

**AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF BEIRUT**

**RE|COLLECT COUNT CONSTRUCT**  
by Nour Bashar Zahabi

Bachelor of Fine Arts in Graphic Design  
Department of Architecture and Design  
Maroun Semaan Faculty of Engineering and Architecture  
Beirut | May 14<sup>TH</sup> 2020

**AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF BEIRUT**

**UNDERGRADUATE SENIOR PROJECT  
IN  
GRAPHIC DESIGN  
SUBMITTAL FORM**

RE | COLLECT COUNT CONSTRUCT

by  
NOUR BASHAR ZAHABI

FINAL YEAR THESIS PROJECT – 407 GD 2020  
FALL/SPRING 2019-2020

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Approved by Thesis Advisor:

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'L. Musfy', written in a cursive style.

Leila Musfy | Professor  
Department of Architecture and Design  
Date of Thesis final presentation:  
MAY 14TH 2020

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY OF BEIRUT

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May 22<sup>nd</sup> 2020

Signature

Date

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## **ABSTRACT**

Re | collect, count, construct.

This publication explores this process of memory development through its connection to narration and storytelling by presenting a series of recollections of shared experiences. Each event is retold from two different perspectives, which are made distinct by the different colors used in the text. The way in which a story is narrated by each person helps us understand each person's perception of the event, and from that, the dependability and subjectivity of the memory.

The memories are typographically expressed, visualizing the way the story has been told. Overlapped words indicate repetition, stacks of curved lines communicate parts of the story that the other person did not mention, and sentences that are attached express speech. At the end of each story, I try to analyse the story as I see it, identifying different factors that could have affected the reconstruction of the memory.

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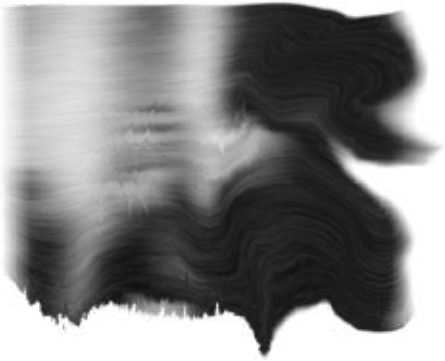
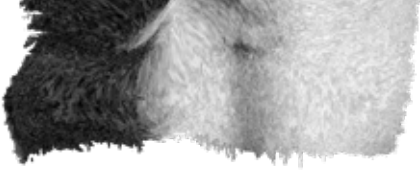
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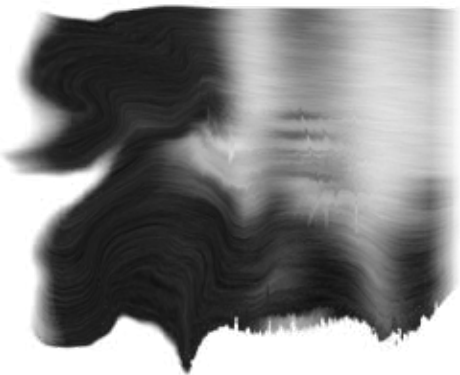
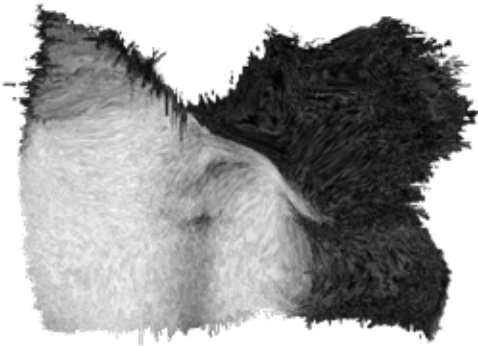


*This book is dedicated to my father,  
who never misses  
a chance to hold  
me accountable  
about any topic, thrown  
out to my very loving mother,  
whose endless support  
and motivation is the  
reason I was able  
to get through these  
past four years.*





**RE** | COLLECT  
COUNT  
CONSTRUCT





***This book is dedicated to my father,***

*who never misses  
a chance to hold  
mindboggling  
conversations with me  
about any topic thrown  
at him,*

***and to my very loving mother,***

*whose endless support  
and motivation is the  
reason I was able  
to get through these  
past four years.*



**“We crave a cohesive narrative of our own existence and will even invent stories to give us a more complete picture. Our minds are imaginative, they tell us what we want to know, how we want to have experienced it and most likely to our favour.”**

*Sarah Griffiths*

# RE

## COLLECT COUNT CONSTRUCT

Our lives are an accumulation of our experiences. We live to experience things on a daily basis, a lot of which we encode, store and occasionally retrieve. From the smallest and simplest encounters to life changing ones, we hold on to what we have been through because it makes us who we are. With every experience, we form a memory, a recollection of our past that has been encoded into our sense of self.

However, human perception is not perfect. **Sometimes we remember things that weren't there and sometimes we miss obvious things that were right in front of us.** In many cases, our recollections are inaccurate representations of our experiences, false memories that were not encoded correctly in the first place.

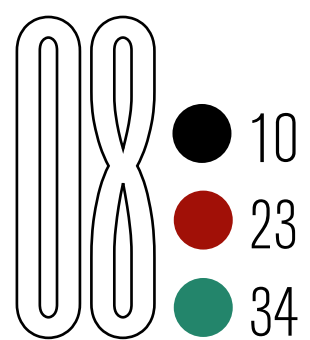
Our memories are not filed away in our brain ready to be played back perfectly whenever we want to retell a story, because as time passes, pieces of our stories fall away. Rather than being erased, our minds allow us to rebuild our narratives piece by piece.

**Our memories become mental reconstructions, a jumble of things mixed together, that we reshuffle and rebuild every time we recollect an experience.** There are multiple factors that are continuously affecting our recollection, causing our memories and stories to constantly evolve, bit by bit. Our perspectives on things, what we have been through, and how we expect things to happen, all impact our memory retrieval. Every time we recount a story we are unwittingly rewriting our experience, making them subject to distortion and reconstruction and not as dependable as we would expect them to be.

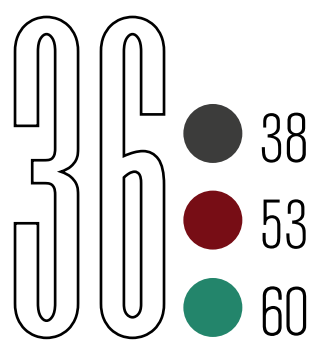
**This book explores this process of memory development through its connection to narration and storytelling by presenting a series of recollections of shared experiences.** Each event is retold from two different perspectives, which are made distinct by the different colors used in the text. The way in which a story is narrated by each person helps us understand each person's perception of the event, and from that, **the dependability and subjectivity of the memory.**

These memories are expressed typographically, visualizing the way the story has been told. Overlapped words indicate repetition, stacks of curved lines communicate parts of the story that the other person did not mention, and sentences that are attached express speech. At the end of each story, I try to analyse the story as I see it, identifying different factors that could have affected the reconstruction of the memory.

# CONTENT



**THE BEIRUT EYE;  
JUNE 8TH 2019**



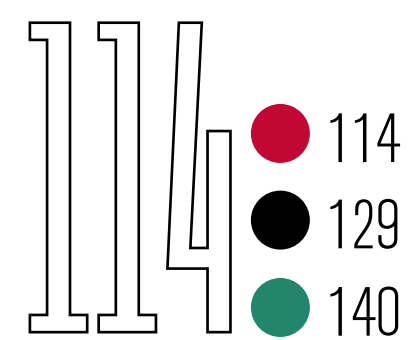
**IT WAS THE  
18TH OF OCTOBER**



**WE SPENT A  
DAY IN LAS VEGAS**



**GROUP PROJECT  
IN DESIGN ONE**



**SOAN 203 IN  
FALL OF 2018**

THE BEIRUT EYE



ON JUNE 8TH 2019

It was a hot summer night,  
the weather  
was a m a z i n g

Not too hot  
and not too  
cold,

a bit humid though.

