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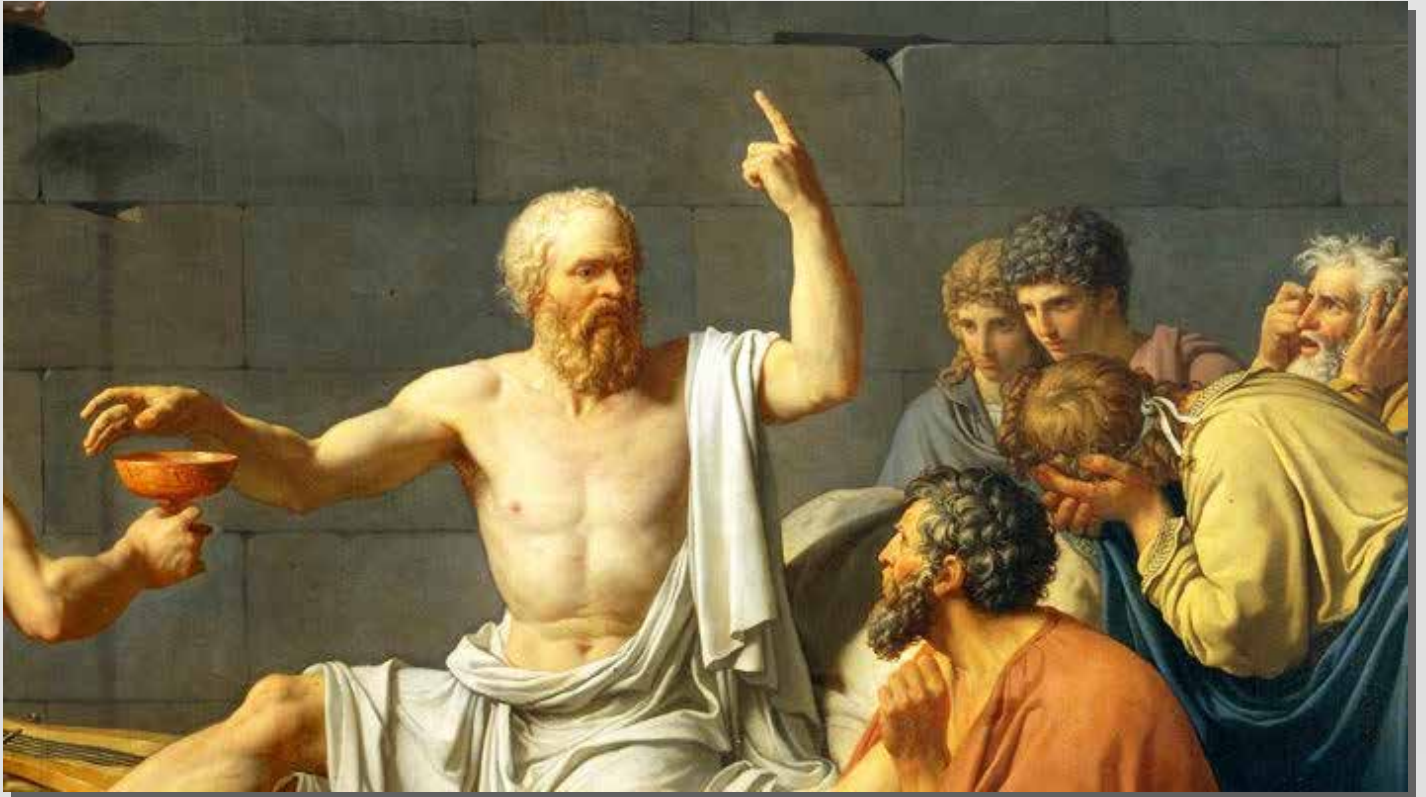


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# Socrate et le savoir



Socrate est un philosophe grec né à Athènes en 469 av. j.c. et mort en 399 av. j.c. Il est décédé sans laisser d'héritage reflétant sa philosophie. Il était le professeur de Platon. Socrate a été accusé pour avoir voulu changer les mentalités des jeunes. Un acte qu'il a condamné à boire du poison. Avant son exécution, ses étudiants ont eu un accord avec le maton pour l'aider à fuir. Mais, Socrate a refusé car cela était contraire à ses principes.

