

# ciMAG 19

أجبال

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FONDATION POUR LA PROTECTION  
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EMY شباب  
متممّن

Empowering Moroccan Youth

Connect  
Institute



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# المواطنة بالأمازيغية

الوطن بالأمازيغية كيعني "أمور" و منه كتشتق كلمة الوطنية اللي هي "أنامور" و هي معروفة عند الأمازيغ كتعني حب الوطن و اللي هي الوطنية , و لكن بالنسبة للمواطنة مالمقيش كلمة مرادفة ليها , و داكشي علاش كنقترح "تاسنمورت" كمقتراح مرادف لكلمة مواطنة بالأمازيغية



Ikbale Bouziane

## ARE WE PEOPLE OF INTEGRITY?

Dear readers,

As a conscious human being, I strongly believe that we do not need a written set of rules or established law to differentiate between right and wrong. We do well because we see the value in doing so, not just because the rules say we have to. If we take integrity to mean the sum total of those universal moral values or virtues identified by Aristotle nearly 2400 years ago, rules cannot replace values. Yet, communities still rely on a ridiculously overblown rule books!

Love, fairness, humility, honesty, altruism and trust are the building blocks of humanity, and the values most people would want to use to the best of their ability in their relationship with other human beings. They are time-less, non-negotiable and we can all buy in to them.

It is up to each one of us to use these values in our own way, and this is called "Character Development". It guides the judgments we make as to how we want to behave.

We must each know what we stand for, and what this means for us in our personal lives. It requires courage to do the right things, and courage is one of the foremost moral virtues.

If we remove integrity from this decision making process, we will find ourselves on the slippery slope to totalitarianism. A brief glance at history, ladies and gentlemen, tells us this is not a good way to go.

Yours,  
Ikbale.



Soukaina Hermas

## MALIKA ZARRA EN CONCERT

Après des semaines d'attente et d'impatience, le 28 avril est finalement arrivé. Date à laquelle Malika Zarra s'est produite à Connect Institute. C'était un vendredi soir où plein de belles choses se sont données rendez-vous, musique, ambiance et brise douce.

Le joyau marocain du jazz a brillé sur scène. Ses étincelles ont illuminé un public composé principalement de jeunes dont un grand nombre est venu d'Agdz. Ce sont des lycéens qui après des heures de route, sont arrivés juste à temps pour le début du concert.

Malika a chanté en Amazigh, Arabe, Français et Anglais. Sa voix féérique transforme ses textes en un vrai plaisir pour l'esprit. Le talentueux guitariste togolais Amen Viana l'a accompagné tout au long de la soirée. Une deuxième guitare s'est jointe à eux, le temps d'une chanson, c'est celle d'Anouar un jeune talent de Connect Institute passionné par le Flamenco. Evidemment le public ne pouvait qu'être enchanté et satisfait. La joie s'exprimait par les applaudissements suivant le rythme.

Grâce à l'enthousiasme des lycéens, nous avons eu la chance d'assister à un second concert en une seule soirée. Cette fois-ci, le spectacle était improvisé ou plutôt hérité. Nos visiteurs d'Agdz, ont joué l'Ahidous, en chantant et en dansant sur une musique traditionnelle transmise de génération en génération.



Youba Darif

## القارة الواعدة

افريقيا يجب ان تثق في افريقيا " محمد السادس فابيدجان العاصمة الايفوارية 2014. هاذي هي احسن عبارة لقيتها نبدا بيها المقال ديالي و اللي غاذي نرجع ليها من بعد.

القارة السمراء، قارة التناقضات، قارة العجائب. القارة المستقبل. هاذ القارة اللي كتحمل فالبطن ديالها موارد مهمة من فوسفاط، غاز، بترول، العاس، فضة، ذهب، مغنيزيوم، الكاكو ... و بشكل متوفر، من الناحية الديموغرافية مخصناش والو حيث احنا الافارقة هرم الاعمار باقي شاب و معدل التكاثر مزيان حيث حسب الاحصائيات وصلنا 1,3 مليار حاليا مقارنة ب 900 مليون فسنة 2010 و حسب التوقعات غاذي نوليو 3,4 مليار من هنا ل 2100 فيما معناه عقول اكثر و سواعد اكثر (اكيد تحديات اكثر و لكن هادشي غاذي نهضرو عليه من بعد )، الاراضي الزراعية الصالحة للزراعة فالقارة ديالنا هي 60 فالقئة من الاراضي الصالحة للزراعة فالعالم و بالتالي يمكن حققو الامن الغذائي بسهولة، حاجة مهمة فالقارة ديالنا هي التنوع الثقافي من لغات، رقصات، تنوع اثني كبير، البسة، حلي... السياحة حتى هي عندنا بزاف ما نقولو من شمال القارة حتال الجنوب ديالها عطا الله الخير

المهم كيفما كلنا عارفين لحد الساعة رانا معطلين على القارات الاخرين و شحال من تحدي كان علينا ترفعوه من شحال هاذي باقي حتى ما بدينا فيه و التحديات ديالنا كبيرة بقدر الكير ديال المؤهلات ، و الاولويات ديال افريقيا مختلفين على باقي العالم حيث هي قارة ما كتشبه حتى قارة اخرى ، هاذ القارة اللي كتعرف اعلى معدلات النمو فالعالم شي دول راه كتتمو بطريقة سريعة بحال كينيا ، رواندا، اثيوبيا ...

