Enough: Narratives of Migration on a Small-Farm in SidiBouafif

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Enough: Narratives of Migration on a Small-Farm in SidiBouafif

Steven Ring

Independent Study Project

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SIT Morocco: Migration and Transnational Identity
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Abstract

Small-scale family farms in the Eastern Rif have undergone challenge after challenge throughout the 20th century, including war, poverty, restrictions of natural resources, overpopulation, and extensive labor migration. This paper aims to examine the ways in which narratives of migration manifest in the daily lives of a family living in the plain of Al-Hoceima. I hold the belief that the ways in which large-scale processes manifest in our daily lives is indicative of how these processes affect our identity. This research comprises a case-study with the Khalid family of SidiBouaif, and aims to examine the ways in which media, ideologies, and materials from abroad are contextualized within everyday life on this small-scale family run farm. In addition, the research will look at the ways in which larger agricultural operations are privileged by the Moroccan government, and how institutionalized policies of the state contribute to the marginalization of farmers living in SidiBouaif. The paper concludes that narratives of migration are extremely prevalent within the Khalid family, and moreover, these narratives are in large part positive. Europe and America are conceived as places of greater opportunity and wealth, and are often used as the standard to which their own lives are compared to. Despite a gravitation toward Europe and America, the Khalid family remains extremely proud of both their Amazigh identity, and their ability to provide for themselves regardless of pressures imposed upon them by the Moroccan State.

Research Question: How do positive and negative narratives of migrations manifest themselves in the daily lives of small-scale family run farms in SidiBouaif?

Key Words: agricultural Anthropology, Identity, Agronomy, Biographical Narrative, Amazigh, Rif Mountains, rural Anthropology, Migration
Introduction

Agricultural is intrinsically linked to the building of societies. It goes hand in hand with everything we do as humans, and without it we could not survive in the world we have built. Needless to say, farming is as old as organized human society, and is a key aspect of our identity as a species. Farming in the Rif Mountains, and specifically in Al-Hoceima Province, has been practiced for thousands of years. During this time, agriculture, like all other human institutions, has undergone significant change. From technological advances to shifting of climates and the movement of peoples, agriculture has adapted to the contexts it must. However, during the 20th century, agriculture in Al-Hoceima Province has gone through especially dramatic transformations. Outmigration from the region, increased access to agricultural technology from other parts of the world, and pressures from the Moroccan State have all served to shape the modern political, social, and economic context of farming in the region.

Today, it is estimated that 48% of Al-Hoceima Province’s land is under cultivation, and the vast majority of these farms are operated on a small-scale by families (Centre Régional d’Investissement, 2004). These farms are generally around a half acre in size, (2,000 meters) and generally cultivate crops for subsistence, not for export (Ring, 2016). With the advent of programs by the Moroccan state and other international organizations, the identity and nature of these farms is undergoing significant change. Factors such as water rights, market access, land distribution, and technological aspects are in all in flux, and often times in a way that marginalizes small-scale agricultural practice. Moreover, this contributes to larger marginalization that has taken place of not only small-scale agriculture, but of the Amazigh peoples who work on these farms. For the people in SidiBouafif, their agrarian and Amazigh
identity are closely intertwined, and often times they view challenges placed upon them by external forces as affronts to both (Ring, 2016).

Moreover, Al-Hoceima Province lies in the Eastern Rif, a region known for its vast number of migrants. Hein De Hass estimates that between one fifth and half of all families in the region have at least one family member who has gone abroad for work (de Haas, 2003: 10). Over the course of this project in SidiBouaafif, it was suggested that these numbers could be even larger. Given the myriad of pressures both internal and external on these small scale farmers, we are compelled to ask how these pressures affect the daily life of such a farmer. There is a stark lack of data on the lived experiences of the people who still farm the land in Al-Hoceima province, and within this project, I hope to produce meaningful data concerning this population. My project will involve a case-study with the Khalid family in SidiBouaafif, and will aim to observe the ways in which narratives of migration manifest in the lives of its members.

I expect to gather a wealth of data in the form of field notes, informal interviews, and active participant observation. It is my hypothesis that positive and negative narratives of migration manifest themselves in multiplicity of ways in the lives of the Khalid family in SidiBouaafif. I imagine I will observe phenomena relating to my research in material culture, folk stories, agricultural techniques, and relationships to institutions. This research will be unique in that there are virtually no previous case-studies conducted with small-scale farmers in Al-Hoceima province, and the larger Rif region. However, this is certainly not only the reason to conduct such a study. It is my hope that the research I conduct can be situated in among larger discourse of how migration impacts small-scale agriculture. In addition, it will contribute to broader discussions of how migration impacts communities in the Rif, and could possibly having implications for movements of Amazigh identity. Moreover, I believe that research projects like
this can provide meaningful insight into how processes of ‘globalization’, or hegemonic influence from certain nations, can manifest itself within the identities of particular groups. In a world where our relationship to food and the people who physically work the Earth to provide it is going through dramatic change, I believe it is extremely important to examine how these processes affect the ancient human institution of agriculture.

---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

**Historical and Contextual Background**

It is exceedingly difficult to write a history of the Rif Mountains, as the Rif Mountains encompass a wide and vastly diverse geo-political area. In addition, the region has been largely ignored by Western scholarship, or its inhabitants have been homogenized into a larger group of “Berber” peoples (Khalaf, 2016). However, there is enough archaeological evidence to give a scarce outline of the region’s history of inhabitation. Archaeological evidence indicates humanoid inhabitation of the Rif by around 50,000 B.C., with modern *Homo-Sapiens* arriving in the region around 9,000 B.C.E. from the regions near the Caspian Sea (WikiMaroc, 2012). It is thought that this population comprises the ancient ancestors of modern-day Amazigh peoples, but the links are not definitively proven. Suffice to say, the Rif Mountains have been inhabited since pre-historic times. Archaeological evidence suggests the presence of domesticated animals in the region by 1,000 B.C.E, and the general soil composition has not undergone radical change since this period (WikiMaroc, 2012). The arrival of the Pheonicians occurred around this time as well, and these peoples established trade centers in locations such as modern day Mellila and Nador (Lee Davis, 2009: *et al*). It is not known the nature of the interaction between the Pheonicians and the individuals who inhabited the coasts of the Rif Mountains at that time, but it is assumed that there was some sort of collaboration between the two peoples, with indigenous
peoples trading in agrarian produce. The evidence indicates early production of both cereals and olives.

Moving to more recent history, in the beginning of the 20th century, Spanish forces occupied sections of the Rif, but did little to invest in the region. When Abd-al-Krim united the Amazigh peoples into the first Rifí Republic he emphasized an intensification agriculture in the region to strengthen the internal economy of the republic (Peebles, 2012). The Spanish occupation and subsequent establishment of the Rifí Republic both have had significant impacts on the agricultural practice and politics of Al-Hoceima province. From these 20th century source points that we can begin to trace the modern agricultural character of Al-Hoceima and the challenges that agricultural practice and agricultural identity are faced with in the region.

**Geography and Topography**

The Rif Mountains themselves form an arc on the Northwestern Atlantic coast of Africa. As a result, the types of agriculture practiced at higher altitudes in the Rif Mountains vary greatly from the agricultural practices of the broader coastal planes. The mountains of the Eastern Rif connect to the Tell Mountains of Algeria, and comprise a vast swath of rough terrain filled with micro-climates. The geography of the region played an important part in keeping the area either fully autonomous or semi-autonomous throughout its history. In addition, this topography has contributed to a relative isolation that has played an integral role in the development of the region’s history and identity (Maurer, 1992: 338). SidiBouafif lies in the plain just South of the Gulf of Hoceima. Historically the land has been irrigated by the Naqor River, but recently the Moroccan State has erected a damn on the river that stopped access to the river by farmers.

**Current Agriculture Situation and Challenges**
Agriculture has remained one of the eminent means of livelihood in Al-Hoceima province up through modern times. While some Amazigh peoples remain pastoralist, changing their domiciles with the seasons to better manage extensive livestock flocks, many perform sedentary agricultural practices and remain in the same location year round (New Agriculturist, 2001). It is important to note that pastoralism to sedentary is a spectrum, and many individuals and communities practice forms of agriculture and husbandry that lie in between these two extremes. For example, some people will grow crops in terraces along mountain slopes during the winter months, but choose to pasture their animals at higher elevation during the summer months (New Agriculturist, 2001). Individuals within Al-Hoceima province practice both these forms of subsistence, but we turn our attention to sedentary practice for the purposes of this review as it is the primary form of agriculture in SidiBouafif.

Land use among sedentary farmers within the Rif is as diverse as its climate and topography. This translates into an uneven distribution of cultivated land within the region, with the general trend being that far more land is under cultivation in the Eastern Rif than in the Western. As of 1999, cereals comprised more than 50% of the land under cultivation, and fruit trees comprised around 16%. These trees have been staple crops of the region since ancient times, and include olives, figs, and almonds (Berkat and Tazi, 1999). As of 1997, there were 14 urban municipalities within Al-Hoceima province and 118 rural communities (Centre Régionald’Investissement, 2004). However, it is important to understand that especially in the rural contexts, these administrative boundaries can have little consequence. This statistic is brought up to emphasize the rural character of the region, and to further show the large role that subsistence agriculture plays. In addition, it is estimated that 48% of Al-Hoceima’s land is under cultivation, and the vast majority of these farms are operated on a small-scale by families (Centre
Régionald’Investissement, 2004). Facing this large agrarian population are a myriad of challenges, including those stemming from environmental change. In the south of Al-Hoceima province, large areas have suffered from a lack of vegetation cover and topsoil (Maurer, 1992: 341). This is in turn is tied in with the larger scale issues of erosion throughout the Rif, and it is thought that mountains are eroding at one of the fastest rates in the world (Perry, 2015). In addition, the region faces severe water limitations and periodic drought. Moreover, increased pressures to produce economically viable crops for markets both within and outside of Morocco have led many farms to intensify their land use which has adverse long term effects on soil health (Morocco Green Plan, 2013).

