



# THE Haigazian

The Haigazian University Student Newspaper



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How do working HU students juggle education and employment?

Go to **page 10** to find out.

Interested in knowing how HU students spent their summer?

Quench your curiosity by flipping to **page 6**.

"I had no control of my life.  
It was like being in jail".

Skip to **page 17** to read more about an immigrant worker's account on the hidden world of **Maid Abuse** in Lebanon.

## Embrace Diversity Denounce Enmity

After a long and lazy summer doing nothing, I was really excited to start my first day of university. As usual, I was looking forward to seeing my old friends and meeting the newcomers. However, upon my entrance, I found out that I might be in for a disappointment. When I got to university, I was welcomed by many new faces, but didn't see any of my friends, so I decided to sit and wait for them to show up. Whilst sitting, I couldn't help but overhear a conversation that was going on among a group of girls near me. The girls - all newcomers - were discussing the sexual orientation of another student they had all known during school. The outcome of the conversation was that they could no longer acknowledge someone that, according to them, is 'abnormal' because of his homosexuality. When that issue was settled, the same girls went on to gossip about every single girl, guy, and instructor who passed by. There had to be something wrong about everyone. Even Anto (a friend of mine who had joined me by then) and I were at one point the object of their scrutiny.

This incident, which was a huge surprise to me, had me thinking that this semester might be a bit different, so I decided to write a few words of advice to the girls (who will undoubtedly know this is about them) and to all the newcomers at Haigazian.

Haigazian is a university that embraces all kinds of people regardless of their sexual orientation, as well as their religious, economic, and social standards. We do not judge people by what they wear, what they own, what they do, who they do it with, or what religion they follow. In fact, the only aspect we might judge is how smart they are and how capable they might be of proving themselves. And even when we do that, it is only to see whether we can become as good as them, and to

help them become as good as us, if we are doing better. Fellow students, it's important to realise that we all come to the university to broaden our educational abilities, and gain a better understanding of the people around us, no matter how different they might be.



Therefore, learn a bit from us 'old students'. When you get to university every morning, forget about your problems with the people around you. Learn to accept those that do not share your views because that shows maturity. Instead of judging people, put yourself in their place and understand them. Do not voice your opinions about anyone because that might lead to malice, and that is in no way acceptable.

The motto of Haigazian is 'Truth, Freedom and Service', and that's the first lesson each and every student gets taught here. To me, *truth* is being true to yourself and accepting the true self of others, *freedom* is every student's right in being who she/he is and being free to show this without being subject to any sort of degradation, while *service* lies in every student's duty towards this university and the community at large; a duty that is to be achieved by helping others, understanding them, and opening their eyes if they ever do otherwise. Fellow students, my advice to you all is to embrace the truth, understand the true meaning of freedom, and service those around you because therein lies the true essence of Haigazian University.

Amani Kandil (PSC)

## SLB & Student Concerns

The Student Life Board (SLB) wanted to make sure that student concerns were being taken into consideration. To do this, we caught up with Mrs. Sarar Maalouf, Lecturer in Psychology, to ensure that the concerns voiced by students are being taken into consideration.

**Do you think it is a duty or a right for students to voice their opinions?**

It is both. Students have the right to voice their opinion, and at the same time it is their duty to do that, if they are to develop and mature. Students have to be partners with their universities towards their own advancement. Part of education is developing the person, not only academically. How we do this is by implementing critical thought in students, effectively teaching them to sort out what is right from wrong. Sometimes students become somewhat reluctant to voice opinions when the issue relates to HU authority figures. So why not consider the event a practice to resolve problems in a safer context than in a future job/career context?

**How can students voice their opinions best?**  
Being part of any club is usually a good start. I even feel that if a group of students sharing a common concern

or point of interest were to gather around anywhere on campus and check different perspectives amongst themselves and with teachers, this could be a very good start to address university issues that can then be raised to the administration or SLB. This also allows for training in how to evaluate and solve issues that may arise on campus with teachers or others, and off campus, in their social and career worlds.

**Do you think there is a level of respect that is developed as students address their issues?**

Of course. I am training students to get what they want with respect to themselves and the other. That is maturity. If an issue arises, involving a single teacher with many failing students, the latter may feel the teacher is "out to get them". This in general is untrue and most teachers strive to help students achieve their maximum potential. However, as teachers have a duty towards students, students also have a duty to themselves. Whether I like you or not has nothing to do with the grades you receive. It is your duty to excel in your classes, and it is your right to question when you think you weren't treated fairly.

Wael Bazzy (PSC)

- Page 3 News** HU celebrates Founders' Day! Our students give back! A rat eating plant is discovered! We have your dose of News in and out of HU.
- Page 5 Concerns** Students fuss about the new HU cafeteria, electricity (or lack thereof) in Lebanon and other issues.
- Page 8 Graduate Confessions** HU graduates enlighten us about life after completing their studies.
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- Page 23 Christmas** A student rants about why he dislikes Christmas, while another plans on enjoying the festivities.
- Page 24 Awareness** For those who have a hard time differentiating between Anorexia and Bulimia.



## Editorial:

### No Anesthesia

Damn it! And I don't mean the fact that the first word of my very first editorial was a swearword, but the fact that I can't sleep. My eyes are weary from sitting in front of the computer hours on end, I'm sleepy as hell, I need to wake up at six in the morning, and I can't sleep. The reason for me being an insomniac for quite a while now is thoughts like who still hasn't submitted her article and who has to cover tomorrow's event, a.k.a. the **Herald**. Yet it doesn't bug me that my once pleasant dreams have been swapped by feelings of anxiety and unrest, that I've totally morphed into this constantly irritated nocturnal creature (a lot like Jenni, the **Herald's** former Ed-in-Chief), and that I spend seven hours straight working in a very dispiriting room where it takes only two people to form a crowd; I think in a weird way, I kind of like it.

What *does* get on my nerves, though, is when people misconstrue the intentions behind some of the **Herald's** content. One reader, for instance, thought that by presenting the issue of self-mutilation in the

Awareness section, we were promoting it and encouraging people to cut themselves. So for those of you who do not know, the **Herald** is a mirror image of the community. If the issues of drunk driving, divorce, rape, self-mutilation, honour killing, eating disorders, and immigrant maid abuse are brought up, it is only because they already exist in our society, whether we like to admit it or not.

Still other readers thought that the **Herald** had become too gloomy and melancholic and accordingly requested that we fill the upcoming issues with rainbows and butterflies (Seriously?!). I spent days wondering why some people would accuse the **Herald** of being murky and depressing, and I think I have come across a couple of reasons why. Maybe the truth just hurts and people, for instance, don't want to acknowledge that once upon a time they were molested, occasionally cut themselves to deal with unresolved anger and sadness, and to this day suffer from a distorted body image view. Maybe denial is the easy way out of dealing with issues our flawed society considers taboo. Or perhaps not talking about these issues will magically make them fade away into oblivion.

Sadly, this world we live in is not all bliss and perfection, and your Student Newspaper sure can't claim it



is. So here's a point of advice: just rip off the bandages, hurt just a little bit, tackle issues you've learned to avoid facing so well, get out of your safety zone, challenge yourself to think outside the box for once and not as you've been conditioned to do so since you were three. It's only then that you'll wake from the delusion that life is perfect and realise that the **Herald** isn't really melancholic; it's life that's not all impeccable.

Manuel Kurkjian  
*The Insomniac Haigazian Herald Editor in Chief*

## First Impressions

"You never get a second chance to make a first impression". I remember this quote as part of an advertising campaign for an anti-dandruff shampoo when I was a child. In the commercial, there was a person trying to impress someone else, when, at that fateful moment, they would scratch their head because of the dandruff and end up making a bad first impression.

As I look back over my life, I realise that the statement is true; you really don't have a second chance to make a first impression and people remember that first impression of you for a long time.

When I was at university, I worked for two summers as a counselor at a Christian camp. My second summer at camp arrived, but due to some unfortunate circumstances, I was late at arriving to camp. The rest of the staff were on an outing, and I had to catch up with



them. I was so excited I would be seeing those who I had worked with during the previous summer that I could hardly wait to see them again. When I arrived at the beach, where the staff gathered, I remember standing on top of the cliff and making an announcement of myself to the group. A roar of excitement emerged from those I knew from the previous summer; I slid

down the railing of the stairway into their arms. We greeted one another and had a wonderful reunion.

Later, I had learnt that I really freaked some of the new staff members out - those of whom I had not met. They told me that I had intimidated them and that they were afraid to approach me and get to know me because of my entrance. In fact, because we were all known by our camp names and not our real names, it took many of the new staff over a month to learn my real name, all because of that first impression.

So here I am again, in a new setting, and new to Haigazian University. Once again, I am placed in the position of having to make a first impression. What will I say in my first article? What shall I do?

If I could have one message that you hear from me it would be this: God loves you. No matter who you are or what you have done, God loves you.

Reverend William Gregory Lee Parker

## THE CONSCIOUS SHAPING & THE RESHAPING OF US

We are living in an age of superhighway information. Personally, I prefer calling it the permanent season of information, monsoons and tornados. Ultimately, we are given no choice and furthermore, we cannot block ourselves out.

Too much of everything is being pumped at us from every direction. All we need is to spare time and the click of a button, and we find ourselves at the bottom of an ocean of information. As a matter of fact, even for the very tiny, non-critical and non-pivotal issues, we are compelled to allocate disproportionate time, all due to the streams of information.

We are smart and skillful enough to gather a good number of theories pertaining to the issue we

want to check, but our desktops are downloaded with diverse views from all walks of world culture. Indeed, this 'salad bowl' of information we have at our fingertips pulls us in different directions. We are not sure which one is "right" and which is "wrong". All the theories sound correct, but their combination confuses us.

We remember that "Ignorance is Bliss" but not after we have tapped and opened our ears and mind to the storm of information.

We do not have the luxury of time to sneak through the various details of every piece of information, nor do we have the luxury to consume enough energy and effort to analyze the pros and cons of each theory regarding our specific issue. We make a short list of core views and take them to our own conscience, transmit them through our own prisms and undergo a process of mutual accommodation. We pick bits and aspects of those theories and reshape ours according to the core values we identify with; always in line with our own psycho-physiological nature at that specific time.



Either that or we may opt for other tracks. After all, we live in the age of reshaping everything.

Antranik Dakeessian

## News

### Haigazian Celebrates Founders' Day



On October 13, Haigazian celebrated its annual Founders' Day celebration, in the presence of the President

of the Union of Armenian Evangelical Churches of the Near East, Rev. Meguerdich Karagoezian, Minister Jean Oghassabian, Armenian Ambassador Roupen Kharazian, foreign embassies representatives, Board members, faculty, staff and students.

After the professional march and the Lebanese National Anthem, the service started with the invocation offered by the new Campus Minister, Rev. Greg

Lee-Parker, followed by a power point presentation, "Tribute to the Founders", delivered by the Dean of Arts & Sciences, Dr. Arda Ekmekji, who highlighted the factors which led to the foundation of the University 53 years ago.

Student Life Director Antranik Dakessian presented Student of the Year 2008, Antranig Ketchegian, who invited students to live university life to its utmost, by "giving equal weight, time, and dedication to the academic and the social life at the university".

University President, Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian, then delivered a speech "On Profit and Culture", where he highlighted the "not-for-profit" and "intercultural" aspects of Haigazian. "All fine culture is fundamentally intercultural. Intercultural does not mean lack of culture or diluted culture or confused culture. Rather it means good communication, learning, and sharing", said Haidostian. Guest of Honor, Minister of Culture, Mr. Tammam Salam addressed the audience by expressing his pride and gratitude of being a Haigazian student. Minister Salam considered that the main element in the

Founders' vision was "a call to undergo a revolution of values, shifting from an object-oriented society, to a person-oriented society." Salam extended his commitment to provide Haigazian University with his support in promoting national awareness, so that it becomes "a place of hope, excitement, discovery, and a campus that is characterized by a sense of promise and pride, purpose and accomplishment". Minister Salam was then presented a plaque of appreciation, in honor of his efforts to the enrichment of society.

*mSk*



### Run Stuart Little... Run!

Is there a rodent you need to kill? Have you tried rat traps, poison & glue but nothing seems to work? Perhaps you should consider *Nepenthes Tenax* to do the job. *Nepenthes Tenax* is a new plant species that was recently discovered in Cape York, Australia. It is also known as the rat-eating plant and as its name suggests, its fame is derived from the fact that it occasionally traps, and eats, small rats. Yes, as amazed or disgusted as you might be, let me add that this plant is one of the 120 *Nepenthes* species in existence worldwide, all of which are characterized for being carnivorous. Ironically, they are also referred to as monkey cups because of the fact that monkeys have been known to drink rain water from them. Most *Nepenthes* that catch insects and other small vertebrates can die when trapping something as large as a rat, thus

making *Tenax* a unique carnivorous species. *Nepenthes* plants usually have shallow roots and a climbing stem which ends with a bud that grows into a tube-shaped trap or pitcher. The pitcher has a fluid inside which retains the prey by drowning it; the fluid might be thin or thick and is resistant to rainwater. On top of the pitcher there is a colorful structure called the peristome or lip which attracts the prey and soon after the innocent animal goes into the lip, it slips into the cup which has a sticky cover that makes escaping an impossible mission.



Yes, *Nepenthes* can be very wicked plants, indeed. So after learning all this, let's just hope that our second favorite rat Stuart Little never pays a visit Cape York.

*Samar Chonjah (PSY)*

### HU Students Give Back

Spring 2007 witnessed the introduction of a very unique course: Community Service (BAD 200).

To follow up on the matters of the course, we caught up with Mrs. Vera Karagoezian, an instructor in Business Administration, to fill us in on the updates.

#### What was the reason behind establishing such a course?

We, as a business department, recognise that Business students should have a once in a lifetime chance to serve their community. They may not have the opportunities that students of other majors have to touch the lives of people in need. Students taking this course are harvesting deep values in their lives. For instance, I have students who had never served anyone in their community, be them orphans, the elderly, handicaps, children with cancer, or refugees. After finishing the project, their view towards life was totally changed. They stopped complaining and learned to appreciate everything

they had; some even decided to continue serving their communities even after the project was over. Our students will make a change in the lives of those people and become masters of many values.

#### Has the number of students enrolling in the course been increasing?

Yes it has. Many students took the class because they needed a one credit course, but after the project was over, they were all very glad they joined it.

#### What institutions will the class serve this semester?

There's quite a few. Children's Cancer Center is one of them.

We'll also be working with different orphanages as well as institutions for the elderly.

*Jeff Armani (FIN)*



### Interview with Our Librarian

The *Herald* caught up with HU Librarian, Ms. Sonia Sislian, to find out what are the new services the library is offering during the current academic year.

#### What's new in the library this year?

A few months ago we conducted a survey and saw that the majority of students requested certain book topics, comfortable chairs and other items. I am glad to say that most of their demands were met. The library collection is now enriched with a variety of book topics, such as pregnancy, child care, decoration, food, entertainment, jokes, politics, environment, technology and health. We also have new and more comfortable chairs, tables, carpets and decorative items to make the libraries more attractive and user friendly. Moreover, the Armenian library was recently named Derian Armenological Library.

#### What about the code reading of IDs?

To get to the libraries, all students need to pass through security (No ID, No Entry). IDs will also be required for the online book acquisition which is hopefully going to be implemented in the spring semester. To facilitate this process, the library needs new bar-coded IDs so that the status of the book borrower is directly interpreted.

#### What are some of the libraries' learning facilities?

The libraries' learning facilities include all the books, journals, periodicals, theses, online databases, audio-visual and other related material. Two magnetic photocopy machines (one on each floor) are put at the disposal of students to help them take out parts of a book or journal that are otherwise barred. As I mentioned before, we also have comfortable and cozy areas to study in and a nice staff to help knowledge seekers.

#### What is the usage of the Internet in the library?

Students need the internet to access the online catalogue and databases. They may also use search engines for research purposes. The internet access is filtered, though, just like other university areas. We have a near future plan to automate the Derian library.

In the end, Miss Sislian invited all students to visit both libraries and make use of all the facilities and services provided to them.

*Matthew Francis (BIO)*





## Guest Articles

### The Time Traveler's Wife

*The Time Traveler's Wife*\*. Never heard of the book? Neither had I till I picked it up in a secondhand bookshop.

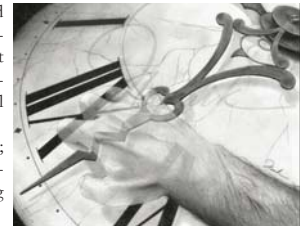
Henry has no control over his time travel. For instance, at one moment he just got home from the discotheque; the next moment he's five years old, in a museum - and stark naked because clothes can't time travel. Sometimes his time travel lands him in dangerous predicaments leading to injury or arrest.

But it's not really Henry's many different "travels" that make this such a good book. For one thing, it's Henry's and his wife's ways of coping although they live with constant uncertainty about his time traveling and safety. For another thing, it's about their relationship and how they deal with severe stresses and strains.

Henry and his wife's story is fantastic, but the human element is familiar to us all. You

would recognise some of the difficulties and uncertainties you face in your own relationships. Aren't we all "time travelers" when it comes to our relationships with other people? Don't we and our relationships all change with time?

*The Time Traveler's Wife* was a lucky find; it's not every day that you stumble on a really good novel - one that's both entertaining and thought provoking.



Ailka McLardy

Director of Adult Education Program and In-Service Teacher Training

\* *The Time Traveler's Wife* by Audrey Niffenegger

(Toronto: Vintage Canada, a division of Random House of Canada Limited, 2004)

### Looking for Love on All the Wrong Facebook Pages

*Disclaimer: the names and events in this piece have been changed to protect the innocent—namely, those with Facebook profiles you may want to look up while reading this column.*

I was in no mood to party. Still, my friends dragged me out of my house for a casual get-together. That night, I spotted Mr. Perfect, perched against the fireplace, deep in conversation. Nice faded jeans, polo shirt and great hazel eyes. Also, he had a killer way of saying "sup" with a little jerk of the head. \*Sigh\* But what to say to him? I couldn't just go up to him and ramble.

Suddenly, I recognised one of the guys he was talking to: Andrew from Math class. Perfect! That same night, I visited Andrew's Facebook profile, my eyes scanning the page for any signs of Mr. Perfect, and after some investigation, I found him: Patrick Richardson.

Now things got a little more complex. If I added him as a friend that night, I might seem desperate. Either that or he might not even recognise me from the party and could reject my request. I chose option Number two: a preemptive Facebook message in which I could casually, but with great wit, reference the party.

