

LYDIA HOUNAT

KABYLE-GIRL-KARAKOU

WORD COUNT: (EXC. BIBLIOGRAPHY AND  
FOOTNOTES, INC. EACH INDIVIDUAL WORD FOR THE  
HYPHENATED TEXTS AND GLOSSARY)

19, 877 words

## ABSTRACT

This work is a creative and critical investigation into the influence of the Algerian-Amazigh people on the work of Yves Saint Laurent, specifically 'The Beaded Jacket' (No. 117) from his 1984 haute couture autumn/winter collection. This piece is almost identical to that of the Karakou Jacket, a bridal wedding garment made by the Amazigh.

I'm using Yves Saint Laurent's 'The Beaded Jacket' as the ground from which the discourse on Amazigh people can emerge because of Yves Saint Laurent's renown in popular culture. Ultimately the primary function of this work is to address the Amazigh identity with equal recognition, for they're a demographic whom both historically and literary I feel have been overlooked.

In terms of form and structure, the text follows the Karakou jacket making process, chapter-by-chapter, piece-by-piece, where by the end, the jacket is assembled. Some chapters imitate pattern cut-outs or texture, e.g. the 'Fabric' chapter is hyphenated to imitate the even distribution of woven tufts in velvet, the material used for the Karakou and 'The Beaded Jacket'.

The number of sources I reference is limited due to there being very little literature on the Karakou and the Amazigh, a lot of which is imprecise. To remedy this, I travelled to Algeria, making the bulk of my research observational. By speaking with relatives and friends, it has been possible to write with precision and accuracy.

This FMP (Final Major Project) is still a work-in-progress and part of a collective group of texts I am continuing with in future.

Lydia Hounat



KABYLE-GIRL-KARAKOU

The moment before the Algerian went crazy and accepted horror as usual, his greatest fear and torment was this consciousness that he, the Algerian, is about to go crazy

— Kathy Acker, *Algeria* (1984)

muzzle bloody, member erect, eye scrutinising Venus veiled in violet vapours, trampling on beheaded vipers ; grease exuded from grass bung, setting hard ; vortex veering back to Venus

— Pierre Guyotat, *Éden Éden Éden* (1970)

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THE BEADED JACKET

There is nothing technically beaded about the jacket. The name does not really do itself justice, for a garment of so many elements, so particular in its design and shape.

The shoulders of the jacket are slightly padded inside the seam, which broadens the shoulders out wider and elongates the neck and upper torso. The velvet is flawless, a deep dark green, soft to the fingertip. The jacket fits snug around the waist, emphasising the curves of the hourglass figure, as they groove inwards, and then around the hips. This is where the hem flares out and ends about three inches at top of the thighs. The wrists of the sleeves, around the edge of the collar and down, where the jacket meets and fastens, are adorned with thick gold embroidery that snakes and twirls along the edges of the jacket. The embroidery patterns were designed by artist Andrée Broussin de Méré.<sup>1</sup> On the jacket front, more gold embroidery encircles the two cameo-motifs, which sit exactly on each breast of the jacket. The two motifs feature embroidered white silhouettes of a female figure, as per the tradition of jewellery of this kind, where a light-brown red backdrops their portrait busts. The silhouettes face towards each other across the jacket. The inside of the piece is lined in a silk and cotton blend material. It is fastened with buttons fashioned out of the same gold embroidery—you would not think buttons were there; they seamlessly blend into the rest of the thick gold threads that trim the bust of the jacket. It does not bulge at the breasts, nor push them together. It fits the upper body, as a letter would go to an envelope. The buttons do not run completely to the hem of the jacket, instead they end just beneath where the belly sits, and it is here the jacket splits, forming an inverted V shape. This split is another feature implemented again at the hips too on either side, two five-inch slits cut at the sides from where the hem rests on the thigh up to the hip. These slits help to further exaggerate the hourglass figure. In the show itself, the jacket was paired with trousers in black grain de poudre.

