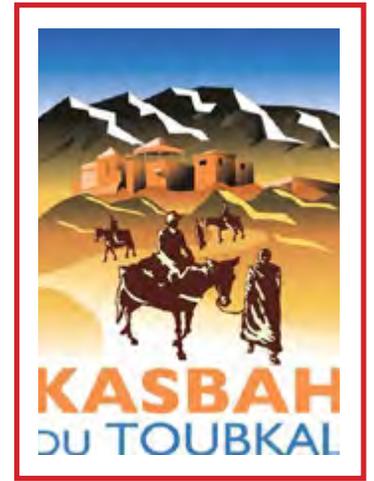


KASBAH DU TOUBKAL

**MOROCCO'S PREMIER
MOUNTAIN RETREAT**

Issue Number Seven
July 2016



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Mad dogs and Englishmen....

...go out in the midday sun. At least that's what Noel Coward sang but here in the High Atlas we are enjoying the balmy days of early summer; long days for trekking or simply lounging under a parasol on one of our rooftop terraces.

Kasbah du Toubkal has long been known for its location of being one of the foremost trekking centres in Morocco – Imlil was for years the main access point for entry to the slopes of Jbel Toubkal – but over the past few years it has become recognised for its peacefulness and position away from the hurly-burly of hectic modern life - secluded but not remote.

Corporate groups and companies offering specialist training saw it as an ideal venue to bring people together, a place far away from their normal activities. Then visitors who were looking for mountain tranquillity to host yoga and wellness courses discovered that the gardens, terraces and spacious rooms of the Kasbah were perfect for their clients' needs. And everyone loved the natural grace and welcome of the Berber people and the delicious traditional Moroccan food.

Recently the physical beauty of the mountains and valleys, the architecture, the people and the culture have awoken the muse of artists and writers. This issue will show you why.

Brandy Bell and Maxine Relton tell their personal stories of their arrival at the Kasbah and their sense of knowing this was the place they needed to be, while Björn Larsson, CEO of ForSight, an interpersonal relationship organisation found that the 'hotel at the top of the world' more than measured up to a medieval village in Abruzzo and a remote island in the Aegean.

As ever, I look forward to hearing from you at

kasbahmagazine@gmail.com.

Derek Workman

Editor

...and everyone at

KASBAH DU TOUBKAL

Ait ben Haddou

A crumbling glory of mud and straw

Just there, that patch there, by the side of that small hill, see it?" Well, yes, I did see it, a more-or-less round piece of bare ground completely lacking any significance other than being similar to many other pieces of ground around Ait ben Haddou. Hamid was trying to show me where the scene in *Gladiator* was shot, the one with Oliver Reed looking sufficiently Arabish as he explains to the slaves, including the disgraced general Maximus, played by Russell Crowe, that "I did not pay good money for you for your company. I paid it so that I could profit from your death". (Cut to pile of corpses being picked over by vultures.)

Fortunately for Ridley Scott, *Gladiator*'s director, a few rough poles to act as stockades and a couple of walls plastered with adobe, and his gladiatorial village was virtually there, given the presence of the majestic Ait ben Haddou and the desert landscape around it. (He was obviously so inspired by the location that he came back to shoot the Holy Land scenes for *Kingdom of Heaven*.) These are just a couple in a long catalogue of films that have used this ancient citadel as a set; *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *Kundun*, *Salmon Fishing in the Yemen*, and part of the TV series *Game of Thrones* amongst them.

Ait ben Haddou is more than just a film set, though; it is a *ksar*, a fortified village whose history goes back almost a thousand years, although the maze of narrow streets and crenelated towers you see these days are mainly from the 17th century. As a strategic stop for caravans of camels, often numbering thousands, on the trans-Saharan trade route from the Sudan to Marrakech carrying gold, silver and slaves and returning with salt, it would have been a thriving town, home to thousands. As well private homes – everything from small palaces to modest one-room dwellings – there were communal areas including a public square, a mosque, a *caravanserai* to house those travelling with the caravans, grain threshing areas outside the ramparts, a fortified granary (agadir) at the



top of the village, the last redoubt in time of invasion, and two cemeteries, Muslim and Jewish.