**Rayan decided to take me out for my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday.**



It was both a happy and a sad night.

I was celebrating my birthday with  
///// my best friend whom I love very much /////

but also saying goodbye as he was traveling the next day to complete his internship abroad.

THE NIGHT  
WENT ON  
THAT WAY

\_\_\_\_\_ We FIRST went to a cute cafe in Mar Mikhael called Cat Cafe.

Rayan knew ///// how much I love cats ///// so it was the p e r f e c t place to go.

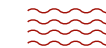
I ordered a cold lemonade,



he had coffee.

Cats were roaming around us, curious and eager to meet us.

At some point,



one of them jumped behind us and started scratching Rayan's back.

It made me laugh.



We played with them,

we held them,

we even hugged some of them.

AROUND 20  
MINUTES IN

I had already picked my favorites and then started rambling and on and on about how much I wanted a cat.

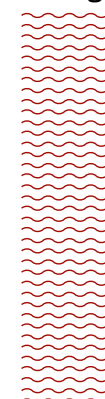
# I can't remember

what we spoke about or how the conversation fully went on, but I do remember that at some point one of the cats

# SPOILED A CLASS OF WINE

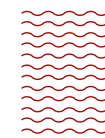


All the cats assembled then, taking in the strong alcohol smell.



The staff who worked there rushed to spread

all the cats  
AWAY  
FROM  
THE  
SUBSTANCE,



then  
proceeded  
to clean up  
the mess.

# PHASE ONE OF THE NIGHT WAS SIMPLY AMAZING

I was very excited  
to proceed to the next  
activity.

We walked  
out of the  
cafe, straight to the car.

I kept on asking Rayan about WHERE we were  
going,  
but he had refused to tell me,  
emphasizing that,

IT'S A SURPRISE.



# WE WERE GOING TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK!



We walked into the park  
and I felt like  
we were out of place.

but I didn't mind it at all.

**WE WERE ABOUT TO RIDE  
THE BIG WHEEL  
///// or as I like to call it: The Beirut Eye! /////**

The park was almost empty so we didn't have  
to wait in line. We bought our  
tickets and directly went to  
the wheel.



As we sat down, I started to get  
a little  
bit scared.

This machine is KNOWN for being **very rusty  
and old.**

It made the adventure  
more exciting

but also scarier.

The wheel started to spin and we started to go up.

**AS WE REACHED THE HIGHEST LEVEL,**

I was **really scared,**

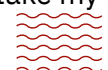
**s t r u g g l e d** to open my eyes.

IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT I

DISCOVERED

THAT I HAVE **a mild fear of heights.**

**I REFUSED** to take my hands off the ramps.



Rayan took out his phone and documented **THE WHOLE THING.**

To our left,

**there were two young boys screaming and spinning and laughing**

which also made us laugh.

**WHEN THE RIDE WAS OVER,**

**we went back to the car** laughing about what we just did.

**We spent the rest of the night,**

**cruising around in the car,**

**taking advantage of the time left. ■**

**FOR RIM'S BIRTHDAY**

I <sup>really</sup> really wanted to make sure that she has **////// the best birthday ever. ////**

She usually,

doesn't like her birthday,



so I made it a point to make sure that she does.

**ON JUNE 8<sup>th</sup>**

*the day after her actual birthday and after having all the family and friends celebrations out of the way,*

**I wanted to take her on a special birthday date.**



*The Cat Café*

felt like a  
MUST.

///// Rim is obsessed with animals of almost all kinds /////

and she has been wanting  
a pet for as long as she can  
remember,

THE BEST PART OF BEING THERE WITH RIM,  
WAS SEEING THE GENUINE HAPPINESS ON HER FACE  
WHENEVER SHE  
SAW, TOUCHED, OR CARRIED



We got there, not really knowing what to expect  
other than cats.

I mean,

there shouldn't  
be much else to  
expect anyway,

right?

ANY OF THE CATS.

We eventually started analyzing each of the  
cats' personalities and **picked  
out our favorites.**

NEXT STOP

# THE MANARA LUNA PARK

I honestly don't know how this place is  
STILL OPEN to this day.

Everything looks like it could  
come down crashing,

at any second.

But I just  
~~really~~  
really  
wanted us to  
go up on the  
**BIG FERRIS  
WHEEL.**

**We got our tickets and got in that rusty cabin,**  
trying to limit our movements.

Meanwhile,  
**some guys in the cabin behind ours were  
going very crazy, spinning it,  
jumping in it, just having fun,**



and I just

## couldn't understand how

they had the  
balls to do  
that.

AS OUR CABIN STARTED MOVING,

I REMEMBERED

**Rim's fear of heights.**

The higher  
up that we  
were going,  
Rim's brain  
was ~~shutting down~~



# SHE WAS NOW ONLY ON AUTOPILOT RESPONDING WITH ONE SYLLABLE WORDS.

trying  
to keep her  
eyes shut,

yet,

smiling through  
the fear.

Little by little , she loosened up  
a bit

and ATTEMPTED to face her fear.

At a certain point, really  
it really felt like it was JUST  
me and her, and no one else  
around.

///// I wanted that moment to last  
a little bit longer. /////

But the ride  
had to come  
to an end.

We got off the ferris wheel, head back to the

car that I had

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~  
sanitized our hands, then went

**cruising around Beirut.**

We both  
needed that  
cruise.

I was leaving to Qatar the following day,

and I wasn't  
going to  
see Rim for  
the next  
3 months  
given that  
she will be  
in Turkey.

Given that we hadn't even been dating for 3  
months, ////////////// **that felt like it was going to last forever.** //////////////

I believe we cruised for around  
an hour,

maybe less.

I can't remember the  
specific conversations we  
had, but all I know is  
I was

trying  
to keep the conversation  
going for AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

I was d r e a d i n g the second i would have  
to drop her home,

but that second  
INEVITABLY came.

We arrived at  
her place,

shared a  
final kiss for  
the summer,

and just like that,

the date was over. ■





IT WAS THE 18<sup>TH</sup> OF  
OCTOBER, THE FIRST  
DAY AND SECOND  
NIGHT OF THE ● ●  
LEBANESE INTIFADA



**IT WAS THE**

# 18<sup>TH</sup> OF OCTOBER,

second day of protests.

We were all chanting against the government,  
it was a really nice day.

That

is something  
I've ALWAYS  
looked  
forward to.

It was really  
fun and nice,  
and a lot  
happened  
that day.



I remember seeing a lot of people we knew or

haven't seen



in

so long.

**We went to Riad al Soloh,**

Riad al Soloh

IT WAS THE NICEST TIME

SPENT THERE,

I saw a friend I  
haven't seen in  
around ten years,  
so it was pretty  
overwhelming.

A LOT OF CHANTING,

**with a lot of people gathered  
together.**

We were talking and discussing the whole situation going on. Then, my friends wanted to leave,

and I was like,

NO,

LET'S GO BACK TO RIAD AL SOLOH

FOR AROUND HALF AN HOUR

AND THEN WE'LL LEAVE.

That was around 19:30

We kept going closer to the center of the crowd. **I remember Nour, Firas, Samir, Joseph and I were there.**

We kept going closer and closer and closer.



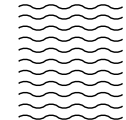
A LOT OF THINGS WERE THROWN THAT MADE

# REALLY LOUD

SOUNDS,



that we later realized, were sound bombs.



So everytime they threw one,

EVERYONE would kind of run



and then we would go back because we realize they were nothing except sounds to scare us.

