



THE AMAZIGH VOICE



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<i>The Plight of Imazighen in the 21st Century</i> Louiza Sellami	1
<i>Poetry</i> Tabrat si Laxert Nadya Benamar	2
<i>Why I am Learning Tamazight at 33</i> Marcella Landri	3
<i>Beating the Odds of a Dramatic Journey of Exile from Morocco to Algeria</i> Rabah Seffal	5
<i>I, Too, Have a Grandfather</i> <i>Ula dneɣ Sej Jeddi</i> Abdenour Abib	10
<i>Interview with Tassadit Yacine</i> Rachid Dahmani	13
<i>Iguza n Wurfan</i> Arezki Boudif	21

**Tayect
Tamaziyt**

**Tasyunt n Tiddukla Tadelsant
Tamaziyt deg Marikan**

The Plight of Imazighen in the 21st Century: Becoming a Minority in Tamazgha

By Louiza Sellami

Sociologist Louis Wirth defined a minority as “any group of people who, because of their physical or cultural characteristics, are singled out from the others in the society in which they live for differential and unequal treatment, and who, therefore, regard themselves as objects of collective discrimination.” In its 1992 Rights of Minority Declaration, the United Nations (UN) identified four minority categories, these being cultural, ethnic, religious, and linguistic. The term minority connotes discrimination and subordination *vis-à-vis* the majority, which holds the most power. A numerical minority does not constitute a minority group; larger groups can be considered minority groups due to their lack of power. Therefore, it is the lack in the distribution of power and privileges that are the predominant characteristic of a minority or a subordinate group. Founded on recognizing that minorities are vulnerable compared to the majority, minority rights were enacted to protect them from discrimi-

nation, assimilation, prosecution, hostility, or violence because of their status. It should be emphasized that minority rights are not privileges, but rather serve to assure equitable respect for people of diverse communities.

In the past, North African governments deceitfully manipulated the terms minority and majority to their advantage to deny the Amazigh dimension. For instance, the Algerian authorities once claimed that Imazighen, being an ethnic minority, must submit to the majority rule per democratic principles. However, following the adoption of the UN Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples in 2007, and Amazigh activism within the Permanent Forum for Indigenous Issues, they reportedly switched their rhetoric, stating that Algeria is ethnically Amazigh; hence, it has no minority issues. Regardless of whether Imazighen are a numerical majority or a minority, today undeniably they have become a linguistic minority on their ancestral land. As such, they are entitled to live their own culture, learn and teach their language, practice the reli-

(Continued on Page 4)

The Amazigh Voice

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The cover page picture of the hills of Kabylia, and the Djurdjura Mountains was taken in the summer of 2022 by Rabah Seffal.

Tabrat si Laxert

Syur Nadya Benamar

Tantelt tyaz d tajdit
Seddaw lahzen yekkat
Uzzlen-d akk si yal amdiq
Usan-d akk a yi weddeen
Tasaet taneggarut n lxiq
Rgagin ifessan mi yi-ssersen

Icettiden-iw ma umsen
Di ddunit ara ten-gghey
Yer laxert ad awiy lekfen
D acebhan ara t-lsay
Sşura-w tessers i yezzayen
Talwit d lehna a tt-afey

A lehbab ay atmaten
Ay imawlan ur ttrut fell-i
Yas ur lliy ger wallen
Rruh- iw yidwen yettli
Init-d i wumi tudert
Imi tutlayt-iw ur telli

Lheqq yak bedday fell-as
Lbatel ur teggay ad yemyi
Rziy tiwwura n lehbas
Zziy ajeggig n tlelli
Tayri yziy-as llsas
Sswey-t s tidi d imetti

Ay lliy ettbay uzley
Nniy-d awal qerrihen
Deg ifessan-iw ssengaq refdey
Sefday lemri yejjungren
Siyey taftilt di lhara
Ssawley yakk i watmaten

Gguy-awen-d lamana
Yef waydeg i medlen-t wallen

Nadya Benamar is a bilingual–French and more recently Tamazight– poet inspired by the songs of Matoub Lounes, and the works of Si Muhen U Mhend, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and others. She was born and raised in Boghni, Algeria, and has been living in Oran, Algeria for more than 40 years. Recently, she has been experimenting with the intertextuality between poetry and abstract painting.



Hadret-tt get-as leqrar
Fell-as mmezzen yergazen
Ssufyet-tt-id d-tehder
Kkset-as algam i tt-zemmen

Mmlet-as abrid n tidet
D nettat ara d-yerren ttar
Hadret as ndin ticerket
Widak deg waydeg yemyi leyder
Ad treqq amzun d tawizet
Ad tedher am yetri n lefjer

Serrhent wallen d iyezran
N lehbab d watmaten
Yemma d weltma ggant iyi sslam
Tasa tejrhe d idammen
Wi ara sent ibedden deg wexxam
Mi i yi-rran teblat semden

Lmut qerrihet berriket
Deg wul teqqa-d ccama
Kulci i teffey-d si tllam
Tafsut tllul-d si csetwa
Ass yurew-it-id yid
Azemmur yebri di lemeanşr
Lufan iedda-d si ttiq
Tamaziyt s yidim n Lwennas i teswa



Why I am Learning Tamazight at 33

By Marcella Landri

It is never too late—they say—it just gets exponentially harder. Many factors may contribute to why I cannot speak my dad’s native language: It is not my mom’s; according to me, he has never taught me; according to him, I have never tried to learn. Today, it would be hard to imagine us sitting down and speaking a language we have never spoken together. It would be unsettling for both of us.

When I was five, I was too preoccupied correcting my dad’s accent to be taught to speak Tamazight. Albeit, prideful and jealous that my dad was quadrilingual, I had no intention of relinquishing the power of knowing English better than him. He was better than I was at most things, but English was my specialty. He would say, “AH-pple,” I would say, “AE-pple.” Also, I would make him practice a Midwestern accent in the car; five-year-olds weaponize what they can.

I feel bad that my dad rarely gets to speak his mother tongue on the phone or on FaceTime with a far-away family across 7,500 kilometers and over thirty years’ time. People say the distance is a choice, but witnessing his mundane life in exile it is hard for me to imagine that one *chooses* such harrowing estrangement. I asked my dad how to say “alone” in Tamazight today, but he told me he forgot.

For my Tamazight inadequacy, I cannot help but imagine it unfolding differently if my dad were my mom or my mom were just someone else—someone with analogous 3C curls like slopes of barley couscous, or someone who said AH-pple or *teffah*. Then, I would speak Tamazight. Or what if my dad were my mom and my mom were my dad? I cannot blame anyone including myself for not learning this language—all I can do now is try.

Why now, suddenly, would I want to learn Tamazight at 33? I wanted to at 22, and probably the voice inside wanted to at ten, but in my midwestern suburb at ten in the ’90s, with my midwestern maternal family, my midwestern school, and the lonely paterno-kabyle-island, acquiring an Afro-Asiatic language was too unsettling. There was only one person I knew in a 30-mile radius that spoke this language. However, at 22, in 2012, I wanted to go to graduate school in Tizi Ouzou, Algeria. I wanted to unsettle my education, but it was still too disconcerting at that time. I was scared that I would not fit in or would not be able to be myself. My dad confirmed my fears.

Thus, I settled; I went to Paris, instead, with the

idea of studying postcolonial literature though I did not really know what that meant. I wanted to study postcolonialism at Vincennes-Saint-Denis university, Paris 8, but conceded to studying Francophone literature at the Sorbonne university, Paris IV, instead. I learned a lot, but I did not learn everything that I wanted *dans la gueule du loup* [in the jaws of a wolf], as Kateb Yacine said.

At 23, I thought it would be a good idea to learn Arabic. At the time, I was an English language assistant in a *Lycée* [high school] in Lille, France, where I was living with my dad’s nephew and his family. There was a Palestinian language assistant teaching Arabic at the Lycée, whom I asked for Arabic lessons. Coming home from my first lesson on the alphabet, my cousin offered me a long-winded argument for not pursuing the language. Confused and in tears, I called my dad, as if he could absolve me of my inadvertent wrongdoing. To my disappointment, my dad did not think that my cousin was crazy. For hours, we rationalized that it is always good to learn a new language—any language—including Arabic. I wanted to be able to speak to people in North Africa. To my knowledge, most of the ones I met seemed to speak “Arabic.” I thought it smart to learn the *de jure* tongue of the region, but after that night, I gave up on Arabic. I saw its uses, but I felt like a traitor wanting to learn it before learning Tamazight. I just stuck to French, which seemed at the time to be the more palatable act of treason.

Attaining the platitudes of bilingualism, I started taking Spanish classes at Paris IV, listening to Cumbia music, and hanging out with Latin Americans. In some ways, I have had the privilege of choosing what languages to learn besides English, and I am not going to revisit Arabic right now. My dad, on the other hand, did not really choose. One could say that French, and then Arabic, chose him. Very differently, I do not know if Tamazight is choosing me, or I am choosing it. I do not want to learn Spanish, Arabic, or Mandarin. If I spoke Spanish, Arabic, and Mandarin, I could potentially communicate with over two billion people, but could I speak to my soul?

Learning Tamazight still feels unsettling to me, but it also feels nice. I like how it sounds with its relentless consonants, many of which I still cannot pronounce. My Tamazight teacher Tellili Billal has taught me the alphabet, which took a long time, some basic grammar, phrases, and verbal structure. She

Editorial

(from Page 1)

gion of their own choosing, have the right to freedom of expression and assembly, equal opportunities, and territorial autonomy if they so choose. Is it any wonder the government resorts to cracking down and throwing in jail, without due process, any activist that promotes these rights?

Despite the UN declaration, signed by countries worldwide, minorities everywhere face serious threats, discrimination, and outright racism. They are frequently excluded from participating fully in their countries' economic, political, and social life. In North Africa, Imazighen continue to live on the margins, mostly in poor rural areas. In Kabylia, Algeria, for instance, Imazighen have little representation in their local government and law enforcement agencies, which are appointed by the central government. Since Algeria's independence in 1962, there has been minor economic development and job creation by the government, which unexplainably has devoted most of its efforts to developing other regions to the detriment of this region. Besides small businesses, large industries are almost nonexistent; even large private investments are discouraged and funneled elsewhere. Imazighen in Kabylia have lived off their land and immigration to other regions of the country, France, and more recently to other European countries, America, and Asia. The breakdown of social relations and values in terms of equality and fairness has long fostered mistrust in government institutions, which in turn has engendered retribution on the part of the authorities, especially when the entire region boycotted a presidential election. On social media, elected officials are allowed to vociferate threats of genocide and spew hatred toward Imazighen, ridicule, and mock their heritage, all with total impunity.

It is acknowledged that discrimination often skews the core elements of identity, such as the sense of the collective self and significance in minorities, since they rely on the majority's opinion to form their own image. In the long run, it heightens group consciousness and feelings of common loyalty and interests. This heightened consciousness, indeed, led Imazighen to fight for Tamazight to be finally recognized as a national language, though its development is still restricted and limited. In fact, there continues to be a systemic push from the powers that be to confine the Amazigh heritage to a folkloric framework from a bygone time.

