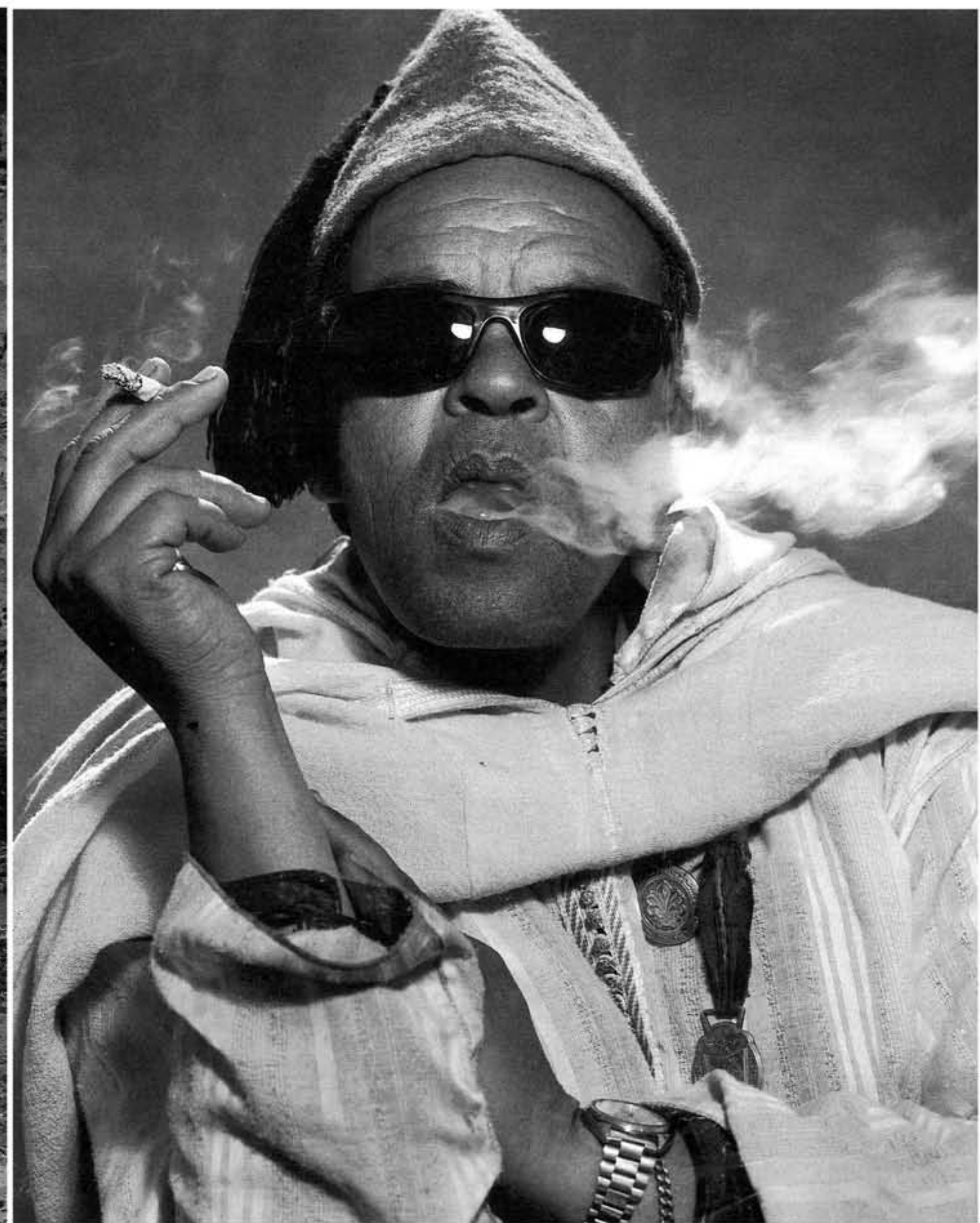


# MOROCCO BOUND

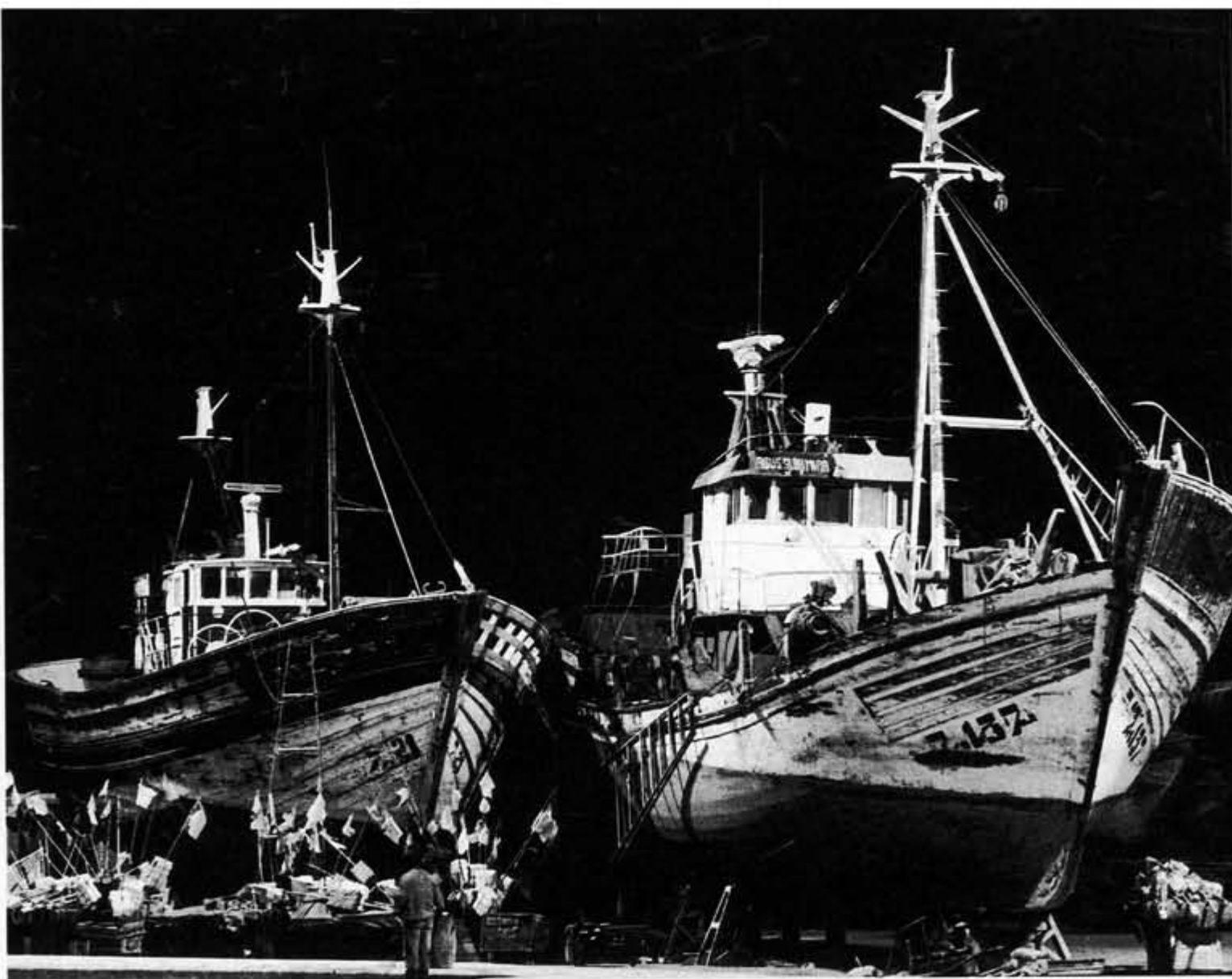
The photographer Albert Watson fell in love with this ancient land during his first visit 20 years ago. He's been returning ever since, drawn by its stark forms and magical light







Top: Tiffoultoute, on the road between Ouarzazate and Agadir, April 1998. 'This 14th-century village has been an oasis for hundreds of years,' says Albert Watson. 'It's just on the edge of the Sahara and temperatures reach 120°F, but there's still snow on the Atlas mountains behind.' Above: sand dunes at Laayoune, April 1998. 'Days in the desert begin very still, but by noon the wind gets up, holding a film of fine sand in the air. The shape of the dunes is constantly changing.' Right: Abas Chaeai, a Marrakesh snake charmer. 'In the market, snake charmers earn a living entertaining the crowds. They all have their own snakes, from the desert or the mountains. This boy would have been taught by his father'



Above: boats in the harbour of Essaouira at night. 'Morocco has a huge fishing fleet, and the boats have to be Atlantic-worthy. The stark lighting is from two street lights.' Right: The hands of Jaafari Khadija, a Marrakesh citrus-farm worker. 'This picture is about texture, but it's also about work. Look at the work those hands have done.' Far right: a woman in a taxicab, Essaouira, March 1998. 'In Morocco you see the whole spectrum of female dress, from completely covered up, even the eyes, right through to shorts and T-shirt. Although the country is within touching distance of Spain, one feels the Middle East. This image will persist.' Albert Watson's book of Moroccan images, Maroc, is published by Rizzoli





Previous pages: a young woman standing on a rock at Essaouira, on the Atlantic coast; Alt Dadda Hamid Idrissi, the official guide at Hotel des Iles, Essaouira. These pages: an old woman in a village 40km from Marrakesh, photographed from a bus