After a series of flirtatious messages, followed by some text messages and one phone call, we decided to take it to the next level. Patrick asked me out to see "I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry".

Welcome to Dating 200, where countless details on potential paramours are only a Google search or an hour of Facebook or MySpace investigation away, and the field of possible dates seems endless.

As a teen in this age, I often find myself yearning for the past, where I imagine that courtship consisted of a guy breaking into a song to woo the girl. Well, at least that's what I learned from "Grease." Call me an exception in today's world, but dance numbers aside, I would rather have a guy pass me a nervously scribbled piece of paper in Biology class than get the condensed text message version: "hey u wna chill sat nite?". Ugh.

I long for the days when guys had to bend over backward to get a girl's attention, rather than just posting shirtless pictures of themselves on their Facebook profiles and waiting for the adoring comments to pour in. Despite my reluctance, however, I have come to the conclusion that we live in the age of technology, and I love my Facebook just as much as the next person. So, here are some tips for maintaining sanity while dating in the Digital Age.

**- When possible, strike up an in-person conversation before cyber stalking.**

No matter how cute your friend's cousin's best friend may appear to be, his Facebook is not likely to be a true representation of his personality. Creeps can clean up pretty well, and there's a chance you will never know the difference, especially while you're too mesmerised by CoolDude22's font to realise he lacks a personality.

**- Don't judge a guy (or a girl) by his or her MySpace page.**

If the guy you like is showing up pretty frequently on people's AIM profiles and MySpace pages, he may look popular, but there's a significant chance he doesn't do much more than sit at his computer all day. If that's not bad enough, those pictures he shot of himself where he's flexing his abs in front of the mirror while simultaneously doing a thumbs up, should speak for themselves. If they don't, I will speak for them: STAY AWAY!

**- Don't take your lovers' quarrels online.**

It's pretty funny when I'm on IM and I get snippets of my friends' romantic squabbles copied and pasted to me. I mean seriously!?

Engaging friends digitally in your lovers' quarrel is the equivalent of having a heated argument in a crowded restaurant, and it's like I'm just idling at the table next to yours, waiting to put my two cents into a relationship I'm not in.

**- Don't post make-out pictures on Facebook.**

Honestly, it's sad that I even have to spell this one out, but it makes me cringe when I see make-out pictures of my friends who have become an item. Those kinds of pictures are acceptable in celebrity magazines, but I sit next to you in English class, and that's just imagery that I don't need while reading Shakespeare. Please save your passionate embraces for any place other than my computer screen. I wasn't invited to the date, so don't make me feel like I was there.

**- Remember, girls still like to get flowers.**

Boys, despite the fact that you can send us e-cards for our birthdays and write us e-mails when we're sad, we haven't forgotten that there's a world outside our monitors. The worst is when a guy, knowing that you've been moping all day, sends a text message that goes something like this: "hey babe thinkin' bout u miss u luv u tryl bii." Excuse me? Not everything you type in five seconds is going to put a smile on our faces. What can restore our happiness is a bouquet of flowers or some homemade fudge. (Note: My personal favorite pick-me-ups include pink tulips and Chocolate cake with vanilla frosting. Please send all orders directly to my desk.)



Randa Hope Chabine

Lebanese International University

Early Childhood Education

### Lifelong Learning? What's That?

Lifelong Learning? You've seen the signs in the College Building, but what the heck is it?

It's where the action is at HU in the evening! Lifelong Learning is Haigazian's division where adults from the community come in the evening to do training. These are non-credit programs, and participants don't need a degree to enter. (Yes, for people like your sister, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, etc.) And full-time HU students can attend for half price! Here's what Lifelong Learning offers:

**Adult Education Program:**

- The Business Training Center offers short, affordable business training sessions.  
- Lifestyles & Social Issues offers general interest workshops and courses.

**In-service Teacher Training Program:**

- The Certificate Program offers late afternoon courses for preschool and elementary teachers working in schools who want to improve their teaching.

- Half-day workshops offer school teachers of all levels the opportunity to upgrade their teaching knowledge and skills.

Visit the Lifelong Learning office (College Building, Room 204) for brochures and information. Or visit us on the HU website (Home page; Lifelong Learning; then choose Adult Education or In-service Teacher Training)

Ailka McLardy

Director of Adult Education Program and In-Service Teacher Training



## Concern

### To wHUm it May Concern

After the long summer vacation, we are finally back at HU: a place where we spend so much of our time and in exchange the pleasant and comfortable environment we all adore is provided to us, or shall I say *was* provided. It was the first day back at university and after going to class, my friends and I decided to have lunch at our cafeteria. As soon as I entered, I was in shock. "What happened?" and "Why did the cafeteria shrink?" were just some of the questions that crossed my mind at first glance. After taking in the changes that came much to my surprise, I realised that what was once the other half of the cafeteria was now the Student Resource Coordinator's, Ms. Peggy Bedoyan's, office.

Before I go on, don't get me wrong: we all love Peggy but the cafeteria is the students' space, period. Couldn't they have found her someplace else? HU has about 700 students and a cafeteria of no more than 11

tables. Where is the logic in this? I know not all of the students and teachers eat at the cafeteria but what about those who do, or did? I asked a couple of people



responsible for this decision and the only answer I got was that they needed an office for Peggy and an SLC room. They also said that very few people visited the cafeteria and that since they needed the space, they would either divide it or close it completely. On a brighter note, they improved the chef, the menu and the overall food quality; the only problem is that now people who are interested in enjoying what the cafeteria has to offer, are discouraged to eat there, simply because they can't find a place to sit. So logically, if you minimize a huge cafeteria because only a few students were visiting it, then don't expect more people to go in if you make it smaller. What can I say, "I just don't

like it" and I am sure many other students don't like it either; it's simply too confined. When it's lunch time and I go to the cafeteria, I really feel like a mouse in a maze trying to figure out how to move to reach the counter where the food is. Nevertheless, I am only thankful that the transformation of the cafeteria into a tuna can is just a temporary phase until the university finishes reconstructing the Heritage Building since they plan on moving the administration over there and make a cafeteria where the old administration used to be. Still, one thing I am sure of is that this transformation will not happen this year, so HU students are expected to bare a full year with these changes relating to the cafeteria. And by the way, what's up with the closed bathrooms next to the cafeteria? I don't get why I have to walk down the stairs to another bathroom just to wash my hands after lunch, if there's a bathroom right next to me!

I don't mean to criticise but simply trying to apply Haigazian's motto: Saying the *Truth* to *Free* our minds into all the possibilities the university has to provide us with the best *Servise* that we deserve.

Samar Chonjah (PSY)

### A Story About Electricity

An eerie shade of darkness fills the abyss, silence creeps through every corner and dominates as the streets become devoid of human life. No, this is not some horror movie, nor it is a night during the July 2006 war. This is just a normal night in plain old Lebanon.

Living in Lebanon is a constant turmoil; the political situation is terrible, while the economic condition is no better than it was 15 years ago. To make up for this sad state of affairs, you would expect to be provided, at least, with the basic necessities required for a decent living in the 21st century, despite living in a third world country of course. Yes people, I am talking about electricity.

The story of electricity in Lebanon is even more ridiculous than the bickering of its politicians and as a matter of fact, it's not funny anymore. Every year at roughly the same period of time, people start nagging about the power company's incompetence when it

comes to providing electric power to its people. The period is always at a time when students have finals to study for and the electricity is so conveniently shut down during the evening. When people raise questions and protest over the fact that they pay a bill but never see power, they are told to be good citizens and asked to bear with the government and its lack of finances.

I don't know about you, but I think that the phrase and idea of 'bearing with the government' has been used up for a long time and no longer holds the essence it had ten years ago. The reality remains that for years now, the electricity problem still exists as it always did and the citizens of our beloved country just sit around armed with their candles, unable to do anything. For crying out loud, these same people even pay the wickedly outrageous electric bills without utter a single protest.

Nevertheless, I'm not pointing this problem out because I want people to speak up or stop paying their bills. No, I'm not asking for a revolution. I'm just trying to introduce gradual change by pointing out that we are being deprived from our basic needs by our government and a political system that we voted into power. So the

next time any of you sits and studies by candle light or wonders where the money for a generator is going to come from, remember that if you vote for the right people during elections we might be able to live decently.



So instead of voting for the same old politicians that were always responsible for our failed economy, our poorly monitored roads and of course our abysmal electricity, look for the fresh new blood of well educated and decent politicians that might be able to introduce that gradual change.

Amani Kandil (PSC)

### All I Need in This Life of Sin is Me and My Tuition

A while before Mr. Bush attacked, I mean, entered the White House, my family had a lot of money. We had no affiliations with any terrorist organizations, never high-fived the hijackers and we surely never thought we'd end up planning for how each dollar we had would be spent. But time passed and buildings fell and with that, so did some of us. It never mattered so much, since we had insurance to rely on when we fell too hard or woke up with one body part extra lumpy or simply not in place. Years later, when we came to Haigazian, we came knowing we'd get our money's worth of education, though we knew we'd graduate and have a monthly salary that's half as much as our monthly tuition. And if anything went wrong in the process, like say, we needed to screw our heads back on after tearing them out of place during finals, we had our insurance to rely on.

Sure, it got to us at times when we'd hear talk about how HU insurance only took care of hospital

expenses if you happened to be in an accident or something happened to you while on Haigazian territory, but we knew this was better than nothing at all. We also knew it might come in handy if, God forbid, on our way to campus our cab driver forgets to stop and we crash right through the front gate. It's moments like that where we'd jump up and shout "SAFE!" and smile as we're towed away to nearby Trad hospital, not worrying about medical fees since we happened to have crashed on campus. Life is good, we know.

Life is good indeed; or it was good, until we remembered how much we pay for tuition, even with financial aid. So we turned to our cashiers, who by the way have yet to multiply, and asked them to minimize the stress on our adrenal glands and stop our fathers from balding by giving us a chance to pay tuition through installments. We thought all was well, until it became the due date for payment. Lucky for us, our mailboxes are on campus, so we could pass out and be taken to the hospital when we see how much the fee will cost this month. But much to our misfortune, we only had 2 weeks to recover before the next bill was put in our mailboxes again and we'd be eating Jello through an IV tube once more.

I don't know who I go to university with. I don't know how many of us work fulltime jobs while managing fulltime schedules at university. I don't know how many of our parents wrap our sandwiches with 100 Dollar bills, nor do I know how many of our grandfathers were members of a royal family somewhere in Europe and left us millions of Dollars. I just know that VERY few of us make a thousand dollars every other week. And thus it leaves us wondering, if we can't pull money from behind our ears, where do they expect us to get our money from?



Rok Hamze (PSC)

## The Herald Knows What You Did Last Summer

### New York, Suspicion, and Why We're Still a Third World Country

After an 18 hour flight, my grumpy, poorly hygienic, sleep-deprived self finally set foot in New York's JFK International Airport this summer. I stepped in looking for trouble, and boy, was I ready for it. At the airport in Lebanon, I faced difficulties with security because, in person, I no longer resembled the picture on my ID card. Those same difficulties popped up once I stepped into Abu Dhabi International. The officers had no idea what the fingerprint on my American ID was for; so instead of using my print to figure out if I am who I say I am, they stood there scrutinising every detail of my face with a magnifying glass, carefully positioned over my ID picture. "Who is this, your mother?" a security guard asked me. "No, is it yours?" I asked silently, picturing myself arrested in an Arab prison for smart-mouthing the officer in a foreign language.

I couldn't believe how many times I had gone through security checks and ended up face to face with ignorant, ill-tempered security guards to whom I constantly needed to explain that "I look this way because I cut my hair" and whatever else should be obvious to any intelligent

Homo Sapien.

For some reason, I expected the same drama from the officers at the New York airport, completely forgetting how understanding and open-minded they were when I grew up there. My walk through security was quicker than I had ever expected. They scanned my ID, smiled and told me they're glad I cut my hair, and wished me a happy stay in the United States. Just like that, I was on my way, and all of a sudden, I felt less tense and my guards were down.

The rest of my stay in New York was similarly soothing. Though cops were available at the corner of nearly every busy New York City street, there was very little inconvenience in the way the police approached what they saw as potential harm. People in New York seemed calmer; they had a sense of ease about them that was evident in the way they gave their time to help me with directions the millions of times I got lost. Although the general fear of terrorism remained, few people criticised Muslim women when they entered the subways, or talked down to them as if they had no I.Q. whatsoever as people might stereotypically deduce. I realised the dif-



ference between how people here approach Americans (in mockery and suspicion) and how people in New York approached people of Arab descent (with a lesser degree of trust) is portrayed evidently in their speech. Both Americans and Lebanese have something in common - suspicion of the actions of the other due to a troubled history between both nationalities. The difference lies in the fact that Americans are more likely to turn to the government or the police when they notice suspicion. They rely on law and science to deal with problems, in contrast to the way the Arab police uses a microscope and the naked eye to attempt to discover truth from misinformation.

The reality remains that the way Americans balance work, friendship, romance, family and financial crisis and still manage to get drunk on weekends while minding their own business, has never ceased to amaze me. American culture is one of individuality; one where each person is encouraged to make use of their knowledge to benefit themselves and society. In Lebanon, we make use of our knowledge to rip each other off further, and then pray that God forgives us for our ignorance. It seems both societies have the same tool; but it is all a matter of who holds it right side up and who holds it upside down.

*Rok Hamze (PSC)*

### Rediscovering Jeddah



For over 15 years, I have lived as an expatriate in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. Never was I fully alert the day would come when I'd part for good. After having established a sense of familiarity with this city, I imagined it be very difficult to live elsewhere, even if it were to mean living in my homeland Lebanon. Nearing the end of summer '07, I left Saudi Arabia and joined Haigazian University to pursue my higher education. Having lived in Lebanon for one year now - leaving friends, a family, and my life-long home in Saudi Arabia - I learnt to semi-detach myself from my previous lifestyles, friendships, and relationships in order to construct new ones. This summer, I had the privilege to return to Jeddah - my previous dwelling - it was the first time I had visited Saudi Arabia since almost one year. I walked in the aeroplane and took my seat; en-route, sparks of nostalgia

already began rushing through my mind even before the aeroplane had landed. As I sat quietly in my seat, I started thinking of my childhood journeys back to Jeddah, and how irritated my brother and I would get as the new scholastic term approached. I was lucky to have been seated next to the window, seeing that I could blithely observe the threshold of the landscape as the aeroplane gradually makes its way to landing. Slowly, Jeddah begins appearing from the abyss - a glowing computer chip I'd name it. The streets are perfectly organised and rigidly aligned, all buildings are of single height, the landscape is even and not the slightest bit slanted, and bright lights illuminate the entire city; not a single corner of Jeddah was in darkness: unadorned yet beautiful. As I would exit the aeroplane, the buses would take us to our designated gates, I would feel the blistering heat and intrusive humidity of Jeddah like nowhere else, penetrating through the skin pores and oozing until the last droplet of sweat out. Prior to obtaining luggage, I read the massive billboards suspended on the distant walls of the airport, advertising the local telecom services: "Al-Jawwal, reduction in long-distance calls", and track the prices. I am reminded of how easy it was to access daily necessities in Jeddah, without having to bargain, argue, or lose my temper, as would be the case in Lebanon. I spend a moment to calculate the price difference and realise how much cheaper it is to call from Saudi Arabia to Lebanon, than from Lebanon to Lebanon. Walking along, I take hold of my luggage and exit. Alongside spending quality time with family and other such for-

malities, I wished to rediscover Jeddah within my ten day stay. Jeddah offers housing for foreign families in places called compounds, which vary in size - my compound consisted of massive villas, a large tennis court with a swimming pool, a recreation room, and a gymnasium, other compounds would be as big as villages - offering many facilities and luxury living. This was the 'concept' of Jeddah: luxury. Although nightlife is not exactly their cup of tea, this city offers a unique aspect of 'restaurant life', there are umpteen restaurants and cafes (hangout zones) in the city, with a wide selection of food choices, ranging from Japanese, Chinese, Indian, Thai, to French, Lebanese, Italian, and American, to name a few. Each restaurant must have two entrances: a singles and family section, where a small group of friends cannot mingle amongst bigger groups of families; oftentimes there would be separation walls between the two sections, or even separate dining cubicles for each group. This notion is endorsed by the conservative statehood; it is considered very insulting to watch other people eat, particularly if it were women blanketed by the black hijab. There would be ample issues that are forbidden, such as: women driving or talking to strangers, unmarried couples dating (or even existing), alcohol, protests, loud music, freedom of speech, religious freedom, and internet freedom - but through all the social manacles, I was content, because it reminded me how it was like to live life at large, something I had quite forgotten in Lebanon.

*Anto Narguizian (ADC)*

### An ID Number in Qatar

American Blues guitarist Riley B. King once said "The beautiful thing about learning is that nobody can take it away from you". I spent much of my summer '08 living abroad, away and alone. As the plane took off to Qatar, a vague fresh cloud of new prospects shadowed my life. I had been offered a job there as an assistant for a well known company, and so I went. It carried me to a fresh world; different people, novel traditions and new aspects. Some other 17000 different employees and I worked on the same project; it was a land where I no longer had a name but was tagged with an ID number,

and that was the end of it. It's a land where random chaos ruled. Name and salute weren't as necessary, as they delayed the "man power" of the system. Each one was identified by the department they represented, though I never really knew more than 2 or 3. Like living in a house with strangers having the same family name, it was a shelter for many but a home for few. Each one of us spoke a different language, each had his own traditions and almost all of us were workaholics. We worked 12 hours a day, from 5.30 am till 5.15 pm in order to maximise the use of daylight. By the time we finished, each headed to his 2 by 2 space, took a shower and slumbered for hours. Days weren't figures because we worked six of them, and on the seventh we'd only sleep. Family, friends and even foes seemed

like nothing but memories on the wall or analogs on the phone. On the other hand, the experience that I collected is something that can't be bought: it's priceless. The wages were excellent, we were highly compensated but the days seemed endless. I guess that's the case of most of those living, or are thinking to live abroad. Like anything else of immense importance in life, it needs severe considerations. Finally, the plane touched the ground; I was back home.

*Abed Machaka (MIS)*





## The Herald Knows What You Did Last Summer

### I Milked a Cow

I milked a cow! I milked a cow and I liked it. I even sang about it. That's what I've been telling everyone when they ask me what I've done in the great U.S. of A during the summer.

