



ciMAG

16

PHOTO BY: Ayman Abdelilah



EMY **شباب
متمكّن**
Empowering Moroccan Youth





HOMO CREATIVUS: Khalid Assalami



Ikbale Bouziane
Chief Editor



Rachid Akdim
Multimedia Creator

CONTENT

- 03** PUNCTUALITY
Najat Ayaou
- 04** BULLYING AT SCHOOL
Khadija Amahal
- 05** OÙ VONT NOS « J'AIME » SUR LES RÉSEAUX SOCIAUX.
Ayman Abdelillah
- 06** FROM DECISION TO ACTION
Ikbale Bouziane
- 07** ثقافة متنوعة، عالم موحد !
Badereddine Bouzouid
- 08** FEED 7: MAHI BINEBINE
Maria Joudani
- 09** REVOYONS NOS COMPORTEMENTS!
Soukaina Hermas
- 10** SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE, MY NIGHTMARE
Badereddine Bouzouid
- 11** WORDS AND PICTURE
Ayman Abdelillah
- 12** علاش حنا متناقضين مع ريبوسنا !
Hicham Boujja
- 13** TAKING A SEAT WITH ANNE FRANK
Maria Joudani

PUNCTUALITY

Time is a technological sense of measurement which we apply to our perception. We project this as a conceptual law of nature into the universe, even though time is subjective and everyone has a unique experience of time. Slow and fast are properties which entirely depend on our own personal judgement, so collectively agreeing on a definition can be tricky. We have dispatched a solution to this, for time, with clocks. We say clocks "tell us the time".

Clocks are mechanical by design and work very reliably for us. They work in a fixed and linear pattern of progression. When we run late to somewhere we are going to, it's because we were adjusted for our own time more than that of a clock. Punctuality is the art of adjustment to reliable time, and clocks happen to be decently reliable. To be punctual is to be on time, which means being early can work but being late cannot.

"I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me." -Horatio, Lord Nelson



Najat Ayaou



BULLYING AT SCHOOL

I recently watched a video of a teacher who smartly showed her first grade students the effect of bullying at school on bullied children.

She picked two beautiful red juicy apples and put them in front of her students. She took one of the apples and hit it with the ground. Yet, its outside shape didn't change. It was still a bright, beautiful apple.

She then asked the children to insult the same apple that was hit. First, children hesitated but soon they started to insult the apple and say bad things to it. Next, she asked them to compliment on the other apple by saying lovely things to it. The two apples were identically the same from the outside, nothing changed after the experiment. Later on, the teacher first sliced the apple that was told nice things. It was beautiful in the inside and eatable. But when she sliced the second apple that was humiliated by her students and first hit by her, it was completely damaged from the inside.

This experiment is an intelligent attempt by the teacher to show little kids the impact of the things they say to each other either intentionally or unintentionally on their mental health and ability to survive at school.

Sadly, in our Moroccan educational institutions, this part has been forever ignored. Many kids refuse to go to school just because of a first bad experience with their classmates. Either bullied because of an overweight, disability to pronounce rapidly alphabets or poverty, children fear and hate to go to school only to avoid the everyday drama they are exposed to by their classmates who find it a way of entertainment to tease each other's feelings.

School has to be a peaceful place where meaningful education takes place and not a threatening environment others seek to avoid.



Khadija Amahal



OÙ VONT NOS « J'AIME » SUR LES RÉSEAUX SOCIAUX.

Nous sommes constamment connectés. Nous publions et examinons les publications des autres à longueur de la journée. Les autres : Nos collègues, nos connaissances, nos amis du quartier ou du dernier séjour qu'on a passé au nord du pays. Nous les avons tous rencontré au moins une fois. Et les exceptions, sont là sur notre liste car un des nôtres les a connu ou rencontré. Un cercle, un grand certes, mais fermé. Sur les 1 milliard et demi d'inscrits sur Facebook, pour n'en citer que, nous avons la possibilité d'en collecter 5000 sur notre petite liste de contacts. Et de ces 5000 une majorité écrasante partage avec nous la nationalité, la religion, les croyances et les habitudes, le travail et les études, et pour les plus audacieux, le nom de famille. Les réseaux sociaux nous permettent de s'ouvrir sur le monde ? Détrompons-nous.