Through the implementation of the “Plan Vert”, the Moroccan government has sought to modernize and revolutionize agriculture in Al-Hoceima province, as well as throughout Morocco. However there are a number of inherent conflicts within the government’s strategy. The Green Plan proposes to ‘modernize’ the agricultural sector in a way that is more in line with the large-scale intensive agriculture of France and the US (Morocco Green Plan, 2013). The plan seeks to re-organize and restructure the entire agricultural sector, as well as encouraging increased oversight of agricultural land and increased usage of fertilizer. For the Moroccan Green Plan, one of the largest issues facing agriculture in Al-Hoceima and throughout Morocco is a lack of ‘organization’ (Morocco Green Plan, 2013). While it can be acknowledge that increased centralization of agriculture can lead to higher production levels, this type of approach can easily marginalize the 70% of farmers on land less than 5 hectares (Morocco Green Plan, 2013). The stated goal of the Green Plan appears to be the consolidation of traditional small-scale plots, and this type of restructuring is not necessarily wanted by the farmers of such plots. In addition, the Moroccan Green Plan does not explicitly address the rise in cultivation of
Cannabis in the region, presumably, they do not acknowledge this for political reasons. However, cannabis production is a huge threat to traditional agriculture, and it is estimated that a farmer can make significantly more money growing cannabis for export than the next highest earning crop (New Agriculturist, 2001). The intersection of agricultural politics and traditional agricultural practice is made even more complex by outmigration from the region, and remittances paid back to families in the region.

Throughout the 20th century many individuals from both rural and urban areas in Al-Hoceima province have emigrated to Spain and Holland in order to work or as the result of other societal pressures. In addition, Hassan II’s war of persecution in 1959 scarred Al-Hoceima province and the Rif, and this war’s ramifications are still very much felt today. This recent history of both war and migration have both had significant effects on farmers in the region. A modern small-scale farmer in Al-Hoceima lives in an agrarian context that is affected by remittances from abroad, Moroccan government encouragement to centralize and intensify agriculture, and broader movements of Amazigh identity. Nearly half of Al-Hoceima’s land is under cultivation, and the vast majority of these farms are operated on a small-scale by small families. My research seeks to investigate how these farmers situate themselves within this discourse, and will look at the way these different narratives manifest themselves in daily life. Through this case-study research, I aim to produce meaningful information concerning how large global processes affect the lives of rural agriculturists in Al-Hoceima province.
Literature Review

The available literature on how narratives of migration manifest in the daily lives of farmers in SidiBouafif is virtually non-existent. However, there is a significant amount of information concerning some of the general themes my case-study will be situated within. This review of literature aims to further contextualize my particular case-study within wider discourses concerning how migration impacts agriculturists in the Eastern Rif. This includes writing on such topics as remittances in Morocco’s primary sending regions, ethnographic work conducted in the 1950s, an examination of the smuggling culture of Nador in the 1980s, and an examination of how women justify their labor conducted with the same participants as my own research. While none of these works address my questions directly, they each serve to provide scaffolding for my own research to rest upon.

Living in the Rif throughout the 1950’s and 60’s, David Hart provides us with a solid, although biased, source of information in English for life in the Rif in previous generations. The fact that David Hart is a white male American anthropologist cannot be removed from his research, however, many of his observations still hold weight as long as we keep his positionality in mind. Near the beginning of the *TheAithWaryaghar of the Moroccan Rif* Hart touches upon what he believes the main challenges facing the people are, as well as the processes that have resulted from it.

> the central problem of the region, economically and demographically, is extreme poverty of terrain coupled, with overpopulation (which is today particularly acute); this problem Rifians themselves have attempted to resolve either through heavy indulgence in bloodfeuding, or, later in time but still coexistent with the feud, through labor migration, or both” (Hart, 1976:4).

While this is surely an over simplification of the systemic issues facing Amazigh peoples in Al-Hoceima, Hart does touch upon factors that are still at play today. Particularly
overpopulation, poverty, and labor migration. My own research was not extensive or deep enough to address issues of blood-feuding, and I will not attempt to conjecture as to the current state of such phenomenon in this paper. At the time of his writing, Hart describes the average Riffian household as around 300 meters apart, and often times this distance was much greater (Hart, 1976:29). The homes were generally white, made of mud-brick or stone, and were one story in height. Moreover, in a telling panoramic photo of the Plain of Al-Hoceima from 1955, one can observe that the entire plain is relatively dispersed in its’ population. Toward the coast of the photo, where SidiBouafif is today, one can see only a few signs of permanent structures (Hart, 1976:30). The portrait that Hart paints of the landscape serves as an example of what SidiBouafif looked like prior the intense period of migration throughout the second half of the 20th century. For information providing us with clues as to how this migration was conceptualized in daily life, we must turn to later writers.

The 2nd half of the 20th century saw significant outmigration from Al-Hoceima province for a multiplicity of reasons. A complete discussion of these factors are outside the scope of this paper, but some of them include encouragement by foreign governments to migrate for work, lack of job availability in Al-Hoceima province, and social pressures (Mcmurray, 1992). This outmigration has had significant impact on both agricultural practice and identity within Al-Hoceima province. The classic image of abandoned farmers and overgrown fences that is often associated with outmigration carries no weight in a discussion of SidiBouafif. While many scholars contend that migration has led to a disaffection from small-scale agriculture, there are a number of recent empirical studies that suggest otherwise (Hein de Haas, 2007: 17-18). It would appear that the general trend is for emigrants to send remittances back to their homes in Al-Hoceima, and so agricultural practice has been maintained and supported by this remittances.
However, some authors argue this stems from a sentimental valuing of agriculture, rather than an economic one (Hein de Hass 2007: 17). As with many of the assumptions within this discourse, it is probable the reality of the motivations of these remittances are specific to the individuals who take part in the activity, and lay along a spectrum of desires.

Moreover, migration and its effect on agriculture have certainly impacted perception of Amazigh identity within the Eastern Rif. As more and more Amazigh peoples of the Eastern Rif migrate to urban areas or abroad, attitudes toward traditional agriculture have shifted. In his book, *In and Out of Morocco* David A. McMurray examines the effects of outmigration and smuggling on the identity and economy of Nador, but touches on these processes in a rural context on rare occasions. One of the instances where his work does apply however, is in his discussion of the music of Walid Mimoun in the 1980s. Walid Mimoun was an extremely popular folk artist, who sang songs that lamented the loss of Amazigh agrarian identity in a world of emigration and subjugation. McMurray writes:

> Many of the young people of Nador who embraced ‘Dcharlnou’ at the time of its release had only visited the countryside and villages of their parents; they had never actually lived there themselves...I like to think that the song represents a kind of memorial to a life left behind in the country, a life the urban youth had hardly known was being mourned as it passed away, slowly destroyed by migration to the city and abroad (Mcmurray, 1992:106).

While it should be noted that this is simply one American male anthropologists’ interpretation of the situation, similar sentiments of agrarian loss are expressed within the ‘Berber Manifesto’. That document was produced in 2001 by Amazigh activists and sought to address various issues of marginalization and oppression that face the Amazigh community (Amazigh Manifesto, 2001). This document itself is inherently political, and it is possible that it does not accurately represent the specific views and desires of small-scale farmers in Al-Hoceima province.
However, the Amazigh Manifesto does provide us with insight as to the way in which the larger discourse of Amazigh identity views its agricultural heritage.

Leah Kahler’s work in the fall of 2014 provides even more insight as to the ways migration affects peri-urban families in SidiBouafif. Kahler concludes that stigmatization of agricultural labor and processes of migration are reflexive and influence each other. Within her own research with the Khalid’s, she suggest that narratives of migration are expressed within a context that attempts to negotiate both modern and traditional identities. “Their taking pride in their land and being shamed of it are not incongruous or indicative of a flawed sense of self. Rather, it indicates a struggle to situate themselves in the evolving social status of agricultural work” (Kahler, 2014: 41). In an extreme simplification of both of our research goals, this poignant conclusion by Kahler can be seen as perhaps the ‘end’ of result of what I seek to find the ‘middle’ of in my own research. While Kahler writes persuasively about the implications of migration on identity and gendered work with the Khalids, my own research seeks to find exactly how these narratives of migration are manifested in daily life. It is my hope that with a better understanding of ways in which these processes manifest, we will better be able to understand the entirety of their implications in the future.

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Methodology

Participant observation within the context of a case-study was my chosen method of research. I believe this was the best approach to getting to know the daily rhythms and patterns of life on their farm. I resided in SidiBouafif for eight full days, and occupied a small room at the North end of the home. All of our conversations were conducted in formal Arabic, and it is important to note that this is not the native language of neither myself nor my research
participants. I attempted to make it clear that I did not want to receive any sort of elevated
treatment because of my status as a guest, and I believe to some extent I achieved this. Every
day I would assist with the tasks of running the property, and towards the end of my stay I would
be given instructions and trusted to complete a task on my own. I believe that by occupying the
same space as my research participants, I was better able to establish a rapport with them that felt
comfortable and genuine. My interviews were all informal, and would be conducted as we
swung hoes or ate bread together.

I chose to live with the Khalid family because in many ways they are an excellent
example of a small-scale family run farm in the Rif. In addition, they are already familiar with
SIT students and my advisor, Hakim Messaoudi. While I recognize that they may be statistically
average in that case, I am also well aware that each family and individual is different, and I do
not hope to project my experience with the Khalid family over a wide swath of territory. Rather,
I hope my research can contribute to a larger mosaic of study on migration in the Rif. This being
said, a disproportionate amount of my time was spent with Wahid. Wahid often would invite me
on long walks to see other parts of Sidi Bouafif, and while at times I refused in order to spend
more time with other members of the family, in general I accepted for the sake of seeing more of
Sidi Bouafif. I realize that these opportunities are a result of my privileged access as a male, and
Wahid would frequently comment that he took me to places other people could not go. I found it
difficult to challenge the gendered norms of daily life with the Khalid’s, however I insisted on
performing certain tasks with the women of the family. I found my most generative interviews
with Saaliha were conducted in the early morning, prior to anybody else in the family waking up.
While I would have liked to spend more time with Khadija, I had reason to believe that
attempting to force an interview would have put her at risk. I acknowledge that in this regard,
there are holes in my holistic approach to the case-study with the Khalids. For the purposes of this research, the Khalids will refer to five members of the family, Wahid, Saaliha, Yusef, Hamid, and Houria. While ideally I could have spent more time with the other two daughters of the family, the reality of the constraints on my research was too much to overcome in such a short period.

