

CiMAG

5th Edition

Rue de la princesse: More than a street

L'École Marocaine: Un vrai paradis!

الأباء كايتناقشو ... شنو هو البديل؟

DARDACHA:
For Free Thinkers.



EMY شباب
متمكّن
Empowering Moroccan Youth

**Connect
Institute**

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Rue de la princesse: More than a street.

Every house has a history, a story to tell through its door, paint, or old walls, or even its small narrow windows that give you a sneak to the magic inside. I never realized that until I saw this picture taken by Lamia. It literally mesmerized me, I stood agape in front of the beauty of this house that I see and ignore almost every day.

And for different reasons that I couldn't clearly understand, I felt that I had to share those little things I know about it.

You see, I pass in front of this house at least three times a week, it belongs to an old woman who can't walk and can hardly see, her husband used to take care of her but he died more than four years ago. She lives right behind that open door in the picture. I have always wondered how life was at that house when she was still a young lady. You gave me the answer to that question, one that is far better than all the stories I used to make up in my head about that house: maybe she is old and can't walk but her young princess soul is still up there.

Thank you Art Modeste for the picture, the creativity and the answer.

Text by: Sarah Balha

Picture by: Lamia Hmaiddout



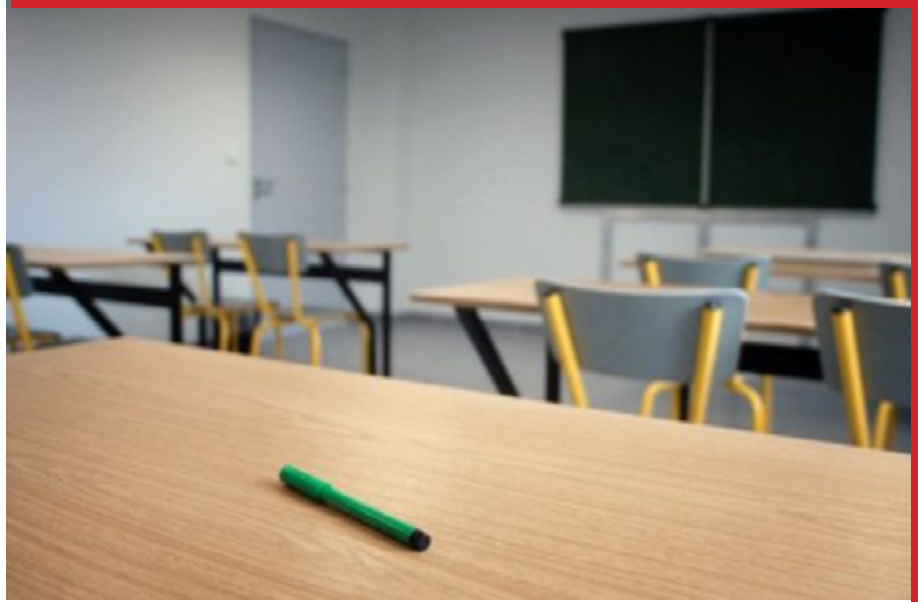
Sarah Balhaj



Lamia Hmaiddout
(Art Modeste)



L'École Marocaine: Un vrai paradis !



Se réveiller le matin, aller à l'école et apprendre des matières par cœur, pour enfin -gerber le tout- passer un examen à la fin du semestre. C'est bien le quotidien de nos étudiants.

Aller en classe est devenu une habitude qu'on se transmette d'une génération à l'autre, dont l'ultime but est de décrocher un diplôme, plutôt que de stimuler l'esprit critique et renforcer les connaissances des élèves. Et ce n'est pas par hasard que le Maroc se retrouve en bas de tous les classements sur les systèmes éducatifs du monde.

Pour mieux comprendre cette crise revenons aux sources :

L'école tue et enterre la créativité

L'école dénie le droit à la différence et nous apprend la soumission plutôt que l'autonomie. As-tu déjà rêvé un jour d'être autre chose qu'un médecin, un enseignant ou un ingénieur ... Et bien désolée c'est raté. Et c'est quoi encore ça « artiste » on est sérieux nous, bonne chance si tu veux foutre ta vie en l'air.