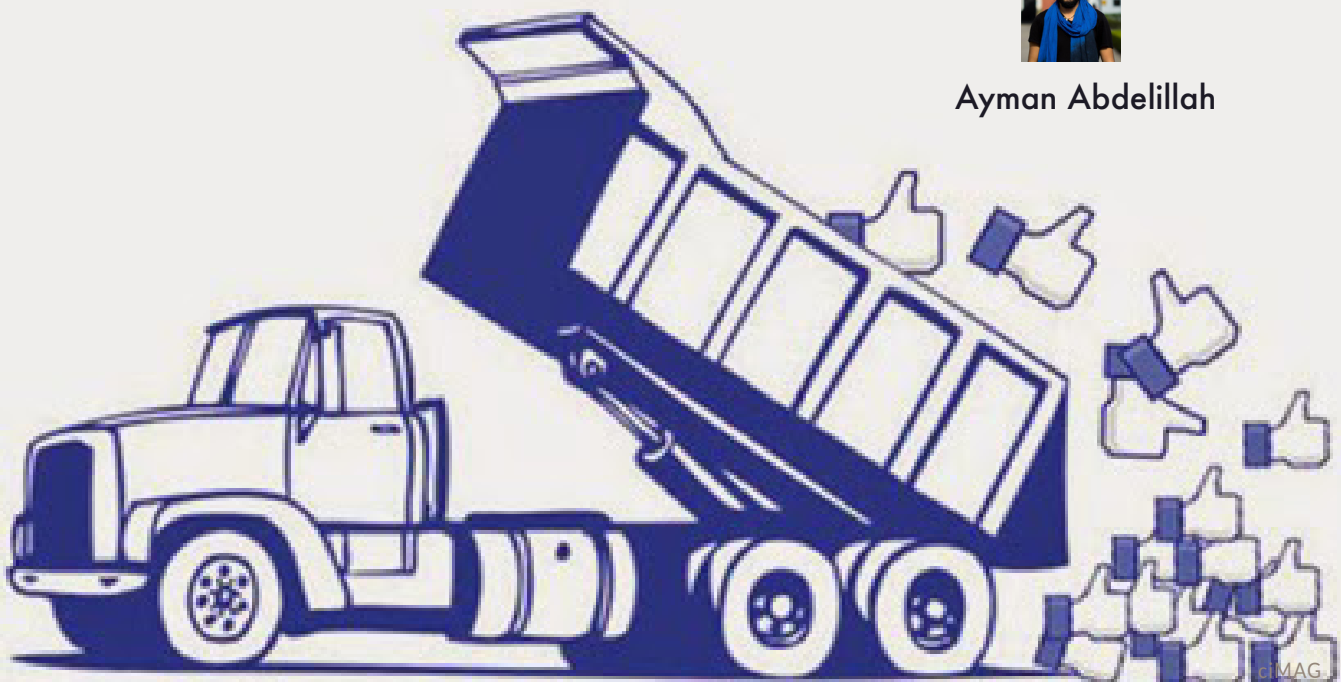
Cela dit, venons examiner les interactions sur ces plateformes. Cela fait 8 ans que je possède un compte (Facebook bien évidemment). Le même depuis le temps, j'ai vu défiler par centaines les gens que j'ai connu dans la vie réelle et qui dans la plupart du temps se connaissent les uns les autres. Rassemblés d'abord par l'école, l'université ou le petit club de 18h des interactions ont naquit au-delà du face à face quotidien. Les uns publient et les autres réagissent à tour de rôle. Mais qui exactement et pourquoi ?

Facebook, pour garder le même exemple, offre plein de possibilités pour réagir à un contenu. J'aime, j'adore ou commenter sont là pour relater nos sentiments et perceptions envers un contenu publié. Mais le faisons-nous pour le contenu ou pour son auteur ? Allons-nous réagir à la publication si intéressante du collègue avec lequel nous avons eu une discussion musclée durant la journée ? Allons-nous examiner l'article partagé par un contact dont l'idéologie est opposée à la nôtre ? Allons-nous écouter le morceau musical publié par un inconnu ? Dans la majeure partie des cas, la réponse serait non ! Cette tendance que j'ai pu examiner durant toutes ces années m'intrigue.

