

INTRODUCTION

The morning of August 4, 2020 started out as another day in the capital. We were oblivious to the catastrophe that would come to be.

Within a few months, the reverberations of this devastating event—coupled with the spread of a global pandemic, economic lockdowns, and the collapse of the economy—amplified the overwhelming sense of a dystopian future. New development strategies, social injustice, and post-conflict communities.

We were keen, through our collaborative project, to make sense of the moment. In the midst of collapse, the diary. A sense of bewilderment hindered our ability to speak to these themes. Accompanied by a timeline that portrays the link between the link, we shared anger at our politicians. We lamented the sudden exodus of people we knew, desperately seeking space to work on their artistic projects and to find relief in expression. Pascale Ghazaly felt that "writing is a delicate act and a glorious one at the same time. It is like when everything blurs out and we take a breath and realize that we have written." Zainab Chamoun realized that "writing is a right, not a privilege. Whoever you are and no matter what skills you have, you have the right to put your thoughts into words and experiment with language. In such turbulent times, the least we can do is write. Writing allows us to vent some of our qualms as we delved into the murky depths of what it means to live through destruction and what it takes to reconcile complex layers of loss and the unattainable into our upended world."

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We hoped that this exercise would ultimately construct a broader story that would resonate collectively and others record our diaries, that they would serve as a point for future contemplation and reflection. As researchers, we have been using ethnography within the confines of academic writing, we were keen, through our collaborative project, to make sense of the moment. In the midst of collapse, the diary. A sense of bewilderment hindered our ability to speak to these themes. Accompanied by a timeline that portrays the link between the link, we shared anger at our politicians. We lamented the sudden exodus of people we knew, desperately seeking space to work on their artistic projects and to find relief in expression. Pascale Ghazaly felt that "writing is a delicate act and a glorious one at the same time. It is like when everything blurs out and we take a breath and realize that we have written." Zainab Chamoun realized that "writing is a right, not a privilege. Whoever you are and no matter what skills you have, you have the right to put your thoughts into words and experiment with language. In such turbulent times, the least we can do is write. Writing allows us to vent some of our qualms as we delved into the murky depths of what it means to live through destruction and what it takes to reconcile complex layers of loss and the unattainable into our upended world."

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The pieces herein may also be viewed on https://www.rustedradishes.com/

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The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the official views of the Arab Council for the Social Sciences (ACSS).
DEAR REEM,

in the village above Batroun. You forgot your books in the ago. You traveled all the way You left almost three months face of toxic positivity. This is what people challenging the system. I'm so early in the letter, but I'm

cuts, monopoly over fuel and was, with its frequent power us was uncomfortable. I can get any worse. The explosion generators, turned-off traffic

Everything sounds luxurious or host those kinds of Saint Nicolas. Remember the few months. Everything was covered with gigantic remember what a decent life is, I don't know anymore. I don't have any plans. I don't have any goals. I'm not even sure

As though everything is in this slow, like a shadow, this feeling of impending doom accompanies us. As though everything is in this simple future. I have always known this, but when I read today's newspaper, I read something I have never read before. The columns disappeared, the structure around them collapsed, the walls fell, the windows closed, the sky darkened. I am with you, in silence. I am with you, in solidarity.

My generation does have a history of decay. Today we are experiencing the effects of the crisis, but we are not witnessing a critical juncture. Rich or not, we are forced to live through the consequences of the crisis, just as our parents were forced to live through the consequences of the 1975 war. We are not at a critical juncture, this is not an interim. We are burdened with the legacy of Lebanon's crises.

The repercussions of Lebanon's crises will last years, and it will take years to recover from them. The state has no plans to address the root causes of the crisis. The government has no plans to rebuild the country. The people have no plans to live. We are left with no choice but to adapt.

We are living in a society that has no future. We are living in a society that has no hope. We are living in a society that has no choice. We are living in a society that has no voice.

DEAR REEM,

Yes, I finally included the argument against Trump in a December 18th essence of why I plan to vote for the Green Party. But I still feel like I'm too late to the party. Too many people have already made up their minds.

The World Bank is lending Lebanon a total of about $2 billion to help address the country’s economic crisis. The loan will be used to fund a crisis management and rebuilding plan that will help the country address its immediate needs and prepare for a safer future.

The loan is expected to cover a range of urgent needs, including the provision of basic services, support for the health sector, and assistance to the poor and vulnerable. The loan will also help finance the government’s ongoing efforts to reduce the budget deficit and stabilize the currency.

The World Bank said it will work closely with the Lebanese government to ensure that the funds are used effectively. The bank noted that Lebanon has made significant progress in recent years in reducing poverty and improving the lives of its citizens. The loan is seen as a crucial step in helping the country move forward.

The loan is also expected to help Lebanon address its debt crisis, which has become a major concern for international lenders. The government has been working with the International Monetary Fund (IMF) to reduce its debt burden.

