

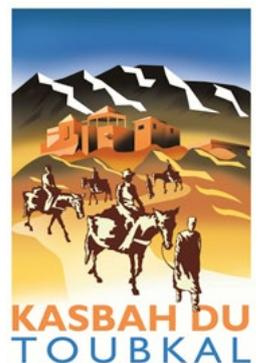
Kasbah du Toubkal

MOROCCO'S PREMIER MOUNTAIN RETREAT

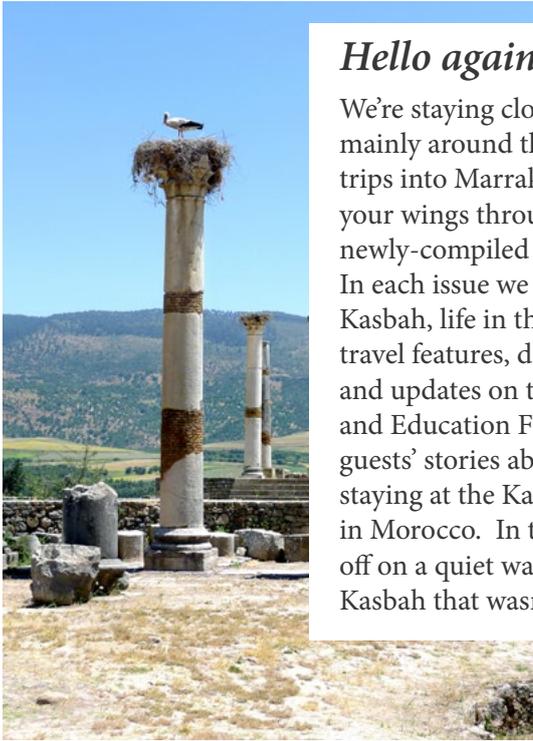
ISSUE No. FOURTEEN - APRIL 2018

**WELCOME TO THIS SPECIAL
ISSUE OF OUR QUARTERLY
MAGAZINE** *Read on to enjoy the
very best of the archives*

From the Archives ...



KASBAH du TOUBKAL *Magazine*



Hello again

We're staying close to home with this issue, mainly around the Kasbah with a couple of trips into Marrakech, but you can spread your wings throughout Morocco with our newly-compiled Archive.

In each issue we bring you stories about the Kasbah, life in the area and further afield, travel features, details of some of our tours, and updates on the Marrakech Atlas Etape and Education For All. We regularly feature guests' stories about their experience of staying at the Kasbah and their adventures in Morocco. In this issue Sally Bergen sets off on a quiet walk in the hills above the Kasbah that wasn't as quiet as she expected

and, as many guests express their delight in our delicious menus, we explain the influences that created the Moroccan stock pot. At the end of the magazine you will find an archive of all the articles from our previous thirteen issues arranged by subject, title and issue. We're also giving you the opportunity to win three nights full-board in one of our luxury rooms, with our Instagram Competition.

We hope you enjoy this issue, and if you do please send the link to your friends so that they, too, can enjoy the wonders of the beautiful country that is Morocco.

Mike and Chris McHugo
and all the **Kasbah du Toubkal** team

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The Moroccan Stockpot



When the camel trains of up to twelve thousand animals undertook the arduous journey across the Sahara Desert from Timbuktu to the trading post of Marrakech they carried with them three highly prized commodities; gold, slaves and spices, each to be sold in their allotted market behind the rose red walls of the Medina.

Arab traders brought cinnamon, ginger, paprika, saffron, cumin, and turmeric, still the basis of Moroccan cuisine, along with dried fruits and bread making. They enhanced the traditional Berber style of one-pot cooking that blended local ingredients such as oranges and lemons from Fez, saffron from Tiliouine, the southern provinces provided figs, dates, almonds and the curiously nutty argan oil, while mint and olives came from Meknes, whereas the city of Volubulis, the most southern expansion of the Roman Empire, overlooked vast olive groves, planted to supply the insatiable appetite of the empire for high quality fruit and oil. Cooked with lamb, poultry or

pigeon, these layered ingredients enhanced the flavour of the traditional dishes of these nomadic tribes.

While Arab cuisine with its love of sweet-and-sour cooking learned from the Persians may have had a major influence on what we now know as Moroccan gastronomy, the flavours of other conquistadors added to the bubbling stock-pot of North African fare; the Ottoman Empire introduced barbeque, mainly in the form of kebabs; the preserving techniques of the Jewish population bequeathed preserved lemons, without which there would be no sublime *poulet au citron*; returning Moors expelled from Spain by King Ferdinand (in 1492, the same year as Columbus sailed the ocean blue), introduced the decadence of the *pastilla*, a heavenly filo pastry parcel of pigeon and almonds; the short-lived French Protectorate of the twentieth century brought café society, patisseries and wine, while the British brought with them the glue that cements the whole of Moroccan culture – tea – although the locals adapted it to their own tastes by forgoing milk and using mint and other herbs instead, usually accompanied with heart-rending quantities of sugar. With experimentation and elaboration in the kitchens of the four Imperial Cities – Fez, Rabat, Meknes and Marrakech – Moroccan cuisine as we know it today was born, although a new breed of chef has added a sophistication unknown a decade or so ago.