I aimed to be transparent as possible with the Khalids about my own positionality, and I believe I succeeded in this to a large extent. I never once attempted to disguise that I am a white male American student with biases from my position. Rather, when asked about my own life or opinions, I gave sincere and honest answers and qualified them with an acknowledgment that many of my ideas were a result of my very fortunate upbringing. I acknowledge that my positionality and presence inherently affects the data I gathered, however I do not believe it discredits it. With such a short research window, I by no means aim to present a concrete image of what it means to be a small family farm in SidiBouafif. Rather, I aim to present the story of my own research and the ways in which migration was expressed during my time as a component of a mosaic of research concerning migration within Morocco.

I took field notes three or four times a day, and always in public spaces within the house. The family was fully aware of my status as a student researcher, and that I was particular interested in topics of migration. Moreover, Wahid, Saaliha, and I all went over the consent forms together, and I repeatedly emphasized that they had the right to ask for anything to be excluded from this work, or to ask me to leave at any point. They willfully agreed to the terms, and we also discussed at length who exactly this paper is for. The Khalids delighted me with their interest in my work, and often times after an afternoon of writing they would ask me to share with them what I had written. I happily obliged. As I was living under their roof, and
eating their food, I paid the Khalids 200 MAD a day for my stay. It is important to note that this payment constitutes room and board, and by no means is monetary exchange for information.

In investigating how narratives of migration manifest in the daily lives of the Khalid’s, I employed a very broad interpretation of the word ‘narrative’. Narrative in this case includes gossip, stories, material culture, physical space, and art. I sought to observe how exactly topics and themes of migration manifested themselves in the daily lives of the family, whether it be through the television or Spanish manufactured pesticide. In addition, I employed a definition of ‘migration’ that includes almost all things on the spectrum of international influence. This broad approach was conducive to my research as it ensured a wealth of meaningful data. Given the time-constraints on the research period, I believe applying these broader definitions was far more practical than attempting to focus on a single type of narrative.

After leaving the Khalid family, I visited two other larger scale agricultural operations in Morocco. I would not constitute these visits as part of a case-study, but rather as a way in which to further contextualize my own time on the Khalids farm. On both occasions, I received oral or written consent to include information gathered from those farms in this work. It is important to acknowledge that I work and live on a farm in the U.S. as well, and this was in large part a motivation for my desire to do research concerning agriculture in Morocco. I believe this both helped and hindered me during my case-study, as on one hand I was extremely familiar with much of the daily work, but on the other, at times my previous agricultural experience may have led me to assume a space’s utility or function without fully understanding it within its’ proper context.
All quotes from the case-study have been translated by me from Arabic into English, and the names of all members of the Khalid family have been changed\(^1\). All photographs are taken by myself, and presented with the permission of those involved. I have blurred all faces for the sake of anonymity. Within this work, I present my case-study as a narrative of its own. While I considered employing a variety of categorical methods to present data, I feel as though presenting the data itself as a narrative as numerous benefits. In this way, the reader is invited to understand the information in the same way that I was able to, and on roughly the same timeline. Through presenting information in this way, I invite the reader to draw their own conclusions about my data. My own analysis by no means touches upon all the data here presented, but I believe it is important to present the data in such a way to preserve the context in which the information was gathered. While I offer interpretations and analysis of the same data, I believe that it is up to the reader to decide for themselves what interpretations seems valid given the narrative of the research.

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Narrative of Case-Study

I arrived in SidiBouafif (Fig.1) alone on Thursday, April 14\(^{th}\). Getting out of the grand taxi, I quickly found myself conversing with several students at the local college asking if they knew the road to the house of the Khalids. They did not, but they spoke Tamazight and so they offered to speak to Wahid on the phone to facilitate my arrival. The students spoke to Wahid, I looked confused, and then was quickly shuffled into the van of a very friendly man who took me to the house of the Khalids. I arrived around 5pm, and all greeted me warmly. We immediately

\(^1\) I have chosen to utilize the same naming scheme as in Leah Kahler’s research for the sake of consistency in our respective works.
went in for tea. I was very happy to realize that I had similar fortune to Leah, and the children had a break from school during the week I was to stay.

This was not my first visit to the farm, and we had visited previously a month prior when my program was in Al-Hoceima. That time I was accompanied by my advisor Hakim, and three other SIT students. That first meeting was nice, but Wahid told me initially that it would not be possible for me to stay with his family. Admittedly, I was disappointed, but we still went for a walk around the farm together. After the walk, Wahid’s tone seemed to change, and it was explained that he was fine with me staying, but that other people may judge him and his family for it. Moreover, I recall asking him on that initial visit if he liked being a farmer, he said he was content, but in order to illustrate the point he pointed to a bucket, to indicate that it was full and so was he. As I later found out, the root of the tension around my staying came from the husband of Khadija, Wahid’s recently married daughter. He really disliked the idea of another young man speaking to Khadija, let alone seeing her. I explained that I would like have an arrangement similar to the one the Khalid’s had had with Leah Kahler, the previous SIT student to do research with the family. Hakim explained to me that it would be difficult for me to be ‘part of the family’ due to my gender, but that I would be allowed to stay. At the time I did not quite understand what this meant, but I was happy that I would be allowed to stay with the Khalid family at all. As will become apparent, my identity as a male heavily influenced that type of information I had access too.

I would stay with the Khalids for 8 full days in mid-April, and aimed to follow the rhythms of life on their farm as close as possible. I lived in the room usually occupied by Wahid, and ate all my meals with the family. I would work with them during the day, and at night would go to the mqah(café) with Wahid to drink tea and speak with his friends. The
Khalid family is comprised of seven members, the youngest is Houria, who is 7 years old. She attends school during the week. Yusef turned 12 during my stay with the Khalid’s, and he attends school as well. The oldest son Hamid is 17, and had been working in a restaurant in Tetouan for three months, prior to his return to the family home during my stay there. Khadija is 20, and will move to another home with her new husband come the summer time. I was not allowed to speak with her during the research period, and I believe this was a serious blow to my research. In part because of my own biases concerning gender equality, and the knowledge that Khadija spoke English and had worked previously with Leah. I did not meet the oldest daughter Ilham, who is 22, I was told she lived in another city now with family. Saaliha, the mother of the family is 38 and performed a great deal of the tasks that supported the farm on a daily basis. In addition, she attends a small school in the area where she studies Arabic most afternoons. Wahid is the father of the family and is 47. Wahid served as my primary informant as his Arabic was the strongest, and I believe he felt compelled to guide my research himself. Although he never intervened directly when I would spend time with other members of the family, Wahid implored me to join him in solitary activities between the two of us.

The Khalid’s divide their work into two seasons, summer and winter. When I asked Wahid what time of year it was at the moment, he replied that it was “preparation for summer” (Wahid). During my stay, the family grew tomatoes, potatoes, chard, mint, sage, lemons, radishes, olives, figs, pomegranates, corn, and a variety of greens for cattle. All farm work is done manually, with the exception of a recently installed motorized pump that draws water from a reservoir the Khalid’s dug. I was frequently told that the farm really comes to life during the summer, and the only crop we harvested during my time there were radishes. The total land of the farm was approximately 2000 square meters, and about 70% of that area was under
cultivation. The plots themselves are generally 3x3 meters in size (Fig. 3), and have a complex series of irrigation ditches surrounding each one. These 3x3 plots are close to the house, and there is another shared field to the east for the house. In this field the greens for cattle are grown, and in addition, the Khalid’s have a small plot about a half a kilometer away in corn grows to be sold during the summer time. The house itself is one floor (Fig. 4), and constructed from a type of light brick and mortar. It was built by the Khalid’s themselves, and consists of a living room with a couch and a television, a long guest room, a bathroom, a kitchen, a room with queen-sized bed\(^2\), and smaller room for storage and sleeping. Construction has begun on a second floor above the first, but is halted now for want of money. During my stay the rooftop was used to hang laundry. To and during my time the rooftop was used to hang laundry. In addition there was a structure for cattle to the east of the main household. This was constructed of the same brick as the house, but roof with a combination of thatch and timber. All structures on the property were constructed by the Khalid’s themselves, and as Wahid put it to me on several occasions “everything I have is from my hands” (Wahid).

**Thursday, April 14th**

That first day as we drank tea, Wahid emphasized the he was Amazigh and not Arab. He claimed that in fact most of the country was Amazigh, and it was just the Arabs who were in power. Yusef then showed me around the property, proudly pointing out the different locations of all the crops his family grew. He spoke about how he and his father worked very hard to make everything grow. Yusef was keen to make a very good impression on me, and as we walked around the land Houria followed behind us without saying much. At one point as we

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\(^2\) I was told this room was usually Wahid’s, as he prefers to sleep alone. I slept in this room during my stay with the Khalid’s, though I offered to sleep elsewhere. It seemed important to them that I have the most comfortable accommodations, I’ve found similar sentiments at almost everywhere I have been a guest during my time in Morocco.
stood in field of greens for the cattle, Houria brought us a dusty sim-card she had found in the dust. I asked Yusef if it was important, he said of course it was, and tucked it into his pocket. Shortly after, Yusef rushed inside to show me a book of his. We sat on the couch and he opened the pages of an Arabic-French translation book. He proudly spoke several words to me in French, and then Wahid came in to invite me to the *mqah*. Wahid and I stepped outside, and he explained that he goes to the *mqah* to smoke with his friends, as he does not take breaks during the day (Wahid). He smoked a few bowls of *kif* from his *sibsi*, and we began our walk to the *mqah*. The *mqah* near the main road is about a kilometer from the Khalid’s house, and I would become extremely familiar with this walk during my time there. As we walked Wahid explained that he appreciated the efforts of Mohammad IV, that since his time in power there have been more roads in SidiBouafif. He said Hassan II was terrible though, and launched into an explanation of the war of ’59. “When there is war there is hunger, nobody likes hunger” (Wahid).

We arrived at the *mqah* and ordered mint tea, “Amazigh Whiskey” Wahid called it. As we sipped tea and Wahid smoked, he explained that he is one of nine siblings. Two of his brothers work in Belgium during the year, and one works on a farm here like himself. Wahid identifies with the *shaab*, or the ‘poor’, of the Amazigh. As we talked and Wahid smoked more, our conversation became more emphatic. He predicted the possibility of “World War III, between governments and the poor” (Wahid). We also spoked about the Spanish occupation of the region. To my surprise, Wahid expressed a lot of positive sentiments towards the Spanish. “Had the Spanish remained here, I would be a doctor, my father would be a doctor. I would not be a farmer” (Wahid). This certainly wasn’t what I had expected, and I felt silly for expecting anything. Moreover, he is not a fan of Abd-al-Krim, the supposed great Amazigh leader of the
Rifi Republic. It seems Wahid blames Abd-al-Krim for the war with the Spanish, and the subsequent chemical bombs that were dropped on their soil. As we walked back to the house, Wahid pointed out a French license plate, and some lavish homes built with money from remittances. My field notes from that evening read “Wahid seems to oscillate between contentment with his life, and bitterness towards the institutions that constrain it?” (Ring). The question mark for me is telling, and I wish I could say that by the end of the case-study I was certain about such matters, but as I would find out, these issues are incredibly complex.