Socrate était surnommé "la mouche de cheval d'Athènes". Ce surnom venait des problèmes qu'ils causaient en se promenant aux marchés d'Athènes, en parlant de la vertu, et en sensibilisant les gens pour lutter contre l'ignorance. Il était connu par sa façon de débattre et de communiquer.

Socrate pensait que inciter les gens à réfléchir les amèneraient à atteindre des niveaux intellectuels élevés. D'ailleurs, c'est pour cette raison que Socrate avait fondé des idées propres à lui, basées sur le cerveau et le savoir.



Mohammed Zitouni

# Mohammed Meursault

Part I:  
He was a normal high schooler and like all lower-class kids, his childhood memories were dirt-colored. No traumatic past, uneducated but caring parents, humble home and humbler aspirations.  
"Look, listen you all. Since some of you are starting to doze off, lets lighten the mood a little."The teacher interrupted Mohammed's usual daydreaming. There were countless drawings of all kinds on his table and his copybook and the culprit was his hand. The teacher continued "Don't you all know that this country is going nuts day after day. I have absolutely no explanation for the state of affairs in Morocco. It's too damn expensive to live here. No one is sure what kind of doom we are heading to. The ordinary European citizen knows to a certain extent where they'll hope to find themselves in two or four years. The ordinary citizen must have a sense of security and stability which would allow him to plan ahead, aspire to make or become something." Mohammed remembered that he has no clear idea of what to do after getting his diploma, but let the idea slide off his mind only not completely, it slid off to the part where he stored all the uncertainties, all the vagueness, all that is unsure and bothering. Another teacher one day asked the class : "who of you are planning to study abroad?" Two kids from the 1st row rose their hands. "That's good! Save yourselves. This country is heading toward a civil war."

Once again, Mohammed felt small, powerless against every word, sentence, joke expressing the fatality of his future. It was everyone. His family, his friends, strangers on the bus and the beggars on the street. Everyone was angry and unsatisfied about everything, all united by a strong feeling of marginality, of helplessness, of dependency, of not belonging. Mohammed, like everyone around him, felt like an alien in his own country, convinced that his interests and needs are discarded. He didn't understand much, but he understood that nothing was his fault and that almost everything has been decided for him. And it was miserable. I wish I was never born here, he thought one afternoon when the bus, compressing a hundred soul, skipped the stop he was waiting at.

Mohammed turned on his computer one day. The computer, along with his fantasy-hungry brain, were there to help him forget about that dark area where he stored the unresolved and the restless. He put on movies and shows, anything action-heavy, funny and mostly fantasy... American, Japanese, English.. but never Arab. He hated when his long escapism sessions was interrupted by a scene containing any Arab/Islam/Morocco-related elements, but he was entertained when the scene deprecate his culture and origin. He liked to imagine. He was a Walter Mitty of the 21th century. He found a welcoming community of like-minded people online. They laugh ceaselessly about anything, ironically, mockingly, heedlessly in a demeaning haughty manner. Three years have passed. He got up from his computer, he felt estranged when he got out of his room, of his house... "I don't belong here", "Why are people so miserable? And why does it bother me?", "I just want to be home"... He stopped being as talkative and funny as when he first got into high school. He had graduated now and thought: maybe this is how people grow up, one seizes to be a buffoon and start being mature, but what am I feeling uncomfortable about? He didn't go along with people, he didn't like happy people or miserable ones, he didn't like the rich nor the poor, he despised the educated and the successful... He despised himself more because he didn't know why he despised everyone else. He was not aware of the his self-hatred, he only felt its weight and like so were his online friends.