Accessories: thick golden bangles around the wrists, large and thick gold teardrop earrings, and a jewelled headpiece that covered the model's hairline. Her hair was dressed up in a ballet bun; three crystal eyes at the front of the headpiece formed the shape of another inverted triangle, gently kissing the top of her forehead. It was a narrow, beige catwalk. This favoured the outfits worn by models onstage, the bright colours of their dresses and suits popped against the runway's neutral shade. Two great chandeliers hung above, undulating and curling, holding fake candlesticks where tungsten-glass bulbs shaped like flames softly glowed. Great pillars framed the room, clustering the audience together in a U-shape. Journalists with cameras clambered over each other, inches away from the

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<sup>1</sup> Lola Fournier in '1984 Autumn/Winter Haute Couture Collection', in Yves Saint Laurent and Olivier Flaviano, *Yves Saint Laurent Haute Couture, Catwalk*, 1st edn (London: Thames & Hudson, 2019), p. 342.



model's footsteps, as she swayed down the catwalk confidently, in the grand Hôtel InterContinental.

On a Wednesday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1984, Yves Saint Laurent presented his Autumn/Winter haute couture collection of the upcoming season. That night, 182 designs bewitched the gaze of an audience that came in hundreds. There had been standing ovations, applause loud enough for the catwalk to collapse in on itself. As Gérard Lefort recalled in French *Vogue* after the show:

[The catwalk] was in the maelstrom of the autumn/winter 1984-1985 couture shows. The heat wave made everyone irritable. And when they saw the marathon programme of the show, which out of the blue announced 182 designs, emotions ran sky-high. How had Saint Laurent dared? What mad bet was he trying to win? How would he get away with it without repeats or pastiches? Sixty minutes later, the rebellious room was on its feet, applauding as one this new triumph by Saint Laurent the magnificent. [...] [It was] Saint Laurentissime without doubt, but clashing as never before. In short, an alchemical way of recycling the *déjà vu* into the totally novel...<sup>2</sup>

The couturier's reputation for re-envisaging and refreshing his work gained strength with every show. As Lola Fournier retrospectively commented 'what caught the eye of the journalists and clients was, indeed, these 'revisited classics', but also a series of jackets embroidered with the cameo motifs of which Saint Laurent was so fond and was a passionate collector'.<sup>3</sup>

Among these 182 designs was 'The Beaded Jacket'. This jacket is the supreme catalyst and epicentre of this text, and an item that unlike Saint Laurent's famous 'Le Smoking' tuxedo suit, it did not acquire the same degree of publicity. It's not that it went unnoticed, no, of course it had been seen and admired, but it was not a prima donna outfit. It never stole the limelight.

There were actually four jackets that appeared on show, all identically named 'The Beaded Jacket', but they could not be less the same in design nor colour. The outfit in question was the third of 'The Beaded Jackets' that took to the catwalk, and known to Saint Laurent specifically as No. 117.<sup>4</sup> Described as a 'short evening ensemble, jacket in green velvet with gold and coral cameo embroidery',<sup>5</sup> model Dominique Pommier bore it to the catwalk for the first time. A black woman,

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<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

slender, sharp, the definition of her clavicles piercing the frame of the jacket, her shoulders, how they went on forever.

‘The Beaded Jacket’ (No. 117) later made a second appearance in Yves Saint Laurent’s farewell haute couture collection, held at the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris. It would showcase pieces from every haute couture show, spring and summer, autumn and winter, from 1962 – 2002. Yves’s decision to step down from haute couture brought about much sadness, and so his final show attracted hundreds of designers, journalists and editors, faithful followers of Yves Saint Laurent, new and old. There were audiences banked outside the venue, watching on a panoramic screen. The show lasted for an hour and twenty-two minutes. Outfit No. 117 reappeared at the forty-seventh minute worn by a blonde, white model this time around. Her name couldn’t be identified when researching this specific YSL catwalk, and she had not been published in the programme. Alas, some models aren’t documented, and they don’t stick around.

