

ROOTS OF LIBERTY





**I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY
GRANDMOTHER MIMOUNT**

SAM KHAYARI

ROOTS OF LIBERTY

A JOURNEY IN BLACK AND WHITE THROUGH MOROCCO



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INTRODUCTION

Azul! My name is Sam, thirty-something, son of immigrants with amazigh roots, 80s child, 90s Teen and a photographer.

I was born and raised in Germany, but my roots are the Rif mountains in northern Morocco.

In our native language which is called tmazight, We call ourselves **amazigh**, which literally means human.

My family left the **Rif** mountains and moved from Beni Touzine a small village to the big city Alhoceima in the 1950s.

Actually Alhoceima is a small Mediterranean city, also known as Villa Sanjurjo or short Villa. Villa is famous for a sad reason because of its importance in the Rif war in the early 1920s. The war took place between the colonial power Spain and the Riffians. First the Riffians defeated the spanish forces, in what became known in spanish history as the disaster of Annual.

With their Leader Abdelkrim the Riffians nearly gained all previously lost territories back. But in 1925, after a long and exhausting resistance, the spanish forces overrun Alhoceima bay. Over 12000 spanish soldiers against the united Riffian troops. The Spanish forces could only win by using chemical weapons against the Riffians.

This dark and brutal era in moroccan history brought me to learn more about my roots. This book is a result of a journey to my roots, to understand who I am.

I call myself the **creative nomad**, I am on a restless journey to find the right way to express what I see and feel.

I believe that **a picture is worth a thousand words** so it has an elementary meaning in my world.

As a little kid I loved to scribble and I honestly loved it more than talking.

I was very excited when one day my father brought me a polaroid.

The ignition for the first photographic experiments: „**picture yourself, pronto**“ fascinated me. Back then it was the fastest way to capture moments. I was literally enlightened.



Nevertheless paper and pencil had a comeback in my life, and I started drawing and painting. I derived influences from many styles of Arts. Art epochs like Surrealism, Cubism, Pop Art and Artists like Salvador Dalí and Roy Liechtenstein impressed me. But when I discovered the bronze age of comicbooks it was like: **CRASH, BOOM, BANG**, love at the first sight. Storytelling images with less words and a lot of expression, till today the biggest influence to me.

At the age of 15 I discovered the reflex of my father, a Canon AE-1, which brought my focus back to photography. During school I learned to develop and edit images in the darkroom and discovered my love for **black and white photography**, especially when I first got in touch with the work of Ansel Adams and Robert Capa.

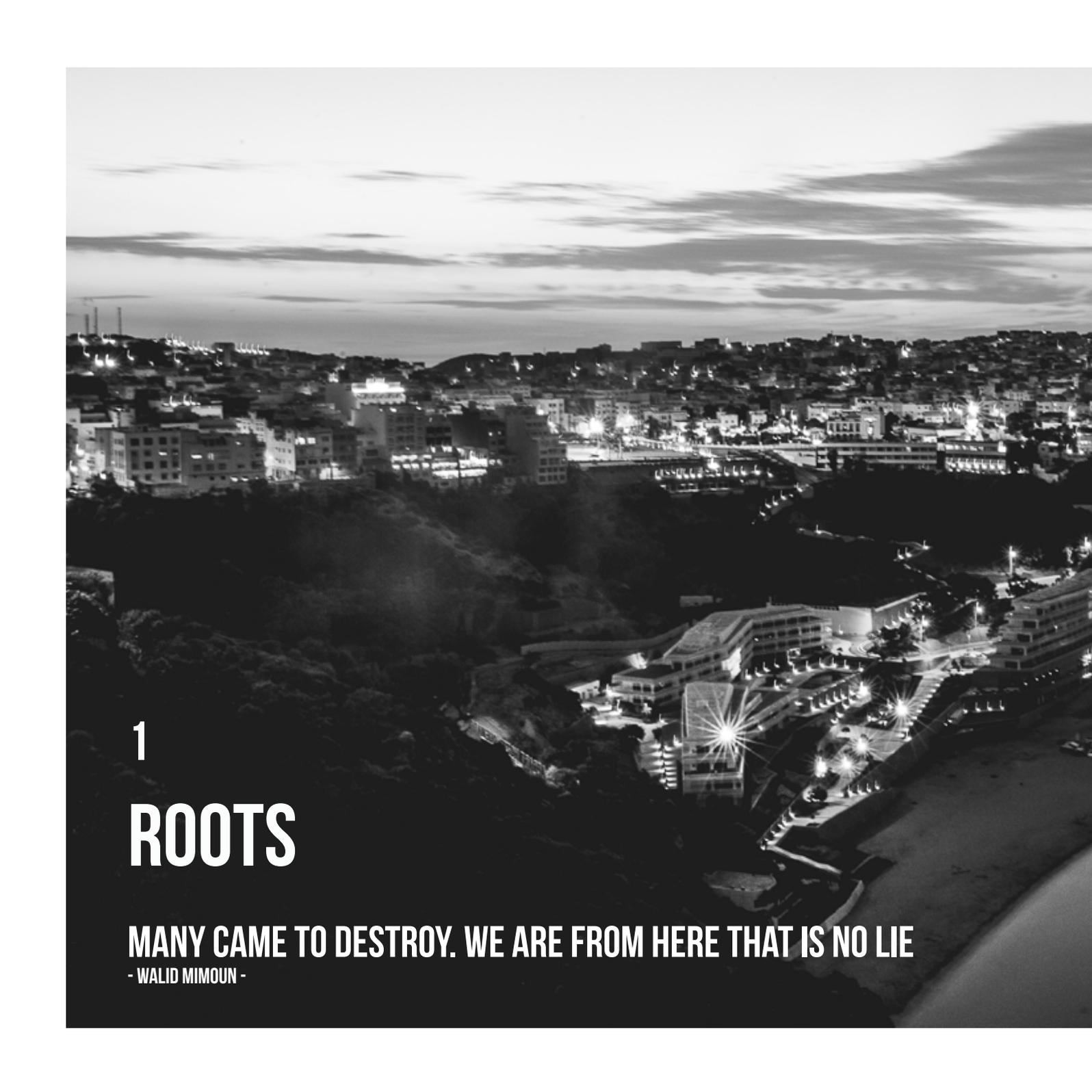
Meanwhile photography is an integral part of my life, it is my passion. My camera is my companion and I try to catch everything around me, moments, faces, places.

