



# ciMAG

24th edition FEBRUARY 14th, 2018

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# The wisdom of the palm trees



There are five Palm trees in the garden of Connect institute. When Mr. Taha brought them for the first time, he thought that one of those palm trees is misplaced and should be removed. The gardener who planted them advised him to keep it because he believed that it is a good Palm tree. After several months, Mr. Taha realized that the unwanted Palm tree is the only fruitful one. So, in this case we have to see ourselves within society that doesn't believe in us. But be sure that if we worked hard to prove the opposite, we will definitely fructify exactly as that Palm tree.



**Ihsan Idkhal**



# Uncle Omar

Alone and sad, Uncle Omar is sitting in the corner of his room inside his father's house on the Vietnamese tropical jungle waiting for his death. While observing and meditating on the enormity of time; He maintains the distance between him and a thing in the opposite corner of the room. He wrote poetry and a symphony before he got sick. The thing started moving towards him. Suddenly, it attacked him and uncle Omar died. Parts of his brain and his guts were all over the room; the thing got out of a small window inside the bloody room and crawled back to the jungle. Moments after his death ; the spirits of the jungle started reciting his poetry:

He builds his legacy piece by piece  
And maybe the whole world  
Will remember him  
Or maybe just a couple of people  
But he does what he can  
To make sure he's still around  
After we're all gone.

Uncle Omar's spirit got happy wandering with his comrade's spirits who forgot who they're waiting for in the jungle and started reciting his poetry before forgetting it:

Did he sleep too much?  
All the awful dreams  
Felt real enough  
Is your maker there?  
Is he waking up?  
Did he die in the night?  
Leave him alone.



**Youness Jord**





## Femme Sans Frontières

Fatema Mernissi née en 1940 à Fès, issue d'une famille originaire de Taounate et morte le 30 novembre 2015 à Rabat. Sociologue, féministe et écrivaine prestigieuse, lauréate des prix Érasme et Prince des Asturies en littérature.

La Marocaine, Fatima Mernissi, a mené avec ardeur, des débats sur l'islam et les femmes dans une société fermée et misogyne. Elle a dénoncé le patriarcat dans le monde arabe en montrant que l'Islam encourage l'équité entre les sexes.

La fameuse sociologue était toujours au service de la liberté, la création et l'amour. Elle a défendu avec ferveur les droits de la femme dans des pays dits Islamiques où elle ne trouve pas tant ses origines dans les sources scripturaires que dans des formes de contrôle.

Pour la consolidation des droits de l'homme et l'émancipation de la femme maghrébine, Fatima Mernissi s'est engagée dans la vie associative au Maroc. Elle a animé de nombreux ateliers avec des prisonniers des années de plomb, des journalistes, et des militants des droits humains. Une écrivaine reconnue par sa curiosité intellectuelle, sa générosité et son audace.

Je considère Fatima Mernissi comme un exemple de la femme Marocaine courageuse, ambitieuse et libre d'esprit. Elle avait abordé des questions essentielles de notre temps qui donnent à réfléchir et pousse à changer.

*« Si les droits des femmes sont un problème pour certains hommes musulmans modernes, ce n'est ni à cause du Coran, ni à cause du prophète Mohammed, et encore moins à cause de la tradition islamique, c'est simplement ces droits sont en conflits avec les intérêts d'une élite masculine. »* - Fatima Mernissi penseuse et source d'inspiration.



**Samira Azouakan**

# لن أعيش في جلباب أبي



الكتابة المسؤولة نوع من أنواع المقاومة، بل إنها أسمى و أرقى الأنواع. فن من خلاله نحطم الحواجز للخوض في عالم الأفكار المعتادة وغير المعتادة بدون خوف أو توجس، نؤمن بالقضية و نسلط عليها الأضواء، نؤمن بإمكانية التغيير فنكتب لنشارك أفكارنا، قد تتوسع الرقعة و ما كان مستحيلا اليوم يصبح ممكنا غدا.

أنا اليوم أكتب لأشارك ما يدور في رأسي من أفكار، لأقول أنه أن الأوان لإنكباب شباب الوطن على التفكير بكل حرية و مسؤولية، لتأمل حالته و واقعه المعاش و تحليله، لإكتساب أدوات النقد البناء التي ستمكته من طرح البدائل للمشاكل التي تواجهه. وأقول كذلك أن علينا الإنخراط في مجتمع القرن الواحد و العشرين بالإنتمافضة على الأعراف السائدة التي لم تعد تلائم عصرنا الحالي.

