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Introduction: “Europe?”

Patrick McCreery

theme the Albert Gallatin Scholars explored in Fall 2012 and Spring 2013 derived from what might seem like a simple question: “How do we define Europe?” The apparent simplicity is deceptive, however, considering that the question generates only more questions. When people talk about “Europe,” do they mean it in a geographic sense? A political one? Cultural? As we recognize that these categories generate definitions that are similar but not identical, the amorphousness of the concept of “Europe” comes into view.

Perhaps nowhere is this amorphousness more apparent than at the Strait of Gibraltar, the narrow body of water (just nine miles wide) that separates European Spain from African Morocco, the two countries that 21 AGS members and five faculty visited in January 2013. Maps incorrectly suggest that the strait is a sharp demarcation between two countries and two continents, if not two worlds. Reality is more nuanced, more complicated, much messier. Exchanges—cultural, linguistic, religious, economic, militaristic—have occurred across the strait for millennia.

Examples we studied before and during the 12-day trip included the Moorish conquest of Spain, which began in the eighth century; Spain’s expulsion of Moslems and Jews at the end of the 15th century; Morocco’s historic role as a refuge for
Spanish political refugees of various stripes; Spain’s current attraction (despite its own massive unemployment) to poor North Africans seeking work; and—not least—the militarized, brutally policed border that the Strait of Gibraltar has become.

Materially, exchange between Morocco and Spain, Africa and Europe, was evident everywhere we went. We saw it in the scores of North African immigrants we encountered in Madrid; an ancient and once-hidden synagogue (now a museum) in Toledo; the former grand mosque (now a Roman Catholic cathedral) in Cordoba; the magnificent Alhambra palace in Granada; and the bustling, tourist-filled streets and souks of Tangier.

The contributions to this issue of Mosaic reflect the many different types of exchange that have occurred and continue to occur between Africa and Europe. We hope they leave you with a more complex sense of what “Europe” might mean.
has always thrown me off. Of course I respect the hundreds of sweaty hours performers spend perfecting their incredible footwork, the steel core paired with delicate turns of the wrist and elegant costumes, the intrinsic historical significance of the dance. Nonetheless, performances left me taciturnly checking my watch in frustration. I suppose it’s because the territory is simply too unfamiliar. Ballet and ballroom, my dances, value smiles, flirtation, elegance, but, above all, the show. Yes, dancing for the self, but also the judges! The audience! The sparkles and tutus and high heels and rhinestones. Flamenco, with its ringing guitar rhythms, intricate clapping, loud stamping and raw facial expressions constitutes an entirely different art form. If I ever went to a performance, it was for the artistic obligation, not personal pleasure.

After traveling to Spain and Morocco with the Albert Gallatin Scholars in January 2013, I’m not sure I feel the same way. Perhaps it was because I’d just wandered from the most non-touristy tapas cafeteria we could find within walking distance, or because Spain had once again seeped into my blood, penetrated the very core of my being with miles of paintings, markets, chorizo-sausage and the ubiquitous café con leche. I don’t know, but one January evening in Madrid, I attended a flamenco
performance at a dark, tavern-like restaurant and allowed it to grab my heart in both hands. A painting opened, the mural on the wall became live scenery, the dancers, actors, fringed shawls, French shoes, European necklines, decidedly Spanish roses, country wedding dances and a highly familiar element of theatrical storytelling appeared within the staccato click of shoes. I came away as from a journey, a deep immersion into a medieval tavern scene, where someone strikes up a guitar as an unidentified dancer slams her heels down on the dirt floor with the force of her soul.

My eyes thus opened to a new way of seeing, history began to assault me with every mile we traveled. Tiles in the ground sprang up, yelling the names of people who had passed through these narrow cobblestone alleyways centuries ago. Jewish families packing their belongings once, twice, again with every turn of dynasty. The ghosts of Muslim women peer out from behind intricate latticework balconies. Were they sisters? Wives of the same man? What conversations have these walls heard since they were built? El Greco, Vasquez, they all lived here,
I realize, and touch a tree, wondering if its ancestors guarded this same spot through wars and peace, festivals and funerals, shielding travelers from the unyielding peninsular sun.

In Cordoba, the voices become an overwhelming music, singing of the past. Oh Cordoba! Even in January fluffy orange trees bearing bitter fruit line every walkway. I run past a Roman excavation, a museum, through streets evidently meant for donkey or foot traffic exclusively, across broad plazas and wide avenues. Once the largest city in Spain, Cordoba’s heart beat to the rhythms of *convivencia* under Muslim rule in an age when women wrote poetry, medicine flourished and tolerance reigned. Then came Ferdinand and Isabel with their military clip of “one country, one faith,” and so Cordoba fell. Down came the mosques and synagogues, out went the Jews and Muslims.

The Great Mosque remained by virtue of consecration, and a northern Bishop subsequently implanted a cathedral into its center. The Cathedral, which continued to be constructed over the course of nearly 250 years, documents every passing stylistic fad Europe experienced during that time. A controversial building begun in tolerance, Muslims and Christians worshiping side by side, the mosque/cathedral is a symbol of collaboration, a feat of art and architecture painted with subjugation and persecution, nationalism and war. The Catholic church currently dictates that we must accept history, draw a Christian establishment in our collective memory where there was once a holy Muslim building. To the Catholic Church it seems, history belongs to man, easily rewritten, the present easily blanketing the past.
Within the mosque’s forest of hand-sculpted columns, however, the sentiment falls flat. The past rushes out of every brick and cobblestone, colors the water we drink from the courtyard fountain. Jews, North-African Muslims, merchants, peasants, a Renaissance Faire come to life, eddies of history like clouds of dust we ruffle with our passing. The Romans who built the columns that now stand here live on within the cold marble. Elegant arches appear in their former places, open to the sun, walls rise and fall as they did throughout history. The Khalif comes through with his entourage; twelve thousand praying figures bow their heads to Mecca. A Bishop orders the arches filled in and plaster Cupids settle into vaulted ceilings. Workers jostle past, carrying heavy black mahogany pews. Supporters of Franco nail a bronze plaque to the wall, commemorating the persecution of Catholic priests who died in the Revolution. Time has accumulated in every speck of dust that ever settled in this building, waiting for us to breathe it in and understand.

And so I do. Christian chapels, Muslim letters, Jewish Quarter—the American Legation in Tangier, tiny Hebrew letters embedded into the cobblestones of the Jewish Quarter, a chalk Star of David scrawled on a steel door in Morocco, the secret synagogue within encrusted by traditionally Muslim vines and leaves. A small Christian chapel, once a synagogue, decorated with lines from the Quran. A dance, each sweeping motion of the arm revealing a people, an ancestor long gone. We may forget, but images hidden in man’s creations, from the bricks of a building to the dancer’s intricate movements, contain reminders, libraries of history. The best libraries, because they’re alive. ✭
During the years from approximately 1985 to 2007, Spain experienced a massive property bubble which, when it burst, resulted in the country’s steepest plummet in property prices on record. In addition to Spanish culture’s general affirmation of property ownership (fostered in the bubble years by appealing tax breaks for homeowners and up to 50-year mortgages), developers were encouraged to build by predictions of foreign interest in Spanish real estate. When speculation was at its boldest, regional semipublic savings banks lent heavily to construction companies—firms that were unable to pay off their debts when the bubble finally popped. The banks were forced to collect the now worthless property as collateral, and many were subsequently driven into bankruptcy. In response, Spain has implemented a complete restructuring of the banking system and is amid negotiations with the European Commission over recovery packages. In 2012 the European Central Bank announced a program to purchase some of Spain’s sovereign debt in efforts to, in the words of ECB president Mario Draghi, “do whatever it takes to preserve the Euro.”
"Residencial Francisco Hernando"
"Ciudad Real Central Airport"
With this piece, my intention was to create a visual response to Spain’s construction bubble and the country’s financial standing within the European Union. I found it interesting that the edifices depicted on Euro notes are all generic—a decision likely born from concerns over unequal representation of each member nation’s respective structures of pride. I wanted to play with the idea of creating country-specific designs, much like the American state quarter. The structures I chose to incorporate onto the twenty and hundred euro notes, both rendered functionally irrelevant by the current market, are sobering monuments to a once-engorged economy. The Ciudad Real Central Airport, allegedly planned to fail by its investors, was a €1.1 billion project that, four years since opening, stands utterly vacant. The Residencial Francisco Hernando, an enormous housing development with an original plan of 13,500 units and bearing the name of the developer and bronze likenesses of his parents, hosts embarrassingly few residents living alongside abandoned construction equipment. Today an Ozymandian ruin, the complex remains a grating reminder of the developer’s, and Spanish construction culture’s, hubristic past. ✡
was difficult for me to put into words the impact that the Albert Gallatin Scholars trip to Spain and Morocco had on how I see the world. Before we departed on our trip in January 2013, I didn’t know anything about Europe except for what I had gathered from the books I had read and the movies that I had seen, as cliché as that may seem. I had a pretty immature perception of what Europe would be as well—I never really let any of the realities of what Europe is to truly sink in, and I let my fantasies of The Lizzie McGuire Movie and Cheetah Girls from my “tweenage” years, and my beloved characters’ adventures abroad color my expectations.