From across the dry river bed of the Oued Ounila, Ait ben Haddou looks magical, with its olive groves and date palms, and patchwork fields of vivid green. You can make out the kasbahs, the homes of the rich folk, built around a central courtyard and guarded over by a tower at each corner. While some of the larger and more important buildings have been maintained many of the traditional mud and straw dwellings are returning to the red earth from which they were built. A family of storks are perched on one of the lower towers, a sign of good luck. The village layers its way up the hillside, stopping just short of the wall that safeguards the granary, perched on the very top, like a nipple on a recumbent breast. But it's only as you get closer that you see that so many of the roofs have collapsed, walls are crumbling, arches fallen in as the buildings degrade past the point of no return.

To help maintenance costs, some of the Kasbahs allow visitors. The small dark rooms with uneven floors and tiny windows may seem incongruous when you recall that wealthy families would have lived here. But go back four centuries and think how your ancestors might have lived, using the traditional building methods of the area. In Ait ben Haddou, as in many



regions of Morocco, buildings were constructed (and still are) of hand-made bricks, with rooms the maximum size of the nearest indigenous tree to provide the ceiling beams and narrow external slits as windows so archers could lose arrows during an attack (and these were perilous times of regular and vicious tribal wars). And bear in mind the soaring summer temperatures, where external windows guarded by ornate metal grills and open internal-facing window apertures allowed any passing breeze to cool the house, and flat roofs became open-air bedrooms to avoid the claustrophobic heat of a crowded bedroom. And as the traditional Moroccan way of life is to live with extended families, these rooms could get pretty sticky – and probably pretty smelly as well.

As you climb the narrow, higgledy-piggledy streets and get to eye-level with the decaying walls that stand in rows like a mouthful of broken and rotted teeth, you get a close up view of the basic traditional building materials, the compacted bricks, called *pisé*, laid over footings of stone harvested from the harsh terrain outside the town, and covered with a thick layer of adobe. But ‘basic’ doesn’t mean ‘plain’; the tops of the high angle towers and upper sections of the kasbahs are decorated with motifs, ziggurat designs created by careful spacing between the clay bricks,

rows of blank fenestration, looking as if they are waiting for windows to be fitted, and the ancient design of the horseshoe arch used as door and window openings. (And the holes in the walls aren’t the aftermath of tribal warfare, they are there to ventilate the walls, which would dry out and disintegrate much quicker without them, and are found throughout Morocco where this construction material is used.)

The climb to the agadir is strenuous in the heat but immensely worth it, with glorious views of the palmeraie at the foot of the village and the stony desert that stretches almost into infinity. The afternoon is slowly settling and the warm light of the desert sun casts a glowing sheen over the russet pink of the village below. As shadows stretch in the narrow alleyways I make my way down the hill and out of a small arched side entrance. For a few minutes I watch a man weeding a patch of garden. History or no, life goes on.





MOROCCO

Discover Ltd, the British owners of Kasbah du Toubkal, have been arranging trips to Morocco since 1978 and are ABTA Bonded, holders of an ATOL license and members of AITO. We have a selection of pre-arranged holidays but with almost forty years of experience covering every aspect of Moroccan life we can create your perfect personalised experience in this delightfully charismatic country.

The High Atlas Mountains

The High Atlas, the greatest mountain range of North Africa, is perhaps the most beautiful and intriguing part of Morocco. Ancient footpaths and mule tracks navigate through dramatic landscapes of apple orchards, walnut groves and terraced mountainsides. In the villages you will have a glimpse into a way of life that has barely changed for centuries and where traditional values and hospitality are largely unaffected by the outside world.

Kasbah du Toubkal

Award-winning Kasbah du Toubkal, just 60km from Marrakech, is set on a hilltop in the Toubkal National Park, below the towering flanks of Jbel Toubkal. Overlooking Imlil, a traditional trekking village, the Kasbah is a Berber Hospitality Centre – stressing hospitality over traditional hotel service – for individuals and groups. The village and its surrounding valleys are places of peace and seclusion, a world apart from the bustle of the city.

