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THE NEW LOOK IN MOROCCO

A Letter from Charles F. Gallagher

Tangier
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The foreign observer returning to Morocco after nearly a year's absence first becomes aware of the shape of changes to come while waiting for the boat which will carry him from Gibraltar across the narrow, choppy Straits to the shores of Africa. In the quayside offices of the steamship line that plies between Gibraltar and Tangier there sits a pleasantly informal Moroccan official, earnestly leafing through passports and stamping entry-control forms. On the wall beside him is posted a notice, a proclamation of the governor of the province of Tangier, which reads:

> "Foreign visitors are urged to come to Tangier, the gateway to Morocco, and while enjoying its hospitality, to prepare their papers at leisure for the rest of the country. No formalities are necessary for visiting Tangier."

This is something like inviting foreigners to come as far as New York and go through the maze of immigration redtape on the spot, during off-hours between baseball games and Broadway shows. The host country can't lose: if the visa is finally refused, the visitor has seen at least one fascinating city and contributed something to the national economy, and if it is granted, the wait will have seemed painlessly short. It is a magnificent gambit, based on the sound principle that if you can lure the tourist an inch he will

probably concede a mile, and it testfies to the fact that the Ministry of Information and Tourism knows what it is doing.

This is not to suggest, however, that there is a maze of bureaucratic difficulties in the way of the average visitor. As a matter of fact Americans and French (including Andorrans and Monegasques) are exempt from the visa requirements imposed on other nationals wishing to proceed to the southern (ex-French)zone of Morocco, and it soon becomes obvious on all sides that tourism is something which the government is wholeheartedly encouraging.

TANGIER

Proof of that comes only a few hours later when the ship steams into Tangier's amphitheatrical bay. In the past, landing here had always been something of an ordeal; at the turn of the century, when no dockside facilities were available, passengers were brought in on lighters to a certain point and then carried to shore piggy-back by porters who often did not scruple to double the price while holding their clients in an unenviable bargaining position. Later on, in protectorate days, the horde of self-named guides, touts, vendors, beggars, agents for fourth-class hotels, and confidence men -- common to most Mediterranean ports but a special plague in Tangier -- made the first hour a memorably unpleasant one.

But something has happened. Much of the flotsam has blown away and those who remain are remarkably restrained. There is a dockworkers' and porters' union, part of the UMT (Moroccan Labor Union) which speedily and efficiently unloaded my baggage and passed it to customs. There all eighteen pieces were passed without a second glance, save for a slight hesitation on a tape recorder, which had actually been bought in Morocco. With everything loaded on a truck and put into my waiting car, now proudly displaying new, Arabic-language license plates, I was off and into Morocco in fifteen minutes with no difficulties.

CHARLES F. GALLAGHER has since 1951 been a student of the affairs of Northwest Africa. He started his higher education at the University of California just after Pearl Harbor and soon was shifted to the Japanese language school at Boulder,Colo. He served out the war as an officer in the Navy and then became fine arts advisor on Japanese cultural property during the occupation of Japan. In 1949 he entered Harvard University to major in Far Eastern languages and history. He was graduated *summa cum laude* in 1951. Subsequently he was twice offered Harvard-Yenching fellowships to continue in the Far Eastern field, but decided instead to study Islamic society. Under Fulbright and Ford fellowships, he worked for two years in Paris and three years in North Africa. After completing his research in Rabat, he settled in Tangier to write a history of Morocco and a grammar of Maghrebian Arabic. He joined the AUFS in July 1956 as a staff member and participated in the 1956-57 program of visits to member institutions. In the summer of 1957 he returned to North Africa under AUFS auspices.

"Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose" is, like many French philosophical statements a debatable proposition; but here, in the sense of being a return to the true self it seems valid. One is immediately struck by the fact that Morocco in the past year has become a much more Muslim (or Arab, if you use the word in a cultural and not a political context) country. A local decree ordering all public establishments to post an Arabic equivalent to their European-language signs sets the tone, and at night new neon signs in Arabic glitter in the darkness.

The police are becoming substantially Moroccan for the first time, and on every street corner they symbolize the new sovereignty more meaningfully perhaps than any other public manifestation of it. At the beginning of June, in Tangier alone, 160 European police officers who were dissatisfied with the new contracts offered by the Moroccan government were superseded by young Moroccans. Given the disrepute in which the police were generally held before, and the clear impossibility for them in recent months to maintain order over a population which considered them the powerless, vestigial remnants of a discarded regime, the change is all for the better.