I applied, got accepted and flew to Washington DC on June 30th for a month and a half of a fully paid workshop called MEPI (Middle East Partnership Initiative). It was a couple of days after my last final and I survived an entire day of planes and airports that pretty much sucked the last drops of life the finals period had "generously" left in me. I was among the nine Lebanese students who got accepted in the program that was supposed to train us to become better leaders (for the life of me though, I can barely lead myself to Spanish class at 9 in the morning).

During the flight, I willed myself not to fall in love with this country the way everyone else does in such a cliché way, for I've never been one to follow the common masses. That plan pretty much went down the drain after eating a spoonful of cookie dough Häagen-

Dazs ice cream (bought at a jaw-dropping low price) and screaming "God bless America!"

Moving on! We were about 120 students from about 16 different Arab countries (though I'm still debating on whether or not to accept Morocco as an Arab country, in view of the fact that I couldn't understand my Moroccan roommate to save my life!).

During that month and a half, we stayed in Georgetown University for three weeks and set out on a tour that included Philadelphia and Chicago, where we stayed in hotels, and Wisconsin, where we stayed with a host family (who, for some reason, thought I was Indian). While in DC, we toured Capitol Hill, the Supreme Court, the Library of Congress, and important political and historical sites such as the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, and a whole bunch of mind-blowing museums such as the Holocaust museum, Natural History, Air and Space museums where I touched a moon rock!

Nevertheless, it wasn't all fun and games. Every weekday, we had lectures, workshops and site visits from 9:00 am till 5:00 pm, learned about American history, politics and about civil society and participated in

community service (we volunteered in a different place each week). I learned a lot but the only thing I still remember is

how to separate the whites from the coloured (speaking of course, about clothes in the washing machine).

I definitely can't summarise all the things we did, learned, experienced and saw while staying there. We had two years' worth of living crammed into six weeks (which is probably why my mild flu turned into full-blown bronchitis and had an Indian doctor prescribe "pive pills, one por each day").

It was a life-altering, defining stage of my life, and if you know what I know, you'll know what I mean, and if you don't, google it!

*Dima Matta (ENL)*



### On the Road

I have traveled quite a bit already in my short young life, but up until last summer, those travels were restricted to Europe and the Middle East only. There was a much greater part of the globe that I had yet to explore. I used to dream of the days when I would go to Africa or the Americas, so when I suddenly got the chance to go to Paraguay, I grabbed it like my life depended on it. Paraguay. Now there was a nice, far-off country with a promising 16-hour flight. The reason I was going was to attend a conference and a festival, both of which were organized by an NGO called Universal Peace Federation, which my parents work for in Lebanon. Usually, it is always Lebanese people who are sent to conferences by my parents, so I was thrilled to finally go myself. To make sure I was well-prepared for the trip, I read up on Paraguayan history and culture. For example, I discovered that Spanish is not the only main language of this South American country; they also speak another language called Guarani. And it so happens that their currency has the same name. Ah, the currency. The most troublesome thing about traveling is having to constantly calculate backward and forward to find out exactly how much money you are spending.

This is why I love the Euro. I'd love for the whole world to have one currency, but this is



*[Nat holding an issue of the Herald in Kenya]*

most likely impractical (don't ask me for details, I'm not a Business student). Anyway, you probably want to hear something about my experience there. Well, I did spend most of my time in a hotel, but one of the first things I noticed when I arrived were the beautiful green palm trees at the airport. I mean, they are really green, not the dusty, brown variety we have here.

Another thing I noticed was the roads. They've got some potholes to rival Lebanese roads! Still, that's nothing compared to Kenya's potholes, but I'll get to that later. The conference I attended was about peace keeping and particularly focused on South America. I met some pretty high-level people, but what I enjoyed the most was volunteering to be a staff member for the conference. It was my first real working experience.

I must have done something right, because I was

invited to help out at another conference a month later, and this time, it was in Kenya. I couldn't believe that I was actually going to Africa. Getting all the shots was a little annoying, but the trip was so worth it. I actually went on a safari with lions, zebras and giraffes. That was quite a unique experience. Of course, not everything is great in Africa. The roads, for example, are sometimes only paved in the middle, so that cars driving on the sides kick up lots of dust into the air. Trust me, close your windows and turn on the AC. You can't breathe in that air.

And then there's the traffic. Since everyone going to Nairobi had to use one same road, it would clearly create congestion, and all along the sides of the road you would find shack after shack, all of them being very simple shops with cardboard walls and tin roofs, selling everything, from chairs to chickens. Every now and then we would pass a totally wrecked car (not moving, of course) with a couple of wheels, seats and other parts missing.

There is so much more to tell you about that road, but unfortunately I don't have the time or space. Let me just end by saying that from the number of times I heard a certain song getting played on the radio, Kenyans are such hardcore Rihanna fans!

*Natascha Schellen (ENL)*

### It's Not the Journey of a Lifetime

After being informed that Business is a must and travelling to our mother company is due, I look around to see myself in the MEA aeroplane travelling to Qatar to pit-stop before going to Bangkok, Thailand.

After hours had gone by, I landed at Bangkok airport. As I entered the Bangkok duty-free zone, something strange had started to go by. There was an interest to know what's coming and what's forward ahead. Bangkok airport and the duty-free are beautiful as well as spacious, and represent real history and tradition. Afterwards, the company driver was waiting for me and as my special car was ready, we launched on the Bangkok highways and bridges on the way to the Amari hotel, which is considered one of the best town hotels. The streets of Bangkok, as well as the buildings, rivers, and skyscrapers, seemed to be very interesting for tourism. My CEO called me after I had taken a shower to find a way to spice up my trip. My only push and support in this journey was my CEO; she proved to be

someone who deserves great gratitude. She stated that, maybe I could go down to Bangkok's popular markets and Pat Pong seemed like one of them. The driver took me down and waited as I walked through the market. I saw the meanest of the mean salespeople that had ever existed on this planet. "If you not a Thai", he proclaimed, "the product's price starts with a \$100, and can be negotiated to \$5". They would give you the price of the \$100, giving you the impression that they are offering you a great deal. The product I wanted to buy was a brand new Rolex watch which looked brand new and looked like one of the best knockoffs I had ever witnessed. There is no way you can differentiate the real brands from the knockoffs for they had amazing style and design. Unfortunately, I kindly replied and said "give me time to think", and I witnessed the craziest woman alive, as she grabbed the watch out of my hand



and tried to rip my arm to grab the watch. In addition, consecutive curses and screams are out loud wishing she could step over me right away. I started to apologise, trying to inform her that it's my choice not to purchase the item, but no one was on earth. I didn't believe the time had come when I left the market and returned to my hotel room. There was an unknown smell all the way from the market to the hotel, to the room, and also in the office. It was the smell of Bangkok that disgusted and nauseated me. Next, the driver gave me a lift to the office in the early morning. The only good time I had in Bangkok was when I was at the office during work. I would dream of going back to the office everyday even earlier than the day before. Also, I smelt the same odour that I wouldn't understand; I started to inquire upon it with my friends at work and fellow executives, in which they informed me that it could be the smell of spices and perfumes that I'm possibly not accommodated to yet.

I could go on for more, but I would prefer to stop and be satisfied with where I am right now.

*Rami Kaddourah (ADC)*

## Graduation '08



On July 4, 2008, a record number of 157 students graduated from Haigazian University.

The ceremony witnessed a speech by President Rev. Paul Haidostian who stressed the importance of education and its direct effect on the quality of peoples' lives. The guest speaker of the ceremony was Minister of Economy and Trade, Mr. Sami Haddad, who praised the

noble role of enhancing the knowledge of Lebanese youth, that elite educational institutions, such as Haigazian University, are fulfilling so well.

This year's valedictorians were Nayiri Kalajian, who considered that the aim of education should not only be knowledge, but action, and Mirvat Al Ammouri, who considered that the aim of education is to raise the stan-

dard of living of people, thus improving the status of humanity in general.

After singing the Alma Mater, the ceremony concluded with the class of 2008 throwing their caps in the air and walking heads high, as celebratory balloons flew high in the sky.

## Confessions of Graduates

### Alma Mater Haigazian

University days are one of those things that always find a way to surface back from your memory; whether you bump into an old university friend, still hang around that crowd from back in the days, drive by your university on your way to work (or elsewhere), hear an ad about an event happening there, or see its name on the CV of this new kid at work.



Beirut is a small city. The more active you are in it, the less new people and new places you are introduced to. And Haigazian University, being in the centre of Beirut (more or less), is always around in one way or another. The memory I have had of Haigazian University, or the first image (so to speak) was not pleasant. I can't say that I was having the best times of my life when I was running between two full-time jobs and some part-time jobs to pay for my tuition and still manage to pass my courses. I definitely can't look back and enjoy the memory of that one last course I had to forfeit because of a great job offer, just to repeat it in summer (and not

graduate with all my friends). Ultimately, it's not a great story not to have attended a graduation ceremony at all - regardless of whether you think of it as totally unnecessary or not.

Nevertheless, it is very hard not to remember the Actors' Club at Haigazian University and not smile about all the great performances we managed to pull off, amateurs as we were. It is extremely difficult to force a frown when thinking about the birth, evolution, and sustainability of the Debate Club. It is impossible not to crack into laughter when recalling all the times spent at the cafeteria; stomping with the second loudest person to ever attend Haigazian University (right after my number one rank), winning (and very rarely losing) in backgammon, meeting, planning, and growing...

### Still Lives in Me

The **Herald** staff wanted me to write about how I have found life after graduating from Haigazian University, but for me, there is no 'after' Haigazian in its literal sense; it lives in me and I live in it. Four years of events transformed into memories, precious in their essence with all of what they contain.

In short, at the time of my graduation, I knew that I had to face the outside world, which is a totally different place, especially when living in a country with such an unstable political and economic situation, - and to be frank, knowing this doesn't make me immune to it. I left Haigazian with a plan and ended up with another. But when you believe in yourself, you can make the impossible possible. Haigazian was a wonderful place where I built myself and molded my personality, which explained why I succeeded in facing what was waiting for me after graduation, such as the difficulty in finding a job, and so on.

Even though it was extremely easy for me to find an IT job after graduation, I can't say this is the case with all my computer science classmates. Also, having switched careers now, looking for a job has a totally different meaning to me. Now, I think that if you love what you're doing enough and give it your all just for its own sake, you'll eventually land a great job with a great pay, whether you're looking for one or not. Do what you love, just for the love of it, and you will not have to look for the money. The money will find you.



As I always tell my friends at Haigazian University, you learn the most at Haigazian University outside the classrooms; in quantity and quality. I consider myself very happy now with my "jobs" and life (I don't even call them jobs - they're a lifestyle for me). All this could not have been possible if it weren't for Haigazian University, for sure. However, it is what I have learnt outside of the classroom that I am using mostly today. I must say that I'm a holder of a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Science, yet I don't remember a single thing I had learnt in my courses. I land those "IT Expert" jobs because I like staying up-to-date with technology. This is something that is not exclusive to Haigazian University, though; it has a lot to do with our educational system in Lebanon as a whole. Not to delve into anything that would make this article not suitable for publishing in the Haigazian University Herald, and to make a long story short, if you think my advice is of any worth, I'd say stay at Haigazian University (it's one of the greatest institutions in the country to form yourselves and learn), but have an open mind and learn from the places and experiences you expect to learn the least from, and don't bet a lot on what you're getting from the curriculum and in the classrooms.

*Raffi Feghali  
CSC Graduate  
Class of 2007*

Nowadays, when I visit Haigazian and meet the old and new members of this big family, all I want to do is to tell everyone to go for life, set their goals, and seek what they want to. Hopefully, when they reach what I know they will reach, and experience what I had experienced, they will know why I am so grateful to my 'beloved one'.

*Noura Alloud  
MLS Graduate  
Class of 2007*





# Confessions of Graduates

## Forever an HU Student

Finding a job in Lebanon is quite an ordeal these days. Like all young people, I found difficulties in securing a job in an already saturated market alongside a country passing through political turmoil. But perseverance paid off, and I was able to find a job where I could put into practice what I have learnt from HU.

So do I regret studying at HU? The answer to this question is an absolute no-brainer for me, as I can't imagine my life without HU being a part of it. Haigazian University is an excellent educational institution. That is true! However, there are several other excellent institutions in Lebanon that are bigger and have a greater history

and heritage. So I resemble the great story of Haigazian as that of David vs. Goliath! It's the little engine that COULD... I shall refer to a statement President Haidostian had made many times in his speeches; that Haigazian University doesn't have to offer the big facilities, labs, and football courts that are offered by other universities, but it offers you a family atmosphere that is so rare to find elsewhere. For me, this sentence sums up the whole essence of this university. In Haigazian, you're more than a mere number on an ID, you're a person.

This university would never give a deaf ear to any of its students' worries or complaints. Truth, Freedom and Service are more than words embroidered on the university's crest...

It has been two years since I graduated from HU and I miss several things about

it. After all, it had been my daily destination for four years! I surely miss some of the staff and professors who I call mentors for life, but what I miss the most is the Student Life; that incredible atmosphere of fraternity and friendship amongst students, the willingness to prepare for events and to make things happen. No task seemed impossible for us HU-ers, whether it was organizing a fair for hundreds of orphans or going on a trip from the capital to Anjar on foot. Our spirit and excitement were indomitable and as we all know, "when there is a will, there is a way".

*Araz Bontchakjian  
ADC Graduate  
Class of 2006*

*(The picture to the left is a collage of the most memorable moments that Araz experienced in Haigazian and daydreamt about during her work hours. After submitting the drawing to the Herald, she began working in Haigazian. Irony? You be the judge.)*



## I Have Nothing to Regret

Large campus, great view, technological facilities, impressive majors... these are some of the things that might interest you if you're new at HU. But then you would have four years to completely change your opinion into saying, friendship, truth, freedom and service truly count.

At HU, you learn how to express your views, comprehend details of life, and enjoy moments of inquiry; you question and experiment, you grow and learn. You don't take anything for granted and you appreciate the slightest gesture of love and care. "I have nothing to regret!". That's what an HU graduate would most probably tell you if you were to ask them how those three to four, or even five years spent at HU were.

After four years of pursuing a Bachelors degree in Biology as well as a Teaching Diploma, HU planted seeds of knowledge, the desire to learn, the curiosity to experiment, and the passion to serve. All these elements make an individual ready for a great job opportunity and that's how I started teaching, even before graduating.

*Mary Ghazarian  
BIO Graduate/TD in Secondary Teaching (and  
former Haigazian Herald Editor in Chief)  
Class of 2007*



*Mary with two of her students in Tyre, Lebanon*



## Proud to Be an HU Student

Being part of the HU family was a decision I made long ago. As a result of that family and its wonderful environment, the idea of regretting or leaving HU never crossed my mind.

It has been a year since I last graduated and even up until now, every time I am out with my old HU friends, we cannot help but reminisce about every minute we lived in HU and every instance we spent with our teachers. We never forget the great moments nor the bad ones. Quite simply, in every corner of HU, we kept a bit of ourselves.

Finding a job in Lebanon is a problem that all fresh graduates are facing nowadays, and every year that problem becomes more and more complicated. Based on my

personal experience, I found that finding a job can be very troublesome, but the reason has nothing to do with experience or qualification issues. It is a pity to say that it has to do with my religious views. I felt somewhat humiliated, but I never gave up. In fact, I felt like challenging everyone, even myself, until finally I found a place that was able to value me for who I am, not for what I am.

My advice is simple, try to live every minute in Haigazian as much as you can and let that minute become ever so special to you until it is unforgettable; these beautiful moments never come back again.

Never give up when obstacles stand in your way. Remember, you are an HU student and nothing will stop you from doing what you think is right.

Finally, try to find a job that fits your career and try to gain as much experience as you can so you may succeed in that field and prove your competency to the rest of the world.

*Loyal Naim  
ADC Graduate  
Class of 2007*

# Diary of a Working Student

## Don't Have No Time

Dear Reader,

Before I begin, can you believe that I don't even have time to write this simple 500 word article? Yet let's face it, who can say No to our dear Editor in Chief's requests? I thought so! Okay, on to the topic.

Allow me to introduce myself, and humbly ask that you afford me the inconvenience of giving away my name. I am a Haigazian University Business student, just like most of you my dear colleagues. The only difference between me and you is that I'm in fact way smarter than you are. Kidding! The difference between us is that I work and attend university at the same time. I know that I am not the first and will not be the last student to do so, but I am an example of students who face difficult times juggling their job and education in both hands.

Though some of you might think it is very easy to work and study simultaneously, I'm sorry to say, you're enormously mistaken. The following two reasons should explain why:

First off, work will lessen the time you spend studying and just might land you on probation which can ultimately



earn you the loss of your university Financial Aid. I, young and fragile readers, was the victim of this exact situation twice. The most frustrating part which still haunts me is that the cumulative averages, which lost me my much needed Financial Aid, were 68% and 69.9%, both averages annoyingly close to the 70% I needed. Take my word for it; you do not want to be in my shoes in that discouraging situation. Now, if I wasn't a tremendously hard working student, then I would completely understand, wouldn't have cared and wouldn't even have bothered to compose this article for your inquisitive and curious eyes. My difficulty lies not in the 'studying' itself but rather in finding the time to study at

all. You see, since I'm a part-timer, I also happen to work on Sundays (there goes the morning sleep that I crave all week) and official holidays such as New Year's Eve, Labour Day, Independence Day, etc. Ultimately, I work 7 to 10 hours a day.

Second, your social activities, inside and outside university, will cease to exist the minute you start to work. Do you wish to know the saddest part of my story, fair reader? Alas, in the past 3 years, I have only found time to go to the beach ONCE.

So if you're not obliged to work, my strong piece of wisdom is: DON'T! If you must, work during the summer (particularly if you're one of those who detest the beach and free time) but never work while studying. As for those of you who, like my meager self, must work in order to pay their tuitions, study harder and on a daily basis, try not to lose concentration and listen to music if that helps your focus and unwinding, because in the end, education is our passport into the business world, not the other way around.

*Anonymous HU working student*

## Work Hard Party Harder

Life is an empty challenge and there's nothing in it to fight for. But I would rather live life to its maximum potential, so that, in the end, I would die with a smile on my face. I am a Haigazian University student, a bartender, and a member of a Rock band called The Cross-project. I don't eat for weeks or sleep for days, but I'm doing better than OK.