But as she stalked down, music from Mozart, Don Giovanni, Act One, Scene Nine, ‘Là ci Darem la Mano’, swelled from the speakers. Svelte in green velvet and embroidered threads, golden embellishments, she twisted her upper torso at forty-seven minutes and five seconds in, and held the pose. Then at the sixth second of the forty-seventh minute she twisted again and held the same pose. Then with a jolt, she twisted goodbye, turning away. Seven-away, eight, nine, ten-away-away, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one-away-away-away, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four. Then with one more snap, a 180° spin, she faced the audience once more, the gold unravelling in twenty-five, twenty-six, she held her pose back at the top of the catwalk. On the twenty-seventh she slid her foot behind her, and skipped it away, confident. At the fortieth second on the forty-seventh minute, she evaporated around a glowing purple pillar, glossed with flowers. And that was the final time ‘The Beaded Jacket’ appeared on the runway.

‘The Beaded Jacket’, like many other pieces from Yves Saint Laurent, was profound because it was emblematic of Saint Laurent’s talent for creating clothes, suits in particular, for women that flattered their form, but empowered their demeanour, transferring typically masculine designs to fit the female form. Pieces such as ‘The Beaded Jacket’ cemented his reputation as a designer who redefined women’s wear.<sup>6</sup> It was always about elongating the shape; creating pieces that expressed confidence, flaunting the figure. It was about jackets and dresses and suits that could be idolised on idols. ‘The Beaded Jacket’ took a wide, sharp shoulder frame, a streamlined sleeve and a rounded collar. The

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<sup>6</sup> ‘Fashion Television: Yves Saint Laurent’s Body Put To Rest’, *web.archive.org*, 2008  
<[https://web.archive.org/web/20141029221215/http://www.fashiontelevision.com/infashion/industrynews/industrynews\\_2116.aspx](https://web.archive.org/web/20141029221215/http://www.fashiontelevision.com/infashion/industrynews/industrynews_2116.aspx)> [Accessed 2 January 2020].

shape of the suit was linear, straight and undeviating, which was then married with more delicate features: its velvet material, paired with curling, repetitive patterns of golden embroidery lining the trim of the jacket. It was an outfit of contrasting elements, a strong and rigid structure softened by looping, melodic stitching. It was exactly as how people described Yves's work, beautiful and powerful.

And so creating outfits for women that elicited power, demanded respect, yet without compromising on beauty, had been Yves's core value from the off. It had come from an impulse so deep, which could be traced back to Yves's childhood, to his relationship with his mother, his first and main inspiration. Lucienne Mathieu-Saint-Laurent doted on her first and only son. She would later recall the story of Yves as a four-year-old objecting to one of his aunt's outfits, demanding she change her dress and accessories 'at least five or six times before he was satisfied'.<sup>7</sup> As a child Yves would sit reading her magazines, stalking her wardrobe, the wardrobes of his sisters, even choosing their outfits for nights spent out in the balmy and colourful town of Oran, Algeria, Yves's birthplace. It is no wonder then, that all through his career he kept the fascination and appreciation of a woman's wardrobe close to him, that his mother had extended her hand and pulled him into this world, quite inadvertently. And this fascination of women's clothing began in Algeria, of all places.

Living out of France set a precedent for Yves's love for escape. Later in his career, he was credited with rejecting the panoply of European cultural references, which had so often been the source of inspiration for designers before and current to him. Instead, he chose to throw his net wider, going beyond the confines of where haute couture sat most comfortably (England and France), arming himself with a solid knowledge of history, art and culture pertaining to places that he longed to understand.

And yet, he seldom travelled to these places himself. In fact, he greatly disliked travelling, stating in an interview with Catherine Deneuve:

Je suis très seul. J'exerce mon imagination sur les contrées que je ne connais pas. Je déteste voyager. Par exemple, si je lis un livre sur les Indes, avec ces photos ou sur l'Égypte où je ne suis pas allé, mon imagination m'emporte.  
C'est là que je fais mes plus beaux voyages.

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<sup>7</sup> Alice Rawsthorn, *Yves Saint-Laurent: A Biography* (London: HarperCollins, 1996), p. 4.