One morning, his heart was beating faster and faster. What is going on? I am surely not running. I am sitting in the class. Economics... 10:25... Monday, November 18th, 2016. Economics class. I better put down my phone. My heart is still beating. It's getting faster. I can't breathe. No. I can breathe. Nope... I can't.. Things are getting blurrier... I got to get out of here. Where is my pack? I don't need it.. I bought it last year.. I got to go.. Am I dying? Is this is? I don't feel my legs.. they are carrying me outside... everyone is staring at me... should I stay? I don't... k.. He fell down. He kept jerking and shaking violently. He thought he was dying. He heard nothing. Only flashes, an infinity of flashes of all sorts, every bad thing he has seen, every awful thought, every violent scene in the 782 movies he watched, every beggar, every glue sniffing kid, every dead animal or human... all unleashed, attacking his half-conscious mind. He wished he was never born. He wished that this is actually it. The end. It wasn't.

To be continued...



Said Amchrat

# Bullshit jobs

Joaquin Garcia était un fonctionnaire dans l'administration publique depuis 1990. Au moment où il devait être honoré pour ses vingt ans de carrière dans la fonction publique, ils ont découvert qu'il était absent. Une absence qui a duré 6 ans sans que personne ne la remarque, même ses supérieurs ne s'en sont pas rendu compte. Il était alors condamné à une amende d'environ 27 000 euros. Au cours du procès, Garcia a prétendu qu'il n'avait rien à faire dans son bureau. Mais, il avait quand même besoin d'argent pour nourrir sa famille.

Dans les pays communistes, notamment l'URSS, il existait des métiers qui n'avaient aucune raison d'être. Car, l'emploi était considéré comme un devoir sacré. Par exemple, dans les supermarchés, il fallait passer par trois personnes pour avoir un seul morceau de viande.

De nos jours, malgré qu'on vit dans un régime capitaliste, les métiers qui n'ont aucune raison d'être, existent toujours. Ces métiers ont été appelé par David Graeber "Bullshit jobs" (métiers à la con). Son article publié en 2013 et traduit en 12 langues a été un franc succès. Par la suite, il a décidé en 2018 de publier tout un livre sur le sujet.



David affirme que l'existence de ces bullshit jobs a une raison morale et politique. La classe dirigeante a compris qu'une population heureuse, productive et bénéficiant de temps libre est un danger mortel.

Ces métiers sont ceux qui, selon les personnes qui les exercent, ne contribuent en rien au monde. Mais ils sont, tout de même, obligés à les exercer. Car, "les emplois réels, productifs, sont sans cesse écrasés et exploités. Le reste est divisé en deux groupes, entre la strate des sans-emplois, universellement vilipendés, et une strate plus vaste de gens payés pour, en gros, ne rien faire, dans une position conçue pour qu'ils s'identifient aux perspectives et aux sensibilités de la classe dirigeante", dixit David.



Salma Hassim

# GL class

I'm just sitting here in GL class. I woke up at 7AM. It was dark and cold. I had my breakfast and went out for school. It's a rainy day, dark, and very cold. Literally cold. I arrived to school and passed the dark hall. I was alone walking there, and for a moment I felt like I'm the only student who came this morning. I was late. I've got to the class where I'm sitting right now. I stood there in front of the door, face to face with the teacher. he was explaining something. he saw me, but he didn't stopped talking. He just moved his hand as a sign to let me in. It doesn't matter to him that I was late. I entered and whispered "sorry" but he didn't care much. I realized that I should have a sit, I turned my eyes around the room, and I felt like it is the first time I see that room. it was really weird. I have been there hundreds of times, but I've never paid attention to how old is that room, or how old it looks like. The walls lost their white color, now it is a mixture between yellow, grey, blue and writings are everywhere. The floor is pale, and the chairs are in a mess, they are everywhere. We have 7 tables with computers, or may be just old boxes in a shape of computers. I've never seen any one of them working, and I don't think that I will. It was about 5 seconds but it seems like several minutes. I even didn't pay attention to the whispers and laughs about me "look who's here", "ooow!! we should celebrate his visit". I really didn't care much. I just decided to sit in the back, because no one was sitting there. I was trying to avoid all those questions about where do I go instead of having class and other one hundred and one questions were prepared for me. I have noticed that there were a lot of absent people that day. It's not usual, but I think it's due to the rain.

