

NOSTALGIC LIVES:
MEMORY AND PLACE IN SIDI IFNI

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This dissertation is about the role of space and memory in Sidi Ifni, Morocco. Through analysis of stories I was told during my stay, I argue that multiple temporal frameworks can coexist in the present as a way of reproducing the past and re-conceptualizing the future. These stories are the product of a dialectic that is itself structured by such social structures as kinship and gender. I use personal accounts of townspeople to discuss the ways that social identity is produced and contextualized in this town. Sidi Ifni's history is located in the nexus of Moroccan nationalist goals, Spanish colonial ideals, and local Berber ways of life. Beginning with nostalgic memories of a particular Spanish woman, Maria, I work to show the ways that people's imaginings of the past are quite present in quotidian life. The second chapter is an exploration of the construction of "otherness" in the context of multiple readings of history and memory. People's control of authority and power is reproduced through the work they do to establish meaning and memory. The third chapter is concerned with a polyvocal historical account of Sidi Ifni's relationship to the Western Sahara. King Hassan II's claim to "Greater Morocco" was in direct opposition to Franco's notion of a Spanish "embrace of Africa". Sidi Ifni was the center of these competing nationalist ideologies. People's stories about the war and its ongoing presence in lives frames this chapter. The fourth chapter turns to a more detailed discussion of

the connections between gender, kinship and place. These are shown to be mutually constitutive and located in the myriad representations of propriety and historicity found in Sidi Ifni. The conclusion synthesizes the dominant themes of the dissertation: place, memory and storytelling. I argue that through nostalgia, the processes of daily life come to have meaning in Sidi Ifni.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Annarose Pandey received her B.A. in Social Anthropology from Reed College in Portland, Oregon in 1995. She then attended the University of Toronto's M.A. program in Social Anthropology. After completing this degree she moved to Ithaca to attend Cornell University in the Department of Anthropology. In 2001, she received a Fulbright Islamic Civilizations Grant to do her fieldwork in Sidi Ifni, Morocco. Upon returning from the field, Annarose returned to Portland, Oregon where she earned an M.A.T. degree from Lewis and Clark Graduate School of Education. She has been working at Westview High School teaching courses including Social Anthropology since 2006.

This dissertation is dedicated to Professor Gail Kelly and Professor Thomas Kirsch. I would not have loved learning as much were it not for them. As Professor Kirsch always said when he finished his comments on my papers, "Onwards and Upwards!"

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INTRODUCTION
THE IMPONDERABILIA OF SIDI IFNI

“Si l’on devait decrire Sidi Ifni aujourd’hui en quelques lignes, on pourrait dire que c’est une ville a l’abandon, peuplee de vieux, que vivent des pensions versees par L’Etat espagnol” with the footnote that “C’est, le trait la sensation qu’ont les etrangers en arrivant” (Souali 2001: 22).

“If one had to describe Sidi Ifni today in a few words, one could say that it is an abandoned town, peopled by the elderly, who live on retirements paid by the Spanish state”... “This is the sensation which strangers have on arrival” (Souali 2001: 22).

During my fieldwork in Sidi Ifni, Morocco I was told that a “town without a history is not a town at all.” The history of a town transforms it from a “space” to a “place” that has meaning, holds experiences and is part of people’s memories, daily lives and sense of the future. There is a story about two physicists, Bohr and Heisenberg, who visited Kronenberg Castle. Bohr apparently asked Heisenberg, “Isn’t it strange how this castle changes as soon as one imagines that Hamlet lived here” (Tuan 1977: 4)? Obviously the castle itself doesn’t change, only our perception of it. But this implies that in meaningful ways, it is a different castle for those who know its past than for those who do not. This dissertation is about Sidi Ifni, Morocco. It is about those aspects of the past, nostalgically remembered today, that make the town a different place for those who know its past than for those who do not.

I arrived in Morocco on September 6, 2001. A few days later the Twin Towers were hit and I became entirely too conspicuous. At the time I was living in Rabat, the capital city, with a group of Fulbright grantees while attending an intensive Moroccan Arabic course. I was walking through the medina when I saw that people were crowded around those storefronts that had radios. By the time I got to the school, a television was set up and people were crying. As many others have also said, my first impression was that I was watching a bad movie. For the rest of the week wherever I went, people would stop and ask me if my family was healthy, if everything was ok. Even the groups of women in the local hammam (bath house) would strike up conversations whereas previously there had been only stares and smiles between us. Meanwhile, the covers of every newspaper showed the towers and angry, hurt faces. By October, when the Americans started bombing Afghanistan, similarly angry and hurt faces were being turned towards me. It was at this time that I left for the south of Morocco to Sidi Ifni, a place I had been before and had found charming.

Before turning to a theoretical presentation of the arguments which frame my argument, I think it is important to set the scene of Sidi Ifni. This approach is itself motivated by a theory of the importance of place and space. As Stewart and Strathern note, “[E]thnographers have realized from their field experiences how perceptions of and values attached to landscape encode values and fix memories to places that become sites of historical reality” (Stewart and Strathern 2003: 1). The role of place is not to be taken for granted. To this end Hirsch writes of anthropological perspectives of place, “...despite its ubiquity it has remained largely unproblematized” (Hirsch 1995: 1). I present and problematize the space of Sidi Ifni throughout this

dissertation drawing upon classical anthropological theory. In addition, I have drawn upon the work of cultural geographers whose insights bring another dimension to my analysis. Sidi Ifni as it is experienced now and as it is remembered are salient aspects of people's social identities. "These expressions of identity are not reified or locked in time but are historically positioned in the dynamics of temporal space" (ibid.). Much of my dissertation is based upon the theory that social constructions of "temporal space" reflect people's conceptions of their present life and potential futures. Temporal space is meant to represent the ways that spaces take on meanings that change over time. Such meanings in turn shape the perception of space in its past as well as future iterations. I want to avoid the common misrepresentation of space, which relies upon purely contemporary projections of identity. This is in keeping with Stewart and Strathern's concern that while the majority of ethnographic studies begin with the setting of place in a certain time, most anthropologists neglect the significance of historical time. As they write, "...one of the criticisms of some ethnographic studies has been a lack of historicity in representation and of details on the intersubjectivity of the peoples being discussed" (ibid.). While those whose explicit focus is historical anthropology certainly engage in questions of historicity, this approach remains taken for granted in much of contemporary anthropology. Such attention to history must be contextualized in the present lives of those whose community is being presented. My access into these representations of social life was primarily through archival documents, interviews and stories.

The history of Sidi Ifni as a place is linked to its founding marabout, or Sufi saint. I was told by many who had always lived in the town that it was

named after the marabout (Sufi religious figure) Sidi Ali Ifni who was known and respected for his knowledge of the Qur'an. Another story of Sidi Ali Ifni was that he had fought against the Portuguese in the "moyen age". The third story was that Ifni, a Berber name, refers to the water source (Ain Ifni), which is 6 km up from the Ifni River (Souali: 2001). The river no longer flows. The tomb and its place in the imagination of the town is a good example of "temporal space" because it embodies the relation between space, history and nostalgia. Ifni's tomb was just a moment's walk down the beach from my apartment and had not been maintained in many years.¹ (See Image 4 in Appendix) From the center of town, a person would not be able to see the cemetery where the tomb is located but upon entering or exiting the town by the main road, it would be visible to those who cared to notice. The tomb is in the center of a walled-in traditional and sparse Muslim cemetery. There are no trees, the ground is bare and tends to blow away in the strong sand storms and the majority of graves are simple stone markers with virtually no individualized details. The sand flats that flooded in 1987 did some serious damage to both the main structure of the tomb and the graves. Though non-Muslims are not supposed to enter the tomb, I did crane my neck around to see what could be seen. The structure is made out of white stone and mud with a vaulted-dome roof. It is empty except for a long and narrow piece of stone that symbolizes the grave.² The place is quiet except for the goats that wander by. I never saw another person near the tomb though I could see it

¹ The family of his descendants who would typically be responsible for its upkeep had for the most part moved away from town and those who remained did not make Sidi Ifni a priority. Others in town talked about "what a shame" this was; that "when [they] were growing up, the shrines were maintained but these days, nobody cared". While this sort of looking back on the more perfect past is not unique, it was nevertheless a commonly held opinion.

² Some marabouts, which refers to both people and their shrines, in Morocco are comprised of just this stone with no surrounding structure.

from across the dry riverbed when I looked out from my apartment. The tomb clearly occupied a liminal space. All of this is very much in keeping with a classical interpretation of the sacred as set apart and potentially dangerous. This is complemented by a theory of space in which “[t]he purest form of potentiality is emptiness itself, and it is interesting that sacred sites and places are sometimes physically empty or largely uninhabited, and situated at some distance from the populations for which they hold significance” (Hirsch 1995: 4). Though Sidi Ifni’s tomb was in disrepair, for townspeople its symbolic significance was in no way undervalued.

Sidi Ifni is itself a place that can feel deserted and remote but can be truly beautiful and lovely. (see Image 1 in appendix for map) In 1476, Diego Herrera landed at “Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña” and attempted to establish date plantations which were “destroyed by the local Ait Baamarane [Berber] group in 1524” (Souali: 2001). Meanwhile, the Spanish took the Canary Islands, which are off the coast of Sidi Ifni, in 1490.³ This was vital to the Spanish’s ability to proceed in their plans to colonize the Sahara, the subject of chapter three. Also, the riches of natural resources, especially fish from the waters off the islands, further convinced the Spanish that these lands were of value. The territory of Ifni was “given” to Spain by the French and Moroccan governments according to the Treaty of Tetuan in 1860.⁴ The stipulations of this agreement were murky and so the agreement was more specifically delimited in the Franco-Spanish Convention of Madrid on Nov. 12, 1912 (Souali: 2001). On April 6, 1934, Spain began the settlement construction of

³ In the XIV century, the Portuguese fought Spain for control of the Canary Islands. Important fishing ports to the north like Essaouira were already then under Portuguese control (Souali 2001).

⁴ Between the initial possession of Ifni in 1490 and the Treaty of Tetouan in 1860, Sidi Ifni was largely used as a fishing port with a small Berber market at the center of town. Few Spanish officers were posted in the enclave and it was primarily a Berber trading post.

Ifni, then still known as “Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña”. Ifni, the original Berber name, was held as a Spanish enclave only 30 km wide until 1969, long after the independence of Morocco from France in 1956. This makes Sidi Ifni a fascinating place to study questions of nostalgia, place and memory because its history as a town is linked to the dreams of empire for both Morocco and Spain.

My first impression of the town was that it felt as though I was walking through a Gabriel Garcia Marquez novel as represented in a film by Fellini. Goats wander the streets along with the sorry pups who were among the only animals treated worse than the donkeys in town. The entire town can feel empty during the day when the kids are at school, their female relatives are all home cooking and visiting, and the men are at the fishing port or sitting at local shops talking and smoking. The first time I visited the town it struck me as mysterious that the streets could be so desolate. I had spent time in other Moroccan cities and towns and never heard such quiet. Even the market, usually the liveliest place of any town, was empty except for the cats feeding off the fish remains. At sundown however, what they called a “promenade” would begin and last for a couple of hours. Small groups of young girls would head out to flirt and then be chastised by older women who had themselves braved the out-of-doors. The younger girls would be dressed in either a traditional Moroccan *jellaba*, resembling a long robe-like dress, or in jeans and a t-shirt. They did not necessarily cover their heads. Older women, or at least those who were past puberty and were either married or of marriageable age would wear a *jellaba* or a Saharan *milhaf*. The latter is a three-meter piece of dyed fabric that is worn wrapped around the body over a pair of pajamas. Typically the fabric would be dyed gorgeous bright colors

that allowed women to express a great deal of personal style. The *milhaf* could be wrapped around the body so that it covered all of the head and face or left a woman's eyes and mouth exposed. All of these women would have their heads covered. Men of all ages would line the street corners and fill the cafés, openly commenting on the women who would pass by. Most people would eventually make their way past the abandoned Cine Avenida, a spectacular art deco theater, and out to the balustrades above the ocean cliffs. They walk through the Plaza D'Espagna, past the caving-in Spanish Consulate, and out to the ocean where there would be more excuse to lean against the rails for hours. (see Images 3 & 5 in appendix) For the entire time I was in Sidi Ifni, this was the routine I saw daily. Everything would be quiet from morning through the afternoon siesta, teatime and evening until it was time for the promenade.

This classically Spanish practice of the promenade itself marks the transformation from space to place and allows people to situate themselves in the reproduction of the town's identity. Tuan writes of such walks in rural China but his analysis applies equally well here. "The procession has the effect of dramatizing...the area as bounded space. It is a...reaffirmation of the community's territorial extent and a symbolic reinforcement of its town-centered structure" (Tuan 1977: 169). In nightly recreating the promenade, Ifeñas were participating in an enactment of place that was highly nostalgic and powerfully social. The promenade would last until the muezzin announced the evening call to prayer. Men would either go to the mosque or home to their families and most women would fulfill the prayer in their homes with other female relatives or neighbors before assembling dinner. The town's history as it is remembered and transformed by the Ifeñas in daily moments such as the promenade is the focus of my research. At first people

would only tell me that they longed for the Spanish times because there was relative affluence to be had and people were able to care for their extended families. There were jobs. There were two movie theaters. There had been dances and even a swimming pool and a zoo. (See Image 8 in Appendix) Nostalgia is the most concise way to describe the sentiments of those with whom I lived. This is the subject of the first chapter. Once I got to know more about the complicated history of the town with its Spanish colonial past and its marginalization from contemporary Morocco, I learned how messy nostalgia could be. I began to be told stories that were highly critical of those same Spanish who built the port and brought a giraffe to town one day. I heard of men from Ifni who went to fight for Morocco in the Western Sahara, been taken prisoner by the Polisario and held in a desert prison since the mid 1970's. The war in the Sahara is ongoing. I discuss details in the third chapter because Sidi Ifni, with its proximity to the desert, is directly affected by the political instability and controversy of contested claims to the Sahara. Both Spain and Morocco have traditionally claimed the Western Sahara but since Spain has re-evaluated its international priorities and given up its claims, the indigenous people have also become more active in seeking sovereignty. The fighting wing of the Saharan people's movement is known as the Polisario and is financially backed by Algeria, Libya and Russia. The United States supports Morocco while France has on-and-off supported Spain. In each case, the reasons for involvement have to do with access to resources like phosphate and fish. For Morocco and Spain, there are also issues of national identity at stake as will be discussed in chapter three.

While I was in town, one man escaped from prison where he had been held since 1979 and returned to his family, my neighbors. I discuss this in

detail in chapter three because his case highlights the continued saliency of the colonial period in Ifeñas' lives today. The Green March in 1974, organized by the Kingdom of Morocco, drew people from all cities in the North. These people then all made their way south to the Western Sahara, also a former Spanish holding, which was revolting against both Spanish and Moroccan control. The majority of men who were of fighting age in Ifni went to the front as well. Of these men, many did not return though some, like my neighbor, were supposedly still alive and in prisons surrounded by sand. Men from Ifni who fought the Polisario inhabited a very conflicted identity. They were fighting against Spain on the behalf of Morocco while at the same time, they often had very nostalgic memories of the Spanish colonial period and were critical of being incorporated into the Kingdom of Morocco. To many, Morocco seemed like a colonizing regime. The Polisario, the "rebel" organization leading the independence movement in the Western Sahara, were and are comprised of people with whom many people from Ifni were somewhat sympathetic. This is still a very sensitive point and people were wary of discussing it in public. However, it was a constant theme and had to be since we saw fighter planes and army helicopters on their way to the fighting on a regular basis.

Setting the Scene:

I traveled south with my husband in a beat-up rented Peugeot. We had both been to the town before and agreed that it might make sense for him to help with my transition to living alone in this remote town. We both thought that if people met and knew him, I would have an easier time living alone in

the town. This was not the case. Still, we arrived in Sidi Ifni after a very hot three-day drive south. The first thing that I noticed was the gigantic and very expensive new mosque in Colomina, the neighboring town which is best described as a miniature and decrepit suburb of Sidi Ifni. Other than the mosque, Colomina hadn't changed much since the previous summer. It still had the main street lined with useless streetlights and groups of young boys (*drari*) and men hanging around the *hanouts* (general stores).

A few young girls were out running errands and a couple of groups of women were emerging from the *hammam* at the mosque. A *hammam* is a traditional bathhouse that occupies an important social space for many Moroccans. *Hammams* are among the few places that women are allowed to spend unchaperoned time.⁵ This is partly because of the religious significance of *hammams* as a place to purify and prepare for prayers. Most women would only go to the *hammams* on Fridays before prayers. This is also because for the most part, women did not attend the mosque and would instead pray at home. Most *hammams* have either women's or men's hours or if they are able to, separate entrances. The baths are incredibly social spaces in which women share stories, talk about their personal lives and gossip in ways that are not as acceptable outside of this socially sanctioned space. As I watched, women carried their brightly colored plastic buckets with them from the *hammam*. We drove down the hill and across the little field to the town itself. I was at first struck by how nice the flowers in the public garden looked. Any bits of green or color were quite eye-catching in such a dry desert environment. These flowers thrive on the sea mist that covers the town every afternoon. The public garden was just past the abandoned zoo that had been taken over by a

⁵ I will discuss the relationship between space and gender in Chapter Three.

family when the Spanish left town. I visited this family on occasion and they would show me pictures of the giraffe that had apparently been swept out to sea one day during a flood. Nearby was a public park that had some climbing structures and a labyrinth. This had been used as a public latrine for many years so few people would frequent the park although some tourist guides would play up the uniqueness of a town with a maze in the desert.

The few cars on the road were resuscitated red petit taxis with beat up cardboard from the “Nora Vegetables” company as window shades. These small red taxis are found in any Moroccan city. There were also the Tiznit “grand taxis” that are old green Mercedes with white roofs and a yellow stripe down the side. Grand taxis are used to go between towns and are shared rides at a fixed price. Tiznit was the closest larger town so people would organize rides to the taxi stop there. Once in Tiznit, people would find grand taxis to even larger towns. Typically there would be about seven or eight people sharing a taxi. Whenever I took one of these, I was overcome by heat because people would not roll down the windows despite being in a crowded car driving through the desert. When I asked why they would tell me that wind running through the car would invite spirits and make people sick. I was often the subject of much conversation while riding in these taxis since I was obviously unchaperoned. Though it was somewhat unacceptable for me to do as a woman, I would often initiate a conversation with the man into whom I was being squeezed so that others in the car would know that I could speak Arabic and was affiliated with a family in town and therefore not a stranger to be taken advantage of.

Just past the taxi stop that rarely had more than one or two cars was the road leading to the center of town. (See Image 2 in appendix for a Street Map)

The sign for the Suerte Loca, a small old Spanish hotel and my home, was at the first right turn after one passes through the gully at the bottom of the hill down by a store, which sold cement blocks. Instantly after bottoming out on the last chunk of pavement, we were on dirt roads like all the others in the town. The exception to this was the road that hits the airfield, goes around a few hanouts and heads towards the new port. This airfield is completely abandoned and serves as a grazing pasture for goats, sheep and camels. During the Spanish period, it was a lively destination spot and the primary means of access to the town until the road was widened just about a decade ago. (See Image 7 in appendix) Since the Spanish left, there have been no planes except for a very suspicious crash landing of an American plane in 1987.⁶ Ifni became famous for a brief blimp in international media time. Since then the town has been forced to incorporate a gaping dead space into its center. A few new cement houses have begun to creep out along the edges of the airfield; they take up spaces between the abandoned Spanish army barracks and the port. The Moroccan government will not authorize building on the airstrip because it is on international maps as a potential landing site and who knows when another plane might need to crash.

If one follows this main road to the airstrip, they will find a sign forged in wrought iron that reads, in Arabic, "Allah is the most powerful king" (Allahu al watan al malik).⁷ Through this sign one can see the dilapidated

⁶ I will discuss this in more detail but the incident was complicated by the fact that the plane was American and was said to be carrying pesticide to kill crickets in Senegal. On board were no such pesticides and one of the engines had been shot out once the plane had entered territory held by the Polisario. The plane remained in town for an entire year while a mechanic was found to fix it enough to fly out. The few people in town who took pictures of the plane, had their cameras confiscated except for one man who showed me some pretty spectacular images.

⁷ Every town has this statement proclaimed somewhere in its landscape. Agadir, like many other large cities, proclaims the greatness of Allah with white boulders on the hillside above the port.

Spanish airfield stretching to the horizon and a sign that cautions against parking on the field, which is a mighty temptation since it is such a wide open space. One or two people may be crossing the field but rarely more than that. Towards dusk, groups of women clad in their magnificently colorful milhafs (thin sheaves of cotton wrapped around so that they can be as “modest” as they like) congregate in circles while kids in the distance play soccer on the remaining pavement of the Spanish hangar pad. The rest of this airstrip field is barren with some paths that are used to walk the three kilometers to the new port. Bordering the airfield on the left is a very expensive new road that leaves the town at the south and goes winding down the hill to the port, the predominant source of livelihood for most men in town. This is the last section of pavement to the south of the town. The other roads leaving the town either head north again to Tiznit or Aglou plage or head southeast to Goulimine and then further to La’ayoune and into the Sahara. The latter is the road most frequently taken by the caravans of wealthy Land Rover drivers who are on adventures into the desert. These caravans require armed escorts because they pass through Polisario territory.

The far side of the town is built up of cement-block houses on streets paved with rubble. The buildings are whitewashed with deep blue shutters like almost all other houses in town. Some of these are single-family residences with enormous roof-terraces that are part of the living space and often become spaces of celebration and sacrifice during important rituals and festivals. This is a common use of space in Moroccan homes. Many of these buildings have been converted into apartments. A few of these have even been built specifically as living units for the few resident westerners and “ex-pats” in town. During my time in Ifni, no more than three sets of long-term non-

Moroccan residents were living in the town. In the early spring months, however, nearly a hundred RV's arrived in town to camp on the beach. These people were seeking the quiet and romanticized isolation of Morocco's southernmost coastal town. The beaches were too polluted to swim and Sidi Ifni had only two restaurants that were not designed to cater to tourists. Most of these people were German though some were French. Of these, I was told that many had been coming to stay a month or more in the town for over ten years. The most popular of these was an elderly German woman with neon-red hair. My friends could simply not control their stares and giggles when she would show up at the market to buy fish. These RV dwellers brought satellite dishes and small refrigerators with them, as well as wine and beer. This made them both very intriguing and a constant hassle for the police who were often being called upon to help a tourist drive away some young boys knocking on their door late at night for *shrub* (alcohol).⁸ These returning visitors to town were part of the local landscape. Many other European tourists with whom I spoke had visited the town every year for many years. It had become a kind of retreat for them. I was never mistaken for one of these people because by the time the RV people arrived, my daily routine was already a familiar topic of conversation for most of the local people. I never got to know any of the RV people, nor did the locals, because their encampment was set behind crumbling walls. One of the local police officers was assigned to this post to keep people as separate as possible. When walking around town or buying vegetables at the souk, the RV people did not

⁸ Alcohol presented an interesting problem in Sidi Ifni because I would often find empty beer cans on the roads and yet drinking is considered *haram* (impure/heretical) in Islam. Women would talk about men who drank as *haib*, dirty or offensive, and yet would never publically recognize that their own brothers, husbands or fathers might be drinking as well. It constituted what I would consider to be a public secret.

engage with the townspeople, did not speak Arabic or Berber and would simply hold out their hands with piles of dirhams (Moroccan currency); they trusted that the vegetable sellers would take only what was appropriate.

The majority of people in Ifni were unemployed. This is in keeping with Morocco's general problem of unemployment but was exacerbated by Ifni's isolation from the larger cities. Food was exchanged for work and long-standing ties between families ensured that there were enough supplies to keep a family fed. If one family had extra food, they would simply make a meal and bring it to their neighbors. Many of the families in town had relatives who lived in the "bilad" or countryside to the east of Ifni. These families would grow what they could and make an occasional trip into town to socialize and share the harvest. The few people who were employed made their money from fishing off the coast. The men in the families would head out early in the morning in small, creaky, and certainly not watertight wooden boats or in even smaller plastic dinghies. The waters off Ifni were very dangerous and in the time that I lived there over ten fishermen died. The fish are returned to the port just before the evening call to prayer. The vast majority of these fish were sold to one man in town who then drove them up the coast to big cities to sell at an enormous profit. Despite the rich waters, we rarely ate fish for dinner because it was too valuable as a trade commodity. Most of the time dinner would be comprised of vegetables and the occasional camel leg.⁹

One very wealthy French man had set up a permanent retirement home in Ifni, equipped with a gigantic satellite dish and the newest of solar water heaters. I heard from more than one person that this man had to be "very rich,

⁹ Being a vegetarian I did not partake of the camel meat.

how else could he have bribed enough people to get his house built in just 3 years?" The other more long-term residents rented rooms or apartments. An acquaintance of mine rented one of these that had running water all the time (and I was told that it stayed hot!). Her apartment was by far the exception. This "newer" area of the town is in walking distance to the post office and fish souk (market) at the center of the town that is itself linked to the meat and paper goods area. I never saw all of the stores open at the same time. I would typically encounter blue metal doors and shades locked shut except for one or two butchers and the occasional hanout, or small storefront often just large enough for the proprietor to stand and reach the goods on the shelves, full of anything from toilet paper to canned tuna. A couple of vegetable vendors owned stalls at this market. The rest of the vegetable vendors occupied the older souk just down the road. The fish souk was mostly peopled by the few Berber women who sell olives and spices, the cats who live as well as they can on the remains of the fish sold by the men, and those who sell music tapes and sundries for daily life. The market was only bustling when the fish were brought up from the port to be scaled and sold. The Berber women who smoked the mussels they collected on the beach would arrive around dusk to sell their bright orange foods.

The main street at the top of this souk is lined with cafés which, like all small towns (and most big ones) in Morocco, are frequented by men only. If need be, one can find a few hanouts on this street including one that sells "American cheese" and some butter (which goes bad quickly in a place without refrigeration). This section of Ifni looks much like the little roadside towns that one sees throughout the countryside on the big roads though it is better kept and is very much a part of the social life of the town, especially at

the hour of promenade. The archways on this set of connected buildings are highly influenced by an early art deco Moorish style of design and were built by the locals for the Spanish. On the other side of the street were charming little Spanish bungalows which were homes for the families of the ranked, but not prominent Spanish officers. These houses are the few in good repair and still look nearly identical to pictures from the mid 1960's. From here in the road, the giant white rock sign on the hill can be seen. Like the wrought iron sign at the airfield, it reads, "Allahu alwatn almalik". Above this is a giant white rock star like the ones found on a completed Qur'anic wooden board and the one found on the Moroccan flag.¹⁰ Nearly all Moroccan towns have similar rock signs on nearby hills identifying themselves as Muslim.

If one heads through the souk and out the other side, in the late afternoon and early evening one will encounter the plastic "souk" which is more of a social scene. Vendors lay out their goods on the street, some clothes, nuts and plenty of plastic. This is a major site of social life, even for women and girls who are most likely to be found in this area during the time of promenade. They walk in small groups with their Saharawi *milhafs* or beautiful *jellabas* blowing around them, revealing their fancy platform shoes and painted toenails. Small children are safe to wander here and to run errands for their families. Many of the vendors in this section of town specialize in higher quality plastics and have imported "European" knock off goods that are too expensive for the majority of residents. People do visit these stores but more as a social space for gossip and window-shopping. Rarely, if ever, were goods purchased. When I made a trip to buy some "plastic", the

¹⁰ Upon memorization of the entire Qur'an, a student would paint this star on the wooden board he had used as a personal slate, signifying the magnitude of the achievement.

small washbasin that I bought was covered in many years' worth of dirt and grime.

Down the street perpendicular to this, one finds the former Spanish post office, which is interesting because it is so much less grand than its French constructed counterparts in the rest of the country. The mail slots on the outside wall signal in Spanish where to put the different kinds of mail. Nevertheless, there is a sense that the building is a "national" structure with its hollow bureaucratic feeling, long lines and pre-fab signs. Like every other post office in the country, the metal bars outside are painted in alternating green and yellow with an old woman sitting against them asking for change. I would walk down this street, past the crowds of men at their cafés drinking tea and coffee on the way to the souk where the better vegetables can be found. This was a bit trying for me since I had to come into direct contact with freshly slaughtered animals though not nearly the same number of goat heads as in the souk in Rabat. This souk is very much a practical place with no frivolous stores. I shopped there often and only occasionally had to deal with sneers from the men who sit on the street all day watching people buy vegetables as if there were nothing better to do in town. At night the tree with trumpet flowers opens its blossoms and perfumes the air down here; even on an intensely hot day, there is a cool breeze. I would cross through this area, past the park with the abandoned labyrinth and up the dirt road by the téléboutiques towards the mechanics area where the sand is stained with grease.

All of the *téleboutiques* in town seem to be run by women who wear hijab.¹¹ I did not understand how they stayed in business since this is such a small town, cell phones are popular, and there are just so many of these little storefronts. They were all painted the same shade of bright blue. I almost never saw anyone using a landline phone at one of these shops, which was puzzling because the cell phones hardly ever worked either. On an unusually clear day, Sidi Ifni could connect to the satellite tower in Agadir (about 3 1/2 hours away) but even then reception was sporadic. Most people had cell phones because they were “in the mode” and were a clear symbol of being connected to a larger and more prosperous world beyond Ifni. The cell phones were for men and were displayed in outdoor spaces like the cafés or sidewalk; the *téleboutiques* were enclosed social spaces for the women who worked and gathered there. Sometimes their friends would join them for hours to chat, order juice and tea, and watch people pass by. While the majority of women would not leave their houses and would certainly not be seen in public without a chaperone, the *téleboutiques* were an interesting anomaly. Women would be escorted to the boutique by a brother or husband and then spend time with other women in this socially sanctioned space. The women who could be found at the *téleboutiques* were those who were already married and therefore sexually unavailable. They would not make calls but would spend an hour or so chatting while their chaperones were at the mosque, drinking tea or reading the paper. I know one woman who spent her time wrapping thread and fabric around buttons so that they seemed to be quilted while she occasionally gave out change for the phones. It seemed to

¹¹ Hijab refers to the head covering worn by women. It can take many forms and be practiced for multiple reasons. I will talk about the symbology and ideology of the hijab in chapter four.

me that the *téleboutiques* were more like stores for breaking money than anything else in an economic sense. However, I do not want to deny their social importance. They seemed to be becoming safe quasi-public spaces for women who were not often seen in public unchaperoned.

Past the police station and the lighthouse is the “*oudaia*” neighborhood that is known for its high rents and more expensive construction than the majority of town. This neighborhood also seems much newer and indeed many of the homes are still under construction. However, most of these houses have been in the works since the 1980’s and will continue to be since many people work on their houses when they return from jobs abroad and have the funds to begin more construction. Only a handful of these houses were completed. This area always felt strange to me since it has the look of a suburban development in the desert. The cross-streets do not dead end; they simply fade away into the sand of the airfield or the cliffs above the sea. I always had the sense that somebody had big plans for this neighborhood but they simply dissolved and nobody has taken up the task. For every version of the model house that one sees completed and engulfed by *bougainvillea*, there are half a dozen that are hollow cement shells with re-bar sticking out in various places. Some of these even have wooden doors and may sometimes be inhabited on the bottom floor with cement blocks for windows while the second floor is open to the air and completely unfinished except for the family’s goats and sheep. The houses on this street are quiet and there is hardly any activity here. Very few roving bands of *drari* (young boys) take this neighborhood up as their stomping grounds. Along some stretches of the road are little hanouts though like elsewhere, mostly they are closed.

Interestingly, the signs of activity in this neighborhood are only obvious in the few houses that are built like lean-tos into the cliffs above the sea.

My neighborhood was just to the north of that, past the central “Plaza d’Espagna” where the Spanish government buildings can still be found. After 1969 this plaza was renamed for Hassan II although I learned this only from a post card. People in town referred to the gardens and the buildings as the “Plaza D’Espagna”. The buildings here are white with some pastel blue trim. Many of the former Spanish buildings were painted in this color scheme if they now housed official Moroccan offices. There is a distinct feel of being in a slightly odd version of a Disney main street square when walking through this area. I am not quite sure why, but everyone new to the town remarks upon it. Like much of the town it has the air of being both deserted as though there had been some cataclysmic event, but also a feeling that a kind of preservation has been attempted. It is odd because the buildings are “preserved” in their dilapidated states with broken windows, stagnant clocks, cracking walls. At the center of the plaza is the art deco fountain erected by the Spanish in 1934. Shortly after the Spanish left town in 1969, somebody took a rifle to the grey granite head of Franco. Shards of his neck still remain. The tiles around the fountain are cracked and sun-bleached from so many years without water. In each corner of the park is a fountain whose beautifully crafted tiles of lions, castles, fish and geometric design, originally crafted in Spain, were now splitting. These fountains are each at the center of a mini-garden of hibiscus and bougainvillea with small palm trees and quiet shade. At promenade time a few people can be found sitting on benches in the plaza which is surrounded by a picket fence of alternating blue and white wood with all gates but one always locked. From old pictures I have seen how this park has changed.

Originally it held a sizeable cement construction of a Spanish army insignia and was the center of the parading grounds for the troops. This was then gradually transformed into a more park-like setting as the Spanish added buildings like the Catholic Church and the library. The insignia no longer remains but the structures in the park are as they were in 1969.

To the south of the park is the King's palace that also has its share of broken windows. (See Image 6 in appendix) Though the king has never visited Ifni, he has a palace here as he does in nearly every other town. A few people are employed here as maintenance workers. The shutters on this building are painted in a lighter blue than is found in the rest of town and have designs cut out of them which give the building a Hansel and Gretel feel in contrast to the Spanish towers that mark the corners of the building. The central courtyard of the palace was relatively sparse and felt as though it was awaiting completion or a visit from the king. The king's palace is a dominant feature of the central Spanish plaza that is deserted but symbolically necessary as a reminder of the Moroccan nation. Next to this is the Hotel de Ville, which was the Spanish administrative building for local affairs. I went to these offices with a Moroccan friend of mine one day to get her identification papers renewed. She said that she had been waiting in the same lines since the Spanish were here and when she was no longer around "the lines would still be". Atop the Hotel de Ville was a beautiful art deco clock, which, contrary to expectation, keeps great time. From the roof of this building, one could look directly across the plaza to the former church (now tribunal) and then off to sea.

The northern corner of the plaza is home to the former Spanish Consulate that is still owned by Spain and is rumored to be for sale. The roof

has mostly collapsed and the windows are boarded up. One night the door was mysteriously ajar so I went in for a look. The grand foyer was spacious and obviously would have been quite impressive in its heyday. Now, the consulate was empty, dusty and ransacked. A friend of mine once snuck into the consulate to prowl around and found an old Spanish flag that he took as a souvenir. He kept this hidden away but loved to tell the story. I heard from the Pasha (the highest local official who reported to the Kingdom) that there were plans to sell the consulate, turn it into a museum of sorts or to just let it stay as it was until Spain decided to give it over to Morocco.

My apartment was just downhill from the consulate and past the “Nomad” café that is frequented by tourists and has a very carefully designed relaxed atmosphere. It is owned and run by surfer brothers who are amazing for their ability to remember details about each of their guests. I have seen plenty of tourists spend an entire day at the café just sipping tea, watching the cats play on the street. The brothers used to own a tent down on the beach from which they sold drinks in the summer. They are now much more successful and have imitators who have tried for the same sort of upward mobility but there are not enough tourists in town to reward such efforts. After passing and greeting the folks at the Nomad, I would walk past the dingy local *hammam* (bath house) and the kids who seem to be permanently ensconced in their doorways. At times their female relatives would join them and my greetings would grow longer and more elaborate. The *drari* (youth) in this neighborhood are the usual gang of small boys but also a gaggle of young girls who seek ice cream from the tourists at the hotel and “un stylo” from those who refuse to give them sweets. The hotel is at the bottom of this hill. Often there would be identical rental cars parked out front: white Peugeot

205s, Fiats and expensive Land Rovers. Next to the hotel are stairs down to the beach and other stairs leading up to the walk on the cliff above the ocean. The most interesting building in southern Morocco is also next to the hotel. It is a cement house that is an early art deco/modernist interpretation of a boat that was designed as the offices for the Spanish maritime authority. In fact it is larger and probably more sea-worthy than most of the ships at the port; it was quite grand until it lost its mast and its portholes were sealed with cement blocks. It nevertheless has a commanding presence over the beach and is truly incredible. (See Images 9 & 10 in Appendix)

Tourism largely shapes Morocco's economy. In fact, tourism is second only to phosphate in the national gross product. In Sidi Ifni, tourism was present but only to a minor degree. Given that the economy was stagnant, the few tourist *dirhams* (currency) made in town certainly had an impact but if the tourists were to stop visiting, the economy of the town would hardly change. The townspeople were tolerant of the tourists but also saw them as a potential danger. Many of the German men who came to town by themselves were the subjects of stigmatizing gossip. The rumors were that they had come to town seeking sex from local boys. Friends of mine would shake their heads and say that this would be the downfall of Sidi Ifni because how could a family recover from such shame? In my own experience, one young boy who was well known as a "*shemkar*" or person who sniffed glue, took it upon himself to harass me day and night. The only time he took a break from this was when a "friend" of his from Germany arrived; they were inseparable for that week and the townspeople used them as an example of the "*heib*" or "dirty" side of tourism.

Most tourists are drawn to Ifni by its history. They have heard and read that this is an abandoned town; that it is a living museum. I was told on more than one occasion that Ifni is what "Essaouira" (a very popular tourist town) "used to be". The contemporary touristic "quest for exoticism" is not so different from the Spanish colonial desire for "paradise".¹² An important detail is that Ifni is also home to the rare Moroccan tourists in the summer who camp on the beach and dare to swim in the powerful waves. Whenever I was in the northern parts of Morocco and told people where I lived, they invariably said something like, "Oh Ifni! It is so beautiful, so tranquil!" I would then ask when they had visited and they would say, "I've never been there, but I have heard". This became almost a joke to me and I wondered at the place of Ifni in the national imagination. The other comment I would often get was that "Ifni is so far away, almost to the sand." A good friend of mine who had been born in town and spent her entire life there often made the connection with the Sahara. She would say things like, "from Sidi Ifni to the south, women wear the same things". She would also make a drink of blended milk and maize with sugar that tasted like soggy cornflakes. She said, "This too is only made in Ifni and south of here."

Despite this desire on the part of my friend to connect Ifni to the even more remote parts of Morocco and the Western Sahara, I would also hear from others, including one of her brothers that Ifni held a magical quality that could unite people who would otherwise be strangers. When her brother returned from a two-month sojourn in Europe (paid for by his family) he said that he had encountered many people who were "connected through Ifni". He said,

¹² See also Souali's note on people who come here because they are disenchanted by the changes in Essaouira. Also note the connection between hippies and the Spanish who return to see their ideals of the remote exotic town.

“I was at a café in Paris, sitting and watching the people when a man came up to me and asked if I was from Sidi Ifni. It was amazing.” This confirmed for him that many people held a special attachment to this place that was his home.