A Family Affair

A Moroccan meal is a very communal affair, often beginning with a variety of salads, both cooked and uncooked. Unlike the orderly laid out rings of sliced vegetables found on a European plate, a cold Moroccan salad is usually served in a bowl with finely diced cucumber, green pep-



per, onions and tomatoe, liberally sprinkled with olive oil and chopped coriander. Warm salads, really a side dish in their own right, might include *zaalouk*, made with aubergines, tomatoes, garlic olive oil and spices, *chakchouka*, eggs poached in a sauce of tomatoes, chili peppers, and onions, often spiced with cumin, or *bakoula*, mallow leaves (a type of spinach) chopped and steamed, then sauteed with olive oil, spices, olives and preserved lemons. Warm salads are usually eaten as a dip with chunks of Moroccan bread.

Instead of salads the meal might begin with *bissara*, a rich, pale green soup of broad beans, garlic and olive oil, or *harira*, a flavoursome tomato and beef flavoured soup that traditionally breaks the fast during Ramadan

The main course might well be a *tajine*, which, like *paella*, the iconic rice dish of Spain that takes its name from the flat metal pan in which it is



apricots, and almonds, and carefully guarded mixes of spices. Its leisurely cooking makes sure that the flavours combine to produce a rich but subtle dish, shared by the family from the same pot, scooped up with the inevitable chunks of bread.

Another favourite is couscous, with a base of semolina (granules of durum wheat) over which a stew is spooned. Traditionally served on Fridays with a stew of seven vegetables. And curiously, given their supposed gourmand appetites, the third favourite meal of the French people.

Cakes and pastries, such as *kaab el ghzal* (gazelle's horns), a pastry stuffed with almond paste and topped with sugar, are popular in Morocco, often flavoured with rose water or orange water, honey and cinnamon, although most families will finish their meal with fresh fruit and a glass of mint tea.

(Read more about the camel merchants trade on page 8)



cooked, is called after the clay dish with a conical top that allows the steam to rise, condense and drip back down to the stew. There are almost no limits of what can go into a tajine; meat or fish, often flavoured with dried fruit and nuts such as prunes,

Rush Hour

In the High Atlas Mountains

Sally Bergen sets off for a peaceful walk above Kasbah du Toubkal - and finds out it isn't quite as quiet as she expected.

I hear someone shout, 'Hello', but when I look around I can't see anyone. They call again, and following the sound of the voice I see a young man perched on the branch of a walnut tree above my head, camouflaged by the dappled sun and shadow of the leaves. I wave and move on.

I walk along the edge of the narrow walls of an irrigation channel, often no more than my size six boot wide. Just as the hillside to my right drops a rubble-strewn twenty metres, I have to bend almost double to duck under the overhang of a large boulder, and shuffle along sideways on my heels, leaning as far back into the concavity of the rock as I can, but nowhere near as much as I would like to.

For a while I sit on a rock by a small cascade, staring into the middle distance, its plashing, tinkling and bubbling as meditative as any glittering candle, 'omm' chant or Zen koan. The stony grey earth that struggles to give life to tiny terraced crops of corn and potatoes will never be picture-postcard material, but the translucent midday haze gives the scene a pleasing Victorian sepia wash. In these morning hours the light and air this high are so clear that you can have difficulty focusing, the eye bemused by the sharpness.

What looks like a scattering of stones to a western eye is someone's footpath home. As I sit on my rock a young lady dressed in a pale blue gelaba and headscarf of midnight blue passes with a baby strapped on her back, swathed in a black shawl. As protection for them



both against the glaring sun she holds an ancient black city gent's umbrella, large enough to provide shade for an entire family. Behind her skips a small girl not yet at hijab age, wearing a pink dress with the grinning face of 'Hello Kitty' flapping about as the young madam skips from rock to rock, making a game of her steep walk home.

My own walk takes me up the hill to Aremd, and I see the remains of a small white Peugeot jammed against a tree trunk, the stopping point of a metal-crushing tumble of two hundred metres from the narrow road above. A warning - usually ignored - about the combination of speed and stony mountain tracks that should be navigated with extreme caution, and which, in this case, wasn't.

Near the village, cultivated terraces of apple trees, one of the main crops of the valley, have pockets of iris along their perimeter, not grown for their luscious purple bloom but for the corm that will be dried and powdered for medicinal use. Just beyond the fruit trees the village begins with a hand painted sign on a pink shop wall that says, •CaFé.For. Drinks• •Berber.Gift.Shop•. I walk past the open front with the owner sitting stretched out on a rug, his back resting against the internal side wall of his premises. 'Fatigué,' he says. I'm not sure if he's referring to me, who's slowly striding up the hill, or explaining why he's lying on the floor instead of attending to business. 'A cup of té,' he suggests, or perhaps hopes that I'll make him one in the small cafe adjoining his shop. I smile, wave, and move on.

Crossing the flat cement-slab bridge over the river below Aremd, I watch a group of small boys



sat on rocks watching an older boy in the middle of the river build a dam, dragging large stones from the riverside and packing the spaces with the small stones beneath his feet. In striped football shirt and calf-length trousers he is thoroughly occupied with his labours, seemingly totally oblivious that he's soaked from thigh down. But his mother isn't. In pink housecoat and dull gray headscarf she struts across the bridge, yelling at him to get himself out of there, which he does with a sheepish and sorrowful face. She continues the harangue as he passes under the bridge and takes the footpath uphill, head and shoulders bowed, followed by his shouting and gesticulating mum.