Aussi vastes qu'ils paraissent, les réseaux sociaux nous conditionnent à rester là où nous sommes. Et si sur le peu de territoire à explorer qui nous est offert nous choisissons de rester aux cotés de nos proches, de nos idées reçues et n'embrasser rien d'autre que nos bonnes vieilles habitudes et croyances et ceux qui les portent. Quelle est donc la différence entre un groupe sur Facebook et une tribu perdue au centre de l'Amazonie ?



Ayman Abdelillah



FROM DECISION TO ACTION

Attending Mrs. MALIKA ZARRA's master class for two days was the best thing that has happened to me in the previous month.

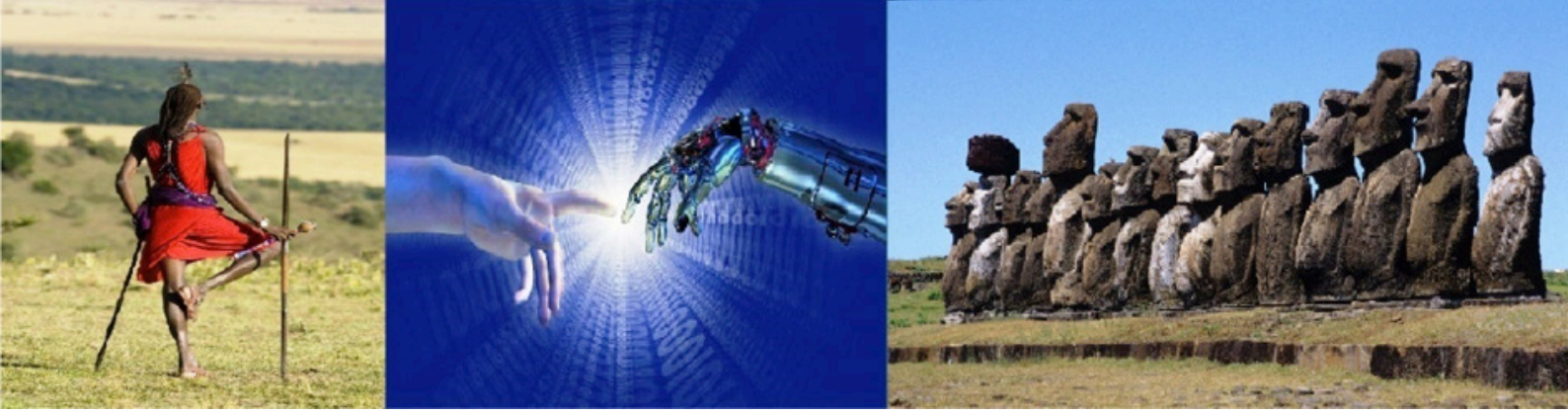
Everything needs training, and those who are willing to improve are requested to go through permanent internal and external combats to bring the best out of themselves. Mrs. MALIKA ZARRA, alike any other Moroccan female, was opposed by her family for choosing to become a singer. Therefore, the parent-and-kid relationship question was raised during the artist's talk with the youth. The participants provided their mates and guest with an inside view on how things go with their families.

Mrs. MALIKA ZARRA talked about her accomplishment and belief, and how they helped her step over the borders her family and society set for her. Indeed, she was an inspiration for me and listening to her gave me an extra boost that I needed to refresh the list of what I am planning to do with my life. I will forever keep in mind one sentence that she, and all the personalities that we received at the institute, said: "Decisions must be associated with actions." All in all, meeting such a cultivated artist and being able to have a private chat with her was something that I have never thought I would be able to do. Her words will always resonate in my head reminding me to get up and have the audacity to go after my aims.



Ikbale Bouziane





Badereddine Bouzoid

ثقافة متنوعة، عالم موحد !