Juxtaposed to this is the following section of my fieldnotes:

11 February 02

Just now I was in the téléboutique up the street trying to call the States and met a man from L'ayoune who spoke amazingly good English.¹³ He was friendly and complemented my Arabic saying that he had never met an American who speaks it. This is interesting because L'ayoune is full of UN people. I guess I had always just assumed that they too spoke Arabic. Anyways he said that “in my opinion if you want me to be frank and clever with you, people do not take care of this town. It needs a great deal of work and nobody will do it. The beach could be the best in Morocco, as far as I have seen, and it would be easy to fix it but they do not do the work. Here it is everybody taking care of their private interests.” This is the phrase that he repeated a number of times. He seemed somewhat exasperated by Ifni and thought that the reason the phones were down was because of the general disrepair of the town. I have actually thought this myself because the disrepair affects everything else so why not the phones? But I thought that his assessment of the town as a place where it is to each his own, was interesting.

¹³ L'ayoune is the largest town to the south and is the base for the UN forces engaged in negotiations about the Western Sahara. Most of these UN forces are Americans. L'ayoune was also a Spanish enclave. I was not allowed to visit the town because I did not have a special diplomatic passport. I also know that Peace Corps volunteers were forbidden from traveling this far south, past the literally dotted line on the map.

This moment is telling because unlike the nostalgic memories and stories that Ifeñas draw upon in constructing their representations of place, from an outsider's perspective, the town is obviously in need of repair. In recent months there have been riots at the town's port with fishermen protesting the conditions of the town's port, the center of livelihood. Police from the southern Moroccan regions were brought in and tear-gassed the protestors. I will return to these issues in the conclusion. What is significant is that Ifeñas are highly aware of the conditions in their town. It is rare for them to openly discuss this state of affairs and instead use a socially constructed nostalgia to talk about the present and future through memories of the past. Ozyurek writes about this use of nostalgia as a strategy of critique.

As many scholars of nostalgia agree, this particular structured feeling toward the past is a strategy that serves the present both in terms of legitimating and delegitimizing its parts...What makes each moment of nostalgia unique is the role it plays in relation to the present (Ozyurek 2006: 31).

Throughout this dissertation I will return to themes of nostalgia not simply as a sentimental longing but as a way of thinking through how space and time relate to the construction of identity.

Memories of Place and Time:

The theoretical approach I take in this dissertation is that the space of Sidi Ifni is very much a lived and experiential domain of memory, time, and kinship. Tuan approaches this from the perspective of human geography. He writes that "Space also has a temporal meaning at the level of day to day personal experiences" (Tuan 1977: 126) and that this experience of the past and its spaces then shapes our construction of identity. "Various devices exist

to shore up the crumbling landscapes of the past” such as specific places or objects (Tuan 1977: 187). This work of shoring up is ongoing and shapes the present. In Sidi Ifni, the process is complicated because the “crumbling landscape” of Spanish colonialism and marginalization from the Moroccan nation is ever-present. Far from fetishizing the idea of nostalgia of the past for my own sake or that of the people with whom I lived, I argue that a powerful sense of historicity is ubiquitous in Ifni and very much influences the present and future imagined possibilities for successful life. The particular influence of the Spanish is still so strong in town that it has become part of the daily workings of social gatherings, even as people promenade past the consulate on their way to look out over the tomb of Sidi Ifni. This continued influence of the Spanish colonial past falls under what Lefebvre calls a “representation of space” which is constructed by “professionals and technocrats” (in Merrifield 2000: 174). Though these professionals have left their work behind, the space of Sidi Ifni remains “a space which is *conceived*, and invariably ideology, power and knowledge are embedded in this representation” (ibid.). This representation of space is tied to the relations of production and to social order.

The representation of space is complemented by “representational space” which, according to Lefebvre is “directly *lived* space, the space of everyday experience. It is space experienced through complex symbols and images of its ‘inhabitants’ and ‘users’...” (In Merrifield 2000: 175). In this understanding, what is important is that we see “space as process and in process” (Crang & Thrift 2000: 3). Spatial practices are those that:

...structure everyday reality and broader social and urban reality, and include routes and networks and patterns of interaction that

link places set aside for work, play and leisure. Such practices embrace both production and reproduction, conception and execution, the conceived and the lived, and somehow ensure society cohesion, continuity, and what Lefebvre calls a 'spatial competence' (Merrifield: 175).

Such notions of space and the construction of experience are fundamental to the central thesis of this dissertation: that the production of place in Sidi Ifni, through the trope of nostalgia, is significantly embedded in the processes of constructing identity and memories.

The myriad possibilities for an analysis of nostalgia for space and place are based on the idea of a division of memory labor. I mean by this that there is a division of labor that is predicated upon an acute and insightful awareness and interpretation of one's own past and one's place within the projection of past narratives forward into contemporary life. In a town where police forbid talk of the past, covert statements about the ease of life under the Spanish colonial regime are obviously a critique of the local and national government. At the same time, people are highly critical of the Spanish as well. The complexity of this "postcolonial identity" challenges the simplicity of the term itself. In discussing the development of critical human geography, Crang and Thrift write that space as a focal point of theory is important "not only in the ways that theory might apply to a spatially distributed world, but in the spatialities that allow thought to develop particular effectivities and intensities" (Crang & Thrift 2000: 3). I make the parallel argument that constructions of space, place and time are relevant to the analysis of "effectivities" that take on the power of critique and political engagement. Within a family or community, the work of constructing such a critique through nostalgic memories is divided between kin, neighbors and townspeople.

Throughout this dissertation I look at the way that Ifni as a symbol of space and place is incorporated into stories and narratives. The first chapter focuses on the particular presence of a woman known only as “Maria”, the last of the Spanish, and her role in the construction of Ifni today as an independent Moroccan town. The memories of Maria offer a rich example of just how present the past is. In this chapter I then turn to a discussion of the theoretical implications of “nostalgia” as a way of knowing myriad temporal domains; people’s interpretations of historical narratives can coexist with stories told by their kin and neighbors, can conflict with “official” stories as told by those in power, and can juxtapose temporal contexts in interesting ways. Space and time become critical to an understanding of the anthropology of Sidi Ifni because these are the systems through which Ifeñas’ stories derive their significance and meaning in everyday life.

The relationship between the Moroccan state and local residents, including myself, is the focus of the second chapter. I argue that the way that people “make sense” of one another is very much tied to a sense of historicity and interpretation of place. The multiple frames of reference for this chapter include local police politics, the role of the nation-state in its attempts to secure the loyalty of the disenfranchised, and international involvement in southern Moroccan and Western Saharan politics. Perhaps most significant in this chapter is a discussion of how memories and stories of the past are incorporated into the production of meaningful nostalgic place. As each person remembers the past, albeit idiosyncratically, a sense of place and time is collectively constructed. These narratives of Ifni past and present reflect the desired future. This future is implicitly produced and reproduced by the

people whose lives are encoded in the very structure of the town's quotidian life.

Historicity and place are the themes that dominate the third chapter. I turn to a detailed analysis of Sidi Ifni's complicated historical position vis-à-vis both Spain and Morocco. This is accomplished through symbolic interpretations of "Greater Morocco" and the "Spanish Sahara". Both of these concepts are contextualized through archival materials as well as stories told by people whose lives continue to be affected by the clash of nationalist ideologies. The concept of "Greater Morocco" emanates from King Hassan II whose quest to expand the borders of Morocco made Sidi Ifni the crux of controversy. "Greater Morocco" encompasses the religious duties of the king to lead the Muslim followers in the founding of a more glorious Islamic state. At the same time, Franco's regime sought to expand Spain's colonial holdings into Africa. Beginning with Sidi Ifni, Spain was to "embrace Africa" and expand upon their manifest destiny to colonize the peoples of the Sahara and beyond. This chapter shows even more definitively the ways that space and temporal constructs are linked in the construction of memory and identity. Kinship, gender and place are the subjects of the fourth chapter. These aspects of social identity are discussed through an in-depth analysis of one family in particular. I focus on the processes by which kinship and gender are contextualized and made meaningful. These processes are part of the production of identity through connection to space. In this chapter, I focus more on local space and the home in addition to the space of the town more broadly. I take an approach that is based upon practice theory but goes beyond it to situate the habitus of daily life within the processes of memory and space. Once again, stories and memories are used to exhibit the ways that

people construct a world that has meaning and ties individuals to family and place.

Finally, the conclusion synthesizes the concepts of nostalgia, place and memory. I argue that the ways that kinship, gender, history, social identity and place come together in people's construction of "Sidi Ifni" is predicated upon a coalescence of temporal frameworks. The reproduction of the past is enabled through the work of stories and narratives to construct a collective representation. The set of symbols that represent the past are open to contest and disagreement and yet together they come to have meaning for a set of people to define their place over time. In a sense, Ifeñas are acting as anthropologists in their analysis of symbols and relationships. Through the stories that they tell, the connections that they find between people and place and in their analysis of power, the people of Sidi Ifni are engaged in a critique that is insightful and relevant. In so doing, they are able to reproduce their memories as well as to produce their imaginings of the future.

CHAPTER ONE

NOSTALGIC SPACE AND MEMORIES OF MARIA

This chapter is about the role of nostalgia in conceptions of memory, identity, space and time in Sidi Ifni. The space of Sidi Ifni is marked by the coexistence of symbols of the place as it was, as it is, and as people imagine it could be. I focus on the relationship between constructed nostalgic memories and identity in the context of the “architectonic” space of the postcolony. The way that people move through and live in the space that is a literal ruin of what it once was is a fundamental aspect of the symbolic construction of identity and meaning in Ifni; I argue that nostalgic space is not just a romanticized vision of a past time but is a complex understanding of spatiotemporal contexts that offers potential for critique. The cosmology of nostalgia serves as the organizing principle in this chapter. Cosmology here refers to the underlying structural principles that hold salient symbolic meaning and are represented in the practice of everyday life. Though I work towards a more complicated view of social organization, there are a set of dichotomies that emerge from the interviews with people in Sidi Ifni that I incorporate in this chapter. These include the relationships between colonial: postcolonial, Muslim: Catholic, male: female, and historically fixed: processual. Encompassing these in this chapter is the relationship between Moroccan and Spanish identities.

Nostalgia is the motivation behind historical memory in the construction of social identity. The focus of nostalgia is one of purposeful

reconstruction of meaning across spatiotemporal contexts with affect on present and future realities. In this chapter I use the story of a woman named Maria to elucidate the significance of nostalgia in the construction of memory and identity in Sidi Ifni. I first heard of Maria when I saw her red crepe scarf with gold threads running through it. Hassan the barber showed it to me as he draped it over the back of his brown vinyl barber chair with the removable headrest. He said, "I don't think you have heard of her or you would know this was her scarf". This being the first time that I heard of Maria, I did not pay all that much attention. Over the course of the next few weeks, however, I came to hear fragments of her story. The next time I heard mention of Maria it was from somebody telling me that an American woman had bought Maria's house. This was the house that I had always talked about as being the most beautiful in town, even in its literally crumbling state of glorious disrepair. I had often thought of this particular house which is just across the quiet palm tree lined road from the police station's own recaptured Spanish house.¹⁴ Maria's house is the one where the bricks are now hollow, apparently supporting the building with just their essence. The bougainvillea is in dire straits but has a sense of its former glory. Her house is iconic of the Spanish presence, absence and decay. Maria had been gone from town for over thirty years but people continued to talk about her as if she were just away for a vacation.

The themes that emerge from the stories to follow were that this woman was somebody who embodied the Spanish presence but who was marked by a peculiar idiosyncratic identity that no longer fit into the daily

¹⁴ When the Spanish left the authorities claimed buildings for their use. The police commissariat offices were in an old Spanish mansion which had served as a Spanish colonial administrative center for a short time as well.

lives of those Moroccans who knew her when Ifni was Spain. While people remembered her, they did so in particular ways that reflect the relationships of nostalgia that tie people together here. In Sidi Ifni, nostalgia is a kind of kinship with the past that embodies the contradictions of the Spanish colonial era as people remember it now. This nostalgia is itself constitutive of Ifni's identity today. The trope of nostalgia will permeate this chapter just as it has found a home in the particular ways of remembering which I argue characterize the stories shared with me in Sidi Ifni.

Even Nostalgia Isn't What it Used to Be:

In this section I unpack the trope of nostalgia so as to elucidate its connection to the construction of memory, space and identity in Sidi Ifni. For much of my analysis, I use Boym's discussion of nostalgia that is situated in the context of the former Soviet Union but is illustrative in this case as well.

Nostalgia (from *nostos* – return home, and *algia* – longing) is a longing for a home that no longer exists or has never existed. Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's own fantasy....A cinematic image of nostalgia is a double exposure, or a superimposition of two images – of home and abroad, past and present, dream and everyday life. The moment we try to force it into a single image, it breaks the frame or burns the surface (Boym 2001: xiii-xiv).

Boym's argument about nostalgia focuses on the contextualization of ways of constructing one's present in dialectical interaction with conceptions of the past. "Nostalgia itself has a utopian dimension, only it is no longer directed toward the future. Sometimes nostalgia is not directed toward the past either, but rather sideways. The nostalgic feels stifled within the conventional confines of time and space" (Boym 2001: xiv). The confines of normative

spatio-temporal paradigms often lead to the use of nostalgia as a potential critique of the quotidian present. At the same time, the fantastic gets lodged in these nostalgic constructions and memory can take on an idiosyncratic sheen.

This chapter is structured by an interwoven set of nostalgic memories including those about Maria. Oftentimes people would suddenly offer me a seemingly random image of Maria with no context. I have chosen to include these just as they were presented to me because the stories that people tell which seem out of context are representative of larger social themes. As White argues, the role of the historian, or in this case anthropologist, is to recognize that narrative representations may not operate according to a linear structure. The kinds of stories that people offer are both idiosyncratic and indicative of the set of symbols in a society which people use to place themselves and others.

But surely the historian does not bring with him a notion of the 'story' that lies embedded within the 'facts' given by the record. For in fact there are an infinite number of such stories contained therein, all different in their details, each unlike every other. What the historian must bring to his consideration of the record are general notions of the kinds of stories that might be found there, just as he must bring to consideration of the problem of narrative representation some notion of the 'pre-generic plot-structure' by which the story he tells is endowed with formal coherency (White 1978: 60).

As an anthropologist, my approach to these stories focuses on interpretation through contextualization. I am primarily concerned with the meaning in these stories, not only for coming to understand Maria, but also for appreciating what Maria means to the people with whom I lived. To these ends I have indeed imbued a sense of coherency to the stories for my own purposes. I must also add that I myself became fascinated with the images of

Maria. Sidi Ifni had long struck me as the perfect setting for a ghost story and the presence/absence of Maria only confirmed this for me. I have tried not to romanticize my own interest in Maria but then again, I think that the stories do this themselves. In coming to look through all these images, I want to share a sense of wonder and intrigue that accompanies these nostalgic memories. Also important here is that Maria wanders the streets which are themselves part of the story. Her ghost will outlive those who remember her because she is part of the architecture and structure of the town. Maria represents the time when Sidi Ifni was full of potential. She stands for the promises that the Spanish made about Ifni's potential to be great. People talk about Maria even now as a way to reinvigorate the link between the present and the past. What makes memories of Maria so salient is that they both haunt and inspire. Her presence is a reminder of better times but also therefore a critique of the present decay. The ruins of the past are part of the present day reality and do more than serve as a backdrop or screen. The art deco town is reconstructed as part of the nostalgic repertoire. The next section deals with the role of physical structures in the town and the ways that they help to structure nostalgic memories as potent critiques. Each structure is a reminder of the remains of potential that the town embodied and thus has meaning in multiple spatiotemporal contexts. The buildings are physical and symbolic representations of the cosmology of nostalgia at work in the daily life of Ifeñas.

"A Town Without History Is Not a Town":

The people who told me their Maria stories had grown up in Sidi Ifni. Some had left town for some time to pursue education or a career but all of them were now settled and living with their families. Everyone who tells the stories lives a life that they imagine would have been more prosperous if it were not for the neglect that Sidi Ifni has suffered under the Moroccan government. The roads are not paved. There is no sewage system. The water is not potable. Many of the buildings are literally crumbling. People took to living in these buildings such as the library and the lighthouse on the day that the Spanish left, June 30, 1969. The structures have not been altered in any way since that day. Books are occasionally found in the library buried under the bookshelves that were left where they tipped over. At the courthouse which was the former Iglesia, old documents and bibles are literally strewn across the tile floor as if a breeze had swept them down and nobody had picked them up for over 30 years. There was a distinct impression of the buildings being frozen in time even as people lived their present lives in the spaces. The few new buildings in town were themselves still under construction although work began on them in the 1970's. The majority of these "new" houses still did not have doors and had metal re-bar sticking out from the roofs.

During one interview I asked Abdilah if he still considered Ifni to be a "Spanish town" and he said that *"the Spanish still exist, even if now the Moroccans break everything....a town without history is not a town"*. With the economy slowly improving, he said that people still recognize the differences between the vitality of Ifni during its Spanish period and now. *"Even the new port is a reminder of the Spanish because it is built on the edge of the Old Spanish port"*

that brought money to this town from the very beginning. Even the Old Spanish consulate which is on the Plaza D'Espagna is still owned by the Spanish, broken windows and all. Their lighthouse still illuminates the port though it was bought by Moroccans."

While unemployment is rampant across Morocco, small agricultural or fishing towns like Sidi Ifni have the worst prospects. What jobs there are require days at sea in little rubber boats. Every few months people die while fishing off the coast. The schools in town have no supplies and no facilities for education past the early teenage years. Government buses do not service the town nor do most vendors. We would regularly run out of basic supplies like milk and grain. Given these circumstances, the nostalgia of the past is a way of casting their present in a most distinct light. The past is remembered in the stories as a time of jobs, close familial ties, schooling for all the children, roads, parades, parties and even a pool. The pool is still there but is empty. The cement diving platform has long since fallen into the deep end. The "realities" of the Spanish period as a time of intense conscription and segregation are not the major themes of remembered narratives. People want to think and speak about the past so as to illuminate the negative spaces that exist in their contemporary lives. In this sense nostalgia is both positive and negative. The nostalgias that emerge in the stories are for both the fundamentals and superficialities of social life: education, a hospital, the courthouse, beautiful buildings, fancy cars, parks with greenery and flowers, town-wide social events and a potential for greatness. Sidi Ifni was to be the ideal of a new era of African history. The era was colonial but Sidi Ifni was the glorified center of it all.

The future imagined in these constructions is not entirely possible. The Spanish will certainly not return although people often tell of rumors that the Spanish fishing fleet will return and need to hire out all of the men as workers. Morocco, while still claiming that the Western Sahara is part of “Greater Morocco” (see chapter3) no longer uses Sidi Ifni as the symbol of the power of the monarch to conquer the desert. I am not saying that the visions of the future through the stories of the past is thus futile. The stories that follow are a way into social and political critique and as such have meaning and power in their own right. In a town where the Sureté Nationale has knowledge of every person’s daily activities, agentive speech is valuable and full of potential for change.

The Stories:

Hassan, whose own personal story will become more important in the second chapter, was a barber who thought of himself as the town historian. He was also known for his drinking habits. His shop was on one of the large streets in town but towards the end with little commerce. Oftentimes I would pass his store and the metal doors would be closed tight. Kids did not play in front of the houses in this area of town and there were no cafés. The drawers in the built-in counters were literally overflowing with scraps of paper, old photos, postcards and brochures. What they had in common was that in some way they were related to Hassan’s vision of Sidi Ifni. I would visit Hassan from time to time and sit on the back bench looking over the newspaper clippings while he trimmed his customer’s hair. Sometimes he would add a shave for no extra charge just to prolong the conversation with the man sitting

in the barber chair. When I would ask people if they had seen these photos and clippings they smiled and said that these were Hassan's joy and he would show them to anybody interested.

Once in a while somebody would add a story of his or her own. For example, one afternoon before Ramadan began, I was sitting in the shop looking through sepia tone pictures. I found one of the "telepherique" which still exists just off shore. A telepherique is similar to the kind of contraption that is used to transport people and their skis to the top of a mountain. It has a cable car and elaborate pulley system. I was told that the structure in Ifni was one of only two in the world that had been built to haul enormous cargoes of fish into the port. Completed in 1967 by the Spanish after many years of work, the Ifni telepherique was a testimonial to the infinite riches of the local sea. It represented the wealth of natural resources of which Ifeñas are so proud; it also symbolized one of the primary reasons that Spain chose to invest so much in this small town just beyond the desert. After the Spanish left, the Moroccan government took up the running of the telepherique and also used it as a symbol of national pride. It was depicted in newspaper articles and was well known throughout the country. These days, however, while the skeleton of the massive cement structures both at sea and on the shore still remain, the cables have fallen away and the cranes that used to lift the cargo containers have disappeared. The operator's car has vanished. This confused me since it was an enormous metal cable car similar to a train caboose. I was asking about this when an older man walked into Hassan's shop. He saw me looking at the photos and sat down next to me. He was silent for some time and then said, "do you know what that is?" I gave a nod and he said, "I was the man who ran the car. It was beautiful. A real machine

and it was an honor to be the one in charge.” He seemed a bit overwhelmed by this memory and started to choke on his words. “Why did they let it fall apart like that? It was amazing and they let it fall apart.” I asked if he knew where his operating car had gone and he said that he did not but would like to see it again. Once the man left, Hassan said that he hadn’t remembered until that afternoon about this man running the car. Being such a fan of local history, Hassan quickly made some notes on the back of the picture that he then put away in one of the drawers. I left for home and continued to wonder about what it must be like to live in a place like Ifni where talk of the telepherique could inspire tears of pride and loss.

I shared this story with the family back at my apartment. Malika and Mbarek were brother and sister. I lived with both of them and spent most of my time in the kitchen with Malika learning her recipes and practicing Arabic while listening to the women gossip about people in the town. She was very petite and incredibly tough. Once in a while we would take a walk through town together and she would tell me stories about literally everybody we passed. Most of the time, however, Malika would stay at the house either working for hour upon hour in the kitchen preparing food for the guests, or in the store that she ran just adjacent to the hotel. We had our tea together every afternoon and Malika would catch me up on the local gossip which was often about me and the farce of my dealings with the police.¹⁵ This was an endless source of entertainment for her. The rest of our talk usually focused on who was getting married, what kinds of sweets we were going to prepare for the

¹⁵ These themes are explored in the next chapter.

parties and who was staying in the hotel. Malika was not married and made very clear that she was not interested in marriage at all.¹⁶

Mbarek, was the youngest brother in the family of three brothers and four sisters. He had a degree in engineering but the only place he could apply that knowledge was in fixing the espresso machine that he used to serve coffee all day long. He had received his training at the vocational school down in L'Youne where some more distant members of the family lived. He liked living in the desert but there were no jobs and he very much wanted to use his skills to make money and travel the world. Generally soft spoken, I came to realize that Mbarek had a sarcastic side and would often join in on the gossip. He especially enjoyed making fun of the German tourists who camped out down at the beach. This struck him as absurd. One day he asked me to walk with him up to the balustrade looking over the ocean. He had something to show me. When we got there, instead of pointing out to sea he pointed down. "Look at that. They live in their cars and have satellites on the roof. They even have showers in those things. And they sit next to them wearing no clothes, even the women." I looked down and did in fact see quite a few people who were working on turning their skin lobster red in the sun. Mbarek went on. "Why do they camp here? It smells like sewage. They can go anywhere in those cars and they come here, camp for weeks, don't buy anything in town and then one day drive off." I had to agree with everything he said. The beach did in fact smell like sewage as I knew all too well having lived just above it for months. I only very seldom saw one of these tourists in the town and it was generally in the newspaper store arguing with the person behind the counter in German. I later asked the shopkeeper if he understood that

¹⁶ This is discussed more fully in Chapter 4.

language and he said only what he had learned from them coming to yell at him for all these years. Sometimes I would see a “camper tourist” buying vegetables and remarking at how inexpensive they were.

One day, returning from the vegetable market, I passed a woman who had red hair the color of neon playdough. She must have been in her 50’s and was wearing a tank-top, peddle-pusher pants and bright yellow sandals. I was walking with Hassan to my tutoring session at the time. After we passed her, Hassan stopped in the street, turned around and told me that this woman “was famous.” I asked if she was a television star from Germany and he said, “no, famous here in Ifni....for her hair. She has been coming her for at least 12 years and her hair gets more red every time only she has less and less hair every time also.” He then added, “She knew Maria. I think that they liked how each other looked.”

Hassan was an especially interesting case. He was very well educated and spoke quite a few languages fluently. He had traveled the world working aboard a Norwegian cruise ship and I saw pictures of him, beer in hand, living large while on the high seas. After this job ended, he found work at Disney’s Epcot Center in Florida. He spent his days in the “Moroccan pavilion” responding to questions, entertaining those who stopped to hear him play percussion, and selling ceramics that were “just like those we have here in Morocco, only they don’t fall apart so fast.” These days Hassan worked as an Arabic tutor for me and a few others in town. He was well known but people thought of him somewhat critically, most notably Malika.

Given that this is a small town, the dynamics of the story take on significant interpersonal meanings. People have knowledge of one another in a fairly intimate way in such a setting. Malika, for example, had known

Hassan well when they were both school-aged children. She had thought very highly of him because he was so intelligent and seemed to have such promise. When he left for work abroad, people in town thought that it would open the door to an even more promising future for Hassan and his family but this was not the case. Once Hassan returned to Ifni, he held no job for many years, relying on his brother's income as a fisherman. His father and mother had passed away and his sister had become very ill. She was living at home, taking care of herself and her brothers. Malika would often ask about my conversations with Hassan because she wanted to know if he was going to move to another town, find a good job and live up to her expectations. It is important to note here that Malika was herself unique in Sidi Ifni. She worked with her family to run the hotel but she also owned and operated her own boutique; the only one in town. This was geared to the few tourists who made their way as far south as Ifni but it was also a gallery of sorts. Malika's love was working with beads and making rather elaborate necklaces and earrings. She made some money from her work and had even purchased a plot of land to build her own house someday. She also used the money to contribute to the family's income which was seasonally dependent. Her criticisms of Hassan were very much related to her own self-image as somebody who was making a new world for herself based on her individual skills and talents.

All of these people had grown up with Maria in their lives. She was part of the daily social world and would be seen at the movie theaters (when they were still open), strolling down by the beach, and in her yard. Maria did not always represent the "past" because she was so much a part of the present. It was not until Maria herself became referred to in the past tense that she herself came to represent the past. She was part of the community and people

had memories of her which were connected to memories of their own lives. Maria serves as a symbol through which Ifeñas draw connections between one another. At the same time, however, Maria was Spanish. She had remained while the others had gone. Depending on the context, Maria would sometimes be referred to as an “Ifeña” or a woman from Ifni. In other situations, most notably those surrounding her taking leave of the town, people spoke of her as being Spanish. I never learned her last name.

Ave Maria:

I heard from one person that Maria was the last Spanish person remaining in town but a few years ago she went “crazy” in her old age and was taken “to a convent in Tiznit”. So I asked Malika. She said, “you don’t know Maria?” as if it was obvious that I should. Malika’s description of Maria was largely based on appearance. She said that Maria wore bright red lipstick and thick heavy black or blue make-up on her eyes. “She didn’t have much hair left because she was so old, so she used to flop it over her eyes, tuck a rolled up newspaper on her head, and flip the hair back over the paper. She would wear a bright handkerchief or scarf over this.” Then Malika made hand gestures to show the expression of a woman walking around with a newspaper bouffant, lots of eye make up in all the wrong places and lipstick worn well beyond the narrow confines of her own natural lips. I asked where Maria is now and Malika said that her family took her away to Tangier where there is a place “for old people, but who knows, that was 2 years ago and she might have died”. “We used to make fun of her when we were walking to school and would see her.” I asked why this was and Malika said, “I don’t

know. We were school girls and she was very strange.” Malika spoke with a kind of sadness in her voice and added, “I wish that we hadn’t been so mean to her but we heard stories about her living alone and she scared us sometimes. Her house was hidden under that plant and her family left her here.” I said that maybe Maria chose to stay of her own accord and Malika said, “yes, I think that now because she had her home here. She loved Ifni and she was from here, you know. But it was so sad when she was old and living alone. That woman who was supposed to help her didn’t. She would just be in the house and not help Maria even make her food.” The failure of kinship was the problem here. Maria was seen to have been left behind, even if she chose to stay, because she was alone. Malika went off in search of pictures. “I used to have one of Maria looking like a movie star. It is a picture with my dad when we used to have a bar in the restaurant. That was so long ago.” Malika never found the picture.

Further intrigued by this story, I asked Hassan. He also said, “you don’t know Maria?...She isn’t here anymore but she was the last of the Spanish. She had a beautiful house.” I asked him if it was true that many Moroccans left for Spain at the end of the colony and he said, “maybe one or two but the rest no. It was too far and their homes were here. But the Spanish, they all left. Except Maria. She was Spanish but her home was here and so she stayed. She was part of the town and was sad like we were when Cine Avenida closed (one of the movie theaters).” I then asked him to tell me more about Maria so he said that, “towards the end she went a bit crazy. She was living by herself you know. She had a housekeeper but the housekeeper left. She wandered around town but nobody liked her. She was crazy. She was very old. Then the Spanish took her away.” I asked him to explain if this was

her family or some sort of protection group and he said, “no, when Spain wanted to join the EU, they came to care for her. They gave her a housekeeper but she still did not leave the house anymore and got worse. Then after a bit they took her away. It was easier to do that than to let her die here and then have to deal with her.” He didn’t know if she was dead now but he thought that she might be. I wasn’t sure if I heard him correctly so I asked if it was the Spanish government or an individual from Spain. Hassan said, “I heard that Spain was not going to be allowed to join the EU because it was not caring for its citizens. Everybody knew about Maria and so Spain had to come get her so that they could join the EU. Otherwise people would think that they did not take care of their people.” “Oh, now I understand.” This was fascinating to me. Hassan was telling me that “everybody knew about Maria” and he seemed to be implying that by “everybody” he didn’t just mean people in Sidi Ifni, Morocco. Somehow European Union officials had heard about this woman living alone in a house covered with bougainvillea and were concerned not only for her welfare, but what she meant in the context of Spain’s commitment to its citizens.

Hassan asked if I wanted to see her house so I thought I would walk over there again and hear his version of Maria’s domestic life. When we got to the house he said, “here is her house. It is the most beautiful.” It really is, or rather it was. He said that she used to have the best plants with the bougainvillea spreading across the street, “because she would never let anybody cut the trees. As soon as she left they cut everything down and we all saw that the walls were crumbling”. I asked who cut the trees and he said, “somebody from across the street.” Across the street was the Sureté Nationale office which had been a Spanish civil services office. The yard was bare except

for the eucalyptus trees that dropped their seeds onto the street below. The walls surrounding the police building served as a cat freeway for an entire population of feral creatures. The windows upstairs overlooked the crumbling ruins of Maria's house.

In his version of the Maria narrative, Mbarek echoed the theme of an older woman who was unable to fit into her community for a number of reasons. She lived alone as an older woman which is highly unusual in Sidi Ifni. She did not dress or look like the majority of Ifeñas. She had stayed in Ifni while her family and compatriots had returned to their homes and other lives in Spain. Perhaps most importantly, Maria was herself caught up in the past of a town whose colonial history is becoming increasingly problematic. Maria came to represent all of these things. Mbarek said that Maria was "the last of the Spanish but she went crazy. They think she is dead now. She was very old when she left here. The Spanish consulate took her away and she probably died after that. Before, many people tried to take her to Spain but she did not want to leave. Probably she was born here and it was her home. She used to walk around the market and talk to people, especially the old people who knew Spanish. She was very good in Spanish." I found this last remark especially interesting because everybody says she was "Spanish" and yet Mbarek made special mention of her linguistic ability in this language. Some of the people with whom I have spoken think Maria was born here. Others think that she arrived with her family when she was very young, the daughter of a military family. It is generally the assumption that she did not speak Arabic, but Mbarek said her Spanish was very good. This is not the type of remark that one makes when speaking of somebody using her "native" language for communication. This comment is important because it shows the

complexity of colonial identity. It is interesting that I never heard Maria referred to as being a “foreigner”. This was certainly an appellation used to describe the German tourists who came to town in their RVs or the French who would visit on occasion. Ifeñas did categorize some people as foreign and “not us” but Maria did not fit these categories. On the one hand Maria is always described as being Spanish. So then why highlight her ability to speak Spanish? On the other hand, Maria is considered to be an Ifeña because of her desire to live her life in this place. Was she then an Ifeña who knew Spanish or was she still a Spanish colonial figure, or could she be both? Was she an Ifeña at one point in her life, and now only a Spanish woman because she lives only as a memory? I cannot ask her but it is certainly how Ifeñas saw and remember her.

The Infamous “Nisba” Adjective:

I would like to situate these memories of Maria within a brief description of the history of the town as it is generally conceived by the Ifeñas. But before doing so, it is important to think through what the term “Ifeña” can mean. “Ifeña” was the term that the Spanish used to describe people from Ifni and it continues to be used by people in town today. As a morpheme “Ifeña” is indicative of the syncretic identity that emerged out of the colonial context. Sidi Ifni or just Ifni is the name of the sacred spring and marabout, Sidi Ali Ifni. This name predates the arrival of the Spanish in 1934 and is itself a mix of Arabic and Berber/Tashelhit names. The word “Ifeña” is then a melange of Spanish, and Arabo-Berber. I find this especially interesting because colonial officials knew the town as Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña. The name “Sidi Ifni”

was also used in some Spanish documents but usually when describing the “Ifni region” of which Santa Cruz was the capital. The term “Ifeña” encompasses: the Spanish who lived here, people born in town and the surrounding villages, those from other places in Morocco who now live in Ifni, and people from the Sahara who both live in Ifni and come here to trade before heading back south with their camels and battered land rovers. To those familiar with Geertz and Rosen’s work on Morocco, the encompassing and relativistic usage of an identity term, like “Ifeña” will seem familiar. Though in this context the word itself emerges out of a synthesis of Spanish and Moroccan naming practices, it is used in the same way as a “nisba” adjective, a descriptive term used to include and exclude people from community membership. In “Meaning and Order in Moroccan Society”, Geertz focuses his linguistic gaze upon the nisba system which allows any noun to become a descriptor for an individual or place through the suffixing of a “ya” to the root or construct. These are ascriptive designations which are “applied by the Moroccans to themselves” in such a way as to highlight the fundamentally relative nature of social ties.

The mosaic [of the nisba system] is more than merely a Moroccan representation of what persons are and how society is composed, a specific conception of social reality, though it is that. It is also a set of principles by means of which to order the interaction of persons - - in the bazaar, in politics, in the casual intercourse of everyday life -- a guide for the construction of social reality (Geertz 1979: 149).

The nisba system is a set of nested and encompassing terms from which a person might draw to define themselves or which can be used to define somebody else. In the most simple of examples, a person would say that they are “Ifeña” from the “south”, from “Morocco”. Depending on the context, any one or combination of these terms could be used. On another more politicized

level, a person could be “Ifeña” and be either “Spanish”, “Arab” or “Berber” depending on the social context. The degree of specificity used very much depends on the purpose to which a person’s identity was being put and by whom. Symbolically, what is important is that the nisba system is indeed very much part of daily life. At the same time, it situates people within the process of social construction of reality because identity is found to be entirely relative.

The creation of Maria as an “Ifeña” situates her life story within the construction and remembrance of the community. It also produces an identity for the storyteller. They can either describe Maria as an “Ifeña” or as “Spanish” depending on how they want to position themselves vis-à-vis the history of the town, their imaginings of the present or the unknown future. To further complicate matters, the storytellers could refer to Maria as *both* “Ifeña” and as “Spanish” because, thanks to the nisba system, this relative placement of social identity allows for a fluid and highly interpersonal construction of sociality.

Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña:

To fully appreciate the significance of Maria’s myriad and polyvocal symbolic identities, a sense of place is important. Ifni was the capital of the Spanish enclave as it was established originally by the Treaty of Tetuan in 1860, but officially settled on April 6, 1934 by the Spanish. The Spanish used Ifni as a base for their (attempted) colonization of the Western Sahara and the

Canary Islands.¹⁷ It was their port and was accessible by boat and later by plane. As can be argued for any colonial and post-colonial space, “the status quo...was a structure of feeling and set of sociocultural arrangements that had been shaped and inflected by the colonial encounter” (Cole 2001: 290).

Alternately, the colonial encounter was shaped by the ways of life of those people who came to live in Ifni, both Spanish and Moroccan. The dialectic between the colonized and colonizer is especially problematic in Ifni, however, because there was virtually nothing in town when the Spanish arrived. People moved to town, and were moved there, to create the enclave. This makes Ifni an interesting and problematic place to study colonialism. The self-conscious construction of “Santa Cruz del mar Pequena” (Ifni’s Spanish name) was the realization of the desires to make a military town that embodied an idealized lifestyle of work, pleasure, family and community.

The physical landscape of Ifni that is roughly isomorphic with the territory of the Ait Baamarane kabila (the local Berber group), was Spanish by treaty. Of course according to the Ait Baamarane, this land was theirs before and after colonialism. Thus there were the Moroccans, the Spanish and the conglomeration of Ait Baamarane kabilas and douars (extended family compounds) all with some relationship to this place. However the Spanish did not consider Ifni to be Moroccan land inhabited or colonized by the Spanish. It *was* Spanish. This is an important distinction. Ifni was a military town that was gussied up with a casino, a “twist club”, plenty of bars and

¹⁷ “A la suite de la victoire de l’Espagne sur le Maroc en 1859 pour le contrôle de Ceuta, le sultan de l’époque Sidi Mohamed a dû concéder, par le Traité de Tetouan du 26 avril 1860, “S.M. Marocaine s’enage a concéder a perpetuite a SM Catholique, sur la cote de l’océan, pres de Santa Cruz la Pequena, le territoire suffisant pour la formation d’un etablissement de pecherie comme celui que l’Espagne y possédait aoutrefois” (Article 8) in “A la rencontre des vagues du Sahara: Enjeux geopolitique autour de Sidi Ifni et Tarfaya” (Souali 2001).

later two cinemas. There was a car dealership and a pool (which is now being refurbished much to the delight of the kids in town). The Spanish organized weekly socials and dances to which military families were invited. This meant Spanish military families, those same families who attended the enormous and beautiful art deco church on the main Plaza d'Espagna. Maria would have attended these dances. She was said to have been seen with an especially handsome military officer at a number of these socials.

There were indeed events to which both Moroccans and Spanish were invited, but these were marked as special occasions and each one received its own column in the weekly AOE (Africaine Occidental Espagnol) colonial newspaper. The paper would show pictures of Moroccans and Spanish "getting along" at such things as a swimming tournament or a day at the zoo (destroyed in the floods in the mid 1980's). The majority of events that showed a "united community" however, were military processions to welcome a general or dignitary to town. In these instances, the community being depicted was comprised of Spanish officers and Moroccan soldiers, each with their own respective uniforms, clearly distinct from one another. The hierarchy of unity was clear. Each week the local Spanish paper would show parades around the town square as well as list the movies to be shown at the art deco wonderland of Cine Avenida.