I have classes five days a week (they usually start at 9:00 a.m.), I'm on the top ten list of having the most absences, my dog has the tendency to always eat my homework, and I'm always late. I spend most of my time in HU's Mugar garden with my friends, or in Bardo

drinking beer. I'm always stressed and depressed, so I think (smartly enough) to act stupid and fake smiles. For some reason, it feels good feeling bad, but it's hard to explain and even I can't understand. One of my super-powers is the ability to sleep at anytime I desire; I mostly use it when a fellow person tries to give advice, which would probably be telling me to quit my job and focus on studies. My response would be that, if I do, I won't be here! I work to pay for something that will later get me a better job, hopefully!

I'm behind the bar six days a week, I make cocktails to people who want to have fun, get drunk, or just drink because they're down. I offer a sin with every drink and a smile with every sip. That's what I do and that's who I am. I have band practice on Sundays, an hour in which I empty out my feelings, cure my soul, and mend my heart.

In the end, I cannot explain. I'm just a student with a pen writing an article for others like me, who also most probably do not understand, since I'm just a beginner. All I know is that life is hard, but I'm strong enough.



*Anonymous HU working student*

## The Secret

*The Herald wanted to know how Roberta Silva, a Brazilian national and an HU student, manages to successfully juggle her education, employment, and two volunteer jobs in various organizations, all at once. For our readers who have a hard time dedicating time to study while having to work to pay for their tuitions, taking some advice from Roberta might just come in handy.*



**What brought you all the way from Brazil to Lebanon?**

My hometown is Natal, Brazil. I came to Lebanon on work duties for only 6 months, but I fell in love with the country and its people, so I extended my stay. It is very easy for a Brazilian to live in Lebanon because the val-

ues and culture between Brazil and Lebanon are very similar. That's why I click very well with the Lebanese.

**What on earth made you come to Haigazian University?**

At first I hesitated because it is a small university but I have friends who come here. I'm glad I did. I chose to major in Psychology because I have been working with people for a long time and have realised that they are not achieving their full potential. People can be more than they are and that's what I want to endorse as a psychologist.

**Tell us about your work.**

I work in the events management unit of an international company and volunteer in two different organisations, where I work with domestic workers and help out college students with their faith.

**How do you manage between working and attending university?**

It is a bit hard because it's my first semester in HU. So far I have been doing a lot of prioritising and setting a weekly schedule, which are things I had never done in my life! But these days I have to cram my class times, studying, and working in that weekly schedule. I try my best to abide by that schedule, but at the same time try

to fit in a party, a social gathering I would like to attend, or a date with a cute guy ;).

Abiding by the schedule is not easy for me because I'm a very social person. For instance, even though my normal tendencies and patterns are telling me to go out and hang out with friends rather than studying alone, I should do what I have to and not do what I feel like. Prioritising between tasks and time management are the reasons for my success.

**What is your advice to many students who have trouble dedicating time to studying while being employed in order to pay for their tuition?**

My advice to those students is to make sure that they have time to relax and take a breather. They need to look at their biggest time wasters by observing their patterns.

I, for one, waste a lot of time online doing nothing productive, while I could be hanging out with my friends, studying or working. So watch out for those time wasters and make the most out of every slot in your day. On Saturdays, I sleep, shop with friends, go to the supermarket. So dedicate one full day to yourself like I do!

*mSk*



## Get Familiar

You see them almost everyday in the corners of Haigazian, but how well do you *really* know them? The **Herald** had little Q & A sessions to get familiar with the 'people' behind the 'faces'.



**Name:** Maria Sarkis  
**Surmenian**  
**D.O.B:** December 8  
**Place of Birth:** Beirut  
**Nationality:** Lebanese  
**Blood type:** O<sup>+</sup>  
**Relationship Status:** Single  
**Occupation:** Cashier

**Q:** Why do the cashiers' computers malfunction during registration period of every semester?

**A:** It only happened once on the first day of issuing installments and statement of fees. That was because of the implementation of the new system, but everything went smoothly afterwards.

**Q:** Students say that you make them wait in line for hours to complete their registration. How does it feel when *you* have to wait for hours in line in a narrow crowded corridor?

**A:** I get nervous when I have other important things to do, but if I was free I would not mind. So dear HU students, I know how it feels like to wait in the corridor, but look at it this way: it's only once per semester and this happens in almost every other university. Trust me, I've passed through this situation before.

**Q:** What kind of car do you drive?

**A:** I drive a Toyota. It's one of the best cars to drive in Lebanon because it is fuel efficient.

**Q:** Which publication do you like to read beside the **Haigazian Herald**?

**A:** I like to read Executive, National Geography, and Discovery magazines because I like to keep up to date with both Economics and Natural Sciences.

**Q:** What is the greatest achievement outside of work?

**A:** I consider the happiness I feel when being with my family an achievement in itself. Not every person has the chance to enjoy that sort of happiness.

**Q:** Exactly how tall *are* you?

**A:** 1.90 meters

**Q:** Why did you pick Lebanon?

**A:** I lost a bet! Haha! No, I'm kiddin'! I came for the job because I felt like it was made for me and I just couldn't pass up the opportunity.

**Q:** So far, what is your most memorable experience in Lebanon?

**A:** Everything I'm experiencing here is new. Most memorable moments are talking to the students during orientation, the first time a student came into my office for a visit, and the first massive thunderstorm, since I didn't grow up with those.

**Q:** It is your first time teaching a University class. How does it feel?

**A:** I loooove it! I don't know if my students love it, but I do. I taught in a Bible College in the middle of a jungle, but it didn't have the same academic rigour as you can imagine. I'm really enjoying prepping and lecturing the course, as well as dialoguing with the students about whatever questions they may have.

**Q:** Guide us through the process of writing a sermon.

**A:** I begin and continue praying through the entire process, seeking wisdom, trying to stay

**Q:** What is your greatest achievement outside of work?

**A:** I consider my travel to Russia this summer a great achievement because I had been planning for it for two years but I had no vacation from HU and the political situations didn't help. Russia is a beautiful country. Saint Petersburg is full of arts and museums, of which Hermitage museum is my favorite.

**Q:** What is your greatest fear?

**A:** Death. I'm always afraid of losing someone dear to me, especially a family member. I had a terrible experience when my uncle passed away.

**Q:** What do you do in your spare time?

**A:** I usually buy magazines of any type to be up to date with the latest fashion trends, not to mention make-up and perfumes that I'm interested in. I also like to read Al Balad

Newspaper, for which I have a subscription.

**Q:** Is green your favorite color? We students have seen you wear green repeatedly.

**A:** Yes, green is my favorite color because it represents nature which I love. Blue is my second favorite color.

**Q:** What's the best movie you have seen this year?

**A:** I liked "Mamma mia" because I like Abba songs. Plus I like comedy movies. I wouldn't mind watching romantic comedies as well.

**Q:** What's the greatest song of all time?

**A:** "Akhidni Maaak" by Fadel Shaker and Yara. I'm a fan of both singers and the song's words, music and music video are great.

Kohar Eid (ADC)

**A:** Different songs have different meanings so I have no favourite song. Essentially, I like to listen to Soft Rock music. A few favourites are "Hotel California" and "Another Day in Paradise" by Phil Collins.

**Q:** What is your favourite movie?

**A:** "Lord of the Rings". I read the book eight times when I was younger so watching it is much easier. "The Castle" and "John Q" are two other movies that I like because they narrate stories which have deep meaning and great morals.

Kohar Eid (ADC)



**Name:** Alan Kairouz  
**D.O.B:** 1974  
**Place of birth:** Nigeria  
**Nationality:** Lebanese  
**Blood type:** O<sup>+</sup>  
**Relationship Status:** Married  
**Occupation:** Assistant Student Life Director

**Q:** What is the greatest achievement outside of work?

**A:** I consider the happiness I feel when being with my family an achievement in itself. Not every person has the chance to enjoy that sort of happiness.

**Q:** Exactly how tall *are* you?

**A:** 1.90 meters

**Q:** Why did you pick Lebanon?

**A:** I lost a bet! Haha! No, I'm kiddin'! I came for the job because I felt like it was made for me and I just couldn't pass up the opportunity.

**Q:** So far, what is your most memorable experience in Lebanon?

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**A:** I loooove it! I don't know if my students love it, but I do. I taught in a Bible College in the middle of a jungle, but it didn't have the same academic rigour as you can imagine. I'm really enjoying prepping and lecturing the course, as well as dialoguing with the students about whatever questions they may have.

**Q:** Guide us through the process of writing a sermon.

**A:** I begin and continue praying through the entire process, seeking wisdom, trying to stay

true to the biblical text. I keep a stack of stories and lists of ideas to cover because I'm always searching for stories that are relevant to my students. Then, I start crafting and finding a suitable biblical passage, carry out a research via books and the Internet, and think about movies or images that could come handy. Finally, I put everything aside and come back to the written draft later to see if things need to be moved around (they usually do). Prayer is the beginning, middle and end; I pray that what I have to say speaks to listeners.

**Q:** Tell us about a typical "Greg Moment".

**A:** It was here in Beirut. I was walking down the street on a rainy day going to Haigazian. I was carrying my guitar with a plastic bag around it to shield it from the rain. There were two cars parked in my way, so I had two options: either I pass between them or step off the sidewalk and into the river of water running on the side of the street. So I gracefully lift my guitar up and put it in front of me so I pass between the cars. Little did I know that the plastic bag had folded and the fold of the bag carried about a liter of water which splashed and wet my pants.

**Q:** What other countries have you worked in?

**A:** (He ponders for a little while and starts counting) Turkey, Ghana, Indonesia,

Republic of Guinea, Australia, Vietnam, Hungary, Canada, Thailand, Bosnia and of course the United State. Most of these trips were made in one year when I was working internationally.

**Q:** What jobs have you held other than those related to the Church?

**A:** Let's see... I delivered newspapers, worked in a frozen yogurt shop. I've also worked as a lifeguard, a swim coach, a water polo coach, a substitute teacher, a camp counselor, a Ph.D. dissertation editor for ESL (English as Second Language) students, a grocery store clerk, a check out guy, a teaching assistant at Masters' level, not to mention working with the youth.

**Q:** What are your favourite quotes?

**A:** "To thine own self be true". (Hamlet)  
"Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't". (Hershey's)

Biblical quotes:

Jeremiah 29:11 "For I know the plans I have for you" declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future".

Romans 6:23 "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, in Christ Jesus our Lord".

Dima Matta (ENL)



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## Over to You

- 1) When did you have your first kiss?
- 2) What is a cause you would raise money for?
- 3) What is your favourite movie?
- 4) Who, in your opinion, is more oppressed: men or women?
- 5) What is the most romantic way to propose?
- 6) If you were to be someone else for a day, who would you be?
- 7) What is your favorite day of the week?
- 8) If I were a boy/girl, I would...



**Mr. Antranik Dakessian**

- 1) As old as I am
- 2) Any philanthropic cause
- 3) August Rush
- 4) Depends on the spouse
- 5) Depends on her taste
- 6) Myself
- 7) Any of the most productive days
- 8) Raise my children well



**Peggy Bedoyan**

- 1) 16
- 2) Homeless children
- 3) Notting Hill
- 4) Women
- 5) Taking the girl to her favourite place
- 6) Just Peggy
- 7) Saturday; to stay up late
- 8) Dress up as a girl



**Sahag Bidinian**

- 1) One day old
- 2) My Parents as they grow older
- 3) Braveheart
- 4) Men
- 5) At a football match
- 6) Sir Alex Fergusson
- 7) Sunday; a day free of traffic and full of relaxation
- 8) Get dressed, take the car and go shopping!



**Rita Karkourian**

- 1) 16
- 2) Any charity
- 3) No time to watch movies
- 4) Sometimes one of them, sometimes the other
- 5) Under the moonlight
- 6) No one
- 7) Sunday; it's a holy day
- 8) Do whatever my male intuition tells me

**Araz Boutchakjian**

- 1) 16
- 2) Disabled people
- 3) Braveheart
- 4) Men
- 5) In a creatively surprising way
- 6) Mother Theresa
- 7) Monday; I'm excited to start my new job!
- 8) Stay asleep till I turned back



**Hera Eid**

- 1) None of your Business
- 2) Children with Cancer
- 3) Serendipity
- 4) Women
- 5) He plays our favourite song with a guitar
- 6) Hera Eid
- 7) Thursday; I don't know, just love it
- 8) Spend the day in front of the mirror



**Ruba Mahdi**

- 1) Age 1 (my mother)
- 2) Self Satisfaction
- 3) A walk to Remember
- 4) Women
- 5) In a restaurant with a single rose
- 6) Shayne West's girlfriend
- 7) Thursday; I was born on that day
- 8) Take good care of my wife



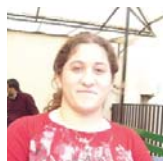
**Roberta A.A.E. Silva**

- 1) 13
- 2) HIV/AIDS
- 3) Il Postino
- 4) Women
- 5) Depends on our history
- 6) Mary Magdalena
- 7) Friday; beginning of my weekend
- 8) Probably Shave



**Garen Yepremian**

- 1) 9
- 2) Charity for the homeless
- 3) Die hard 4
- 4) Women
- 5) Wine, cheese, candle light, violin and flower arrangements
- 6) Tutankhamun
- 7) Wednesday; in the middle of the week, has maximum aura
- 8) Shave my head



**Grace About**

- 1) 15
- 2) Charity
- 3) Any action movie
- 4) Men
- 5) With a microphone, out loud
- 6) President of Lebanon
- 7) Saturday; most enjoyable day
- 8) Do anything considered taboo to Women



**Mohamed Temsah**

- 1) 21
- 2) Hardware for the home
- 3) Lord of the Rings
- 4) Women
- 5) While Skydiving
- 6) Marilyn Manson (to find out if he's a guy or girl)
- 7) Thursday- last day before the weekend
- 8) Shop for Veggies



**Abed Machaka**

- 1) 9
- 2) Orphans
- 3) The Devil's Advocate
- 4) Men
- 5) Go to our favourite place, put ring in champagne glass before she drinks it
- 6) Myself
- 7) Saturday; the only fully free day
- 8) Announce myself a lesbian



**Adel Al Salman**

- 1) 13
- 2) Breast Cancer
- 3) Lila Dit Ça
- 4) Men
- 5) Romantic candle lit dinner
- 6) God (If He exists)
- 7) The Sabbath
- 8) Hook up with another girl, video tape it, and watch it later



**Sarine Topalian**

- 1) 14
- 2) Cancer
- 3) Shakespeare in Love
- 4) Both
- 5) He puts the diamond ring in a cupcake and then I choke on it!
- 6) Paris Hilton
- 7) Friday; "Jebel Gellern!"
- 8) Hit on girls



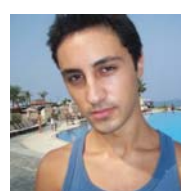
**Samar Choujah**

- 1) I don't kiss and tell
- 2) Poverty
- 3) Kill Bill (Vol.1 & 2)
- 4) Women
- 5) Proposing on the moon
- 6) Oprah Winfrey
- 7) Saturday; my first day off and I would still have another one to go
- 8) Be the perfect man since I'll know what women want



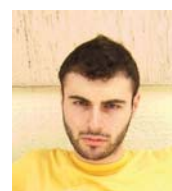
**Carmen Terzian**

- 1) 17
- 2) Children with Cancer
- 3) A walk to remember
- 4) Women
- 5) No plans for marriage
- 6) Rihanna
- 7) Wednesday; I just love it
- 8) I would become aware of my masculinity



**Christophe Demirdjian**

- 1) 5
- 2) Cancer and HIV/AIDS
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Men
- 5) Candlelit dinner
- 6) 'Bee' Fierce
- 7) Don't have one
- 8) Shave my legs



**Stepan Harmanlikian**

- 1) 10
- 2) Autism
- 3) Harry Potter Series
- 4) Women
- 5) At a karaoke bar while singing our favourite song
- 6) Lance Armstrong
- 7) The day I get paid
- 8) Go shopping



**Amani Kandil**

- 1) 12
- 2) Women's Liberation
- 3) Armageddon
- 4) Women
- 5) I don't believe in marriage
- 6) Missy Elliott (Hollaa!!!)
- 7) Saturday; I sleep late
- 8) I don't want to be a boy...EVER!

