My departmental honors thesis in Global and Regional Studies is the product of nearly a year and a half's work. In the end, it numbers 59 pages, though it easily could've been many more. Those who read it will be grateful for my adviser's insistence that I cut words and be concise. I made mistakes at every step of the process. But I learned a tremendous amount from those mistakes, and I think without them I wouldn't have familiarized myself with the library's resources to the extent I did, nor would I have reached out to so many generous faculty, at UW and elsewhere, for help.

In truth, my project began two years ago, when I read a book I'd seen advertised on Twitter. It was a book on a group of clandestine intellectuals in 1960s Lebanon—interesting enough on its own, given my studies in Arabic—but while it unearths that historical moment, it was its approach to the question of history that stayed with me. The book introduces itself as a work of anthropology, yet asks: what does it mean to turn our anthropological "methods" and "modes of analysis" on figures who themselves used them and trained them on their own circumstances? What does it mean when we lose the anthropological "distance" we are accustomed to between the place of "fieldwork" and that of withdrawn "analysis"? In terms of history, what does it mean when we fit these intellectuals into our historiographical "model" of their times and surroundings?

The book uses the figure of translation as a way to think through these questions. Translation in this sense does not just refer to linguistic translation but rather translation between praxes like *theory and practice* and *universality and particularity*. These were the concepts that troubled the subjects of his book, and they captured my imagination like no idea in my studies had before. That was the end of my sophomore year, and I spent the next eighteen months reading everything I could about the subject. By the beginning of my senior year, I felt I was

ready for anything—I was about to write the lengthiest and most brilliant thesis the university had ever seen.

I hadn't realized that writing a thesis meant more than loading my brain with theoretical jargon and regurgitating it onto the page. I fudged my way through autumn quarter, while I was supposed to be writing a prospectus, learning yet more ways talk about the same thing. Though I didn't realize it, I was still attached to that original book, and my drive was essentially to reproduce it, just in new and more convoluted language.

By the end of the quarter, I faced a reckoning. I had a prospectus with a gigantic "landscape review" but no actual subject text. Thus I spent winter quarter immersed in the stacks, combing through Arabic periodicals. I put in an unbelievable number of requests to UW Article Scanning Service, whose staff were always prompt and impressively adept with Arabic volumes. I also owe a debt of gratitude to UW-ILL, which I overloaded with requests for Arabic translations of *The Communist Manifesto—no, not the 1975 one, the 1972 one, and from the other publisher!*—and countless books in English and French, whether from Princeton or Berkeley or even overseas. Sometimes I would have to work with them over email to locate a text, and they were always generous and supremely patient with me.

Mary St. Germain guided my initial research, whose vast knowledge of the Arabic-language holdings at the library set me in the right direction. She taught me how to search by subject rather than keyword, and introduced me to the Oxford Bibliographies, which were invaluable when I had to delve into an unfamiliar topic.

A confluence of unfortunate circumstances kept my adviser away for much of winter quarter. I could never call it a blessing in disguise—she is and was wonderful, and her eye for Arabic texts uncovered subtleties I never could have—but it prompted me to reach out to

scholars in the field on a scale I never otherwise would have. I started with a doctoral student whose Master's thesis I had read the previous summer and continued from there, setting up Zoom meetings with academics from places as far-flung as Beirut and Berlin. Their generosity encouraging me and reading over my drafts was hard to believe. The experience demonstrated to me what I had been told, but which I always doubted: that if you are serious about your work, and punctual and reliable, scholars will take you seriously, and take an interest in you, and perhaps even introduce you to their colleagues.

In the end, the one text I most wanted I could never get ahold of. It was a translation of the *Manifesto* printed by Dār al-Ṭalīʿah in a single run in 1972, which I wanted to compare to another translation from a few years later. WorldCat did not have a single copy on record. Getting it would've meant befriending its author, now a reclusive 81-year-old in Beirut. I got his number from a scholar who had studied his work in the past, but he was hardly enthusiastic about this 22-year-old from the US without any credentials to speak of. Sometimes you do meet an immovable object.

But even without the text, I could piece together its basic contours. I had its introduction (scanned by the indomitable UW library staff) and a number of interviews given by its author in book form. It was an exercise in reconstructing a text within its discursive environment—something one always has to do, anyway—and in its course I utilized the full breadth of the library's resources as I know them. In the end, I cite 54 sources—English, French, and Arabic—though finding and understanding them meant reading many more. I organize them in Chicago footnote style for its ease of reading and use in my fields of Intellectual History and Middle Eastern Studies.