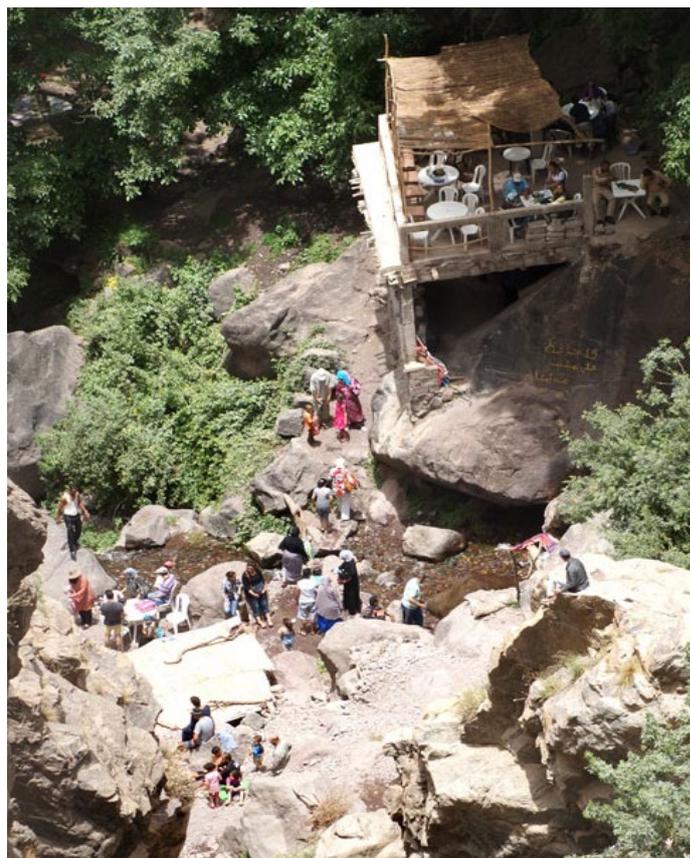
Meanwhile, a short distance upstream on the other side of the river, a girl in her early teens, clothed in a knee-length shift over a long-sleeved T-shirt, jumps into the waist-deep icy water, splashing a few strokes back to the bank, then repeats the cycle. Water and kids – an eternal combination.

As I join the road that leads along the other side of the valley down to Imlil, a Mercedes grand taxi pulls up. From the passenger side a slim man slides out and unloads two overflowing shopping bags. He lifts the boot lid and pulls out a young bleating sheep, brought home for fattening. He's obviously been to the weekly souk at Asni. He rolls the sheep onto its back and grabs its four legs in his right hand, picking it up as if it were another bag of shopping. Resigned to its future, the sheep stops bleating as together they descend the slope to the bridge, the man to his home and the sheep, eventually, to the pot.

The taxi does a hazardous three-point turn and offers me a free ride to the top of the zig-zag track that will take me back to the Kasbah du Toubkal and lunch. As I climb in a muleteer canters up to the taxi

and bends from the saddle, true cowboy style, to exchange a few words with the driver. En-route the driver tries to get a booking to take me to Marrakech, but I'm going nowhere for the next few days, so we shake hands and make our goodbyes as he drops me off at the top of a rough track leading back down the hillside to the Kasbah.

The morning has moved on and the sky warmed, and as I pass the small cafes perched on the rocks by the waterfall above the village of Achien I see a group of people who have made an early start to enjoying their day, although few of them have got as far as paddling in the icy waters.



Salt of the Earth

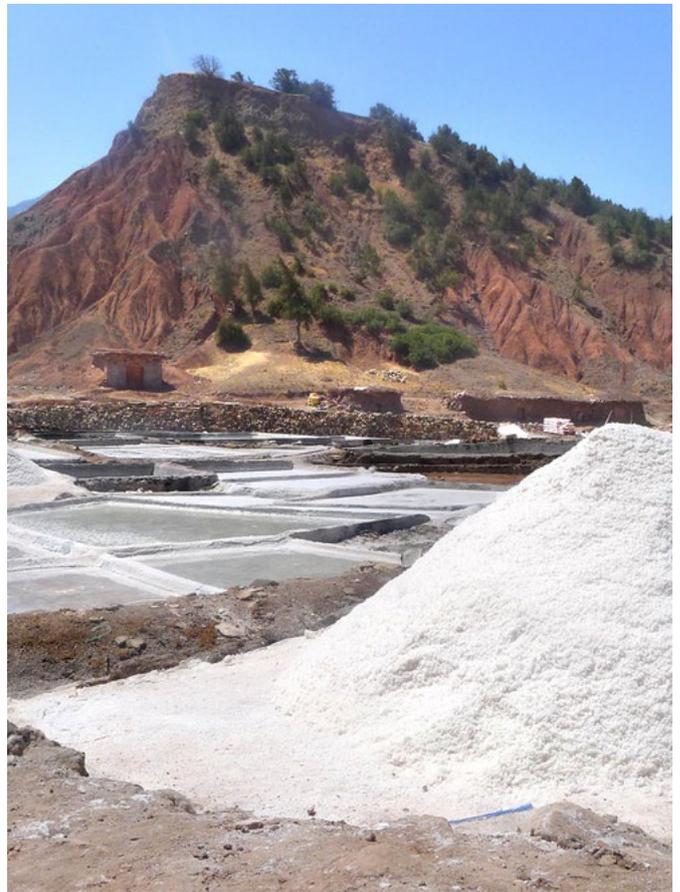
Wander through pine forests and below walnut trees following footpaths cut from the hillsides by the slow clomping of mules over millennia, and you arrive at a shallow valley in the mountains near the village of Ouirgane, to discover a process that has barely changed over the centuries and was a major contributor to the wealth of Marrakech, the city that lies in the great plain at the foot of the High Atlas.