In the hopes of providing readers with a retrospective and introspective accounts of the lives of Imazighen, this issue features two interviews and two articles. The former is by an anthropologist honoring the pio-

neering works of the late Pierre Bourdieu on Amazigh sociology and in whose footsteps she followed and by a Moroccan-Kabyle writer recounting her struggle to carve out her place in Kabyle society. The latter is by a medical doctor sharing his village and family history and craft and a young Amazigh American editor searching for her identity through learning Tamazight. All of these contributions share the same desire to establish one's identity inside the country and in the diaspora against all odds. Similarly, Frantz Fanon argues in his writings the necessity to disrupt the status of any hegemony to gain human dignity.

Why I am Learning Tamazight at 33

(from Page 3)

recently sent me *Tajerrumt n tmaziyt tamirant (taqbaylit)* [Contemporary Tamazight-Kabyle Grammar] by Kamal Naït-Zerrad; it is a bit advanced for me still, but maybe it will be a good resource down the road. I would like to be able to talk to my family in Tala Khalil, Algeria, uncles, aunts, and cousins in Tamazight despite their undoubted polyglossia. I would like to be able to sing and understand the lyrics of songs by Idir, Ait Menguellet, Matoub Lounes, Bombino, or Nabil Baly; I have modest goals.

While in the United States, I pass for one thing; internally I feel like another. I feel bicephalous—existentially Halffrican. It feels monstrous and confusing that my voice and my heart do not say the same thing. If I learn Tamazight, I would tell myself some of my “linguistic” DNA would be repaired. The part of me that was erased might feel more comfortable in her own skin.

This halfness is a hole only I can excavate out of myself. Reading, say Jean Amrouche, Mouloud Feraoun, Tahar Djaout *en français* [in French] will only take me so far in discovering who I am. The other day at work, I read the word *survivance* [survival], a portmanteau of “survival” and “resistance.” I think that learning Tamazight would be one of the best things I could do for the survival of my father's native language and the healing of my soul.

Marcella Landri is a Kabyle-American from Chicago. She



has worked as an editor, translator, and educator for the past seven years. She completed her master's in comparative literature at Paris IV. Marcella is currently the acquisitions fellow and assistant editor at the University of Washington Press in Seattle, WA.

Beating the Odds of a Dramatic Journey of Exile from Morocco to Algeria

By Rabah Seffal

I first learned about Khadidja Djama's book from an email sent by Ramdane Achab, the publisher of Achab Editions. In it, he included a flier of her book *Rescapée du conflit algéro-marocain* [*Survivor of the Algerian-Moroccan Conflict*], published in 2018. The back cover included Djama's response to a woman who told her: "Go back to your country, dirty Moroccan. Your home is not here, do you not understand? Are you deaf or what?"

A shy, young girl then, Djama remained silent for a moment before uttering: "This is my home; you know very well where our house is. If you are convinced that I should not be here, come and expel Mohand U Hadduc (her father), or expect to inherit him one day. You shrew, you have only a few days left to live, and you have found nothing to do, except attack defenseless little girls like me. You will burn in hell, witch."

I wanted to learn more about this little girl, and, of course, the woman she later became. To do that, I needed to read her book, which I found at the Odysée Editions bookstore in Tizi Ouzou.

The Story

At the onset of the 1963 "Sand War" between Algeria and Morocco, thousands of Algerians working in Morocco were deported to Algeria. Similarly, thousands of Moroccans working in Algeria were expelled. That was why Djama's father, an Algerian who had settled in Morocco, had to leave with his Moroccan wife and their six children. The family landed in the village of Djamaa N Saridj, Kabylia, the birthplace of the father. What is sad to report is that, instead of welcoming the family, the villagers would insult and throw stones at the mother and children for many years.

Little by little, Khadidja Djama found the strength and courage to fight the nasty women who saw them as threats to the stability of the village because the mother was Moroccan. However, with the help of her father's family, the newly displaced mother and children survived the difficulties of adapting to a new language, culture, and customs. Djama enjoyed listening to Kabyle radio programs and excelled in school. Interestingly, Djama graduated with a sociology degree from the University of Algiers in 1987 and became a host at the Kabyle radio station. Later, she studied in Amiens, France, and graduated with a *Diplôme d'Etudes Supérieures*

Spécialisées in Communications and a Ph.D. in Sociology in 2017.

In her book, Djama not only shared her family's ordeal but also included a history of Bida Municipium (presently Djamaa N Saridj), detailed descriptions of the local customs, and a history of radio broadcasting in the pre/post-independent Algeria. In addition, she focused on the challenges and censorship the early Kabyle singers and the radio station hosts endured. In short, her book mixes a personal narrative with a societal study.



I contacted Djama who graciously agreed to discuss her life journey. Accompanied by my brother Hocine, I met with her in Tizi-Ouzou where she recounted specific details about her family's move to Kabylia and the initial hostile welcome they received, her mother's numerous attempts to visit Morocco, her becoming a radio program host, and her being labeled a Moroccan agent. Upon hearing her speak, Hocine immediately recognized her voice from years of listening to her show. Below is the interview I conducted with her.

Seffal: The title of your book includes the word *rescapée* [survivor]. Could you have used another word? I can think of the word *miraculée* [a person saved by miracle].

Djama: I used *rescapée* because in my book I shared what helped me remain sane and safe: attending school and listening to the Kabyle radio station. Although my family was poor, I told myself that I needed to carve my place in the village, to learn *Taqbaylit* (Kabyle), and then one day fly away to another place to tell my story. That is the reason I chose *rescapée*, which not only means that I survived but also was saved by a miracle.

Seffal: What drew me to your book was your strong response to the woman who insulted you at the fountain. Where did that young girl get such tenacity and courage?

Djama: They [tenacity and courage] must have been hidden in me, but resurfaced after witnessing my mother being bullied. I felt the need to retaliate and defend my mother's honor. I refused to see her be considered a foreigner. She left everything in Morocco: her parents, life, friends, culture, and country to follow her husband from Casablanca to Djamaa N Saridj, traveling hundreds of kilometers. I remember her being unhappy; she would spend days crying, hiding her tears from her children. Despite that, she found the courage to take care of us.

Although my father was well-respected in the community, many relatives looked down on us and wondered who we were, where we came from, what we wanted, why he came back after being away for many years, and why he returned with a Moroccan wife and children. It was as if our father had made a big mistake by marrying a Moroccan woman. The villagers pardoned him, but they did not pardon us—the mother and children as if we were the product of a mistake. That upset me, and I wondered when that would stop. To be accepted in the village and to defend us, I knew I had to learn *Taqbaylit* to be able to respond to their threats and insults. I still remember my siblings asking me, “why are you learning *Taqbaylit* since you are not accepted by the villagers and you said that, one day, you would leave?” I told them that before I would leave this place, I first needed to create my own roots here. I needed to exist here first before I could exist anywhere else. Without roots in one place, one cannot live in any other place.

On that specific day when that woman told me to go back to my country, I do not remember exactly how I uttered those words. She thought I did not

speak *Taqbaylit* because we were considered the children of an “Arab” woman. Because my mother was Moroccan, they assumed she was an Arab. Little did they know she was an Amazigh from Morocco.

Before that day, that woman would say something hurtful and push me around. I would just ignore her and fill up my bucket at the water fountain and go home. I respected her because she was elderly. Up to that point, I had been shy, and I had never responded to her insults. I would just try to forget the bullying while still feeling the pain in my heart. I also did not want to say something that I would later regret. As a teenager who was searching for her place in the village, I wondered why this woman felt she had the right to bully me. That was the reason I responded to her that way. After I came back home and told my dad what had happened, he was surprised but happy that I stood my ground. He said that I could have been harsher because she deserved it; I was better than her. I was going to be educated and become whatever I aspired to be, and no one could question my identity. He added that I could be in the village or anywhere else, and that I could be me and be the best version of me!

Seffal: Your grandmother was very supportive. What drove her to push you to continue your studies?

Djama: My grandmother was illiterate, but surprisingly she liked and appreciated educated people very much. She understood the importance of education and would often say to me: “Education will open the door to a better future for you and will allow you to become an independent woman.” In Djamaa N Saridj, only a few women learned French in the school run by the White Sisters¹ who lived in the village. Even those who did not go to school learned it from those who did. She had a difficult life after my grandfather divorced her to marry his brother's widow when my father was still young; my grandfather later fought against the Germans in World War II and became a prisoner for many years.

Seffal: You describe beautifully your feelings when you were growing up and the family emotions when your mother would travel to Morocco only to be turned back due to the border closure. Can you describe that experience?

Djama: My mother spent eight years in Algeria before she was finally able to cross the border and visit

¹Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, often called the *White Sisters*, is a missionary society founded in 1869 that operates in Africa.

her family. She found out that many of the people she knew had died. Her native Casablanca had changed, and she felt like a foreigner there, just like she was a foreigner in our village.

She used to take the train, and four days later, she would come back because the border was closed. She did that almost every year and never gave up. For days, I remember our guessing whether she had made it; if an hour passed beyond the time she would have been back, we would happily agree that she reached her destination.

The first time she was turned away, she arrived exhausted. After resting, she told us stories and anecdotes about her journey; I think this allowed her to forget her pain and failure. She was saying, "I am with you now; I will try again next year. It is like I am wasting my time. Don't I have things to do and take care of instead of going to the border only to return in vain?" With mail and phone communication between Algeria and Morocco being prohibited, she did not even know whether her family was still alive.

Seffal: Despite having lived in a hostile environment, your mother found a way to remain a funny lady. How was the journey you took with her in 1986?

Djama: That was a precious moment in my life. I was a student on a scholarship when I learned that I could travel to Morocco with my mother. Since she still had her Moroccan passport, we decided to fly. She was delighted when she learned I had bought gifts for her family.

Seffal: When you arrived in Morocco, you walked by the house she once lived in. Did she tell you why she refused to go inside?



Figure 1: Khadidja Djama's mother, Chaiba, 1970

Djama (smiling): She was afraid.

Seffal: What was she scared of?

Djama: It was the house where she first moved in after she married my father, whom she loved. In addition, there she raised us, her first seven children; she had two more children after we moved to Kabylia. It had been close to forty years since she left. That was the place she hoped to grow old with my father. Going inside would have been emotionally difficult for her. Even I, who lived there only until I was three, cried when I went inside, even though I do not remember living there. The current owner cried after hearing our story. She said that my mother had a lot of courage to walk by the house. She would not have accepted to even be in the neighborhood if it were her.

Seffal: Did you feel a certain loss for not knowing that side of your extended family?

Djama: My mother used to talk about her parents when we were young. We knew them by name: her mother Hmida and her father Si-Mohamed. Meeting them in person was a real joy; other family members had passed away. It was like I had not been separated from them at all. Shortly after our arrival, we switched to Moroccan Tamazight with which, surprisingly, I felt at ease.

Seffal: I found it interesting that when you went to the city hall in Morocco for administrative paperwork, they offered you Moroccan citizenship. Can you talk more about that?

Djama: I went to obtain my birth certificate and was told I could claim my Moroccan citizenship, which would have helped me enter Morocco more easily. I told him I had never thought about it; it was easier to travel to Morocco then, and I did not need it. Further, I was told that if I ever changed my mind, I could return a few days before I returned to Algeria to start the process. Although I still had many relatives in Morocco, I declined the offer.

Seffal: Your book mixes several themes: personal stories, the history of Djamaa N Saridj during the Roman times, challenges and censures at the Kabyle radio station pre/post independence. Why did you choose to write about all of them?