## Over to You



**Anto Narguizian**

- 1) 18
- 2) Yes
- 3) V for Vendetta
- 4) Each individual identifies it themselves
- 5) A ring inside a Cake
- 6) Myself
- 7) Everyday is a blessing
- 8) Wait to turn back into a guy



**Bushra Al Tannir**

- 1) Never been kissed
- 2) Orphans
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Women
- 5) Prince charming will kneel after getting off of his white horse
- 6) No one
- 7) Friday; don't know why
- 8) Wax my entire body



**Farah Bou Kheir**

- 1) My lips are virgins
- 2) To show God's blessing
- 3) Narnia
- 4) Both
- 5) Play the guitar before her
- 6) Micheal Dabaghi, the inventor of the heart pump
- 7) Sunday
- 8) I would love Farah Bou Kheir



**Amanda Malaeb**

- 1) When I was one day old
- 2) Charity
- 3) Grease
- 4) Women
- 5) Red roses, candles
- 6) Phoebe in "Friends"
- 7) Friday- start of the weekend
- 8) Shave and shower



**Nour Al Hakim**

- 1) Never been kissed
- 2) Having a party
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Neither
- 5) On stage
- 6) Nour
- 7) Friday, don't know why
- 8) Act silly



**Matthew Francis**

- 1) None of your business
- 2) Children Cancer centers
- 3) The Pink Panther
- 4) Wo-men
- 5) Walk under the moonlight on a breezy fall night
- 6) The first man - Adam
- 7) Sunday; it's the Lord's day
- 8) Be my girlfriend's best friend



**Hagop Boudakian**

- 1) None of your business
- 2) Start my own business
- 3) Gladiator
- 4) Women
- 5) On the beach during sunset
- 6) Bill Gates
- 7) Saturday
- 8) Look in the mirror and feel myself up

**Gassia Karajian**

- 1) 18
- 2) Poor Children in Africa
- 3) Sleepy Hollow
- 4) Women
- 5) Dinner and Candle light
- 6) Angelina Jolie
- 7) Saturday- because it's Saturday
- 8) Spend time in front of the mirror



**Nare Kalemkerian**

- 1) 17
- 2) Help helpless people in Armenia
- 3) Pearl Harbor
- 4) Women
- 5) In the nature restaurant
- 6) A famous singer
- 7) Friday; last day of uni
- 8) Play Soccer

**Carol Hamatian**

- 1) 17
- 2) Help my family
- 3) A walk to Remember
- 4) Women
- 5) In a fancy restaurant
- 6) A famous singer
- 7) Friday; last day of uni
- 8) Wear a suit

**Vihajag Krikor Kecheji**

- 1) 16
- 2) The homeless
- 3) Lord of the Rings series
- 4) Men
- 5) On the Beach
- 6) George Bush
- 7) My day off from work
- 8) Organize a PJ party

**Sara Faraj**

- 1) Never been kissed
- 2) Children with Cancer
- 3) White Chicks
- 4) Women
- 5) Ring in a cake
- 6) Myself
- 7) Saturday, to relax
- 8) Play football with the guys

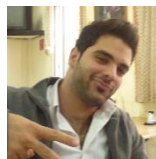
**Yousra Moghnieh**

- 1) Never been kissed
- 2) Charity for the poor
- 3) P.S. I Love You
- 4) Women
- 5) He opens his hands, and butterflies fly out with a ring
- 6) Myself
- 7) Saturdays, my first day off
- 8) Forbid other guys from teasing girls



**Layan Al Khatib**

- 1) No Comment
- 2) To build an educational institution for kids in need
- 3) You've Got Mail
- 4) Men
- 5) A lot of sweet words before popping the question
- 6) I don't think about it
- 7) Saturday; to relax and go out with friends
- 8) Freak out



**Ghassan Fakhri**

- 1) 12
- 2) Cars
- 3) Gladiator
- 4) Men
- 5) In a football stadium
- 6) David Beckham
- 7) Saturday; it's a weekend
- 8) Shoot myself in the head



**Rosaline Mantoufeh**

- 1) 12
- 2) Shopping
- 3) You Got Served
- 4) Women
- 5) At a concert
- 6) Charlize Theron
- 7) Thursday; it's the middle of the week
- 8) Scream



**Hannan Ismail**

- 1) 1 year old
- 2) For myself to travel
- 3) The Notebook
- 4) Women
- 5) On the beach
- 6) Bill Gates
- 7) Friday; last day of studying
- 8) Beat people up



**Diana Assaf**

- 1) No comment
- 2) Iraqi refugees
- 3) Braveheart
- 4) Women
- 5) As a Surprise
- 6) No one
- 7) Sunday
- 8) Go back to sleep



**Natascha Schellen**

- 1) Never been kissed
- 2) Turn cities into rainforests
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Depends on whoever allows themselves to be oppressed
- 5) At Sunset, on a ship and the ring slides down the sail into the ocean and he swims to get it back
- 6) Thursday, when all new movies come out
- 7) Elizabeth Bennet
- 8) Castrate myself



# Over to You



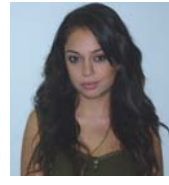
**Houry Asdourian**

- 1) None of your business
- 2) Take care of Orphans
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Men
- 5) Romantic dinner, wine with red roses near the chimney
- 6) Friday; start of weekend
- 7) Minister of Finance
- 8) Do what all men dream of doing



**Hadi Laham**

- 1) 5
- 2) Cancer
- 3) Titanic
- 4) Men
- 5) Take her to her favourite place
- 6) U.S. President
- 7) Saturdays; no reason
- 8) Shoot myself



**Hassan Zeaiter**

- 1) 15
- 2) Orphans
- 3) Braveheart
- 4) Women
- 5) On a beautiful high mountain
- 6) My dad
- 7) Saturday; get to sleep at 4 a.m.
- 8) Hit on guys, see what happens



**Lynn Ghandour**

- 1) 18
- 2) World hunger
- 3) Saw
- 4) Women
- 5) Beach
- 6) Che Guevara
- 7) Thursday; DUH!
- 8) Cry in public



**Arevi Taslakian**

- 1) 17
- 2) Cancer
- 3) A Walk To Remember
- 4) Women
- 5) On the Eiffel Tower
- 6) Beyonce
- 7) Friday; start of the weekend
- 8) Know how it feels to kiss girls



**Silvana El Haddad**

- 1) 15
- 2) Drugs
- 3) The Notebook
- 4) Women
- 5) Not thinking about it
- 6) Just Silvana
- 7) Sunday
- 8) Be the Lebanese president



**Sarag Blue**

- 1) 16
- 2) Transgender community
- 3) V for Vendetta
- 4) Everyone
- 5) Romanticism is relative
- 6) Rok
- 7) Any rainy day
- 8) Join a Women's activist Group & make Katherine hate me forever



**Arek Dakessian**

- 1) I *really* don't remember
- 2) Driving out foreign influence in Africa
- 3) The Fountain
- 4) Women
- 5) Put her on a rock where a goddess used to sit & propose
- 6) Wednesday; it's in the middle (just like the middle finger)
- 7) My Cello teacher
- 8) Play with my breasts



**Mayda Harake**

- 2) Cancer
- 3) Pearl Harbor
- 4) Women
- 5) Propose to me when it's least expected
- 6) Thursday
- 7) Zorro
- 8) Ride a motorcycle



**Garo Ghazarian**

- 1) 10-15
- 2) AIDS
- 3) Gladiator
- 4) Women
- 5) At the first place we met
- 6) Fridays; it's the weekend
- 7) Adolf Hitler
- 8) Wait till I turn back into a guy



**Sarine Minassian**

- 1) 13
- 2) Prom night
- 3) Lord of the Rings
- 4) Women
- 5) On the collar of a puppy which he gives me at sunset
- 6) Angelina Jolie
- 7) Monday; no work
- 8) Pee standing up



**Diana Atallah**

- 1) No comment
- 2) Recycling
- 3) The other Boleyn girl
- 4) Women
- 5) He puts the ring in a cake or drink
- 6) A better version of myself
- 7) Friday; start of the weekend
- 8) Date a girl and treat her well



**Carol Nehme**

- 1) No Comment
- 2) Sick Kids
- 3) Armageddon
- 4) It's a fair world
- 5) Unpredictable way at an unexpected time
- 6) Cleopatra
- 7) Friday; start of the weekend
- 8) Make sure I have clean nails



**Armig Panboukian**

- 1) None of your business
- 2) Cancer
- 3) The Count of Monte Cristo
- 4) Women
- 5) Simple & traditional
- 6) Myself
- 7) Friday; I get to go to Anjar
- 8) Participate in Women's rights campaigns



**Aline Sarafian**

- 1) When I was born
- 2) The elderly
- 3) National Treasure
- 4) Women, especially in the Middle East (said without hesitation)
- 5) Kneeling for me on the seashore
- 6) Beyonce or Lady Diana
- 7) Saturday; I can wake up late, shop and party!
- 8) Respect Women



**Nijad Itani**

- 1) 12
- 2) Desert Streams
- 3) If Only
- 4) Women
- 5) Announcing it in a crowded place in front of everyone
- 6) Myself
- 7) Everyday
- 8) Never leave home



**Rita Ohanian**

- 1) 15
- 2) Charity
- 3) How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days
- 4) Both
- 5) At the place where we first met
- 6) Saturdays; get to go out
- 7) Someone famous
- 8) Seriously ?!?!?



**Mireille Kalaydjian**

- 1) 14
- 2) Orphans
- 3) Gladiator
- 4) Women
- 5) He stands under my balcony as he shouts my name
- 6) Marie-Antoinette
- 7) Friday; it's the weekend!
- 8) Make all women happy



**Shant Arslanian**

- 1) 12
- 2) Orphans
- 3) Blow
- 4) Men
- 5) At a coffee shop with the ring in a cupcake
- 6) Yaguie Malmsteen
- 7) Thursday; because I like it
- 8) Check my butt

## Over to You



**Karim Awad**

- 1) 18
- 2) Improve music education
- 3) August Rush
- 4) Women
- 5) On a mountain at Sunset
- 6) Saturday; get to practice
- 7) Dolphin
- 8) I'd learn the secrets to fully satisfy women



**Mohamed Haidous**

- 1) 14
- 2) For myself
- 3) Al-Waad Lsadek
- 4) Men
- 5) I would propose at sunset
- 7) Saturday; I have tennis practice
- 8) Make money



**Albert Vanlian**

- 1) 16
- 2) A Buddhist cause
- 3) 7 Years in Tibet
- 4) Women
- 5) Treasure hunt on the beach; she finds the ring in a chest.
- 6) Hitler-kill myself before WWII
- 7) Saturday; Gemmayze night
- 8) Do nothing. Don't believe in gender segregation



**Shogher Mandoyan**

- 1) No comment
- 2) Poverty and starvation in Africa
- 3) White Chicks
- 4) Men
- 5) On the seaside
- 6) CEO of P&G
- 7) Friday; start of the weekend
- 8) Shave



**Omar Salam**

- 1) 15
- 2) Poverty
- 3) Serendipity
- 4) Men
- 5) Keep it a surprise
- 6) Be myself
- 7) Saturday, to party
- 8) Throw myself out the window



**Aseel Caballero**

- 1) 17
- 2) Environmental Awareness in Lebanon
- 3) Alexander the Great
- 4) Women
- 5) Bend down on one knee and say 'I love you'
- 6) Barack Obama
- 7) Saturday; I meet with friends
- 8) Scream



**Ali Mouzannar**

- 1) 12
- 2) Orphans
- 3) Gladiator
- 4) Men
- 5) Romantically with candles
- 6) Myself
- 7) Saturday; day before Sunday
- 8) Sleep through the whole experience



**Rola Tafesh**

- 1) 15
- 2) The Poor
- 3) Scary Movie
- 4) Women
- 5) Venice
- 6) Angelina Jolie
- 7) Friday; start of the weekend
- 8) As if *that* will even happen



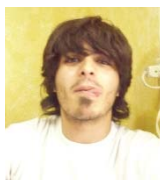
**Shogher Ezkoushian**

- 1) 14
- 2) Cancer research
- 3) A Walk to Remember
- 4) Both
- 5) On a yacht at night with candles and roses
- 6) Miss Universe
- 7) Saturday; free to go out
- 8) Pee standing up



**Wissam Bassiri**

- 1) No comment
- 2) Poverty
- 3) Braveheart
- 4) Men
- 5) On the beach
- 6) Puma
- 7) Saturday; to party
- 8) Observe myself



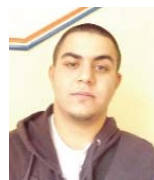
**Talar Mandoyan**

- 1) No Comment
- 2) Starving people
- 3) The Sound of Music
- 4) Both
- 5) On the Beach
- 6) Yanni
- 7) Friday, start of the weekend
- 8) Scream



**Chris Khatchadourian**

- 1) 14
- 2) Alcohol
- 3) Secret window
- 4) Men
- 5) Never gettin' married
- 6) Jack the Ripper
- 7) All the same
- 8) Shoot myself



**Marwan Jaffal**

- 1) 4
- 2) Phoenician Heritage awareness
- 3) Mozart and the Whale
- 4) Neither
- 5) Written with roses in a field
- 6) Raine Maida
- 7) Saturdays; for freedom's sake
- 8) I would let other guys buy me drinks, then throw them back in their faces



**Dima Matta**

- 1) 13
- 2) Cancer
- 3) Girl, Interrupted
- 4) Women
- 5) Not in this country!
- 6) Dorothy Parker
- 7) Friday; end of the week
- 8) Scratch my ...



**Jeff Armani**

- 1) 14
- 2) War against the U.S. (or Kujman)
- 3) Zeitgeist
- 4) Both
- 5) Get her angry and as she's about to kill me, I propose
- 6) Just myself
- 7) Friday- Day to get smashed
- 8) I would join a Lesbian group



**Fatme Khansa**

- 1) No comment
- 2) Any charity
- 3) Emily Rose
- 4) Women
- 5) Sweet talk
- 6) President
- 7) Sunday; to sleep
- 8) Don't want to be one



**Bedros Sarkis Hagopian**

- 1) 14
- 2) Cancer
- 3) A Nightmare on Elm Street
- 4) Men
- 5) No marriage
- 6) Fidel Castro
- 7) Friday; the day before the weekend
- 8) Try to pee standing up



**Bahaa Abou Hamdan**

- 1) 13
- 2) Teaching music to children
- 3) Training Day
- 4) Both
- 5) Most surprising way
- 6) My girlfriend
- 7) Friday; weekend
- 8) Go shopping for lingerie



**Mohammad Tabbara**

- 1) 12
- 2) Self-satisfaction
- 3) Stomp the Yard
- 4) Women
- 5) On a yacht and aeroplane
- 6) David Beckham
- 7) Saturday
- 8) Shoot myself in the head

## Awareness



"Slavery" is defined as the systematic exploitation of labour where one individual is treated as the expendable property of another. Lucky for most, slavery has become abolished in all the free world and yes, this includes Lebanon. So, technically speaking, is it still slavery when you pay the person you exploit? The answer is no. Instead, you can less pejoratively refer to this as Domestic worker assistance and soon, all the nasty connotations of slavery cease to adhere. Too bad that nowadays when you hear the term in English, its only reference to Lebanon is the many suicidal deaths of these "domestic workers".

Wael Bagzy (PSC)

### Immigrant Maid Abuse in Lebanon



Though, realistically speaking, the following may never happen to anyone who reads this, it should be noted that there are those living amongst you that have. Imagine being separated from the people you love most and taken to a foreign country halfway around the world; and you're all alone. To top this off, you are now living on an abandoned granary,

where you share accommodations in a single large room with some 200 other men and women, just like you, anxiously waiting and hoping that someone in the outside world comes to take you to a place, where for all you know, life will be just as unpleasant. Does it sound cliché? Perhaps your eyes feel it is, well, simply over-dramatic. Perchance you've already heard this song before and you find it just a little dull.

This is not out of some history book or any sadistic movie you have recently seen. In fact, this is just the everyday occurring, and chiefly overlooked, matter of your regional Domestic Worker traffic system, right here in Lebanon [look shocked]. Look hard enough and you'll come across them just about anywhere. Perhaps walking someone else's dog along the Hamra, running

across the street somewhere near Burj Hammoud or perhaps at your local mini mart buying a calling card for, who cares what reason. These immigrant women work as maids, the less pejorative term being Domestic Helper. They work at the homes of families they do not know, the typical of which includes much interaction with the mother of the household and the younger children, if any. However, and at the expense of generalising, constant interactions with the father or head of the household, most commonly doesn't spell delight for these workers. More often than not, the result is mistreatment of these women which, sad to say, cannot be measured beyond the rate of suicides that are so recurrent here in Lebanon.

Humans Rights Watch found that in the past year alone, there were 95 reported cases, some of which have been classified as "Failed Escape Attempts", whereby an immigrant domestic worker has leaped from the balcony of the home she is employed in, to her death. What this means is that approximately one immigrant maid dies each week in Lebanon as a result of failed escape attempts, or simply as a means of suicide. What's more is that cases whereby the maids are locked into their quarters for days with small rations of food and water, or nothing at all, aren't uncommon either.

Many of these women are forced to work outside of their country either by their spouses or out of sheer desperation to aide their families. They originate from almost anywhere and everywhere around the world that is graced with the classification "developing and overpopulated". Remarkably, a large majority of these women even hold full respectable University and Masters' degrees, particularly those hailing from the Philippines. The degrees they hold usually include any-

thing from Masters in English to Bachelors in Engineering or Mathematics. Alas, for all the education they acquire, there is very little or



no place in society offering the opportunity for them to exercise it. In most of the under-developed world, exchange rate becomes paramount; essentially the sole survival mechanism to feed yourself and your family and many are forced out to other countries to try and earn wages in dollars or euros. Considering that some of these women undergo conditions that are parallel to classical slavery, you'd think such an issue would be addressed on a massive scale.

It becomes fascinating to observe how we sacrifice analytic interpretation of atrocities for the romanticism of our own culture. When asked about other significant worldly issues such as, say global warming, natural resource depletion, drug, or human, trafficking, the stereotypical answer for us Lebanese will most commonly include a concerned tone of voice for the issue, and an opportunity to reveal our human side. This is naturally followed by a more serious tone (with a hint of relief) and emphasis placed on how there are enough problems in the country that we don't need to be constantly reminded of the outside world's dilemmas.

Wael Bagzy (PSC)

### Interview with an Immigrant Worker in Lebanon

(For anonymity's sake, the person interviewed in the following has asked her name not be disclosed)

**Q:** When/where were you born?

**A:** I was born in 1965 in the Philippines.

**Q:** Have you finished high school? If so, what did you do after?

**A:** Yes, I finished high school and then I spent 4 years in college. Then I got married in 1986. I became an English teacher though later on. Now I work as a domestic helper (maid).

**Q:** What did you study?

**A:** I studied 2 years Operator Assistance and another 2 years Management Information Systems (MIS).

**Q:** What made you leave the Philippines?

**A:** Many things. Lack of money mostly, also it was too expensive to live in. Too much corruption and greed in the government meant I could not give my children a decent life.

**Q:** Do you feel it was a difficult decision, leaving?

**A:** Of-course it was, but it happens every day. I wanted



"They get hit, sometimes they are starved. It's like being in jail"

steps you went through to get to where you are.

**A:** It is not an easy thing. First you must make the decision to leave and you then embark on a very long trip. Once you arrive they put you in what they call "accommodations" which is like living in hell. Then you are called and a possible employer comes to offer you a contract, you can try to bargain the price but ultimately it's the employer's decision. Next you spend some time learning from the employer how to make certain foods, what and where to clean, etc. It is humiliating to some level. Having a university degree and doing this work. I've worked for women who have not even finished high school here, not that they never really need to.

**Q:** Why do you think so many maids attempt to escape

my children to have the chance I couldn't have, above all I wanted them to have an education. I had a choice. I could either stay with them and they wouldn't have enough money to eat or go to school, or I could come to work here and they'd have that chance. I don't think many women can go through what I went through.

**Q:** Tell me about the

or commit suicide?

**A:** Not all women come here under the same circumstances. Some are forced here by their husbands or family and the change from one world to another can be enough to make you want to kill yourself. Also some of these women are smart, very smart; but because of their desperation they can't do anything except cook and clean for other families. This is besides the fact that some of them are treated like dogs. They get hit, sometimes they are starved and sometimes just the threat of being sent back to the agency is terrifying. Imagine you have no control of your life; it's like being in jail.

