

She seemed surprised, and she answered with just a few words. She accepted. Next, I asked her to undress<sup>99</sup>. I helped her to do it, and I embraced<sup>100</sup> her naked<sup>101</sup> in my arms<sup>102</sup>. But my nervousness<sup>103</sup> and excitement<sup>104</sup> paralyzed me.

Half an hour later, I proposed<sup>105</sup> that we went out to dance. We climbed<sup>106</sup> into my car, but instead<sup>107</sup> of heading<sup>108</sup> for the Bombilla park, I drove out of Madrid. About two kilometers after the Puerta de Hierro, I stopped the car. I made Pepita get out<sup>109</sup> on the curb<sup>110</sup> of the road, and I told her:

-- Pepita, I know you go to bed with other men. Don't tell me that you don't. So goodbye. I'm leaving you here.

I made a U-turn<sup>111</sup> and went back alone to Madrid, leaving Pepita to walk home. Our relationship ended that day. I saw her again several times, but I only spoke to her to give purely professional instructions. And so ended my love story.

To be honest, I regretted taking that attitude and I am still sorry<sup>112</sup> for taking it then.

During our youth<sup>113</sup>, love seems to us a powerful<sup>114</sup> feeling, capable<sup>115</sup> of transforming our lives. The sexual desire that is inseparable from it, is accompanied by a spirit of closeness<sup>116</sup>, of conquest and participation that should elevate us above what is merely material and make us capable of great things.

One of the most famous surrealist surveys<sup>117</sup> began with this question: «What hope do you have in love?» I answered: «If I love, all my hope. If I don't, none.» Love seems to us indispensable for life, for all action, for all thought, for all searching<sup>118</sup>.

Today, if I am to believe what they tell me, what is happening to love is the same as what is happening to the faith<sup>119</sup> in God. It has a tendency to disappear, at least<sup>120</sup> in certain circles. It is usually considered a historical phenomenon, like a cultural illusion. It is studied, analyzed... and, if possible, cured.

I object<sup>121</sup>. We have not been victims of an illusion. Although to some it may sound difficult to believe, we have really loved.









# THE SEARCH<sup>1</sup> FOR A MOROCCAN WIFE

Essaouira

## CHAPTER THREE



### PART ONE

*«The fortifications of the old city of Essaouira, Morocco, are a mixture<sup>2</sup> of Portuguese, French and Berber military architecture. Their immensity gives a powerful mystique to the town. Inside<sup>4</sup> the walls, it is all light<sup>6</sup> and charm. You'll find narrow<sup>8</sup> lanes, whitewashed<sup>7</sup> houses with blue painted doors, tranquil squares<sup>9</sup>, and artisans cutting<sup>10</sup> Thuya wood in small shops.»*

**Lonely Planet,  
Africa**

Miguel was a surprise, but I never regretted<sup>10</sup> meeting<sup>11</sup> him. We met next to El café del Estrecho in Algeciras, just<sup>12</sup> in front of the port where you catch<sup>13</sup> the ferry<sup>14</sup> to Tangiers.

I'd been running<sup>15</sup> trips<sup>16</sup> to Morocco for some time. I had a friend, Rafa, from Barbate who had a Nissan Patrol, with whom I organized trips to the other continent. We drove<sup>17</sup> over the Riff and Atlas mountains and down to the desert, with fare<sup>18</sup> paying passengers<sup>19</sup>, all in the air-conditioned<sup>20</sup> comfort of a four wheel drive<sup>21</sup>.

On this occasion, a group of four



## THE SEARCH FOR A MOROCCAN WIFE

cancelled at the last moment, and we were left with Miguel. We arrived in Algeciras at 9 A.M. Miguel was waiting for us as arranged<sup>22</sup>. I'm not sure how we recognized<sup>23</sup> him, but we did.

«Where are your things<sup>24</sup>?» we asked. «WHAT THINGS?» shouted<sup>25</sup> Miguel, his head moving violently from one side to another<sup>26</sup>, as he looked at us through<sup>27</sup> one eye. We both took one step<sup>28</sup> backwards in surprise.

«Your toothbrush,<sup>29</sup> for example,» I said.