Few of these newspapers remain in existence but they are remembered in a nearly mythological way. For example, one day I went to speak to the secretary of the tribunal that is housed in the former Iglesia (Catholic church). The secretary also lives in the building with her children who run through the halls of the old church picking up chipped pieces of tile to throw at one another. I told her that in the OAE I had seen pictures of the church when it

was first built. She had never seen these. The judge's assistant then arrived and managed to amaze the woman with stories of how incredible the newspapers had been. He repeated many times that, "It was very popular, everybody used to read it once a week even though it was in Spanish. African Occidental Espagnol. There are still some copies in town but you don't see them." The reason that nobody sees them is because when the Spanish left and the Moroccan officials were installed, they burned the archives that had been left behind. The copies that remain were stored in the attics of the few families who wanted the newspapers as keepsakes. Rashid, the man who copied the papers for me, generally kept them hidden and only showed them to the curious customer whom he felt he could trust (usually not somebody from town, interestingly). These documents are one particular representation of the past, but they are no longer an active part of public discourse, except as memory.

One day I went to pick up some xeroxed copies of the AOE that Rashid had made for me. He had them out on the countertop in his shop. I should add that he runs the most successful business in town. People go to him to recharge their phones, buy candy, telephone cards, pens, and newspapers. He also owns one of the two xerox machines and so people turn over to him their most personal documents. I would regularly see men in his shop getting extra copies of their identity cards. Any legal paperwork, even the most private, would go through Rashid's hands. He copied the newspapers for me during lulls in the morning hours when most people were still out to sea fishing. When I stopped by to pick up the newspapers, older men who had lived in town for at least the majority of their adult lives, were looking through the piles. At one point, one of them said, "Isn't that the woman who lives across

the street? She was so young!” It turned out that there was a series of newspapers based on the theme, “Chiquitas de Ifni”. The cover image was a different woman each week, done up in the latest style. Most of these women were Spanish citizens but some were local Moroccan women who were now much older and most likely would not be seen outside. Even these women were gussied up for the photos, head uncovered, wearing the latest in 60’s mod clothing. Inside would be a brief biography and more photos. The biographies were quite general and focused on the subjects at which the girl excelled in school, how she liked to help her family, what she hoped would come of her future. The most popular answer was to “give something back to the people who had helped” her get to this point in her life, a Chiquita de Ifni.

I was very excited to see these newspapers but the reactions of the men in the shop were even more fascinating. They could name each of the women and remember at least some vague details about her, generally where she lived and who her family was. I asked if they knew where these women had gone and invariably the response was that they had gone to Spain, had died, or were no longer part of the public life of the community. The tones of these replies were not wistful but more matter-of-fact. I hung around the store for quite a while so that people could look at the photos. I finally left because somebody ran into the shop to warn us that the police were driving around and would notice us. We packed up the newspapers and the men headed off to the cafés, probably to reminisce and tell stories about the Chiquitas de Ifni that I would not be allowed to hear.

The hiding of the newspapers and people’s overall unwillingness to publicly initiate talk about the past were very much tied to the relationship

between the townspeople and the local authorities who represent the Moroccan government.¹⁸ A genuine concern was palpable when the authorities were around. This is so not only because people were telling me stories about a past that is potentially critical of the present, but also because of the qualities of authority more generally in Morocco and especially Sidi Ifni at this time. These officials could bring somebody in for questioning just because they said something positive about the Spanish colonial period; it is against the Moroccan constitution to criticize the monarch or the monarchy and so praise of the Spanish was necessarily construed as indictment of the King.

Forgotten but Remembered:

Memories of a space and time that provide the basis for the construction of social identity are simultaneously representations of the past and critiques of contemporary power. In talking about the old newspapers, the Ifeñas are invoking the past to represent a dialogue that can only take place through the use of coded rhetorical strategies such as nostalgia. Werbner discusses this aspect of memory as “public practice” with regard to the representation of postcolonial identities. Though he is writing about the encompassing context of African postcolonial memory, his discussion is relevant to Sidi Ifni.

In postcolonial Africa, memory as public practice is increasingly in crisis. Memory’s contribution to the critique of power, to the very grounds of political subjectivity is becoming more uncertain, more indefinite and ambiguous. This postcolonial memory crisis emerging widely across the African continent, is not merely over what is to be publicly remembered or forgotten. The challenge in

¹⁸ This theme is the subject of the next chapter.

everyday life, in major occasions and in disruptive events of terror and civil unrest is to the very means and modes of remembrance. (Werbner 1998: 1).

The everyday challenge of memory in Ifni characterizes much of the sense of spatio-temporal reality itself. The Maria stories constitute a “mode of remembrance” in that they represent a genre of narrative, focused on one iconic personage. People are allowed to share these memories because they do not seem, upon casual reflection, to be part of a critique of power or challenge to authority. They are accessible stories and have a real charm to them. This is why the memories of Maria have the peculiar resonance that they do for so many people in town. Aside from the sometimes kitschy, usually entertaining qualities of these stories, they do represent a way of remembering and reconceptualizing time and place.¹⁹ Boym offers a discussion of nostalgia as a motivated critique rather than a simple romanticized essentialism. This is fundamental to my argument about the use of spatiotemporal identity construction in Sidi Ifni.

Nostalgia is not always about the past; it can be retrospective but also prospective. Fantasies of the past determined by needs of the present have a direct impact on realities of the future...nostalgia is about the relationship...between personal and collective memory (Boym 2001: xvi).

It is through these memories that the town is able to recreate its own sense of past, present and future but only in the most private of conversations would people speak freely about the way that the past has impacted their sense of time and place. Such conversation would be triggered by life lived in the physical structures of the past. The material symbolic presence of the

¹⁹ “Yet the more nostalgia there is, the more heatedly it is denied. Nostalgia is something of a bad word, an affectionate insult at best. ‘Nostalgia is to memory as kitsch is to art,’ writes Charles Maier. The word *nostalgia* is frequently used dismissively. ‘Nostalgia...is essentially history without guilt...’ writes Michael Kamen. Nostalgia in this sense is an abdication of personal responsibility, a guilt-free homecoming, an ethical and aesthetic failure” (Boym 2001: xiv).

Spanish was a daily reminder of the potentials located in the architectural space of the town. People used Maria as the vehicle for remembering the Spanish period because she was a public symbol that was safe to employ in the critique of power. The critique that Maria embodied was of Sidi Ifni's failed potential. It had been a beautiful town with the promises of prosperity. Now, Sidi Ifni has rampant unemployment, roads that are difficult to walk let alone drive, one schoolroom with no supplies and a fishing port that had not been maintained since the 1960's despite its centrality to the economic well-being of the entire region. The men who line the streets smoking and drinking despite such practices being *haram* or forbidden in Islam represented the failure of both the Spanish and Moroccan states to provide for this forgotten enclave. This has significant ramifications in terms of the social construction of gender. As I will discuss in chapter four, while more men found themselves unemployed, their performance of gender roles was becoming more tenuous. The Spanish had left but the Moroccan government is ostensibly in power and therefore responsible for the deep frustrations that permeated Ifeñas' daily lives. This failure on the part of the Moroccan nation as it is perceived by Ifeñas led, in 2008, to the Ifni Riots that I will discuss in the final chapter.

Similarly, the AOE newspapers are an aspect of the necessarily forgotten but remembered aspects of the Spanish colonial presence in Ifni. Hidden away in the back of the store, the newspapers are part of a place but they are not allowed to publicly represent memory. The ways that memories become part of the backdrop is part of the character of the town. As Cole writes, "In fact, it was because these practices of remembering and forgetting so convincingly produced a particular sense of locality that the effects of the

colonial past were hard to perceive in the first place” (Cole 2001: 7). It is this paradox which interests me because while people are being coerced by local and national authorities into forgetting their past and hence parts of their identity, some are actively working to keep these memories alive. These remembered constructions of Ifni are idiosyncratic and personal but are part of the construction of the collective identity of the town nevertheless. This collective identity is passed along through memories because the nostalgia so clearly evident in peoples’ stories is transmitted even by those who were born long after the Spanish left. The generation who lived through the Spanish period had secreted away such artifacts as the AOE newspapers, Maria’s scarf and photos of the plans that had landed on the runway. Even passing remarks about how nice it would be to use the pool or to see a movie are part of the process of collective memory-making. Stewart refers to this process as one of “unforgetting”. She writes:

I am suggesting that this kind of re-membered attention to events constitutes a form of unforgetting. Far from reducing remembered events to illustrations of ideas, it uses them to interrupt the very progress of master narrative codes and to displace the certainty of concept with a densely textured interpretive space that follows a logic of digression and accidental adjacency” (Stewart 1996: 80).

Maria, the Spanish woman living alone across the street from the Sureté Nationale office can very well be said to “interrupt the very progress of master narrative codes”(ibid.). In her morning walks and arguments about the bougainvillea as menace or natural wonder, she was a daily reminder of Sidi Ifni’s former identity as Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña. The stories of Maria hinge on her quirks because she was a person with her own style. She could not be reduced to a nationalist interpretation of the end of Spanish colonialism. In remembering Maria, people were able to evoke rich and

complex memories of their own pasts, nostalgic or otherwise. These were the kinds of memories that would be difficult to share without the metaphor of Maria. As Cole writes, "... [there is a] social injunction against talking about the events, so that in everyday life the events appear – and perhaps they are – forgotten" (Cole 2001: 224). While people are recalcitrant to speak about the Spanish directly, they use memories of Maria as a way of talking about a time that has passed.

Like Maria, the Spanish presence is not entirely forgotten, but there are more and more aspects of the past whose memories are being parceled out for particular people to work to remember. For example, while Rashid has the newspapers, Hassan has his memories of Maria's bougainvillea, Hassan has her scarf, and Malika has her makeup. Each one recreates and reproduces a version of the Spanish past which taken together, presents *both* an individual and a collective understanding of who these Spanish were who built this town and then one day left. Simultaneously it inscribes an identity of the Ifeñas, those Moroccans who did not leave at the end of the enclave and who watched Maria on her morning jaunts. The social division of memory labor creates a sense of community that highlights the temporality of social life. By division of memory labor I am not only referring to the practices of memory in which individuals engage. The work of remembering is part of the production of social life. The social processes that make a town a community are necessarily impacted by the past, present and future of a place. So, just as a town exists through the sum of its parts in the present, it also exists because elements of its past are remembered and brought into daily quotidian life. As Halbwachs writes, there is a

...close association of historical narratives with particular families [which] distinguishes memory from history. He observes,

'Collective memory differs from history...it is a current of continuous thought whose continuity is not at all artificial, for it retains from the past only what still lives or is capable of living in the consciousness of the groups keeping the memory alive. By definition, it does not exceed the boundaries of the group (Halbwachs 1950: 50 In Cole 2001: 131).

As people take on and are given the task of remembering their own past and that of others, they are highly selective. The collective memories of Ifni are very much part of the construction of a complicated sense of time, place and people. As individuals and families take up the work of remembering, some elements of the past are forgotten while others take on more importance as memory than they did as "reality".

The stories told are interesting in themselves as narrative constructions, products of certain people at particular moments in time and space. But these stories are also a way into understanding a sense of time, place and space that is unique to Sidi Ifni. In the following, Stewart writes of the ideal constructions of space and place that are evoked by stories of the places and their pasts.

Ways and ideals and fundamental attachments emerge from out of the ruins as a space of desire resonant with nostalgias, heroics and dreams of reversal.

It is among these ruins, then, that the storyteller stands; this is the *place* from which she speaks. ...

The attachment to a place... depends not on realism and normative judgement but on what Lukács (1968) called social realism – a cultural fabulation that places people within the entire historical dynamics of their society in such a way that 'reality' is revealed as a process in concrete social experience...they construct a cultural space in which the impacts of history lie immanent in forms of action and story and in practices of fragmentation and remembering...Forms of cultural agency emerge out of powerful lyric images...(Stewart 1996: 48).

As Stewart argues above, "'reality' is revealed as a process in concrete social experience" (ibid.). A process is enacted over time and in a cultural

space. This place is itself changing and being changed as time moves forward, and backwards depending on how people tell their stories and live their lives. This construction of time as a structure for social narrative is evocative of Halbwachs' theories of collective memory. He writes that, "time is real only insofar as it has content, insofar as it offers events as material for thought" (Halbwachs 1992: 8). For Halbwachs, this kind of memory is what binds people together in quotidian life when there is no collective effervescence. "The apparent void between periods of effervescence and ordinary life are, in fact, filled and fed by collective memory..." (Halbwachs 1992: 25). Memories of the Spanish past could have been lost altogether if it were not for the work of the townspeople to call up the stories which are the basis of this chapter. I argue that they do so in order to shape and reshape the narratives of possible futures in contrast to a problematic past. In this understanding of the Spanish period, the "past" is contiguous with the present and imaginings of the future. In this context, the future is something that the people of Sidi Ifni want to have some control over. The past was lived under a colonial regime. Some stories reflect the challenges this entailed for both individual and familial life. At the same time however, people often glorify the past. This is highly political since what they are saying, in effect, is that life under the colonial regime was more fulfilling and prosperous than it has been under the Moroccan government. It is written in law that negative statements about the King or his policies are unconstitutional. Knowing this, a critique of the present through remembrance of the past is a creative and salient form of agentive political action.

According to the Moroccan government and as is well known to the people of Sidi Ifni, the parameters for legitimate memory are bound by the need to uphold national policies and the authority of the monarchy.

My argument about nostalgia is not imposed upon the stories that were shared with me. It emerges from the ways that people remember the most colorful character of the Spanish presence in town. As can be seen from the stories, the sense of temporality is relative and shifting. When people speak about Maria, it is in multiple and fluid spatio-temporal contexts. She both exists out of time and as a marker of the passage of time itself. Maria comes to represent what Sidi Ifni was in its “glory days”, who the Spanish were, and what has become of all the promise that was the dream behind Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña. Maria’s isolation and the mystery of her absence are also iconic of the changes and challenges facing Sidi Ifni today. The construction of Maria as a character is representative of the “cultural agency” to which Stewart refers. People tell their stories in certain ways and to certain ends. Given this, my argument is that stories of Maria allow for insights into larger social processes. While the details about her life are interesting, their “factuality” is not of primary importance; it does not matter who is right or wrong. While people would sometimes disagree about Maria’s actual fate, her significance was not questioned. It is part of Maria’s story that any number of these strange conclusions to her life in Ifni were possible. The potential for different endings as represented by Maria being taken to a convent, a home for the elderly, Spain or having just disappeared speak to the multiple conceptions of the future of Ifni itself. The different stories about Maria’s past also tell tales about the different stories of Ifni’s past. No one version is definitive and what matters is that each story offers an abundance of meaning. The work of remembering Maria is the work of remembering the history of Ifni itself.

And So the Story Ends:

The police visited Hassan after the first time I talked to him about the history of the town. He said that those police were his neighbors and that they have been giving him a hard time ever since he started holding annual exhibitions of old pictures of Ifni. I asked when the exhibition would be this year and he said, "no, this year they will not let me show the pictures". The next time I talked to Hassan I asked him about Maria. He said that she was in Tetouan and that she had lived until she was 86. The other man in the shop acted as though Hassan was the authority on Maria, which is certainly how he presents himself. Hassan said, *"every morning Maria would have a raw egg in her milk, put on her scarf and walk around town and then down to the beach to get sun. She always lived by herself and when she left she was very old. Everybody in town knew her and greeted her every morning"*. He pulled open his drawer with all of his pictures of Ifni including one of Elizabeth Taylor sipping a cup of coffee while out on the airfield. When he pulls open his drawer of history, Maria's red scarf hides in the corner.

CHAPTER TWO

CONSTRUCTING OTHERNESS: THE POLITICS OF MEMORY

"After months of work, I have decided that you are neither CIA nor a prostitute".

"Wonderful, does this mean that I can now have my carte de séjour (resident permit)?"

"No, we still are waiting for paperwork from Rabat."

The politics of nostalgia are not all dreamlike, soft-focused misremembrances of the past. In fact, my argument throughout this analysis of Sidi Ifni is that nostalgia is much more a critique of the present and potential future than a recapturing of pleasant memories. The process of nostalgia relies on a significant amount of critical interpretation of one's place in society. Contemporary politics can be dealt with symbolically through the lens of nostalgia because this is relatively safe. Where people imagine that the present does not fulfill their needs or desires, nostalgia can be an effective tool for critique. Esra Ozyurek's analysis of "everyday politics in Turkey" is largely based on this type of politicized nostalgia.

... large groups of people yearn for bygone days and imagine a pristine past in which each individual society united around a common goal. A widely held belief about nostalgia is that because modernity could not fulfill its promises for a better and freer life, people marginalized during the modernization process now look back at the past fondly. According to Anread Huyssen (1995), modernity ended with the end of hope for tomorrow. Since then, people have looked for their utopias in the past rather than in the future (Ozyurek 2006: 8-9).

Those people who were marginalized by modernity are the subjects of this chapter. The officers who were involved in determining my status were clearly marginalized by the state given their relative lack of power. Where

they could enact their will, they would. However, there were few situations in which the local officials were able to exert any influence on others, let alone an American traveling with research papers. After much time away, I have come to realize that the demonstrations of power that led to questions of my identity say a great deal about the kinds of power to which Ifeñas had access.

Sidi Ifni was not an entirely closed off community. It was very much marginalized by the Moroccan government and was geographically isolated but people did travel to and from the town with relative ease. Certainly, strangers came and went from the town. It was very clear who these people were at all times because it was a small enough community that to be unknown was striking. Officially Sidi Ifni had about 20,000 residents though this did not account for the vast numbers of people who had left town to look for work. In practice, the town was small enough that people could recognize each other and would probably know which neighborhood or house each occupied. What matters in this chapter is not how people came to make sense of the random tourist who happened to visit Ifni and then leave. Here I am talking about the problems of what a stranger who comes to stay brings with him or herself. When the prevailing trope of nostalgia is part of the daily language of social space and a stranger arrives, how does nostalgia get transformed? How does the perception of the social space shift with the inclusion of another person's perspectives that have not been socialized via the same assumptions? Without intention, strangers ask that we reexamine our taken for granted notions. We look at our own worlds from another perspective. This could be true of somewhat trivial observances like realizing that the stranger has different tastes in food or clothing. Differences in language also lead to differences in representation and the possibilities for

misunderstanding. More serious observations can also be had in which a stranger asks one to explain why something is done in a particular manner. When I asked people how they came to have such a powerful nostalgic memory of a colonial time during which the majority of men were conscripted into the Spanish army, I was asking that people re-evaluate a fundamental sense of self and group. It is no wonder that I got into the kinds of trouble that I did.

The conversation about whether or not I was a prostitute or spy took place after three months of my being in town, of being followed by police officers and security officials, of submissions of page after page of paperwork, and testimonials from a number of respected people in town. In Chapter One I focused on the many ways that people used the memories of Maria to make sense of the transformations in their town. Here, I will argue that similar processes of interpretation come into play when making sense of the politics of the present.

Much of the interpretive work that people do to make sense of one another is like what an anthropologist does to make meaning out of others' experiences. This approach is based on Simmel's work on strangers. Simply put, his argument is that through coming to define "the other" a person or group is necessarily defining who they themselves are. "Simmel adopted the figure of the stranger to illuminate, or rather to capture, the contradictory experience of what it means to interact socially with someone who is both near in a spatial sense, yet remote in a social sense" (Allen 2000: 57). In Sidi Ifni, there is a distinct problem of "otherness". On the one hand, Sidi Ifni is constructed as an "other" vis-à-vis the Moroccan nation. This is both an emic

and etic construction based upon Sidi Ifni's post-colonial status and relationship to the controversy of the Western Sahara, which I will refer to more explicitly in the next chapter. Also salient in this context is the construction of gender as "otherness". This is the subject of Chapter Four. Here, I will move between constructions of socio-political and religious identities as "other" and knowable in order to make the larger argument that the construction of self and other in Sidi Ifni is fundamentally linked to the construction of Sidi Ifni as a nostalgic symbolic space.

Just as people were working hard at making sense of my presence in town, I was there to do much the same sort of thing. In this chapter I will try to make this process more clear as I discuss some particular instances of encounters that reveal the process of how people are fit into a symbolic interpretation of place. I have included many relevant excerpts of fieldnotes just as they were typed into my computer with the exception of a few minor clarifications for identity or language. The reason for this is because my argument is that people draw from a set of interpretive strategies to come to an understanding of who people are in the social environment. This is accomplished on a daily and experiential level as well as in official interviews and on bureaucratic forms. In my fieldnotes, much more is happening than just a question of the production of identity. Taken together the fieldnotes represent a typical set of experiences of daily life for an "outsider" of Ifni at a particular moment in time. The interconnections between these structures of social networks form a pattern of practice that reveals some significant aspects of the sociality of Sidi Ifni. The approach I am taking is that the form or structure of the chapter is itself homologous to the argument that I am making

therein. In this sense it takes from Bateson's use of metalogues as heuristic tools.

A *metalogue* is a conversation about some problematic subject. This conversation should be such that not only do the participants discuss the problem but the structure of the conversation as a whole is also relevant to the same subject (Bateson 1971: 1).

In this context I have adapted the metalogue to facilitate a clear representation of the conversation in its context and then work to analyze significance. This means that after each set of fieldnotes that are drawn from different days in some instances, I turn to a discussion and interpretation. In these sections, I move between a re-statement of the salient elements of the fieldnote, an explication/interpretation based upon an informed reflection on my own experience, and finally theoretical arguments. Obviously I have still made choices as to which fieldnotes to include. Choice and distinction are also part of social life. People make choices, sometimes conscious and motivated, other times not. This is the whole point. I want my anthropological work to be structured by the anthropological work that people do every day in making sense of their lives. I presented the memories of Maria through momentary observations and eventually pieced together a story of who she was and what she meant. Similarly, these fieldnotes piece together a sense of nostalgia and space interacting with the politics of daily life. Even as I was working through the problems of my being in town, I was also establishing friendships, buying my vegetables and trying to do research. The first of these pivotal/fundamental/mundane moments came just hours after my arrival in town with my husband.

We arrived on October 17, 2001 after I had spent some weeks in the capital city, Rabat, practicing my *Darija* (Moroccan Arabic) through

coursework and conversation. I quickly rented an apartment from the family who ran the Hotel Suerte Loca because I had met them before, they had two nice apartments and I realized that it would be very helpful to be associated with a family rather than simply dropping myself into the town. After unpacking and talking with the family for a bit, the brother and sister who seemed to be in charge of dealing with strangers came to tell me that there might be a problem with the police. I was not to worry but given the events of September 11th, there were some concerns about the safety of Americans and British this far from big cities. I thanked them for their concern but did not make much of the warning. Instead, we went on a walk with a man I will call Ishmail who took us to the “plastic market”. This was a good way to start walking through the town and start setting up house. Upon our return, we were told that there was in fact a problem with the police and that I needed to go see the commissioner whose offices were directly up the hill from the hotel and my apartment.

The first thing that the police officer wanted to know was why I did not want to simply rent a hotel room since “obviously I wasn’t going to stay too long”. I explained that this would be expensive and that yes, I did plan on staying for an appreciable amount of time. Now I will turn to my fieldnotes to capture the thread of the conversation as it unfolded.

17 October 2001

...Of course the issues here are many. First of all, the police immediately knew that we were in town and that it was for more than just tourism. Another man arrived. This second man who came into the station was obviously a plain-clothes officer and seemed

to be very skeptical of the whole thing. At first the commissioner ignored me and let his officer conduct the interview but when he realized that I spoke Arabic, "bishuya" (a little bit – not completely fluent), he was much more kind. He wanted to know how long we would be here and why. I explained that I was there to study colonial history. He also helped us negotiate our rent price and insisted on knowing if we had a refrigerator, a television (which he said should cost 300 dollars installed), if we had a traditional Moroccan sitting room, electricity, a gas stove, shower... how many beds...and of course he wanted to know if we were married and had some questions about having different last names. He called up Suerte Loca (from whom I rented the apartment) and had the patron come to the station. I felt awful especially after the poor guy got grilled and had to say things like, " well maybe she doesn't like television" in Arabic to justify why I as the guest didn't have one in my apartment...The other very strange thing was that he negotiated our rent for us and got it down to 2000 dirham per month. A decent price but it was a bit awkward since we hadn't talked price much to the folks at the hotel until then. When we returned to the hotel, the sister in charge, Jamila, seemed not too upset by the whole thing but her brother was. I still hope that he isn't too mad. By way of explanation he said it was "Morocco" but I certainly didn't plan on upsetting everybody so much on the first day.

Discussion:

After a number of similar experiences, I also began thinking at some level, "this is Morocco"; just the way things are. This was indeed a very common expression. If people said, "this is Morocco" it was a very precise interpretation, sometimes a critique but oftentimes a statement with a sense of exasperated humor. But why is this? As a rhetorical statement, "this is Morocco" was often invoked to convey a sense of frustration with the

inevitability of bureaucracy. When things are not going well, “this is Morocco” makes for an easy shorthand reference to the sense of disenfranchisement that one can find in other developing communities as well. It is an encoding of the relations of subordination to hierarchical authority that are part of the experience of daily life.

The police commissioner’s questions about prices and accoutrements were his way of accomplishing multiple social placements. He was checking on my social status: what I could afford, how “American/Western” my needs, desires and tastes were, what kinds of demands I would put on my relationships with people in town. The officer was also curious about the “hotel family”, using questions of me to gain knowledge of them. The hotel family, like all families, was very private but it was well known that they ran a successful business. Talking to me was a unique opportunity for satiating his own desires as a member of the community. The intensity of questioning was meant to put me in my place, fix me in a position of subordination, and be clearly aware of the social cosmology of the town. The officer demonstrated his knowledge of prices, needs and social dynamics. While he was placing me, I was intended to understand the importance of his role in the town hierarchy.

At first I was very worried that I would not be allowed to stay in Ifni because of problems with paperwork, even with the letters of affiliation that I had. Then I started to worry that my landlords would not want the hassle that seemed to be synonymous with my new life in the town. It turned out that they were more understanding than I had expected because while the context was different, this was a familiar experience to them. I even started to worry that my lack of television would somehow become an issue. It was an

intimidating introduction to be sure, especially because the police commissariat building was housed in an old Spanish administrative office. The tiles had been pulled away from the floors, which were now concrete with large fissures running through them. The outdoor well in the courtyard had long-since been capped. The light bulbs, which hung bare from the ceilings, made an eerie buzzing noise. The windows downstairs were cemented which added to the sense of clamminess. After a number of visits I got to know the police officers. Those in uniform were all very cordial and would chat with me so long as the police commissioner was not present. The two who had me as their charge and wore plain-clothes were generally less friendly, at least at the beginning. I was their work assignment and they would often tell me that of course they would rather be home with their families than talking to me.

These officers worked for the Sûreté Nationale, a department of internal security that is under orders ultimately from Rabat to make sure that there are no threats to the kingdom of Morocco gaining ground, especially in small and remote towns and villages. The Sûreté Nationale officers with whom I became acquainted were responsible for the town proper while the Royal Gendarmerie was in charge of the district beyond the borders of the town. I happened to get along quite well with the men who worked for the Royal Gendarmerie. Their offices were just next door to my apartment and the family with whom I lived was on very good terms with most of the officers. In fact, Jamila, the sister of the Hotel family with whom I became so close, liked to make jokes about how the Gendarmes should investigate me since I was "a dangerous American woman". Thankfully the officers would smile and laugh while I nervously headed off into my apartment. Jamila thought that these jokes were incredibly funny.

The role of the Sureté Nationale is central because they represented the authority of the Moroccan kingdom even in this far-flung enclave in the desert. While the individuals who were officers were members of the Ifni community, as state representatives, they held a kind of authority that challenged peoples' notions of town as somewhat independent from all that went on in the rest of the country. These were the men who questioned me daily and later told me that I was not in the CIA. While I was not CIA, these men were themselves occupying such a role. As Waltz describes below, the work of the Sureté Nationale relied on a perception of their power rooted in the role that they held during the independence movements of the 1960s.

The transformation of colonial agencies into domestic intelligence and security forces followed quickly on the heels of independence. Even before 1960, Moroccan monarch Mohammed V made use of an impressive security apparatus, and his son and successor Hassan II continued the practice. Both the army and an internal security force known as the Sureté Nationale (SN) were used to quell internal uprisings, but unrest in the 1960's and two successive coup attempts in the early 1970's...resulted in reorganization to limit the accumulation of power within units beyond the immediate reach of the palace. Today the SN shares responsibility for internal security with a bureaucratic rival, the Auxiliary Forces...The SN remains the principal security agency... (Waltz 1997: 77).

To further complicate matters, it must be considered that what is implied in the above discussion is that the Sureté Nationale was a *French* "colonial agency" which then became part of the Moroccan information infrastructure. In Sidi Ifni then, the Sureté Nationale was brought into town after the Spanish left, not the French, and was a security force that was itself "foreign" to people in Ifni. These men did not represent the former Spanish colonial presence but held authority because they had been incorporated into the Moroccan bureaucratic structure. While it might have been routinized

elsewhere in formerly French Morocco, the SN was brought to Ifni in the context of the conflict over the transfer of lands from Spain to Morocco and the on-going disputes over the Western Sahara. This is the crux of the next chapter. As an instrument of “internal security” then, the SN held a very different position vis-à-vis people in Ifni than it did elsewhere. In the rest of Morocco, the source of their legitimacy was seen to come from their connection to the transfer of power from the French to the Moroccan state. This does not have the same significance in Sidi Ifni because the French never had power over the Ifeñas. Though these men occupied the symbolic space of the French postcolony the SN also now represented the authority of the Moroccan kingdom which does have meaning in Sidi Ifni but is not always seen as legitimate given the nostalgic critiques that abound. The Sureté Nationale is viewed ambivalently at best and yet their power was real because of their ability to arrest, coerce and inform.

The Sureté Nationale in Sidi Ifni was organized along a strict hierarchical structure. The chief police commissioner held the most authority. Working under him were those officers who were responsible for the security of the town and would be those called upon for local arrests and questioning. Also working for the SN were those officers who would be referred to as “plain-clothes”. These men were all well known to the town even though technically their work was “undercover”. I knew two of the plain-clothes officers because they were assigned to me by the chief commissioner. These men had their own office with grey metal drawers, a very old typewriter, some carbon paper, and lots of dust. I got to know this office well because my presence in town was a matter of “internal security”. Given that the government in Rabat directs the Sureté Nationale, how was my involvement

in the community a problem of internal security? The simplistic answer and the one offered to me daily was that I needed “protection” since I was an American woman living alone, especially after September 11th. This statement needs evaluation since it is based upon some highly gendered notions about who needs protection, by whom and under what sorts of circumstances. Did I need protecting or was I the potential threat?

I was asking questions about the history of a community whose past is very much at issue in the redefinition of the Moroccan nation-state given its current position vis-à-vis the Spanish government, the Polisario (Western Saharan independence fighters) and Algeria. This complex relationship is analyzed in the next chapter but for now what is important is that these issues that at first glance seem to be about the past are actually very much about the present. As I came to talk to more people about their understanding of Ifni’s history, more people would get called in for questioning by the police. I was later told that the police would ask questions about: what sorts of questions I had been asking, was I speaking in Arabic, did I take notes, what sorts of things would I add to the conversation? It got to the point at which, very understandably, fewer and fewer people would want to talk with me in depth about the history of the town for fear of the police. In passing, my usual vegetable seller would offer an insight into the town history. Then he would always add a caveat something along the lines of, “but I do not know because I moved here when I was already a teenager and my family is from Marrakesh.”

The self-selection process of people willing to talk to me began to have an enormous impact on my research. Those most willing to talk with me about my research were often those who had already had their own

encounters with the police. I have to take this agenda into account but it does not invalidate the legitimacy of their statements since what interested me most was what they were saying, what tropes of nostalgia, and not their “accuracy”. Nostalgia is not a factual representation of history but rather a selective process of remembering. What struck me most was just how similar the nostalgic tropes were as they emerged from stories told by the barber, the Berber woman from whom I bought olives, Malika or the neighbor girls. Peoples’ articulation of their experiences are always productions of personal and social circumstances. While individuals shared their thoughts and memories, together they form a network of interpretations that form the cosmology of the town’s self-perception. Though many of the people who shared stories with me were themselves marginalized, I also heard nostalgic talk from those whose social positions were more traditionally situated. For example, the man who sold stamps at the souk also had old postcards from the Spanish period for sale as if there were current photos of the town that a tourist might like to send home. I would ask him about these postcards and he would share stories about the pool or zoo with the same nostalgic themes that Hassan used to describe Maria. People would talk about such events as the Berber Wars when they wanted to describe to me which hill a Berber family lived. The spatialization of collective memory became apparent to me when I heard multiple people refer to the King Hassan’s Palace as “Franco’s Palace.” This collective set of stories helped to define the nostalgic social space and led to moments of powerful critique of Ifni’s current position in the Moroccan nation.

Politicization of Historical Memories:

My most prolific informant was Hassan who loved to share stories as he trimmed people's hair or gave them a shave after they had been away for some time on a fishing boat. He was the man who was so enamored of Maria (from the last chapter) and kept her belongings along with the old photos of Ifni. Hassan had already experienced the police in his own life. As I mentioned in Chapter One, he had held an annual exhibition of old photos and clippings about Ifni every year at the town cultural hall. As of 2000, this was no longer allowed. He tried to fill out the necessary forms, but this was no easy task since every time he asked about the paperwork, the requirements would change. Now, he became the person who would let those interested come to talk to him. A regular group of about three other men often sat in his barber shop and would help me read through old worn out copies of Arabic newspapers which had some mention of Ifni. Hassan was proud of his role as unofficial town historian. He even showed me the excerpt from a travel book that proclaimed him as the source of knowledge about the town. I asked him if this was a good thing to have his name in print and he said, "well, everybody knows already. As long as they don't film me." He showed me letter after letter which tourists had sent thanking him for talking and sharing his love for the town.

Hassan knew that I was having trouble with the police and thus saw me as an ally of sorts. What mattered to him was that I was interested in the history of the town. "You love Ifni as do I. I know things that other people will not tell you." He obviously had an agenda in talking to me because he knew that I would then share his memories with others. "I do not want the history of the town to be only with me." I think that what he meant by this

was that he was one of the few people who would openly discuss the past while others would use more coded language. I heard reference to the Spanish past from many people but they would often shy away from me when I asked for more detail or their personal opinion on how the past informed the present. Hassan was marginalized already because of his status in town as a barber. This somewhat liminal social role allowed him to share publically what others would only disclose privately. What he was telling me were stories of Maria, memories of famous people who had visited the town, and some more politically controversial anecdotes. For example, in the following excerpt from my fieldnotes, Hassan shared a set of photos and story that directly situates Ifni in the politics of the Western Sahara. I will talk more about the details of the relationship between Ifni and the Sahara front in the next chapter, but it was very much part of the controversy over what my goals were in asking about the town's past.

3 February 02

After trying to meet a number of times, Hassan returned another time to the hotel to show me pictures of the plane that landed here in 1985. I don't know why he was so insistent on me seeing these pictures but he came to the hotel twice and asked me to come to his barbershop twice. Each time I went there, his friend with the pictures was not around. The pictures show a step-by-step landing of the plane on the Sidi Ifni airstrip after being hit by the Polissario as it was flying down the coast to Senegal. Hassan insists that it was an American plane. I didn't see any markings on it. The pictures show the engine blown out and lots of people standing around to stare at it. Ahmed (one of the brothers from the hotel) came over and said that it was an American plane and that there were only 4 people on it. It was carrying insecticide "to

kill the crickets. You know they had a huge problem with the crickets in Africa and so this plane was sent to kill them." I find this incredibly hard to believe but it also seems like just the thing to happen around here. Both Ahmed and Hassan kept telling me that these pictures were not allowed. Hassan said, "in America or Europe maybe but not here. When I was taking these, there was a French man with a very nice video camera. He was filming and the police went over and took away his tape. I saw them do it. These pictures I am not allowed to have." He asked if I wanted them, but after that warning I decided not to take them...plus I have no need for them and he enjoys telling these stories so much. He repeated a few times that the plane was here for a year.

Discussion:

Hassan was very concerned about the political aspects fundamental to the history of the town. He was not a political activist in a stereotypical sense and yet his knowledge of the past represented a problem of internal security.

Tessler writes on dissent in Morocco that:

As described in a 1988 study of political control in Morocco, 'the government ensures that the behavior [of even loyal opposition parties] conforms to the major decisions taken by the Palace.' The leaders of these parties are closely monitored by Moroccan authorities, who do not hesitate to limit their action or even to arrest them if there is doubt about the nature of their activities' (Bendourou 1988: 39-40) (Tessler 1997: 102).

Hassan's word and actions are examples of such forms of practice that are critical of the work of the authorities. He was well aware of this and chose to alter some of his practices and words. He was careful to speak with me when he could be sure of those around. He asked many times what I would do with the research. Would I tell others about Ifni? I said that I hoped others would

be interested so I would share whatever of his words I could. His desire that I share information was also a way of fixing relationships in the social network. By telling people his stories, I was furthering his own position as someone of knowledge and power in Sidi Ifni.

I told Hassan that I did not want to get him into further trouble with the police to which he replied, “now I keep tea warm for them when they come to talk to me. We are neighbors and it is best to treat them as that.” The social network included the police who harassed him but were also part of his daily life. He was unhappy about the hardships that the authorities sometimes brought his way, but these were inevitable consequences of the sharing of historical knowledge. I also think that Hassan enjoyed being part of the town drama. He had a clear sense of pride about his knowledge. He wanted to share his stories of the past despite the hardships. This refers again to Tessler’s arguments about the multiple forms of activism and critique that are present in Morocco.

In the case of Morocco, for example, a recent account summarizes four important survey research projects and reports that ‘while the state is feared, it is also often resented, if not hated...[and is] widely recognized as not representative of the people. This produces two main reactions, either complete apathy or at least passivity (sometimes viewed as acceptance), or alienation and activism in some anti-establishment form or medium’ (Suleiman 1987: 113) (Tessler 1997: 103).

The fact that few other people in town would speak with me about the Spanish period or Ifni’s historical position cannot simply be categorized as a disinterested approach to the past. Those who chose to talk with me were making a political statement. Others, like my vegetable seller, would offer a word here and there. I took these statements to be equally important because the fact that people were willing to broach the topic at all was significant. The

somewhat clandestine nature of these conversations highlighted for me the problem of history in Ifni and its relevance in the contemporary domain.

Another way to think about the problem of history in Ifni is to treat it as a social fact in the Durkheimian sense whereby:

A social fact is identifiable through the power of external coercion which it exerts or is capable of exerting upon individuals. The presence of this power is in turn recognizable because of the existence of some pre-determined sanction, or through the resistance that the fact opposes to any individual action that may threaten it (Durkheim 1982 [1901]: 56-57).