Throughout my childhood Europe was a land of castles and royalty and a place that was drenched in history and iconic sights. I never really saw beneath that shiny surface. To me, Europe was this magical sacred place that couldn’t really be touched. It felt very removed from my reality—imaginary, even. I knew in my head that it was a concrete place, with people and many serious issues, but somehow that never really hit me. It wasn’t until I was in Spain that Europe’s true possibilities, and the growth that can come from travel in general, really sunk in. I embarked on my first experience in a place other than the United States, with AGS, not at all knowing what I would really experience first hand.
Driving from the airport to our hotel in Madrid, I noticed that the sights from the bus weren’t all that foreign. The billboards, the buildings and even the scenery didn’t strike me as anything all that new. When we woke up on our second day and we saw a group of protesters, hotel workers who had not been paid in months, the veil of Europe’s magic began to slip away. As we walked the streets of Madrid I felt a sense of familiarity. It wasn’t so distant, and much more dynamic than I had originally perceived no matter how far away it was from what I was used to. As we talked to various people in Spain it hit me that I was really there, and this fairy tale land that had always been so much of a fantasy in my mind was right here in front of me, and was indeed a real place. Opening myself up to Europe in turn helped me open up about myself, and traveling had a pretty strong effect on me as a whole.

To be perfectly honest in the days leading up to the trip, and even the first couple of days abroad, I was completely and
utterly terrified. This was the first time I had ever been out of the East Coast, let alone the country. I didn’t realize how much being an entire ocean away from everything I had previously known would affect me. I was completely removed from everything for the first time ever. This was a completely new kind of culture shock to me. I hate to say it, but not being able to be one click away from my loved ones at every moment was truly a scary concept.

I had come straight from a couple of weeks at home with my family after a tough first semester adjusting not only to college but also to New York City life. Now I was thrown into a whole new environment and I really didn’t think I was ready to be so removed. I was anxious throughout my first couple of days on the trip. However, once being so removed from everything stopped being so scary, I realized that letting myself become removed from not only my home but also my comfort zone is what makes traveling so rewarding. This sense of being removed and placed in a country as warm and welcoming as Spain was to us made me see how traveling to Europe, and being abroad for the first time, can open someone up.

The mindset of Europe seemed, from our experience in Spain, to be one filled with community. Just the way that things were done (the tapas culture being one of my favorite examples, wherein a plate of appetizers were served for the table with every round of drinks) just seemed to naturally bring people together. It seems to me that in the United States, and especially in New York City, the norm is being isolated.

Throughout my first semester at NYU I noticed that even though we were living in the city with the highest population

BEING IN EUROPE, I WAS IN AN ENVIRONMENT THAT UNLIKE NEW YORK, SEEMED MUCH MORE SET IN THE PRESENT, AND INSTANTLY OPENED ME UP.
density in America, the way that people are constantly rushing from one place to another, looking down at their phones, or even how they avoid looking each other in the eye can make one feel more alone than ever. No matter how abundant people are, or how booming and filled with life it can seem in New York City, the way we live our lives just doesn’t have a natural affinity towards creating groups of people.

I discussed this with another first-time traveler in our group, Alek Fedyszyn, and he put this perfectly, saying, “I was most struck by how cohesive communities felt in Europe compared to America. Rarely were people alone, and everywhere we went people were friendly and welcoming. It had the same feel of constant energy, but it wasn’t as alienating as it can be here.”

The people with whom we interacted, my favorites being the students from Granada, welcomed us into their communities for a short period of time and it really felt like we were part of the bigger European picture for a moment. Not only did we feel at
one with the communities that this spirit creates in Europe, but also as we opened up to it we created a community of our own. Never before in my life had I felt so close to a group of people in such a short amount of time, and I really felt that it was this community creating energy in Spain that really fostered that.

Being in Europe, I was in an environment that unlike New York, seemed much more set in the present, and instantly opened me up. My expectations and fears about being so far from home soon disappeared. Europe went from being a fairy tale land far, far away, to a place from a different kind of story. Since my return, I have held on to the unique spirit I encountered in Europe and the communities created abroad. My outlook not only on Europe but also on home felt the impact of my first travels abroad.
in hand, I was ready to photograph every move I made; this statement should not be taken lightly. The rumors are true, I was referred to as the “girl with the camera,” but I do not regret any photograph I have taken so I can constantly look back at them and reminisce about traveling with AGS. While looking through hundreds, yes hundreds, of photographs I captured, I noticed a pattern of different architecture depending on the area and religious influence in the buildings we visited. Each cathedral, mosque, or hybrid, was influenced by its religious background but also the time period and architectural style that is prominent at the time. This mosaic focuses on the intersection of different religions and how they influence architecture throughout history. One of the most interesting aspects to focus on is how the Reconquista affected different buildings’ architecture depending on who held religious power in the area.
The Basilica de San Francisco: Madrid

One of the first buildings to catch my eye during the day trip to La Latina, Madrid. While walking around, my group stumbled upon The Basilica de San Francisco el Grande, a beautiful building in a highly unexpected area. The interior was even more eccentric than the outside, but interior photographs
were not allowed. Still the building was memorable, and I wanted to learn more about the history behind its design.

The Basilica de San Francisco was built in 1760 by King Carlos III. To this day it boasts the largest dome in Spain, at 108 feet in diameter, and has a round floor plan that is unique to buildings in Madrid. This structure exemplifies the intersection between the Roman Catholic religion and the neoclassical era of architecture and design. The Basilica was designed in the second half of the 18th century by Francisco Cabezas and developed completely by Antonio Pló and Francesco Sabatini. The temple functions as the national pantheon and enshrines remains of famous artists and politician including Francisco Goya.

When trying to understand the architecture of the Basilica it is imperative to define Neoclassicism and the Roman Catholic Church. Neoclassicism was a movement in the arts and architecture that drew inspiration from classical Greek and Roman art and culture. The whole movement began in the 18th century with the Age of Enlightenment and, for architecture, continued to be influential throughout the 19th and 20th century. The Basilica de San Francisco was also influenced by its religious affiliation with the Roman Catholic Church. During this time period, the Catholic Church was dealing with the Enlightenment which questioned Christianity and divine revelation altogether. The Church was battling constant opposition, so it is unbelievable that even during this trying time such a large temple was able to be built in Madrid.
Out of all the buildings throughout the trip, the architecture of Córdoba is the most fascinating due to its backstory. The building’s construction began around the year 600 as the Christian Visigothic Church of St. Vincent. Shortly after the initial construction, Muslims occupied Córdoba and split the Visigothic kingdom between themselves and the Christians. After this victory in 784, Abd al-Rahman I and his descendants reworked the building for two centuries to recreate it as a mosque. The most notable construction was the original 856 columns that were created for the hall. These columns were created out of jasper, onyx, marble and granite and were actually taken from the Roman temple which had previously occupied the site. The creation of the double arch was an innovation in architecture and allowed for higher ceilings to be created than
what low columns would generally create. Also, the Dome of the Rock inspired the alternating red and white voussoirs in the arches that were and still are shown in the Cathedral.

In 1236, Córdoba was conquered by King Ferdinand III of Castile in the Reconquista, and the mosque was returned to the Catholic Church. Alfonso X oversaw the reconstruction of the Villaviciosa Chapel and the Royal Chapel within the Mosque. All through the 14th century, different Christian influences were added within the walls of the Mosque but barely any infrastructure was actually demolished. Instead of demolishing the minaret of the Mosque, it was instead converted into the bell tower of the Cathedral by building over the actual structure. Different structures were added to the church until the late eighteenth century, which is how it remains today.

The Cathedral is currently regarded as one of the most accomplished monuments of Renaissance and Moorish architecture. Obviously, the reconstruction of the mosque into the cathedral caused many controversies for people of
the Islamic religion. Since early 2000s, Spanish Muslims have lobbied the Roman Catholic Church to allow them to pray in the cathedral, but they have been denied constantly. It is still a present concern with the Islamic population of Córdoba since they have few places to pray in the area.

**The Alhambra: Granada**

Initially, the Alhambra was constructed as a fortress in 889, but was later converted into a royal palace in 1333 by Yusuf I, Sultan of Granada. This original Islamic palace was built for the Last Muslim Emirs in Spain who were a part of the Nasrid dynasty. In 1492, the Reconquista occurred by the Catholic monarchs and some portions of the building were used for
Christian rulers. After this time period, the Alhambra was neglected until the 19th century when it was rediscovered by European scholars and later formed into one of Spain’s largest tourist attractions.

