



# Haigazian

The Haigazian University Student Newspaper



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Would you rather be called a racist or a traitor to your country?

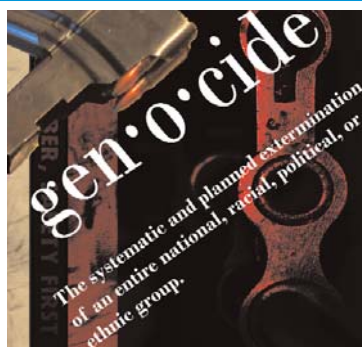
To check out HU students' answers, go to page 10

What Is **Self-Mutilation**?  
What are its causes, treatments and consequences?

To answer these questions and more, fast forward to pages 18 and 19

Why, oh WHY is the **Haigazian Herald** so late this semester?

Calmly flip to page 2 to find out.



As the 93rd anniversary of the Armenian Genocide approaches, a non-Armenian student speaks on why the event of 1915 should be commemorated... See page 4.

Long queues at the Cashier's office and nonexistent parking spaces around campus are just some of the concerns HU students have.

Hop to page 5 to compare current student concerns with those dating back to the year 2000!



This year's HU workshop was very different from previous ones when it came to its theme, location, and organisation.

Learn more about the event on page 21.

## GRADUATING STAFF ALERT!

Two of our long-time **Haigazian Herald** staff members graduated last semester... Read on to see the parting words that Anita (English Literature) and Maro (Teaching English as a Foreign Language) wanted to leave us all with.

## One Last Thought...



I knew I had to write an article before graduating to bid farewell to Haigazian University... After all, I have been a member of the **Herald** for four and a half years... It is the least I can do,

right? However, I feel that my pen refuses to list all the things I am grateful for; it refuses to thank HU, and all the people that made my education possible and prepared me for the rest of my life... I feel those are felt rather than said, and I hope I made those people feel my gratitude during my stay. My pen forces me to bid my farewell through a message... It is amazing how the human mind works sometimes... But the moment I thought of this article, all I could think of was memory... And an article about memory you shall read.

As I am about to become a memory, the idea of "memory" provokes me. What is it? Why does it exist? Why has it perplexed the minds of so many people over years, and yet still remains a muddle of some sort?

(continued on page 2)

## And So the End is Here...



"Nothing lasts forever, even cold November rain..." I pause for a moment and try to recall the valuable time I spent in my beloved university, Haigazian. My friends and I walked around campus, and sat at the desks

that previous graduates left for us... Now, although it is time for me to leave those same desks empty, they have left my heart, soul and mind filled with memories, knowledge, and life lessons.

When I entered Haigazian as a sophomore, I was afraid; I thought this world was too big for my dreams, ambitions, and challenges. But it was here that I learnt that life is a challenge we must face, a struggle we must fight, and a journey we must complete... It was here that I enjoyed sharing dreams, love, and trust. It was here where I truly adopted the "Truth, Freedom, Service" slogan as my everlasting life principle. It was here where I would watch the trees of the garden, relax on the seats of the campus, and share the cafeteria food with my most cherished friends...

(continued on page 2)

(Cont. from page 1)



Romantic poets were overwhelmed by it, it was the source of their poetry; psychologists have been trying to analyse it and its impact on the human being; and scientists have been trying to prove its existence and locate its exact area in our brain, hoping perhaps to control it.

Why all this interest in memory? Could it be because we know that we will all surely become one sooner or later somewhere, sometime?

Memories torture people. How many times have you wished you could just wipe out the memory of an amazing day spent with a loved one who no longer exists, or a happy day that can no longer return?

Then again, what and who are we without memories? Can you picture a life with no memory? The emptiness of it just makes me nauseous. People who suffer from

memory loss are miserable simply because they have no identity... They are almost no one. Who am I without my past? Without the pictures I have taken to freeze some of the moments that have now slipped by... Without the memory of my first day at school, my first date, my first achievement?

Memories fill us with hope... Hope that we can remember what is gone, and somehow hold on to what ceases to exist.

My name will become a distant memory to HU; someone might pick up the yearbook of 2006 sometime in the next few years and see my picture, and I shall be remembered and will exist again... When we die, and we all will someday, we will remain just a memory in someone's head, and that is it. How absurd memory can get... But how valuable it is!

Honestly, I am afraid of becoming a memory because the idea that it exists in the head of human beings, but is beyond their grasp scares me; we have no control over it.

In my memory, I shall have these four and a half years at HU...

In my memory I hold no grudge against anyone at HU in spite...

In my memory... I shall always look back with a smile.

Farewell,

I now become a memory...

Anita Moutchoyan (ENL)

(Cont. from page 1)



Yes, your campus is small, but the values, love and trust that you put in us go beyond those of many campuses which are wider in space but narrower in spirit. I learnt that it takes courage to fulfill each commitment and to live each day with integrity and freedom. In a society where money is the only deity, it was you who taught us responsibility, courage, and determination. It was you who taught us that the power in us is greater than what we perceived it be. It was part of your small campus

where I learnt that the sky is the limit, and that tomorrow is a mystery. It was here where I learnt to challenge everything, to never surrender, to confront all weaknesses, to dare and destroy the power of wrong, and always use the power of right. But the journey in you is over...

I walk out of your campus carrying the courage, power, truth determination, and trust you gave me, but then again, I walk out an abandoned child: the real world I walk into might never be the second family you were, and still are, to me...

We shall never meet again but you shall always remain in my memory...

Nothing lasts forever? You WILL last forever...

Farewell, you...

Maro Krikorian (TEFL)

The delayed submission of the article below, our dear ladies, gentlemen, and others, is, for the most part, the reason that this here issue has taken so long to meet thine eyes and hands.

## The Limits of Education at Haigazian University



While getting acquainted with our new students during the Student Life orientation, we stress that the university believes in "a rounded education," which includes the knowledge the student gains in the classroom through discussing academic matters with the instructors, the improvement of communication skills through interacting with students on HU premises,

the enhancement of their social skills through getting involved in the various clubs/societies/sports teams of the university and challenging their talents, as well as strengthening their spiritual depth through the Campus Minister and the activities organised.

These and other university factors doubtlessly impact the growth of the students in a diverse way.

Lately, however, this situation has changed; off-campus factors have opened new paths for students' further development. Indeed, the more the university is networked to the global educational web, the more opportunities the university population is being offered.

The Lebanese National Commission of UNESCO Clubs is a case in this regard. Last year, a number of HU students participated in several workshops on Conflict Resolution Training which the Commission had organised. In turn, the HU participants held similar workshops for secondary school students.

Due to the dynamism of university life, its culture, and the preoccupations of HU students, several NGOs contact our offices offering workshops particularly prepared for HU students. An example in this regard was that of the Permanent Peace Movement's Conflict Resolution Workshop. Other NGOs call the university and ask for active students to participate in specific workshops on current concerns. Also, several local universities invite HU students to their campuses to attend workshops.

Furthermore, certain organisations usually ask for overly active students who would qualify as "above average," outspoken and active within their communities. Such students are to be sent abroad for varied exchange programs, or simply to further their education. The Japanese, South Korean, and the American Embassies offer selected HU students the opportunity to apply for MA/MS studies in their countries free of charge.

The increase in the number of such opportunities is a further challenge for the HU students to respond to the unconstrained limits of education at HU.

Antranik Dakessian  
Student Life Director



## Introducing the First-Ever HU Book Fair!



Exhibition.

Working under the theme of "Reading Awareness", ESTATIC was able to join both reading and educational intellect in this Book Fair. The books were mainly targeted at school teachers. However, there

On Thursday, February 28, 2008, ESTATIC, the (Education Society) planted a new seed in Haigazian University's soil: The first official Educational Resources

were novels, bestsellers, self-help books; even books that had to do with our HU courses, among others.

Participating in the exhibition were publishers such as Scholastic, Malik's Bookshop, EduGates, and Hamaykzin.



The introductory speeches at the opening were given by the Chairperson of the SBS Department Dr. Daoud Tawil, and the Dean of the Arts and Sciences, Dr. Arda Ekmekji.

Later, President Haidostian, Dean Ekmekji, and Dr. Basma Faour, Head of the ECE Department,

untied the red ribbon, officially declaring the exhibition open.

The fair went on for three consecutive days, and the many visitors included teachers from different places of Lebanon such as Sidon, Beirut, the Southern Suburbs, and Tyr.

Its aim was to try and help teachers gain more knowledge and new technology to improve the teaching and learning process for all students in the classroom.

Let's make sure that we take care of this fresh seed and ensure that we can give it enough resources to grow over the years in full blossom: Water it with your willingness to love books... READ!

Maysa Masri (EDU)

## Announcing the All New Political Science Society...

Dear HU students,

We are proud to announce that Haigazian University's Political Science Department students have created their own Political Science Society (PSS). Since the Political Science department is growing in number, we thought of creating a society and becoming part of "HU Life". Another reason for the creation of this soci-

ety is that HU students aren't even aware of a Political Science department!

The objective of the society is to bring together all the Political Science students to promote academic activities related to the department, and to plan activities relevant to the advancement of the different aspects of political science such as seminars, workshops and publication research. The society aims also at inviting outside speakers and identifying career opportunities at the national and international level.

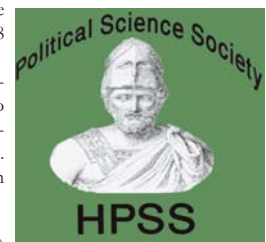
Some good news for HU students in general is that the Political Science Department is now offering

two minors:

- 1) A minor in International Relations. (18 Credits)
- 2) A minor in Middle East politics. (18 Credits)

All non-major students who are interested in politics are welcome. Hope to see you in our classes.

Vahan Hovsepian (PSC)



## There's a Lot You Hear in Silence...

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to spend a weekend somewhere far from the city with people whom you hardly know? What about spending it with your closest friends and getting to know them to a point that might make or break the relationship you have with them? Then spend your weekend trying to find something that instills truth and meaning to your life. Spend a day at a Spiritual Life retreat.

During the semester break, we spent the weekend with different people; some we knew, and others we weren't even aware attended Haigazian. It started off with long group discussions. It was pretty funny because our prolonged talks were actually one of the main topics of discussion. Think about it: sometimes, all you want to do is say what's on your mind, but what

happens when all you ever do is talk and never really listen? So much goes out, but nothing comes in, and then, in the end, you'll probably have nothing to say. This concept applies when you're trying to talk about God; some people may not believe in God, and others may have different faiths, but how will you approach these people if you don't know what their thoughts are? Have



you ever tried to stop the voices in your head and just keep them silent? I have to admit, it's pretty hard, but there's a lot you can hear once they're quiet.

The main topics discussed at the Retreat were Community, The Day with Others, The Day Alone, and Ministry. Each topic tackled the most important issues in our lives and our surrounding environment.

It was a great experience, and I'm really glad I got the chance to attend this retreat. Sometimes, it's quite amusing to talk about silly things, to have a laugh, to discuss a book, or even your courses - but it's when you don't have the answers that makes it more difficult to initiate a discussion, especially knowing that there's nobody in the WORLD with all the answers - except One. Once you get to know Him, you'll find what everyone's looking for, and then, through your experiences and understanding, you must tell others about it without being mocked or taken in a negligible manner. So what would you do - find the truth and tell it, or remain in the unknown?

NSA (ECE)

## Happiness Through a Glimpse of Hope



choose from, but out of the limited options I did have, the Community Service course seemed to be appropriate; it was appealing to me and it aroused my curiosity, so I didn't hesitate in taking it. Although I knew it would be an amazing experience, I was unaware that a one credit course could teach me more about life than I had

It started with a simple fact: I had to take a one credit elective course to graduate. I didn't have a wide variety of courses to

learnt through the books of all the three credit courses I had taken. Before I began, I thought about how marvellous it would be for me to be able to make a change, for I constantly heard people talking about how serving others helped them become better people, but I did not really know what that meant, or felt like.

