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## The Moroccan Code

**Omaima Loukili**  
Advanced 3

No one denies that the Moroccan woman has her own charm that you cannot find in women in any other place in the world. A mysterious beauty, moral and physical, that has attracted the attention of people around the planet.

In my exploration of this code, I began my investigation on Google, where I found many blogs discussing this topic with hundreds of comments. I have to admit that not all of these opinions were positive. Some comments were truly offensive for women in general, and especially Moroccan ones. I found a lot of bad descriptions such as, “materialistic,” “scammers,” and “witches practicing black magic.” Reading such bad things about my country’s women made me wonder if this was the case only for us. Sadly, it was. I didn’t find any other blogs insulting a specific group of women.

You can find a whole essay warning about how evil the Moroccan woman can be, about the worst things in the world she can do. The funniest part is when a man announces that he will marry a Moroccan. Then the alerts begin. The nice people congratulate him and say how lucky he is, while the mean ones tell him either that he

is bewitched, or that the woman just wants a visa.

It is so irritating how much people generalize; it is hilarious, however. The person who said that you can see stupidity in Internet comments was absolutely right and should win an award for that remark.

To better know the exact reason behind this hate, I checked the names of the “haters” and their way of writing. The surprise was that, in every blog, I found the same people, with the same style, the same accusations, and the same attack tactics. The only difference was the commenters’ pseudonyms.

It seriously made me confused. Are these people getting paid to mislead the public about Moroccan women? Or are they good for sensitizing others about the dangers of Moroccan women?

Whether people compliment or complain, they are all confirming the uniqueness of Moroccan women, who enchant the world without using magic.

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What's your opinion?  
Send your writings  
to [alcstudentvoice@gmail.com](mailto:alcstudentvoice@gmail.com).  
FIND YOUR VOICE.

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## We Have Become Unsociable

**Yassine Rechachi**  
Intermediate 3

Wherever I go, I find technology. It is not only a source of help, but a big wall standing between us—myself and my surroundings, and people everywhere. Technology has succeeded in separating people from each other.

Whenever I go to a public place, I find people busy with their tablets, smartphones, and a lot of other separating machines. I call them separating machines. Because when we use them, we are isolating ourselves from our surroundings.

Every time I go to the ALC, I want to make new friends. I want to share language. I want to break walls between rich and poor people. I dream thoughts of unity. I dream of seeing wealthy people hanging out with poor. I dream of everyone having friends from different parts of society.

It’s not necessary to keep the same social group around you, to stay cozy there. Nothing will change in this world. No one will remember one another in the future. I can see that, but what can we do?

Sometimes I speak, but I feel like these machines in our hands are standing against me, telling me to stay away. These machines are telling me, “This is not your place. This is not a person to speak with. Go. Look for a partner machine. Buy a phone if you want to talk to someone.”

I’m not sure what the family will look like in the future. Maybe someone will have an iPhone for a brother; another, an iPad for a sister. Maybe a computer will be alone, so that computer will be given a child to raise and talk to. I’m not really sure. Anything is possible in this age of 3G.

# Author Leila Abouzeid Speaks

**Samia Arihane**  
Intermediate 4

On 12 May, Leila Abouzeid lectured at the American Language Center. She was born in 1950 in El Ksiba. She writes in Arabic and is the first Moroccan woman writer of literature to have her works translated into English. Her best-known works include *Year of the Elephant*, *Return to Childhood* and *The Last Chapter*.

During the lecture, Abouzeid talked about her life as a writer. Surprisingly, she was the first Moroccan woman to publish her autobiography. In addition, she's the exceptional writer who writes in Arabic.

Until now, she refused to write in French, because it is the language of the colonists. According to her, Arabic is both Morocco's true language and the language of Islam. Although Abouzeid speaks Arabic, French, and English, she still uses Arabic. Using French would mean submission to invaders. Overall, it was an enjoyable and enlightening lecture.

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c/o Hayat Ksir, Sidi Mohamed Ben Abdellah University

# Whiffenpoofs of Yale Delight ALC-Fes

## ALC-Fes Journalism Club

The 2014 Whiffenpoofs of Yale performed on 5 June in the ALIF Residence garden. Approximately 200 people attended. It was the Whiffenpoofs' only show in Morocco. They were at the start of their world tour of 27 countries in 92 days.

The Whiffenpoofs came to ALC because, "Director David Amster reached out and asked us if we wanted to sing," group member Sharif Youssef explained. He described Fes as, "beautiful and nice," and was grateful that, "people put up with my really bad Arabic."

The Whiffenpoofs started the show by marching onstage singing. Youssef greeted the audience in Egyptian Arabic. The group performed 14 songs a cappella (singing without instruments), including the Beatles' "Got to Get You Into My Life."

