

AUK'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

VOICE



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VOICE TEAM MEMBERS



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Shahad is a senior majoring in Computer Engineering. She is a people person; she's friends with people of all ages and loves being around people with different mindsets. Her hobbies include programming competitively and basketball. Her spirit animal is the elephant, it represents strength and loyalty. She loves organizing and planning events in AUK.



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Hager is a sophomore majoring in Mass Media and Communication. She loves music and the color black. If you spot a very tall figure in black from head to toe, that's probably her. She also recently developed an interest in pool even though she is not all that good at it. She is an extroverted introvert and HATES public speaking unless by public you mean 3 people or less.



LARA JADAYEL
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Lara is a super hyper individual who admires good jokes but cannot make any. She is a huge basketball enthusiast who also enjoys good coffee and avocado juice with honey and nuts. She is a definite feminist. She loves to strike up conversations, so if you see her strolling down AUK's hallway, yell "WNBA" and witness the birth of a new friendship.

TABLE OF

CONTENTS

AUK News

Game Lost, Family Gained	4-5
AUK Involvement Fair Was Very Nice	6
AUK's Parking Lot	7

World News

Born The Wrong Half	8-9
Was It An Actual Law?	10

Lifestyle

The Upside of Anger	11
How to Trick People into Thinking	12-15
How to be Your Own Valentine?	16-17

Get To Know

..... 18-19

Voice The Topic

..... 20

Sparks of Creativity

Follow the Follower	21
Painting by Ahmad Al-Naqeeb	22
Illustration by Noura A. Zaher	23
الى الذين كَانَ الرجلُ اختيَارَهُم	24

Dear Curly Sue

..... 25

Entertainment

Rosemary: Feminist's Baby	26-27
The Twisted Story Behind Valentine	28
Myriam & Khaled At The Movies	29
Music & Film List	30-31

Games+Puzzles

..... 32

Horoscopes

..... 33

GAME LOST, FAMILY GAINED

By Lara Jadayel

AUK's women's basketball team competed in the final game of the University Athletics Association of Kuwait (UAAK) tournament against AUM on December 14, 2017 and turned in 2nd place. The women gave it their all and continued to play the game with the scoreboard showing nothing but passion. Half-time came and the score of 19-14 for the opposing team did not intimidate AUK's players, but motivated them to continue to fight harder. The crowd continued to cheer, the coach continued to motivate, and the sports coordinator continued to fight the referees for the players' rights.

With the game ending in the opposing team's favor, the women walked to their bench with frowns on their faces.



Sara

even sisters. The women hugged each other after the game, patted each other on the back, and kept the teams spirit up by using exactly what they do best: humor.

The girls have always found a way to make everything funny, as practices were filled with tears from laughing hard rather than tears induced by the coach from making them run too much. Why else would anyone want to join a team then? Is the trophy all that matters? Of course getting first place would've given the women the utmost satisfaction, but in any rising team, a relationship off the court is essential to building the chemistry and the understanding amongst a team. The women of AUK's team witnessed the members of the opposing teams yell at each other in understandable manners during countless games, while they high fived each other even when a mistake on the court occurred.

As AUK's women huddled in a circle for the last time after the final game,



Jana

But wait, how did they end up celebrating louder than the first place winners? Throughout the season, the team won games, but what was more important – what was more surprising and rewarding – was their ability to win each other as good friends and

As AUK's women huddled in a circle for the last time after the final game, emotions overflowed. The women could barely chant "AUK" as tears welled in their eyes. However, that was not the end and they knew it. Despite the ending of the season, what

emotions overflowed. The women could barely chant "AUK" as tears welled in their eyes. However, that was not the end and they knew it. Despite the ending of the season, what remains isn't the thought of losing the finals, rather the unique characters each player possessed during their time as basketball players:

Layal showed captainship ethics through her motivating speeches during practices and in between quarters. Layal would only get frustrated when the team seemed to lose faith in themselves; she believed in everyone.

Vano showed her commitment to captainship ethics by always yelling "sorry closed practice, please leave the



Lara

court," and she constantly supported her teammates by exclaiming Lebanese phrases that helped the team loosen up.

Jana showed her skills by shooting three pointers as if they were no big deal. Her wild dribbling skills always left the crowd in awe. She is weirdly always smiling, even when she gets angry.



Mona

Nouran and Heba are two different players yet inseparable. They both showed their team spirit by always cheering and never stopping; even after the games have ended. Nouran and Heba are always seen gossiping about something, but we will never get to know about what. Without their presence during games, our team would be as quiet as an 8 a.m. class.

Mona showed off three of her most admired talents this season: fastbreak layups, steals, and the most admired of them all, her ability to fight with the opposing team members and getting away with it. When Mona is on the court, she gives her teammates hope as they depend on her spirit and aggressive playing. She always makes a difference.

Lujain showed off her skills by rebounding almost every offensive and defensive ball this season. When she got mad, she made sure the rest of the team got mad with her, which is her way of motivation. Do not underestimate her innocent smile as she is a beast under the basket.

Lulu showed off her businesswomen ethics off the court while maintaining to break some bones on defense. Her mid-season injury was devastating. Yet, her unique presence during games encouraged everyone to perform better as she would always be heard cheering her teammates on.

Susu showed off her motherly instincts by always making her team members feel better about the mistakes they make. She made sure no one comes close to her under-the-basket shots. She got beaten up so often, but was never seen complaining; she is an emblem of strength.

Fatima, well, if the WNBA calls we all know who is getting drafted. Fatima's behind the back passes and crossovers make the other team fear her; they are always seen fighting over their failed attempts of defending her. She is better known for her layups and attempt to draw a foul; she succeeded every time.

Leena showed up to practices always tiredly complaining about the long and exhausting day she had. Yet, when she is on the court, she gives off a zero-tolerance defensive strategy; you come close, you will regret it.

Dima showed off her athleticism by not only her monstrous rebounding on defense, but also by her ability to have joined all other existing sports. Dima is most famous for continuously yelling "REBOUND" and has been told multiple times to take up the license of muscle taping. She kindly declined every time.

Al Zain, in my opinion, is a necessity to not only every other sports team, but to everyone's lives. She made everyone on the team laugh their hearts out. Her most memorable moment is when she made it clear to the opposing team that she is not to be messed with. Ever.

And as for myself, I'm just happy I could write this to portray the respect and recognition each member on this team deserves.

Until next season!



Lujain

AUK

INVOLVEMENT FAIR WAS VERY NICE

By Omar Al-Nakib

The AUK Involvement Fair, which took place between 12PM to 4PM in the Main Hallway, was a massive success. It was so successful, in fact, the powers that be decided to extend the fair 'til 4. There was frozen yoghurt, which attracted many people of a certain type, and the Billiards Club handed out 8-ball key chains, maybe as a kind of plea to sign up, which people did, or just as a souvenir to take home and occupy your nephew with during his visits. All in all, a wonderful time. Your very own VOICE staff had a booth—actually, technically untrue. The VOICE staff had two booths—a necessity, it turned out, considering the fervor swirling around it. The two-booths-cum-single was plastered with the covers of other esteemed artistic publications such as *Sight & Sound*, *Soviet Film*, and *Cahier du Cinema*, among others, as a way of announcing the VOICE's arrival onto the international journalistic scene as a force to be reckoned with. At the end of the event, the amount of names and student ID numbers collected had filled an entire page and two-quarters of a second page. It would be an understatement to say that the VOICE generated a lot of excitement within the short span of two-and-a-half-hours (as the booth was not properly set up until 1:30PM).

Other notable clubs involved in the fair were the International Relations Club (hereby shortened to the IRC), the SBSA Club, en.v (styled lowercase), and AUK KAUSE (or AUKAUSE). The students running International Relations Club (hereby shortened to the IRC) were diligent, fastidious, as well as sedulous—and they especially embodied the lattermost attribute. The conscientiousness of the SBSA Club did not go unnoticed. With



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AUK all-stars Sumaya Al-Hunayan and Tala Al-Fulaij running the operation, you knew you were in the right hands. They had and continue to have a *can-do* yet *laid-back* attitude; they were not desperate for your attention and did not try to impress you with the pyrotechnics employed by lesser clubs as a way to draw signatures. It is *integrity* that makes the SBSA Club what it is and a welcome addition to extracurricular life at AUK. Well done, club.

The en.v (styled lowercase) booth was run by AUK alumna Layan Al-Dabt, formerly of the Fikir Club—and because it was run by an AUK graduate, a special mention is in order. The flyer Layan gave out reads: “Are you interested in promoting the values of peace and tolerance by creating short ideas and developing awareness campaigns?” Yes, please. “Here is your chance to receive training, mentoring, funding, to bring your ideas to life.” One of each, thank you very much. “APPLY NOW.” PERHAPS I SHALL. In the background of the flyer are newspaper clippings; some are in Arabic, and some are in English. One English headline reads: “Mogadishu truck bomb: 500 casualties in Somalia’s worst terrorist attack.” It is a sobering piece of news.

AUK KAUSE (or AUKAUSE) might be the most socially-conscious and certainly the most altruistic of the many clubs that operate within AUK (the American University of Kuwait). These are not people who go to Mogadishu or Nepal for a week to gawk at the less fortunate and hand money indiscriminately to its slum children—these are people who genuinely care, and in the words of Mahatma Gandhi, become the change they want to see in the world. One wonders if AUKars, a former group comprising of car-enthusiasts and Red Bull-drinkers, would take umbrage with the similarity of their AUK-specific naming gimmick.

Whether you actively engaged with clubs, or were just passing through on the way to your next class, I think we can all agree that the Involvement Fair was a smash, a total, unqualified success, and the sight of all the clubs representing the many facets of AUK was truly a sight to behold. They could’ve extended the event until 4PM *the next day*, and still students would be lining up to help the Nepalese through AUK KAUSE (or AUKAUSE), or to sign up to AUK’s very own VOICE Magazine, or to bridge the gap between distant cultures and languages via the International Relations Club, or make an SBSA.

AUK PARKING LOT: A TRAGIC SHORT STORY

By Hager Alazab

Getting my own driver's license a month ago made me worrisome about 3 things I never considered a problem before: speeding tickets, road bumps, and parking spaces. Since university is an obligation that I need to show up to 5 days a week. This is when I started thinking about where I am supposed to park my car, even though I still don't actually have one. So, in order to prepare myself for what was to come after I (hopefully) purchase a car of my own and unfortunately have to leave it somewhere, get out of it, and make my daily ascent to classes, I took a trip to AUK's parking lot to assess the situation there. Let's just say it still haunts me 'til this very day.

Now don't get me wrong, the parking lot could be considered a spacious one if our university consisted of 25 students, 10 of whom actually owned cars. But unfortunately, that is not the case. The problem with the parking lot is the fact that cars are overflowing the entire space. It is like a dam construction gone wrong. There is no time after 8:30 a.m. where one could find an empty parking space without having to look around for at least 30 minutes. All of the parking spots are usually taken and now people are parking in empty sand areas (legal) and pavements designed for anything else but parking (not as legal). It could easily trigger a claustrophobia induced panic attack in a pedestrian let alone someone who is actually looking for a place to park 4 minutes before class starts. So, if you want to park your car in the AUK parking lot, I would recommend you come at about 6 a.m. at the latest and maybe then would you find a few empty parking spaces.

Aside from the remarkable over crowdedness, there is the undeniable disorganization in the structure of the parking lot. If you have ever taken a trip there (which I totally don't recommend), or even accidentally glanced at it on your way out, you would notice how the parking lot is more of a labyrinth where only a few winners get to park and continue on with their lives, completely oblivious to the struggles the rest of us go through. There are 3 lanes, each with parking spaces on their left and right sides, which is conceptually simple but way more complex practically, thanks to how narrow the lanes are and how hard it is to tell whether you are driving in the right direction or not. So, if you want to survive the AUK parking lot without scratching your car, go for a very small, compact one that will manage to drive through the lanes without touching any of the cars perfectly lined up on each side of you.