My service at the St. Jude Children's Cancer Centre for this course would pave the way for me to "go beyond limitations and open my heart and mind to people." Once, when I was at the door leaving, a boy was coming in. He couldn't walk on his own; he had to be aided by his mother. I opened the door, smiled at him, and the minute I turned my back, I started crying. I didn't really know why, but at that moment, I realised how lucky, yet how ungrateful, I am. I realised that I sometimes take the gift of life for granted, by complaining about things which are not even worth it. When my biggest concerns were completing a report or studying for an exam, these children were struggling to live. They fight for every moment, not with despair, but with faith and acceptance.

I used to think that these kids felt hopeless

and were on the verge of losing faith in God, but I was wrong. I thought I would be the one telling these kids to have faith, but they made me feel ashamed with how little my faith was. These children were too young, but they knew they were not alone. I thought they would be sad, but they're the ones who taught me how to smile.

After only 15 hours of community service, I realised that the greatest gift we are given is life, but life without faith is a mere void. We only give when we give of ourselves, and when we give of ourselves, we grow in ways we could not imagine. This experience has not only made me feel needed and appreciated, but it has taught me that it is the small things that count. A few hours spent playing cards with these kids taught me lessons more valuable than I could learn in any classroom. I understood that my days are not counted by calendars, but by the moments in which I share part of myself to become a greater self. I shared the simple joys of these children as much as I shared their struggles, and I in turn grasped the notion that to live means the ability to hope, for we only feel alive when we dare to hope.

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

## Forgetting the Memory?

"Tab enno khalsouna ba2a. Get over it already, it's been 93 years."

This seems to be the general attitude of many non-Armenians (especially those at HU), as well as some Armenians.

All right. It's been almost a century since April 24, 1915, the day of the Armenian Genocide. It is about time the Armenians let go of this issue and get on with their lives. They have come a long way since; the rage is quite overdone, the topic quite worn out. WHAT is with those Armenians?!



Ottoman Turks forced Armenians out of their homeland. They dragged them to the deserts, raped the women, tortured the men...

To begin with, I believe that having both a mother and father of Arab ethnicity (or Phoenician, whatever floats your boat) establishes my stance as a third party with no direct involvement whatsoever.

Maybe to individually understand the whole situation, it would be better to push aside the whole "Armenian Genocide" issue for a while, and think of a small scale scenario that you could personally identify with - that always works better.

Pick a few family members you truly love. Picture them walking in a desert, under a merciless sun, with barely their clothes on as their last material asset, fleeing from the building they once called home, fleeing their country, the soil they belonged to and grew up on, putting strain so immense on the umbilical cord that connected them to their motherland that it ripped beyond comprehension, only to arrive onto a soil on which they felt completely estranged and marginalised. Meh, not good enough?

Okay. Let's give it the graphic details. Tripping on the mounds of sand, falling, collapsing with exhaustion and despair, forgetting what the word sleep meant, they continue, day colliding into night and combining into a meaningless fusion of harsh weather, stomachs chronically empty, with no available source of nutrition... Starving to death, agonised, two dimensional skeletons - once healthy, highly regarded members of



Murder, torture, starvation, illnesses... All led to more than 1,500,000 Armenian souls lost.

their society - sinking into the desert, their final resting place, with their minds travelling back home to be with their beloved progeny who had remained there bravely fighting cruel, avaricious oppressors. The valiant martyrs...

Images of reputable writers, thinkers, artists, scientists, philosophers... Elite minds, their bodies dangling from fraying ropes, swaying back and forth... Eliminate the thinkers. Efface the identity... And your beloved family members toil on, wondering whether they'll make it through, unsure of what might possibly become of them...

Not doing it for you?



"Ruthlessly eliminating the minds."

Imagine your precious family in a pitch dark cellar, cramped up with dozens of other beings (with no reassurance that all are human), cowering in silent horror with the certain knowledge that their death is right around the corner - maybe even literally, with those cruel soldiers prowling around, thirsting for innocent blood.

Picture your mother stifling your baby brother's face, sensing his struggle as he attempted to draw his last muffled breath to ascertain that silence will prevail in order to spare numerous lives: those of your father, you, and your siblings, alongside the lives of the countless others crowded in that damp room, which already stank of impending death. Picture her silently weeping over him, lamenting a child who may have had so much to live for, who may have become something great... Think of the gargantuan, indelible scar seared into her heart, mind, and soul due to her deed\*.

Think of all of this suffering upon your family, while somewhere in some dirty, ratty office sits a cigar smoking bigot entertained by the happenings, mocking your family and claiming the land and belongings they had to leave behind. Oh, and if your family members were lucky enough to survive, just think of this quaint little scenario: Some years later, the same cigar smoking creep invites your family members onto "his" land, into "his" home, feeds you from "his" produce, while he smiles to your face... And if you dared point a finger of blame, he would accuse you of ungratefulness. The neighbours appear to be unable to recognise that any misdeed has happened... You should just forgive and forget, pull through.

Forgive and forget? Get over it? Is that what you are saying the Armenians should do?

That would surely be a good idea, a step closer towards some form of world peace. Keep this in mind, however:

- Modern Armenia is 10% of its actual historical size. Ararat, the great Armenian mountain range, is now considered by many (if ignorant) to be part of Turkey.

\* Inspired by Siamanto's "Strangled."



Every April 24th, thousands of Armenians visit the Dzidzernagapert, a monument erected in memory of those lost during the genocide, and pay tribute by laying roses around the flame (which symbolises eternal life) lit within.



- The Turkish government still denies that the Ottoman Turks were anything short of angelic paragons - conveniently overlooking the millions of people they have killed, from Lebanese, Armenians, Greeks, Assyrians, to other minorities. The conflict with the Kurds is still ongoing, many of whom are still killed daily.

- The human losses, the land losses, the dignity losses, the improper burials, the scattering of bones, and that of families, some of whom still haven't found each other, all go denied.

- No attempts of recognition or repentance seem to be underway. The government still generally denies the happenstance of such a genocide - even though I have questioned some Turks about the matter, and they themselves have told me that their government is fully aware that the widespread claims of innocence are pure lies; however, owning up to their doings would put them in a position where they would have to pay dearly...

... And if denial isn't bad enough, modern Turkey tries to project the crimes onto the Armenians, calling them liars, claiming that the Armenians themselves have massacred Turks. Oh, and if in fact the genocide is real, then it's only a reaction to the atrocities the Armenians have committed.



One of the many churches (here, in Ani) that are being continuously destroyed.

- To this day, there is ongoing destruction of Armenian churches, monuments, graves, "khatchkars," etc... in Djulfa, Nakhichevan, Azerbaijan and Eastern Anatolia.

And THAT is "what's with 'those Armenians'."

...In memory of the **1,500,001** souls who have yet to rest in peace...

Jenni Feghali (BIO)



## Comment & "Answer"

Flipping through the ancient bound issues of the **Haigazian Herald**, we came across an "article" filled with our predecessors' hopes and dreams for the improvement of the quality of life at Haigazian.

The wishful article dates back to December 2000. Eight years later, in March 2008, we thought it would be quite interesting to see what has changed and what has improved within that era, and we graded the changes in parentheses. Our comments on the items are in blue.

1. Hope that the tuition fees would cost less. They sure do. They cost a total of around **NEGATIVE 5000 L.L.** less each year. (-1)
2. Hope that the tests would be easier. Well, everyone wants everything on a silver platter, but we believe that the education level is dropping everywhere, so we're happy with what the professors believe is fit - as long as the tests don't become masochistically difficult. (Also, refer to page 24, "How You Know You're an HU Student..." item number 3) (0)
3. Hope there would be more students. During Fall 2000, there were 445 students in total. The student count of the Fall semester of 2007 was 741. (+1)
4. Hope to have a bigger basketball court. Well, we guess the Quad might qualify as a basketball court (and a tennis, volleyball, soccer... etc court as well). (+1)
5. Hope to have a larger parking area for our cars. WE hope to have an area, PERIOD!! (-1204375029)
6. Hope to have a bigger campus. HU rented the College building 5 years ago, and the Quad is being renovated. The campus size has indeed increased! (+1)
7. Hope to have a larger Student Lounge. (0)
8. Hope to have more overhead projectors. We have LCD projectors almost everywhere now. (+1)
9. Hope to have a larger TV set in the student lounge. Yeah, sure, THAT we get. We now have a 36 inch widescreen plasma television whose volume creates vibrations that can be registered on Richter scales. Hey, we could become scientifically famous! (+1) Sadly, there are offices (especially that of the **Herald**!) in the Lounge where people **ATTEMPT** to work... (-1)
10. Hope to have coffee vending machines in the courtyard. We're neutral on that. (0)

11. Hope to have more ping-pong tables. Well, we have a gym now. That ought to shut us up for the time being. Until a barbell falls on someone else's foot (please infer it's happened once before) and they raise hell about it. (+1?)
12. Hope to have the dog next door disposed of once and for all. Blatantly, the dog's gone. It has, however, been replaced with unbearably noisy and CO producing generators. ...that even Bardo complain from. (-1)
13. Hope to have a lot of good quality markers. Markers are markers, and those are available. (+1)
14. Hope to have a silent generator. See item 12. (0)
15. Hope to have bigger boxes in the mail room. That's not too feasible. (0)
16. Hope to have a computerised library system. That, we got. Congrats, HU. (+1)
17. Hope to have an elevator that opens on all floors. We'll just overlook that one floor in the College building, and say that has been achieved. (+1)
18. Hope to have shelters from rain in the courtyard. Rain could be fun. But we do have some covered pathways now. (+1)
19. Hope to have quicker service in the cafeteria during lunch time. Let's take a moment to laugh together now. Next... (0)
20. Hope to have a smiling administration. Some administrators ARE very nice. However, we believe that most members have not changed since then. Moving on... (0)
21. Hope to have the HU co-op re-open... After some research, we found out that the co-op was a shop where you could buy items branded with the HU logo. (0)
22. Hope that last year's Focus will be published before New Year. I believe this is an invalid point. I'm sure that due to the Focus's atrocious timing, Haigazian will one day enter the Guinness Book of Records. (+1)
23. Hope to have reliable HU trip dates. Hmm... Well, on the upside, we can now blame the unstable political situation. (+1!)
24. Hope to have free transportation for educational field trips. We hope to have educational field trips often enough to have to make a comment as such. (-1)
25. Hope to receive all competitive university magazines on time. We don't. We believe the **Herald** is awesome,

- and we don't need any other magazine. :D (+1)
26. Hope to have free access to the internet. We dooooo! And we have wireless! (+2) But almost all the sites are blocked... (-1)
  27. Hope to have updated machines in labs. Updated or not, students will not hesitate to repeatedly abuse the equipment. Again, point's void. (0)
  28. Hope to have more access to some teachers during their office hours. We can't generalise here. (0)
  29. Hope to have more knowledgeable advisors 'advising!' You want something done properly, research it yourself first. (0)
  30. Hope to have a more comfortable video room. 307's acceptable. 009's good. The Student Lounge is good. Pass. (+1)
  31. Hope to have untitled writing boards for writing. We did not really get this... (0)
  32. Hope that teachers don't schedule exams in the video room. We're not sure this still exists. (0)
  33. Hope to have more varied courses as electives. As do we, as do we... (0)
  34. Hope to have evening courses at the university. As do we, as do we... (0)
  35. Hope to have no discrimination in granting scholarships. I do not really approve of this comment, so we'll just move on. (0)
  36. Hope to ban smoking on campus. Maybe the Environmental Club might want to work on that for climate change prevention, you know CO<sub>2</sub> production and all. Well, as long as it's outdoors, it's acceptable. (0)
  37. Hope to have a higher percentage of scholarships. Everyone, everywhere does. (0)
  38. Hope to have chocolate and sandwich vending machines in the yard. That would be quite cool... (0)
  39. Hope to have a special room for the **Herald** meetings. We got one, strategically located in the Student Lounge. Although the door says **Herald Room**, it is in fact the Publications Room, meaning there are 3 computers that have nothing to do with the **Herald**. Without them, we'd have so much more space, and we'd certainly be happier - to say the least. (+1)
  40. Hope that all the above wishes come true... :|

jf



## I'm Gonna Kick Queue!

Staring at the clock waiting for your next course or scurrying to get an appointment with your advisor are not the only painstaking tasks that Haigazian students must undertake. Waiting for the statement of fees is without a doubt a very time-consuming task that all Haigazian students are responsible for. Every semester, that small cell at the end of the Administration area known as the "Cashier" witnesses heavy traffic, long queues, and slow, tedious paperwork. For one week, students are seen glued

to one another, loitering around that corridor awaiting their turn to enter. The sight is particularly unpleasant during summer, when the heat and the stench of sweat create a very catastrophic scene. "This is what triggers school shooting," one defiant man said sarcastically. Another woman, when asked how long she's been waiting, with a weary facial expression replied, "two hours." One person's experience stands as an example: "I came here for three consecutive days, waiting from morning till afternoon every day."