Marrakech

Built around the 12th century Koutoubia Mosque whose beautiful minaret dominates the skyline, Marrakech is a fascinating city that comprises the medina, the old Arab quarter, and the new town of Guéliz, with its modern restaurants and bars, fast-food chains and big-brand stores. Any visit to Marrakech must include a visit to the medina and its colourful souks (marketplace) where you can barter for carpets, leather goods, jewellery, lanterns and spices.

Les Yeux Bleus

Set in the Bab Doukkala district, one of the most popular and picturesque quarters of the medina, and just ten minutes on foot from the square of Jema el Fna in the heart of Marrakech, Riad Les Yeux Bleus features eight comfortable bedrooms – each decorated in its own style – arranged around two charming patios; two swimming pools, a library, a hammam, and a magnificent roof terrace with a bar. The perfect place for you to relax after a hard day of exploring the wonders of Marrakech.



Two Worlds

Marrakech Riad and the High Atlas Mountains

This holiday package combines a visit to Kasbah du Toubkal in the spectacular High Atlas Mountains with a stay at Riad Les Yeux Bleus in the exotic city of Marrakech, the fabled red city, which has been a magnet for travellers for centuries. This two-centre holiday has been designed to allow you the maximum amount of flexibility and gives you the opportunity to book locally the excursions and activities of your choice—how much or how little you do is entirely up to you! Our flexible package allows you to purchase in advance the key elements, namely comfortable accommodation on a half-board basis at the Kasbah, B&B in Marrakech, and private transfers between centres and Marrakech airport, so all you need to do is book your holiday with us and book your flights.



Trekking in Style 5 nights in the High Atlas 2 nights in Marrakech

Trekking in Style is a new concept in trekking that allows visitors to stay in luxury accommodation without all of the hardships traditionally associated with trips to this spectacular region. Our Trekking in Style package also provides each couple with their

own personal mountain guide who will be on hand for the duration of your stay to help with planning treks. You can walk as little or as much as you like.

Trekking Jbel Toubkal

Jbel Toubkal, at 4167m, North Africa's highest mountain, was seen by no European eyes until 1871, when an 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.



Build your own holiday

The holidays above are just a few examples of those offered by Discover Limited.

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

Meeting my Muse



The High Atlas Mountains have inspired many artists – it's said that British Prime Minister Winston Churchill took time off from his war-time meeting in Marrakech with American president, Franklin D Roosevelt, to paint the pink-washed adobe mountain villages.

Painters and sculptors, writers and photographers, all come to seek their muse in the rugged terrain and villages clinging to the mountainside. We bring you the stories of two recent visitors to Kasbah du Toubkal who were swayed by the beauty of the High Atlas and Berber hospitality centre.

Feeling inspired

Brandy Bell has been travelling non-stop for six years but admits that Kasbah du Toubkal is unlike anything she'd ever seen before and was immediately drawn to the setting, a perfect backdrop for any writer's retreat.

“Winding through the town of Asni on Saturday, market day, I spot a young lamb draped over the shoulders of a djellaba-clad man, slowly trotting his way towards the hustle and bustle of the traders, the buyers, the hagglers, and the hustlers.

The van keeps going past the town and up the gently ascending winding road, just wide enough for two cars to scoot by each other, a honk and a wave in passing. Past the verdant valley with bent figures scything grass, saving it for animal fodder during the barren winter months; past the dirt patch meant to serve as a parking lot, home to an active football match, young and old alike chasing the ball, their sandaled feet kicking up a small storm of dust.

We arrive at the Kasbah du Toubkal village office and Rachid reaches out his hand in a warm greeting. “Welcome to Imlil, Brandy.” Our mule arrives and we begin the walk, soon arriving at the large carved doors of the entrance to Kasbah du Toubkal. Orange-blossom water droplets fall on my hands as Lahcen gently shakes the silver bottle. He offers me a date, its sweetness runs parallel to the greeting that Berbers are so well known for.

