

ciMAG

15<sup>th</sup> edition

PHOTO BY: RACHID AKDIM







## Special for this month!

The Elena Ferrante's quartet was translated into Darija and performed on stage by the Connect Institute theater troupe: ciPLAY. The participants put lots of efforts into playing four passages from the Neapolitan Novels that have not yet been released in many countries. Their leadership skills, initiative spirit, and commitment allowed them to introduce a beautiful artistic product to the audience during the "Open House" event at the institute.



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# CONTENT

تزرزيت

04 Hicham Izerde

05 **Barrières Culturelles**  
Soukaina Hermas

06 **Transparence d'esprit**  
Majda Nouri

07 **The Vow (Second and last part)**  
Noura Boutchichit

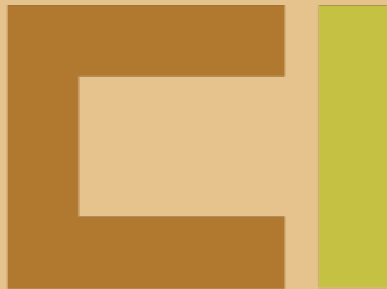
08 **A Momentaneous Thought**  
Badereddine Bouzouid

09 **Why do we kill creativity?**  
Ismail Lchheb

10 **Education in Morocco**  
Rachida Akdaich

11 **The Moroccan hour**  
Fatimzehra Lhafa

TAMAKKOUN



ALUMNI Association

TAKE A BOOK,  
LEAVE A BOOK.



# تزرزيت

هذا العالم ليس لي وحدي. وليس لك وحدك. نتشاركه جميعا  
انا انت والاخر. دعوتنا نتشارك الحب و السلام. فما يجمعنا  
-الانسانية- اكثر مما نخلف فيه. ثقافات مختلفة، لغات  
متعددة حضارات، اديان و اراء... هذا التعدد هو من يرسم و يبدي  
في نحت جمال هذا الكون. حال تلك الحديقة التي تستمد  
جمالها من تنوع الوان و اشكال ازهارها و اشجارها. يمكن ان ندعو  
و نحارب من اجل ترسيخ القيم الانسانية الكونية بشتى الوسائل  
الفنية الموسيقى السنيما.. لكن حتى الحلي يمكن ان تنال  
شرف هذه المهمة. فدورها عبر التاريخ لم يكن للتزين فقط. لنا  
مثال في تزرزيت اشهر حلي تزين بها النساء الشمال افريقيات.  
فشكلها يوحى الى ابعاد مما قد يطرا على بال انسان بسيط.  
تزرزيت تعتبر دائما تلك الوسيلة التي يعبر بها الانسان الافريقي  
عن تسامحه مع ذاك الاخر المختلف. قد تتساءل كيف؟ تزرزيت  
عبارة عن حلي يمزج بشكل فني رائع بين القمر ، الصليب و  
نجمة داود ترميزا للاديان السماوية الثلاث الاسلام، المسيحية  
واليهودية التي تعايشت في المجتمع الشمال الافريقي منذ  
القديم

كل ما يجب علينا اذن هو ان ننطلق من ذواتنا ونتصالح معها فلا  
نحتاج ان نسير على خطى احد لكي نكون انسانيين. ما نحتاجه  
فقط هو ان نكتشف من نكون حقا. فنحن من مجتمع يقدس  
القيم الانسانية ويؤمن بالتعدد و الاختلاف. وتزرزيت خير شاهد



Hicham Izard

ARTWORK HICHAM



# BARRIÈRES CULTURELLES

On a tous eu cet élève modèle dans notre classe. Celui qui est studieux, sage et calme. Les instituteurs ne cessent de faire son éloge, et incitent ses camarades à le prendre comme exemple. Or, il représente l'opposé de ce qu'un enfant est censé être.

Les enfants débordent d'énergie. Au lieu de leur montrer comment la dépenser correctement, on leur demande de se calmer. On ne devrait pas se choquer de l'adulte qui explose plus tard.

Les petits découvrent en continu ce qui les entoure, et leurs interrogations s'enchainent. Ils ont toujours la soif d'explorer et d'apprendre. Sauf que les grands trouvent pénible et frustrant de répondre à plus d'une question. Si l'enfant arrive au seuil de trois questions, ils ne répondent plus et lui demandent de se taire. On finit par réprimer sa curiosité.