Friday, April 15th

Wahid had told me the previous night to be up at 8am, and I was. It seemed that nobody else had arisen yet. I would not find out until days later that the people in SidiBouafif do not use daylight savings time excepting those who work in town. Soon after I woke up though, I heard Saaliha moving around the cow-house. I offered to help, and we milked the cattle and made idle conversation about my own family. I had emphasized to the Khalid’s that given that I would be asking a lot of questions, they should feel entitled to ask me anything about myself as well.

Later on in the morning, Wahid and I spoke briefly about religions. He said the Muslims and Christians were alike, and that was the reason that I and he were alike. Wahid asked me “Who killed the Messiah?”, “The Jews” I replied (Ring). I hesitated about telling him I was Jewish, but felt that perhaps it would be worse not to. I told him, and he seemed genuinely surprised. The tone and subject of our conversation shifted. “Everybody in the world is a son of god” Wahid explained. We then turned to the day’s work. We collected piles of a fibrous crop

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3 The Khalid family knew that I was there to better understand processes of migration, so the amount of information that was provided for me on the subject is certainly affected by this knowledge. I cannot know if Wahid would have thought about the French license plate or other aspects of his environment that relate to migration had I not been present.
that the cattle eat that Wahid had cut at the west end of the property and piled them on a rack in an adjacent field. They were meant to dry there until the seeds came off and could be replanted. Wahid explained that he had learned the technique from his father. “Generation to generation” is how the knowledge of such things was passed.

We picked radishes by hand, and after we had gathered several bundles brought them to the side of the house. There Saaliha gathered them into bunches of four, some large some small, and wrapped them with a strand of fiber from brush. The Khalid’s use an intermediary, and sell the bushes to a man who sells the turnips at market three times a week. I began to help, and we spoke about television. She had no television when she was young, and she explained that her whole family lived under one earthen roof. As she spoke Wahid continuously praised his wife, and her hard-working nature. Saaliha made faces at Wahid, and they teased each other about a number of things. Yusef came home around this time, and regally kissed Houria’s forehead, his father’s hand, and then shook my own hand. He sat down to work with the turnips, remarking that he had never done it before.

Over lunch, Yusef and Houria taught me a song in Arabic about loving your mother. Saaliha smiled broadly as they sang. A Bruce Lee movie came on the TV, and Wahid assisted Houria with her math homework. After lunch, I offered money to Saaliha for my stay there, she seemed confused, and refused it at the time. “Why?” she asked repeatedly. I explained that since I was staying in their room, and eating their food, I felt it was right. She told me that if I wanted to pay them, I could do at the end of my time there. I felt insecure about this, but my advisor Souad had told me that it was the precedent set by Leah, and would be the right thing to do.
After an afternoon nap, Wahid told Yusef that he wanted to purchase something for the snails in the fields of green for the cows. I accompanied Yusef to town, and unprompted, he asked me how he could go to the U.S. I told him that I wasn’t sure, that I knew it was possible if he was a student, but that I was not somebody who knew exactly how these things worked. I asked him why he wanted to leave. Yusef replied “I want to go to any other place, where people have cars. Here is not beautiful (he gestured to the side of the road), and the people are not beautiful” We purchased the snailicide, and returned to Wahid. We then cast the tiny pellets all over the field, and shouted Kul KulKul(eat!) to the snails within.

Yusef, Houria, and I all went out to the hanout(small shop) to purchase eggs at dusk. Yusef spoke with authority on all subjects concerning his neighborhood, and his wherewithal surprised me for a twelve-year old. He asked me if I smoked, and I felt as though I had to be honest. I do and I hate it I told him, he nodded with understanding. At the hanout we searched for a special type of Spanish sausage Yusef likes, but we could not find it. On our way back Yusef pointed to the large house of his uncle adjacent to the Khalid’s. He dramatically told the story of a fist-fight between his uncle and his father. When we arrived home, a Hilary Duff movie came on the TV, and Yusef shook his finger, saying Haram(forbidden).

Later that night, I showed Wahid and Saaliha the consent forms from SIT and the CCCL. They read them over carefully, and I asked if there were any questions. Wahid said he understood the papers, but wanted to know why I had asked him about Israel that morning. I was taken aback, I didn’t recall talking about Israel earlier, but Wahid pressed the conversation. He believes that Israelis and Palestinians are the same, and that it’s the governments that are terrible. This quickly turned into a discussion about the issues with the Moroccan government. “The
Moroccan bank is full of thieves. I help them, but they do not help me—Where is my car? Why do I not have tons of cows? Why is there not a good school here?” (Wahid).

**Saturday, April 16**

In the morning I met Hussein⁴, Wahid’s cousin. Hussein spent 14 years working all over Western Europe, and now lives with his mother in a house nearby. Hussein joked that I should work on getting Wahid a visa so he could come work on my farm in America. That morning Wahid and I went to the market in Imzouren to purchase food for the week. The market there was packed with produce and livestock from all over SidiBouafif and the surrounding areas. There were almost no women at the market, and Wahid explained it was not a place for women. We went to a chicken salesman, and I noted that the chickens were of the Cornish-cross variety. An American breed developed expressly as a meat bird. We bought one, in addition to purchasing onions, green beans, artichokes, fish, strawberries, fried dough, potatoes, carrots, and peppers. During the summer the Khalid’s eat mostly from their own farm, but in the spring not enough produce is ready.

After returning from Imzouren, Wahid talked of his past desires. He used to want to sell the farm, so that he could possibly purchase a nice car. Now he says he would never do such a thing. “If I sell the farm, where will Yusef work” (Wahid). Wahid laid out his vision for the property, with each generation having their own floor of their house. Generation atop generation. We talked briefly of *Daesh*, and Wahid lamented their advent. “They read the Koran, but they kill children (he spits)” He re-iterated that Muhammad had been brothers with

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⁴ Wahid claims that Hussein ‘talks too much’ as he snorted and drank too many things during his time abroad. In my own experience, Hussein was pleasant and would frequently come to his potato fields nearby the Khalid’s house. Admittedly, I never saw him without a hash-joint in hand.
Israel, and that *Daesh* would never be. The Khalids frequently commented that migration to Spain and other parts of Europe had slowed down significantly in recent years. Wahid believes it is because of *Daesh*, and that now Spain has more problems than Morocco.

Later as we worked with a scythe in the fields of greens, Wahid expressed disdain for the Arabs in government. He pointed out to large bowls to me, one with a crack and one that was whole. He explained that the cracked one came from Morocco, and that the whole one came from Europe. “Better! You see?” (Wahid). We then went through some of the items on his farm, the scythes were from Spain, the wheel barrel from France, the sprinkler device from Japan. Wahid prides himself as an intelligent farmer, and believes it is best to take ideas from all over to implement on his property. We once again spoke of how people sell their land in the area, and how the government wants to develop SidiBouafif for tourism. Wahid remains resistant to the idea, and joked of a future in which only his family lived in the area. “The City of Wahid” he called it. We then went to the *mqah*, and there discussed the type of work his friends and family had done in Europe. He said that for the most part, they worked on farms as they did here, but that there, they work a lot more. “Here your work a little, and rest. There, you work all the time, and rest a little” (Wahid) I asked what the best thing to come from Europe or America was, he replied that he believed it was Democratic government. My field notes from that night read

I’ve been considering a lot the notion of ‘better life’, but what does that mean? Would Wahid truly be happier without a government here? Would he be happier without any knowledge of Europe? Is the ticket to happiness not knowing about a better life? I’m not sure, but this family has far more solidarity and sense of purpose than many of the American families I know (Ring).
When we got home Saaliha was praying, and Wahid joked that she must be a member of Daesh as she was praying like a Muslim. He then acknowledge that Saaliha works a lot more than him, but claimed in the summer he works much harder than at other times of the year.

**Sunday, April 17th**

I joined Saaliha early in the morning to milk the cows. As she worked milking, I asked her if she enjoyed the work. She gave me a look like I was silly. “I do not love this work.” She explained that it was repetitive and hard, and so was her life. I then asked if she could have anything, what it would be. She explained she would love a convertible black car, to drive around wherever she wanted with Wahid. That she would never have to worry about her husband or her children. Afterwards we had our usual breakfast of bread and olive oil, and I was offered Nescafe and cocoa powder to put in my coffee. We took the cows out to graze, and then proceeded to pick more turnips. As Wahid, Houria, and I all picked turnips, Wahid remarked that a lot of them were sick. The source of this sickness according to him were the Spanish chemical bombs of the past, he extrapolated that the whole land was sick as a result.

After Wahid and I took a walk to his fields of corn, and together we remarked that the soil looked incredibly dry. In the past there was a lot more rain in the area, but now the government has put a dam on the river. Wahid must pay a man for irrigation water, at the rate of 30DH per hour. As we walked back, Wahid said that the government does not care about the poor in Morocco. They support the large farms, but not the small ones like his. “They take from the poor, and they can do whatever they want. They read, write, buy cars, travel, whatever they want. Us, we sleep, we work hard, we eat, it’s enough” (Wahid). He remarked he had heard of

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5 Wahid loves to joke around, and during my time at the Khalid’s he jokingly claimed that he, his wife, and his cattle were all alternately members of daesh.
the Moroccan Green Plan, but could not recall any point where he had benefitted from it. He asked me why the government doesn’t give them a little water for irrigation, “We need it” (Wahid).

When we returned to the house, I asked Saaliha more about the pricing of the turnips. They sell 4 to the intermediary for ½ DH each, and he sells them for 1DH at the market. I calculated that in about two hours work, we had earned approximately 50DH⁶. Saaliha agreed that migration used to be better for the people, that now Europe was afraid. I asked her what migrants were like when they returned, and she pushed puffed out her chest to indicate pride. She explained that they think they are better than others because they have migrated, and I inquired as to why they don’t just stay in Europe. Saaliha simply remarked that they were not allowed to stay permanently. As we tied turnips together, Saaliha talked of the death of her father in a car accident. I asked what her family did after his death. “I married, my sisters married, and my mother sold clothes in the neighborhood. It was very hard” (Saaliha). She then began reciting poetry that she had written about her affection for learning both Arabic and French language, and how she was unable to when she was younger (Fig.2).