But the real change is more in the spirit than in the substance. A thousand impressions coalesce into one: that inexplicable easygoingness of the crowds, the lack of tension so manifest during the years of the "troubles," and a more noticeable politeness all testify to the same end. A walk into the deepest recesses of the medina, the native town, put these feelings into relief. Tangier, the most cosmopolitan of Moroccan cities, has always sheltered in its medina a large group of foreigners, mainly Spanish, who have lived in close and generally friendly contact with the Moroccan population. Politically the city received only a small backwash of the 1952-55 wave of repression in the south, and bloodshed was rare. Still, in the winter of 1955-56 the medina here was a brooding and unfriendly place, and in the spring that followed there was still a creaking uneasiness on the part of many Europeans who remained there. Now that uneasiness is largely dissipated -- except for the economic wails of a few get-rich-quick type of merchants who look to the future with foreboding. While some of the small Spanish wine shops and bodegas, which depended upon Moroccan clients for a good share of their business, have shut down because of the new, and strict, ban on drinking by Muslims, the European is again accepted, even welcomed in the souks and in the cafés along the sea wall where one may sit sipping mint tea and exchanging the classic salutations.....la bās 'alīk.....besslāma.....llāhihennīk.

GOING SOUTH

But Tangier has always been something slightly apart, something special within Morocco, having a good deal of the aloofness to the rest of the country that many of the great cities of the world have vis-à-vis their own hinterland. Perhaps the

sentiments found here would not be repeated elsewhere. Until independence came in March, 1956, there had been three distinct Moroccos -- the French, the Spanish, and the International Zones -- with assorted parcels of enclaves and "territories of sovereignty" to further complicate things. Each zone had been brought up as an attemptedly faithful reproduction of the mother country, and Tangier, made in no particular image, existed as a kind of orphan-child whose gypsy-like freedoms were the compensations for, and the result of, her lack of formal upbringing by proper parents.

Even now one needs to go only 14 kilometers out of the city on the road to Tetuan, capital of the ex-Spanish (now northern) zone, to see that Morocco is still a country divided. Ringing the city and province of Tangier (whose 200-plus square miles roughly equal metropolitan Chicago in size) are the old police and customs barriers. Procedures for foreigners have been greatly simplified since the Spanish days when body-searches were the rule rather than the exception, and for Moroccan subjects the principle of unhindered passage obtains. The new functionaries are pleasant and polite, the examination is desultory, but...the barriers remain. The reasons are largely economic; the Tangier and northern zones are still the land of the peseta, and their economy, salaries, and standard of living run far below those of the southern part of the country. (The same package of American king-size cigarettes that sells for 120 fr. ($.30) in Tangier retails at 165 fr. ($.41) in Rabat, and is generally unobtainable except at highly variable black-market prices in Tetuan.) If all barriers were relaxed at once the southern zone would be flooded with cheaper merchandise from the north and, as it is, contraband during the past year has been widespread.

Leaving the northern zone some 100 kilometers farther on at Khedadra, the same barriers and the same procedure, again painlessly. "Vous n'avez rien à déclarer, je suppose" said the amiable new Moroccan customs officer, and we were on the way again. Running time by auto from Tangier to Rabat in the protectorate era used to be five hours plus one to one-and-a-half hours for frontier formalities. It is now five hours plus perhaps one-half hour. The net saving of the one hour represents on balance a good accomplishment in one year.

Driving through the northern zone there was a good deal of pastoral friendliness from shepherds and mule-borne tribesmen who waved as the car rolled by. But this was not too unusual. Relations in this ex-Spanish area had always been better than in the south, particularly in the past few years. The test would come later in regions where feelings had been bitter as recently as last October, and where emotions might still be highly charged over continuing French action in Algeria.

South of Khedadra the road blossoms out into a first-rate highway and leads into the fertile plains of the Gharb, Morocco's breadbasket of black earth and abundant harvests. The contrast between this sector and the sleepy, backwater towns of

the north was brought home anew. No matter what their political abuses, the French did leave a first-class infrastructure with drained swamps, modern towns, and an excellent rail and highway system. And soon came an answer to my question about Moroccan feelings here. The road was alive with rural hitchhikers who were unabashed at trying to flag down a car driven by a European. There was an implicit confidence and an egalitarian camaraderie here which surprised and pleased me. In the dozens of times I had made this trip from 1953 to 1956 no Moroccan had ever asked for a lift. With three in the car, plus considerable baggage, I tried to explain in sign language, without letting go of the wheel for too long, that there was no extra space.