Finally, let's not forget about the conspicuous lack of shade structure. In a country like Kuwait where we are blessed with way more sunlight than any of us ever anticipated, a strong shade structure is important. Think about it like that, at any given point of the year, go for a 30 minute walk in Kuwait and you will come back feeling overheated and sweaty even though your body is literally wired to work in a million different ways to prevent you from getting too hot. Now imagine leaving a car, made entirely out of metal, an amazing heat conductor, in a parking lot with no shade structure for more than 3 hours. Scary, right? Why anyone would have to get in their OWN car and feel like they were forcefully put in a sauna is a mystery that only the engineer of the AUK parking lot could solve. Also, leather seats are very fancy until you have to wriggle on them for 30 minutes so your body can accommodate with the heat.

But hey, every problem has a solution and for this one, I would recommend not buying a car at all. It is both economic and environment friendly.



BORN THE WRONG HALF

By Salma A. Ibrahim

I am half Kuwaiti. Born and raised in Kuwait, I have been fortunate enough to have attended a British school and an American University. I have been raised in Kuwait, yet at checkpoints, I have been questioned several times about where I got my Kuwaiti accent from, insinuating that I wrongfully took it. I have been raised in Kuwait, but when applying for jobs, I was either immediately eliminated from the job pool because they desire Kuwaiti nationals only, or could not apply for a job because they were only looking for European nationals. I am half Kuwaiti, but I am the wrong half.

It is difficult to challenge the rights of children of Kuwaiti mothers mainly because there are other disadvantaged groups. It feels insensitive to speak of this issue when I know of people from non-Kuwaiti families that are born and raised here and are still not recognized by the State. Although I recognize this, the voices of children of Kuwaiti mothers should not be removed, as this does nothing but exasperate the existing problem. The fact of the matter is, this is my home, and I am denied that recognition. It is even more urgent to address because this goes well beyond my own experiences. So many children of Kuwaiti mothers experience blatant forms of discrimination that pose as a reminder that they are not Kuwaiti. I, and others like me, are placed in

a limbo of indecisiveness. We are neither from here nor from there. So many others like me watch or read the news and question whether Safa Al-Hashem's shrill remarks to hasten Kuwaitization policies apply to us, too. When applying for jobs, it is our nationalities that dictates our legal processes. Our passports, despite our history, distance us from our own experiences in a place that we call home. That is, in many ways, unethical.

There exist several forms of social and legislative abuses towards children of Kuwaiti mothers. Socially, there is a subtle discrimination that orbits the identity and nationality of the father. Children with GCC fathers are accepted and similarly, European or Western fathers are somehow romanticized and depicted as diverse and cultured. Conversely, the children whose fathers originate from African, South-Asian, and Far East Asian countries (or even more blatantly, countries where migrant workers originate from) are seen from a different light entirely—lesser to some extent. In one conversation, I recall a person asking me if I spoke Egyptian, with a strained expression. Why are Arab identities somehow ranked, and why would it be somehow negative if I were able to speak Egyptian at all? I cannot imagine a half Kuwaiti whose father is of Western origins to be asked the same question with the

same strained expression.

How socially insensitive it is to create a hierarchy of identities, especially when children of Kuwaiti mothers have done nothing wrong to earn it. It is redundant to speak of Kuwait's standards of humanitarianism when children of Kuwaiti mothers are denied their birthright citizenship and Bidouns are completely left out of the conversation (and neglected in all aspects of society). This subtle, and oftentimes unconcealed, discrimination enters every aspect of our lives, even within professional interviews. A good friend of mine was asked during a professional interview how his parents met just because he looked 'different.' It is unprofessional and frankly, none of anyone's business. He was then denied the job because they needed Kuwaiti speakers, completely ignoring the fact that he grew up in a government school in Kuwait, and was exceptionally qualified for the job.

It is also legislatively abusive as the State seems to decide whether or not children of Kuwaiti mothers are deemed equals. We have the same rights as Kuwaiti nationals when obtaining scholarships, but when applying for jobs, we are considered foreign nationals despite being born and raised here. The fact that our own mothers sponsor our residencies tends to revoke a certain aspect to

our rights; although we live here, although thousands of us are born and raised here, we can easily be removed. I am not articulating the negative to remove the positive. In fact, I am articulating the discriminatory effects specifically because the gray areas need to be addressed: we should not be gray areas. Children who are born here do not deserve to be removed from the only identity they know.

It is legislatively discriminatory to Kuwaiti nationals themselves as it seems to speak of the sexist policies of a patriarchal society. The discriminatory policies towards children from Kuwaiti mothers only reinforce the fact that although Kuwaiti women are valid members of society, they are not as valid as Kuwaiti men. Kuwaiti men can marry whoever they want, marry a non-Kuwaiti woman if he wills, and feel no legislative consequences whatsoever. A Kuwaiti woman who chooses to do the same is subjected to legislative pressures. If she does choose to marry a non-Kuwaiti, she must work harder to support her children. In order for her children to receive the same rights she enjoys, a divorce must take place or if the father died, among other extreme cases. Why must women face such calamities in order for their children to receive the same rights? It is a form of legislative coercion when a Kuwaiti national, albeit a woman, should feel like she must marry a Kuwaiti for her and her family to feel supported. It goes against the rights of a citizen as it is a form of sexist discrimination policies.

Lastly, it speaks of a form of discrimination at a nation-

wide level. The gap between Kuwaitis and non-Kuwaitis have become more pronounced than ever, creating a dangerous environment for those who are non-Kuwaitis. It is true that the government should take care of their own first and foremost – that is the right of every Kuwaiti citizen. However, the prominent distinction between Kuwaitis and non-Kuwaitis is detrimental especially when the discriminatory practices are assisted through bureaucratic procedures, legislative policies, and the Kuwaitization project. It is detrimental precisely because it is dismissive of other nationals, and creates the assumption that any other is lesser. When obtaining a job has more to do with identity than merit, it creates a disadvantageous environment that breeds animosity. Furthermore, the increasing gap between Kuwaitis and non-Kuwaitis have also left those, like me, wondering which category we belong to. It is this indecisiveness that creates the opportunity to be discriminative.

Being half Kuwaiti does not create a sense of emptiness or incompleteness. I am whole with or without being identified as a Kuwaiti. However, despite being secure in myself, there is something inherently wrong with having to constantly reassure myself that I am fine regardless of discriminatory laws. There should not exist a need to reassure myself. It is necessary to question why children of Kuwaiti mothers walk a very fine line, and if that is legally just. Why is the concept of citizenship a privilege passed down by a male Kuwaiti and not a birthright? It is discriminatory when the State seems to prefer to pick and choose when us, children of Kuwaiti mothers, get to be recognized as nationals and when we do not. It is cruel to condemn thousands of children to a life of selective exclusivity just because they are born into a category that is no fault of their own. It is also absurd to think that all this could have been different if my parent's nationalities were the other way around.



René Magritte - "Le Double Secret"

WAS IT AN ACTUAL LAW?

By Shahad Almousa

Banning women from driving is a global symbol of oppression perpetuated by Saudi Arabia. However, this ban is to be lifted starting from June 24th, 2018. Women who live in Saudi Arabia will be able to test for their driver's licenses, making this new law as a step forward into Arab women empowerment. Although we think we've heard everything we need to know about this new law that has been added to the Saudi Arabian Constitution, what we don't know is how it became legal, and if it was in fact ever illegal for women to drive in Saudi Arabia.

According to the Saudi legal page, The kingdom of Saudi Arabia is governed by the Islamic Law, or otherwise known as Sharia Law. This law was confirmed to be active as a royal order and was set to motion effective from March 1992. If you don't know what that means, essentially every law is practiced as per how the Holy Quran and Islamic Sharia mentions it. This is especially pertinent as the rule to forbid women from driving in this Islamic country was obligatory despite neither Islamic nor Saudi law explicitly prohibiting them.

On December 1st, 2014, a Saudi female citizen, Loujain Al-Hathloul, was arrested and imprisoned for 73 days for attempting to cross the Saudi Arabian border driving in from the United Arab Emirates. She was charged for defying a non-existing law that banned women from driving in the Kingdom; it is not stated legally as a violation of the law in the Constitution for Saudi women to drive in the Kingdom. The only reason this law was practiced was because religious sheikhs believed the act of putting a



Sakna Al-Tarmoukh - "Untitled"

woman behind the wheel is sinful or claimed that it would lead to sin. This, therefore, led to the arrest of Al-Hathloul.

However, it is useless to try to prove that driving is a sinful act for women without proving it the same for men. Even if someone somehow proved that driving alone was sinful for women, the opposing argument that being alone with a non-related driver could ensue and potentially refute it. Some may then reason that women driving alone would enhance corruption in the society; yet, what kind of corruption is still a mystery.

Sheikhs and some citizens would furthermore claim that such change would disrupt cultural understanding and would increase the chance of societal distress. It was concluded by the King himself that change will always create a path for discomfort, stating that change is needed in order for the country to advance. The current King of Saudi Arabia wants to cease the country's stagnation; hence, suggesting that this change and discomfort is better handled sooner than later. This then set the new law into motion as of September 26th, 2017. It has been made public that during the Summer of 2018 women will be able to obtain their own driver's licenses. Yet, it has always been a law that women need permission from their legal guardians to solidify any legal documentation, but it is believed that in an attempt to enhance their empowerment, women will not need permission from their legal guardians to attain their licenses.

Ultimately, prohibiting women from driving was less of a law and more of a cultural understanding that empowered men over women. Even though this cultural understanding represents the oppression of women in Saudi Arabia and the abuse of power by the religious extremists, in the end, the newly issued law will hopefully eradicate some of these ideologies. Saudi Arabia is taking one small step forward for humankind, and one big leap for women.

THE EDISON OF ANGER

By Mariam Naser



Ludwig Knaus - "Der geleerte Napf"

Anger is often perceived as a strong feeling of annoyance, displeasure, or hostility, but it's much more than that. Anger is one of the 7 universal emotions everyone can and will access at some point in their lives. While it can be regarded as an unpleasant emotion to experience in the moment, it serves a purpose that's far from negative.

Anger allows us to see the worst in ourselves, which ultimately helps us find ways to bring out the best in ourselves. Being able to take advantage of anger and use it to our needs is a

crucial skill we all need to continually practice and work on. Anger, when mastered correctly, can be a fuel for our passions, goals, and aspirations.

Acceptance is the first and simplest step to operate anger. By simply being aware of its presence, we give it the recognition it deserves. This will enable us to benefit from its positive attributes; the main ones being courage, honesty, and self-evaluation. Anger forces us to question the roots of an issue, which leads to finding progressive steps to be able to overcome the given problem as a whole, rather than just the emotion of anger. In doing so, we can shift our efforts and focus on our priorities; the effort and energy that is exerted on spending time dwelling on things that don't really matter and feeling shitty about them.

Let us take a closer look at the assets of anger:

Anger makes us courageous. It gives us the bravery to acknowledge our presence and worth by having to be there for ourselves. This gives us the courage to fight back and build ourselves up again.

Anger helps eliminate doubts and any other forms of self-sabotage in order to get the next helpful and healthy progressive step towards a better you (or a better outcome).

Anger brings out the truth. When angered there is little reservation to protect or restrict our thoughts and opinion, which does have its own hurdles as it can be dangerous. However, with controlled anger, you can preserve other emotions too. This allows presenting the truth without being misinterpreted.

Anger encourages self-evaluation. While trying to harness anger and figuring out why it has occurred, we have to look inwardly to question past events that may have triggered something hidden within us. A lot of self-evaluation needs to happen in a state of anger, as it's distracting and can stop us from getting angry.

It is in our hands to enable other advantages to rise up through a positive ripple effect. Anger, when manipulated efficiently, leads to the next healthy step of creating inner plans and routines that can help avoid issues with the same sources in the future. Also, a close analysis of ourselves is needed; to work out deeper reasons behind what causes our anger flares. With a true understanding of ourselves, we won't have to give up our feelings or bury our problems away.

