



THE Haigazian

The Haigazian University Student Newspaper



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If you were to assign someone to be the president of Lebanon, who would you choose?

To see the HU population's replies, go to page 12.

Check out our awareness section on

RAPE

See pages 18 and 19

How is Christmas being celebrated around the world?

Find out on page 22

Red, Green, White Tissue

I gazed upon these endless lines of sad looking buildings that had different shapes and sizes but were identical in their own pathetic misery. Then something in particular drew my attention.

It wasn't the numerous strings where once glorious cedar tree except a dried up dead plant, dehydrated, choked by all the air polluted with smoke, hatred and bigotry.

It wasn't the half-dead beggar sitting under the small ceiling of a frail building, somehow hoping it would shelter him from the cold and the cruelty.

No... It wasn't all that, it never was.

It was that washed out, ripped Lebanese flag, barely hanging on the side of the most random balcony.

I sadly smiled because I found it most suitable that our own flag would appear so.

The red corners were faded into a weak shade of pink, washing away the memory of our lost martyrs as well. There was nothing left from our once glorious cedar tree except a dried up dead plant, dehydrated, choked by all the air polluted with smoke, hatred and bigotry.

No more clean white was there as a reminder of our magnificent mountains covered with the purest snow, for it had disappeared sadly due to global warming, as well as blatant apathy.

Our flag has become nothing but torn tissue on the sidelines of history, only making its shy and shameful appearance when assassinations, riots and wars take place...

And they always do...

On our own little red, green and white tissue.

Dima Matta (EDU)



On Tuesday, December 4, 2007, in UNESCO, there was a commemoration for the centenarian poet Jawdat Haydar. During the ceremony, three students from different universities were given prizes for their responses to the late poet's writings.

Haigazian's own Nayiri Kalaydjian won third prize.

Congratulations,
and way to go Nay!

Some time ago, enough entertaining events happened in our country to push me to want to jot them down. The below is a short list of the ones I was able to remember.

Where Else in the World...

... would a driver illegally enter a one way street then yell at people moving **WITH** traffic?

... would you so commonly see at least octagonal geometric shapes formed by the "soup" of cars on a roundabout?

... would you use around four languages per sentence?

... would having short hair and well, something bulging a few centimeters below your head, cause an extreme cultural shock to onlookers?

... would you get stopped and searched before entering your own neighbourhood?

... would your **RIVER** water contain more pollutants, waste, and bacteria than another (civilised) country's **SEWAGE** water?

... would you see 19 women passing you on the street, consecutively, with the same nose? (or lips, or breasts, or cheeks, or eyebrows, or all the above)

... would your religious beliefs dominate your political system, and your political system dominate your religious beliefs?

After the car bomb planted in Baabda on 12/12/07 (in front of the municipality building, right near the bridge the Israelis bombed - which till today still hasn't been fixed!) I noticed there are even more absurdly hilarious situations probably solely endemic to Lebanon. I continue:

... would you wake up to an ear splitting explosion and frantic screaming escaping the mouths of the women in the houses around yours, ask your dad what just happened, to obtain the reply: "Oh, nothing, it's just another bomb?"

... would you feel compelled to keep your windows open for the remainder of the winter (once you replace the shattered ones, of course) while the winds rage outside and the rain pours inside just because you have a gut feeling that the second major bombing in your neighbourhood is not going to be the last one?

... would you smilingly wish your fellow humans a **Merry Christmas** and a **Happy New Year** to the flashes of bombs and echoes of gunshots instead of the conventional fireworks?

Jenni Feghali (BIO)



Editorial:

"Piece" of Mind

Carrying the burden of a particularly long, harsh, and draining day on your shoulders, you can but yearningly fantasise of the luxurious comforts that await you within your home.

You drive "only slightly" over the speed limit,¹ tempting images whizzing through your mind: a relaxing shower,² a delicious home-cooked meal, your favourite pair of comfortably warm pyjamas, your soft, just-right bed...

After what seems like aeons, you reach your destination, park your car, and rush home in greedy anticipation of the perfection of being greeted by the above. Suddenly feeling a surge of energy, you don't even linger to wait for the elevator; instead you bound up/down the stairs and finally reach the landing! ...

... Only to be met by a sight that not-so-metaphorically puts your heart on hold: Frowning men in a few different types of uniforms stand dispersed throughout, eying you suspiciously, while one of them slowly strides towards you, obviously about to verbally assault you for investigative reasons.

Your mom and/or dad³ stand(s) against a wall, cuffed, silent, motionless - perhaps a consequence of having been somehow brainwashed. Your little sister looks up at you, with such vacant, heartless eyes that you feel the hair on your neck stand on end - and then that feeling is just as quickly joined by a case of full-body goose bumps when you spot the gleaming AK47 in what you once envisioned as her tiny, innocent hands.

You sense the silent commotion within your home, on the other side of the now uninviting door, and you know instantly that nobody who rightfully belongs inside is getting there anytime soon.

Does this scenario seem so ridiculously farfetched that you're wondering whether an asylum escapee authored it?

Try replacing a few of those concepts or characters with more large scale or metaphoric ones.

- The tiring day you underwent could be stretched into the years of agony that the Lebanese citizens have gone through.

- The sudden energy that you experience could be the mirror of hopes that we all get every once in a while when we feel that Lebanon might actually be surfacing from the ashes for a breath.

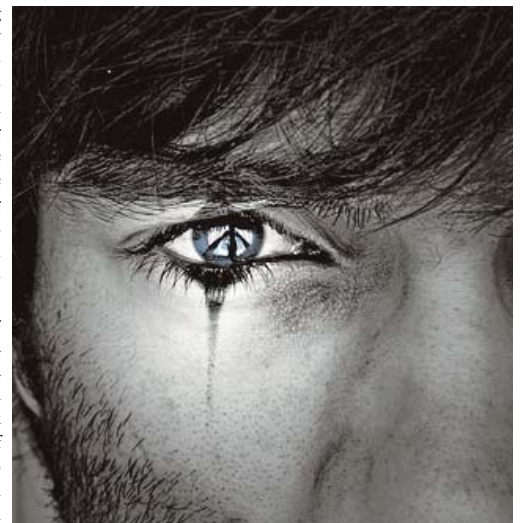
- The shocking scene that you're confronted by is the snap back to reality that Lebanon is, in fact, doomed to go through the same vicious circle of war, hate, and destruction that has been part of its history since before we can remember.

- Your little sister who holds a weapon against you could be your fellow countryperson; your friend, or your flesh and blood, who turned against you for purely political or religious reasons, just because this is what our society has taught its people.

- The uniformed men could be the militia members within Lebanon,

hurting it, making it bleed. Or they could be the members of the military, dispersed throughout our country to ensure our security, or the security of our country; but it's just an image... A false, pseudo-security.

- Your parents, usually a symbol of refuge, a haven that will almost always back you up in times of necessity, who stand helpless and marginalised, could be your country - your country which once held its people within it regardless of what they did, that now has become too shattered and broken-winged...



Does the scene seem so insane now? Or has relating the situation of our country to a miniature image of a family and a home showed what a sad, miserable state we're in?

That just leaves *you*. Where do you fit it?

Our country has become an ugly mosaic of the fragments each "leader" and his followers (as well as those who haven't succumbed to a "leader") wished to toss onto the foundation without considering what was already placed there, or what is to come.

Are you going to be one of the inconsiderate people who "don't think past their noses," or are you going to try to make a difference by going about your life taking intelligent steps instead of just further contributing to the ripple effect that's rousing solely chaos?

jf (BIO)

1. Woriless; you're in Lebanon, ergo no consequences

2. Not endorsing baths for environmental reasons

3. Taking dysfunctional families into consideration

Deviant Art Image by Joe Hammoud



Democracy: Tailored For Us

Theories of deepening democracy highlight several variables which impact the process of democratisation in developing countries.

For instance, **political culture** is considered a major factor of democratisation: the value system of the society, the history of the country and its political legacy, the perception of the citizens, their expectations and understanding of politics, leadership, power and governance...all these and so much more constitute the political culture which make us act the way we do.

A number of theorists underline the role the **civil society** played in toppling dictatorships and promoting

democracy. The dynamics the parties, the church, the NGOs, the syndicates and similar organised subgroups create in the struggle for democracy and its deepening hardly can be overstated.

Others stress the nature of the **state system** and whether the system has the means to create further space and give impetus to new democratic forces.

The **region and the regional system** also play a significant role in consolidating democracy. For instance, it is hard to expect a military putsch in Spain or in Greece with the EU-established set of political nets.

The role the **leadership** played in promoting democracy has been controversial. Some have played a pivotal role in enhancing it, while others have done just the opposite.

These are not considered the only variables. Each of these constitutes the critical factor which tilts the balance towards democratisation at a certain time and in a certain state.

The 'invisible' matter in all these, however, undoubtedly is the human being. In fact the major factor, the fiat of all this, is us. We give life to, put meaning into, and drive any function or process of democratisation.

Maybe the world would exist without us. But democracy most certainly would not, because it is we who make democracy, and we tailor it **for ourselves**. Accordingly, it is of our (rather than democracy's) utmost interest to work towards enhancing it.

What I am trying to say is that for our own interest, for our own sake, we ought to improve our lot. There is no doubt that a lot ought to be improved, however, so much has already been improved.

In this regard, it is hard to understand why newspapers disproportionately headline the negative and negatively sensational news of the world when the good news outnumber and out-qualifies the bad news.

Looking at the empty half of the cup, feeling humiliated, disillusioned and hopeless means living a miserable life. I, for one, look at the full half of the cup; which I get inspired by, because alongside other things, I see the HU students and their achievements on campus in there.

Antranik Dakessian
Student Life Director

"The Month of Jawdat Haydar"



You may have seen these words on the door of the Mehagian building or you may have not. The majority of our students, I have come to realize, do not pay much attention to the papers posted around. Perhaps I only do so because I am new and I consider all these notices to be of great importance, or perhaps I just love to read, but that is neither here nor there. What I do want to talk about is Jawdat Haydar.

Haydar has been called the "Shakespeare of the Arab World," and the English Society at Haigazian dedicated the month of November to him. On November 6, his daughters and a close friend of the family, Mrs. Ibtissam Zaatari, came to Haigazian to talk about this great man. Unfortunately, not a lot of students were there to hear this lecture, so I will tell you (in brief) what Mrs. Zaatari said.

Jawdat Haydar was born on April 23, 1905 to a wealthy family in Baalbek. His farming background left him with a great affinity for the soil and an undying love for the land of Lebanon. At the tender age of eight, he lost his mother to typhus and was sent to Turkey to live with his father and brother, but he returned to Lebanon a few years later. He studied first at AUB and then transferred to North Texas State University, where he received a B.S. in Education and also started writing poetry. However, he never forgot his birthplace (unlike many young Lebanese today) and soon returned to work in Lebanon. He started off as principal of the Universal College in Aley, and continued as a successful businessman, eventually becoming general manager of the Mid-East Auto and Trading Company. After he retired in 1965, he focused on his writing. Such tragic events as the Lebanese civil war and the loss of his wife and only son (in 1982 and 1984 respectively) led him to express his anguish in his beautiful poems. He published four anthologies of his works, the last of which appeared in 2006, just before his death. He received numerous awards, and formed the "*Wahat al Adab*" (Oasis of Literature), in attempt to bring Lebanese poetry back to life. In spite of all his success, he remained a modest man until the end. At the ripe old age of 102, this centenarian poet left the world with a great legacy and some advice: "My secret for long life is always being thankful. Life is a gift. Be happy when you can."

Natascha Schellen (ENL)

HU Professor Publishes Book



Dr. Samih Antoine Azar recently published his first book, entitled "Collection of Essays in Economics," which uses statistical and economic models to solve not only economic, but also social problems.

This book will be followed by another book under the name of "Collection of Essays in Financial Economics," which is currently under preparation.

After a faculty gathering on Thursday, November 8, 2007, Dr. Azar revealed his book and signed it.

Dr. Azar said that he wrote the book in order to apply the knowledge he acquired in his graduate studies. The book is mostly intended for students, researchers, and policy makers.

The Cultural Hour at Haigazian University 10th Anniversary



The 10th anniversary lecture, entitled "The Ancient Glory of Yerevan - Erepouni" was given by Dr. Arda A. Ekmekji, Dean of Arts and Sciences at HU, on October 25, 2007.

After the lecture, President Paul Haidostian presented Dr. Ekmekji with a plaque in grateful recognition of her being "the main instrumental force in launching the Cultural Hour at Haigazian University, its director, and administrator," and in honour of her leadership in promoting culture and learning.

"The regularly organized cultural activities once a month, over a span of 10 years, have reached out to all the Lebanese and foreign public, turning HU into a prominent cultural centre, highly regarded in local and foreign communities," said Mira Yardemian, HU's Public Relations director, during the Cultural Hour's 10th Anniversary celebration.

Unfortunately, although the lecture area usually fills up completely, a small percentage of the audience are Haigazian students. According to Dr. Ekmekji, "We have such a nice cultural hour on campus, but I'm a bit disappointed; we're always trying to encourage students to participate more in these activities so that they not only become educated individuals, but cultured ones as well."

jf (BIO)

The Accreditation Process at Haigazian

The Haigazian Herald (HH) paid Dr. Sona Jerejian (SJ) a visit in order to find out more about the current accreditation process at HU. Read on.



HH: Being already accredited by the Lebanese government's educational department, what accreditation are we applying for?

SJ: We are applying for the American accreditation by the New England Association of Schools and Colleges, which is one of the five American associations that accredits universities.

HH: What are the benefits of this accreditation?

SJ: Students who graduate from our university with a Bachelor's Degree will be treated like any other graduate from prestigious universities such as Harvard. In addition to that, it will allow us to obtain grants and funds which will boost us financially. Once this process is complete, we will also be able to benefit from organizations that provide funds for American accredited universities. Finally, this will attract more students to us not only from Lebanon, but also from the rest of the Middle East.

I'd like to mention that this is an excellent chance for our university to be able to achieve systematic and continuous improvement.

HH: What is the role of the students in this process?

SJ: According to NEASC, all the constituents of the university should take part in the process by providing their input and expressing their thoughts about the different HU aspects. Thus, the assessment of the university will also include the students' point of view about HU life. *An email account has been set up through which the students can reach the Accreditation Committee with any comments and/or suggestions they might have.* accreditation@haigazian.edu.lb.