On the long and hazardous journey from Timbuktu to Marrakesh caravans of up to 12,000 camels would bring precious cargoes of gold, spices and slaves. These lost souls would either be sold at the slave market in the Red City or continue onward for their last view of their homeland before embarking at Mogador, these days called Essaouira, on the terrifying voyage across the Atlantic to the Americas. An equally precious cargo would retrace the route from Marrakesh to the Sudan, but while the inward freight brought riches and flavourings, the outward carried the difference between life and death – salt.

Far from just being a condiment, salt was so important to the prosperity of the city that part of the ancient medina is called the Mellah, from the Hebrew word for salt, *melach*. Almost every city in Morocco had a mellah, which was surrounded by a wall with a fortified gateway and built near the royal palace to protect its inhabitants from recurring riots because they played such a vital role in the local economy.

Salt has been mined in the High Atlas Mountains for millennia and other than using a motorised pump to draw the water from the well these days, almost nothing has changed in its production since the time of the camel trains.

When you first set eyes on the salt beds they seem totally deserted, not a soul in sight nor a sound to be heard other than the steady thrum of a motor pump. At first glance there seems nothing to see, other than some piles of sparkling white and a rickety structure of wooden posts with a roof of brushwood and sacking providing shade for the pump. As you move further in you see a few dilapidated huts built of mud bricks that blend with the red of the surrounding hillsides.



A few steps further and the beds themselves become more obvious, with low stone walls creating shallow tanks. Some are bone dry, their earth bottoms jig-sawed by the baking sun; others are white with salt ready for collection, while most have a thin layer of crystalising water, the salt fine and shimmering like an early morning frost.

At various points around the glistening field small wells supply the water, sometimes drawn up by the pump, although still occasionally using the traditional method – a donkey hauling on a rope. The wells are less than a metre wide, lined with stones gathered from the hillsides. It's a surprise how shallow they are; in some you can see the surface of the water glimmering a couple of metres below. Across the mouth a narrow wooden tree trunk has ropes around it descending into the water, connected either to buckets or supporting the rubber hoses the thickness of a man's forearm that snake across and around the tanks, connected to the pump that draws the water from the wells and spews it into waiting tanks for the ancient process to begin again.

Footpaths meander between the tanks, separating each family's 'plot' just as they would in an allotment growing vegetables. This low-tech production system is still run by local families, as it has been for generations, most likely supplying the same salt that was traded for gold, spices and slaves in Marrakech a thousand years ago.

The Beautiful Chaos of Jmaa el Fna

As ever when I visit Marrakech, my trip starts with a leg-stretch to Jmaa el Fna in the sultry hours of late afternoon, where a slight breeze barely cuts the heat of the last rays of the day. Later in the evening the food stalls will be heaving as the young hustlers target tourists, but at the moment it's setting up and banter time, cat-calls and chats between the men as they eat their meal before going over the gastronomic wall into battle. Some of the food stalls are already in action, mainly those of the early evening local's trade. A water seller in his gaudy red outfit and conical hat with its dangling threads of sequins and tassels seems strangely out of place sat on a bench between a couple of young lads in jeans and T-shirts, supping from a bowl of harira, spicy tomato and vegetable soup.

At the stalls chefs hover around their pans waiting for the rush they hope will come later. When the stall-holders see me with pen and notepad they shout out the number of their stall and make me promise to come back later. Soon I've got a bingo card full of recommendations, none of which will get my custom as my hotel will be preparing dinner for me this evening, but I've eaten here plenty of times in the past and will do so again plenty of times in the future.

At No. 80, Chez Simo, the man himself shows me the back of his menu, where he's featured, as proudly as any small-town Joe who's had his photo taken with the President, sat alongside various celebrities who have graced his white plastic tablecloths; the renowned British chef, Rick Stein (who Simo swears is Scottish, which is news to me because he was born in Oxfordshire), Antonio Carlucci, and Jermaine Jackson, amongst others whose images are so blurred that you couldn't contradict if he included Mick Jagger among them.



Jimi Hendrix at stall 100 – I'm fairly sure it's not the real McReggae reincarnated – promises that his place is air-conditioned (remember, these are open-air stalls) and 'finger lickin' good', while Paigomoa who hustles for no. 65 promises 'Harrods' quality and 5-star Michelin. I'm bowled over by the audacity of Hassan who, under his catchphrase of 'At 25 you stay alive', promises a free

hammam and massage and a two-year guarantee of no diarrhea.

It's such an everyday thing, but I always feel I'm really in Marrakech when I have my first glass of freshly squeezed orange juice from one of the stalls in *La Place*, as locals refer to Jmaa el Fna. While I'm drinking, a couple of lady-boy dancers and their band start setting up just in front of me. It doesn't seem the best of spots because to my right is a CD stall belting out Moroccan rock. It doesn't appear to bother the lady-boys, though, and as the bands' number increases, the violins, tambours and drums soon overwhelm the Maroc-rock. In retaliation, the owner of the CD stall boosts the volume. It looks as though there is an audio war about to begin.

I'm drawn away from the cacophony when a large green satin sun umbrella belts me in the back. I turn around and see a henna painter in full *abaya*, including veiled eyes and gloved hands, scuttling around to catch her plastic stools, which are skittering across the square in a sudden gust of wind. I grab the umbrella and hold it in front of me while I make toward her, feeling myself blown around like the hero in an early black and white slapstick movie. Between us we return the umbrella to its metal support, which hadn't been especially supportive in the first place.