## Parking? Right.

What is happening to this world we live in? Life is becoming harder every day, and in every way. We cannot endure these hardships anymore, primarily because of all the terrible events occurring in our beloved country. We feel handicapped and thus incapable of reform. What can we do? Must we simply go along with the pressure? I think we can only withstand it for a certain limit of time.

I wake up every day, dreaming that the day ahead will probably be brighter than the previous one. Suddenly, I come to university and start my day with a parking problem. It's something everyone's going to have to deal with; traffic, automobiles changing lanes without signalling, and last but not least, the inability to find a single parking spot. I can understand that we can't park in the streets surrounding our university for security reasons - and I totally support that - but in return, it must also be

The wait in this case is not exactly like waiting in front of a "drive-in" queue; the scenario differs greatly here: your turn might never come on the same time or day you expect it to. Why? There are several reasons:

- 12:00 till 1:00 is the lunch break for students and faculty; that includes cashiers
- You get discouraged at the mere sight of a long line
- Well, you're in university; your course schedules might interfere with the time during which you originally wished to collect the statement of fees

...and thus you make a decision to come the next day, only to witness the same discouraging scenario. The blame doesn't lie on our cashiers, for they are only doing their jobs. However, as curious human beings, it is only common sense to wonder what is to blame. The presence of only ONE room serving SCORES of students, and the fact that each student spends a range of 5 to 20 minutes in the cashiers' office is definitely worth the finger pointing.

There are, however, solutions to this crisis - and the most efficient one is processing a private online database of the students' statements of fees, which can feed into the cashier's system. We already have access to the Haigazian mail server amongst other networked facilities, so why not make the statement available online too?

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

understood that since cars can't be compacted and taken to class with us, they must be parked in the vicinity of the campus. A parking lot specialised only for Haigazian students must be allocated even if for a monthly fee.

The issue is, all the surrounding parking lots are either occupied all day long, or reserved for the vehicles of owners who pay a monthly membership. Although it might be believed that the latter is obviously the answer to our prayers, getting a membership to one of those parking lots doesn't guarantee an everyday spot. Besides, you are usually obliged to leave your car key with the parking attendant. Unfortunately, that would be a big mistake, as the car will be driven like those bumper cars in amusement parks, and will at times suffer damages like bumps and dents.

Action must be taken; a solution must be implemented. We are under a lot of pressure due to this parking problem. This is because more often than not, despite our leaving home at least half an hour prior to class, we usually end up tardy, sometimes even absent, due to "cruising" around Haigazian looking for ONE FREE SPOT to park our cars.

Rami Fadi Kaddourah (ADC)



Christmas Open House



Christmas Feast in the Library (for library assistants & staff)



Faculty and Staff Christmas Dinner



Lecture by HU graduate Khatchig Mouradian (Heritage Club)



Assessment & Brainstorming Workshop (Haigazian Herald)



Nokia set up a stand & gave one student a chance to win a new cell-phone



Blood Donation Campaign



Student Painting Exhibition (Armenian Painting Course, ARM 274)





Ration Distribution (Desert Streams)



Lecture on Children's Books (Education Society)



Carmen Terzian and Manuel Kurkjian organise a YASA lecture as a course assignment



HU students are in awe after finally having the Focus in their hands.



Classical Music Performance (Music Club)



Biking from Tripoli to Beirut (Xtremers)



Business Competition (HUBS)



Hosting Armenian Editors from the Russian Federation (Heritage Club)





At the end of the Public Speaking course (ENG 229) last semester, Dr. Inglizi organised an event during which her students gave speeches in front of a panel of 10 distinguished judges.



Snow Trip (Social Activities)



Orientation for New Students (Student Life Office)



Potato Day (Desert Streams)



Meeting with Psychologist Michael Khoury, M.D. (**Haigazian Herald**)



Planting 300 trees in Ramlich (Environmental Club)



Visit to Kahl (Desert Streams)



Fayha Choir at HU





Meeting with ex Editor-in-Chief Mano Chilingirian  
(Haigazian Herald)



Computer Knowledge Contest (Computer Science Society)



Conflict Resolution Workshop (Permanent Peace Movement)



Party at Sidi - Monot (Social Activities)



Snow Camp (Xtremers)



20th Anniversary of the Liberation of Artsakh Lecture  
(Heritage Club)



Staff Christmas Dinner (Haigazian University)



Poetry Dedication (English Society)

## Would you rather...

- 1) Be blind or deaf?
- 2) Be called a racist or a traitor to your country?
- 3) Overthrow a dictatorship or lead one?
- 4) Always have to say everything on your mind or never speak again?
- 5) Forget who you were or who everyone else was?
- 6) Be forced to tell your best friend a lie or tell your parents the truth?
- 7) Be forgotten or hatefully remembered?
- 8) Be a tree or live in a tree?

**Ms. Mireille Bogharian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Both
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Ms. Najoie Nasr**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind (in a nice way)
- 5) Who every one else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Mr. Alec Mandoyan**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who every one else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Razmig Markarian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Dima Matta**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Bahaa Abou Hamdan**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Carole Hamalian**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Nerses Armani**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Sarag Payilian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Avo Sarafian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Brooke-Anna Saikali**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Suzan Al-Jawhari**

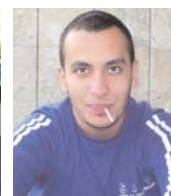
- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Marwa Al-Jurdi**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Wael Abou Khodor**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Hadil El-Helou**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Vahan Hovsepian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Kohar Eid**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) I would never tell my best friend a lie or tell my parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Hind Saad**

- 1) Blind
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Ahmad El Masri**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Manuel Kurkjian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Carmen Terzian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Amanda Dakramanjan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Anto Narguizian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again; I'd rather observe the world, than try to save it with superfluous talking
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Nayiri Kalaydjian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was (I can still remember them if I haven't forgotten myself)
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Be forgotten
- 8) Be a tree (a tree is life and if I'm life then I don't need to live as a human)

**Hussein Abou Daesh**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Always say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was, because I don't care please
- 6) I'd tell my best friend the truth that I was supposed to tell my parents
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) What the balogne... I'd live in one

**Rok Hamze**

- 1) Deaf... But I'd miss music ;(
- 2) A traitor to my "country"
- 3) Overthrow one, then create my own.
- 4) I already say almost everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my parents the truth, regardless of how ugly it is. I despise lying/liars
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Both options are equally bad in this tree-hating "country"

**Jenni Feghali****Farah Shaker**

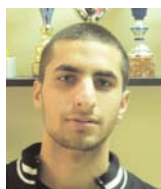
- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Imad Bou Fakhreddine**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Gassia Karajian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Chris Khatchadourian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Aseel Caballero**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Hrag Ashkarian**

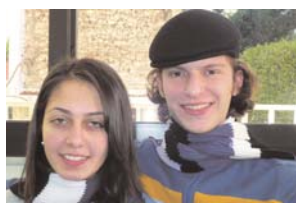
- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Forgotten

**Wafaa Tutunji**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) I don't care
- 8) Be a tree

**Zeina Baassiri**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Nare Kalemkerian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Garo Hagopian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Meriam Salam**

- 1) Blind
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Liana Hagopian**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my mom the truth, but not my dad
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Mher Kndoyan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered

**Sara Saleh**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie (a white one though)
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Stepan Harmanlikian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Araz Tchertchian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Vahan Kalaydjian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was (everyone else will remind me of myself)
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered (a Persian king said: whether for good things or bad, let people remember you)
- 8) Live in a tree

**Simon Sefilian**

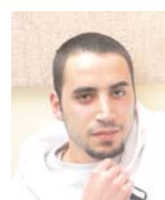
- 1) Neither
- 2) Racist (I am a patriot)
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree; a healthy one

**Elie Habbaki**

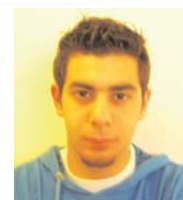
- 1) Blind
- 2) Free love. Free spirit. Free mind.
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Kevork Aroyan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Araz Kodjayan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Hagop Keoshgerian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Kevork Koshkerian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) None
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 6) Both
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Bedig Lakissian**

- 1) Both
- 2) Both
- 3) Overthrow one to lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 6) Who everyone else was
- 7) Tell my best friend a lie

**Kevork Vartanian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Sarine Topalian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Chafic Al Kowaty**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Jean Baghboudarian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Maria Karakoulian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Sevag Ghazarian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Nathalie Adourian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Maria Solakian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Hovsep Seraydarian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Garineh Vartanian**

- 1) Deaf, so as not to hear my annoying teachers' voices
- 2) Traitor (that's the only way to be successful in Lebanon)
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind; that's how I am, wish I could change
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

**Maria Feghali**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree

**Mohammad Tamsah**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree with the Ewoks

**Darine Darwiche**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Vartoug Tchanguolian**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree





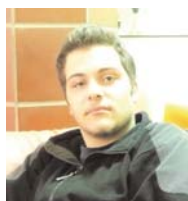
**Hagop Ghazarian**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Christian Karadaghlian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Talar Mahrejian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who every one else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree



**Bob Itani**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who every one else was
- 6) Tell my parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Khadija Safieddine**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Alex Beuyukian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree



**Layal Dabbous**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree



**Hanan Ismail**

- 1) Blind
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Never speak again
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree



**Zeina Sleem**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree



**Vatche Alexanian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Hovig Kebabjian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Hovig Chobanian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Clara Tenkerian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who I was
- 6) Tell my parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree

**Sarin Krikorian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered (Bad publicity is good publicity)
- 8) Live in a tree (can't imagine being cut)

**Sevag Akelian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Tamara Rabah**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Be a tree



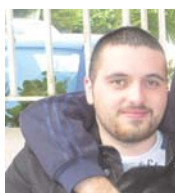
**Nader Toutounji**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Linda Haddad**

- 1) Deaf
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Forgotten
- 8) Live in a tree



**Sona Berberian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Avedis Kaloyan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell my best friend a lie
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree



**Karnig Baghdassarian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Anto Keurkunan**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Traitor
- 3) Overthrow one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Be a tree

**Haig Boghchalian**

- 1) Deaf
- 2) Racist
- 3) Lead one
- 4) Say everything on my mind
- 5) Who everyone else was
- 6) Tell parents the truth
- 7) Hatefully remembered
- 8) Live in a tree

## Enough!

"If women stopped driving, there would be much less traffic."

"I'm the man here, lady!"

"My car broke down again. I knew I shouldn't have let my wife drive it!"

"Dear Sirs..." a letter starts.

"Why do you need a job anyway? If we get married, you will be a queen by my side."

"I want a baby boy to be proud of."

"The managers and their wives are invited to an open-  
ing..." announced a company representative.

Women, Women, Women... Don't men get bored



of marginalising women and blaming them for almost every single problem they face? Aren't they tired of disregarding the fact that women are also part of society and play very essential roles equal to those of men? Is it so hard for them to admit that women are also capable of specialising in any field or profession?

This discriminatory concept has crossed the line to the extent that it's even obvious in everyday language. Discrimination of women has become a very critical issue, and it is known as "Sexism."

I want to highlight this issue, because I believe that language is a major determinant of how both our society and social justice are shaped. But how fair is language in treating both sexes equally?

I wonder why people tend to use 'masculine' phrases, like "mankind," when there exist alternatives, like "humankind."

