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MICHAEL

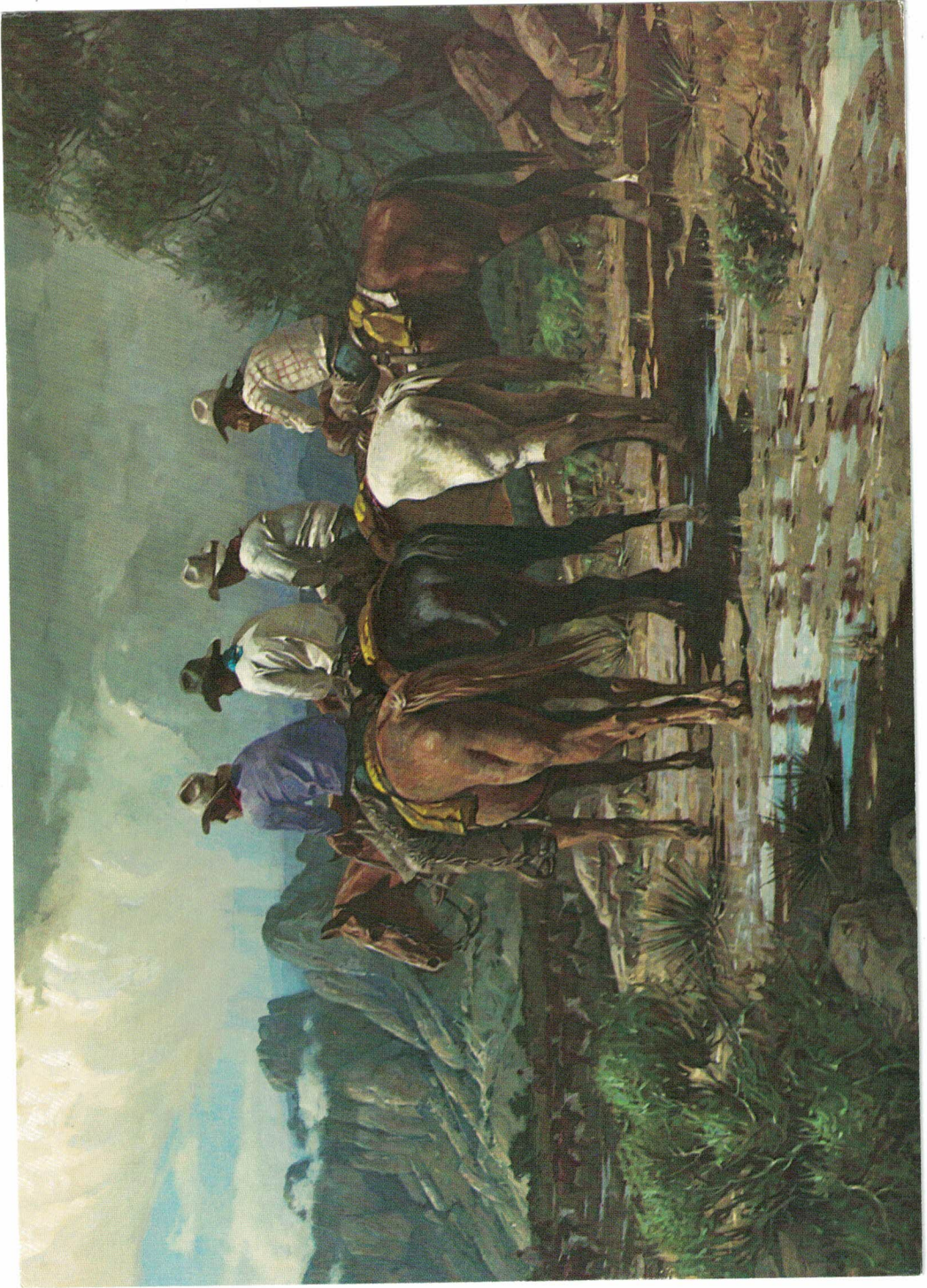