The singers introduced themselves by listing their names, hometowns, areas of study, and what they want to be when

they grew up. The "spelling bee" act was a special moment in the performance that made both students and teachers laugh. They ended the concert with their famous "The Whiffenpoof Song."

The Whiffenpoofs of Yale is "the oldest undergraduate a cappella group in the United States." It "started 105 years ago," at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, according to Youssef. Every year, 14 fourth-year men students are chosen as members. Most take a year off of school to perform around the world.

Youssef described how the group got its name, "There was an opera with...a mythical dragonfish" named Whiffenpoof. "Two [of the group's] founding members were in the audience and liked the name," he added.

When asked if the Whiffenpoofs had a message, Youssef replied, "Music education is our primary goal, and we're all for peace and tolerance."

## Congratulations to the Spring 2014 ALC-Fes Merit Scholars

ALC-Fes Merit Scholars are chosen to receive a one-hundred-percent reduction in tuition fees for one term because of their outstanding academic performances. *Student Voice* congratulates these students for their achievements.

Beginning 2	Chaimae Haddane	Intermediate 1	Oumayma Ziani	Advanced 1	Hatim Bouktaib
Beginning 3	Baderddine Ezzahraouy	Intermediate 2	Safwan Merrahi	Advanced 2	Ziad Farih
Beginning 4	Fatima Zohra Alaoui Balghiti	Intermediate 3	Soufiane Bengelloun Zahr	Advanced 3	Samia Zerouale
Beginning 5	Kenza Benjelloun	Intermediate 4	Fatine Benzekri	Advanced 4	Maroua Jai Fayez
Beginning 6	Karima El Hanafi	Intermediate 5	Zineb Hamidi	Advanced 5	Anas Taibouni
Beginning 7	Yazid El Merrouni Alami	Intermediate 6	Fatima Zahrae Benchekroun		

## An Interview with: Si Driss Salam

**Mustapha El Makrani**  
Advanced 2

In July 1988, an invasion of locusts from Mauritania threatened to destroy agriculture in eastern Morocco. Si Driss Salam worked to protect farms from the insect invasion under the Regional Director of Agriculture. He was one of the experts called to block the swarms with pesticides. When Si Driss retired in February 1996, he received a commendation from the Kingdom. He began his work in plant protection in 1953 after acing a test sponsored by the Moroccan government.



ALC Gardener Si Driss Salam received a commendation from the Kingdom in 1996.

**Student Voice:** *Where are you from?*

**Si Driss Salam:** I'm from a village about six kilometers from Fes.

**SV:** *What do you do at ALC?*

**DS:** I take care of the plants, even when it's difficult for the plants to grow, like here in the shade.

**SV:** *How long have you worked at ALC?*

**DS:** I started in 1996. When I retired from my first career, the Regional

Director of Agriculture asked me to take care of the garden here for three weeks. After I started, ALC Director Si David asked me to stay longer. I had bought a farm six months before I retired. I was planning to work as a farmer, but I stayed at ALC because I love the plants.  
**SV:** *Why did you want to be a gardener?*  
**DS:** I enjoy seeing the green. If it were possible, I would make everything green. When I was young, my dad worked on a farm, and I used to like going to work with him. I liked taking long walks to Moulay Yacoub and Sidi Harazem. There were rivers, and it was all green. I loved nature.

**SV:** *How much time do you spend caring for the plants?*

**DS:** A garden is like a baby. It always needs to be cared for. When it cries for you, you always need to care for it, and feel out why it is crying; if it is hungry, or thirsty, or aching.

**SV:** *What is your favorite plant?*

**DS:** I do not have one. If I had a favorite, I would be moved to take care of it more than the others. I like all things green.

**SV:** *If you weren't a gardener, what kind of work would you be doing?*

**DS:** I would be a farmer.

**SV:** *What is your motto?*

**DS:** Work to stay young. I was born in 1935, and I am still healthy. You have to work. If you do not work, you will grow old. But, if you don't love your work, you won't be able to do it.

Want to join the conversation?  
Write to [alcstudentvoice@gmail.com](mailto:alcstudentvoice@gmail.com).

## An Impulse to Atonement

**Ahmed Bennani**  
Advanced 5

Initially I wish to atone  
Identical words made a moan  
Unconscious if he missed to stone  
Full of remorse, likely to groan  
A beast, they uttered and unicorn  
Nonetheless, they add wild dragon  
Love, live hope not to be forlorn  
Above all, soon I will own  
Saying "sorry" the word I earn  
Cross the river I can atone  
Below the sky ton-on-ton  
Changing the guise under the moon  
A poet I was but I haven't won  
Let me atone in the way I've gone  
Hopeless they were practicing the con

## I'm Waiting

**Kaoutar Oubdil**  
Beginning 5

My way is dark,  
I am searching for light,  
But time makes me return, back.  
It tries to tell me I have to wait,  
It advises me to work so as to get  
What I am dreaming about.  
I know that it's hard,  
But still I work and wait.  
Waiting for the realization of my dream,  
As if I'm waiting for Godot's Becket.  
I will go on, I will fight,  
Because I believe that,  
After darkness, there is light,  
And life is like that.  
Whenever there is black,  
There is also white.