For me, the bullshit that I hear is what kept me away from here. I don't know what I'm doing here again, but I think I felt like I should give them a second chance. So I tried to listen to what the teacher was saying, sorry I wanted to say "to listen to what he was reading".

Life is good; people understudied that, but, I think I didn't. So I asked him about that part. A magical answer, oh my god! He repeated what he just readied. Honestly, I've never heard that kind of answers before. Seriously, that's driving me crazy.

At that moment, I disconnected my mind from that world, and connected it with this. I ran away from there by writing and reading. First, I wrote the 100 words for this week, I started to read a book from my phone's library, But something stopped me, a wild idea, a strange question.

DO I REALLY BELONG TO HERE? Even that I had the answer, but there was something wrong about all that. Why should we live like that? Why we have to study like that? Why those young people have to believe in bullshit? And live like shit? That's stupid right?

There were those 3 students at the front trying to understand. They always attend classes and never came late, and they work hard to get that certificate. Working hard is good. But working hard for nothing it's a waste of time, it's just not smart, not fair and very stupid.

Also, there were those 2 boys, who were talking about almost everything, football, people, games, facebook trolls... an infinite loop of bullshit. On the other side, there were those girls who want to be superstars or models or whatever. All they care about is makeup and clothes, plus attention... and makeup and clothes. I don't mind makeup, but I hate stupidity. They cared about the outside look until they forgot that they have an inside look.

All that is very stupid, a real waste of time and effort, I hope I can stop doing that but I have to get that stupid certificate to satisfy some people. I hope one day people will understand this and find the alternative.



Yassine Oulhiq

# Image Sans Titre

Depuis toujours, j'avais l'habitude de passer des après-midi au bord de la plage. Un jour, j'étais assis sur le sable en train de profiter de la beauté du coucher du soleil. Soudain, mon attention a été attirée par un homme âgé d'une quarantaines d'années qui faisait du sport en profitant du beau temps.

Après chaque série de traction, il en profitait pour ramasser les déchets dispersés autour de lui. Au final, il a nettoyé une grande partie de la plage. Sa petite amie débarque soudainement pour venir le chercher. Quand ils étaient sur le point de quitter, l'homme a récupéré par terre un préservatif usagé. Ils commencèrent alors à rire et ensuite ils se sont embrassés. Enfin, ils sont partis main dans la main.

Près d'eux, se trouvait un jeune couple marocain qui s'embrassait en cachette.

J'ai pris la photo. Je vous ai raconté l'histoire. Maintenant, c'est à vous d'en trouver le titre.



Youssef Boumbarek

# Traveling is living.

## The International Festival of Youth Cinema

I am on my way back home and something inside me has changed. Well, for many people such short experience will not leave any effect of any description on them. However, for me, taking part in this festival was quite special.

Yesterday was the end of the 4th edition of The International Festival of Youth Cinema in Ouarzazate, but before I talk about it, I would like to give some information about what I did the other day--my second day at the festival. To put it short, the whole day was dedicated to the projections of the films of the competitions. I was impressed by the creativity of the films produced by Moroccan youths and how innovative they become when they are given the right tools and opportunity.



The films, short and long, as well as documentaries, tackled the topic of "cinema and society," and each film tried to approach the topic from a different angle and a rather artistic way. The projection of films took place in "Palais des Congrès". Frankly, watching these films was a journey in the realm of cinema.

The final day was as great as the previous days. I met new people and discovered new networks with people that are into cinematography. It is worth mentioning that I took part in shooting a reportage with Yassin Bouzoumour, a master student of media and journalism, and his guest was Mr. Hamid Atbatou, a well-known director and a professor at the Poly Disciplinary Faculty in Ouarzazate. In fact, I have never experienced report and script writing. That was my first experimentation with such tasks. As my main role was to write the script that with the presenter of the show, proofread it and help her to present it, I managed to "coach" Zahra, the presenter, how to speak with an appropriate intonation as well as helping her improve her pronunciation of standard Arabic, knowing that i master the voice over skills.