HOW TO TRICK PEOPLE INTO THINKING YOU'RE A GENIUS SO THAT PEOPLE MAY THEN LOVE YOU

By Omar Al-Nakib

Maybe, *maybe* the most heart-breaking thing I've ever heard—the closest I've come to cupping my mouth in sadness, empathy, *in understanding*—is a line from the movie *Amadeus*. In *Amadeus*—a movie about the rivalry between the fully-formed genius Mozart and the very-talented-but-not-quite-there-yet Salieri—Salieri, now old and confined to a sanitarium, having never quite made it 'there,' curses God for giving him talent, but *not enough* talent. He cries,

“All I wanted was to sing to God. He gave me that longing... and then made me mute. Why? Tell me that. If He didn't want me to praise him with music, why implant the desire? Like a lust in my body! And then deny me the talent?”

Thing is, *he* was talented—but why, God, did you give *Salieri Salieri-talent* but not *Mozart-genius*? Why make me *great*, but not *exceptional*? Why, Lord? Mozart was piggish. Read his letters. He was *obsessed* with making number two, and wrote musical pieces about eating number two, licking it, having number two drip from your nose instead of snot. Translate *Leck mich im Arsch* (canon in B-flat major). Whereas I, *Salieri*, fear God, and I wouldn't dare soil myself for the yuck-yucks like some Mozart. So God—and really: *why*?

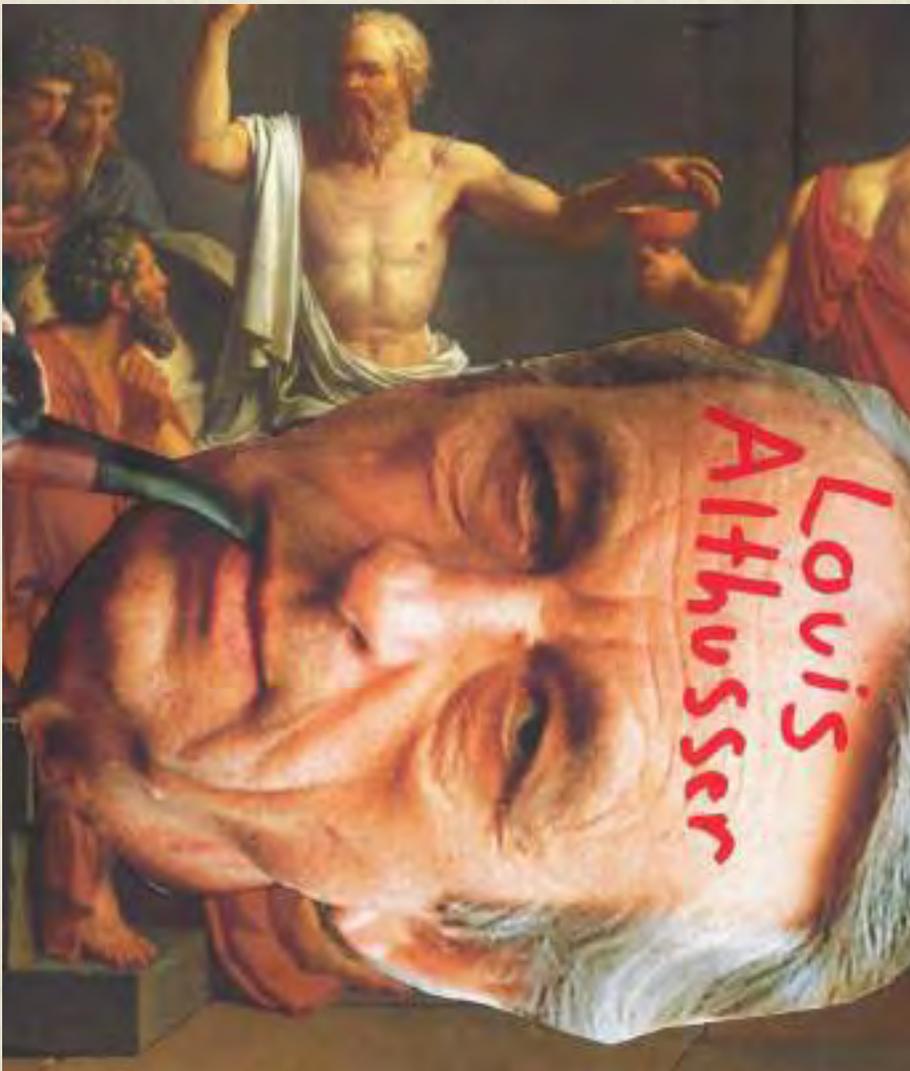
Most of us (including myself), I'm afraid to say, are *Salieris*. Chances are you're a 7.0 or 7.5 out of 10 as a person, a thinker, an artist, a friend, a lover. You're an *eh* or *meh*, and never to be an *ooh!* or *ahh!* —You're good, but *only good*. And that's okay, because okay's not bad.



Shakespeare had a Salieri, even. His Salieri was Ben Jonson. Ben Jonson was, at least I think so, *as good* and, at times, *even better* than Shakespeare Himself. But Ben Jonson, just because *he was there*, and was *not Shakespeare*, is forever cast as his great villain, his *Bizarro Superman*, his *Salieri*—but he *was* the Mozart, only miscast. And I bring him up because this miscast Mozart was kind enough to gift us, well-cast Salieris, a little tip:

Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Ass meaning donkey; an ass. What this line tells us is *lie*. Trick people into thinking you're Mozart. And it's easy; Ben Jonson tells us: *camouflage that ass*. These Europeans with unpronounceable last names we consider geniuses spend less time *achieving* real genius (whatever that means), and more time trying to perfect their full body Mozart costume just in time for the Very Smart Persons Whom Masquerade Ball.



So, to Mozart:

PLEASE LITERALLY MAKE WORDS UP

If you read my last article, the five of you remember I mentioned esteemed arch I came across something in an essay by the poet Anne Boyer I really wanted to

put in, but didn't fit. Boy, does it here: "The problem with Althusser, apart from being a wife-murderer, was that he was bad at Marx." Althusser, a Marxist theorist, couldn't tell Karl from Groucho or Chico or Harpo or Gummo or Zeppo. Didn't know diddly-squat about the bearded guy with some dead daughters he based his career on. And a Polish Marxist named Leszek Kołakowski, who actually *did know* what he was talking about, called Althusser out. With three simple points, he almost unzipped Althusser's Mozart costume entirely:

1. Common sense banalities expressed with the help of unnecessarily complicated neologisms.
2. Traditional Marxist concepts that are vague and ambiguous in Marx himself (or in Engels) and which remain, after Althusser's explanation, exactly as vague and ambiguous as they were before.
3. Some striking historical inexactitudes.

The Polish man was completely right, and Althusser knew it. In short, this Althusser person uses (and, a lot of the time, *makes up*) complicated words for very simple ideas and literally gets his dates wrong. But, *miraculously*, Althusser's Mozart costume stays on, his ass remains covered. Why? We're not reading the Polish guy in ENGL 415. We *won't* be reading the Polish guy in ENGL 415. If we do, and *we won't*, it'll only be because Polish man gave Althusser lip. Althusser made up a few smart-sounding words everyone can use for really obvious things—so that. Actual Mozarts, like poets Samuel Taylor Coleridge and John Milton and, yes, William Shakespeare, would make words up, too. Coleridge made up words like *clerisy* (meaning elite) and *esemplastic* (meaning having the power to shape separate things into a whole). Milton made up a lot of words we use today, like *space* and *enjoyable* and *lovelorn* and *terrific*. Shakespeare made up *lonely* and *obscene* and *skim milk*.

MAKE THE WORDS YOU MAY OR
MAY NOT HAVE MADE UP FLY

William H. Gass, a writer—an actual genius—got into a little tiff with another writer during a literary conference. The other writer took issue with the *ooh-la-la!* fanciness of Gass' writing, and told the audience, "The difference is that my plane will fly and his is too encrusted with gold to get off the ground." And Gass said, *Yeah*, "But what I really want is to have it sit there solid as a rock and have everybody think it is flying." Do that; make your made-up words *fly*. And make also your dumb, commonplace words *fly*. Sprinkle a little cinnamon, some spice. Jerry Lewis, the actor/director known for comedies consisting entirely of pratfalls and fart jokes, would say, and without a lick of humor, that "the secret of *authenticity* and complete autocracy—and *autonomy*—is *autonomy* and cinematic integrity." Go over that sentence one more time. It's really just a lot of syllables. But he tricked his film class and a very small portion of the world into thinking it *flies*. Winston Churchill, making fun of Jerry Lewises of the world, joked, "What if I had said, instead of 'We shall fight on the beaches,' 'Hostilities will be engaged with our adversary on the coastal perimeter'?" But, then again, Winston Churchill was, if not genius, funny. Or we can take Stanley Kubrick's advice to Lewis. Stanley Kubrick, the great director, was shooting *The Shining* right across the set where Jerry Lewis was shooting shtick. After Lewis wrapped up his shoot and went into the editing bay, Kubrick paid a visit. Lewis played him what he had so far, and it wasn't good. Preemptively, he said, "Well, you can't polish a turd." "You can," said Kubrick, "You can if you freeze it." So freeze your number twos and fly, Salieri. The secret of authenticity and complete autocracy—and autonomy—is autonomy and cinematic integrity.

Here's where it gets a little stranger, but bear with me.

A GENIUS SHOULD NOT DO ANYTHING

Paul Valéry, the French writer who barely wrote, barely read, and was a genius, told us what it is, and what a genius does. A Genius, a real honest-to-God genius, is someone who has stopped *being a person to become a thing*. And a *thing* does not do anything. Then he tells us, and please interpret this any way you like: "never be a part of anything [you] might conceive or do." Which *sounds* hard—but what he's telling us, basically, is if you're doing something, *don't*. And *don't consider not doing anything to not do*. The hard part is physically reducing yourself "to a black mass that absorbs all light and gives nothing back."

Let's bring back Shakespeare. Let's bring up his *Hamlet*. What would you do if you woke up one morning only to find out that your uncle Abdulwahab Al-Shaiji has killed your father to rule Denmark? You would get very angry, I'd imagine, and try to do something despite Paul Valéry telling you *non*. But Hamlet, *Hamlet's* protagonist, won't. He's a genius, and that literally stops him: "Hamlet represents the type of man whose power of direct action is paralyzed by an excessive development of his intellect," Sigmund Freud tells us (in the very same text that tells us we would like to have very improper relations with our mothers and kill our fathers, who have castrated our mothers). Face it, Salieri—you'd *definitely* work up the courage to kill your uncle Abdulwahab Al-Shaiji.

Ugh, if you must do something, don't do other things. Bertrand Russell was one of the most influential philosophers and mathematicians of the twentieth century. He wrote *Principia Mathematica* with Alfred North Whitehead, another genius. I will not (and can not) describe the *Principia Mathematica*,

*54.43. $\vdash : \alpha, \beta \in 1. \supset : \alpha \cap \beta = \Lambda. \equiv . \alpha \cup \beta \in 2$

Dem.

$\vdash . *54.26. \supset \vdash : \alpha = t'x. \beta = t'y. \supset : \alpha \cup \beta \in 2. \equiv . x \neq y.$

[*51.231]

$\equiv . t'x \cap t'y = \Lambda.$

[*13.12]

$\equiv . \alpha \cap \beta = \Lambda \quad (1)$

$\vdash . (1). *11.11.35. \supset$

$\vdash : (\exists x, y). \alpha = t'x. \beta = t'y. \supset : \alpha \cup \beta \in 2. \equiv . \alpha \cap \beta = \Lambda \quad (2)$

$\vdash . (2). *11.54. *52.1. \supset \vdash . \text{Prop}$

From this proposition it will follow, when arithmetical addition has been defined, that $1 + 1 = 2$.

because all I have to do is show you how Bertrand Russell proves that $1+1=2$:

No doubt about it, Salieri: Bertrand Russell was definitely a genius—but still, he lived to be 97 years old and never learned to boil water, and died in Penrhyndeudraeth in Caernarfonshire like an idiot.

But then, as Paul Valéry would've told us, *to be a genius*, not knowing how to make tea is the very least you could do—the most being not knowing. Like, not knowing, in general. To not know things, I mean.



