

TRANSLATION & contextualization of the piece  
*Immemorial Echoes*  
By Sara Lehad

Part 1 (0:01 to 5:00) *I was talking with my grand mum Wardia while I was recording her voice. It was outside, in the morning.*

Wardia (*trying to remember a song*): Oh, my dear god... “all my friends...” oh no I can’t remember, I give up, my head left me...

Sara: Tell me about the past.

Wardia: The past? Which past? They say (*she tries to remember an Idir song’s about memories and remembering*) “I remember like it was yesterday, when the clouds covered the moon. They came from everywhere” yeah “they came from everywhere...” I don’t remember what comes after... (*singing*) “I remember like if it was yesterday, when the clouds covered the moon, they came from everywhere, the harvest couldn’t withstand, the harvest couldn’t withstand.”

*Inside, in the night*

“I remember like if it was yesterday, when the clouds covered the moon, the arguments proved the trigger right, the country was devastated by the forest fires, the country was devastated by the forest fires. You put me in the cradle but oh my mum I could not sleep”, oh my mum I couldn’t sleep... hmm I can’t remember again. “You put me in the cradle but oh my mum I could not sleep...” oh my dear god, it leaves me my little Sara, it leaves me (*talking about the lyrics in her memory*). “I remember like if it was yesterday, when the clouds covered the moon, the arguments proved the trigger right, they came from everywhere. They came from everywhere the harvest couldn’t withstand, the harvest...I remember you compare me to the garden grapes.”. What’s it like again? (*The right lyrics*) What comes after? “I remember him” ... “my heart is sad” Oh my god! How is it? “You said oh my son, you are like a golden wheat fritter...”  
Sing a little bit! « What do I remember, what do I know, only three days of my life ». Where are the records? Your grandfather’s records, you should listen to it. Repeat after me: “I remember when you were born...” wait... what is the beginning of the song? “I said oh my son, you are like... you are like a golden wheat fritter”. The song says “you are like the light in the dark” it means “you gave me the light”.

Part 2 (16 :02 to 17 :04) *These sentences are extracted from poetry, proverbs or songs, they came to me for various reasons and in various contexts. I knew that Kabyle women like my grandmother’s and great-grandmother’s generation have a very lively and rich oral culture. An anecdotal or trivial discussion is often referenced and illuminated by sayings whose meaning resonates and fuels the conversation and problematizes it. I wanted to collect these words, but I soon felt uncomfortable asking for them to be recited out of context. I preferred to wait, to seize the Kairos moment, so that when these moments arose, I could ask them to be retold and recorded, which made more sense to me.*

Aljia

Here comes, in these hard times, the devil next to transformed humans, acting like ray-grass. The colonist gave us a bit of rice, without knowing whether it’s licit or not to be eating. Our abundant wheat has been replaced, making it expansive and inaccessible to us<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> This sentence come from the colonial period and it concerned the annexation of the agricultural land by the French during the colonization of Algeria, the author remains unknown.

Wardia

Si Muhand u Mhand, if you were brought back in our times, would you have felt sorry for those who cry?<sup>2</sup>

Aljia

There was a torrent of rain. Happy is the spade. Followed by hail, the assembly divided into parties. Unfortunately, the fig trees disappeared and the genet got stuck in whatever was beyond it.<sup>3</sup>

Wardia

Wine! I don't enjoy you any more once the roosters start getting drunk.

Aljia

Dear homing bird, tomorrow at dawn, go to visit our saint Sidi Boubeker. If he's asleep, he will get up, tell him our fate and ask him to protect us from the colonists.

Wardia

Goodbye my country, the moments of joy are gone. Reel friends are no longer to be found and have left us in tears, as each of us worries only about his own fate.

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<sup>2</sup> This one is from a song of the Kabyle singer and interpret Slimane Azeem referencing to a hug Kabyle poet from 19<sup>th</sup> century called Si Muhand u Mhand.

<sup>3</sup> The author of this *Asefru* remains unknown. Asufu (pl.Isefra) is a poetic composition in the amazigh literature of the short sonnet with a ternary structure, made up of three stanzas of three verses each.

Part 2 (17:20 to 19:45) *A group of women called Medehates are praying for the rain to come. You notice that their lyrics are not directly invoking the rain, they are indeed plural. Those moments of reunion are also an opportunity to express women's pain in a patriarchal society.*

My dear parents, you raised me with love,  
In your arms I found comfort and help.  
The elders have gone, leaving me alone in this place,  
Life has betrayed me, leaving a painful void.

I miss my parents, their presence is so precious,  
Oh, dear citizens, may God hear my prayer, may he answer it.  
My heart is wounded, I struggle to find my way,  
Between staying and serving, or going to them up there.

Rivers cannot wash away the grief that consumes me,  
It grips my heart, invades me, consumes me.  
But I have hope, the strength to go on,  
For the love of my parents will never fade.

In the memory of happy, blessed days,  
I draw my strength, despite tears and worries.  
I pay homage to my roots, to my ancestors,  
And carry their legacy with me, like a proud ancestor.

My dear parents, your love guides me every day,  
And despite absence, I still feel your love.  
May God keep you, where you rest in peace,  
And guide me along the way, until the day we meet again.

Part 3 (26:14 to 29:00) *In this part, my grand mum Wardia is telling me a riddle.*

Wardia (*saying the riddle*): My hand is in his hand and the sound can be heard far away. What is it?

Wardia: It's something you point it away so that it explodes and that's how you say *my hand is in his hand and the sound is heard far away*, it's a gun. My hand in his hand, the sound can be heard in the distance, you understand? Is it interesting?

Sara : Yes, it's awesome.