مفارقة كبيرة لي كاتعيش الإنسانية مابين المسؤولية باش تحمي الثقافات لي نتجات و الحروب لي كاتعيش كل يوم وكاتحاول تحمي لي فات و تبني التنوع الثقافي و العرقي و حتى الإيدولوجي هو مصدر القوة ديال البشرية لي كايميزنا على أي شكل آخر ديال الحياة لي كاتعرفو ليوم ولي البعض خداهوم على أساس مصدر للعنف و الزيادة فالتقسيم الخيالي لي تسببنا فيه بسباب التجاهل ديالنا.

خليونا نشوفو العالم من نظرة بعيدة و كبيرة من المنظور لي خدينا. الحدود لي رسمنا باش نقسمو مابين الشعوب، كأنامن بلي واحد نهار ماغاديش يكون ليها معنى ملي نوصلو الواحد النقطة، بلي خاصنا نتوحدو كاملين باش نضمنو مستقبل و ليداننا.

ملي كانشوفو الأرض من السماء، كانتناساو الاختلافات ديالنا، وكانوعاو بلي كاتميو لنفس المكان. حضارات كثيرة دازت و لكن ماقدراتش تشوف الكوكب ديالنا بهاد الشكل و بطبيعتنا البشرية فالإبداع و الابتكار كان الفن هو مصدر الحوار مابين الحضارات لي فنات و لي باقا حية: تماثيل "مواي" كاتبين ليها كيفاش الطاقة الروحية والإدراك عيرو عليه أحد شعوب الأمازون فهاد المنحوتات. شعب الماساي عرفو راسهم على العالم بأغاني و رقصات كايستقبلو بيها أي واحد بغا يتعرف عليهم. و كيفاش فنون أخرى بحال سالسا، كابويرا و بزاف ديال الأنواع الغنائية خلاقت من المعاناة و بدعات فتجاوز المشاكل بسلام.

المجتمع ليوم عندو طرق كثيرة باش يقدر يعبر على ثقافتو و المشاكل لي كايعيش، من بعد المسرح و الكتابة، تزداد عليهم السينما و ليوم تراكم الإبداع ديالنا وصلنا لتكنولوجيا للي هي امتداد للحضارة البشرية، وحداننا كاملين وولينا نتشاركو معلومات و نتبادلو معارف ديالنا بسرعة كبيرة.

الثقافة، الفن و التكنولوجيا هوما أجمل ما ابتكرنا و كل واحد فيهوم كايكمل الآخر. لي جامع بيناتهموم كاملين هو التواصل لي كايحقق مابين شعوب الأرض و هادشي هو لي غادي يقدر يجعل النظرة ديالنا المختلفة للأياء و لبعضيتنا قوة غادي تحميها من كل مايقدر يدمرنا فالمستقبل.

FEED 7: MAHI BINEBINE

Wednesday, February 1st, 2017, Connect Institute received Mahi Binebine as the guest of the 73th FEED.

Mr Binebine was able to capture the audience's attention from the beginning of his speech on his adventurous journey. A mathematics teacher who due to meeting the right people in his life, became one of the most brilliant Moroccan novelists. His books are translated into many languages, and his paintings and sculptures are featured in exhibits around the world. Mr Binebine said that he is inspired by his family's stories which he describes as almost shakespearean; from a father working for the king that his brother rebelled against, to having a mother who spent her life mourning her lost son. His books also tell the story of the people and tackle big issues of today's society, such as religious extremism, lost identity, clandestine immigration, and many more.

The attendees of the FEED varied between the young participants of Connect Institute and more experienced adults. This diversity in age groups was a source of enrichment for content of the discussion after the speech that Mahi gave.

By the end of the FEED, a new connection was made and a collaboration between Connect Institute and Les Etoiles de Sidi Moumen, a cultural center founded by Mahi in benefit of youth from underprivileged regions, was born. You always have the ability to change your life, and stories like Mahi's are a source of hope for people to remember that you can always change your life. All you have to do is take the first step.



Maria Joudani





PHOTO BY: FIONA CHONG



Soukaina Hermas

REVOYONS NOS COMPORTEMENTS!

