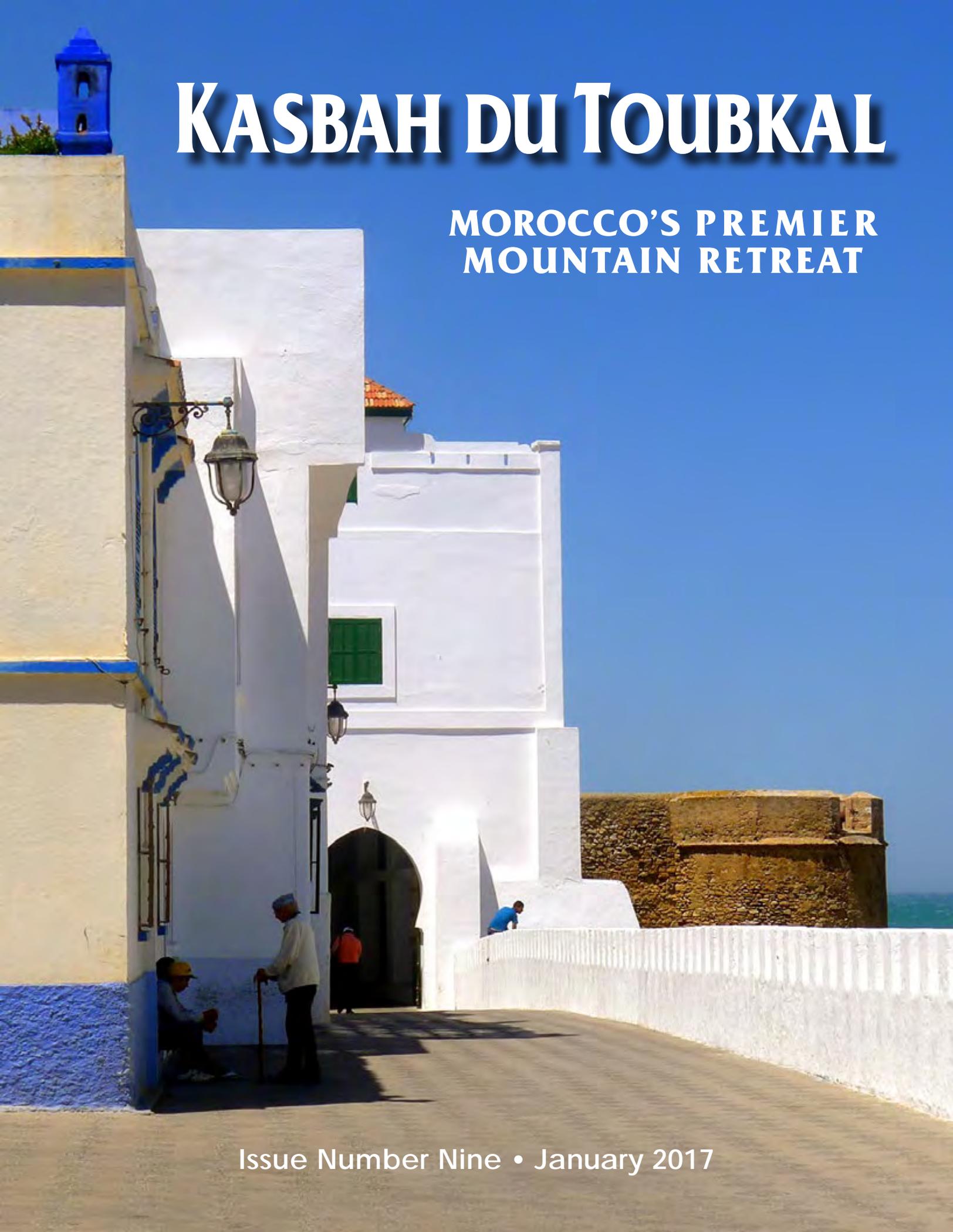


KASBAH DU TOUBKAL

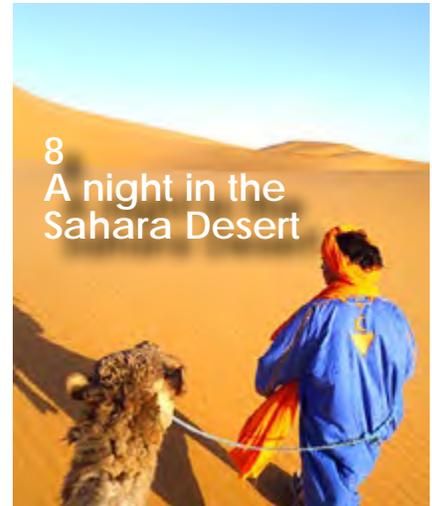
MOROCCO'S PREMIER
MOUNTAIN RETREAT



Issue Number Nine • January 2017

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Take a deep breath...

With air so crystal clear you feel you could touch the snow on Jbel Toubkal winter is settling into the High Atlas, but with a brilliant blue sky and wispy clouds above, it's a view to stir the adventurous soul.