(Translation) I am very lonely. I exercise my imagination on countries I do not know. I hate travelling. For example, if I read a book on India, with photos or on Egypt where I have not been, my imagination takes me away. This is where I make my best trips.<sup>8</sup>

Books invigorated him, aiding him to reimagine continents like Asia and Africa in his own way, without having to be there. To name a few examples, there was his *Les Chinoises* collection in 1977, where Yves had embarked on a trip throughout China, reading folklore to develop a collection that encompassed the continent's historical identity. He simultaneously interleaved trends in French haute couture of the time, styles and tastes, new and old.<sup>9</sup> In 1982, he released his India Collection, a series of colourful pieces trending in turquoises and royal purples, claret reds. Wide, billowing satin skirts and turbans embellished with sarpech ornaments symbolised power. They had been inspired by India, they evoked India, and these outfits were all remained faithful to Yves Saint Laurent's style. Haute collections were often thematic. Yves's 1984 Autumn/Winter collection seemed to embrace a sense of place from a variety of places and books he had explored the year before in 1983. 'The Beaded Jacket' appeared amongst a flurry of dresses embodying different themes and places, but it had not existed without specific inspiration from a foreign world. In fact, 'The Beaded Jacket' came from a place much closer to home in Yves Saint Laurent's mind, yet he never openly confirmed from where it took influence.

Yves's birthplace was not new information. It was natural to presume that many of his designs took the aesthetic of Algeria from which he had absorbed as a child and it permeated through into his work repeatedly. Certainly all of North Africa consistently piqued his interest in materials and stories because it was the first place he had ever known, and despite his dislike of travelling, it was the only place in the world he repeatedly went back to.

His imagination thrived on a voracious appetite for reading, absorbing new cultures and knowledge in places alien and wonderful, to breathe the experience in as influence and exhale it as art. He had the opportunity from birth to absorb what would've been alien to him, growing up in French-occupied Algeria. It had been a privileged childhood in which he'd been loved, and his life growing up would not have been that different to a boy growing up in provincial France.<sup>10</sup> But among all his French family, friends, there would've have been elements foreign to the world that he grew up with habitually. On days out, he would have seen the souks and the dusty paths that lined Oran, the

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<sup>8</sup> 'Entretien avec Yves Saint Laurent et Catherine Deneuve, publié en Globe magazine, 1<sup>er</sup> Mai 1986', in *Collection Inde, Musée Yves Saint Laurent Paris*, 1986 <<https://museeyslparis.com/biographie/collection-inde>> [Accessed 10 January 2020].

<sup>9</sup> 'Les Chinoises' Collection', *Musée Yves Saint Laurent Paris* <<https://museeyslparis.com/en/biography/collection-les-chinoises>> [Accessed 5 October 2019].

<sup>10</sup> Rawsthorn, p.

powerful smells of cumin and vivid colours that merchants dipped and dyed linens in to sell. Yves continued to nourish his relationship with North Africa all of his life, regularly travelling to Morocco, to his home in the Jardin Majorelle, which he shared with his ex-lover and business partner, Pierre Bergé. It was the only place he really escaped to between collections and shows, and over the years Paris increasingly alienated him. Alice Rawsthorn (journalist and a great admirer of Yves Saint Laurent's work), noted in his biography that towards the end of the 1980s,

Monsieur Saint Laurent was drained, depressed and drinking heavily again. He had sealed himself off in a room, where he was downing two bottles of whisky a day, screaming hysterically if they [Pierre Bergé and YSL associates] broached his return to the fashion house. Someone would have to be sent over to Marrakesh to take Yves Saint Laurent back to Paris.<sup>11</sup>

Saint Laurent was always under the influence of being influenced. In the same farewell show of 2002, his voice came from offstage, a sound bite of an interview that had been recorded with him in 1968. Laurent stated that his biggest fault was his timidity. His favourite historical figure was Mademoiselle Coco Chanel. His favourite painter was Picasso. His favourite musician was Bach. And his favourite colour: *le noir*. Black. Personal answers that had resonated with the crowd as 371 of his most iconic pieces took to that stage, 'The Beaded Jacket' or No. 117, as he called it, made the cut and appeared for a second time, and final time.