«I DON'T USE ONE,» he replied so loudly<sup>30</sup> that people in the café turned<sup>31</sup> to look at us.

«What about soap<sup>32</sup>?» asked Rafa, now a little worried.<sup>33</sup>

«Or a change<sup>34</sup> of clothes?» I continued.

«Underwear<sup>35</sup> or socks!» shouted someone<sup>36</sup> from the café.

Miguel jumped<sup>37</sup> up and down and waved<sup>38</sup> his arms, trying to speak, and finally said, «I-I-I-D-DON'T N-NEED A-AN-ANYTHING»

«My God!» exclaimed Rafa.

Miguel did not have anything, and he was dressed<sup>39</sup> in dirty clothes<sup>40</sup>. We invited him to get in<sup>41</sup>, and we drove to the boat. We immediately understood<sup>42</sup> why Miguel had not brought<sup>43</sup> any soap or toothpaste. It was true. He did not use them, and he smelled<sup>44</sup> bad.

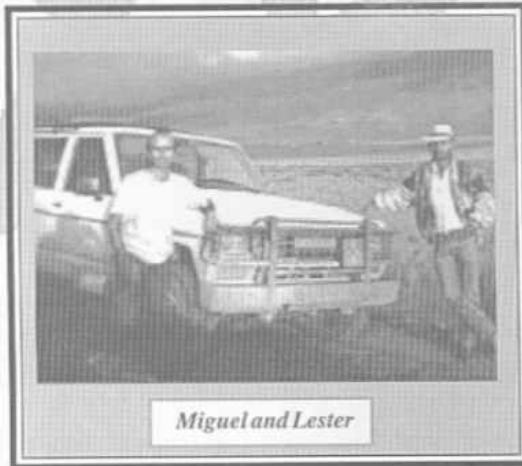
As<sup>45</sup> the boat left the harbor<sup>46</sup>, I tried to calm<sup>47</sup> Miguel down. «Why do you want to visit Morocco?» I innocently asked. I expected him to say that he wanted to ride<sup>48</sup> a camel or other things that tourists mention. «I WANT A MORA WIFE,» shouted Miguel, as three Moroccans turned around. They were angry<sup>49</sup>.

«Sshh! Don't speak so loud<sup>50</sup>. Let's go inside to the bar,» I suggested<sup>51</sup>.

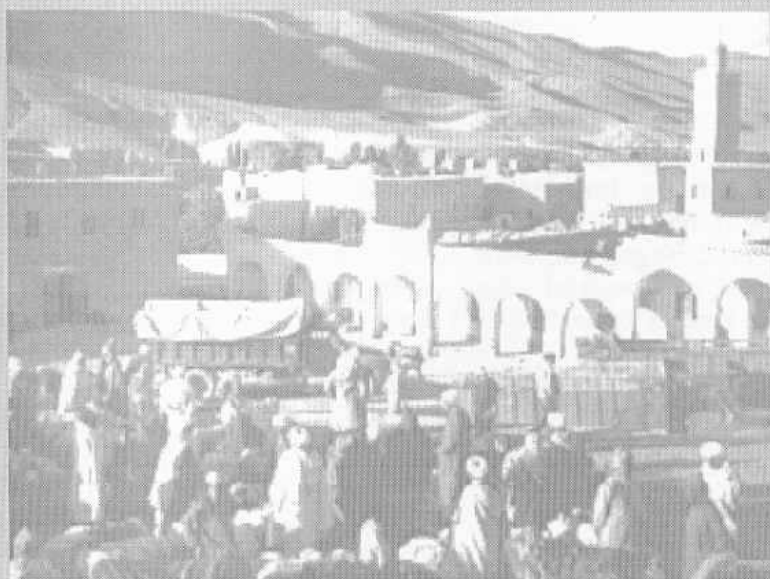
We drank a few Balantines and Coke, and Miguel explained in detail<sup>52</sup> why he

wanted to go to North Africa. He was looking for a wife. After my initial surprise, I began to think about a place<sup>53</sup> in the Atlas mountains where it is difficult for men and women to meet<sup>54</sup>. The young shepherds<sup>55</sup> live and work in the mountains, and the young girls

live at home, only leaving<sup>56</sup> the house to buy food<sup>57</sup> in the market. Once a year, in the village of Imichil, a week long celebration takes place<sup>58</sup>, called 'Le Musseen des fiances<sup>59</sup>.' There is music, dancing and festivities in the village square. The men and women have only one week to make the most important decision of their lives. On the last day, a collective wedding<sup>60</sup> is celebrated, where all the fiances<sup>61</sup> get married. When the boat arrived in Tangier, Rafa and I looked at the dates<sup>62</sup> in the Spanish Embassy. We were in luck<sup>63</sup>,