Même l'imagination qui est propre à eux est limitée par des barrières culturelles fictives, l'exemple le plus connu au Maroc c'est « HCHOUMA ». Les activités créatives sont inexistantes dans les écoles, sauf une petite heure d'art plastique pour les plus chanceux. Cela empêche les enfants de développer un esprit ouvert et critique, et d'avoir une personnalité épanouie.



Soukaina Hermas



PHOTO FROM GOOGLE

# TRANSPARENCE D'ESPRIT

Vivre avec soi, ou mieux dire, établir une bonne et saine relation intra personnelle consiste à se respecter tout d'abord, être assez veillant à ce qu'il y ait un raisonnable accord entre ce qu'on sent et ce qu'on dit, ce qu'on pense et ce qu'on fait. Ces exemples de prémisses semblent ou paraissent les bonnes pour devenir un bon compagnon pour soi.

Des fois, il n'est pas évident de comprendre que la personne avec qui nous passons l'essentiel de notre temps, c'est nous-mêmes. Introduire des comportements sains qui révèlent les valeurs acquises dans sa vie est un défi que tant de personnes prennent. Être par exemple franc et transparent comme un diamant n'est pas un trait de caractère inné. Ce n'est pas pourtant au hasard que ce dernier possède la plus grande force du monde minéral. Purifier son être, nettoyer son âme et se débarrasser des toxines morales est un 'must-do' que chaque personne existante sur cette terre, et souhaitant vivre dans un environnement intact doit veiller pour un lendemain acceptable.



Majda Nouri



PHOTO FROM GOOGLE



# THE VOW

(SECOND AND LAST PART)

That day, when I first saw you... God! I just can't make it vanish from my sight. It was a sprain day, but hot and sweaty as if we were in the middle of summer. I saw you surrounded by a bunch of little kids, wearing a blue blouse, glowing like a star. I said to myself: "That must be him, the one they talk about in fairy tales." I didn't want to approach you. I knew that a girl like me is not the type they write about; with every step I would be making towards you won't bring me anything but pain. So, I looked away and whispered "He is just another man that I will forget about in the next morning".

The very next morning came, but the poor me couldn't forget about you. I decided to put an end to my bad luck and go out to look for you. Deep inside, I didn't really believe that I'd find you. All I wanted was to feel the moment I saw you twice, I walked to the end of the bridge. On my way back, our miserable story started. I have seen those little kids running towards me; I recognized them right away and started making prayers that you would be anywhere around them, but you didn't seem to appear. I walked towards this little girl and said "Hi"

"Hello" she replayed.

"I'm Catherina, I love your dress"

"Thank you ma'am. I'm Laura"

"What are you doing here Laura?"

"I'm playing with my friends and Uncle Jamey"

Jamey... that must be his name "Oh I don't see your uncle here, where is he?"

"Hey, are you looking for me?" You showed out of nowhere. Soon later I discovered that it's one of your talents; disappearing whenever you feel like and showing up whenever you want to.

My heart jumped out of its place "oh Hi", I started all blushing; I had no idea what to say, "Those are your kids?"

You laughed ironically as usual and said "No, I'm their coach, I'm James and you are?"

"I'm Catherina."

"Nice to meet you Cat, do you want to take a walk?"

"I would love to".

I didn't think that a walk can turn my life upside down; I know we didn't say much, but a girl can see visions of her future and build hopes based on a smile, especially if she was a dreamer like me. A girl can convince herself that each word coming out of her crush's mouth is a hint from the sky for them to be together, a girl's mind can simply stop functioning once she's been shot by cupid.

Noura Boutchichit

ARTWORK: SO LONG, BY EVELYN HAMILTON.



# A MOMENTANEOUS THOUGHT

**LIFE:** This mysterious phenomenon which exists only on one planet, **EARTH:** A home for millions of species to which I belong, **HUMAN:** The only creator of advanced civilizations from the old times until the time being!

Dear readers, I would like to share with you these magical words that inspire me each time I'm upset, remind me of my planet and the way I should preserve it, and help me throw out all the conflicts and focus on unity.

"Look again at that dot. That's here. That's home. That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager, every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every "superstar," every "supreme leader," every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there—on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam.

The Earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of this pixel on the scarcely distinguishable inhabitants of some other corner, how frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds.