That afternoon, Yusef, Houria and I returned to the hanout. There I attempted to take stock of what was on the shelves. Lots of canned and preserved sauces and vegetables, some from Spain, some from France, but for the most part the goods were from Morocco. When we returned Wahid talked to me of his own past. His family had lived in an earthen house, and when he and his brothers grew older his father had divided up his land amongst them and sold a large portion of it. That night we watched American cartoons dubbed in Arabic. Later on, Wahid commented that he loved history movies, and we watched Braveheart with Mel Gibson

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⁶Incidentally, I was told the single most lucrative product from the farm were the figs. In addition, the milk from the cows is sold daily for 40DH
together. Throughout the film, Wahid drew parallels between the plight of the Scots in the late 13th century and the challenges facing the Amazigh people today. We laughed as Wallace outsmarted the English soldiers.

**Monday, April 18th**

The previous night, Khadija came home with her new husband, and I was reminded that I could not speak to her. “Sorry” Wahid told me when I asked if there was any way we could communicate. In the morning I spoke with Hussein a bit about his experience migrating. He had paid a fixer to get him across Al-Hoceima bay in a boat with 35 other people. I asked why he had left Europe, and he explained that the police had been really cracking down, it just wasn’t possible to be there anymore.

We spent much of the day tilling the plots with hoes, and Wahid came to inspect my blistered hands. He seemed concerned, but also proud that I had been working hard. Later on, Saaliha brought me out some gloves to use so I could keep working. I was incredibly appreciative. Around midday Hamid, Wahid’s eldest son strolled up to the house. Wahid and I were weeding one of the plots, and Hamid and Wahid exchanged a few words before Hamid walked back to the house. He wore a full Nike track suit, and Wahid remarked that his generation was different. “He didn’t even stop to talk to us” Something about the Nike track suit and Adidas shoes struck me, and I noted that Wahid wore a Spanish soccer shirt to work in every day, and Yusef wore a Ralph Lauren polo. Saaliha wore traditional clothing for the most part, and I never could quite identify where Houria’s clothing came from. Wahid and I continued to work, and discussed the relative ability of different governments to assist the poor of their constituencies. Wahid believes that America is the premiere nation on all fronts, that they take care of their poor and have real human rights. I had to agree that in many respects, the laws in
America were just. Although I tried to explain that issues of racism and class existed there as well, it was obvious to both of us that the reality of those experiences is much different in Morocco.

Hamid came into my room that afternoon, and was fascinated by my cell phone. He took a selfie of us together, and we talked briefly about his restaurant work in Tetouan. He said he liked working, and that he loved living away from his family. I asked him about his clothing, and he said that Nike and Adidas were the best stuff, and he enjoyed wearing that clothing. After lunch, we had a special flan like dessert. I asked the family where it was from, Saaliha answered “I’m not sure, probably from China or somewhere”

Later on in the afternoon I spoke with Wahid about his sons. He said that he loves Yusef and Hamid, but that he loves Hamid more, even though he is thaqeel\(^8\)(heavy). Wahid explained that Hamid helps him a lot more than Yusef does, that when Hamid was young he worked all the time, and that Yusef simply runs around with his friends. Wahid asked me about the possibilities of himself or Yusef coming to America, and I re-iterated that I was not an important person in the states. The previous night I had shown the Khalid’s photos of my farm in Ohio, and Wahid talked to me about it extensively. He was most excited about the hand-tractor that he had seen, and I overheard him talking with Hussein about it earlier in the morning. As our conversation went on, I tried to press the issue of speaking with Khadija again. Wahid explained it really wasn’t possible, and that some men just do not want other men to see their wives. Wahid invoked this as part of Islam, however he was quick to distance himself from such practices. He believes in freedom for all people, and that he believes in freedom for his wife as a result. This

\(^7\)While away from the Khalid’s, Hamid resides with his aunt in Tetouan.
\(^8\)The literal translation of this word is heavy, but it was often used to describe someone who was neither kind nor intelligent. I was taken aback to hear Wahid describe his son in this way.
was hard for me to reconcile given my own biases, I found it confounding that someone could at once believe in freedom for his spouse but defer the freedom of his daughter to her husband. He continued to explain that unlike other men in the area, he does not hit his kids, and encourages them all to go to school.

We set up the sprinkler from Japan in one of the plots, and then Saaliha, Wahid, and I all worked weeding one of the other plots. We joked about the repetitive nature of farm work, and Wahid and Saaliha teased each other. That night, we went to a different mqah than usual, this one was further East in the plain, had a more local feel to it. Many of the men there were eager to talk to me, although some gave me grave stares from the corner of the room. A few of the people we spoke with had Yankee ball caps. Wahid introduced me to a schoolmate friend of his, who now works as a fisherman in the bay. The bay has seen a decrease in fish in recent years, and Wahid believes the source to once again be the Spanish chemical bombs of the past. “Not a problem for me” Wahid remarked. “I am a farmer of the land. He is a farmer of the sea”. Wahid translated from Tarifit for me as we spoke to the other men in the mqah. The conversation focused on the lack of good schools in the area, and they were curious to know where my paper would end up going. Wahid re-iterated that he enjoyed his life, “but the only problems here are with the government” (Wahid). Mohammad VI would like to turn the land into a touristy area, because it is a beautiful plain. At the time, Wahid welcomed the prospect, and said it would be good for the people and mentioned the possibility of having a guest-house of sorts himself. The way he spoke about tourist development in this context in the mqah was much different than the way he had spoken of it before. It caused me to think that Wahid tries to see the best of the situation, but also oscillates between acceptance and resistance to these processes.
When we got home that night Wahid showed me his bank cards and state issued identifications. I had thought it was a Visa at first, and the whole family laughed. “No, this is a ‘Viso’” Wahid joked with me.

Tuesday, April 19th

I joined Saaliha once again in the morning to milk the cows. As we spoke about life in SidiBouafif, she said “The children here do not work. They cannot find it” I asked if they even desired work, and she replied that of course they did. She explained that if men don’t work, they cannot get married and cannot have families. She talked about how they sacrifice to get to Europe to find jobs. “To get to Europe, they sell everything. They sell their gold” Saaliha said emphatically as she pointed to different places where one would wear jewelry on her body. We then began discussing the differences between men and women in SidiBouafif. Saaliha explained this as type of pride by the men. She said that the men really only want to marry young girls, and she restated that Khadija’s husband was sa’ab(hard), but a good man. I inquired as to why Wahid seemed different in this regard. She explained she was incredibly thankful for Wahid, that he had encouraged her to read and write, and he lets her visit places all alone. Still though, he always makes sure he knows where she is. Saaliha then used the word insuuriato describe the type of relationship she and her daughters have with men. Inssuriadirectly translates to racism.

We left the cow-house to gather the morning feed, and I put the same question to Saaliha that I had asked Wahid a few days prior. “What is the best thing to come from Europe?” We negotiated exactly what I meant by that, but in the end she started explaining how things just work in Europe. That they were clean, she gestured to the poop-covered floor of the cattle-house. “If we were in Europe, it would be clean”. I spent the rest of the morning gathering cow
dung from a pile outside the fence-line, and wheeling it over to plots where Wahid would till it into the soil. As I worked with Hakim, he said to me “We work so we can eat”. He spoke with pride, and shoveled manure with vigor.

In the afternoon, Wahid and I walked to the man who we would buy water from, Wahid explained his father would never have had to do such a thing. He also spoke about the poor of the world, and how they are all the same. “All the poor, we are brothers” Wahid would say often. Arriving about a kilometer away from the Khalid house, we payed 45DH and asked for 1½ hours of water. We then walked up and down concrete lined irrigation canals, clearing out places of blockage, and then waiting a particular junction. “We used to have a lot of water here, but not since the dam. They sell it to the houses in the city, but they don’t help us. Not even a little. Why not?” Wahid asks me. “I don’t know” I reply. I found this was my answer far more often than I would like to admit. “The poor help the poor here” Wahid said. He then explained that a Spanish University had funded the building of the well that we were drawing irrigation water. The water came in a rush, and we began briskly following the canal line back to the house. As we walked, Wahid pointed out the base layer of the concrete, and indicated it was done by the Spanish as well. He then pointed at the crack top layer, kicked it for emphasis, and said that it was done by the Moroccan government. He shrugged at me, indicating the obvious difference in the craftsmanship. We picked up pace as we neared the house, and found Yusef finishing a large earthen berm that ensure the water would flow over the now dug-out canals into the property. The water flowed through the trenches, and Wahid and Yusef worked frantically to open and close small mud barrier to allow water to navigate through the labyrinth to particular plots (Fig. 5). As Yusef worked blocking off a particular passage, he said “This work requires intelligence, like me, like my mom, like my father, like farmers” The entire process was
extremely complex, and all excess water ran off into the reservoir on the property the Khalid’s had dug. When it was all over, Wahid remarked “I love being a farmer, freedom”.

I joined Saaliha again to assist with scrubbing the laundry. I wanted to touch again on what we had talked about in the morning. “How do you know things in Europe are better?” I asked. She explained that she just knows, she has family and friends in her life who have gone and returned. In addition, she mentioned that it’s obvious from what she sees on the television. “We all know, we all talk together” She said. Wahid walked by, and I asked him about the large houses of his brothers, and how many people lived in one. He said only about four or five, and then puffed out his chest and looked down upon an imaginary person below him. We all chuckled. After we went inside for tea, and Saaliha brought out a cake that Khadija had made. I shouted shukran to the other room, and received some looks from the family. I asked Wahid and Saaliha a final time if there was any way I could communicate with her directly. They said no, and that it wasn’t their choice. Although a large part of me wanted to keep pressing the issue, I also realized that to do so may have been putting Khadija at risk.

