

Kasbah du Toubkal

Morocco's Premier Mountain Retreat

Number Twelve October 2017

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Dreams are only the plans of the reasonable.

Happy Birthday to Us!

Issue number twelve and our third birthday. We may not get Royal Patronage as Marrakech Atlas Etape has done to celebrate its fifth anniversary but we like to think that we are helping in some small way to bring the delights of Morocco and the Kasbah du Toubkal to a wider audience.

In this issue we continue our travels around Morocco, bringing you a look behind the scenes of a Fazi wedding in *A Game of Thrones* – the ultimate in fancy frocks, crowns, kaftans and fanciful concoctions of bridal wedding chairs; in *Skeletons in the Sand* we visit the ruins of an almost forgotten mining town and skeletal hotel in the Sahara Desert, washed away by the almighty storms that create 'blood rains'. We have a night at the cinema (or we would if they still existed) as we hear about the loss of Morocco's beautiful Deco cinemas; take a ride in a tuk-tuk, the noisy workhorse of Moroccan transport with Peter Brickman, this issue's contributor to Readers Write, and, of course, bring you up-to-date with the girls of Education For All and the wonderful news of Marrakech Atlas Etape being awarded the Royal Patronage of His Highness King Mohammed VI.

Derek Workman
Editor
...and everyone at
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What's your story?

We all have a Moroccan story, whether it's an unexpected meeting in the mountains, a magical moment wandering the souks of one of the majestic Imperial Cities, something that made you laugh or even, perhaps, shed a tear. Then again it might simply be your experience of the Kasbah du Toubkal or the wondrous country that is Morocco. We'd love to hear yours. Please send us an email for more information.

Skeletons in the Sand



When we hear the word 'desert' our mind inevitably conjures up the image of undulating dunes, large areas of golden shifting sand moved by the wind. It comes as a bit of a surprise to discover that great swathes of desert landscape consist of high, barren, rocky plateaus. This is the *hamada*.

As we drive over the long stretches of scattered rock and spiky shrub that is the hamada, a seemingly desolate wasteland that carries the eye into infinity, it's almost impossible to imagine the force of the floods of heavy winter rains. They may be rare, but this is the area of torrential storms of biblical (or koranic) proportions. Almost nothing moves outside the windscreen, other than the occasional sand squall and a shepherd watching over his slowly chomping flock. When referring to these withering lands, the French historian Fernand Braudel, said that, "Crossing such a zone (especially without mechanized transport) is worthwhile only when exceptional circumstances cause the expected gain to outweigh the cost and danger".

We travel over scattered patches of sand, and, as in an airplane that hits pockets of turbulence, I feel a frisson as the 4x4 slithers over the low rises. To my unaccustomed eye there is no indication of any route, other than simply spotting a small building in the distance and heading for it, but Tata, my guide, assures me that years of driving in the hamada accustom you to the tiniest changes of terrain – until the rains come, when all routes are re-made.

It's this region of Morocco that is responsible for the rare meteorological phenomena known ominously as 'blood rains', where Saharan sand is carried across Europe and dropped as red downpours. The Roman philosopher Livy wrote in 181 B.C. 'In the precinct of Vulcan and Concord there was a shower of blood. . . . Being disturbed by these prodigies and deaths, the Fathers decreed, both that the consuls should sacrifice full-grown victims to whatever gods it seemed proper.'

The last 'good' rain was in 1988, but the sand had 'forgotten' where the river lay and enormous areas of the Sahara were flooded, carrying away small villages and thousands of tented homes of nomads. Even as late as 2006, Riad Maria, a large desert hotel, was completely destroyed in a flash flood, leaving nothing but skeletal remains and an arch to nowhere.





We stop in the village of Khamlia, famous for its Gnaoua musicians, descendants of a group of workers handed over as a token of an accord to end a 300-year blood war between Algeria and Morocco. I'm the sole member of the audience as Pigeons de Sable put on a show for me.

Gnaoua musicians were playing hypnotic trance music long before the electronic version invaded discos. The rhythmic clapping, drumbeat, and metallic clacking of the *karkaba*, the small hand-held cymbals, were used in ceremonies to 'evoke ancestral saints who can drive out evil, cure psychological ills, or remedy scorpion stings'. As a culture they are said to heal diseases by the use of colour, cultural imagery, perfumes and fright, although I think I can live without the last prescription.