Our posturings our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the Universe are challenged by this point of pale light. Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.

The Earth is the only world known so far to harbour life. There is nowhere else, at least in the near future, to which our species could migrate. Visit, yes. Settle, not yet. Like it or not, for the moment the Earth is where we make our stand.

It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience. There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known."

- Pale Blue Dot

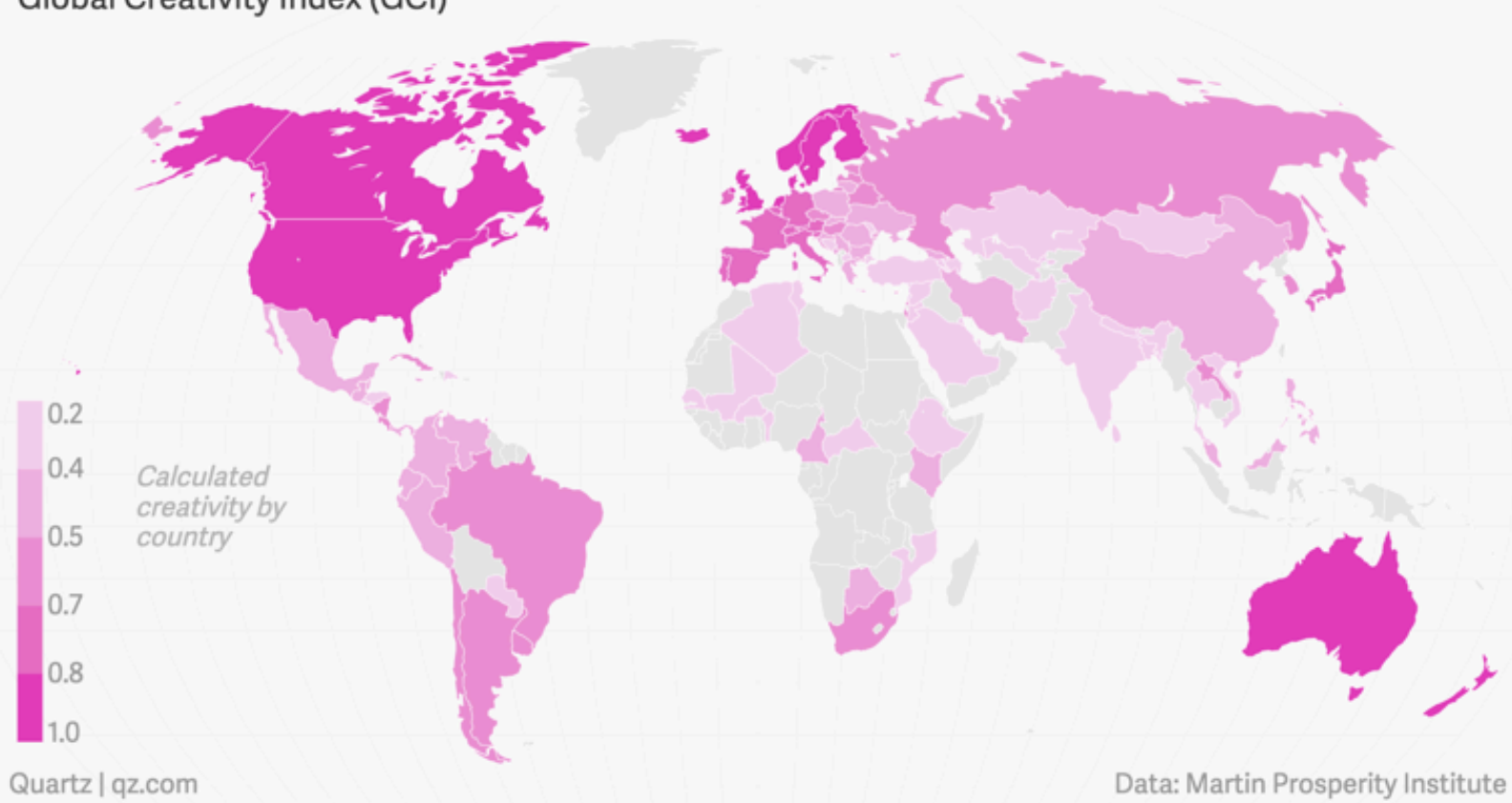
Carl Sagan



Badereddine Bouzouid

PHOTO FROM GOOGLE





# WHY DO WE KILL CREATIVITY?

After reading the title, it is obvious that I am talking about my beautiful country: Morocco. The problem is deeper than you may think. Family, teachers, culture and traditions, contribute into this catastrophic problem. But how? And why?