•

GENIUSES ARE INSANE

Diogenes of Sinope, a philosopher who's been dead for two-thousand years, and slept in a jar, said, "Most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad. If, then, any one were to walk along, stretching out his middle finger, he will seem to be mad; but if he puts out his forefinger, he will not be thought so." Geniuses, whether they like it or not, walk with their middle fingers sticking out. He said this before the middle finger meant what it meant. They're strange, borderline defective. Diogenes was considered literally insane for eating in the marketplace at a time when people apparently had a problem with that. He was also very funny. He once noticed an archer with terrible aim, so he stood in front of the target and said, "Now I shall be out of harm's way." Geniuses, as I said, strange, borderline defective.

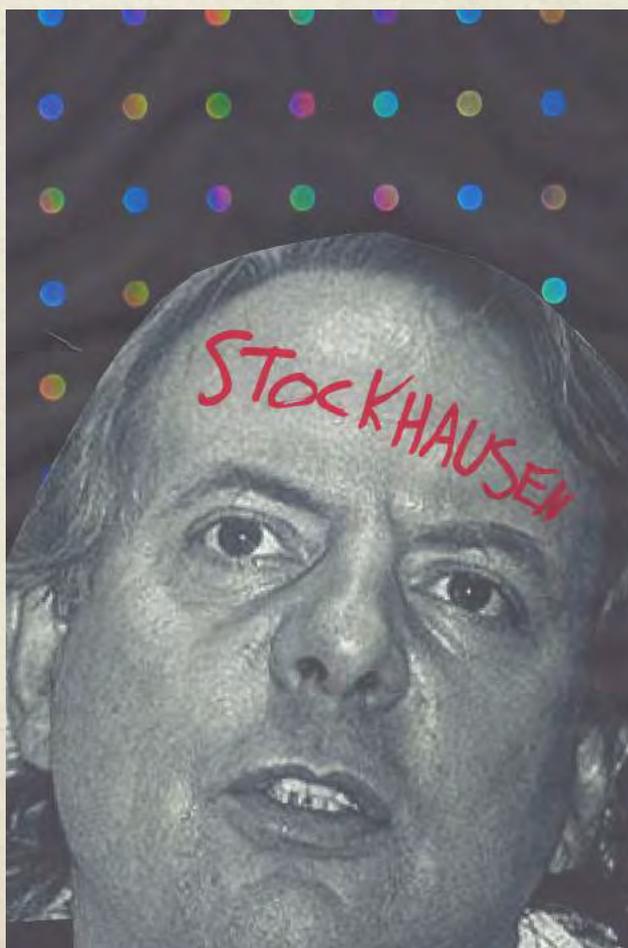
There was once a book called *The Urantia Book*. How this book came about is an article in itself, so I'll condense the Wikipedia: a husband would not stop talking in his sleep, so his wife told a doctor. The doctor came over. The husband was still sleep-talking. To the doctor's surprise, the sleep-talk was coherent and consistent and made complete sense. The doctor kept listening. Turns out, the husband was channeling a supernatural being. The doctor noted everything this supernatural being said. Hundreds of sessions. By the end of it, he had 2,097 pages. It was meant to replace the Bible. Karlheinz Stockhausen, the German composer, a genius, who's on the cover of The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, somehow came into contact with *The Urantia Book*. He wrote a cycle of operas inspired by it, called the *Licht cycle*—*licht* meaning *light*. 29 hours long.

Stockhausen would also tell people not long before he died that he was educated in the star system Sirius, and would like to go back there, despite the logic you would likely burn to death were you to pursue musical education on a star.

Sun Ra, another composer, a genius, but this time an American, told people he was from Saturn.

Kendrick Lamar just told Howard Stern he was abducted by aliens when he was six.

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LOOK, JUST MEMORIZE THESE LINES

If the person you're in love with tells you that they didn't find a certain movie as scary as you did, remind them:

"Redouter, craindre, and avoir peur have value only through their oppositions."

If the person you're in love with tells you that they almost fell back into a dangerous habit, tell them:

"I'm glad this permutation has remained interdicted."

If the person you're in love with tells you they're having a really bad day, respond with:

"To break out of the circle of the Innenwelt into the Umwelt generate the inexhaustible quadrature of the ego's verifications."

If the person you're in love with confides to you that something they did was wrong and they feel bad about it, just say:

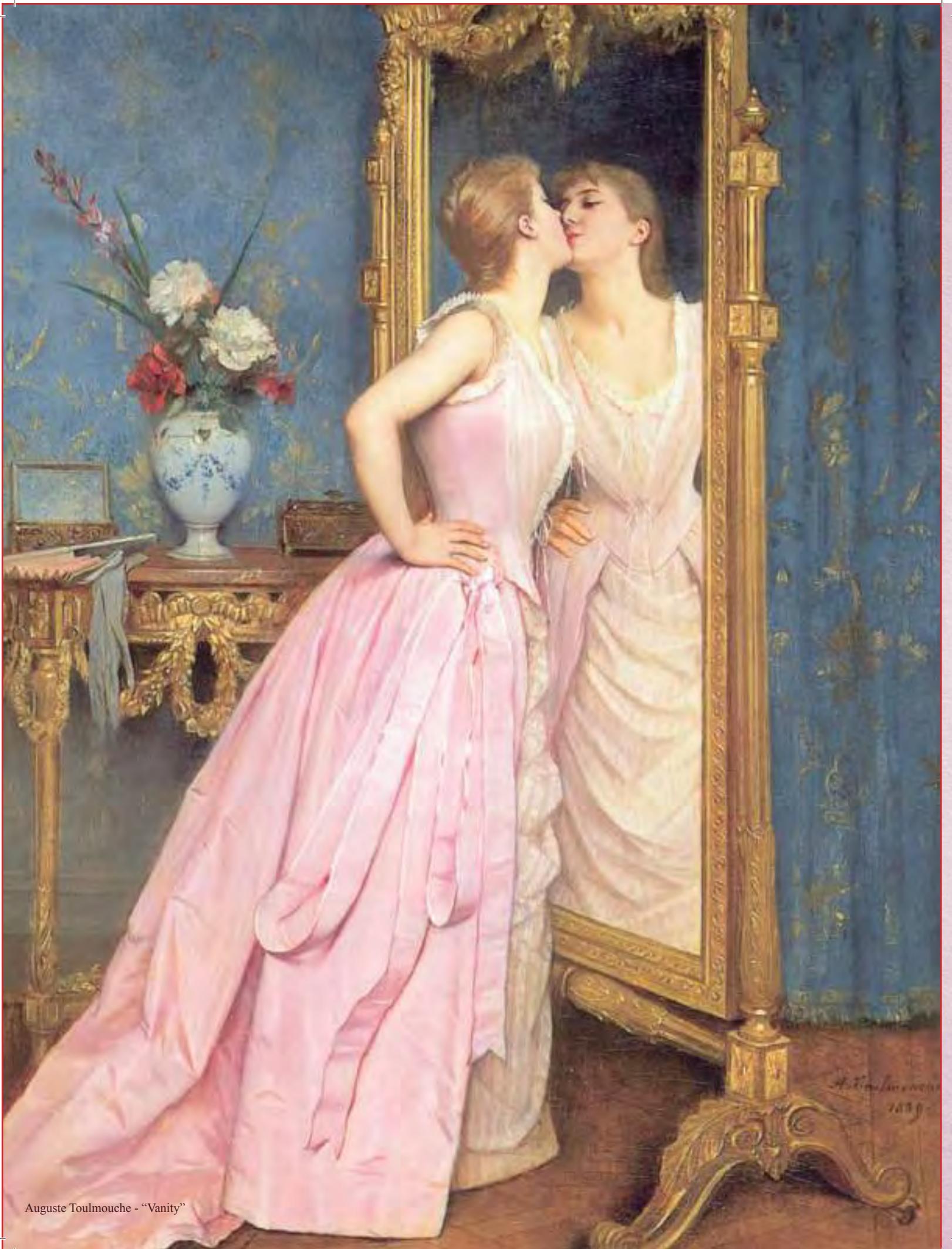
"When the idea is thus at variance with itself it imparts to the phases of the peculiarly individual life the right to develop and publish themselves on all sides and to universality concedes the right to evince itself as the foundation and necessary form, overruling power and final end of the particular."

If the person you're in love with doesn't realize that their actions have serious repercussions and will only result in worse behavior, plead:

"Although Suetonius himself was aware the age was degenerate he did not realize its abasement was not a valley between two hills but an incline leading inexorably toward the sea of ineffectuality into which Rome was to descend."

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And now you know how to make that Mozart costume.



Auguste Toulmouche - "Vanity"

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN VALENTINE

By Lara Jadayel

What's the fuss around Valentine's Day all about? Is it the amounts of chocolate you are to receive? The flowers? The compliments? Well, as much as I am trying to mock the enjoyment Valentine's Day exhibits, we are all entitled to experience the emotional satisfaction the day promises. However, being an unsentimental yet optimistic individual, I am here to tell you that you can celebrate Valentine's Day with, wait for it, YOURSELF!

"Yay, that sounds exciting." Well it is! Valentine's Day, in my opinion, is not just about the materialistic things you are to receive from your partner, rather it is the recognition you get. I believe when spending Valentine's Day with your significant other, the time spent should be an opportunity to learn more about your partner, friend, or family member. The conversations you are to have and the places you are to visit will say a lot about both yourself and the figure you are spending the day with. Most importantly, Valentine's Day is about acknowledging one's self-worth and understanding how valuable you are to, in this case, yourself. So, is it possible to be your own valentine? Yes, and here's how:

Treat yourself to something special.

The excitement over the chocolates, cards and flowers Valentine's Day assures is undeniable. Spending the day with yourself does not mean you cannot treat yourself! Whether it is a pricey key chain, or the Domino's Pizza Family Meal, splurge your money on something, or many things, that you always thought twice before purchasing. You are not doing this just for the sake of spending your money, you are doing this to make yourself feel valuable even if it is through 7 KD worth of pizza. Let loose.

Give yourself compliments on all the success you have achieved.

This might seem unconventional and ridiculous to you, and it might be, but reminding yourself of the valuable things that you have achieved for yourself, or helped others achieved will give you the satisfaction Valentine's Day promises. You don't have to verbally say them out loud if it is awkward for you. Just skim over the good grades you got or think about the job opportunity you were just offered: your thoughts will take the wheel from there.

Overview your plans for the future. Valentine's Day is about communication. Whether you are

spending it with your parent, a friend, or a partner, talking about the future is always the topic of discussion for better understanding into the person's thoughts. You can do this with yourself by sketching down a five year plan, or writing down the things you wish to accomplish in the near future. Invision your goals and dreams. The only person who will be able to help you achieve them would be yourself.

Ask yourself what brings you down and what keeps you motivated.

As human beings, we wish to vent when things are not going our way, or share the things that are making us happy. Thus, by spending this entire day with yourself, you will be able to reflect on the things that are causing you stress and the things you are enjoying. Take initiative to change the negatives while enhancing the positives.

At the end of the day, Valentine's Day is a day for love. Even though it has been assumed that it is a day for love to be reciprocated by one's significant other, loving yourself first, as cheesy as it sounds, is the most fundamental love out of all. Self-love is surely not a narcissistic tendency, but one that will allow you a better chance at succeeding in areas where you are in most control of.

GET TO KNOW

In this issue of *VOICE*, we *Get to Know* last year's valedictorians and see where they are now!

Paola Schietekat

1) What was your major?

International Relations with an SBSA minor.

2) What is your job?

Political analyst and consultant at the Embassy of Mexico in Kuwait.

3) Is this your first job?

No, I worked during my gap year as a tutor in Jordan, then worked at the Writing Center (WRC) at AUK for two years and a half and as the Editor-in-Chief of *The Voice* for a year. I then became an intern at the Embassy during my senior year.

4) What's the plan?

Get a Master's, maybe work for the diplomatic service, settle down, have some kids, retire to Florida, and die.

5) What do you do if you don't know what to do after you graduate?

You get a job and see if you hate it. If you do, you move on to another one, and so on, until you find will to live.

6) What was the very first thing that happened upon graduating AUK?

I travelled to Holland and Mexico, but had to cut my trip short because I already had a full time job and a Mexican national day event to organize.

7) Which class provided you with the skills you needed most for your job?

All my IR and PLSC classes were useful. HIST 201 and HIST 430 – with Dr. Hesham and Dr. Farah – were incredibly valuable to understand the intricacies of Kuwaiti politics and society. Part of my job is to report to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Mexico about the current political, economic, and social status of Kuwait, so these courses really helped me develop a thorough understanding of this country.