All taglines are inspired from songs of great amazigh singers and songwriters of the 1970s - 1990s, like Walid Mimoun, Khalid Izri, Ithran, Idir, Thidrin, Allal, Ayawen and so on. But also from young artists like Tifyur and Agraf. I admire their contribution to amazigh culture.

Chapter one „Roots“ is about Alhoceima, hometown of my parents and chapter two „Liberty“ about several places I visited in Morocco, like Marrakesh, Oujda, Ras El Ma, Tangiers, Nador and amongst others.

The title of this book is a reference to the Cherifian Anthem, the anthem of the Kingdom of Morocco.

Please enjoy my journey!



1

ROOTS

MANY CAME TO DESTROY. WE ARE FROM HERE THAT IS NO LIE

- WALID MIMOUN -



ALHOCEIMA

MY SPARROW

SEEKING TO SEE YOU

SORRY

MY SISTER

CAN`T VISIT YOU

- AYAWEN -



**O' WORLD
YOU CARRY US,
A BOAT
TO THE
FOREIGN LAND**

- KHALID IZRI -











**WE ARE STILL
ALIVE
WE DID NOT DIE
AS YOU SUPPOSED
- TWATOUN -**



O MOTHER, O FATHER, I SEE IT IN MY FACE AND IN MY DESTINY

- ITHRAN -









DEAR SEA, GIVE ME YOUR HAND. LET US BE COMPANIONS

- ALLAL -







YOU ARE MY BROTHER
HE IS MY BROTHER
WE ARE ALL BROTHERS

- TWATOUN -











STILL YOUNG

THEY BELIEVE

OH LORD

THEY FORGOT

THEIR BELIEF

- AYAWEN -







YEARS
OF WAITING,
OF WISHFUL DREAMING
THIS CAN'T BE POSSIBLE
THIS CAN'T
BE TRUE

- AYAWEN -













**O DOVE, O DOVE, FLYING TO THE SKY, TO THE MOUNTAINS, OVER THE SEA
I SEND A LETTER WITH YOU TO ALL CITIES YOU WILL SEE**