Miguel and Lester



*Market  
day,  
Imichil*

### CHAPTER THREE

the ceremony started in two days later.

It was obvious that Miguel suffered<sup>64</sup> from some kind<sup>65</sup> of nervous problem, which affected<sup>66</sup> his speech and movements<sup>67</sup>. It caused him to shout and to make sudden gestures<sup>68</sup>.

Miguel had a newspaper stand<sup>69</sup> in the Plaza San Agustin, near the Giralda in Seville. He read all the papers<sup>70</sup> and magazines<sup>71</sup> that he sold<sup>72</sup>. You could not mention anything that he had not read about. He talked for hours and hours during the long trip over the Atlas mountains. He told us about pregnant<sup>73</sup> mothers, nuclear submarines, and his favorite subject<sup>74</sup>, Lola Flores, who he said had bought a newspaper from his stand.

When we finally arrived in Imichil, disaster struck<sup>75</sup>. We were informed<sup>76</sup> that there was no festival that year,

because of the terrible drought<sup>77</sup> in the area. King Hussein had cancelled<sup>78</sup> the ceremony. All the young girls and shepherds had to wait<sup>79</sup> for another year. But Miguel could not wait. He was much more impatient than the shepherds!

Although<sup>80</sup> Miguel was a very difficult passenger during the drive over the mountains and through the desert, we were determined to continue the search. I suggested that we should drive to Essaouira. There, I said, we would definitely find a wife.

We arrived three days later<sup>81</sup>. We bought Miguel a toothbrush, a bar of soap, and a change of clothes<sup>82</sup>. I put him into the shower<sup>83</sup>, and said that he couldn't come out<sup>84</sup> for half an hour. It would make things easier<sup>85</sup>, I told him, to find a wife.



Miguel needed a spouse to help run<sup>86</sup> his newspaper stand. It was the only thing that interested him. Spanish women were not to be trusted,<sup>87</sup> he said, they might run off<sup>88</sup> with another man at any moment<sup>89</sup>. I did not agree<sup>90</sup>, but then it wasn't my business<sup>91</sup>. Moroccan women, he had read in National Geographic magazines, were eternally faithful<sup>92</sup>, and worked very hard. It was these kind of values<sup>93</sup> that he wanted.

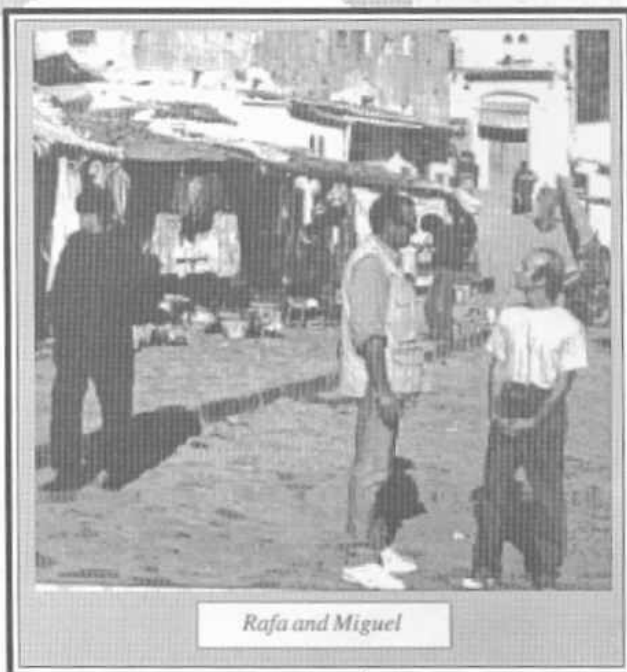
## PART TWO

The beautiful sea town of Essaouira has been inhabited by the Phoenicians, Romans, Pirates, Portuguese and finally the French.