## The Advantages of Mobile Phones

**Loubna Messoudi**  
Intermediate 4

Most people agree that mobile phones allows users to live their lives more easily. Firstly, the mobile phone is lighter than the fixed one that we have at home, so people who have one can keep it with

them at all times. Secondly, their friends can contact them anytime they want, even if the distance between them is a thousand kilometers. Thirdly, today, the mobile phone has a large memory, which users can use to store a lot of files, photos and music.

Finally, this extraordinary invention is often connected to the Internet, so its users can surf the net and find the information they need at home, at school, or in the streets. In short, we really must thank the inventors who have given us this priceless treasure.

# An Explorer's Fateful End

**Rania Irai Houssini Nezha**  
Juniors 9 Advanced

Sandy Richards was an explorer. She always liked discovering new things and new places. One day, she heard about a haunted house. Everyone she spoke to in the city told her a different story about it. Some people told her she would die if she went there. But, she didn't care what they said, so she went to the house. She wasn't scared; she was brave.

Sandy knocked on the door, but nobody answered. Suddenly, she felt a strange thing—it was like somebody was behind her. She turned around, but there was nobody there. Sandy entered the house, and there wasn't anything happy or nice in the whole place. There were just pictures of all the little girls who were killed by someone. Poor girls.

She realized it was her destiny, and that she couldn't change it. She was scared. She tried to leave, but the door was locked. Who locked it? She didn't know. She hoped that somebody would rescue her. Sandy cried and cried. This was her end. This was going to be the end of her life. She knew it. A few minutes later, somebody killed her. Sadly, she was another victim of the unknown madman living in the house.

# Restaurant Review: PAUL

**Amina Zoubir**  
Juniors 6 Advanced

My favorite restaurant is Paul. When I go to Paul, I usually eat a crepe with chocolate. It's very delicious. Normally, I go with my parents, but sometimes I go with my aunt and my sister. Paul isn't very big, but I like it a lot. It's like a French house with little windows and big, wooden doors. I love it because it's unique. Paul isn't like other restaurants in Fes.

# Zombies Invade Fes

**Aya Bennani**  
Juniors 9 Advanced

Zombies were invading the whole city. It was awful! No one knew what to do. In the afternoon, while I was feeding my little brother, I saw a paper in his pocket and read it. Someone was telling me to take the baby and run to a place called Silence. I didn't know what to do, but I didn't have any other choice. If I didn't go, the zombies would eat my brains.

Then, I went to this place. It was difficult to hide from those monsters with a baby, but I finally did it. I spent five years

in an underground bunker that I found. It was so hard to find what to eat, where to sleep, how to take care of my brother. We were living off some dirty water and some bread that I found there.

Nights were terrible! I heard the same classical song every night for five years. At midnight every night, a baby would start crying, then laughing really loud, but it wasn't my baby brother!

One day, when I woke up in the morning, I couldn't find my brother. Instead, there was a note, which read, "Thank you! -Mr. Zombie."

## Wanderlust Word Search

U	R	I	P	T	H	Y	R	N	B	D	S	T	T
H	T	A	O	E	R	I	O	I	E	N	I	S	R
I	K	X	L	E	N	I	N	S	O	D	T	U	A
A	B	N	N	E	S	O	T	I	O	N	I	L	N
T	E	E	V	R	C	I	T	W	U	G	N	R	S
U	C	U	U	U	N	A	N	G	P	I	E	E	L
S	O	C	L	A	V	T	E	Y	S	E	R	D	A
S	X	A	T	R	I	T	A	J	Q	R	A	N	T
E	R	I	E	M	A	S	P	M	N	O	R	A	E
S	O	S	E	W	K	O	N	B	A	F	Y	W	V
N	E	Q	A	D	R	A	C	T	S	O	P	E	S
R	W	Y	G	U	I	D	E	B	O	O	K	M	V
P	A	R	T	T	S	I	R	U	O	T	O	C	O
E	X	P	L	O	R	E	Z	N	W	T	O	Z	Y
E	R	U	S	I	E	L	V	C	S	A	X	M	A
E	M	B	A	R	K	T	B	U	S	V	M	Y	G
E	G	A	G	G	A	B	C	T	A	S	I	V	E

Can you find these **travel** words in the puzzle?

- |             |           |              |              |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|--------------|
| baggage     | embark    | hiatus       | souvenir     |
| binoculars  | excursion | itinerary    | tourist trap |
| coast       | explore   | leisure      | translate    |
| customs     | foreign   | postcard     | visa         |
| destination | getaway   | reservations | voyage       |
| downtime    | guidebook | scenery      | wanderlust   |