From the rooftop tower the 360 degree views are a feast for the eyes; the hard edges of ridges and rocks meet with gentle young grass and water trickling down from the snow melting off the High Atlas peaks. With my naked eye I spot a woman on her blue and white tiled rooftop hanging out the day's laundry. A mother hen chases her chicks around the yard, with the littlest one ever escaping the reach of her wing. The leaves rustle with a gust of wind, and on it the call to prayer is





carried from the nearby village.

Feeling inspired, I take off to my room, Tikha Linen, which overlooks the well-tended garden. The sound of the rushing river is met by my fingers flying over the keys, and before I know it there's 5,000 words on the screen, the first draft of a love letter about the Imlil Valley.

This is my first visit to Kasbah du Toubkal, but I know it won't be the last. In fact, I'm already booked to return and begin a new project, one that will let me dig deeper into the culture and background of the valley and its people.

A writer, any artist for that matter, always knows when they've stumbled upon a muse. For me, that is Kasbah du Toubkal. ”

Artistic inspiration

Artist and gallery owner Maxine Relton has been taking groups sketching in India for ten years. She was drawn to Kasbah du Toubkal when she read *Reasonable Plans*, the story of the Kasbah and its work with the local community. In April 2015 she ran the first *Sketchbook Journey to Morocco*.

“We felt it immediately, as we piled out of our vehicle in the trailhead village of Imlil. This was the artistic inspiration our small sketching group had come to find, with pencils sharpened, paintbrushes at the ready. You could have left me right there, filling my

Maxine Relton RWA will be hosting another **Sketchbook Journey to Morocco** 4 – 12 May 2017, for further information, www.steppestravel.co.uk Beginners and non-sketchers equally welcome.

sketchbook with the sheer visual feast of that first encounter with Berber life.

It was April and I'd brought a mixed-ability group of nine adults to the Kasbah for the start of our adventure which was, for most of us, our first visit to Morocco and the Atlas Mountains. What did we hope to find? It didn't take long to discover, for the Kasbah offers it all. It's about a particular quality - of light, colour, texture, shape, sound, taste, movement - which sharpens your senses and enlivens your creativity.

Just hours after leaving England, we were up on the Kasbah's panoramic roof terrace, painting Jbel Toubkal's snow-capped peak towering above us. Below, a palette apparently limited to raw and burnt sienna: the Berbers' adobe houses merging with the mountain. But morning told a different tale. Our wonderful guide Abdou led us up ochre tracks between villages, past orchards in blossom under-planted with purple irises, rocks of subtle hues, through ancient walnut groves and chestnut woods.

We sketched shaggy brown goats, juniper-timbered village doorways, tagines aligned for sale, each topped with a fresh tomato, the Kasbah's chip-carved lean-to by a wondrously weather-twisted table, our two mules with their well-worn stripey blankets and Fatha's carpet shop where we learned about the motifs woven into the wool. We leapt across a cascading river, watched village women baking bread from ground barley, relished a perfect picnic in the valley and finally returned to the Kasbah for mint tea, delicious food and a relaxing hammam. As the evening cooled, we had hand-woven djellabas, wood-burning stoves, books from the little library and a warm spacious room, ideal for more art teaching.

Days later, we drew the slanting shadows in the Marrakech souk, the alleyways of the Medina, life in the city. But it was the Kasbah that was calling us back. Come and Join us next year. ”

To read the full story of
story of
Kasbah du Toubkal
and how the book got
the title of

**REASONABLE
PLANS**

click on the cover image





A Life Interconnected

There's a story going the rounds that when a group of school kids were questioned about where they thought milk came from most of them had no idea it came from a cow. A fridge shelf in a supermarket seemed to be the main suspect. While it may be easy to snigger at the ignorance of modern children of some of the basics of life, it occurred to me that there are plenty of things that we take for granted, totally unaware of the story behind them.