Le respect de nos aînés est un aspect éducatif sur lequel on insiste beaucoup au Maroc. Cela fait partie des valeurs qu'on nous inculque, ou du moins à certains d'entre nous, dès notre plus jeune âge. On nous invite à ne pas contredire les plus âgés, à leur obéir, car ils ont plus d'expérience dans la vie. Or le respect ne se limite pas là, c'est tout un mode de vie à adopter au quotidien.

Je prends le bus tous les jours, une ligne principalement utilisée par les étudiants. Quand une personne âgée, aux cheveux blancs, regard terne et corps fatigué, monte elle risque de passer de longues minutes debout avant qu'une place se libère, ou qu'un volontaire décide de lui céder la sienne. Alors que de jeunes gens, souriants, en pleine forme et aux corps costauds, restent attachés à leurs sièges, tout en gardant un regard confiant et perçant.

Les quatre sièges réservés aux femmes enceintes, personnes handicapées ou âgées, sont rarement occupés par ces gens-là. La couleur différente aux autres sièges, et les stickers à leur côté indiquant que c'est réservé aux plus fragiles, n'empêchent pas les jeunes étudiants à y prendre place sans même avoir le bon réflexe de se lever pour laisser les gens qui ont la priorité de s'y asseoir, en bénéficiant. Ces derniers quant à eux, ne réclament presque jamais leur droit.

Ces comportements me paraissent comme un manque de respect. Tout d'abord envers soi, car on décide tout bêtement d'ignorer son éducation et sa culture, puis envers les autres car on ne prend pas en considération leur situation physique.



Badereddine Bouzouid

SOMEBODY'S MISTAKE, MY NIGHTMARE

I used to donate my blood as part of my duty as a human in order to rescue others' lives, until I was diagnosed mistakenly with the AIDS. I still remember the day when I went with a friend of mine to the donation centre where my story was born.

It was like every other donation process that I have always gone through. You consult the doctor and then you go to the other room where the injection has no pain compared to what people needy of blood suffer from. After a week, I went back to get my donation card. The doctor was looking for my name in her folder. At that moment I was so happy and proud of myself, but everything changed when she lost her smile and announced that I'm diagnosed with AIDS.

I was chocked, wandering between many feelings that I could never put into words. I tried my best to calm myself down. After a while, a nurse, cold-heartedly, asked me to follow her to the other room where she picked a drop of my blood. I felt so humiliated. It seemed to me that they had spread the word, and the hardest part was the way they were looking at me.

I left the centre and all of a sudden my heart started beating as I was questioning myself: where did I pick up the virus from? What can I do to heal? Shall I consult my parents, friends, or keep the news for myself until I get the final result? Finally, I decided to share my distress with nobody. Everything around me had changed; I lost my appetite and every time I had forced myself to eat I immediately vomited. Besides throwing off weight, it was difficult for me to get some sleep. Still, I had been wondering where did I get the virus from!

To Be Continued



Ayman Abdelillah

Prendre le temps de contempler le monde autour au moment où le soleil se dissout à l'horizon, c'est l'expérience dont tout un chacun déguste le charme. S'arrêter au stade de la contemplation est toutefois désolant. C'est l'instant où, non seulement le temps passe sous l'examen de nos yeux, mais l'espace, et nous avec. C'est aussi le moment opportun pour se poser la grande question : Pourquoi ?

علاش حنا متناقضين مع ريوسنا؟

فاش كنت باقي فالمغرب كنت كانشوف بزاف ديال التناقضات لي كايعيشها المواطن المغربي، و من بعد فاش خرجت من المغرب زدت تأكدت بللي الوضعية فلبلاذ راه كاتعصب، من كيفاش كنفكرو لكيفاش كانتعاملو فاش كنت كانشوف هدشي ماكنتش كقدر نفهم ولكن من بعد كانقول بللي بسباب المجتمع و بنادم ما واعيش و رداة التعليم والحكرة هي للي ضلات هدشي يتولد فينا و نطبقوه.