In addition to this, some students have been chosen on the basis of their commitment, communication skills, insight, and organizational skills to serve on the different accreditation subcommittees which will facilitate the acquisition of students' point of view.

HH: How long will this process take?

SJ: This is a very long process, since the self-study stage will take us a minimum of two years and changes will begin to be implemented after this current stage. It is a process that will require hard work from faculty and staff, since it will be driven by their efforts. It will also put pressure on faculty, staff, alumni, board members, and students who are involved. It is, however, a worthwhile experience.

HH: How optimistic are you about it?

SJ: To tell you the truth, I am very excited and very optimistic; I have high expectations. Most importantly, this is an opportunity for self-improvement which will allow HU to become even better than what we are today.

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

Guest Article:

Oil for All, or All for Oil



There is no better connection between international macroeconomic events, and our daily lives as individuals in university or at work, than the price of oil, particularly at this crucial time. The benchmark price for oil in international trading is expected to break \$100 per barrel: ten times what you paid during low-cost seasons in 1998. This is a principal worry. The phrase 'oil price shock' is making the rounds again. The big query, however, is how this increase will affect the working-class population in Lebanon.

'Oil price shock' was coined over 30 years ago. It was when Arab oil producers cut the flow of black gold to the US and some European markets in response to their direct or indirect involvement in advocating war in the Middle East - the Israeli war with neighboring countries being the chief principle.

The oil price multiplied between 1973 and 1974 mainly because of geopolitical conflicts; the first oil shock was blamed on stagflation and economic recessions. "Oil shocks have caused and contributed to each one of the global recessions of the last 30 years," a team of Western economists wrote during the 2004 oil

shock.

The 1973 oil crisis paved way to introducing Daylight Savings (the switch to summer time) in order to reduce electricity consumption, and had created a period in time where one should ride a bike or skate each Sunday on the autobahn, because traveling via public or private transportation was banned.

Interestingly, the rise in oil prices in spring 2004 (to around \$40) and the current hike to above \$90 have not quite led us to a global recession, a scary and unfitting picture. In 2004, naysayer allegations in Western economies speculated on the imminence of a new, oil-price driven recession - but the opposite has happened. The cost of oil further had increased (highest in industrial history) but the world economy kept booming, making 1999 to mid-2007 a period of immense economic growth.

Growth comes with a price, however - but this price is void of money. The real price of growth, as we have come to learn in slow, painful steps, includes huge burdens: environmental pollution and global warming have become one of the most serious threats we face in modern history. It entails social costs through widening gaps between rich and poor. The world's unceasing dependency on oil has sustained dangers because oil has the potential of being used as a powerful tool, a weapon in 'economic warfare', or even directly as a crude weapon; in the 1990 Gulf war, oil was Iraq's only weapon capable of environmental mass destruction.

Thus, the impact of higher oil prices slows global economic growth and dampens GDP in oil consuming countries. This is only the smallest of problems reflected in today's record-high costs of energy. A country like Lebanon will inevitably feel the impact of those costs with heavy blows to its economy - especially as it is likely that the need to rebalance the precarious fiscal revenue situation of the Lebanese state will lead to an upward adjustment of consumer prices for gasoline and the other oil derivatives in 2008, which could lead to a particular nation-level oil shock for all of us next year.

There is a positive counterweight, however, which must not be overlooked. The higher oil price on global national levels can be used as a motivating tool to fund better and alternative energy solutions; the manufacturing of wind, geothermal, and solar energy sources are booming. A German economist and expert on global economics recently called the \$100 per barrel oil price a "blessing" for countries to use this opportunity to enhance and commercialize alternative energy sources and energy-saving technologies. Germany is one of the largest per-capita wasters of electricity, but large-scale solar power plants and production of cleaner energy have recently been added to the country's long list of growth projects.

Cleaner, less wasteful, more productive and efficient uses of energy are the ways forward in a situation of increasing demand for energy and high costs of oil. As a global resource, oil reserves today are high but they need to be managed with great tact by governments and individuals alike. Using oil supply restraints for economic gain was part of Japan's economic jump forward in the 1970's. This period was crucial in this country's history, as it faced prolonged periods of deflation, contributing to devastating blows to the economy.

Turning the engine off as soon as you park your car or are stuck in traffic, turning off lights and air conditioners or switching to energy-saver light-bulbs and energy-efficient appliances are just a beginning to conserve energy and reduce the strain on one's budget. In the long run, management of fossil fuels will decide whether we will ultimately destroy our climate or whether we have enough oil for the coming centuries. The particular point of amusement is when the upper class and conglomerate businesses turn the disadvantage of high energy costs into an advantage, to generate more income from conserving energy by using innovative and intelligent marketing techniques.

Thomas Schellen

Business Journalist and Editor for Research at Zawya
Representative of the Universal Peace Federation

Guest Article:

EXCLUSIVE TO THE HAIGAZIAN HERALD

The Forgotten Era of Steam and Steel: "A Restaurant with a Constantly Changing View"



Amidst the chaotic untimely buses, the dirty rundown taxis swerving left and right in front of rushed cars and crammed mini vans falling apart, there was once another form of public transport- one nostalgically described as "a hotel on wheels."

Established in 1895, Lebanon's railway was the first in the Middle East. The era of 'steam and steel' brought people closer together, was reliable and safe; "a

restaurant with a constantly changing view," historians wrote.

On August 3, 1895, a crackling steam locomotive took the first passengers from Beirut to Damascus. The 147-kilometer trip to Damascus took around nine hours, passing through Baabda, Aley, Bhandoun, Sofar and Dahr al-Baidar before descending into the Bekaa towards the Syrian border.

A train ticket cost just LL2.50, qualifying as one of the cheapest transportation prices in Lebanon's history.

But the railway system came to a grinding halt with the first shots that were fired in the 1975-1990 Civil War. As the extensive rail network lay abandoned, it became an easy target for the greedy and the unscrupulous. The metal tracks were ripped, stolen and paved over.

"The militias and the armies that took over the train stations and train yards during the war uprooted the iron tracks and the metal and concrete traverses and used them as barricades," Rail Workers Syndicate president Beshara Assi said.

The railway was divided between the older narrow-gauge track established by the Ottomans, and the newer wide-gauge line built by the victorious allies at the end of World War I.

The mountainous, narrow-gauge route from Beirut to Damascus was stopped in 1968, as it was deemed too slow and inefficient. The wide-gauge coastal line connecting cities across Lebanon continued to function for decades until the outbreak of war.

Since the war, railway stations, yards and workshops lay in ruins, and old, rusting locomotives lay abandoned in tall grass, relics of a forgotten era. The railway was revived for a brief period in 1984 and again in 1991. Both attempts were short-lived, leaving the railway again at the mercy of scavengers and rust.

"We were 3,000 employees at the company in the old days, now we are just 40, which is not even enough to guard railway property," Assi said. "I remember the days when all company employees wore a navy blue uniform and a buttoned-up shirt and tie with a cap. We could not receive the train unless our uniform was impeccable," he said, as he admired his highly beloved old blue railway cap.

Rym Ghazal
Daily Star Staff



Guest Article:

A South-South Revolution!



The concept of socially just and ecologically sustainable trade relations goes way back. Originating in the 1960s and 1970s in North America and Western Europe, Fair Trade is now making headway in the Eastern Mediterranean as well. *Fair Trade Liban* is just one of the many initiatives supporting the production and marketing of authentic Lebanese foods, beverages and handicrafts, at home and around the world.

Traditionally, Fair Trade goods were produced and processed in the so called "Tricont," that is the three "Third World" continents of the global South. The customer base was initially located in the former colonial mother countries, such as the Netherlands, England, France or the United States. The First World consumers paid a slightly higher price, which was passed on directly to farmers' and artisans' cooperatives in Asia, Africa and Latin America. This additional income allowed employees to afford a decent living, thereby enabling them to send their children to school, and to gain access to proper healthcare, affordable housing and cultural development.

South-North Exports

As the market for Fair Trade grew, so called "One World" shops sprang up around Europe and North America. Today, many large supermarket chains, including those well known in Lebanon such as *Monoprix* and *Tesco* (Spinneys), offer their own Fair Trade lines of

products. The final step was the international certification of Fair Trade production and sales, in order to guarantee that all participants are receiving a fair wage, working under just conditions and that the producers' cooperatives get their fair share of the final price paid in the retail markets. One of the biggest Fair Traders globally is the Max Havelaar brand (<http://www.maxhavelaar.ch/en/>), named after the famous Dutch novel (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Max_Havelaar) about the horrible conditions in the colony of Java (Indonesia), which helped introduce Third World solidarity to Europe in the 19th century.

Fair Trade exportation was introduced to Lebanon in 2003. Initiated by the World Day of Prayer in that year, Johnny Sayegh & Sons entered into a cooperative agreement with El Puente Germany (<http://www.el-puente.de/>) in order to package and export Lebanese specialties to the German and Swiss markets. Building on this pioneer experience, Fair Trade Lebanon (<http://www.fairtradelebanon.org/>), in cooperation with the French NGO, Artisan Sel (<http://www.artisanatsel.com/>), began exporting Lebanese products to France in 2004. Many of the same products can now be purchased by Lebanese consumers at the weekly Zouk el Tayeb (<http://www.soukeltayeb.com/>) farmers' market every Saturday in Beirut.

South-South Trade

Lebanon is the first "Third World" country to introduce the South-South concept in Fair Trade. Lebanese students were introduced to the Fair Trade idea during an academic excursion dealing with cultural diversity in local politics in Germany, sponsored by the German Academic Exchange Service, DAAD (<http://www.daad.de/en/index.html>), in the summer of 2003. After visiting the One World Shop in Leipzig (<http://einewelt-leipzig.de/en/>) in the south eastern part of the country and returning home, *Fair Trade Liban* was set up as a student initiative during the fall semester of that year.

The goal of the Fair Trade South-South initiative is to enable producers, wholesalers and customers to interact without the detour through Europe or North America. At present, all

Fair Trade products available in Lebanon, for example Max Havelaar coffee at Monoprix, must go from Africa or Latin America, via New York, Amsterdam or Marseille, in a roundabout way to the Middle East. *Fair Trade Liban* hopes, in the foreseeable future, to import tea from Tanzania or chocolate from Ghana directly to the Beirut Port and in return export traditional Lebanese products to Latin America, West and Southern Africa or the Arab Gulf consumer markets.

Practical Steps at Lebanon's Universities

Fair Trade in Lebanon went global for the first time during the international Trade Justice week of action in the spring of 2005 (<http://www.april2005.org/media/events/lebanon.html>). The initial practical step was to negotiate with the caterers at various Lebanese universities so that Fair Trade products could be sold on campus directly to consumers. In the fall of this year, students and faculty at a total of five universities joined forces with Souk el Tayeb to organize Middle Eastern events during the Trade Week of Action on global justice (<http://www.tradeweek.org/typo3/en/what-s-happening.html#mideast>). A unique addition during the 2007 series of events was the introduction of a "faith-based" initiative, in which most of Lebanon's major confessions worked together in order to spread awareness for trade justice from a Christian and Muslim perspective.

Fair Trade Liban is now hoping to introduce products from the global South to schools and universities around Lebanon.

Eugene Sensenig-Dabbous, Ph. D.
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Human Rights and Peace Studies Coordinator
Notre Dame University

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Guest Article:

"IRON MAIDEN"



If Iron Maiden were just a bunch of Brits playing loud, disturbing music, life would have been so boring now, wouldn't it?

I have always been an Iron Maiden fan; I was also intrigued by their name. What is an "Iron Maiden" anyway? The first thing that crossed my mind was that it would have something to do with the Arabic way of say-

ing tough woman: an "iron woman" as such. However, the band is definitely not Arabic - it is a British band. So why "Iron Maiden?" Some people might generally concentrate on the maiden aspect, others, however, might think of tough women - but the two descriptions are difficult to combine, because the actual attraction of a *maiden* is her fragility and her need for a male accom-

plish.

One day, when I had the urge to listen to Iron Maiden, I awfully wanted to discover more about this band. I found out that there are actually two bands named Iron Maiden but the pleasant surprise was when I found out what an iron maiden actually is!

The iron maiden is basically a torturing device, a very innovative one. The principle is to torture, and potentially kill the victim by inserting sharp objects into his/her flesh. These objects are usually needles, but they could also be spikes, nails or anything sharp capable of piercing through skin; the human imagination is the only limit to what you can use. All this happens while forcing the victim to stay standing on his/her feet.

Obviously, as the name implies, the device is made out of iron. The word "maiden" is used in reference to a cabinet shaped like a cape. It actually looks like the Virgin Mary as depicted in iconography, thus its name.

In 1793, the iron maiden made its first public debut when Johann Philipp Siebenkees described it, saying it was a device first used on August the 15th, 1515, to punish a coin forger. However, historians unfortunately believe that the iron maiden was actually a new invention and was never used in history. They think so because the authorities that perpetrated Celestine punishments on earth had this interesting and disturbing habit of deeply and extensively describing their tools and utensils very elaborately. They left no detail unsaid! So, any device used during the middle ages would have

been mentioned in history books, but there's no record of any iron maiden device or any device even resembling it, except for the Cloak of Shame, which contains no spikes.

Interestingly, Time magazine reports that an iron maiden was found by one of their reporters in a castle in Iraq, belonging to Uday Hussein, Saddam Hussein's son. The internal spikes of the device were said to be worn down because of extensive use. Some former Iraqi athletes confirm that the device was used on them when they weren't performing well enough!

Rebecca Saab - Saade
BIO - Lebanese University





Meeting with Professor Marc Nishanian



New Student Orientation (Student Life)



Jerusalem Day



Society Elections



Survival Workshop (Xtremers)



"Jawdat Haydar Month" (English Society)



Survival Camp (Xtremers)



Club Gathering (Social Activities)



Caving in Aramoun (Xtremers)



Fundraising for Major Event (Desert Streams)



Fundraising for Reforestation Project
(Environmental Club)



More Fundraising for Major Event
(Desert Streams)



First Meeting (Seniors' Society)



Lecture by Arman Baghdoyan (Heritage Club)



Independence Day Celebration (Social Activities)



Standard Chartered Lecture (HUBS)

Amsheet Camp



On September 7, Student Life organised a planned trip to Amsheet for a two-day camping experience; members from all clubs at HU participated in this event.