8) What wowed them during your job interview?

When the Ambassador interviewed me he was impressed with the vast extra-curricular experience I had acquired even before my senior year. He was also amused to find that a young Mexican student would choose to come to Kuwait; in a way he admired that choice because Mexicans don't generally like being away from home.

9) How much exactly was your first paycheck?

During my first month at the WRC I earned 37.5 KWD, yet this was so satisfying because it was my first step towards financial autonomy.

10) Describe the very first mistake you made on the job.

I translated and sent to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Mexico the CV of the wrong Kuwaiti official.

11) Do your coworkers trust you, and how much trust do you have in them?

Yes, especially my supervisors, who have given me the lead in interesting projects. I trust very few of my coworkers, but I think that's a healthy way of conducting my professional life.

12) What's the most hurtful thing you've done out of jealousy?

Sent passive aggressive *The Office* gifs to people I don't like, especially to people who, I feel, are getting more than they deserve.

13) Who was the most successful worker in the history of your job?

My job does not really have a "history" worth reviewing, and the Embassy itself is recent (it opened in 2012). I would say that the previous charge d'affaires was pretty proficient at political analysis, economic promotion, and networking. He also spoke Spanish, English, Arabic, and French fluently. However, he was like an angry fairy, like one of the pixies from the *Fairly OddParents*, so at a personal level, I would hate to deal with him.

14) How do you feel about the phrase, "This the first day of the rest of your life"?

You better get it right.



Rania Alsabbagh

1) What was your major?

Communication and Media with an SBSA minor.

2) What is your job?

I'm currently unemployed.

3) What's the plan?

Right now its media training courses in Egypt and improving my classical arabic. I'm planning on interning in an international media organization, and eventually I want a TV show of my own that combines anthropology and ethnographic documentaries, which focuses on social injustice around the world.

4) What was your life-plan starting university?

Hm I actually can't remember for sure. I always think Dory has a better memory than I do. But I think I just wanted to study media in general with no long term career plan. I just gravitate towards the field. Maybe it's due to this universal power just guiding me towards where I'm supposed to be—my destiny. Looking back, choosing to study media over medicine was definitely the right decision.

5) Do you have a fear of aimlessness?

I wouldn't say it's one of those things that terrifies me the most in life, so it's not a "fear" persay. But, the thought of being aimless makes me heart clench. I need to have a purpose, a goal, just something to focus on to better myself and grow. Otherwise I feel like I'm going insane.

6) What do you do if you don't know what to do after you graduate?

You live life and experience it and try to take in different experiences. I'm sure it will eventually come to you. But especially try to focus on turning whatever makes you happy into a creer. Everything can turn into a career these days.

7) What was the very first thing that happened upon graduating AUK?

Celebrated my birthday for a week and moved to Egypt.

8) Which class provided you with the skills you needed most for your job?

Dr. Khair's Film Production class, Dr. Akbar's Broadcasting class, and both Mass Media Writing classes with Dr. Satti and Dr. Candace.

9) So what is this TV show idea I keep hearing about?

A TV show—almost like shorter weekly documentaries—produced in the most attention grabbing way that focuses on global social injustices with the aim of helping victims who ask for help.

10) Sell the overall idea to me in three lines.

It'll have my face. The show will take you around the world introducing you to the craziest underground crimes and injustices. It'll give you an inside look on topics everyone chooses to ignore. It's the perfect opportunity to give back and donate to those who need it.

11) Describe the first episode.

Something that will get the world talking: lots of evidence to prove government corruption (the officials are always in on the major crime) and to indict the criminals. An episode millions will watch and they will be sparked to demand change. The topic would be about human trafficking in Kuwait. That's just something I grew up witnessing but always felt helpless towards those who needed help.

12) How many lessons in Classical Arabic have you taken so far and how many lessons till you're fluent?

Oh honey, I'm already fluent. Just making the glass more squeaky clean lets say. So, it's 3 different levels. Level 1 and 2 cover the basics and then 3 includes creating writing. I'm done with level 1 and my professor says im 50% of an expert in the language by now.

13) How quickly can Egyptians tell that you weren't raised there?

All they need is one sentence. They pick up on my accent so fast, it's frustrating. I don't know what gives me away this fast. One day I'll speak like them and I'll no longer be intriguing.

14) In this journey you call your life, who do you hate most thus far? Classical Arabic?

The cat who caused my first kitty to die. Beto, I'll never forgive you.



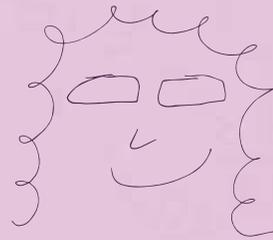
VOICE THE TOPIC

WHAT EVENT MADE YOU REALIZE YOU'RE NOT A LITTLE KID ANYMORE?



DR. CLARK STOECKLEY
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GRAPHIC DESIGN

When I quit doing graffiti, started teaching college, and started protesting at Occupy Wall Street.



DR. ANGELICA DE ANGELIS
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

The day I decided to change out of my Hello Kitty t-shirt before leaving the house. It was a sad day.



DR. JAMES ROSE
CHAIR OF THE SOCIAL & BEHAVIORAL SCIENCES DEPARTMENT

I ran out of money when I was 22 and living in Chicago. I ended up sleeping on a friend's couch for three weeks. It then occurred to me that I should grow up and get a job.



DR. ANTONIA STAMOS
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ART HISTORY

When I got my 1st job working in the public library while still in high school in order to help my mom with the bills and to save money for college.



DR. CLAIRE GIDDINGS
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GRAPHIC DESIGN

When I had to buy furniture for myself with my own money.



DR. WILLIAM ANDERSON
CHAIR OF THE ART & GRAPHIC DESIGN DEPARTMENT

I felt I was a child until just a few years ago when my body started to give way...

FOLLOW THE FOLLOWER

By Lara Jadayel



Heather Blanton - "Untitled"

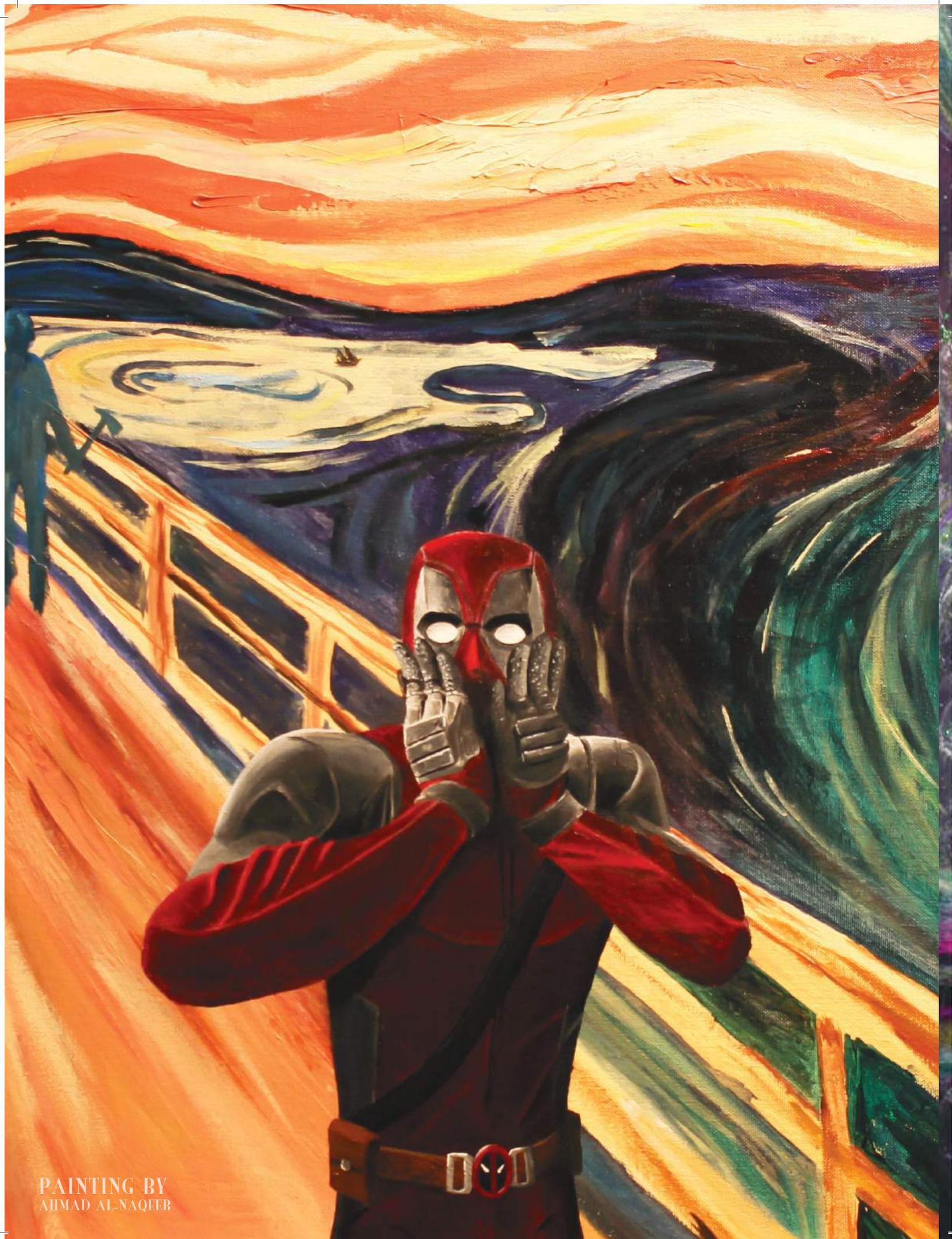
I don't have an Instagram account. Yes, you read it correctly. I. Don't. Have. An. Instagram. Account. I'm suddenly thought of as weird; as if not being weird has to do with posting my own picture and anticipating comments to boost my self-obsession. I am suddenly thought of as antisocial for not wanting people to comment on my great ability to look so "naturally beautiful," when in actuality, 18 tries later, the right angle preventing my scars from showing is achieved. I am suddenly pitied for not doing what everyone else is doing; for standing my ground and for choosing to question "why" when everyone else answers "yes."

I might be wrong, and surely I've been criticized for it. I've been told how stupid it is to deactivate a social media account and how much of an "introvert" I am for not wanting to be "out there." But every single time I asked for a reason, a reason as to why what I am doing is so horrible, the answers I got varied from an extremist "becauseee" and a liberal "you'll be the only one not doing it." I can't seem to convince people as to why it bothers me so much, why doing what everyone else is doing does not really make me a part of a community, but makes me a blind follower.

The issue does not lie within the social media platform used, rather with whom we subject ourselves to be influenced by. We activate an account

and automatically follow social media influencers whom we assume will "cover the best restaurants to dine in and best stores to shop at," even though we have been enlightened a few hundred times that these influencers don't cover such places based on personal preferences, but on what they have been asked to cover. Who do we blame? We obviously can't blame those influencers because they are simply doing their jobs. Should we blame social media platforms? Well, unless you are paying for a service they are poorly providing then no, we can't. Should we blame ourselves? No, we can't. Not because there are no convincing reasons, but just because we wouldn't want to. We don't want to admit that what we are doing could possibly be wrong. We experience the feeling of doom. We feel like we have failed. Would we rather feel that, or simply avoid it and follow into the footsteps of social acceptance?

Once we let ourselves do that, once we let ourselves blend in with how society wants us to act, we become closer and closer to losing who we are and who we were supposed to become. Yet, we continue to do so; we continue to let our shoulders hang from strings like puppets. Not because we are forced to, but because we allow it. We simply follow what everyone else is doing because it is the easiest way to exist. We, admittedly, have and will continue to follow the follower.