And what about the biased beliefs that some parents raise their children by? For example, they would

say "Mike is a good looking, confident child and Michelle is a beautiful, shy child." Why? Can't girls be confident and strong?

I want those men who exclude women from society and underestimate their abilities to look around them, and carefully observe how many civilised countries have adapted non-discriminatory principles; in these cultures, "police officer" would be a common phrase used, instead of "policeman". I ask of men who discriminate against women to admire them and respect their existence. I insist they change their attitudes towards the opposite sex and understand that the only place to spark change is within them.

Life is beautiful. God made it that way; he created two sexes of (Ed's note: almost) all living beings on Earth, because they complete each other. We, human beings, must take nature as our best teacher.

Kohar Eid (ADC)

## Storms of December



Standing on the shore...

Gone astray by the silver moon-beams...

The heat of a teardrop on my cheek...

A craving within me greater than what I can bear...

A wish to abandon shelter for danger...

A desire to leave safety for jeopardy...

The waves crashing on the rocks...  
Feelings clashing within me...

A storm of emotions...  
Leaving spring behind for the frostiness of a winter...

The cold water reaching for my existence,

And I am longing to swim towards an unknown fate...

As I move slowly towards the depth

of the ocean,  
Somewhere between the sand and the sky, I crave for both...

Coveting the warmth, yet yearning for that endless fantasy...

I remain like the storms of December...

I linger like a wave breaking on the cruel shore...

Breaking again and again...  
While the sea washes its shores...

I silently wait for the day,  
When it will wash my tears away...

Eternally...

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

## Our Greek World



It's an inescapable situation; a

few years pass, then another shake comes into existence - not a milk shake - rather, one covered with red and black. Screams heard by deaf ears echo through the silence, a symphony conducted by a madman, and played by hypocrisy.

We live a Greek life; gods not caring for mortal affairs, quarrelling over personal matters instead. It is a power created by the working class, and it's eventually turned against

them. We live in the land of Atlantis; the moral story for the masses, tricked into believing it really exists. Our mental framework is fragile and inept, easily fooled by appearances, brainwashed by the multitude of gold and silver, until trials of self-change and copycats remain. This Greek world we live in is more Greek than ancient Greece itself.

Marwan Jaffal (HOM)

## Lullaby of the Damned



I put the baby in the cradle  
Staring at the cigarette burns on his arms

The bruises were bigger than his palm

He was deep in slumber  
He was too tired and beat

His eyes closed; a sign of defeat  
No lullaby to soothe his turmoil

Just feet rocking him violently to his very core

He aches, he is sore  
He'll give what it takes

If only he had something to give  
His monosyllabic vocabulary breaks

It's all fake

He'll give to live, if only he had something to give

His nakedness is for all to see  
Laid bare

For all to stare  
His blood is not his own

He can no longer hear a motherly tone  
Stoned

Pedophiles extend their claws  
Picking and pecking at each godforsaken flaw

Rotten meat, bleeding pus  
Is all that's left

Of the helpless corpse  
Another percentage in infant mortality

Morbid, sordid, bury him now  
Impossible dilemma

The child has no declared religion  
I just hate it when it gets political

Bury him by the cedar tree  
Take him to the mosque

Let the bells toll in the churchyard  
Then bury him under the old tree

But I beg of you, do it, do it now  
Damn the red, damn the child, that

nameless martyr  
Damn the white, damn the snow

he'll never get to see  
Damn the green, damn that cedar

They buried him under  
And damn those guns that sound like constant thunder

Damn you all for killing this child  
Damn your cruelty and damn your

malicious grins  
Damn you all for leaping under this

child's skin  
A cancer that grew

A plague that spread  
A rotten disease, the child dropped

dead  
It's been over a century now

The infant got weak  
He shriveled, he shrunk

Empty bullet shells next to his cradle  
Too many have assaulted his feeble

body  
My child stopped breathing

It's not worth it, he thought  
And he closed his eyes

One last time  
He said nothing, again

One last time

Dima Matta (EDU)

## Valentine, Love, Blood and a F@#\$% Huge Rock Concert!!!



Body! This place is weird...  
Hmmm...

So! It's the 14th of February, known to the rest of the world as Valentine's Day, a day of love and pure commercial carnage.

...However, in Lebanon, we do everything and anything with a "twist." I mean, c'mon, we are Lebanese... You know, smart people! (Yeah, right!) We har-

bour a different kind of carnage, the actual graphic type... Sounds cool, looks newsworthy! ...What am I saying??

...What do you care?!

...Okay Shant, don't get worked up about this!!

Okay, where were we? ...Ah yes, the rock concerts in several regions of Beirut! Hey! Did you see the crowd?

...Yeah, amazing, looks like Woodstock! ...Only people are not there to enjoy love, or to fornicate, oh no! They go there to get the revised edition of "HOW TO THINK," by their leaders... Oops! I meant rock stars... Hehehe!

...I mean, come on!! Did you see them? ...Those wise guys are actually enjoying the crowd, seriously!! Check them out after each punch line spoken, or that famous "YAA SHA3BA LOUBNAN AL... AL..." Was it "AL TA3EES??"

...Yeah, yeah! I saw that, funny stuff!

Okay, okay... So some leaders of the people have been killed!! ...Hmmm... I see... (I'm tearing up!)

Wait! But what about the people?! ...Do they know that their rock stars don't give a @#\$% about them???

...WHAT?!!!! HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT?! ...OUR LEADERS - I MEAN, ROCKSTARS LOVE THEIR FANS! ...Oh, really?? As I recall, a lot of your kind ("commoners!") died during the explosive promotion of your LEADERS!!

...No!! We were all safe and protected... None of us died!!

...But there were some casualties from the "OTHERS," you know?! They don't deserve to live anyway, they're not fans of our rock stars!!!

...I see what you mean, but most of the dead were not musically driven as yourself, or the "OTHERS"!!

...oh! I see what you mean, the "OTHER" Others...well, they shouldn't be in Lebanon to begin with...

...WHAT!!!

Shant Kabakian (BAD)



## A Tragic Beauty



In between courses, or after our university day comes to a close, students are left with many choices; lingering around campus with friends, having lunch at the adjacent Trad Hospital restaurant, engaging in smoke and coffee sessions in Yummy Bites, and benefiting from Haigazian's wireless service - these are to

name but a few activities. However, in due course, every one must eventually head home.

Many of us who take buses 2, 5 or 8, or those who pass by Sodeco Square are lucky enough to see an old, scarred, battered, and somewhat dilapidated building. It was blanketed with a massive sheet which recently was torn down due to a heavy snowstorm, exposing it. One can admire its traditional intricate Lebanese architecture, but also eulogise its corroded and bullet-holed surface echoing the blights and blows of the civil war; it is exemplary and reminiscent of this country's troubles and woes.

The current state of the building is tragic, but with this tragedy is born a unique and profound perspective; an amalgamation of disaster and disorder elegantly interwoven with beauty, enchantment, strength, and perseverance - mirroring Lebanon's perpetual dichotomy - this amalgamation is the epitome of Lebanon's core; so fragile, and yet so strong. I didn't hesitate to take a picture, albeit some people accompanying me in the bus mocked me for highly appreciating

'just a building.' However, as columnist Fred Barnard insists: "A picture is worth a thousand words" - but this beautiful picture, this alluring structure, this tragic beauty, is unequivocally worth much more. This leads to a key question: What is the fate of this old and long-forgotten complex? Just as many other old structures that are not preserved by the Ministry of Culture are renovated; it is highly probable that this building will, in my eyes, suffer the same ill fate; a new, cosmopolitan structure will be erected in its lieu.

This building teaches us a valuable lesson and its mere existence is enough proof to show us how much damage we have caused to our country: we love to adhere to a litany of the country's political problems and claim to be more nationalistic than the other, but we seldom realise the importance of the smaller, more delicate issues, which should be much dearer to our hearts and more provoking to our minds.

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

## Who Came First: the Bunny or the Eggs?



Most of us are aware of the reason behind celebrating Easter and know the story of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, but what do we really know about origins of the Easter bunny and the coloured eggs? I mean, what do they have to do with Jesus? Just as Santa Claus at Christmas, the "Easter Bunny" has become an iconic symbol of Easter time. Why is that? What is the purpose of colouring the eggs? Why is it

even called "Easter?" And most important of all, who came first, the bunny or the eggs? If these questions have made you curious, then keep reading. You will learn the truth soon enough.

Well, as you probably know, this special holiday usually occurs at the beginning of spring. Ah spring, the season of new life, of flowers and butterflies, of birds and bees, of cute baby animals... Sorry, I got lost for a second there. Anyway, you get the point. Spring is definitely a symbol of life and birth, and so are rabbits. These amazing creatures can give birth several times in one year and can even conceive a second litter while still pregnant with the first. Eggs are another ancient symbol of fertility and rebirth, so ancient that even the Romans and Greeks thought so.

Now it just so happens that people loved holding welcoming festivals for spring and Eastre (Ostara), the pagan Saxon goddess of dawn, spring and fertility. The word "Easter" is derived from that name. The hare happens to be the sacred animal of this goddess. Coincidence? I think not. Basically, when the early Christians were trying to spread their religion, they had a tough time trying to convince the pagans to abandon their festivals and holidays. That's why the clerics clever-

ly decided to incorporate some pagan practices into their Christian holiday.

Another interesting old tradition is the repayment of debts with rabbits and eggs. This was during the time when the ruler of the world was not money; bartering was still in. Peasants needed to borrow to survive the harsh winter months, and once spring returned the rabbit breeders got lucky. This usually happened on the Thursday before Good Friday because people wanted to repay their debts before Jesus repaid the debts of all humanity on the cross.

The Easter egg is thought to have originated from Druidic celebrations of spring. Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans also used dyed eggs for their spring festivities. The colour red was used as a symbol of renewal of life (due to the shedding of the blood of Christ, which renewed human life) and green, obviously, represents the new leaves of spring.

So this Christian holiday has been fused together with pagan traditions, but we still don't know which came first - bunny or egg! (In my opinion, it would have to be the egg.)

Natascha Schellen (ENL)

The Saturday before Palm Sunday, I was chatting with Reverend Nishan Bakalian\*, and besides his informing my clueless self that Palm Sunday would be on the following day, he also gave me an interesting piece of "useless trivia" that I would like to share with you.

Palm Sunday this year took place on March 16, 2008.

The last time Palm Sunday was this early was in 1913.

The next time will be after the year 2200.

\* For those of you who don't know, he's our beloved HU Chaplain who left HU to Philly last year after 7 years of being at Haigazian

if

## To Plastic or Not To



I am not in a position to speak for or against plastic surgery, but for those who wish to replace their unique features to resemble the other thousand Nancy Ajram lookalikes, this might be captivating enough for your eyes to read.

Not long ago, I had a nose surgery because the bone was broken, the cartilage was dislocated, and I had a swollen wart that needed to be removed; those affected my breathing and sleeping patterns, as well as other health factors.

To begin with, after being poked with needles and hav-

ing IV bags suspended above, I was taken into a room where I was tied down to a very small operating table. After knocking me out, there isn't much I can say - until after surgery.

First of all, we all have heard that a small dosage mistake during anaesthesia can result in damaging. In my case, I heard one of the nurses ask another: "Why isn't she waking up?," and I felt them moving my arm with the IV attached. When I finally opened my eyes, I realised that I could only see vague outlines. When I started to see better, they took me to my room. That was when my whole body started to shiver like crazy, as though I were a drug addict undergoing withdrawal symptoms. After a few minutes, my body relaxed, and I was off to sleep for hours. Then I woke up because I needed to use the toilet, but as I did so, I fainted because of my weak state. Large amounts of blood came squirting out of my nose, and I fell asleep again. Hours later, I woke up with the intention of using the toilet again, but this time, the nurse wouldn't allow it.

Nevertheless, after begging and pleading for privacy for about 15 minutes, she acquiesced.

I was only fed vegetables and cold soup; that's all you can eat the first few days. After surgery, you are faced with the problem of hygiene; no brushing teeth or taking showers until the doctor removes the cast off your nose. Another problem was being stuck at home for a week due to physical weakness. Unfortunately, the worst is yet to come.