This approach is useful here because the salience of the “past” in Ifni gave it a present reality, a sense of being a “social fact”. In the construction of social space, the Ifeñas with whom I spoke used their memories of the past, nostalgic or otherwise, to situate themselves. As people would tell me bits of their memories, they were also connecting themselves to the process of making Ifni as symbolic space. Each story was part of the town and made it what it was. Tuan, a human geographer and theorist of space/place, argues “what begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with value” (Tuan 1977: 6). The transformation from space to place occurs as multiple kinds of experience add to this process of getting to know a space. “Progress here is from inchoate feelings for space and fleeting discernments of it in nature to their public and material reification” (Tuan 1997: 17). Memories of Ifni were precisely such reifications. The memories took on a life of their own which sometimes led to nostalgic reconceptualizations and other times to the storyteller being put in jail. This is the power of using memory to shape place.

Where Others Are Concerned:

It was the job of the police to make sense of my presence in the town. This was paid work for them. Others in town also wanted to figure me out. At a basic level, this is part of the human experience. I was new to this town and people wanted to know who I was, how long I would be there, why I was around, and most commonly, why was I alone. I will talk about the latter in the next section but here I will discuss some of the lived-qualities of my experiences with the police. I make no claims to uniqueness with these encounters but I want to use them to focus my analysis on the ways in which the politicization of the past can take shape in the present at a very personal and experiential level. I was not the only person living with these police visits. The family from whom I rented my apartment and spent a great deal of time was also very much involved.

23 October 01

So today we went for a nice walk around the town, out to the old port, across the still very useable airstrip and down the road to Goulimine (a distant neighboring town). There are so very many still present and decrepit buildings and structures from the time of the Spanish. The bunkers, the air control tower, the port minister building, the airplane hangar, and other random but obviously military locations. There is definitely more here than just Ifni as a port. It was a military installation with clear access to the Sahara.... So after we got back to the apartment we noticed that somebody had obviously been trying to get a look inside because the curtains were pulled aside. I still don't know if it is related but shortly after we arrived and were both reading, there was a knock on the door which we assumed was a neighbor kid but it was Abdilelah (a brother in the family) with the Khalif (similar to a Governor, here a

man from Ifni) and his second in command. He came here to ask questions about why I was here and that sort of thing. He had already talked to the police and had some idea of why I was here. He spoke some English but obviously didn't understand much when spoken to him. I did my best in Arabic and gave him papers to copy but they are the same pathetic ones that the police don't want. He said that I was welcome here and that if anything comes up, I should contact him. He again said, like the police, that people here are very gentle but that I should be careful just because that is wisest. Fine.... so they left with my papers to copy when there was another knock on the door from Abd Asslam (another brother) with the police officer and his plain clothes second in command. He was mad that we hadn't come to visit him with the papers from Rabat that I still hadn't received. He said the usual things about the nice view but didn't want to come in...probably the smoke from the Khalif's cigarettes was too much. They obviously weren't communicating with one another's offices. So we headed up to the police station after we got the papers back and tried to once again explain the situation to the commissioner. He still isn't satisfied which really frustrates me since today I learned so much already about the history. He did suggest that I go to visit the Pasha (appointed by the Kingdom of Morocco, not elected by the town) tomorrow to ask about the history of the town. Very mixed signals.

When we were returning to the hotel, the family was here to laugh at the situation and Abdelilah (one of the brothers) was ready to talk about it. He said that they were watching the whole thing and it looked like an American movie. I'll bet. They will have plenty to talk about. He thought it was very funny that the officers suddenly have something to do and are probably getting heat from the higher-ups, which then makes them defensive, and so they bother me. The hope is that this won't result in them making me leave this town. He said some interesting things (in English) about the role of the police in this town. "They are basically figure heads only now they see

themselves as embroiled in a matter of international security". As long as they give me the carte de séjour (residence permit) I don't care. I don't like them coming to my door, especially in succession. What a day. It had been so pleasant and now it has become a stressful adventure in police harassment...not that this should be entirely unexpected.

Discussion:

The control of people through the bureaucracy of paper was combined with the visible coercion of visiting me at my home and summoning me to various offices. The practice of summons was intended to put me in my place and to clearly demonstrate the role that authority occupied in town. Control of knowledge and access to paperwork were linked. Paperwork symbolized a kind of remote authority. The official center of "paperwork" in Morocco is Rabat. Since phones were almost never in working order, the flow of papers took on a highly symbolic role as a communication of power, prestige, legitimacy and authority for the Sûreté Nationale in Sidi Ifni. Certain stamps were needed to make a piece of paper "official" and since the local authorities refused to recognize any "stamp" of U.S. government origin, I had to situate my paperwork within a framework that was of meaning to Moroccans.

Significant again in these notes is that as time went on, I came to accept the inevitability of a problematic relationship with the authorities. Again, this situation is not unique to me. What is important to understanding the relevance for these experiences in the context of understanding categorizing "otherness" is that through watching my interactions with the police, people were also able to watch the processes of politics unfold. In asking questions about Ifni's past, I had taken an abstract set of experiences and codified them

in such a way that they became a problem for the authorities. Tuan's analysis of the transformation from space to place applies here. He writes "a city does not become historic merely because it has occupied the same site for a long time. Past events make no impact on the present unless they are memorialized" (Tuan 1977: 174). I was not consciously memorializing Ifni's past but it is clear that from the perspective of those in power, I was in fact part of the process of transformation from space to place.

I came away from these and other experiences with a sense that I was not unique in the way that people had tried to make sense of me or exert their power over me. Instead, these social processes of production were very much what people do with their time as social creatures. The question then is: what makes the specific ways that this process is enacted representative of something "Ifni" or "Moroccan" or "political", etc.?

The point is not so much to discuss this elusive yet fundamental subject as to make such a discussion possible; that is, by means of inquiries and hypothesis, to indicate pathways for further research. This goal will be achieved if everyday practices, 'ways of operating' or doing things, no longer appear as merely the obscure background of social activity, and if a body of theoretical questions, methods, categories, and perspectives, by penetrating this obscurity, make it possible to articulate them (de Certeau 1984: xi).

The categories of social understanding are not themselves unique. What matters is the *process* of understanding. In this specific case, the categories of social life became more salient and therefore open to interpretation because I was not able to become part of a taken-for-granted set of social networks. People had to work to make sense of me and in doing so, the options for understanding me became an open subject of discussion. Unlike the interpretation of the quotidian, which people often do as a taken-for-granted part of social life, my anomalous situation made the process visible.

Thus there are ways of acting, thinking and feeling which possess the remarkable property of existing outside the consciousness of the individual.

Not only are these types of behaviour and thinking external to the individual, but they are endued with a compelling and coercive power by virtue of which, whether he wishes it or not, they impose themselves upon him. Undoubtedly when I conform to them of my own free will, this coercion is not felt or felt hardly at all, since it is unnecessary. Nonetheless it is intrinsically a characteristic of these facts; the proof of this is that it asserts itself as soon as I try to resist (Durkheim 1982 [1901]: 51).

I take the above to mean that in the work of defining social space and the actors therein, the imposition of social categories, norms and order can be accessible for discussion and action. In other cases, there is no active process of coercion or compulsion because the process of sociality is not overtly external and is instead at work in the experience of daily life. I was not “trying to resist” the social facts as Durkheim describes. However, I was calling them into question by my actions such as renting an apartment as a woman living alone or applying for a residence and research permit. These are not things that people in Ifni generally do. I was asking people questions. These questions challenged the constructed and accepted nostalgia for the past and therefore peoples’ identities as they were linked to this place. At the same time, such questions allowed people to revisit and reproduce the collective memory of Sidi Ifni. The transmission of memory through story was part of my socialization. Tuan argues that questioning not only transforms space to place, it also facilitates analysis of personal experience. “The street where one lives is part of one’s intimate experience. The larger unit, neighborhood is a concept...Concept depends on experience. The concept can be elicited and clarified by questioning directed first at the concrete and then at the more abstract ” (Tuan 1977: 170). Stories of Maria were a way for people to invite

me into the processes of collective memory. When I asked people about the past, they were also being asked to situate themselves in the nostalgic construction of Ifni's past. My argument is that in doing so, they were therefore also locating their identity in a potential critique of the present and future which is an inherently dangerous position given Ifni's marginalized position relative to sources of power in the Moroccan kingdom. Though speaking of Turkey, Ozyurek's approach is useful here. She argues that "...memory is a presentist act that reconfigures contemporary, rather than past, relations and structures of power" (Ozyurek 2006: 154). In this process of reconfiguration into which I had asserted myself through the process of eliciting memories, I had asked that people question their nostalgia. Such questioning of nostalgic representations is potentially dangerous.

Nostalgia can become a political battleground for people with conflicting interests...a shared understanding of the past as an unspoiled time, what Michael Herzfeld [1997] calls 'structural nostalgia,' can serve as a resource for the marginalized. By creating alternative representations of an already glorified past, they can make a claim for themselves in the present (Ozyurek 2006: 154).

The place of the past is no longer relegated to individual memory when stories are being solicited and shared. People use their memories to situate themselves in larger events but obviously memory is shaped by contemporary and imagined experience. People remember in specific and idiosyncratic ways. My argument is that the process of memory making in Ifni took the form of nostalgia in such a way that there was a collective sense of shared place as a domain in which identity was located. As Ozyurek writes, "...it is common for individuals to imaginatively link life stories to bigger historical events in order to add meaning to their lives...it is this shared 'misremembering' that [gives meaning]" (Ozyurek 2006: 54). Though some of

my informants were themselves marginalized, I argue that each member of the community took on a role in a division of labor whose ends were the reproduction of collective memory. The disaffected could remember and share some stories that those in positions of relative power could not publically reiterate. Those who had more influence in the town like Mbarek could reproduce nostalgic memories of social spaces such as the pool and cinema. Together, the stories and images that the individuals remembered formed the nostalgic collective representation of Sidi Ifni.

To go all the way back to the beginning then, why had the police commissioner been compelled to spend months asking the question of whether or not I was working for the CIA? The re-conceptualization and incorporation of the “past”, especially the Spanish past, was very much part of the set of categories which were enacted in the process of coming to an understanding of my presence. Honestly, I was confused when the police commissioner even mentioned myself and the CIA as having any possible connections. It was obvious to me that I was not a covert agent and so I did not understand how my presence in the town could have been interpreted in such a way. In part, it has been the work of this chapter for me to understand the commissioner’s analysis. I now think that he was interpreting the facts at his disposal: I was American with papers issued by both the Moroccan and the American government; I was alone and asking questions; I had been to the town previously and returned to stay for an even longer period of time; I had not left the country after September 11th as had many other Americans, and I was asking for a residence permit. Given these things, I can understand his assumption of my political motivations. What I did not understand was that he did not focus his interrogations of me on these aspects of my identity.

Instead, he would become visibly upset when asking me, “but why do you want to know the past of Ifni?” This was the real problem. The rest could all be explained and they had followed me enough to know this. What they knew, and I did not, was that Ifni’s history was and is very much part of a highly charged discussion at the highest levels of the Moroccan government about the boundaries of the nation’s authority. In asking questions about the past I was inviting people to question the ascendance of the Monarchy’s control over not only the Western Sahara, but of the towns in the far south, like Ifni. To the police commissioner, these were obviously the kind of questions that someone in the CIA would ask.

CHAPTER THREE
ON "GREATNESS" AND THE "EMBRACE OF AFRICA"

On March 3, 2002 I was sitting on the step by my apartment talking with two young neighbor girls who liked to tease me and get some language lessons. We were chatting about the jump-rope style game they play called, "élastique" and I was asking about their school when the youngest one took on a very serious tone. She asked me if I had been listening to my radio. "We know that you listen all the time. Is it true that Algeria is going to invade Ifni? I heard this." The other girl asked from whom this information had come and the reply from her sister was that "lots of people were talking about it." The conversation that followed struck me as surreal and telling.

I asked what people had been saying since, no, I had heard nothing on the BBC. She said, "they say that Algeria wants to take Ifni. I guess we could escape by the sea and go to the [Canary] Islands. Do you think this is possible?" I replied that it seemed too far away and hadn't people died just the week before when they were out at sea on their way to the Islands? She said, "yes, we knew them. But maybe we could go to the bilad (countryside). It used to be that people in the bilad said that Ifni was zwain (beautiful) and tried to move here but now people from Ifni are going back to the bilad." The other girl, who had at first questioned the verity of the story, said in an increasingly worried voice, "If Algeria invades, we certainly will have to go somewhere." We sat for a bit and stared out to sea. I was thinking about the conversation and I could tell that both of the girls were contemplating the chances of survival out there on the water when "Algeria" came over the hills into their town.

In seeking to understand why my neighbors feared the imminent and hostile arrival of "Algeria", this chapter will be an exploration of the problem

of “greatness” as it relates to Ifeñas’ imaginings of their historical and political destiny. “Greatness” refers to both the Spanish vision of Sidi Ifni as a gateway to the colonization of North and West Africa. It also refers to the politico-religious ideology of Morocco as King Hassan sought to expand the domain of his influence. Sidi Ifni, small fishing village that it is, occupies a unique position in the construction of both a Spanish and Moroccan vision of empire. Ifni’s role vis-à-vis these two nations is intimately linked with the question of the Western Sahara. Ultimately then, this chapter will show the connections between Sidi Ifni, the Spanish Civil War led by Franco and the consolidation of former King Hassan II’s authority in the quest for an elusive “Greater Morocco.” Sidi Ifni is a small town. Most Moroccans have never been there because it is so far away from even the southernmost large cities. However, Ifni represents powerful symbolic space in the construction of social identity for Ifeñas and non-Ifeña Moroccans alike. The place of Sidi Ifni symbolizes to its current inhabitants the will of a small group of people to resist the forces of nation building. In practice this means that Ifni today does not reap the rewards of economic support when these are to be had. The recent riots at the fishing port are witness to this. These uprisings, or riots depending on whose perspective is being called upon, are inextricably linked to the nostalgia for Ifni’s past. Even though the events represented in this chapter are decades or even hundreds of years in the past, they are relevant because they come up in conversations over coffee, while on promenade or over Friday couscous with neighbors.

I chose to delve into the historical records to find mention of Ifni and piece these together because while Ifni rarely gets mentioned for more than a paragraph or so in any given text, each of these moments is still very much

part of the social imagination of the town today. People still talk about the bravery of the soldiers of the Ifni War. They point out the road upon which the Green March took place. The airstrip itself defines the town and is one of the only reasons why Ifni shows up on some maps (in case a pilot needs to make an emergency landing). The nostalgia for a time when Ifni was at the crux of imperial ideals defines the space and peoples' memories whether or not they were actually alive at the time of the Spanish period or not. These perceptions of the past as continuous with the present are less my theoretical analysis than a recognition of the theme in the talk of the townsfolk themselves. An unfulfilled destiny of "greatness" is salient in the historical records but also in people's conversations to this day.

The trope of "greatness" which came to dominate Sidi Ifni and the Sahara represents nationalistic desires for empire. For Spain, early colonial ambitions were so grandiose as to include dividing the known world between itself and Portugal in 1494 (Combs-Schilling 1989: 126). For Morocco, the northwest corner of Africa could not contain the aspirations of an emerging Islamic civilization. The Sahara became the specific locus of this dream beginning with the trans-Saharan trade caravans that brought riches across the sands and into the coffers of the Sultans. In 1591, the Sahara witnessed its first recorded charismatic movement under Al-Mansour as he attempted to enlarge his Caliphate. The spread of the Muslim Empire would return as a topic of discussion at the end of the twentieth century as well when Moroccan kings sought to expand their legacy through expansion of territory.

This chapter will explore the possibility that an idea like "Greater Morocco" or the Spanish "embrace" of Africa could be part of a larger cosmological scheme of social construction. More specifically I argue that Sidi

Ifni played a foundational and inherently problematic role in this dream of conquest that still has relevance in people's construction of identity today. This is significant because the nostalgic reconstructions of Ifni's past are predicated upon a sense of inevitability. Ifni was destined to be the gateway into the larger territories of Spanish Africa. Simultaneously, Ifni was at the crux of Moroccan expansion into the southern deserts and possibly beyond. The social geography reinforces the trope of greatness and potential, even if the town never realized its destiny. For example, the airport is at the center of town to welcome the guests who were going to flock to this oasis. The art deco plaza with the bust of Franco (though his head was shot off) is the focal point of the town. The bust sits at the center of what were once marching grounds for the Spanish soldiers that have now been transformed into the space of the nightly promenade. Unlike other open spaces that are used as *souks*, the former military grounds are still parade routes as children, lovers and the occasional tourist walk past the Catholic Church and the former Spanish Consul's home. The remnants of greatness abound.

While there are few people who know the intimate details of Spanish colonialism in Morocco, the daily conversation around town in Ifni included reference to such topics as the Berber wars and Franco's vision for Africa. This is extremely unusual in a country where the paradigms of French colonialism and the Makhzen predominate. For this reason, I have chosen to use this chapter to focus on the details of the colonial project that saw Ifni as the crux. I present the details in order to look for the larger tropes of "greatness" and the "embrace of Africa" because these have meaning for Ifeñas even now. The collective representation of Ifni as formerly "great" and now in decay fuels the processes of nostalgia but also imaginings of the present. The notion

that Algeria, or anyone for that matter, would invade Ifni comes from a powerful symbolic interpretation of the place's past which is liable to shape the present at any moment.

Spanish Dreams of Empire Renewed:

Spain's colonial enterprise in Morocco was focused on their holdings of 22,000 square kilometers in the northern regions of the country, most notably in the Rif Mountains and the protectorate areas of Ceuta and Melilla, which have more recently come into the news.²⁰ According to the 1912 Treaty of Madrid, the Spanish capital was designated as Tetuan and administered by General José Marina.²¹ In the south, Spain moved to establish a post at Villa Cisneros in 1884,

...on the tip of the Dakhla peninsula in the far south of what would become the Western Sahara. The following year the Madrid government declared a protectorate over the whole coast from Cape Juby to Cape Bojador, a particularly vapid pronouncement since there was no money in the Spanish treasury (Pennell 2000: 88).

Since these were largely areas of sand with mostly nomadic people, the other European powers did not contest Spain's claims. As is typical in such claims, no mention of the colonized people is made. Spain saw these areas to the south as part of their inevitable expansion into the rest of West Africa but also as rich mining and fishing zones. The reasons for the northern region being designated "Spanish" have much to do with international politicking and

²⁰ In the 1990s, Morocco has reclaimed these Spanish zones saying that the Treaty of Oud Ras has expired.

²¹ The Spanish protectorate "had two parts: some 20,000 sq. km in northern Morocco, stretching from just south of Larache to the Moulouya river, and another 23, sq km around Tarfaya, in the far south. Ifni, still unoccupied, and the enclaves were excluded" (Pennell 2000: 166).

assumptions of the future balance of power in Europe. France saw “sharing” its colonial holdings with Spain as a way to secure its own position in Morocco, designating the most troublesome regions in the mountains to another colonial power. At the same time, Britain wanted to help negotiate this deal so that it might help build a blockade between the growing French presence in the Mediterranean and its own holdings in Gibraltar. As Balfour shows, most of these negotiations took place in secret. Certainly despite the presence of a traditional Moroccan government there were no Moroccan representatives present for the discussions.

Having signed a treaty with Spain in 1900 recognizing the latter’s possessions of Guinea and the western Sahara opposite the Canary Islands, France sought, in secret negotiations two years later, to woo it into a new alliance that might strengthen its own position vis-à-vis Britain. In these talks, France offered to share spheres of influence in Morocco in the knowledge that French colonial expansion in the area would be little hindered by a weakened Spain. The Spanish government withdrew from the negotiations out of fear of British displeasure. Unknown to Spanish policy-makers, however, Britain had been holding secret talks with France in which she had secured the assignation of a sphere of influence for Spain in northern Morocco as a buffer against French expansion towards the coast opposite Gibraltar (Balfour 2002: 6).

At the time of the initiation of these “spheres of influence” in Morocco, Spain was still reeling from its recent withdrawal from holdings in the Americas.²²

After the loss of the old empire in the Americas, expansion in Morocco came to epitomize ‘an advantageous compensation for past disasters’ in keeping with Spain’s historic and geographical destinies’.

Thus national security, investment potential, and the reaffirmation of military pride became the contradictory impulses of Spanish colonialism (Balfour 2002: 11).

²² “For Spain, the colonial adventure in twentieth-century Africa began in 1908 – after losing remnants of old empire in the Spanish American War” (Balfour 2002: 3).

As Balfour argues in one of the only extended monographs on the role of Spain in northern Morocco, there were five major strains of Spanish opinion regarding the colonial effort in Africa. The first and most prevalent of these was that Spain should accept its role in the “civilizing” of Africa but largely this was because as a European nation, it had a reluctant role to play in the international balance of power. This pessimistic view of the colonial enterprise was even held by the Spanish premier.

Shortly after his government fell in 1902, the premier responsible for withdrawing from the secret talks with France, Francisco Silvela, declared, ‘we should banish from our thoughts the idea that the situation in Morocco...represents profit and wealth for us, when, on the contrary, it is the source of poverty, sterility and stagnation for Spain, and we accept it and we have to maintain it merely to avoid worse ills of a political and international nature’”(Balfour 2002: 8).

Contrary to this opinion, the Liberals were “generally receptive to European currents of colonial expansion” and proclaimed this to be one of the great moments of Spain enacting its destiny (Balfour 2002: 8). The “greatness” of Spain needed to be enacted through an even more aggressive colonial project using Ifni as the gateway. In opposition to this, a third stance was put forth by conservatives who favored international abstentionism combined with a renewed focus on “devoting resources to internal regeneration” of Spain (ibid.). “Another lobby closer to ruling circles was calling for peaceful commercial penetration of Africa as a means of regenerating Spain” with some liberals “keen to exploit the opportunities for investment in Morocco” (ibid.). Finally there was a strong lobby for military action in Morocco so as to renew the army as a potent political force (Balfour 2002: 9). I would like to stress here that running through these rationalizations for and against Spanish involvement in Morocco is a theme of historical destiny. No matter what the

perspective, the little Berber village of Sidi Ifni was central to Spanish visions of its rightful place in the international community.

My focus in this chapter is on contextualizing the multiple international forces that came to prominence in the lives of people in Sidi Ifni. The motivations for these nations to play out their imagined historical and religious destinies in the south of Morocco and the Sahara took on the force of a charismatic movement in that the legitimacy of the endeavors were routed in each nation's socio-political and religious imaginings of themselves as empires. In the case of the Spanish, ideas of destiny and empire are intimately involved in the construction of an idea of "Africa" which was available to the Spanish military government to play out their own sense of personal and national fate. Ifni enabled this.

The enterprise in Morocco offered opportunities not only to restore the image of the Spanish army in Spain and Europe, but also for promotion and prestige unavailable at home. It also renewed an imperialist vocation for military expansion based on a myth of the martial virtues of the Spanish race that was strongest in the army. For some officers, a new empire in Africa, where Spain in any case was supposed to have a historical vocation, was there to be conquered (Balfour 2002: 157-8).

Such a "Spanish race" had once practiced similarly expansionist imperial ideas and this was seen as the time for a renewal of these designs. However, the "conquering" of Morocco did not turn out as planned by the military officials who were sent to Northern Morocco to administer both civilian and military matters. I do not want to enter into a detailed historical analysis of the particulars of Spain's role in the north; my focus is on the themes that sustained the colonial project as they related to Sidi Ifni in particular. I do, however, want to draw out some of the reasons for the ultimate failure of the Spanish military to find the kind of success that they imagined the French to

be having in Francophone colonial regions of Morocco. This historical analysis is necessary because the Spanish military's perception of its failures in the north led to a greater emphasis on the role of Ifni in the south. One of the most significant of these reasons for Spain's colonial troubles in the north, according to Balfour is that of a lack of authority.

Officially Spain was co-protector of Morocco, but in practice it sublet its area from France because negotiations with the Moroccan government were always conducted through the French authorities. Ostensibly, the colonial administrative structure was designed to complement that of the sultan's government in order to strengthen it. In reality, the two colonial powers were now in charge (Balfour 2002: 39).

However, these two colonial powers, Spain and France did not have the same relationships with the Sultanate. Spain was allowed to pick the sultan's government from a pre-determined list of traditional affines and alliances. The Sultan was allowed to pick his representative, the caliph, from a two-person list selected by the Spanish High Command. Neither of these representatives had ties to the Moroccan people themselves. Balfour argues that the ensuing weakness of the Spanish was thus a "consequence of the weakness of the Sultanate" combined with the fact that the Spanish Protectorate was run by the military (Balfour 2002: 39). This was unlike the French whose system was studied by Spanish generals to better understand its comparative success. Also unlike the French who were adept at building cities within their own nationalist/nationalizing paradigm, the Spanish did not invest in infrastructure. All of their resources were focused on quelling the revolts, often quite successful, of local Berber tribes.

Spanish colonialism had caused enormous disruption to life in northern Morocco, distorting social and economic relations and depriving many of the tribes of their traditional lands. Yet unlike French Morocco, no significant investment had been made in the

Spanish Protectorate. The resulting unrest had meant that only the army could guarantee law and order (Balfour 2002: 245).

Without the basic pragmatic framework of colonial empire, French and Moroccans alike questioned Spanish competency (Payne 1985: 79). Revolts against the Spanish forces were especially fierce around Tetuan, which was thought of as a sacred site for Moroccans but was not treated as such by the Spanish. Eventually the Moroccans won ground over Tetuan and forced the Spanish to re-group.

When the Spanish evacuated Tetuan in May 1862, they left three legacies. The first was hatred of the Spaniards. In Tetuan the Spanish had destroyed houses, desecrated graveyards, converted one mosque into a church and another into a hospital. According to John Drummon-Hay [the British director of colonial activities], a mosque was even used as a latrine... (Pennell 2000: 68-9).

The wake of defilement left by the Spanish forces generated a legacy that would only further the challenges to their authority. How would Spain pursue the embrace of Africa when the soldiers who represented the country were so clearly disengaged with the peoples over whom they sought control? This colonial legacy becomes even more problematic today when one considers the nostalgia for the Spanish past that is so present in Ifni. When Ifeñas use this nostalgia, their allegiance to both Morocco and Islam are called into question.

Many Moroccans saw this early resistance to Spain as a fateful time for their nation but also their faith. The call to *jihad* against the invasion of Christian colonizers came to be heard throughout Morocco.

From the 1860s onwards calls for jihad were repeatedly made, especially by rural sharifs [authority figures who claim descent from the prophet] and marabouts. In 1863, a Darqawi sharif..., Muhammad al-Arabi al-Madaghri, complained about Europeans flocking to the coast, buying property and spreading through the countryside. 'The Muslims have no alternative to fighting,' he wrote. 'Either they oppose unbelief so that the religion of God

prevails, or they will be overwhelmed...The road to hell begins with putting trust in the enemies of religion' (Pennell 2000: 107).

The Sultan ignored these calls for jihad but had to take them into account when dealing with the Europeans.²³ Those who opposed jihad in the Makhzen [Moroccan government] often argued that such a movement would be akin to heresy because territory would be lost to the infidels and this was a greater sin (Pennell 2000: 107). The success that was had in the Rif against the Spanish was seen to be recognition of the Moroccan's greater faith and inevitable triumph (Combs-Schilling 1989: 278).

France called repeatedly on Spain to watch that its borders be more closely guarded. If the Berber revolts against Spain gained any more ground, France feared that unrest could spread to the rest of the country as well. In addition to such problems of structure and authority, the Spanish were working in the Rif mountain areas which were populated by nomadic Berber groups, renowned for their fighting abilities and unwillingness to participate in either Spain's or France's colonial dreams.²⁴ Spanish authorities found themselves working with people who presented themselves to be local authorities in situations where there really was no such thing, a tactic often used in unsettled conflicts. These local Arab leaders opportunistically took advantage of the Spanish presence to assert their own hierarchical control over the Berber population. This led to an insurmountable conundrum. Spain had to balance their support of and by "local de facto authorities who exerted coercive control over local Berber tribes" while at the same time "were under

²³ "From 1860 onwards the number of foreigners grew steadily. In 1858 there were about 700 Europeans living in Morocco; by 1867 there were nearly 1,500" (Pennell 2000: 801). Then in 1886 the number rose to 3,500 and by 1894 there were 9,000 Europeans, mostly Spanish living in Morocco (Pennell 2000: 89).

²⁴ Meanwhile, Spanish soldiers were fighting in espadrilles and their morale was sinking dangerously low. (Balfour 2002: 56)

an obligation to ensure the Sultan's ascendancy" (Balfour 2002: 13). Further complicating matters, Spain was required by treaty to ask the French for permission before undertaking significant negotiations with either the Sultan or local officials. These local officials were themselves aligning with the Spanish as a way of gaining leverage against the larger and more powerful French.

After many brutal skirmishes in the Rif Mountains against local Berber people who were extremely adept at surviving and negotiating the harsh terrain, a particularly violent strain of reactions against captured Moroccan soldiers began to appear. Spanish soldiers took to beheading captives.

General Luque who oversaw these actions wrote that:

'That sort of severity seems insignificant to me, so you can decapitate all the Moors you want, but our civilization does not allow us to make it public, so you can tell it to me and on this matter I shall conceal the truth' (Balfour 2002: 42).

The role of "civilization" in this matter came to represent a way of both legitimating brutal practice and of seeing Spain's role on a more grand scale. This was despite some sense of alienation from Spanish civilian opinion on the brutality of military practices used against Moroccans. The important thing, according to the military was to "bring civilization to the semi-savage cultures" (Balfour 2002: 42).

Indeed, civilization became the rationalization for uncivilized behavior. Spain was in Morocco, according to this thinking, through the divine law of history. Only idealists or the faint-hearted could expect progress to be peaceful. The advance of civilization was inexorably marked by blood. The assumption was that the Moroccans who opposed Spanish penetration should be killed for the good of Morocco (Balfour 2002: 42).

The trope of greatness was used to legitimize such violence. Those in the way of Spain's embrace would fall underfoot. Following a particularly devastating

loss of over 12,000 Spanish Soldiers at Barranco del Lobo in 1909, such racist rationalizations took on more force both in Spanish Morocco and at home in Spain (Balfour 2002: 24, 84). This led to a massive counteroffensive dubbed the “Reconquest”.

...linking it with one of the most enduring myths of Spanish history, the *Reconquista* of Spain from the Moors. The paradox was that, unlike the medieval Christian war against the infidel, there could be no pretence that the Protectorate was Spanish territory (Balfour 2002: 85).

The Spanish Protectorate was very definitely within the century’s old domain of the Maghreb. The rights of the Sultantate were even defended by the Spanish military, attesting to this conflict of domain and authority. Such deeply problematic issues with Spain’s international role were used to challenge the Spanish premier’s authority within the borders of Spain itself. The rise of revolutionary sentiments in Spain was directly related to the efficacy of the Spanish nation’s ideals as they were played out on Moroccan soil.²⁵ Here is not the place to discuss the historical complexity of the Spanish Civil war but it is necessary that I highlight some of the major precipitating factors in the relations between Spain and Morocco. This is relevant because Sidi Ifni, though remote from the mainland, was built in both a literal and figurative sense to represent the ideals for which people fought.

²⁵ Though the frustration and humiliation of Spain’s military policy in Morocco was the major single influence in precipitating the dictatorship, the middle and lower-middle classes were very tired of seeing a combination of political immobilism and leftist extremism block constructive domestic change (Payne 1970: 58).

Ifni's Spanish History:

Spain's long relationship with Sidi Ifni began in 1476 when General Herrera sent an armed force to build a fortress from which he could raid the outlying hills for slaves. This was the purpose of Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña as far as the Spanish were concerned. At the time, Herrera was stationed on the Canary Islands that were short of plantation labor thanks to "earlier massacres of their native populations" (Hodges 1983: 20). Unfortunately for Herrera, the local Ait Ba' Amarane Berber populations were not co-operative and put the fort under effective siege. Herrera sent seven hundred troops to break the siege and was successful (ibid.). There was a spot up the hill where I lived near the old graveyard that people still talked about as being where this siege was held. While I'm not convinced that this was the precise location, what is significant is that even this moment from the 1400s is part of the spatial memory of Ifeñas to this day.

In 1485, Herrera died and Santa Cruz was abandoned until 1498 when Isabel I and Fernando II, queen and king of Spain, sent a force to rebuild the site. This "infuriated Herrera's widow, Inés Peraza, who had intended to rebuild the fort on her own account" (Hodges 1983: 21). She convinced Diego da Silva, her Portuguese son-in-law to do so and sent eight ships to Santa Cruz (ibid.). This new fort was again a site of slave-trading and some economic transaction. However, the Spanish crown forbade slave-raiding in 1497 "in the vicinity of Santa Cruz to encourage Muslim traders to direct their caravans to the fort....meanwhile steps were taken to extend Spanish influence..." under the direction of the Captain-General of Africa, Alonso Fernandez de Lugo. (Hodges 1983: 21). Despite this lofty-title, Spanish influence in the Ifni zone remained fairly weak and constantly threatened by the Ait ba'amarane.

In August 1517, these local Berbers were organized under a marabout leader to “wage a jihad against the invading Christians” (Hodges 1983: 22). The jihad was initially successful until reinforcements arrived from the Canary Islands. The Spanish decided to abandon the fort nonetheless in 1524 because a plague in the Canaries was making re-supply on the mainland too difficult. Spain did not return in significant numbers to Santa Cruz until 1911 though they did retain prosperous fishing rights off the coast.²⁶

Spain originally claimed Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña according to the 1860 Treaty of Oud Ras in which Morocco lost control of the northern cities of Melilla and Ceuta.²⁷ The problem was that, as Hodges notes, nobody could remember where Santa Cruz was:

An immediate stumbling block was that nobody, in Spain or Morocco, had the slightest idea where Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña had been located. The *makhzen* [Moroccan government], meanwhile, warned Spain that it did not exercise effective control of the tribes along the coast opposite the Canaries and so could not guarantee the security of foreigners who went there (Hodges 1983: 34).

Indeed, it turned out to be the case that the local Ait Ba’amarane were once again extremely hostile to the return of any foreign forces.²⁸ Again, local Berber and Moroccan families who traced either real or fictive kin ties to this time still referred to this independence of spirit as something that defined them and the town’s character. Spain and Morocco discovered this as they tried to find Santa Cruz.

²⁶ I have come across some rumors and suggestions that a Scottish man took up a post somewhere in the Ifni zone from which he engaged in slave trading. It is said that he was driven from his fort, escaped by boat but was then killed in a shipboard mutiny. Nobody in Ifni had any notion of this story but it can be found in some texts. See Hodges 1983: 22.

²⁷ Pennell re-affirms this in saying, “Several attempts were made to find Santa Cruz before it was eventually identified as the enclave of Ifni” (Pennell 2000: 66).

²⁸ Again, Pennell re-affirms this, “...the single expedition that was sent to find out [where Santa Cruz was] was beaten back by fierce waves and equally fierce resistance” (Pennell 2000: 71).

To ascertain the location of this land, “a party of Spanish and Moroccan commissioners sailed down the coast in the *Blasco de Garay* in January 1878 and reached agreement on a site at Ifni. However, since the local inhabitants appeared menacing, it was deemed too dangerous to go ashore...(Hodges 1983: 34).²⁹

Once this site was established by Spain, Moulay Hassan refused to grant the seventy-kilometer area because, he argued, Santa Cruz must have been further south. Eventually, they agreed on the area which is now called Sidi Ifni and in 1911, Spain made their next visit. This time, they sent just a few forces to determine the usefulness of the region. Instability at home in Spain put the conquering of Africa on the back burner for some years but Santa Cruz was not entirely forgotten. The ideal of conquest and expansion was very much linked to Spanish nationalism and as such, with the Spanish Civil War, these tropes reemerged. It was in the aftermath of the civil war that Spain returned to Santa Cruz and this time they had imperial designs.

Hodges argues that, “[i]t is ironical, perhaps, that it was after the fall of the Spanish monarchy in 1931 that Spain finally extended its colonial presence in Western Sahara” (Hodges 1983: 64). Unlike Hodges, I argue that the turn to colonialism was very much in keeping with a newly constructed Spanish ideal. This ideal was in fact the re-birth of earlier notions of Spain as a potent and imperial force. Also, the new Spanish government needed to consolidate the Spanish troops and re-instate an image of the mighty and virile military. The protectorate zones in northern Morocco were never given autonomy and instead could be the site for Spanish nation building. However, the bloody

²⁹ “The division between *bilad al-siba* and *bilad al-makhzan*, between the zones of rebellion and government, and the idea of institutionalized disorder in the mountains and deserts, seeped into European consciousness as more travelers made their way into the interior” (Pennell 2000: 97). Much of the rural area of Morocco at the time of early division into European zones of influence would have been considered *bilad al-siba* or “zones of rebellion”.

conflicts between Moroccans and Spanish in the north were coming under increasing pressure from France to be stabilized. It was at this point that France also called for Spain to take action in the south. In August of 1933 Spanish forces landed at Ifni though it is said that they “re-embarked and sailed away when local Ait Ba’ Amarane gathered threateningly to resist them (Hodges 1983: 64). It was not until the French had sufficiently “pacified” the surrounding mountainous regions that Spain would reclaim Ifni and the Western Sahara. A treaty between the Ait Ba’amarane and France was signed on March 4, 1934. Spanish General Osvaldo Capaz set sail for Ifni from Tarfaya and landed on April 6. This time they did not meet resistance. Some scholars, like Hodges, speculate that this was because the Berber and Saharawi populations accepted that if colonization were to be their fate, they would prefer the Spanish to the French. Within three days of landing on the beach at Ifni, Capaz had set up a ring of military outposts and the Ifni zone was considered to be Spanish.

As soon as news of the Spanish occupation reached Spain, civilian protests began for fear of re-igniting a colonial disaster like that in the Rif. Once these criticisms quieted down, Spain began its movement into the Sahara via camel corps.

The Army of Africa in Spain:

While Spain was very much losing ground in Morocco, they called upon the forces of the Army of Africa comprised of Moroccan soldiers, to help fight the civil war in Spain.³⁰

...the reactionary and repressive measures of the centre-right governments of 1934-6 undermined the faith of many working-class people in democracy, so the upsurge of labour and political protest began to persuade conservative and right-wing officers that they had to seize power once again...The response of the government was to mobilize the Army of Africa, because it could be trusted to crush the revolt more efficiently and was less likely to feel any sympathy with the rebels. Colonial troops had already been brought over twice for action in Spain (Balfour 2002: 250-1).

These soldiers were fighting for the colonial officials who did nothing to secure autonomy within the protectorate, let alone independence.

Prior to the Civil War, all the revolutionary parties had stood for the independence, or at least the full autonomy, of Spanish Morocco. Only a few weeks were needed to show the vital importance of Morocco to Franco's Nationalists as a base of operations and as a source of many thousands of highly combative native mercenaries (Payne 1970: 270).

Though the numbers are not certain, anywhere from 50,000 to 70,000 Moroccan soldiers were brought to Spain to fight on the Nationalist side.³¹ Given these numbers, Balfour figures that "one in fourteen of the total population of Spanish Morocco and one in seven of all males" were conscripted (Balfour 2002: 278). Some of these soldiers were recruited from Sidi Ifni. This is the context in which Balfour mentions the small enclave in the south. He refers to the "Sidi Ifni Tiradores" who were "almost identical" to the regular Moroccan troops though he does not explain what this might

³⁰ "The military uprising in Morocco, in contrast to Spain, was almost immediately successful. By the evening of 18 July all of Spanish Morocco was in rebel hands" (Balfour 2002: 268).