هنا غاذي نستحضرو امثلة ديال دول هريات بالزاف بحال كوريا الجنوبية و اليابان اللي غير نصف قرن هاذي كانت الوضعية ديالها كارثية و الاقتصادات ديالهم ما كانتش شي حاجة ، حتى واحد ما كان يقدر يتوقع هادشي اللي وصلو ليه دابا و يكونو من اعمدة الاقتصاد العالمي ماشي غير الرغبة اللي عاوناتهم ( الرغبة اللي كتبان ليا عند جل الاصدقاء ديالي من السينيغال وغانا و التوغو اللي كانعرف و المغاربة و لكن غير شي و حدين فيهم ) و لكن بالاضافة لرغبة كانت عندهم جرة و عزيمة بالخصوص تخطيط و تعليم اللي هو العمود الاساس ، هاذ البلدان خاصنا ناخذوهم كامثلة و نحطوهم ديمما بين عينينا باش نقدر نخرجو من هاذ النفق الطويل اللي ماريغاش يسالي ، ومن بعد نكونو حتى حنا امثلة لبعضياتنا نتساعدو و كل واحد كي يعرف شي حاجة يعلمها للاخر كيفما دارو الدول الاسيوية خصوصا اليابان مع ودول جنوب شرق اسيا



Khadija Amahal

## THE GIFT OF FORGIVENESS

When somebody is dying or when they are extremely ill, people around them become gentle, loving and careful not to say or do something wrong. You might assume that this is normal and essential in such situations because it might be the last thing we remember when a person passes away and thus the feeling of guilt will not purchase us forever. But, I wonder why we do not keep this attitude with others who are fully healthy? Or is it because they are not about to die and we still have a chance to make things right? Death is something we can't control, it just enters the door without knocking and takes the soul without a permission.

I keep thinking of the many times people hurt each other's feelings intentionally or unintentionally for a stupid reason, and although they deeply love each other and can't stand living without one another, they refuse to be the first to apologize because of anger, disappointment or an excessive dignity. But what if they were told that the next day, they will never be able to see each other and they only have half a day to be together, will they still be mad at each other? I bet not...

we all have the fear of losing that one person we can't imagine our life without. We all cry out from the idea of waking up to find that dear person who makes our life easier and bearable to live gone forever. We all feel insecure and incomplete when that person is absent even for a while.

If we are able to control our negative attitudes towards people we truly love by keeping in mind that one day they will be gone, less tears will be shed, less hearts will be broken and more relations will be lasting.



Latefa Bella

## MY VERSION OF STONE AGE

As a young girl living a patriotic world and in a country like mine, it is not easy to live or be. Even walking outside is a challenge, it is not as relaxing as one would want it to be. So, I let you imagine what it is like to travel alone.

Now, listen, I am not saying it is impossible. I, personally, always believed that it does not matter whether you are a girl or a boy. The great Eminem once said: "When I say amma do something I do it". Decide and do, that is how you deal with life.

I have always tried to convince my parents of my ability to do so. I was 19 when I had the opportunity to travel without the company of my family. I had to go to another city, the beautiful Sidi Ifni, for my first volunteering position. For my parents, it was also a first; I mean how can their daughter go for a week, alone, to another city, where they know basically nobody? To get them to accept, it took me few temptations. YES! Eventually, they did accept, under the condition of calling them every couple hours. And YES! I went to Sidi Ifni.

It is interesting how much memories can one small object behold. During the trip, I picked up a tiny black rock from Legzira Beach, and I am keeping it until this day in my room. Every time I see it, I remember that adult conversation I had with my parents, that feeling I had when I took my bag and left the house for an adventure, the friends I traveled with, the new friendships I made (from Morocco and from the US).

Every time I see it, I remember my first volunteer work day, the 1000 meters mountain I hitchhiked, the first time I rode a donkey. I remember my midnight walks on the beach of Sidi Ifni, the fire we made, the songs we sung in harmony with the sound of the dark waves... When I look at that tiny black stone, I remember my first trip alone.





Nadir Rguibat

## I HAVE RAISED MY CASE

I march in a foreign land that doesn't speak my language  
I have fled the current state of mind my people share and ignored it  
In awe of everything past the crimson soil I came of age with  
I live to live another day but shan't be soul just body; I am vanquished

I roam the streets whilst the bells defeat my right to talk insipid  
My loins are scattered with the brie no bread; I am the man beloved  
The grains that were once green have made their way to supper  
The lives that scream in my head are left in night for copper

Symphonies and melodies were once the joy of living  
Now requiem and lied are the usurpers sublet to mutter  
For you fellow man that thinks flee is why I'm ticking  
Take a look to the path I led for you, bemused with gutter

Breathe while you exist is a farfetched notion lacking my devotion  
Aimlessly towards Germany where "Fluchtlinge sind willkommen"  
The right to remain silent is preserved for those of us retained for dominion  
The crisis that you hear is for those filled with rage and communion

I have raised my case.



Taha Balafrej

## Amtdi, ses paysages, ses enfants...

Amtdi, à 250 Km et 3h de route d'Agadir, un village perché à 800m d'altitude dans l'Anti-Atlas occidental.

Un village doté de paysages naturels merveilleux connus et visités surtout - seulement ? - par des touristes étrangers. Un village dont l'entrée subit, comme presque partout dans le pays, la loi de l'apparence et du rafistolage, puisque des trottoirs flambants neufs sont en cours de construction et pavage pour on ne sait quels usagers et bénéficiaires. Alors qu'aucun soin n'est apporté, aucun budget n'est consacré, à la mise en valeur méritée des lieux et attractions, ne serait-ce que par une signalisation minimale...



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