That night Wahid and I went to the mqah, and Wahid proudly showed off my calloused hands to his friends. Over tea Wahid talked of how he used to drink wine, but now refrains from it. We spoke with more of his friends, one of them had served in the Moroccan military and talked about U.S. soldier he had met during his service. He said that the U.S. military helped to train the Moroccan one. Late in the night, Wahid mentioned that when he had first heard of me wanting to come to research, he thought that he wouldn’t like having another man around. Now though, that we have spent together, he said I am like family. This made me feel really good, and Wahid and I exchanged words of praise together. I wrote down later in my field notes about the ethical implications of this, and how researchers and research participants were not supposed
to become good friends. Reflecting on that paradigm though, it just felt silly. To forcibly restrain oneself from human connection for the sake of ‘objectivity’ just doesn’t resonate with me. We returned home, and Yusef excitedly showed me his favorite television show. A type of reality TV challenge involving several contestants trapped on an Island. Saaliha then brought out photos from the family’s past, and we all ‘ooed’ and ‘awwed’ over pictures of the children when they were young. In addition there were several photos of Saaliha’s father during his time working in France and Italy.

**Wednesday, April 20th**

I woke earlier than normal, and began tilling one of the larger fields with a hoe. I noticed Saaliha moving about outside, and I went to join her. We went into the kitchen and began heating up the day’s bread. She commented that in America people drink their milk cold. How did she know that? Regardless, she asked me if men helped cook and do laundry in America. I answered that some do, but that certainly a lot do not. “Here, the man is the Sultan of the woman. If he says she cannot, she does not, if he says she cannot, she cannot” (Saaliha). Saaliha said this with a tone of humor, and pretended to be a man marching around the kitchen giving out orders. I mentioned that it was possible things could change, and she sighed at the suggestion. Saaliha expressed thanks to god for what she had, and we all ate breakfast.

Over breakfast Wahid talked to me of his previous attempts to migrate, and told one particular story of an attempt to get to America. He had obtained a document from one of his brothers in Belgium, but the police in Ceuta barred him from entry. Wahid explained he was not upset about it, but did so in a way that caused me to believe he was upset about it. I recall from Leah Kahler’s work that Wahid had tried on five separate occasions to migrate abroad, but had failed each time. He did not wish to discuss them all with me.
Wahid, Houria, Yusef and I all took the day off from farm work, and took a long walk to the beach. Along the way we pointed out license plates from Belgium, and talked of what Sidi Bouafif is like in the summer time. The whole family talked of summer as the time of opportunity, where money and food were plentiful. Yusef brings sweets from the house on his head all the way down to the beach, Wahid sells corn, Houria talked of how she plays all day. Once we were on the beach, Wahid explained that in the summer people from all over the world come to Hoceima Bay. Spain, France, Italy, America, other parts of Morocco, and all the migrants come home. He said he wished I could see it during that time, and I agree. As we walked along the beach, Wahid told a story of falling off a horse at particular spot during a storm when he was young. It was a vivid image, and he told myself, Houria, and Yusef through a combination of speech and drawings in the sand. After a long stroll, Yusef and Houria created Amazigh symbols in the sand (Fig. 6.) As we began our walk home, Wahid pointed out some partially demolished buildings on the side of the road. Wahid said they had been destroyed to make room for hotels for tourists, but as of now, they were just dilapidate structures.

In the afternoon, Wahid and I went alone to Imzouren. Wahid believed it was important for me to see the town. On our way we went through three police checkpoints, and when we arrived we walked around to the various shops that Wahid frequents. We went to a seed shop, and Wahid purchased some radish seeds sourced in Morocco. Among the other seeds were specialty varieties from Spain and France. We bought a handful of peanuts, and sat down in the main square to talk. When Wahid was young, he lived all over Morocco. Knitra, Asilah, Tangier, and Tetouan to name a few. At the time of his wedding, he decided to settle back on his families land. It was around this time he purchased some of the land from his father, to own it in his own right. That’s about the time he bought his first TV as well. As we munched on peanuts,
Wahid asked me “Where are the police? If I wanted to kill you and leave, I could. I could rob you too, where are the police? They’re sleeping.” I then asked him if he could change anything about this place what it would be. The answer was simple, work, jobs for the young. He explained the police don’t care about places like this, the government does not invest in places like this. He said “Here, the poor help the poor. The poor are the police, the poor are the doctors.” At the same time, Wahid recognized that Imzouren had certainly been built up in recent times. An old places, with a recent history of infrastructure. As we walked down one of the wide back streets, Wahid talked to me of how people knew how to migrate. He explained that either you know a guard to bribe at the border, or you try to make it by boat. Most people I talked to in SidiBouaif referenced one of these methods in regard to how migrants get across the borders.

Later that evening, Wahid told me that he and Leah had discussed Abd-al-Krim at length, and I took this to mean that Wahid would like to talk about it some more. So we did, and Wahid gave a long, well-rehearsed speech about why he did not like Abd-al-Krim. His argument focuses around two main points, that Abd-al-Krim’s war was impossible to win, and that he should have died in his country. Wahid was incredibly upset with Abd-al-Krim as Wahid believes Abd-al-Krim to be the primary reason the Spanish left the Rif, and subsequently bombed his country. “He should have died here” was the refrain Wahid repeated often as we talked about the past war. Later that night, we went on to the mqah and Wahid pointed out a man who he believed looked like Bob Marley. We drank tea, and talked of what I could do on future visits to his family. Wahid mentioned he loved the way Chinese markets looked on TV, and he would love to visit one himself one day. The thing that holds him back though is “money money money money, BIG money” (Wahid).
Thursday, April 21st

The morning was particularly beautiful after a rain the evening before. Wahid found me in the morning and talked about what it means to be a ‘good man’. “Speak well, work well, think well, and do not fight with other men” he said. When he was young, Wahid wanted to become a ‘big man’ of the people, but “God only gave me a little, enough” he remarked with a shrug. He implored me as an older man to a younger one to be good, and to do great things in my life. We walked out to the well the Spanish University had built, and Wahid pointed out the nearby airport of Al-Hoceima. On our walk back, we ran into a friend of Wahid’s on the path and began talking about the problems between the poor there and the government. They both talked to me of his father’s generation going in large groups to protest, but the government had beaten them up, and given them nothing. *Wahloo* (Tarifit for nothing) was the word he kept repeating. “They want this place for buildings and tourists” Wahid said with a grimace. We continued our walk and went by the local mosque. Wahid showed me the graves of his family, and then the land that was still yet to be cleared where his only family would lie. “Life is short” he remarked with a grin. As we walked back Wahid talked about how small peoples can never beat big peoples, and that that is the way of the world.9 We continued more on our walk home, and Wahid once again remarked on the priveledges afforded the sons of ministers and government agents. “What can we do, they are thieves” Towards the second half of my stay there Wahid repeatedly referred to the government as *lossosor* thieves. We used the word in jest, and with the utmost gravity as we conversed about it. While Wahid talked a lot about the tensions between the poor and the government, he made it clear that he believes a war would be terrible.

9Wahid said this statement often, and in the same way. “Small cannot beat big”
“War brings hunger, I don’t like either war or hunger” (Wahid). He re-iterated the now familiar refrain of the work, eat, sleep, enough. This time though he turned it around again, and said “all we have is just enough for food, a little clothing, they give us nothing” This oscillation between saying ‘enough’ as an expression of both contentment and bitterness colored most of my conversations with Wahid.

When we returned to the house, Saaliha gave me two pieces of stitching her daughters had made for me. One from Houria, and one from Khadija. The item from Khadija was a small bag that she had knit for my significant other back home, I fought back tears with how touched I was. Here was a person who had been forbidden to speak with me, yet cared enough about how I was and my relationships to create something for me. Fighting my personal feelings, we all went back out to work some more in the fields.

Wahid used a small purple pesticide pellet on the fields where we planted new radishes. He explained that there used to not be so many insects, and that his father never had to use pesticides. Wahid believes this too was a result of the Spanish chemical bombs. We prepped a few more fields, and then Hamid and I went to work tilling the last large patch for the Summer. Unprompted, Hamid said he wanted to go to Europe. I asked where and why, he answered “Germany, the girls are pretty there right?” I told him that he had a lot to learn about relationships if he simply wanted to travel to a place where he thought the girls were pretty. Still though, he was insistent about his desire to migrate. “There is a lot of money of there” he said. Hamid repeatedly expressed that he had no desire to stay in SidiBouafif and do farm work, he doesn’t believe in a good future there.

Later as Wahid and I took our last walk to the mqahhe pointed out to me writing on some signs in Tifignar. He told me he could not read it, and mentioned that he had heard about ancient
Tarifit script found on rocks in America. That night at the *mqahwa* was perhaps my most informative, as the men were finally familiar enough with me to begin opening up about their own experiences. I lamented that I would be leaving the next day, but still listened attentively to everything I could understand. The men talked of the government, of the past wars, of the hunger that accompanies war. They talked about their different crops for the summer, and the issues with water facing SidiBouafif. They complained of the government dam, but all seemed to be resigned to it. The conversation shifted to my identity as an American, and they said that Americans make the best stuff. “Like the germans” one man said. “The things from America and Germany never break”. They all agreed with Wahid that the government doesn’t want agriculture in their region any more, and that they want to develop the whole plain for tourism. I realize that on only one occasion did Wahid mention that he welcomed the idea, but it seemed as though his true bitter feelings toward the process were made clear. The conversation shifted to how all the things form China break, and Wahid and I walked back to the house. We talked about how we appreciated each other on the walk back, and we came home to a now familiar scene of Hamid, Houria, and Yusef all watching TV.

Hamid then shared with me his English phrases, “IloveyouImarryyouIkillyougoodbye” he belted out with a laugh. He had learned it from some of his co-workers in Tetouan. Saaliha began talking about how her father had forbidden her to read when she was young. He had believed that if she could write she would write to secret boyfriends. She then proceeded to explain older marriage practices with two cups of water. She kept them separate, explaining one cup would talk to the family of another cup, the whole time the other cup would be kept behind a wall. If the family of the hidden cup liked the cup that had come, there would be a wedding. The two would marry veiled, and Saaliha joked about couples suddenly discovering they were
not attracted to each other, but having to marry anyway. I asked if that was something her friends had gone through, and she said she believed it only still happened in the mountains where she was from. “[It happened] before Television or houses like this. Not in my time, in the time of my grandfather, and my mother (a little)”

We also briefly discussed the Earthquake of 2004. This was something that had been referenced a lot during my time in SidiBouafif, but the only time we really went in to it was that night. Saaliha explained the Moroccan government had helped a little, but only a little. The vast majority of aid came from international organizations. They listed the UN, the EU, America, France, and Germany. Wahid added with a snatching hand motions “The government took much of the help though, the thieves”.