L'étudiant marocain est mal orienté
Après plusieurs années d'études acharnées, notre bachelier se trouve devant une panoplie de facultés et d'écoles supérieures. Et que la fête commence!

Par exemple, quelle est la relation entre faculté de médecine, école de commerce et gestion et école d'ingénierie ? Aucune, vous me direz, mais elles ont toutes voulu de moi. Donc j'ai du choisir et livrer mon sort à l'inconnu.

La formation est médiocre.

Quand enfin notre étudiant atterrit dans l'une de ces écoles ou facultés, il se retrouve encore plus perdu que jamais et voit déjà sa vie estudiantine tomber à l'eau. Il lutte un peu au début, mais après il renonce et accepte. Et tout d'un coup toute exigence devient banalité. Il s'habitue à un corps professoral incompetent, un campus inadéquat aux moindres besoins, des activités parascolaires inexistantes... et la liste est longue.

Lecture est synonyme de cours académique, basta.

Le marocain ne lit jamais. Et quand

il lit, c'est deux minutes par an. C'est triste, plus rien à dire.

Comme on a du le constater, l'école marocaine va mal, très mal toutes les enquêtes en témoignent. Les causes citées précédemment ne sont que quelques unes parmi beaucoup d'autres, toutes à l'origine de ce système éducatif faible et stérile. La question qui nous taraude -nous, jeunes marocains- reste « **L'école sert elle encore vraiment à quelque chose ?** ».

Soyons honnêtes, Quoi faire d'un établissement qui se dit instructif mais qui enfin ne rempli pas son rôle, alors qu'aujourd'hui avec Internet on dispose d'un libre accès au savoir ? Le «savoir» n'est plus «monopolisé», donc le rôle de l'école reste à revoir.



Fatima Ezzahra Zaouad



الأباء كايتناقشوا شئو هو البديل؟



إسعاد صفاء



الحافة فاطمة الزهراء

الشباب اللي كانوا حاضرين بينوا بوضوح وبجراة على حاجتهم لإكتساب مهارات تواصلية وسلوكية وتطوير روح المبادرة والقيادة و كيفاش يستغلو الوسائل التكنولوجية العملية.

كونكت إنستيتوت واعى بالفراغ اللي كييعيشوه الشباب، داكشي علاش فتح الأبواب ديالو فوجهم باش بينيو نفوسهم ويمارسوا المواهب ديالهم ويكتشفوا ميادين جديدة للإبداع وهادشي من خلال لقاءهم بناس مختصين من مختلف المجالات والجنسيات.

القراءة، السعادة، والعلاقة بيناتهم. سؤال تناقش فجلسة تواصلية نظمها كونكت إنستيتوت بحضور مجموعة من الشباب والأباء،

تحدث السيد طه بلأفريج، مؤسس كونكت إنستيتوت ومؤطر للشباب، عن بعض الإحصائيات اللي كتعكس واقع التعليم في المغرب وفي العالم، وكيفاش تبدلات متطلبات سوق الشغل، ووضعية شباب اليوم وسط هاد المتغيرات.

انطلاقا من خلفياتهم الأكاديمية والمهنية، وبالأخص من تجربتهم الحياتية مع الأبناء ديالهم، أكدوا الأباء على فشل منظومة التعليم في المغرب والإحباط اللي كايحسوا بيه.



DARDACHA: For Free Thinkers.

Each week, Connect Institute's youth gather for DARDACHA; a get-together where everyone is feeling free enough to express themselves and discuss a diversity of topics that ranges from ethics, personal and collective beliefs, education, employment, and universal values.