Speaking of what I have learned, I have enriched more my critical thinking skills. Especially, when I take part in discussions of some films. I used to listen actively to people's different ideas and perceptions of the same topic--the films. In addition to critical thinking, I have learned that talking to professionals about an issue, whatever it is, in their domain is priceless. I mentioned this, for the simple reason that I have learned many crucial matters, just by being a part of a debate with a director, or a discussion with a poet, or a scenarist, etc. The priceless things I learned are shortcuts, that is to say, they tell you about the things you should do and the mistakes you have to avoid. Obviously, shortcuts save one a tremendous amount of time.

Experimenting with new things breaks heavily our comfort zone and reveal ourselves and ignites our creativity. From a personal perspective, I try to take new experiences and therefore discover myself.



Abdelhadi Elbguir



# Génération sans espoir

“Génération sans espoir” est la description exacte de la jeunesse d’Agadir. Il faut juste aller faire un tour à la plage, place Elouid, à Inzegane ou à Taghazout pour voir le nombre de jeunes qui passent leur temps à ne rien faire. Le rapport du HCP de 2016, fait sur la région sous-massa, démontre que plus de 800 000 jeunes sont en chômage.

Malgré que la région contient trois secteurs actifs notamment le tourisme, l’agriculture, la pêche maritime, les jeunes sont toujours au chômage. Pour trouver une solution, il faut revenir à la source du problème.

A mon avis, le problème vient des jeunes eux même. Car, ils ne développent pas les compétences recherchées dans le marché du travail. De plus, ils n’ont pas une vision pour leur future. Enfin, ils ont un manque de créativité pour créer des projets personnels qui vont marcher.

6- Population active occupée selon l'âge et le milieu de résidence

6- السكان النشيطون المشتغلون حسب السن ووسط الإقامة سنة 2016

Milieu de Résidence	Age السن				المجموع Total	وسط الإقامة الجهة
	15-24	25-34	35-44	45 فما فوق 45 et plus		
Région	102 540	267 364	209 302	276 944	856 150	الجهة
Urbain	28537	122684	107949	117604	376774	الوسط الحضري
Rural	74003	144680	101353	159340	479376	الوسط القروي
Maroc	1351538	3083382	2665456	3541245	10641621	المغرب
Urbain	406879	1607948	1576580	1836830	5428237	الوسط الحضري
Rural	944659	1475434	1088876	1704415	5213384	الوسط القروي

Source : Enquête Nationale sur l'Emploi 2016

المصدر: البحث الوطني حول التشغيل 2016



Ayoub Boussem

# Résultat d'un amour clandestin



Dans un studio de photographie, une caméra est tombée amoureuse d'un téléphone fix. Mais, elle était mariée au photographe.

Un jour, quand le photographe était absent, les deux amoureux ont décidé de fusionner leurs corps pour ne plus jamais se séparer. Le résultat de cette fusion était un joli téléphone portable.

Le Photographe était très en colère quand il a découvert que sa femme l'avait trahit. Dans un élan de dégoût et d'amertume, il jeta violemment le téléphone contre le mur.

Le pauvre téléphone ne fonctionnait plus, le photographe l'a abandonné à une vendeuse électronique qui n'a changé que la carcasse. Le petit téléphone était joli, mais personne n'a voulu l'acheter. Alors, la vendeuse l'a déposé chez un réparateur de téléphone. Cependant, la réparation a demandé beaucoup de temps et d'argent. Donc, elle l'a à son tour abandonnée.

Le téléphone a été délaissé, autour d'objets qui ne marchait plus, attendant qu'on veuille bien s'occuper de lui. Mais, ne vous inquiétez pas, un jour ce téléphone vous éblouira. Même lui ne le sais pas encore. C'est un téléphone exceptionnel et il a la capacité de rendre son futur meilleur que ce qu'il ne le pense.