Our society always builds struggles and barriers between us and creativity. "Every child is an artist; But the problem is how to remain an artist when you grow up" PICASSO.

At school we should do what the teacher taught us, we should do what our parents have asked us to do. If I am different from others and I think differently then I, automatically, am considered as a weirdo.

We are obliged to follow our society's traditions if we do not will to seem strange and poorly educated. If I want to express myself and do whatever I want, the neighbors and family members will say that it is a shame for me to get the courage to tackle such things. They will simply say "Hechouma".

Bad habits, our own selves and the environment in which we live kill our creative spirit and in more concrete words, stop our creativity hardware from functioning.

I am sorry to say this, but it is feels like educating donkeys or animals. And, we can see obviously the consequences of this: our citizens don't have an idea about what's happening, the critical thinking is almost nonexistent, 75% of children in primary school do not acquire the basic knowledge on how to be a good person. We have the worst educational system in the world, the maturity and awareness is very low.

The people in our society have changed everything: dialects, clothes, cars, cities... except theirs thoughts and mindsets.

The solution is clear; it is disconnecting ourselves from things that stop your creative power, and break the box that we are locked in.

Briefly, the countries that motivate people to invent and that give a value to humans have the best companies on the world: Google, Samsung, Microsoft, Volkswagen. Let us take those as an example!



Ismail Lchheb

# EDUCATION IN MOROCCO

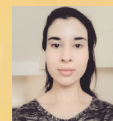
"I get my salary by the end of the month anyway, so you are harming no one but yourselves if you don't concentrate on your studies". Those were the words of my third grade teacher while talking to an absent-minded student and that was the day I felt for the first time in my life that there was something wrong with our schools.

Education has always been a controversial issue in Morocco. Our educational system is always at the bottom of each international classification and it is getting worse. The reforms are multiple yet the result is always the same: an educational system unable to nurture students' creativity, their appetite for learning, and unable to foster personal and professional fulfillment. Most of the parents attribute this failure to the policy of Arabization, but is this the real problem?

In terms of pedagogy, the Moroccan education is based mainly on memorizing information instead of teaching the student how to think critically and analyze information. Not to mention that this system adopts a standard model of learning for all students while we know that every student is a unique individual, so what may work for one student, may not work for the other. Furthermore, the serious lack of teachers and infrastructure thwarts the development of a decent learning environment for students. And while in many countries the job of teacher is considered a sacred profession that attracts the best of the best, in Morocco it is considered a mediocre job and rare are those who choose to do it for the love of teaching.

We are running out of time to fix these flaws. There should be less memorizing and more thinking. We need more committed teachers in a respectful workplace. We need fewer students. The world is moving at a tremendous rate; Education experts in developed countries are now talking about taking education outside the classroom, about learning through immersion and practice, about a multi-molds education that matches every student's needs. Finally, educational institutions are even adopting new assessment systems to eliminate students' obsession with grades.

Remember that a bad education equals an underdeveloped country on all levels and it is our right to have a good quality education. One day I may have kids and I hope they'll find a better school.