The snowy peaks of Jbel Toubkal seen from the Kabah's roof terrace stirred the soul of graphic designer Alison Rayner and provided the inspiration when she was asked to create *Reasonable Plans*, the story of Kasbah du Toubkal – but it was four years before she got to see the real thing.

The three-day trek to scale North Africa's highest peak is no mean feat, but to do it while the snow is still knee deep takes stamina and determination. In March 2015 Bob Parker made his first ascent of Jbel Toubkal and came back with the tale of the lonesome hound.

In contrast to the chill of the mountains, *Florence of Arabia* tells of a night under the Saharan stars and the dubious joys of riding a camel, which turn out to be very dubious indeed.

Meknes, one of Morocco's four Imperial Cities, may have been home to a tyrant king, the most bloodthirsty in the

country's history but Moulay Ismail's dream was to create a glorious city to become the Versailles of Morocco, built on the backs of tens of thousands of slaves.

With *Moroccan Roll*, a ride in the Marrakech Atlas Etape, *Picture This*, two photobooks that show the beauty of this mystical country, and updates on life within Education For All, this issue has plenty to capture your imagination and tempt you into discovering Morocco yourself if you haven't already been here. And if you haven't, you don't know what you are missing!

As ever, I look forward to hearing from you at

kasbahmagazine@gmail.com.

Derek Workman

Editor

...and everyone at

KASBAH DU TOUBKAL



*He who does not travel
does not know the value
of men.*

Moorish proverb

Meknes

Morocco's Versailles

Above Bab Mansour, the imposing entrance of zelig mosaics and marble columns to Moulay Ismail's Imperial City, an ornamental inscription boasts of the triumph of the sultan in completing this self-aggrandising homage to his vision of creating a city worthy of his rule, totally from scratch. The architect of this illustrious folly should really have learned to keep his mouth shut. A Portuguese slave, he converted to Islam and took the name

El-Mansour, 'the victorious' (hence the name, Gate of the Victorious), but when Moulay Ismail asked him if he could have made the gate more beautiful and he said yes, the sultan had him put to death – which just goes to show,

be very wary how you answer a short-tempered ruler who is known for lopping the head off anyone who upsets him. However, historical records show that the gate wasn't actually completed until 1732, five years after Moulay Ismail departed this mortal coil, but why spoil a good yarn just because it deviates from fact?

Place el Hedim, the large square in front of Bab Mansour, was originally the forecourt to Moulay Ismail's palaces. The story goes that the sultan demolished the houses in the western corner to make way for a grand entrance to his palace quarters, but it was also used as storage for the construction materials he pilaged from around Morocco, most notably from the nearby Roman ruins of Volubilis, which accounts for the literal translation of the square as 'square of demolition and renewal'. It also served as a public arena for the regular executions for those who displeased him, most notably slaves or at least those who had looked at him the wrong way and weren't dispatched immediately. According to legend, Moulay Ismail had 30,000 people killed during his reign, so

it comes as no surprise to hear of his comment, 'My subjects are like rats in a basket, and if I don't shake the basket, they will gnaw their way out.'

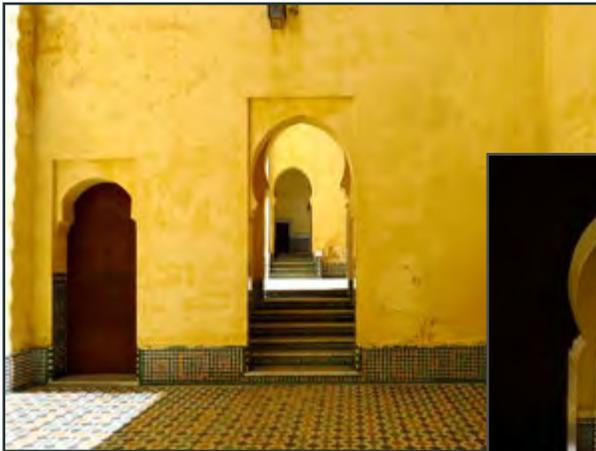
It's well recorded that Moulay Ismail was the most tyrannical of all Moroccan sultans, but he was also an extremely able ruler, fighting off the Ottoman Turks and chasing the British and Spanish from their coastal enclaves, firmly establishing Morocco's independence.

His 55-year rule, from 1672 to 1727, was the longest in Moroccan history and is regarded as one of its greatest. Moulay Ismail ascended to the throne at the age

of twenty-six after the death of his brother from falling from a horse, inheriting a country weakened by tribal warfare. His first act was to move from Tafilalt, a town hanging on the edges of the Sahara, to Meknes with the intention of creating a magnificent imperial city to equal Versailles, which was also

under construction at the time. (He later became a close ally of Louis XIV and is sometimes compared to the French ruler due to his reputation as a warrior king and his love of grandeur).