Even after much neglect, the Arab-Islamic architecture is still visible in the framework of the building today. The Alhambra serves as an atypical example of Muslim art in its final European stages. Unlike the cathedral in Córdoba, the Alhambra was not influenced by the Byzantine Empire. The Moorish influence is seen through the gardens and how they are such an important part in creating the “paradise on earth” theme that exists throughout the Alhambra. The floor plan of the building seems quite simple, all of the rooms open to a central court each connected by smaller passages and garnished with a garden and water. The initial architecture was unlike any other building in Spain which made it special to Islam. Unfortunately, after 1492, the Christians started to alter the Alhambra.
The Christians damaged and changed the Alhambra by removing original furniture, white washing paintings on the walls and blocking up whole apartments in an attempt to “Italian-ize” the rooms. Under French control in 1812, towers were destroyed; an earthquake in 1821 caused more damage to the infrastructure. Despite the changes made to the Alhambra since its construction, it is still remembered and looked at as a refuge for artists and intellectuals during the end of Muslim rule in Spain. This structure is a testament to Moorish culture in Spain and the skills of Muslim architecture in Spain during their main power and influence. ★
paper was never meant to be about politics; rather, it was to be a simple linguistic analysis of the history of the Berber (Tamazight) languages and the etymology of the word “Berber.” A Moroccan university student named Shaymae changed that. I, along with the rest of the Albert Gallatin Scholars, met her and some of her university classmates during our stay in Tangier in January 2013. Because she is of Amazigh descent, I asked her later, through Facebook, to give me some basic information about the language, its history, and its current usage in Morocco. What I got was an explanation of historical linguistic oppression and an ongoing cultural struggle. The history of the Berber language group is being made right now in Moroccan classrooms, in baby-name registries, on street signs and on the floor of Parliament. That’s where the real story is.

Here are the basics: “Berber” is the name applied to the indigenous peoples of North Africa, whose land was known as Tamazgha before the Arabic conquest. The name “Berber” is derived from an Arabic borrowing of the Roman name for the “foreign” people of North Africa—the same name from which the English word “barbarian” is derived. It may therefore be appropriate to refer to the Berbers by the name Amazigh (plural: Imazghen), which they use to refer to themselves. Amazigh means “free man.” The “Berber” languages themselves
are referred to collectively as *Tamazight*. Tamazight is also the name of the dialect spoken in central Morocco; the other two Moroccan dialects are Tarifit and Tachelhit.

Despite the large Amazigh population in Morocco, Tamazight was not recognized as an official Moroccan language until the 2011 amendments to the country’s constitution.\(^1\) Attempts to introduce Tamazight education into public schools are older, but by less than a decade. Furthermore, although the political developments of the past decade have seen increased recognition of Tamazight and increased integration of the language into the educational system, Morocco’s post-colonial policy of Arabization is slow to change and continues to negatively impact Morocco’s indigenous Imazighen people.

In 1956 Morocco gained independence from France and embarked on a period of nationalism and enforced Arabization. This process was meant to facilitate cultural and linguistic unity in Morocco, enforce independence from colonial rule and establish Morocco’s status as an Arab-Islamic country. Special emphasis was put on the use of Arabic—the language of the Qu’ran—in education and public life. Expressions of Amazigh cultural identity and the use of the “rural dialects” were viewed as divisive and therefore contrary to the idealized “Moroccan identity.”\(^2\) The overwhelming emphasis on Arabic education and the use of Arabic in public life presents severe obstacles to the education of Tamazight-speaking children, most of whom

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\(^1\) Khébouiz Saidi, Shaymae. Internet Chat Interview. 4 Apr 2013.

live in rural areas, and restricts the job opportunities and career advancement of adults. It serves also to suppress Amazigh cultural identity.

The weight of Arabic domination in Morocco prompted Amazigh activists to call for government recognition of their language. In 1991 they presented the Agadir Charter which demanded, among other things, constitutional recognition of Tamazight and a national institute for Amazigh research. Neither the Charter nor the later foundation of the Amazigh World Congress brought about immediate or substantial changes in government policy, prompting representatives of the Amazigh movement to write a “Berber Manifesto” in 2000, one year after King Mohammed VI took the throne. In the same year, a new National Charter for Education and Training called for an “openness” to Tamazight and permitted the use of “local dialects” in order to facilitate instruction in literary Arabic. In 2001, Mohammed VI founded an institution for Amazigh cultural studies and the standardization of Tamazight: the Royal Institute for Amazigh Culture in Morocco (known, perhaps ironically, by the French acronym IRCAM). 2004 marked the Institute’s first significant policy victory: Tamazight education was made mandatory in primary schools in the predominantly Amazigh regions of the Rif, the Middle Atlas, the High Atlas and the Sous Valley. Later changes expanded Tamazight education to all schools, with the (so far unsuccessful) objective of increasing the level of education yearly. The founding of IRCAM, the increase in Tamazight education, and the 2011 recognition of Tamazight as a national language follow Mohammed VI’s

3 Tomaštíck
promises to reverse the cultural and legal repression of Amazigh identity. The spirit of Arabization, however, persists, and these goals remain a very long way from realization.

After independence from France, nationalist forces worked vigorously to ensure that Arabic replaced French as the language of primary school instruction nationwide. However, children in rural Moroccan villages who are raised speaking Tamazight enter primary school with little to no knowledge of Arabic. Before the 2001 reforms, this language barrier left rural children unable or unwilling to follow lessons and complete their schooling to a satisfactory degree, and provided teachers—who were all trained to teach in Arabic—with communication difficulties. The issue of the language of instruction thus becomes an issue of literacy, and the lack of proper education serves to further divide Morocco's mostly rural Berber population from the Arabized urban population. According to
the Minister of National Education, current reforms provide for instruction in Tamazight to 15 percent of schoolchildren and the training of 14,000 teachers of Tamazight.\(^5\) However, as Shaymae points out, these numbers are inadequate compared to the percentage of Amazigh children, and growing too slowly. Roadblocks from supporters of Arabization continue to hinder the progress of educational reform, prompting criticism from Amazigh activists and hurting the education prospects of many rural children.

Arabic remains so dominant in public and political life, especially in urban areas, that the Moroccan Parliament, despite including Amazigh members and despite Tamazight’s official status, has no system in place to deal with the use of Tamazight on its floor. The result: after an April 2012 session in which a member of Parliament, Fatima Chahou, chose to phrase a question in Tamazight instead of Arabic, Tamazight was banned “until further notice” from deliberations in the lower house.\(^6\)

Meanwhile, a less momentous but perhaps more deeply upsetting issue faces some Amazigh parents. According to Morocco’s Law on the Civil Registry, a baby’s first name must have “a Moroccan character.” One would assume that nothing could be more Moroccan than a name in the language of the nation’s original inhabitants, but apparently not. Many local civil registries interpret the law to exclude Amazigh names, as well as others which are not Arabic-Islamic. In addition, many Amazigh names are placed on the High Commission of the Civil Registry’s list of unacceptable names. As a result, numerous parents have gone to register a newborn child with an Amazigh name and been turned down, and forced to either change the child’s name or appeal to the court and the High Commission.


In a 2009 letter to Morocco’s interior minister, Human Rights Watch detailed five such instances, including the case of Driss Bouljaoui of Meknes, who in July 2008 was refused the right to name his son Sifaw (“enlightenment” in Tamazight) at both the district and provincial levels before the administrative court of Meknes ruled, on February 5, 2009, to allow the name. For those who appeal their child’s name, “there are others who avoid giving their children Amazigh names” to prevent bureaucratic difficulties. Lengthy appeals leave a child without an official name for long periods of time, jeopardizing access to services such as reimbursement by state medical insurance. Besides, argues Sarah Leah Whitson, the Middle East and North Africa director at the Human Rights Watch, “authorities have no business curbing the right of parents to make this very personal choice—especially not when the curb amounts to a form of ethnic discrimination.” A child’s first name serves as a strong expression of their own—and their parents’—cultural heritage, and denying certain names for their non-Arabic-Islamic roots amounts to the cultural oppression of all non-Arabic people.

The above examples provide only a general and incomplete overview of the issues associated with the Tamazight language in Morocco, to say nothing of the rest of the Amazigh world. Debate continues among the government, the educational community, the public and even within Amazigh activist groups over the treatment and expression of Amazigh cultural heritage. With its institution as an official language and the push for educational reform, Tamazight is seeing better representation now than in the past several decades, but Arabic still dominates and obstacles loom high on the road to equal representation.

of the social constructs under which we live today are inextricably linked with the mind. They are our brainchildren—the bureaucratic, religious and political institutions through which we organize our lives. They are founded upon some commonly acceptable human ideals and desires, and so grant us a glimpse at what society could be should humanity comport itself in an anti-Hobbesian manner. We desire safety and mutual justice, and so form communities and governments designed to help keep us individually safe and collectively accountable for both good and wrong done.

