

CiMAG

Second Edition

AGORA

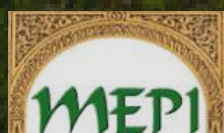
The Beating Heart of Ancient Greek Cities.

NET

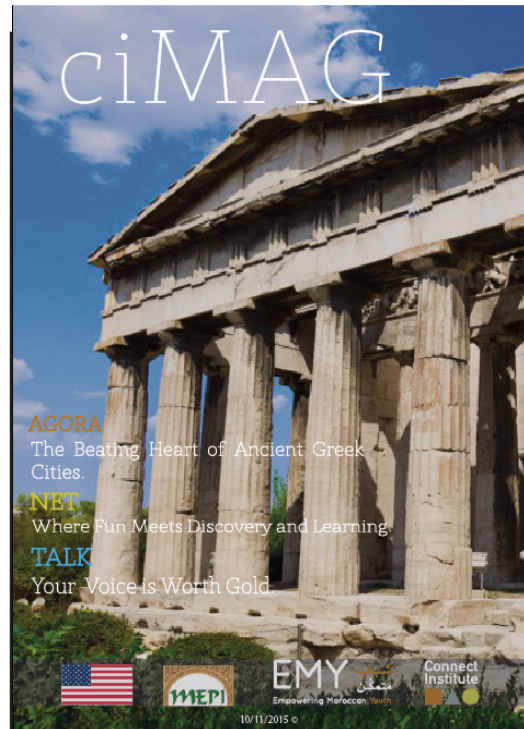
Where Fun Meets Discovery and Learning.

TALK

Your Voice is Worth Gold.



TEAM



- Afaf Ouinou
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- Maria Joudani
- Latifa Bella
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- Rajae El Omari
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CONTENT

AGORA

The Beating Heart of Ancient Greek Cities

PAGE

03

WORKSHOP

NET:

-Where Fun Meets Discovery and Learning.

TALK:

-Your Voice is Worth Gold

PAGE

04

ciAIR

A New Experience, A New Challenge.

PAGE

06

Movie Night at Connect Institute

PAGE

08

Not Anymore: A Story of Suffering and Hope

PAGE

09

Creative Corner

- شعر

= Home

PAGE

10

AGORA: The Beating Heart of Ancient Greek Cities.

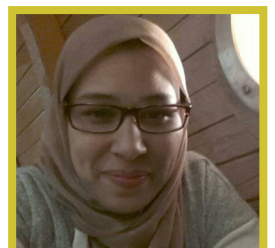


The Greek word 'Agora' stands for 'open place of assembly', and it designated a humongous market in the center of town, easily accessible to every citizen.

Not only did people buy and sell goods there, but they also discussed ideas, heard civic announcements and talked about politics.

People would also gather around to discuss the meaning of life with great thinkers such as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. And that's how philosophy was born.

The ideas and concepts that saw the light of day in those ancient Greek markets still live among us and continue to affect us to this day.



Kaoutar Bouzari

WORKSHOPS

Net: Where Fun Meets Discovery and Learning.

As avid net users, the Net workshop made us aware of several important things.

With our mentor, Mehdi Reghai, we learn and discuss about anything related to new technologies such as: e-marketing, crowd-funding and the measures of Web security.

The beauty of this workshop is not only in the constant learning we benefit from, but also in the debates we engage in.



Fatima Zahra EL Hafa



WORKSHOPS

Talk: Your Voice is Worth Gold.



What is culture? What is the difference between opinions and facts? Play us some violin.

This is only a pattern of what an hour and a half (sometimes a little more) with John Painter is like during Talk sessions.

Maria, one of the EMYsts, said that: «Talking is one of the many ways to express your thoughts and feelings, and I'm lucky that I was able to do it in an environment that encourages critical and creative thinking.»

Aimane, another EMYst confessed that: "In TALK, it is not only about talking, it is about how you talk and how you think before you talk."