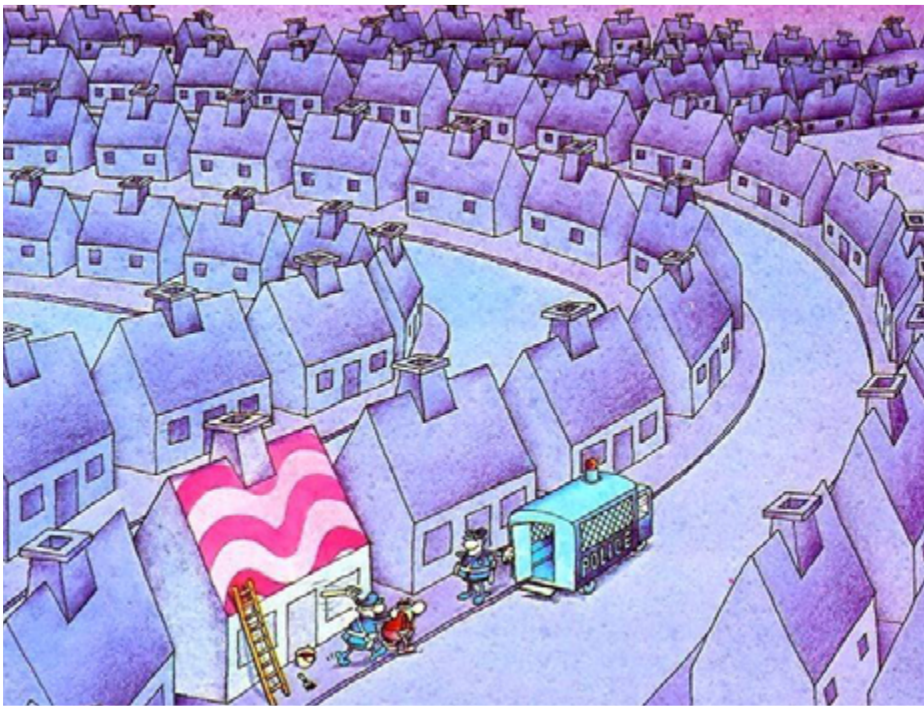
Doing this every week, allows the participants to open up to their environment, build an opinion and speak up their minds using a structured language.



Ayoub El Mouden



The “I” and the “We”



In a society like ours, where people pay a lot of attention to appearances and tend to judge each other based on how they dress and how they look. It is no wonder to find most people keeping their guards up and trying to behave and think “the proper way” according to the social norms.

For example, the other day during my internship, as a teacher assistant, a group of students were laughing during class, and weirdly enough, the ones who got caught up in the act of laughing were two students; a female and a male. Normally the teacher should either scold the both of them or let them go both right? Well he didn't. Apparently the teacher didn't have a problem with the girl laughing but he had a problem with the way she laughed because he did not

only scold her but took it far as he told her in front of the whole class that her laugh “Is not a girly one. Girls shouldn't open their whole mouth while laughing, that's for boys to do”.

This example is just a glimpse of what most of us encounter in an everyday basis. In his book “Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion”, Robert B. Cialdini, writes that: “Other people affect us even when they're not present. Whether or not we recycle, litter the street or evade tax often comes down to our perception of society's view. Most of us are strongly influenced by thinking about how others would behave in the same situation we are in, especially when we are unsure how to act”.

On the same book he adds, “First, we seem to assume that if a lot of

people are doing the same thing, they must know something we don't. Especially when we are uncertain, we are willing to place an enormous amount of trust in the collective knowledge of the crowd. Second, quite frequently the crowd is mistaken because they are not acting on the basis of any superior information but are reacting, themselves, to the principle of social proof.”

This stable and predictable way of perceiving our acts, thoughts, and measuring them to the social norms or in other words “the normal way to act and think” is passed down from a person to another, which makes change difficult to spot. Because if we all think that we need to conform to what society expects of us, then nothing will change because everyone will be the same.

Not only that, but stability and predictability are two of the main enemies that kill creativity and makes it difficult, if not impossible, to think out of the herd and be an initiator and creator instead of an imitator.



Fatima Zahra El Hafa

Stop Dehumanizing

Women!

“Miss! answer me !”, “you’re a bitch!” , “Aaaa7...ostada...zine...Manchoufouch?” , “koulek zebeda omnin nebeda” , “ yshabl kask zwina? Raki ghi chrwita”, a lots of catcalling and terrible words that women undergo whenever they make up their minds to go for a walk in a beautiful day, or generally as they are hanging out alone. Street sexual harassment, is a problematic phenomenon that offends the majority of women in our society.