Some prime examples of this phenomenon and its evolution to the stage we see today are international organizations such as the European Union, which seeks to unite distinct peoples and cultures into a more cohesive and stable society. It’s a great idea, and one that flows rationally from the human impulse to be social, especially given that we live in the information technology era. Learning to communicate with anyone, anywhere, at any time makes the concept of a truly “global society” where all of humanity could be cohesive despite geographic separation something of a possibility.

A key piece of this perspective, which so drastically changes the way one evaluates social constructs such as the EU, are
Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel’s understanding of personal human development and the inherent alienation of this journey which infects human society with the same “flaws” that accompany being a completely unique and solitary being. Through the examination of the development of self-consciousness, and the reflection of this process in our formation of society, we may begin to garner insight into how we might create an integrated and stable global society. The development of such a society, which one might view as being almost too ideal, is more plausible than one might think considering what the European identity of contemporary society has become. Therefore before diving into Hegel’s dialectic, we must first understand what is meant by the “European Identity.”

In this instance, it is simply the recent development of European citizens recognizing themselves as “European” as opposed to German, French, or any other independently recognizable EU nationality. This is an interesting phenomenon: nationalities that for hundreds of years were politically and culturally separate now find cohesion in an increasingly global community. This is greater than the cohesion offered by the political umbrella of the European Union, however. It is becoming the fundamental social identity which transcends the history of turmoil between disparate sovereign nations. Thus, the question we in the Albert Gallatin Scholars asked ourselves has a decidedly different answer today than the one that existed only a handful of years ago. What was once a group of sovereign nations in near-constant opposition is becoming, on a social as opposed to political or economic level, a group that categorizes itself not by culture or history but by simple humanity. It is here

WE DESIRE SAFETY AND MUTUAL JUSTICE, AND SO FORM COMMUNITIES AND GOVERNMENTS DESIGNED TO HELP KEEP US INDIVIDUALLY SAFE AND COLLECTIVELY ACCOUNTABLE FOR BOTH GOOD AND WRONG DONE.
that Hegel enters the equation, discussing the fundamental problems and solutions to the formation of personal and, through extrapolation, national or global identity.

The biggest problem concerning the solitary mind is its need to understand itself, to form an identity. However, we are unable to identify ourselves with a purpose because, as far as any of us are able to fathom, the existence of the world is arbitrary. Should you hold onto religious teaching, one still does not understand why the world is here or why we are in it. As we cannot know for sure, we can move on in the knowledge that our reasons for existence are kept from us, or are objectively non-existent. This leaves the mind with only one way of defining itself: against the world which it can observe.¹


Photo credit: Melanie Chaite
The indviduation of the mind, according to Hegel and others such as Jean-Paul Sartre, occurs in the development of self-alienation. We cannot say what we are, merely what we are not, and we are obviously not unique as we encounter others within our immutable external world. Thus, on a fundamental level, all humans are alienated from everyone but themselves. This gap of understanding and experience can never be bridged. Nevertheless we become dependent upon this negation to form any sort of self-understanding. This isn't nearly as large an impediment to the development of personal identity as it is to national or international identity because to keep existence within the scope of oneself is to allow oneself control over life: (control which the manifested and understanding self will utilize to varying degrees of efficiency). We can control who we interact with, work with, etc. because it is one's own life to choose. This is the pivot upon which the whole paradigm changes when we consider national and global identity.

On a personal scale, history means little as we can control who and what we fill our lives with. The sovereign nations of the EU have no such luxury. Thus, they are forced to find a way to coexist with former enemies, enemies with whom they have a long history of violence and against whom they have already established themselves in terms of national identity. It is much more natural to side with your kith and kin, as the level of alienation is markedly less. Aspects of life and culture are familiar, if not the same, and this lends itself to internal national cohesion, but stands as a roadblock toward humanity’s cohesion as a species. It is basic human nature to look out for oneself on an individual or a national level, and meeting all of the world’s needs would require a degree of trust and cooperation on so many levels that human nature (reasonably) cannot meet it. The selfish side of humanity is too visible in everyday life for cooperation on a truly global scale to be viable.

This is what makes stabilizing an organization like the EU such a daunting task. The need to form personal and communal
identities forces humanity to distinguish pieces of itself from the rest, setting each person apart from each person, and nation from nation. The fraud one observes in the world lends to feelings of mistrust and causes people to find internal unity in the face of perceived external threat to their way of life. The discovery of internal unity with oneself is for Hegel the culmination of the singular mind's journey toward self-awareness and fulfillment. The same phenomenon, applied to the people of an independent nation in regards to other nations, does well in strengthening the bonds of each individual community, but often at the expense of ties with the global community. To further complicate the matter, once these communities form in spite of each other, and find internal cohesion and external alienation and conflict, the concepts of peace and goodwill between people are trampled under the natural instinct to progress and survive.

These are the forces, all man-made, which are working against the formation of a globally integrated community. What we see in the EU, however, is progress: the breaking down of the philosophical barrier, though the process is still in its early stages. Europe is demonstrating itself to be the next step in solving all of these problems. It is the transition out of what Hegel calls the “hard heart.”

The hard heart is a phase of identity development where the self (or in this case sovereign nations) recognizes it is alienated by the world but refuses to recognize that it is guilty of reinforcing the same alienation merely through its own existence. This is the stage in which the world seems to be stuck and likely will be unless each and every individual recognizes this as a fundamental step in the process of understanding
existence. Europe is showing, with the freshly-forming “European Identity,” the departure from the hard heart to the completed spirit which recognizes its own guilt as well as the world’s and accepts it for what it is: an immutable fact. Accepting the inevitability and the necessity of this alienation is the key to a globally integrated society.

Hegel leaves us with much to think about. His ideas could begin the process of creating an improved system by looking at the fundamental constants of the human experience, and how they play into our creation of society. Perhaps he will provide us with a philosophical and ideological baseline through which we can begin to destroy the barriers of alienation we so naturally build for ourselves; perhaps his ideas will allow us to recognize that concepts of religion and culture are ours to mold and use to create a society in which we may all realize peace and liberty and stability; perhaps we will be combatting these issues of alienation and identity without finding a way to solve them for good. Should we find a way to create a human nation, as opposed to a French or German or Russian one? If we could, can it actually work? There is no way of knowing, and the owl of Minerva flies at dusk. However, what Europe is becoming is a promising start. ✡

Photo credit: Caroline Slason
a notebook in my back pocket. It’s useful, for writing stuff down, collecting tidbits, sketching sketchy sketches of stuff. It’s handy. During the trip I jotted/taped stuff down. Here’s an annotated collection of those pages.

Luggage tags. Because losing your luggage is not fun. Trust me.

Iberia is a Spanish airline. But you already knew that.
Barraquito is a wonderful drink from the Canary Islands consisting of condensed milk, vanilla liqueur, coffee, cinnamon, and a lemon zest.

The way a menú del día work is you pay a set price, then pick one of each course and a drink. Good deal.

A map of central Madrid.
Museo Nacional del Prado, or just El Prado, is a large, almost 200-year old, art museum in Madrid. Its massive collection houses triptychs, sculptures, portraits, and more.

Outside of El Prado.

A small restaurant that serves food from the Canary Islands.

Inside of El Prado.

The Real Basilica de San Francisco el Grande.

It sits at an intersection at the bottom of a hill, so it’s really hard to miss.
Notes from some of the meetings we were in.

Of note: “Structures on Euro bills are artificial, created as a compromise to not feature one country over another.”

A quick sketch of Toledo. It’s a walled city in the center of a river with an interesting blur of eras with modern stores and amenities built into the old city.

This flower’s from the house of the painter El Greco.

I think this one’s from the Royal Palace in Madrid.
There’s something to be said for Spanish cider, or *sidra*. It’s not terribly alcoholic and makes for a great drink to have long conversations over. There are *siderias*, bars that specialize in *sidra* scattered around Madrid.

Examples of the Berber alphabet.

Ticket to the Royal Palace in Madrid.

More scattered notes.
A ticket to Cordoba's cathedral. Which used to be a mosque. It's complicated.

Train ticket from Madrid.

Ticket to La Alhambra.

Sketches of sorts from La Alhambra. If there's something it made clear is that I can't draw statues. It's supposed to be a lion.

La Alhambra is a sprawling palace/fortress that was home to Islamic royalty.
Ferry ticket to Morocco.

Guess what? More notes!

Coca-cola...in Arabic!

An address... in Arabic!

Rule of thumb for quick conversion.

Ornate guns and knives from a store.
Label from a bottle of Moroccan beer.