We were in front but not completely, and at the time, **there were no fences between the people and the army.**

That means

it was

a bit tougher

because there was a lot more contact.

People in front of us kept going back and it was

so crowded so any movement that would happen in front of us

affected

the ENTIRE crowd.



The people kept running back which meant that there was tension between the army and the people.

We ran back forth and forth until we just all and back and

stopped

and there were like thousands of people.

Riad al Soloh is tight



and relatively narrow,

for the amount of the people that were there.

**THEN AT ONE POINT**

they threw something,

and no one took it seriously at first because they assumed it was just another sound bomb

and then someone screams

**TEAR GAS.**

**20 MINUTES BEFORE THAT**

my friend said,

**IF THEY THREW TEAR GAS**

**WOULD YOU BE READY?**

I said

**YEAH,**

**I HAVE A MASK.**

He said

**IT WASN'T ENOUGH**

then he gave me an extra cotton t-shirt he had to breathe through, just in case.

I honestly didn't expect tear gas to be this intense.

I used to think that if you were exposed to  
it, you would

tear up  
and cough  
a little bit,

but when the people started  
screaming tear gas,  
everyone started running.

We later realized that they had closed ALL THE  
ROADS that lead to the other  
side.

That meant that we had

ONE EXIT

that leads up to downtown.

**We started running and then I lost Nour and**

**Firas.** We got stuck between  
the people,

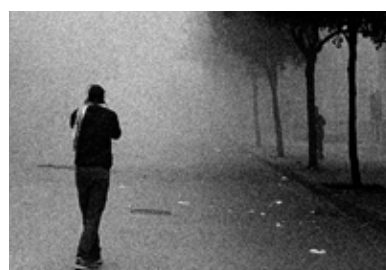
because EVERYONE was trying to run,

but we were all stuck

because NO ONE can see.

**The army started throwing so much tear gas  
and until then I couldn't deal  
anymore.**

I had the entire cotton t-shirt, on my face  
covering my nose and my eyes



because EVERY TIME  
I tried to b r e a t h e ,

I'd s u f f o c a t e more,

and EVERY TIME  
I open my eyes to see,

they b u r n

and I can't see at all.

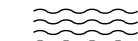
# I WAS LIFTED BETWEEN SHOULDERS.

**It was so crowded that at  
some point,  
my feet  
couldn't  
touch the  
ground.**

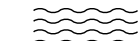
Eventually I reached towards the end,



Samir and Joseph found me  
and they had ski goggles on  
which helped them



a little.



They helped me out to reach a further place  
and in the meantime I was  
s u f f o c a t i n g ,



unable to see nor breathe.

AT ONE POINT, \_\_\_\_\_ WE WALKED OVER A TEAR GAS CANISTER

AND IT WAS LITERALLY BLOWING UP  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR FACES.

We had no exit,  
or way to run away from it.

People started moving faster and faster and faster  
and someone steps on my slip-on shoes,  
so they slipped off and I was unable to bend down to pick it up  
or then people would've literally stepped over me

I kept running half barefoot

until

someone else steps on my other shoe and I ended up running fully barefoot.

I reached a point, where Samir was holding my shoulders and helping me run until we REACHED AN OPEN PARKING LOT,

where we were

finally able to breathe.

It felt so much like it could've been an apocalypse.

It probably all happened in a span of 10 minutes,

but it felt like hours. ■

**It was the night of Friday October 18th: the first day and second night of the Lebanese intifada.**

THAT MORNING, \_\_\_\_\_ my friends and I got dressed and went down to the streets to protest,



not knowing what to expect.

As the sun set,

**the crowds got louder,**

**and the air got more tense.**

WE WERE STANDING IN FRONT OF THE SERAIL,

THE CROWD STRETCHED BACK TO THE MOSQUE.

THERE WAS MUSIC,

AND SHOUTING, AND SWEARING.



I was with four of my friends before it all happened.

The protesters and riot police were face to face.

I remember looking up and seeing fireworks,

but it was something else.

Someone *screamed*,

and then the people really quickly started to run.

# THERE WAS A STAMPEDE

as soon as people started running, because we were in such a tight crowd.

# MY FEET WERE LIFTED GROUND.

# OFF

**We got split up and I stayed with one of my friends.**

The tear gas hit so fast

**and we were so stuck in the crowd.**

**The police fired the canister consecutively.**

So even if you could run,

you couldn't outrun the gas.

I remember being  
so confused  
to the physical  
sensation.

**I thought tear gas made your eyes tearful,**

turns out it was a chemical  
weapon that made you  
choke and burn.

Being stuck in the cloud of  
smoke was unbearable.

**I didn't think I would make it out.**

## AT SOME POINT

I announced to my friend who was holding me,

**I HAVE**

**STOPPED BREATHING.**

I wanted to  
warn him

just in case I passed out right there.



Somehow, after tentatively **stepping over each other,**

**WE MADE IT,**

**TO A SHOPPING PLAZA NEARBY.**

Sharing that moment with fellow protesters felt like a blood pact. **taking our first breaths was blissful.**

Through months of protests and much more tear gas experiences, that first night stuck with us, and kept us coming back to fight for more. ■

**WAS MY FEET LIFTED I WAS LIFTED MY FEET WERE I WAS  
I WAS LIFTED MY FEET LIFTED WERE I WAS LIFTED WERE  
FEET WERE LIFTED WERE WERE WERE LIFTED  
MY FEET MY FEET LIFTED WERE I WAS LIFTED  
WAS LIFTED WERE I WAS WERE LIFTED WERE  
S MY FEET LIFTED I WAS LIFTED LIFTED LIFTED  
LIFTED LIFTED MY FEET LIFTED MY FEET LIFTED**

There is always the possibility of coincidence, that they were both stuck in the crowd and had their feet lifted above the ground. However, there is also the chance that it only happened to one of them or even none of them but both recall it happening to them.

There are a lot of factors could have affected this particular part of the recollection.

For such a significant experience, it is safe to say that the story has been retold multiple times. Considering that the 5 friends were together, there is a high chance that they have shared their stories with one another.