Djama: The feedback I received from many people suggested that I should have only written about my family's story. However, because I felt like a *res-*

capée, I had to include what allowed me to survive. I could not just write about our family's journey. The environment I lived in helped me become who I am today. I described living in the village, witnessing its customs, and assimilating socially, and later being accepted by the villagers. I chronicled the Kabyle radio station because I am not sure what I would have done or would have become without it. It lifted my spirits, lessened my pain, and taught me the Kabyle language. I even dreamed about working there and telling our story.

Seffal: How did you end up working at the Kabyle radio station?

Djama: I was pursuing a master's degree in sociology and wanted to research Kabyle women singers. Although I had hoped to work there, I was not expecting to be hired easily. Thus, on the same day I was to start my research, I was offered a job. Because of my work at the station, I felt the need to write about how it helped me grow as a radio host. Even though I had been able to lift myself, I still felt I remained a survivor. It was my defiance (*acirrew*) that allowed me to continue to believe that Tamazight is here to stay. I am an Amazigh from two countries: Moroccan Amazigh from my mother's side and Algerian Amazigh from my father's. I could not accept the authorities' denial of our existence or our worth. Tamazight needed me, and I had to give back to it. Coworkers often wondered why I was pursuing a Ph.D. degree when I was already employed full time. I replied that Tamazight needed scholars to elevate it to a modern language.

Seffal: What helped you overcome the hostile situation in the village?

Djama: What helped me a lot was school, which was a refuge for me. It appeared as a path to a new peaceful world. That is where I started to hope tremendously because it seemed I lived in two different worlds: the village, a closed community where I was bullied; the school, which was open to the world and offered education. I thought I could later go even further and accomplish much more in my life. I also felt compassion for my mother and wanted to help her. I thought she and I would not benefit if I accepted our situation. Also, my mother possessed courage and audacity.

Seffal: Can you describe how you were later accepted by the villagers?

Djama: People loved my mother; even though a few



Figure 2: Khadidja Djama's mother, Chaiba, 2018

people disrespected her, others engaged with her. Indeed, most young people loved to sit and talk to her. Later, when people would talk about her, they would say "*bedden waman*" ["there stood the water," meaning "what you see is what you get"]. She explained that they had to accept her the way she was, and not going to hide or be someone else. Later, people accepted her because she was married to a villager, came with her children, and was in her house minding her business. Little by little, nobody could say anything bad about her.

Seffal: Did she learn Kabyle?

Djama: Yes, she learned it and wore Kabyle dresses like the village women. I was extremely sad when one day she sent her Moroccan kaftan dresses to my aunt in Morocco. In fact, although I was Kabyle and promoted our culture, I felt pity for her and was disappointed and upset because I did not want her to erase her culture. I thought she was breaking a few more links to her Moroccan roots, similar to alienating herself. She even stopped cooking Moroccan food and speaking Moroccan Tamazight.

Seffal: What is the purpose of writing about customs, such as wedding ceremonies?

Djama: I attended many ceremonies and knew all of the details. Additionally, given my educational background, I wanted to put these customs in a sociological context, and document them because they have somewhat changed over the years.

Seffal: Can you talk about the difficulties you encountered as a host at the radio station?

Djama: The people who worked there before me suffered more than I did. I started working there in

1988, and soon after the October political turmoil happened. Although the country was moving toward democracy, our bosses, still afraid of losing their jobs, continued the status quo of censorship. Political parties were allowed to exist, though they were restricted in their agendas. I learned that if one promoted Tamazight in one's show, one was working outside the rules and regulations; consequently, one would get accused of being a separatist. Promoting Tamazight, building an audience, and developing good programs proved difficult. Further, I felt like the boss always looked over my shoulder and undermined my work.

Most of the program guests understood our working conditions. Those who did not would accuse us of changing the topic of discussion or that we regretted inviting them. Sometimes, the boss would interrupt or ask the producer to tell me to stop talking about a specific topic and change the subject. How could I do that? After the show, I would explain that I was discussing the topic objectively; I did not insult nor did I criticize anyone. I remember reporting on the activities of a cultural association outside of Algeria, and I was met with hostility from my boss saying, "Isn't Tamazight in Algeria enough for you? You have to discuss Tamazight from other countries!" There was even a rumor of my being a double agent once they learned that my mother was Moroccan [Djama bursts into laughter] even though there was no conflict between the two countries like today. What did I do for Morocco? I talked about the society, cultural activities, and Tamazight variations. Though Tamazight was elevated to a national language, it was confined to folklore rather than everyday discourse.

Seffal: What are you currently working on?

Djama: At the moment, I am taking care of my mother who lives with me—after her stroke, she became weak and unable to speak or hear. That is why I canceled many projects, though I have started working on two novels: one in Tamazight and another in Arabic. I love languages, and I think writing about Amazigh culture to an Arabophone readership is paramount since there is more work to be done in this area.

Seffal: What are your novels about?

Djama: They are about women's condition in Algeria, especially the family code which stems from Islamic law. For instance, one law states that a woman's testimony is half that of a man. Thus, if you are

a woman, you need another woman to corroborate your testimony. In fact, I, personally, witnessed such a practice in court. Therefore, I felt the need to write about the injustices of these laws.

* * *

Meeting Khadidja Djama was a truly humbling experience. She proved to be patient, tolerant of my inexperience in interviewing techniques, and explaining several unfamiliar Amazigh words. After the interview, she remained available and answered additional questions during the transcription and translation of the interview from Tamazight. Later, I learned that her mother, Chaiba, passed away on March 10, 2023, at the age of 85, leaving behind five daughters, four sons, and 18 grandchildren. She now rests in peace in Djamaa N Saridj, the place she called home.

On June 20, 2023, Djama told me that the Kabyle radio station wanted her because many listeners of her previous programs such as *Ifer Zizwi* (Happiness Plants) and *Tiziri yedwan* (Moonlight On) missed her and wanted her back. Although she had retired in 2019, she had decided to reconnect with them through a radio program called *Tiliwa* (Fountains).



Figure 3: From left, Rabah Seffal, Khadidja Djama, Samir-Wanzar of Radio Tizi-Ouzou (Photo by Hocine Seffal)

Rabah Seffal is a retired engineer by profession and lives halfway between Chicago and St-Louis. He loves to read, write, and take pictures. He loves eating figs soaked in olive oil. To destress, he plays pick-up soccer with a multi-national group of people who, like him, are stuck in Central Illinois. He has recently started to attend yoga classes at the local YMCA gym.

I, Too, Have a Grandfather Ula d nek Sɛiy Jeddi

By Abdenour Abib

I had the good fortune of being born in Taourirt Mimoun, Algeria, inside an elementary school of all places. This was a school initially named after a local teacher Aberkane Ali, who was killed in battle by the Nazi Army in Ailette, France, on May 25, 1940. The school was later renamed after another local freedom fighter Bouchek Rabah, killed by the French during the Algerian-French War of 1954-1962. He was barely seventeen when he left high school to join the Algerian liberation army.

Taourirt Mimoun was indirectly referred to by Mouloud Mammeri as “the forgotten hill” in his 1952 eponymous novel. My elder had his reasons for his book title; however, in my view, it should be called the eternal hill. Taourirt Mimoun is the birthplace of many good people who left their marks on this world in one way or another. Two of the most famous ones are Mouloud Mammeri and Mohammed Arkoun. In his own way, my grandfather Ramdane Abib did as well.

There was a time when Algeria was a popular destination for tourists, and Beni-Yenni, in particular, was well visited. Tourists from all over the world would climb up the sinuous upward and ever ascending roads of the Kabylia region to get to Beni-Yenni—a locality, historically and until now called At-Yanni. The French renamed it Beni-Yenni during the colonization of Algeria as they did in many other places they colonized. The people of At-Yanni are internationally renowned for their famous silver jewelry making skills.

Many would carry *Le guide bleu d'Algérie* in their hands, a tourist guide published by the French

publisher Hachette. The tourists would climb up the southeastern hill side of Taourirt Mimoun in Beni-Yenni passing through the local landmarks Agrur and Tulmatin to finally get to Taasast, the main public place. Mostly on foot, thirsty and out of breath, they often found me sitting there on weekends or during summer times as most boys my age in Taourirt Mimoun do.



Figure 1: Painting of Taourirt Mimoun by Azouaou Mammeri

Taasast, this omphalos, witness of countless events for centuries, is almost mythical and yet real. A snap-shot in time of *Taasast* was immortalized in a painting by Azouaou Mammeri, another famous person from Taourirt Mimoun, who put his fingerprint in this world with some of his paintings exhibited at the Cleveland museum of Art-Djoher Amhis-Ouksel. She is no other than my grandfather's niece who also



Figure 2: The knives made and decorated by my grandfather

selected *Taast* as a cover page for her book, *Une lecture de la colline oubliée* [*A Reading of the Forgotten Hill*].

Tourists would point at the sentence in *Le guide bleu d'Algérie* where Ramdane Abib and his famous decorative knives were mentioned on page 342 in the 1984 edition. The author referred to him as *l'ancien facteur* [former mailman] as in addition to his artwork, he was also employed by the local postal service as a mailman in the '50s and '60s. People in *Taddart* [village] called him Dda Ramdane At M'h-said and later Dda Lhadj Ramdane after his pilgrimage to Mecca.

We were used to tourists passing through and did not really pay much attention to them until they approached us. Among them were French, Germans, Americans, Canadians, Scandinavians, Australians, New Zealanders just to name a few. We became polyglots in the word "water." They would point at the guide book and ask, "Do you know this man, and can you take us to him?" To which I would respond, "Of course I can. He is my grandfather." Sometimes, I wondered if they actually believed he was really my grandfather, or I was just seeking attention.



Figure 3: My grandfather working in his shop

After roughly 200 meters on the narrow, partially paved streets of *Taddart* between a contrast of houses—some about 200 years old made out of mud, mortar and stones, and others as modern as the ones you would find in some European cities, I cannot imagine what went through their minds as we were approaching my grandfather's shop. They were surely full of expectations but fearing disappointment, as they may not get their hands on the famous knives worthy of

mention in *Le guide bleu*. Depending on the season of the year or the time of the day, he may be in his shop, working in his field picking figs or cherries, taking a nap, or praying at the mosque, particularly on a Friday. Finally, there was the moment of truth. They would enter the tiny shop built in the 1800s, a forge on one side and a workbench on the other. This shop would have never passed The Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) standards in the US. His tools were properly arranged and adequately maintained. Some of them were entirely made by hand and passed down to him by his father and grandfather. The most fortunate ones would actually find him absorbed in his work, either beating the metal or decorating the woodwork. They would take pictures and videotape the process.

As my grandfather grew older, he could only make one pair a week. I was in college then, and he was in his 80s. Tourists were more frequent in the summer, and given his age he could not keep up with the demand despite their willingness to pay four to five times more than the asking price. He maintained a log book of the tourists passing through, where they came from, their nationalities, and sometimes the nature of their jobs. I remember him voicing his frustration at the fact that he could only make one pair a week. During his younger days, he was able to produce up to two pairs a day. I could picture him doing the math on how much money he could have earned. In fact, after the Americans arrived in Algiers during World War II (Operation Torch) on November 8, 1942, the demand for his knives spiked to a point that he sold them for ten times the price.