**Q:** Tell me about the Agency where you stayed before you lived with your employer.

**A:** It's like living in hell. Until an employer hires you it's where you have to stay. It's basically an abandoned granary that you share with 150 to 200 people at a time. It's all in one room with bunkbeds and all the women sleep on one side and the men on the other, that's it for separation. It's a very small, very warm place and some of the women there have either Hepatitis B or Tuberculosis so I avoided closed quarters. Sometimes all they hand you for meals was rice and a vegetable to eat or maybe a small fish. The floor is made of cement and is usually wet and for all of us there were only 3 toilets.

Interview by Wael Bagzy (PSC)



## Your Page

### In My Shoes

When you live like a stranger in your own city, life is not easy at all, and for me, the last three years have been especially difficult. Living in Saida, South Lebanon, I always thought of my city as the capital of diversity and tolerance. However, I soon discovered how wrong I really was.

While completing my intermediate studies at a private institute, my parents thought it best I were transferred to a public school. They believed this choice would ultimately benefit me, make me a better person, but deep down, I had a bad feeling about this new school; I felt something would be amiss.

The new school was located in Ain El Helwi which is a Palestinian camp that witnessed some of the most violent fights between different political parties all the time. School would often be closed for "political" reasons, the school's property would be damaged as a result of these reasons, and sometimes gun fire would be heard during classes. This is just a mere sample of how tough life was for me. All the school provided us with were opened gates and closed classes. Running home for our lives was certainly not unfamiliar to us, not to mention that a house like mine needed a car to get to; so all I had were my fast feet and little prayers.

Being from a village in Saida, I had a different background from all-and I mean all- the other pupils at school and that made life a lot harder for me. Many times at school, I shared my religious ideology with some of my classmates but all I got in return were attacks on my opinions. Whilst being able to defend myself most of the time, I was also able to maintain my thoughts and beliefs nevertheless.

Yet, I sometimes imagine what if things existed the other way around. Imagine, for instance, if I were in a group of people who shared my same ideology about any subject, and we also happened to attack someone else's diverse unit of thought. Things might happen in all ways, so nor am I sparing myself the shame nor feeling pity for what I had passed through; but all things in our pasts are supposed to make us stronger and teach us from our own, including others', mistakes. Moreover, if anyone could think critically enough to put his or herself in someone else's shoes, the world might just be a little bit better.

It is a cliché to say that "People are different" but it is still something we all have to understand. Diversity gives our world its flavor, but often times, attacking diversity and making wrong use of it can lessen the taste. So before acting or speaking, think twice, and stand in the shoes of the person you are about to address. Try to predict his or her reactions to what you are about to say or do. Please, take my word for it. I learned it the hard way.

*Matthew Francis (BIO)*



### My Special Rose



Looking out the window, I can't help but think about how the summer has ended, gone, disappeared, like snow landing on ground one day, and melting, the next. To me, it isn't about "Oh no, no more going to the beach", or that "Oh, university has resumed class". It's more than just that. If someone asked me what the first word would be that comes to mind when saying the word 'summer', I would say that it makes me feel relaxed, such that it gets me thinking about the thriving and blooming of nature. Most people would ask, what is this girl talking about? To me, the word 'summer' has a deeper meaning than what people may think. As I plant a seed, I watch how it sprouts out from the earth, and wait patiently for it to grow into a rose bush. When that rose bush has enough roses, I pick one. Roses are my favourite. I don't think about the thorns that might prick me and make me bleed, I think about the flower itself. It's that sensation of touching its petals that puts a smile on my face. It's that magical smell that makes me forget about everything. Everything, as in all my troubles, and all my worries. I think to myself, whatever the problem is, nothing is worth it in this world, as long as I have that single rose in my hand. The rose will always be on my side, no matter what happens. It will stay with me. All of nature will.

I can't believe it, winter has come. It's taking time for me to process this because I don't want to believe it. Winter is cold and gloomy. My rose bush, the one with all the pretty roses decorated on it, has perished into the ground. That single rose which I had picked out has perished, just like the rest of its friends. I have nowhere to go, I need someone there for me. The rose, my rose, I can feel it, feel its thorns, that before I couldn't feel. The smell - the pleasing, magical smell - has lost its scent, and all of a sudden, I remember all that I have forgotten during summer. I feel alone. I feel a ghost behind my back whispering; murmuring words I don't understand. Oh No! Those memories are coming back. Just like the rose had died and deteriorated, I am starting to feel the same. Why can't I be like some of those flowers that stay flourishing during all seasons? Why do these memories have to come back? Why can't things be the way they were? Why? Why? So many questions, but no answers. Does anyone have an answer? No. I don't think so. I might as well get used to the fact of being abandoned and move on. But who knows? It may take years before things are back to the way they were. Until then, all I can do is pray - pray that every summer, my rosebush will keep on blossoming and blooming, and not perish, because I know, that sooner or later, there will come a time when it will struggle and weaken, which means that it won't be long before I do too.

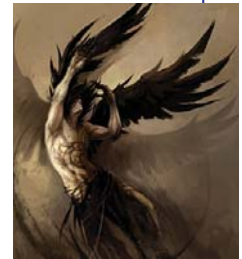
*Amanda Malaeb (BAD)*

## Your Page

### Disciple of the Past



Go to sleep my devil child, God is not here, he has shut his eyes  
 The world saddened him by committing crimes, and so will we until we die  
 Go to sleep my little sprite, hide your sinfulness under your wings of might  
 I'll be waiting for you to emerge at night so we can spread our sinful dreams of fright  
 I do not fear thy power God, and it is you now whom I do not trust  
 You left me behind when I needed you most, and you savagely crushed my innocent soul  
 I will never forgive you for what you did, as you lost your faith in humanity  
 I'll never bow for you as a deity, and when you take my life I won't plead for thy mercy  
 My fellow God whom I followed once, it is not me who has altered his path  
 But it seems like the Master has to recall the dogmas he had set by himself  
 Why have you God turned your face on powerless ashes which you combined to create a race?  
 Why have you blinded yourself and forgotten me on the exact route which you had paved?  
 Cherished believer of love, how do you think thy judgment was fair?  
 I was tested by countless sufferings, miseries, and despairs  
 For the Keeper of Heaven whom I trusted once, the path of evil enlightens me now  
 But it is thy entire fault and as a disciple of your foe for the demon I bow  
 My desolation which was not nursed pleasantly drove my innocence into an infinite sleep  
 And your unrivaled treason shaped new forms of wounds which burn at each touch of breeze  
 I was a disciple in the past, yet I do not know how I was forgotten on the road which was sane  
 Dear God whom I once had followed, your power will not fade away as my wrath will eternally stay awake



Garo Aroyan (FIN)  
*A Disciple of the Past*

### His Wisdom

Thirty Three and seven,  
 Forty all that was meant to be.  
 In the master's footsteps he followed,  
 The master's servant was he.

A smile, a laugh,  
 A wedding all thought to be.  
 A shout, a tear, a splash of red,  
 A funeral broke free.

The why's joined the how's  
 In an ever escalating symphony.  
 Not God, not him,  
 Why cage what is free?

Gentle came the answer:  
 "My wisdom is sufficient to thee"

*In memory of the Pastor of our Church who recently passed away at the age of 40.*

Nabil Habiby (ENL)



### Sleep Child... Sleep

"Don't force it child!" to drift away  
 As you rest your head upon that pillow  
 Escaping me, your reality... a betrayal!  
 You have yet to earn your sleep my dear fellow  
 Stole true blood, stained what was pure  
 "You killed that woman, you slayed her..." child!  
 "But sleep now dearest..." let the bed bugs bite  
 Think no more of screams of fright  
 Murderous thing you did my child  
 "I was there." I saw your deeds  
 Can't say you weren't warned my child  
 "I'll be here" as you try to sleep...  
 Dare you now to shut your eyes  
 Knowing I'm here... me that you despised  
 "You killed me Child..." your own Mother...  
 "Now sleep my dearest..." sink deep in slumber...



Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

### Nonentity

Stand still, listen; they whisper  
 Can't hear? Then feel their anger  
 'Tis the sting of the cold breeze  
 'Tis the howl of the dying wind

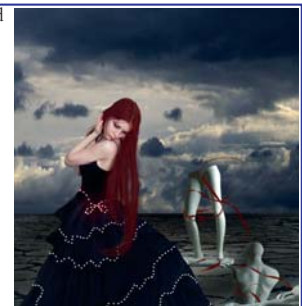
They are the beasts hidden beneath  
 Those that died with no relief  
 They pace around their hallow graves  
 The lives they've lost once more they crave

They are what they are - silent, yet fatal  
 For you, my friend; think thine self mortal

They own these grounds, laid around  
 for centuries  
 Listen, my friend; hear their stories

Much tales they yearn to tell our kind  
 Tales of horror, of truth, of mind  
 Be still, my friend; just let them in  
 Nothing to fear... they've tasted sin

'Tis your end... now all is lost  
 Reduced to none... to nonentity



Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

## Your Page

### untitled

everything you can think of is true  
 the ocean is blue  
 the moon is a big piece of cheese  
 the baby falls asleep in your shoe  
 your teeth are buildings with yellow doors  
 the bird lived in the ocean with the whale,  
 for they were in love  
 we dream that we dreamt of someone  
 there is no one to put flowers on a flower's grave  
 the rain makes such a lovely sound  
 the moon is full every night  
 the higher a man gets, the smaller he seems to those who cannot fly (nietzsche)  
 a good man is hard to find  
 the earth is pizza shaped  
 i can get drunk on the moon  
 we do not want to grow up  
 candles that smell good, taste good  
 violins grow on trees  
 murder is enjoyable on a snowy day  
 on the back of our heads we have another face  
 it's a mad world  
 the piano has been drinking  
 the paper talked to the pen  
 my coat is made of paint  
 there is a shark in the pool  
 fish tango but they prefer the waltz  
 my friend sleeps with her sandals on  
 another friend flies with a basketball in his hands  
 there are stars in our eyes  
 flowers are beautiful  
 the chicken did not cross the road



it is nice to whistle down the wind  
 windows become sand  
 god is nature  
 truth is subjective, but they tell you not to lie  
 there is strength in vulnerability, but they tell you not to cry  
 it takes thirty seconds to reach to mars.  
 my soulmate is from Saturn and so am I  
 shadows are real and beautiful  
 one more day and we will glow in the dark  
 we gain weight because of all the added information in our heads  
 crayons are interesting  
 some people walk in the rain, others just get wet  
 my house is made of white water lilies  
 everything you can think of is true

*sarag blue (psy)*

### Decomposition of Self

I cried, and it's beginning to feel like a well-rehearsed scene. You wrap yourself around the corners of my mind and often, you pull too tight and forget to let loose.

I cried for the ashes of my former life, painted myself black, held the ashes over my head, walked and mourned the loss of tranquility, and mourned the constant presence of unrest.

I mourned because there was no reason to rejoice, there wasn't even a simple reason to be comfortably numb.

I cried because I no longer recognised myself and I am exhausted from the common cliché that my life has become.

I cried for my loss of innocence, the unnecessary yet ever-present cross that I carry on my frail shoulders that have already bore enough.

I cried because I couldn't understand Sylvia Plath's poetry and mocked my psychotic and neurotic self for its obvious and pathetic lack of depth.

I cried because laughing no longer suits me, because happiness, after all, is for the common masses and it is those who are truly great that suffer.

I cried because religion is the opium of the masses and the only true Christian died on the cross, and we are but a lost herd that has been looking for a shepherd who even lost faith himself and is no longer capable of leading.

I cried because there is no time for

repose because truth and tranquility have never been known to go well together, and I curse my incessant and insistent curiosity, wondering if it will be satiated after the damned truth has battered and kicked me till my last drop of blood.



I cried because not having you here is too painful a realization and I constantly create these images of you, drowning in endless what ifs that never seem to be answered, and I'm not sure I want them to be.

And then I cried till I could no longer do so, for I have become emotionally dry and shriveled and I cannot bother with the countless fractures of my heart and the incisions inflicted on my mind. I don't know how to mend it all and as I look upon the ground and see this decomposition of my being, I realise that I'm no longer even there.

*Dima Matta (ENL)*

### Holy Sinners

Evil thoughts take over your mind  
 Every time the devil screams your name  
 You act badly but you don't mind  
 You feel no guilt, you feel no shame

Living in **Lust** becomes your lifestyle  
 For you are filled with **Greed**  
 You now have the worst profile  
 Is that what you really need?

People can sense your **Pride**  
 But in reality you **Envy** them all

Because they have faith inside  
 And in temptation they don't fall  
**Sloth** stops you from improving  
 From following a righteous path  
 People you know start judging  
 Instantly you are filled with **Wrath**

**Gluttony** won't fix your problem  
 Nor will any other sin  
 Instead of acting like the witch of Salem  
 Listen to the voice within

*Samar Chouhah (PSY)*



### Forever

Distance is a measurement I measure with your words  
 You're all the way over there, yet I'm still here  
 You're in a place where you can't hear my heartbeat  
 Too far away to feel the butterflies I have for you  
 If only you could see my blushed face when we talk  
 If you could only read my eyes when I think of you  
 Mohammad, baby, I care for you  
 Your 'Mein Herz' ... I think I ... you

*Sara Masri (ADC)*





## Greenzone

### The HU Environmental Club

#### News from the Environmental Club

The environmental club finally concluded its water testing project in Beirut. The results are out and the final report is just waiting to be written. We had initially decided on testing the cleanliness of water in 5 areas in Greater Beirut, but because not *all* areas actually had water, we dropped one. Interestingly enough, Bourj Hammoud residents enjoy the cleanest waters in Beirut, and the water that Achrafieh residents drink is, well, clean water and the sewage of Bourj Hammoud.

The club is currently working on organising a number of workshops to High School students, hopefully from all over Lebanon. We think this is an opportunity for cross-cultural dialogue between different cultures in Lebanon, and, if successful, an opportunity to mobilise part of Lebanese

youth and activate them in their own communities. If you want to volunteer, pass by Mr. Alain's office.

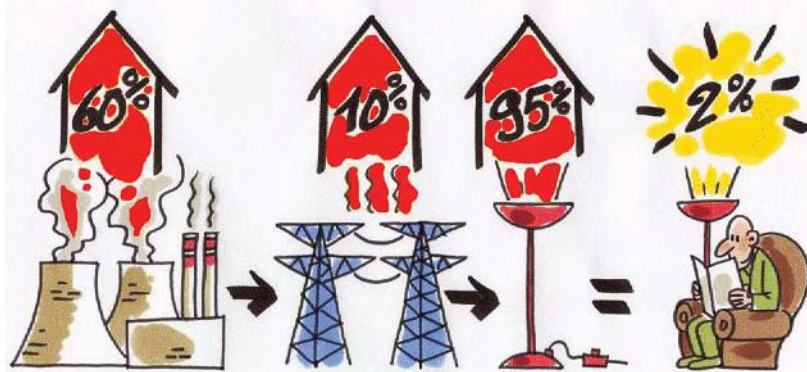
The club *finally* has a new logo and a new mission statement. Watch out for them on our extremely active Facebook group "HU Environmental Club"... Oh, and on our webpage (the one our dear university provides for us).

Finally, and maybe even most importantly, the club would like to give a shy smile with an innocent baby face to the Herald, and apologise for increasing Manuel's blood pressure throughout the semester. We thank the Herald for this page. Who said hippies were easy people to deal with in the first place? And Who said we're hippies?

Next issue we will have some more news about our workshops, a more detailed summary of our water project, and some new ideas to be put into action.



Woohoo! The hippies of the university (they're not really hippies) have a new logo!



Try to minimise electricity use: its generation needs a lot of energy, mostly heat produced in coal, gas or nuclear plants. Using electric hot water heaters or space heating is extremely inefficient. At the power plant, some 60 percent of the energy is lost as waste heat. Another 10 percent is lost in electricity lines and transformers before the electricity even reaches your home.

#### News from Mother Nature

- Dolphins have started developing fingerprints. Why should you be worried? Because this means dolphin societies are getting more and more complex. How complex? Well, there are pictures of sharp-edged hammers that dolphins manufactured for their hunting. Also, a specialist who observes dolphins said that one day a certain dolphin brought a calculator to the shore, and within the next week a whole community of dolphins brought calculators to the shore, by the end of two weeks there were about 2,000 calculators. What's striking about this? The calculators concerned all had a very rare chemical in them. These findings have led to a number of dolphin specialists around the world to commit suicide. One Australian specialist apologised to the dolphin king for the tags he had put on dolphins and begged him to be merciful to our lowly species once dolphins take over the world. If Bush was still in office he'd probably declare war on dolphins, but he's not now so that's good.

- The area of the Arctic Ocean which is covered by ice has shrunk to one third of what's been normal for the past three decades. It's the first year that both the Northwest Passage over the top of North America and Russia's Northeast Passage are free of ice. McCain's Vice Presidential candidate Sarah Palin fired a lawsuit against the endangered species act and revealed plans to explore these newly-melted areas for oil. No wonder they lost!

- The Vatican is planning on using renewable energy for 20 percent of its energy needs by 2020 - as part of a proposal by the European Union. The Vatican's "Nervi Hall", the most modern building in the Vatican whose architect was (so surprisingly) a dude called Nervi. So what they did is they filled the roof of this really modern building, which can 'accommodate' up to ten thousand people, with 2400 photovoltaic cells on 5000 square meters. This system will produce 300 kilowatt hours of clean energy per year. When speaking about it, the fact that the Vatican's oh-so-famous skyline will not be hindered was stressed upon. The Vatican will thus be saving the equivalent of 80 tonnes of oil each year. I wonder where they're going to spend all that extra money on - you know, the money that they won't be needing to spend on buying all that oil.

- In a somewhat comical episode involving the Brits and Indian farmers, Prince Charles (the most loyal of royal socialites in England) has been branded a scaremonger - but that's not really important. Truth is, Indian farmers borrowed money to buy GM (that's genetically modified) crops because they were told (you can guess by who) that these crops would make them... richer. Turns out the crops failed (who knew), and around 125,000 farmers with names ranging from Ranjit to Kunaal to Abhishek decided to take their own lives. FYI, this was all a plot by the English to use India as a testing ground for GM crops. This is being branded as the "GM Genocide"... watch out for five million group and/or cause invitations on facebook promising that if this official group reaches 1 million, a phone call will be made to the Brits to stop them from pursuing GM Crops!

Arek Dakessian (SOW)

## Heroes

### Pour Toi Armenie

"Tes printemps fleuriront encore, tes beaux jours renaîtront encore; après l'hiver, après l'enfer! Poussera l'arbre de vie... pour toi Arménie."

Your springtime will blossom again, your beautiful days will be reborn again; after the winter, after the hell! The tree of life will grow... for you Armenia.