Summer

Escape the heat of Marrakech
this summer

Escape

*Combine your visit to the mountains with a stay in the coastal town of
Essaouira, fanned by Atlantic summer breezes*

Marrakech is a natural draw to any visitor to Morocco but the high summer temperatures of the plain can leave even the keenest wanderer worn out at the end of the day. Here's a chance to experience two other sides of this enigmatic country and sample the breezes of mountain and ocean.

The High Atlas Mountains

Jbel Toubkal, the highest mountain in North Africa and part of the High Atlas Mountains, whose ragged outline dominates the skyline to the south of Marrakech. With several peaks above 4000 metres, the Western High Atlas is part of a larger chain of mountains that meanders from the Atlantic Coast in the west to the Mediterranean in the east. The High Atlas are home to the indigenous Berber people, who have inhabited Morocco for at least 5000 years, living in small clusters of earthen adobe houses that cling precipitously to the mountainside, often only accessible by mule or foot. The streets between houses are a rocky clamber, sometimes recognisable as a path but mostly just rocks of various sizes. As you climb you might hear the sound of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, his musical call mingling with that from the other mosques in the valley.



The Imlil Valley is an abundant agricultural provider, changing in colour and flavour along with the seasons. Walnuts are the main crop, with lillies, apples, plums, cherries,

peaches, wheat and grass to feed the animals.

Essaouira

One hundred miles to the west of Marrakech, Essaouira is a fortified town on the Atlantic Ocean, built by the Portuguese in the 16th century. In total contrast to Marrakech, the pace of life here is relaxed and slow. A haven for artists and craftsmen, hand-made works of art are on display at every corner. The wide-sweeping beach offers windsurfing, kite surfing, camel and horse riding.

The fishing port creates a lively backdrop to the white painted buildings of the medina and is an intriguing place to visit around noon when the fleet returns and frantic bargaining takes place on the quayside for the best of the fresh catch, still with a salt-sea aroma. You can sample the excellent selection at at one of the restaurants in the port or pick your own to have grilled at one of the tiny restaurants in the meandering streets of the old town.

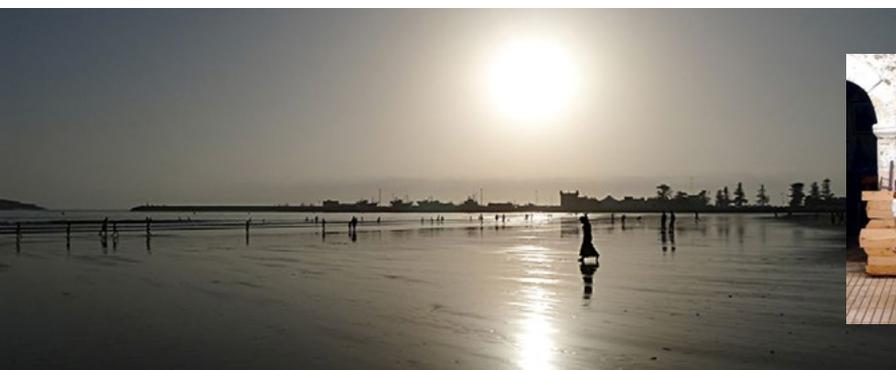


The souk is small when compared to that of Marrakech and easy to stroll around without the need of a guide.

Click on the logo for the full itinerary.

For more information please
contact

bookings@discover.ltd.uk



The Buddha returns to the High Atlas Mountains

For six weeks during the winter of 1996, the Kasbah du Toubkal was clad with stonework, prayer wheels, wooden doors and Tibetan domes to transform it temporarily into the Monastery of Dungkar, for the filming of Martin Scorsese's epic, *Kundun*, the story of the Dalai Lama's escape across the Himalayas from Tibet to India. All that remains of the event is a model of a deer on its haunches, set above the main entrance.

The Kasbah briefly became a Tibetan monastery again for two days when scenes for the TV programme *Lilyhammer* were recorded in its gardens and on the hillside outside the gate.

The scenes were to depict the return of one of the main characters to a monastery to find peace after years travelling the world making his fortune. The crew and actors were up at 4 a.m. to catch the early morning light on the side of the mountain. I'm no early riser, but they are still on the hillside four hours later when I go to the roof terrace for breakfast.

I hear a call of 'action', and what appear to be two heavily laden Tibetan peasants (and bear in mind I'm watching from a few hundred metres away), laboriously struggle down the rough mountain track for about twenty metres, stop and laboriously climb back up towards the camera to check the take. It takes me a few minutes to realise that one of the peasants is actually pulling a wheelie case, which, apart from looking a bit out of place jostling along the stony track, is probably not what the manufacturers had in mind when they took the wheels designed for in-line skating and stuck them onto the corners of a suitcase. And I suspect there aren't many in-line skaters who would take a one-in-five descent on a rough mountain track.

While the filmmakers are re-taking and re-taking the thirty-second shot, I fall into conversation with a delightful gentleman sitting at the next table.

Dr. Trung Hau was spotted three years ago, star-gazing as a film crew recorded a sequence for a film in Casablanca. He was approached by a member of the ensemble and asked if he would like to play the role of a Tibetan monk. I suppose it's the sort of thing you expect on a quiet day in Casablanca. Despite being Vietnamese, Dr. Trung's warm, angelic smile, round glasses and stubble haircut perfectly suits him



for the role. His photo was put on file and occasionally he would pop up in scenes as his character the Tibetan monk.