If you can imagine what waxing the inside of your nose feels like, then you'd be able to picture what pulling the filters - which stick to the wounds - out of it would feel like too (filters are long cotton bars that stop open wounds from swelling and fusing). Finally, you might face different problems cleaning the stitches three times a day.

So if you think that all of this is worth looking like some superstar, then please, go ahead and do it. I applaud the amount of courage you have.

Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)

## Burn

Burn, burn, burn,  
All you do is burn,  
Face the fire everywhere you go,  
Not fighting, but letting it grow.

Burn, burn, burn,  
Your face is stern,  
You look down at them, so  
cold,  
Whist you wither and grow old.



Burn, burn, burn,  
Will you ever learn?  
Deny your salvation, strike it down,  
Let all turn to cinders around your crown.

Burn, burn, burn,  
Flame at every turn,  
Upwind, downwind, north, south.  
Slaughter, breath be stolen from mouth.

Burn, burn, burn,  
You shall death not earn,  
Blooded flame, shrill scream, dark sky,

Only suffer, refuse to live, refuse to die.

Burn, burn, burn,  
Cultists you churn  
Out from dirt, out to steal, to slay,  
Out the innocent, his life, his day.

Burn! Burn! Burn!  
Burn, Lebanon! Burn!  
Burn to ash! Die and live no more!  
For death shines out this torture and war!

Mohammad Tamsah (ENL)

## Life Support

## (Happy Mothers' Day)

I'm 20 years old and I still live with my parents. Although this might be annoyingly common in the Arab world, I have gotten used to it. A common proverb states, "The first part of your life is ruined by your parents, and the second half by your children." Ruined by your parents? Does that mean my mom has ruined my life??

I was born on March 16 by a caesarean delivery which left my mom recovering on her back for a week.

Rocking me to sleep, taking me to doctors, cleaning, and dressing me were just a few tasks of a young mother with two children.

After that came school. She would sit me down and teach me everything in English - even though she was French educated - so that I could pass my entrance exam. To this day, I can still see her in the



crowd clapping for me as I sang on stage for the end of the year performance. She clapped again at my Preschool Graduation, and again at my Middle School Graduation, and again at my High School Graduation as Dr. Damon called out my name. I owe these diplomas to her.

I remember when I was young how she would sit me down so I would tell her about my day. By the end of High School I was the one sitting her down to talk. I owe it to her dedication.

My mom detects my sadness. And it's so funny how she always tries to get me to spit it out even though she knows I'm the type who keeps my problems to myself. She sometimes comes up to my bed when I'm still sleeping, gets under the covers, and sleeps next to me.

When I tell her that I saw something that I liked, time has proved that she will make it mine. She knows that Mango Tart, Tommy Hilfiger, Rafael Nadal, tomatoes, and I, are inseparable! She knows every step of my dream.

My mom lives in me. Her over protectiveness has grown on me, her love has blanketed me, her eyes have always watched over me. I am truly blessed. If that's what they call ruined, then I'm back-straight, shoulder-high, proudly ruined.

Mommy... Happy Mothers' Day. I hope what you have showed and given me is hereditary because I want to carry you in me and pass you on forever.

Sara Masri (ADC)

## Loved him to his Death



Hearts are beating... this couldn't be heaven  
I can feel him... asleep I have not fallen

Lost sight... his pleasure is all I hear  
Have no emotions... nothing seems clear

I've longed for his forbidden touch  
My lust has never shook as such  
I had to feed my pain, found no other way  
Hungry it was for too long, conscience felt dismay

My creed to own his dark being, I must  
My need shall be, before my heart burns to dust  
Hence willingly I let him hide the light  
In a dark hour in the depths of the night

He laid me down on a bed of guilt  
Then felt his warmth upon my chest  
As inside me he entered and dwelt  
For a moment, my heart did rest

I had my will, still my greed I could not swallow  
As I reached for the blade hidden beneath my pillow  
Stabbed him with silence as I gave him the kiss of death  
To breathe him in, stealing his final living breath

Covered by blood in a tomb where he shall stay  
Along with my spirit, his memory will eternally lay  
For he would never let me in  
So he shall rot my heart within

One heart shall beat... that is my heaven  
He can feel me... still asleep he is fallen  
Seen my sorrows... my thoughts are all I hear  
I am now whole... everything is clear.

Marianne Khatchadourian (PSY)

## It's What You Live For



Some of the most wonderful questions in life are those related to living and dying. How should one live? How should one die? On an individual level, people should have their own way of setting

goals and giving meaning to their lives, otherwise living would make no real sense. So, how to live? If it were up to us to decide the way our lives will end (since there is

no chance of immortality) what would each of us choose? How to die?

After the Armenian genocide of 1915, followed by the Lebanese civil war, we, the Armenians living in Lebanon, finally found the peace and serenity that we had always dreamed of, but not for long. In the 1990s, a new volcano erupted. Armenians from all around the world began fighting against the same enemy, that which has taken our native land by force, but this time, it was in Artsakh. The country's youth left their newly established homes and their beloved families and went to Artsakh, fully aware that there was to be no return. But why would they do such a thing? Was their aim in life to die? Why was this their preferred means of death?

I discovered the answers to these questions when I was about 12 years old; during a trip to Armenia. There, I visited Yeraplour, the pantheon of the Armenian Martyrs who died fighting in Artsakh. I observed my surrounding for long hours and there I saw in those martyrs the same look, the same light, the same happiness, the same satisfaction, the same pride,

knowing that they had achieved something, that they had achieved their aim.

They had lived and died for the same purpose: a free, independent, and united Armenia. After winning the war and reclaiming Artsakh, only a few of the fighters returned home, though they still have that sacred aim; Artsakh's liberation is one of their sworn oaths. Regardless of the difficulties of that time, the martyrs let go of what was a self-related goal to create a new heavenly, sacred one, that became the Armenians' true reason of living. I am certain that today, and in the future, we will have similar martyrs; the war in Artsakh was only the beginning of our long toil to achieve that aim.

Finally, I now know that the main question is not how we should live or die, but what we should live and die for.

I certainly know what I want to live and die for: it is for you and only you; a free, independent, and united Armenia.

Araz Ladayan (ACC)



## The Space Between Us

Looking at the mirror,  
I clash with the image of the person inside...  
A stranger I do not know...  
A being I do not feel...  
An entity outside of me...

As I stroll along the unknown paths,  
I dive deeper into the ocean of indulgence,  
I am farther away from myself, but closer to that image  
in the mirror...

Too much desire that I am not allowed having...  
A crown of gold freezing my existence...  
Torn I remain between my desire and my kingdom...  
A queen captivated by her desire I am...

I crave for the loneliness that awaits me in the dungeons  
of desire...  
Leaving a kingdom of safety behind, I follow my  
heart...  
A trajectory of danger it draws to me...  
Meek and mild footsteps I take...  
Embracing that unknown feeling...

Seeking once again to  
know her, to feel her, to  
be her...  
I remain in front of the  
mirror...  
She and I...Two  
beings...  
And all the space  
between us...

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)



## My Case is Gaza

Sometimes I sit and wonder about life. It's quite weird the way people go through so many different things at the same time. I might be sitting here wondering what to do tomorrow, while somewhere in the world, some children don't know whether they will survive until then. The sad thing in this situation is that, not only are some people suffering terribly, but also that most of us are unaware of how dire the circumstances are for other humans on Earth.

For a few weeks now, and because of the many massacres that have been taking place in the Gaza strip (on ordinary citizens, most of whom are children) the Palestinian scarf has become a part of many university students' outfits. I wear the scarf, as do my friends.

Ever since we started wearing it, we have gotten stopped by people and asked what message we are trying to convey when wearing this scarf around our necks.

To all those people who wondered but never asked, here is the answer:

I wear it to remind everyone of Gaza. I wear it so that, when people look at me, they would remember that children are dying for no reason. I wear it to show the children of Gaza that some people still care, some people know what they are going through, and



some people wish, with all they have, that the deaths would end. I wear it because I would feel guilty if I didn't. I wear it because this is the only way I can fight injustice. The scarf DOES NOT represent a particular political ideology; it stands for solidarity with a group of people that are suffering immensely under the hands of an enemy that has no pity, and from a world that has decided to look the other way.

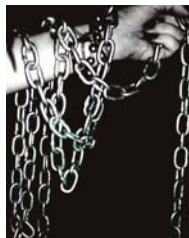
My message here is that the world does not solely belong to us. It belongs to the few that are privileged enough to be living a decent life, and to the many who are suffering. Enjoy life, but at the same time, try to make a difference. Raise awareness among people. My case is Gaza; yours could be Iraq, or Darfur, or any other issue you believe is worth fighting for. Make a difference!

Amani Kandil (PSC)

## But First, Be a Woman

"No one can make you feel inferior without your consent," are some of the most influential words I have read coming from a woman, Eleanor Roosevelt. It is a man's world, they say, but is it still so??

The 21st century has been marked for many women as that of feminists; many breakthroughs have been made in this field. Today, we refuse to be "the second sex" as we have perpetually been throughout the pages of history. We also understand that "one is not born a woman, one becomes one," as Simone de



Beauvoir has put it.

What seems to be painful to me, as to many others I believe, is that even today there remain women who consent to concede to the conventions created and culminated by our culture. This may be reflected through different social aspects, from physical appearance to relationships to attainment of education.

Many girls today still try to look pretty merely to please men to an extent that some even tend to overlook their self-comfort and sometimes self-contentment. Nicole Hollander once put it as such "Can you imagine a world without men? No crime and lots of happy fat women." Some girls can still not imagine the thought of being single; they cannot imagine themselves without a man by their side, but the question remains: "Isn't there too much for a girl to explore out there in today's world?" A girl should also know that her sex does not impose upon

her a passive role in any relationship. She should never accept an unjust partner. My greatest concern remains the issue of education. It is a pity for me to find girls who still obtain their diplomas for the sheer purpose of framing them and hanging them on their kitchen wall to be admired by their husbands!

It is time for women to wake up and realize that they will only be given as much as they find themselves worthy of. Others around them will conceive them by what they allow themselves to be perceived with, both through their thoughts and actions. It is not enough to claim being equal to men, for equality must not only be claimed, but earned! Remember that there's more to yourself as a woman than you think there is; according to Mark Twain, "What would men be without women? Scarce, sir, mighty scarce."

Nayiri Kalaydjian (ENL)

## Never Worth the Bullet



So I sat around and listened, as I'd done many times before. "He shot and killed eight before taking his own life."

Without hesitation, the newscaster used words like "remorselessly", "viciously", "coldheartedly" - talking about a teenaged boy who was obviously a troubled individual, holding back years of pain, years of emotional suffering. All I could think of was how everyone was so quick to label him as nothing but a brutal murderer, never looking beyond the reasons of the shooting, and never realising that they were part of the problem.

The reality is far deeper than what happened that day, and I in no way intend to make it seem as though those that were shot and killed deserved their fate. But there appears to be a pattern among shooters; the silence, a troubled past, and depression - elements that seems to be neglected by reporters and viewers alike

when expressing their thoughts on this situation - but parallel to this comes the fact that some people are not as comfortable as others when it comes to expressing pain.

Some are not heard; they walk among people who cannot differentiate between the words "like" and "care." The point here is that I've been where you are. And I know what it's like to hate the whole world and have moments where you wish your water gun contained some real bullets. But the truth is, no one is worth the bullet. And if you're feeling alone and misunderstood and are finding it difficult to see the beauty in loneliness, don't throw in the towel. There's more out there for you; there are hundreds of people around you, and at least one of whom will want to listen, when you need it most.

So before you turn to violence and murder, and before you decide that there's no hope in finding anyone different from the shallow and stereotypical types of "friends" you're surrounded with, just know that there is always someone that is waiting for you to turn to them and let it out.

Depression and mood swings are serious matters (unless you're PMS-ing, seriously - grab a chocolate bar and quit complaining). If you think you know someone dealing with depression, I deeply encourage you to put your money where your mouth is.