**Friday, April 22**

I asked each member of the family an exit question, an idea I had gotten from the work of Leah Kahler. Around the living room table, with all present, I asked each family member the following:

What does it mean to be a farmer here?

Yusef: I do not want to be a farmer

Houria: I do not want to be a farmer, I want to be a teacher. (She then threw her legs backward and looked at her mother) Actually, I want to be a farmer.

Saaliha: It means a man who works with sweat, who doesn’t have time for rest. He doesn’t think about the future, he has not time to think about it.
Wahid: The life of a farmer is hard, but we the farmers here cannot find work that is not farming. There’s no companies or manufacturing here. There is nothing here that works for us.

Hamid: This is the place I live for food only, not for a future

After hearing their answers, I asked the Khalids if there was anything else they’d like to tell me before I left.

Saaliha: It is hard because neither you nor I speak Arabic very well, what can we say?

Wahid: The people here, they can sit in the *mqahor* they can work or read. The youth of today all want to go to Europe and America, for the better government. For human rights. Here, we have Muslims. There are no rights, freedom, work, nothing. I know the kind of student you are, and I know what you right. I talk to you straight, only the truth. I help the government and they do not help. They take everything, they’re thieves. If they wanted to split the land and help us, sure, we would do it, but they do not.

After saying these words, Wahid joked that he or Yusef could possibly travel with me in my pocket back to the states.

**Visits to other Farms**

During my time in SidiBouafif, a theme that presented itself with incredible frequency was the marginalization of small farmers by the Moroccan government. After my stay with the Khalids, I visited two other agricultural operations in Morocco. One in the Garit Valley south of Nador, and one in Oureka outside of Marrakech. My experiences at both of these farms contrasted sharply with my experience with the Khalids, and with each other.
Members of the Khalid family, and Wahid in particular, would often talk about the different ways in which the Moroccan government actively marginalizes small farms. He spoke often of how they give aid and land to people with wealth and power within the government, and that none of it ends up in SidiBouafif. When I asked Wahid about the Moroccan Green Plan, he mentioned that he had heard of it, but believe it only assisted those with large-scale agriculture operations. This is consistent with what I knew previously about the Moroccan Green Plan, but I still felt that it was worthwhile to see for myself.

When I arrived in the Garit valley, Dr. Kamal picked me up in his Mercedes. Kamal is a professor in a nearby university, and also owns about 120 square kilometers of farmland with his family (Fig. 7). I spent the afternoon with him, and looked at the ways in which his business grew sugar beet, grapes, and citrus fruits. We talked at length of the different chemical and nutritional treatments given the plants, and Kamal commented that there was very little regulation in Morocco concerning pesticide. “People here really care only about profit” (Kamal). When I asked him about government assistance, Kamal said that indeed the government does subsidize much of the infrastructure on his farm. They paid in part for his drip irrigation systems, and he mentioned that his father was waiting for the next budget cycle to receive solar panels at half-price from the government. It seems that many resources are afforded these large-scale operations, and Kamal acknowledge that the Moroccan Green Plan really only helped big farmers like himself. His only criticism of the plan was that it had been too successful in some respects, and that the market for grapes in particular was currently flooded, so farmers were making less money.

The difference in the relationship to the land between Kamal and the Khalid’s was dramatic to say the least. Whereas the Khalid’s view their land as directly tied to the food at
their table, Kamal spoke in much broader terms about the Moroccan economy and future technological transfer. This is not to say that one is good, and one is bad, but rather that the Moroccan system privileges those who already have considerable resources. It is of note that similar phenomenon takes place in countries throughout the world, including the U.S.

After visiting Kamal’s farm, I traveled to a smaller organic farm outside of Marrakesh. Omar owns the property in part with his family, and this particular farm was laden with the latest technological in sustainable agriculture practice. Omar possesses a diverse range of crops, earthen brick structures and a fruit forest. For Omar, the passion for farming dove-tails with personal spiritual growth, and he invites guests from around the world to retreats and educational seminars on his land. He too agreed that the Green Plan assisted only large farms, and that his own property doesn’t receive that kind of attention. Moreover he talked about the insular nature of the Moroccan Green Plan, and how the government used its own contractors to carry out installation work on different properties. “The Green Plan is really only for big businesses” (Omar).

Analysis and Interpretations

Narratives of migration manifest themselves in a multiplicity of ways within the context of the Khalid family. As stated in the methodology, the following aims to examine and interpret only some aspects of the data here presented, specifically, those related to international influence and directly pertaining to narratives of migration. On that note, from the very structures of their home to the languages they converse in, the migration of ideas and materials has had major impacts on life in SidiBouafif. Acknowledging that manifestations of influence from abroad
permeate the lives of these peri-urban farmers, we can now begin to examine what exactly it all means. The following will discusses two categories of narratives of migration, and how each one manifested in the daily life of the Khalids. The first category being the physical, and the Khalid’s relationships to items and spaces on their property. The second is ephemeral, and has to do with the ways in which narratives are expressed within the ideas, beliefs, and desires of the Khalid family. In addition, I will touch briefly upon the ways in which the narratives of migration on the Khalid’s farm contrasted with those I observed during my brief visits to other farms.

**Physical Expressions**

Walking around the Khalid’s property, materials from abroad are everywhere. From the French made refrigerator, to the large homes built with remittances that surround the property, these materials permeate many aspects of life on the farm.

The Khalid’s house itself lies on one section of what used to all be Wahid’s fathers land. The home is one story, and situated within 100 meters of three other four story houses. Every morning as we worked in the fields, the homes of Wahid’s brothers towered over us. When speaking about these homes, Wahid and Saaliha both would puff out their chests, and make caricature like motions of pride. As a family who has remained in SidiBouafif, the Khalid’s are quick to condemn the perceived arrogance of those who have returned from abroad. The thing to note here though is that the very use of space in SidiBouafif is colored by narratives of migration. Everywhere one walks, large homes built with remittances stand in the midst of much older olive groves. The confluence between the past and the present is visible to all who walk down the road.
The Khalid’s cultivate several crops that are not native to the region, including Australian Field Greens and corn. These crops are relatively common place in Morocco, and it should not come as a surprise that they exist in this context. Perhaps more important than the crops themselves, were the methods in which they were being cultivated. Although Wahid has deep knowledge of his land and what is healthy, he still resorts to some agriculture practices that he knows to be bad for the land. Namely, the usage of pesticide and insecticide in large doses on a regular basis. Wahid claims that in his father’s generation, there was no such need for these types of chemicals on the land, but that the wars of the past have compounded their effects on the soil. Whether or not it is indeed the remains of Spanish chemical weapons that have decreased the fertility of the soil is irrelevant, as in the mind of Wahid, his soil suffers because of the wars of the past. It was in this way that he related to the purple pesticide pellets as he cast them in the fields of radishes, he believes the pesticide to be an unfortunate necessity, due to the suffering of his land.

The tools utilized by Wahid and his family also had a variety of origins, but both Wahid and Saaliha routinely expressed their favor for those that came from Europe. The scythes we used came from Spain, and Wahid frequently remarked on the quality of the craftsmanship. The sprinkler head that was used on some of the smaller plots was from Japan, and both Yusef and Wahid were extremely proud that they possessed such a piece from what they described as ‘intelligent’ people. These types of small implements from abroad were present everywhere from the kitchen to the cow-house, but it seems that what distinguished them was not their specific origin point, but rather that they were not made in Morocco. Hamid, Yusef, Saaliha, and Wahid all routinely expressed disdain for the products produced in Morocco, and would generally show a foreign made pen or bowl simply to elevate above what was perceived as an
inferior indigenous counterpart. However, it of note that many of the hand tools were created by Wahid and Saaliha themselves, namely the hoes. For the tools produced at this household level, the Khalid’s routinely expressed pride in their own craftsmanship.

The clothing present in SidiBouafif was derived from numerous sources. During the day, Wahid and Saaliha wore practical work clothes, and these often times seemed to be sourced from Spain or Europe. These were the clothes that were allowed to be dirty during the day, but were generally replaced with more traditional clothing in the evening. Hamid consistently wore name brand products such as Nike and Adidas, and believe this type of clothing to be the best available. He proudly strutted around in his track suit, and informed me on several occasions that he had purchased the clothing with money from his job in Tetouan. In fact many of the teenagers I met in SidiBouafif wore these name brands from abroad, and they seem to be equated with high social status. Yusef and Houria generally wore the same clothing most days, but this may be attributed to the fact they were both on break from school, and were generally enjoying their vacation. In the Mqahin the evening, most of the men of SidiBouafif wore traditional clothing, with the exception of American baseball caps. It seems as though the symbol for the New York Yankees was extremely popular among Riffian men in SidiBouafif, but when I asked why so many people wore that hat, they simply said it was a good hat. I speculate that although the exact source of the symbol is unknown, it is generally perceived to denote a quality item of clothing. The Yankee symbol itself indicates it is made somewhere else, and this is consistent with the generally positivist view of foreign goods from Europe and America in SidiBouafif.

All these materials serve to reinforce the fact that SidiBouafif is a community very much affected by processes of migration, however, this alone does not make it unique. It is rather the way in which these materials are perceived that distinguish their presence at the Khalid’s farm.
Foreign goods are perceived positively, and frequently praised for their durability and reliability. At the same time, there is a reflexive relationship as when using an item or material from abroad, the praise is usually accompanied by a reflection on negative aspects of the current conditions in Morocco. Of course this does not mean that only inferior products are produced indigenously, but rather that the perception of indigenous as inferior as permeated the culture and discussion surrounding different materials in SidiBouafif. For the purpose of research like this, it does not really matter which product is actually more durable, or a better fit, what matters is the perception of these materials. For the Khalids, the materials from abroad serve as symbols of a world outside their own farm in which many things are perceived to be better.

**Ephemeral Expressions**

The influence of processes of migration permeated many of the conversations I had while in SidiBouafif. We would talk of events taking place abroad, *daesh*, American movie stars, and the differences in government types and religions around the world. This all served to shape and contextualize the daily reality the Khalids exist in. The result is a complex negotiation between traditional notions and practices and the evolving nature of modernity.