Throughout history, the very world in which we live in has witnessed great people. People who have given their lives, who have neglected their desires and ended their dreams in order to make this world a better place. People who have contributed a lot in advancements, improvements and answers. People who have died. People who still live. These people will always be here, as long as we hold them in our memories. These people are leaders who came to this world in order to make a change and leave an impact on their descendants. These people are heroes...

One of the most distinguished major heroes of our time is the highly talented Charles Aznavour; so

high, he definitely hears heaven. Known as 'Le grand Charles', Aznavour was born in Paris, to Armenian refugees Michael Aznavourian and Knar Baghdasarian. His artistic parents presented him to the stage-world at a young age.

1989 Paris, France - Charles Aznavour produced a song entitled "Pour Toi Arménie" (which translates into 'For You Armenia') with his fellow local artists in order to raise funds for Armenia who had just suffered from the Spitak earthquake on December 7, 1988 (aka the Leninakan earthquake). The earthquake affected an area of 80 km in diameter. The first tremor (11:41 a.m. local time) with a magnitude of 6.9 on the Richter scale was followed, after 4 minutes, by the second with a magnitude of 5.8 leaving 45,000



dead and 500,000 homeless, two thirds of the deaths being children and adolescents since they were at school at the time. The earthquake resulted in total destruction of the Spitak region and partial destruction of the nearby cities of Leninakan (currently Gyumri), Kirovakan (currently Vanadzor) and Stepanagerd, leading to an extremely stressful situation with a massive death toll and widespread abrupt collapse of community life. 111 countries, 7 international organisations, and 53 national chapters of the Red Cross provided help to Armenia. Among the most prominent contributors was our beloved Aznavour who established the "Aznavour for Armenia" fund, thus providing both moral and financial assistance. Aznavour was one of the important elements which helped Armenians overcome the difficulties and revive their social and cultural life.

Aznavour is an extraordinary hero who will be remembered throughout history. In fact, he is already vividly emblazoned in peoples' minds for his remarkable charisma and exemplary deeds. At least I'm sure that I'll remember him for the rest of my life.

*Garo Agopian (ADC)*

### My Hero



Whilst mingling with a few friends, I was asked a curious question about who I would consider to be my hero or role-model? It got me thinking. What exactly is a hero? Is it someone who rescues someone else from a perilous situation? Is it someone who defeats all the bad guys? Or maybe it is someone who has gone through an illness, who by that right, deserves to be called a hero. I believe all these are true but to me,

it is something much more. To me, it is less about just admiration or salvation and more about someone who has been there for me my whole life, which is why I consider my hero to be my 'mum'. It may seem unusual for someone to call their mum a hero, but to me it isn't. Some may regard famous people like Britney Spears or Johnny Depp to be their hero. But how can that be? If you think about it, what has Britney or Johnny given you? A few songs and movies? A few dance moves? Neither them nor any Hollywood star or starlet can give you much more than your parents can. I love both my parents, but I consider my mum to be the hero because she has given me so much beyond what I need and desire. Not that my dad hasn't, but, she is my hero because of who she is, and who she has made, not just me, but my whole family become. She gave me the courage to take the step to come to Lebanon.. I believed this would make not just me happy, but her also.

She has proved her boldness and stayed strong regardless of the fact that she's in Lebanon alone without my dad. Needless to say, I am ever proud of her. This experience has led me to interact with her and,

most of all, has made the mother-daughter bond between us much stronger. I see my mum now a lot more than I used to before moving here and I've gotten to know her so much better. She is not only my mother, but also my best-friend. It's a shame that it took me 15 years to realise how much I was missing on. I've seen in her so much patience, courage, bravery and in particular, love. Of all the obstacles that have come our way, she still stands tall no matter what the case. She has taught me right from wrong and guided me towards the greater things in this life. Overall, my mum is my hero, my heart, my soul, my inspiration and my everything.

So just a word of advice to everyone out there: your friend or girlfriend/boyfriend may not necessarily be there your whole life, but your parents will. Never shut them out of your life because ultimately no matter what happens, they will always be there for you. Thank your parents as to where you are today and to who you have become in the future. If you haven't yet, it's never too late. Just remember; they are your true heroes.

*Amanda Malaeb (BAD)*

### My Unconventional Hero

My hero is the person I skipped in line, who still wished me well when I left the store. My hero is the person I cursed at inside because I was in a hurry and they walked too slow.

My hero is the person I tried to break down, who handed me tissues when I had a cold.

My hero is the person who offered me a ride, when I had humiliated them a few years ago.

My hero is the person who stood by my side, when I had deliberately caused nothing but pain.

My hero is the person who knows that I lie, but tries hard to believe in me anyway.

My hero is the person who stands at the door, watching over me, making sure I came in safe.

My hero is the person who never let me down, though I had done so previously when I was in their place.

My hero is the person I wanted to kill because I felt they weren't ready to listen to me. Who still managed to show patience and smile from a distance, while inside I cursed them and their family.

My hero is the person with so much to respect, so much to admire and so much to revere.

My hero is the person who simply makes me feel smaller, as I watch them maintain hold of their dignity.

My hero is the person who held onto themselves, though the whole world was tug-

ging at them so they would give in and become one of the numbers and lose their exceptionality, just so their peers had more reason to sin.

My hero is the person who said no to drugs, who pushed away the cup of weakness and felt right within.

My hero is the person who practices self-discipline, without fearing loss of their unfaithful friends.

My hero is the person that's left in this world, who looks past colour and looks through the soul.

My hero is the person who fought all their demons so that ultimately this hero was the one in control.

My hero is the person who understands life, who challenges their weakness yet still remains whole.

My hero is the person I dreamt into life, who is far more in creativity than my imagination could hold.

My hero is the person that's better than me - not taller, not smarter, but just kinder than me.

*Rok Hamze (PSC)*



# Christmas

## The Many Names of Santa

- In the United States and Canada, his name is Santa Claus.
- In China, he is called Shengdan Laoren.
- In England, his name is Father Christmas, where he has a longer coat and a longer beard.
- In France, he's known as Pere Noel.
- In Germany, children get presents from Christindl, the Christ Child.
- In Costa Rica, Colombia, and parts of Mexico, the gift bearer is el Niño Jesus, "the infant Jesus."
- In Brazil and Peru, he's called Papa Noel.
- In Italy Babbo Natale, which means Father Christmas, is Santa
- In Morocco he is known as Black Peter
- In Japan, Santa Clause is called Santa Clause or just Santa. Children often call him "Santa no ojisan", which means Uncle Santa.
- In the Netherlands, he is called Kerstman.
- In Finland, he is called Joulupukki.
- In Belgium he is known as Sinter Klaas. He rides a white horse, leaving gifts in wooden shoes
- In Russia, he is called Ded Moroz meaning Grandfather Frost.
- The Armenians call him Gagant Baba.

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)



## Interesting Christmas Facts

- The word Christmas is Old English, a contraction of Christ's Mass
- The Nutcracker is the most famous Christmas ballet.
- Jingle Bells was first written for Thanksgiving and then became one of the most popular Christmas songs.
- If you received all of the gifts in the song "The Twelve Days of Christmas", you would receive 364 presents.
- The poinsettia plant was brought into the United States from Mexico by Joel Poinsett in the early 1800's
- Christmas became a national holiday in America on June, 26, 1870
- Coca Cola was the first beverage company to use Santa for a winter promotion
- To clear up a common misconception, in Greek, Xristos means Christ. That is where the word "X-mas" comes from. Not because someone took the "Christ" out of Christmas.
- More diamonds are sold around Christmas than any other time of the year.
- In Mexico, wearing red underwear on New Year's Eve is said to bring new love in the upcoming year.
- Christmas trees originally featured actual lighted candles, which were naturally a fire hazard. Containers filled with water had to be kept near the tree.
- Construction workers first erected an undecorated tree at Rockefeller Center in New York City in the early 1930s. They have been credited with starting the annual tradition.
- Christmas celebrations were banned in Boston between 1659 and 1681. Those caught celebrating would be fined.
- Electric lights for trees were first used in 1895.
- The first Christmas cards were vintage and invented in 1843, the Victorian Era.
- Traditionally, Christmas trees are taken down after Epiphany.



## Why the Grinch Stole Christmas



Jingle bells ringing, joy amongst everyone, people carolling, children smiling, what day is it? Why, it's Christmas - the biggest shame of a holiday known to human kind. Shocking! It is supposedly the most 'humane' day of the year. However, it is also the day our egoism reaches its peak! How could it be? Why and when did it start to become this way? All those questions can be answered with the simple phrase "sad but true".

The evil begins with the multinational toy companies which constantly keep shoving their commercials and advertisements on TV, radio, the internet, through messages, and so on. They brainwash kids into demanding these products, while, at the same time, taking advantage of the law of supply and demand to price their merchandise in hijacked prices. Some parents manage to afford them, while others can't; that's when you'll find children crying, screaming, and getting their hearts crushed, all because of a worthless piece of plastic. Maybe it really is the thought that always counts, but how can you possibly explain that concept to a five year old? How can you make kids understand that their parents are trying the best they can? If that's not enough, what makes things more awkward is the parents' position, where they find themselves to have failed to put the spirit of Christmas in their childrens' lives. Hurts to watch, doesn't it?

As for people in love, they're happy teasing one another, kissing, and fooling around. But how can the unfortunate ones deal with this, especially during that season? Take a widow for instance! How can she possibly put the memories of her husband aside and celebrate this day amongst all the other happy couples. Or how can a guy who has just been dumped bear the thought of his ex celebrating the holiday with a jerk who stole someone dear to him, making him weak and intimidated. He can't even look at himself in the mirror because all he could think of is how pathetic he looks amongst others; the pain being deeply carved inside his spirit, crushed by what he sees and thinks, having the images of his loved one with that other guy going back and forth, over and over.

This time of year is meant for joy, and some of us do enjoy it in our own egotistic ways, not considering all the unfortunate ones living among us. There exists some charity work but is it really enough? Are we really experiencing the spirit of this day, or just taking it for granted and spoiling ourselves more than we actually do during all the other holidays of the year? I personally hate this season, because it's the time of year when all bad memories start escaping from my unconscious, causing me to curse everyone and everything's existence.

Jeff Armani (FIN)

## It's December in Lebanon...



If someone asked me which month of the year I feel the happiest, I would say--wait for it--December!

You may think it's weird, but for me the month of December carries with it all the beauty, joy and pleasure I look for, especially because of the Christmas touch to all of Lebanon. Christmas is the definition of December and I for one believe in the Christmas spirit! Have you ever felt it? Ok, maybe not, or maybe you have but just never knew it was in-fact the "Christmas spirit". My friends, I tell you it's there. It draws a smile on your face, rejoices your heart, fills it with love'n care and brings life to every corner of a home, street or city. It paints the beautiful scene of the colorful vivid lights on every tree and fills the air with the lovely carols. It decorates the world with every shimmering little Christmas

globe, every heavenly star and each little triumphant angel atop of its tree. The appetizing smell of "X-mas" cookies spreads to every block of the towns, adding to this tremendous mood. To me, this is the Christmas spirit. It is a force that brings long time lovers closer and gathers family members around one delicious dining table for meals they won't forget until Easter! This same spirit keeps people busy with their excessive shopping for their loved ones. Christmas spirit whispers into the ears to forgive and stop fighting each other about silly little things. So why not turn the pages of the past year and stick to our resolutions and futures?

If you've never felt it yourself then it still isn't too late. Christmas is on the way and is fast approaching so why not enjoy the gift it brings! Why not wake up every morning until the 25th, excited for the day? The chance is there for you. You certainly don't want to wait a whole year for it to come back do you?

Kobay Eid (ADC)



# Awareness

## Eating Disorders



Some believe that ignorance is the most dangerous of vices. Anyone with an overlooked disability or disease can testify to this. The most overlooked disorder in society are the ones which people believe do not truly exist. Of all such diseases, syndromes, conditions and disorders, none are more overlooked than the diseases Anorexia and Bulimia Nervosa which also happen to be the most prominent of eating disorders known to affect several members in our community, especially teens. The message is clear, it's up to you however, what you wish to do with it: Eating disorders are very real conditions with the potential to ruin the lives of those who know nothing else, but to conform to the enslaving will of the media and its "skinny" grip on society.

Wael Bagzy (PSC)

### Anorexia

"Who doesn't know about dieting?"

"I'm ok and I have a suitable diet just for me".

"Who the hell cares about dieting? It's just food!"

"These programs are only for women, men do not bother with them".



These terms are quintessentially what most people, especially teenagers, use when they are subjected to dietary or nutritional topics. Moving on from this fact, I can assure most of the people stating such expressions that they do not provide answers to the more important questions at hand. If you were

asked the question "how do you view weight loss?" or "Is your health your concern or is it becoming thin?", what would your answers be?

Not surprisingly, and at the expense of this article's mystery, dieting also happens to lead to eating disorders. Anorexia Nervosa is defined as an eating disorder that occurs primarily among girls and women. It is characterized by a fear of gaining weight, self-starvation, and a distorted view of body image. The condition is usual-

ly brought on by emotional disorders that lead a person to worry excessively about the appearance of his or her body.

Victims of Anorexia tend to hide their conditions and ignore the signals their body tries to send as they starve themselves. In the case of Anorexia, the body no longer receives the energy it needs to function properly. As a result, the body essentially begins consuming itself. As a result of malnourishment and lack of nutrients to the brain, people suffering from Anorexia are not able to keep focus on anything for more than a single minute; bad memory, depression and mood swings are just a few more of the symptoms exhibited. Their hair becomes thinner and more fragile; the heart also begins suffering from a range of symptoms from low blood pressure to decreased heart rate. Most Anorexics endure symptoms such as abdominal pain, kidney stones as well as constipation. The lack of essential proteins and nutrients plays a big role on the fluctuations of Anorexics' hormone levels. In the case of females, the menstrual cycle ceases and complications arise in getting pregnant. Furthermore in case of pregnancy, high risks of miscarriages are known to occur. Consequently, Anorexia victims feel tired and cold almost all the time.

What is troubling about these victims and their eating methods is their obsession with calories; they will constantly check food labels before eating and, in extreme cases, even keep a food diary with them. They have a strange method of eating in that they generally will never eat in public or when others are around so essentially, eating becomes an utter taboo.

Nevertheless, the good news is that Anorexia can be



treated, even cured. It is not an easy task but with the aid of medical guidance and counseling centers, the victim can once again re-establish his/her healthy weight and treat the psychological issues that could lead to self-destructive behavior. Screaming and yelling in their faces encouragements such as "you will die if you do not eat" will *not* work. Such survivors of Anorexia need the support and care to get out of the isolation mood they live in. If you have a close friend or anyone dear to you suffering from Anorexia, lend out your hand and never hesitate to help because he/she can only recover if they are ready to talk and get the treatment. Open your ears and listen, please don't judge no matter what they say but encourage them to undergo the right treatments.

Kobahr Eid (ADC)

### Bulimia

Here's another one of those disorders you think you will not have, but might already suffer from. We're talking about an eating disorder called bulimia nervosa. Some of our readers may think that they already know all about bulimia, so why bother reading this article? I'll tell you why. Misconceptions.

You might know that bulimia has something to do with throwing up after eating, but did you know that there are other ways you can purge besides vomiting? You could take laxative pills that speed up bowel movement, water pills that make you urinate, exercise until



you drop, or eat little or no food for a couple of days. Bulimia is generally a repeated pattern of two stages. First there's the binge eating, where you would stuff yourself with food because you're feeling depressed or stressed out. Then you'd start feeling guilty and afraid that you might gain weight, so you

find a way to purge, or get rid of that food.

Another general assumption is that people with bulimia always think they are too fat, when in fact they're really too skinny. Actually, that's wrong. Unlike anorexics, people with bulimia can look normal on the outside, or maybe even a little overweight, so you can't tell if they've got it at all. The only way to know is to see if they go to the bathroom a lot after eating (to throw up), or they seem moody and depressed and always talk about losing weight. People with bulimia can lose interest in other things while becoming preoccupied with thoughts of their body weight.

There could be several reasons for this disease, which has existed since Ancient Roman times. Some experts say it's hereditary or that it has something to do with chemicals in the brain. Another explanation is that it is a psychological disorder. People who have gone through traumatic experiences, such as rape and cannot deal with their emotions feel like bulimia is a way to have control over themselves. Finally, there's the modern misconception that only thin is beautiful, which can make people do extreme things to fit in that distorted image.

The most common age to start having bulimia is 19, and girls are ten times as likely to get it as boys. So college girls, beware! Don't let the pressure of being 'supermodel' thin get to you! Just take a look at some of the problems this unhealthy lifestyle can lead to: abnormal bowel functioning, damaged teeth and gums, swollen salivary glands in the cheeks, sores in the throat and mouth, bloating, dehydration, fatigue, dry skin,



irregular heartbeat, sores, scars or calluses on the knuckles or hands (from using fingers to make yourself throw up), and menstrual irregularities or loss of menstruation (amenorrhea).

Can it be cured? Yes, it can, if you take the right steps that is. Start by talking to someone about your problems since it is a much healthier way to release your emotions. Then seek the professional help of doctors; a nutritionist can also help you plan a healthy eating pattern, while a therapist can help you deal with depression and other negative thoughts. Also remember that like most other diseases, it has the greatest chance of recovery when treated early.

Natascha Schellen (ENL)

## Orientation

### May I Help You?

I am a second year Business student at Haigazian University. I volunteered to become a leader in the orientation program for this year's new students. I remember how deeply I was touched by the leaders of last year's orientation, when I was a new student that is. I had known any of them yet, but I immediately made friends with the new students as well as the leaders who made me feel really comfortable and welcome at the university. And since I adore meeting new people, I couldn't wait to be a leader myself and wear the "May I Help You" T-shirt.



Wearing the "May I Help You" T-Shirt



With Dr. Berge Traboulsi's and the volunteer students' efforts, the orientation program was a huge success. It consisted of several sessions that put the new students in the university's warm atmosphere. The sessions were related to the university's history, culture, also self awareness slides, not to mention the sessions related to the library, its usage and the online EBSCO and OLIB services. A delicious lunch break was provided between the sessions for the students whereby the professors, leaders and students mingled in the Mugar garden. The orientation program was divided into three days: the first day included a slideshow whereby students

were introduced to the student life committee and the numerous activities the diverse clubs had organized during the previous year. Also, the Student Life Officers (Mr. Antranig Dakesian, Mr. Alain Keirouz, Miss Peggy Bedoyan and Mr. Sahag Bidinian) presented short but exciting speeches for the new students. The following two days were the days in which sessions were given to students; those in the Faculty of Science came on Thursday and those in the Business and Economics Faculty came on Friday.