But Dr. Trung is a real-life stargazer, because until his recent retirement he worked as an astrologer at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, the largest science agency in Europe, where, amongst other things, he examined the samples brought back to earth from most of the Apollo space shots, and co-authored the splendidly named *Cosmic Butterflies*, which sounds like the name of a seventies rock band in tie-dye T-shirts, but is actually about an unusual astrological phenomena.

The wanderer is welcomed back to the monastery by the monk who befriended him on his first visit many years ago, played by Dr Trung, who greets his friend in the gardens in front of a gilded statue of the Buddha with the immortal line, "We have the same room ready for you." Once his line delivered, Dr Trung, his niece, Tran Minh, who had accompanied him for a break from her work as a piano teacher in Casablanca, and two of his twelve grandsons, one of whom was to act the silent role as the monk's guide, set off back down the steep climb back to Imlil and their flight back to Casablanca.



Creative Workshop Week: Morocco Marrakech & The High Atlas Mountains: September 19th-26th 2018

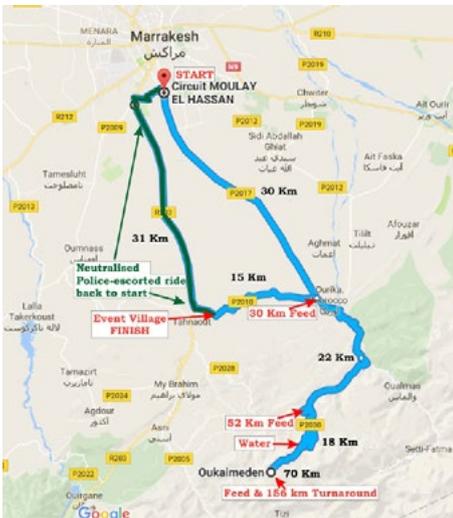
Pack your sketchbook and join artists Tessa Pearson and Lara Harwood for a wonderful week of inspiration and creativity.

[Click on the image for more information](#)

MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE



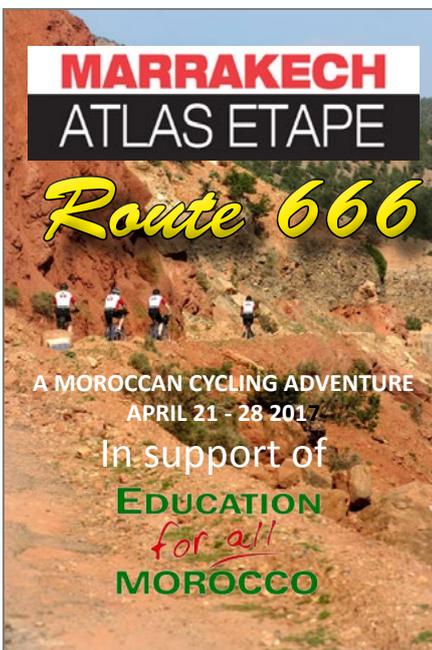
“It definitely helps to have the king of Morocco on your side,” says Mike McHugo with a small smile, referring to the fact that Marrakech Atlas Etape celebrated its fifth anniversary last year by receiving the Royal Patronage of His Majesty King Mohammed VI of Morocco. “The timing is very good because it has opened a lot of doors for us. We were contacted by the governor of the local region who said that now the new road was open from Marrakech to Tahounout would we like to use it, so it has allowed us to change the route this year. The main advantage is that now instead of just going out and coming back on the same road the route becomes a nice circular route for recreational riders, which is more interesting.”



After a recce in October 2017, Hot Chillee, the international cycling events organiser, is bringing out a group of enthusiasts who will experience the ‘Ouka Monster’ before continuing their four-day adventure, a mixture of road riding, gravel tracks, mountain trails and single track in the highest mountains of North Africa. Meanwhile, Mike McHugo and Trevor Rowell will be back by popular demand to lead a group repeating last year’s Route 666, a five-night cycle jaunt re-living the routes they discovered thirty years ago while searching for tours for their first travel company, Hobo Travel.

“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.”

Adrian Parker, about to do his sixth MAE



MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

MARRAKECH TO OUKAÏMEDEN

CHARITY BIKE RIDE - SUNDAY 22 APRIL 2017

Don't miss this chance to take part in a world-class ride under the blue Moroccan skies. To find out more about MAE and to book on-line, click below, but first watch the video to see what you will be missing if you don't act soon!

Register online [HERE](#)



Kasbah du Toubkal in the Media

Forbes A sublime mountain
hideaway high in Morocco

Morocco, Magnificent
Land of Contrasts



MOROCCO

askmen ⁺
BECOME A BETTER MAN

Sustainable things to do
in Marrakech

*The Casual
Travelist*

25 Tips for your first trip
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**The
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My most romantic holiday
Valentine's Day

Speck on the Globe

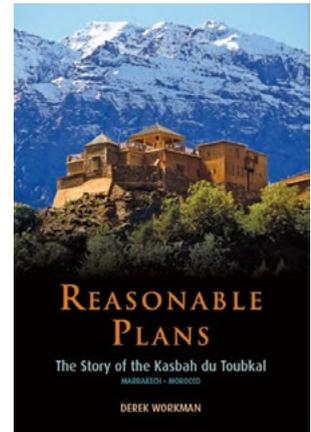
Hiking the High Atlas:
A Moroccan Adventure

the explorer doc

Into the Clouds
Trekking Toubkal Mountain



Amazing Hotels
Life Beyond the Lobby
(Kasbah du Toubkal
appears at 38:20)



One for the Album!