I've always found Gnaoua music a bit discordant, but as the musician-dancers in their white robes and turbans, with a deep red cord decorated with large, glittering sequins crossed over their chest, began their performance I started to enter into the rhythm of the music. Dipping and swaying, jumping and circling, this traditional performance in a small dark room in a tiny desert village is a world away from the false few moments of clanging and tassel swaying you get for ten dirhams in Marrakesh's Jmaa el Fna.

Tea and salaams over, I'm surprised when one of the musicians says in beautifully modulated English, "Excuse me sir, but you've left your pen on the sofa." I probably shouldn't be surprised really, but it wasn't something I expected to hear in the wilds of the Sahara.

We're on our way to lunch at Tata's family home in the Ziz Valley when we make an unscheduled stop at Mifis, a ghost town of crumbling mud and straw homes where once a prosperous mining community lived during the time of the French Protectorate. When the French pulled out of Morocco in the 1950s taking the military who had inhabited the village with them, the coal mine continued but the village was abandoned

I'm fascinated by the eerie sense of desolation and decay as I walk the streets, and I'm completely taken aback when the call to prayer broadcast from a loud-speaker breaks the almost total silence.

I cross through the ruin of what was probably someone's living room half a century ago. Among the hundreds of dilapidated buildings totally devoid of life stands a one-storey mosque, its small minaret standing higher than anything that's left of the village that surrounds it. Two men cross the square in front of me to enter the mosque, nodding in my direction. I feel as if I'm part of a surreal movie where at any moment the director is going to jump out of a ruin and scream at me for walking into shot. But no-one does.

It's only later, as I leave what's left of Mifis that I see a few houses that are obviously inhabited. I have no idea why anyone should live in this desolate hole and there is no-one here to ask, but my heart goes out to whoever has to spend their life in the spectral shadow of a community that ceased to exist six decades ago.



A Game of Thrones



They say that you ain't seen nuttin' until you've seen a Moroccan wedding – and the Fassis are the boys (and girls) to beat the band!

While it's considered the height of chic at a European-style wedding to change from a voluminous white wedding gown into elegant evening wear to dance the night away, the girlies of Fez go through more changes than you could shake a well-stocked wardrobe at during their all-night partying to celebrate their nuptials. And these aren't just a nice frock or two, they will have three or four complete changes of crowns and gorgeous caftans in different colours, with scarves, shoes, belts – the whole matching kit and caboodle. At some time during the night the couple will appear formally dressed, she in a *chedda*, the traditional Fassi wedding dress with a crown of vertical strips of burnished gold and long lengths of gold or silver embroidered fabric framing her face, and a voluminous headdress and skirts that allow only the oval of her face to stand out from the sparkling light reflecting off the ornate gilding of the embroidery.

At the end of the celebrations, around four in the morning, modern girls will appear in a traditional white European-style wedding dress. But as if it wasn't enough that the fancy garment industry is on overtime to dress the girls, for each newly-robed entrance the bride has to be born aloft on a different wedding chair, preferably one that matches her outfit.

Like a Roman senator doing his rounds in a fancy sedan chair carried by four large slaves, the Fassi bride's wedding chair is an ornate confection of pillars and posts, curlicues and cushions, lace and dangling tassels, hoisted on the shoulders of four stout ladies. The chaps have to settle for a seat that is more of a large tray than a chair, and minus the fancy canopy. The couple will be carried the short distance from the door to their throne, a construction of such gloriously over-the-top ridiculousness that you would just die to have one as the centre-piece of your chi- chi glass and pale oak living room at home. Or maybe not.

These fabulous furniture follies may look the part at a celebration where the participants are so extravagantly dressed that they would put a Gay Pride parade to shame, but in the ramshackle back alleyways of the souks their sudden appearance amongst the carpenters' workshops is akin to discovering a glittering ruby in a bucket of supermarket coleslaw.

After wandering the medina for a couple of hours I see a chap pulling a trolley with what appears to be a pair of strange trays and a fancy top roped on it. Not having anything more pressing, I follow him. He unknowingly leads me into the depths of the souks, where I find myself introduced to the world of wacky wedding chairs.