Why is 'The Beaded Jacket' the impetus for this work? And why has it been eclipsed by other, better-known pieces, like the 'Le Smoking' dresses and tuxedos Yves was so famed for? 'Le Smoking' had shattered preconceptions of femininity; the tuxedo suit was a minimalist and sleek, designed to challenge gender differentiation, an emblem of androgyny. The simplicity of 'Le Smoking' designated it a timeless garment because of its versatility, and because it was the first time anyone had dared to use trousers in an eveningwear line. 'The Beaded Jacket' however, was 'Le Smoking's' antithesis. Elaborate, excessive and enriched in colour and fabric, 'The Beaded Jacket' seemed less groundbreaking. Where did the idea come from, to make 'The Beaded Jacket'? Why did he never tell anyone? What is the story or place behind it? And more to the point, why does it matter?

It seems like many artists, Yves Saint Laurent made things out of experience; indeed as evidenced by the making of garments such as 'The Beaded Jacket', his life growing up in French-occupied Algeria

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<sup>11</sup> Rawsthorn, p. x.

had been an important influence. His childhood was a hybridism of culture and dress, and almost everybody in the fashion world knew that. It informed so many collections, haute couture as well as ready-to-wear. What he put back out into the world was then recounted as experience through art.

But I know that 'The Beaded Jacket' was not a unique concept. 'The Beaded Jacket' was not from his own imagination. Because if someone had documented his upbringing in a place like Algeria, they would have known that Yves saw jackets like No. 117 as a boy. Whether it was whenever he passed by weddings, or caught a glimpse of women sewing them on looms in the streets. What are the consequences of this then? Do we call it plagiarism? Do we call it cultural appropriation, or cultural appreciation? Are they or are they not the same thing?

The desire here is to reunite 'The Beaded Jacket' with its ancestry, to discuss its origins, its influence, and its place in the world. By distancing the garment further away from its modern title coined by Yves Saint Laurent, the jacket's historical identity can be restored and recorded, even recognised perhaps. 'The Beaded Jacket' wasn't anything at all.

What Yves Saint Laurent made, was effectively the Karakou.

FABRIC

‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-is-a-vinegary-pseudonym-for-haute-couture-thrills-the-Maghreb-map-the-new-stitch-is-unravelling-there’s-nothing-beaded-about-this-as-they-stalk-the-Pompidou-Centre-2002-and-the-clashing-is-sick-there’s-a-twist-like-a-sugared-dumpling-averting-a-kiss-the-pantalons-noir-sashaying-a-green-of-wilted-spinach-a-gold-cocoa-butter-on-the-cupid’s-bow-of-a-gentlewoman-there’s-a-particular-ness-given-here-this-is-not-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-this-is-as-familiar-as-the-skin-on-mother’s-neck-her-mother-she-made-it-she-beaded-and-jacked-the-bead-and-the-jack-together-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-and-when-she-racked-the-threads-she-wed-together-she-bled-golds-and-silvers-she-cross-veneered-by-hand-months-she-took-to-squelch-the-corals-together-for-those-dark-green-dyes-but-squelch-she-dyed-and-might-have-died-poisoning-her-hands-for-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-what-she-weeded-for-her-fertility-for-her-wealth-wear-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-now-she-knows-here-she-has-it-her-daddy-calls-it-a-virility-sandwich-tsk-tsk-



‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-où-ça-?-où-ça-?-la-veste-perlée-what-would-the-family-say-pearly-eyed-and-wide-for-six-months-her-cousin-pricked-her-husband’s-prick-for-spun-gold-and-silver-embroiled-by-the-weather-the-textile-olympics-in-the-flummoxing-heat-and-her-cousin-sat-with-the-hem-of-her-skirt-napped-between-her-legs-sewing-the-meaning-back-into-her-sixteenth-wedding-dress-she-said-‘yaa’-she-said-‘zewija-ta3’<sup>12</sup>-and-she-begged-she’d-give-her-kids-violet-eyes-just-like-granddad’s-and-eventually-when-the-months-had-suckled-his-money-bag-tits-dry-and-the-goat’s-milk-soured-like-a-scream-she’d-marry-in-this-suit-for-two-or-three-weeks-and-they’d-be-skint-for-a-year-but-they’ll-live-off-the-August-oranges-so-“don’t-worry-benty-don’t-worry-benty-baby-girl-it’s-what-Kabyle-girls-do”-this-Karakou-is-spun-by-grandmère-for-grandmère-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-no-the-mejboud-the-wift-weave-sieve-sip-the-Amazigh-creature-stirring-whispering-the-hood-of-the-earth-overripe-for-the-salat-and-it-threads-on-it-curls-and-whips-on-the-great-kiss-the-smelling-semolina-wishing-away-the-coils-that-hem-the-pretty-small-of-her-back-the-rainfall-failing-the-first-week-where-she-was-promised-wealth-the-sunshine-delayed-in-popping-her-rare-blue-eyes-that-rare-bird-girl-