RABAT

The government -- unlike that in Tunisia and most Muslim countries -- works on Friday and takes Sunday off. This may be in deference to the still preponderant number of Europeans in the civil service. Their ranks are thinning gradually and some are leaving even before the new contracts proposed by the Moroccan government are put before them.

The streets of Rabat reflect the administrative upheaval. This was formerly the segregated city of Morocco par excellence. The medina and the European town were separated only by a thin 17th-century wall of puddled clay, but a much thicker one of official pompousness kept the two communities apart. European Rabat was a dreary provincial capital, like Canberra or Ottawa a "made" city, an artificial creation peopled by artificial diplomats, petty functionaries, and the military. Each group had its own circles and clubs, its own social walls, and all led a home life so intense that it left the town with an appalling lack of decent restaurants and with dingy cafés which began to close up shop around nine P.M.

If anything can breathe new life into Rabat -- a beautifully situated town which has the historic monuments to make an impressive capital -- it will be the mixing of the two cities. And, happily, a Moroccan penetration of the European town is in progress. Residency Hill, the former GHQ of the protectorate, with its administrative bungalows lost in subtropical gardens, now teems with Moroccan life, and the new functionaries, usually dressed à la européenne topped by a tarbush, or fez, look right in their new surroundings, as they stroll along the ex-Cours Lyautey, now the Boulevard Muhammed V.

MARRAKESH

This desert-rimmed oasis city, the ancient southern capital, was ablaze with light, color, and life on the occasion of the Sultan's first official visit since independence. Marrakesh, the stronghold of protectorate-backed feudalism, had been

ruled with a terrible iron hand by the Glaoui family, with French consent, for almost half a century. Now that was over and there was no doubt that the Marrakshis were out to show their delight in their new freedom and their loyalty to their sovereign -- as well as their love of a good time.

Along the principal streets stood huge triumphal arches, decorated with red paper, green stars and palm fronds, all strung with electric lights in outline; equally lit-up were the principal mosques of the vast, flat medina. Countrymen, in from the surrounding steppes, and mountaineers, down from the High Atlas, jammed the principal square, Jem'a el Fna, so tightly that movement was impossible. Caught with 40,000 of them in the middle of the square, with my arms pinioned against my sides for the better part of an hour, I reflected how two years ago during my last visit to Marrakesh the medina was a shuttered, unfriendly, and even dangerous place. Some of my most immediate neighbors were undoubtedly among those crowds who had given themselves over to an orgy of revenge last spring against retainers and hatchetmen of the Glaouis; but this night they were happy, excited, welcoming, and smiling. Across the way the ill-fated Café de France, destroyed in two bombing attacks by resistants eighteen months ago, was now packed with crowds sitting under a bright new banner proclaiming it the "Café du Moghreb." Occasional stares of bewilderment came my way from shepherds who had trekked down from remote valleys where no European had likely ever been seen, but on reflection they seemed to decide that it was probably a good thing for the nesrani, the Christian, to be taking part in the homage to a sherif. Some of the baraka, the divine grace which the Sultan possesses and which he is thought able to bestow on those who come in contact with him, might brush off.

Within the square all the old life had come back: the jugglers, acrobats, story-tellers, dancers, and snake charmers were again regaling their largely rustic audiences, for many of whom Marrakesh was the only metropolis they would ever see. Changed right after independence into a parking lot by somewhat overzealous local officials who claimed that its activities were "primitive and degrading," the Jem'a el Fna has been rescued, mainly through the intervention of the Ministry of Tourism, which is now emphasizing the "authentically folkloristic" character of its attractions.

The tourists, however, seemed to be mainly Moroccans bent on visiting the ville nouvelle, the Europeanized adjunct, which the French built a mile or so northwest of the medina. Sedately veiled middle-class women were driving leisurely through the streets of the western town in horse-drawn carriages, taking in all the sights with a new, proprietary air; others, more daring, stopped to window-shop and admire the provincial versions of Paris fashions.