Meriam Ait Taleb

# قصة الغريزة

إسمه مبارك كان جارنا في الحي الذي كنت أقطن فيه، قبل أن نغير مكان سكننا بعد أن بلغت السادسة عشر من عمري، كان في الأربعين من عمره، ببشرة سمراء وابتسامة كانت تنبثق من ملامحه الحزينة كلما رأى شخصا من الجيران الذي اعتاد أن يتحدث إليهم كان يخيفني عندما كنت صغيرة وأركض كلما رأيته، لكن مع مرور الوقت لم يعد مبارك يخيفني. كنت أتردد على بيتهم كثيرا، فقد كنت ألعب مع "بدر" صديق طفولتي كنا نقضي ساعات النهار في اللعب بين سطح بيت جدته، والتنقل بين أزقة الحي حتى تنهك قوانا لنجلس بهدوء نتبادل أطراف الحديث كأننا شخصين بالغين ندرك ونستوعب كل الكلام.

و من خلال زياراتي المتعددة لبيت جدته، كنت ألتقي ب " مبارك" كان يعيش تقريبا في سطح البيت، كانت أشعة الشمس تغطي السطح كله، لذلك فقد نصب خيمة في إحدى أركان السطح، ثم أصبحت كوخا بعد مرو الوقت، كوخ بدون باب، وقد فرش به حصير وغطاء من فرو خروف عيد الأضحى المنصرم وبه ابريق شاي وعلبة الطماطم المصبر فارغة، كان هذا كل شيء يؤثت ذلك الكوخ. ما زلت أذكر ذات مرة كنت جالسة فيها أمام بيت إحدى الجارات، أنا وبنات الحي من سني، كنت في ربيعي العاشر آنذاك، ثم أتى مبارك وجلس القرفصاء الى جانبي الأيسر، كان الحي كله مقتنعا بأنه أبله، مجنون، فقد قواه العقلية وأن كلامه مجرد خز عبات ينطق بها عشوائيا، لكنني استمعت إلى كلامه في ذلك اليوم.

كان يتكلم بحكمة، شعرت في تلك اللحظة أن حديثه ليس اعتباطيا، وشرع يحدثني عن مفهوم الغريزة وعلاقة الإنسان بقرائنه ومفردات كانت من أعسر المفاهيم التي التقطتها أذاني في ذلك السن، وكنت في سن العاشرة لا أقوى على استيعاب كل تلك المفردات، كان كلاما خاصا يشرح فلسفته الخاصة للحياة، لكنني ما زلت أذكر أنني سألته حينها وأنا أضحك شأني شأن البنات الأخريات: ماذا تعني ب"غريزة"؟

ودون عناء استمر مبارك في الحديث، وهو يحاول شرح ما استفسرت عنه. ما زلت أذكر كم ذهلت يوم غد حين وجدت "الغريزة" ضمن المفردات التي علي شرحها في امتحان اللغة العربية.



Lamya Bajalat

# Le changement du monde

Après l'effondrement du fascisme et du communisme, c'est le tour du libéralisme d'être en danger. Les manifestations des gilets jaunes, le mouvement #MeToo et le succès de l'extrême droite aux Etats Unis, en Brésil et en Andalousie déclenche une période de changement.

Et si on y ajoute la crise de la démocratie libérale, les changements climatiques, la crise migratoire et l'intelligence artificielle, on remarquera que le monde se prépare pour une transition radicale.

Quand on parle du sujet de l'avenir de l'humanité, ces changements vont laisser des traces sur tous les pays, et chacun d'entre eux essaiera de trouver sa propre solution.

Aujourd'hui, les jeunes marocains se battent pour quitter le Maroc en se dirigeant vers l'occident. Mais ils ont oublié que c'est eux la solution.

Au lieu de former ces jeunes pour profiter de leur énergie positive, et la capacité de construire un avenir meilleur, nous les privons de toute liberté et les faisons fuir vers d'autres pays.



Meriam Ait Taleb