Take the beautiful babouches, the soft leather slippers we see in rows lining walls in tiny shops in the souk. When you bought a pair did you ever think about where they came from? Probably not, but they certainly didn't just appear thanks to the babouche fairy. Admittedly some are now being mass produced, but others are still made by hand, and their story, and that of much of the beautiful artistry we take home as gifts and souvenirs, is intricately woven into the whole fabric of life in the medina.

I was taken to a workshop tucked in a corner of a foundouk, no more than about three metres by one-and-a-half, where a man in white skull cap and thick brown corduroy jacket against the cold was carefully applying a soft white leather covering to the thicker

leather of a belt. This was where, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, my friend Hussein had worked making slippers, belts and soft leather bags, sharing the space with four others.

While Hussein and his friend, Mustapha, caught up with their news I picked up a soft, beautifully embroidered shoulder bag in warm rose-pink lying on the makeshift sofa beside me. I could see it draped across the shoulder of my granddaughter, and her smile as she received it. The bag wasn't quite finished, it needed a strap and fastenings, but I asked how much it was.

'You are here to take tea,' said Mustapha, 'not to buy something.'

As the guest I was offered the first sip from the single glass in Mustapha's workshop, and when we'd each had a drink and the pot was being topped up for a second round, he climbed on his bike and rode off into the souk in search a strap so my granddaughter's gift could be finished. A few minutes later, an elderly gentleman in a white djellaba appeared at the doorway enquiring about the belts Mustapha had been working on. After exchanging a few pleasantries with Hussein, he took them and went on his way. He was

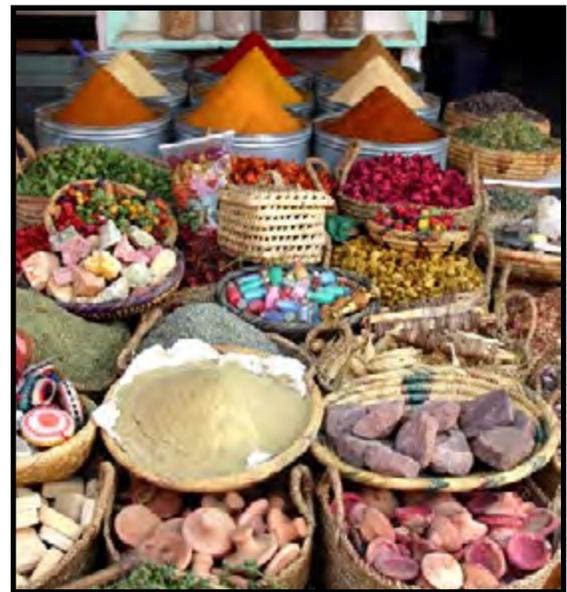
the buckle man, who would punch the holes in the belt and fix the buckles. He would bring the rough leather belts to Mustapha for covering and either sell the finished product himself or pass them on to someone else who had ordered them.

And that's when the interconnectedness of the medina struck home to me.

Mustapha would decide on the products he would make that week, whether to order or for him to sell direct to a shop. He would buy the few skins sufficient for his needs from the daily auction in the leather market and would then dye them himself and dry them in the courtyard of the foundouk or hand them over to someone to dye to his choice of colour. When the skins were prepared he would cut them to the pattern of the model he was making that week and then hand them to a woman who did the painstaking embroidery at home, as a way to supplement family income. When the pieces came back he would assemble them, then cycle to a cupboard-size shop to buy the silken cord that would make the shoulder strap, of exactly the right shade to match the dyed leather. He

then covered the press stud fastenings in leather and fixed them in place.

One day each week he would gather his bags, or belts, or slippers together, and perhaps those of his family made in other miniscule workshops, and take them to his customers in the souks. If one shop didn't buy them, another would. He would buy his vegetables from the food market and bread from the bakery that form part of the five 'hearts' of the quartier, his meat from the local butcher with a whole lamb hanging from a hook, and his groceries from one of the dozens of narrow cavernous shops almost within an arms-reach of his home. Everything contained within the walls of the medina, each having his role to play in the highly organised chaos of life within the rose-pink walls.