Ticket back to New York.
Although the economic depression was not entirely visible when the Albert Gallatin Scholars visited Madrid in January 2013, it made itself known in several ways. We witnessed a protest of unpaid union hotel workers outside of the hotel where we were staying. There were a visible number of closed store fronts. People casually brought up the recession in conversation and then carefully tucked it away. After attending a panel where we learned about the intricacies of the economic condition, I expected the recession to be visible. Madrid is a large city, with a population of over three million, and we were staying right in its center. After leaving Madrid, we stayed in another picturesque city. With its tiny secret streets, quaint courtyards, and the Mezquita standing in its center, Córdoba flourishes on its tourist economy. But for me, Córdoba was the first place we visited where I was able to really see the recession. A sign like this one hung from one of the beautiful balconies on a quiet residential street as we made our way through, backpacks and clunky cameras in tow. We admired the architecture, and the orange trees that canopied the streets. We did not talk much about the signs, the graffiti, the visual discontent.
SUS BENEFICIOS, NUESTRAS CRISIS
OTRO MUNDO ES POSIBLE
(Their benefits, our crisis. Another world is possible.)
Granada immediately struck me as being very different from the picturesque landscapes that we had admired over the past week. Students, graffiti, and trash surrounded us. Granada’s garbage men were on strike, and trash was collecting on street corners. Granada is home to the University of Granada, one of Spain’s largest and most influential universities. The school attracts students from around the world, and Granada is a visibly young city. We arrived just days after a huge protest—slogans were graffitied on nearly every street surrounding the university. A huge number of them were hurried, scrawled statements, while others were executed with precision.

**PIEDRAS CONTRA TIJERAS HG 14.N**
(Stones against scissors: General strike, November 14)
ESPAÑA

FASCISMO

MUERTE
One night, while walking back to the hotel, I noticed the stenciled slogan “España = Fascismo = Muerte” on the walls of a side street. The simple statement can allude to several things, most obviously the country’s authoritarian past. Francisco Franco, a Fascist dictator, ruled over the country until his death in 1975, and many blame the ongoing economic crisis as being a direct result of the country’s historically tumultuous political climate.

Spain had a late start compared to other western nations in the European Union. Under Franco, the country remained fairly closed off from outside influence, creating an economic rift between Spain and the rest of Europe once the nation opened itself up to modern industry and a highly competitive market. It is impossible to know exactly what this graffiti artist is referencing in the stencil, but it is easy to assume that the art is an indictment of the European Union, declaring it another form of autocracy, an authoritarian structure with which Spaniards are all-too familiar.
The graffiti art in this picture was found about 10 miles outside of Granada in a small adjacent town. The graffiti is executed on a recently abandoned building. Since the economic crisis, derelict buildings have become new canvasses for artistic expression and political protest. In these cases, both the content of the graffiti as well as the buildings on which it is executed can be read as commentary.

This piece shows how public spaces have become community bulletin boards used to organize protest and resistance. Found just outside the old city walls of Córdoba, this work calls for students to strike on October 16th. The rising price of education is, among many other issues, a growing topic of concern in Spain. The stencil spray-painted in public spaces throughout the city advertises a sort of slogan: “Education should not be sold.” Though this strike occurred in October, the graffiti remained untouched when we visited the city in mid-January. We can therefore think of these works of graffiti not just as ephemeral marks on the city but as permanently incorporated into their landscapes.

16 OCTUBRE: HUELGA ESTUDIANTIL / LA EDUCACIÓN NO SE VENDE
(October 16: Student strike / Education is not for sale)
Protest occurred in private spaces too. We came across this banner in the lobby of a building at the University of Granada.

SEGÚN LA ESTRATEGIA UNIVERSIDAD, EL DINERO QUE LA UNIVERSIDAD RECIBE, EL GOBIERNO DEPENDERÁ DE LA DEMANDA DE LAS EMPRESAS.

(According to university policy, for the money that the school receives, the administration will spend it according to the demands of corporations.)

Photo credit: Mariah Young-Jones
I was in elementary school my teacher showed us a map of the world with clearly defined borders between continents, countries and states within countries.¹ What wasn’t clear, however—at least to me—was why part of Russia was in Europe while the rest of the country was in Asia. Though I eventually learned that the border between Europe and Asia had been drawn based on geophysical landmarks more than a millennium before Russia came into existence, the question of whether Russia as a whole should be considered a European or Asian country remained in the back of my mind through my middle and high school years.

That question returned to the front of my mind during the semester I spent studying at the world-renowned Institut des Études Politiques (the Institute of Political Studies) in Paris, France. At SciencesPo, as the Institute is known to its students, my fellow students and I pondered and debated, among other topics, the worthiness of Turkey’s candidacy for membership in the European Union. The subject is very divisive, for although only 3 per cent of Turkey’s land area is actually in Europe that 3 per cent includes Istanbul, Turkey’s largest city

¹ I was unable to find the exact map my teacher used, but a map showing the same borders can be found at http://www.worldatlas.com/webimage/countrys/eu.htm.
and the economic center of the country. In addition, Turkish relations with Cyprus (a member of the EU) have been a continued obstacle to Turkish accession due an ongoing dispute surrounding the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, a self-declared state populated by Turkish Cypriots. To date it has been recognized only by Turkey and is considered occupied territory by the rest of the international community.

The still-unresolved cases of Russia and Turkey, taken together with the Albert Gallatin Scholars’ 2012-13 theme of “Europe?”, encourage an analysis of the possibility of multiple borders and even multiple Europes. Indeed, as I will argue in this essay, there are in fact not one but three Europes, of different sizes and different ambitions. The smallest of these is political Europe, populated by the twenty-seven member states of the European Union, of which Croatia became the twenty-eighth member.


in July 2013. The largest of these three Europes by number of recognized states is athletic Europe, defined for the purposes of this article to be comprised of and populated by the fifty-three nations whose football associations are full members of the Union of European Football Associations (UEFA) and by Gibraltar, whose football association is a provisional member of UEFA. In between these two Europes, there is geographic Europe, which contains fifty recognized states (some partially located in Asia), as well as six “partially recognized states,” six “dependent territories,” and two “special areas of internal sovereignty.” These three Europes may be of different sizes, the identities and diplomatic statuses of their member states may differ, and they may have come into existence for different reasons and in pursuit of different aims, but they do overlap and interact, and the possibility of a nation using its membership in one or more of these Europes to gain access to another cannot be discounted.

For a first example, let us consider the case of Turkey. Since the Turkish Football Federation is one of the fifty-three full
members of UEFA, Turkey is an athletically European country. Since the European border passes through the country, it is also considered one of the fifty “recognized states” of geographic Europe, and thus, geographically, a European country. Yet Turkey’s status as a geographically European country is of course a matter of contention, since, as stated above, only 3 percent of Turkey’s land area is on the European side of the border. Nonetheless, Turkey has been endeavoring for several decades to become a politically European country by joining the European Union.

After the collapse of the Ottoman Empire at the end of World War I, Turkey began a process of Westernization under President Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. The country remained neutral for most of World War II, but joined the Allies in the final months of the war. In the decade following the war’s conclusion Turkey received Western aid under the Marshall Plan (intended to ensure that Turkey and its neighbors did not turn to communism) and became a member of the Council of Europe and of NATO, allying itself with the West in the Cold War. Turkey first applied for associate membership in the European Economic Commission (a predecessor to the EU) in 1959, and its application was granted with the ratification of the Ankara Agreement in 1963 and its coming into effect at the end of 1964.4 During this period, the Turkish national men’s football team played in its first European competition, the 1960 UEFA European Championships, and the Turkish Football Federation officially joined UEFA in 1962.5

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Turkey did not apply for full membership in the European Economic Commission until 1987. In 1989 the European Commission, while confirming that Turkey would eventually become a member, deferred the matter to more favorable times citing political and economic unrest in Turkey and poor Turkish relations with Greece and Cyprus; the matter was deferred again in 1997. However, at the Helsinki European Council of 1999, the EU recognized Turkey as a candidate state on equal footing with all other candidates and accession negotiations were ultimately inaugurated on October 3, 2005. Unfortunately talks have stalled on a number of occasions since then due to flare-ups in the dispute between Turkey and Cyprus over the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, and they are not expected to conclude before the year 2020.

Regardless of the slow pace and frequent stalling of accession talks between Turkey and the EU, Turkey remains a member of UEFA. Turkish national teams compete in European Championships and compete with European countries to qualify for World Cups, Turkish players play for European clubs (and vice versa) and Turkish clubs are eligible to—and often do—compete in premier European club competitions. Thus, however long it takes for Turkey to join the European Union, the country can still be considered to be, at least athletically, a European country.

Interactions between political, athletic, and geographical Europe can also be investigated by studying the case of Gibraltar, which is in an even more precarious position than Turkey with regard to the three Europes as it, unlike Turkey, is not an

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independent country. It is, rather, a British Overseas Territory under the governance of the British Crown. It is considered to belong to geographical Europe, connected as it is to the Spanish mainland. Gibraltar joined the European Economic


Community with the UK in 1973. However, although Gibraltar has been accepted as a provisional member of UEFA, it has yet to be accepted as a full member.