Previously known as 'Meknassa al-Zitoun' (Meknes of the olives) because it was built on a vast plain of olive groves, the town had been settled six centuries earlier by the Berber Meknassis tribe. Moulay Ismail's Meknes grew, built on the back of captives taken from his military forays into Mauritania and Algeria, supplemented by Christians taken by the piratical Sallee Rovers in their sorties into European waters as far north as Iceland, partially financing his extravagant plans by ransoming the European slaves for enormous sums. He staved off rebellion with an army of 16,000 West African slaves called the Black Guard, an elite corps whose number increased ten-



fold during his reign thanks to the provision by the sultan of a decent life (at least in standards of the time) and women..

Coming from a culture of fierce battles and long sieges to decide sovereignty, this shrewd sultan took precautions to ensure that he ended his reign in old age. The four hectare Bassin de l'Agdal, these days a favourite of city folk to take the air on steamy evenings, was built to irrigate the Royal Gardens and as somewhere for the harem of (so it's said) five hundred ladies to promenade, but also as a reservoir for times of siege. The second most important element of survival, food, was taken care of by the Heri es Souani, a gigantic system of cool, high-vaulted chambers for storing grain, as well as hay to feed Moulay Ismail's 12,000 horses. An intricate network of wells fed by channels from the Agda watered the horses. A major part of the granary is in ruin, but sufficient has been restored to temp Martin Scorsese to use it as a backdrop for The Last Temptation of Christ.

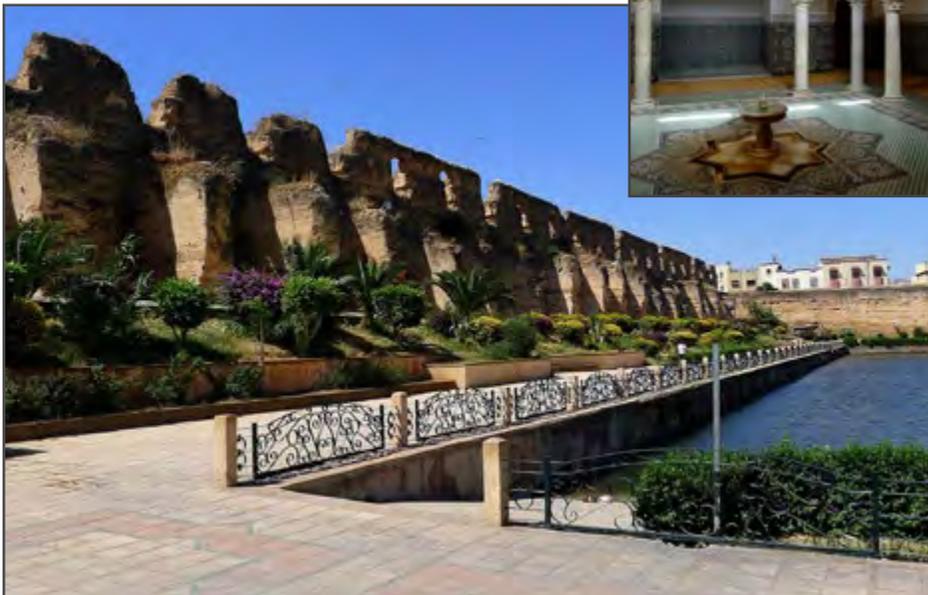
By the time of his death in 1727, Moulay Ismail had completed a city wall forty-five kilometres long with twenty gates surrounding more than 50 palaces. But despite his obsession with creating the 'Versailles of Morocco', he never succeeded in making Meknes the great imperial city of his aspirations. His demise signalled the beginning of the end of Meknes as the country's first city, and in less than 30 years his grandson, Mohammed III, had transferred the capital of the kingdom to Marrakech.

To ensure that the grandeur of his final resting place equalled that of the city he spent the

greater part of his life creating, Moulay Ismail built his mausoleum while still alive, (and, curiously, positioned only a few strides from the dank dungeon where his tens of thousands of slaves passed their miserable lives when they weren't working on their megalomaniac master's dream).

Nondescript from the outside, the tomb containing the sultan's remains is approached through a series of tranquil courtyards painted in warm canary yellow. Only Muslims may enter the tomb itself, but its anteroom is a delight of marble columns and soaring arches, the walls decorated in finely carved plaster and glowing with exquisite zellij tiles and enamel-painted woodwork. As a mark of respect you are required to remove your shoes before entering, but the feel of your feet on the grass mats that cover the floor is part of the sensation of peacefulness that inhabits the building. The tyrant's strict observance of orthodox Islamic ritual weighs heavily in his favour, and many Moroccans see the Mausoleum as a place of pilgrimage to ensure health, well-being and luck. Meknes is one of the four Imperial Cities of Morocco, and while Rabat may have prospered as the nation's Capital, with Fez and Marrakech drawing the bulk of visitors seeking the colourful and exotic, sleepy Meknes deserves more than simply being thought of as staging post between experiences. Its mosques, madersas and museums rival any of its more popular sisters. But there again, sometimes being the runt of the litter can have its benefits; a café chair available to watch the goings.