Getting Rid of Ghosts

Seeing ghosts has never been a major preoccupation for me, but if ever I find myself frightened of phantoms I know exactly where to go – to the Spice Souk in Marrakech, where Ahmed will create a secret blend of dried chameleon, iguana foot, sea urchin, hedgehog and fish bones. I'll grind them, throw them in fire and breathe in the cleansing fumes.

Dried chameleon and hedgehog may be some of the more obscure ingredients on offer at the Berber pharmacies, but for whatever ails you they will have something to swallow, breathe, rub on or wash in. Too much stress and not sleeping? An infusion of nutmeg flower. Trouble with migraine or sinus? A few tiny black nejillia seeds wrapped in a cloth and inhaled after a quick rub on your palm will blow your head off, make your eyes water and instantly clear your head. It's also great for snoring.

Ahmed spots a shaving cut on my face and gives me a piece of alawn stone to rub on to aid quick healing. With a sidelong glance he tells me that it also 'creates new virgins', a topic I prefer not to pursue. Continuing with the theme he suggests that should I ever need help in the 'men's department' he'll mix me a concoction of Moroccan ginseng tea with just a

smidgen of Spanish fly, a tiny insect so toxic that they are sold in the most miniscule quantities imaginable, but even so, Ahmed assures me, 'all the night gymnastic, by morning's man's dead'.

A visit to a Berber pharmacy is as much ceremony as shopping. With a grin they will offer you a glass of 'Berber Whisky' – mint tea – while they discuss what ails you, let you sample a little of this, smell a soupçon of that, before mixing your potion, overcharging you and then try to sell you something else. But it's all part of the game.

Most pharmacy recipes are based on historic experience, but after setting fire to a piece of gourd and inhaling the smoke to try and cure a headache, the stench was so bad that I decided that perhaps modern-day pharmacy does have something to offer – and swallowed a paracetamol instead.

Turning ambitions into action and resultsfast



The ForeSight Group are a group of experienced practitioners who take on a handful of assignments each year, and engage only in initiatives that have the potential for long-term significant impact. Working with commercial clients, public agencies and philanthropists to speed up and leverage the achievement of major ambitions relevant to our times, over the past thirty years they have worked with around 150 companies and through their approach offered more than 3.5 million people the opportunity to contribute to corporate innovation and renewal.

Every two years ForeSight gathers its worldwide network together for a retreat. In 2014 they rented a medieval village in Abruzzo and two years previously they gathered on a remote island in the Aegean, so when the decision was made to hold their retreat at Kasbah du Toubkal in March of this year the Berber hospitality centre had very high expectations to meet!

The guests at this year's biennial – business leaders, philanthropists and family members – spanned the ages between 25 and 85 years and came from Sweden, Denmark, Holland, UK, USA and Australia.

theforesightgroup

The retreat involved three main activities each day:
Explore nature: not too demanding mountain walks and talks – all in beautiful settings.

Dine together: slow food menus; typical Moroccan food with lamb, chicken, or mutton and organic greens, directly from the Berber farmers nearby, and mint tea.

Light touch facilitated reflections: Facilitated reflections on what had become clear to participants over the previous period. Experience from the past showed that attendees at the biennial retreats typically felt they had learned something about themselves, the world we are in and how to go forward together with new friends.

“Kasbah du Toubkal, its blend of fresh air, beauty, and genuine warmth by all Berber staff, will stay with us forever as a unique experience. And I do not say this lightly. Several of us have actually already booked our return visit with friends and family,” said Björn Larsson, CEO of the ForeSight Group.



Educate a boy and you educate the man; educate a girl and you educate a family, a community, a nation.



Volunteers Required

Do you have at least two to 3 months or longer to help girls in rural Morocco?

Education for All have five boarding houses for girls, three in Asni (45km from Marrakech), one in Ouirgane (60 km from Marrakech) and one in Talat n'Yacoub (100km from Marrakech).