³¹ "The only figure that has ever come from a Nationalist source regarding the number of Moroccan mercenaries is 70,000...but the figure may be too large" (Payne 1970: 327).

mean (Balfour 2002: 271). The only other mention of the troops culled from the South is in the context of the problem of recruitment. It seems that many Nationalist rebels focused on conscripting men “from the Spanish Protectorates in Ifni and Western Sahara...because of the difficulty in getting northern Moroccan soldiers to fight after all they had been through” (Balfour 2002: 276). These southern soldiers were “paid slightly less [than northern Moroccans] but were expected to make up the difference by the money they could make from plunder” (Balfour 2002: 284). The significance of these historical footnotes is that they clearly demonstrate the initial marginalization of the southern Spanish holdings and their peoples. At the same time, there is a clue here to the problems of loyalty that plagued Spain and later shaped Ifni’s relationship to the nation-building projects of Moroccan kings. Ifni and its conscripted soldiers were not thought of as being part of the emergent Moroccan nation. These people fought against Spain but that did not necessarily mean that they would fight *for* Morocco.

Franco learned that in order to work with the Moroccan soldiers whom he had called upon to fight for Spain, some common ground had to be forged. He even argued for a commonality between Islam and Christianity, especially insofar as the anti-religious masses were a shared foe. This theme of “fraternal links” between Spanish and Moroccan religiosity went so far that Franco himself organized “a pilgrimage by boat to Mecca” fully subsidized for the pilgrims (Balfour 2002: 281). Further conjunctions were sought such as the notion that both Moroccans and Spanish were fighting for a common *patria*, instead of for their respective “fatherlands”. “The war was a new Reconquest fought jointly by erstwhile enemies against a common enemy that had occupied their lands”: the foreign Marxists (Balfour 2002: 284). Spanish

troops were encouraged to see themselves as ennobled by the same fiery principles of justice as those Moroccan soldiers who fought for the principles of the Qur'an. This constructed merging of identities would later become a foundation for the organization of social life in Sidi Ifni. If one remembers the story of Maria, this conflict between Moroccan, Spanish and Ifeña identities remains salient to this day.

The ideals of a new Spanish empire would seem to have flagged in the wake of the civil war but the opposite was true. The imagination for conquest had only been enlivened.

Indeed, secret plans were drawn up for the invasion of the French Protectorate by the Army of Africa. The redeemed Spanish race could now expand into the whole of north-west Africa at whose gates it had halted in the Middle Ages. Beyond that lay a million square miles of British and French colonies in West Africa that appeared to be there for the taking (Balfour 2002: 314).

A renewed sense of Spanish destiny for empire took hold and where better to begin than where France had no direct claims, there were few to mobilize in opposition, but all the necessary promise and potential was ready in waiting? To rally support for this imperial conquest, a text by Donoso Cortés, a 19th century right-wing politician was circulated. It read:

'Give unity to Spain, extinguish the discords that madden its children, and Spain will be what it once was...and we will encircle Africa with our arms, that daughter caressed by the sun, who is the slave of the Frenchman and should be our wife' (Balfour 2002: 314).

At the gates of this new empire would lay Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña, otherwise known as Sidi Ifni.

The Ifni War:

Sidi Ifni, as the capital of the Spanish Sahara, may have been built to fulfill Franco's imperialist dreams, but not all Ifeñas shared his vision. This is highly significant because in present times and in remembered stories, Ifeñas nostalgically recall this period as the height of Ifni's success. However, at the time of the actual events described below, many men from Ifni worked together to overthrow the Spanish army and even fought against the Moroccan soldiers who arrived to put an end to Spain's colonial regime. In 1956, Spain recognized Morocco's independence but Franco pledged to retain control of the Spanish West Africa region. The Spanish colonial mission in Africa was not to be put to rest quite yet and the foreign legion had recruits ready to be stationed.³² Many of these soldiers (175,000 with 65,000 Spanish) were to be "relocated to Ifni, The Sahara or the Canaries" (Hodges 1983: 74). Though Ifni did not present any immediate economic value to Spain, the mineral deposits in the Sahara and the fishing zone off the Canaries were valuable opportunities with Ifni being the gate between them.

It was in 1957 that people in Ifni called into question Spain's ceding of its northern protectorate to independent Morocco. If Morocco could be independent, why not Ifni? A new Spanish minister, General Mariano Gomez Zamalloa, was appointed to Ifni in June; by June 16th, he encountered his first uprising. This is highly significant because it illustrates the peculiar position of Ifni regarding both Spain and Morocco. Sidi Ifni's uneasy relationship to the Moroccan nation took root at this point and is very much part of its culture today. On the one hand Ifni wanted to be free of the Spanish

³² Balfour writes that the Spanish foreign legion was largely made up of sociopaths and scarred ex-soldiers because the brutality of the conflict dissuaded any other volunteers (Balfour 2002: 56).

and allied themselves with Moroccan Nationalists to secure this independence. On the other hand, Ifni wanted to be free of the emergent Moroccan nation-state and laid claim to a unique Spanish heritage. This tension is very much part of the politics of identity and memory in Ifni today. The coffee talk conversations that I would hear on a regular basis still made reference to the Ifni war and the cleverness with which the Ifni rebel fighters engaged the Spanish. These fighters, the Army of Liberation, waged guerilla-style warfare against Spanish outposts in the Sahara. Like the soldiers in the Rif, the Army of Liberation was extremely good at moving surreptitiously through the difficult terrain. Spanish soldiers made preparations throughout the entire Ifni zone against an attack by the rebels with the most isolated Spanish posts being abandoned. The French began flying missions into the Spanish zone as well. Meanwhile, plans for a Franco-Spanish offensive, dubbed Ouragan (Hurricane) were being drawn.

Though these discussions were underway, Spain was not prepared for a full-scale Army of Liberation attack on Sidi Ifni on November 23, 1957. Spanish soldiers were sent in to reinforce the posts from the Canaries but many had already fallen into rebel hands. Spanish bombers were being used to attack posts in the Ifni and Agadir zones, much to the displeasure of King Hassan. Within a week, Spanish forces made a concerted re-entrenchment campaign to secure those posts that had been taken. Sixty-two Spanish soldiers had been killed and the remaining troops had been drawn back to within twelve miles of the town of Ifni itself. As Hodges writes,

For almost twelve years, until Ifni was finally ceded to Morocco in 1969, the Spanish forces remained ensconced in this essentially valueless little enclave that had a population of only twenty-four thousand and remained totally dependent on supplies from the

Canaries. No attempt was ever made again to reoccupy any of the territory abandoned in December 1957 (Hodges 1983: 78).

Though Spain did not force matters beyond the borders of Ifni proper in 1957, it kept a firm hold on the town and its population. At the same time, Spain did pursue its claims in the Western Sahara despite increasing attacks by the Army of Liberation.

The Western Sahara: A Question of "Greatness"

In order to give a sense of just how salient these historical events are as part of the daily life of the town, I want to include the following brief fieldnote. I have reproduced it as it was so that I do not hide my surprise or frankly, my confusion as to what was happening.

30 January 02

Yesterday Malika told me that maybe in the next few weeks there would be a big party in the neighborhood because the Polisario will return a man who is from one of our families. He was in the Moroccan army in the 1970's and was taken prisoner. He and about 100 other soldiers have recently been freed. He is in a hospital now in Agadir but will come home soon. Amazing. I wonder if Abdelilah's brother will also be returned [someone I knew in Rabat]. It shows me just how ongoing the conflict is here in a very lived way. Probably there will be quite a few people in town who return since this was the capital of the region then and where most of the soldiers came from. That should be interesting.

When I mentioned this to another person, they said that these soldiers had not been freed but had escaped. He was interested to know who it was but I said that I didn't know and wouldn't until the welcome home party.

Was I really being told that a man had escaped from a desert prison where he had been held since the 1970s? People talked about this as a near miracle. How else could a man who had lived in such harsh conditions not only escape from the Polisario but then walk across the desert? I could barely walk to the souk to buy vegetables in the heat and sandstorms let alone across much of the Sahara. Many people told me that his family in Agadir was caring for this seemingly mythical man. They told me that he would be home in time for the celebration on June 30th of Ifni's independence from Spain. It was telling that people used this day as indicative of his somewhat millenarian return. This struck me because in my mind, after decades of life in the desert, I would assume that he would return as soon as he was able. What had more meaning for Ifeñas was that this man's return was the embodiment of independence. Sadly, I never got to meet this man but his presence as a figure in the town was evident. The history of Ifni's relationship to the Sahara and its own independence movement needs to be included because it demonstrates the complicated negotiations of identities that to this day still takes place. Not only does Ifni's symbolic space today hover on the edge of the desert, it did at the time of its inception as well.

From 1934 to 1958 Spanish West Africa was comprised of "the two parts of Spanish Sahara, along with Spanish South Morocco (the present Tarfaya province of Morocco) and the small coastal enclave at Ifni" (Damis 1983: 11). As discussed in this chapter, Ifni's claims to independence from Spain emerged in 1957. The Moroccan government supported the insurrection as part of its emerging sense of national pride and sovereignty.

After obtaining independence from France in March 1956, Morocco laid claim to all Spanish possessions in northwest Africa (plus all of Mauritania, which was a French overseas territory from 1946 to 1958). Although Spain returned its protectorate in the north to Morocco in April 1956, it refused to relinquish Tarfaya, Ifni, and especially Spanish Sahara. In late 1957, Moroccan irregular forces, numbering from three thousand to five thousand and supported by Reguibat and Takna nomads, attacked the Spanish military forces in the territory (and in Ifni) and forced them back to the coastal cities – Dakhla, Boujdor, and El Ayoun (Damis 1983: 11).

This forced Spain to take action. In January of 1958, Spain made Western Sahara a Spanish African province and thus incorporated it into “metropolitan Spain”. Control of this region was in the hands of the generals in Madrid but locally administered by commanders in the Sahara and in Ifni. However, since the Spanish had never “seriously assumed possession of their Saharan territories”, they did little to invest in infrastructure aside from the basic support for towns and garrisons. At the height of their occupation of the Sahara there were 35,000 Spaniards (Damis 1983: 12). “Perhaps half of the Spaniards were soldiers, while the remainder were mainly civilian administrators, technicians and businessmen and their families” (ibid.).

While these Spanish were colonizing the Sahara, Morocco was seeking further consolidation of its own territories. In April 1958, Tarfaya (south of Ifni) was retroceded to Morocco.

In November 1965 the General Assembly [of the U.N.] resolved that both the Sahara and Ifni should be ‘liberated from colonial domination’. It did not specify who should take over. In December 1966 that was cleared up: Ifni would be Moroccan, and ‘in conformity with the aspirations of the indigenous people of the Spanish Sahara and in consultation with the Governments of Mauritania and Morocco and any other interested parties’ the Spanish authorities would hold a referendum to determine the local inhabitants’ wishes (Pennell 2000: 335-6).

Finally, after much diplomatic wrangling and negotiation, Franco ceded Ifni in June 1969. As Pennell condescendingly writes, “In 1969 Madrid handed back

Ifni, a colony that the army could not defend, and was not worth keeping anyway” (Pennell 2000: 336). Ifni’s successful bid for independence from Spain did not go unnoticed by the Saharawi people who had also been fighting for independence. This was the start of the long and protracted, “Western Sahara Problem”.

According to Morocco, it was no problem because the Western Sahara was unquestionably part of “Greater Morocco”. This somewhat ambiguous territorial domain is based upon historical socio-religious ties between those tribes who aligned themselves with the Moroccan sultanate. In terms of the Western Sahara, Morocco claimed ties dating back to the Almoravid dynasty.

...the Moroccan claim to the Western Sahara forms part of larger claims to territories that once were controlled by various dynasties based in Morocco. In its extreme form, this irredentism has expressed itself in the concept of Greater Morocco...Greater Morocco corresponds to the area ruled by the Almoravid dynasty in the eleventh and twelfth centuries – an area that covered not only Morocco and the Western Sahara but also all of Mauritania, northwest Mali, and much of western Algeria (Damis 1983: 15).³³

It is fairly easy to see why such claims would threaten some in the international community, not to mention Mauritania, Mali and Algeria. Meanwhile, Mauritania also had visions of greatness that paralleled those of Morocco. Unlike Morocco, however, Mauritania had virtually no resources and its only international ally was France which initially wanted to take a very unobtrusive role vis-à-vis the Sahara. Algeria supported Mauritania out of fear that a “Greater Morocco” would further threaten already tense borders between all of these countries. It is interesting to note that as Algeria and

³³ “The Almoravids were a Berber dynasty that originated in southern Mauritania. Under their great leader Yusuf ibn Tashfin, they expanded their authority rapidly and established the city of Marrakesh as their seat of power. By the time of Yusuf ibn Tashfin’s death in 1106, the Almoravids had achieved the religious and political unification of Morocco and the Western Sahara” (Damis 1983: 15).

Mauritania saw their own tenuous alliance as a way of protecting themselves against Morocco, Hassan saw this as dangerous and threatening to Morocco.

The Mauritanian President, Mokhtar Ould Dada, talked about a 'Greater Mauritania', a supposed common culture shared by Arabic-speaking tribes between the Senegal River and the Draa valley. This idea helped to build unity at home, and to hold back Moroccan expansionism. The Algerian government, which also feared Moroccan expansionism, protected Ould Dada for much of the 1960s. To the Moroccan government, that looked like dangerous encirclement (Pennell 2000: 336).

At the time of Moroccan independence, the nation was willing to focus on the Sahara as part of the inevitable progression of sovereignty. This was a major theme for the Istiqlal party (Independence party) whose leader, Allal al-Fassi actively promoted the concept of Greater Morocco. To these ends he founded a newspaper, Sahra al-Magrib to disseminate his message both in Morocco and in Mauritania.

According to Allal al-Fassi [the leader of the party], Greater Morocco constituted a national, historical, geographic, and social entity....In a speech in June 1956, just two months after independence, he declared: 'If Morocco is independent, it is not completely unified. The independence of Morocco must be completed. The frontiers of Morocco end in the south at Saint Louis, Senegal. The struggle must continue until total union' (Damis 1983: 15-17).

The total union of Greater Morocco would necessarily be based upon the inclusion of the Western Sahara. This was despite Spain's claims to the territory as part of Spanish West Africa. At this point it should become clear that both Morocco and Spain were laying claim to the Western Sahara not only as a vast and relatively empty stretch of desert, but as part of their respective nationalist visions of empire and destiny. The visions of empire held greater sway than did the authority of any one person or leader. In fact, this was part of the ideology itself. The notions of Greater Morocco or of Spanish Africa

were supposed to be more than any one person or state but part of a larger destiny to befit the greatness of the people of each nation.

Morocco argued that the Western Sahara was included in Greater Morocco for politico-religious reasons. As Damis writes,

Beyond the larger irredentist claims involved in the Greater Morocco concept, Morocco has a specific and much more substantial claim to the Western Sahara. This claim is based on historical ties of a political-religious nature to the Saharawi population. A premise of the claim is that the Moroccan state was founded on the religious bond of Islam and the tribal allegiance of various tribes to the ruling head of the state, the sultan. In this view, to look for a territorial foundation or well-defined frontiers for the Moroccan state prior to the twentieth century is to misunderstand the Moroccan historical context (Damis 1983: 19).

Damis then goes on to discuss the central role of politico-religious ties in Islam. The sovereign pledge of allegiance (*bai'a*) of a population to the ruler is necessarily both religious and political according to Islamic law. A Moroccan king is said to be the *Amir al-Mumineen*, or “commander of the faithful”. As such, a pledge to the monarchy is inherently religious and based upon Islamic principles of submitting oneself to the greatness of Allah. Such ties were said to exist between tribes in the Western Sahara and the sultans of Morocco beginning in the 18th century and therefore inevitably continuing to the present. According to this logic, it was only a matter of course that Western Sahara be returned to its rightful allegiances.

The ceding back of colonial territories to the Moroccan nation has been a fundamental principle of independence beginning in 1956 with the “restoration of international status” for Tangier, continued with the retrocession by Spain of Tarfaya in 1958 and Ifni in 1969...” (Damis 1983: 23). Nationalist parties and individuals actively promoted claims to the Western Sahara as part of the inevitable course of events for the emerging Moroccan

nation. "For Moroccans national liberation has always meant the twin goals of independence and the reunification of national territories – an ongoing historical process..." (Damis 1983: 23). The end-stage of this teleological progression would therefore be the final re-integration of the lands of Greater Morocco, namely the sands of the Western Sahara.

While the international community saw a referendum as the solution to this problem, Morocco virulently disagreed. To Morocco, there was simply no reason to ask the Saharawi people because it was like asking any other Moroccan if they considered themselves to in fact be Moroccan.

Moroccans are well aware that their independence was achieved and Tangier, Tarfaya, and Ifni were returned through successive negotiations. There was never any question of a referendum or formal exercise of self-determination. Accordingly, they saw no need for, nor did they expect to see, a referendum or act of self-determination take place in the Western Sahara, a territory they consider no less Moroccan than Tarfaya or Ifni (Damis 1983: 24).

In this logic, negotiations with Spain would yield the Sahara to its "rightful" leaders and de-colonization would proceed as it has for the last many decades in the rest of Morocco. This was the perspective taken by Hassan II despite United Nations members' vociferous interjections that the Saharawi population has a right to self-determination.

Spain was called upon to "implement the Sahara's right to self-determination" because these provinces had been part of Spain's African territories (Damis 1983: 51). It would therefore also fall to Spain to negotiate with both Morocco and Mauritania. To forestall a referendum, Hassan II demanded some prerequisites. These included full consultation with Morocco on any question of referendum, U.N. supervision of a vote, withdrawal of Spanish troops and officers, and repatriation of Saharawi refugees so that their

votes could be counted (Damis 1983: 51). After submitting these requirements, Hassan II then changed tactics and said that Morocco would “categorically refuse a referendum” if the question of independence was raised (ibid.). Hassan preferred to negotiate with Algeria, Mauritania and Spain for the territory rather than risk any referendum vote by the Saharawis (Damis 2000: 15).

The reasons for this change of position are myriad and complex but one of the most compelling is that up until this point, Moroccans had no question as to the Western Saharan’s desire to “re”-join Greater Morocco. Of course, Spain was fully convinced that the Sahara would become independent and could simply continue as a zone of influence. The Saharawis had different ideas entirely and their fighting force, known as the Polisario, made this clear to all parties concerned. Polisario is an acronym for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Sakiet al-Hamra and Rio de Oro.³⁴ It was created in 1973 and claims to represent the Saharawi people. Like earlier independence forces in the Sahara, the Polisario worked to drive out the Spanish and helped to move large numbers of Saharawi out of the region. The Mauritanian government as well as the Libyans under Mu’ammar al-Qadhafi supported the Polisario. The Algerian government supplied refugee camps for the Saharawis and also military aid.³⁵

In February 1976, the Polisario proclaimed the birth of the Saharan Democratic Arab Republic (SDAR), ‘a free, independent, sovereign state ruled by an Arab national democratic system of progressive unionist orientation and of Islamic religion’ (Damis 1983: 43).

³⁴ Originally in Spanish it was Frente Popular para la Liberación de Saguia el-Hamra y Rio de Oro.

³⁵ For full discussions of the Polisario see Damis 1983 and Hodges 1983.

The Polisario front and its associated governing body were recognized as a legitimate governing body by many African countries immediately via their official state representatives in Algiers. Morocco was not one of these. Years upon years of tense negotiations and failed discussions with Algiers failed to reach an agreement on the problem. This was fueled by Algeria's support of the Polisario both ideologically and economically. All the while, the international community was engaged in the question of the Saharawi right to self-determination whether or not Morocco and Algeria could agree on their respective roles in the Sahara.

Much diplomatic involvement by all parties ensued for the next year with Boumediene of Algeria supporting self-determination and Spain finally ready to transfer sovereignty³⁶. The latter came on the heels of Franco's ill health and continuing national problems. On October 16, 1975 the International Court offered its opinion that though there were "legal ties of allegiance between the Moroccan sultan and some tribes in the Western Sahara" and some land rights held by Mauritania, "these various legal ties did not constitute territorial sovereignty...and reaffirmed the rights of the Saharawi population to self-determination" (Damis 1983: 59-60). Later this same day, King Hassan announced on national television that the kingdom of Morocco had been vindicated and that their claim to the Western Sahara had been recognized, thus baffling the international community.

The Opinion of the Court can mean only one thing...The So-Called Western Sahara was a part of Moroccan territory over which the sovereignty was exercised by the Kings of Morocco and the population of this territory considered themselves and were considered to be Moroccans....Today, Moroccan demands have

³⁶ For a full discussion of these discussions see Damis 1983, 2000 and Hodges 1983.

been recognized by the legal advisory organ of the United Nations (in Hodges 1983: 210).³⁷

The unity of the nation was at stake. For Hassan, those countries that did not support Morocco's claim in the Sahara would no longer be considered allies. This is significant because as I will argue in the following sections, many men from Ifni aligned themselves with those who fought for Saharan independence. This made them seem like traitors to the Moroccan nation.

For Hassan II, this was the time to take to the offensive. After announcing that the Western Sahara was part of Greater Morocco, he initiated one of the most incredible movements of his reign. "In a moment of high drama, the King announced that he would lead a massive peaceful march of 350,000 civilians (the number of annual births in Morocco), armed only with their Qur'ans, to recover Morocco's Saharan territory" (Damis 2000: 17). This was the Green March.

The Green March:

The Green March was a call for volunteers to participate in the celebration of the Moroccan nation and the emergence of its greatness. "Green" was meant to signify the Prophet Mohammed and is a traditionally Islamic symbol of peace. The King claimed that the idea of the march came to him while praying "at the shrine of Mulay Idris in Fes" (Munson 93: 135). Such powerful symbolism had the desired effect. Aside from the unemployed who quickly volunteered at the stations that were set up in each municipality,

³⁷ Hodges adds, "It was an interpretation worthy of the perverse Red Queen in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, remarked one astonished international lawyer" (Hodges 1983: 210).

“within three days, 524,000 volunteers”, mostly agricultural workers from all over the country had signed up (Damis 2000: 17).³⁸ Some of these “volunteers” were recruited as well. Students and nationalist opposition party members were kept from the rosters. In general, the cities where the King has less sure support were under-represented while the countryside took on greater prominence. The King’s prestige was at stake as well as Morocco’s international reputation.

...by portraying it as a holy crusade, under his leadership as *amir al-muminin* [commander of the faithful] the government reinforced his authority as a divinely sanctioned rule. The religious dimension of the march was deliberately played up. The marchers were encouraged to regard themselves as *mujahidin*, or warriors of God, in a holy as well as national crusade to drive colonialist infidels from Islamic, Moroccan soil (Hodges 1983: 213-214).

The call to march was taking on the airs of a jihad. “Let the Holy Book of Allah be your only weapon...Go then under divine protection, helped by your unshakeable faith, your true patriotism and your total devotion to the guide of your victorious march, King Hassan II” was the Prime Minister’s proclamation (Hodges 1983: 214). The King took this one step further on October 23 when he “likened the march to the Prophet Mohammed’s return to Mecca from his exile in Medina” (ibid.). The charismatic moment was at hand and it was up to the people of Morocco to seize their faith and the Sahara.

This movement is still talked about in Ifni’s cafés to this day. Many of the marchers who were forcibly recruited into the Green March were taken from Ifni and its surrounding Berber hillsides (bilad) because they were living at the frontier of the Sahara. Hassan, the barber, once showed me a photo that was taken of him at the march. He was proud of the photo and of having been

³⁸ Many unemployed and homeless showed up in Tarfaya (near the Sahara) with all of their possessions long before the march actually began. They were expecting that after the march, they would be able to then settle in the Western Sahara (Hodges 1983: 213).

part of the national event but would nevertheless talk about the Spanish period as being a better time for the town and its people.

Gathering the Sands:

From Marrakech, Hassan ordered the marchers to pass through Ifni and enter the Sahara on November 6, 1975. Spain had already moved its troops back 12 kilometers to their “dissuasion line” thanks to diplomatic negotiations.

By then, the Spanish authorities has launched an emergency evacuation operation, code-named Golondrina. All Spanish civilians were ordered to leave the country and by November 8 about twelve thousand had already been evacuated...Even the Spanish dead were evacuated. In a mass exhumation, a thousand corpses were dug up from local cemeteries and air-freighted to the Canaries. The Saharan animals in the El-Ayoun zoo, meanwhile, were shipped off to Alarmeria (Hodges 1883: 218).³⁹

Neither side could afford to lose blood or symbolic power. Spain had already lost so many of its soldiers in the north of Morocco that morale was low both in the military and at home. The legitimacy of the Moroccan monarchy was also at stake. The Green March was the culmination of Hassan’s efforts to consolidate authority and silence opposition parties through the appropriation of nationalist ideology in the march.⁴⁰ When an agreement was finally reached on November 14th, it stipulated that Spain would leave the Sahara by

³⁹ The Spanish also evacuated many of the camels in the area because they knew that the Moroccans would slaughter the camels as a form of retribution against the Saharawis (Damis 1983: 72). This somewhat unusual Spanish preoccupation with zoo animals and camels is also a feature of their construction of Sidi Ifni complete with its own zoo and camel racetrack.

⁴⁰ “During the preceding several months, the king was under growing pressure from political opposition parties to take decisive action to recuperate the Sahara, including the use of military force in a war of liberation. Because of the opposition’s calls for forceful action had wide popular support, Hassan risked being outflanked by the opposition if he ignored them” (Damis 2000: 18).

February 28, 1976 and that authority, not sovereignty, would be transferred to a “joint Moroccan-Mauritanian administration” (Damis 2000: 18). Hassan would thus appease popular calls for war by pronouncing victory thanks to his divinely inspired March.

‘The Sahara has been returned to you,’ Hassan told the Moroccan people in a victory speech on November 17 [1975], without bothering with the niceties of self-determination. And in an interview with French Television on November 27, he was adamant that there could be ‘no compromise regarding the final solution.’ It was ‘unthinkable that the Sahara should be independent and it shall not be, so long as there is a single living Moroccan’ (Hodges 1983: 224).

Hassan had achieved his goal; Spain had lost its bid to embrace Africa and Algeria had failed in its diplomatic maneuvering and would now turn to increased support of the Polisario. “Under the agreement, Morocco obtained the northern Saguia al-Hamra and Mauritania the southern Rio de Oro...” (Adebajo 2002: 5). Morocco and Mauritania made concessions to Spain that they did not announce in victory speeches. All this took place as Franco lay on his deathbed. According to the 1975 Madrid Agreement, fishing and mineral rights were granted to Spain as well as shares of up to 35% of profits from some Moroccan phosphate mining in the Sahara. The most significant concession for the purposes of this chapter was that “Hassan revealed on November 25, Morocco would freeze its claim to Ceuta and Melilla until Spain recovered Gibraltar” (Hodges 1983: 224). This is significant because it demonstrates the continued Spanish rights to claim land within the borders of Morocco.

Meanwhile, on November 18, Hassan ordered the Green Marchers home from their encampments at Tarfaya, just south of Ifni, and the “decolonization” of the Sahara was approved. Carro Martinez, a Spanish

representative, tried to save face by arguing that “[Spain] ran an enormous risk, including that of an open war, but the Sahara is not worth a single Spanish life” (Hodges 1983: 224-5). While it may not have been worth a Spanish life, Morocco and Mauritania obviously thought that the lives of their own people were intimately linked to the fate of the Sahara. Immediately following the “decolonization”, the Polisario troops were again waging attacks. Boumedienne of Algeria took deep affront to the terms of the Saharan decolonization and warned, “I am not like Christ...I will not hold out my cheek for a second blow. I will respond to the utmost of my ability” (Hodges 1983: 225). The Algerian town of Tindouf became a camp for over 100,000 Saharan refugees whose skills at living in a barren territory would be seriously challenged (Adebajo 2002: 5). The Polisario moved its base to Algeria and the tension between these neighboring states increased. Once again, I return to the anecdote with which I began this chapter. The little girl who was one of my neighbors was contemplating whether she should head for the hills or brave escape by sea when “Algeria” began its invasion. This little girl had grown up hearing stories about the townspeople’s independent identity and the symbolic ties to the Polisario independence movement. According to her logic, if the Polisario had overstayed their welcome with Algeria, and if Ifni was seen as a place that had been supportive of the Polisario, then Algeria was going to invade Ifni as a way to attack the Polisario. It was interesting that she had no fear of the Moroccan government becoming involved in this potential war scenario even though they are officially opposed to the Polisario. Perhaps this was because there was already a pervasive sense that Ifni was already under close scrutiny by the Moroccan government as witnessed by the

occasional arrest of Ifeñas by the Sureté Nationale if they spoke openly about the problems in the Western Sahara.

Morocco and Mauritania called a meeting of the Jema'a (general assembly), which was originally formed by Spain to "represent" the Saharawi population. A unanimous vote was taken to ratify the Tripartite Agreement though it was not recognized as legitimate by Spain or the United Nations. By virtue of this vote, Morocco and Mauritania claimed that the Saharawis had exercised their rights to self-determination and the matter was once and for all settled.⁴¹ The Western Sahara was annexed to Morocco, at least according to King Hassan. This decision went over quite well in Morocco but was not as enthusiastically received elsewhere. It set a precedent for going against long-standing policies in the Organization of African Unity (OAU) that colonial peoples had the right to self-determination and "acceptance of the frontiers inherited from the European powers" (Hodges 1983: 307).⁴² Part of the problem here was that Morocco was negotiating on behalf of the Saharawis in many cases. The clear conflict of interest was of no issue to Hassan and those who supported the concept of Greater Morocco since by definition, this included the Western Sahara. In this logic, there simply was no issue to be discussed other than how the Western Sahara would be administered as yet another *cercle* of Moroccan national territory.⁴³

⁴¹ "In the case of Mauritania, Morocco refused to recognize its independence and territorial integrity on the grounds that Mauritania's territory historically formed part of the Moroccan state. When the OAU was set up in 1963, its charter contained a clear reference to the territorial integrity and the inviolability of colonial frontiers" (Damis 1983: 46).

⁴² As late as 1981, the OAU took action "...to inform the Saharawis of their state's admission to the OAU, as the organization's fifty-first member, with the support of twenty six African states" (Hodges 1983: 314-5). As expected, Morocco stormed out of the meeting where this decision was handed down. Its membership was suspended (Damis 2000: 26).

⁴³ See Hodges 1983: 279

The Polisario thought otherwise. They concentrated their efforts on Mauritania because it was “the weaker of the two major occupying states” (Adebajo 2002: 6). The armed wing of the Polisario, the Saharawi People’s Liberation Army (SPLA) attacked trains shipping ore and repeatedly shelled Nouakchott, the capital of Mauritania. French forces were engaged, especially as the SPLA took French hostages. “Operation Lamantin (Sea Cow)...was to involve French air strikes against the guerrillas threatening COMINOR’s [the French mining interest] economically vital operations in northern Mauritania” (Hodges 1983: 251). The Polisario were gaining momentum. As they saw greater military success, they occasionally came into conflict with Ifni soldiers who were conscripted to fight for Morocco. The Ifni man who wandered out of the desert had been one such soldier whose place in this international conflict would be virtually unknown to all but the current residents of Sidi Ifni for whom this conflict is still very much alive.

Until July 1978, Mauritania had supported the Moroccan claims to sovereignty after deciding that Moroccan forces were simply too strong to resist but after a military junta overthrow of the Mauritanian government of Mokhtar Ould Daddah, the Polisario was eventually ceded the southern third of the Sahara. In August 1979, the Moroccan forces acted to gain Oued Eddahab province and added it to the La’ayoun, Smara and Boujdour provinces already administered by Morocco (Damis 1983: 19).⁴⁴ To this point, Mauritania had been the only other member of the international community to recognize Morocco’s claims to the Sahara. With Mauritania out of the picture, Morocco had a lonely diplomatic battle to fight and a very real military scenario on its hands. Other than Ifeñas, most people in the world are

⁴⁴ See Hodges 1983: 237 for land received in the initial partition.

unaware of the ongoing nature of this conflict. The fighter planes that streak overhead in this otherwise quiet town are a reminder that Ifni is at the edges of the Moroccan nation. The government of Morocco is still very much invested in the Saharan conflict that lies just beyond the borders of town but does not show a similar degree of interest in Ifni itself. This marginalization lends itself to a nostalgic critique.

The Great Wall:

Since the Green March and Morocco's claims of sovereignty in the Sahara, no peace has been achieved. The Polisario have continued to wage guerilla warfare and there have been moments of extreme tension involving international mediation. The United States has been involved in these negotiations via its role in the United Nations since 1975.

The US has maintained an official policy of neutrality in Western Sahara neither recognizing Moroccan sovereignty nor the SADR. Washington has rhetorically supported a self-determination referendum. But in practice, US policy has tended to favor Morocco, a strategic ally in the region (Adebajo 2002: 10).

Jimmy Carter withdrew American arms sales to Morocco in 1976 "to protest its use of American-supplied fighter planes in the Western Sahara" (Adebajo 2002: 10). However, this trade was resumed in 1979. Under President Reagan, the military aid to Morocco was tripled to \$100 million a year.

In addition to the politics of international military aid, Morocco's role in the diplomatic community has been questioned because of its self-proclaimed proprietorship of the Sahara. To make sure that Moroccan forces could safeguard its claimed areas, King Hassan decided to build a "security belt" around the "useful triangle" of Tan Tan, Smara, La'ayoun and the phosphate

mines at Bou Craa (Damis 2000: 21, Damis 1983: 97). Many men from Sidi Ifni were employed in the wall's construction. This was a source of employment and income in an otherwise economically deprived zone. The so-called "Great Wall" is a ditch about twenty-three feet wide and a berm of sand about seven feet high (Damis 2000: 22). "Washington supplied Morocco with armored vehicles, and American companies supplied electronic detection devices for the construction of the *berm* in Western Sahara" (Adebajo 2002: 10). The strategic goals of this "security belt" are obvious but it also symbolizes Morocco's literal entrenchment in the Sahara. On one level it would appear that Moroccan forces known as the FAR were under siege, as indeed they sometimes are. On the other hand, Moroccan forces have taken offensive action against not only the Polisario, but also the Saharawis themselves. In the original take-over of the Sahara, the Moroccan army forced nomads into settlement communities but was also known to poison wells, slaughter camels and most tragically, use napalm gas against refugees (Damis 1983: 72). Such harsh tactics have not gone unnoticed. International human rights organizations have long since leveled claims of abuse against the Moroccan government for these actions, further isolating the government from international support for its Saharan claims. This abuse is very much part of conversations in Sidi Ifni because many people have kin and community connections to the Saharawi population. While most Moroccans have heard about the "Great Wall" and may have read about allegations of human rights violations, it is the people of Ifni who are most directly impacted by these events. Under these circumstances, it is more easily understood why Ifeñas may have profound criticisms of Moroccan policies. Yet it is illegal to share such thoughts. Instead, Ifeñas use nostalgia.

The detailed diplomatic history is important insofar as it demonstrates Morocco's continued claim that there is no question as to Saharan national identity. Despite various calls for referendums and settlement plans, the sentiment in the Moroccan government and populous is that the Western Sahara is Morocco and integral to fulfillment of the concept of Greater Morocco more generally. Where the Sahara takes on significance for Morocco is in the arena of international relations. Ties between Morocco and Algeria are especially strained. The striking connections that need to be drawn are between the fears of my neighbors that Algeria was going to invade Ifni and the similarity of imperial imaginations of Morocco and Spain.

From the Green March back to Sidi Ifni:

What is the relationship between Sidi Ifni and the quest for Greater Morocco or Spain's desire to embrace and encircle the Sahara? Sidi Ifni, or Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña, was the little enclave that became the pivotal point from which these claims could be made. For Morocco, Sidi Ifni represented the successful independence movement that would pave the way for the Green March, the securing of the monarchy and the re-affirmation of Greater Morocco. After the rebels drew attention to Sidi Ifni's desire to liberate itself from Spain, the Moroccan nation saw Ifni as part of the inevitable outcome of nation making.

For Spain, Sidi Ifni represented starting over with an unfulfilled dream. Spanish attempts at colonization in the north of Morocco had failed but in Sidi Ifni, Franco saw the dream of Spanish might come to fruition. It would be the center of the new Spanish West Africa and could embody the ideals of Spanish

destiny and the successful representation of Spain at its greatest, about to conquer an entire continent.

In Sidi Ifni, these lofty goals were more than just nationalist imaginings of fantastic claims and desires. People in Sidi Ifni were the ones fighting for the Moroccan government against the Spanish colonizers. This represents a conflicted identity for many Ifeñas. Many soldiers had to fight for Morocco and against Spain despite their nostalgic memories for a life that was more prosperous under the colonizer, or is at least remembered as being that way. Once Sidi Ifni had become Moroccan, soldiers were stationed in Ifni as a base from which Morocco would draw forces for the on-going wars against the Sahara. People in Sidi Ifni remember all of these events because they are part of the very construction of the town as a military outpost so far removed from either the Moroccan or Spanish centers of power. Those who were born in Sidi Ifni have seen the town change hands from Spanish to Moroccan in their lifetimes. Many people were moved to Ifni by the Moroccan military. One close friend of mine, I will call her Nabila, was one of the latter. She told me about her family one night when we were walking to dinner.

1 February 02

I am not from Ifni. My father is from Marraksh so we are Marrakshi. He was moved here because of the askeir (the military). He moved here and set up home and then brought my mother who was also from Marraksh." I asked if this was the case for many people in town and she replied, "Yes, many people in town are here because of the military, especially in our neighborhood. In military families you have to move quite a lot but it means that we don't have much family here in Ifni. The rest are still in Marraksh." I asked her if she liked Ifni, which she said she does because "it is

zween, (tranquil)" This I hear everyday like a litany. But then as we were walking, she said that even a few years ago the town was very different, "there was no oudadia (a 'newer' area of town which has the appearance of affluence but is really a shell of empty houses with re-bar sticking up on the roofs), no houses on this hill here (where we were walking), less people just sitting on the streets. More and more it is changing and it is full of more garbage and isn't as nice as it was. But many years ago, so beautiful....

I asked about Couloumina (the town just over the hill where we would go to the *hammam*) and whether it had always been here as far as she knew, and she said that, "no Couloumina was already here, at least some parts of it. You find many Couloumina's in the world, wherever the Spanish set up a colony. They would live there while they built the town." Others had mentioned that Couloumina was more like a temporary residence for the Spanish as well. It is on this side of the Ifni River (a dry river bed) that the Moroccan military still have their base though it is looking more and more deserted by the day. Other friends told me about their families moving or being moved to Sidi Ifni because of the military. Hassan, the barber, mentioned that his father was moved to Ifni from the Marraksh region. Twenty years later, Hassan's mother was moved to town. Unlike Nabila's father, however, he fought for Spain's military as a Moroccan enlisted soldier and was given the rather fortunate job of head printer for the O.A.E. newspaper. This history is well known to everybody else in town and many people would tell me that while Nabila was very much a part of the community, Hassan and his brother and sister were "not up to good things". While nobody said that the problem was that Hassan's father had fought for the Spanish, it struck me as an underlying

tension. In Ifni where many families were moved to either fight for Spain or Morocco, and then many settled, it was a dangerous issue to bring up national allegiance.