The reason for this is quite simple, but it requires an understanding of Gibraltar’s history. The region had spent the majority of eight centuries under Arab rule until it was conquered by Spain in 1462. Gibraltar remained part of Spain until a joint Anglo-Dutch force captured it in 1704 and Spain subsequently ceded the territory to Britain “in perpetuity” under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. However, despite this treaty, Spain continues to claim sovereignty over Gibraltar, even after Gibraltar was declared a British Crown Colony in 1830. Two separate referenda were held in Gibraltar on the question of Spanish sovereignty claims—the first in 1967, and the second in 2002—and in each referendum, a very large majority of the people of Gibraltar voted to remain under British sovereignty.

While Gibraltarians may not wish to be an independent country, they strongly believe that their football association should be a member of UEFA. The country has more than 100 club teams, and its men’s national team has earned itself some decent results in recent years. However, Gibraltar faces strong opposition from the Royal Spanish Football Federation, one of UEFA’s most powerful members. Spain’s opposition is not solely rooted in its claims of sovereignty over


the territory; another significant reason is that Spain fears that if Gibraltar is successful in gaining full UEFA membership, the Spanish territories of Catalonia and the Basque Country, which are considering secession, may push for similar status for their national teams.\(^\text{14}\) Despite this opposition, however, the UEFA Congress voted on May 24, 2013 to allow Gibraltar to become a full member of UEFA.\(^\text{15}\)

These two cases present a very clear picture of three different Europes—political, geographic, and athletic—and also of just how intertwined they are and how closely they interact with each other. The case of Turkey shows that a country that is at least partially European, geographically speaking, and whose athletic association is a full member of UEFA may still not be welcomed into political Europe. The case of Gibraltar tells us that a territory which may not be politically or geographically recognized as an independent country can still stand on equal athletic footing with any politically recognized country. Taken together, these two cases reveal some of the gray areas between the black and white of “European” and “non-European” and illustrate that the distinction is not quite as simple as a black line on a map. 


Spain and Morocco are countries from which large populations of Jews fled, for different reasons and in different ages. Yet, the cultural memories of their former Jewish populations, as well as the connections between the two countries, were continually a point of discussion when the Albert Gallatin Scholars traveled to these countries in January 2013.

The late 15th century diaspora of Spanish Jews caused by the Inquisition led to a large settling of Jews in Morocco, prior to which there had been an era of Jews, Christians, and Muslims coexisting in Spain. While some historians, such as Maria Rosa Menocal, argue that this peaceful society of multiple faiths was a shining example of how multiple and often conflicting perspectives in a society can lead to greater accomplishments, this point is contested. Following Morocco’s independence in 1956 many of the country’s Jews flocked to Israel, while others emigrated to South America and Spain because of the anti-Semitic sentiment of the newly sovereign countries of the Maghreb.

So how much of this history is visible to outside observers, such as a group of scholarly tourists? In Spain, the signs of the Jewish presence were made to feel important and prominent.
Whether they were tiles in the streets marking the old Jewish neighborhood, a preserved synagogue, or architectural and artistic elements attributed to Jewish influence, there was always a guide eager to point out that the inquisition had not erased all traces of Judaism centuries ago. Yet all of these vestiges seem somewhat superficial, or moreover superfluous to the lives of modern Spaniards. The cultural and societal legacy of the Jews in Spain, though difficult to quantify, is not truly or fully reflected in these relics, preserved by chance, repurposing, or merely having been overlooked.

Perhaps most disturbing about this marked attempt to make visitors aware of the historical Jewish presence, and the glorification thereof, is how it reveals the competing contemporary desires to both accept blame for and disown the events of the Inquisition. The continual attempt to bring Jewish relics to the attention of the tourists is as much an act of self-defense as of repentance. Though this attention might seem to be a recognition of and apology for the atrocities committed against the Jews, it at the same time serves to lessen the impact of these same horrors. The implicit sentiment: Sure, what
the Christians did to the Jews was awful, but if this beautiful synagogue is still intact it can’t have been that bad, right? Indeed, one notable guide exemplified this by emphatically insisting, while in the Torture Museum in Toledo, that the Inquisition was not really the fault of the Christians in Spain, or at least they were not the first to commit such acts. In a place dedicated by modern Spaniards to commemorate the grotesque torture methods the Inquisition employed, our guide wanted to ensure that we knew that the blame did not fall squarely on them.

Across the Strait of Gibraltar in Morocco, the signs of the Jewish presence are considerably harder to find as an outsider and tourist, though not necessarily because they are fewer or less impactful. Rather, it seems as though the Moroccans, or at least the younger generations, are largely ignorant of the details of the Jewish legacy themselves. The Moroccan students we had the chance to meet seemed to know that Jews had once lived in their country, but how this existence affected culture and society in larger ways was more of a gray area. And yet, there are some more subtle signs of the Moroccan Jews that might not necessarily be pointed out by a *souk* tour guide.

One example is a small, intimate, disused synagogue tucked away in the winding alleys of Tangier, neither preserved as a museum nor open to the general public, gently decaying with the memory of those that once attended it. It starkly contrasts with some of the famous former synagogues in Spain that are now treated like monuments, such as the Synagogue of El Transito in Toledo, which is in pristine condition but devoid of the feeling that it was ever really used by people. Another example is the brilliant color of the walls of Chefchaouen, a
town repainted each year in shades of blue in accordance with a
tradition supposedly brought with the Jews from Spain to keep
the town cool and ward off bugs. In such traditions, one sees
that Jewish influences, though not always attributed, are indeed
ingrained into modern Moroccan culture.

Accounting for these differences in the remembrance of
the Jews in Spain and Morocco is an attempt unlikely to yield
any satisfying conclusions, but the division between Spain as
European or Western and Morocco as African, Maghrebian,
Oriental, or Arabic might be one of many important factors with
which to judge them. Morocco lacks the cultural awareness of
its expulsion of Jews, which in Spain is caused by a compulsion
to atone, fueled by centuries of reflection and Western
condemnation. Although the events of the Inquisition occurred
before the Enlightenment, as part of the post-Enlightenment
West Spain is now faced with the imposition of Enlightenment
ideas onto its history. As a country less obviously shaped by the Enlightenment, Morocco is held to a different standard. Furthermore, the mass-exodus of Jews from Morocco following the foundation of Israel in 1948 and the Seven Days War of 1967 is comparatively recent, which means that the emotions and politics of Morocco’s treatment of Jews are still something of an open wound. Though the mistreatment of the Jews in either situation might not be considered equivalent, in both instances the overextension of Western ideas effects modern perceptions of historical events.
the concept of change is depicted in a movie, it’s always oceans drying into desert, mountains crumbling into dust, dashing heroes growing old and feeble. Sometimes change is like that. Sometimes change is the small things, like a new font on a street sign, or being greeted by a stranger at your favorite food cart. Fortunately, the small things are much easier to photograph than the big things, and here are some small symbols of how things have changed, and how they stayed the same.
This comic book cover is from a store in Madrid. Captain America is promoted as the champion of truth, justice and the American way, but here he shows up in Spanish. Who is he really working for? Perhaps he’s a crusader for American cultural hegemony. Or perhaps he has been assimilated by the Spanish. Either way, I’d love to know what people in Spain think.
Someone scrawled “Allah” in a mosque in Cordoba. The smudged letter shows it’s already on the way to destruction, and the scars on the pillar hint at centuries of conflict. Cordoba was the capital of an Islamic caliphate in Spanish territory, and today is home to the Great Mosque. Ironically, inside the mosque is a Catholic cathedral, and Muslims are forbidden from praying in the mosque.

I found this graffiti art on the outskirts of Granada. There has always been graffiti in and around cities, even in Roman times, and while it’s seen as decay, it’s also seen a symbol of vitality. So does this mean graffiti is just a symbol of how things stay the same? Considering high youth unemployment in Spain, is there more graffiti? Has it changed? I wish I’d asked.
This is the door to a mothballed synagogue in Tangier. The city was once home to a thriving Jewish population, but eventually many Jews left. The synagogues were locked and now open only for visitors. Finding the door is no easy task, but the symbol tells a story of quiet resilience. It does not want attention, but also has nothing to hide, and it isn't going anywhere.
This is a painting of a diplomat in Tangier. The woman had traveled through Morocco before taking up a job at the American Legation and settling down for a few years. We tell ourselves women are more liberated than ever, yet the symbols of liberation stay the same. The cigarette, exotic inkpot, unfinished letter and rakish cape are not far off from the modern stereotype of a strong independent woman. So one must ask: have things really changed?
Morocco, education is divided into four levels: primary school (ages 7-12), secondary school (ages 13-15), high school (ages 16-18), and university. Starting at age 18, students can choose to study at the university-level. Depending on the area of study, students can spend from three to seven years at a university.

I interviewed Yasmine, a seventeen-year-old high school student from Chefchaouen, a city in northwest Morocco, about her experiences.

What courses do you take in high school?
We study math, history, geography, Islam, Arabic, English, French, science, and philosophy.

So you learn about Islam in school? What do you learn about?
Yes. We learn about a lot. We study the Koran and how to pray—a lot of beautiful things.

Does everybody take the same courses?
Yes.