Then-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-came-out-in-the-form-of-beads-weeding-the-grass-of-her-handmade-jacket-that-her-father-nutted-six-years-of-his-lifetime-on-sandheaps-he’d-salivate-for-so-she-doesn’t-cower-when-the-model-pirouettes-for-her-saying-this-is-YSL-baby-because-it’s-as-sick-as-babies’-breath-watching-so-Français-so-chic-like-emerge-out-of-the-Karakou-womb-where-French-flags-and-French-catwalks-are-paved-and-heaped-in-Amazigh-blood-rinsed-into-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’s’-

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<sup>12</sup> ‘Zewija ta3’ is phonetically written Amazigh. It is pronounced, zee-wee-jah tah-ak, which means, ‘a pair is yours’.



sinews-the-garment-an-emblem-of-a-misled-laissez-faire-that-was-stitched-from-the-shit-infested-gold-sixty-forearms-deep-in-the-African-soil-howling-goodbye-goodbye-goodbye-when-it-was-conceived-out-of-the-blue-for-some-black-caucasian-angel-uncategorisable-from-the-next-she'd-flex-her-arms-and-say-'yallah-habibi'<sup>13</sup>-her-weight-assailed-in-silver-silver-the-common-denominator-that-classic-metal-of-Africa-shaded-by-the-weave-and-weft-shedded-into-a-toddler's-tongue-stained-the-colour-of-green-pepper-this-is-what-she-forgot-to-demonstrate-in-that-clean-seizure-she-conceived-on-the-catwalk-as-it-was-shagged-together-by-the-pied-noir-of-pied-noirs-with-some-scissors-and-a-bad-imagination-he-regurgitated-the-Karakou-of-my-empty-grandmother-and-put-on-a-big-spread-called-



'The-Beaded-Jacket'-sat-on-chairs-on-models-on-André-Leon-Talley's-boots-it-whiskered-Anna-Wintour-in-the-shower-it-sat-on-the-tongues-of-journalists-so-satisfied-it-writhed-on-the-hips-of-photographers-it-sashayed-into-the-cats-of-walks-the-walks-of-cats-and-it-haemorrhaged-green-and-gold-in-the-sap-of-portraits-when-one-looked-back-at-the-illustrative-damage-a-drawing-could-cause-Yves-Saint-Laurent-smacked-the-pencil-to-its-sharpener-and-the-sharpenings-were-all-he-could-see-as-he-shaved-away-the-mental-blood-of-childhood-and-the-regimental-nod-of-his-father-disapproving-and-it-was-alright-again-a-camera-like-a-great-dick-penetrating-the-frame-the-jacket-needed-a-name-and-it-laboured-on-its-side-the-drop-stitch-in-the-tapestry's-life-it-sobbed-in-a-kind-of-ignorance-so-flammable-it-burnt-the-shoulders-of-its-wearer-so-cheek-in-tongue-the-truth-roughing-everyone-up-in-its-palm-a-couple-needles-caramelised-by-the-darling-murder-fixed-with-bloodshot-trophies-for-the-Anna-Wintours-and-the-André-Leon-Talleys-it-said-go-and-Vogue-the-forked-Amazigh-molars-that-clap-'The-Beaded-Jacket'-now-on-its-back-sweating-foetuses-and-golden-sacks-heaving-a-dead-dad-