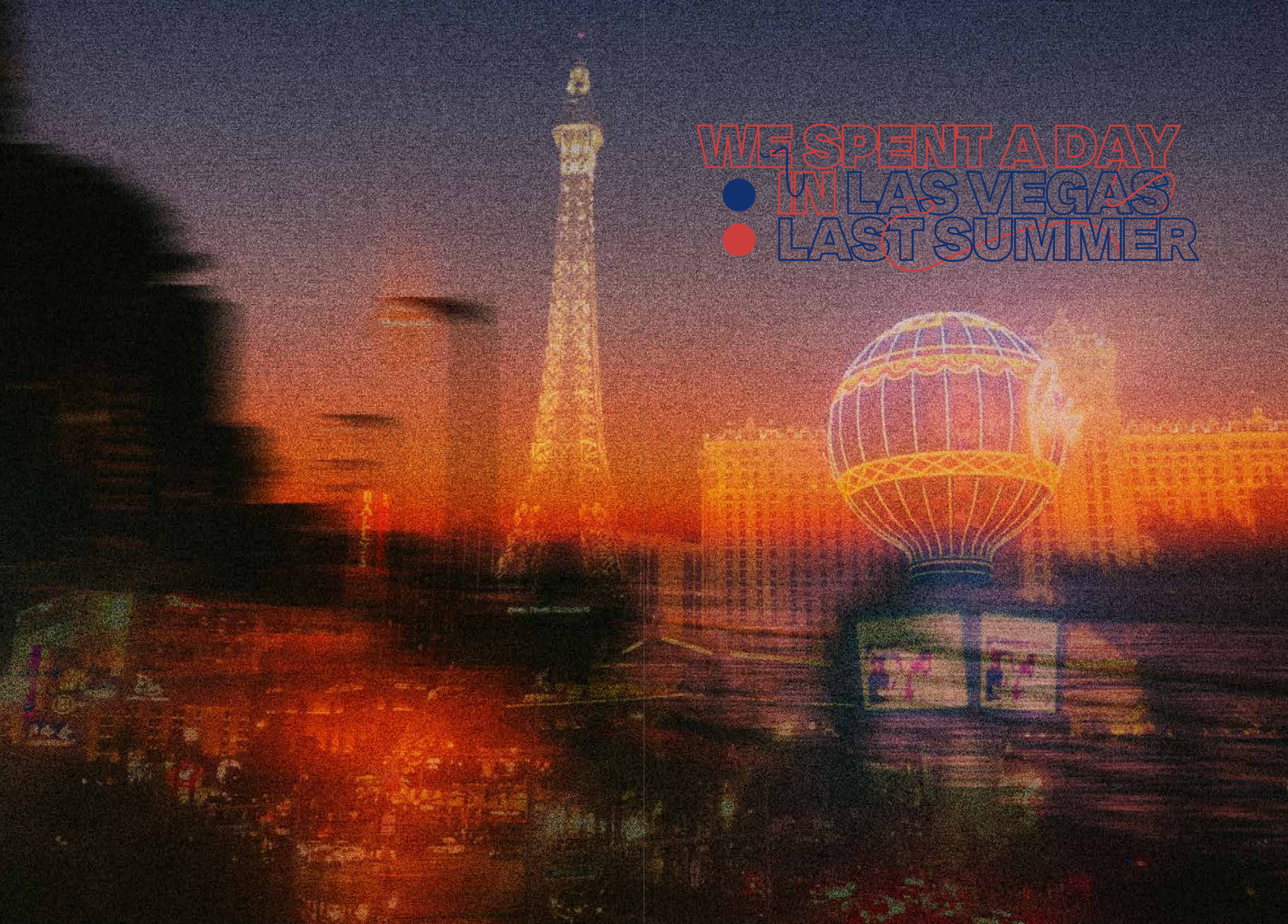
Everytime a memory is retold, recalled or reshared, it is recreated rather than played back. In this recreation, the friends might have unconsciously swapped bits and pieces of the event.

Alternatively, either one of them could have believed that their feet were lifted off the ground for reasons that relate to their social image.

One person could've gotten a certain positive reaction from the people hearing her story, admired for the intensity of the experience. The other person could unconsciously adapt this bit of experience into her own story, embellishing her experience, for the purpose of later receiving the same social admiration.



WE SPENT A DAY  
● IN LAS VEGAS  
● LAST SUMMMER



We were in Las Vegas that day,

and I was  
in a ~~really~~  
bummed  
out mood.

I was not really enjoying the experience then,  
because we cant really do  
much,



unless we were over 21

or had fake IDs,

and I was 20,

with no fake ID.



I remember that day we went shopping and  
**were planning out several  
things we wanted to do that  
night.**

From before even getting to Vegas, Omar has been talking about a place in Vegas that was like a toned-down version of six flags.

It was like a park, so not many games to play.

He kept telling us that he wanted to go try it out and then asked us

WHO IS WILLING TO JOIN ME?

AT FIRST, most of us were in, but by the time it was the afternoon,

the weather got really hot

and people started bailing on plans.

I remember I was walking with them that night and suddenly felt like I was suffocating.

I was with Omar, Ali, and Jeeks.

We were headed to the MNMs place because Ali wanted to get his girlfriend a gift.

There was a horrible smell of burnt chocolate that made me want to gag.



It was then that I felt like my whole chest was tightening and I was in need of Ventolin.

Omar then took me to the top floor to wash my face.

We then decided to go on that ride that Omar  
kept talking about.

We had ASSUMED most of them  
were in to play.

**Most of them bailed later.**

I want to leave and honestly,

////// **I was being so hardheaded** ////



because  
I couldn't  
breathe well  
so I was  
afraid of  
getting dizzy



or fainting.

We ended up going to that hotel and asking  
about the game anyway.

I remember  
seeing one of  
the games  
closed and  
thinking,

that is even  
**more of a sign**  
**that I should not**  
be getting on  
that ride.

I was still  
being  
stubborn  
about it

I DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
RIDE THE  
GAME  
I DIDN'T  
WANTED  
TO LEAVE.  
I DIDN'T  
WANT TO  
FIGHT AND  
WAS BEING  
STUBBORN  
ABOUT IT.

and told them  
**MEET ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE**

**I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS.**

As the guys were buying the tickets, they  
were double checking that  
everyone was positive they  
didn't want to play

BUT THEN I DECIDED

**FUCK IT**  
I am going on that ride



The game started

and lifted us up SO HIGH  
and all I can say is

WOW.

I got goosebumps just recalling the moment.

AS WE REACHED  
THE VERY TOP

the view was

ABSOLUTELY

GORGEOUS,

we were  
able to  
see all Las  
Vegas from  
above.



The way that game works is this way

so you're seated,

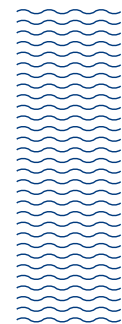
and it rises up really high  
then quickly

drops

It was  
basically as  
high as the  
Eiffel tower.

so you  
basically  
feel your  
heart drop  
along  
with it.

I remember that I was sitting between Aboudi  
and Omar,



and I was lowkey f r e a k i n g out.

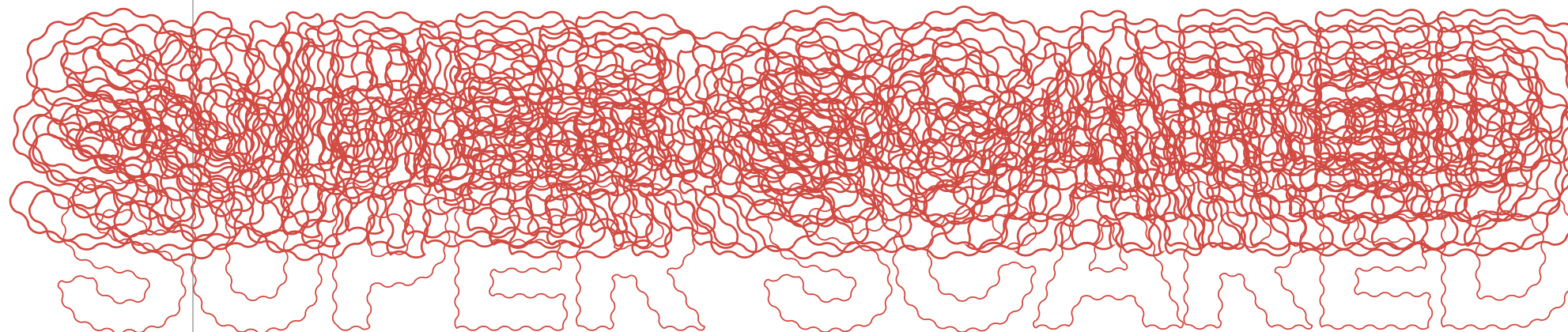
BUT OMAR WAS THE ABSOLUTE



BIGGEST CHICKEN OF ALL!!! HE



WAS JUST,



# WHEN THE SEATS DROPPED

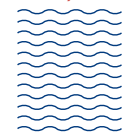
I kept thinking,

Performance date: 07/14/2019 10:00 AM  
Section: General Admission  
Seating: 205819 RIDE1 Price: \$5.00  
Order: 116291 R107142019

my shoe was DEFINITELY going to drop too and I'm bound to lose it in the middle of Vegas.



They took pictures of us during the ride,



it was amazing.