Its mosques, madersas and museums rival any of its more popular sisters. But there again, sometimes being the runt of the litter can have its benefits; a café chair available to watch the goings.



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Trekking Jbel Toubkal

I still find it hard to believe that in three days we achieved so much in such an unhurried and positive environment. The climb to the summit of Mount Toubkal was a life enhancing experience that will always be with me. I would recommend spending time in the very well appointed and comfortable Kasbah to anyone who is looking to gain deeper insights into what is really valuable and worth doing in this world."

Nigel Southern

Jbel Toubkal, at 4167m, North Africa's highest mountain, was seen by no European eyes until 1871, when a small scientific expedition organised by J. D. Hooker was given permission to visit the Toubkal region in the High Atlas Mountains. It was to be another fifty-two years before the Marquis de Segonzac became the first European to set foot on its summit.

The ascent of Jbel Toubkal is achievable during the summer months without specialist climbing skills. Most people who are reasonably fit and determined can achieve this goal and the views are magnificent – on a clear day you can see the Sahara.

During the winter months the summit is only accessible to those climbers with crampon and ice-axe experience. Some equipment is available from local guides but you are strongly advised to bring your own. Climbing and walking in the High Atlas requires an open mind. It is important to keep a sense of perspective and take a gentle pace. If the weather is hot it is also vital to drink plenty. It is not uncommon to find that your appetite fades at the Neltner Hut; this is quite common at this sort of altitude. If you have not walked at heights of 4000m before do not be surprised at the slow pace, which is certainly the best way to get to the top no matter how fit you are.

Reader Contributor: Bob Parker

On 26 March, 2015, Bob Parker made his first ascent of Jbel Toubkal - and came back with the tale of a lonesome hound

As I left the Kasbah with Omar, a local with twelve years' experience as a guide in the High Atlas, there was a good foot of snow in the courtyard and I began to ponder what it would be like further up the mountain, where broken cloud revealed a gorgeous blue sky.

The going wasn't too difficult to start, but as we got higher the snow became deeper, knee deep in places. The path was completely hidden so having a guide who has probably walked the route a hundred times or more was invaluable. We made steady progress, stopping at a shack-cum-café where I had the best freshly squeezed orange juice I've ever tasted.

The route to the refuge was beautiful. The cloud had cleared, leaving a brilliant blue sky but a very hot sun. I'd brought everything for cold weather but no sun hat, so despite a lot of regularly applied sun





block I could really feel the heat.

It took a little over six hours to reach the refuge and with the depth of snow making walking difficult I was exhausted. All I wanted was my bunk, but Omar had the kitchen rustle-up an omelette. Some caffeine, some water and then my sleeping bag. It was just seven-thirty as I drifted off to sleep, worrying if I could do that similar level of walk to reach the summit the next day. It had been difficult both physically and mentally.

I woke in a much better frame of mind – and more importantly, completely rested. We set off at six-thirty, with crampons fitted by Omar. What had been soft snow the previous day was now frozen - no more sinking a foot or more with the exaggerated 'lift foot out of the hole' from yesterday. Again it was a beautiful blue sky and hot sun, but a borrowed sun hat from the refuge was a marked improvement on the previous day.

Three hours later we arrived at a ridge and quite unexpectedly the most breath-taking view. The ridge fell steeply away south to reveal red-brown hillocks and desert. A few kilometres in the distance was another snow-capped mountain with more desert beyond. The clarity of the air allowed me to see for miles - what an amazing view!

Around forty minutes later, after two false summits, the steel triangular frame marking the peak of Jbel Toubkal came into view. No, I didn't run to it, but the sight certainly lifted me and made all that had gone

before very, very worthwhile indeed.

The views from the summit were tremendous; 360 degrees with nothing blocking my view. There were a dozen or so fellow trekkers who greeted us with smiles and congratulations. Also waiting for us was a lone, un-accompanied hound. Apparently owned by someone in Imlil he does the trek on his own most weeks, sleeping under a ledge at the refuge. He loves digestive biscuits and Mars bars, so take extra for Gron - my name for him.

Forty minutes at the top and we head downwards. While the trek up had been a slow one - partly to help avoid altitude sickness but also due to physical and oxygen limitations – the downhill pace picked up. Unlike the zigzag up we made a bee-line straight down. Obviously the crampons allowed us to do this, but once we reached the refuge, had lunch and ditched the crampons, it became difficult to maintain balance at this faster speed. Like the sun hat, I'd not given poles a thought. I've tried them in the past but didn't get on with them. However, in deep, soft snow and some ice they would have been a godsend.

After eleven hours we arrived back at the Kasbah. So ended the longest, highest, most rewarding day trek of my life. I'm a so-so fit 57 year-old who didn't train for the trek, forgot sun hat and disregarded poles. Should you go? Yes, but do hire a guide. Do stay at the Kasbah. The rooms, the food and the hospitality are all tremendous. And do take a sun hat and poles. And a Mars bar for Gron.