If-'The-Beaded-Jacket'-had-grounded-its-gums-from-real-corals-shimmering-in-the-water-for-a-few-centuries-would-it-have-gnawed-so-fastidiously-on-its-embroidered-tongue-lapping-up-applause-from-the-teat-of-publicity-or-would-it-have-retched-its-inauthenticity-into-Bergé's-leather-wallet-did-it-smile-did-it-laugh-did-Pommier-feel-a-pump-in-her-stride-never-admitting-its-dead-and-declaring-war-on-the-wearer's-hem-did-it-sense-a-groan-from-fired-muskets-bleating-Vive-la-France-in-the-rim-of-Yves's-glasses-was-he-clad-with-bejewelled-guilt-millionaired-by-the-sum-of-anti-immigrant-sequence-did-he-cleave-the-tits-in-two-with-cameos-not-thinking-it-crude-to-layer-another-un-idea-

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<sup>13</sup> 'Yallah habibi' is an Arabic phrase, meaning, 'come on my love'.

on-an-un-idea-and-if-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-had-had-a-voice-or-a-sound-say-a-great-green-mouth-had-been-sewn-to-its-belly-would-its-teeth-have-grinned-loose-fingers-and-nails-from-daughters-and-wives-who-vomited-their-lives-for-such-a-price-or-was-it-that-life-is-an-extrapolation-of-self-from-story-was-it-that-Kabyle-villages-were-weary-and-after-soaking-threads-in-powdered-piss-just-to-make-the-wedding-gold-enriched-as-a-million-threads-were-weft-as-the-jacket-fits-as-a-noose-goes-to-a-neck-



‘The-Beaded-Jacket’s’-stitches-like-small-decorative-children-without-hands-cut-across-fibre-from-fibre-an-untwinned-valley-squeezing-pomegranate-juices-from-its-sleeves-wailing-over-holes-in-the-ground-its-nausea-settling-like-a-great-prune-in-the-desert-shrinking-and-screaming-whilst-a-Perpignan-soldier-sips-from-a-teaspoon-the-tissues-of-an-Amazighen-sister-how-many-goats-will-her-father-exchange-her-for-now-what-great-cattle-is-she-what-is-the-most-valuable-thing-she-owns-with-wrists-like-tree-stumps-fumble-for-the-Karakou-its-fat-pouch-and-pockets-stinking-bloody-plugged-with-rape-and-softened-feet-that-same-soldier-bags-her-head-squashes-her-to-her-knees-and-tighten-it-now-roll-its-body-into-the-deepest-ditch-and-stuff-its-throat-with-sand-let-it-wear-its-jacket-if-it-wants-it-goes-wanting-the-deep-vessel-choking-in-peacock-feathers-and-flooding-its-mother-up-and-out-the-collar-its-cervical-impression-staining-Frenchmen-shafts-they-unravelling-the-gold-and-the-green-and-shovelled-it-into-wooden-ships-turned-metal-submarines-and-someday-a-boy-found-one-in-the-street-grieving-a-fatherless-father-son-relationship-he-claimed-it-his-and-heaved-it-just-the-same-on-a-plane-inch-by-inch-stitch-by-stitch-‘The-Beaded-Jacket’-reads-thefted-tears-and-an-unweft-identity-unpicked-by-Leica-lenses-it-rids-the-books-and-community-graveyards-cancered-by-its-own-steal-until-Karakou-becomes-who?-



Karakou-Kabyle-Girl-on-her-wedding-day-sunlit-by-her-grandmère-the-promised-land-of-motherhood-in-a-kiss-as-light-as-semolina-grain-deep-as-a-honeybee-her-fingernails-clean-and-hooking-the-buttons-their-armor-heavy-and-poetic-seal-the-wax-of-her-chest-the-myriad-of-gold-threads-link-her-roots-as-genes-go-to-the-patina-of-skin-a-healthy-Amazighen-rubs-“free-man”-on-the-roof-of-her-mouth-and-smokes-jasmine-in-her-underwear-the-moon-like-the-belly-of-a-lemon-her-mother-slops-henna-into-her-hands-‘mashallah’-she-says-blessed-to-still-have-the-two-intact-and-grabs-her-chin-upturns-it-to-face-some-eternity-where-the-land’s-moisture-comes-from-grapes-and-rain-and-never-again-the-bayonet’s-slice-her-lips-pink-crescents-crush-off-her-countryside-and-clamp-her-off-to-carrying-pups-and-stirring-sauce-and-peeling-peppers-hugging-buckets-of-zitounes-on-her-head-and-may-she-have-a-happy-life-the-colour-of-green-and-gold-what-sews-is-a-fertile-