///// I genuinely teared up when it was over ///// because of how beautiful it was.

That night was very special because I was in a horrible mood

and this switched up my WHOLE day.

It made up for everything.

It's the MOST thing I don't regret

and I keep thinking of how GRATEFUL I am

to have done this.

It was one of the most special moments to me.

We then went back home and bragged about it to our friends



telling them all about what they missed out on. ■

THE STRAT

Thrill Ride

Sunday, July 14, 2019

No refunds or exchanges

Base: \$5.00 Conv Fee: \$0.00 LET: \$0.00 Total: \$5.00

General Admission / 205819



**There was a day where we had planned to  
go to Las Vegas.**

spend the **WHOLE** day there,  
and go back in the evening.

It was a very long road trip,

**and it was  
extremely  
hot.**

We all went to watch the summer league basketball game.



Lynn was not with us at that time.

I remember that we had dropped her off at Starbucks to study, and went to watch the game.

Lynn texts me saying **THERE IS A GUY**

**STALKING ME**

**HE KEEPS FOLLOWING ME**

She was very creeped out, so we quickly left the game to go pick her up.

As soon as she left Starbucks,

**AND THE GUY CAME OUT SLOWLY FOLLOWING.**

We were around 5 guys at the time,

so you can imagine him turning and walking away when he saw 5 guys come out of the car.

**WITH EVERY MOVE I MAKE.**

**TWO HOURS LATER**

We got back to the hotel,

showered,

got dressed,

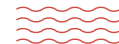
**then we went ahead and walked on the strip,**



the MOST famous street in Vegas,

that is FILLED with all Casinos.

There were A LOT of strippers on the road and Bassem wanted to take a picture with one of them



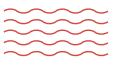
but we kept putting it off.

The girls over there were extremely gorgeous but also extra.

# We had planned to eat dinner at Gordon Ramsey's Hell Kitchen

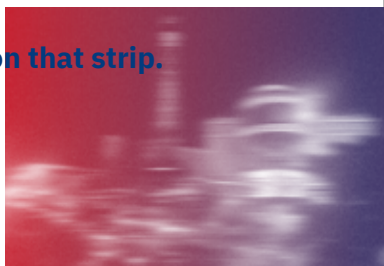
and we fought over it,

///// I really didn't like the food /////



and ended up having pizza.

LATER THAT EVENING, \_\_\_\_\_ we went back to walking on that strip.



For the longest time,  
I had been planning to do

ALL the activities

I could possibly do while I  
was in America

and TRY to  
not miss out  
on anything.

So in Las Vegas there's a VERY TALL building  
that's pretty well-known.

That building has a ride on  
it's top floor.



What that ride does is that it lifts you up  
really high then you  
really drops  
down really quick.

///// Super cool but  
also  
super  
scary///// but I insisted on riding it.

Most of the group said they did not want to  
join so it ended up being  
Lynn,  
Aboudi, and I.

When we got there and as we were buying  
our tickets,

Lynn  
decided  
to bail.

We were going to go on the ride without her  
but then  
WE WERE ABLE TO  
CONVINCE HER  
to join us at the last second.

There is no way to  
describe the level  
of fear **she** was in.

She was  
super  
afraid, she  
was so close  
to crying.

To be able to look at the **WHOLE** city from  
above, was absolutely insane.

**WHEN WE GOT  
ON THAT RIDE**  
it was the most beautiful  
thing I have seen and done  
throughout the whole trip.

It was the nicest thing I got to do.

**ONCE WE  
WERE DONE,**  
we picked up the rest of the boys and went  
back to UCLA. ■



There is no way to describe the level of fear **she** was in.

Every individual wants to perfect their self image and have good stories to tell. For one part of the story, Omar mentions Lynn being stalked and him, along with the guys, going to save her from the creep. It was a pretty detailed part of his story and that makes sense. He saved his friend, he feels good about it and wouldn't forget that feeling of contentment. Why would he keep out that part of the story? It may have even happened on a different day, but it happened and he won't lose the chance to recount it.

Lynn doesn't mention it, she just mentions them going shopping. Maybe the good part of the day overpowered the man's creepiness or maybe it would embarrass her to share such an incident.

Many things could factor into the recollection of events but also recounting the incident requires a

thought process. What do you want people to know and what do you want to keep to yourself?

Assuming she has recounted this story multiple times to a different groups of people, the recollection sort of sticks in. She probably neglected that incident in the story so many times that she just stopped recollecting and in turn, stopped mentioning it, hence the evident reconstruction.

This protection of self-image is also evident when they discuss the fear of the thrill ride. Lynn does mention she was a bit scared but Omar doesn't even brush by the idea of it. They both point fingers on one another. It's funny because I feel like that's always the case. Everyone is fixated on the humor that resides from someone being scared, but never want to be the one made fun of.

THE VERY LAST

- PROJECT OF OUR

- FIRST DESIGN

COURSE IN AUB

**I can't recall** how I ended up working with Dalida and Michelle,

nor if the topic we worked with was chosen for us, or if we chose it ourselves.

I remember being very



anxious

about working with Michelle,

given that I hadn't known her well at that time,

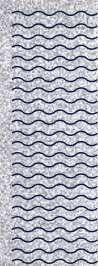
Dalida was a friend.

**I matched pink shirts with Michelle once,**

**and we took pictures in the hallway next to the lockers.**



The project  
was a long  
process.



It took us a while to figure  
out what each of our **three**  
**posters** was going to look like.

One was  
about  
calligraphic  
art,



which Michelle did.



One was  
about  
Palestinian  
art,



which I did.



The last was  
about carpet  
art,



that Dalida did.

# I remember all of us working on every poster together,

the gauche painting

in Michelle's poster,

**cutting and pasting tiny  
square frames**

for mine,

and the endless hours of **pointillism**

for Dalida's poster.

I remember **Dalida had a Psych exam**

at the time  
and she

couldn't

stop

talking about it.



I remember one night

when the three of us sat on the  
floor of the studio

**We had hotdogs  
once and they  
were really bad**

in front of all our pinned up  
posters and looking at them,  
seeing what we should fix,

I remember  
thinking at  
that moment

**this is a  
moment I will  
remember.**

After that, Rabbi' came and told us

**YOUR POSTERS**



**ARE PRETTY COOL.**

I remember insisting on doing something that is related to anime,



then Dalida slapping me back to reality and telling me

We made a WhatsApp group called ninjas which we still use to this day.

**THAT**

**WON'T**

**WORK.**

Ended up with much better designs, **thank you, Dalida**

I remember the nerve wracking process of applying the vinyl text on my poster,

and **how we sat for long long hours on the light table to do the pointillism poster.**



Also, I remember the feedback we got.

I remember Karim taking my **Palestinian scarf** and telling me to be inspired by it and the patterns on it.

The final jury  
Khajag said  
something  
about

~~~~~  
**all the effort we  
put into making  
all of these  
details**

**by hand**

~~~~~  
while some people

~~~~~  
decided to  
print their  
designs. ■

The very last project of my first design course in  
AUB was **group work with my  
friends Michelle and Sarah.**

I remember the professors calling out names  
out of a hat in random while  
**///// I prayed that I got partnered  
up with my friends. /////**

I was standing right behind Michelle when they  
said our group.

~~~~~  
We looked at one another  
~~~~~  
in disbelief  
before bursting out in laughter  
~~~~~  
because  
of the  
coincidence  
and sheer  
luck.

I dont recall  
exactly what  
theme we  
had for this  
project

but I remember it involving **arabesque** and **textiles.**

**DURING THE  
SECOND  
FEEDBACK**

Sarah suggested we use the patterns from  
her scarf which she had said  
was a part of the traditional  
Palestinian heritage.