This becomes an even more complicated issue when considering the Western Sahara. Following the fight for independence in Ifni, “[m]any men from the Ait Ba’amarane territory of Ifni were encouraged by their success in fighting Spain and joined in the Saharawi struggle for independence” (Hodges 1983: 75). These supporters of the Polisario are considered to be traitors to the Moroccan government but also to a larger ideal. Given that the Sahara is part of a religious ideology of Greater Morocco, an Islamic territory at its most fundamental level, those who support the Saharawis are challenging the monarchy as an institution (as commander of the faithful), but also Muslim identity itself. It was never clear just how many people could be considered pro-Polisario. The prevailing sense was that the majority of people in the town supported the ideology of independence but were not willing to put themselves forward as supporters. Those who were a bit more outspoken were few in number but the silent support of their families and neighbors was significant. While these issues are not faced on a daily basis in the north of the country, in Sidi Ifni, we were constantly reminded of the Sahara and its deeply fraught problems. In my fieldnotes from January 17, 2002 for example, I noted the following:

17 January 02

I don't know what it is but on the drive down from Agadir [in a grand taxi—a shared ride] the other day we encountered more gendarme stops than ever. The people in the car blamed me, the foreigner, for being stopped and having our identity papers

checked. Then yesterday when I was walking back from town I noticed 5 helicopters going overhead. They were different from the camouflaged ones we usually see here. People stopped and stared. Malika had problems driving through town even because the roads were blocked.

Multiple aspects of threat are involved in this fieldnote. It was the general perception that I was an easy target to blame for our stops every few kilometers to have papers checked. This was because even though I was sandwiched between four other people in the back of the car, I was conspicuous. At first people were complaining about me quite loudly in the local dialect until one person in the front of the car reminded them that I could understand what they were saying in Arabic. I smiled and decided it would be best to go through the litany of greetings with everybody in the car. The typical reaction then ensued in which people thought it was hysterically funny that I should speak Arabic and that meant that I must be from Morocco but just happened to be raised in America. Few people believed me when I said that no, in fact, I was not Moroccan. I told them that it was a great compliment however, and hoped that they did not bring the conversation back to blaming me for the stops and bribes that had to be doled out to the security officials.

The other and more frightening aspect of this fieldnote is that it demonstrates the on-going fight in the Sahara. Military jets would fly overhead quite often, causing everybody to stop and stare at the sky. This formation of special helicopters was even more spectacular because the roads in and out of town were temporarily blocked. These extreme measures were the focus of discussion for days to come. This became a weekly occurrence and while I would be somewhat startled each time, as the sounds of the

helicopters became more familiar, my friends would stop noticing them. People said that this kind of accelerated activity had taken place a few times a year since the late 1970's. It was my understanding that the increased military presence was tied to James Baker's negotiations, as an American representative, between Morocco and Spain. Morocco had pulled their embassy staff out of Spain in August 2001, further compromising diplomatic relations between the countries.

Remember as well the story that Hassan told me about the American plane that was shot down by Polisario in 1987. It was said to have been carrying insecticide to fight the cricket "problem" in Senegal. The plane became a fixture in town for an entire year as it awaited repair by an American specialist. This plane, like the airstrip, represented to Ifeñas their significant place in the unfolding of national level dreams of empire.

Dreams of Greatness Becomes Nostalgia for a Time that Never Was:

The charisma of an idea like Greater Morocco or Spain's embrace of the Sahara can have very real consequences. I have demonstrated in this chapter that in many ways, Sidi Ifni was a point of connection between competing desires for conquest, Ifni itself was created as a Franco-ist dream of Spanish renewal and the rebirth of a nation; it also came to exist as a representation of the idea of the inevitability of Greater Morocco's reality. In both of these cases, the dream of Sidi Ifni was based upon a representation of a space and time that was symbolic of larger social forces at work. I would argue that these dreams and desires for Sidi Ifni as a gateway to Africa or as a symbol of

Morocco's great manifest destiny were never fully realized. What matters, however, is that the dream of greatness was built into people's very image of life in Sidi Ifni. The town is itself a parade ground both literally and figuratively for the imagination of a nation greater than its current territorial boundaries.

In this chapter I have incorporated historical evidence to exemplify the complex of forces that were at work in coming to understand why Sidi Ifni took on such importance for both Spain and Morocco. Sidi Ifni was the symbolic beginning of the way into the Sahara and from there, onto the rest of Africa. While the historical movements may have passed, they have become embodied in the way life is lived on the edge of the desert and the sea in Ifni. The airstrip remains open for the day that it may be used again, symbolizing the potential for greatness that was never fully realized. This potential is represented in historical memory through nostalgic narratives.

CHAPTER FOUR

GENDER, KINSHIP AND SPACE

“Angels and men work towards unity. The devil and women work towards division.” –
popular saying in Morocco

In this chapter I focus on the construction of gendered space in Sidi Ifni. As mentioned in Chapter 2, many of my encounters with the residents and officials of the town were both implicitly and explicitly structured by interpretations of gender. In this chapter I focus on the relationship between gender, place and nostalgia. Once again I will ask that the reader keep Maria in mind. Memories of Maria typify the connections between place, gender and nostalgia in a way that illustrate the powerful personal interconnections between such theoretical constructions. I have chosen to move between theoretical analysis and representations of experience because this dialectic allows me some purchase into why and how Ifeñas reproduce a sense of gendered social space. Throughout this discussion, the space to which I refer is that which has been reconfigured through the processes of nostalgic representation. These spaces, while implicated in critiques of nostalgia, are simultaneously lived and therefore gendered through the enactment of norms and the division of labor. It is very important to preface this chapter with a brief acknowledgement of my own personal role in the interpretation. While personal experience is inherently and inextricably linked to interpretation at all times, the fieldnotes and encounters presented in this chapter are perhaps the most difficult and challenging of my experience in Sidi Ifni. I feel that it would be dishonest to gloss over the difficulties that arose because of the gender politics of Sidi Ifni.

At the same time, I want the arguments presented to speak to larger social constructs. Personal experience is both private and social and it is the latter that is significant here. As Abu-Lughod writes:

I do not believe that the encounter between anthropologists and their hosts should be the sole object of inquiry. Only a rare sensitivity and perceptiveness can redeem the solipsism of this project. However, to ignore the encounter not only denies the power of such factors as personality, social location in the community, intimacy of contact, and luck (not to mention theoretical orientation and self-conscious methodology) to shape fieldwork and its product but also perpetuates the conventional fictions of objectivity and omniscience that mark the ethnographic genre. (Abu-Lughod 1986: 10).

In this chapter I turn to a more thorough discussion of “female space” but neither in the traditional inside/outside model nor the equally common and problematic model of public/private. My argument is that social space is both public and private, inside and outside. Doreen Massey, a geographer who focuses on the theoretical interplay between place and gender writes that she “began to develop an argument for thinking of social space in terms of the articulation of social relations which necessarily have a spatial form in their interactions with one another” (Massey 1994: 120). She goes on to argue that “[t]hinking of places in this way implies that they are not so much bounded areas as open and porous networks of social relations” (op cit., 121). It has become commonplace understanding to argue that space is negotiated. What I am arguing in this chapter is that gender and space shape each other and that neither is static. When using space as a symbol through which gender and kinship develop meaning, I am specifically referring to the nostalgic place that is a collective representation of Sidi Ifni. This is unlike those theorists who argue for a sense of stasis in the definition of space. Just as I argue that gender is itself a process of social reproduction, space in Sidi Ifni is continuously being reassessed

through the processes of nostalgia. The dynamic relationship between gender and space is indicative of social and political currents that have meaning for individuals, communities and towns. The women I knew created spaces that made their lives fulfilling and meaningful. However, they were also constrained by that space because of the dialectical interaction of male and female interpretations of propriety, religiosity, kinship and class.

This chapter is structured by an interpretation that runs through the varying social contexts in which gender became salient as a fundamental organizing principle of interaction. It is important to remember that gender, in my analysis, is not a “thing” in and of itself that can be inhabited or embodied. Gender is part of the processual enactment of social life but can never be isolated from class or race, history or politics. People can move through different stages of gendered identities as they move through the life cycle, from the village to the big city, and as their notions of sexuality shift and change. While I understand gender to be different from sexuality, both are connected to the interpretations offered to me by women and men in Sidi Ifni. These experiences are shaped by the individuals with whom I came into contact but are resonant with classic descriptions of gender relations in Morocco (see Dwyer 1978, Mernissi 1975). My argument is that gender emerges in part from one’s assigned and ascribed role. “Gender” as a social construct is learned through the embodiment of social practice in a person’s life. As Bourdieu writes, an individual’s habitus is homologous to the set of social dispositions that operate in a given social field. In this case, “Gender” is produced through this variation on a theme that is performed by and through an individual’s relationship to the social network.

In fact, the singular *habitus* of members of the same class are united in a relationship of homology, that is, of diversity within homogeneity characteristic of their social conditions of production.

Each individual system of dispositions is a structural variant of the others, expressing the singularity of its position within the class and its trajectory. 'Personal' style, the particular stamp marking all the products of the same *habitus*, whether practices or works, is never more than a deviation in relation to the style of a period or class... (Bourdieu 1980: 60).

The people with whom one interacts in daily life but also those who are known only through story and memory inform a person's gendered habitus. In this understanding of gender, "kinship" is fundamentally located in the "social conditions of production" by which gender is reproduced. Kinship is one of the layers in the web through which one's gender can take on socially affective meanings and symbols. It is also necessary to stress that one's religious beliefs, not to mention those of the people with whom one is kin, are dialectically related to this gender: kinship tie. The aspects of gender and the interpersonal ties that one enjoins to define the social are informed or mutually constituted by religious practice and belief, in this case, Islam.

To further clarify my use of gender in the above discussion, a turn to kinship is necessary. I use "kinship" to refer to the ways that people identify the ties between themselves and others. Whether these ties are through descent, marriage or fictive kinship, they are located in the experiences of daily life which in Sidi Ifni are spatially meaningful as well. One of the "others" with whom one is in a relationship in Ifni is the space of the town itself. The saliency of this is embodied in practices like the promenade that is described in greater detail later in this chapter. In Sidi Ifni as I will demonstrate throughout this chapter, kinship is structured by prevailing norms of patrilineality and patrilocality. Affinal kin are closely integrated into the patriline insofar as they are linked through idioms of honor and shame. The strength of kin ties is in part recognized by the spaces in which the relationships are enacted. Being a patrilocal society, those ties that are closest to the natal patriline are most often

reproduced inside the father's home. Affectively important ties may be important but if they are not necessary to the longevity of the patriline they can take place outside of the home. This familiar inside/ outside dichotomy is problematized by the nostalgic conceptualization of place as I will argue throughout this chapter.

In the case of Sidi Ifni, the relationship between affinity and place is particularly salient because of the nested hierarchies of social definition that are used to locate a person in myriad social networks. Dumont's theory of hierarchical opposition is relevant here because it helps to account for the ways that socially ascribed symbols of relationship can be called upon in particular situations. For example, when one meets another person in Marrakesh, the first question asked is "min wein inta (into)?" This means, "Where are you from?" Often times this can come before a name is known. From the identification of place, a person's family is assumed. For as large a country as Morocco has become, certain names are recognized as belonging to certain places. Place and kin are oftentimes used as symbolic substitutes for one another. A person's location is used to symbolize other aspects of personhood. For example, when the father of the family with whom I lived talks about place, he assumes strength of kin ties. In the following brief episode, he talks about the loss of family through geographic dispersion. It is important to draw out the detail that as he bemoans the movement of family, he is only talking about his sons. All of his daughters were still living in Sidi Ifni. This fascinates me because if a woman is married, she becomes a member of her affinal kin group. For the most part, she is now a member of her husband's family unless something goes awry. If she brings "shame" to herself, it is contagious and spreads not only to her affines but to her natal kin as well. Even this does not explain why the father dismissed the

daughters because not all of them were married and therefore part of other families. The connection between patrilineage and space is what he is unintentionally underscoring.

This morning I was greeting the father of the hotel and he wanted to talk. He said "Mbarek left this morning for La'ayoune and Ahmed is gone to take that woman with a baby to Agadir. They have all left. Only Abd'assalam is here (not mentioning that all of his daughters are around). That is how it is with so many people today. They leave Ifni even though it is so nice." Then he asked about my family and was pleased to hear that there was a chance that my father would visit in a few months. He said, "He should come back. Ifni is such a beautiful place with the beach and the quiet. So many people go to Agadir and to Casa. Have you been to Casa? It is terrible. So many people and so much noise. I will stay here. Here I have family."

The assumption here is that the big cities like Casablanca and Agadir are home to wandering individuals whose ties to family are in jeopardy. While it is obvious that many people are born and raised in the cities, even they often speak of their "real homes" as being in the village or the *bilad*. Place is fundamental to social identity. This is not nostalgia in the sense that Massey critiques which is essentialist and static (Massey 1994: 121). Rather this nostalgia for place reflects a highly symbolic representation of the shifting relationship between kinship, place, and identity. The father's desire to locate his kin symbolically and literally in Ifni reflects a powerful commentary on the problems of mobility and economic hardship that shapes many peoples' lives in Ifni, especially the men who are considered freer than women to move to other towns to find work. The father's attempts to keep the patriline located in the space of Sidi Ifni illustrates the importance of the relationship between kinship and place. In his analysis and mine, kinship and

place are interpreted as a homologous symbolic dyad. What is most interesting about this kinship: place relationship is that since kinship can be ascribed to people based on shared place, it can therefore also encompass shared history and remembered experience. Kinship then can be interpreted as ties between men and women, Berber, Spanish and Moroccans to one another and to the place that exists in reality and symbol as Ifni. As I have argued, nostalgia allows people to creatively develop representations of the place in which they live and form relationships. This place as symbol thus necessarily encompasses Sidi Ifni as it is now, as it is remembered, and as people hope it will be. Sidi Ifni represents the vehicle through which people can assert kinship.

My interpretation builds on the ethnographic descriptions offered by those female anthropologists who did work in other regions of Morocco. However, rather than simply describe and catalogue the ways in which gendered space in Sidi Ifni compares to that in other towns, this chapter is an exploration of the myriad processes of creation which women and men used in their daily lives to make life meaningful for themselves and their families. The notion of *habitus* as argued by Bourdieu is an appropriate model to help come to an appreciation for the intricacies of constructing a theory of gender, kinship and remembered/imagined place in Sidi Ifni. Gender, in the cases to be discussed, is a “structuring structure” but is also available for some degree of manipulation and individualized idiosyncrasy. Indeed, I think that this dialectical interplay of the individual and the group is what gives gender, like place, its role as both highly contested and ultimately fundamental and taken-for-granted in society. In Bourdieu’s writing, the *habitus* of one person in a group regulates individual action but can also be “adapted” to a given field.

The conditionings associated with a particular class of conditions of existence produce *habitus*, systems of durable, transposable dispositions, structured structures predisposed to function as structuring structures, that is, as principles which generate and organize practices and representations that can be objectively adapted to their outcomes without presupposing a conscious aiming at ends or an express mastery of the operations necessary in order to attain them. Objectively 'regulated' and 'regular' without being in any way the product of obedience to rules, they can be collectively orchestrated without being the product of the organizing action of a conductor (Bourdieu 1980: 53).

In the case of Sidi Ifni, the system of such "durable, transposable dispositions" in the domain of gender is inextricably linked to the organization of the kinship structure which is in turn structured and structures the practice of Islam. As I will argue, in Sidi Ifni, gender practices in any given family are experienced as an enactment of religious beliefs. This is largely because Islam as a religious system is also an explicit social structure that dictates the organization of individuals vis-à-vis one another along lines of affinity, kinship, politics and economics. These are all united through the encompassing paradigm of Islam. The practice of Islam, because it is indeed a social structure and quotidian experience as much as it is a set of religious beliefs, is what unites diverse groups of people across the northern coast of Africa. This is despite social and linguistic differences that would otherwise reveal some radical distinctions such as between indigenous Berber groups and highly mobile Middle Eastern Arabic speaking populations. It is important to keep in mind throughout the analysis, however, that the ideal of "Islam" is just that, an ideal. It is an idiom for social interaction and permeates myriad facets of social life to varying degrees. Family law is one such domain but as we shall see, the practice of Islam is itself shaped by spatially located interpersonal relationships.

Islam constitutes the idiom of unity throughout the Maghrib. It has historically linked otherwise diverse populations into the world Islamic community. And, within that world community, family law occupies a special place. It is at the core of the Islamic tradition. Several legal principles that apply to family life appear in the text of the Qur'an itself and therefore represent the word of God directly transmitted to the believer through the Prophet Muhammad (Charrad 2001: 28).

The ways that a family practices Islam will become evident in part through the presentation of relationships between women and men in a family but more importantly between the family and those living beyond the house walls. As generations socialize one another, the family as an icon of upheld religious and social mores is evaluated in terms of the successful performance of gender roles. As will be seen in this chapter, the symbolic exchange of gender roles is part of the reciprocal obligation that binds a family to itself and to its community.

If everything that concerns the family were not hedged with denials, there would be no need to point out that the relations between ascendants and descendants themselves only exist and persist by virtue of constant maintenance and work, and that there is an economy of material and symbolic exchanges between the generations (Bourdieu 1980: 167).

Generations of kin are hard at work securing one another's places. Kinship here is not just descent and marriage. . It is also a tie to the place both as it is lived and as it is nostalgically remembered through which the very real connection to one another is enacted.

The Collective Responsibility of "Ird" (Honor):

The symbolic capital upon which a family relies to earn or protect its "good name" simultaneously takes the form of female propriety and modesty, and the protection and provision offered by men. . The latter is complicated by

the rampant unemployment experienced by men in Sidi Ifni. Nevertheless, the family is constituted as a group, in part, through the construction of these ideals.

Preoccupation with female purity and modesty is at the center of the social norms governing gender relations in the Middle East. The preoccupation appears in the value of *ird* and the general code of honor. The term “*ird*”...refers inclusively to the honor or moral purity of a group, its prestige in the community, and its strength...A collective characteristic, *ird* is also a collective responsibility (Charrad 2001: 63).

I would like to stress the collective responsibility to safeguard the honor of the family. Individually both men and women are expected to maintain “*ird*”. As a group, agnatic males are also charged with upholding the patriline’s honor. Collective propriety cements the ties between individuals to one another and the group of the family, agnates to affines, and ultimately the patrilineal family to the community. In the semi-private domain, propriety can be performed and cemented. I can think of two related moments that illustrate this well. In one instance, a young Canadian woman, Carolina, had come to town for a couple of months to work with a local co-operative. At a dinner with some of her neighbors that I attended we found ourselves looking at wedding pictures. Later she told me that she was “horrified to see a picture of a woman wearing the white wedding-night sheet, covered in blood, and surrounded by her family.” As chance would have it, the woman in the photo happened to be the same woman whose photo had been accidentally taken by Carolina at another wedding party. When the photo was developed and Carolina showed it to the woman whose name I never knew, it was her turn to be horrified. In this second photo of the woman, she was seen only from the back, wearing full wedding clothing and was dancing. In the first instance Carolina had been “horrified” by the display of the wedding night that was taken from the front and clearly depicted the woman’s

transition from one social status to another, all through idioms of kinship and purity. In the second instance, the woman was hurt and angry that Carolina would be so thoughtless as to take a picture of her acting so inappropriately. The woman demanded both the picture and the negative. She tore them both up immediately even though it was nearly impossible to identify individuals in the photograph. When Carolina asked why the photo had to be destroyed, the woman said that she was afraid of her brothers and father seeing the picture and becoming angry with her.

Photographs of women were a constant issue for foreigners in town who simply did not understand that a picture of a wedding night was a symbol of family pride but one of a woman's back at a dance would bring shame. In another example, a Peace-Corps volunteer, Leah, was trying to set up a photo-shoot for the *milhafs* (like scarves transformed into dresses), which a local women's cooperative had sewn into more western-style garments. None of the women in the cooperative would volunteer to have her picture taken. Leah took no heed of my remarks as to why this was happening. Eventually, a Saharawi woman who was renowned for her beauty agreed to be photographed as well as one younger woman who was well known to be a local prostitute. The third woman who was to be photographed was literally leaving town at the end of that week. When the women of the cooperative finally agreed with Leah to have their photographs taken for a newsletter, they disappeared into the courtyard for at least an hour. I went with them to help arrange their outfits and saw them putting on full layers of make-up over their entire faces. When it came time to take the actual picture, all of the women pulled their scarves over their faces so that not even their eyes could be seen. While I found this actually quite funny, Leah was furious and

exasperated. What she did not seem to appreciate was that a photo of a woman displaying herself, even in full covering, could potentially bring shame to both her natal family as well as the one into which she is married.

The responsibility to ensure "*ird*", or a respectable family name as embodied in female action, is broken down along a gendered division of labor. The most common analytic interpretation of this is represented by Charrad as the responsibility of both women and men to uphold the symbolic capital of the patrilineage. This assertion of control took on a great deal of meaning for men whose ability to provide for the family in socially sanctioned ways had been jeopardized by the high unemployment rates that plagued Sidi Ifni. The majority of men spent their time outside of the home but not working. Morocco in general had high unemployment but Sidi Ifni's rates of joblessness are among the highest in the nation. Much of this is because the Moroccan government has not invested in the port that is the economic mainstay of the community. As I will discuss in greater detail in the conclusion, this led to riots in 2008. Whereas men had been employed by the Spanish to serve as guards or in service industry jobs to meet the demands of the Spanish and their leisure activities, under the Moroccan state, the men of Sidi Ifni had found little reward. This is not unusual in a postcolonial context. The spaces that men inhabited were filled with nostalgic memories of times when the cinema, for example, was not only operating but could employ a handful of men. The restaurants that had once been places for socializing and jobs were now empty yet men would gather at the entrances to old buildings and spend hours standing there and smoking. The men who had turned to alcohol out of desperation were often considered to be less than "men" both socially and in terms of the religious ideology of "manhood". Nostalgia in this context was not just for space but also for a masculine gender identity. The loss of control of

one's own economic wellbeing translated for many men into a preoccupation with the assertion of control over kinship and domestic space. Whereas formerly men's roles in the reproduction of "*ird*" was enacted through protection and provision, with the ability to provide severely reduced, protection of women through control has become ascendant.

The control of women through marriage and kinship is central to the sanctity of the family. This control is meant to contain women's divisive potential.

Men and women share a responsibility for preserving the cohesiveness of the *ayla* (family unit) in that everyone is expected to behave in a way that enhances the prestige and unity of the collectivity. Nothing in individual behavior should break the united front of the males in the patrilineage. Although both men and women are expected to comply with what is best for the *ayla*, the organization of the Maghribi kinship system rests upon a stricter control of women than men. If left free, the woman may 'ally with the devil' and foment division...The men's commitment to the women of their kin group goes together with control over their behavior (Charrad 2001: 62).

Men's honor is thus based on control of female propriety rather than in their own behavior per se. As Sidi Ifni has experienced greater economic hardships, men have come to assert this control of women more forcefully whether through harassment or an appeal to more fundamentalist interpretations of Islam. To my mind, it seemed that if a man's honor rested in control of female honor, then one way to secure such "*ird*" would be to ensure that he himself did not engage in "inappropriate" behavior. When I asked women about this, they stared at me. This was one of those classic anthropologist foot-in-mouth experiences. Malika asked me, "Why would a man have to control himself if the woman weren't leading him astray?" I contemplated pursuing a discussion of this until the rest of the women with whom I was cooking at the time launched

into examples of “unnamed” women who had shamed their respective families. It was gossip but powerful condemnation of what was considered shameful behavior. I asked if this “shame” transferred to the men with whom they had done these unspeakable, horrible things. Again, blank stares. It wasn’t the men whose shame was at issue. They had done “what men do”. The women were the ones who had hurt their families. As I will demonstrate later in this chapter, Malika was the only person who ever openly critiqued men for their failure to provide and thus maintain “ird” by means other than protection. These men had failed their families through their own actions or lack thereof. The way that women can impact men’s honor is through kinship. Once kinship ties are invoked, the relationship between gender, kinship and place becomes manifest. Consider that if a man’s ability to provide for “ird” is compromised by the town’s economic situation, nostalgia becomes a vehicle through which women can subtly note shifts in men’s abilities to provide for their families without openly jeopardizing their family name. Nostalgia also offered opportunities for women to think through possibilities for their own identities. The range of options for gendered habitus was drawn from nostalgic representations of women’s lives during the colonial period as well as contemporary Moroccan society. This is the subject of the next section.

Living Inside:

In this section I focus on women of different generations and economic statuses in Sidi Ifni to explore the ramifications of the habitus of gender. It is important to remember that as Fayad (2000) insists, the religious paradigm of

Islam as enforcing a subservient role for women is itself a symbolic construct that emerges from essentialized interpretations of the Qur'an.

... one of the basic problems of this dichotomy is the persistence in feminist discourses of the 'religious paradigm' that is used to define Arab women's status and hence to deny them identity other than that defined by their religion, or by the all-encompassing term 'tradition'. The overall result is a reductive, ahistorical conception of women (Fayad 2000: 87).

With this in mind, I focus my interpretation on the situated experience of women who call themselves "Muslim" and illustrate through their own words and actions the extent to which a religious paradigm of gendered hierarchy has relevance. The centrality of kinship is an undercurrent throughout the analysis. I would ask the reader to keep in mind that in Moroccan Arabic the word for "a group of women" is *ayillat*, which is also the word for "family". The implications of this being that whether or not those women are directly related by marriage or birth, the association of women to each other constitutes a kin group of its own. Furthermore, as I have argued this means that a collectivity of women represents a potential divisive threat to the patriline and therefore must be controlled. As a kin group, an *ayla/ayillat* (pl.) of women can have powerful effects on the ways that gender and place, sexuality and religiosity are experienced in everyday life.

The women whom I got to know quite well were primarily of one consanguineal family. (See Appendix 2 for a kinship diagram) They had all been born, raised and settled in this town. Except for literally a handful of occasions that included a wedding, a funeral and a town-wide celebration, most of these women remained indoors. When they did leave the house, they went with a brother or other male chaperone. Even on the promenade these women would not venture out without a chaperone. Instead, except for a few exceptions whom I will discuss, they chose to stay home unmarried, saying that in their youth they

had taken a walk at this hour but it “wasn’t for them anymore”. I have chosen to focus on this one family because I knew them best and can more conscientiously interpret their words and actions. These were the women who minded least when I would ask them why they did what they did, how they felt about it, what it meant to them. These women, though all raised by the same parents, each chose a different mode of embodiment of the salient cultural values. One of the women who I will discuss in greater detail, Fatima no longer lived in the house but rather with her second husband. They lived just below the hotel and she spent most of her days with us in the kitchen. Though the unmarried brothers, Mbarek and Abilelah lived at home most of the time, I did not often speak with them in any serious conversations because it would have been considered improper.

On any typical day, we would wake up and make our coffee and tea, then prepare food for the brothers of the family. I was renting an apartment from this family and lived next door to them. I spent the vast majority of my time socializing with them and learning how to cook, practicing my Arabic, and just plain passing the time. I grew to know all of the women in the family quite well with the exception of those who occasionally visited from the *bilad* (countryside) and did not speak Arabic (instead speaking the southern Berber dialect). I also got to know the brothers but did not spend any serious time with them. This would have been somewhat unthinkable since I was a woman living "alone". The constant backdrop of this discussion is the home of this family, the Hotel Suerte Loca [Crazy Luck]. The space itself is a very important part of the social landscape of Sidi Ifni and is intimately tied to the roles that family members took on in their lives. The father of the family with whom I lived took over the hotel where he had worked as a bartender for the original Spanish owners. He and his

wife are Berber and were born in a very small hamlet just south of Sidi Ifni. They raised their family in the hotel and eventually even added on a newer wing, which is built in a Moroccan style. The two halves of the hotel, one art deco Spanish and the other a post-independence Moroccan style are connected by hotel rooms on the upper floor and by the living quarters of the family on the bottom floor. The building itself is iconic of nostalgic social space. It was a bar and place to socialize during the Spanish era and even retained its original name from 1936. (See Image 9 in the Appendix). Now, with its more “Moroccan” addition, the Hotel Suerte Loca makes for a visual representation of the negotiations of space and identity. When livestock were bought for feasts, they lived up on the roof that is also where we did our laundry and shouted out greetings to other women who were busy working on their roofs. Even though this was “outside” space, the roofs were considered female “inside” space because they were so clearly used in the reproduction of domestic identities. We could also use this outside yet private space as a vantage point to look about and see who was taking a stroll, which men were sitting around resting against nearby walls in the shade, or which “faux guides” were pestering tourists.⁴⁵

Malika:

The first person I would like to discuss is Malika, the youngest sister in a family of eight living children. She was born in Sidi Ifni and spent her entire life there. She was now about 30 years old but would not tell me exactly. We could not believe that we were about the same age because of the differences in our

⁴⁵ These “faux guides” as they are called across Morocco are men who dress in Tuareg garb, blue linens draped across their shoulders with what amounts to a turban on their heads. They are infamous for pretending to be from the “desert” and trying to sell knives or swords with fake blood on them. They are the living embodiment of romanticized ancient Morocco.

appearances. Malika had lived a life of comparative affluence since her family had been profiting from the hotel for some time. Still, she struck me as older than her years after a life spent in the desert, working every day for hours upon hours as the hotel patroness, chef, and all-around information person for any visitor to the town.

She also ran her own boutique next to the hotel which was itself unique both because it was the only "shop" in town that sold anything that a tourist might buy but also because she owned the shop herself and made a significant profit. The money that Malika made went largely to her family to buy basic goods as would any woman's profit if she were married or still living with her family. Malika however retained control over some of the profit which is extremely rare. She was able to do this because she had so clearly dedicated herself to the family and there was no question whatsoever about allegiance. The amount that she kept for herself was minimal but over the years she had accumulated enough to buy a plot of land in the neighboring village, Colomina. She always said that one day she would take me there. This made the voyage seem like some sort of a trek when really it was only a short walk away. We never did get to go for that walk. She would collect magazines that tourists/hotel guests would leave in their rooms. In the afternoons as we sipped our tea and ate the cookies we had prepared in the morning, she would point out designs that she might like to incorporate into her house. "When it is built I will make it beautiful like this..." and she would show me a picture of an immaculate, white-walled sunlit room on the French Riviera. I would look out across to the hill where she wanted to build her house. The goats and camels would occasionally be grazing there, just above the sewage that ran between the two villages. I would try to imagine what Malika had dreamt of as her future. What

matters is that Malika did indeed have this dream, whether or not it would or even could be fulfilled. Unlike her other sisters, she wanted to move away from the family, even if only to the next village. She would still work for her family, there was never any question of this, but she would live a more independent life, and provide for herself through her work at the boutique.

It is important to note here that Ifeñas did not shop at Malika's store, only tourists. Furthermore, she predominately sold necklaces and beads which drew a predominately female clientele. When men entered the store, one of Malika's brothers or father was always in close proximity to keep an eye on the interaction. While these dreams of an independent future made Malika unique, we both knew that there was never any chance that she would fulfill these fantasies. This was because in Sidi Ifni, women did not live alone even if it would only be a short walk from her door to that of her family. The one woman I knew who did live alone was regularly referred to as a "witch" and was generally feared.

Malika was also unique in that she had no plans to marry. This is entirely anomalous because while it was completely acceptable for women to stay at home and unmarried, such choices were expressed as a desire to take care of the natal family. Malika surely did contribute a great deal to her family but the fact that she still lived at home seemed to be more a matter of convenience. She spoke of this as though she would live across the hill in her own house if she could. However, Malika was not openly chastised for her desire to remain unwed because she never jeopardized her family's honor through her actions. Marriage would have challenged Malika's close familial ties. This is in keeping with Charrad's argument that the strength of the agnatic lineage as a unifying force of kinship is contrasted to the conjugal bond, which is seen as a potentially divisive

aspect of ties with women. Certainly marriage is a powerfully symbolic rite of passage but its transformative potential does not necessarily weaken the agnatic bond. A woman's honor still has the power to impact her natal family in profound ways. To further this interpretation Charrad cites a quote that is popularly attributed to the Prophet Muhammad:

When the woman comes toward you, it is Satan who is approaching you...after my disappearance, there will be no greater source of chaos and disorder for my nation than women (in Charrad 2001: 57).

Malika took the opposite view. Men were the source of disorder and chaos, at least from her experience. Indeed, when I asked Malika about marriage, or relationships with men in general, she took on a distinctly snide and sarcastic tone. The most frequent comment that Malika would share about men was that they were "*heib*" (disgusting, gross) and tended to drink too much which was why it was better to simply avoid them.⁴⁶ Keep in mind that these men also self-identified as Muslim. As noted earlier, I would often find crushed beer cans on the road when I walked to the market. I never saw any men drink, nor was alcohol openly sold in the town because this would have been *haram* or forbidden. At the same time, it was common knowledge not only that men drank but specifically which men were drinking "too much". The husbands of two female relatives had been especially famous drinkers and Malika would often make the comment that these men were "dangerous" and that the women were better off living alone than living with "men like that". For example, when

⁴⁶ Contrast this interpretation of "male and female" to that presented by Abu-Lughod for the Bedouin: "Male and female are symbolically opposed in Bedouin thought. Above all, females are defined by their association with reproduction, not so much in its social aspect of motherhood, but in its natural aspects of menstruation, procreation and sexuality...Women's association with nature is seen as a handicap to their ability to attain the same level of moral worth as men. Women's lack of independence from nature compromises them vis-à-vis one of the crucial virtues of honor, the self-mastery associated with *'agl* (social sense or reason)" (Abu-Lughod 1986: 124).

discussing a neighbor I had not realized was connected to the family, Malika got a wrinkled angry look on her face and said, *“you know who this is? It is Lathifa’s father’s brother. He is heib, a drunk. You know him? I cannot talk to him. He traffics in drugs and is dangerous. I will not talk to him anymore. He makes the whole town worse just by being here.”* Some of these comments could simply be attributed to a failed familial relationship but the style of comment was consistent with Malika’s general perception of men.

I asked her once if she had plans to marry. As I recorded in my fieldnotes, she said, *“Why should I? My husband would take the money I make from this shop. He would be lazy and have me do the work. Why would I want that?”* This was the impression that Malika shared when she told me about the one man that she had ever considered marrying. She thought he had promise when he was younger but had *“amounted to nothing. What does he do with his time but sit and drink tea? His sister does all the work. I would not marry someone like that.”* For Malika, she already shared all of the household work with her sisters and did not see a compelling reason to add another person to her list of chores. Her role was quite typical in this regard. In large families, it is quite common for one or two of the sisters to remain unwed. These are typically the younger sisters who may or may not marry once the parents have passed away. These women do not bring shame on their family but are considered caretakers of sorts. It is up to these women and all women who live in the household to care for unwed men. If a woman were to marry into a household, she would also take on the role of care for unwed males in the family although she would not be as close to him for fear that her *ird* would be compromised. Formally arranged marriages were extremely rare in Sidi Ifni partly because of the sanctioned role of unwed women as caretakers. In practice however, families arranged marriages through suggestions and hints much as

they do in other cultures. Women knew which men they were expected to marry from an early age. The young neighbor girls with whom I played games like “*élastique*” were not yet promised in marriage but it was clear that they would be married to well-respected neighboring families. This came up in casual kitchen conversations as an inevitability. Only Malika ever spoke of “choice” when it came to marriage.

Those women who choose to remain unwed and remain with their natal families had the potential for a greater degree of freedom than is possible for women who marry. A married woman would be subject to the strictures of both her affinal and natal family. Malika knew what was expected of her and found ways to expand her sphere of influence at home in ways that would be somewhat unthinkable had she married and moved out, even if she had only moved to a neighboring house. When Malika went to wedding parties or feasts, she represented her family but did not have the additional burden, as she saw it, of upholding an affinal family’s *ird*. Her identity was secure because she was tied by kinship and household space to her family of origin. Malika could invite people over to her kitchen to bake and gossip whenever she chose which would not necessarily be the case for a married woman. Even her sister Fatima who lived next door and was in the kitchen nearly every day could not invite visitors to the home because she had forfeited that right through marriage. She had more rights in the household than would an affinal kin but she had lost some of her control of space through marriage. The control of the space of a house is intimately tied to the construction of both gender and kinship as descent. Consanguineal ties to space yielded at least the potential for more power in Sidi Ifni than did affinal ties to space which were seen as much more tenuous. Affective ties could be extremely strong between affines but because they were

not located in shared space and kinship, they were considered to be socially weaker bonds.

Reconsider here the interpretation of Islamic family law and its ensuing gender roles. While Malika's perspective does illustrate the extent to which both women and men are responsible to uphold the family, she does not present herself as subordinate. This is because she has chosen to remain un-wed. Many would argue that since the vast majority of her time is spent caring for her natal family, Malika is still largely subordinate to her kin group. She did not share this interpretation because she had the imagined potential to move across the riverbed to her own house. To her, this was a move she could make of her own decision. However, the prevailing norm was that a person should live with their families until they are married. Mbarek said quite explicitly on more than one occasion that, "younger people want to move out but it is bad if you move out before you are married." From a Bourdieuan perspective, Malika's habitus, while provocative, was nevertheless in alignment with the prevailing norms of gendered propriety and subordination. Malika's individual manipulation of the situation was itself in keeping with Islamic strictures.

Any family law contains within itself a conception of gender and a conception of kinship. The most explicit aspects of Islamic family law concerns gender relations. Islamic family law places women in a subordinate status by giving power over women to men as husbands and male kin. Islamic law in effect sanctions the control of women by their own kin group (Charrad 2001: 28).

On the other hand, one could interpret Malika's refusal to marry as a way of avoiding the loss of autonomy which marriage might entail. Charrad argues that marriages are "arranged and controlled by kin" resulting in a "fragile marital bond" while the important ties are those among male agnates (Charrad 2001:32). One of Charrad's reasons for this so-called fragility of the marital bond is because

“each spouse retains control over his or her own property, which never becomes part of a common conjugal bond” (ibid.). Property is inherited by male agnate which “shows a clear privileging of the patrilineage over conjugal unity” (Charrad 2001: 34). She goes on to argue that taken together, these practices “all reflect gender inequality and women’s subordination in Islamic family law” (Charrad 2001: 34). In Malika’s case, the boutique and its profits would be Malika’s to do with as she wished. For her, it was more of a question of living with and caring for somebody whom she assumed would drink and be lazy, thus challenging her own sense of propriety. For Malika, work and family were the focus of concern and energy. A “lazy” person was not decent. Remember that the possibility for men to enact “*ird*” the protection as well as provision has been seriously compromised. For Malika, men’s honor was still tied to both of these aspects of propriety and she would not accept male control as legitimate if it was not grounded in both aspects of “*ird*”. Her family was of relatively high status in town and while some women were openly critical of Malika for running a shop and spending time talking with tourists, she was secure in her own role. If Malika had not been from such a well-respected family whose place in town was linked to the Spanish era, I sincerely doubt that she would have made the same choices. In a powerful sense then, Malika’s kin role was located in the nexus of nostalgic past and the reproduction of gender norms. She was able to choose from a somewhat enlarged set of gender norms precisely because of her kin ties to a nostalgic space.