PAINTING BY
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ILLUSTRATION BY
NOURA A. ZAHER

إلى الذين كان الرحيل اختيارهم

محاولاتي لإسعاده؛ فقد كان الاهتمام خطيئتي أنا؛ عاملته بالود فعاملني بالجفا؛ لم يكن لديه الحق أبداً بأن يفعل ما فعله؛ ولكن، كان في القلب صبراً للحبيب إذا قسا، ولكني لست بأيوّب، فصبري له حدود؛ وكنت أعلم أنه لم يحبني يوماً وقبلت بهذا؛ فما كل من تهوّه يهواك قلبه؛ فاستغنيت عنه كما استغني عني؛ أرفض التمسك به هذه المرة؛ فلن أتمسك بما يدمرني بعد الآن؛ بقدر ما أحببته، أكرهه؛ أدركت بعد رحيله أن حتى الأشخاص الذين لم نتخيل يوماً أن يصبحوا غرباء لم يكن من المستحيل أن يصبح الغريب أقرب إلى قلوبنا منهم، فقد تجبرنا الحياة أحياناً على أن نختر البعد كي لا تقتلنا مرارة الخيبة ونحزن على قرب؛ فقد يصل الإنسان إلى مرحلة يدرك فيها أن كثرة كلام العتاب يُصبح بلا قيمة؛ فهنا يُصبح صوت السكوت أقوى من أي عتاب؛ خسارة شخص كان جزءاً من روتيننا اليومي سيكون مؤلماً جداً، فحينما تتغير قلوبنا نعتقد أنها قلوب من حديد؛ ليس لصلابتها وإنما لأننا ظننا أنها غير قابلة للتشكيل، نشعر بخيبة كبيرة ولكن سبحان ملين الحديد؛ وحينما تختلف نظرتنا لشخص كنا نظن أن الزمن أضعف من أن يُغيره تصبيننا حالة من الحزن والانكسار ولكن الزمن غداراً يا صديقي؛ فلما خاب ظني به، تعلمت حب الذات وأن حب الذات ليس أنانية، بل أسلوب دفاع يحمي قلوبنا من الانكسار والتهمش؛ فلمن يريد الرحيل فإلى اللالقاء، ضمدنا جراحنا بأنفسنا فنحن لم نعد بل لم تكن أبداً في حاجة لكم.

يجب أن تنتهي يوماً فترة الحداد على الذين كان الرحيل اختيارهم؛ يجب أن نصل إلى خط النهاية حيث ينتهي وقت الكتابة عنهم؛ فهم لم يكونوا إلا أشخاصاً عابرين في حياتنا كما جميع الناس؛ كان الفرق الوحيد بينهم وبين الآخرين أنهم أحدثوا دماراً كان كافياً كي نكتب عن قصصنا معهم؛ قصص أصبحت في الماضي كما أصبحوا هم، أن نرميهم في مخلفات ذاكرتنا ليس قسوة منا بل إنه المكان الأنسب لأشخاص مثلهم؛ أشخاص كانت القسوة و البرود أكبر خطاياهم؛ كانوا على دراية بأخطائهم المتكررة التي كانوا يرتكبونها، فدمرونا عن قصد وأرادونا أن نكرههم عن قصد؛ كانوا يدركون مقدار الحب الذي نحمله لهم ولكنهم لم يستطيعوا أبداً أن يفهموا أن بقدر محبتنا استطعنا أن نكرههم؛ ظنوا أننا سنبقى متيمين بحبهم ننتظر ذلك الصدى من قلوبهم، ولكن لا، يجب أن نرفض التخطي في حكايات فاشلة كهذه، علينا أن نمضي وأن ننسى، بكيناهم بما فيه الكفاية.

أنا الآن أقسم أن لا أحن إلى قاتلي بعد اليوم، كان يقتلني صمته، كان يؤلني لوم كلماته في الرسائل القديمة؛ كنت أشتاق إلى وجهه الذي أعرفه؛ ويده التي لم أعرفها يوماً؛ كان يُعني عبث التظاهر بالمشي، ومازلت أشعر بالكثير من الندم؛ ليس على ذهابه وإنما على



Edvard Munch - "Separation"



I fear I'm losing my best friend. Earlier last semester he and I became friends with a new student and it was fun when we all hung out together, but recently I started noticing them exchanging little smiles and glances and it almost feels like they've started a secret club with the sole purpose of excluding me.

I can't stand being around them. What do I do?

Sincerely,
Mr. Excluded

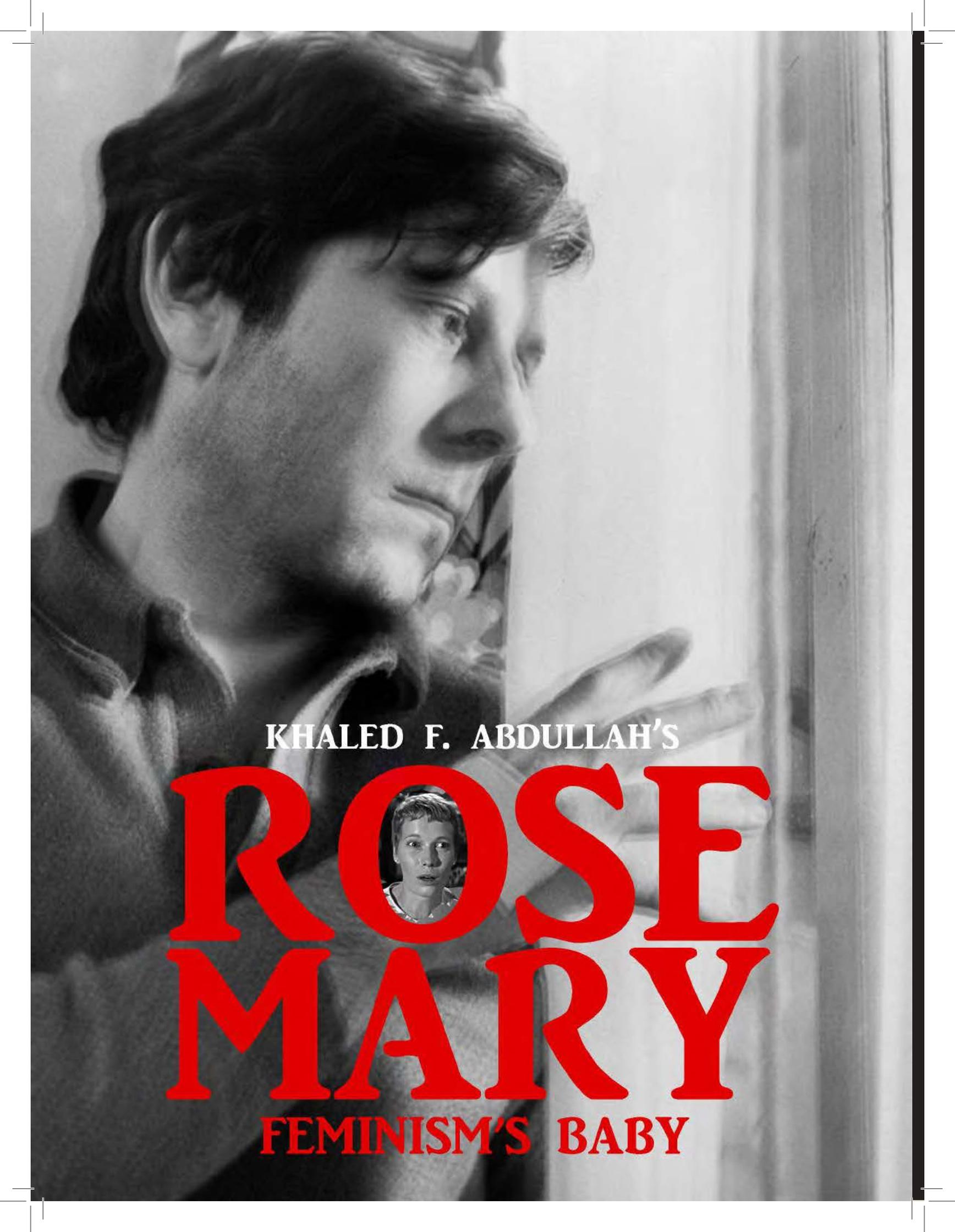
Dear Mr. Excluded,

Kiddo—I'll call you Mr. Third Wheel, it suits you better. Face it, your old friend prefers your new friend over you. You're but a quaint memory. I know this cause I *was* you. During my first year in university, my best friend befriended my ex-sister and left Sue third wheeling them until Sue couldn't take it anymore. I tried everything. I tried planning secret outings with one of them to exclude the other. I faked being sick so my sister stays home and takes care of me instead of going out to see my best friend. I spied on them and "ran" into them on several occasions. Nothing worked. They were meant to be best friends forever. BUT! One thing worked, and Mr. Third Wheel, forever was no more. While what I'm about to share with you might scramble your life into the perfect scrambled egg, you need to understand the severity of this plan, nay! Of this lifestyle. If you take it on prematurely, you will suffer gravely. Proceed with precaution, kiddo...

Life is too short to wait for your best friend to come around to their senses. Chances are they won't. So, you just need to nudge them towards the right direction, and ultimately, towards you. I call this the Blowfish Lifestyle. The Blowfish Lifestyle is an intricate amalgamation of screaming, nagging, tears, and deception. The first step is to assert your position in their friendship. When one of them mentions the other, scream, shut your eyes, and close your ears with your fingers simultaneously. This will make you seem like a child, which will, in return, make them want to take care of you like parents would. When you've seized their attention, you need to learn how to nag correctly. This brings us the second step, which is creating conflict with subliminal apparatuses. Center your topic of conversation on friendship breakups only. Make sure all your consumed entertainments (music, movies, books, etc.) as a group is focused on this motif. When you successfully saturate it into your lives, stage a fake public friendship break by paying few of the Drama enthusiasts in your university. React to the break up by screaming and nagging. Nag about your fear of the group's inevitable breakup. Nag about how terrible you feel about nagging. And nag some more. For the final step, you need to intoxicate the friendship. With months of screaming and nagging, you've conditioned your friends to associate your behavior with true love. By now, your friends should be mirroring some of the screams and nags back. When they do, choose which one you want to keep as your BFF. Go to your future BFF and complain about the third friend's childish behavior. Threaten them to leave the friendship but neutralize the threat with some tears. Gradually divorce yourself from the group but keep in contact with your BFF and update them about your perfect, drama-free life. Wheel, trust me. In a matter of 6-9 months, your best friend will reach out to you apologetically, realizing you're the one forever.

P.S. When blowfish inflate, they release a poisonous chemical known as tetrodotoxin that's 1200x more poisonous than cyanide. That's why a blowfish is a mermaid's BFF.

I Love You!
Curly Sue



KHALED F. ABDULLAH'S

**ROSE
MARY**

FEMINISM'S BABY

Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* is undoubtedly one of the greatest horror films of all time. Its disquieting psychedelic imagery and lush orchestral score has been unnerving audiences since its 1968 release. But what is it about this particular film that makes it so timeless? I've seen it about 33 times myself and it still manages to make me sweat, jump, and laugh in all the right places. The film is based on Ira Levin's classic novel about demons and witches of the modern world. Its B-movie plot doesn't sound particularly appealing. But in the hands of Roman Polanski, it becomes much more than the silly, exploitative film it could have easily been. He crafted an ageless, stylish piece of art that is as relevant today as it ever was.



The film is about a young housewife, Rosemary Woodhouse (Mia Farrow) and her struggling actor husband Guy (John Cassavetes) moving into a dark, gothic old building on Central Park West. In their post-honeymoon bliss they become acquainted with their next-door neighbors, Roman and Minnie Castevet (Sidney Blackmer and Ruth Gordon), an intrusive old couple exuding what could only be described as a menacing friendliness. Rosemary keeps her distance, but ultimately gives in to friendship at the behest of her suddenly successful, extremely self-centered husband. She becomes pregnant after suffering a nightmare in which she is raped by Satan. She soon becomes ill and paranoid, believing the entire world is conspiring against her and her unborn child. What follows has got to be the greatest expression of pure paranoia in the history of filmmaking.

There is a tremendous and obvious irony in Roman Polanski making, what is essentially, a feminist film. It's like Hitler throwing a Bar Mitzvah. It just doesn't make any sense. And yet, there it is. The timid Rosemary lives in her husband's world. She worries about his career, fetches him sandwiches and beer, smiles through his crude remarks, and doesn't express herself comfortably. She is critiqued often and doesn't have much to say for it. Her new home has become her prison, and her mind, her enemy. It should be said that the film was in theatres around the time Pope Paul VI released his now infamous encyclical *Humanae Vitae* that reaffirmed the Church's traditional position against birth control. A sure slight against women everywhere. And here is poor Rosemary Woodhouse, she wasn't even conscious for the conception of her child. Her body is no longer hers.