Mr. Nassim has been making these chairs and sofas for almost forty years, since he started in the workshop of his uncle as a mere lad of thirteen. Working to designs limited only by his imagination and a stub of pencil to draw on a bit of paper - no 3D design software played with on a computer features in his fantastical creations - fantails and folderols are his stock in trade. I'm torn between a three-tiered double throne of relative simplicity – although 'relative simplicity' in the context of Mr. Nassim's creations is a contradiction in terms – and the full outrageous fluff of curly-whirly backdrop, buttoned cushions, scrolled arms and scrunched up lace. I'm saved from my deliberations by the fact that I have neither a girlfriend nor

fiancé with whom I can share a sofa, in the unlikely event they should ever consent to be my wife. Even more unlikely than my buying one of Mr. Nassim's creations to make a centre-piece in my far from chi-chi apartment.

I'm allowed to test drive a sedan chair, and the squeak I hear as I settle into the bright white cushions reminds me that as extravagant as these furnishings appear, they are almost always made these days of plasticised wipe-down fabrics. Not surprising really, because they, along with the fancy frocks, gorgeous table-ware and most of the accoutrements of the big day are hired by the newly-weds' family, and the pretty penny invested in the making of the happy bride's throne has to be born over a fair number of 'big days'.

In the triumvirate of birth, death and marriage, just opposite Mr. Nassim's showroom, that represents one of the happiest moments of life, is a small workshop tending to the necessities of one of the saddest. On the floor, dappled by sunlight, is a plain yellow-painted box, the shape of a house with a peaked roof, the length of a man. A simple plank coffin, totally lacking the ostentatious ornamentation associated with western funerary. A reminder to make the most of Mr. Nassim's frivolities while we can.

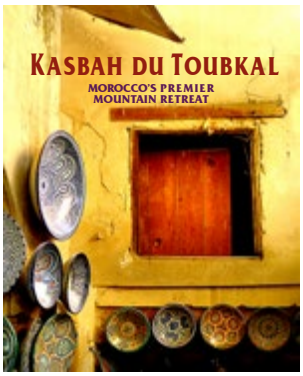


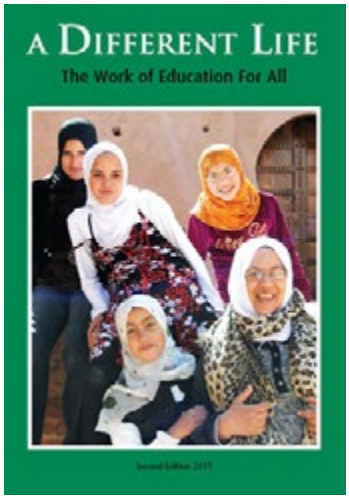


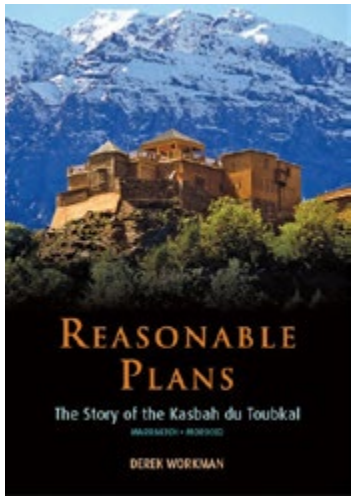


BACK ISSUES

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A Night at the Movies

Morroco's vanishing cinemas

In 2007, during the filming of *Goodbye Mothers*, which tells the story of the Jewish exodus from Morocco in the 1960s, (and was Morocco's entry for the 2009 Oscars in the Best Foreign Film Category), Tarik Mounim spent most of the time he was waiting for his scenes to be shot in the Cine Español in Tetouan, looking around the art deco cinema, said to be the most beautiful in Morocco. He got to chatting with the owner, of the Español and two others in the city. It might seem pretty good, owning three cinemas, but it is a far cry from the twenty-five that his grandfather owned throughout the country.