“It is important to think well, to teach others to think well” Wahid would say to me throughout the day. Wahid’s sense of self and honor stem from the idea that in order to be good, one must be intelligent and self-reliant. This resonates with earlier writings about Amazigh peoples in Al-Hoceima province (Hart, 1976). The difference lies in the context that Wahid finds himself. When so much of the prevailing social sphere triumphs the man who migrates, and Wahid himself never did successfully, it is natural that a new basis for self-validation would manifest. Wahid is extremely proud of his farm, his family, and everything he has created from his hands. He himself admits though, that when he was younger he desired to migrate like his
brothers, that he had no intention of remaining a farmer. However, reflecting on his life Wahid frequently states that he has ‘enough.’ Acknowledging his families situation in SidiBouafif, Wahid is at once immensely proud of their self-reliance, and bitter at the constraints that push them to this self-reliance.

Wahid, Saaliha, Yusef, Houria, and Hamid all expressed positive ideas of Europe and America regularly during my time in SidiBouafif. The children all desire to travel, and believe that any place with “rights for the poor” would be preferable to a life in SidiBouafif. This point is further illustrated by Saaliha’s poetry, in which she praises her opportunities to learn foreign languages, and prides herself on being a student of learning from throughout the world (Fig. 2). Wahid himself possess this same pride in being well-informed on world affairs and languages, and yet routinely expressed his own desire for his family to remain on the farm with him. Often times as we would take a rest from tilling the field, Wahid would talk about his sons would inherit his land from him, and learn to be good farmers from him. However, when the same idea was mentioned with the whole family present, Yusef and Hamid in particular would express that they had no desire to remain in SidiBouafif. Taking this into account, Wahid would often talk of how his sons will have to be farmers, but the sons of those in power can do whatever they want. “They [the sons of ministers] can go to Europe, buy cars, houses, anything they want” (Wahid). This presents a complex dilemma of desire and constrains within the Khalid family. While Wahid wants his children to remain in SidiBouafif, at the same time he recognizes the challenges of life there, and the uncertain future due to plans to promote the area as a tourist center. While Yusef and Hamid frequently expressed desires to go abroad, Hamid in particular would often express doubt at its possibility. On my last day with the Khalid’s Hamid said to me that there was no future for him in SidiBouafif, but yet he would remain. “Steven, you have a beautiful
life. My life will not be beautiful” (Hamid). This type of statement was typical of my time in SidiBouafif, and at once acknowledges my own positionality and a sense of discontent with farm work and farm life in SidiBouafif.

This discontent however should not be construed as to mean that the Khalid’s are simply ‘making the best of it’ as it were. Wahid and Saaliha both talked extensively of the strength of their community, and how they help each other through hard times. Once again though, this was always situated within the context of a government that will not help them. While none of the members of the Khalid family expressed a preference for farm work, each member was proud of their ability to provide for other members, and in turn were proud of the strength of their family. It is interesting to note that it is only when they would compare life in SidiBouafif to life elsewhere that sentiments of bitterness or anger would arise. The narratives of migration present in the minds of the Khalid’s a type of life that is at once immediate and unattainable.

Talk of the development of SidiBouafif for tourism was common during my visits to the local mqah. The residents of SidiBouafif believe that their beautiful land has been targeted by the government for its’ beauty, and that the future of SidiBouafif lays with tourism. With the exception of one conversation with Wahid in which he suggested he may run a guest-house for tourists in the future, the perception of this transition was in large part negative. In this way, the Khalid’s and other members of the community recognize the shifting nature of their region’s economy, but cannot also see a place for themselves in its’ future. So this particular narrative of migration presents dissonance between the admiration of foreign nations and the fact that it is citizens of those very nations, who will contribute to the increased marginalization of their past way of life. Another way in this manifests is with Wahid and his sons selling corn and sweets to the tourists on the beach in the summer. Saaliha, Yusef, Hamid, Houria, and Wahid all talked of
this activity as one of the highlights of summer and their work as farmers. Their joy in this particular work, and cosmopolitan feel of the beaches during that time seem to be the source for their fond discussion of such. While at times it seems the Khalid’s would not mind a future in which they were not farmers, at the same time there is deep family history in working their land. Saaliha and Wahid would show me trees planted by them in their youth, specific spaces in the neighborhood where a poignant memory had occurred, and they would share photos of the land in the past with great joy. The Khalids expressed no desire to keep the land for themselves as it were, but rather, more than anything else, members of the family desired assistance from their government, rather than marginalization.

**Narratives of Migration on other Farms**

While I did not spend enough time in either Oureka or Garit, my cursory look establishes enough information to draw preliminary contrasts between the ways in which narratives of migration are expressed and internalized on the respective of farms. The perception of the Khalids that large farms are privileged by the Moroccan government appears to be validated by observations at such farms. In particular, the farm of Dr. Kamal’s father was outfitted with modern technologies subsidized by the Moroccan government including drip irrigation (Fig. 7) However, Kamal expressed similar sentiments as the Khalids when reflecting on international influence on his own farm. The key difference there being Kamal believe in a future for himself and his family’s farm in the modern age, and spoke at length on processes of technology transfer and business intervention. Omar possessed similar sentiments, and visualizes a future in which students of organic and permaculture agriculture practices from throughout the world can come to visit his farm. In this way, both Omar and Khalid in part identity their farms in relationships to international processes, but their outlooks about the nature of such processes are much
different than that of the Khalids. Suffice to say, the relationships of the farmers I met have with their land is drastically different. For the Khalids, the land is their livelihood, and their home. For Kamal, it is an avenue for economic improvement and financial development, and for Omar, it is a path to spiritual growth.

Returning to Wahid, and the title of this ISP, there are various contradictions that take place within life in SidiBouafif. Wahid would frequently mention that the poor only “work, eat, and sleep, enough”. This *enough* at the end of the statement changed with meaning depending on the day and the context. More often than not, Wahid would make the statement and use the word to indicate satisfaction that life has given him enough to be content with. However, at other times, he would use the statement to express bitterness at the marginalization of his land and people by the government. This type of internal negotiation characterized my stay in SidiBouafif, and I believe it characterizes the way in which narratives of migration are expressed on this small-scale family run farm.

The narratives exist throughout the day, they are evident everywhere from the layout of the physical space, to the way in which crops are raised. There is a strong sentiment of positive associations with the worlds of Europe and America, but with this comes a longing for change in the immediate surroundings of SidiBouafif. “Change is always little by little” Wahid mentioned to me once as I untied my boots. For me, perhaps the most important inference to be drawn from this is that narratives of the world abroad were almost always drawn in comparison to life in SidiBouafif. This observation leads me to conclude that the identity of the Khalids as farmers is directly impacted by the ways in which narratives of migration manifest in their lives. The Khalids contextualize their farm work through several layers. When looking at it through the lens of their family and history, they are extremely proud. When looking at it through the lens of
migrants, they become frustrated. These two perceptions are not mutually exclusive, but rather come together for form a unique identity that is in transition. The shifting from a past that championed the honor of farm work to a future whose values are still yet to be determined.

Conclusion

I came to the Khalid family to better understand how processes of migration affect the daily lives of small-scale farmers. As I have shown, these processes pervade nearly every aspect of life on this particular farm, and in many ways provide meaningful contextualization of the farm itself. While narratives of migration are by no means the defining factor of life on the Khalid’s farm, they do represent a substantial part of the whole. Moreover, what distinguishes the ways in which narratives of migration are expressed within the context of the Khalid family, is how they impact perceptions of their own home. The processes of international influence and outmigration have created a complex sphere of both identities and perceptions. The Khalid’s are at once proud of where they are and their own heritage in that location, but perceive it negatively in comparison to what they know exists elsewhere. This is coupled with the reality that SidiBouafif is a marginalized region within the context of Morocco. While my research has answered many questions, it also has led me to ask even more, the answers for which I do not have. Namely, if the Khalid’s were unaware of lived experiences elsewhere, how would this impact their perception of life in SidiBouafif? While this question may never be answered, my own time in SidiBouafif leads me to suggest other avenues of research for future students. I believe that water rights were a fascinating aspect of my research, and there is much more to be explored concerning water usage in Morocco. In addition, the privileging of large farms by the Moroccan Green Plan is something that my own research was only able to touch upon briefly,
and I invite future researches to research this topic in depth as I believe there is much to be
learned from such an exploration.

For the Khalids, the expression of migration in their daily lives is an ever-present reality. International influence is present in a multitude of ways on their farm, from the languages the children study, to the seeds they plant, to how they conceptualize their own farm work. This all points towards interconnected spheres of influence that contribute to an identity that is ever-evolving. In a world that is becoming increasingly connected, understanding these processes is critical to understanding our future.
Appendix 1: Figures

Figure 1. Map of location of SidiBouafif, Al-Hoceima city lies to the northwest. Imzouren lies to the south.
Figure 2. Saaliha’s poetry.
Figure 3. Tilled plots ready for planting with houses built by remittances in the background.

Figure 4. The Khalid’s Home. To the right is the cattle house.
Figure 5. Water flows over a dug-out trench for irrigation.

Figure 6. Yusef and Houria standing proudly over the symbol of the Amazigh people
Figure 7. Rows of watermelon fed by government subsidized drip-irrigation on Kamal’s father’s farm.
CONSENT FORM

1. Brief description of the purpose of this study

The purpose of this study is to observe and participate with you and members of your family in daily farming practice. I will be researching the ways in which both positive and negative narratives of migration express themselves within this daily context. In addition to the other rights below, you and any member of your family reserve the right to cease participation in the research at any point and to ask for certain information to be withheld from the final paper.

Rights Notice

In an endeavor to uphold the ethical standards of all SIT ISP proposals, this study has been reviewed and approved by a Local Review Board or SIT Institutional Review Board. If at any time, you feel that you are at risk or exposed to unreasonable harm, you may terminate and stop the interview. Please take some time to carefully read the statements provided below.

a. Privacy - all information you present in this interview may be recorded and safeguarded. If you do not want the information recorded, you need to let the interviewer know.

b. Anonymity - all names in this study will be kept anonymous unless the participant chooses otherwise.

c. Confidentiality - all names will remain completely confidential and fully protected by the interviewer. By signing below, you give the interviewer full responsibility to uphold this contract and its contents. The interviewer will also sign a copy of this contract and give it to the participant.

_________________________________  _______________________________________
Participant’s name printed                          Participant’s signature and date

_________________________________
Interviewer’s name printed

_________________________________
Interviewer’s signature and date
Works Cited

“Agriculture, Centre Régional d’Investissement,”


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