During the landing of the allied forces, many of those knives were sold at *Au musée de Bagdad* in Algiers. The store was conveniently located in front of Hotel Aletti, a famous hotel in the center of Algiers. This particular store was owned by Idir's grandfather Hamou Cheriet, also known by his Kabyle name Dda Hamou at Laarbi, and was run by his son Ali, Idir's father. Idir, universally known as the author of *Avava Inouva*, spent countless hours in that store. My grandfather and Hamou Cheriet were both from Beni-Yenni and lived roughly a mile apart from each other.

Many American personalities stayed at Hotel Aletti during WWII, including John Steinbeck working as a reporter for the *New York Herald*. It is not a stretch of imagination to say that some of those knives ended up in their hands. They were mostly purchased by Americans during that particular period, based on my grandfather's testimony. Who is to say that John Steinbeck did not purchase a pair? My

grandfather recounted the story so many times that it evidently left an indelible mark on him as a human being, a family man, an artist, and a businessman. The knives were also sold at the Marquis store in Algiers. Mr. Marquis, the owner of the franchise, paid him a visit in his shop in Taourirt Mimoun inquiring about the knives.

What were those knives? How were they made and why were they in such a high demand? They do not actually serve any practical purpose. They were not edged or sharpened to cut anything and were not designed for self defense either. They were exclusively decorative and had only an artistic value. My grandfather had been making them for 70 years, and it is not an exaggeration to state that there is probably a copy of those knives in every continent. I asked him where he learned the trade, and he answered from his father. "How about your father?" I said. "His father," he replied. "How about your grandfather, how did he learn?" Then he said, "listen son, I was not as fortunate as you to go to college. We were more worried about feeding our families and did not ask too many questions. This craft was, indeed, a family heirloom." The knives were exhibited in several world fairs: Paris at the 1900 *Exposition Universelle* and London in 1925 at Wembley park for the British Empire Exhibition, just to name a few. My grandfather's uncle Aïssa Abib traveled to London in 1925 where he presented and sold some of his work.

With respect to the steps required to produce those knives, the process starts with making the blade using soft iron (*uzzal*). The metal is forged the old-fashioned way, heated with embers (*tirgin*) of mostly coal until red hot and molded into shape with a hammer (*tafdist*) over an anvil (*tawent*); he had this old wooden guide that he used to get the right length and curvature. After the metal is cooled, he would hold it in his shop vice (*lmehbes*) and smooth it up with a series of files (*lmebbred*); then, he would decorate it with his unique trademark using a series of chisels (*timengacin*) made for metal work. Afterward, came the wooden part which is mostly made out of walnut (*asyar n jujet*). He would shape the handle (*afus*) and the sheath (*titar*). Once that step is finished, he would decorate it with German silver (*agwetum n bublik*) and mother of pearl and sometimes coral (*lmarjan*). When German silver was not available, he would use copper (*nhas*) instead. This process involved carving the wood using small wooden chisels to be able to embed the flat wire into the wood.

The most impressive part in this whole process was when he held the fully decorated sheath in a vice

and cut it in half longways with a handheld wooden saw. He was still making "laser" cuts even when he was in his 80s. He would then carve the inside of the two halves to fit the blade. Finally, he would glue the two pieces together, secure them using rings (*tihzamin*) of copper and finish the product with oil (*zzit*) and Shellac to varnish the wood.

His shop was not only a production site but also a gathering place where people converged to share their life experiences or to seek wisdom. At times, Mouloud Mammeri would stop by to pay him a visit and pick up some old stories, some of which appeared in his books. My grandfather was well-known for his extraordinary recollection of events, stories, and poems. He would address him as Lmulud At Maamer, given the age difference, my grandfather being born in 1904 and Dda Lmulud in 1917. Likewise, Dda Lmulud would address him as Dda Ramdane and later just Dda Lhadj. As destiny would have it, Dda Lmulud would pass away a few years before him, in a car accident, on February 26, 1989, in Ain Defla, Algeria, while driving back from a conference in Morocco. Both ended up being laid to rest next to each other in the family cemetery in a place called *Aafir*. Therefore, if one ever visits Beni-Yenni and intends to pay one's respects to Mouloud Mammeri, one can locate my grandfather's grave on the left marked Ramdane Abib 1904-1992.

Two great men born roughly one hundred meters from each other from the same family tree made their marks on this world, each in his own unique way. Mouloud Mammeri chiseled words on paper, and Ramdane Abib chiseled metal and wood to produce knives sold worldwide. I feel so lucky to have known them, sat with them, had dinner with them, and learned from them both. They inspired me each in his own way. As a teenager, while helping my grandfather in his shop, I learned to beat metal and carve wood. This experience forged my character and strengthened my resolve. Here I am today, in the land of the free and the home of the brave, carving my way through life. Hence, there is not a day that goes by where I do not think of my grandfather *Jeddi* Ramdane at M'hsaid who gave me courage and hope.

Throughout history, cultures and people were eclipsed for various reasons despite their accomplishments. M'henni Amroun, a Kabyle poet, singer, and actor nicely put it in the song *Tcekered iyid jedd-ik* [you glorified your grandfather] describing a dominant culture praising and glorifying their ancestors at the expense of others. To that end, I say I, too, have a grandfather [*Ula dneq seigh jeddi*].

Interview with Tassadit Yacine¹

By Sylvie Chiousse and Brahim Labari

Translated from French by Rachid Dahmani

Chiousse and Labari: Hello Tassadit Yacine, many thanks for granting an interview to the Journal *Esprit Critique* as we start 2022. You are an anthropologist and specialist—among others—in the Amazigh world, and you have had the opportunity to work with Pierre Bourdieu for a long time—especially for founding the Journal *Awal* in 1985.

Yacine: If you do not mind, let us start from the beginning. Before the creation of *Awal* at the FMSH (Fondation de la Maison des Sciences de l’Homme—then directed by Clemens Heller), I knew Bourdieu through his works, in particular, those devoted to Kabylia (*Esquisse d’une théorie de la pratique et Le Sens pratique* [*Sketch for a Theory of Practice and The Practical Sense*]) and later his contribution to the sociology of Algeria. André Nouschi (historian at the University of Nice), who had noticed me in 1981 during a conference in the Var, had insisted that I meet with him.

I did not know that Nouschi was close to Bourdieu. They had known each other since 1956 in Algeria, and Nouschi had mentored Bourdieu at the beginning of his research, which I learned later. I did not go to see Bourdieu right away because I saw him as a living God before whom you had to be perfect! It was very intimidating for a “beginner” researcher from a developing country, “imperfect” [laughs] that I was to take the first step toward him; it took me a year before I could approach him.

It took the presence of Mouloud Mammeri (Algerian researcher and writer) to even dare to speak to him. Mammeri, former director of research at CRAPE (Centre de recherches anthropologiques, préhistoriques et ethnographiques, [Anthropological, Prehistoric and Ethnographic Research Center, in Algeria]), had a friendly and privileged professional relationship with Bourdieu. Knowing the Algerian landscape well, Bourdieu appreciated Mammeri for his work and especially for his commitment to research; working in ethnology under a uni-party regime in the ’70s was unconscious: ethnology was very frowned upon at the time (See *Le sens pratique* [*The Practical Sense*], 1980, 35). Thus, to allow research on the Amazigh world to move forward, Bourdieu offered unequivocal support for *Awal* and, simultaneously, for my research on Kabylia. It was again going against the current in France and Alge-



Figure 1: Tassadit Yacine in 2015 (Photo from Wikidata)

ria.

Chiousse and Labari: You were widely called upon to talk about Bourdieu in the years following his death. We read your works: *Travailler avec Bourdieu* [*Working with Bourdieu*], edited by P. Encrevé and R.-M. Lagrave, 2003, *Bourdieu sociologue* [*Bourdieu the Sociologist*] under the direction of Louis Pinto, Gisèle Sapiro, and Patrick Champagne, 2004, *Rencontres avec Pierre Bourdieu* [*Meetings with Pierre Bourdieu*] under the direction of Gérard Mauger, 2005, *Le Symbolique et le social, la réception internationale de la pensée de Pierre Bourdieu* [*The Symbolic and the Social, the International Reception of the Thought of Pierre Bourdieu*], 2005, under the direction of Yves Winkin, Jacques Dubois, and Pascal Durand, in an issue of *Awal*, *L’autre Bourdieu*, [*Awal, The Other Bourdieu*] N° 27/28, 2003. You took part in the *Dictionnaire international Bourdieu* [*Bourdieu International Dictionary*] directed by Gisèle Sapiro in 2020, wrote the afterword and provided scientific direction for the reissue of *Travail et travailleurs en Algérie* [*Work and workers in Algeria*]; you also participated in *Algeiren-Matrix*

¹ Published January 24, 2022 on espritcritique.hypotheses.org

eines Werks [Algeria- matrix of a work], edited by Franz Schultheis and Stephan Egger: *Pierre Bourdieu und die Fotografie* [Pierre Bourdieu and photography]. *Visuelle Formen soziologischer Erkenntnis* [Visual forms of Sociological Knowledge] (to be published in 2022) and are the author of a small book in homage to Bourdieu—*Témoignages* [Testimonials]—which will be published in March by Éditions du Croquant. Simple, friendly touch, or is it a question of creating a lasting “image” of Bourdieu?

Yacine: You are right to mention friendship because it exists in social science research, even if we pretend it does not. There is also what we call “the intellectual debt” that must be settled one way or another. None of these editors and researchers consciously thought, in any case, of fabricating an image of Bourdieu; they were only doing their job.

Note that we are talking here about the scientist, not the man, right? As far as the scientist is concerned, it is impossible to make one that conforms to reality because none of these researchers claims to embrace the plurality of the work. It is huge and requires skills in several disciplines: ethnology, sociology, economics, philosophy, literature, history of art, and history of science. You have to master all these fields to claim the “making of this image.” I believe, if you will, that it is for the majority of these researchers to try to clarify Bourdieu’s research in a specific subject which characterizes everyone’s field of study. It is, after all, more difficult to talk about others than about oneself.

In Algeria, for example, there is very little work for reasons that are difficult to speak about here. Thank you for allowing me to discuss this with you. As far as I am concerned, I try both to return to the importance of the works of Bourdieu—which, for me, are founders of a new vision of research in the ’60s because they stand out from all that has been published on North Africa in ethno-sociology—and to advance my research based on what has been done before me, and Bourdieu was essential.

It is a turning point in the social sciences which was not taken into consideration because there was, on the one hand, the Franco-Algerian dispute (for many, the war in Algeria has not been evacuated from the French collective unconscious) and, on the other, this innovative or even heterodox dimension (against the “colonial” *doxa*) in its perception of research which poses a problem such as, for example, the fact of associating statistics and sociology or to abolish the boundaries between sociology and ethnology when Bourdieu was only an assistant (I am talking about his early research in Algeria). It cannot

be said that this pleased France and Algeria (see the letters to André Nouschi in the annexes to *Esquisses algériennes* [Algerian Sketches]). Many unspoken reasons, sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, have contributed to this scotomization of his work. The Algerian terrain was not neutral; it was, therefore, necessary to avoid talking about it. The reception of sociological works (notably *Travail et travailleurs en Algérie* [Work and workers in Algeria] and *Le Déracinement* [Uprooting]) has particularly suffered.

Chiouse and Labari: Why? Can you say a little more?