Do you have a favorite course?
Yes, science and English.
Describe a typical school day.
   I go to school from 8:00 to 12:00. Then I go back home and eat lunch. I go to school at 2:00 again and study until 6:00.

What do you do after school?
   Sometimes I go to extra hours. Then I pray, eat my dinner, and go to bed.

What are extra hours? Can you stay at school longer if you want to?
   No, there are some teachers that do extra hours for us, out of school in their houses.

Do you have homework?
   Yes.

How long does it usually take you to finish your homework?
   Maybe an hour or two.
Do you plan to attend a university?
Yes.

Do you have to apply to a university?
Yes.

How do you apply?
You take a test on what you want to study in the university. The people that do the best are accepted. Also, you have to get good grades in high school.

How is grading done?
Grades are from 2 to 19.

Is school free?
The early years are free, but university is not.

How much does it cost to attend university?
About 1000 dirhams (approximately $275 USD), but maybe more than this.
How do people pay for university?
Their parents give them the money.

What if their parents can’t give them the money, can they still study?
Yes, but they have only one choice. They can go to a poor university.

So, there are universities for people that can’t pay?
Yes.

What’s the difference between universities that cost and do not cost money to attend?
There is not a big difference, just if you go to a rich university you can work after more quickly. But both kinds are good.

Do you know what you want to study when you get to the university-level?
I want to study English.

What are your options after you graduate? Do you see yourself pursuing a career?
Yes, I will work. I want to be an English teacher.

How do graduates find jobs?
There are some universities that send their students to work, that help them to find work. But, there are some others that let their students search for a job by themselves.

What are women “expected” to do after they finish their education?
Almost all women get married, but there are some that continue to work. It all depends on what the woman wants.
Can women work and raise a family?  
Yes, a lot of them do.

What do you see yourself doing ten years from now?  
I will be teaching.

Will you get married?  
Yes, I would like to get married, but I need to work to help my parents first.

Do you think that you will keep working once you get married and have a family?  
Yes, I will.

Per personal experience, what are the strengths and weaknesses of the Moroccan education system?  
For me, there is nothing very good about school, just friends. Nothing is special. The teachers are not very good, but there are a few good teachers. Also, we do not have many books. It is a big problem.

**Conclusion**

Morocco is a developing country with a literacy rate of only 56%, I assumed that its education system was far inferior to the United States’. I had expected Yasmine’s tales of the Moroccan education system to be filled with the woes of inadequate resources and unengaged students and teachers; however, her personal experiences suggest that there are two sides to the same coin. Although it is true that Yasmine’s school suffers from a lack of resources—books are scarce, and many of her teachers are subpar—some of her teachers seem very devoted to their students with several providing after school tutoring from their homes free of charge. In elementary and middle school, I had to share the majority of my textbooks. In high school, I never had a textbook less than four or five years old, and I’ve also had poor
teachers. In my 9th grade English class, I was only assigned one paper. On that paper, every girl got an A- and every boy got a B-. I don’t believe in coincidences.

My interview with Yasmine, like most of my experiences with her, is best encapsulated by the phrase, “We’re not so different, you and I.” Yasmine and I are both very devoted to our school work. We both spend much of our time outside of the classroom studying. We both work hard because we want to enjoy successful careers in the future. And the education we both have received has been imperfect, yet invaluable. *
traveling to Spain and Morocco with the Albert Gallatin Scholars, I chose to compose a set of bilingual poems. I have been studying Spanish for a number of years and our trip only furthered my enchantment with the language. Our trip questioned the theme of “Europe” and what its boundaries are, so in response I chose to stretch the boundaries further by exploring the relationship between languages. Instead of writing my poems in English and then translating them into Spanish, I began in Spanish and worked backwards to English. By doing this, I hoped to create poems with a more natural connection to the Spanish language and with an organic cadence. By translating the poems into English, instead of the reverse, I attempted to approach the poems outside of my usual mentality, forcing myself to think in a different way. Seeing that language can be such a strong representative factor of what defines a country, or potentially a continent, I chose to play with these boundaries and explore them through poetry.
Mecanismo de un retrato

Soy un órgano en miniatura
el único color es rojo
peluche

Las madres son Pequeñistas
en el Mercado Búlgaro
ruidoso

Federico no lo quiere leer
es de su padre
comunista

Lleva un bolso muy viejo
de lana de alpaca
blanco hueso

Mechanism of a Portrait

I’m an organ in miniature
the only color is red
velvet

The mothers are Pequeñistas
in the Bulgarian Market
noisy

Frederico doesn’t want to read it
it’s his father’s
communist

She carries an old purse
made of alpaca wool
off white
El fuego quema

quema vida
que no queda
y flores que no abren
por los dolores que no saben
y los amantes que roncan
mientras que promesas rompen
y pretendemos que somos romancero
y los romaníes gritan a la luna
y giran:

Óyeme, luna grande
los nacionalistas avanzan
mándanos un santo
para que no nos alcancen

las botas están pisando
y la tierra está temblando
el humo nos está enterrando
y la entrada es un pecado
pero lo usan con bravata
y con lanzas y manzanas
corren ensangrentadas
por las calles de Granada
y otra vez los romaníes

The Fire Burns

burn life
that doesn’t ignite
and flowers that don’t open
for the pain that they don’t know
and the lovers that snore
while promises break
as we pretend that we’re romancers
and the Roma cry to the moon
and writhe:

Listen to me, huge moon,
the Nationalists are advancing.
send us a saint
so that they don’t reach us

The boots are stomping
and the ground is trembling
the smoke is burying us
and the entrance is a sin,
but they use it with bravado
and with spears and apples
they run bloody
through the streets of Granada
gritan a la luna
y giran:

Óyeme, luna grande
los nacionalistas avanzan
mándanos un santo
para que no nos alcancen

los llantos caen en orejas sordas
y los golpes llueven en caras retorcidas
los soldados quieren hacer cosas sórdidas
y encuentran a las mujeres en sus prendas floridas
estos días nos cuentan las historias
de los nacionalistas y sus victorias
sin embargo todavía oímos los torrentes
de los romaníes gritando sus tormentas:

Óyeme, luna grande
los nacionalistas avanzan
mándanos un santo
para que no nos alcancen...

and again the Roma cry to the moon
and writhe:

Listen to me, huge moon,
the Nationalists are advancing,
send us a saint
so that they don’t reach us

The cries fall on deaf ears
and the blows rain on twisted faces
the soldiers want to do sordid things
and they find the women in their flowered dresses
these days they tell us the stories
of the Nationalists and their victories
however we still hear the torrents
of the Roma crying out their torments:

Listen to me, huge moon,
the Nationalists are advancing,
send us a saint
so that they don’t reach us...
Así es

Si fuera un hombre de palabras
con un boli en cada mano
y drawers y drawers de poesía
tendría una musa hecha de moonlight.

Ojos como almendras crudas
y el pelo de seda, corriente -
ella me miraría desde la
cama disheveled
y me entregaría una sonrisa cálida.

How It Is

If I were a man of words,
with a pen in each hand
and drawers and drawers of poetry,
I would have a muse made of moonlight.

Eyes like raw almonds
and flowing hair like silk -
she would look at me from the disheveled bed
and give me a honeyed smile.

Photo credit: Melanie Glickman
Las flores me saludarían
por los caminos del bosque
y las ninfas would scamper
away
aunque me quieran escribir de
su belleza.

Si fuera un hombre de palabras
tendría un pecho peludo y
musculoso,
pero no soy, no lo soy.

Soy una mujer undistinct y
ugly
en una ciudad de tumbas.

The flowers would greet me
as I walk through the woods
and the nymphs would
scamper away
though they would have me
write of their beauty.

If I were a man of words
I would have a broad chest,
hairy and muscular,
but I am not.

I am not that.
I am a woman indistinct and
ugly
in a city of tombs.
Sonámbulo

*Cuando caminas por la noche
y las calles se convierten en
tentáculos,
¿quién mira la ventana iluminada?*

*En el cemento mojado
la pluma escribe un ardor helado
¿para qué peatón?*

*La ciudad se murmura
a sí misma al crepúsculo
cuando duermes.*

*Le dices secretos eternos
a tu almohada
- el amante ronca.*

*Escribo palabras eternas
en hojas suaves
- el mundo ronca.*

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Somnambulist

*When you walk in the night
and the streets turn into
tentacles
who watches the illuminated window?*

*In the wet cement
the pen writes of a frozen ardor
for what passerby?*

*The city murmurs to itself
at dusk
when you sleep.*

*You tell eternal secrets
to your pillow
- the lover snores.*

*I write eternal words
on smooth pages
- the world snores.*
Spaniards love their ham.

This was the first thing I learned about Spanish food culture, on the very day the Albert Gallatin Scholars arrived in Madrid in January 2013. Walking down the street to find a place for our midday meal, we encountered one of the many chain stores in Madrid named “Museo del jamón,” or literally translated, “The Ham Museum.” With its lavish displays of cured meats, this tribute to all things pig gave my stomach a good feeling about the coming weeks and inspired all of the carnivores in our group to pick up the pace.