The purpose of the trip was for HU's older students to engage in social interaction as well as to get to know each other better.

All clubs collectively discussed how to enhance the standards of forthcoming events as well as come up with innovative events at HU.

Twenty seven people attended the camp; they played games and were involved in vibrant group discussions.

The camp was also in preparation of the HU Outdoors, which took place in October.

New to HU? So is the Outdoors...

Friday 19 October set off the first-ever HU Outdoors event, which led to an exciting evening during which many of the university students participated. The evening was an innovative way for the HU population to get to know each other better, since it was the beginning of the scholastic semester.

The HU Outdoors was the brainchild of the Social Activities Club. The other clubs and societies dedicated plenty of time to create their stands and attract students to participate in their activities.

Many activities, surprises, and a draw took place on that day.



The Desert Streamers collect donations for their upcoming project.



The **Haigazian Herald** members interview professors and students for their much anticipated "Over to You" page...



...even HU's President stops by to answer the **Herald's** "thought-provoking" questions.



The Xtremers perform one of their wild stunts.



Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian poses with the Heritage Club dancers after their onstage performance.



Crazy Dunkers do their thang!



...and the party lasts till the wee hours of the night.



Birthright Armenia

A couple HU students, Tamar Majarian and Talar Yacoubian, got to visit Armenia over the summer with the Birthright Armenia program.

It was definitely a great experience for them both. See the box below to find out what Tamar had to say concerning her experience!

"The motto of birthright Armenia is "Journey of Self discovery". They couldn't have chosen any better slogan to define what birthright experience is. When I close my eyes, I go back to Armenia, to my host families in Gyumri and Yerevan, to their smiles, warmth and tender arms. I can still see my friends' smiling faces, our dances in the middle of the road, our long toasts and especially my workmates, who have become integral parts of my life. I can still hear the music my host family used to play everyday, it will play in my heart forever. I wish pictures can convey the spiritual essence of my experience, for pictures I have many."

Tamar Majarian (BIO)



Dancing Champ at HU



Mher Kandoyan, a first year student at HU majoring in Economics, started dancing 7 years ago at Khanito's Dance Academy. He is now part of Khanito's Dance Team; one of the best Latin dancers there. Throughout his dancing career, Mher has won the title of Youth Lebanese Champion in Latin Dancing 4 times. He has participated in regional and international competitions, and he won 7th place at the Greek Acropolis Cup.

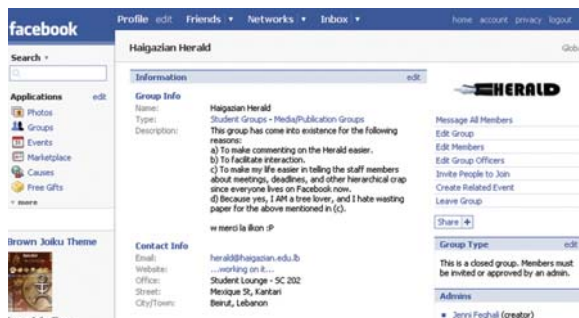
This year, he was among the 12 couples chosen from all the Lebanese Latin dance academies to participate in the 2nd Asian Indoor Games in Macau, China. He and his partner came in 18th, on which his comment was: "It was really a great achievement for Lebanese dancing, as a sport. It was the first time the Lebanese government funds the expenses of any kind of dancing sport." He also added, "We are good on our level, but we need to train a lot more. We train for only 2 hours per week since we are also preoccupied with university and work, whereas competitors from other countries basically pursue dancing as a career instead of a hobby, and train for 6-8 hours per day."

Besides the above, he also teaches dance to people between the ages of 15 and 50 years. He is participating in new competitions soon, including the Lebanese Cup.

I'd just like to wish Mher good luck - I won't say break a leg, as I'm sure his dancing depends on that area of his body.

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)

End of Facebook?!



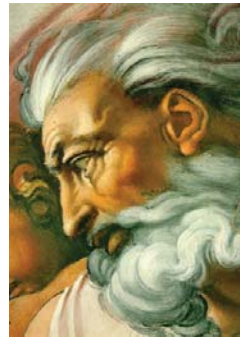
We all have Facebook accounts! If you don't, then where are you living?! It has become more than a fixation, rather a custom, to log into our Facebook accounts on a daily basis and check updates on our friends, read their posts, make remarks or comments on their pictures, and show everyone else our own unique profiles. We shouldn't, however, be too excited, as all this comes under threat now that there is a federal lawsuit that demands Facebook be shut down and all of its assets be transferred to a substitute firm: ConnectU. ConnectU is an alternate social gathering website similar to Facebook, but the difference between the two competitors is massive. It could perhaps be argued that there is indeed no competition at all between the two because of Facebook's ultimate advantage in the market and in society, as well as its firm establishment of brand loyalty compared to ConnectU.

ConnectU has 70,000 members, whereas Facebook has over 30 million - a number still expected to grow. ConnectU was largely unknown before this lawsuit (and maybe before you read this article) and on the other hand, the popularity of Facebook has spread its tentacles, literally all over the world. Furthermore, Yahoo offered \$1 million to buy the infamous online social gathering website, even though it was turned down.

So what is all the commotion about? ConnectU's lawsuit indicates that Facebook had stolen innovative ideas to create a user interface and develop ideas that were originally devised by ConnectU, when both creators of ConnectU and Facebook were students at Harvard University. Mark Zuckerberg, founder of Facebook, allegedly agreed to finish programming the computer code for the ConnectU interface, while simultaneously stealing their ideas and in turn creating Facebook, a whole new interface with its own interactive features and social networking capabilities.

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

Even God cannot Escape the US Judiciary Appeal!



Who ever said that God was the only omnipotent Being that must not be reprehended under any circumstances? God is the symbol of absolute supremacy in today's three major monotheistic religions. But for Nebraska State Senator Ernie Chambers, even The Almighty can be subject to constitutional scrutiny. On September 17, 2007, Chambers, an agnostic Democrat from Omaha, opted to file a lawsuit against God and sue Him for triggering "widespread death, destruction and terrorization of millions upon millions of the Earth's inhabitants." In detail, the lawsuit accuses God of "fearsome floods, egregious earthquakes, horrendous hurricanes, terrifying tornadoes, pestilential plagues, ferocious famines, devastating droughts, genocidal wars, birth defects and the like" - and in light of the fact that He is omnipresent, there should be no objection concerning whether or not He's present in the courtroom; furthermore, the defendant is omniscient and therefore must have had knowledge of such an unparalleled procedure.

Chambers, who has packed his judiciary proceedings with ample and weighty allegations, has decided to indict the Lord for the purpose of proving to the public that many of the country's lawsuits are indeed very ridiculous, mock the rank of constitutional dignity, have a degree of illegality, not to mention they are very funny.

Many of us have a general idea about lawsuits that may seem more humorous than serious. For example, in 1992 Stella Lieback sued McDonalds for spilling coffee over her legs. Lieback was awarded \$200,000 in compensation and \$2.7 million in punitive damages. Another case involves Richard Harris, who sued Anheiser-Busch beer the previous year for bandwagon propaganda; Harris supposedly suffered from emotional trauma all because of the fact that he did not have luck with the ladies as the beverage advertisement had promised.

For Senator Chambers, the point is not the frivolousness of the judiciary proceedings per se, but to prove that "anybody can file a lawsuit against anybody - even God," no matter what the case!

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

Beirut International Marathon



This year's Beirut International Marathon took place on November 18, 2007. As is the custom, Haigazian University students took part in it: 22 participated in the 10K fun race, and one in the 42K marathon.

The 10K Marathon started off at Charles Helou Avenue (mtc touch, Smart) at 10:00am; while the 42K Marathon started off in Shatila at 7:00am.

Interestingly, this year's marathon had a special feature provided by HU!

Our university set a cheering station near Hard Rock Café, Ain El Meraisi, mainly for two aims:

The first aim was to draw the attention of all the participants to the banner and the motto: "Devoted

to...UNITED Generations. To further enhance this goal, about 600 scarves emblazoning the motto were distributed.



The second aim behind the cheering station was to motivate the 18000+ marathon participants who passed by; it showed them enthusiasm, and encouraged them to keep up their good work and intentions. The station became even more cheerful with the presence of the HU band, and the Dabkeh and Armenian folk dancers.

Special thanks to all the HU students who made this event successful, especially to: Simon Kalaydjian, Haig Kirikian, Sevag Akelian, Hovsep Aghjian, Seza Kirishjian, Omar Shams, Maria Solakian, Rosaline Nalbandian, Natalie Adourian, Kevork Nokhoudian, Garo Agopian, Ashod Apkarian, Bedros



Kasbarian, Aline Keshishian, Rafayel Gumushian, Sarine Djeghlian, Chafic Kowatly, Chukri Charbatji, Melkon Babeyan, Miryan Nasser, and Raafat Bellaly.



Fitness Center

Whether you're into body building to impress others, or whether your intentions are purely in congruence with staying fit and healthy, you are about to hear good news. On November 8, 2007, the Athletics Department of our beloved university presented its new 100% fully equipped Fitness Center where you will find three brand new machines: a Smith bench, a leg press, and a twister all available to you Monday through Friday, from 8 am till 5 pm.



So, starting this moment, the Fitness Center is ready to satisfy all tastes and ensure the availability of various types of means of exercise that will help keep your body in a good shape. As such, we would advise you to meet at least twice with the Fitness Center assistant, Helmi El Charabi, to provide you with useful and necessary guidelines concerning the proper usage of the machines. Helmi is available to help you on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 12:00 to 1:00 pm. We really advise you to pay us a visit and check things out yourself!



HU's Basketball

The HU men's basketball team is participating, for the second year in a row, in the seven university Inter-Collegiate Basketball League. The participating universities are: HU, LAU Beirut, LAU Byblos, USJ, UoB (Balamand), USEK and UPA (Antonins - Baabda).



These universities will compete against each other on a home and away basis in the qualifying phase. The first four teams will qualify for the Final Four. So, the men's basketball team will play six home games at the Alex Manougian court, and six away games. You will find the schedule of the matches on HU's website.

Other Friendly Matches...

During the months of October and November, HU's different sports teams played several friendly matches and achieved commendable results. The men's and women's basketball teams, men's football team, tennis and table tennis



teams played against USJ, Jinan, LAU (Byblos and Beirut), Balamand, USEK, Sacré Coeur, Antranik, HMEM, Byblos Bank, and many others.

The best result was achieved by the football team; they beat LAU Byblos at the Saint Joseph School court by a single goal scored by Kevork Menassa.

It is important to mention that our sports teams are highly characterized by the uncompromising spirit of refusing to give up!



6th Annual Mini-Football League

Because we can't bring the Premiere League, La Liga, Serie A, and similar class football leagues to our dear university, the 6th Annual Indoor Mini-Football League, or better yet, the HU Champions League, has been launched instead with great success. Our HU football lovers started the kickoff on Monday October 29, at 12:05 pm in the Quad.

Basically, ten teams, comprised of about 70 HU students, were divided into 2 groups: A and B, each, in turn, consisting of 5 teams that will compete against each other. Eventually, the winner of group A will play against the runner up in group B and vice versa. As such, all in all, 23 matches will be played, with 20 group qualification matches, 2 semi final matches, and at last, a final match.

By November 16th, 7 of the 20 qualifying matches had already been played. So far, spectators of great numbers have come to the matches, and we hope that more people will feel enthusiastic and attend to encourage our athletes.



The Latest Trend at HU: GOSSIPING

The loving, familial atmosphere of HU has fallen victim to a harmful epidemic that is spreading rapidly: gossiping!

Gossiping usually starts through jokes for the purpose of having momentary fun, yet it eventually ends up hurting many people.

Dr. Hanine Hout pointed out that in the past five years, the amount of gossiping has elevated and crossed the line, invading people's personal space.

Based on Dr. Hanine's request, I interviewed her about this issue, and will briefly summarize the main causes and effects of gossiping.

It is interesting to note that perhaps, people who enjoy gossiping are ones with low self-esteem. Due to their feelings about the inadequacy in the roles they play in life, they project their own insecurities, or try to fill up the empty gaps in their lives by gossiping.

In HU, the amount of gossiping has gone beyond moral values.

It has spread from students to faculty members and staff. It has affected personal relationships, lifestyles, interests and even dressing styles.

The fear of being gossiped about is prominent among students and could impinge on their performances in classes or clubs. This leads to difficulties in expressing themselves as unique individuals on different levels.

Last but not least, gossiping causes a disturbance in self-confidence and may lead to fear. Building self-confidence needs time, but once it's destroyed, it's hard to build back up again, especially since it's the caption of peoples' motivation in most areas of life.

Finally, there are specific ways as to keep gossiping away, and one of them is by simply ignoring the accusations. It may keep people away and ultimately reduce the effects of gossiping – this can in fact boost your morale, and renders those who create or trade gossip weak.

You have the power to change and reduce the effects of these harmful occurrences! Raising awareness in yourself and others is a positive step. Start by acting NOW and put an end to this trend!

Kohar Eid (ADC)



We Will Not Be Acting Today



Last year, as we were preparing to go onstage and perform "Noises Off", we went to rehearse at the theatre we had booked. As it turned out, the owners of that theatre had TRIPLE booked us! It is a known fact that theatre is a group activity and art, but they should all at least be in the same context, working towards the SAME performance! That day at Sunflower Theatre, there was:

- 1) Us.
- 2) Nawal El Zoghbi filming her latest video clip.
- 3) A play for kids.

You could imagine our surprise there! And when we asked the owner why he had done so, he simply replied that the political situation in the country had forced him to...

That's not all. The students of our university constantly complain that there's no active student life. Well, we gave them entertainment, culture and art, but rare were the ones who came to watch and to encourage this club's production! This article is targeted towards the entire Lebanese population, but specifically to the students of this university, urging them all to have an open mind, for that is the only key to our intellectual salvation.