It's usual to see snow on Jbel Toubkal at any time
of the year but in January it reached Imlil and Asni.

Chef Moha, one of
Morocco's top chefs,
brought a team from
his restaurant to give
a Masterclass for
EFA girls at Dar Asni.
Wonderful food and
a wonderful day.



KASBAH du TOUBKAL *magazine*

From the Archives

If you have missed a copy of previous issues of Kasbah du Toubkal's quarterly magazine, we have created an archive to help you search for your favourite topics by subject, title and issue. Click on the title and you will be taken directly to the issue in which the article appeared. For earlier issues simply scroll through the magazine to find the relevant article, but from Issue 8 onwards you can click on the image on the contents page to go directly to the article itself.

Kasbah du Toubkal

[The House on the Hill](#)

Issue 2/Page 6

From what was basically a bit of a wall that stood up like a rotten tooth, Kasbah du Toubkal grew.

[Travels With a Hobo](#)

Issue 4/Page 4

A black and white photo from the early 1980s shows a pair of dissolute characters, the original hobos of Hobo Travel.

[A Day at the Kasbah](#)

Issue 4/Page 10

Spend a day in the Atlas Mountains and experience the spirit of the Berber way of life.

[People as well as profits](#)

Issue 11/Page 13

The ethos of the Kasbah has always been the same - if it's available locally it's bought locally.

Trekking

[A Trek to Ait Aissa and Toubkal Lodge](#)

Issue 1/Page 15

Air so clear you feel you can touch the other side of the valley.

[Trekking Jbel Toubkal](#)

Issue 3/Page 9

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

[Trekking in Style](#)

Issue 1/Page 14

Trekking doesn't always have to be a hard slog and nights under canvas.

Travel

[Men at Work, the Artisans of Fez](#)

Issue 4/Page 8

Two men hammer out the bottom seam of an enormous brass cauldron, never missing a beat.

[Hitting the High Spots – Cycling in Morocco](#)

Issue 4/Page 12

From a cyclist's point of view the magnificent and varied terrain of Morocco does not get much better.

[Essaouira](#)

Issue 5/Page 16

Famed for its laid-back atmosphere, Essaouira has an equally good reputation for fabulous fish.

[Two old boys on their bikes](#)

Issue 5/Page 8

Trevor Rowell and Mike McHugo take to their bikes to follow a route they first discovered thirty years ago.

[Volubilis](#)

Issue 6/Page 6

The Roman Empire's most remote outpost in North Africa, their legions unable to subdue the Berber tribes.

[Ait Ben Haddou - A Crumbling Glory of Mud and Straw](#)

Issue 7/Page 4

The walled city has a long catalogue of films that have used this ancient citadel as a set, but it is also a fascinating place to visit.

[Rabat – Eternally Imperial](#)

Issue 8/Page 4

Stunted pillars are all that is left of Rabat's mosque, destroyed by the same earthquake that virtually obliterated Lisbon in 1755.

[Meknes – Morocco's Versailles](#)

Issue 9/Page 4

The despotic ruler, Moulay Ismail pilaged materials from around Morocco to build his imperial city - and slaughtered thousands of slaves doing it.

[Florence of Arabia – a night in the Sahara Desert](#)

Issue 9/Page 8

The dubious joys of riding a camel and the obvious joys of a night under Saharan stars.

Taking a deco at Casablanca Issue 10/Page 4
 In its heyday Casablanca outdid Maimi with the number of Art Deco buildings it displayed.

High, Ride and Handsome - By bike through the High Atlas Issue 10/Page 17
 In this excerpt we find the cyclists saddling up for their first day's jaunt in High Atlas Mountains.

Chaouen the Fat Issue 11/Page 4
 In Chefchaouen in the Rif Mountains you can paint your home in any colour you choose - just so long as it's blue.

Stumbling Over Eden Issue 11/Page 6
 Steven Bonham fulfils his dream of a 500km trek from the High Atlas Mountains to the Sahara Desert.

Skeletons in the sand Issue 12/Page 4
 In 1988 torrential rains flooded enormous areas of the Sahara Desert, carrying away small villages and thousands of the tented homes of nomads.

Orange Blossom Time Issue 13/Page 8
 Tracy Calder watches the traditional process of distillation orange blossom water using an ancient copper still.

Marrakech

Jemaa el Fna, The Restaurant at the end of the world Issue 1/Page 14
 By night the curling smoke of a hundred barbeques spirals over the largest open-air restaurant in the world.

The Beautiful chaos of Marrakech Issue 1/Page 12
 Nothing prepares you for Marrakech; the sights, the sounds the souks and the smells.

A Stroll Around the Medina Issue 2/Page 15
 Drift out to the periphery of Marrakech Medina and you come to what are basically workers' suburbs, but not suburbs as we might know them.

24 Hours in Marrakech Issue 5/Page 7
 Nothing prepares you for the reality of the vibrant and exotic Red City.

A Life Interconnected Issue 7/Page 10
 Life in Marrakech Medina centres around a finely woven tapestry of personal connections.

Thursday's Child, Bab el Khemis Issue 8/Page 8
 The Thursday market at Bab el Khemis has been described as one of world's greatest mixes of junk and treasures.

The Ladies of Raq Sharqi Issue 11/Page 12
 The belly dancers, the luscious ladies of the *raqs sharqi*, enter the room with a fanfare and sensual exuberance.