**FOR ONE  
OF THE  
SESSIONS,**

I was unable to work at home,



I kept sketching nonstop the  
ENTIRE time until it was our turn  
to present.



My teammates were so understanding but were  
jokingly making fun of me.



They said sarcastically,

**HOW**



**DARE YOU**

**SHOW UP**

**WITH NO SKETCHES.**

The feedback went well because of all the

~~~~~  
crappy trials  
that I had  
produced

~~~~~  
and the quality of the other  
girls' work. ///// **I was surprised** /////

# Michelle kept messing with me

SEE

LET YOU FEEL BAD

SO YOU SKETCH A LOT

TO SAVE OUR ASSES

WE NEEDED DONKEY WORK.



# ONE SATURDAY

I had a psychology exam,

I finished it and rushed down to the studio

I kept finding leftover paper and masking tape from that day until a year later.

It was made of cut out cubes.

to help Sarah finish her poster.

We also took stupid pictures between the lockers that day.

My FAVORITE part of that entire experience was the last of the **three posters** we produced.

We decided to use **pointillism** because we **enjoy making our lives difficult.**

We spent about 14 hours working on a light table

for three days straight

in order to get it done  
///// **seeing the final outcome was the most satisfying thing ever.** /////

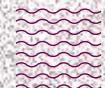
I remember finishing it and then having an existential crisis because that poster was just

n o t e n o u g h s t e n t  
e n o u g h with the other two.



**IT WAS A  
SUNDAY  
NIGHT**

we stood like lost idiots outside  
Reza's office wondering if we  
should ask for his opinion or  
not.



We did not.



**ON THAT SUNDAY,**

Michelle,

////// **being the perfectionist she is** ////

had a crisis of her own

and decided she wanted to redo her gouache poster because of a SLIGHT smudge.

Sarah and I yelled at her enough to convince her not to do it.

her  
it was really not worth it.

We were hesitant to let her take her poster home or not, we let her have it. because we knew nothing would stop her if she had set her mind.

Thankfully, she decided to use those seven hours of her life for sleep.

The jury went well, I managed to say some words during our presentation and so did they. It strengthened our friendship and taught me a lot about group work and collaboration.

**OVERALL,** the entire experience was very pleasant.



Also taught me that Michelle's height is like "مترونص" we measured it with the square ruler.

It strengthened our friendship and taught me a lot about group work and collaboration. ■



Preconceived thoughts, focus and guilt are three factors that played a role in these stories' recollections.

Both Dalida and Sarah were relatively anxious about who they were going to end up working with. They mentioned it was the first design course so that meant there still weren't any substantially built friendships, hence the nervousness. Sometimes we remember things that weren't there and sometimes we miss obvious things that were right in front of us.

Through this idea, their difference in focus is made evident. Although they shared the same experience, side by side, Dalida's main focus was working with Michelle while Sarah's main focus was working on three posters with a new group. It is likely that Dalida's excitement and Sarah's anxiousness took a role in the recollection process. Having worked with a close friend for the first big project, that is huge. How can you focus on anything but that?

On the other hand, having worked with two girls who were already close, your connection with them is not substantial enough to focus on, which is why Sarah's focus might have been on the project, since it is one thing they all had in common.

Another point is Dalida's continuous rants about her guilt trips. She probably was so focused on her actions because of it being the first group project. No one wants to set low standards for group work productivity. In one way or another, this does relate to wanting to make sure you set a good image of yourself. Expressing her guilt does give off the idea that she is a hard worker who happened to initially have a tough time working.

It's interesting to see that what one person can be stressing over so much, such as Dalida's personal guilt, could be out of sight out of mind for the opposing party.

SOAN 203 IN FALL OF  
● 2018 AND A SERIES  
● OF LOVELY MEETINGS

I joined AUB in the Fall of 2018,  
as a very excited sophomore.

I didn't know many people there,



but I was confident that I'll get  
to meet amazing friends in no  
time,

and I thought

I had everything figured out.

I was a  
physics  
major at  
the time.

**I was more excited about SOAN 203,**

*a course I  
had been  
taking for  
my anthro  
minor,*

than ANY physics course.

**///// It probably wasn't the  
right major for me /////**



**AS THE WEEKS  
PROCESSED,** \_\_\_\_\_ I looked forward to hearing his input

which usually  
lacked ANY  
seriousness  
and would make me laugh  
~~~~~  
and his  
interesting  
references

that I would research later.

As I got more accustomed to the AUB campus, I realized that it wasn't that big and that you could easily run into people.

**ANTHRO DUDE KEPT  
POPPING UP IN  
FRONT OF ME.**

**ONE TIME**  
I remember was during the BEYMUN GA.

I only went  
there for the  
free pizza,



///// **But honestly, I find MUN very pretentious.** /////

A place I came to associate anthro dude with was the upper floor of the Jafet library,

where I was  
~~~~~  
mostly spending  
my time.

**ONE DAY,**  
I was going up the stairs in Jafet

and thought



I saw a math  
classmate  
who I was  
running into  
a lot,

so I stopped  
and told him,

**YOU'RE**

**EVERYWHERE I GO.**

he laughed it off and said the  
same.

It took me a  
second after  
we walked  
away to  
realize that

it was  
anthro  
dude.

Luckily he came up to the table I was  
studying at later for a formal  
introduction.

I had **FINALLY** gotten a name to  
associate with anthro dude:

**Karim!**

By then,

I had made a friend who I hung  
out A LOT with in upper Jafet.

**Her name was Aya.**

**She was easy to talk to and we got along very smoothly.**

She was once showing me a funny picture edit  
she was making of none other than Karim.

**///// My interest piqued and  
I asked as many  
questions about him /////**

without seeming weird about  
it, and she took it upon herself

to make us friends.





I got to meet Karim more often,

**he always  
had a story  
to tell and  
things to  
share.**

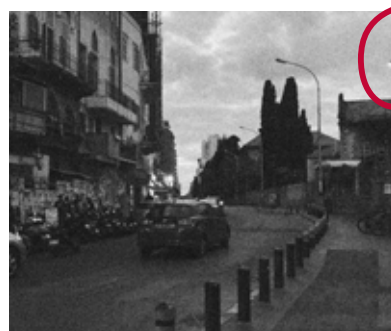
**I learned that he was into metalcore when  
he made me listen to this  
song called Crushed by his  
favourite band.**

**///// I hate metalcore./////**

He was so excited though,  
so I listened  
eagerly to  
his analysis  
of the music  
video.

**A WEEK OR SO LATER,**

Karim told me **WE SHOULD GO OUT**



which I happily agreed to.

**FOR FRIES**

**AND ICED TEA**

What I didn't recognize at the time was  
/////our instant connection/////

but within a month

I was describing him to my best friend Siba

as my "uni best friend"

and was unsure of where to go from there and if it was something more than that. ■

Two friends joined us last minute and I remember one of them pulled me to the side

and asked

**AM I INTRUDING**

**ON A DATE?**

I was confused since the thought hadn't even crossed my mind

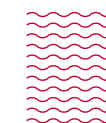
since it seemed that way to her.

**After cancelling the first two sessions of the semester,** it was FINALLY time to take our first SOAN 203 session

on the second Tuesday of the semester.

**I was particularly excited for this class**

as it was the FIRST course I took



with none of my friends,

and everyone said good things about it.

I came in early on the first day and sat in front of the door.



People started coming in

but only a few were distinguishable to me.

There were four people I had met the week before when we thought we had class,

a ginger guy and his friend

whom I had seen around

Jafet,

and finally coming in late a young



**Edna Mode**

with who seemed like her apprentice.

IT WAS HIEBA!