Tarik had spent seven years studying to be an actor and working in theatre in Paris, and had only recently returned to Morocco. As far as he was concerned, he was there to work, but he began to discover in just how parlous a state Moroccan cinema was; not just the production of movies, but the crumbling structures themselves, many of which had been built in the 1930s to 1950s at the height of the art deco period. Miami is recognised as having some of the most beautiful art deco architecture in existence, but at its height it had only around five percent of art deco buildings that Casablanca had, many of the most beautiful of which were cinemas, and sadly, much of it now lost. (See Issue 10 *Taking a Deco at Casablanca*)

"Speak to any older Moroccan and they will tell you that the cinema was a major part of their life. It was at the physical heart of a city or the neighbourhood, it was where people met and passed the time, where they learned about the world and heard new words. It was their encyclopaedia."

In its heyday, twenty-five distributors brought films from France, Egypt, India, China, the USA and Great Britain. It was the only country in the world with cinemas that had the capacity to hold 1,500 people; the biggest could seat 2,800. In the 1960s there were more than fifty million tickets sold a year, in 2010 there were only two million sold, and where once there were 280 cinemas operating throughout the country, now there are only thirty-seven, most of them showing Bollywood movies.

It's the story of cinema worldwide, but where many countries replaced the neighbourhood movie houses with out-of-town multiplexes, this didn't happen as much in Morocco, as the entrance price was simply prohibitive to most people. "There's now a whole generation that has no idea what it's like to visit a cinema, to enjoy the romance, the spectacle, the sense of wonder that the big screen brings. Now they sit at home watching a bootlegged DVD."

In 2008 Tarik and a group of friends formed **Save Cinemas in Morocco** (SCIM) in time for the International Film Festival of Marrakech, one of the biggest events devoted to Moroccan cinema. They convinced some of the actors, directors and other participants to wear their distinctive black T-shirt with its deep red logo, and people began to take notice. To encourage local interest they began showing old films in abandoned cinemas during the festival so that people in the Medina could see what it was like to visit the local 'flicks'. Entrance was free and they played to packed houses.

"The first film we showed was on original equipment from 1956 and it was wonderful, just like going

to the movies decades ago – although some of the seats were a bit uncomfortable after so many years! Everyone had a great time, and each year during the festival we do the same. We even have people who are visiting the official festival coming to watch."

Even though there are only thirty-seven cinemas still showing movies on a regular basis, there are one hundred and sixty still in existence throughout the country, although most are now falling into ruin. But it isn't just the buildings themselves that is the problem; a lot of the seats and fitting are now missing, and it is increasingly difficult to find projectors and other equipment needed to restore a cinema to working order.

Saving the architectural heritage of art deco is worthy in itself, but Save Cinemas in Morocco wants to go beyond that. Every cinema that is saved is a venue for a young film-maker to show his work. These once hearts of the community could be a way of breathing life into the neighbourhood and give future Steven Spielbergs the chance to have their work flicker across the silver screen.





Cinema Eden
Marrakech



Cinema Rialto
Casablanca

Flea Pits and Fantasy Realms

Juan Goytisolo was considered Spain's greatest living writer at the beginning of the 21st century. He lived in Marrakech from 1997 until his death in 2017. His home in the Medina was close to Cinema Eden, one of the best know cinemas in the city (now in ruin). This extract from his article *The picture houses of North Africa: flea-pits and fantasy realms* beautifully illustrates the raucousness of a visit to the local cinema.

"The Eden cinema concentrates within its walls all the virtues and attractions of the flea-pits I have mentioned. Its privileged location by the bustling thoroughfare of Riad-Zitun al Yedid and its large yard overlooking games rooms with table football and one-armed bandits, cold-drink shops and parking space for mopeds and bicycles, create a huge, variegated territory, of which the flea-pit as such is but the key feature, the holy of holies.

Sellers of almonds and peanuts, hard-boiled eggs, violently coloured sweets and nougat or loose cigarettes line up against the wall by the entrance to the yard. In the interval, the doors stay closed and the spectators are jammed against the wrought-iron gate, poking their arms between the bars, to purchase savoury cornets, rolls, a humble Marquise or a much-coveted Marlboro. From the outside, the scene of jostling and begging hands inevitably reminds one of prisons. But the incarcerated audience benefits from the break to quench their thirst, play a game of table football, relieve themselves. The men go indiscriminately into the gents or ladies: there is a conspicuous absence of female cinema-goers. No woman, whether alone or accompanied, would ever think of entering the rough, tightly packed space of the Eden cinema."