Yacine: Why? Because the works from 1958 to 1963, even if they are situated in time, they are not dated. This is the case, for example, of *Travail et travailleurs* [Work and Workers] (out of print then reissued in 2021 only by the Raisons d’Agir publisher), in which he lays bare the mechanisms of domination of the colonial system in general but, more particularly, capitalism, of which he points the misdeeds because it is a “barbaric” capitalism imported and imposed by colonization in a pre-capitalist society. If colonization has ended, capitalism is, for its part, still present and sets itself in the same logic almost everywhere in the world and, more and more, in our societies. It was not colonialism that created capitalism; capitalism has found extraordinary conditions to impose itself in a colonial situation. This work from the sixties is read in many countries of the South hemisphere but less so in Europe.

In this major investigation, it is also necessary to note several levels of reading, in particular, the dismantling of the “indigenous” economic and social system. The economy is part of the whole. Apart from the economic dimension, what caught my attention is how the colonizer (without having to think about it consciously) overturned the balance of power by inverting the gender relationship. These observations are already present in the 1959-60 survey; I have tried to describe them succinctly in the new edition of *Travail et travailleurs*.

The book entitled *Le Déracinement* [Uprooting] (with Abdelmalek Sayad) is even more obvious because it directly concerns the effects of the war on the peasant populations gathered in camps set up by the army to cut them off from the ALN [National Liberation Army]. A policy that was kept secret until the publication of Michel Rocard’s article in 1959. It is the most extensive sociological study (a companion to *Travail et travailleurs*) related to Algerian society in a time of war!

Chiouse and Labari: To build his work on the theory of action and the reproduction of social hierarchies, Pierre Bourdieu drew on classical sociology (retaining the symbolic dimension of domination in social life with Weber, the concepts of social classes and capital with Marx, which it extends to all social activities, determinism in Durkheim, the structuralism of Lévi-Strauss). Everyone had something to relate to in some way. Still, it was widely attacked. How do you explain this?

Yacine: You can extend the list if you wish. Cassirer, Goffman, Norbert Elias, Saussure, etc. I do not want to give the impression of answering a polemic, but I will try to be succinct even if it is not a simple exercise.

For me, there is nothing more natural than to accumulate the knowledge of the predecessors if one wants to move forward on a specific subject. Bourdieu is a great reader open to the classics and others. It is challenging to analyze the reason for these attacks, but we can try to respond very quickly at the risk of being caricatural. An author can inspire Bourdieu, but there is never an integral reproduction of his theory. I will cite an example: structuralism in general from two models, what we call the Arab marriage and the Kabyle house. I will talk about the wedding and end with the house.

About marriage, Bourdieu conducts an investigation in Kabylia. He shows that the rate of marriages conforming to the rule (marriage with a cousin) is, by far, lower than that of those who do not conform. For this, he uses the statistics to show that marriage with a cousin is the exception rather than the rule (about 4% of marriages in Kabylia), which goes against the Lévi-Strauss theory. From this observation, he concludes that marriage obeys not only a rule but also complex communal strategies. In the same way, “kinship” is not this fixed genealogical tree either, since it is both “will” and “representation.” Some families have had the less prestigious members of their family tree disappear. For what reasons? It is quite simple to make the symbolic capital bear fruit. For Bourdieu, there is, therefore, an “official” relationship and a “usual” relationship, the second being as important as the first (see *L'Esquisse d'une théorie de la pratique*, 1972, 78). These are the reasons why matrimonial strategy replaces the notion of rule. That said, we obey the rule when there is an interest in doing so. These so-called “traditional” societies are essential to symbolic capi-

tal. Matrimonial strategies add to the accumulation of this capital which is decisive in agents' lives and found elsewhere in other societies (including modern ones). This transfer of concepts between an ancient society and modern European societies is not often understood.

I could also expand on how Bourdieu worked on donation (*tunŋict*, in Kabyle) from Marcel Mauss's *Essai sur le don* [*The gift*] and the additional elements he brought to it, but it would take too long to explain here. I would instead go back to the Kabyle house (text written in 1963) because there are erroneous interpretations and a lack of information on the conditions in which this investigation was carried out.

The Kabyle house, in its very first version, is a wonderful structuralist exercise published in homage to Claude Lévi-Strauss for his 60th birthday—which will be taken up in the *l'Esquisse d'une théorie de la pratique* [*Outline of a Theory of Practice*]. In “The house or the world reversed” (Chapter 2), Bourdieu reworked the chapter with a critical distance in *Le Sens pratique* by introducing an additional element such as movement, which refers to the body, to the symbolic economy of the house, and gender.

At the same time, I had been able to find a solution to the practical antinomies resulting from the desire to carry out the systematic linking of all the details observed by limiting myself to the analysis of the space inside the house, which, as a cosmos in miniature, constituted an object both complete and circumscribed [...]. Indeed, it began to appear to me that to account for the almost miraculous and, therefore, incredible necessity that analysis revealed, and that in the absence of any organizing attention, it was necessary to seek the side of the incorporated dispositions, even of the body schema, the ordering principle [...] capable of orienting the practices in such a way as to both unconscious and systematic: I had been struck by the fact that the rules of transformation making it possible to pass from the interior space to the exterior space of the house can be reduced to movements of the body such as the U-turn, which we also know the role they play in the rites where it is constantly a question of turning over, of putting upside down, or front to back, objects, animals, clothes, or to turn in one direction or the other... (Bourdieu, *Le Sens pratique*, 22).

We can expand on this, but I will stop here because it must be remembered that the Kabyle House has never been studied so far from this angle.² The “Kabyle house,” “kinship,” and “the sense of honor,”

² Franck Poupeau and Hautecombe published a critical note on the Kabyle house in *Dictionnaire international*, Bourdieu, 2020, pp.531-534.

will appear together in the same volume in 1972 and announce another way of doing ethnology when structuralism was dominant.

The survey of the house was carried out in the '60s. It is interesting to see how this "Kabyle house" object continues to work the minds until it arouses criticism—without any real basis—after his death in 2002. I am thinking of what François Pouillon and Alban Bensa wrote ("Does the Kabyle house exist?" 2017)—adopting the words of Paul Silverstein (*Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales [Proceedings of Social Science Research]*, 2003)—who consider that this research is inscribed in "the identity panoply of conventional ethnology" (Pouillon and Bensa, 2017, 156), that this would refer, in Bourdieu, to a "nostalgic" attachment to the supposedly intact worlds that many ethnologists still cherish—that world (and, therefore, houses) that would have disappeared under the effect of the war.

This often happens with many researchers who do not know the field and do not bother to consult Bourdieu's work, even though there is a large bibliography that has since appeared, and despite his various sketches of the Kabyle house. We cannot say that there are no more Kabyle houses at the time of the survey, that they were all destroyed during the war, and that it would, therefore, be a reconstruction of the memories of displaced people in the camps. What memories are we talking about if the investigators (Bourdieu and his team) sometimes observed this shift from the mountains to the plain? *Structural nostalgia* is inaccurate since the displacements began in 1955 in the Aurès, later in Kabylia and the Ouarsenis, and then everywhere in the rural areas until 1960. Bourdieu observed these peasants both in the mountains and in the camps. His team questioned the population about the



Figure 2: Roofless house (photo by Boualem Rabia)



Figure 3: An interior stable with animals

before and after displacement, within a couple of months or a little more, but not years. According to an unpublished note on the disastrous policies in the camps, the initial investigation began in 1959 (Bourdieu and Alain Darbel), and was followed by a greater investigation (with Sayad), expanded to several camps, on population uprooting in which stu-



Figure 4: Clay grain jars inside of a Kabyle house (photo by Boualem Rabia)

³ Michel Cornaton's research focused specifically on those who remained in the camps - after independence - and those who returned to their original hamlets.

dents participated.

At the time of the first survey, some groups had barely come into being. It is, therefore, an anachronism to speak of “memory.” In French, in any case, the term *souvenir* introduces temporality and history. We are nostalgic for a bygone past, far from the present time. This was not the case for the people in the camps who were suffering, but still were hoping to go back to their villages.³ Women, in particular, in specific camps were able to go back to their homes (declared prohibited areas) during the day, and returned to the camps in the evening.

That said, it is true that part of the rural world experienced a lot of destruction, and the houses were the first to be destroyed because they served as a refuge for the “rebels.” However, as in any war, it cannot be said that the army systematically razed the countryside and that the war and the camps started simultaneously and with the same intensity everywhere. About 20% of the population was displaced; it is considerable that the remaining 80% escaped this natural cata-

clysm.

In the region of Collo (see *Le Déracinement*), significantly affected by the war, the army forced the population to remove the tiles from the roofs (Figure 1). Jacques Budin, one of the uprooting investigators, witnessed these acts.⁴ Bourdieu took many photos of these roofless houses. He refers to them in the introduction to *Le Sense pratique* (1980, 10). The destruction of chests and grain jars (*ikuffan*) convinced him of the need to work on the rites (*Le Sense pratique*, introduction, 10), which risked disappearing forever from memory.⁵ Other sites are still standing (in 2022⁶), but the houses are not all inhabited; they serve as barns, laundry rooms, except those that have been restored. The architecture is, therefore, visible.⁷

Many are unaware of the photos taken at the time of the investigation into reunification conditions (see Franz Schultheis,⁸ 2022). The village in Kabylia which Bourdieu investigated was not destroyed; it is located in the region of Ain El Hemmam. I went there in 1992 with the genealogies established by Bourdieu (in 1960) to verify the information about the families who stayed, left, kept their houses, and those who destroyed, restored, or modernized them. From this first survey in the high mountains (of which we can see the plans, the genealogies, and the description of the village), he tried, in a second phase, to establish comparisons not only with other villages in the plain (Aghbala, Bejaia, Sayad⁹) but also in Collo (eastern Algeria). From all these observations, he designed the basic structure of the rural habitat called *axxam*.

Chiousse and Labari: Thus, do the “Kabyle houses of Bourdieu” still exist?



Figure 5: House in 2012, Abla hamlet, Tizirt sur Mer (photo by Tassadit Yacine)

³ Michel Cornaton's research focused specifically on those who remained in the camps - after independence - and those who returned to their original hamlets.

⁴ See “Return to Algeria at the time of the regrouping camps”, 2015, and Tassadit Yacine, *Pierre Bourdieu en Algérie (1956-1961). Temoignages*, 2022.

⁵ Bourdieu conducted a survey on the Berber symbols painted by women with a White Father, Father Devulder, who informed him about the magical and symbolic dimension of the motifs around the jars of wheat.

⁶ See villages like Kelaa des At Abbès, Ait Wihdan, Boudjellil, Tigrine, Jebba, to name only those we visited in the fall of 2019. See “Return to Algeria at the time of the regrouping camps”, 2015, and Tassadit Yacine, *Pierre Bourdieu en Algérie (1956-1961). Temoignages*, 2022.

⁷ Associations and architects are also very aware of the loss of this heritage and are mobilizing for its preservation.

⁸ See also the Bourdieu Foundation's website (Swiss-German) <https://www.franzschultheis.ch/fondationbourdieu/> directed by Pr. Franz Schultheis and the archive photos posted online <https://cameraaustria.at/fotoarchiv-pierre-bourdieu/>.

⁹ There are photos of Abdelmalek Sayad's house.