For more information contact **KASBAH DU TOUBKAL** at kasbah@discover.ltd.uk

Florence of Arabia

A Night in the Sahara Desert

The only thing worse than going uphill on a camel is going downhill, or at least it is if you don't count the getting on and off, or the camel standing up to begin your trek, which pales into nothing the first time the animal drops on its front knees for you to dismount. And there's the bit in the middle, the lumpen swaying as the beast plods along, following the curve of the dunes in its meandering route, where your legs begin to ache because there are no stirrups to put your feet in to give you a modicum of support and at least a faint shade of elegance. Come to think of it, there's little to recommend a camel ride, so it's no surprise that most of the guides you talk to prefer to walk. I bet Peter O'Toole had a stunt double when it came to humping along on a dromedary during the filming of *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Because of their knowledge of this hostile terrain and they could ensure safe passage from their fellow desert nomads, Berbers historically acted as guides for the caravans of up to 12,000 camels who crossed from Timbuktu to Marrakesh and beyond. The camels might be able to survive for long periods without food and water, but their handlers couldn't, (nor the slaves that were a main commercial 'product'), and to carry enough water for human consumption would drastically reduce space for the precious cargoes of gold and spice. Runners were employed to travel ahead and arrange for water to be shipped back to the caravan from oases on the route. Fortunately for our little group, our 'oasis' is only an hour's ride away, but we are still required to carry our own drinking water.

I'd always imagined my night under the desert stars as a sandy version of the cowboy on the range, rolled up in a blanket with his head resting on his saddle, (although that was before I encountered a camel saddle, a lumpy thing if ever I saw one). In a nod in the direction of romanticism, I'd thrown in a thick Moroccan rug to lie on. The reality was a bit different. I'm too old and decrepit for all that roughing-it malarkey and I'm quite prepared to forgo my frontier spirit so I ask the camp chaps if I can drag the mattress out of my genuine Berber-style tent of woven wool and throw it on the ground. But they go one step further – they

bring out the whole bed, mattress, sheets, pillows, blankets and all. And they do the same for the other five happy campers who want to drift off with the stars as a coverlet. Maybe not the romantic image of 'a night under the Saharan stars', but I have to admit that it's a little dash of unexpected comfort.

I'm the first to 'bed down'.

The soft, warm breeze makes a single sheet

enough, and I roll up in it. The camp is lit only by three



candles, their pockets of light flickering on the dark wool of the tents, and the glow from a three-quarter moon. There is a susurrant of wind and whispering as the camp settles down, checking if small flashlights are in easy reach for the late night visit to the toilet tent fifty metres away. A low conversation drifts down from a couple sat on a dune above the tents, but not intrusive. We'd agreed there would be no Walton-style, 'G'night, Jim Bob', 'G'night Billy Bob.'

The stars are everything I'd hoped for. More than just twinkles in a black-blue sky, they seem to spit and shimmer with life, and I'm tempted to ask if someone could please switch off the moon so I can get the full celestial show-time effect. The wind has picked

up slightly so I drag a blanket over myself. I try to keep my eyes open so that I can concentrate on my star-spangled desert night sky, but they have a will of their own and I'm soon curled up under my blanket drifting off in the silence.

The desert dawn isn't a vast bright burst of colour that happens in some places in the world, but a gradual ice blue outlining of daylight against the shadowed deep ochre of the dunes. Slowly, individual features become clear; hummocks of coarse grass that pocket the sands become visible. No sound except the whispering wind that creates small wavelets of sand.

I sit on a dune watching the sunrise, and sounds drift up from the bivouac as it comes to life; my fellow campers climb dunes of various heights, depending on age and athletic ability. The ice-sky warms to blue. I hear the complaining sounds of camels as Zaid the camel driver loads them up for the return journey. He talks to them as he puts on their saddles over the top of folded blankets to provide padding (and also a

useful way to carry the used sheets back to the hotel). Jimmy Hendrix and Bob Marley put their best camel toe forward and we begin our return journey to the hotel and a hot shower. I discover that I'm at the head of the caravan not because I have the physique of a sultan but because the nameless camel I've been allocated doesn't like to be behind another and nips at the bums of any in front of him. I thought its grumpy character was just the normal nature of the species, but it seems that all God's chillun got their own peculiar ways.

As our long shadows walk alongside us I reflect that as humpy, lumpy and grumpy a camel might be, it has a romanticism that isn't inherent in a 4x4. If I'm going to spend a night under the stars I'd rather do it properly and put up with the temporary discomfort of an authentic ride on an animal that has all the appearance and angularity of something that has been designed by a committee – a committee that originally set out to design a horse but got slightly lost along the way.