The "bread and circus" theory? Certainly, to some extent; but with an important purpose behind it, and one probably

quite necessary at this juncture in Morocco's history. Morocco is not only a young country in terms of emancipation from colonial rule, but it also is one where national unity needs to be forged, or reforged, after fifty years of division and fragmentation. The throne is the symbol of the nation, the only force linking the country's past with the present through the long period of foreign domination. In showing himself to the people in this way (this is only one of several such tours) the Sultan is humanizing the throne, binding the country together, and bringing home to each Moroccan a new sense of direct participation in the future of the nation. The exhaustive royal schedule included visits in near 100-degree heat to factories, farms, hospitals, and schools; laying the cornerstone for a new university city; giving a word of encouragement to the thousands who stood in endless receiving lines; and, very importantly, reassuring the European population in outlying hamlets in the bled by receiving many of them and paying special tribute to their agricultural accomplishments. A trouper's performance to constantly packed galleries, and, as far as can be seen, with effective results.

THE POLITICAL SCENE

These are some of the fleeting impressions I received on a quick trip through the country in June. Some may represent only aberrations of the moment, others, I think, are straws in the wind that point out which way the climate is blowing. To attempt to analyze these essentially intuitive feelings is difficult, but one might nevertheless try to look briefly at some of the deeper implications presented by this changing scene. First, in political development.

The dominating fact seems to be the accentuation of the "Moroccan" on all levels, the more careful searching for the point of view which will best represent and safeguard true Moroccan interests. In contacts with government officials, just as in conversation in the streets, there is discernible a preoccupation with this rediscovery of the national personality. It is still a groping and unsure thing, but it is growing every day. The reasons are not hard to discern: Morocco has always had a more vivid conception of its uniqueness than perhaps any other Arab state. As the only part of the Arab world never subject to the Ottoman Empire, Morocco was shaped by history and geography into a semi-isolationist pattern -- beginning with the 17th and continuing through the 19th century. The long subjection and division of the country in this century made it certain that when the pendulum began to swing back the drive toward unity, homogeneity, and a self-conscious independence would be paramount.

Relations with the Algerians are a case in point. The paucity of Algerian flags in evidence in Marrakesh contrasted with last year's fervor on the subject, and the attitude of government leaders in Rabat confirmed the trend. The man in the street still sympathizes with the Algerian rebels fighting for their freedom,

he looks upon them as unjustly oppressed fellow Muslims, but he has lost the passionate interest in Algeria which he had a year ago. And the government is doing nothing to encourage a revival of those muted passions. One feels that Morocco wants to help, but does not want to become embroiled. Officially a stand has been taken on the basis of statements made by the Sultan in which he offered his good offices toward mediation, and reaction to Kennedy's proposal in the U.S. Senate hewed to this line; unofficially Morocco would like to see the Algerian leaders think about some kind of compromise, and recent conversations between Moroccan ministers and Algerian nationalists in Rabat showed a sharp divergence of views on the necessity for such negotiations. Morocco is most concerned with putting its house in order, and the FLN in Algeria is most eager for maximum involvement of Morocco, at least to the extent to which Tunisia has become almost a "nonbelligerent."

A corollary to the redefinition of Morocco's interests in the Algerian revolution has been the upswing in Franco-Moroccan relations. Last year these were at a low ebb indeed, particularly after the incidents in October (see CFG-1-'57, "North Africa: 1956"). But the first half of this year has seen a steady improvement and a new reciprocal confidence between France and her ex-protégé. The signing of a cultural convention early in June, guaranteeing the continuance of French influence in the school system, was followed by a judicial convention providing for French technical assistance to the new legal system and giving each country reciprocal facilities in the other's courts. These agreements, however, important as they are, merely set the seal on the entente which seems to have been reached between the Moroccan and European populations on a personal level. Several years ago when the French were trying to make Moroccans over in their own image there were endless, platitudinous paeans to "Franco-Moroccan friendship" in the French press, without the slightest results. Now that the essentials of the political situation have been resolved, there is much less talk of it, and much more real friendship.

Morocco has "settled down" and the Europeans seem reassured. In the natural course of the Moroccanization of the government many functionaries are leaving, or are being "put at the disposition of the French government," (by the end of the year it is expected that about one-third, or 15,000 of the 45,000 European officials will have gone), but this is largely by their own choice; there is almost always a post open for any official (except for top-level administrators and among the police) who wants to co-operate honestly with the new government.

If interest in Algeria is quiescent, it can be imagined that Middle East politics make even less dent on the popular imagination. Last summer the Suez Canal and Nasser were on everyone's tongue; now both are dead issues, seldom mentioned in the political table-talk of Moorish cafés.