A modest survey done at Connect Institute, in which all females were asked to reply to a questioner about this phenomenon has revealed a lot. From 25 answers out of 47 solicited females, 96% of them have been a victim of street sexual harassment whether they were veiled or not. 75% claimed that they were generally harassed by a dirty speech to which 87, 5% of them behaved mainly by ignoring it. According to the results, the crucial cause of it was the low intellectual level of the susceptible harassers as 70, 8% of females provided. In other hand, 16, 7% of them think that was due to psychic disorders. Another relevant point is that 70, 8% of females had the courage to talk about this problem to their parents and neighbors which is significant when it comes to wondering whether it is a taboo or not. The 29, 2% left claim that they avoided doing so “Because no solution will occur from this discussion”, “Because there is no law that can protect us from this ...

because even the police harasses” and “it has become a normal thing to me”.

Two other females have shared with us their stories with sexual harassment, as the first witnessed have been a victim of offending judgment: *“I went out of work accompanied with some of our program participants. We were walking to the taxi place which takes 10 to 15 min of walk. We were talking about the beautiful atmosphere, art and creativity. Then, we heard this man shouting from the window of his car saying, to our surprise «You are all bitches, all of you are bitches»...”, and the second has been horrified by an arrogant corporal contact “It was 10 PM when I was taking a taxi back home from school. I was sitting between two men. One of them had a drop taken, he smelled of cheap alcohol. After a short ride, the taxi driver had stopped for another client to get into the car. I was squeezed between all the three men. However, the drunk man was getting closer and closer, touching my thigh, scratching the outer side of my leg up to my arm. I was terrified, but I could not speak because I thought the man would have a knife or something he will stab me with if I dare yell at him.”*

We, women, in this Moroccan, conservative society, in which men tend to culturally dominate, are in a daily struggle for our dignity, fighting those kind of stereotypes against us and proving that women are equal to men when it comes to



intellectual matters: we are also able to think, criticize, and create things that can serve the development of humanity! The fact that the majority of harassers were viewed as having a low intellectual level profile is a highly impressive aspect. As this affects the status of women in our society and how she is perceived. In other words, women are deemed as bodies that provoke the opposite sex and push him behave this way rather than individuals who must be respected for their integrity.

Forgive me “Mr. Harasser”, but don’t put the blame on us because we are women, and somehow provoke you. We are, after all, Human beings!