We are seeking volunteers who would be willing to live and work in each of our houses to support the girls with their studies.

- **Your main job** will be to help the girls with their homework and give them extra French and English lessons.
- **You will also help** the house-mothers with their daily tasks.
- **Help EFA** to be connected with the donors.

Recruiting for 2016-2017

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

info@efamorocco.org



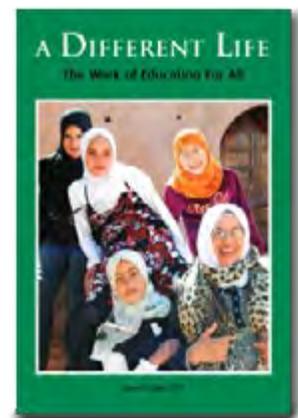
© Gerard Wagemakers



To download the latest copy of Education For All Newsletter click on the image.



Everyone at **Education for All** is delighted to have reached the 2016 longlist for the **World Responsible Tourism Awards** under the category of 'Best for poverty reduction and inclusion'.



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

The Association Bassins d'Imlil, the umbrella organisation that gives support to the seven villages of the Imlil Valley, now has its **own website**. More information in the next issue of this magazine.

Education For All has recently created a Corporate Sponsorship Programme click the logo above to find out more

MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

MARRAKECH TO OUKAÏMEDEN

CHARITY BIKE RIDE - SUNDAY APRIL 24 2016

The fourth Marrakech Atlas Etape was bigger and better than ever, with an increase in the number of women taking part, both as support and on two wheels. We were also pleased to see that the promotion we have been getting in the media is having an affect, with an increase of nationalities sharing the ride. And it was great to see the girls from Education For All providing help and smiles and showing what the MAE is all about. And that's something we all keep in mind - that the Marrakech Atlas Etape isn't just an excellent ride, it helps provide a future for young girls whose only other option in life would be to live out their lives in the villages of the High Atlas Mountains. Thanks to everyone who showed their support.



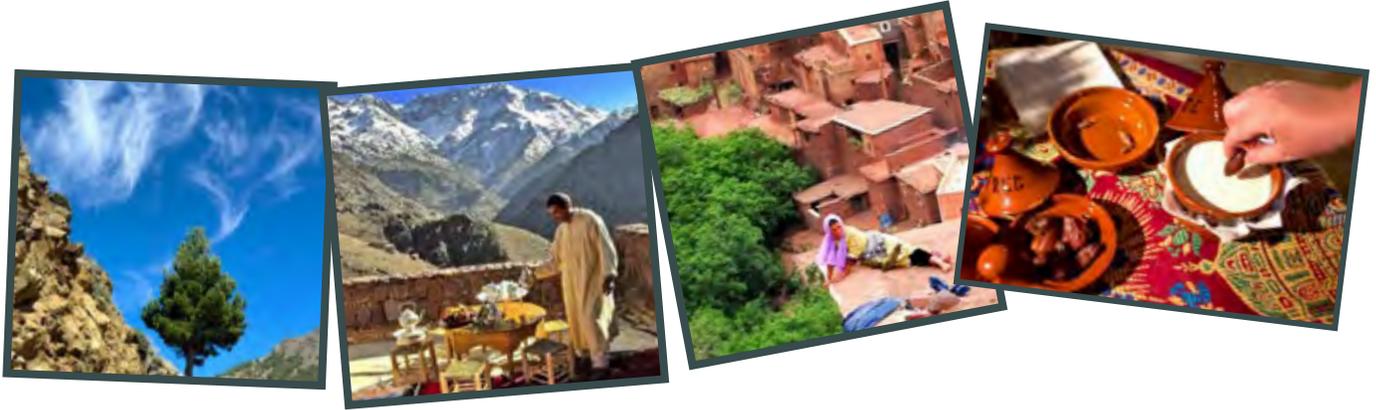
With thanks to Alan Keohane for beautifully capturing the emotion of the Marrakech Atlas Etape. You can see more images from the Etape at [Flickr](#). Alan Keohane's work can be seen at [Still Images](#)

We hope you can join us in 2017. You can get further information about MAE [here](#)



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

We'd be delighted to share them on our page.