However, not all Spanish eateries along the way were nearly so encouraging about the current state of the food industry. Earlier that morning on the drive from the airport to the hotel, we observed the massive abandoned building projects on the outskirts of the city and heard all about the financial crisis that had halted each of them midway through production. It became clear on our walk that the local restaurants were in a similar state. Closed storefronts and boarded up windows stood as empty, blank and useless as those housing complexes, and many of the establishments that managed to stay open were desperate for patrons.
At least this meant that we were the only party being served in our restaurant. I sat down a bit nervously to a table full of people that I had previously regarded as peers and teachers. Then something funny happened.

Up until now I'd never felt truly connected with my fellow scholars. Of course, I liked them all, I respected their intellect, but that's just the thing: I had only ever known them all in the context of a classroom. As wonderful as education is to share, it can't compare with devouring a spread of delicious and exotic foods together.

This bonding over food is hardly a new concept. According to the anthropologist Bronisław Malinowski, a shared hearth at which meals are eaten communally is one of the universal qualities of a family; it establishes connections and fosters affection. It provides people a chance to unwind with others while enjoying one of the greatest pleasures known to mankind: eating.

Photo credit: Angelina DeSocio
As the dishes came NYU professor Jacques Lezra, who helped lead the trip, explained to us what they were. He even promised to have us over to his home after the trip to show us how to make tortilla. The most surprising, and initially the most off-putting part of the meal were fried anchovies, or boquerones fritos, as we learned to call them.

**Boquerones Fritos**

**Ingredients:**

- ½ kg fresh anchovies
- flour
- salt
- freshly ground pepper
- a couple of eggs (beaten)
- olive oil (for frying)
- 1 lemon, cut into wedges

**Preparation:**

1. Cut the heads and tails off and then gut the little fishes.
2. Mix the flour salt and pepper in a bowl.
3. Heat the oil in a frying pan.
4. Dip the fillets into the flour mixture then into the beaten egg and then into the hot oil quickly.
5. Keep a close eye on them because they cook very quickly.
6. Serve straight away with the lemon wedges and crusty bread.

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That same night, as we walked to the restaurant where our first group dinner would take place, the strain the economy had put on the food business was never more apparent. Restaurant owners saw a tourist group as big as ours like a juicy slice of jamón waiting to be snatched up and eaten. A party as large as ours would fill up their entire establishment. Despite their best efforts to lure us in for a meal, we trekked on to our destination: Los Manos.

Just big enough to accommodate our large numbers and American appetites, the place truly delivered. Bread, wine, oil, fish, beef cooked on a hot plate directly under our noses (which, consequently, trembled with desire from the irresistible smell), and plates of paella big enough for two or three people. But even more remarkable was the way in which this decadent meal accelerated our bonding process as a group. Students and professors who had, until now, meant nothing more to one another, suddenly embarked on an even more sacred journey than academia: the act of sharing a meal. That was the night that the word “Scholars” took on a whole new meaning and from then on, when one of our group leaders shouted the word to us in an attempt to win our attention (which drifted often, but how can we be blamed—we were in Spain!), the term inspired a sense of camaraderie, of solidarity, of friendship.

Meanwhile outside the door of Los Manos the financial crisis, which had left so many building complexes and storefronts empty, was echoed on the empty tables of an alarming number of Spanish families. With Spain’s newly instated austerity programs and increased taxes, 22 percent of Spanish households are living in poverty. The number of people seeking help at food pantries and soup kitchens has grown by 33 percent, and an alarming number of people have resorted to rummaging for old food in dumpsters, trash barrels and even gutters. These facts, I’m guilty to say, were far from my mind as I dug into my paella.
**Paella**

**Ingredients**

2 tablespoons olive oil  
1 tablespoon paprika  
2 teaspoons dried oregano  
salt and black pepper to taste  
2 pounds skinless, boneless chicken breasts, cut into 2 inch pieces  
2 tablespoons olive oil, divided  
3 cloves garlic, crushed  
1 teaspoon crushed red pepper flakes  
2 cups uncooked short-grain white rice  
1 pinch saffron threads  
1 bay leaf  
1/2 bunch Italian flat leaf parsley, chopped


Photo credit: Angelina DeSocio
1 quart chicken stock
2 lemons, zested
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 Spanish onion, chopped
1 red bell pepper, coarsely chopped
1 pound chorizo sausage, casings removed and crumbled
1 pound shrimp, peeled and deveined

Preparation

1. In a medium bowl, mix together 2 tablespoons olive oil, paprika, oregano, and salt and pepper.
2. Stir in chicken pieces to coat.
3. Cover, and refrigerate.
4. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in a large skillet or paella pan over medium heat.
5. Stir in garlic, red pepper flakes, and rice.
6. Cook, stirring, to coat rice with oil, about 3 minutes.
7. Stir in saffron threads, bay leaf, parsley, chicken stock, and lemon zest.
8. Bring to a boil, cover, and reduce heat to medium low.
9. Simmer 20 minutes.
10. Meanwhile, heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in a separate skillet over medium heat.
11. Stir in marinated chicken and onion; cook 5 minutes.
12. Stir in bell pepper and sausage; cook 5 minutes.
13. Stir in shrimp; cook, turning the shrimp, until both sides are pink.
14. Spread rice mixture onto a serving tray.
15. Top with meat and seafood mixture.
The journey to Professor Khalid Amine’s apartment in Tangier was stressful to say the least. It was our first day in the city, and the culture shock alone was enough to throw most of us off. On top of that it had been raining all day, and we were hopelessly lost. We had followed the instructions given us, but unfortunately it turns out that “the building next to the mosque tower” is not a distinguishing enough description of a location within a heavily populated Muslim city. When we finally arrived in his apartment, wet and out of breath from the four-flight walk up, the stress suddenly melted away.

There could not have been a more profound contrast between the wet, humid, unfamiliar streets of Tangier and the colorful, cozy atmosphere of the Amine home. Vibrant benches laden with cushions lined the walls of the living room, where Mrs. Amine somehow managed to comfortably fit all 35 of us.

As the food and drink began to flow so did the conversation, and we were fascinated to hear more about the lives of Professor Amine’s students. Passionate about civil rights, language and house music, they bore a striking similarity to everyone at Gallatin. We formed an even deeper attachment to our hosts when the main course came out. Our jaws dropped as Mrs. Amine uncovered the largest plate of couscous any of us had ever seen, overflowing with vegetables and an entire roast chicken. Any feelings of apprehension and unfamiliarity from that morning were completely replaced by astonishment and anticipation for that aromatic and comforting food. Simply put, their food made us feel at home halfway across the world, and that feeling created a lasting bond between us.
Couscous

Ingredients

1 1/2 cup couscous
2 3/4 cups chicken broth
1/4 teaspoon salt

Preparation:

1. In a saucepan, bring broth to a boil.
2. Add salt and stir.
3. Add couscous and remove from heat and allow to sit for about 5 minutes.
4. Couscous should be light and fluffy, not gummy. Be sure to allow the couscous to absorb the broth.

Months after the trip, we gathered in the home of Professor Lezra, enjoying the same foods that we had first tried back in Madrid (plenty of jamón, obviously). The flavors brought back memories of those lavish group dinners, the adventures that brought us closer together, and the experiences that changed us and gave us a more worldly perspective. Malinowski was right: sharing meals with a group of people makes you start to think of them as your family. I certainly see my fellow travelers as my AGS family, a group of people I feel at home with even when I am halfway around the world. Even though our gathering that day signified the end of the year, the graduation of our seniors and a goodbye to some, it reminded all of us how unforgettable and life-changing those few weeks together had been. And we finally got our tortilla-making lesson.

**TORTILLA**

**Ingredients**

- 4 medium potatoes
- 4 or 5 eggs
- 1 medium onion
- 1/4 liter of olive oil
- Salt

**Preparation**

1. Peel the potatoes and cut them into thin slices.
2. Heat a deep pan with olive oil and place the potatoes in the oil.
3. Keep the stove at medium heat which allows the potatoes to cook slowly and soak up the oil.

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4. Finely chop the onion and add it to the potatoes.
5. Continue slowly frying until the onions turn soft and slightly brown.
6. After ten minutes, strain the rest of the oil.
7. Adding a pinch of salt, beat the eggs in a big bowl.
8. Add the potatoes and onions.
9. Now put the pan that held the potatoes back on the stove at the same medium heat with a little bit of oil and add the contents of the bowl (eggs potatoes and onion).
10. Cover the pan and leave it to cook on low heat for 5-10 minutes until the bottom begins to brown.
11. Using a lid or a large plate turn the omelette upside down and then put it back in the pan with the uncooked side on the bottom.
12. When both sides are slightly brown, take the omelette off the heat and put it on a plate. Wait a little bit for it to cool and then slice it.