Despite the delinquency associated with coming late,

///// **it felt like she was**

**here to conquer the class./////**

When taking attendance, the teacher asked Hieba if this



**[/Hi'ba/]**

was how she pronounced her name.

It was

offsetting

but I thought nothing of it.



I ALWAYS looked forward to class and to hearing what she had to say,

thinking I could challenge it

or further develop it,

but there was RARELY the need for that.

I hated her for that, in a friendly way!

Our one-sided rivalry for favorite student had started.

A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER, \_\_\_\_\_ it was club GA week and two of my friends and I decided to plan a schedule to visit as much GAs as we could

to have as much free food as possible.

I had to deviate from the schedule and go to the BEYMUN GA alone, **////// I was actually interested in joining ////** having had a successful MUN career at school.

Hieba was there; I remember feeling dumb because

**OF COURSE,** someone like her would be **EATING UP MUN** with her detailed answers and PERFECT preparation skills.

I found out later on that that **but it made sense during that moment.** assumption was wrong.

**EVER SINCE  
SOPHOMORE  
YEAR**

i.e. before  
Hieba even  
registered  
at AUB

I had made the upper Jafet library my home  
as I lived in dorms away from my family.

**ONE DAY** \_\_\_\_\_ I was going to grab something from the  
downstairs vending machine  
and I saw Hieba going up the  
stairs.

She told me  
**I SEE YOU**

**EVERYWHERE.**

I told her that the same went for me

and we parted ways.



I had realized  
that I still had  
not properly  
introduced  
myself,  
**so I came back up to her table,  
and we officially met!**



Tying back to what I had mentioned earlier,

the upper Jafet library was where I met most of my friends today.

There, I met two sophomores,

**one of which was called Aya.**

**She was easy going**

**and easy to entertain.**

**AT A LATER DATE,**

**I had just researched the symbolism behind the song called Crushed // by my favorite band at the time, Parkway Drive. //**

**I felt the need to share it with everyone.**

Parkway Drive are a metalcore band.

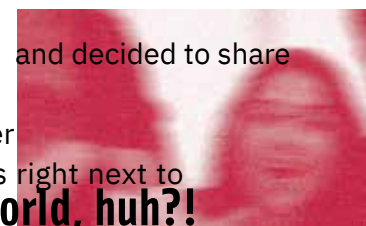
**It never occurred to me that most people don't listen to that**

I went around introducing to my friends.

Going around Jafet,

I saw Aya, and decided to share my epiphany with her.

I went up to her and Hieba was right next to her. **Small world, huh?!**



Naturally, I introduced both of them to the intricate concepts

of divinity

as portrayed by the music video.

I remember hoping they both would not stop talking me after that, *they didn't*



and that was the FIRST time Hieba and I officially met and shared an experience, with many more to come.

A FEW DAYS LATER,

I took Hieba's number from Aya

to ask her a class-related question

and that's when we started texting regularly.

I also discovered that her name was Hieba,

**NOT HIBA,**

and that the /e/ stood for

**extra.**

**ONE DAY**—I was walking back to Jafet and overheard people *discussing* how curly fries go well with iced tea and *//////* **that sounded like the whitest thing ever to me.** *//////*

Knowing Hieba hates white people,

I texted her about it

and **asked her to**

**GO TRY OUT**

**THIS //DEADLY COMBO//**

**WITH ME.**

**She said yes,** but it was not intended as a date.

**BEFORE LEAVING FOR LUNCH,**

**two of our friends asked to join and we said**

**yes,** since it wasn't a date.

One of them mentioned that she thought Hieba and I had been friends for years,

*~~~~~*

as the connection between us isn't acquired after **JUST** a couple of weeks of uni.



**AFTER LUNCH,**

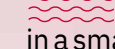
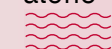
I went with Hieba to get lenses for her sister



and took our FIRST picture  
together



alone



in a small mirror on the counter. ■



This story in particular does not contain any clear cut reconstruction but it does have an interesting play on the notion of perception of events. How their perception plays a role in their recollection of events.

Both, Hieba and Karim, had a sort of interest from the start. They lowkey judged one another before actually getting to meet. These personal judgements and expectations affect what one would later recall.

From the dizzying stream of incoming perceptions, the brain encodes, the sights, sounds, sensations and emotions it deems important. In this story, the emotions were definitely deemed important. These series of events led up to a substantial event in their lives, they'll hold on to it and maybe even beautify the recollection of the events.

Some parts of their stories were oddly similar, which could be a result of either possibility. Either they really held on to the remembering those events because they felt the possible importance later on, or because they were a series of significant and special moments, they had discussed them multiple times.

The more times events are discussed with people who shared the same experience, the more times the narrative is rebuilt and reshuffled, until at some point, the stories are almost identical.

That is, ofcourse, except the pre-made thought that will always be unique to the person. These thought could be something like EDNAMODE or ANTHRO DUDE, the very first thought that crossed their minds when they first crossed paths.



# CONTRIBUTORS

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**Rayan Idriss**

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**Nour Annan**

**Lynn Daher**

**Omar Shawa**

**Sarah Khattab**

**Dalida Raad**

**Hieba Annan**

**Karim al Hariri**

For sharing their experiences, which allowed me to build the book's content.

I would also like to thank my FYP advisor,

**Leila Musfi**



**Design** | Nour Zahabi

**Content** | Original stories from authors.

**Photography** | Nour Zahabi as well as authors themselves from moments of their experience.

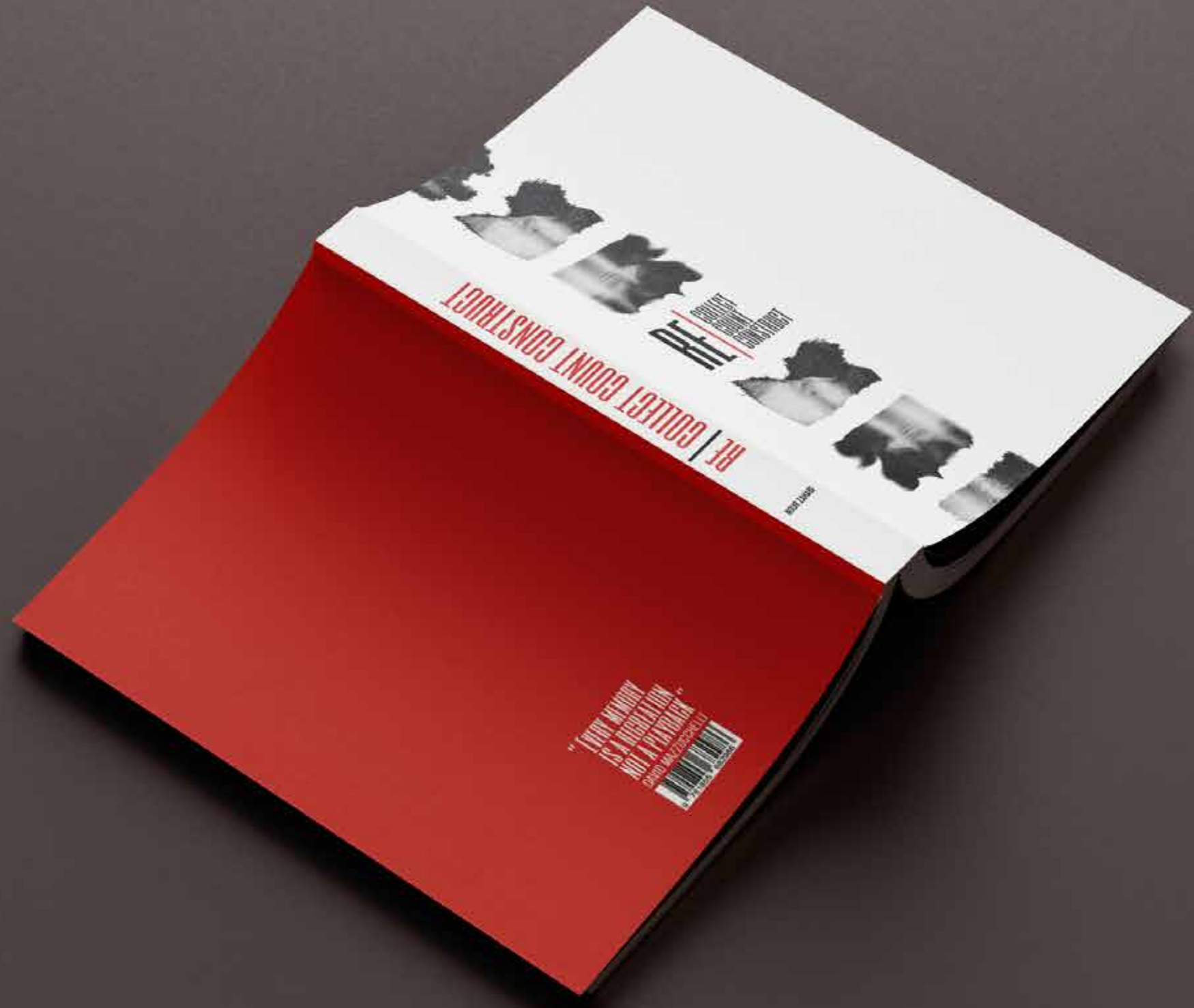
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“ EVERY MEMORY  
IS A RECREATION  
NOT A PLAYBACK ”