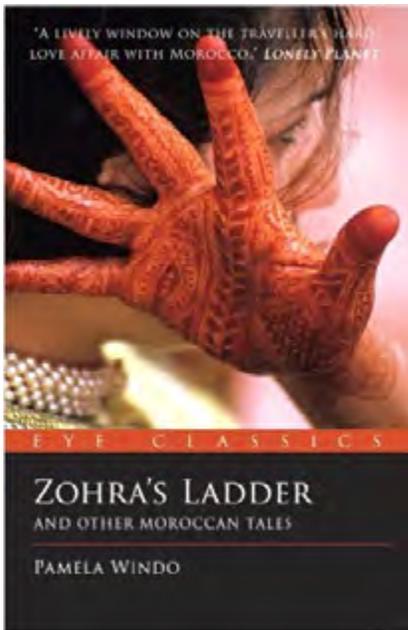


The big weekend
Marrakech

(Add a couple of days and stay at the Kasbah)



The Third Eye
A Blinding Moroccan Experience
Stunning timelapse film



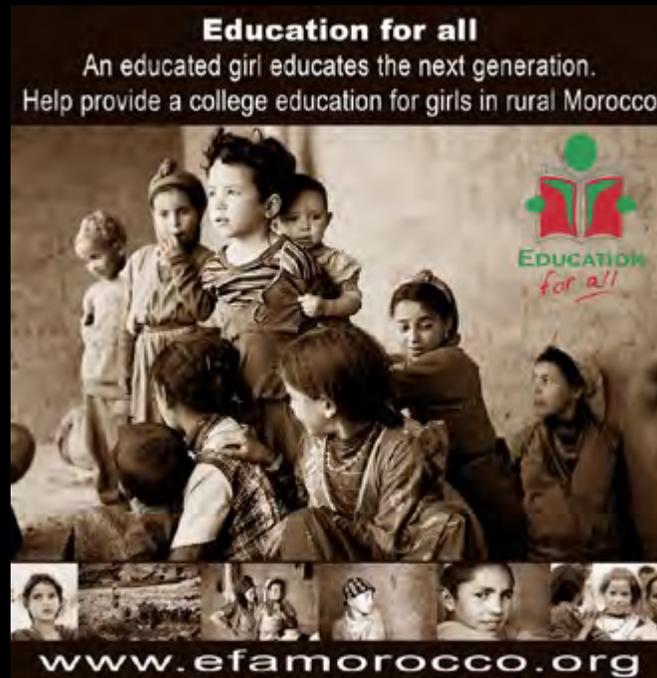
ZOHRA'S LADDER AND OTHER MOROCCAN TALES

In 1987 Pamela Windo took herself to Morocco for a few months to be alone and write. She left seven years later. Zohra's Ladder and other Moroccan Tales is the fruit of those years spent uncovering the colour and warmth of the people, their culture and a totally different way of life, a life hidden away from the casual observer but filled with friendship, family and consideration for others. These are her personal stories, and beautifully told.

"I went to Morocco with the idea I would hide away and write a book. What I found was a lifestyle and culture that brought echoes of my childhood in England before the consumer cult took hold, and the simple things of life were still valued beyond money."

The stories begin with *An afternoon at the Hammam* where the veils and djellabas are left at the door and women of all ages, shapes and sizes, from grannies to grandkids wallow in the warmth and companionship of the sultry, steaming rooms.

Click here to download back-copies of Kasbah du Toubkal Magazine



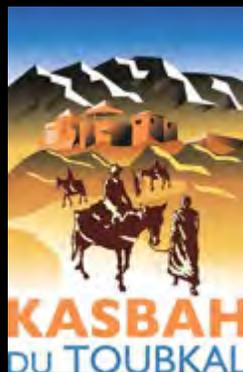
MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

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 them 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.

www.kasbahdutoubkal.com kasbah@discover.ltd.uk