Rachida Akdaich

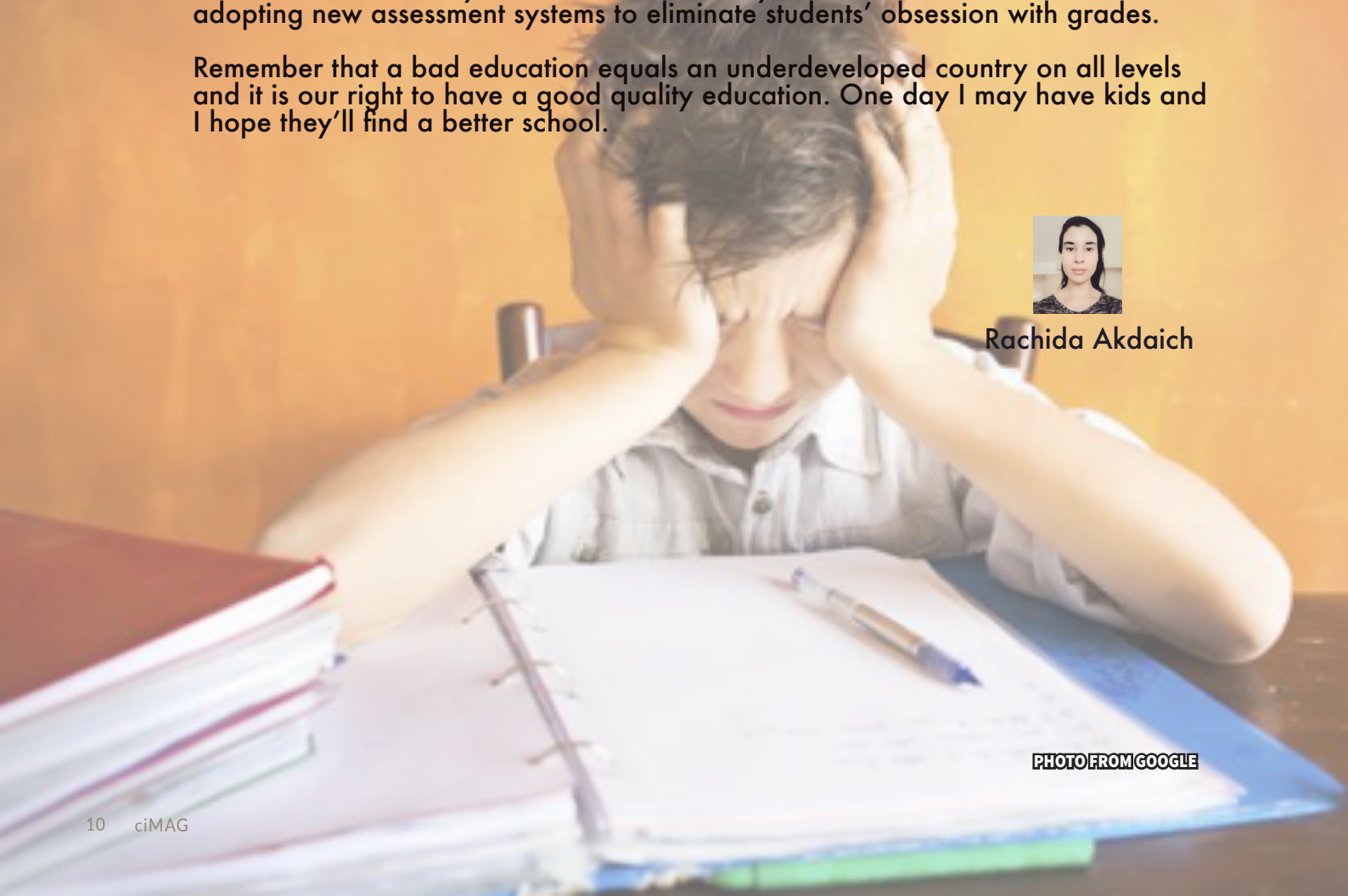


PHOTO FROM GOOGLE



# THE MOROCCAN HOUR

I have recently read an article which says that successful entrepreneurs choose who to do business with based on punctuality: if a prospective client or business partner is a punctual person then they will go ahead with it, if not then that person is a big NO.

This approach made me think of all those –numerous- scenarios I faced and which consisted of me having a scheduled meeting with someone and then waiting for minutes, if not hours, for them to show up- that is if they show up at all ! An attitude that some people like “to joke” about and say that there are two kinds of hours; your ordinary one with 60 minutes, and the Moroccan one with 120 minutes- if not more. However, I find nothing to be funny about this kind of attitude at all. For it is related to responsibility, engagement, commitment, integrity, and respect; values that Moroccans obviously lack. And the result? A dysfunctional, ignorant, and narrow minded society.

When you respect other people’s time, you show them that you value them as a person, you show them that you respect and value their opinions, you show them how dependable and committed you are: this is how you earn their respect.

When George Washington’s secretary arrived late to a meeting, and blamed his watch for his tardiness, Washington quietly replied, “Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary.”

I know that some people are very comfortable with this habit of always being late, and that they are not willing to change any sooner. The best way to deal with these people, I believe, is to treat them just like Washington did his secretary. For their punctuality conveys a clear message that it is literally time to move on.



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