Figure 6: At Sidi Braham, 1986 (photo by Thierry Grojat)

Yacine: You should know that Kabyle houses survived the war since, once again, the large mountain villages remained as they were, and it was precisely the army that took over the villages by establishing military posts; there are also the villages of populations that rallied the French army which are intact.¹⁰ There have also been works since, such as those mentioned by Michel Cornaton on the regrouping camps (1967), by Ramon Basagana and Ali Sayad twelve years after independence (*Habitat et structures sociales en Kabylie*, published in 1974), those by Mohand Abouda, *Maisons kabyles* (1985), lastly, myself in *Poésie berbère* (in 1987). The village of Ait Sidi Braham (above), founded in the 16th century, is still visible, preserved at 90%, except for houses that fell into disrepair due to the lack of maintenance and/or the resignation of their owners living in the city.¹¹ The army did not destroy this village although it experienced carnage; more than 300 people died. The soldiers lived in the village and relocated its population to a camp located ten kilometers away.¹²

Even more astonishing for the time, Bourdieu did not limit himself to Kabylia alone; he investigated the Aurès (another Amazigh-speaking region that favors terraced construction) and M'Zab,¹³ in the South, an urban space that is very different from the other two in terms of architecture and social organization.

Chiouse and Labari: In 2008, you published *Esquisses algériennes* [*Algerian Sketches*], looking back on his Algerian works of the '60s. Today, starting in high school, young generations are taught what “cultural capital” and “reproduction” are. Have we retained the essence of Bourdieu?

Yacine: Today's generalization of Bourdieu's concepts in French society and more widely in our contemporary societies is fantastic. The concepts of capital, field, *doxa*, and strategy, etc., are used in the press and everyday language.

Even *Madame* magazine talks about health capital and strategy, for example, which is good. Does this mean that we have read Bourdieu seriously and that we understand him? That is another story.

You used the notion of reproduction, for example,

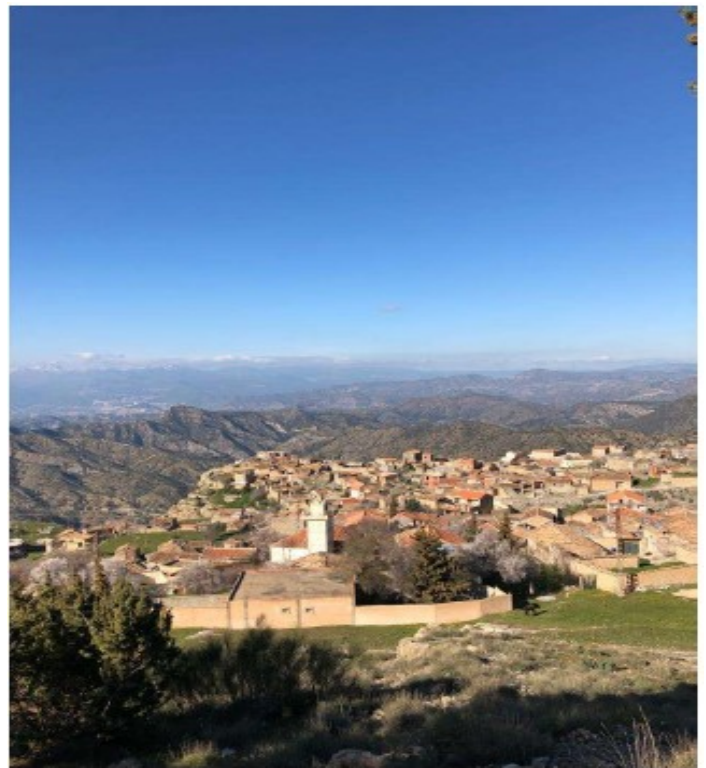


Figure 7: Kelaia n At Abbès, February 2019 (photo Fatima Titouh)

¹⁰ It should be noted, however, that we no longer build on the old model, but we do not systematically destroy the houses that survived the war; there are also those who restore them by transforming them, that goes without saying.

¹¹ Alain Joxe (EHESS) was able to take pictures of this village (in 2009) built of flat stones as in southern Morocco and Burgundy. The photo of this village (on the cover of Tassadit Yacine's book, *Berber poetry/Poetry and identity/Identity*, 1987) was taken in 1985 by Thierry Grosjat. The interiors in many houses were transformed starting in the 70s. These are the people of the hamlets (Metchik, Sidi Ali Ou Yahia, Tamizount, Laazib, Ighil Ouâqal, At Ouazoug, Rouda, Amrij, Tufirt, etc.) linked to central village by family ties which, on the other hand, will be destroyed and their inhabitants gathered at kilometer point 181.

¹² Mouloud Feraoun mentions in his book *Journal* (1962) the village where he taught – which was not destroyed by the army since a school class was used as a place of interrogation. His native village (Tizi-Hibel) in fact allowed Wadi Bouzar (*La mouvance et la pause* [*The Movement and the Break*], 1983, chapter “Itinerary II, the village from above,” pp.119-225) to return to the village of Mouloud Feraoun (preserved during the war) and Fadhma At Mansour (mother of Jean Amrouche). Note in passing that neither the village of Mammeri (Taourirt Mimoun, Ait Yenni) nor that of Jean Amrouche have been destroyed.

¹³ Highly puritanical urban civilization (*Ibadi*) marked by a religious specificity. For Bourdieu, it is *Protestants of Islam* that he would have liked to study. Between Protestantism and Ibadism, there was only one step.

which is very interesting, but it is often not understood in the same way by everyone. Those who have read Bourdieu have understood what it is about, but not necessarily the others. In *La reproduction* [*Reproduction*], it is a question of seeing how the mechanisms of a system that has been constituted sociologically (and historically) over time function, and not of reproduction in itself and by itself, i.e., purely mechanical. It is the same for the other titles: *La distinction*, which is not a “praise” (laughs) of distinction, nor male “domination” (aiming to reproduce it) but rather to reveal its functioning, the modes of production and perpetuation based on *habitus*.

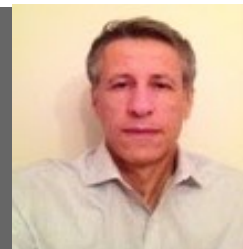
Chouse and Labari: The groups formed since Bourdieu's death (see on Facebook,¹⁴ for example) extensively reference his work to explain social and political news. Can we “do” sociology—or human and social sciences—today without reference to Bourdieu?

Yacine: It is difficult today to do social sciences without reference to Bourdieu. This is obvious because his concepts are helpful in all social sciences. But like those ahead of their time, Bourdieu was not recognized during his lifetime at his fair value, especially in France. It must be said that this is perhaps how societies advance, thanks to time and experience. Later, some understood that what Bourdieu advocated was

not the product of his mood (I am thinking of politics, for instance), but the product of what he perceived from the society in which he lived. His little books published by Reasons for Action intended for a broad audience are better understood because France and Europe today are in a crisis, and the perception of Bourdieu finds all its *raison d'être*. These are situations perceived more than thirty years ago as the advent of neoliberalism. Readers can sometimes be skeptical, but at some point, they realize that Bourdieu was right. Even if they did not understand everything about his scientific work, politically, many (the dominated, in any case) have grasped what is wrong and why.

Chouse and Labari: Thank you, Tassadit Yacine, for this interview which will undoubtedly make it possible to make the work and thoughts of Pierre Bourdieu known differently.

Rachid Dahmani is a physicist and served as the *Amazigh Voice* editor and translated several articles in the past.



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Filmography

(Filming made in Kabylia where you can see traditional houses and villages)

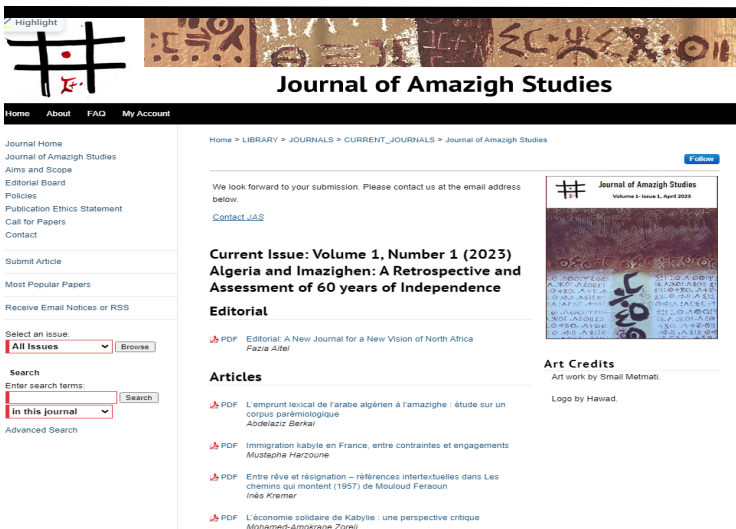
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Additional Sources

Slideshow on google (on Kalat Ath abbas, Labbize net: www.labbize.net) in which you can see all the villages of Kabylia (about twenty).

Lahlou, Chérif. Photographer in Kabylie holds many photos of Kabyle villages, houses, and landscapes.

Yanat, Mahfoud. Photographer, civil servant at INSEE (retired). He has many photos of villages taken by himself after independence.



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Iguza N Wurfan Syur Arezki Boudif

Aħric wis 23

Iminigen d izumal, la tqelliben axeddim, la tthawacen kra yellan i tmeddurt, zgan ttnadin yef kra n wayen ara sen-ikksen lxiq, anida illa zzhu a tawden, zzhu-nni i d-ieaddan deg uqaleb n tamguri, yerna ffuden tukksa n lxiq. Tikwal, tukksa n lxiq tet-tas-d seg wawal d usinew, s temeayin issedsayen i irennun ciṭṭuḥ n lmelḥ i tmeddurin-nsen. Aya ttafen-t medden deg yigrinen¹ ney deg yiberdan, yef yiran n tregwa, yer tama n yiyezran, ddaw n yisekla n *Sycamore*. Iffey wawal dakken deg umdiq flan illa yiwen bu-tmucuha itwel nezzeh, dya ad tafed imdanen zzin-d i tafat n ufarnu n tmes akken ad as-sslen. Ha-ten-ad fkan tamezzuyt i timucuha mi tent-id-ssawalen, ccan n timucuha-nni dya innerna imi asent-ḥedren.

Lliy d aserdas di tallit n ttrad mgal Geronimo...

Dya medden la tthessisen, allensen tisuusamin la d-ttarrant izerzaren n ufarnu n tmes mi tettanes. Ihen-diwen Inaṣliyen d umliḥen, tneclulumen amzun d izerman, maca ssnen ad ssusmen m'ara byun. Zemren ad ddun yef yifer aquran war ma tesliḍ i uskerwec. Aereḍ kan kra n tikkelt ad tezred.

Dya imdanen fkan tamezzuyt u mmektan-d askerwec n yifer aquran ddaw idarren-nsen. Iwwed-d ubeddel n tsemhuyin dya igenni imyumbas-d s usigna. D yir akud. Illa wassen mi teslam s yigen² iggan kra n lewqam? Efken-assen mraw (10) n lecyal, yerna ula d yiwen ur t-id-xeddmen akken ilaq. Armi s krad (3) n yiswage³ i ssawden nyan tawinest (100) seg wat tissas, zgan akka.

