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**EDITORIAL**

Dependence Mentality  
And Initiative Spirit

In our daily life as well as in most of our institutions, it has become crystal clear that things works this way:

Everybody, from the simple clerk to the supposed responsible shakes of responsibility, because nobody feels or wants to feel that he is the responsible. Following from this, no one should ever boast of being responsible.

This should not in fact be an inevitable fate. There are certainly some orders and a general policy to be followed. But this fact should not become a tether to the creative genius and especially to the initiative spirit. Why should everyone wait? This waiting spirit has undoubtedly generated a dependence mentality. That is, the person operating on the ground (in any field) has become – in many cases – dependent on the higher authorities in what regards plans, ideas, and even the details of how to implement the practical side of one’s own work.

The prevalence of such a mentality never provides the fertile ground for the emergence and the growing of enterprising, productive and inventive persons in all our institutions (administrations, companies, factories, universities, schools, and even associations.)

In this situation, only people who have the “head on the shoulders” (not between) could really **take** initiatives and **make** decisions. We need them... and badly.

**Pen Circle.**

**The Remains of the Duel**

Face to face. His eyes in my eyes. I no longer feel the passage of time. Eons just as seconds and seconds as eons. Why doesn’t he advance? Why does he just point that mirror blade to my eyes? Is he mocking me, challenging me to come first? Could I but decipher his looks? Could I but understand the feeling pouring out as a watermark from his eyes? Is it determination? Apprehension? Fear? Threat? Pretence? Whatever. Everything will be over. *Now!*

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**From the set books**

⇒ 3rd Year: Modern Drama

The burlesque origin of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* ... is often noted, and the play's debt to *Waiting for Godot* often traced. Shakespeare's burlesque has been popular through the centuries. It is however, thanks to Beckett that Stoppard stepped to celebrity. From Beckett Stoppard borrows two puzzled friends in an unlocalized time and place. Like Beckett, Stoppard infiltrates their vaudeville-type exchanges with passages of metaphysical yearning. From Beckett Stoppard learned rising interrogative rhythms and swift disjunctive replies. In Stoppard's drama, as in Beckett's, the two friends play while they wait; they probe coins instead of hats and shoes; they meet more people, but the meetings are similarly repetitive; they too ask questions and make a game of asking questions; they too tell jokes and impersonate their betters. Like Beckett's tramps, Stoppard's noblemen try in vain to understand their situation which is meant to reflect our own.

Both plays (*Waiting for Godot* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*) are lyrical about leaves, and both plays descend to fallen trousers and other innocent obscenities. Beckett's 'We're waiting for Godot' is transmuted by Stoppard to 'We were sent for.' A light tone governs most of this...

Defly dovetailing the Hamlet scenes into the Godot condition, Stoppard appropriates Beckett's comic devices – puns, poses, jokes, games, aphorisms, direct address to the audience. Although he wisely eschews Beckett's few lyric passages, he also exploits the characters' uncertainties – time, place, logic, memory, language – to suggest ontological uncertainty. But Stoppard is much freer with the jargon of philosophy – syllogism, hypothesis, pragmatism, laws of averages, probability, and diminishing returns. Despite swift exchanges of dialogue, the play lags at such academic moments.

Edward Arnold, *Contemporary English Drama*. Suffolk: The Chaucer Press, 1981, pp. 112-114.

**Greek Mythology**

**Apollo:** the god of music, poetry, prophecy, and medicine. He represented an exemplifying manly youth and beauty.

**Argus:** A giant with a hundred eyes. Any alert watchman.

**Eros:** the god of love, son of Aphrodite: identified by the Romans with Cupid.

**Dionysus:** the god of wine. His cult was the origin of the organization of tragic drama.

**Hades:** the home of the dead, beneath the earth.

**Helios:** the sun god, son of Hyperion.

**Hermes:** a god who served as messenger of the other gods. He was also the god of science, commerce, eloquence, and cunning, and guide of departed souls to Hades.