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Designs on the Kasbah

You could say that Alison Rayner knew Kasbah du Toubkal and Imlil pretty well, she'd seen the gardens, the beautiful bedrooms, the people and the mountains, the villages and houses – but all in photographs. Ali, as she's known to everyone, is the designer of *Reasonable Plans* and *A Different Life*, the stories of Kasbah du Toubkal and Education For All respectively, and Bonny Riehl's beautiful photobook *A Moroccan Adventure*, as well as the leaflets and brochures for Discover Ltd. But it wasn't until November 2016 that she finally set foot on the spot that was, for her, the Kasbah.

"When I started to design the first edition of *Reasonable Plans* there was one particular photo with umbrellas out and cushions on the roof looking up to Jbel Toukal and I thought 'that's so tempting'.

When I finally got there we had lunch on the terrace on a beautiful sunny day with snow on the mountains of Jbel Toubkal I thought 'I cannot believe I'm here!'. It was a very surreal moment because I've lived it for the last

four years on and off doing the book and the pamphlets for Discover, choosing what I thought were the best images. When I got there it was a real 'Wow!' moment."

The temptation could be to dive in immediately, especially after four years of waiting but Ali's was a slow approach, almost savouring the experience.

"We didn't go immediately into the Kasbah when we arrived because our guide, Rachid, who's really fantastic, an exemplary person for the village and the Kasbah, took us to the waterfall above the hotel. He kindly bought us mint tea so we sat there for a while and chatted. There was only one of the small food shops open but with the smoke coming off the tajines and the mist from the mountains it was lovely.

"As we were walking up to the hotel Haj Maurice was on the roof terrace and he waved down and shouted

welcome to us. That was a lovely gesture. I was just excited because I hadn't been there; there's a lot to take in. I think it dawned on me more when I was sitting on the roof terrace. When you are in the Kasbah you don't see so much of it and it was only when I was actually on the roof that it came to me that this was a really special place."

When Ali begins a project she 'plays', as she puts it, the amount of playing depending on the freedom the client gives her.

"I had complete freedom with the Kasbah material, which is great for a designer. I wanted to keep a 'Kasbah' style, especially with *Reasonable Plans* and *A Different Life*, which are text based, they tell a story, but I also wanted them to be very visual so I used at least one

photo on each two-page spread. The photo of the Moroccan slippers on the carpet was so colourful, it was very inspirational, and when I came to design Bonnie Reihl's book I felt I could go even further than with *Reasonable Plans*. I felt I could put more colour in it and make it more of a pamphlet-style rather than just a book and to make the pictures as big as I could.

They are different animals, one is a story and the other is all imagery so I could use frames, coloured backgrounds, things like that. I was and still am really happy with the designs."

And so, four years after she first saw the photos of the 'hotel at the top of the world' how did Ali feel about finally being there?

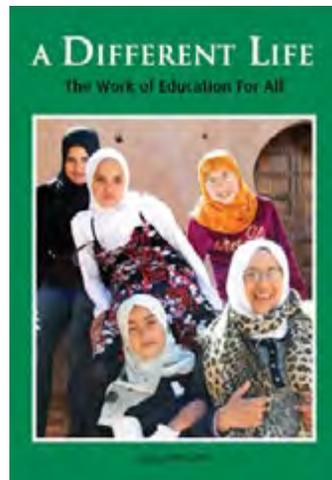
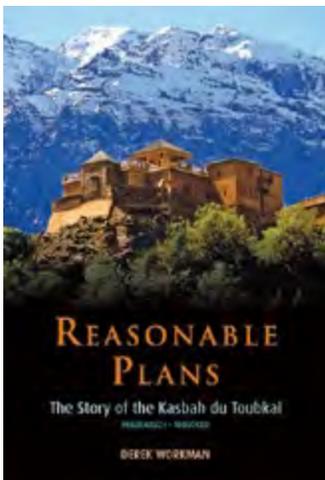


“For me it was like a puzzle falling into place. Rachid tells the story that is already told in the book to some degree, but he can tell it as someone who actually lives there and how much having the Kasbah in Imlil has done for the people in the valley. I felt that Mike, Chris and Haj had created something and everybody was proud. The Berber people are very caring about their community and you felt that.”

Mike McHugo is often heard to quote a saying by the Dalai Lama, there is good selfish and bad selfish; in his opinion Kasbah du Toubkal is good selfish because from the very beginning the main premise was that their success had to reflect back into the villages of the Imlil Valley and has continued to do so. For Alison Rayner, though, it goes far beyond being just ‘good selfish’.

“When I saw the rubbish truck I thought that it was because of the Kasbah and these men that the village got that rubbish truck, as well as all the other projects that have contributed to improving the lives of the local people. They are caring for the village and the

mountain and you just feel dwarfed by what those men have managed to achieve. I realise a lot of other people were involved but I probably wouldn’t step out of my comfort zone the way they did.”



[Click on cover image to view content](#)





'I've been to lots of sportive start lines, but today's takes the biscuit for pure spectacle. With the siren slowly winding up to a crescendo, the riders slide in behind an actual ambulance to be escorted out to the main road. And what a sight we are. Up front are the serious men and women, lithe, tanned and already lock-jawed. A couple wear team kit and have the look of pros, which I'll later find out they are, while tell-tale tattoos of a red dot over an 'M' distinguish two other chaps as Ironman finishers.'