The one tie with the Arab East that is emphasized, on

a sentimental basis, is that with Saudi Arabia. Ibn Saud's visit here after his trip to the United States early this year made him a concrete figure in the public eye, and the pilgrims who are on their way to Mecca at this writing will do much to reinforce the bond. (Pictures of Ibn Saud now far outnumber those of Nasser on medina walls.) Apart from this, however, there is little if any pan-Arab feeling. It need only be recalled that within the past year the Sultan has visited Spain, France, Italy, and Tunisia -- all countries figuring in the nebulously-projected "Mediterranean Pact"-- but has not yet gone to the Middle East. Even more revealing are the statements made by M. Guedira, the Minister of Information, at a press conference in Berlin last week. Aside from pointing out that Israel, while responsible for many of the difficulties in the Middle East, was not responsible for all of them, he concluded that pan-Arabism was out of fashion and that Morocco was thinking rather in pan-Mediterranean terms.

As regards the United States, geography plays a part in the weltanschauung of government leaders. "Morocco should become a bridge between East and West" is a statement of the Sultan that, in part owing to the varying personal interpretations which can be attached to it, is now being widely quoted. The country, however, wants to be conscious of its Atlantic calling, of the fact that it alone among the Arab states is both an Atlantic and a Mediterranean power, and that its western neighbor is none other than America.

All this has resulted in a new attitude towards relations with the United States, which are becoming more detailed each month. Agreements in several fields have already been reached: ICA aid for Morocco, the decisions on Tangier's status, and the accord on American communication facilities and the Voice of America installations there; others, such as the implementation of direct air service between New York and Casablanca, are projected.

But the outstanding question remains the air-base issue, which is stalled at the moment in technical detail rather than out of basic disagreement. Apparently the Moroccan negotiators had thought that papers could be signed and sealed in short order; they had not foreseen the multiple subissues to be ironed out: APO facilities, status-of-forces agreements, PX and customs privileges, all knotty problems for a young country jealous of its sovereignty. So the talks continue, the progress is slow, but the outlook is favorable.

Meanwhile, however, Americans are being personalized in a new way to the Moroccan people. Before independence there was such an intense preoccupation, in every way, with France and things French that other foreigners were rather remote, shadowy figures. Some of the new awareness of the United States is natural; it stems from the new financial arrangements, from Morocco's need for support and encouragement from an outside, disinterested source. But much of the credit, according to foreign

and domestic witnesses, belongs to Vice President Nixon, whose brief visit in March was an outstanding success. The Sultan's return visit to the United States late in November will probably do as much to put another dimension on Moroccan-American relations.

Probably the best index of the growth of these contacts has been the increase in size of the embassy facilities in Rabat. When I first came here several years ago the then Consulate was housed in a tiny, bougainvillea-covered cottage in a residential corner of town, whence through temporary growing pains it emerged into a modern six-story building in the heart of Rabat, where it now stands as the most striking foreign representation in the city. Happily its functions, particularly its information services, reading rooms, and film presentations, seem to have kept pace with its physical growth.

THE INTERNAL POLITICAL PICTURE

Here as everywhere, political affairs present some subtleties which are not immediately reconcilable. But a few aspects seem clear enough to call forth comment. These facts emerge clearly:

(1) The prestige of the throne remains the single most important political factor in the country. The Sultan's personal popularity is, if anything, greater than ever before. The entire royal family shares in it, beginning with Moulay Hassan, the eldest son, who will be named Crown Prince and heir to the throne on his birthday, July 9th.

(2) The government is effectively controlled by the Sultan together with a few key members of the Istiqlal-dominated cabinet. The Istiqlal party itself is settling down into something like a comfortable early maturity -- at first glance it looks much less the firebrand revolutionary group that it once claimed to be. There seem to be -- and here we enter uncharted territory -- increasingly strong tendencies toward diversification within the party, and there exist at least two strong poles of attraction, one centering around the powerful and able Minister of National Economy, Abderrahim Bouabid and the Speaker of the Consultative Assembly, Mehdi ben Barka, the other around the Foreign Minister Ahmed Balafrej. These groupings seem not to be completely exclusive, however, nor constant in all situations. One clear tendency is to keep really extremist party elements effectively out of power, e.g., the rather embarrassing campaign being waged by the positionless elder statesman of the party, Allal al Fassi, for the annexation of Mauritania is viewed with a good deal of annoyance by the top government men.

(3) The opposition is not having an easy time of it right now. The PDI (Parti Democrate de l'Independance, or Hizb al Shura) is steadily being forced off stage. It is making vociferous complaints about illegal police activities directed

against it -- searches, threats, unorthodox detentions, etc. -- but it is not clear how much foundation there is in these stories. What is clear is that more and more often the PDI is having recourse to demagoguery and on such issues as Algeria, French troops in Morocco, and American bases, is attempting to outbid the government by taking positions which it could not possibly hold if it were in power. If responsibility is breeding a certain conservatism, oppositionism seems close to giving rise to a sort of careless obstructionism.