**Icarus:** The son of Daedalus. Escaping from Crete by flying with wings made by Daedalus, Icarus flew so high that the sun's heat melted the wax by which his wings were fastened, and he fell to his death in the sea. Hence **Icarian:** too daring, foolhardy, rash.

**Midas:** a king of Phrygia granted the power of turning everything that he touched into gold. But this was embarrassing in times of meals.

**Prometheus:** a Titan who stole fire from heaven for the benefit of mankind. In punishment, Zeus chained him to a rock where a vulture came each day to eat his liver, which Zeus renewed each night.

**Sisyphus:** a greedy king of Corinth doomed forever in Hades to roll uphill a heavy stone which always rolled down again. Hence **Sisyphean:** endless and toilsome, useless.

**Titans:** any of a race of giant deities who were overthrown by the Olympian gods.

**Zeus:** the supreme deity of the Ancient Greeks, husband of Hera. Identified with the Roman god **Jupiter**.

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<b>The Poet's Corner</b>	<b>Take it Easy</b>
<p>This corner is devoted to all kinds of attempts by <u>all students</u> in poetry or poetic criticism. Such writings should be printed, otherwise written in handwriting as clear as possible, and submitted to the Department office. Attempts, either published or not, will not be returned.</p>	<p>All will die, The smaller and the high. Whatever measures you try, There will be no one to defy. All can ask why To the sky we want to fly. * * *</p> <p>Tyranny's wearing its coat; Injustice has no warm; All turns like a storm. * * *</p> <p>Mother said: Oh dear! There's no one you can fear, Persecution you must bear; Tell them everywhere I was! I am! I'll be here for her, Like sunlight everywhere. <b>Khalid AOUIR (2<sup>nd</sup> Year)</b></p>
<b>A Living Attempt</b>	<b>A Word to the Wise</b> <b>Poets-To-Be</b>
<p>The gunshot run out A scream of pain escaped from my mouth; Dawn dew seemed to bathe me And the sky turned to thick cloud; Stars danced before my eyes. My end was nearer, But I couldn't let down my friends. I had to go on – I couldn't let go.                     Another shot burst out                     And burnt my heart; The stars became red as I woke up, There stood death in a black cap. 'Not yet!' cried I, 'Not yet!' A large smile lit his face And he proudly walked away. I hobbled and fell. Too weak to walk, I crawled And saw him the one that shot me twice At last, my hand placed on my gun, I aimed the weapon at him and shot; There saw I his corpse laying down.                     Though my heart leapt with joy The burning sensation didn't go.                     I turned to the sky And saw gates of heaven open; Death arrived and smiled to me, Leapt and touched me. I turned and looked round To see my friends were crying out. But I just smiled back; I knew I would survive in peace forever.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><b>Mohamed GANOUNI</b> (2<sup>nd</sup> Year)</p>	<p>Poets (and critics) have always tended to oscillate between two extremes, some emphasizing the form of the poem, others emphasizing its content. This rests on the perception of an essential fact: the poet's endeavor to express something both through the <b>meaning</b> of the words used and through their <b>suggestive power</b>. Hence, the existence of two extreme temptations:</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><b>a)</b> that of those who advocate – in various ways – art for art's sake, an extreme theory whose danger seems to reside in that it forgets that the significance of art is that it is the instrument of something to be expressed, and which is not only of an aesthetic nature;</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;"><b>b)</b> that of those who neglect the <b>form</b> of the work for the sake of its subject. This is particularly dangerous in the case of poetry, as poetry is not only addressed to our intellect: it aims at making us feel, understand, realize things through the very art of the musical metre, the rhythmical harmonies being part of the very nature of poetry.</p>

**Pungent Quotations**

In this column, we have been giving quotations by different authors on one theme or phenomenon. From now on we shall present, instead, a choice of quotations by a prominent personality in Art, Literature, Politics, History, etc. Any suggestions or contributions are cordially welcome.

**W. R. INGE<sup>1</sup>... says:**

“To predict the future... is not only the most important part of the work of an historian; it is the most scientific and least imaginative part of his duties. Our chief interest in the past is a guide to the future.”