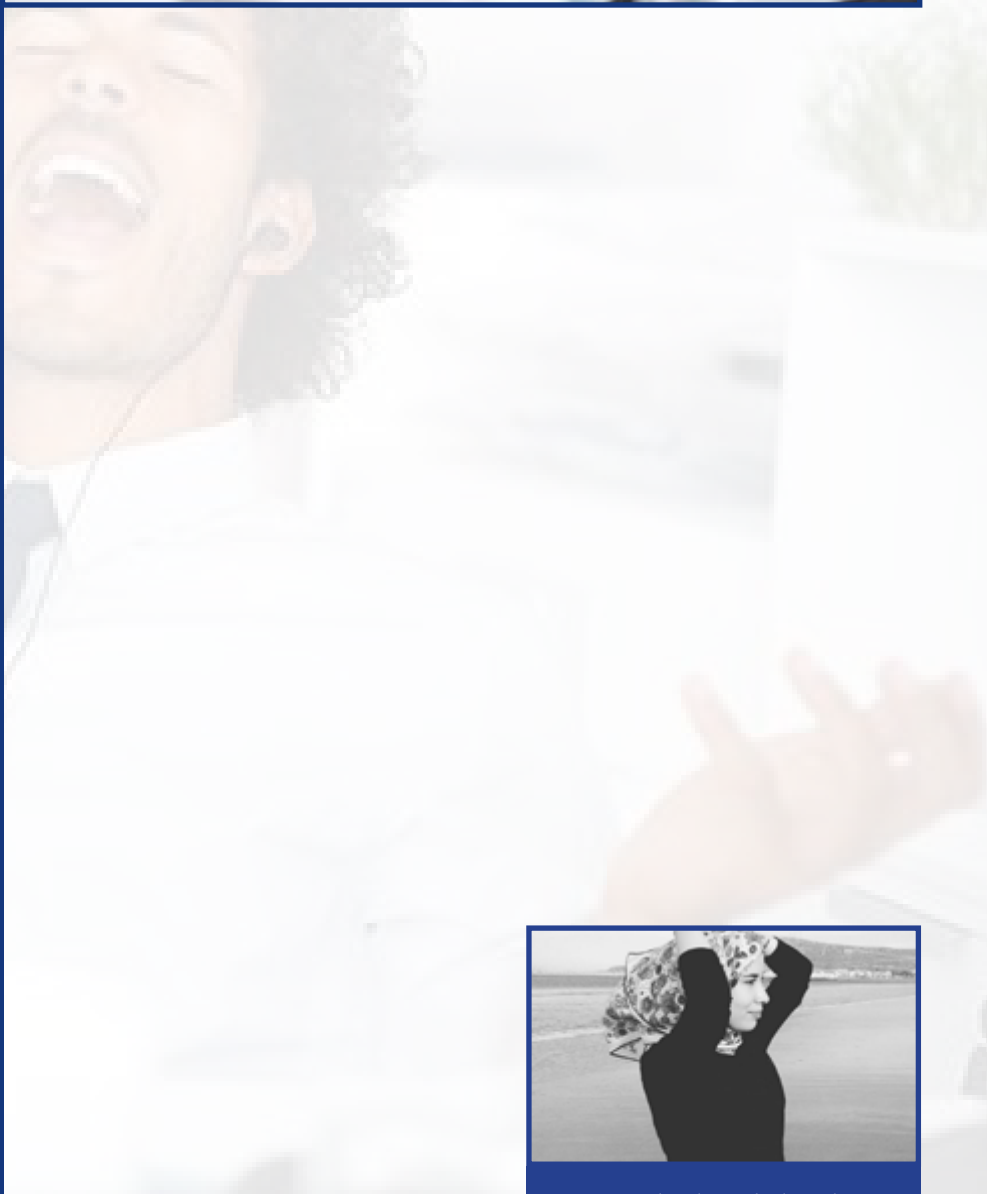
Yasmine Boujerfaoui

Respect: Not that Obvious

I was navigating the internet, as usual, looking for anything of interest and quickly moving from a page to another, when I found an article on the online newspaper “Seattle pi”. The article was titled “Respect goes a long way in the workplace”. It was about how demonstrating personal and professional respect is a fundamental expectation for any workplace.

It immediately reminded me of one particular colleague I have at work. She adores music and can’t get her work done without listening to it; the only problem is that she doesn’t use headphones. Consequently, every day for the past two months, I’ve been forced to listen to loud music for nine hours a day. I personally don’t have any problem with some music, but sometimes it distracts me. The worst part is that, she doesn’t consider her actions as disrespectful at all, so I have to remind her each time to reduce the volume.

We often tend to ignore or forget, for whatever reason, the importance of respect, not only at workplaces but also in other life aspects. Almost as old as human race itself, respect is the force that keeps organizations, societies and humankind in general properly operating.



Rachida Akdaich

Première impression

En une restreinte période de temps, j'ai pu assister à plusieurs activités diverses qui m'ont submergé d'enthousiasme. Des activités qui m'ont poussées à vouloir, de mon côté, participer et faire partie d'une nouvelle famille. Un sentiment d'appartenance que j'ai manifesté en écrivant cette petite chanson avec laquelle je me suis présenté lors de la visite des représentants de l'Union européenne à Connect Institute. Ainsi, je la mets en votre disposition:

Tout a commencé avec une feuille blanche,
Un crayon taillé, et une planche
Mes premières ratures étaient d'une malchance
Mais après ça visait de l'influence

2 fois

Un changement, ce n'est pas facile
Un changement, nécessite un asile

Passé d'un monde tout euphorique
Et s'immerger dans un autre classique
Jongler avec des notes basiques
Et sortir avec une mélodie chronique

2 fois

Un changement, ce n'est pas facile
Un changement, nécessite un asile

L'art est un langage sensible
Avec un gros cœur, bien accessible
L'art, ce n'est pas du tactile
L'art, c'est créer en argile
Un changement, ce n'est pas facile
Un changement, nécessite un asile
Un changement, ce n'est pas facile
Un changement, c'est revenir de son exile



Hamza El Allami