THE ECONOMIC SCENE

This is the direction from which the storm clouds will probably be blowing later, for the economic picture is not too bright at the moment. In all fairness, though, it must be admitted that not many tell-tale pieces of evidence are available to warn an a priori observer of the trend. Two stand out: the number of workmen on road projects for the unemployed; and the "for sale" columns of the classified sections. Both testify to the exodus of Europeans and their money.

This exodus brought the European population (of the southern zone only) from 414,000 down to 380,000 in the calendar year 1956, and in the first six months of this year it has probably dipped another 20,000 or so. Many families were waiting for the school year to end before leaving this summer, but it is thought that the recently-signed cultural convention will be a factor encouraging some, who were very worried about the education of their children, to stay. Many of these are functionaries (8,000 have left so far since independence, and with dependents their number is estimated at about 30,000); the total number of functionaries is so high in proportion to the total European population that, even if all the Europeans engaged in commerce stayed, the population would be reduced to about 200,000.

The unemployment problem results largely from these "commercial" departures, mostly of people who were engaged in small and medium-sized businesses. (On details of this, and the problem of investment deficits, I plan to comment at greater length in a forthcoming letter.) Estimates of unemployment range around 100,000 out of work, a small figure in the light of the total population but bulking large against the fact that industry in Morocco employed only a little over 250,000 workers. The government is concerned with this pressing problem, as well as with that of the "underemployed," a separate class of floating workers, farm hands, etc., who have never had any stable employment and who number many more than do those thrown out of jobs in the past year. But the authorities can do little more than create make-work palliatives until the fundamental causes of the joblessness -- flight of capital and slowdown of investments and economic opportunities -- are halted. In this connection it should be remembered that most of the capital which left did so shortly after independence, and the new psychological climate should soon be having some effect on investment possibilities. If things go well for the rest of the year, 1957 will be a better year than 1956 and the worst of the slump will have been passed.

The economic scene was darkened by this year's drought, which hit the region south of Casablanca particularly hard. Some alleviation was gotten from late spring rains but cereals are still quite deficient. The United States is doing what it can to ease the consequences; emergency shiploads of grain and food have started arriving in Casablanca. And at the end of June the ICA granted Morocco $20,000,000 to be used partly for buying edible oils and staples, partly in public works projects.

This week one public works project is getting under way which will require no elaborate financing or outside aid. It is the so-called "Unity Road," to be constructed between the Mediterranean port of Alhucemas (ex-Villa Sanjurjo) and Fes. More of a political than an economic necessity, it is to be built by student volunteers -- from the Sultan's sons on down -- who will contribute a month of their summer vacations to the task. It is conceived of as much more than a road project; the camps en route will try to mix young men from the cities and the countryside, and temporary schools are being established in which the literate are to teach their less educated country brothers as much as they can after a hard day's work in the sun. One unspoken aim is to diffuse something of the national culture into a part of the Rif which has always been famous for its Harlan-County-like belligerent intransigence. Voices were raised against the project in cabinet discussions but the fact that they were overruled shows how strong is the need to develop a national consciousness and a sense of unity. If the "Unity Road" can help accomplish this, it will have paid for itself before it is completed.

Experience in many Arab countries has indicated that economic factors may not often be paramount in the same way they might be in Western society; the feeling of inequality and underprivilege is too great, the need for emotional satisfaction, sometimes at high cost, too strong. I suggest that this may be true of Morocco at this particular period, although I doubt it will continue to be true for too long. Already there is a sense of emotional relaxation and contentment abroad; as one European said recently, "You don't feel they're breathing down your neck anymore." If this state of psychological well-being can be maintained, it will probably serve as a useful shield against the austerity and the economic storms which, even under the best circumstances, probably lie ahead.

This last month of the Muslim calendar sees the celebration of the 'id el kbir, the great feast, the culminatory festival of the Islamic year. Last year celebrations were kept down and discouraged because of mourning for Algeria, but this year there is a festive air about; everyone is planning to sacrifice a sheep, and splurge by buying new shoes, or a new dress, and celebrate to the fullest the first real 'id since 1952. God is in his heaven, is the popular view, and most things, if not all, are right in Morocco this summer.

Charles F. Gallagher