- WALID MIMOUN -



**O'WHY,
O'WHY, O'WHY
THEY SOLD ME?
THEY SOLD
MY HEART TOO!**

- WALID MIMOUN -







THEY TOLD HIM

ABOUT THIS LIFE

THEY TOLD HIM

ABOUT THE SORROW

THEY TOLD HIM

ABOUT THIS LAND

THEY TOLD HIM

ABOUT THE

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

- TIFYUR -



**WITH OUR TEARS
ON OUR BACK
WITH OUR TEARS
WITH OUR SWEAT**

- WALID MIMOUN -



**COME ON
COME ON
TOGETHER
IT WILL BE EASY**

-IDIR -



**YOUR FATHER GAVE YOU AWAY. YOU WERE STILL YOUNG.
HIS WISH - NOT YOUR WILL**

- ITHRAN -



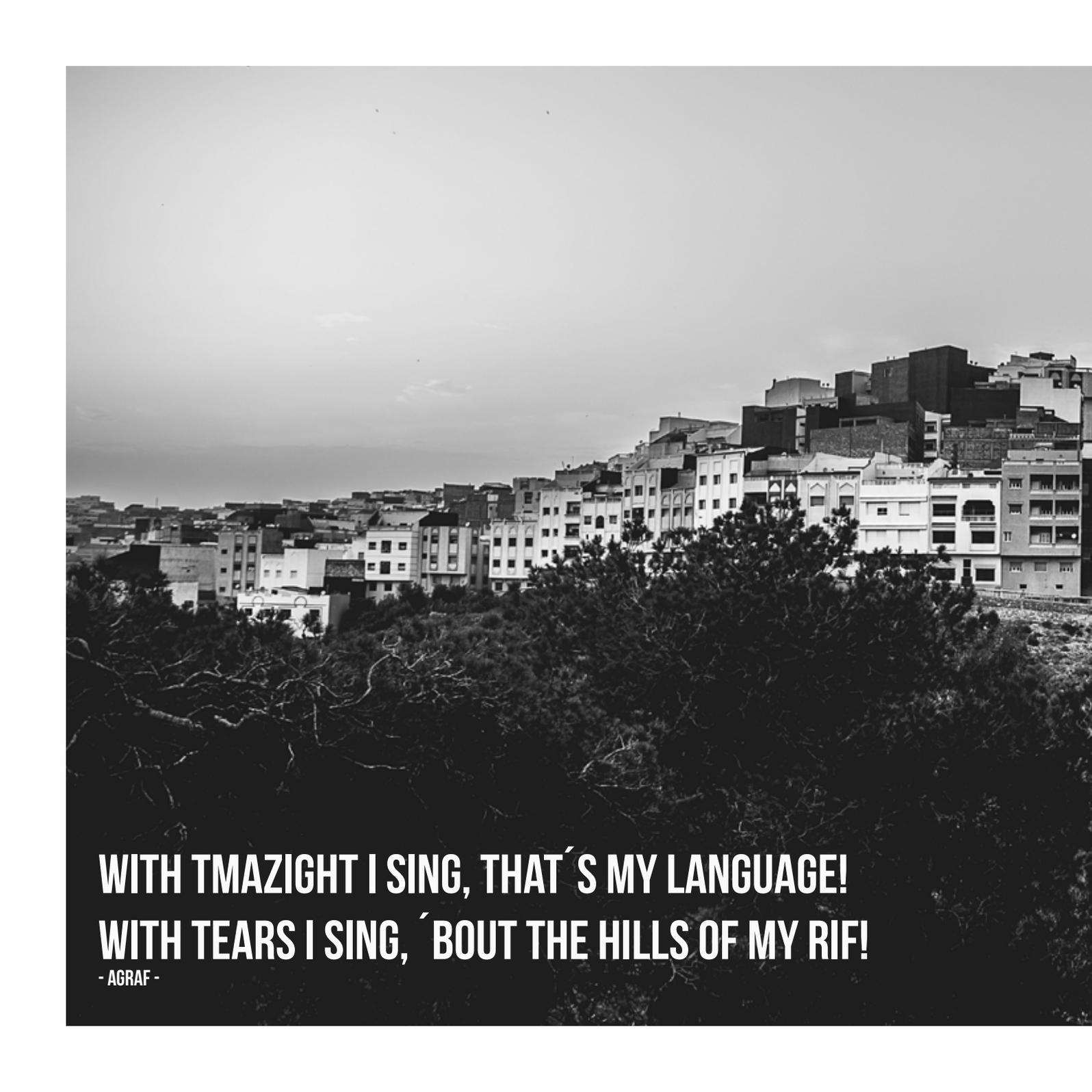




**CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD, CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD
OH WE ARE ALL THE SAME**

- KHALID IZRI -



A black and white photograph of a hillside town. The foreground is dominated by dark, dense, leafy trees and bushes. In the middle ground, a row of multi-story buildings, mostly white with some darker accents, stretches across the slope. The buildings have various architectural details, including balconies and windows. The background shows a hazy, overcast sky and distant hills.