We don't occupy Rosemary's world. So it can be more than a little frustrating watching her through our 2018 tinted glasses. She takes every opportunity she has to please her husband, without ever questioning her own well-being or desires. Whenever she does speak up, she's quickly silenced by men hell-bent on keeping her ignorant and obedient. Guy literally throws one of her books away because it put "bad ideas" in her head. Dr. Sapirstein, her physician, brilliantly played by Ralph Bellamy, angrily accuses her of "Reading more of those books." Her fears and suspicions are dismissed the instant they're brought up and her attempts at independence, shut down by a myriad of fearsome male figures. Her relationship with her husband actually conjures up more of a "daddy/daughter" dynamic



than that of a married couple. Playing more into Levin's, and by extension, Polanski's issue with the patriarchal society that Rosemary so desperately wants to escape.

The social commentary so carefully embroidered into the film's fabric is aided greatly by Polanski's technical prowess and innate understanding of human behavior. The genre of horror realism, which Polanski excels at, deals with everyday fears. His previous, also brilliant film *Repulsion* (1965), dealt with a woman deathly afraid of sex and the male gaze. After *Rosemary's Baby* came *The Tenant* (1976), about a fear of urban living and familial abandonment. The scares don't come from any massive special effect or jump scare. They come from Guy, her husband, calling her only



female friends "not very bright bitches" or her new pixie haircut "a big mistake", implying it makes her look boyish and therefore ugly. The fear comes from her only doctor dismissing her emotions as (female) hysteria. The fear comes from her inability to be vulnerable, while being forced into a most vulnerable state. Polanski's camera practically vibrates with intent. It looks through holes in the wall, travels down long, dark corridors, and pans to a series of spine-tingling dead ends. The shocking, diabolical conclusion is the cinematic equivalent of a gut punch. Unforgettable and flawlessly executed.

Oh, and the devil is in the film. Just a heads up.

THE TWISTED STORY BEHIND VALENTINE'S DAY

By Hager Alazab

There are 2 kinds of people in this world: those in relationships who look forward for the teddy bears, roses, and all things red that are bound to be delivered on Valentine's Day, and others who are perpetually single and fear the international day of love the way Europeans feared the plague back in the 14th century, simply because it reminds them of how single they are in a rather nauseating way. Despite the fundamental differences both groups of people have, everyone knows what Valentine's Day is or what comes along with it. Overpriced bouquets of roses, Hallmark cards with witty comments, lots of bracelets and promise rings, fancy dates, and most importantly a general atmosphere that transports you into a Nicholas Sparks movie (one where the lead doesn't die in the end hopefully.) But what most people don't know is how a day associated with so much love and affection actually originated from disturbing rituals practiced hundreds of years ago.

While the origin of Valentine's Day can't really be traced back to a certain era, most historians say Valentine's Day as we know it now comes from a concoction of a Catholic event and a Roman practice. It wasn't until writers like Shakespeare started romanticizing the day, that it transformed the 14th of February from a normal day to one which all partners around the world celebrate their love.

A very, very long time ago, the Romans celebrated what is called "the feast of Lupercalia" on the 13th and 14th of February. The event consisted of men objectifying women; beating women and somehow getting with them towards the end of the celebration for a meaningful relationship that could either last a day or a lifetime. Oh, they also sacrificed goats AND dogs. Very



L. Bod - "Which Points at Cupid Above"

typical. What's even more typical than the actions of the men on this celebration was the positive reaction of women to them as they looked forward to being hit with animal skins because they believed it would make them more fertile. How such an unusual ritual managed to turn into a celebration of love on Valentine's Day remains a mystery; however, we should thank our lucky stars for the turn of events that transformed a day designed for men to get away with abusing women into a day where men spend money to buy heart shaped chocolate boxes.

The second event that contributed to the formation of Valentine's Day was the murder of about 2 men named Valentine on 14th February. The men who got executed by Emperor Calaudius II were saints, and historians couldn't really pinpoint the reason behind the execution. One legend says that St. Valentine used to get Christian couples married, which was banned at the time as it was believed that men in relationships make bad soldiers. Another legend says that St. Valentine used to help Christian prisoners escape prison and move on with their lives so naturally, which made his head the price for what he probably thought was a chivalrous act. Later, all the dead saints that went by the name Valentine were honoured in church in what was called St. Valentine's Day.

It could be said that somewhere along the way to the 20th century, a lot of things regarding the original reasons behind St. Valentine's Day evolved, changed, and got lost in to history leading to the Valentine's Day we celebrate now; one that is so significant in the course of every relationship where couples award each other for the love they share, completely oblivious to the fact that literally 3 men had their heads cut off and countless women were beaten with goat skins in order to make this lovely day come to life.

Happy Valentine's Day everybody.

Myriam & Khaled

at the movies

Myriam's Film Review ROCK ROCKS FILM

Merriam Webster's Dictionary defines 'cinema' as a motion picture theater OR the art or technique of making motion pictures. But it might as well say *Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle*, the new film by communist auteur, Jake Kasdan. Son of Lawrence Kasdan, the genius behind the *Star War* film, Son of Arthur Kasdan, a banker. *New York Times* scribe and fellow critic Glenn Kenny describes the film as "Very few remakes, sequels or franchise reboots have signaled their desperation to connect quite as nakedly as *Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle* does." As amusing as Mr. Kenny's wordplay is, he makes a good or maybe even several good points. *Jumanji* is the first film that I've ever seen in real life and I can honestly say it is the best film I've ever seen. Jake Kasdan is a technical wizard and his special effects team are a revelation. They take regular sized actors and turn them into 15 foot goliaths projected on a screen. Halfway through the film is a ravishing fight scene between The Rock and Triple H (a brilliant piece of pop culture crossover.) McMahon came out and declared it 'Hell in a Box' the (in)famous set piece from many WWE/WWF matches. Triple H put Rocky into a vertical press followed smoothly by a body avalanche. The Rock regained his power and slaughtered Triple H in front of his brother Kane. I threw a chair at the screen with the hope that Triple H would regain life and finish Rock. It was at this point that I was asked to leave by the theater's balding manager. I finished the movie at www.freebestmovies2017bestgoodqualitybestmovie-samerica.com



Review

JUMANJI

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

Khaled's Film Review SUCKANJI

On the morning of August 11th 2014, Robert McLaurin Williams died. "Coincidentally" on the morning of DECEMBER 20th 2017, the scum over at Sony pictures released *Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle*, a title that both plays on the popular "Guns n' Slash" song, as well blatantly disrespects *Gorillas in the Mist*, the infamous film in which Sigourney Weaver becomes a Gorilla...in the mist. So there I was in the mi(d)st of this dreck, when I realized Robbie Williams isn't even in this. They made a *Jumanji* movie without the man who played *Jumanji*. It was at that point that I became enraged and hurled my popcorn and beverage toward the screen, which was at least 14 feet too far. So, I'd like to formally apologize to Nada Al Habawi and her elderly mother. You weren't the target, Nada. I'm sorry. I wish your mother the speediest recovery, but she shouldn't have been sitting there. It just wasn't her seat. The film's soundtrack was the best part and reminded me of my own adventures in Laos. Jack Black gives the performance of her life in the 2nd act and Karen Gillan was unremarkable. The film's highly emotional middle act had me weeping up and down the aisle, screaming at the projectionist to stop the film. It was at this point that the manager asked me to leave. I finished the movie online at www.freebestmovies2017bestgoodqualitybestmovie-samerica.com and the The Rock's death scene has got to be the most emotionally honest portrayal of matricide in recent memory. A shocking, gruesome end to one of the funniest movies of all time.



THE EFFERVESCENT 80S

MUSIC EDITION

1980



THE BUGGLES - VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR

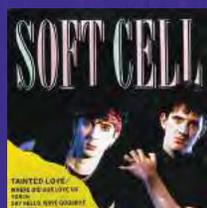
Bizarre New Wave pop by a pair of one-hit wonders.



1985
USA FOR AFRICA - WE ARE THE WORLD

Words cannot describe how much I loathe this song, but its chorus is in my head 24/7.

1981



SOFT CELL - TAINTED LOVE

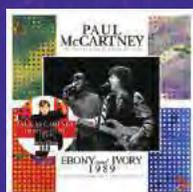
This song is so insanely catchy, but the Marilyn Manson cover is better.



1986
BON JOVI - LIVIN' ON A PRAYER

Did a catchy music generator come up with this? It's not even human.

1982



STEVIE WONDER & PAUL MCCARTNEY - EBONY & IVORY

Two legends showcase the indomitable power of racial harmony.



1987
WARREN ZEVON - RECONSIDER ME

One of the greatest "take me back" love songs ever written.

1983



TOTO - AFRICA

The "dark" continent in under 4 minutes.



1988
PET SHOP BOYS - YOU WERE ALWAYS ON MY MIND

Willie Nelson's original is great, but this synthpop cover is superior.

1984



QUEENS - RADIO GAGA

Beautiful song both in sentiment and melody.



1989
MADONNA - LIKE A PRAYER

Classic Madonna. Pre-Ritchie.

THE EFFERVESCENT 80S

FILM EDITION



1980 THE SHINING

Arguably the greatest horror film of all time. Unforgettable imagery.



1985 PEE-WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE

Really, truly very funny. Recommended for ages 4 through 80.



1981 AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON

An almost perfect blend of horror and comedy. John Landis is innocent.



1986 THE FLY

Body horror of the highest order. Do NOT watch alone.



1982 THE KING OF COMEDY

Criminally underrated and explosively funny. A really dark look at show biz desperation.



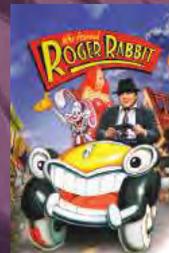
1987 NO WAY OUT

Double agents, murder and an adulterous president. What's not to like?



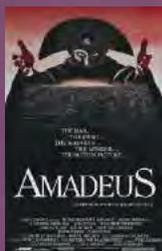
1983 ZELIG

Woody Allen's most audacious film. Incredibly funny and surprisingly melancholy.



1988 WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT

A Perfect Film. ENOUGH SAID.



1984 AMADEUS

Director Milos Forman blends comedy and tragedy in this delightful and timeless comic opera based on the life of Mozart. Brilliant performances from its two leads.

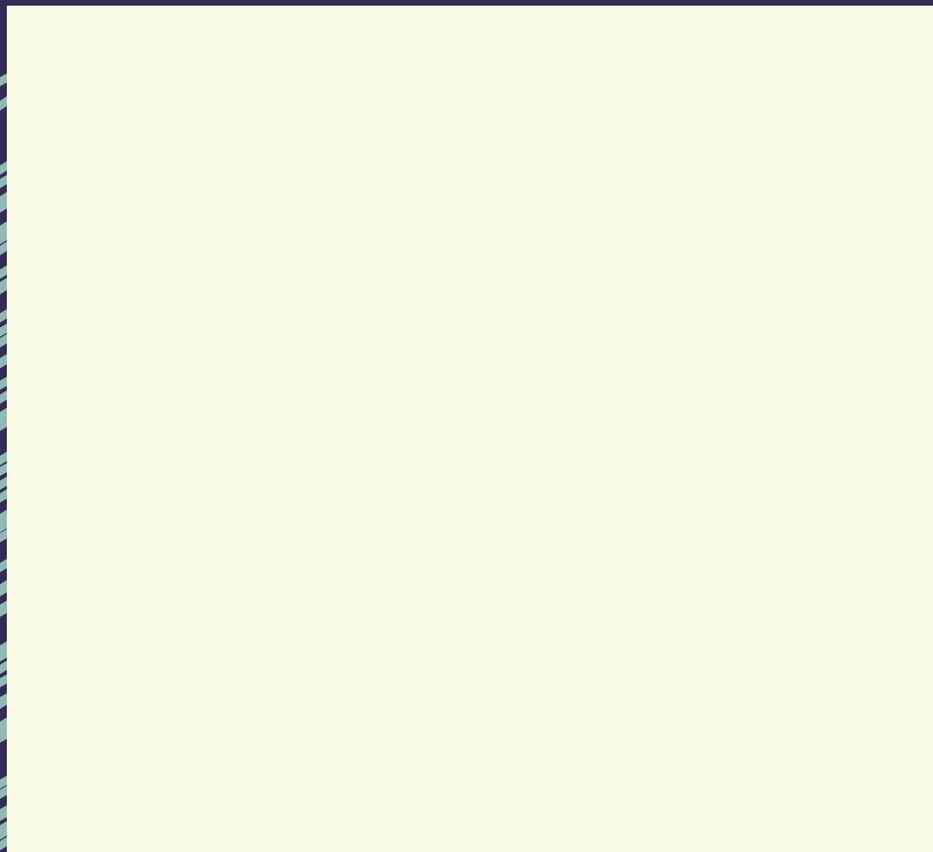


1989 CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS

No one does existential comedy like Woody Allen. Martin Landau delivers a powerhouse performance.