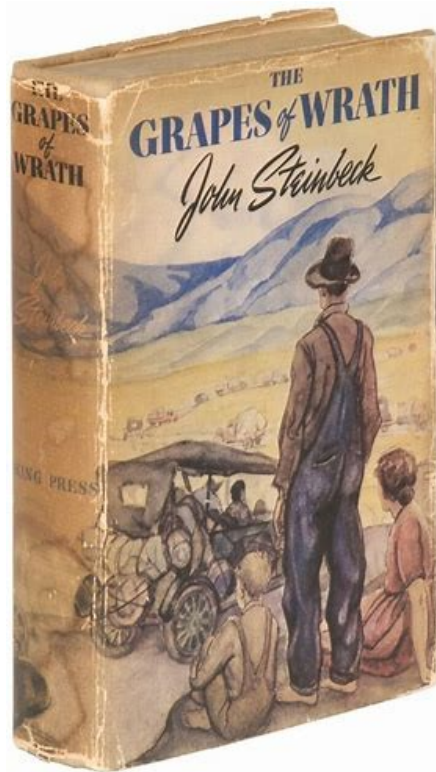
Medden la tthessisen, udmawen-nsen xcawten. Wid i d-ittalsen timucuha, i yerran ddehn-nsen yer timucuha-nsen, la ttmeslayen s wanyaten, la ssawalen timucuha-nsen s yimeslayen isean azal muqqren,

acku timucuha-ya d tid n leali, dya ula d imesse-fliden n tmucuha-ya ḥulfan innerna ccan-nsen.

Yiwen deg wid-nni isean tabyest ibedd-ed yef ugadir, tafat n yitij tewwet yur-s. Izra nwalat. Ibedd din iyallen-is delqen. D uzzif,⁴ mgal tafat n yitij. Wi izran, ahāt igga di laeqel-is. An'da zriy. Ibedd kan din, iyallen-is delqen, amzun d amidag.⁵ Krad n twinas (300) n mitrat akin. Dya iserdasen... lḥaṣun, redden-d tamuyli-nsen rnan qassen tanila n waḍu s yidudan-nsen sleksen s yimetman u redden-

ten yer yigenni; amaena qqimen kan zzlen ula d yiwen deg-sen ur issuffey aebay. Ahāt Ahendiwnni illa kra yezra. Izra dakken u' nezmira ara a nrami. Neqqim din, afus yef zznad, maca ur nessuli ara tinguhlin yer tuyat. Neqqim la netthekkir yur-s. Netta, taessabt tezzi u uqerruy-is u tenta deg-s tferdist n rric. Ha-t-an kan zdat-nney, d uzzif am yitij. Nezzel din imir yezzifen, la netthekkir, ma d netta ur inguga. Afettyanney yuyal yerfa. 'Ramit, a yigeswāhen n twayit, ramit!' I disuy. Ma d nekkni nezzel kan neqqim. 'Ad ssidney arma d semmus (5), uqbel a ttfey ismawen-nwen' i dinna ufettyan. Dya, a sidi n baba-inu, nessuli tinguhlin-nney s ttawil, u yal yiwen deg-nney issaram ad yili win ara iramin d amezwaru. Werḡin ḥulfay di tudert-iw i unezgum am ass-nni. Dya wehḥay nnican yer ueab-ḥud-is, acku u' tzemireḍ ad tesseyliḍ

Ahendiw anaṣli ma tḥuzzed-t kan an'da nniḍen... Dya... ih akka, iqqunḥer dya igrurec-d d akessar. Syin akin, nuli yur-s. Ziy ur imuqqer ara maḍi, xuḍi ittban-d annect ila-t mi yella usawen-nni. Ibḍa akk d ticriḥin, akken kan d amecṭuḥ. Illa wasmi tezram iferd⁶ m'ara t-iney uṣeyyad? Iqqur d acebḥan, yal taferdist di rric-is ittuzewweq, ula d allen-is ttuzewweqent d tuzyinin. Dya bumm! Ha-t-an tura gar ifassen-ik, akken ma yella idduddi illeyzam, tettxemmimed dakken tessaedmed yiwet n tyawsa i k-yugaren di ccbaha; ma tečcid-t ur terbiḥed acemma, acku tessaedmed yiwet n tyawsa izedyen di telqey n tneffut-ik, yerna tuyalin yer deffir ulac.



¹ Agrir/igriren: camp(s).

² Igen: army.

³ Aswag: an army regiment.

⁴ Uzzif: naked/bare.

⁵ Amidag: cross/crucifix.

⁶ Iferd: A pheasant (*Lexique Animal, Français-Tamazight-Arabe*, Mohamed Oussous, Fondation Culturelle Tawalt).

Imessefliden tthuzzun iqurray-nsen, ney ahah imir-n kan yufeg-d ifettiwej seg ufarnu-nni n tmes dya tafat-is tesken-d allen-nsen mi smuqulent yer daxel n yimanen-nsen.

Mi d-iwwet yur-s yitij, iyallen delqen. Ittban-d annect ila-t, annect urebbit.

Ney ahah, aterras ittemeabbar yef temsalt n snat n tmerwin (20) n yišentimen, a tent-išerref deg uči ney di tukksa n lxiq, yer taggara ikcem yes-sent yer ssinima di Marysville ney Tulare, di Ceres ney di Mountain View. Yuwal-d yer ugrir-nni i d-izgan di tlettuxt, aqerruy-is ičur d aktayen. Ha-t-an la d-ittales ayen i d-iwala:

- D tamacahut n yiwen uterras amerkanti, irran iman-is d igellil, tella dayen yiwet n teqcict ula d nettat d tamerkantit, dayen terra iman-is d tazawalit, mlalen deg yiwen usečču n *hamburger*.

- Ayyer?
- U' zriy ara ayyer, d tin i d tamacahut.
- Acimi rran imanen-nsen d igellilen?
- Acimi? Acku aeyan di tudert n yimerkantiyen
- D imuzzuren!
- I tura, tebyam a wen-d-alsey taqsidt-nsen, ney xați?

- Ih, serreh-as. Ih, byiy a 's-ssley, maca lemmer lliy d amerkanti, lemmer lliy d amerkanti yili a d-ayey ayen-din n tecrihin n uladay, aksum-nni gar iberdiyen d yizdi n waerur, a tent-ggey d asaqlaq u ad begsey yes-s, u ad tetey deg-sent alamma mxed-naqey. Tzemred ad tebdud tura.

- Ihi, yal yiwen deg-sen ičudd winna nniđen d igellil. Syin akin, wwin-ten yer lhebs. Ulac win yaereden deg-sen a d-iffey, ma ulac yawed-nin ad izer dakken d amerkanti. Yerna, amdif⁷ n lhebs idyel yid-sen acku iyill d igellilen. Lemmer ad twaliđ udem-is makken ifaq, qrib isxef, akken kan ad tezred.

- Acu xedmen armi ten-wwin yer lhebs?
- Acu? Ufan-ten deg yiwen unejmae n yimturfa izeggayen. Ma d nutni, u' llin ara d izeggayen. Yu-yiten kan lhal din. Tayed nniđen, ulac win ibyan deg-sen ad ircel yef temsalt-agi n yidrimen, twalam?

- hi, igeswahn uxessar, yal yiwen ibda la yesxirrid i wayed.

- Ittusemma, deg usaru-nni ggan amzun akken xedmen lewqam. Lhan d medden i merra, twalam.

- Am akka dya, yiwet n tikkelt ferregey yiwen usaru, d nekk swa-swa, maca tamacahut-nni tugariyi, d ayen yugaren tuder-iw, kra din deg usaru-nni muqquer.

- Tezrid, nekk ggant eument-iyi lmeħnat di tmed-

durt-iw. Byiy ad zrey ayen nniđen.

- Ulac deg-s, amaena ma tzemred ad tammed yes-s.

- Ar taggara uyalen mizwaġen, dya tban-d tidet, ula d wid-nni illan deylan yid-sen uyalen slan. Illa gar-asen yiwen uterras ihseb iman-is, dya qrib isxef mi iwala argaz-nni iwweđ-d s urazal bu-tqacuct yez-zifen yef uqerruy-is. Qrib isxef. Dya deffir-s d tadwilt n yisallen i-deg d-seknen iserdasen Almaniyen mi teddu s yiwet n tikli d taylawit, a 's-tiniđ ttaken rrikul i wid illan zdat-sen. Ayen din neđsa-t.

Di teswiein am tigi, aterras izmer a d-yay ayen swayes ara yesker, ma yur-s ciđtuħ n tedrimt. Ad ittu tikiwin-nni i t-ikerrefen, ad issehmu iman-is kra. Akka meqqar ad iffey ciđtuħ di txelwit-is u ad yaf kra n lemwanza, acku aterras izmer ad yačcar allay-is s yimedukkal, am wakken dayen izmer a d-yaf anwi i d icenga-ines u a ten-iqamer. Ha-t-an iqqim di terga, dya ihulfa i nnwa ddaw tyimit-is. Tidyenin i-deg ixab tura isfed-itent wakud, ma d immal ur d-irfid ara aekkaz. Laz ur d-izzi ara i lehwarı, amađal irked acemma u yerna issashel tilufa-s, dya iban-as-d i urgaz ubrid yer umdiq aniyer igmen ad yawed. Itran wenneen u ggan amzun akken qerreben-d d akessar, igenni iřfa d alegyan. Tamettant tuyal d tamusni, ma d iđes d gma-s n tmettant. Amzun akken tuyal-d tallit n zik-nni, d tucbiħt d tużqilt. Taqcict-nni mm-teglulin tuzyinin illan tceđteħ deg uxxam, ayyis-nni— a heřra a zik-nni! Ayyis d tarekt. Aglim n tarekt-nni inqec. Melmi akken? Ilaq-iyi a d-nadiy taqcict ukud ara mmeslayey. Illa kra i t-yifen? Yerna dya ma nemsefham, tasekkurt timellalin. Izqel lhal dagi. Itran udren-d armi d-rsen yef tyaltin, armi anezgum d tmendit la ttemnalen, uyalen d yiwet n tyawsa. Anwi yufan ad yili izga isker. Anwa i d-nnan diri-t? Anwa-t bu-tebyest-a ara d-yasen i yi-t-id-yini? Aggagen? Nutni s yimanen-nsen yur-sen ssikran-nsen. D tilawin-nni timeduufa tieiqerin, amaena an'da zrant msakit, awi-d a d-lhunt d lhif-nni itent-iddeben. At n tekiwin timaynutin? Ur kcimen ara nezzeh di tmed-durt akken ad zren. Xati. Ayen zriy, itran ha-ten-ad udren-d u wenneen, ma d nekk aqli rniy yer wid is-saramen tagmat gar yimađalen. Tiyawsiwin akken ma llant d tidemyiwin, akken ma llant, ddiy-d ula d nekk.

Lmuziga,⁸ teshel mađi akken a tt-yawi umdan yid-s. Ekkes-itt-id si lġib n userwal, zwi-tt yer yidikel n ufus-ik akken a d-tesseyliđ afras d ttabut n ubehnuq ney dayen ibzizen n duxxan i as-ikcemen. Ha-tt-an thegga. Ayen i ak-ihwan ad t-txedmed s lmuziga: ama d imesla irqaqen n ujewwaq, anyaten imsariyen, ney dayen řřda i-deg uġten wanyaten. Yerna izmer umdan ad yegg talya i użawan s yidukal n yifassen-is

⁷Amdif: guardian/sentinel.