mind-with-a-fertile-heart-in-a-fertile-house-her-place-savoured-and-her-chair-plush-her-Karakou-befits-her-should-be-daughter-and-the-next-and-the-next-what-Karakou-says-Kabyle-Girl-does-the-two-collapse-into-a-hug-



A-Kabyle-girl-in-the-Karakou-wears-her-see'er-in-a-glove-when-a-young-boy-catches-the-'Asr-salat-unravelling-the-Mu'azzin-late-in-the-afternoon-or-when-a-young-boy-holding-his-balcony-on-Rue-de-Stora-bewitched-by-the-Karakou-gaze-he-refashions-his-memory-into-'The-Beaded-Jacket'-a-jacket-fit-for-an-anti-savage-where-mothers-in-pleated-skirts-and-sheer-hats-can-crispen-their-words-under-the-embellishment-of-its-craft-where-child-is-man-and-the-waste-is-ripe-again-the-apple-of-one's-skins-a-haute-couture-Maghreb-festering-in-a-lens-it-recycles-material-as-fishbones-go-to-seafloored-stomached-for-immaterial-matters-when-she-is-uncertain-as-to-where-she-came-from-or-why-an-heirloom-is-rendered-invalid-when-her-sand-dust-cunt-churns-profit-from-oils-and-gases-that-once-exhumed-her-Karakou-into-'The-Beaded-Jacket'-where-the-air-is-a-compound-of-tumours-inherited-from-imperialist-wrists-and-all-that-can-be-salavaged-is-a-dish-of-couscous-and-kesra-bread-until-imagination-is-a-form-of-illegal-immigration-and-travel-is-a-coin-flip-where-words-on-birth-certificates-are-matched-with-the-number-of-slain-kids-it's-humiliating-to-stain-a-record-like-this-but-soft-pigeons-of-Amazighen-women-still-make-the-needle-talk-with-the-thread-and-they-converse-high-in-the-mountains-singing-until-the-wounds-come-clean-the-garment-is-sterile-for-just-somebody's-wedding-the-paradisaal-flaking-into-the-wearer's-breathing-it-breathes-



And-Kabyle-Girl-fitted-in-Karakou-softly-hands-down-and-down-the-bodice-and-her-body-another-thread-lines-the-family-womb-the-thatched-basket-of-chickens-and-eggs-the-hungry-filo-pastry-the-evidence-of-stitches-in-her-cooking-the-sinews-of-silks-in-drying-her-hands-on-an-apron-the-father-sits-ancestry-on-his-knee-and-climbs-the-money-tree-for-a-Karakou-mother-crawls-dye-and-chews-bark-the-back-of-her-throat-caveats-her-kids-with-'The-Beaded-Jacket'-to-come-to-frail-the-shoulders-as-other-as-owned-indentured-in-its-sleep-and-warble-its-snore-calling-the-seroual-chelka-its-genetics-sifted-like-the-processed-meat-of-wardrobes-drying-out-in-a-brand-effacing-all-the-things-it-began-with-like-anemone-and-horsehair-silkworms-and-ladybirds-green-fly-and-gold-leaf-sap-and-sift-the-rivers-yelping-nuggets-melted-down-like-chocolate-the-dream-slurping-to-nightmare-the-Karakou-cleaved-and-romantically-torn-and-fucked-until-its-embroidery-is-somewhat-Arc-du-Triomphe-until-its-green-is-red-and-white-and-blue-until-its-lining-speaks-subjonctif-until-the-stitches-are-accentéd-all-over-all-over-