WHO ART THOU?

IN THE BOX BELOW, ATTEMPT TO DRAW A FRIEND OR A STRANGER; HOW YOU DRAW THEM WILL SAY A LOT ABOUT YOU!



YOU DREW IT SUPER DETAILED:

You're the friend who always excuses themselves from an outing because you think you have much more important things to do. You're a perfectionist that enjoys spending time doing the things you love the most. You're the student who is seen sitting in the first row of a classroom; you don't want to miss the chance of learning as much as you can.

YOU DREW 1 OR 2 BODY PARTS ONLY:

When a friend needs a shoulder to cry on, you are the go to person. You dedicate your attention on small things that people don't usually recognize. You always give out compliments and make others around you feel better about themselves. You're the student who is seen sitting in the middle row of a classroom; you want to be both laid back and serious.

YOU EXAGGERATED A BODY PART:

You're a comedian. Your friends enjoy spending their time with you because you make them laugh. You either make really funny jokes, or portray a funny aura through your comedic facial expressions. You are the student who is seen sitting in the back row of a classroom; you're safe to throw jokes around without getting in trouble.

YOU DREW A STICKMAN:

You're super laid back. Your friends like spending time with you because of your ability to say so much by saying nothing at all. When you are not around, everyone is asking if you got stuck in traffic. You're a positive person who believes everything falls into place eventually, which explains why you rarely attend your classes.

H O R O S C O P E S

Aries

March 21st-April 19th

“New Year, New Me” is such a great motto. Don’t use it.

Taurus

April 20th-May 20th

Last year, you decided to be a good listener but now people have almost forgotten what you sound like. Talk more; it’s not all black and white.

Gemini

May 21st-June 20th

This is the year you try new things. New foods, new styles, maybe a haircut even... Oh and definitely a new relationship.

Cancer

June 21st-July 22nd

I’m so sorry; there is nothing we can do. Spend time with family; get your affairs in order. I’m so very sorry.

Leo

July 23rd-August 22nd

2018 is your year. And yes, you said that in 2017 and look how that turned out, but 2018. Is. Your. Year

Virgo

August 23rd-September 22nd

Maybe, just maybe, someone else might have a slightly plausible point of view this year, listening won’t kill you.

Libra

September 23rd-October 22nd

Oh dear, better luck in 2019.

Scorpio

October 23rd- November 21st

A great group of friends is great, but you know what’s even better? A university degree. Please hand in assignments on time this year.

Sagittarius

November 22nd-December 21st

You do realize the entire Hip Hop industry doesn’t consist of that album Eminem released in 2009? There’s the album he released in 2017. Start the year by listening to that.

Capricorn

December 22nd-January 19th

You have been way too focused on making other people happy. It’s time to focus on you. Drink more water, do yoga, play your guitar, and stop wearing leopard print (please).

Aquarius

January 20th-February 18th

Neglecting your family ends now. Go to family gatherings and learn which aunt is which cousin’s mother and everything will sort itself out.

Pisces

February 19th-March 20th

Junk food tastes amazing but so does a long life span. Avocado is your new best friend, use it wisely.

**PASSIONATE ABOUT MUSIC?
CAN YOU SING?**

AUK-BASED BAND

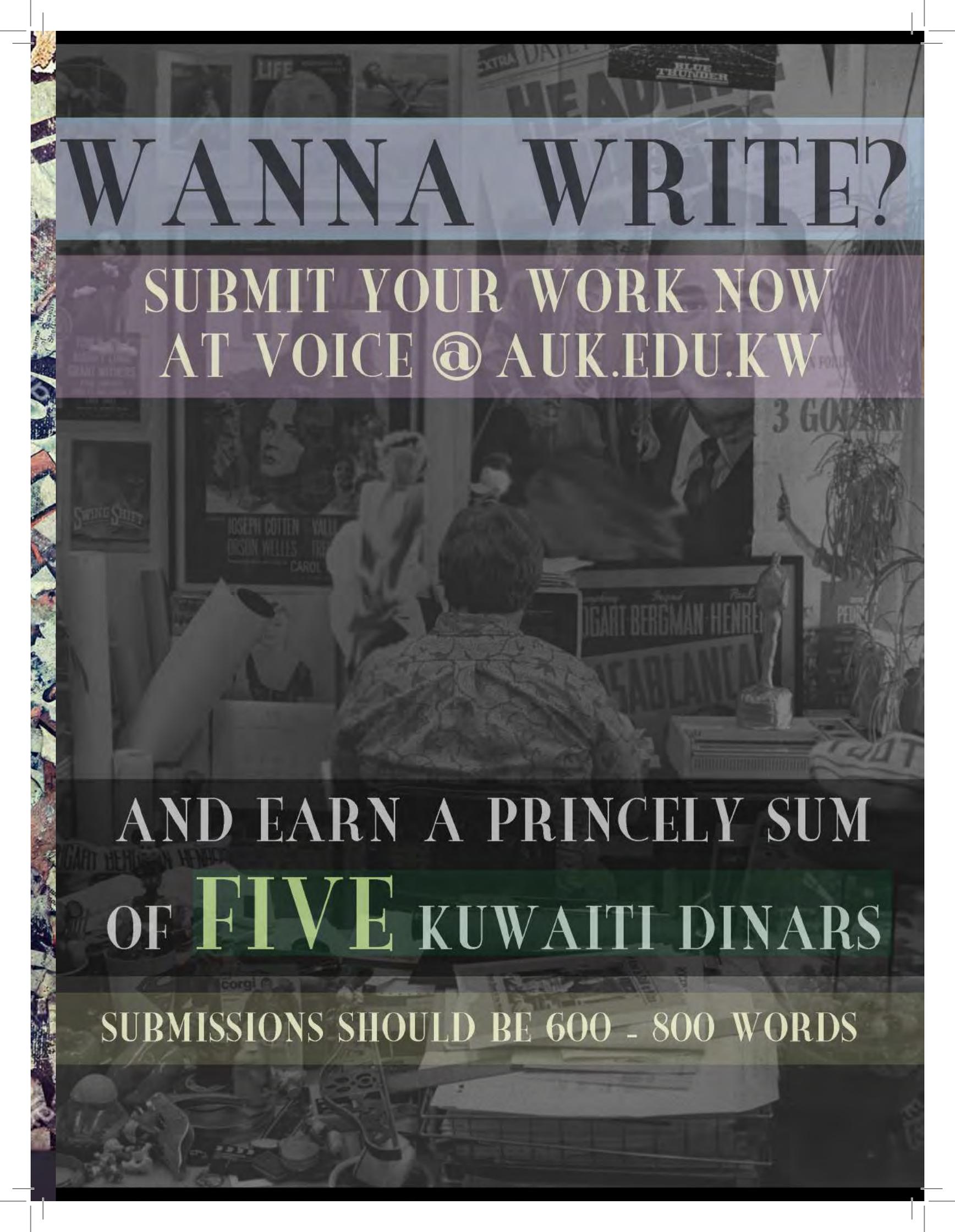
PILLOWS

**IS LOOKING FOR A FEMALE SINGER
IT HELPS IF YOU ENJOY:**

**THE BEATLES
QUEEN
NIRVANA
GREEN DAY
WOLF ALICE
RADIOHEAD
THE CRANBERRIES
OASIS
THE MUFFS
NEW ORDER
THE SMITHS**

CONTACT US AT:

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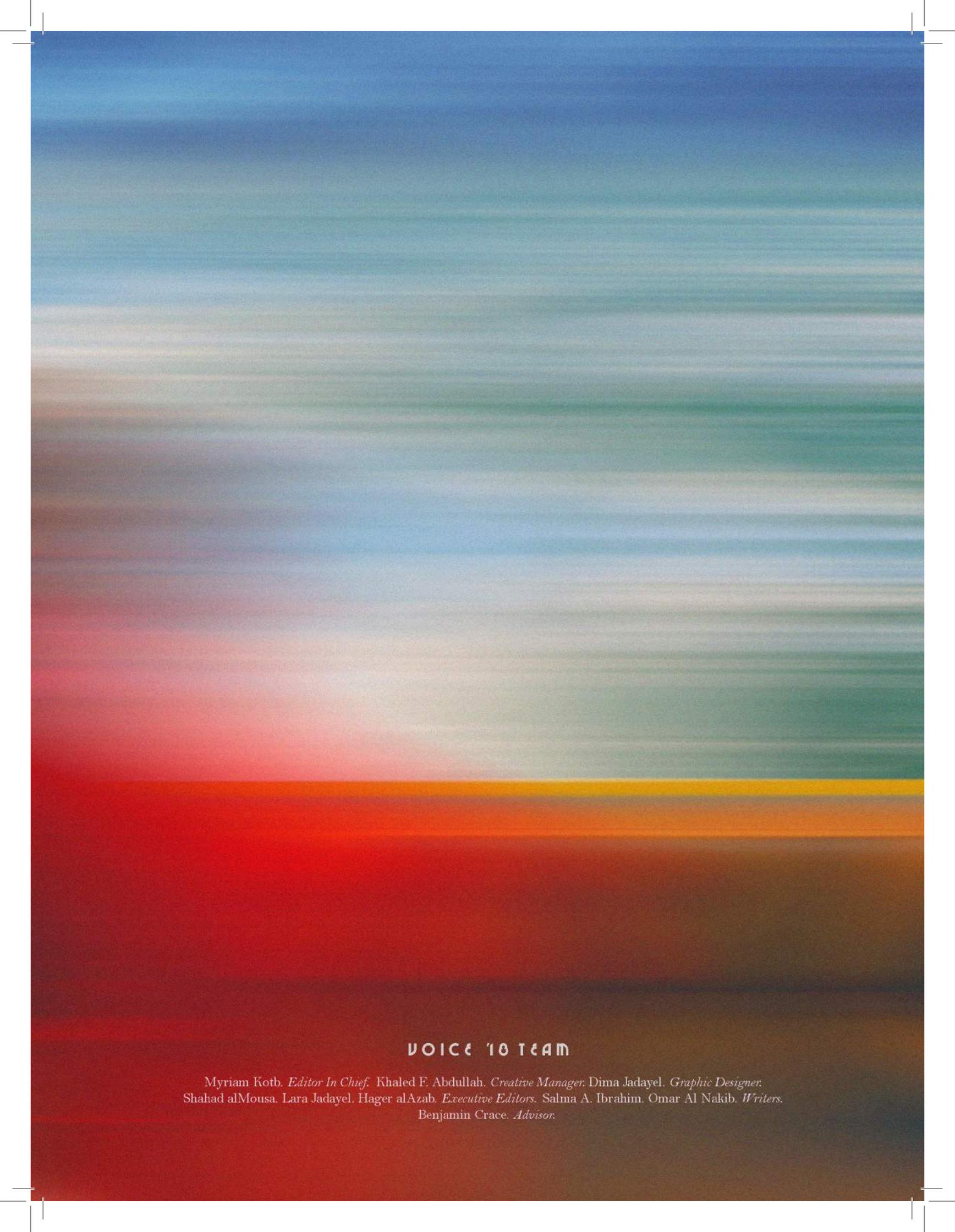


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