**WITH TMAZIGHT I SING, THAT´S MY LANGUAGE!
WITH TEARS I SING, ´BOUT THE HILLS OF MY RIF!**

- AGRAF -





AZUL, AZUL, AZUL, MY HOMELAND

-AYAWEN-

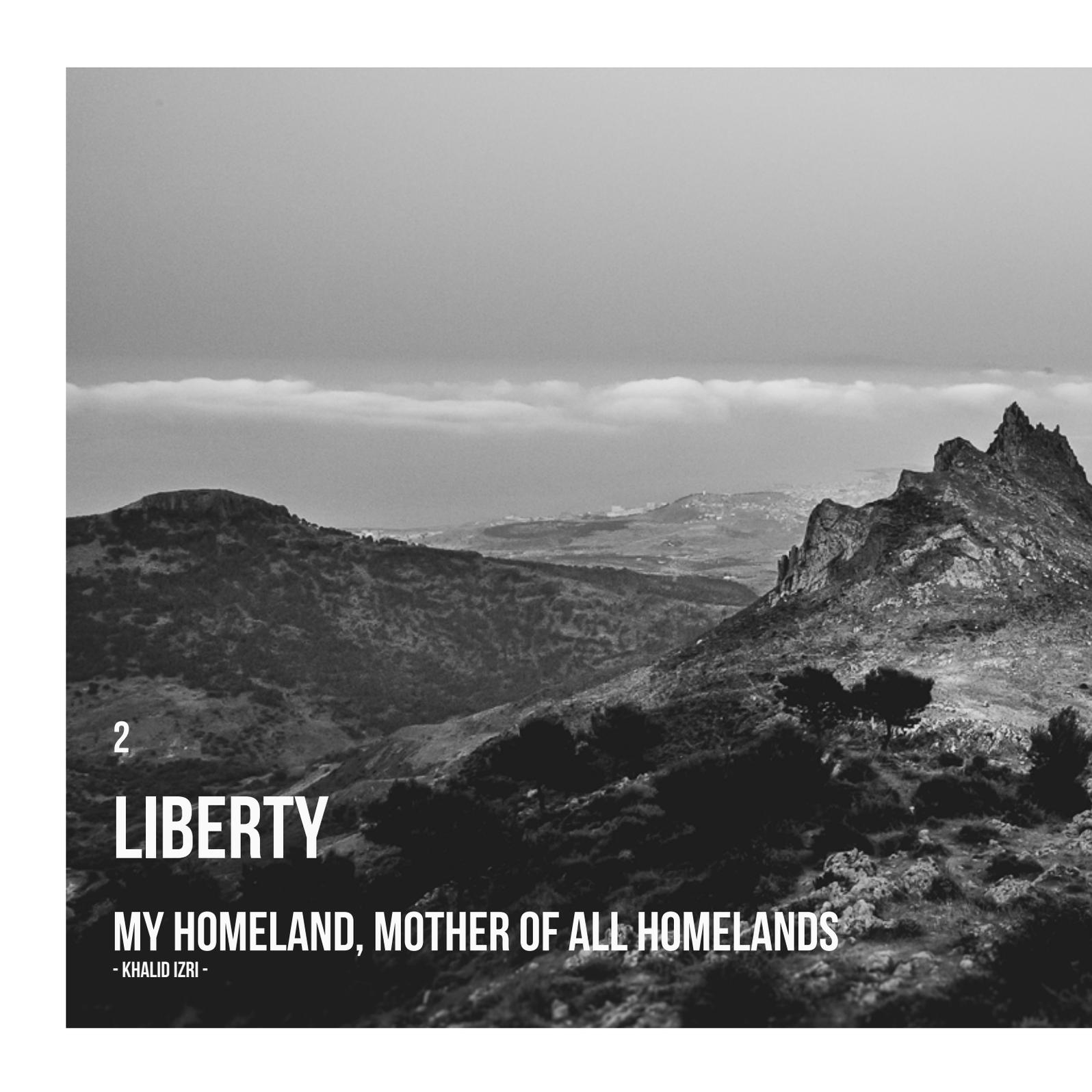


A SHOUT
I DID NOT UNDERSTAND
THEY TOLD ME
THESE ARE THE
AMAZIGH
SHOUTING FROM
THE MOUNTAINS
- AYAWEN-



DON'T CRY FOR ME
MY MOTHER
BE PATIENT,
PLEASE BE PATIENT
WHEN I AM GONE
DON'T WAIT FOR NEWS
DON'T WORRY
- AYAWEN -