TALK is one of the multiple opportunities Connect Institute offers its participants to engage in debates and speak up their opinions while exercising their English.



Latifa Bella

A New Experience,

ciAir, a new experience organized by Connect Institute for the participants of EMY and SUCESS programs. Walking from Connect Institute's head office, to the highest spot in Agadir through a mountainous geography was not an easy challenge at all. But it was a challenge which we have accomplished successfully and enthusiastically.



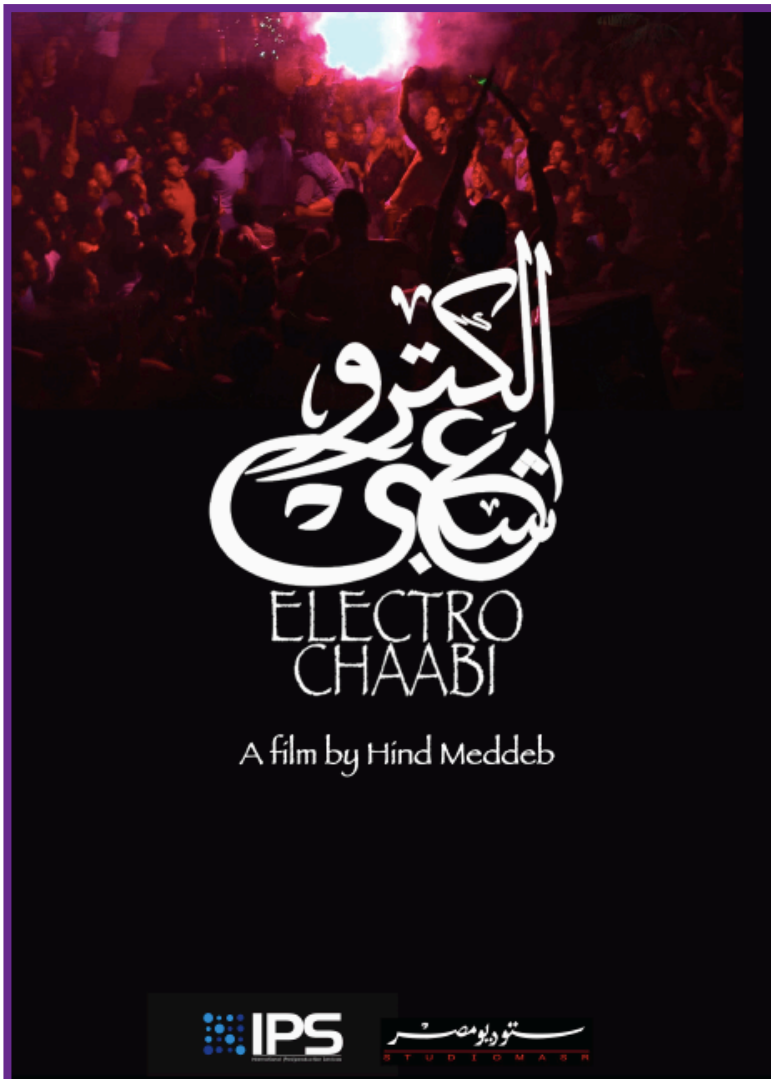
Ali Tataousst



A New Challenge.



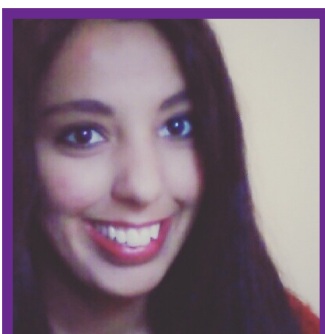
Movie Night at Connect Institute



The participants of Connect Institute had the chance to watch *Electro Chaabi*, a long feature documentary by Hind Meddeb, a French-Tunisian journalist and film maker.

The film's story took place in some of the poorest neighborhoods of Cairo, where a group of young Egyptians fight to be recognized by production companies, and to defend a musical genre.