In order to passively defy the carelessness towards their work, the Actors' Club delegated someone to read the following speech during Haigazian's "Outdoors":

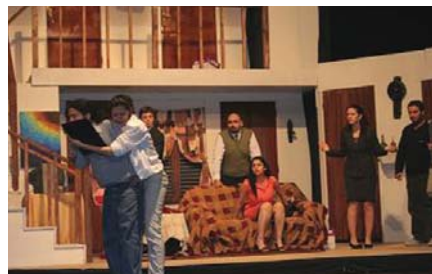
We will not be acting today. The government does not fund the Lebanese theatre, Beirut does not welcome actors, the students of this university do not support the fruit of this club's labour; we will not be acting today.

We exercise our right to passively protest, silently scream, and secretly pray for revolution; we will not be acting today.

Theatre is not something you watch during commercial breaks, nor is it a waste of well-earned money. Theatre is not offered to you in the comfort of your own home, and it is not a chance to snuggle up with your lover. Theatre is not offered to the narrow-minded nor does it welcome judgmental stereotyping and if that is what you do, we strongly recommend reality shows on your two dimensional TV screen, because we will not be acting today.

Theatre is not the home of negative scrutiny and ongoing gossip, for it will not give shelter to finger-pointing, noise-making or cliché-forming beings, and that is why we will not be acting today.

Dima Matta (EDU)



technological.impairment@haigazian.edu.lb

"We've sent out "How To" emails concerning the subject, but what good would THAT do?" said Mr. Nazareth Nicolian (IT Director and MIS Coordinator) in reference to the fact that the HU population more often than not shies away from using their "@haigazian.edu.lb" addresses.

Claims that 'the network changes that Haigazian's IT department carried out highly complicated matters and alienated me' are highly invalid excuses. Mass emails were sent out to the old Webmail, and currently, there are both .doc and .pdf format files explaining, in so much illustrated detail that an illiterate 3 year old would be able to master the process, how to activate your Haigazian Outlook address which RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT awaits you, unused, stagnant, within the network.

Important information is dispensed through this system, be it from the President, faculty, the Admissions Office, the Student Life Office, etc...

Often, students are heard complaining that beloved HU has failed to warn them about certain pressing matters prior to their due dates. Amusingly enough, if they were to surpass the technological barrier, they would probably find cobWebbed (pun possibly intended) emails heralding an event "Coming soon in Dec. 1950!" (Well, the emails don't really date back to the 1900's, but I'm just trying to overdramatically illustrate the point).

Basically, "it's to everyone's best advantage to use the HU email system to communicate with faculty and to obtain information; as well as for university, and non-university issues," said Nicolian.

It couldn't be simpler:

- Access www.haigazian.edu.lb, go to the "Webmail" button, and click on Outlook Web Access (OWA). You might need to "Install certificate" before the system can load.
- Enter your ID number, but drop the leading zero, i.e. if your ID's 077777, then insert 77777, do not enter a password, and hit "Enter" (but not violently; our pc's are already aged and suffering).
- Hold your breath to brace yourself for the sight of 9.2×10^6 unread emails that will attack your eyes.
- Click on "Options" and change your password.
- Check your email regularly.
- Smile! You've overcome technological impairment. :)

Jenni Feghali (BIO)



- 1) How do you want to die?!
- 2) If you were to assign someone as the president of Lebanon, who would it be? (no political figures allowed)
- 3) If you could go back in time, which historical culture/era would you like to be in?
- 4) Cremated or buried?
- 5) Donour or receiver?
- 6) Would you rather end world hunger or hatred?
- 7) Have you ever carved/written something obscene somewhere?
- 8) With no consequences, would you rather: eat and drink as much as you want, sleep with whomever you want, or yell and fight as much as you want?
- 9) Which would be worse bleeding to death or starving to death?

**Dr. Arda Ekmekji**

- 1) Peacefully
- 2) A woman and mother; educated and not corrupt
- 3) The Golden Age of Armenia
- 4) Resurrected
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) No comment
- 9) Bleeding

**Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian**

- 1) Lying down
- 2) My daughter
- 3) 19th century
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Dr. Najwa Inglizi**

- 1) Without pain
- 2) The guy I have a crush on
- 3) 21st century England
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Both
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Mrs. Sarar Maalouf**

- 1) Peacefully, in my sleep
- 2) (sarcastically) A child
- 3) The 1960's
- 4) Buried, to become a fertiliser
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

**Dr. Hanine Hout**

- 1) In bed, while I sleep
- 2) Sarar Maalouf
- 3) The Romans
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Yes
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

**Dr. Habib Alloush**

- 1) In my sleep
- 2) Homer Simpson
- 3) Phoenician Era
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Maybe, long ago
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**MacRaad**

- 1) By poison
- 2) My cat
- 3) Old Lebanon
- 4) Buried
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Yeah - hell yeah!
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Bilal Farshoukh**

- 1) Suddenly
- 2) Adel Imam
- 3) None
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

**Lale Yoghourdjian**

- 1) In my bed when I'm sleep
- 2) My brother
- 3) Armenian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) I'd rather end both
- 7) NO
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Raafat Belally**

- 1) In a combat in freeing Palestine
- 2) Dana
- 3) Ancient Culture
- 4) Donour
- 5) Buried
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Diana Atallah**

- 1) No pain
- 2) Carole Nehme
- 3) Egyptian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Friend's initials (on my arm)
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Gerard Gulgulian**

- 1) With Jenna Jameson
- 2) Che Guevara
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Of course
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Menar Boyadjian**

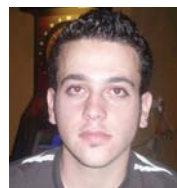
- 1) Laughing
- 2) The HU president
- 3) The Armenian Culture
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Never
- 8) Yell & fight
- 9) Bleeding

**MacRaad**

- 1) By poison
- 2) My cat
- 3) Old Lebanon
- 4) Buried
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Yeah - hell yeah!
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Bilal Farshoukh**

- 1) Suddenly
- 2) Adel Imam
- 3) None
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

**Lale Yoghourdjian**

- 1) In my bed when I'm sleep
- 2) My brother
- 3) Armenian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) I'd rather end both
- 7) NO
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Raafat Belally**

- 1) In a combat in freeing Palestine
- 2) Dana
- 3) Ancient Culture
- 4) Donour
- 5) Buried
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Diana Atallah**

- 1) No pain
- 2) Carole Nehme
- 3) Egyptian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Friend's initials (on my arm)
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

Gerard Gulgulian

- 1) With Jenna Jameson
- 2) Che Guevara
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Of course
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

Nairy Arakelian

- 1) Alone
- 2) Michael Buble
- 3) The GO's
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hatred
- 7) I don't remember
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

Omar El Mobayed

- 1) Airplane crash
- 2) My dad
- 3) Mid-ages
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

Meriam Salam

- 1) In Mecca
- 2) Prophet Mohamed
- 3) The Islamic Culture
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) None
- 9) Starving

Ali Diab

- 1) In bed
- 2) Don't want one
- 3) Roman
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Of course
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

Mahmoud Alhallak

- 1) With family
- 2) Sara El Masri
- 3) Cowboys
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) I drew eyes only
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

Varsening Wanness

- 1) Sleep and not wake up
- 2) You: aka Stepan
- 3) Old Cuba
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Bleeding

Ani Boyadjian

- 1) At sea
- 2) Mohandas Gandhi
- 3) The Stone Age (because of my hair)
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) "I hate school"
- 8) All of them
- 9) Bleeding

**Natascha Schellen**

- 1) Drowning at sea, but when I'm really old
- 2) Me!
- 3) Victorian Era, the time of Charles Dickens
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Never, my mum would kill me
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

Patil Sanossian

- 1) Killed
- 2) An idiot
- 3) The future
- 4) Buried
- 5) Don't know
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Starving

**Dunia Kraiem**

- 1) A slow death so I have time to say goodbye to the people I love
- 2) Myself (Alan doesn't agree)
- 3) Egyptian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No way
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

**Mohammad Tamsah**

- 1) Saving someone
- 2) Me
- 3) Mesopotamia
- 4) Buried
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

**Dima Matta**

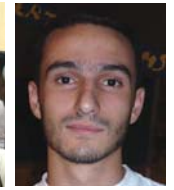
- 1) Eating so much my body'd shut down
- 2) Mick Topper; he'd rock and roll the country
- 3) Hippie Jos
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Classroom tables: "I hate teachers over 40"
- 8) All of the above
- 9) Bleeding because I love food too much

**Shant Kabakian**

- 1) As painfully as possible (to appreciate the afterlife)
- 2) Amani Kandil
- 3) Roman era because it delivered a new political scene
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Samar Choujah**

- 1) With no pain
- 2) Me
- 3) Egyptian
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) I do not remember
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Bleeding

**Raffi Kibarian**

- 1) Alone at sea
- 2) Varak Sisseian (a friend)
- 3) I don't care
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Yes, on tables
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

**Sarine Krikorian**

- 1) Sleeping calmly and never waking up
- 2) Yourself because you change the world
- 3) The Stone Age
- 4) Buried
- 5) Both
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Ali Tahir**

- 1) Happy
- 2) Freddy
- 3) Phoenician
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Bleeding

**Sarine Topalian**

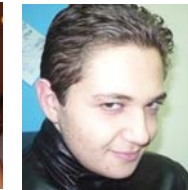
- 1) While sleeping at a very old age
- 2) Haifa Wehbe
- 3) Egyptian
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Of course, high school desk: "Sarine rocks"
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Bleeding

**Hrag Sarkissian**

- 1) Sleeping
- 2) Me
- 3) Roman
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Kohar Parseghian**

- 1) Sleeping and never waking up
- 2) God
- 3) The Viking Era
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Starving

**Anto Narguizian**

- 1) I want to be killed
- 2) Ms. Trunchbull
- 3) Age of Enlightenment
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) I defiled a Christmas card but repented afterwards.
- 8) My moral conscience is in itself a consequence. None.
- 9) Starving

**Carol Nehme**

- 1) Without pain
- 2) I'm not into politics
- 3) Aztec and Inca eras
- 4) Buried
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Yes, random letters
- 9) Starving

Freddy Haddad

- 1) Peacefully
- 2) No one
- 3) Roman Empire
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Neither

**Bob Matraji**

- 1) At the Playboy Mansion
- 3) English
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Yell and fight
- 9) Bleeding

Dalia Ghandour

- 1) Car accident
- 2) Feiruz
- 4) Buried
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Starving

**Nayiri Kalaydjian**

- 1) Eating chocolate until I burst
- 2) I would run, color Lebanon rainbow colors, and give cotton candy to everyone!
- 3) Egyptian (and I'd be a queen)
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hatred, because if they share love, they share the food
- 7) No
- 8) Eat and drink
- 9) Bleeding

**Ahmad Hammoud**

- 1) Cut my wrists and sleep for eternity
- 2) Ville Valo
- 3) Era of knights, I want to meet King Arthur
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Donour
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Never mind...
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Marianne Katchadourian**

- 1) I'll let you know when I die
- 2) John Lennon (Just Imagine)
- 3) Nada
- 4) Buried - I want to rot in peace
- 5) I do not care
- 6) Hunger
- 7) Everything I write is obscene
- 8) Are there really consequences?
- 9) Dying is dying

**Chris Demirdjian**

- 1) My heart stops in my sleep
- 2) Oprah
- 3) Ancient Egypt
- 4) Cremated
- 5) Receiver
- 6) Hunger
- 7) No
- 8) Sleep
- 9) Starving

**Arek Dakessian**

- 1) Suicide
- 2) Aldous Huxley
- 3) Cold War
- 4) Cremated
- 5) I do not know the answer to that
- 6) Hatred
- 7) Yes
- 8) They are all so tempting
- 9) Starving

Mind Games

There I was, trying my best to come up with a good topic to write about for the **Herald** as the Editor sat next to me and passively asked, "What are you going to write about for this issue of the **Herald**?"

The idea was just staring me at the face, and all I could do was desperately try to ignore it as I attempted to think of great extravagant topics. None of them really "hit the spot," however, if you know what I mean...

At first it seemed like a naughty and "evil" thought, but then again, knowing how I really am, I had to admit that it was inevitable.

By now, the few of you who are mentally adventurous enough to have travelled thus far in the text are probably wondering what the idea is. You are probably also wondering if all this is just a pointless bundle of words and ideas, printed for the very entertainment of your pleasure-seeking intellects, and for the enjoy-

ment and ego-expansion of this one wicked and verbal writer. I should say that I don't admit or deny either thought, for if I do, my intentions would be displayed so explicitly and pointlessly, thus making it boring for me, and you.

At this point, if I am not mistaken, most of you, my beloved courageous readers, have become restless in your quest to find out what the topic is. I should say it is the nature of the human mind to be so curious and inquisitive, especially when it's something that might be this mind boggling or have such an interesting packaging as this. Not that I attempt to brag about my knowledge of such a phenomenon, yet mentioning it seems so irresistible.

As you wonder what it is that could be so irresistible, the unveiling of the idea is much more irresistible and tempting to me at this point. Yes, oh reader, oh great juggler of the human intellect, the time has come and it can't feel any more right than this... The packaging has disappeared, and without further ado, I shall tell you what it's all about.

It is about nothing.

As the features of your facial expression reflect your bubbling emotion of annoyance upon realising how I have wasted your time, know that I was smiling as I wrote this; for what is greater than to be able to smile for nothing.

Shahe Seukunian (FIN)



The Plath Effect*

It was either my writing or my sanity, I could not have both, which at a certain point seemed all but logical... Which one to give up? You see, a normal person wouldn't think twice; his sanity, her sanity, your sanity... Their sanities? But it seemed like a fair compromise



at the time, sanity seemed overrated, and writing involuntary. Sanity was disposable; "I'll throw it away and pick it up tomorrow," I thought. Only when I went back the next day, my sanity was nowhere to be seen and only scattered ink-stained words were there to attest for my poor existence... I had lost the balance; I had not only tipped the scale, but I'd fallen off it as well. And so it started, countless nights spent without blinking as I tried to recite all the synonyms of love's antonyms in my head, failing to notice the biting irony of it all: I gave up one for the other, and ended up losing both. My mind was shattered, my psyche distorted beyond recognition, my id, ego and superego intertwined, overlapping, colliding yet never meeting, and leaving me with the awareness of right and wrong, the morals, but also leaving me with no power to apply them.