Listen to them. Expect them to be angry and cold, but never give up on them. And if you're one of the gossipers on campus, I don't know what better way to put this, but for the love of life, shut your mouth. Not everybody handles stress in the same way, and just in case an angry loner is walking around campus, you're best off treating them the way you'd like to be treated. You are in no way better than the person you talk about, and the truth of the matter is, your actions define you. So all you will be till the day you're laid to rest is someone with no backbone and one heck of a large mouth. You see, the problem with society, I believe, is that it breeds its own demons. For example, we criticize anorexics when we are the ones telling our children that they only look good if they don't become overweight. The pressure that comes from complying with society's plan for you can take its toll, and has often resulted in increased depression, as well as escalated suicide and murder rates throughout the world.

Don't encourage this trend; shooting sprees are going to continue unless we can pull those who are abandoned out of the crowd and remind them that it is not over yet. Break the pattern, and hey, if all else fails, send an anonymous ranting email to me. I'll listen to you. We'll share angry thoughts, talk about marshmallows, and hopefully, you'll realise that you are not alone.

Rok Hamze (PSC)



## Self Mutilation

...An issue which is overlooked, an act which some people might be practicing privately, creating more harm than they could know, rather than calling out for help...We recently realised that people could be self mutilating due to many reasons and we decided to address the issue. First, we did our research, then we met with Michael Khoury, who gave us some insight on the matter. The first piece is by somebody who has/had experience with self mutilation, and the remaining articles deal with self mutilation in general.

The Herald Staff

Michael Khoury, M.D.  
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Counsellor and Psychosocial Facilitator with Working Children in Saida  
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There I was, once again, lying on the bathroom floor. I have forsaken my own word. I had promised myself, never again...And still, here I am...Vulnerable, weak, my arms and stomach all drenched in blood.

I felt the need to relieve myself, at least that's what I used to call it: "relief." I hated myself for being the way I was. Now, all lay in darkness; I aimed to cleanse my soul by forcing out what I thought was filthy and impure. I came to think that the blood that rushed out of me was dirty blood that feeds on my fear, my anger, my sorrow; hence I truly believed that it polluted my spirit and mind...

As I slid the cold blade across my skin that burned with rage, splitting apart this worthless tissue

that I loathed so deeply, I could feel the negative energy seeping out of me, numbing me with pain.

My wounds went deeper, my pain grew stronger. I could no longer see the cuts I had made... Every breath I took now seemed more agonizing than the last... Finally, I scream.

No fear of getting caught, there was rarely anyone in the house. I laid there for hours, slowly breathing in the metallic stench of that dark liquid as it ran its way down



my arms and onto the floor. I could taste the salty waters that streamed down my face and onto my lips as I squeezed my eyes, suffering.

Alas, after washing away every trace, I could no longer seem to remember... Now, I just had the scars as reminders, rotten memories that would soon fade away altogether.

Most of you will be wondering: Why? Why would I put myself through this? The answer is... I just wanted to feel something real, something human, and nothing made me feel more human than my blood, my tears, my pain...

In a twisted way, I needed to bleed just to know that I'm alive...

A Student...

## What is Self-Mutilation?

According to school psychologist Dr. Melissa Pearrow, self-mutilation is "intentional, non-life threatening, self-effected bodily harm or disfigurement of a socially unacceptable nature, performed while in a state of distress." This bodily harm includes cutting the skin with a knife or other sharp objects, burning the skin with an iron or an ignited cigarette stub, self-punching or scratching, needle sticking, head banging, eye pressing, finger or arm biting, pulling out one's hair, and pick-

ing at one's skin. More extreme and very rare cases include broken bones, amputation, and castration. Things like substance abuse (alcohol and drugs) and eating disorders are known as indirect self-harm.

People who self-mutilate usually do not do it with suicide in mind. They do it to relieve themselves from



emotional pain. Deliberate self-harm (DSH) is the only way they know how to cope. Many times these people have been physically, sexually or emotionally abused in the past. There are also cases of mental retardation where the individual hurts themselves. Female adolescents are more likely to self-injure than any other social group.

There are three types of self-mutilation: superficial or moderate (most common), stereotypic (mostly associated with mental retardation), and major (causes severe tissue damage).

Natascha Schellen (ENL)

## Causes

To better understand why people self-mutilate, not only must you put yourself in their shoes, but you must walk a mile in these shoes too. What would you do when your lover leaves you for your best friend? Would you write an angry poem aimed at your ex, and send it to the **Herald**? Would you slash their Lamborghini's four tires? Or would you settle for the ultimate decision: grab a razor blade, lock yourself up in the bathroom, lift your sleeves and steadily cut your wrists?

What would happen if your parents refuse to believe that a relative has been sexually molesting you since you were six years old? Would you rather: resort to one of the university counsellors to help you deal with your pain, resort to suicide to end your misery, or select a shimmering knife from the kitchen drawer, fall to the floor as you gasp for air, and slowly slit your abdomen,

finally feeling calmed and relieved at the sight of blood? After all, you have no power over the emotional pain, but you most certainly can control the physical pain!

People who self-mutilate report that they feel soothed and less anxious after self-injury, because physical pain distracts them from their emotional pain- fundamentally; cutting 'washes away' the bad feelings. Still, others report that the chief motivation for practicing self-harm is the feeling of lifelessness, thus they would search for something that offsets this; for them, feeling pain is better than feeling nothing at all.

Teenagers who self harm may have been raised in a family where the discussion of their thoughts was discouraged, or even condemned; as a result, they resort to self-inflicted violence to express their emotions, such as anger, sadness, and frustration.

In the previous "Awareness" page of the **Haigazian Herald**, we addressed the issue of 'Rape', and noted that children who are sexually abused blame themselves for having been molested, and build a sense

of guilt and shame for chronic periods of time. These children frequently grow up with sentiments of self - hatred and low self-esteem, and consequently mutilate their bodies as a means of punishing themselves.

It is also worth noting that self-mutilation triggers the release of endorphins (natural narcotics manufactured in the brain to reduce sensitivity to pain and stress) in the body. Self-injury could therefore easily turn into addiction, because of associating the cutting with the positive moods that arise when endorphins are released in the body.



Manuel Kurkjian (ADC)

## Bludgeoned Emotionless



Deafening silence  
Silent screams  
Blinding darkness  
Unknown dreams  
Listen to the echoes  
Dance upon your grave  
Emptiness inside you  
Shame across your ace  
Unexpected scheming  
Loss of any feel  
Nothing left inside that wasn't torn up with a spear  
Hide inside these secrets

Watch yourself collapse  
Playing hide and seek  
You watched them walk right past  
They never could see you  
Abandoned and alone  
They could never give you  
What you were missing at home  
Lost crying ability  
Then anger was all you felt  
When sadness had no meaning  
You were bludgeoned emotionless

A student...



## Treatment



The damage imposed by self-mutilation is immense; it could be extremely complicated when it has become an addictive

behaviour, especially when practiced over-excessively. Dealing with the issue extends from the individual, to the family, and even to the environment, therefore there should be long-lasting, and even perpetual solutions to put an end to this harmful problem. Before any treatment is implemented, the patient must be willing to open up and acknowledge it as a genuine problem; the pain dwells within the person, therefore a professional

helping hand from the outside is needed to stop this compulsive behaviour. This is not about being a bad person or not, rather about understanding that the method used to handle confusing feelings has plunged the individual into a deep crisis. "Create relationships, a trusting therapist-patient relationship" asserts Dr. Khoury, this can first be done by trusting a close person, like a good friend or a family member, telling them that a serious issue needs to be discussed.

Discovering the purpose of self-mutilation and getting help in recognising what triggers it are crucial steps towards treatment; Dr. Khoury's concise instruction is to "unlearn" the behaviour. Thus he emphasises the following of alternate solutions to those who submit to self-mutilation: "if you're enraged or upset, what can you do? Try shouting." Self-harm should be replaced with learning how to express anger, fear, and misery in healthier ways - this, the Cognitive-behavioural therapy, is the most popular type of therapy,

py, and it teaches new manners for soothing and pacifying emotional frustration that cannot be dealt openly, like dancing fast, chewing something with a strong taste, or crushing ice cubes with one hand. Other therapeutic techniques are as follows:

- Hypnosis, where the patient is entranced in a deep and relaxed mood, easing tension - taking bubble baths, drawing, or doing yoga are fine examples.
- Group therapy, where other self-injurers publicly disclose their feelings, it contributes to decreasing shame and a feeling of mutual understanding.
- Family therapy also helps; building bridges of communication, love, and trust amongst family members may make one in a healthier, happier, and more understanding environment
- In severe cases, a hospitalisation programme disciplines patients' emotions with the help of a specialised therapeutic personnel team.

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

## Consequences

To begin with, if people who are self-mutilating don't mistakenly die by cutting themselves too deeply, they would have to deal with other consequences of this procedure. For instance, slashing wrists would cause the hands to permanently become weak, where lifting or working will be painful tasks after prolonged periods of time. Also, there is the worry that infections may transmit diseases to sensitive organs, particularly when the abdomen and chest are infected. After the cutting is done, and after large amounts of blood have been lost, one will become psychologically weaker; common problems, like being yelled at, or being criticised, can severely disturb a balanced state. Furthermore, that in turn, may leave one with hormonal problems as well. So when it comes to the physical and psychological aspects,

one may end up - if not with permanent damage - with long term damage at least.

But the consequences of self-mutilation do not end at the above mentioned levels only; they will spread their tentacles to the person's direct surrounding, and then the society as a whole. When taking the larger picture, eventually, it will affect the economy as well, as it is a burden and a cost the society must handle.

To envision what I have mentioned, I would urge each reader to imagine how it would feel like when the closest person to you starts self-mutilating.

A few scenarios need to be explored here. First, you might not be able to handle such a huge ordeal, creating the need to escape. Subsequently, trying to help this person by being at their side at all times is extremely time-consuming and exhausting, and may cause sadness, misery, and hopelessness. Finally, asking for professional help is risky, as it might offend the one in need.

Society must

refrain from harsh judgment; it must express empathy toward those who are self mutilating by understanding and providing them with the adequate help. It is wrong to pass judgment by blaming both the person (for getting into that situation) and the environment (for being incapable of "handling" the person). If a person's surroundings are destructive, then that would only be an obstruction to healthy methods of catering help.



Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)

## Tools



*This is what I do when I'm fed up with life  
I open the drawer and pull out a knife  
Sometimes I closely watch the blade  
As the blood drips from my wrists and the pain slowly fades  
And then I like to tie a rope  
Around my neck when there's no hope  
In moving on, living another day  
When all I hear are the comments you make*

*It reminds me of the time I sat like a fool  
In the corner with fingers pointed at me in school  
Or the times you made me want to suffocate  
But for a reason I stopped, and now I can't wait  
Until the day I get you back for this  
I won't turn back, I'll use every wish  
And every single chance I have  
I'll take the risk - you'll regret treating me bad  
And those nights you made this reject cry  
Till not a single tear was left in my eye  
And my fear of waking up each day  
And listening to what else you have to say  
How about the fact that I couldn't protect myself  
And every word I said gave you more reason to laugh  
What was I to do with no one but me  
Knowing all I think, all I feel and fear  
You've destroyed my thoughts, made me hate my life  
Now this world and I could never unite  
And if I ever I were to go back to those days  
When death was all I thought of, would I hesitate?*

*Well this time...*

*See I'd bring the knife, blade and rope  
In fact I'd bring poisons, pills, drugs and dope  
I'd bring it all, but this time not for me  
I'd bring it for you; I've got to make you see  
I'll slit your wrists, my pleasure, sure thing  
I'll use the blade to turn you into onion rings  
And the rope, I'd use it to drag you all over town  
Show EVERYONE, who gets the last laugh now?  
If they survive, I'll give the pills to all your friends  
And with the poison in your grave- no this won't ever end  
Just like the damage you've caused to my soul  
See now you can't stop me, now I'm out of control  
So soon, I will get my revenge and I'll prove  
That the ugliest person is not me; it's you*

A student...