⁸Lmuziga: harmonica.

m'ara ten-iqubbet, u a tt-terreḍ ad tettnazæ u ad tettru am lyiḍa n teylewt, ney a tt-terreḍ d tazurant tekkernenni amzun d amsesli,⁹ ney dayen a tt-terreḍ d tuqdiēt tamerzagut am tzemmarin n uyanim n tyaltin n Thailand.¹⁰ Tzemreḍ ad turareḍ u a tt-terreḍ yer lǧib-ik mi tekfid. Tezga yid-k, tezga di lǧib-ik. Yerna, semmal tetturareḍ yes-s semmal tlemmedeḍ tifulkal tijdidin, ttawilat nniḍen amek ara tearked ttabee n yimesla s yidukal-ik, amek ara tessiwzeleḍ targalin s yicenfiren-ik, ayagi akk war ma isselmed-ak-t wayeḍ nniḍen. Ha-tt-an yid-k di yal tagnit—Tikwal m'ara tilid iman-ik deg umalu azgen n wass, tikwal di tewwurt n tqidunt deffir n yimensi m'ara d-lhunt tlawin d tarda n yigerwajen. Aḍar-ik ad ikkat tamurt s ttawil. Tammwin-ik ad ttalint ad ttadrent m'ara ttafarent anya. A nini tesruhed-tt ney terziḍ-tt, ih, mačči d nnger n ddunit. Tzemreḍ a d-tayeḍ tayeḍ s tis kuz (1/4) n udolar.

Mačči am ssnitra, tinna yaelay wazal-is. Amaena issefk ad tlemdeḍ amek ara turareḍ s uṭebluc-nni. Iḍudan n ufus azelmaḍ a ten-alint tterra. Taqamumt n udebbuz n ufus ayeffus ad yuḡal d aquran amzun d icc. Ad tezzeled iḍudan n ufus azelmaḍ, zzel-iten u ferqi-iten am iḍarren n tisist akken amkan-nni n tder-ra ad yaweḍ ad issed s lewqam yeḍ yinziz.

Tagi d ssnitra n umyar n Baba. Uread frizey mi iyi-isselmed targalt n “do.” Dya akken kan lemdey u tturarey am netta, seg imir-n ur yuḡal innul-itt. Igza ad t-tafed iqqim yeḍ umnar n tewwurt, ad ismuzgut u ad ikkat s uḍar-is. M'ara iyi-issel ttearadey kra n tergalin n “break,”¹¹ ad t-tafed ihhember tammwin-is alamma ufiy-d amek ara tent-id-urarey. Syin akin ad innesraḥ u ad isenned yer deffir, ad irnu ad itthuzzu aqerruy-is. “Urar, urar,” i yi-d-iqqar. “Akken i k-nniy! D ssnitra n leali. Twalad amek temmečč tzayer-is. D imelyan n tezlatin i d-iffeyen seg usyar-nni gar ifassen-ik. Ad d-yaweḍ yiwen wass, ad tefferkec am tmellalt. Yerna u tettizmireḍ ara a 's-txelfeḍ ney tt-treqqeeḍ, ma ulac a 's-iruh ubbender-ines.¹² Ma turareḍ yes-s tameddit, illa dya yiwen itturaren lmužiga si tqqidunt-a rrif-nney, ilha m'ara mtawant di snat.

Imzaden¹³ d imuxda, acku ur ishil ara a ten-tlemdeḍ. Iselmaden ulac, afus-nsen ur ibdi ara d tixxamin ara issishelen almuḍ.

Xas ssel, a Jes', i yiwen deg yimyarēn itewlen u err ddehn-ik ad tfehmed amek i 's-ittaf lemḡizar. U'

k-isskan ara amek itegg usligen.¹⁴ A 'k-yini d lbaḍna. Nekk muqley deg-s s lewqam. Ha-t-a wamek i 's-ixeddem:

Sijjeq imzad am waḍu ishīrfiren, s temyaw-la, s zzur alamma yujjaq.

Imzad-agi tettwalid, ur ifuq ara. Xellsey-t sin idolareḍ. Yiwen uterras iqqar llan imzaden di laemeḥ-nsen kuz n twinas (400) n yiseggasen, semmal ttiwsiren, semmal lehun, am whiskey. Inna-k llan wid iswan semmus tmerwin d seddis n yigiman (56,000) n yidolareḍ. I d-nnan. Igga am wakken d ixirrid. Twalad ar tqaerut-a n lmeḥna? Tebyid a d-tawid yes-s sḡda n ccdeḥ? A As-teḍluy lǧir s lewqam i tganza.¹⁵ A mḡayen-k! Imir-n ad tezreḍ amek ara yettijiḡ. A 's-d-ssleḍ akilumeter agemmaḍ-in.

Tameddit m'ara ilin kraḍ (3) n wallalen-a, lmužiga, imzad d ssnitra, ad ikker zzhir di rreḥba, afus ad iddu d sḡda, inzizen izuranen n ssnitra ad tterdiqen amzun akken d igiren n wul, ad xelden d tzemmarin tuqdiein n lmužiga akked dayen anaweḥ d unazeē n yimzad. Ad tafed medden la d-ttqerriben. Gumman ad seḅren. Ha-tt-an tewweḍ-d “tezwayt n tyuzad”, a ten-twalid la kkatēn s iḍarren, yiwen ilemzi d aqejbabar d ayezzfan ikna acemma, igger kraḍ (3) n yisuraf s temyawla yer zdat, iyallen-is ddan d akessar akked tfekka-s. Amkuz i d-ggan medden ha-t-an tura imdel dya yebda ccdeḥ, iḍarren la teddezen akal, ittali-d dderz d afexfax, kemmelen-as s dderz n yigerzan. Ifassen ḥellan-d tilawin deg wammas, huzz tezziḍ. Imezran fsin-d, tiririt n nnefs s ulehhet. Wwet yer yidis, uḡal yer wayeḍ.

Wali kan yer uqcic-in n Texas, bu-isiqan iyezzfanen imiciren,¹⁶ la iteddez iḍarren-is kuz (4) n tikkal yal asurif, werǧin zriy aqcic itleywin am netta. Muqel-it amek i la yeslaway taqcict Tahendiwt Tanaḡlit n ugdud n Cherokee, armi imuyag-is uḡalen d izeggayen, tifednin-is yunǧerent-d d asawen am win iteddun yeḍ yigerzan-is. Muqel-itt kan amek tlehhet, muqel-itt kan amek tettemlawah. Tcukked taeya? Tcukked dayen tenzef? Awwah, d awezyi. Aqcic-nni n Texas ikcem-as ucebbub-is yer wallen, imi-s ildi ibraḡeḥ, igumma ad yerr nnefs, xuḍi mazzal-it la iteddez iḍarren-is kuz (4) n tikkal i usurif, ur cukkeḡ ad ihbes kra akka tella yid-s teqcict-inna ta-Cherokee-t.

Imzad yujjaq, ssnitra tesbender. Argaz bu-lmužiga yuḡal uqadum-is d azeggay. Aqcic n

⁹Amsesli: organ (*L'imagerie Francais-Kabyle*, K. Nait-Zerrad, Ed. Fleurus, 1999).

¹⁰Instrument used in the north of Thailand made with local reed.

¹¹Musical Break.

¹²Bbender/abbender: resonance.

¹³Imzad/imzaden: violon(s).

¹⁴Uslig: double.

¹⁵Taganza: bow (*L'imagerie Francais-Kabyle*, Nait Zerrad, Ed. Fleurus, 1999).

¹⁶Icric: supple, agile (Dallet, CR, p.104).

Texas akked teqcict-nni ta-*Cherokee*-t la lehheten am yidan u la kkatn s yidarren yef tmurt. Imyaren haten-ad bedden din la tthukkun ifassen-nsen. Azmumeg yef wudmawen-nsen, idarren la tedden tamurt.

Cfiy yiwet n tikkelt mi nella di tmurt-nney, dya deg uzaday¹⁷ n uyerbaz, aggur igga tahbult annect ila -t, iwwi abrid-is yer utaram. Nekkni nella nteddu, nekk yid-s, iberdan d izribin kan. Awal ur ay-d-yuli acku imawen-nney kkawen. Ur d-nentiq ara mađi. Ciđtuđ kan akka, nwala adamus n usayur. Nerra qbala yur-s dya nezzel din. Mi walay aqcic-nni n Texas akked teqcict-nni ffyen-d si řređba u kecmen di tama n tillas, yerna řillen ulac wi ten-iwalan. A tawayit! A wi yufan zaema d nekk i yeddann akked uqcic-nni n Texas. Tiziri ur tetteatđil ara a d-teflali. Walay baba-s n teqcict mi d-iffey akken a ten-id-ihbes, ar taggara yunef-asen. Izra d acu iderrun. Ruđ kecc ad tqrereed asif m'ara d-ihmel, ney ruđ ad tqrereed lliqa ur tet-tali ara deg yisekla. Tiziri ur tetteatđil ara a d-teflali.

Rnu urar-ay-d kra. Cnu-yay-d tizlit-nni n tmucuha Tinna an'da i s-iqqar, "Mi lliy tedduy deg yizenqan n Laredo."

Times ha-tt-an tura tenduder. Waqila ulayyer ara s-nesmendeg. Tiziri ur tetteatđil ara a d-teflali.

Yer tama n yiwet n ssaqya, yiwen waggag ilha la yesselkam imdanen-nni i yas-ithessisen armi i ten-id-issru. Aggag la yettgaemiz, la yettizzif amzun d askil, tadat-is la tettjelkid imdanen, nutni la ttmerriyen di tmurt u la tmeđđiden ttrun. Ixdem-asen lehšab, irra-ten di lkil, yurar yes-sen, dya mi ten-iwala akken ma llan kerfecen di tmurt, ikna yur-sen u yesken-d tazmert-is u yerfed-iten-id yiwen s yiwen gar ifassen-is u isuy, ax-ten-in, a Eisa! Dya a ten-

igger deg waman yiwen s yiwen. Mi ten-iwala akken ma llan di terga, aman armi d ammas, la d-tthekkiren yur-s yer Mass-nsen s tmuyl i-yef tban tugdi. Netta ikref tagecirt din yef yiri n ssaqya dya idea-yasen s lxir; issuter deg-sen, am irgazen am tilawin, ad anzen yer tmurt u ad run u ad međđeden. Irgazen d tilawin, la ttqudduren d aman, iselsa-nsen neđden yef tfekkiwin-nsen, qqimen la tthekkiren kra n yimir; syin akin lhan-d s ucelbet deg arkasen-nsen iččuren d aman metwal agrir, metwal tiqđunin-nsen, la ttmeslayen gar-asen am wid idehcen:

"Isuref-ay Ugellid Amuqran," i ttmeslayen. "Nurad d imellalen am udfel. Werđin a nuyal a negg ibekkađen."

Dya, arrac mazzal-iten di tugdin-nsen, tifekkiwin-nsen llexsent, ttemstewtiwem gar-asen:

- Isuref-ay Ugellid amuqran. Dayen ur nettuyal ara a negg ibekkađen.

- A wi yufan ad yissin akk kra yellan d abekkađ, akken u' ten-ixeddem ara.

- Maca iminigen zgan ttnadin s wannuz ayen ara sen-ikksen lxir m'ara teddu deg ubrid.

¹⁷uzaday: Building



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I, too, have a grandfather

(from Page 12)

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