On the Performance of Propriety:

The vast majority of my social time was spent engaging with women and girls. In these encounters, the performance of gender would at times be taken for granted, the stuff of everyday life. At other times, the habitus became the subject of the experience itself. These moments gave me the greatest insights into how women and girls participated in the reproduction of a gendered social universe. A major theme in the following discussion is that of self-presentation and the ensuing interpretation of social placement, propriety and religiosity by onlookers. Another sister in the family with whom I lived, I will call her Fatima, was married to her second husband and had had two lovely girls. Her first husband had divorced her though I never knew the details of this previous marriage. I spent a great deal of time with these two kids learning their games and hearing their stories. Their father was an electrician and they lived in the house just below the hotel. While the girls were at school, Fatima spent all day at the hotel helping to cook for the family but just after the early evening call to prayer, she would race off down to her home to prepare dinner. It was well known that her husband had a temper and the rest of the sisters would offer what words of solace they could. They would comfort Fatima by saying that at least he wasn't as dangerous as her last husband. In this marriage, Fatima did not have to wear a full *hijab* (head and face covering) and she was allowed to spend time with her family. If Fatima had lived more than a few paces away, I highly doubt that she would have been allowed to visit because she was also always under the close watch of her natal male kin whose "*ird*" she represented. Fatima's strong affective ties to her natal kin were acceptable because she was able to uphold both the "*ird*" of her patriline and that of her husband.

The question of the *hijab* seldom came up. One of the reasons for this was simply that this far south in Morocco, most of the women wore *milhafs* which are 6-meter long stretches of beautifully dyed fabrics worn in the “Saharawi” style. Saharan women wear these fabrics usually covering pajamas, wrapped all around their bodies. Depending on the way that the fabric was situated, a woman could control the amount of her face that was exposed. Most Saharan women would leave their heads entirely uncovered but Moroccan women would often have just their eyes showing through. The few women in town who wore more typical Moroccan attire wore *jellaba* (more like a robe/ dress). The women in the Suerte Loca family wore the range from *milhafs*, *jellabas*, and pajamas to western clothes that resembled those worn in the 1980’s in the States. Only Fatima, covered her face. She wore *milhafs* and only covered her face as she ran between the houses. In the kitchen, she wore her pajamas. Very few women in town wore the *hijab* but this was also because almost no women would be found in public. One exception was the Berber woman from whom I bought my olives. She worked in the market and was thus in a public space. She would retreat into the dark recesses of her little stall if no customers were around and would not sell to tourists. I think that this was partly because she only spoke Arabic and Berber. The other women in the market were much older and were also non-Muslim Berbers. These women did cover their heads but not always their entire faces. The *hijab* was to maintain propriety and modesty in public so most women who remained indoors had no need to bother with the covering.

The veil has taken on an iconic gendered role in Muslim cultures. Abu-Lughod discusses the role of the veil quite extensively in her work. The following depiction is structurally similar to that which I encountered in Sidi Ifni.

Awlad 'Ali view [veiling] as an act undertaken by women to express their virtue in encounters with particular categories of men. They certainly do not perceive it as forced on women by men. If anyone besides the woman herself has responsibility for enforcing the veil's proper use, it is other women; they guide novices (brides) along, teasing young women for veiling for men who don't deserve their deference and criticizing them for failing to veil for men who do (Abu-Lughod 1986: 159).

This goes back to the enforcement of "*ird*" or family virtue and propriety. The reproduction of the family and its symbolic capital was largely dependent upon the successful socialization of women by other women. This is an ongoing process and became most critical at transitional stages between age groups and in the move between city and village. It is in these liminal moments that socialization, symbolic or otherwise, becomes most overtly enacted.

While I agree that for the most part, women were the most active in enforcing veiling, in one unusual instance, I did encounter a woman who wore full *hijab*, even indoors. On one of the feast days, the family had a visitor. She was a cousin who had moved to Tangier last year. Since I met her in the presence of women alone I was able to see her full face. She was dressed like a Goth from the early 1980's in southern California. She had a kind of a beehive of jet-black hair that was flying around her face in the wind, deep red lipstick, and black clothes with hints of lace. She was returning now with a male cousin and was petrified of her new home. Her father was, as Malika said, a bit "crazy", demanding that she never leave the home and wear full *hijab* even in the house. The "craziness" involved here can be interpreted in many ways. On the one hand, the father was considered to be asking too much of his daughter because the *hijab* was not an indoor garment. On the other hand, to ask the daughter to stay home and not visit family was the bigger problem as far as Malika and her family were concerned. I found this interesting since none of the women in the

family did much traveling or visiting of relatives in other regions in the country. Occasionally, some of the sisters would head south to L'Ayoune to visit relatives, but never up north. They said that the world of the north was too dirty and dangerous, reflecting clear boundaries of symbolic purity and pollution. Much of the opposition between the north and the south was also experienced by the women in the family as that between the big cities and their own lives in a small, somewhat rural fishing town. It was not a question of the cities being more "modern" but rather that they were full of dislocated people who were not linked through familial networks. If anybody in the family were going to travel, it would be to visit a relative.

"Modernity" and the outside world:

While I describe Sidi Ifni as relatively isolated and rural, the women would also add that a "modern" life could be lived, even if indoors. On this issue of so-called modernity, the women in Sidi Ifni had some interesting insights. Malika thought of herself as being especially "modern". She told me this after I had spent a few days traveling to other towns in the south. I met a woman who owned her own boutique in Tafraoute and had somehow heard of Malika (I suppose through some tourists). This was itself amazing to me since the towns were days apart and neither woman had been to visit the other town. When I told Malika about her spreading fame she asked about the shop-owner from Tafraoute saying, "is the woman modern?" I didn't answer very quickly because I couldn't figure out what she meant. Then Malika said, "Does she wear a *hijab*?" Upon saying this, Malika motioned around her head and then made a dour face. I said that she was wearing western clothes and Malika said, "oh, like me." Then

Malika said, "I always hear that women in Tafroute are very traditional and always wear black or dark blue and are fully covered." The traditional full-coverage was opposed to her own western-styled clothing. Malika definitely had a somewhat negative view of women who would adopt such a life-style and yet she herself spent weeks on end within the walls of her family's house.

In one particularly salient example of gender presentation in a public sphere, I encountered a fascinating conjunction of religion, notions of purity and sanction. The following excerpt is taken without changes from my fieldnotes:

Today I was sitting on the step with Leila and Nadia, the two young s. A Moroccan woman I have not seen before showed up wearing very tight black pants, a tight tank top and a little shirt over that. She had dark sunglasses on and makeup. The young boys who were all playing soccer instantly stopped and started making their noises and calling out to her. I suddenly felt glad that I was sitting there so that I could say hi and not have her there all by herself. Anyways, Leila instantly started saying that this woman was hashuma (dirty/defiled but with religious overtones). Then Leila said, "I am a Muslim. That woman is not."

I asked Leila if she knew "that woman" and specifically knew that she was not a Muslim. Leila replied that no, she did not know the woman and in fact had never seen her before but that because of how she was dressed, she simply could not be a Muslim. The juxtaposition of Leila's self-identification as "Muslim" and this other woman as "dirty" spoke to Leila's own socialization but also a classic construction of identity through opposition to "the other". In this case, not only was "the other" not Muslim, but she was "dirty/defiled" and it was understood that she was also a stranger to the town as a whole.

Nobody chastised the boys for their loud and lewd comments to this much older woman. A woman in public was opening herself up to “interpretation” of this sort, especially when she seemed to transgress accepted norms of propriety.

This ability to make others accept and enact one’s representation of the world is another aspect of symbolic domination. But such cultural power rarely goes uncontested. Resistance to a dominant cultural order occurs when devalued linguistic strategies and genres are practiced and celebrated despite widespread denigration; it occurs as well when these devalued practices propose or embody alternate models of the social world (Gal 1991: 177).

The denigration of this woman’s social performance helped to reveal the social, and specifically gendered, social cosmology of Sidi Ifni. The children were practicing those principles of an “acceptable” social life through which they had themselves been socialized. In this context, I was able to ask the children what it meant to be “Muslim” through opposition to another social possibility. It was especially interesting that in this context, not only was religiosity called into question, but also the boundary markers between “of Sidi Ifni” and “from somewhere else” became clear. Though we encountered few people from outside of town, the Moroccans who came to visit were usually related by kinship to somebody living in Sidi Ifni. This woman was not tied to any particular family and so her propriety could not be assumed through connection to a respectable kin network. Even more, her self-representation caused serious consternation among the onlookers because she seemed to be in violation of expected gendered performances as a “Muslim”.

The scripted qualities of gender took on a more ritualistic form of courtship one day when I was having my Arabic lesson with Rashid, my tutor.

In my notes I described a “flock of girls” who appeared to be in their late teens. They had taken a grand taxi to Ifni from Agadir, the nearest “big” city. Considering their clothes, they must have been fairly well off. One girl even had a camera slung casually around her like a large necklace. All of the girls wore their long hair down and uncovered. The girls headed over to my table and tried their best to crowd me out of the way which was strange since the rest of the place was empty. It turned out that they wanted a particular spot in relationship to the boys. While the boys put on the highly affected air of nonchalant pool players, the girls were making overly dramatic whispered comments in French to one another. The scene distinctly reminded me of an American 8th grade roller-derby party full of giggles and glances. My teacher was embarrassed and repeated over and over again that this was “hushuma” or disgraceful behavior.

However, this sort of exhibition of flirting and social display of gender did take place in Sidi Ifni at what was called the “hour of promenade”. Just after the final call to prayer as people made their ways home for dinner, groups of younger people but also some adults would wander through town to the main square and the walk above the beach. I should clarify that none of the women were ever unaccompanied at least by other women. It would be extremely rare for a woman of marriageable age to be outside during promenade. If she did want to go on the walk she could do so with her brother or father. Typically only married women and pre-pubescent girls would be seen strolling on the walk. Elderly women who were no longer seen as sexually available could go on the walk with other elderly women but even this did not happen often. On a typical night the girls would be in groups, still chaperoned by a male relative and the older women would be with their

families or husbands. It was, however, an acceptable time for women to be outside and to meet up with their neighbors. This could be thought of as liminal space and performance taking place at a liminal time, as day became night. The following is from my fieldnotes on a day that I myself was out for the evening air with a friend.

It was the height of the promenade, just after the sun has fully set, with a nice warm breeze. The streets were crowded as we walked past women dressed in every way that is possible in town; men were doing the same. We found ourselves behind a bunch of young dandies who had slicked back their hair and tucked in their shirts to show off their fancy new jeans. They turned around and ran into us but were pleased to do so because then they could publicly show off their English skills as well as their comical apologies. We soon passed them and ran into a gaggle of young girls who were dressed in tight fitting jeans and had their heads uncovered and braided behind their backs. They were giggling to one another as one of the bravest girls called out a greeting to a young man as he passed by. It was a total scene. We headed back down the hill to where the scene of the tourists in the restaurant did not live up to the intrigue of the little soap opera up the hill.

I likened the promenade scene to a soap opera because it was highly scripted performance. The girls and the boys were enacting a ritual of youth that was socially sanctioned and safe in part because of its nostalgic reproduction of space. While it was certainly daring for the one girl to actually speak out, she was surrounded by girlfriends who ensured her respectability and propriety. In addition, the promenade was a classically liminal practice and moment in the daily life of Sidi Ifni. No other towns had such a practice and I would argue that the promenade was possibly only because of Ifni's Spanish past. Nostalgia made such liminal practices

acceptable. Rules were not erased, but temporarily suspended. Girls wore their hair down and left their homes without a male chaperone. Women could be found sitting in the park that during the day was a distinctly male space. This act of promenade was a peculiarly Sidi Ifnian moment for me although it is based on a Spanish custom. When I would ask people about it, they said that since the “time of the Spanish” the promenade was part of the town. Indeed, it took place only in the Old Spanish part of the town that spatially facilitated such meandering walks and gazes. The nightly promenade enacted nostalgic practice that spoke to gender roles in particular. These were the same grounds upon which the Spanish soldiers and Ifeñas who were conscripted into the army practiced maneuvers and paraded for the generals. Park benches faced the circular path around the main square and the balustrade on the walk above the ocean gave people a place to stand and view the ocean and one another.

What is perhaps most important about the scene of the promenade and the flirting in the café is that there is a continuum of social experience even within the seemingly strict gender paradigms. The possibilities for the presentation of gender were intimately tied to the socialization of space. If it were not for the nostalgic reproduction of the promenade, the girls would not have had occasion to walk through town without chaperones. The liminality of the moment nevertheless reveals the possibilities that are available in the continuum of gender presentation. It also implies a range of behavior that aligns with the performance of propriety.

In an example of possibilities for gender presentation, I was watching the beach one day when three young women, all about the same age arrived from out of town. As I wrote in my notes:

The girls braved the wall of leering men and boys and headed for the beach. One of them was dressed in a jobbing suit, another in a full Saharawi wrap and another in a beautiful maroon jellaba with blue pants underneath. It was a great representation of the various alternatives of self-representation open to young women. The one in the jobbing suit took off for the water immediately while the others hovered at the edge of a wave. A quick shoe toss began as the jogging suit girl played at getting the others wet. Soon this became a chase with the woman in the jellaba making a good show of running away, the woman in the milhaf barely able to run and the jogging-suit girl fully soaked by her own efforts.

Though it is important to keep in mind that these girls were not from Sidi Ifni and therefore in a liminal space of vacation themselves, their presences and presentations were important. Their behaviors were examples of ways that the women in Sidi Ifni would not be able to behave in public. Also remember the Chiquitas of Ifni whose images were on the covers of the Spanish newspapers. These women embodied ways of being that helped to define what was and was not possible for contemporary Ifeñas. Through the processes of nostalgia, women like Malika could make reference to such types of female habitus and critique the types of performances to which they were confined. Nostalgia in this sense is a way of discussing what is precluded as options for social identity both in the past and in the future.

For the most part, my time shared with other women took place in the house and especially in the kitchen. Even then as I will show, a continuum of self-presentation was enacted.

Kinship and Cookies:

For the most part, my time shared with other women took place in the house and especially in the kitchen. Even then as I will show, a continuum of self-presentation was enacted. The space of the household became the focus of my discussions with women because we all felt more comfortable talking to one another, laughing or just sitting together while working. It was in this highly symbolic social space that the analysis of the relationships among gender, kinship and space became most salient.

The organization of space is not simply a backdrop to social activity, but is the active and interactive context within which social relations and social structures are produced and transformed. Space in this context is never neutral, but neither is it ever fixed or static. This means that while it is never ungendered, it is also never unambiguously or statically gendered. It cannot be attributed fixed meanings...This is a view of space that takes account of the way in which it is constitutive through practice of social relations and social meanings (Moore 1996: x).

Moore takes this interpretation of social space from Bourdieu and Ricoeur in order to further a theory of "interpretive action". She argues that the spatial context of gender is constitutive of the system of gender symbols and meanings themselves. In the context of Sidi Ifni, the range of possibilities for the production and reproduction of gender norms were most clearly located in the household compound. This was the concrete space in which gender was reproduced. The more abstract space in which gender was created for both men and women was the collectively represented nostalgic space of Sidi Ifni itself. The space of the house was largely female with the occasional male introduction into the space. For the most part, the men would be found working in the cafes or sitting outside talking or smoking. The first room of most houses would be for socializing with guests and family on more formal

occasions. Beyond these walls would be the significantly more private space that was open to family and only very close friends.

Inhabited space – starting with the house – is the privileged site of the objectification of the generative schemes, and, through the divisions and hierarchies it establishes between things, between people and between practices, this materialized system of classification inculcates and constantly reinforces the principles of the classification which constitutes the arbitrariness of a culture (Bourdieu 1980: 76).

The majority of women with whom I socialized remained inside their houses for days on end. They would be in the kitchen, the shared “family room” that would be used for meals, or sometimes in their bedrooms that were also usually shared with siblings of approximately the same age. Rarely if ever would these women sit in the “front room” which was more formal and meant for entertaining guests. This space was to be used to highlight kinship ties when someone came to town or needed to be impressed. I sat in a few of these front rooms and noticed that the men tended to sit towards the center of the banquette while the women were assembled in hierarchical order around them. All of the women would serve the guests but the youngest girls would act as runners while the older women would serve from their place already in the room. A close neighbor would not sit in this room, but would quickly walk through to the kitchen. As food and tea were prepared and then shared, the bonds between family and guest were strengthened. This is an example of the spatial division between people and practices that served to reproduce the boundaries between the family and the community and between women and men. In a specific case, Malika told me that she chose to stay inside and yet, while she made that decision based upon a desire to protect herself from harassment and to safeguard her family’s name, she also gained significant social prestige and self-esteem from this decision. Gal’s discussion of silence is useful here. Malika’s decision is not

unlike silence in practice. She has chosen not to enter into dialogue with a particular form of social interaction.

...silence, like any linguistic form, gains different meanings and has different material effects within specific institutional and cultural contexts. Silence and inarticulateness are not, in themselves, necessarily signs of powerlessness. Indeed, my first goal is to draw on a cultural analysis to show how the links between linguistic practices, power, and gender are themselves culturally constructed (Gal 1991: 175).

For Malika and many others, the work of caring for family was considered to be a pleasure. This perspective is frequently overlooked in analysis of the spatialization of gender. At the same time, it is perhaps one of the best ways to fully appreciate just why and how women continue to participate in a seemingly hegemonic system that reinforces their seclusion. Among those I knew in Sidi Ifni, people's closest bonds were with relatives and neighbors with whom life-long relationships had been established. This is comparable to Abu-Lughod's experience:

As we have seen, consanguinity provides the only culturally approved basis for forming close social relationships in Awlad 'Ali society. However, agnation, although primary, is not the only factor informing social relationships. Awlad 'Ali individuals unity on a variety of other bases, usually trying to couch these in the idiom of kinship. (Abu-Lughod 1986: 59).

Those who were not affines or consanguineally related were brought into the family through fictive kinship lines. Often, baking cookies and cakes together would bring a close neighbor or friend into such a kin-type relationship. In a specific example, we spent days preparing cakes and cookies for a woman named Nabila's sister's wedding. Nabila was a close friend of the family and a neighbor. After the baking, Malika would say over and over again that Nabila was a "true sister" to her. Nabila always came over to our kitchen and never once did I visit hers. Partly this is because we had the larger kitchen but also because it was

acceptable for her to visit the Suerte Loca where a group of respected women lived. Women would almost never go to visit a home if only one other woman were in attendance. To do so would potentially challenge propriety. Other than the Suerte Loca family, Nabila had few other opportunities to leave her house without chaperone. During the hours of baking for this wedding, women would be shouting out interesting local gossip. This baking gossip was socially valuable but also quite funny and highly enjoyable. I took notes one afternoon after what I called a “marathon of sweet production”:

Generally [the gossip] is about family affairs, especially the affairs of the women. When the sisters mentioned men it was to say how lazy they are. This is by far the most frequent comment that Malika and Fadna (one of the sisters) make about men. Malika also says things like, “better to not have a husband than to have one who is a drunk” in reference to a guest who is here with a kid and no husband. The social networks that I noticed during the cookie fest were very much links through matrilineal ties. I think that this might be affected in this family’s case by the father having so few ties with his own family after leaving them to come work for the Spanish so long ago. The women often crosscut those who live here in town and their female relatives from the villages nearby. For example, it is the mother’s sisters who often show up, especially at times to prepare food for religious holidays. Their husbands do not show up. The younger girls were around but didn’t help more than fetching some things. Nabila usually was there and is a close friend of the family but she didn’t show up this morning. This caused a bit of consternation that was set right when they found out that she wasn’t around because she was at the mosque. Malika said that we would all be helping to make cookies and cakes for Nabila’s sister’s wedding at the

beginning of April. "That is how we do it. All the neighbors and family help to make the food because it is so much and there are so many guests".

While the women bond together to support one another and socially valuable practices such as weddings, they also work together to overcome challenges that are part of their everyday lives. These ties were revitalized through work in shared spaces even for families who were otherwise somewhat dispersed. While economics and politics can present a person or family with difficulties, in the cases most relevant here, gender politics are among the most omnipresent.

Harassment:

Women in Sidi Ifni did not only positively view the association of women with the inside. Malika and her sisters would say that there was no reason to leave the house, and therefore leave the fulfillment of these social ties. If I mentioned the harassment I experienced when outside, all the sisters would say, "*maloom* [of course] that is what men are like – what else would you expect?" I would say, in vain hope, "I would expect some respect, or at least to be left alone." The sisters would laugh. I would ask, "but you raised these boys into men, why don't you teach them to treat women differently?" "Oh we raise them but outside, they learn from their brothers and the men '*out there*'". The women never made explicit reference to the lack of ability for men to provide other than the occasional comment that men were "lazy". This was an oblique reference to having an excess of non-productive time but was also clearly a recognition that these "lazy" men were not working.

In the following particularly iconic example from my experience, my own gender and sexuality were located within acceptable kin relations. The processual qualities of this are especially interesting.

13 November 01

Today, walking around town, I was accosted more by men, both young and old, than on any other day since I have arrived. A young man whom I'd met at the Internet space and had always been kind began catcalling me and making extremely obscene gestures as I sat there trying to type. Then walking up the hill with a male guest of the hotel (Louis) we stopped at the post office. As we were leaving, one of the smarmiest men in town who has been saying the usual types of lecherous things to me as I walk home after Arabic lessons, arrived. He seemed to know Louis but it wasn't clear if maybe Louis was just greeting him like everybody else. I made a point not to make eye contact. When this man tried to greet me he grabbed my hand, using one of his fingers to scratch the inside of my palm. This is a clearly known gesture symbolizing a desire for a more "private encounter". As we were leaving he pulled Louis aside and was talking about me as having become a trophy of Louis, who was meanwhile trying to extricate himself from the grip of the man. I did hear Louis say that "marriage had already taken me" (in French) and then we walked off as the man leered on.

While the above excerpt from my fieldnotes has very personal overtones and had a strong effect on my own experiences, it also typifies the ways by which gender, kinship, spatial location and sexuality are linked.⁴⁷ It also serves to exemplify

⁴⁷ The following quotes from Abu-Lughod's *Veiled Sentiments* are striking for the parallels they show between her experience and my own in this context. "As an Arab, although by no means a Bedouin [her father], he knew his own culture and society well enough to know that a young, unmarried woman traveling alone on uncertain business was an anomaly. She would be suspect and would have a hard time persuading people of her respectability. I of course knew of the negative image of Western women, an image fed by rumor, films, and, to be sure, the frequent

Gal's argument, in line with Bourdieu that "...women's responses to powerlessness, although they may also be attempts to subvert authority, may only end by reproducing it" (Gal 1991: 183). While in the above example it was Louis who tried to alter the perception of my gender, his "way out" was to situate me in a fictitious marriage. The men "out there" were socially sanctioned through their spatial gender performances to call attention to the gender and sexuality of women as soon as they left their safeguarded spaces within the walls of a house. This sort of behavior was sanctioned because it was a performance of protection, the male aspect of "*ird*". A woman walking by herself would be subjected to a range of harassment. This was simply to be expected. The spaces over which women could exert control were not the same as those primarily inhabited by men. The women took no responsibility for such actions and attributed lewd behavior to training by other men that must have occurred after the boys had left their mothers' strict care. This absolved the women of some responsibility but also gave a rationale for why they felt more comfortable indoors.

The use of space was highly gendered not only for the women in Sidi Ifni but more generally. For example, Charrad discusses the gendered layout of spaces in Morocco.

The layout of old Maghribi cities also facilitates the separation of the female and male worlds. A woman moves in urban spaces surrounded with a 'triple shield': her veil, a cluster of children generally accompanying her on errands, and the tiny winding streets of old Maghribi cities where no one can be seen for long....

insensitivity of Western women to local standards of morality and social communication patterns. But I had assumed I would be able to overcome people's suspicions, first by playing up the Arab half of my identity and not identifying with Westerners, and second by behaving properly" (Abu-Lughod 1986: 11).

What I had not considered was that respectability was reckoned not just in terms of behavior in interpersonal interactions but also in the relationship to the larger social world (Abu-Lughod 1986: 10-11).

Furthermore, streets are for men. They are not the place for women (Charrad 2001: 66).

While one certainly encounters women in public spaces in the larger cities, they are opening themselves up to harassment by default. This may or not be with the intention of challenging spatial gender norms. In contemporary Morocco more women are moving into professional occupations. Women have literally taken to the streets to demonstrate their independence from traditionalist strictures, most notably in opposition of the first drafts of the Mudawanna or code of conduct laws sanctioned by the state.⁴⁸ Since my time in Morocco, Mohammad VI has passed a new draft of the Mudawanna that makes it easier for women to divorce and to protect their property under Moroccan law. Meanwhile, some women in Sidi Ifni like Malika thought of themselves as participating in the construction of a new set of roles for women. They did this from within the home of their parents as they spent all day cooking for the family and caring for their brothers.

In Sidi Ifni the interesting aspect of gendered space is that some of the women made the conscious decision, as they saw it, as “modern women” to live their lives with their families, and this meant being inside. This decision reflected a choice to avoid harassment and exhibit some control of their social environment. Because such a choice was in keeping with “*ird*”, the father, brothers and husbands had no way to challenge these women. Each sister ascribed a different meaning to what appeared to be the same choice. The range of cultural values was lived as a subjective experiential continuum. Some women

⁴⁸ The policy on family law after independence reflected the coalition between monarchy and tribe and the continued importance of kin-based solidarities in Morocco. Once victorious, the monarchy engaged in political actions and policies that protected – or avoided disturbing – the tribal order that provided it with a base for power...After independence, [family] law was codified in a concise text that appeared in 1957-8. Following a conservative choice on the part of the monarchy, the text remained faithful to the Islamic family law of the Shari’a. The codification institutionalized the model of the family as an extended patrilineage based on agnatic ties, the kinship model that was the cornerstone of the tribal system. The content of the law and women’s legal status thus were left essentially unchanged (Charrad 2001: 147).

were challenging gender norms, making money, investing in a future of their own design. Even then, “the family” had an enormous influence on the structure of the imaginings of these futures. A few of the women were deeply involved in a lifestyle that they thought best upheld their religious beliefs. Based upon this, life was lived strictly indoors with young children sent outside to run errands.⁴⁹ They made this choice based upon shifting cultural norms of acceptable religious display that were made known to them through the local Imam and from proclamations from the King. By remaining indoors these women could never be seen as upsetting the family’s honor. I need to stress at this point that the association of “outside” with male space here is not to reproduce the overdetermined dichotomy of private: public :: women: men. Instead, I use these examples to discuss the ways that these choices reflected particular interpretations of social space by the women with whom I lived.

The social space of Sidi Ifni, as I have argued throughout, includes the temporal dimension of nostalgia because as women and men enacted their choices, they could also draw on the options for gender performance as they are imagined and remembered from the Spanish period, even if only to reject these. While women and men could not actually choose to embody the gender norms that were possible during the Spanish period, memories of these potentials shaped people’s perceptions of their lives today. These choices were always contextually inscribed within the kinship structure. The family’s ties to one another were dialectically related to the changing cultural constructs as they were manifest in this continuum of gendered spatial and social behavior. Massey

⁴⁹ Similarly Abu-Lughod asked the women with whom she worked to speak to their association of propriety and living inside. When I challenged them, the women adamantly defended their Arab identity. One argued, ‘We are not like the peasants. Their women go out and talk to men. We never leave the house, we don’t drink tea with men, and we don’t greet the guests.’ (Abu-Lughod 1986: 47).

articulates this nicely when she writes, "Social relations always have a spatial form and spatial content. They exist, necessarily, both *in* space...and *across* space. And it is the vast complexity of the interlocking and articulating nets of social relations which is social space" (Massey 1994: 168). The meanings of social space for the women with whom I spent time in Sidi Ifni was not determined by the preponderance of indoor locals. From their perspectives, they were not confined by others to the indoors, nor to private lives. In fact, these women were highly social and yet their lives reflect the hegemonic construction of social space that represents processes of gender and place that connected these women to "family". From their perspectives, they were not living a life indoors; they were living with their family wherever that was most honorable and safe.

The Sexuality of the Internet:

Some of the best examples of the complexity of gendered space emerged as the role of the Internet café in town grew more popular. In the following fieldnote, I noticed the ways that this new space was taking on a range of gendered meanings.

4 February 02

As usual today I was in the Internet place that was mostly populated by boys. The other women were the two who work there. Also like usual, the boys were looking at porn and then looking up at me. It wasn't very comfortable but this is the usual experience. Sometimes at the Internet place by the Plaza D'Espagna there are other Nasranii [pejorative term to mean "foreigner" or "white person"] and they help keep the per capita porn a bit lower. In general however, I think that this is how the local

Internets are used. I find this very odd because of the gender dynamics that already exist. On the one hand the men and even the boys seem to perform highly sexualized masculinity and do not, in any way sanction or censor their libidinal reaction to women in public (or private) space. On the other hand, female propriety is of utmost concern. These aren't incompatible but given the desires for female modesty as a male value, it becomes confused...it is largely western women who are the objects in the porn, but this is all being seen in a public space. I guess I'm intruding on their activities and space which makes it acceptable to ogle me and make nasty comments while I check my email.

This example is not isolated to Internet cafes in Sidi Ifni. I had similar experiences in Rabat and Fes as well. The boys and men would share the cost of the computer, usually about 5 dirhams an hour, and crowd around the computers. In the next example, about a month had passed and the associations of gender and space were becoming even more manifest:

2 March 02

A note on porn and harassment at the Internet café.... As I turned the corner on the piste (gravel) path to the hotel I noticed a big pile of empty ksar wine bottles...Then I realized that the reason there were so many boys in the internet place was because it was Friday, the holy day and so they didn't have school in the afternoon. Internet is very new around here and more and more it has become the domain of pornography that then does not end even at the door of the Internet place. The boys have no sense that it is not ok to harass me even while at the computer.

We have all noticed that this is what people are doing in the Internet places. Or rather this is what all the men, from ages about 10 and up are doing. Rashida, the woman who was often there at the same time and chaperoned by her brother said that even lately there is a special short-cut icon to get to porn on the computers she has used. Another friend said that at night her father ushers the family out of the main room and turns on the satellite porn. I think that this is an ever-changing part of the town life because even 2 years ago there were no Internet places and the proliferation of satellites is also recent. This is having important effects on both genders as the men and boys are more and more into porn and the women are more and more wanting and able to go outside. Even today I was followed by a man in a car who got to the internet place before me (knowing somehow that I would be going there), clicked on the porn while staring at me, followed me out and then drove around town following me home.

In the above examples, it is predominately the young boys and men who are engaging in the use of computers as shortcuts to the performance of gender and sexuality. However, in the following account, a female friend of mine would sneak out of her house to the Internet café. Later we found out that she was emailing a much older married man in another town.

It seems to keep arising that the Internet "chatting" is slowly affecting people in town in very personal ways. [Nabila] has been emailing a man in Essouira who is married. What is interesting about this is that while all the men are there watching porn and chatting as well, so are the majority of women. What is so interesting to me is that this is in a public space. It isn't the same as "chatting" with a man, married or not while walking down the street and so it must change the dynamics. In fact many people know about [Nabila] going to the Internet.

This is not a discussion of the impact of technology on the emergent spatio-gender dynamics, a fascinating topic in and of itself. Here I want to highlight the ways that gender and space are processually negotiated and transformed by the actions of particular people in the town. Given that this was such a small community, we all knew who was going where and doing what. For that matter, while everyone knew my daily routine to get tomatoes and olives, I was accused on more than one occasion of being a prostitute who would leave my apartment to solicit men. When I was accused of this by the police, I laughed because since they followed me around town at all times they knew very well that I never spoke to men but it was my presence out in public that was suggestive, the fact that men knew where and when to find me. In my mind, the time and place of my tomato and olive purchases were strictly regulated by the calls to prayer at the mosque. I had to get my food before the town went to pray.

The Future:

While I left Sidi Ifni, my friends and their families continue to make it their home and future. The place as it is imagined nostalgically or otherwise, continues to shape the ways by which kinship, gender and sexuality come to have meaning in their lives. I often wonder what will happen to the town as people continue to leave in search of work. One young woman I knew had plans to leave but was struggling with her family's desire to have her home. In the following note I describe the choices she thought were open to her.

3 January 02

I was talking to Lubna, one of the nieces of the family, when she was helping out in the store next to the hotel. She is very young in appearance and often wears a pair of jeans, white tennis shoes, a blue t-shirt, and a white sweater. She does not dress to attract attention but she does dress in more of a western manner than her other close female relatives. I thought that she must be in high school since she looks so young but it turns out that she is in university. We talked a bit as she was playing her own music in the store. It was something like the backstreet boys or some other young boy-band. She said that she had completed her first year of university in English but that now she had started another school in Tiznit [about 60 kilometers away]. It is private and she is learning computers. She lives up there during the week and usually comes back to Ifni on the weekends to be with her family. As I expected she does not like Tiznit, but then few people do. I asked what she thought she would do with a degree in computers and she said that she did not know. She said that the unemployment problems in Morocco were so severe that even with her degree she wasn't sure if she would have work to do. I remembered then that in the first week of my arrival, before I was used to the dialect and the particular family idioms for discussion, people had been teasing her about her future career. They were saying that she could become a public scribe or a teacher. The public scribes in town are responsible for writing letters for people if they cannot do this themselves. They also type up official documents and are privy to the secrets of all of their clients. They use ancient Arabic typewriters and tend to have a French machine somewhere off to the side. Lubna, who is very shy, was the brunt of well-meaning jokes about her future as a scribe with the knowledge of computers. One thing I find especially interesting about this is that her family has obviously decided that a computer degree is best for her future, but they also make clear that she should finish her education and then move home.

I like this example because it captures the challenges faced by families and individuals in Sidi Ifni. While they want a good education for her, Lubna's family also relied on the knowledge that she would come home and be close to them again. She was taking computer classes, living with a relative in Tiznit but being quite self-sufficient. I would not argue that she was making "modern" decisions but rather that the choices she had to make located her future in the idioms of family and place in quite significant ways. Lubna's ultimate decision will be just one example of the expanding universe of potential opportunities and associated symbolic meanings taking shape through the interactive process of participating in kinship networks, gendered neighborhood ties and politico-economic domains. Each of the women's choices reflects a set of options – one accepted and another rejected. Within the Suerte Loca family, the possibility of choice was not in itself novel but the range of options exhibited in one family was intriguing. As the next generation of young women made their decisions, this set of changing cultural values would implicitly structure and be structured by family connections, economic opportunities and personal desires all located in conceptions of space. What is unique to Sidi Ifni is that as people construct their social identities through implicit processes of acceptance and rejection, the collective nostalgic memory of the Spanish era continues to shape people's perceptions. Though most of the people with whom I interacted had never lived during the Spanish period, their ability to call upon the collective nostalgic representations of that time allowed them an expanded repertoire of choices for thinking through their daily lives. Indeed this is even more potent for those people who had never lived through the colonial era because they are not clouded by emotional ties to the past.

Nostalgia made these other ways of being more available as options for critique precisely because they were not simply memories. People could not chose to live in a different time but they could shape their interpretations of the space in which they lived through nostalgic imaginings of what that space meant at different points in history. Part of what kinship as a system enables is the transmission of knowledge from generation to generation. In Sidi Ifni, part of this knowledge was a sense that the past offered possibilities for the marginalized that are not available in the present. Obviously these possibilities were not necessarily available in the past either but such is the work of nostalgia. It is not an accurate rendering of the past but rather a pointed projection of what people desire as options from which to choose. Even in rejecting such options, there is a greater sense that the marginalized can claim their identities as meaningful. The example of Sidi Ifni, and this one particular family speak to a broader trend in the shifting embodiment of cultural norms in Muslim Morocco. The possibilities for new social roles co-exist with the re-affirmation of strict traditional norms for gendered domains. The interplay of such seemingly contradictory ways of life takes place at the level of national debate and ideology, but also within families. What I would most like to take from the specific examples cited in this chapter is an awareness of the dynamism of kinship, gender and space despite the seemingly routinized aspects of concepts like *ird* (honor). Women like Malika lived within a space that was profoundly structured by socio-religious obligations and norms. However, Malika's choices also reflect the strategies that she employed to negotiate meaning in ways that worked best for her. It would be easy to inscribe her decisions within a template of public/private: male/female. To do so would be wrong because it does not

illustrate the creativity that she employed in criticizing, through words, actions and outlook, the essentialism of such dichotomies.

While this chapter has focused on gender and space, the role of nostalgia is implicit in the contextualization of the daily lives I have described. The processes of nostalgia as I have argued them in the other chapters frame the politics of gender through passing reference to the Spanish era or even in the nightly promenade. In the conclusion that follows, I argue that nostalgic memories facilitate the processes of converting space to place whether through the idiom of nationhood, gender or kinship.

CONCLUSION

WHEN PLACES AND MEMORIES COALESCE

“A town without a history is not a town at all.” The man who told me this was right. He knew what it meant to transform a space into a place. He understood that the past is part of the present and that the ways people remember history shape perceptions and identities. In this dissertation I have offered a set of narratives about the past. Though I did not go looking for nostalgia, this is the trope that emerged from the stories that Ifeñas shared with me. Before thinking through what this really meant, I assumed that nostalgia was a somewhat uncomplicated form of reminiscence that brought people’s memories of the past together into a collective moment of storytelling. What I have learned and argued throughout this dissertation, however, is that nostalgia is in fact a highly charged, complicated and potentially dangerous form of constructing meaning in the present and future through the metaphor of the past. Just as space can be transformed into place, the past as memory and story can produce, through the practice of nostalgia, individual and collective identity.

The Processes of Place:

The place of Sidi Ifni structures my analysis throughout the dissertation but also structures the particular form of nostalgic memory that is the subject of Ifeñas’ stories. I focus on place and polyvocality to capture the way that conflicting representations of space and time can come together. The result is a collective representation of place over time that includes the idiosyncratic

beliefs and understandings of the residents of Sidi Ifni. As I came to understand, the place continues to be shaped by its past as much as it is by the community who now make Ifni their home. My argument is that Sidi Ifni is more than simply a place; the narratives of this place symbolize the ways that people produce identity as a social group. Like any sort of routinized structure in society, nostalgia has become part of the accepted normative order in Sidi Ifni. It transforms space into place through a process by which the roles of power are inverted and those who were marginalized under colonialism and now economic isolation are able to assert a role in the reproduction of meaning. The collective work of nostalgia is located in the ways that the community shares stories about what makes Sidi Ifni a unique place.

A place is a socially meaningful and identifiable space to which a historical dimension is attributed. Community refers to sets of people who may identify themselves with a place or places in terms of notions of commonality, shared values or solidarity in particular contexts. Landscape is thus a contextual horizon of perceptions, providing both a foreground and a background in which people feel themselves to be living in their world (Stewart and Strathern 2003: 4).