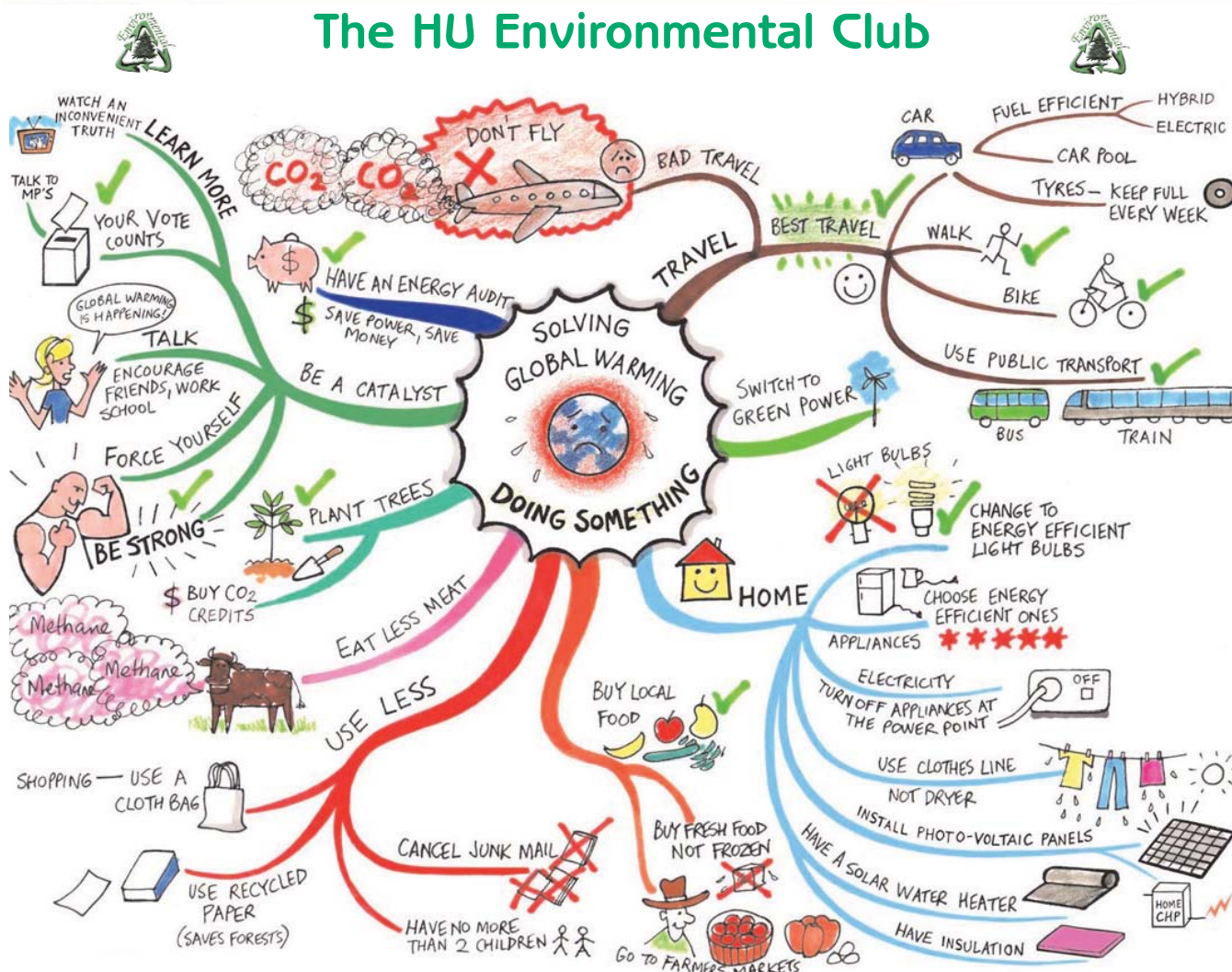
In June 2001, actress Angelina Jolie revealed to *Rolling Stone* that she practiced self-injury during her very early teens. It was at that time when she started to face the 'real world' and was brought to understand the harsh reality

of surviving. "I was trying to feel something... I was looking at different things, thinking romantically about... About blood. I really hurt myself" said Jolie hesitantly, "I understand that it is a cry for help." Jolie has the Japanese calligraphic symbol of 'death' tattooed on her shoulder, and the Latin inscriptions "Quod me nutrit me destruit," on her stomach, meaning: "What nourishes me also destroys me." However, Jolie has now stopped mutilating herself, and has stopped endorsing mutilation, but doesn't blame herself for feeling 'rebellious.' She indicates that she is a much happier and prouder individual now than she was earlier in her life.

## Self-Injury Awareness Day March 1



# The HU Environmental Club



Ever since the summer, the Environmental Club has been toiling on a promising project aimed at raising public awareness on the health hazards of drinking unclean water. The project involves collecting water samples from the four corners of Beirut and the heart of it, and testing the levels of some hazardous presences. The project has reached its execution phase, but the club hit an obstacle when an agreement between us (the Environmental Club) and the university laboratories could not be reached. However, we are proud to announce that the project is still on the go, as we are in advanced negotiations with other laboratory facilities outside of

the university, and we hope that by the next issue of the **Haigazian Herald** we will be able to report on the project's success. We would have loved for this project to have been the beginning of a prosperous extracurricular relationship between the student body and the academic resources of the university... Maybe next time!

In other news, the Herald's next Greenzone will have a before-after picture of the area the Environmental Club and its volunteers reforested.

## News and Notes from Mother Earth

\* Milan was recently voted the most polluted city in Europe, pm10 particles have been recorded at dangerously high levels. Pm10 stands for particulate matter with diameter smaller than 10 micrometers. A hospital study stated that on days when pm10 levels were below the safe limit, an average of 40 children were admitted to hospitals for the relevant symptoms, and during the days when pm10 was much higher (double the safe limit), 400 children were admitted. Shocking?

\* Years of unmonitored waste dumping in the Rhone river of France have resulted in what environmentalists are calling "The French Chernobyl". PCB levels are now 10 to 12 times higher than the safe limit.

\* Due to global warming, pythons will have colonized the United States of America in about fifty years

\* The Siberian Tiger, already a highly endangered species, is being sold into extinction, animal rights activists are reporting.

\* 300 million gallons of sewage are dumped into the Atlantic Ocean every day. Goodie. :D

\* One very much overlooked hazard of global warming: when the ice caps melt, the pathogens they store (in a frozen state, like duh!) will be unleashed, subjecting humans to diseases evolution has forgotten about. In layman's terms, we're all going to die. :)

\* A study on the coral reefs of Australia has been concluded by stating that coral reef growth has decreased by 21% over the last 16 years.

\* Because of increasing rat invasions due to global warming, seabird populations are declining.

\* Denmark is close to executing a plan on building solar collecting roads to heat buildings and even provide electricity. Solar energy collecting roads, how cool is that?

\* The USA has been studying an 'ambitious' plan that allows it to run on renewable energy by the year 2050... Right, and you're all environmentalists.

\* Amsterdam is studying a plan to build an underground city, because the water levels are getting too high.

\* Due to global warming, droughts in Cyprus have forced it into buying about six ships of water from... Lebanon. The Shabrouh Dam in particular. This dam has yet to provide water and electricity for its own citizens.

\* It's about time the Board of Trustees thinks about an environmental program here at Haigazian. Environmentalism is where it's all at, people.

\* The Encyclopaedia of Life is now online with 30,000 species in it. That's a mere 1.6% of the "whole thing."

## Green Quote of the Issue

"It seems to me that we all look at Nature too much, and live with her too little." - Oscar Wilde

Oh and another quote, by our forefathers, the hippies: "Make love, not war."

Articles by Arek Dakessian (SOW)



## Student Life Workshop on Project Management



A group of to-be leaders selected from clubs and societies gathered in HU Saturday, March 8 at 9am to attend a Project Management Workshop given by Haigazian University ITS Director, Mr. Nazareth Nicolian.



Although some of them may have been somewhat cranky to have had to get out of bed initially, most, if not all participating students found it quite worth it almost instantaneously. They covered many aspects of how to properly manage a project over the course of three hours.

At the end of the lecture session (which was interrupted by a couple "refreshment" breaks as well as lunch), the students were divided into teams. Each group got a certain Student Life oriented project (not surprisingly; it WAS a Student Life organised workshop), and got to interactively apply what they had learnt during the previous hours. Finally, each group got to creatively present the results of their one hour planning meeting and then take a few questions from the audience, as well as feedback from Mr. Nicolian.



It was a great step forth on Student Life's behalf, be it in enriching the students' skills, or in preparing them for more beneficial workshops to come in the future.

## HU Pays Tribute to the AMAA's 90th Anniversary



March 5, 2008 marked the 90th anniversary of the establishment of the Armenian Missionary Association of America (AMAA), so it was only natural that Haigazian University, co-founded and financially supported by the veteran association, organised an exceptional Chapel Service honouring the association's many accomplishments.

HU Registrar Roubina Artinian, alongside some HU students participated in leading the ceremony. During the service, HU President Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian familiarised the attendees with the primary role of the organisation in supporting the Armenian community around the world. Originally founded in 1918 as a reaction to the Armenian Genocide, and through its array of offices extending over 22 countries, the AMAA lends a hand to disadvantaged Armenians around the world, not to mention non-Armenian victims of misfortune.

The President stressed on the overly discreet method by which funds are granted and on the great number of contributors and donors who take the time to make the world a better place. Last but certainly not least, President Haidostian deemed the AMAA as not short of a blessing to Homo sapiens out there, as well as for Haigazian University, thanking God for people whose vision is the good of others.

Manuel Kurkjian (ADC)

## The HU Herald Staff Keeps Busy

Unlike most HU clubs and societies, which throw an event every once in a while, the **Herald** club's main 'event' is the publication and distribution of the **Haigazian Herald** newspaper. However, **Herald** members have to "do their homework" prior to that 'big day' where students get to lay their hands on the **Herald** and flip through its enlightening pages. For instance, we cannot speak of topics such as rape and self-mutilation without consulting with psychologists and experts who deal with such cases. Before the "Awareness" page is made public, we seek the help of specialists in an effort to address those delicate topics objectively and tastefully.



Herald members meet with Dr. Michael Khoury to help them deal more effectively with this issue's Awareness Topic: "Self Mutilation."



The HU **Herald** members recently met with ex Editor-in-Chief Mano Chilingirian (see left) who reminisced about his days working on the **Herald** and gave his feedback on the **Herald's** transformation into a more intellectual newspaper.



A **Herald** workshop was also organised by Ed-in-Chief Jenni Feghali before the beginning of the Spring semester. At the beginning of the workshop, the staff did some personality and leadership tests that would serve many purposes, and then we brainstormed on ideas and topics that would interest students, and at the same time elevate the **Herald** from your average news bearer to a publication that makes a difference.

Manuel Kurkjian (ADC)

## A Scout Story

I have been in the scouts for almost 20 years. It is not a place where I go once a week for an hour or two, but I spend most of my time there, having meetings, preparing agendas, organising events...Scouting is a package of physical, social, spiritual, community service, and national teachings.

Having been a part of the scouts for a long time has definitely affected me personally. In the scouts, I have learnt many basic things that every child and teenager needs to start life on a strong foundation.

First and foremost, I have gained much self-confidence. Besides this, being part of the scouts has helped me learn to work as a team, everyone needs this characteristic in their lives, because wherever we are, and whatever we do, we will always have people around us, and we are going to find ourselves obliged to communicate and work with them.

The scouts also have a major role in the community; the members engage themselves in lively community service activities, like visiting the elderly, poor families, orphans, and mentally disabled people, and providing them with company, and adequate help.

In my scout life, I cannot remember a single bad memory, every moment was a moment of joy because I would always learn new things; I would gain extra knowledge to face the difficulties in life, and to be stronger and more productive.

Finally, through my experiences, I can say that schools and universities are not enough in order for an individual to have a good community life. Also, it is wrong to think that joining the scouts will absorb our valuable time, because every moment we spend there, is a positive addition to the building blocks of our lives.

Vera Topakian (BAD)



## Tennis Workshop



Haigazian University's Tennis team has once again catered to prospective tennis players by organising a workshop held in the quad. The workshop lasted for two days; each day was specified for one of Haigazian's two tennis teams. This workshop was for those who developed interest in this game and wished to participate in forthcoming tennis matches.