Read the full article in Vertigo magazine

MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

MARRAKECH TO OUKAÏMEDEN

CHARITY BIKE RIDE IN AID OF EDUCATION FOR ALL

Receives Royal Patronage

ROYAUME DU MAROC

CABINET ROYAL

Le Conseiller
de Sa Majesté Le Roi

Cabinet Royal
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Rabat, le 08 AOUT 2017

Monsieur Mohamed Sajid
Ministre du Tourisme, du Transport aérien, de l'Artisanat et de l'Economie sociale
- Rabat -

Objet : Haut Patronage Royal.

Monsieur le ministre,

J'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître, pour information et à toute fin utile, que Sa Majesté le Roi Mohammed VI, que Dieu L'assiste, a bien voulu honorer de Son Haut Patronage, la course cycliste touristique « Marrakech Atlas Etape », organisée par l'association « Education For All » (EFA).

En vous adressant ci-joint, copie de la requête adressée à la Haute Attention Royale à ce sujet, je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur le ministre, l'expression de ma considération distinguée.

Omar Kabbaj

Conseiller de Sa Majesté le Roi

PALAIS ROYAL ★ CABINET ROYAL ★ 22

A fabulous birthday gift



From a group of friends taking an annual bike ride in Morocco's High Atlas Mountains to raise money for Education for All, Marrakech Atlas Etape has risen to become the premier cycling event in Morocco. What could be more fulfilling as it celebrated its fifth anniversary this year than to receive the Royal Patronage of His Majesty King Mohammed VI of Morocco?

Mike McHugo was one of the organisers of the original ride and is still one of the driving forces behind the annual event. How did it feel to hear they had been awarded such a distinguished honor?

"We were extremely chuffed to hear that His Majesty had awarded his patronage, which puts us up there with the big boys of Moroccan sporting events, such as the Marathon des Sables, the Marrakech Marathon and the Grand Prix King Mohammed VI. As a sporting event we are possibly on the small side for Royal Patronage but I'm sure it was because the Etape is first and foremost intended to raise funds for EFA, which celebrates its tenth anniversary this year. We've always seen the MAE as as much a cultural as a sporting event and has proven in its short history to be totally inclusive. As well as showing how good cycling in Morocco is it also brings together people of many nationalities and beliefs who interact together wonderfully, in a way they might not normally get an opportunity to.

"I think being awarded Royal Patronage is going to open a lot of doors for us, both in the development of Marrakech Atlas Etape and in attracting sponsors for Education for All."

For more information contact Mike McHugo at mike@discover.ltd.uk

I am the first....

When Shannon Dunn, a photographer from Seattle, visited the girls of EFA she was impressed by the the repetition of one simple phrase.

Photographing all the EFA schoolgirls - including some who now attend university - was a whirlwind tour, and a dream come true.

I have been the first in my family to accomplish certain things - but those accomplishments pale in comparison to:

"I am the first girl in my family…"
"I am the first girl in my village…"
"I am the first girl in my valley…"
…To go to secondary school. To attend university. To work. To have choices.

I spent a lot of time mentally preparing for this experience. But it was much, much bigger. Still, I intend to remember some of the simplest things I saw: a cheerful-but-determined face, a backpack hanging from a shoulder, a nose tucked intently into a book, a bicycle to get from A to B.



Perhaps the moment that stands out the most was during coffee with Khadija, who was the first in her valley to attend university and was one of the first EFA students. She is on her way to becoming a biologist.

She doesn't usually dwell on how hard it was during secondary school, but when prompted, she shared that she would coach herself each morning: "You have to just wake up and go to school, keep doing it, that is all." It struck me how things as simple as stubbornness and persistence are actually revolutionary. Taking her portrait was an honor. Whenever I find myself squinting at the (much less intense) Seattle sun, I think of those girls in the mountains, and the way they smile at their lives.