Personal Reminiscences

Location, location, location Issue 6/Page 14
 Lucy Goodman on why she feels safer in Morocco than anywhere else.

Meeting My Muse Issue 7/Page 8
 The High Atlas Mountains continue to inspire artists, who come to seek their muse in the rugged terrain and villages clinging to the mountainside.

Designs on the Kasbah Issue 9/Page 10
 Alison Rayner, the graphic designer who created *Reasonable Plans*, and *A Different Life* finally got her chance to visit the Kasbah.

A Walk on the Wet Side Issue 11/Page 10
 Colleene Eidlitz experiences an unexpected pleasure, stumbling through the wet, rocky streets of the villages of the Imlil Valley.

On the Lighter Side

The Last Football Maker in Morocco Issue 3/Page 6
 In a tiny shop in Marrakech Medina Kamal Boukentar spends his days hand-sewing footballs.

The subtle art of buying a carpet Issue 4/Page 12
 Every carpet tells a story, quite literally, although you may not be able to decipher its meaning.

Getting rid of ghosts Issue 7/Page 11
 If you find yourself frightened of phantoms a visit to the Spice Souk in Marrakech will soon put that right.

Roadside marketing Issue 11/Page 9
 You can always be sure there's something for sale by the roadside of Morocco's highways.

A Tuk-tuk Too Far Issue 12/Page 13
 Half motor bike, half mini-pickup, the tuk-tuk is Morocco's noisy workhorse.

A Game of Thrones Issue 12/Page 6
 They say you 'ain't see nuthin' until you've seen a Moroccan wedding. Fez is the place to go.

Even the mules give way Issue 13 Page 10
 The Imlil-based ambulance is a lifeline to the villages of this mountainous region.

Tours

The Beauty of Both Worlds Issue 5/Page 14
 A holiday that combines the spectacular High Atlas Mountains with a stay in the exotic city of Marrakech.

Discover Morocco Issue 7/Page 6
 Create your perfect personalised experience to this delightfully charismatic country with Discover Ltd.

The Many faces of Morocco Issue 8/Page 6
 A selection of the tours offered by Discover Ltd.

Corporate

Wilderness Medical Training Issue 5/Page 6
 Learning how to deal with medical emergencies in difficult situations with limited equipment.

Corporate Kasbah Issue 5/Page 10
 Training that removes the permafrost from around corporate thinking.

Miscellaneous

Creating History - Alan Keohane Photographer Issue 2/Page 10
 Alan Keohane's images are based on years of experience photographing mountain Berbers and nomadic Bedouin.

Voices of experience Issue 6/Page 10
 Two senior teachers explain why they bring their students back to the Kasbah time after time.

Close encounters Issue 6/Page 13
 Relationships are based on understanding and appreciating differences. It's how bonds are made.

The Kasbah Library Issue 8/Page 10
 Catch up on your reading with these free, downloadable books and leaflets.

Ten Years On – EFA Issue 10/Page 8
 Celebrating ten years of Education for All.

Onward and Upward MAE Issue 10/Page 13
 Marrakech Atlas Etape is five years old, and receives the Royal Patronage of His Majesty King Mohammed VI.

A Night at the Movies Issue 12/Page 8
 In its heyday Morocco was the only country in the world with cinemas that could hold 1,500 people and sold more than fifty million tickets a year.

The 4L Rally Issue 13/Page 4
 In 2017 the 4L Trophy, known as the student version of the Paris to Dakar Rally, celebrated its twentieth trophy, with 1,450 restored Renault 4Ls taking part.

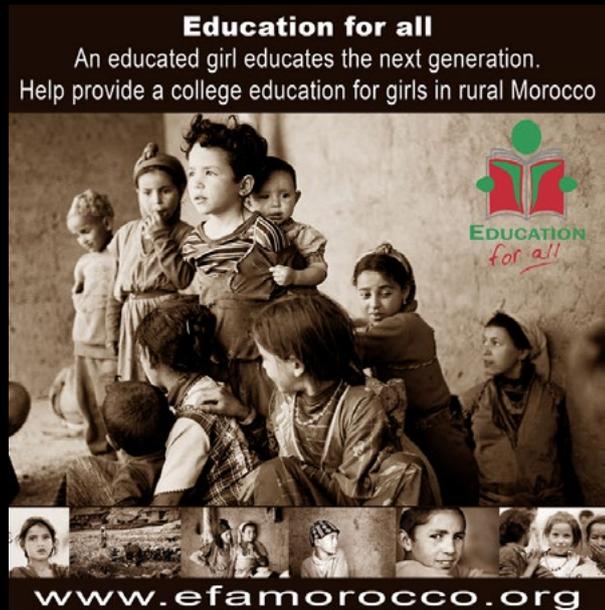
Mulla Nasradine and the Elephant Issue 2/Page 8
 A tale from one of Morocco's favourite storybook characters.

The Last Storytellers - The Birth of the Sahara Issue 3/Page 10
 It's sad to discover that Marrakech has all but lost a tradition going back almost a thousand years, the storytellers of Jmaa el Fna.

INSTAGRAM COMPETITION

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MARRAKECH ATLAS ETAPE

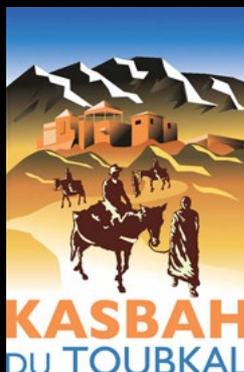
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