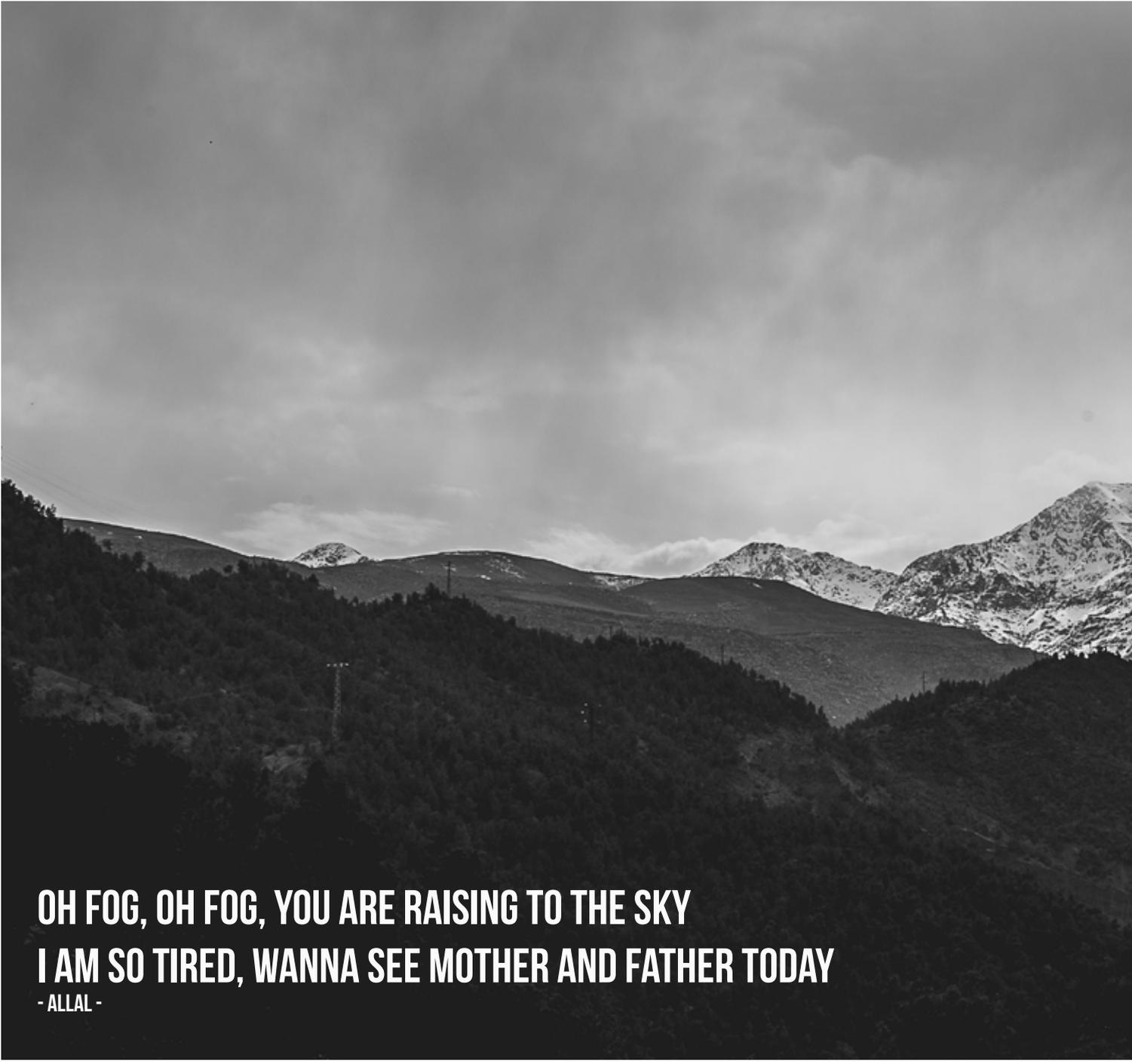
2

LIBERTY

MY HOMETLAND, MOTHER OF ALL HOMETLANDS

- KHALID IZRI -





**OH FOG, OH FOG, YOU ARE RAISING TO THE SKY
I AM SO TIRED, WANNA SEE MOTHER AND FATHER TODAY**

- ALLAL -



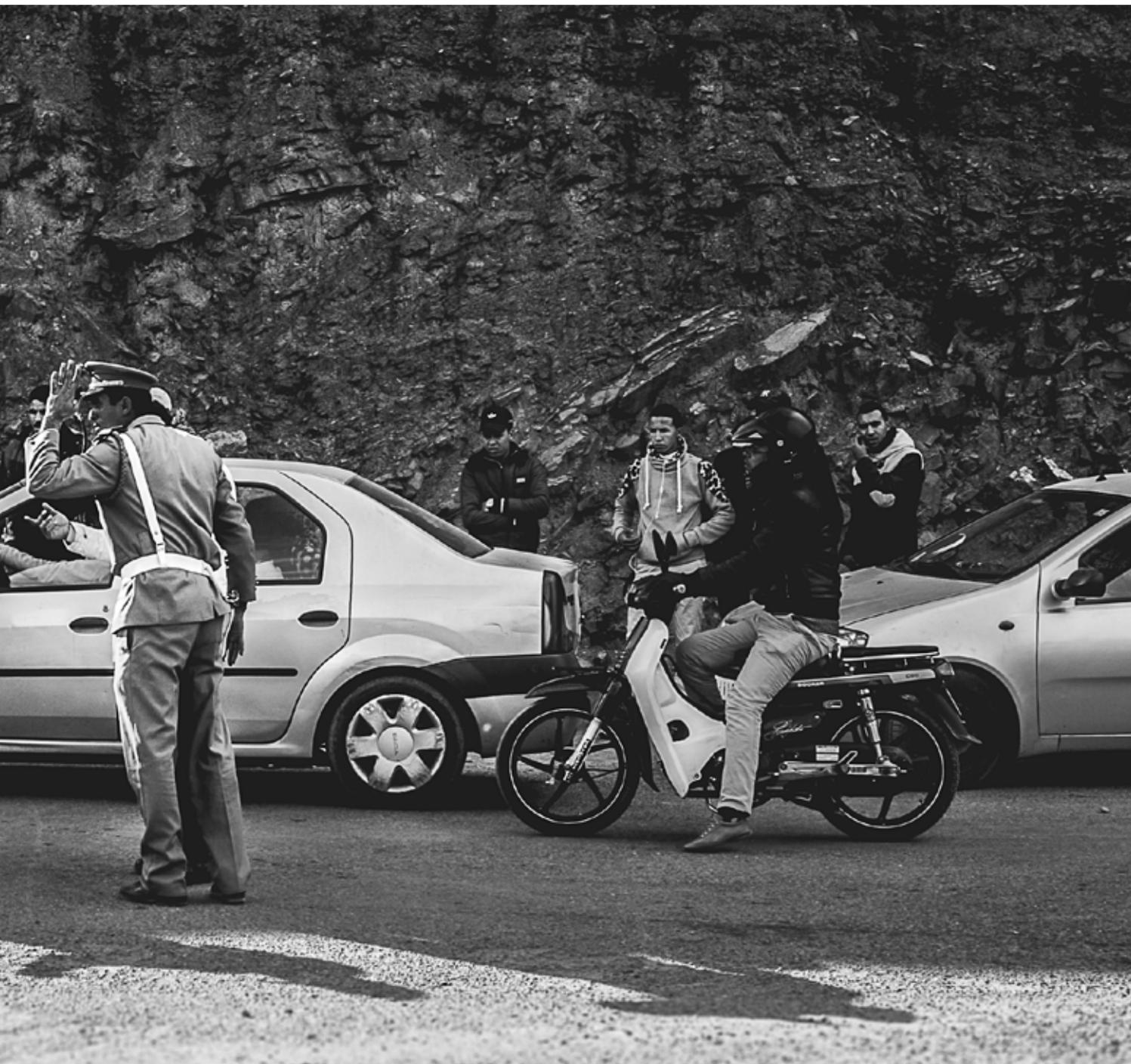




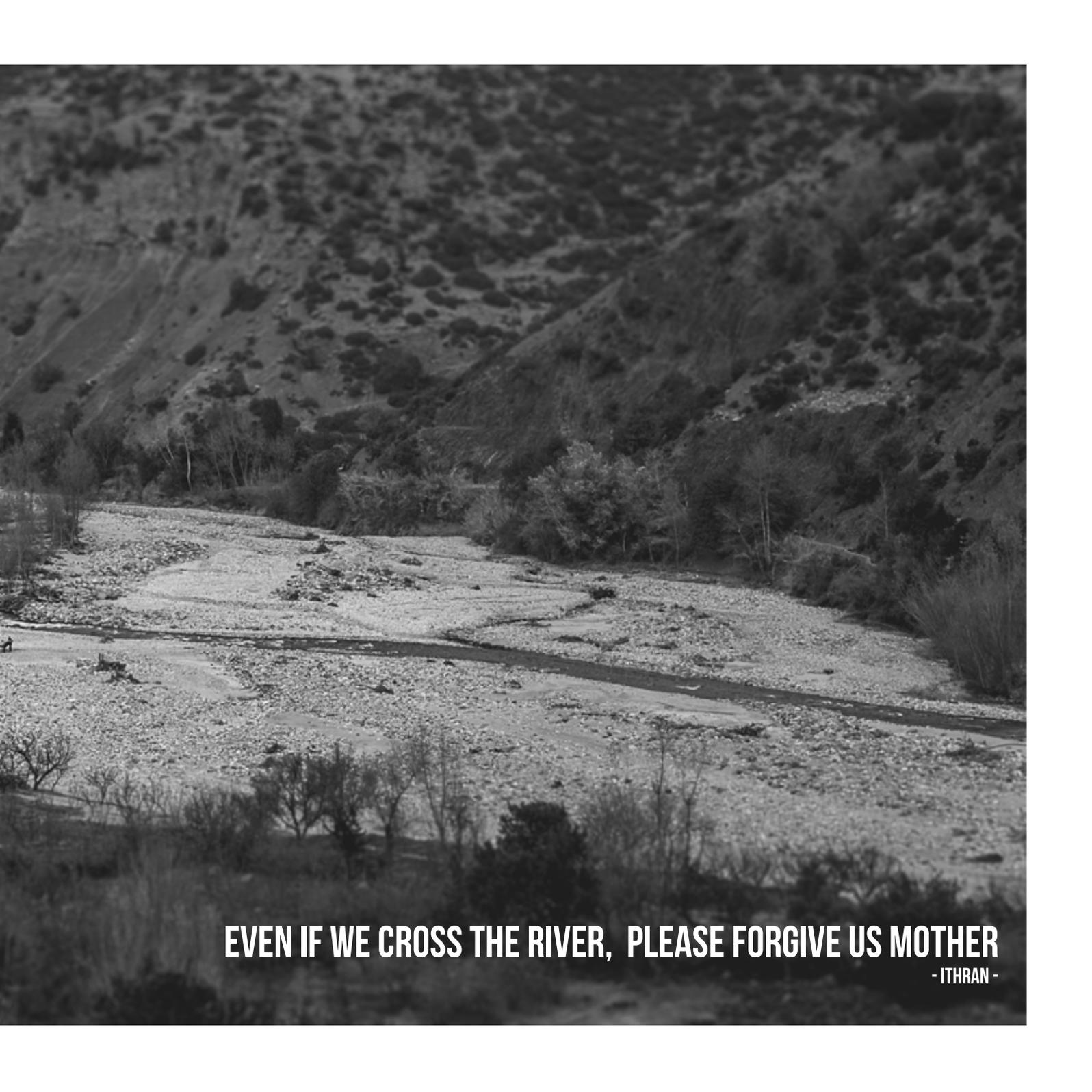
**COME ON, MERCEDES, COME ON
THE LORD IS A FORGIVER**

- FARID TOZARIN -









EVEN IF WE CROSS THE RIVER, PLEASE FORGIVE US MOTHER

- ITHRAN -



INTERDITTE















PATH OF BLOOD

BLOOD OF THE

MARTYRS

LET MORROCCANS

LIVE FREE

- TWATOUN -







**ARE WE FROM HERE?
ARE WE FROM THERE?**

NO, NO, NO

WE ARE FROM HERE

WE ARE SONS OF

THE AMAZIGH

- ILMAS -



















**OVER THE SEA
UPON THE TIDE
RESTLESS HEART
DAY AND NIGHT**

- TIMESNA -



**OUR BROTHER
THE MARINER
WENT TO THE SEA
NEVER CAME BACK**

- TIMESNA -



**I NEVER CAN
FORGET
MY BELOVED
HOMELAND**

- THIFRIDJAS -



**EVEN WHEN WE LEFT
WE CAN'T FORGET YOU
OUR HOMELAND
WE ARE BOUND
TO THE NAMES OF
OUR TRIBES**

- AYNEE -



**DEAR FATHER,
WHERE IS MY BROTHER,
WHO STUDIED SO LONG? OH!**

**DEAR SON,
HE IS STRUGGLIN' IN THE STREETS,
BEGGIN' FOR SOME DORO!**

- ALLAL -





I AM IN A PLANE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKY!
I LET MY HOMETLAND DOWN