Lunch time



Volunteers holding their name tags....



The new students, accompanied with their group leaders, gather in the courtyard

What impressed me most was the excitement of the new students. They weren't shy at all. On the contrary, they were overwhelmed and never afraid to ask questions to their leaders: loud, outgoing and energetic! Now those new students have already mingled in different groups together with old students and they have contributed in different clubs already. As a sign of appreciation, Mr. Berge Traboulsi prepared an Iftar for the leaders and the

professors who volunteered in the orientation program in Trad cafeteria. It was a lifetime experience which I would repeat without hesitating. I also wish this year's new students would volunteer in the Orientation Program with us next year to wear the "May I Help You" T-shirt.

*Sarin Krikorian (FIN)*



Orientation Volunteers posing with a new student



## Workshop



What better way to start the semester than going to a camp/workshop? The Student Life Committee organised a camp for all club and society representatives and chairpersons. Almost all club and society chairpersons and representatives attended the camp which was held in Kchag (Mansourieh) on the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> of October.

Before heading to Kchag, a part of the workshop was held in the Student Life lounge, where Mr. Dakessian put a paper on fire, cut some fresh vegetables, mercilessly throwing them on the floor without any environmental consciousness, and put a cigarette in his mouth (he's not really the smoking kind - that's why he didn't light it). In the end, his point was simply to show us that energy should be wasted on positive and worthwhile actions.



As for Miss Peggy's discussion, it mainly consisted of points which showed how our club and society chairpersons and representatives could become better leaders in university life, and managers in a wider scale society.



Around 5 p.m., the campers took off from Haigazian heading to Kchag. As soon as they arrived, they unpacked and made themselves familiar to the place. In the meantime, Mr. Alain wasted no time in handing out club evaluation forms to each club to be filled out by its members.

He then gathered the students and made them sit in a circle, giving them a chance to share their complaints concerning Student Life with the SLOs (Student Life Officers).

Then it was Food time! After the energy-wasting discussion, everyone rushed to eat. The main course was chocolate spread, tuna, jam and 'halawi'.



As for the fun part, Mr. Alain led some exciting and mind-boggling games which kept the campers amused and awake all through the night.

Let's just say the students took off to the moon, had to keep themselves from dying and blowing up to pieces from a bucket full of nuclear waste, and managed to fit 12 people in a 1 meter diameter circle, just to learn the virtue that is teamwork!

After the games ended, campers who didn't go to sleep right away took part in charades, which for those of you who don't know, is a guessing game in which somebody provides an acted clue for a phrase, often the title of a book, song, or movie, for others to guess. If you think it's easy, why don't *you* try providing clues for the movie Hancock! For those of you wondering, even drawing attention to the crotch area didn't work.



Even though most of the campers woke up cranky because of the relentless mosquitoes that fed on their blood, they had a positive discussion where they all shared their thoughts on being HU students.

After the brief discussion, the camp was officially over at around 10 a.m., and the campers headed back home.

It was a successful camp and I urge our Student Life Officers to organise a similar camp to relive the great experience as soon as possible!

*Matthew Francis (BIO)*



## Political Science Society

### Feminism between East and West

Women today make up about one half of the human population. When you consider the fact that they are quite essential for human existence, you wonder why they are so ill treated. Women represent the largest minority and group to have suffered oppression, on a far larger scale than any other group of minorities in the world. In the famous words of Evelyn Cunningham, Women are the only oppressed group in our society that lives in intimate association with their oppressors. You do not have to go to a certain area of the world to view the discrimination women face; whether east or west, north or south, women from all parts of the world share discrimination as a common denominator. In the west, the long journey towards total equality and liberation started in the 19th century and has undergone many phases. In the east, however, women's fight to achieve their full rights started with the beginning of the 1900s. This fight for liberation, though different in its methods between east and west, is still defined as Feminism in both camps. Feminism is made up of a number of movements concerned with gender issues such as equality among sexes and holds the goal of furthering the progress of women as equals to men.

It has been said by many, that in order to achieve

emancipation, women from all throughout the world should unite and fight the discrimination they face. However, when it comes to reality, there is a long line drawn between the Western and Eastern views on Feminism. Middle Eastern feminists commonly view the feminism of the west not as a struggle for the recognition of human rights, but as a movement to liberate women from all social constraints and obligations to family and community; it is through this that the stereotypical icon of a bra-burning, man-hating, warrior woman becomes conjured up. Western Feminists on the other hand, generally do not even believe that feminism could exist in the east. To them, Islam is the niche of the typical Arab male (who is portrayed as a terrorist) and the typical Arab woman, who is portrayed as oppressed, covered,



and subordinate to the male; that is, a religion that could in no way prove adequate to women and their fight for equality. This feminist movement of the Middle East that is so strongly related to Islam has grown rapidly and deserves to be examined since it apparently aims for the same goals as other feminist movements; what differentiates it so are its roots engrained in Islam, a religion that is beheld as the optimum of discrimination against all that is feminine.

Beyond selfish reasons and self care, feminism signifies about 3.4 billion individuals who are oppressed, browbeaten and exploited under patriarchy. It is about acknowledging our foremothers and creating a better world for our granddaughters. Feminism is about the living breathing woman around me, a woman that is neither western nor eastern, but simply a woman. It's about a world that under no circumstance accepts rape, even if the victim had been walking down the street naked; nor does it think of a woman simply as "the other" just because she believes in covering herself with a veil. Feminism is about women; women who aren't bound by their culture, women who do not discriminate against other women, women who realize that their fight transcends culture, status, religion and education. Feminism is a fight which can be fought by any woman, just because she is a woman. I am a woman. I am feminist.

*Amani Kandil (PSC)*

### The Scarf of Rebellion

The white intertwines with the black in a marriage of the martyrs and the Holy Land they died defending - a revolution against the tyranny and oppression, a call for brotherhood. But now, the white of the Holy Land has fallen victim to those who wish it six feet under. Purple, Orange, Red and Green: what do they represent? In what sense are they better than the innocence of the white? Revolution it was - fashion they want it to be. This is outright sacrilege. Why rape our

symbol of revolution, for it is not us who sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, for it is not us who betrayed the righteousness of Palestine and the Arabs. It is you, who wear them coloured scarves; pill-popping ignorant people who view this Holy scarf as a fashion statement and a means to look 'cool'.

From the shoulders of revolutionary men and women to the shoulders of naïve bourgeois conformists, from a sign of comradeship to a sign of ignorance. And I assure you, it means nothing to the new generation, nothing whatsoever. But, to us, it will forever stand as a sign of rebellion against the conspiracy of the capitalist bloodthirsty machine that has desecrated our lands, raped our sisters and mothers, killed our

brothers and fathers, and is now trying to execute the last symbol that we have, and have become: "The Kuffiya". This is a fight you will not win. It is a shame, stupidity is not painful.

*Adel Alsalman (PSC)*



### Capitalism is Doomed



"Capitalism is at Bay". This is what The Economist said on its front page of the 2008, October 18th - 24th issue. I, on the other hand, don't think that capitalism is at bay. I say "Capitalism is doomed!"

To be honest, it wasn't very surprising to see this sort of a declaration on the front page of a political journal such as The Economist. Any critical reader can easily notice that this journal has a slight tendency to be pro-American. Every norm protected by the West is also preached by The Economist: individualism, liberalism, capitalism, democracy, privatisation, and free market. So instead of saying that capitalism is failing, The Economist decided to put it in a different way.

As an objective ground to this claim, I quote from

the editorial pages of The Economist's same issue (2008, October 18th - 24th): "The Economist has been on the side of economic liberty. Now economic liberty is under attack and capitalism, the system which embodies it, is at bay".

In fact, no one is attacking economic liberty, nor hunting capitalism. The system itself has reached the edge of the cliff. The same troubles with the same issues of the Great Depression have returned in the 21st century. Yet, in this given moment, inflation is here big time. Bigger than ever. Oil prices are off the charts, food prices are higher than ever, real income is weak and people's purchasing power is crunching over time. The rich are getting richer and the poor, who cannot live without food, fuel or any of life's necessities, are threatened not to even be able to satisfy their basic needs. Welcome, extreme poverty! On the other hand, with the purchasing power weakening over time, those of middle class stature will be wondering in the limbo until they slip into the boundaries of poverty. Consequently, social classes have become structured in the following way: a rich minority getting richer, and a crucial majority living in poverty. This is what Adam Smith's "Invisible Hand" theory has created in reality.

Like it or not, on the contrary to the Communist system, the capitalist system did survive. However, this was not because of its ideological wisdom, it was simply due to its economic mechanism. The truth is that, since money is a scarce element, a social structure comprised of a rich minority is much more preferable and more

successful (economic-wise), than a society comprised of individuals with equal amounts of little shares of this scarce sum. 'Poor people' keep the demand up, and the rich produce the supplies for the commodities needed. However, with unexpected crazy inflation, even the 'rich people' cannot make their economic decisions. With prices flip-flopping unpredictably, the relation of cost and revenue is no longer appropriate to make gains. 'Rich people' are driving in a sandstorm.

Thus, with rich people (including banks) growing cautious of this situation, money in the market is stagnated and the whole economy is freezing. Supply is dropping, demand increasing (with exponential population growth), prices continuing to climb up. It goes on and on...

Today, the biggest governmental intervention in world history is being suggested by the United States of America, the country that once represented itself as the model of liberalism and free market economy. A proposal of \$700 billion governmental intervention is a sign good enough to say that capitalism has failed and socialist theories of central planning and governmental interventions are and should be accepted in the market by default.

Is Capitalism at bay? I don't think so. I say capitalism has failed.

*Harout Akedjian (PSC)*

## Events

On the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> of December, The Debate Club along with the Political Science Society held an enticing lecture on the subject of democracy as well as a stirring set of debates regarding the 1960 Lebanese Electoral Law, in addition to the rights of citizens as young as 18 to vote. The debates and lectures were held by such professionals as Dr. Arda Ekmekji, Paul Simon, Mr. Richard Chambers, Ex-MP Najah Wakim, Mrs. Vera

Yammine, Dr. George Karam and MP Ghassan Moukhyayber.

Whilst Dr. Joseph Bayeh moderated the first event, Dr. Ohannes Geukjian moderated the final two. The purpose of these lectures and debates was to allow the discussion of such issues as the 1960 Electoral Law in a purely academic and objective fashion and raise awareness of the young generation in the field of internal politics in Lebanon.



Haigazian's very own Dr. Arda Ekmekji delivers a speech on the Electoral law proposed by the commission headed by Fouad Boutros



Dr. Ohannes Geukjian moderating a discussion between Mrs. Vera Yammine and Ex-MP Najah Wakim.



Dr. Joseph Bayeh moderating a Q & A session between Mr. Richard Chambers, Dr. Arda Ekmekji, and Dr. Paul Simon.



Fatayer Day (Environmental Club)



Mr. Armen Babakhanian plays the piano



Lecture on entrepreneurship by Casper and Gambini's CEO Anthony Maalouf



New students getting acquainted with Student Life Officers



## Sports

### Beirut International Marathon



Congratulations HU! This year we had a record-breaking number of HU participants running the 10-K Fun Run of the Beirut Marathon 08 on Sunday, November 30, 2008. A total of 37 students and 2 staff

members, HU Sports Coordinator Sahag Bidinian and Student Resource Coordinator Miss Peggy Bedoyan, participated in this race!

The race kicked off near BIEL on Professeur Wafic Sinno Street, facing the Porsche company. Over 30,000 participants ran for one cause. This cause you should already be well aware of from all the ads around the country, namely the run Against Cancer. HU participants had an additional reason to run. Our proud HU students sported red t-shirts with HU's logo on the front and this year's Student Life motto on the back: "A Choice...To Learn, Serve & Unite".



Let us take this motto to heart, my fellow students, and strive for a better Haigazian, a better Lebanon, and a better world!

### HU Women's Basketball Team

Our wonderful girls are looking forward to the upcoming basketball tournaments and they just can't wait to play! They have already started this semester's season with two friendly matches on November 13 and 18. The first game resulted in a victory against the Jamhour team with a score of 53-45. In the second match, the team lost against LIU by the score of 50-34. We are looking forward to their next games!

### 7 University Men's Basketball League



We've done it again! For the third year in a row, our very own HU Men's Basketball team is taking part in the 7 University Inter-Collegiate Basketball League. As

the name indicates, the number of competing universities remains seven. Thus, this year's line-up includes HU, LAU Beirut, LAU Byblos, USJ, UOB (Balamand), USEK and AUB.

Now let's see how good your math is. Each university will play 2 games against each of the other teams, one home and one away. In other words, our HU team will play 6 home games at the Alex Manougian court and six away games. Can you guess how many teams make it to the Final Four? That's right, it's four!

Until now, our team has played 2 home and 1 away matches, one of which was a victory and two of which were losses. We beat USJ with a score of 59-50 and lost against LAU Byblos (58-40) and LAU Beirut (63-52). Now how many games do we have to win to get into the final four? You just have to wait and see...



### HU Men's Football Team

The HU Men's Football team participated in the LAU Byblos Football Tournament from November 4 until November 15. The five universities which took part in this tournament were HU, LAU Byblos, LAU Beirut, AUB and USJ. Unfortunately, we did not do as well as we had hoped in the four matches we played, drawing one and losing three. The team did, however, enjoy the trip to the beautiful grassy field of Cornet Al-Shehwan.



### HU's Swimming, Tennis & Table Tennis Teams



In another exciting competition, our very own swimming, tennis and table tennis teams participated in the AUB tournament starting from November 15.

The swimming team, our largest group, contributed a total of 9 competitors, including 6 male and 3 female athletes. Four males and two females took part in the tennis tournament, and two participated in the table tennis event. All in all, the results were better than expected, considering the fact that most teams had many new members, particularly the swimming team. Three cheers for the active new students!



### HU's Chess Team

Yes, chess is a sport and we do actually have a chess team! In fact, the team took part in NDU's Independence Tournament, which took place on November 22 (but you patriotic students should have already known that). The event was a team event, as opposed to an individual one. Ever seen one of those? Well, neither have I, but apparently each game is three vs. three (three people from one university compete with three from another university). The players compete individually but the overall result goes to the team. Our team was composed of four students, including one reserve.



Natascha Schellen (ENL)



## Events



Archeology of Armenia class (ARM 273) visits the AUB Archeological Museum



The Extremers are back safe and sound with their new recruits



Desert Streamers Fund raising



Survival workshop (Extremers)



Giro Manoyan lecturing on Armenia-Turkey Relations



German sociology students' meeting with HU SOW



Psychology Society is established



Workshop for Secretaries and PRs

## Events



Chairpersons' workshop



Secretaries' workshop



BBQ Night organized by the CS3 exclusively for CSC and MAT Department students



Lecture by Dr. Naila Kaidbey. Students also celebrated Lebanese Independence Day.



Barbeque Day (Desert Streams)



Students vote for Societies



Poetry Reading (English Society)



Students chant the Lebanese anthem in HU before heading out to the Presidential Palace (Independence Day)



## Fly Jokes

**- How do fireflies start a race?**  
Ready, steady, glow!

**- What do you call a fly with no wings and no legs?**  
A zipper.

**- Why did the fly fall off the toilet?**  
It got pissed off.

**- What goes "Snap, crackle, and pop?"**  
A firefly with a short circuit.

**- How do you keep flies out of the kitchen?**  
Put a pile of manure in the living room.

**- What did one firefly say to the other?**  
Gotta glow now.



A fly riding a flycycle

- Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Don't say that, sir. Everyone will want one.

- Waiter! There's a fly in my soup  
What did you expect for this kind of price, an eagle?

- An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman walk into a bar and each orders a pint of beer. When the drinks arrive, they notice that all three drinks have a fly in them. The Englishman looks at his pint in disgust and pushes it away. The Irishman picks out the fly with his fingers, throws it on the floor, and proceeds to drink his beer. The Scotsman picks the fly out of his drink and holds it over the

drink yelling, "Come on ya little bastard, spit it out!"

**Top 8 homespun ways to tell someone their fly is unzipped:**

- You are flying low.
- Flies spread disease - keep it zipped.
- XYZ - (Examine-Your-Zipper)
- I thought you were crazy . . . now I see your nuts.
- Sailor Ned's trying to take a little shore leave.
- Our next guest is someone who needs no introduction.
- Your soldier ain't so unknown now.

## You Can't Fool a Lebanese Mom

Madame Baalbaki came to have dinner at her son's dorm Zouzou, who lives with a girl roommate, Salma. During the course of the meal, his mother couldn't help but notice how pretty Salma was and started to wonder if she and her son were more than just friends.

"I know what you must be thinking", Zouzou told his mom, "but I assure you, Salma and I are *just* room-mates".

A week later, Salma tells Zouzou, "Ever since your mother came to dinner, I can't seem to find our silver sugar bowl. You don't suppose she took it, *do* you?"

"I doubt it, but I'll email her, just to be sure", Zouzou says.

So he sits down and writes a letter to his mother:

Dear Mother,  
I'm not saying that you *did* take the sugar bowl from my place, I'm not saying that you *didn't* take it. But the fact remains that it has been missing ever since you were here for dinner.

Love,  
Zouzou

Several days later, Zouzou receives an email from his mother which read:

Dear Son,  
I'm not saying that you *do* sleep with Salma, and I'm not saying that you *don't* sleep with her. But the fact remains that if she was sleeping in her own bed, she would have found the sugar bowl by now.

Love,  
Mom

## Order in the Court

These are from a book called 'Disorder in the American Courts', and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and now published by court reporters that had the torment of staying calm while these exchanges were actually taking place.

- Attorney: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

Witness: He said, "Where am I, Cathy?"

Attorney: And why did that upset you?

Witness: My name is Susan.

- Attorney: This 'myasthenia gravis', does it affect your memory at all?

Witness: Yes.

Attorney: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

Witness: I forget.

Attorney: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

- Attorney: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

Witness: The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m.

Attorney: And Mr. Denton was dead at the

time?

Witness: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy on him!

- Attorney: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

Witness: No.

Attorney: Did you check for blood pressure?

Witness: No.

Attorney: Did you check for breathing?

Witness: No.

Attorney: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

Witness: No.

Attorney: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

Witness: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

Attorney: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

Witness: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.



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