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI



9 781855 682986



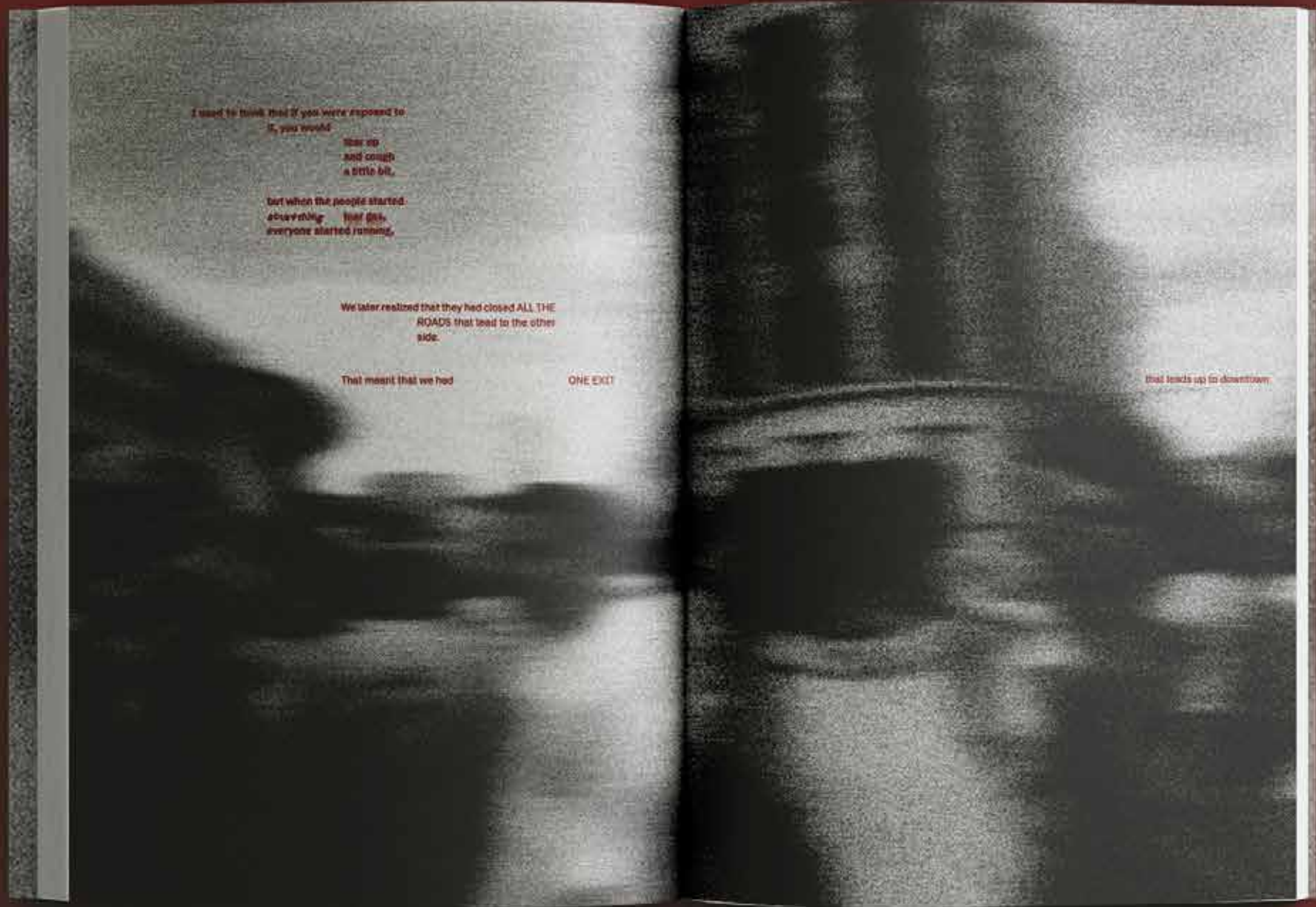
////// Him is obsessed with animals of almost all kinds ////  
and she has been wanting  
a pet for as long as she can  
remember.

THE BEST PART OF BEING THERE WITH RIM,  
WAS SEEING THE GENUINE HAPPINESS ON HER FACE  
WHENEVER SHE  
SAW, TOUCHED, OR CARRIED  
ANY OF THE CATS.



We got there, not really knowing what to expect  
other than cats.  
I mean, there shouldn't  
be much else to  
expect anyway,  
right?

We eventually started analyzing each of the  
cats' personalities and picked  
out our favorites.



I used to think that if you were exposed to it, you would

hear up  
and cough  
a little bit,

but when the people started  
sneezing that got  
everyone started running,

We later realized that they had closed ALL THE  
ROADS that lead to the other  
side.

That meant that we had

ONE EXIT

that leads up to downtown.



The people ~~was~~ running back which meant that there was tension between the army and the people.

We ran back, forth and forth until we just all

stopped

and there were like thousands of people.

Blad of Soloh is tight



and relatively narrow, for the amount of the people that were there.

**THEN AT ONE POINT** they threw something.

and no one took it seriously at first because they assumed it was just another sound bomb

and then someone #Cv6+P#

TEAR GAS

20 MINUTES BEFORE THAT

my friend said, IF THEY THREW TEAR GAS,

WOULD YOU BE READY?

I said

YEAH,

I HAVE A MASK.

He said

IT WASN'T ENOUGH

then he gave me an extra cotton t-shirt he had to breathe through, just in case.

I honestly didn't expect tear gas to be this intense.

From before even getting to Vegas, Omar has been talking about a place in Vegas that was like a toned-down version of Six Flags.

It was like a park, so not many games to play.

He kept telling us that he wanted to go try it out and then asked us

WHO IS WILLING TO JOIN ME?

AT FIRST, most of us were in, but by the time it was the afternoon,

the weather got really hot and people started bailing on plans.

I remember I was walking with them that night and suddenly felt like I was suffocating.

I was with Omar, Ali, and Jess.



There was a person who said that made me want to go.

We were headed to the MKFF's place because Ali wanted to get his girlfriend a gift.

It was then that I felt like my whole chest was tightening and I was out of breath.

Omar then took me to the top floor to wash my face.