Mohammed Fakhoury, founder of the Haigazian tennis team, hosted this event. After breakfast, students gathered for two long lectures which were based on the fundamental principles of tennis, and then



partook in a small quiz which tested their acquaintance of the game. Ali Mouzannar, a prominent member of the tennis team, declared: "All players passed the test and later received certificates which were signed by



Sports Coordinator Mr. Sahag Bidinian, and the coach, Mohammad Fakhoury." Following this, the students had a much-deserved rest and an enjoyable meal. More lectures followed, until they finally applied all they had learnt that day to practice, by participating in an hour-long informative and enduring tennis game. Nijad Itani, another participant who helped greatly in planning the workshop, was optimistic about more upcoming training programmes: "Hopefully, the next workshop will take place in April." He also expressed hope that the tennis team "will improve, so that [they] can participate in international competitions."

Anto Narguizian (ADC)

## 6th Annual Chess Championship



On March 1st 2008, the HU Athletics Department organised its 6th annual inter-university chess championship under the auspices of the Sports Federation of Lebanese Universities (FSUL).

It commenced at 10 am in the Mugar Hall and ended at 4:45. In addition, 34 students from 12 universities participated in the championship (HU,

USJ, BAU, AUST, UL, NDU, USEK, IUL, AUB, LAU Beirut, AUL, MU).

The championship was based on the following 6 rounds (Swiss system):

10:20 till 1:00 - First 3 rounds

1:00 till 1:45 - Lunch

All 34 students, head coaches, and sports directors, after a tiresome 3 rounds, had lunch at the HU cafeteria, after which they cut a cake to celebrate HU's success in organising and hosting the annual inter-university chess championship for the 6th consecutive time.

2:00 till 4:30 - Last 3 rounds

4:35 till 4:45 - Prizes were distributed to the winners by the president of HU,

Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian. The first 4 winners were as follows:

1st place - Ali Atwi (Islamic University) (5/6)

2nd place - Bassel Sharaf (Université Saint Joseph) (5/6)

3rd place - Mahmoud Shamiyeh (Lebanese University) (5/6) and Bilal El

Habash (Beirut Arab University) (5/6)

The HU students also showed some pleasing results:

Krikor Oknayan 13th place (3/6)

Christian Karadaghlian (2/6)

Hagop Ghazarian (2/6)

Khatchig Khatchadourian (2/6)



At the end of the day, the HU sports coordinator, Sahag Bidinian, thanked the participants and expressed hopes for participating in future championships, achieving more successes, and earning more trophies. Following him, Rev. Dr. Paul Haidostian congratulated the participants for practicing this beautiful mental game and hoped that, in the future, more young men will engage themselves in similar types of extra-curricular activities.

Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)

## Kick Boxing



We take pride in congratulating HU's kick boxing team, coach, and players for achieving 1st place in the 3rd annual President Hariri Cup held at Taadod club on Sunday, February the 10th, 2008.

The HU team, playing at the semi contact level, faced 94 other players from 14 teams, and ended the tournament by achieving commendable results, and came home with 7 medals, distributed as follows:

1 Gold: Alaa Jamaledine.

4 Silvers: Youssa Moghnieh, Rami Kaddourah, Garo Keurkunan and Mahmoud Akkam.

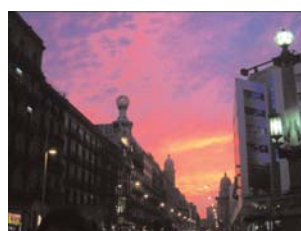
2 Bronze: Zeinab Chahine and Bilal Noueihed.

History has indeed repeated itself once again for our kick boxing champions!

Congratulations HU!

Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)

## Now Pay Attention



If you are feeling tired, restless, bored, and stuck in this beautiful country, you should have taken a different approach in your life here at HU. For instance, yes, you made the right choice to go to HU, but did you ever consider joining the sports teams? We have had the kickboxing team going to Germany, the basketball team going to France, and now, yes, the rumours

you've been hearing about the Men's Futsal team going to Spain are very true.

Let me be more precise. They will be going to, yes, none other than, Barcelona, where they will be taking part in an international sports festival.

So if you are free from the 7th to 11th of May, our 13 HU athletes, as well as their coach, would appreciate your chants and cheers while they represent us in wonderful Barcelona.

Araz Keuroghlian (MAT)



FULBRIGHT

AMIDEAST  
اميد ايست

### Fulbright Student Scholarships Offered by the U.S. Embassy

Lebanese professionals and students who want to pursue a  
Master's degree at a university in the U.S.A. are eligible to apply

Application deadline:  
May 5, 2008

For further information and full details about the scholarship, contact:

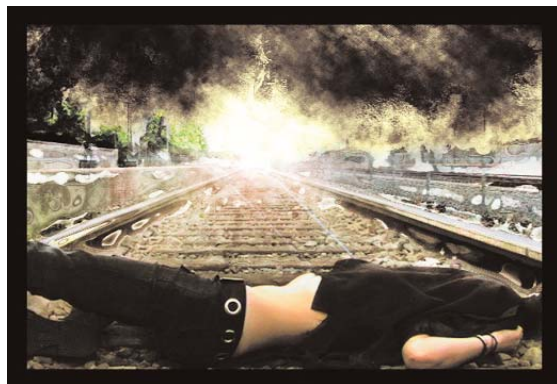
AMIDEAST/Lebanon  
Phone: 01-989901 ext 162  
Visit: Bazerkan Building, Nijmeh Square  
Web: [www.amideast.org/lebanon](http://www.amideast.org/lebanon)

## Rising From Oblivion

Imagine an eighteen year old desperate girl walking on the street, past her 11 o'clock curfew, under a grey foggy sky, with a windy climate and cold weather, in the middle of nowhere, trying to cross a railway. Suddenly, a train approaches at extremely high speed and smashes into the teenage girl, scattering her body organs all over the area and spattering blood everywhere...

Now imagine that the eighteen year old teenager was me, Garineh Vartanian, who felt just the same - as though hit by a train - the moment she was registered at Haigazian University, as a freshman student. That was when I felt that my worst nightmare had begun. I felt like I had been deprived of oxygen; I didn't even bother to start the customary "countdown to graduation" because I felt like it was going to be an endless journey for me. I hated the administration, the professors, the students, and most of all the life at HU, because I hated my own self; I felt like a prisoner at HU, with no hope of being released.

One year passed, then the second year was over too... And I still felt as though I was sacrificing my life by being at HU, and I involved myself in a lot of troublesome things; I was obliged to pay the fee fully after missing the installments deadline, I skipped classes, and most of all, I ditched my financial aid job. I didn't care about the consequences because I felt dead already. Time has passed and I realised that I was learning things and making friends unconsciously and unintentionally. Day after day I felt



I was becoming a different me, I was able to love and be loved in return, the administration weren't as bad as I thought they were, the professors' main goals were to educate, and bury knowledge within us, and the students' intentions were to assemble a new family at university. Four years of desperation, loneliness and egomania had finally come to an end. During my fifth and final year at HU, I became so eager to recapture all the things I missed in my previous years; I began attending all my classes, working at my financial aid job, and building an aim-inhabited-love (Freud) with almost all students at HU, in the end nothing is ever too late unless you decide to put an end to something.

Looking back, I believe that I went through a very life altering experience, and it was both positive and negative simultaneously. I owe it to my parents; had it not been for them, I probably would never have been to Haigazian, and these positive personal changes would never have occurred. :)

Finally, I guess that girl - me - wasn't shattered by the train after all. It was just a silly yet evil image that came to mind when she thought she was going to be trapped in a cage, HU. Apparently, it turned out to be a very precious key to life.

Garineh Vartanian (BAD)

## You know you are an HU student, when...



1. You always complain that you have to study, although you are here by choice.  
2. You are surprised that a professor is not absent... When he is late you count the seconds of the "10 Minutes Policy" without breathing... When he arrives you don't follow the lecture

anyway.

3. You think that curves are a student's best friend.  
4. You pass by the Dean's and President's lists as though you didn't see them; the people on there are nerds, anyway... If you missed the lists by a low margin, you hate everyone that didn't; besides they are definitely the professors' friends.  
5. You think that the general requirements are a method for the university to rob the students.  
6. One day before a big exam, you pray that an explo-

sion or a political crisis takes place. (100% common with students in other universities... Here is the unity part.)

7. The only time you go to the library is when you have a major exam... If you are a library frequenter, you don't go there on these days.  
8. You think that the English courses are unnecessary, and you are in 101 because it was a mistake.  
9. You think the same way whether you are in 102, 201; even 202.  
10. You would bribe the security guy (with everything you own) to spare you the wait in the Cashier's queue... Sometimes you pass before one or two people in front of you, and you think they didn't notice.  
11. You know that somewhere on campus, there is a place called the "Armenian Library ...". It's a haunted, ghostly place...  
12. You open your box with big hopes, even though you know that the maximum you can get is papers...  
13. You don't read them after the 3 first words... You think this is a waste of paper... You are suddenly an environmentalist.  
14. You are sure that the campus's main objective is to host fundraising events...  
15. You contribute to the above mentioned events only when your friends are on the stands... That is, if you can't escape them.  
16. When it is noon, you avoid the courtyard so Mr. Dakessian won't take you to an event in the auditorium.  
17. You miss your friends who graduated, and regret that they are not benefiting from the new improvements

at university... You are scared that HU will become a better place after you graduate.

18. You think that this whole Haigazian University issue is an Armenian conspiracy theory... The name and the "ian" prove it for you.  
19. There are people on campus that you don't know. ...You wish you knew them.  
20. You open the interuniversity magazines, you are proud to see pictures of HU events, and you blame yourself for not attending them... (This is cyclic event; it repeats itself periodically, with the viewing of every issue.)  
21. You know about HU sports only through the scores posted all over the campus; they seem like imaginary or virtual leagues to you... You know nothing about them.  
22. You suddenly realise that Orientation gave you an image of the university which is very different from reality.  
23. You realise that the university is more of a hangout area than a place to study.  
24. You know it is forbidden to discuss politics, but for some reason you think it is allowed during "high tension" times or in certain classes - to get on the professor's good side.  
25. You evade many interesting events, you don't benefit from the many services and whatnot offered to you, yet you complain about how small the campus is, how few the students are, and many other matters; the university is at a faulty location in the city! It should have been in Bourj Hammoud for example.

Vahakn Keshishian (PSC)

## Easter Fun



Q - Why did the Easter egg hide behind the bush?

A - He was a little chicken

Q - What do Easter bunnies do to stay in shape?  
A - Eggsersize

Q - What is a self-centered Easter bunny?  
A - An Eggomaniac.



party and met a pretty co-ed. He was attempting to start up a conversation with the line, "Where does you go to school?" The coed, of course, was not overly impressed with his grammar or southern drawl, but did answer his question. "Yale," she replied. The Georgia student took a big, deep breath and shouted, "WHERE DOES YOU GO TO SCHOOL?"

A little boy opened the big, old family Bible with fascination. He looked at the old pages as he turned them. The Bible had belonged to his grandmother. Then

something fell out of the Bible. He picked it up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that had been pressed between pages.

"Momma, look what I found", the boy called out. "What have you got there, dear?" his mother asked. With astonishment in the young boy's voice he answered, "I think it's Adam's

suit!!!!"

A young businessman had just started his own firm. He'd rented a beautiful office and had it furnished with antiques. Sitting there, he saw a man come into the outer office. Wishing to appear busy, the businessman picked up the phone and started to pretend he had a big deal working. He threw huge figures around and made giant commitments. Finally, he hung up and asked the visitor, "Can I help you?" The man said, "Sure. I've come to install the phone!"

## Jokes



Q: Why was Cinderella thrown off the team?  
A: She ran away from the ball.

Two psychiatrists pass in the hall. The first psychiatrist says, "How you doing?" The other thinks, "I wonder what he really meant by that."

A University of Georgia student was visiting a Yankee relative in Boston over the holidays. He went to a large

## And finally...

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