Losing consciousness in a perpetual state of

dull awareness, never fully lingering in deep slumber, nor allowing myself to snap into response with the outside world. I was just there, on that thin hypothetical line that separates a dreamy reality from a real dream, waiting for an eventual incident to tip me over to one side or the other; surrendering to the laws of gravity, to fate, to the quality of my walking shoes, to what would seem more enticing at the moment and allow me to plunge into one side, whichever it may be, while secretly wishing I was on the other.

* The Plath effect is a term coined by psychologist James C. Kaufman in 2001. It refers to the phenomenon of female poets being more likely to be mentally ill than any other class of writers. The effect is named after American poet Sylvia Plath. (Wikipedia)

Dima Matta (EDU)

Talks in Turkey

The non-Armenians of this university know one thing for certain about their Armenian friends - they hate the Turks. For Armenians, the last place on earth to spend their vacations is Turkey.

But is this statement correct? Many Armenians nowadays visit Turkey either for vacation or to visit their old, ancestral homes. They tell their stories in tears; they tell how the locals confessed that they are "Hidden Armenians."

Does this mean that the Armenians should visit Turkey more? Should they establish relations with the Turks? These questions may sound provocative and unorthodox from the Armenian point of view. The problem lies not in the issue, but in the concept. How much are we ready to challenge ourselves to find new ways, more mature ways, of expressing our thoughts and preserving our identity?

I travelled from Aleppo, Syria, to Aintab, Turkey, and then to Istanbul. Aintab is the hometown of the grandfathers of many Armenians, but few can point it out on a map. I personally didn't know that it was just a 1.5 hour drive from Aleppo. I thought deeply about my proud Aintabtsi (from Aintab) friends who live in Aleppo, yet don't know how close they live to Aintab. Concurrently, we, the Armenians, don't know many other simple facts; we are unaware of the psychological and political situations that we or the Turks (and Turkey) are in. Most of us heard the name Hrant Dink, (the editor of the Turkish-Armenian newspaper **Agos**) only after his assassination.

Istanbul is the biggest city in Europe. It has always been a cosmopolitan city. For centuries, it counted diverse, self-governing communities. It was once

prosperous, but today it only lives the "nostalgia of a great past," as the Turkish Nobel Prize winner, Orhan Pamuk, notes in his famous book, "Istanbul." Indeed, the inhabitants of the city, and the past Turkish governments, fuelled the fire of nationalism and hatred and wiped out the majority of the Armenian population in



the 1920's and 40's, and the majority of the Greek population in the 1950's, 60's and 70's. However, most of the Istanbul residents I talked to regret that the city lacks its old mosaic.

It's not easy to forget the past. The suppressive regime of Turkey was, and is, unable to erase the collective memory and create a new urban culture for Istanbul. The inhabitants of Istanbul wrongly blame the poor economic conditions for their discontent. It is here that the role of the intelligentsia comes to enlighten the people, awaken them, and explain that the real problem lies in the injustice brought by the governing forces of Turkey. This intelligentsia is doubling in effect every year, fuelled by the limited success of their colleagues in fighting against established official ideologies and traditions. I have seen many journals and magazines that have radical approaches to the problems in Turkey, which are run by men and women who are the targets of

the new ethnocentric hatred, a victim of which is Hrant Dink himself. The intelligentsia fights what it calls "the establishment" or "Official Ideology" as Selim Deringil, a well known Turkish historian, called it when he was lecturing in AUB last year. This official ideology does not accept the reality that 20 million of the 70 million people in Turkey are Kurds who are deprived of the basic rights of learning their language and keeping their distinct cultural and ethnic identity. A Kurdish friend told me that it was their turn now, after the Armenians in 1915.

I admit to going through an emotional shock when I saw Turks who respected Armenians and joined forces with them in Turkey to fight against this "Official Ideology". I saw the fruits of that collaboration. I challenged myself to accept what I saw. The cover title of one of the monthly magazines *Birikim* was "There Were Armenians Once!" A famous band, *Kardes Türküler* (songs of fraternity), sang Armenian songs, including *Der Voghormia* (God Have Mercy), a renowned liturgical song. The band was a mixture of Turkish citizens with different ethnic and religious backgrounds. I saw how Kurds, Turks and Armenians work together to fight the imposed injustice of a dictatorial regime.

It's not easy being a non-Turk in Turkey, unless you are ready to give up all your rights, including basic Human Rights. The everyday lives of the many people who don't accept the injustices are turned into an "eye for an eye" fight.

I learned a lot in Turkey. Most of my lessons, however, were about the Armenians and me. Above all, I saw the type of Armenians who know how to work hard with their mouths shut, and how to achieve results without shouting.

Vahagn Keshishian (PSC)

Puppets of Paradox



Wanted and wanting...
I keep walking...
Lost in the moment, I find myself...
From a smile to another, I flutter...

Free and liberated, I feel deep inside,
Though chains are all around me...
A puppet in the hands of irony...
Enslaved to the paradox of existence...

The ocean within me,
The sky, a reflection upon me...
And I a sun, envied for my light,
Craving for the moon I remain...

Seeking meaning in the meaningless...
Speaking a language I do not understand...
I remain a free slave...
I am so free that I am a slave...
A slave to my own freedom...
Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

Moon Light

It was night.
Asleep under the stars,
I opened my eyes
To a sudden light.

From behind the leaves it shone,
Giving light but not to all.
My spirit basked in this rounded glory.

But a cold wind
Moved the branches,
And disturbed leaves
Hid the momentary gift,
Which suddenly disappeared
As it had appeared,
Again leaving me in darkness.
Dr. Najwa El Inglizi (1977)

Cruel Fate

She has strolled within thorns of suffering and torture
Her body stained by her agony's warm blood that seemed to hurt her
Round and round she went searching to find peace
Still the beasts in her wouldn't let the blood cease
Dark angel she was, feared and rejected by all
No matter how hard she tried, her corpse did not fall
They hunt her once and cut her deep
No forgiveness, the thorns must burn, their ashes she will keep
In memory of her pain as the scars on her name
For tasting revenge, her hatred is to blame
Despising her own self, spirit and embodiment
To pass through this senseless and hollow ground she was sent
Bleed to free was what she was created to do
To her own cruel fate she must have been true
Although her destiny dried her for her last drop
As she felt her soul leave, she screamed unwillingly, "Stop!"
Fearing her death she realized she must embrace
The curse put upon her that cannot be erased.

Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

Into the Soul, Into the Dark

She walked through the dying garden
She saw a beauty in it as yet undiscovered
A hidden secret
It saddened her, such abandonment.
Beneath a gloomy sky
She kept her calculated pace, serene
Little life she detected
But it could be salvaged, she felt it
She knew...
Further she entered
Deeper into the dank field of death
Fearful, but fearless
She wandered deeper still...
Into a darker forest
A cold chilling place
Haunting emotions prevailed
Nothing could possibly survive.
She felt the others before her
Those that perished along with their attempts
She felt them willing her out
Spectres of a past
Ghostly memories
But onward she went
Her gorgeous soul radiating
Illuminating the path she had chosen
A path never trodden before
She knew not what awaited her
But something within pushed her to explore
Through the brush
She made her way
Her fair skin tearing
Poisonous thorns taking their toll
Crimson showers pouring forth
Pure skin tinted
Pure heart scarred
Pain was irrelevant
Her feelings pulled her through
She knew there was something
The garden was layered...
Dangerous,



And yet...
Further, darker, deeper
And finally there it was...
A buried rainbow
A choked fountain
Smothered passions
Inside her, she rejoiced
She had seen it, she was right
But sudden misery squeezed her heart
The blackest blackness she saw
Frosted suddenly by the most bitter, cold ice
Her soul drowned in terror
She backed away
Gone as quickly as she came
She had witnessed, she knew.
But the blackness adamantly hugged her soul.
And she left the dying garden
Yearning for her touch
Her human touch of life
A singular taste, momentary,
Of a peace unprecedented
For a moment before the blackness
She'd seen a sight she'd never forget
A sight engraved in her forever
But the black fog that met her
Instilled in her a fear
A blindness
That made her forget
It's always darkest before dawn.

Jenni Feghali (BIO)



Thoughts...

She stood there
looked out the broken window
wiping the tears she couldn't bear
she had just become a widow
Staring at the rain
a long day of anger all in vain
She listened, there was no heartbeat
She faced down, and under her feet
broken pieces of glass she found
she saw her reflection on the ground...
The window was now open
still she couldn't feel the cold
"You should join him" she was told
by a voice that was hidden
A voice she did not try to find
her reason had already made her blind!
And so she stood on the balcony
searching for harmony
but she didn't find it, did she?
there was no more clarity!
She didn't know
this time, she didn't know
who to see and what to do
what to be and where to go
she didn't know...
She was now completely wet
Her faithful hands she trusted
They were keeping her from falling
falling where her husband was lying
She had caused herself more agony

by pushing her husband off the balcony
And suddenly she was seen no longer
She had filled her hunger
She crossed the border
No one could stop her!
She was betrayed again
by the things she trusted most
her hands had slipped
she was now a ghost..
Their corpses laid peacefully on the watery ground
Their lifeless bodies slept deep without a sound
One next to the other: husband and wife
Just as she imagined; the end of her life!!!
Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)



All images on this page by Deviant Artists

Lebanon: We're Only 49,856.73 Light Years Away From Civilization



A couple of nights ago, the restaurant under my building in Lebabomb's prestigious southern suburbs caught fire. I stood on the balcony smiling whilst watching the smoke as it filled up my lungs. I giggled at the sight of women passing out on their balconies from the heat and the smoke; while ironically enough, they stood there smoking some Marlboros. I stared in amazement as some empty-in-the-skull-son-of-a-momma threw a miniature version of a fire extinguisher at one of the "heroes" fighting the fire (I swear, that thing was made for Barbies).

But nothing amused me more than watching these intelligent Lebanese individuals do what few people in other countries around the world would do. As I recall from the 15 years I lived in the States, when there's a fire, you usually run the OTHER way. But not here! No, not in Lebanon because the whole point of a fire erupting in Lebanon is to watch these people run right into it.

That's right. Grab the women and children, grab your pack of cigarettes or Argeeli or heck, your beef, and run right into the fire. That's what we do in Lebanon. That's how we roll, yo.

I know what you're thinking: Whoa, that blew me off the couch! But I assure you, it's not over yet. See, someone decided to call the fire department, thinking that maybe these trained professionals could come out and jump into the fire with the rest of the citizens (it's beautiful how much human life is treasured in the Middle East). So, some 25 minutes later, the fire truck shows up... And by fire truck I mean the skyscraper sized truck. These little men (they looked tiny from the balcony) jump out of the truck, and strangely enough, they don't grab a hose like every other fire fighter around the world would do. They grab mops - that's right - mops, and start beating the fire with these spaghetti topped sticks. What's the point of the flippin' skyscraper of a truck if you're going to beat the fire with a stick? They might as well have rode over on bicycles or those "there's a fly in my ear" motorcycles, and spared me the sight of more traffic.

Within 45 minutes, it was all done. Everyone went home and I was bored again. My mother unpacked her "ohmybob-there's-a-fire-let's-run-to-safety" suitcase, and we sat down and watched TV... And that's when it hit me! I live in a place I've made fun of all these years... A place I've mocked and considered uncivilized, a place I considered to be full of ignorant, snobby, backward minded people... People who have been neglected their whole lives and have nothing to do but fight the flames themselves. A while earlier I was having a "not-so-intelligent-and/or-meaningful" conversation with a member of the male species at our university who could

do nothing more than mock "my people" and our way of living; a lot like I've done for many years, and continue to do when I'm hungry. The difference between my criticism and his is that I live among these people, I'm one of them; I know why they are this way, why they feel the need to let their voices be heard, though sometimes in disturbing ways. He doesn't understand that; not just because he has been pampered to a certain level, but because he never had to live like those who are neglected. He, like the so-called political figures (action dolls) of Lebanon, doesn't know what it's like to be at the receiving end of the mockery; and that is why the rich keep getting richer and the poor keep getting poorer - because people like that are too afraid to step out of their bubble and take a look at reality. I mean the relationship among the politicians and the people is pretty mutual: you hate us and we hate you right back (by we, I mean me and me; so no... I'm not representing the Lebanese population). But the difference is, we pay what we have to pay and see nothing but destruction in return. We don't have it as easy as the privileged Lebanese citizens; we get your hand-me-downs. Right now, it is about time the tables turn and we get things our way; it is about time we stop being blind followers and step out to confront the very people some of us have supported. I am not sending subliminal messages or anything, I'm just saying it's about time we stop listening to ignorant puppets, stop taking their criticisms, step up and defend the people they've tried to destroy. It is time we fight the fire, even if it means beating it with mops; because in a place like this, water is a luxury, and mops are easier to steal.

Rok Hamze (PSC)

Life Just Got Shorter

Why yes! People of the world are very diverse. Each one of us has a unique set of characteristics, morals, and some bits and pieces collected in our minds from the classes we didn't actually sleep through. However, there is at least one thing we all have in common whether we are bakers, burglars, terrorists, business-men, mechanics, teachers, presidents, taxi drivers, politicians or hobos. Aside from the fact that we are all human beings, our common denominator is sleeping.

Some people naturally enjoy sleeping whether they feel drowsy or not. Others only sleep when they are tired. Regardless of the motive though, it is fact that if a person sleeps 6 hours a day until the age of 60, that person would have spent 15 years of precious life sleeping, and if a person sleeps a daily amount of 8 hours, then that person would have slept through exactly two decades upon reaching the age of 60! Thus, if you think about it, by the time you reach 60, you would have spent

only 40 years of your life being active and conscious due to the fact that you were inactive - dormant - through the other 20 years!

I honestly am not sure why I even bothered to provide you loyal Herald readers with this piece of information. Maybe I thought some of you would agree with me that it's sad how we naively spend decades of our existence in a 2 by 1 meter bed, placing our bodies in a position not so different from how they are placed in a tomb, or how ironic it is that people could look dead before and after they die.

Or maybe I just want to point out that the old "I don't have time!" excuse we constantly feed ourselves and others to get out of doing things is not applicable anymore now that we have figured out that we actually have loads of spare time on our hands; years actually!