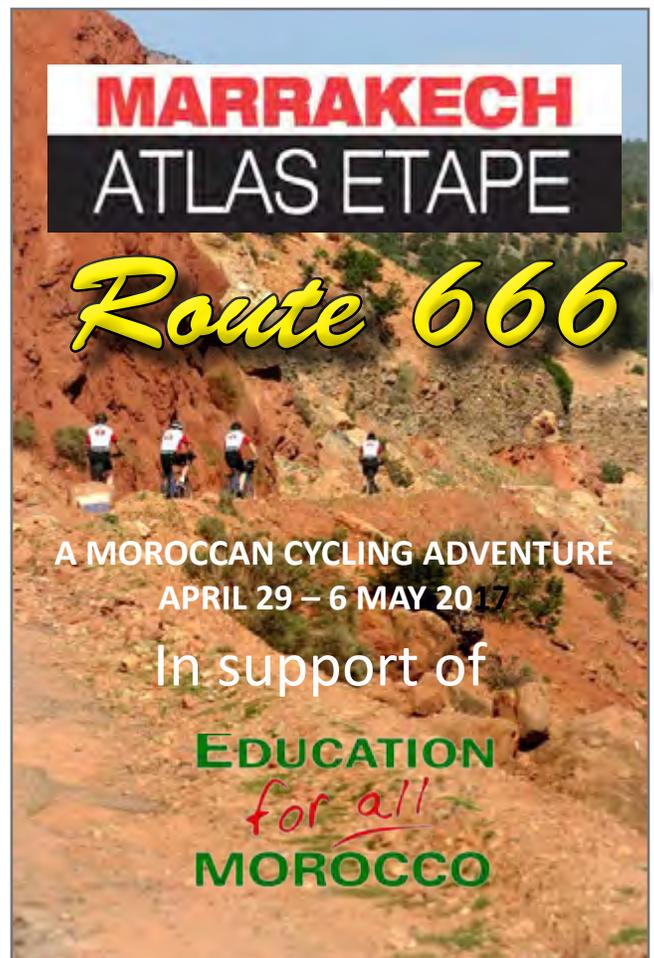
Celebrating its fifth year in 2017 the Marrakech Atlas Etape has become one of the leaders of the cyclco sportives on the international calendar. James Spender reported on the 2016 ride for Cycling magazine and his beautifully evocative article sums up why the 'Ouka Monster' is sure to become an even bigger favourite this year.

But unlike many other étape, MAE is all-inclusive and if your pleasure is simply an occasional pedal around the park you can still have as much fun as the pros and make an enormous contribution in the lives of young girls in the High Atlas Mountains by supporting the étape, whose main purpose beyond all others is to raise funds for Education For All.

2017 is the tenth birthday of the charity and the aim is for the Marrakech Atlas Etape and its associated activities to completely fund the long term growth of Education For All, a lofty goal taken in small manageable steps.

The initial focus is to increase the number of participants taking part in the ride and look at ways to encourage them to raise more money in support of EFA. In addition to this EFA/MAE are actively chasing a new patron; looking for sponsors in addition to the Kasbah du Toubkal and Argan Xtreme Sports who will be jointly sponsoring the logistics for the fifth year; aiming to name some celebrity participants as well as attracting wider participation from cycling clubs.

The first step is to open the 'early bird' registration for 2017 (open until end of January) where you can either join the EFA team with a commitment to raise £400 for the charity or buy a place to 'just ride' at a discount rate. After that the promotional plan currently being designed kicks in and, with a fair wind, it all comes together, creating a great event and enabling far more girls from rural Morocco to have a secondary education. You can register on-line [HERE](#)



A Year-long Reminder - thanks to Sevenoaks School

Sevenoaks School has long been a staunch supporter of **Education For All** and students make a point of visiting at least one of the boarding houses on their regular field-trips to the High Atlas Mountains. The students have 'adopted' EFA and in 2016 they raised £2000 to help their favourite worthwhile cause from the sale of Sevenoaks School Geography Calendar, with a further £1000 being donated to the Imil Valley Association.

This year's calendar is now on sale, the proceeds of which will once again go to Education For All. Click on the cover image to order your copy and learn about the project.



the
guardian

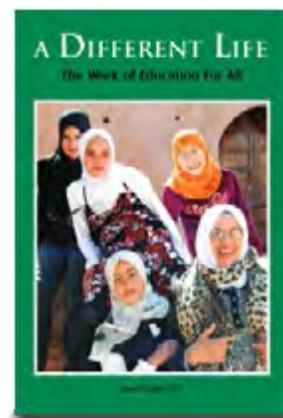
The Guardian has been good to EFA recently with two articles on its website. *In Morocco's Atlas mountains, Berber girls find the way out of rural*

poverty: an education tells the story of EFA student Zahra Boumessoud who is preparing to begin university in Marrakech after seven years at our boarding house in Asni.