- ITHRAN -











**IT IS RAINING
IT IS RAINING
IF YOU COULD SEE ME
FULL OF TEARS**

- MIMOUNT -







**COLDNESS
AND
DUST
IN MY TRIBE
- WALID MIMOUN -**



**O MY MOTHER
WHAT WENT WRONG?
WHY DID YOU LEFT ME?
YOU LEFT ME AS
AN ORPHAN
SORROW AND PAIN OVER ME**

- MIMOUN RAFROUA -



**I CHOOSE
MY PATH
FOREVER**

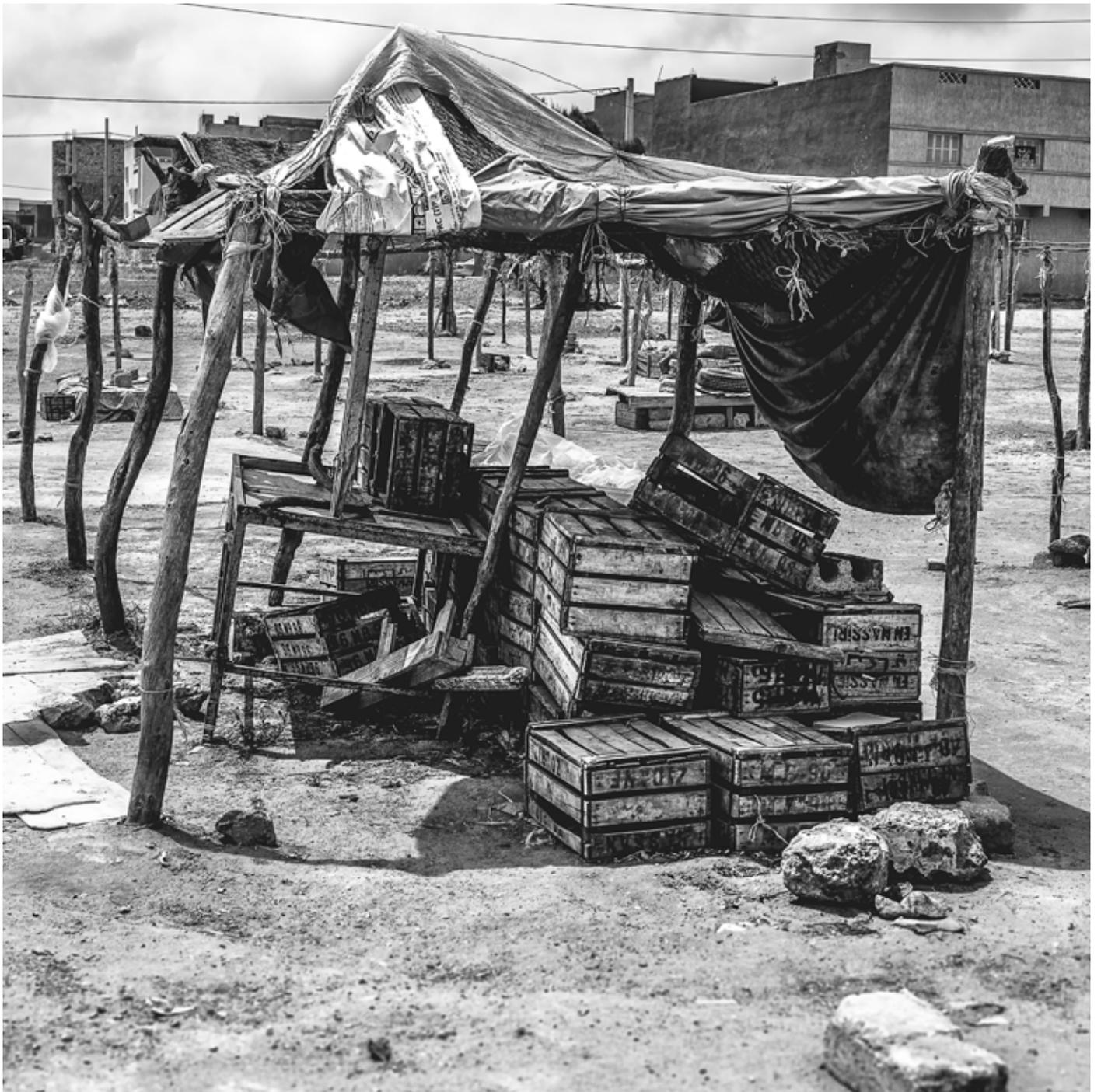
- THIDRIN -







MY TRIBE
THEY ALL HAVE LEFT YOU
MY PEOPLE
YOU´VE GONE ALL
- HASSAN TIMIRA -





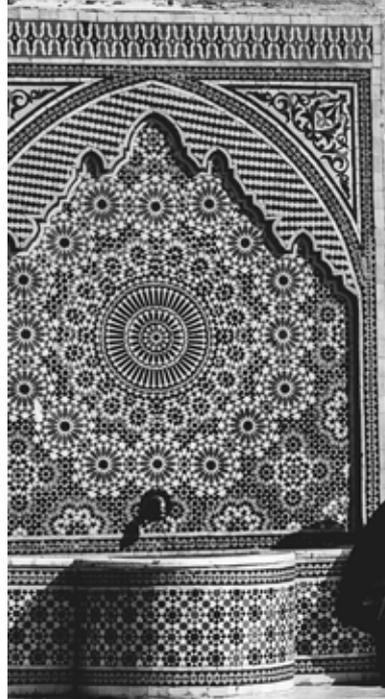


**WITH RIFLES AND PRIDE
SOMETHING GREAT
THEY DID
THE YOUNG AND
THE OLD**

- AYAWEN -

الجماعة الحضريّة لمدينة وجدة
ساحة بديع الزمان الهمداني
PLACE BADIE AZZMAN
AL HAMADANI

HOTEL





I hope you enjoyed the journey to my roots.
Maybe I inspired You to discover Your own roots or to discover Morocco on Your own.

Morocco is a very nice country with beautiful landscapes:

From the Atlantic coast to the Mediterranean sea. From the snowy summits of the Atlas to the rocky Rif mountains.

But its greatest treasure, is its people: full of pride, love and hospitality.
The poorest of them are the greatest of them all - in this world and even beyond.
Please remember Morocco as a warm and comfy place and remember all the sorrow and pain it has lived through.

Sincerly Your

creative nomad

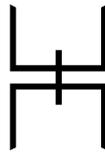
Sam





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