In June of this year, Souljourn Yoga Foundation, a US non-profit organisation whose mission is to raise funds and awareness for girls' education in developing countries through global yoga retreats, held the first ever yoga retreat in Morocco. Jordan Ashley, the founder of Souljourn, reports on their visit to the EFA boarding house at Asni.



The world has not promised anything to anyone," says an old, Moroccan proverb. Yet, it's through our yoga practice, the ability to transcend the studio walls into the world that we hope to create lasting connections and tangible change.

Morocco, place of imagination, mystery, the epitome of exotic travel has been a top destination for those seeking the out of the ordinary. Getting lost in the medina or staring up at the stars amidst the endless sand waves in the Sahara have always been romantic experiences. Yet, like the rest of the world, education for girls is still not a promise for the inspiring and talented young women that comprise this multifaceted nation.

For our yoga retreat to Morocco we invited our participants to be the change-makers to support Education For All Morocco, an amazing organization that provides housing and support for young women in the High Atlas Mountains to allow them to continue their further education, which they would otherwise be denied. Included in the tuition to attend is a $300 tax-deductible donation in which we raised $1100 which supports one female student so that her mind and opportunities can flourish to the best of her abilities.

Inspired by the Sanskrit word "Seva" which means "selfless service" or "together with" our goal is for the yoga experience to transcend from out of the studio and into the world by offering both cultural and sensory immersion. The yoga practice should be one that inspires change from the inside out, to create harmony, balance, empathy and a global community of unity.

We had the honor and privilege of spending an afternoon at one of the dorms in Asni. We were welcomed with open arms by Latifah, the ever-inspiring and kind housemother who shared her story of being the first university educated woman from her village. She is living proof of the power of EFA's dedication and mission. After a delicious homemade lunch where the girls proved that their English was far superior to our French, let alone Arabic, we all had a good giggle as we played memory games, board games, and even got to listen to some impromptu Berber drumming and singing as the girls played on the table. It's this kind of simple connection, comprised of eye contact, laughter, and of course keeping an open mind and heart in which we are able to break down our perceived notion of 'us' versus 'them.' We are not so different after all because at the end of the day we all strive to be seen, to be loved, and to love. And that starts with education, having the multitude of choices to follow one's aspirations and dreams.

TheNewArab

For schoolgirls in Morocco, attitudes outpace infrastructure

An article about the work of Education For All and the role it plays in furthering education for girls in Morocco.

A Tuk-tuk Too Far

Visitors to Morocco are delighted and intrigued by many different things; for some it's the cuisine, for others it's the vibrant colour, while there are those that will carry the memory of the friendliness of the Moroccan people home with them as their major memory. **Peter Brickman**, however, was taken with something not found in his native Yorkshire.

I've always been beguiled by tuk-tuks, those strange little workhorses, half motor-bike, half mini-pickup truck that in one form or another can be found almost anywhere in the world. These marvellous little beasties go by various names; trishaw, autorickshaw, autorick, *bajaj*, mototaxi, baby taxi, depending where you are, and as the names imply, they are a motorized version of the traditional pulled or cycle rickshaw. But the tuk-tuks in Morocco are monsters in comparison to their Asian brethren, with big 'don't-mess-with-me' motorbike front ends that would sneer at the wimpish eastern model based on the design of the Vespa motor-scooter.



I struggle to photograph one that seems to be blossoming with plants as we drive into Meknes, but the bumpy road jostles me around too much to get a decent shot. A small conifer, a young hydrangea, deep red and yellow marigolds, zinnias, if I'm not mistaken, which I probably am given that I can't get a good view as we're bouncing along; a bougainvillea climbing a cane, broad leaves and skinny leaves in various shades of green. Plant identification has never been my strong point, which probably accounts for the weird horticultural miss-match that I call my garden.

The basic tuk-tuk model is open to the elements, both the back-end and the driver, who can get pretty chilly with nothing to protect him against winter winds other than a thick djellaba and a woolly hat. These are used mainly for deliveries into the periphery of the medina, creating a bit of competition for the muleteers, but getting their comeuppance with narrow alleyways and steep, stepped inclines where the languidly plodding mule comes into its own. You also see them occasionally careering around loaded with kids sitting on wooden crates – in fact anybody sitting on wooden crates – who can't afford the price of a bus ticket.