ناخذو أبسط مثال: الدين. كل واحد كيفهمو كما بغا وكل واحد كيخربق كفا قالليه راسو. نعطيكم جوج أمثلة: الأول تصور معايا كتهضر ولا كتهضري مع شي دري وسولتيه: " واش عمرك درتي شي علاقة جنسية؟" فلبلاصة غايجابوك بتعم واخ مدار والو فحياتو، و إيلا عاودتي سولتيه: " و أختك؟" فلبلاصة عادي يتبدل ويولي فقيه و يفني فالدين: " حرام و زني و... بلا بلا بلا بلا وغياب الوعي.



Hicham Boujja

وفجأة أخرى دوك ليما عندهومش مع الدين كایدوزو سوايع باش يقنعو واحد آخر بللي راه مكلخ وهو تلقاه غاتفرج فواحد جوج فيديوهات ومبسط الوقت. هادشي اتكونو عارفينو وبلا مندخل فيه حيث حنا أنا عشت هادشي مع شحال من واحد وكنفكر و نعاود ن فكر ونقول بللي كلشي بسباب المجتمع.

من بعد فاش جيت لفرنسا؛ بلاد ديال العلم و المساواة... إلى آخره، درت فراسي بلي بنادم متقف و واعى و مربى مزيان هنا، وفهاد الحالة كتهضر على الجالية المغربية المقيمة بالخارج و ماشي ليجا بالهجرة. أسيدي وباللابة، كتهضر على للي تولدو هنا؛ يعني غير الاصول ديالو للي مغربية و لكن كتلقى العقلية ديال الكائن المغربي او العربي هي هي مكتبدلش مهما تغير الزمان والمكان. نعاود ليكم جوج حوايج طراو ليا من اصل بزاف كيقرا معايا واحد دري اصلو مغربي تولد في فرنسا؛ مكيعرفش كلمة بالدارجة، مهم كندوزو الوقت بزاف فمجموعين. واحد النهار كنت كندور فالفايسبوك و بان لي فيديو ديال واحد البنت كتعاود على الهجوم الارهابي للي كان وقع فتركيا. البنت للي دارت الفيديو مغربية عايشة ففرنسا و كانت تما مللي وقع الانفجار. ضرت عندو قلت ليه شوف، شاف الفيديو وهو يقول: مزيانا فيهوم! قلت ليه: كيفاش؟

هو: هما لفادين البار والشراب، وهاديك لي كتهضر راها غير عاهرة. حسيت بواحد الضربة فراسي بحاللي طاحت عليا شي حجرة ثقيلة. المشكل ماشي فيا انا، المشكل هو البارح كنا فالبارح وكان كيسكر مع صاحبتي وذارو مابغاو. هادي هي حرام عليكم خلال علينا.

الحاجة الثانية هي من نهار جيت كانشوف اغلبية ديال العرب عايشين مقهورين و ساكنين في 20 متر مربع بسبعة د الناس، عائلة على قدها. كينا واحد الجمعة فاي مدينة ففرنسا كتعاود الفقراء و الاغلبية الساحقة للي كاتلقا تما هما العرب، و حتالها ماشي مشكل، المشكل هو ان هاد الجمعية تابعة للمسيحين، يعني الكنيسة للي كتكلف ب هادشي و الاغلبية كاتلقى غي العرب و اللي سولتيه أقوليك هادوك غاكفار غايدخلو لجهنم! أوووآه هما ايدرو الخير ادخلو لجهنم و نتا تشفر الصبايط.

TAKING A SEAT WITH ANNE FRANK

I am used to hearing almost nothing but the sound of the thoughts flowing down my brain. This sound is sometimes interrupted by the sweet sound of music, a Debussy composition or sometimes Najat Essaghira singing.

The waiter in the nearby café is used to seeing me wondering by the closed movie theatre or sitting on the banks. I like how big and old this place feels; my favorite spot in the city. I usually come here with only headphones and a milkshake, but today I thought of bringing a companion, Anne Frank. This is my second time reading this book, and it still feels like the first. I still wish she survives at the end.

I decided to bring her outside because she had enough of imprisonment. She would have liked the clear blue sky above us and the cold air in our faces. She would have liked the taste of freedom. I, who also felt trapped for so long, enjoy the openness of the space while taking a seat with Anne Frank.



Maria Joudani





ciMAG

connectinstitute.mag@gmail.com