"The exact purpose of sleeping remains a mystery," says Encarta, but billions of us spend years and years doing so. The issue is, though, that even if we proclaimed life too short to sleep through, could we

really fight the urge to sleep and thus inflict harm on our bodies which need rest after a hard day's work? Or should we succumb to the fact that sleeping is a crucial part of our daily regimen, and as a result waste 15 out of our 60 precious years sleeping?

Manuel Kurkjian
(ADC)



Mingling Cultures



We are told that life is full of experiences. We are also told that "Experience is a comb given by nature when we become bald." I assume that any sort of experience

benefits humans. My experience was a cultural one. As humans, we are destined to face wars every now and then. And in any war there are victims, survivors, and refugees. Almost a century ago, the Armenians were forced to leave their own land and they settled in Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon.

Ainjar was one of the places in which a part of the uprooted and exiled Armenians took shelter in 1938. But who would have thought that this small town would also become a shelter for a Lebanese family from the south? That family happens to be mine!

During the years of war in Lebanon, my father decided to build his career in the Bekaa and settle in Ainjar which had a peaceful, homogeneous, compact and cohesive population; an area in which everyone minded their own business and privacy.

I was born in Ainjar in 1989; and it was pretty normal for me as I was growing up to learn the Armenian language in addition to many other habits that I adopt-

ed unintentionally and spontaneously. Despite the differences between my Lebanese culture and the Armenian one, I combined the two together and enriched my life experience. What I want to say is that I have a layer of Armenian identity whether it's through the language I learned or through my participation in Armenian ceremonies and events. For instance, I used to go to church every Sunday and pray, and wear new clothes and hold a candle on Palm Sunday like the other Armenian children. Furthermore, the Armenians also taught me to love and respect the land I live on, and to preserve nature. They also instilled in me the sense of unity of a group.

My experience cannot be jotted down in a few lines. However, the message I want to deliver is that my ability to be open to a new culture enriched my unique experience of multicultural layers, and that has really broadened my perspectives.

Sandra Hallal (BAD)



Every time I sit among a group of people, I hear them talk about things they dislike, even things they **hate**. No matter how well or poorly educated the group is, their conversations always lead me to think the same thought: "Why are people becoming stupider by the moment?"

My reasons for wondering about the above aren't that I'm not a **hater**, on the contrary. However, if

you're going to **hate** someone, please give me a good reason for doing so!

Here are some of my reasons for **hating** a few individuals (and my justifications for **hating** are quite good, so please learn!):

- 1) **Osama Bin Laden**: Not because he's a Muslim, but because he's a terrorist.
- 2) **Elton John**: Not because he's gay, but because his voice aggravates me.
- 3) **Condoleezza Rice**: Not because she's African American, but because her trademark Republican arrogance and the fact that she's ridiculously racist are maddening. There's also something else, but I can't exactly put my finger on it.
- 4) **George W. Bush**: Not because he's a Christian, but because he is possibly THE American president with the lowest IQ ever. And the worst grammar.

So back to the issue at hand. Why do people always **hate** each other on the basis of religion, race, or even sexual orientation? Do NOT get me wrong. I am not preaching LOVE; I'm just guiding you down the right path of **hating**.

Why do people find themselves stepping

away from or tiptoeing among people who do not fit their perception of what is right? I mean who's to say that Islam is the right religion, or that Christianity is the correct way to go? Who says white people are superior to blacks, or that God is white and not black? Who says men are smarter than women, and who says that men should be the stronger or better adjusted? Moreover, who says that heterosexuality is right and that homosexuality is wrong? What if it turns out that homosexuals are the "straight" ones? (Please don't start with the whole reproduction issue, this is a "what if" question). All I'm saying is that God made us a diverse group of human beings. He/She did that because he/she wants us to understand and embrace diversity. (Yes I'm using he/she. Maybe God is a black Buddhist (go figure!) woman!). So the next time you want to **hate** someone, don't **hate** them because they do not belong to your religion, sex, sexual orientation or race. I don't even mind if you **hate** them for simple reasons like a bad haircut, a crooked nose, or ugly shoes. After all, it's better to be called stupid than to be called a stupid discriminating person - like that **hateful** Bush!

Amani Kandil (PSC)

So You Think You Have Seen War?

October 13, 1989 began as an ordinary day; I was at school, as usual, when all of a sudden, things turned upside down and the Lebanese paramilitary groups declared war on each other.

Luckily, I reached home quite soon that day, as my school was close to my residence area. I lived in Boushrieh, in a 9 floor building with 4 sections. My apartment was on the first floor. That day, as always,

there was no electricity. I was in my room when someone knocked at our door violently. I ran to see who it was and within moments, I was staring at our 9th floor neighbor, G. Hashem (aka "Abu Henry"). The extreme paleness of the man's face shocked me as well as my mother, who pleaded with him to calm down and offered him a cup of water. The man, however, seemed to be interested in one thing and one thing only; all he was able to say was, "Are my kids home?" Despite the fact that my mother did not have the slightest idea where his children were in reality, she assured him that they were all home waiting for him. Upon receiving the

affirmation he needed to hear, he fell to the floor, stone cold.

Only God knows what this man had seen and faced on his way home that day. However, knowing that his family was safe allowed him to die peacefully; they were all he was living for.

Raffi Kabakian (ADC)



Your Village Called;



They Want Their Idiot Back.

A few weeks ago, a group of acquaintances and I were sitting around and discussing the different areas we live in. So naturally, I started talking about the southern suburbs of Beirut (Dahieh) where I live. As I was talking, a not-so-intelligent guy (come to think of it, a really STUPID one) that was sitting amongst us cuts me off and says the following with a whole lot of disgust: "You live there?! I pity you for living in the midst of poverty, garbage and illiteracy". For a university student, the guy was rather ignorant. He was basing his comments on what he has heard from other sources and not on what he has actually seen.

This disturbing incident had me thinking of the Lebanese society as a whole, where everything is either believed because someone has told it to us or because the political leader we fol-

low thinks in a certain way, which is usually the case. Let me demonstrate; a politician comes on TV and claims that the streets of the southern suburbs are 'full of arms'. Next thing we know, people are staying away from the whole area, assured that it's a haven for artillery. Another leader surfaces and says that Muslims are being kidnapped in Christian areas, and then all of a sudden, Muslims stop going to that Christian area. I can understand when my grandmother or my mother believe whatever the politicians they follow say, but it really upsets me when I realise that a supposedly well educated university student is following his favorite politician as a sheep would follow its shepherd. What is the point of having a brain and a diploma if you are going to believe whatever you hear without questioning it first? The brain God gave us is not meant for decorative purposes, it's to be used for investigating and finding truths on our own. Education my friends, is also for the same goal. We all seem to know and understand that, but we never work on actually putting what is beyond the obvious to use. Ultimately, this leads to the kind of split and instability that our society is currently facing.

After numerous civil wars in Lebanon, it's extremely sad to see that we still fail to observe the politicians' mind games and tricks which have nothing to do with the society we live in. They only have to do with furthering their influence and generating more and more money

into their pockets. And the fact that we still follow them blindly makes them even more powerful. "Absolute power corrupts absolutely", a memorable quote by Lord Acton states; and we all know that. My question is, why do we keep providing them with more power, further fueling this corrupt and vicious cycle? Believing in their ideology or belonging to the same religious sect does not mean that we ought to belong to their 'flocks.' I mean the ideology justification might have been a good answer if we didn't live in Lebanon, where politics is an inheritance and where politicians know basically nothing about the ideologies they supposedly follow.

Religion is not the answer either because if we keep thinking along those lines, Lebanon will keep facing those periods of instability and division. So how about we all put aside our differences and for once, sit and discuss the situation of our country as WE see it, and not as it's represented or portrayed by our rulers? Let's discuss, probe and examine our political status quo and those responsible for it. Let's take a stand and realize that 90% (if not 100%) of those we follow so instinctively are the ones responsible for our agonies. Let's take the time to sift through those politicians' goals and look for the few that can actually work for the good of Lebanon. Let's be well prepared for the coming elections, so that for once we would choose the people who deserve to represent us and who will strive to make our

country better. We are facing a very critical period right now; the country might be heading towards another civil war. If this war does happen, the politician will not be the one delivering bread to your house. Your father, mother, brother or even yourself, will be the one running under bullets to go buy some food for the family. So how about you work on stopping the politicians before they kill a member of your family? If we do that, they would have no one to govern and therefore they would have no one to execute their authority on.

Finally, here are a few facts. The southern suburbs look like every other area in Lebanon. People do not carry bombs and guns around, neither do they look for fights to cause unrest. We have Sukleen cans just like all other areas in Lebanon and we do go to schools and universities. Moreover, Christians are not bloodthirsty either, they do not wait for a veiled woman to enter their areas in order to molest or murder her. Neither do they hate Muslims. Those are misconceptions that rabble-raising politicians sell in order to further split the Lebanese society and keep their herds blindly following them.

So the next time you hear something along those lines, make sure not to repeat it in front of well-informed educated university students, because they surely will label you an idiot and start avoiding your stupidity on campus, and everywhere else.

Amani Kandil (PSC)

Rape

Every once in a while, we hear about a major rape case splattered all over the news, usually a shocking one - for example, the case of the Lebanese man raping a girl in the South and murdering her in cold blood, then being brazen enough to re-enact the entire happenings shamelessly!

However, thousands (if not more) are the cases we don't hear about, the cases whose victims are too ashamed to stand up and speak out, feeling that the events were their fault, that something they did instigated them.

The following articles by the Herald staff present rape cases/scenarios, and the last article is an expert review by Dr. Lamia Rustum Shehadeh.

Read on and be enlightened (or "endarkened")...

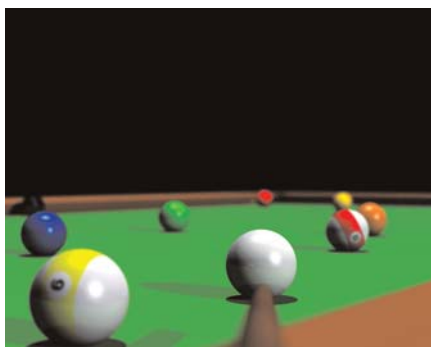


Cheryl Ann Araujo's eldest daughter turned three on March 6, 1983. Cheryl, her two daughters, and their father had a small cozy celebration. After putting her daughters to bed, she left the apartment to buy some cigarettes. The usual places she shopped at were closed, so she went into a bar in the same neighborhood she lived in. She bought some cigarettes and ordered a drink. After some time, she decided to leave. As she headed to the door two men she didn't know asked her to leave with them, but Cheryl refused. Suddenly, the men grabbed her from both arms and threw her so hard onto a pool table it hurt. She got stripped below the waist and was raped by a minimum of four men. Her screams could be heard throughout the whole bar but not a single soul moved or tried to help; some even laughed and applauded. "I could hear people laughing, cheering, yelling," Cheryl later testified. "I was begging for help. I was pleading. I was screaming."

Eventually she freed herself and ran half naked in the streets yelling for help. A few college students were passing, and they saw her and took her to the nearest hospital.

Initially, six men were charged with the rape case, and eventually four of them were found guilty of the crime. The rapists received sentences of 9 - 12 years. During the trial, her identity was hidden for personal safety. However, after the trial, she decided to go public; she became a women's and rape victims' rights activist. The case was one of the most notorious and controversial trials of the 20th century.

With this real life shocking story, I want to



highlight the many rape cases happening in the world and in Lebanon especially... And these cases are happening more often, regularly.

You men out there may say rape is wrong and sympathize with the victim but when it comes to actions you don't do anything. Do you? If a woman, let's say your wife or your sister or even your daughters, comes to you and confesses that she has been raped, what do you do? Do you talk to her and understand her and help her OR you just start blaming her and cursing her for being stupid, for dishonoring the family's name, or going crazy about what the society's reaction will be when this is out?! Don't you think doing this means you love your name and the society more than you love the victim? Am I wrong?! I don't think so. The Lebanese society is very much like this not only about this subject

but many other taboo subjects.

You need to get over the "right" mentality your society imposes on you for being acceptable and honorable, for a change do the right "right" thing, love care for and help the victim or it will lead to very severe consequences.

These wrong reactions from the loved ones would most probably lead the victim to the extremes as in to start doing drugs, annihilate themselves from friends and society or even to commit suicide. So when you, the people who the victim thought would be accepting and understanding, have the opposite reactions, you should blame yourself not the victims for taking the wrong path and hitting the end line early.

A question to ask yourselves, do you want to be that person?!

I also want to address rape victims with the following words:

DON'T be afraid to speak out. Making it a public issue can influence attitudes.

It is not your fault, you did nothing wrong except being a sweet innocent human soul pulled into a situation that hurt and scarred you.

You should not let it control you or your life. On the contrary, YOU have experienced it yourself so you know how it makes people feel, FIGHT for it, FIGHT to stop it.

To all the rapes who are afraid of letting it out: Report abuse for your and the coming generation's sake...

Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)



George is an only child whose parents are divorced. To support him, his mother has to work for long hours. Thus, he spends his evenings with his stepfather who helps him with his homework, makes him dinner and even irons his school uniform.

It's almost 7 and it's his bedtime. Before he puts his head on his pillow, he kneels next to his bed to pray to God like any other 7 year old kid. "Dear God," he begins, "I am a bad kid. My stepfather... He's a good man and I kept doing things which make him mad. I try to behave, but my smallest mistakes drive him crazy. Today, when he was helping me with my math homework and I thought $2 + 2$ equaled 5, he suddenly snapped and got angry. He gave me the look which he gives me every time he decides to do what he did today. He took me to my bedroom, threw me on the bed and started touching me all over. I tried to resist but he didn't back down. He kept on telling me I'm a bad boy who needs to be punished. He called me a worthless child

whose own mother doesn't even care about... He did all this while he kissed my face and rubbed my private parts. I tried to resist, but he's so much stronger than I am. All I could do was scream and shout, but it was all to no avail...

When he found out that I told my mother about this, he told her I'm just trying to get back at him for shouting at me while helping me out with my math homework. She believed him and beat me. How I wish I was making all this up.

Maybe I am; maybe I've only been dreaming the past 21 days. Anyway, God, I wish that you would stop this dream once and for all. I know it's still early, but think of it as my Christmas present from Santa! I wouldn't ask for anything else! I promise!" As he is about to finish his prayer, George hears heavy footsteps moving towards his room. It is his stepfather, getting ready to rape and molest 7-year-old George. "God", George says, "I have to go now. I think I might be having that dream again. I just hope that when I wake up, things will be okay."