لن أعيش في جلباب أبي، تبدو بالنسبة لي جملة المرحلة، لأن الجلباب القديم أصبح ضيقا و لم يعد يستوعب الأفكار و التوجهات الفكرية الجديدة للمجتمع، كما أنه لا يستجيب لتطلعات العصر الحالي. فشباب اليوم يجب أن يعيش وقته الراهن بأفكار راهنة، حيث أنه لا يمكن أن يعيش حاضره بطريقة صحية سليمة و أن يمضي قدما في طريقه إلى مستقبل متطور و هو رهين عادات الماضي.

لقد حان الوقت لكي يعي الشعب المغربي الدور الأساسي للثقافة، العلم، و المعرفة في حياة الشعوب و في بناء و تطور الحضارة.

فإلقاء المسؤولية على عاتق كل مغربي واع بهذه المسألة، لتطوير الذات اولا، و الانكباب بعد ذلك مساهمة في بناء مجتمع بديل، مجتمع مغربي يؤمن بالثقافة كحل، مجتمع يقاس فيه التقدم بأسلوب التفكير، عدد الكتب و الأبحاث المنشورة و كذلك المقروءة.

اكتب و أنا عارف أن الطريق وعر و طويل، لكن رحلة الألف ميل تبدأ بخطوة.



**Youba Darif**

# Chapter 0

All I needed from the three days I spent inside these four Walls was to get out and swallow fresh air.

I needed to see new faces, to be seen in the others' eyes and feel the sunlight in all my skin.

I wanted to get out from these lines, sentences, words. I realized that it was the right time to come out and give up on those classical old romance novels that had tied me up with the past. I Finally had the courage and the power to overshoot my fears which one of them was to escape out home.

Home means a lot to me : my thoughts, my favourite literature genres, my clothing style, in short, it signifies my comfortable zone that I'm no longer inside it.



Yes, I'd broke the lines, I'd faced my fears, I'm no longer the powerless and the weak girl that keeps walking on streets. Losing myself, I realized that people are gazing at me as if I was a naked girl Crossing their streets. I was looking for a shelter or a new home where I won't feel as a slave anymore, where I would be free again, read whatever I want, wear whatever I want, drink and eat whatever I want. I suddenly felt drops of water falling on my naked body. It was raining cats and dogs and I started moving my hands and legs as I was hearing music, it was the most beautiful symphony I've ever heard. I couldn't stop myself from dancing naked under the rain in the middle of nowhere. I crossed all the boundaries of time. I finally felt what freedom was like.



**Maryam Reda**



# The only limit, is yourself

“It’s easy to dodge our responsibilities, but we cannot dodge the consequences of dodging our responsibilities” Josiah Charles Stamp

I’m trying to put my life together, but I feel like I have wasted so many years on nothing, focusing only on my studies and thinking of what i’m going to do later on. Last year, 2017, I learned so many things, one of them is that I should work on cultivating myself and improving my personality, not on scores. Here I am, a 23 years old with a very low amount of knowledge. I just realized that I have to read more philosophical and thought-provoking books, unlike the commercial ones that I used to read. Philosophy is the mother of science; you can’t be successful in your life if you don’t have a critical mind, a method of analysis, and knowing how to express your opinion with strong arguments.

What we do in Connect Institute is not about studying French or English, it’s about getting to know new people, connecting with them, and learning from their experiences. I got positively influenced by many of them. I started to journal and I am already observing the benefits I gained from it. I highly recommend you to start a journal. I started reading 100 years of solitude. In addition, waking up early is the source of adding good habits to your schedule. I’m about to take a big step in my life. But I am reassured that hard work always pays off.



**Hajar Karim**



# Separation



Imagine we do not have names  
Imagine a world without crimes  
Imagine we do not imagine  
Everything becomes true from dreams  
Oh, Sorry there shouldn't be dreams  
In fact, I had a realistic overdose  
Because I broke the rules in dreams  
How could I overcome those nightmares  
I talked about my fears but no one cares  
If only we can kiss Souls instead of lips  
If only there is no rips  
Metaphysically, I was looking for my roles  
In an empty forest but Aphrodite  
I asked her about love, how to fight  
About decisions, what's the right  
About the road, where is the light  
There was no answer  
Imagination was just in brain insight.



**Ismail Hrim**

# أحن إلى زمن

أحن إلى زمن كل شيء كان فيه بسيطاً، كانت أياما بريئة، كنت أعيش حياة هادئة ممزوجة بحس الفكاهة والأخوة والمحبة داخل أسوار الحرم الداخلي طيلة أيام الدراسة، كنت أعود للمنزل في نهاية الأسبوع كلي طاقة وحيوية لا أتوقف عن سرد كل الأحداث لعائلتي الصغيرة والطرائف التي وقعت طيلة الأسبوع. بالفعل كانت أيام لها لذتها الخاصة، من الصعب نسيانها أو محوها من الذاكرة بالأخص إن دامت ست سنوات متتالية. كنت أعيش اللحظة وأستمتع بلذتها دون التفكير في ما بعد تلك اللحظة. لم أتخيل يوماً أن هذه الأيام البريئة سيدمرها الزمن وتتلاشى معه كل الأفراح.