A strong wall protects<sup>94</sup> the city, which contains thousands of cannons, all made in Seville. Inside the city, people sell spices<sup>95</sup>, strawberries<sup>96</sup>, carpets<sup>97</sup> and even old nails<sup>98</sup>. Old women sit on steps<sup>99</sup> with white blankets<sup>100</sup> to protect themselves against the heat<sup>101</sup>. Some men work, others pretend<sup>102</sup> to be busy<sup>103</sup>, and the rest<sup>104</sup> have siestas all day long. It is paradise<sup>105</sup> for some.

When Miguel finally finished his

shower, Rafa said that he smelled<sup>106</sup> like a spring<sup>107</sup> rose. I assured him that he had a much better chance to find a woman. We searched for days, asking about wives in spice shops and bars, carpet boutiques and hotels. We even asked a fishermen<sup>108</sup> who was selling Sting Ray fish<sup>109</sup>! Finally, we met a middle-aged<sup>110</sup> man named Abdul. He was standing with his older brother<sup>111</sup> outside their small shop. We told him that we were looking for a wife. He said that he would talk to his older brother about the matter<sup>112</sup>. They bargained<sup>113</sup> together for half an hour. The older brother was interested in a marriage, because it would provide<sup>114</sup> the key<sup>115</sup> which opened the door to residence for the whole family in Spain. In the end<sup>116</sup>, they reached an agreement<sup>117</sup>, and Abdul told us to come with him. They had a younger sister, Fahtima. She was in her early thirties<sup>118</sup> and was resigned to a life of solitude.



Rafa and Miguel

The whole family was waiting to receive us. The brothers were hoping to marry Fahtima to Miguel. She was quite fat. When she saw Miguel, she started to laugh<sup>119</sup> and could not stop laughing during the whole negotiation. The family was in-





## THE SEARCH FOR A MOROCCAN WIFE

terested to hear<sup>120</sup> that Miguel owned<sup>121</sup> five flats<sup>122</sup> in Seville. Miguel was very nervous<sup>123</sup>. He twitched<sup>124</sup> the whole time, and jumped to his feet<sup>125</sup> every few minutes and walked up and down<sup>126</sup> the room. He once knocked over<sup>127</sup> a jar<sup>128</sup> of roses which broke<sup>129</sup> on the floor. But nobody seemed to mind<sup>130</sup>. Fahtima kept laughing, and the negotiations continued.

Finally, just when Rafa was about to close the deal<sup>131</sup>, Miguel jumped up<sup>132</sup> and shouted, «S-S-STOP!!» The whole room fell silent<sup>133</sup>. Everybody had forgotten about Miguel.

«I W-W-WANT TO GO HOME TO S-SEVILLE!» he continued shouting. «I DON'T WANT A M-M-M-MOROCCAN WIFE A-AN-ANYMORE<sup>134</sup>!»

Nobody said a word. I got up<sup>135</sup> and took Miguel by the hand and told Rafa that we should forget<sup>136</sup> about this one<sup>137</sup>. We apologized<sup>138</sup> for troubling<sup>139</sup> the family and left.

We calmed Miguel down<sup>140</sup> and assured<sup>141</sup> him that the next time we would think about his feelings<sup>142</sup> and tastes<sup>143</sup>. I met a Berber friend, Hamid,

later that afternoon in one of the four bars in the town. I told him about our problem. He thought for a little and told me that he had a sister who might be interested in the proposition.

He invited us to stay at their house, so that the family could become acquainted<sup>144</sup> with Miguel. We found Rafa and Miguel talking next to the Nissan Patrol and told them about the sister. Miguel agreed to the new plan, and we followed Hamid to his house.

The bottom floor<sup>145</sup> of the house was reserved for goats<sup>146</sup> and chickens. Hamid took<sup>147</sup> us to a large room on the second floor<sup>148</sup>.