The IMF has called on Lebanon to implement a series of economic reforms to help reduce its debt and bring down the budget deficit. The government has been slow to implement these reforms, but the loan from the World Bank is seen as a positive step in the right direction.
ATTENTIVENESS:

SURVIVAL/RESISTANCE

I think of house animals lovingly. I love the way they feel vulnerable. The way they seek us out for comfort. The way they reciprocate our attention and love. I think of the city as a big house, with many rooms and many stories. The city is our home. We are its residents. We are its caretakers.

I think of the city as a big house, with many rooms and many stories. The city is our home. We are its residents. We are its caretakers. We take care of the city, just as we take care of our homes. We love the city, just as we love our homes.

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I don't want to help make things destructive behavior comes from. Why would people be in Spain, I will be in the UK—hopefully.

I pause. I don't want to say I'm not leaving; I feel this may give me flashbacks. Where I feel guilty because I turn towards the country. I don't want to help make things

It's a constant battle again, I spend days on end thinking and planning. Have to keep moving, making a new country. It's not just the country, it's the people. That's why I did it in the first place.

A friend of mine is coming to visit me, she's from Canada. I'm excited to see her, it's been a long time. I haven't seen her in over five years.

I'm going to the airport tomorrow morning. I'm taking the early flight so I can be in Canada by afternoon. I'm looking forward to seeing her again.

This is the first time I leave the house in six or more days. The longer I stay, the more I want to leave. The only options I have are to stay or to leave, but I don't want to stay.

I'm feeling a sense of longing, a sense of being stuck. Why don't we leave? Why do you want to stay here? I ask the General Security Officer if this is the right time to leave.

"You're leaving the neighborhood?" Here is where they give me flashbacks. Where I feel guilty because I turn towards the country.

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The situation is in both refugee camps, and in Paris and Egypt, where the favelas are, and small villages. The refugees have been watching the events in procession, and the world is watching.

There are insane celebrations across the country, and how many lives reckless mingling will cost. These are not the times for celebrations. These are the times for reflection and action.

I'm in a dilemma, I really want to check and see what's going on in the world. I want to see the things I've missed, but I also want to stay here.

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The world is watching and waiting, and the world is waiting. The world is waiting.

I'm wading through a crowd. I can sense the presence of the crowd, and the world is watching and waiting. The world is waiting.

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Redefining Continuity: Almost Feels Like the Other Side of the Story

The fields at the side of the roads look like they do every I feel a deep, 1. Sorrow friends’ parents who and over, along with the financial crises. I call it the “Post-Beirut explosion.” We feel nostalgic about a really different 2. Anger leadership and direction? Exhaustion? Detachment? The mountains haven’t changed much. I was talking to a friend, “I was talking to him, and he had his Engelsina Mohamadi,” “Our first words about a really 3. Love. Aren’t we past this fantasy? Did that Lebanon ever remind them of the “real Lebanon,” the “Lebanon we all have connections to the present. Sometimes, I miss the insurrectionary moments under the haunting skeleton of Lebanese politics. The cops are still there. Why are we stuck in this dark highway? The last thing I would want is to die. More and more, people outside of Lebanon seem to be More and more, people outside of Lebanon seem to be...
مذكّراتنا في ميدان القتال
وتشكل مجرد جزء من مجموعة المشاركات الغنية التي قدّمتها كاتباتنا وكتّابنا. إن الفِكَر والآراء الواردة في هذه المنشورة تعود للكتّاب والكاتبات ولا تعكس بالضورة آراء المجلس العربي للعلوم الاجتماعيّة.

ناشطة في العلم الاجتماعي والكتابة الإبداعية، تعمل في مجال التنظيم المدني. حاصلة على درجة الدكتوراه في الهندسة المعمارية. تسكن وخِلال سنواتها المهنية، العديد من顯示ات المشاريع والمشاريع الأخرى، بما في ذلك إعداد مساحة للمؤسسات الخيرية، والتي تهدف إلى فهم التعقيد والتغيير المستمر لطبيعة الفاعلين المدنيين والدين والسياسة، وإنهاء الاستعمار، ودراسة الانفعالية.

نُشرت كتابات نور وشعرها في "Rusted Radishes"، وهي من النصوص الواردة هنا منشورة أيضًا على "Juxtaprose".

تعمل في مجال التنظيم المدني. حاصلة على شهادة الماجستير في الهندسة المعمارية. فنّدقتنا الكتابة من بعض الكبت المتراكم في معدّد من المشروعات، كما أنها شجّعت البحث متعدّد التخصّصات وبناء مجتمع من الفاعلين المدنيين، وتمكّنت من أن يساهم في تجريف الحطام الذي تبعثرت عبره الحياة اليومية من خلال تدوين الأفكار والتجارب.

تتمحور الأزمة في المجرّد، وتعمل في مجال الكتابة الإبداعية. من خلال مشروع "The Counter-Mapping Laboratory"، يُمكنها التأكيد على تأويل التعبير وأساليبه. بصفتنا منسقتين للمشروع، كنا منفتحتين على التأويل المجتمعي، والتفاعل، والمسارات، والترددات، وأشكال الغياب والوجود.

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