What I especially appreciate about the above analysis is the way that meaning, history, place and perception are linked through the social processes of community. The community is linked to one another through kinship, residence, labor and belief but one of the ways by which these social systems come into communication with one another is through an understanding of place. The landscape of Sidi Ifni is revealed throughout the dissertation to be part of a process of making meaning. "There is not one absolute landscape here, but a series of related, if contradictory, moments – perspectives – which cohere in what can be recognized as a singular form: landscape as a cultural

process” (Hirsch 2003: 23). I am not arguing that there is universal consensus about what “Sidi Ifni” means as a spatial symbol. Instead I argue that each person draws upon and adds to the collective nostalgic memory of Sidi Ifni almost as if in a division of memory labor. As in any collectivity, the individuals reproduce and transform the whole through the dialectical processes of making meaning. The context through which this meaning is produced and reproduced by Ifeñas is inextricably linked to stories, images and remains of the past that ultimately shape the present and the future.

...landscape as a form of memory often comes to encode past conflicts that are revealed in its own form and which people think are relevant to the present and the future (Stewart and Strathern 2003: 229).

The processual nature of this theory of place and landscape must account for a multiplicity of interpretations which, taken together, form a collective representation of the past. Indeed, it is the process of bringing these interpretations of landscape/place together that helps to define who the people of Sidi Ifni are, who they were and who they desire to become.⁵⁰ They want to live in a place where a sustainable livelihood is possible, there is enough work to keep a family together in one place and they are able to imagine a town that can be prosperous as it was during the colonial era. These are not impossible goals and yet recent events in Sidi Ifni have demonstrated just how marginalized the community has become.

On June 7th and again on August 19th, 2008 there were riots at the fishing port just past the abandoned airstrip. Protesters set fires and threw stones but they also staged sit-ins and filed official complaints with the government officials. One protestor told the newspaper “Magharebia” that

⁵⁰ As Crumley argues, “...the meanings attributed to the past and to nature give periods and societies their character and inform their actions...” (Crumley 2002: 41-2).

they “staged [the sit-in] because the state hasn’t taken any decisions to stop the city from being marginalized...we’re not going to keep quiet while the government hasn’t responded to our requests, which are fully legitimate” (Touahri 208: 1). One of the specific requests is for a fish-processing factory at the port. In quelling the riots, police were accused of murder and rape along with destruction of property and theft. While the government has set up a commission to study these claims, many protestors continue to set up blockades on the road to the port. The government has not met the demands to improve the facility. These events highlight the continued tension between Ifeñas and the Moroccan government. These riots were clearly more than simply symbolic re-imaginings of the past. However, I would argue that the power of nostalgia has become embedded in people’s perceptions of Ifni. This enabled a rare moment in which primarily male Ifeñas called the Moroccan government to task for the continued marginalization that has isolated the town. In remembering what the town once was, specifically at the Spanish built port, the rioters were able to transform their nostalgic memories of place into a collective and angry condemnation. In the past the port had been the site of economic wellbeing. It was a place where men could earn a livelihood and provide for their families and therefore protect a patriline’s *ird*. The port under the Moroccan government was in shambles and provided little more than a wall to lean against for the unemployed men. The juxtaposition of the past with the present, through nostalgia, helps to explain why Sidi Ifni’s marginalization has led to such powerful reactions.

Svetlana Boym (2001) argues that nostalgia and progress are merely alter egos of each other because, she claims, both concepts emerged as a result of radical transformations in the concept of time as unilinearly progressive and thus unrepeatable and irreversible.

Longing for a past lost became possible only by concentrating on a future that had yet to arrive (Ozyurek 2006: 9).

Stories about the past situated in the place of the present demonstrate the distinctively non-linear qualities that time can take through the processes of nostalgia. The future as imagined by Ifeñas is one in which those aspects of life that were denied to them in the past as colonized subjects may still be precluded as Moroccan citizens. Still, the power of nostalgia lies in the sense of possibility that it introduces. It opens up spaces for imagining alternatives that are otherwise unavailable. Furthermore, these transgressive processes are available to those who are themselves marginalized and unable to gain access to the structures of power that they so adeptly critique through nostalgia. This is why I refer to processes of nostalgia as a total social fact. When Ifeñas locate their critique of state authority in stories about airplanes landing in the 1960s (Chapter Two), they are speaking through the past about the present state of relations with the police. The brutality with which the police reacted to the protests is sadly not surprising. The historical ties between Sidi Ifni and the Spanish are part of the reason for the violence. Also, the connections between Ifeñas and the Polisario movement as described in Chapter Three are linked to the perception by the Moroccan government of Sidi Ifni as troublesome. These historical connections are relevant here because as I have argued throughout, they come up in the stories told by Ifeñas about why their daily lives take the forms that they do, unemployment and all. Rather than simply talking about the economy today, Ifeñas situate their critique in nostalgia and talk of place.

This theory of place is sensitive to the ways that people live in their worlds, make meaning, contextualize actions and beliefs, and are in an

implicit relationship with the temporal qualities of social life. As Crumley argues, the landscape is a site of individual and collective action over time.

...entire landscapes are rarely molded by a single person: landscapes preserve the record of many individual actions, ideas and societal practices. Even when elites have the means to alter many aspects of the countryside, others are still free to attach their own meaning to various...spaces and manage to turn them to other uses (Crumley 2002: 43).

The goal has been to describe Sidi Ifni in such a way as to show as many of these meanings attached to particular places as possible. Individuals' identities are invested in this process of making spaces meaningful.

Specific places support continuity of memory and history as they become invested with meaning for specific individuals and groups, though such meanings may be contested within groups or between competing groups. And places can be 'un-remembered,' as when buildings or other landmarks are demolished and can no longer support the memories and meanings stored in them (Archibald 1999) *In* (Climo 2002: 21).

My argument is that one can look at a building and understand that it can simultaneously be: a defunct and nearly emptied Spanish colonial library, the site of the burning of Ifeñas' Spanish identity cards, a home for a large extended family where the women rarely leave, a place to raise goats, a beautiful art deco building that is now just a shell with no windows and crumbling tile-work, and part of the nightly promenade loop. The architectonics of a particular space exists in multiple temporal contexts. Through nostalgic stories, Ifeñas produce an identity that synthesizes this interpretation of place and time in their daily lives. As Tuan argues, "Art and architecture seek visibility and are attempts to give sensible form to the moods, feelings, and rhythms of functional life" (Tuan 1977: 164). The places of Ifni and their representations in story are indeed "deliberate creations" that lead to moods and motivations that are both personal and collective (ibid.).

This landscape has been transformed by the heritage of colonialism and then further transformed by the processes of re-creating and socializing a space. The networks of interaction that include and are encompassed by the systems of gender, kinship, place and memory perform such a process of socialization.

In her work on elderly communities in Philadelphia, Cattell focuses on a similar interpretation of place and meaning.

An important assumption in the research is that meaning is fundamental in human lives and that anthropological fieldwork is a good way to get at meanings in the lives of others (Rubinstein 1992). Another assumption is that meanings associated with objects, places, events, and persons accumulate over time...Thus, for each individual, [Olney] is a place that is presently lived in but is also remembered, reconstructed, imagined, and – above all – is a place of meaning (Cattell 2002: 83).

Sidi Ifni is indeed a “place of meaning”. Ifeñas live in a town that has certainly accumulated multiple meanings over time. This is potentially the case with all socialized spaces; what is striking is that Ifeñas are so actively aware of this process. The purpose of this dissertation has been to elucidate what these meanings are and how they come to be part of the social life of the town.

The Work of Remembering:

The first chapter is a discussion of “nostalgia” through the stories and myths of Maria. I use her story to work through an analysis of the Spanish colonial period as it was represented in the past and as it is known now. I focus on the Spanish period because it continues to play a ubiquitous role in people’s daily lives. Having been a Spanish colony is part of Sidi Ifni’s present and will shape the future of the town as well. This helps to give

perspective to Sidi Ifni's position with regards to the contemporary Moroccan state.

Both the first and second chapters are largely based on stories and the process of storytelling. These expressions of memory are objectified through storytelling and "can be adopted by groups or institutionalized by the state" (Natzmer 2002: 165). Natzmer argues that, "[I]f we accept that individuals and groups create social reality through the presentation and representation of themselves, then it follows as Bourdieu and Wacquant (1992: 14) state, that one can transform the world by transforming its representation" (ibid.). This process of transformation is the work of social life and as I argue, it is organized along the lines of a division of memory labor. Where one person may have nostalgic memories of a time through which he or she lived, another may call upon nostalgic memories for a time or person that she or he never directly experienced. The collectivity draws upon this set of nostalgic representations as if from a cosmological pantheon. Individuals therefore gain access to these organizing structures of society as they work to find meaning in the embodiment of the social roles to which they are ascribed.

The process [of re-membering] involves remembering and forgetting, changing and restructuring one's perception of the past so that it both supports the needs of the present and projects a logical future. Individuals compose life narratives by picking through all the events of the past and selecting and highlighting those experiences that weave a cohesive story about where they have been and where they are headed (Bateson 1990 *In* Natzmer 2002: 164).

As presented above, this "process of re-membering" is quite like the practice of anthropology. Indeed, there is a shared narrative strategy between storytelling and ethnographic description. I allowed this to structure my analyses because such a narrative structure emerged from the process of

fieldwork itself. While the dissertation is not an argument about the theoretical construction of “narrative”, I do use interpretations of stories to get at larger social meanings. I took this approach because through the process of telling a story, the speaker was able to encode complex and potentially dangerous subjects. People told me about their families, their memories and the people who shaped their sense of person and place. As Climo argues, “[P]ersonal narratives can aid the reconstruction of nearly forgotten social institutions, demonstrate continuities and changes in memory and identity over time, and reveal individual and collective reactions to historical events” (Climo 2002: 23). The stories of Maria are especially evocative of such “collective reactions to historical events” (ibid.). I use these stories because through an analysis of a set of stories about a singular person/symbol, a wealth of meaning can be revealed. Shared sets of memories of Maria, albeit conflicting and idiosyncratic, help to define a community of people in time and space.⁵¹ The process of “re-membering” as an aspect of the transition between liminality and re-aggregation is helpful here. This is based upon Victor Turner’s work on *communitas* and the processes of rites of passage. Cattell takes from Turner and Barbara Myerhoff to argue that the processes of re-membering help to unify a social group through the connections established between people, places and times. Despite differences of income, gender and kin, there is an ideal of community that emerges from nostalgic stories of the past.

⁵¹ With regards to contestation of memories, Climo writes: “The sites of memory are important to truth claims, identities, and many other aspects of human life. They are important for social and cultural continuity within ethnic, religious, national, and other groups, and across generations, occupational categories, and other identities. At the same time, the sites of memory can, and often do, become the focus of contestation...” (Climo 2002: 18).

Re-membering is an intense form of remembering that calls attention 'to the reaggregation of members, the figures who belong to one's life story, one's own prior selves, as well as significant others who are part of the story. Re-membering...is a purposive, significant unification...[that is] requisite to sense and ordering' (Myerhoff 1992: 240). Re-membering creates links between storyteller and listener, between one's present self and past selves, between one's present self and important others in the past. Remembering in a sense reconstitutes that past, brings it vividly to mind for the rememberer, as if places and people were really there. By this means, the past invests the present with emotion and meaning (Cattell 2002: 84).

If "re-membering" is indeed such a purposive act, then we must theorize to what extent individuals use such moments to recreate their sense of selves, kin and community. This evokes Halbwachs' argument that in times other than collective effervescence, memory is what binds people to one another and to the collectivity.⁵² In a classical sociological sense, memory is a total social fact. This is important because it helps one to understand the fundamental importance of memory in the reproduction of a social group. I take Durkheim's notion of social fact to represent the ideal types which are salient in society as parts of the processes of social structure: "A social fact is any way of acting, whether fixed or not, capable of exerting over the individual an external constraint; or: which is general over the whole of a given society whilst having an existence of its own, independent of its individual manifestations" (Durkheim 1982: 59). I argue that nostalgia is such a total social fact.

If nostalgia is a total social fact, one must appreciate the ways that it comes to have meaning for individuals as well as the collectivity. What I argue is that nostalgia is a type of memory-making process. It is a kind of

⁵² Similarly, Marea Teski's work before her death focused on a concept of "memory repertoires" as a binding force in some societies and a way of passing on social memories endowed with meaning (Climo 2002: ix).

memory but like all reconceptualizations of the past is not an accurate rendering of events or narratives. As I have argued throughout this thesis, nostalgia is a particular process by which individuals and the collective are able to read temporal contexts across one another while simultaneously transforming the meanings of the spaces in which these events are said to occur. Nostalgia is a type of cosmological structure in this sense because it offers a pantheon of alternative narratives, all of which are located in the place of Sidi Ifni. Ifeñas choose from these stories as they work to make sense of their present and future, sometimes calling upon memories of the past that are wholly unavailable to them as realities. Nostalgia is not about accurate remembrances. Maria, as a figure in the pantheon, is not a real person anymore. She is a figure through which Ifeñas can think through the construction of meaning. The Chiquitas of Ifni, the fishing port, the Spanish Consulate whether spaces or people are similarly members of the cosmology that nostalgic processes generate and make available for individuals to use as they take part in the reproduction of their community. It is critical here to consider, as did Durkheim, the role of the individual. He writes that,

Despite the fact that beliefs and social practices permeate us in this way from the outside, it does not follow that we receive them passively and without causing them to undergo modification. In thinking about collective institutions, in assimilating ourselves to them, we individualise them, we more or less impart to them our own personal stamp...Every type of social conformity carries with it a whole gamut of individual variations (Durkheim 1982: 47).

The “personal stamp” is made manifest in the ways that people tell their histories, what/who they remember, and what they forget.⁵³ Choosing to forget or omit unwanted memories of the past is the work of nostalgia. This

⁵³ "History is shaped not only by the stories that are told, but also by those that are silenced and or forgotten "(Natzmer 2002: 163).

work of remembering and forgetting is accomplished by both individuals and the collectivity which makes nostalgia more than simply the personal part of memory. I argue that remembering someone such as Maria who one may have never met is a particular form of engagement in the reproduction of the structures of Sidi Ifnian society. Marginalized people are using nostalgia as a form of critique but also as a more fundamental form of making sense of the place in which they live and their individual role within the structures of their society. Nostalgia here is not the work of those with power. It is precisely those people who have not had access to traditional forms of authority who call upon nostalgia which has become routinized as a social fact and is their way of finding a place for themselves in the future of this town's history. While the first chapter highlights a construction of Sidi Ifni as a place whose meaning is temporally situated, the second chapter is about the construction of "Sidi Ifni" as a contemporary space that is shaped by its past and marginalized position in the Moroccan nation. I contextualize and problematize this relationship through an interpretation of the construction of outsiders. The work of "othering" implicitly defines both the so-called outside and inside. "Representations of identity are a means of defining and controlling people's senses of themselves or of opposing other representations"(Stewart and Strathern 2003: 231). The "other representations" being contested were myriad but one of the dominant themes was Sidi Ifni as a potentially revolutionary site with long-lasting and strong ties to the previous colonial regime. These ideas of Sidi Ifni as still part of the "Embrace of Africa" are wholly nostalgic. These themes then re-emerged with the riots of 2008.

The role of Sidi Ifni as a place in historical conceptions of nationhood is the focus of the third chapter. Morocco under King Hassan II called upon the populace to help make what was then called the “Western Sahara” part of a larger vision of Moroccan destiny. Sidi Ifni was an emblematic space for Morocco because it was just beyond the king’s authority but populated by “Moroccans” who were colonized by the Spanish government. At the same time, the Western Sahara was also known as “Spanish Sahara”. The Franco regime in Spain was intent on the use of Sidi Ifni as the gateway to a new colonial push into Africa. Control of the space known as Sidi Ifni represented the embodiment of religio-political ideals for both Morocco and Spain. These were focused on the little town by the sea that would soon be nearly abandoned by both nations. The stories that people continue to tell about this period in the town’s history are vivid and fascinating. People located themselves, their families and their neighbors in both time and place while simultaneously using tales of the past to critique the present and try to shape the future.

For anthropologists, the stories of individual lives are important dimensions of both personal and social identity. Memories define our being and our humanity as individuals and in collectivities. Moreover, the individual consciousness by which we recognize ourselves as persons, and the collective consciousness by which groups identify and organize themselves and act with agency, arise from and are sustained by memory.

For these and other reasons, individuals’ relationships to time and memory are highly subjective and individual. They are, at the same time, profoundly social, for the exercise of memory very often involves others. For example, memories shared with others enables those who did not experience the events to include them among their memories vicariously (Climo 2002: 12).

As Climo argues, the dialectic of individual and collective memory making shapes identity both in the present and vicariously through others’ memories

of the past. Gender, kinship and place are inextricably linked to the ways that people are positioned in these stories of the Sidi Ifni that was. The Sidi Ifni that exists now is based upon a kind of kinship with the past that continues to shape the ways that gender is experienced today. In Chapter Four I turned to discussions of familial propriety, sexuality, marriage and sanction focusing primarily on one family. My argument is that gender and kin reckoning exist in a constellation of other symbols and signifiers such as place and time, all of which are fundamentally part of this process of making meaning.

...one cannot help but note a rather obvious similarity in the susceptibility of kinship to continuous transformations and adaptations. It is these creative possibilities that lend kinship its very great symbolic force – a power that is all the more salient because it emanates from the things [people] hold most dear, and with which they are, in every sense, most familiar (Carsten 2004: 154).

The symbolic ties that link people to one another are indeed powerful. My work has been to establish what these connections are and to contextualize them as well as possible. I have structured the dissertation such that each chapter is linked to the next by the themes of nostalgia that emerged from the stories that people shared with me. These themes are located in conceptions of place, architecture, power, gender and kinship. As each individual shared stories with me, they were enacting the division of memory labor that is the work of nostalgia. My work has been to see the whole for the parts and find the emergent collective themes. Just as a division of labor unites the individuals to the collective, the stories of nostalgia can be taken together to appreciate the shared representation of what makes Sidi Ifni a meaningful whole. The complex network of these symbols and systems, what I refer to as a cosmology, is inscribed in memories and stories of bygone halcyon days.

...we take culture to be the semantic space, the field of signs and practices, in which human beings construct and represent themselves and others, and hence their societies and histories...Culture always contains within it polyvalent, potentially contestable messages, images and actions. It is, in short, a historically situated, historically unfolding ensemble of signifiers-in-action, signifiers at once material and symbolic, social and aesthetic (Comaroff and Comaroff 1992: 27).

Place is one of the symbols which can have polyvalent meanings and potentially contestable interpretations. Through the example of Sidi Ifni, I have shown that a "place" as a symbol can exist in a dialectical relationship with more traditionally accepted heuristic constructions like gender and kinship. "Place" as an element of social structure is too often taken for granted. What the people of Sidi Ifni made clear in their stories and ways that they lived in the formerly colonial spaces was that place is very much part of the construction of meaning. Place is social and each person's relationship with the reproduction of these meanings attached to spaces demonstrated the importance of coming to appreciate this work.

Continuous Pasts:

On receiving a postcard of a place a writer knew when growing up:

...this image is not just a memory confirmation; it also reinforces the history of the place as my father described it and in doing so extends my knowledge of my own place backward in time, to years long before I was born. The postcard supports my own memory, but only because it contains enough familiar elements to confirm that it is my home place. The rest of the scene is disjointed, alien, but I am able to connect the dots and restructure the place through time. Thus, I can understand how radically my place changed, and I now have a story that begins in one place before my time and continues into the present (Archibald 2002: 73).

The postcards of Ifni shown in Appendix 1 encode images that can be used to represent or misrepresent the past depending on the context. The meanings of images and memories are not fixed and can be used to redefine collective identities and place. The fluidity of space in time shapes not just memories but also people. These same people can shape a place and sense of temporality through the work of memory, stories, kinship and history. What is significant here is that the structures and contexts of social life be understood as processes. Unlike earlier ethnographies of Morocco, I argue that the people of Sidi Ifni shape the present, past and futures of their lives through the ways that they share their perceptions of family members, neighbors, the police and even people they only know through nostalgic stories. To study such a complex, Comaroff and Comaroff write about an “ethnography of historical imagination” in which one explores, “...the processes that make and transform particular worlds...processes that reciprocally shape subjects and contexts” (Comaroff and Comaroff 1992: 31). The dialectical nature of this interaction is seen in the ways that people have transformed the set of possible interpretations of life in a former colony. Their memories and stories are part of the sometimes unpredictable heritage of colonialism.

The ownership of memory is a question of power...Through the stories that people tell, the images they create, the social dramas they enact, and the institutions they embrace and resist, the events of the past are interpreted and transformed into social realities (Natzmer 2002: 161).

In a place where people feel socially, politically and economically marginalized, the power of nostalgia is desirable. The nostalgia that Ifeñas employ is not a memory for a time when all was well, they had power and prestige. Rather, they were the subjects of power and it is through nostalgia

that they can reconceptualize the events of the past to claim some control over the construction of meaning in a society where they still lack power and will for the foreseeable future. Ifeñas power is in this process of transforming meaning. The products of the transformation of “events of the past” are encoded in gender and kinship structures, memories, stories and the work of making sense of one another in daily life.

The crux of my argument is that the Sidi Ifni I described in the first pages of this dissertation encompasses its colonial past, its troubled present and potential futures. In traditional anthropological work, such an argument would often be limited to the context of liminality, further reproducing the marginalization of Ifeñas. Consider, for example, the following discussion of cemeteries and funerary practices.

[These rituals for the dead] occur in a ‘commemorative time domain, where a mythic past, present and future coexist and sometimes coalesce’ (Hart 1992: 227). Historic and present-day cemeteries, as liminal places, bridge notions of self and other, time and space, individuals and community, and past and present homeland. Such landscapes encode, reproduce, and initiate constructions of memory at individual, familial and collective levels (Frances, Kellaheer & Neophytou 2002: 95).

I agree with the interpretation of cemeteries as liminal spaces that participate in the construction of social memory. However, I want to take this argument further. Sidi Ifni is an example of a place that is liminal in a geographic sense but is home to people whose quotidian life is anything but betwixt and between. I hope to have shown that through stories and memories, the synchronic and diachronic can “sometimes coalesce”. The processes of daily life create the potential for some very interesting ways of thinking about the potential of people who otherwise have very little social capital to transform their own lives. As Comaroff and Comaroff argue, “...social life is continuous

activity – activity that, because it is always a product of complex experience and contradictory conditions, simultaneously reproduces *and* transforms the world” (Comaroff and Comaroff 1992: 37-8).

What is different about my approach is that I allow the past, which is symbolized in people’s stories and memories, to co-exist with their sense of the present.⁵⁴

My argument for the coalescence and coexistence of temporal frames of reference is structurally similar to Lévi-Strauss’ argument about mythical thought. He writes that, “[m]ythical history thus presents the paradox of being both disjoined from and conjoined with the present” (Lévi-Strauss 1962: 236). I do not want to engage in the debates over myth and history, but what I take to be of importance here is that structures of history can be interpreted as simultaneously disjoined and conjoined with the present. People’s stories integrate the disjoined and conjoined historical structures through daily practice and engagement with the past. For Lévi-Strauss, such assimilation of temporal context is achieved primarily through ritual. “Thanks to ritual, the ‘disjoined’ past of myth is expressed, on the one hand, through biological and seasonal periodicity and, on the other, through the ‘conjoined’ past, which unites from generation to generation the living and the dead” (Lévi-Strauss 1962: 236). Unification of generations, both living and dead, is indeed accomplished through the coalescence of temporal representations in Sidi Ifni. The practice of storytelling can surely be ritualized but it is nevertheless, and importantly, part of the stuff of everyday life. The coexistence of temporal

⁵⁴ “That is, historical consciousness or historicity encompasses the complex relations of the past, present, and future, suffusing and emerging from production and practice, rather than simply the objectified knowledge *of* the past” (Lambek 2002: 17).

frames highlights the continuum of representation that encompasses history, kinship, and memory.

Lambek makes a related argument with regard to the Sakalava of Madagascar. His work "...describes the practice of people who are not alienated from the past but busy living with it, moving in time with, drawing from, beholden to, and engaged with history" (Lambek 2002: 13). He goes on to argue that the ways that Sakalava live with the past is unlike a "Western" approach to history. "It is this kind of opposition between history – the dispassionate representation of the past – and memory – the subjective continuity with it – to which non-Western historicities like the Sakalava invite alternatives" (Lambek 2002: 55). I do not think that people in Sidi Ifni are inviting "Westerners" to any sort of alternative representations of the past. Rather, I think that they have very much the same sense of history as past that most "Westerners" have. What I am arguing, however, is that what can be taken from this analysis of history and memory in Sidi Ifni is that the past is never dispassionate and that there is always a subjective continuity to representations of history in contemporary life. The coalescence of such temporal systems is routinized through the practice of storytelling in daily life.

The reality of the past lies in its contemporary and everyday reproduction. Throughout this dissertation I am looking at the juncture of place, memory and nostalgic narrative. These systems are brought together through a social division of memory that capitalizes on the coalescence of temporal frameworks. This concept is about practice and process, is open to polyvocality, and yet is simultaneously about collectivity. The individual, even when focused on his or her own life, can nevertheless reproduce a sense of the collectivity through the stories, memories, and kinship ties that they

share with family and community. The work of a social division of memory labor is about the production of a collective sense of identity, meaning and place. Place, in its embodiment of the past, becomes a marker for collective identity; such collectivity is produced through the quotidian practice of conjoining the past and the present. If nostalgia can indeed be considered a total social fact as I have argued, the processes through which it is reproduced are accomplished by each of those Ifeñas who shared their stories with me; those who were still living in the decaying colonial buildings; those who kept copies of old Spanish newspapers hidden away; the man who still sold postcards from the days when Ifni had a pool; or those who promenaded past the parade ground and remembered things that they had never once experienced for themselves. As these Ifeñas live their daily lives, they continue to draw upon the pantheon of nostalgic figures and narratives that give meaning to life in this small fishing town.

APPENDIX 1

Images

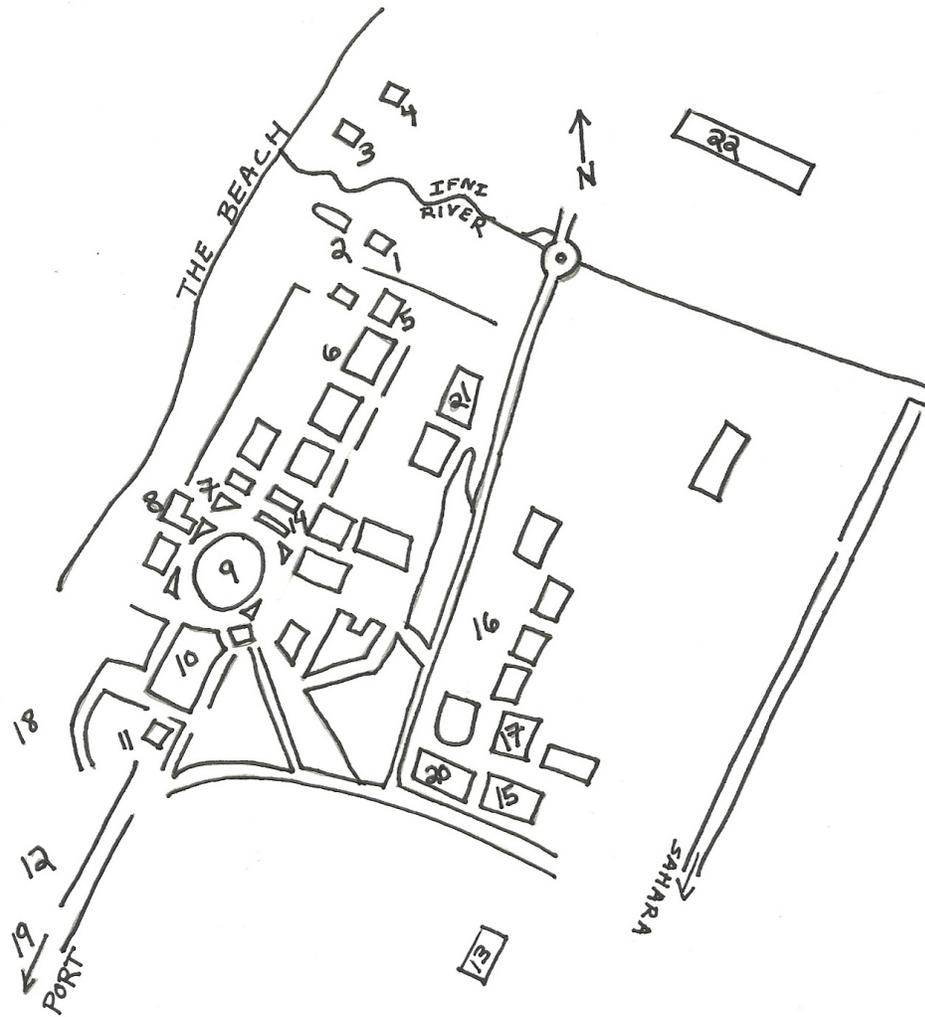
Image One: Overview of Sidi Ifni in relation to Western Sahara and Algeria.
(madeinmorocco.com)



Image Two: A Map of Sidi Ifni's location relative to the Western Sahara. Produced by the Kingdom of Morocco.



Image Three: A Street Map of Sidi Ifni



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|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Hotel Suerte Loca | 12. The Oudaia neighborhood |
| 2. The "Boat House" | 12. The Airport |
| 3. The "Pool" | 14. The former Library |
| 4. Sidi Ali Ifni's Tomb | 16. The Souk (market) |
| 5. The Sureté Nationale | 17. The Post Office |
| 6. The Mosque | 18. The Camping Area |
| 7. The Spanish Consulate | 19. The Port and Télépherique |
| 8. The former Catholic Church | 20. The School |
| 9. The former Parade Grounds | 21. The Labyrinth |
| 10. The King's Palace | 22. The Zoo |
| 11. Maria's House | |
| 12. The Oudaia neighborhood | |
| 13. The Airport | |

Image Four: The Spanish Consulate. Image from a photo taken in 1987 by Malika.



Image Five: Sidi Ali Ifni's Tomb from a postcard produced in 1987 and still being sold as of 2001 at the *hanout* by the post office.

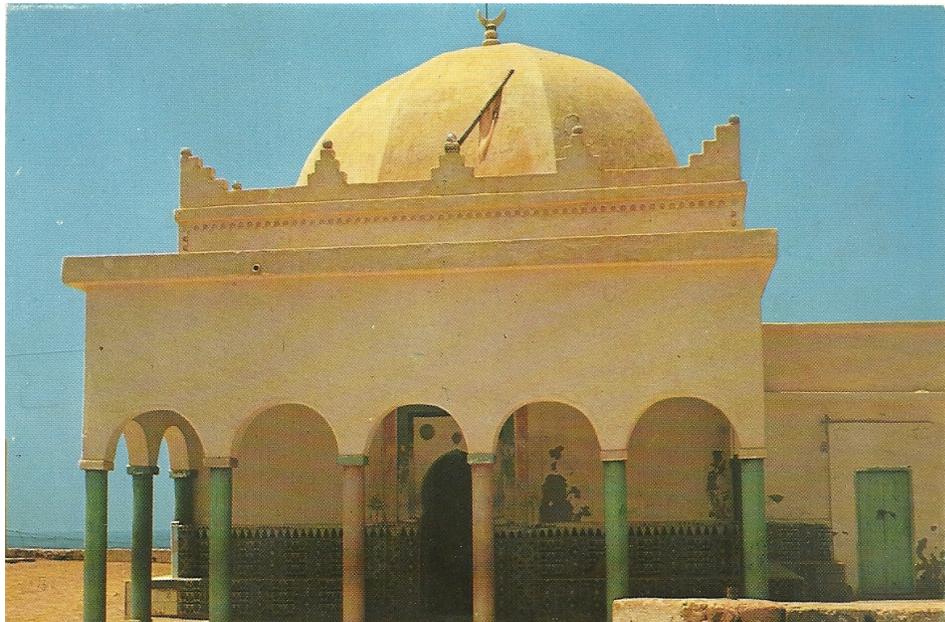


Image Six: The Plaza D'Espagna from a photo taken by a Spanish pilot in 1936. I was given this photo by the Hotel Suerte Loca family.



Image Seven: The Spanish Headquarters, now the King's Palace in 1936. Photo from the same Spanish pilot as Image 5.



Image Eight: Sidi Ifni Airport. This photo is from 1968 and was given to me by Hassan.



Image Nine: The Pool in its last years of operation. This image is from a postcard produced in 1987.



Image Ten: The "Boat House" and Hotel Suerte Loca during the Spanish period. This photo was taken in 1936 and given to me by the Suerte Loca family.

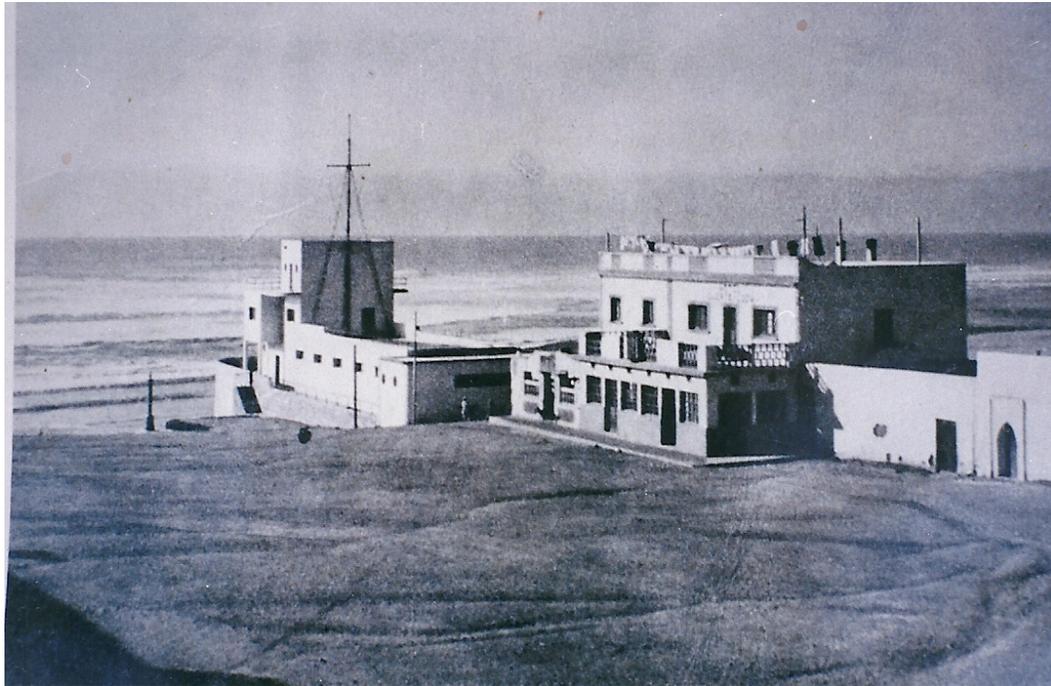
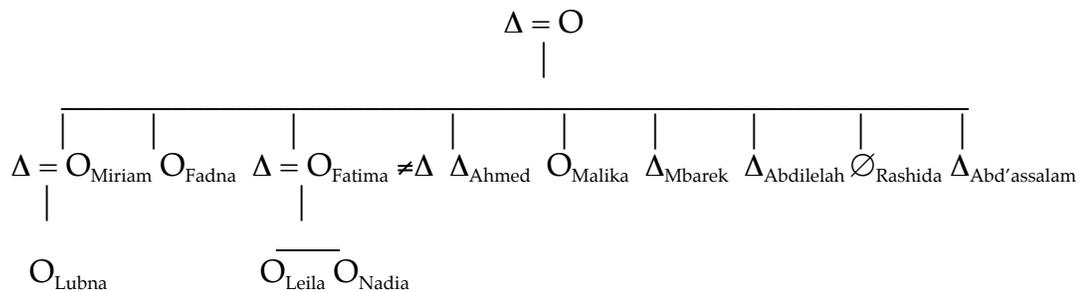


Image Eleven: The "Boat House" today from a postcard dated 1987.



APPENDIX 2:
LIST OF PERSONAGES



The above is kinship diagram of the Hotel Suerte Loca family. Below is a list of names of people who are most commonly mentioned throughout the text.

- Abdilelah: one of the Hotel Suerte Loca brothers
- Fadna: one of the unmarried Hotel Suerte Loca sisters who chose being a caretaker for the family and hotel over marriage
- Fatima: one of the Hotel Suerte Loca sisters who is now married to her second husband. She was in the kitchen cooking with us on most days. Her daughters are Leila and Nadia.
- Hassan: the barber who shared stories of Maria and had her scarf hidden in his drawer.
- Leah: a Peace Corps volunteer who was organizing a women's cooperative to sell clothing and argan oil
- Lubna: a Hotel Suerte Loca cousin who lived in nearby Tiznit taking courses
- Malika: one of the Hotel Suerte Loca family. She owns the small bead and souvenir store.

- Maria: the Spanish woman whose presence is described as a living memory
- Mbarek: one of Malika's younger brothers.
- Nabila: a very close neighbor who would often come over to the kitchen and share stories with me
- Rashid: my Moroccan Arabic (darija) tutor

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GLOSSARY

- Aiyallat: family or group of women
- Bilad: “countryside”. People refer to the bilad with a sense of belonging; specifically with reference to kinship ties to relatives still living beyond the cities.
- Drari: a group of young boys, usually neighbors, who can always be found together playing in the streets
- Hamмам: traditional Moroccan bath house. In Sidi Ifni the new mosque in Colomina held the hammam. The space was allocated to women for certain hours and men the others. It is a site of socialization and conversation.
- Hanout: small storefront stall. The vendors sell everyday items like toothpaste, canned vegetables, pens, etc....
- Heib: “dirty”, “dangerous”, “drunk”. A common expression used to speak ill of another person.
- Hijab: head covering. In Morocco younger women are seldom seen wearing full hijab though partial coverage is common, especially in smaller towns.
- Ird: family honor located in women and protected by men
- Jellaba: a long, robe-like garment that women wear as an outer garment. In my experience, the jellaba is typically worn over pajamas. These can either be bought from a store or custom tailored for the woman.
- Maghreb: Morocco; Maghrebi: Moroccan

- Marabout: site of a “Sidi” or those people most commonly referred to as “saints” in Western literature
- Medina: center of a traditional Moroccan city. These spaces are labyrinth-like. Women are rarely seen outside their homes except for the occasional older woman at her door.
- Milhaf: a three-meter stretch of fabric that is dyed with various bright colors and patterns. These originate in the Sahara. Women wear them wrapped around their bodies, again over clothes. These garments can be worn to cover the head entirely, not at all, or reveal any amount of face that the woman chooses.
- Saharawi: of Saharan origin. An example of the nisba adjective.
- Souk: market. Towns generally have different souks for different categories of goods. In Sidi Ifni we had a fish, vegetable, meat and dry goods souk all located in the same space but operating at different times.