*Assessments and Anticipations.*

“The proper time to influence the character of a child is about a hundred years before he is born.”

*Observer, 21 July 1929.*

“The enemies of Freedom do not argue; they shout and they shoot.”

*The End of an Age.*

“The distinction between literature and journalism is becoming blurred; but journalism as much as literature loses.”

*England.*

“We tolerate shapes in human beings that would horrify us if we saw them in a horse.”

[Attributed to Inge]

“Literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and half an art.”

*The Victorian Age*

“A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on it.”

Marchant,

*Wit and Wisdom of Dean Inge.*

\*\*\* CULTURAL NEWS \*\*\*

\* The English Department at the Faculty of Letters, Beni Mellal, will organize on **February 6<sup>th</sup>, 2002** a Study Day on:

***English Language Teaching  
at the Moroccan University:  
Methods and Perspectives***

Participants are expected to focus on the following issues:

ü Syllabus Design / Learner Corpus,

ü Media and Teaching,

ü New Trends in Methods of Teaching,

ü Teaching Literature,

The deadline for submitting abstracts is Friday **18 January 2002**.

The Organizing Committee.

Notice to all students of  
The Department of English  
“Cultural Day”

**Thursday, 7 February 2002**

Students are invited to the Annual “Cultural Day” which will be held on February 7<sup>th</sup>, 2002. Students desiring to participate to this activity are invited to present their contributions to any member of the Organizing Committee. The contributions can be either poems, essays, short stories, sketches, plays, or any other attempt.

Needless to note that the success of this **Cultural Day** depends entirely on **YOUR** participation. So, please, feel free to contact us if you have any suggestions.

Thank you.

**The Organizing Committee:**

Soumaya AGANSHISH, Rachid  
OUAREHA, Aziza AMEZANE, Hana  
OUKDIME, Leila BENSghir, Mimoun  
OUTOUGANE, Siham ELOMARI,  
Mohamed RASMOKI, Sanae  
GHERBAOUI, Fatima ZIADI, Abdelilah  
MOUAYANI.

<sup>1</sup> Dean of St Paul's (1860-1954)

Creative Pens

**I Am the People, the Mob**

I am the people – the mob – the crowd – the mass.

Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me?

I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the world’s food and clothes.

I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. They die. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns.

I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I forget. Everything but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget.

Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember. Then – I forget.

When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool – then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: “The People,” with any fleck of a sneer in his voice or any far-off smile of derision.

The mob – the crowd – the mass- will arrive then.

**Carl Sandburg** (1878 – 1967)

*101 Great American Poems.*

Ed. by The American Poetry & Literary Project.

Dover Publications, Inc. Mineola, New York, 1998.

**Proverbs of the moment :**

**Attitudes**  
**To War & Peace**

- ▼ Famine, pestilence, and war are the destruction of a people.
- ▼ In war all suffer defeat, even the victors.
- ▼ He that strikes with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabbard.
- ▼ He who lives by the sword dies by the sword.
- ▼ Fight fire with fire.
- ▼ All the weapons of war will not arm fear.
- ▼ Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.
- ▼ The blood of the soldier makes the glory of the general.
- ▼ If you want peace, you must prepare for war.
- ▼ A just war is better than an unjust peace.
- ▼ Of all wars, peace is the end.

***Pen Circle Prize***  
***for Mellali Writers***  
***in English***

For certain reasons, it was not possible, last December, to organise ***Ramadan Prize for Mellali Writers in English.*** But a remedial competition will be organized to encourage students and to give the different talents opportunities to write on **Pen Circle** pages. That is, the three best contributions to the annual “Cultural Day” will be chosen as prize winners. The correctors will take into consideration the level/cycle of the candidates. In this way, the latter will have equal chances to get the prizes. In addition to the important rewards, the three winners will have their names and the corrected forms of their writings printed in the next issue of **Pen Circle.**

Good luck!

**Pen Circle**