The more upmarket versions will have roll-up plastic sides and an awning to protect the driver from the worst of sun and rain, with some of them even having a full windshield to save streaming eyes from the chill-factor of driving into biting wind in the winter and dust in the summer. Invariably, when the rider has a crash-helmet it will be hung on a hook somewhere and not on his head as nature intended, while to guard against the constant thrub of the engine against a chap's private parts, and as minor solace to a bum pounded by bumpy roads, the rider will almost always be sat on a thick cushion or folded rug.

The fancier tuk-tuks have padded benches running the length of the trailer interior and serve as competition to the *petit taxis* and *grande taxis* that hustle the streets for passengers. The petit taxis are supposedly for use within the city and the grande taxis for longer distances, with the tuk-tuk getting in where the others can't reach. The padded benches are merely an approximation of how many people they can carry and work on the principle that when the

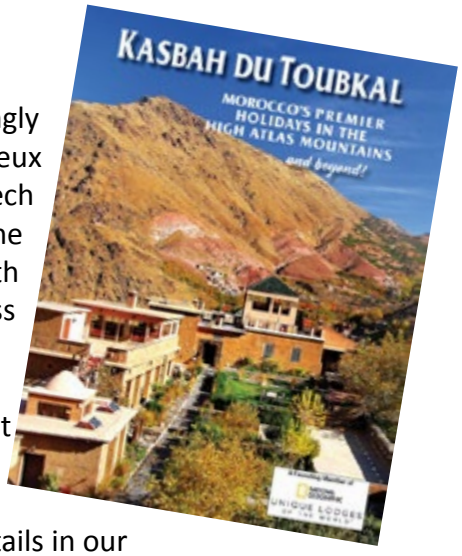
tiny gap on the floor between legs is full (the roof is too low for standing) there is still space for a couple of lightweights to hang onto the frame beside the driver. They seem to have taken this packing style from the grande taxis, whose seating plan of driver and four adults went out of the window long ago. I once saw one in Fez that was so jam-packed passengers in the rear seats were trying to hold the doors closed with their arms out the windows and with two kids sat in the trunk with the lid up. It took off in a cloud of smoke, the exhaust sparking as it dragged along the road.



Hard-working things they may be, but even the best of machines can go wrong. As we pull up a slight rise at a set of traffic lights, cars nearest the sidewalk are trying to push in front of others to get past a semi-stationary tuk-tuk loaded with boxes. The driver is almost bent double trying to push his vehicle up the hill but not quite making it. Each time he stops to take a breather his tuk-tuk rolls back a little, like Sisyphus in Greek mythology, forever rolling an enormous boulder uphill, only to see it rolling back down again.

Kasbah du Toubkal

Trekking .... in Style



Nestled in the foothills of Jbel Toubkal, the highest peak in North Africa, the village of Imlil has for decades been the starting point for hardy trekkers on the forays into the High Atlas Mountains. These days not all the trekkers are 'hardy' and Kasbah du Toubkal has become widely known not only for its commitment to the communities of the Imlil Valley and its conservation, but also as the perfect spot to experience the beauty of the mountains without the hardship of bivouac and sleeping bag (although you can still do that if you wish) through their **Trekking in Style** programmes. A stay at the Kasbah, better known as a Berber Hospitality Centre, and the stunningly restored Riad Les Deux Yeux in the Marrakech Medina gives you the chance to enjoy both the hectic exoticness of the ancient city and the peace and tranquillity of star-lit skies of the High Atlas Mountains. You can find full details in our new brochure, out early September.

Build your own holiday

To create your own, personalised Moroccan Experience please contact
Kerrie Wrigley • Email: bookings@discover.ltd.uk • Tel: +44 (0)1883 744667

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Kasbah du Toubkal in the Media

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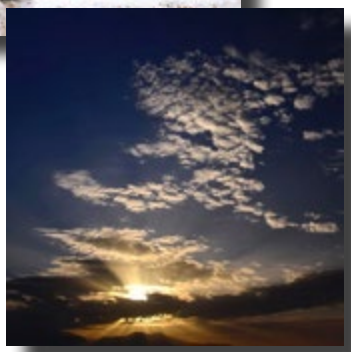
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