This hypothetical story may be similar to many stories of people who have shared their experiences about sexual abuse and molestation at a young age by an older person. The demented pedophilic abusers may be close relatives whom the kids' parents trust, neighbors who occasionally visit the household, a nanny, or in many cases, even the parents themselves.

You may wonder how sick someone should be to be able to transform the most innocent time of a human's life into hell on earth while keeping a relaxed conscience. Well, there are manic people in the world who have molested children and still do so. What pleasure they get out of a screaming child trying to resist the forceful touching and rubbing, I do not know. What I can tell you, though, is that most of these children grow up with a sense of **guilt** and **shame**, thinking that they brought it upon themselves and that their faults were the cause of their sexual assault. Rapists instill a sense of guilt in these children, especially when they claim that their victims occasionally find the sexual acts pleasurable.

However, shame is what these tormentors should feel - not their victims.



Manuel Kurkjian (ADC)

A few weeks ago, my family and I were invited to a friend's wedding. The wedding was wonderful and extravagant; the groom was handsome and the bride looked like a real Barbie doll. Everyone had a wonderful time, but no one saw the sadness in the bride's eyes. She was being forced into the marriage.

This is a scene that we repeatedly see in the Lebanese and Middle Eastern societies. For reasons such as money or fame, girls are "sold" to the highest bidder. When I hear about such cases, one thing comes to mind: RAPE.

Rape is quite common in the world today. In some countries, people accept the victim and try to help him/her. The situation however, is much different in the Arab world. Even when the family knows that the victim was forced and that what happened was against her personal will, they still find ways to reject and blame her. My question here is: What about my friend that was forced into marriage? Isn't she being raped by her husband? Why is it right in her case? Why is rape being hidden under the large banner of the religious and marriage laws?

The answers to all the questions above lie in the folds of our patriarchal culture. Whether we care to admit it or not, no one looks at my friend's case as marriage rape; in a way she is just an object. Her parents thought of her as if she is their personal belonging. The

moment they found someone willing to pay enough for her, they sold her. Now, she became the "property" of her husband and he's free to treat her in anyway he sees fit. Moreover, even if he forcefully sleeps with her, it's her "duty" to comply. Society, religion and the law give him the right to do whatever he wants with her. As a matter of fact, Lebanese law clearly states that the wife is the property of her husband.

My question is, why do we have double standards for everything in our society? Why do we look at a girl raped as a perpetrator instead of a victim? Why do we look at a prostitute as a woman stripped from her morals? Why are those women regarded as people who have done wrong, while we praise and applaud women who get married against their will and whose husbands force them to have intercourse through violent behaviour everyday of their lives?

Please understand that rape is rape, no matter what the situation or circumstance is. Marriage does not change the fact that it is still rape, neither does it make it right. Just because laws say that a woman belongs to her husband and that rape is only considered rape if it's done by a stranger does not mean that these rules and regulations are absolute truths. Laws were not written by God; people should understand that we have the ability to go against them in cases where there is sexual assault, even if the assaulted is being victimized by her own hus-

band.

Finally, people should understand that every person is an individual. Women are individuals who have enough intelligence to govern themselves. No matter what the case, my

body belongs to me, my mind functions perfectly and the only boss of me is myself. I do not belong to anyone, I will not be "sold" to the highest bidder and I will not give anyone the right to rape me even under the guise of marriage. I am not speaking on behalf of my name per se, but on behalf of all women who know and believe that they are no one's property and they never will be. Rape is wrong; do not hide it under slogans such as marriage. They are, and always will, remain wrong!

Amani Kandil (PSC)



So you think that only men are rapists? Think again!

The victims of rape in most cases are women, but men can be victims too. Just because most rapists are male (99%) does not mean that

women are incapable of being rapists. Actually, they are the ones most likely to get away with their crimes. It is

nerve-wrecking to think that there are female rapists out there, especially teachers molesting their young students. Often, rape victims are too scared or ashamed to tell someone about their sufferings. This applies even more strongly to men who are sexually abused by women or are deluded into thinking that they are in love. Boys as young as thirteen have married their abusers, who are sometimes more than 20 years older than they are, and have even fathered children with them, believing that they are in love. This is considered statutory rape because it is against the law for an adult to engage in sexual intercourse with a minor, who, legally, is not allowed to consent to it. Other times the victim is intoxicated first through the use of either drugs or alcohol, and is thus unable to resist the attacker. I know of a case

where an eight year old boy was repeatedly sexually abused by his nanny. The parents were busy working all day and could not take care of their son, so he was vulnerable. Because of this great neglect, the poor boy grew into a twisted man with problems that altered his whole life forever. It makes me sick to my stomach to read about these terrible women. They destroy human lives and don't even feel that it's wrong. In this immoral world, many important values have come to be ignored or rejected. How can we let this kind of thing go unnoticed? I urge you all to become aware of this problem and fear the power of the "weaker sex".

Natascha Schellen (ENL)

Expert Review:

Inasmuch as I would like to commend the four students on their passion with regard to rape and their interest in making this subject a public concern; and inasmuch as I join them in sympathizing with the victims and realizing the urgent need for the establishment of centers to attend to their needs, or the creation, at least, of support groups, I have the following comments to make:

All four articles lacked a definition of rape. I shall, therefore, start by providing that definition: Rape takes place when sexual intercourse is imposed by force and without the consent of the sexual partner. Rape has very little to do with sex and a lot to do with power and control. In Lebanon, the law defines rape as a sexual act performed by force with someone other than one's spouse; the understanding is that a husband can never rape his own property. Although examples of rape abound (one woman out of three), the examples, cited by the four articles, do not meet the challenge. The examples given of female teachers taking advantage of teenage boys, though the American legal system calls it statutory rape, they are in fact examples of sexual molestation or pedophilia rather than rape in its traditional meaning; and the example of women marrying for money or convenience could be equated more with legalized prostitution rather than with rape. This kind of marriage could be equated with rape if intercourse takes place against the woman's will. If it is consensual then it is not rape! Our young authors may be interested to know that according to Lebanese law, if the rapist is caught and he agrees to marry the victim then all charges are dropped and he goes free with impunity.



Moreover, rape is only one manifestation of the physical and or sexual abuse perpetrated against women. Women are sexually abused through incest, molestation, spousal rape and sexual assault, and sexual harassment at the workplace in addition to rape. What is of extreme interest is the fact that the majority of rape cases are perpetrated by someone close to the victim. Random rape is a rare species! However, what makes these crimes even worse is the fact that the victims are normally subjected to sexual abuse in private, and since talking about it remains a social taboo in Lebanon, very little is known about it. Should this violation of women's basic human rights be ever made public, it is the victim who is disgraced. A very good example is what happened recently in Saudi Arabia, where a nineteen year old woman was gang-raped (seven men). The court decreed that the victim should not have been alone in the company of strange men and should, therefore, be subjected to 200 lashes and a prison sentence of six months. Her lawyer, apparently, faces disbarment for having talked to the media about the case.

Unfortunately, the organizations that are aware of and dealing with women's sexual abuse are very few and not properly equipped to deal with such issues. Thus, we find that auxiliary bodies such as the medical corps, police officers, social workers, lawyers and others, do not recognize, in most instances, the victims' needs and, therefore, fail to investigate them, let alone deal with them or treat them. The situation is compounded by the lack of awareness among the women victims themselves. In the absence of any family or community support, these victims find themselves lost not knowing where or whom to turn to. This further accentuates the obstacles in the way of ever revealing the abuse or acts of violence that are being perpetrated against women.

The needs of these victims require specific care, support groups, adequate facilities, and specialized professionals. I hope that our young authors would take it upon themselves to start awareness raising campaigns among their fellow students, both male and female, and perhaps start initiating support groups for the victims.

Lamia Rustum Shehadeh, Ph.D
Near Eastern Languages and Literatures
Harvard University



The HU Environmental Club



Tree Huggers!

You may be wondering why the borders of this page are decked with pictures of some peers and professors (you may or may not recognize) hugging one of the few trees, (if not the only tree), in HU. In case you didn't know, the "Tree Hugging Campaign" was one of the activities carried out by the Environmental Club during the first-ever HU outdoors. The objective of this campaign was to show support for all the trees out there who are going through a very rough time; you know, getting burned and all! The club members were surprised at the look of difficulty they faced in convincing people to "strike a pose" with the tree. Of course, some only took the picture with the mere intention of adding another glam shot to their album collections. Some even visualized the poor tree as

their shiny strip pole (one of those pictures is on this page, just look closely). Overall, we commend those of you who hugged the tree for selfless purposes and shall inform you of the benefits of hugging a tree (Yes! There are benefits!)

For starters, when you are feeling unsettled, drained, anxious, sad, tense, or just plain nervous, in the following article, we'd advise you to go outside and hug a tree! This is so, because when you do hug a tree, the tree can share its nurturing, vibrant energy with you, clear your thoughts, promote relaxation, soothe your frazzled nerves, refresh your health and open up your heart. Put your arms around the trunk, with your face against the bark and your weight against the tree, and simply hug it. Do this for at least thirty seconds at a time!

Hugging or sitting with your spine against the

trunk of any tree can ground your body and establish a vibrant connection with nature. Making physical contact with a tree can help you relax, alleviate stress, sleep more deeply, and create an aura of positive energy.

So, try hugging a tree three or four times a day. There is a one in the quad. Go hug it. This particularly comes in handy before an important exam. Who knows? You may end up getting a good grade.



The Environmental Club members promote environmental awareness at the first ever HU Outdoors

Are Haigazian Students Smarter Than Your Average 10th Grader?

This was the question the Environmental Club itself attempted to tackle. Last semester, the Environmental Club organized an Environmental Knowledge Contest which seven different Lebanese high schools took part in. We asked them around 100 questions, each to be answered in less than 1 minute. The questionnaire included multiple choice, true/false, and

short answer questions.

Here's the twist. During the current semester, we decided to see how many HU students knew about the environment. So we chose 20 easy questions from the same questionnaire that was given to the high school students and roamed around campus asking students to form a group of 3-4 people, in order to answer the questions.

Even though HU students had all the time they needed to answer the 20 questions, the highest grade they achieved (not to mention the ONLY passing grade) was 12/20. The funniest part was the following: not only did the high school

students get better grades; they answered the exact 20 questions correctly, which means that three 16 year olds got 20/20 for questions that a group of around 20 year olds couldn't even guess correctly. We seriously hope that those HU students who answered the questions are the only ones in the university who don't know much about their environment.



High School students participate in the competition last April

Did You Know?

1. 63,000 square miles of rainforests are being destroyed each year.
2. In Peninsular Malaysia, more tree species are found in 125 acres of tropical forest than in all of North America
3. Already over half of the world's tropical forests have been lost.
4. Approximately four billion tonnes of carbon accumulate in the air each year.
5. Every day, 50 to 100 species of plants and animals become extinct as human influences destroy them.
6. Over 100 pesticide ingredients are suspected to cause birth defects, cancer, and gene mutations.
7. Every tonne of recycled office paper saves 380 gallons of oil.
8. Energy saved from just one recycled aluminium can could operate a TV set for 3 hours, and is the equivalent to half a can of gasoline.
9. Homeowners use up to 10 times more toxic chemicals per acre than farmers do.
10. We use 50 million tonnes of paper annually -- consuming MORE THAN 850 MILLION TREES.
- 11 Replacing every 75 watt light bulb with an energy efficient light bulb can prevent one tonne of carbon dioxide from being released into the air.
12. Every day, 40,000 children die from preventable diseases caused by pollution.

Upcoming Projects

This year, the Environmental Club is planning to execute at least 2 main plans. One of these projects is the Reforestation campaign which took place on the 8th of December. For a whole week in November, the members set up a stand on campus, where they informed the students of the wildfires invading Lebanon, collected donations, and recruited volunteers for the project. Our next project, in collaboration with the

NSSS, will be the Water Testing project.

During summer, the Environmental Club members took the initiative to start such a grand project where they will be visiting around 600 homes in the Greater Beirut area, to collect water samples from their taps and filters. They will also be providing these homes with brochures with the intention of building awareness on the types of diseases one may encounter from bathing or drinking polluted water, some simple methods of

purifying water, various types of filters that could be used depending on the pollution encountered, and special offers from filter companies (courtesy of Haigazian University Environmental Club).

The samples collected will be tested in the HU labs by the Natural Science Student Society, and the households will be informed accordingly. Furthermore, a report will be handed to the municipality and a number of NGOs in Lebanon.

Love, Yeah Right...



One of the definitions of "love" in the English Dictionary is: "to feel romantic, passionate, caring and sexual desire and longing for somebody." Apparently, this kind of "love" is contagious, especially nowadays, as I realize that everyone around me is talking about this "love". But a question arises in my mind: shouldn't this so-called "love" bring joy and happiness to people? That IS what the definition itself states: ROMANTIC, PASSIONATE, CARING and SEXUAL DESIRE! Then why are the people around me who are supposedly in "love" miles away from these characterizations? If I were to define "love" from what I'm seeing of the people around me, it will most probably contain the words BITTER, HURTFUL, CRUEL and PUNITIVE instead.

I wonder why "love" is this way. Is it a way to prepare people to reconcile with early death, or more precisely emotional death? This "love" is causing people to grow apart from their friends and loved ones just because of getting hurt after falling in "love" with the wrong person who turns out to be completely unworthy, unreal, unintelligent and most importantly, unde-

serving of the tears they caused.

A person I know, who out of due respect I will call X, approached another person, Y, for purely sexual reasons, not taking into consideration that it might evoke the so-called "love". After a sexual encounter, X realized that the aforementioned feelings had disappeared, while Y's feelings grew stronger.

Having X not in "love" anymore and Y in "love" complicated things and was behind the end of the "relationship" or "friendship".

Y was grieving for being in "love." But after a few weeks, Y got into a relationship with another person. So I ask where the so-called "love" went. How did it just disappear so quickly?

