life". Three hours later she was dead; stabbed 13 times by her ex-hus-

band, doused in gasoline and lit on fire - all in broad daylight in the middle of the street. Her ex-husband was admitted to the murder, claiming religion and culture and honor as the reasons for his actions. He is now facing a life sentence (October 2006).

www.stop-stoning.org

Advertisement



### HERALD



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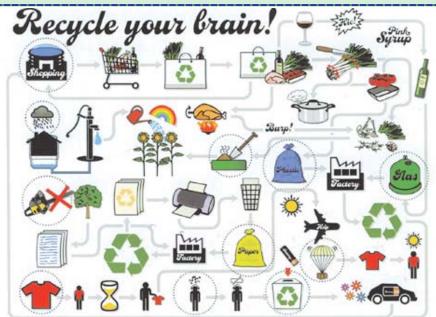
### News and Notes from the Environmental Club

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To quickly update the two or three people who are interested enough, the Environmental Club has agreed with St. Marc Laboratories (Awesome, Right?) to conduct the ever-complicated tests to determine how potable Beirut potable water is. Because of the war (it's interesting how we've all incorporated that word into our everyday language and attitude as nothing more but a chore or something), we couldn't really go to the four corners of Beirut (and the middle). So we plan on carrying the project out in the summer because we're committed (right?). I went up and took a look at the trees we planted earlier in the year and they haven't grown a lot yet, but none of them has died, all are healthy and beautiful. I took a picture of a new bright green pouch on one of those trees, but the person whose camera I took it with has yet to send me the pictures.

Oh and we will wish you all happy summers at the end of the page.





### News and Notes from Mother Earth

\* Aerovironment, aka urban turbines or modular turbines, are wind turbines (for those of you who don't know, a wind turbine is a giant fan that generates electricity) that can be installed onto a building, provide a 30% increase on efficiency and power generation, and are custom designed to fit the curves of the building.

\* Our beloved United States senate refused to renew H.R.6049, which is not a codename for some plan to dominate the world (or the Middle East or any other place like that, you know), rather one that provides tax credit to green energy companies and whatnot. The end of the Energy Job Creation Act could mean the loss of \$19 billion of investment, and more importantly, the loss of 16,000 jobs.

\* There is a group of politicians in the United States who are advocating buying the Amazon to protect it better, environmentally that is. A figure as low as \$50 billion is being talked about. This is certainly an improvement compared to Iraq, nothing more said.

\* The Ozone Hole has been put up for sale. In other words, ebay is selling the hole in the ozone layer. No comment.

\* The recent earthquake in China leaked 80,000 tonnes of Ammonia into the ground. That's like an oil spill, only maybe worse.

\* The United States of America has the second largest black market for ivory. China leads it. The growth of these black markets has given rise to an increase in poaching in recent years.

\* In a few years, Ipods will be solar powered, according to Apple. (Apple is the company that manufactures Ipod)

\* More than 2,000 delegates from 160 nations have been meeting to prepare a new global agreement to replace the Kyoto protocol, and Swiss delegates have been pushing for a global tax of \$2/tonne of any fossil fuel emission. What a nice way to milk Africa.But wait... less-developed countries will be exempt of this global tax.

\* The IEA, International Energy Agency, estimates the cost of the energy revolution at \$45 trillion. If Haigazian University had some kind of mechanism of communication between the faculty/administration/board and the students, we would actually dare and call the board and tell them this so they start thinking of an environmental program here. \*Phone rings\* "Hello? Board? He-hello? Any- anyone there?"

\* Portugal is building the world's largest solar plant as it aims to power 30% of national electricity through renewable resources.

\* Construction will begin in the coming weeks in Dubai to build the world's first self-sufficient skyscraper... and it rotates!!! Seriously...the thing can move for better wind and/or more sun. Is it worth mentioning that the architect of this wonder is an Italian-Israeli? Nah.

\* Rubbing a lavender flower behind your ears and on your neck before you sleep will repel mosquitos at night.

\* Future droughts in Los Angeles got L.A. officials to make a new water plan which will reuse toilet water.

\* Scientists have apparently developed a machine that sucks the CO<sub>2</sub> out of the air and will build a prototype soon.

\* The UN estimates that there are 46,000 pieces of plastic litter per square mile in the ocean.

#### Green quote of the issue

Earth provides enough for every man's need, not every man's greed.

### Parting Shot

We wish you all very happy and joyous (happy and joyous mean the same thing... almost) summers.

Arek Dakessian (SOW)

Ghandi

### Amazing Facts From All Over the World

In the UK, a pregnant woman can legally relieve herself anywhere she wants; even, if she so requests, in a policeman's helmet.

If you yelled for 8 years, 7 months and 6 days, you would have produced enough sound energy to heat one cup of coffee. If you fart consistently for 6 years and 9 months, enough gas is produced to create the energy of an atomic bomb.

The microwave was invented after a researcher walked by a radar tube and a chocolate bar melted in his pocket.

Albert Einstein never wore any socks.

The average human will eat 8 spiders while asleep in their lifetime.