News travels fast in small towns, and Kadisha was waiting in the living room to receive us. Miguel and Kadisha's eyes met<sup>149</sup> for the first time. She was wearing a long, black dress and veil<sup>150</sup>. She had taken off the head piece<sup>151</sup> that normally covered her whole head. Her shiny<sup>152</sup> black hair, which had golden beads<sup>153</sup> attached, fell over her shoulders, stopping above her plump<sup>154</sup> breasts. Her eyes were large and brown and her expression was soft, almost seductive<sup>155</sup>. She was very pretty.



Abdul and his brother

### CHAPTER THREE





Miguel, who was now very calm and happy, looked at Kadisha the whole time. Kadisha responded by blinking<sup>156</sup> her eyes and touching<sup>157</sup> her silky<sup>158</sup> hair. After a while<sup>159</sup>, our conversation with the family stopped. Everyone felt the ardent attraction between the Sevillian man and the Berber woman. We decided that they should be left alone together.

I am not sure how they communicated, but when we returned, we could see them through the window. They were sitting very close together on the sofa. Their noses<sup>160</sup> were almost touching. They were not speaking, just looking into each other's eyes. While we watched<sup>161</sup>, Kadisha's green fan<sup>162</sup> fell to the ground. When Miguel reached down<sup>163</sup> to pick it up<sup>164</sup>, their hands touched. Hamid saw this, and he ran into the room and angrily said something in Berber to Kadisha. She quickly stood up<sup>165</sup> and went upstairs<sup>166</sup>.

We could only stay for two more days. Miguel and Kadisha spent<sup>167</sup> all of their time together. They smiled<sup>168</sup> and laughed often. They were not aware<sup>169</sup>

of anything else. The whole house could feel the passion between the two lovers<sup>170</sup>. Even the chickens and the goats were happy. Our departure<sup>171</sup> was a sad<sup>172</sup> one, but we decided to return the following<sup>173</sup> month. We returned, in fact<sup>174</sup>, on two more occasions to finalize the arrangements<sup>175</sup> for the wedding.



The last time that the four of us were together, was when Miguel and Kadisha were kissing<sup>176</sup> for the first time at the altar of the Virgin Santa Maria in Seville, in April, 1994. At the wedding reception<sup>177</sup> that follo-

wed, half the newspaper reading population of Seville came to celebrate. And in fact today, if you go to Seville, and you need to buy a newspaper, go to the little kiosk in the Plaza San Agustin. There, you will find Miguel (in a clean pair of jeans<sup>178</sup>), with Kadisha at his side<sup>179</sup>. He will be giving out<sup>180</sup>

magazines about submarines and shouting happily at whoever<sup>181</sup> stops to talk<sup>182</sup>.



Richard Clarke  
and Lester Moores



Lester Moores

# The Passive Voice

## Introduction

The Passive Voice is **very common** in English. In Spanish the Passive Voice is **less common** and has **two forms**. English has only **one form**. These differences can sometimes lead to confusion between the two languages.

## CONSTRUCTION

## CHAPTER THREE

### SECTION ONE

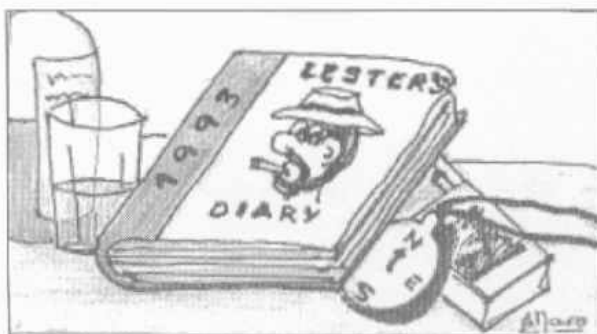
1. The construction of the Passive Voice in English is quite simple: The verb **To Be** (conjugated depending on tense) + **the Past Participle**.

Example: It is said = Se dice.

It was said = Se decía.

1A. The Spanish passive voice has two forms. **One** is **equal** to English in construction.

- El diario de Lester sobre Essaouira **fué escrito** en 1993.  
(Lester's diary about Essaouira **was written** in 1993).



1B. The other has a **different construction**, but means the **same thing** in English.