Moving on, the summer ended, the two started seeing each other again. To our surprise X started to develop the same emotions that Y had felt before, perhaps even stronger. However, unfortunately, this time around, Y wasn't feeling the same. X suffered for having one-sided "love" towards Y and went into a large-scale depression phase and drowned in feelings of self pity. You may say this was not "love"; you may even call it pure lust. I won't say you are wrong or right. All I will say is when these two felt these emotions, they were in a state of what they considered to be "love".

Some of you may defend "love" by saying that the end result was expected since the two didn't really know each other well. Well, I beg to differ. Two of my acquaintances were in a relationship for a bit over half a decade. They were a happy couple; completely in "love" - a kind of "love" I haven't ever witnessed before in my life. It was a relationship every person on earth would have wished for, right? Well, not really.

One day, one of the two love birds confesses that feelings started to develop towards someone else and that the feelings felt for the "lover" weren't the same anymore. You may ask why, how, and what hap-

pened? The answer you will get is "who knows?". This made the one still in love go into complete and utter oblivion; it was the shock of a lifetime. This revelation scarred the life of this person. However, it should not be the end of feelings or emotions in general. The "love" was gone, but everything was great; how come it was gone, what went wrong?

It is really common to fall in love with the wrong people but the question is WHY and what can you do to stop it? All the answers I got so far is "I'll kill myself", "I'll be a necrophile", "I'll be an asexual", "I'll be a non-social, non-emotional machine" and many more statements of the like.

Can you, the reader, still defend that the definition of "love" is correct?

Those who have ever shed a tear for "love" should listen attentively to the following:

Don't give up on life; it is really a beautiful and amazing gift

Don't be antisocial; some friends' love is worth more than the other "love".

I think all those people who are desperately longing for "love" should take it easy, live life and enjoy every single moment of it. I'm not saying don't love. Please don't get me wrong. I talked only about the second definition of "love". What I'm saying is that people who fall in love with the wrong people will eventually get hurt, but they should never give up. The kind of "love" you are looking for will come in time, even when you least expect it!



Stepan Harmanlikian (ADC)



The Four Candles

"The darkness that engulfs the world can be dominated by the luminous ray of light. This light can be created in each one of us if we keep a flame lit in our hearts and we believe in it."

I personally agree with the statement, and since I have the opportunity to, I want to share a short story that I read online: The story of "The Four Candles."

There were four candles in a room burning slowly; It was so quiet that you could hear them whispering. A candle spoke first: "I am Peace, but I believe I will go out... No one can keep me lit anymore." And the flame died.

Then whispered the other candle: "I am Faith... I became dispensable to the world."

Slowly, it went out in the soft breeze.

Right before going out, the third candle spoke: "I am Love! People don't understand my importance any longer; they have even forgotten to love those closest to them."

Suddenly a child entered the room and saw that three of the candles were out. With tears in his eyes, he asked, "Why did they stop burning?!"

At that moment, the last candle said, "I am hope." The child smiled and with shining eyes took it and lit all the other candles once again; for as long as the candle of hope kept burning, it could restore and maintain Peace, Faith and Love. That same candle is what every one of us needs to keep the flames burning and to live in light rather than darkness.

Kohar Eid (ADC)

Foundations for Futures

Throughout your life, you pass through many stages. The two most important stages are school life, and university life.

Within these two phases, make you experience various new things and so much knowledge on so many topics. However, all those things have their own characteristics, and they all lead to different choices.

School gives you the basic knowledge that each person should acquire. Moreover, in school you meet friends that become so close to you that they become like family members.

Early on during your life, your parents make all the decisions for you and teach you what's right and what's wrong, they also influence much of how you think.

On the other hand, university is a completely different phase - some people pass through it, others don't. At university, you master information about a specific major of your choice, but you also learn so much about life and how to deal with other people in society.

Another major difference between the two stages of life is that at university, the people you meet don't easily become your close friends, because by the time you're a university student, you are a mature person who can make his/her own decisions, and you don't easily succumb to peer pressure.

School and university are both necessary for an individual to piece things together and complete her/his personality. They are both periods that a person should experience and pass through to be able to build foundations for their futures.



Brook-Anna Saikali (MIS)

Christmas is a special and blissful occasion celebrated once a year around the world; it involves big family gatherings and dinners, bright lights illuminating the roads, and decorated trees with shining ornaments embellishing the homes. However, this is a very stereotypical image, because Christmas is celebrated quite diversely in different countries; each observes its own traditions and cultures.



Italy: Epiphany is the day that marks the end of the 12 days of Christmas and lies on January 6th. Children receive presents on this day, not by Santa Claus, but by an ugly, but kind witch. The witch delivers the presents at the end of Christmas because she is said to have visited Baby Jesus at the beginning of the festive season.

Guatemala: "Misa del Gallo"

(Mass of the Rooster) is celebrated in churches across Guatemala. A legend says that a rooster crowed the midnight Christ was born and this mass is celebrated in honour of the rooster.



Jordan: Red and gold lights illuminate the halls of houses, Christmas Eve is celebrated with family and relatives together, and a big dinner is prepared which constitutes traditional Arab dishes like "Wara Dawwale" and grilled chicken with rice. After the big dinner, families attend church to celebrate the Midnight Mass; alternatively, some people prefer renting a room for the night of the 24th - 25th in a 5-star hotel, where luxurious Christmas parties are hosted.



Taiwan: Although Christmas is not legally recognized, Christmas Day coincides with the day of signing the constitutional pact of the Republic of China in 1947, and is therefore a national holi-

day - however it is not a full legal one as of a constitutional amendment in 2001.

Christmas is celebrated unofficially, but in a much different way, adapted to suit south eastern Asian designs.



Latvia: Christmas is of particular importance to this Eastern European

country.

Father Christmas delivers presents on each of the 12 days of Christmas, which are put under Christmas trees. Furthermore, it was in Latvia that the first Christmas tree was decorated. Meals are (as always) very traditional; one of many unique meals is bacon sauce with cooked brown peas, cabbage and long sausages, as well as small cylinder-shaped pies.



Christmas trees raised on streets with shiny ornaments and luminous lighting all over the city.

Germany: Roast goose is a specialty on the Christmas feast table. Gifts are brought by the "Weihnachtsmann" (St. Nicholas) or the "Christkind" (a child resembling Baby Jesus). Berlin is renowned for having tall



Armenia: Christmas preparations commence many weeks in advance. Families make their houses spotless, cleaning them from top to bottom so as to anticipate the arrival of the local priest, who will come and bless the house with salt

and water. This ceremony is also celebrated among the Armenian Diaspora across the world. Generally, since Armenians don't eat animal food during the week leading to Christmas, fresh vegetables, rice pilaf, rice pudding, braided bread, dried fruit, and the traditional "anoushabour" (wheat, berries, and apricot pudding) have become more customary for this holiday season. Armenian Christmas is celebrated on January 6 worldwide.



Australia: Australia has a very distinctive Christmas celebration in comparison to Western cultures, as this island celebrates the festive holiday during the summer season - beach parties, backyard barbecues, and folks sitting on blankets singing Christmas carols with lit candles are all customary activities during Christmas. Even the food is different; champagne and pavlova (fruit topped with whipped cream) are preferred over the usual eggnog and puddings.



Spain: "Hoguera" (bonfire) is a unique event where people jump over fires. This is said to protect them from illness. It was originally a pagan tradition but was adapted later to suit the Christian convention. In traditional Spain, the Three Wise Men deliver the gifts, not Santa! They travel around the country, and to Bethlehem, filling presents inside children's shoes.

Antranik Narguizian (ADC) & Kohar Eid (ADC)

For the "Outdoors," we decided to make a collective story: We started it with the sentence below, and anyone and everyone passed by and added a line. We thought we'd end up with an intelligent, mind stimulating story, but to my sad, sad, sad, surprise, we ended up with the below. To some, it is funny. So read on; you might be amused.

jf (BIO)

I had a dream of Christmas Eve. Santa.....

Came down the chimney laughing. Ha Ha Ha.

I was really scared of him, so I hit him with my shoe.

The shoe bounced off his beard and hit the tree. Then the tree fell down, and the lights went off. That's when I kissed him. He smelled of milk and cookies!

He asked me to marry him, but I said the North Pole was too cold for me!

He offered me a lifetime of presents; it was tempting...

But my heart was promised to the Easter Bunny! Even though the Easter bunny's brother was one of the secret admirers of mine! The Easter Bunny's brother had a friend who was a fox. Santa urged me to forget about them all.

The following Christmas, David Hasselhoff was next to my tree, naked, sweaty, and unbelievably confused. I tried offering him something hot, but all he wanted was a cup of "Pamelaccino," I needed to add a couple of Playboys to the mix I had so he would shut up. I was sad afterwards, those were my favorite issues.

Out of hope, and out of Playboy magazines, I surrendered and ended up watching old reruns of Baywatch.

I realized David Hasselhoff thought Pamela was better-looking than me so I wanted to become a blonde!

Alas, however, I also realized that in order to become one, I had to kill most of the brain cells that I had. And so, I set on a journey with the goal of reaching an unknown world... The world of the "Blonde" where nothing made sense, and logic was forbidden... I knew that I needed to make huge sacrifices... But first of all, what I need to say is...(pause); So, like, yesterday I bought this, like, really nice Gucci bag... Oh my God! I'm already getting there!

Oh dear God... What am I talking about? Rewind... I am wonderful just the way I am, with the magnificent morals I have... WAKE UP!

And guess what?! Santa Claus was coming right down the chimney?! How come? Were the things I saw real or were they just a fantasy? OH MY GOD!! IT WAS REAL! Santa was inside my house with a bunch of presents in his hands. Since I was a little child, I always had the dream of someone getting me an X-box!

So it was the best time to wish for one! I ran to Santa and screamed, "Santa, Santa, I wish for an X-box this Christmas"...AND Tra Tra Tra he got me one!

Little did I know, that Santa turned out to be quite creepy in his own kind of way...What the???

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Bar Jokes

A guy walks into a bar with a slab of asphalt under his arm and says, "A beer please, and one for the road."

An amnesiac walks into a bar and asks the bartender, "Do I come here often?"

A guy with dyslexia walks into a bra.

A termite walks into a bar and asks, "Is the bar tender here?"

René Descartes is in a bar at closing time. The bartender asks him if he'd like another drink. Descartes says, "I think not," and he disappears.

A Northerner walks into a bar in the Deep South around Christmas time. A small nativity scene is behind the bar, and the guy says, "That's a nice nativity scene. But how come the three wise men are all wearing firemen's hats?" And the bartender says, "Well, it says so right there in the Bible-the three wise men came from afar."

A guy walks into a bar and sees a horse behind the bar serving drinks. The guy is just staring at the horse, when the horse says, "What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen a horse serving drinks before?" The guy says, "Honestly, no. I never thought the parrot would sell the place."

A pair of battery jumper cables walk into a bar. The bartender says, "You can come in here, but you better not start anything!"

A cheeseburger walks into a bar, and the bartender says, "Sorry, we don't serve food in here."

A young Texan walks into a bar and orders a drink. "Got any ID?" asks the bartender. The Texan replies, "About what?"

A polar bear, a giraffe and a penguin walk into a bar. The bartender says, "What is this, some kind of joke?"

A guy walks into a bar in Cork, Ireland, and asks the barman: "What's the quickest way to get to Dublin?" "Are you walking or driving?" asks the barman. "Driving,"



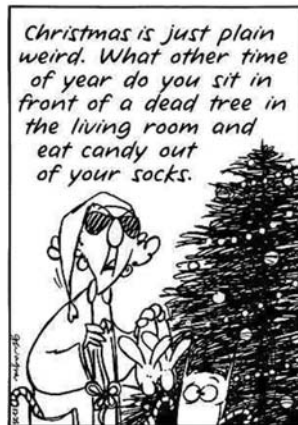
says a man. "That's the quickest way," says the barman.

A guy goes into a bar, orders four shots of the most expensive 30-year-old single malt Scotch whisky and downs them one after the other. The bartender says, "You seem to be in a great hurry." The guy says, "You would be too if you had what I have." The bartender asks, "What have you got?" "Fifty cents," is the reply.

A man walked into a bar, sat down, and ordered a beer. As he sipped the beer, he heard a voice say, "Nice tie." Looking around, he saw that the bar was empty except for him and the bartender. A few sips later, another voice said, "Beautiful shirt." At this, the man calls the bartender over. "Say, I must be losing my mind," he tells him. "I keep hearing these voices say nice things, and there is not a soul in here but us." "It's the peanuts," explains the bartender, indicating a dish on the bar. "The peanuts?" "That's right, the peanuts--they're complementary."

A man walks into a bar with a giraffe. He says, "A beer for me and one for my giraffe." And they stand around drinking for hours until the giraffe passes out on the floor. The man pays the tab and gets up to leave. The bartender says, "Hey! You're not going to leave that lyn' on the floor, are you?" The man says, "That's not a lion, it's a giraffe."

A blind man walks into a bar, grabs his dog by its hind legs and swings him around in a circle. The bartender says, "Hey, buddy, what are you doing?" And the blind man says, "Don't mind me. I'm just looking around."



- If athletes get athletes foot,
what do astronauts get?
* Missile-toe!

- The 3 stages of man:
He believes in Santa Claus.
He doesn't believe in Santa Claus.
He is Santa Claus.

- What do you call people who
are afraid of Santa Claus?
* Claustrophobic

- Mom, can I have a dog for
Christmas?
- No, you can have turkey like
everyone else.

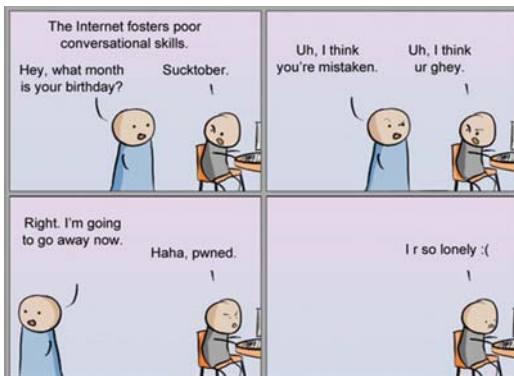
- What nationality is Santa Claus?
* North Polish.

Sudoku

3	9		6			8		
2						3		
		5		3	2			
		2		7				6
1			3		4			8
8				2		1		
			4	6		5		
		8						7
		4			1		6	9



The greatest trick that Santa ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist.



And finally....

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