نعم كنت أعيش في عالم شبه قروي إلا أنه غني، ليس بالماديات، لكن بالأخلاق وبطيبة القلوب. ها أنذا بعد عامين من صراع داخلي مع نفسي أحاول استيعاب عالم آخر مختلف عن عالمي، الكل فيه يبحث عن لقمة عيشه ناسياً راحة باله. عالم غابت فيه الأخلاق وساد فيه الفساد. «أنا لا أعمم، لكن ما تراه عيناى كل يوم يحيرني.»

أين الانسانية؟ أين الاخلاق؟ أين القيم؟

أنساءل والغصة بقلبي توجعني حرقاً على هذا الوضع ؛ أهذا مجتمع يمكن الافتخار به؟ مجتمع لا يعرف إلى أين السبيل! المحادثات تجردت من حس الحياء، الكلام أصبح دنيئ المستوى. أحيانا كثيرة لا أستوعب ما يدور حولي من محادثات، ربما لأن المحيط الذي ترعرعت فيه يسوده مصطلح "حشومة"، رغم أن الأغلبية يلوم هذه القيمة "هاد حشومة هي اللي خرجت علينا"، إلا أن ما يجب استيعابه هو أن كلمة "حشومة" لها مقامها وأن المجتمع الحالي في أمس الحاجة لها.

لكن ما السبيل وكل منا يعتقد أنه على حق.



Ghita Belaatik

# Homo Sapien



Imagine a society without humans. A world where homo sapiens suddenly disappear. What if we depopulate earth? What will change? Can this planet still have civilization and technology? Would our environment still develop?

No *Homo sapiens* means the breakdown of the urban systems and structures. The disappearance of innovation, technology, science, and human progress. The question to be asked is what makes human beings' existence necessary to build up societies and develop communities? The answer is *Brain*; the source of creativity.

Let us imagine if we froze people's brains. There will be no creativity, no problem solving, no progress and therefore no civilization. It wouldn't make any difference if human beings existed or not. We will for sure witness the disappearance of societies, savagery, senseless conflicts and injustice.

A society where individuals aren't prioritized, will definitely lose its existence. It's only through creative individuals that the horizons of science broadened, lands had been discovered and art masterpieces were created.

Hence, governments, educators and system creators must value humans and invest in them. Not put economy, technology and conflicts in priority. Individuals are more productive if they don't only serve as a mean to achieve the ruling class's goals, but also working to make their society a better environment.

"if you want to build a business, build the people" – Brownie Wise.



**Samira Azouakan**

# Souvenir d'enfance



Je vais vous parler un peu de mon enfance, de ce petit Hicham qui était timide, naïf et très gentil.

Il avait l'habitude de passer ses vacances chez son grand-père, loin du bruit et de la civilisation.

Je me souviens quand il suivait sa grand-mère, quand elle sortait les moutons afin qu'ils puissent manger l'herbe aux alentours de la maison.

Il était extrêmement curieux, il essayait de voir et découvrir les insectes, admirer les différentes couleurs des fleurs et des cailloux. Parfois, il creusait avec ses minuscules mains dans le sol, et traçait des exemplaires de temples grecs ou byzantins, pour libérer son imagination, et représenter sur terre ce qu'il avait vu dans les documentaires ou les dessins animés sur d'autres peuples et d'autres cultures.

Hicham était le gosse le plus aimé chez sa grand-mère. Malheureusement, il devait à chaque fois détruire les chefs-d'œuvre qu'il avait construit, et suivre les moutons jusqu'à la maison.

Mais maintenant, il est conscient qu'il ne doit surtout pas vivre une vie de mouton, mais plutôt vivre en tant qu'Être Humain.



**Hicham Lachgar**



# The Cypress tree



I saw you in the cypress tree  
shedding tears from the melting snow  
Shuddering I watched you slithering free  
away from the frosty facade you sown,  
every dawn, dancing to the sway of indifference  
but by dusk, I admired you mournfully in silence,  
crumpling to the earthquake of the motion of emotions.  
I danced under your evening's shadow  
singing with joy for your breaking from the autumn.  
I shivered to the cold of the snow,  
as it corrugated off your skin  
I held your corpse to my chest  
lest it remember the rhyme of my heartbeats and sing!  
Your tears fell upon us, watering your soil back to the living.  
I immersed my nose to the smell of life emanating  
from you, sending me to an oblivion.  
Dance thyself back to motion  
Transcend to the movement of the universe.  
Out of thankfulness I chanted a verse  
To the Cypress Tree blooming with the sunset.



**Maryam Gamar**