Electro Chaabi is a mix of traditional music "chaabi", Arabic hip hop and electronic music. Whether you like that kind of music or not, you can't but admire the persistence of those young Egyptians who consider that specific type of music as a form of resistance, and as a refuge from a cruel world where money and fame took over human values like friendship and loyalty.



Maria Joudani

NOT ANYMORE: A STORY OF REVOLUTION



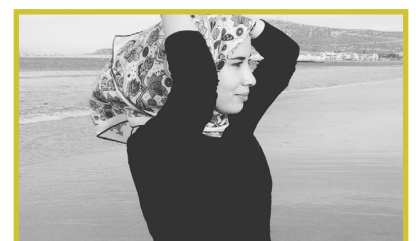
Not Anymore: A Story of Suffering and Hope

As a part of its efforts to promote art and culture among its participants, Connect Institute organized a screening of the film “Not anymore”, a documentary directed by Matthew Vondyke.

The 14 minutes documentary tells the tragic story of Nour, a 24 year old Syrian girl, who used to wear fancy dresses and high heels, but not anymore. She is now dedicated to her work as a photographer. Her goal is to expose

the horror of the Syrian war to the rest of the world.

The session was facilitated by Mr. Pedro Branco, the Director of the International Partnerships of Filmmakers Without Borders. The screening was followed by a networking session between our guest and the participants, in which they expressed their opinions about the documentary, the current situation in Syria and the role of media in raising awareness about war and suffering all over the world.



Rachida AKDAICH

نشخص بالبصر
إلى السماء الجاحظة
لكن بؤبؤينا لا يلتقيان أبداً
هي لا تنظر مباشرةً بالعين
بل تحاول صرف نظراتنا
بسطوع مبالغ فيه
أو بظلام يفضح السرّ:
اللاجدوى
كل ما تفعله
تشتيت انتباهنا
و تحوير مسار النظرة
إلى الله



Safa Issaad

H O M E

At a time of no time. At a time of no light nor darkness. The sun left and the moon ... The moon died after decades waiting. There was only emptiness. The sky was literally void. At a time childhood is a period in which human beings are only too young to be warriors, too old to be children.

There was a child, an old child, as young as the wind, as old as the mountains. He lived in the middle of nowhere with hundreds of people starving and thirsty, not because they had nothing but because everything they had was controlled by *ONE*. His people were no better than apes. They couldn't talk nor articulate, all they could express was anger with every scream and fear with every shout for the master.

Their ancestors were civilised, says the meth. A few generations after, they were so civilized, they became slaves. Slaves of their own thoughts, slaves of their privacy, slaves of their own freedom.

The child wasn't strong but he felt strong. The child wasn't free but he felt free. He wasn't the chosen one to save humanity but he chose to save himself.

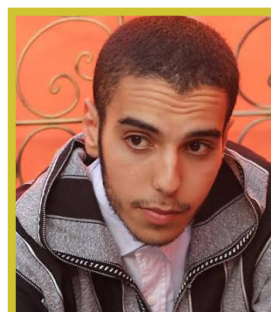
With a broken past and an unclear future, he held his past burden, covered his present scars and walked towards the only thing he ever knew ... *VOID*.

Loneliness is tiring, said his old soul. Time ages and there is no time, answered his young body. He marched. Miles far from the nowhere once called home he found a tree. He stopped, felt the branches in his palm, smiled, then laughed for discovering his mouth could form a

shape that would make one *FEEL*. He shut and covered his mouth in shock for discovering his vocal cords could make a sound other than shouts and screams that could make one *FEEL ... GOOD*.

He sat down the tree a child ... stood up a man. Time is back. He is feeling hot and can't really open his eyes ... The sun is shining. He tries to catch the shadow but the shadow turns around the tree as the sun moves from west to east and the moon comes running to shine his love's beams.

In another nowhere he found company. Right bellow the tree, he died. Right before he died he dug his own grave and lied down waiting ... feeling that, is *HOME*.



Aimane Idhajji