Scientists with high-speed cameras have discovered that rain drops are not tear shaped but rather look like

Leonardo da Vinci was dyslexic, and he often wrote backwards.

If you were to take 1 lb. of a spiderweb and stretch it

### You Know You re Lebanese When...

- You play cards till the break of dawn.
- You never ever run out of "Bizir
- Members of your family start to come over your house at 11:00 pm and don't leave until 3:00 am.
- Your parents brag about you even when you're bad.
- You gossip about your own family with other members of your family.
- One satellite dish on the roof isn't enough; you need at least two.
- You pronounce the letter "H" like "etch".
- You put olive oil on everything and brag about how
- Your mother cooks a meal that lasts three days.
- Your aunt always asks you when she can dance at your wedding.

- At your wedding, it takes you four hours to kiss all the guests.

Your Father swears at you with words that curse him as well (Yil3an Abouk).

- You just cannot have a meal without bread.

Your friend dyes her hair a very obvious fake shade of blond that is non-existent in nature but still swears that

- You feel proud when a celebrity has Lebanese roots.

- You teach your non-Lebanese friends Arabic words (mostly bad ones), and feel so proud when they use them in conversations.

out, it would circle the whole way around the world. If every person in China stood on a chair and jumped off at the same time...it would knock the earth off its axis.

The Bible, the world's best-selling book, is also the world's most shoplifted book.

Adolf Hitler was a vegetarian, and had only one testicle.

In 1386, a pig in France was executed by public hanging for the murder of a child.

It's against the law to burp or sneeze in a church in Nebraska, USA.

A man named Charles Osborne had the hiccups for 69

A giraffe can clean its ears with its 21-inch tongue.

The increased electricity used by modern appliances is causing a shift in the Earth's magnetic field. By the year 2327, the North Pole will be located in mid-Kansas, while the South Pole will be just off the coast of East

In 1843, a Parisian street mime got stuck in his imaginary box and consequently died of starvation.

Never hold your nose and cover your mouth when sneezing, as it can blow out your eyeballs.

Coca-Cola was the favored drink of Pharaoh Ramses.

Your mother has a creative nickname for you like "Sousou", "Natousheh", "Googoo", or "Manmoun". - You a have a difficult Arabic name so you come up with a cooler foreign version like "Mo" "Mike" or "Joe" - You get really excited and call your whole family to the room when there is special coverage on CNN about Lebanon. The images aired are mostly burning tires and citizens armed with guns, but you still feel very excited and proud.

You're convinced that your mom would win a "slipper throwing contest" because of her accurac

- It doesn't even cross your mind NOT to B-B-Q at two in the morning...on your front porch ofcourse.

- As a kid, you've been beaten with almost anything
- rock-hard: a belt, a shoe, a branch of tree. You name it. - You say "Wallah" after practically every sentence.

- Your mother insists that you eat a full meal even when

- Your parents always tell you stories to make you feel grateful for what you have, like "When I was your age I had to walk in snow up to my waist and carry my brother and sister on my shoulders for 20 km to get to school everyday! And you complain about taking the bus?"

Your car is packed with a sterio system louder than a

- You let your friends call you all the names they want, but if they say anything about your mother, they better run fast!

You say "close the light" instead of "turn off the light". - You bought your driver's license.

You don't have a job but you recharge your cell phone

EHERALD

An inscription found in his tomb, when translated, was found to be almost identical to the recipe used today. Donald Duck comics were banned in Finland because he doesn't wear pants.

If you part your hair on the right side, you were born to be carnivorous. If you part it on the left, your physical and psychological make-up is that of a vegetarian.

The record for the longest period without sleep is 18 days, 21 hours, 40 minutes during a rocking chair marathon. The record holder reported hallucinations, paranoia, blurred vision, slurred speech and memory

Beetles taste like apples, wasps like pine nuts, and worms like fried bacon.

If we could shrink the earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people, with all the existing human ratios remaining the same, there would be 57 Asians, 21 Europeans, 14 from the Americas and 8 Africans. Only 1 would own a computer.

Facetious and abstemious contain all the vowels in their correct order.

The longest English word without a vowel is twyndyllyngs which means "twins".

- You only buy something if it is expensive enough, because the higher the price the better the quality. Right? - You dress like you're going clubbing all day every day, probably because you do.

You curse Lebanese people when you're in Lebanon, but when you live abroad you only make Lebanese friends.

When you arrive at the airport, you find around 20 rel-

- You have to keep explaining to Westerners that Beirut is not just a drinking game.

Your extended family is over at your house all the time,

- There is no such thing as quiet time.

- You use your mobile phone only to make and receive

- You judge Lebanese singers and other celebrities based on their political view only.

- You hug and kiss relatives you have never seen before in your life.

- At parties there's always enough food for an entire army, and you have to taste everything and finish your plate or your mom will say "Haram"! You are always late

- Your Wife/Husband is also your first cousin. - You have a unibrow and if you don't, you pluck it.

- It's perfectly OK to put chairs and tables in the street by the curb to socialize.

You are awaken at four in the morning by a family member who lives overseas: "Kifkon Bi Libnen?!"

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