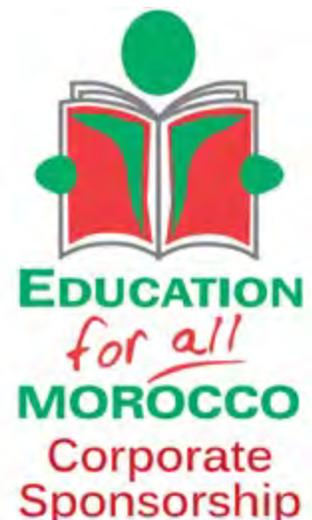
In *More than one way to fill a gap year* we are introduced to Emily Potter from Bristol, who spent part of her gap year as a volunteer with EFA at the Asni boarding house in 2016.

If you are interested in volunteering to assist the girls of **Education for All** in Morocco, please contact

info@efamorocco.org



Click on the cover to read the full story of **Education For All**



Dreams are only the plans of the reasonable

Picture THIS

Morocco is one of the world's most beautiful and photogenic countries - as these photobooks show



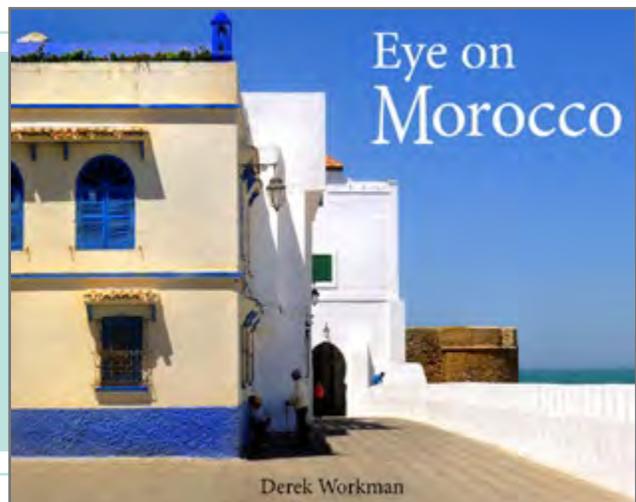
'For at least the past ten years, I have lovingly paged through every book about Morocco that I could get my hands on. Morocco was definitely worth the wait and exceeded my very high expectations in every respect. The sights, the sounds, the smells, the textures, the colors were glorious and evocative of my every Moroccan dream.'

Bonnie Riehl

(Please note: Firefox users might find some images pixelated.)

'It's very easy when taking photos to try for an element of one-upmanship and capture images of hidden corners and unknown places. But most people don't have time to search these out, so why not show them places they *will* be able to see, and entice them to come and see them for themselves.'

Derek Workman



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Morocco in the Media



By foot or helicopter, the High Atlas is one of the world's hidden ski gems

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Morocco: Spiritually Rocking The Kasbah

Jen Reviews

100 Best Things to do in Morocco



ALJAZEERA

Master storyteller Ahmed Ezzarghani and apprentice Sara are fighting to keep the Moroccan storytelling tradition alive.



Escape to Kasbah du Toubkal in the High Atlas

EVERY STEPH

Green & Glamorous Travel and Lifestyle

The Atlas and Kasbah du Toubkal, there were time stands still



10 Extraordinary luxury stays

Marrakech Climate Change Conference

Impact environnemental d'une nuit à la Kasbah du Toubkal



The first **UN Climate Change Conference** was held in 1995 in Berlin and since then meets annually to assess progress in dealing with climate change and to establish legally binding obligations for developed countries to reduce their greenhouse gas emissions. In November 2016 Marrakech hosted the conference and **Kasbah du Toubkal** was presented with an award on behalf of the Moroccan Tourism Authority, attesting to its commitment to sustainable development. Congratulations to everyone at the Kasbah for their continuing efforts in protecting and caring for their local environment.



The Private Collection

Kasbah du Toubkal has been selected for The Private Collection, a luxurious coffee-table book of the best of the best hotels worldwide. Weighing in at one metre wide and weighing 6.5 kilos it will need a strong coffee table to support it. And it has an equally weighty price tag, 890 Euros a copy. Click on the logo for more information.





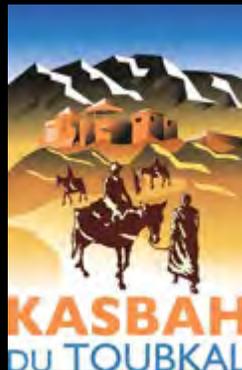
MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

MARRAKECH TO OUKAÏMEDEN

WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN
APRIL 2017

Register online at
www.marrakech-atlas-etape.com

Click [HERE](#) to follow us on Instagram. If you have any photographs you'd like to share of your stay with us, please tag the photo with @kasbahdutoubkal. We'd be delighted to share them on our page.



Keep up to date with our glorious corner of Morocco... Click on the logo to receive future issues of the Kasbah du Toubkal's quarterly magazine.

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