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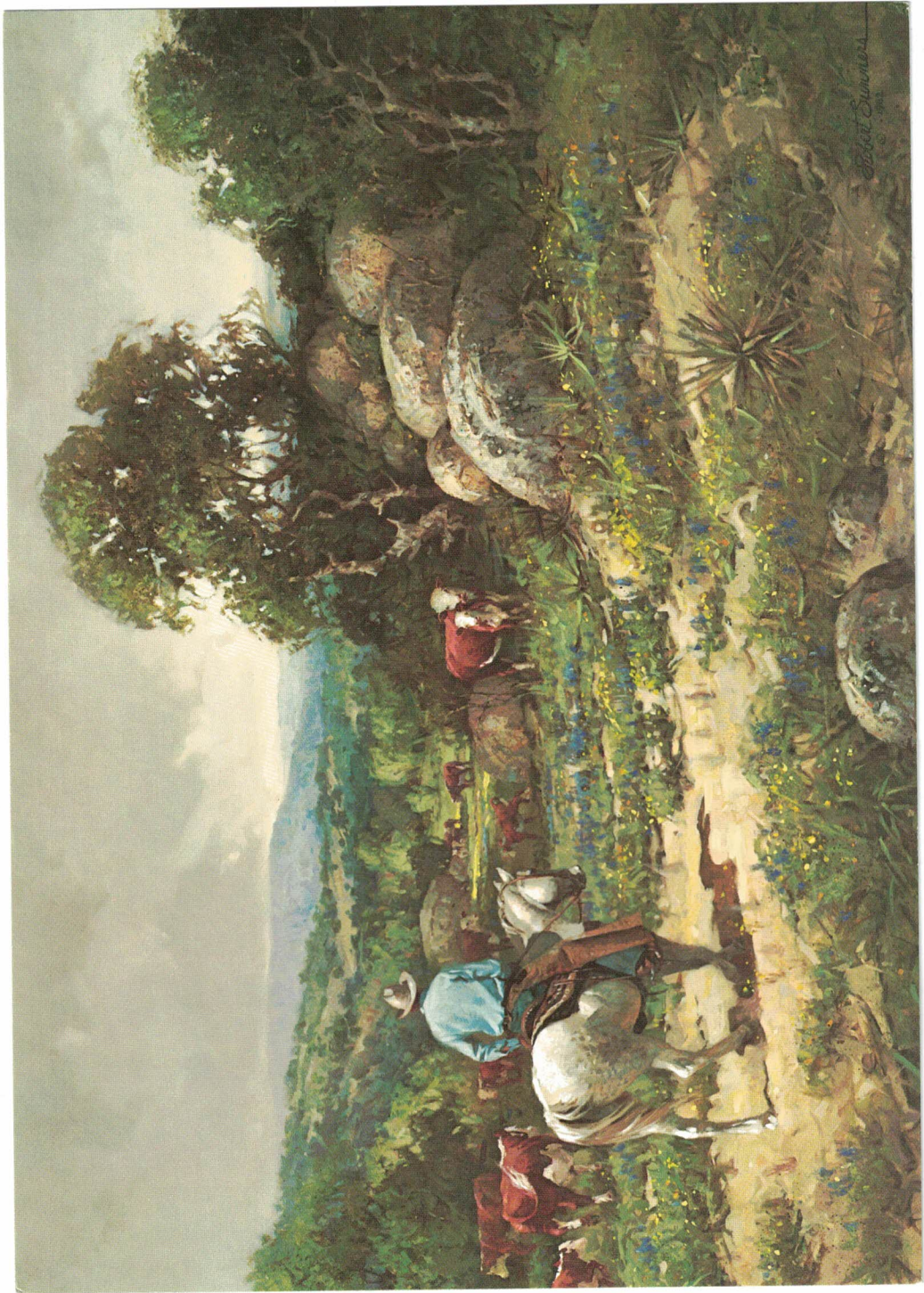
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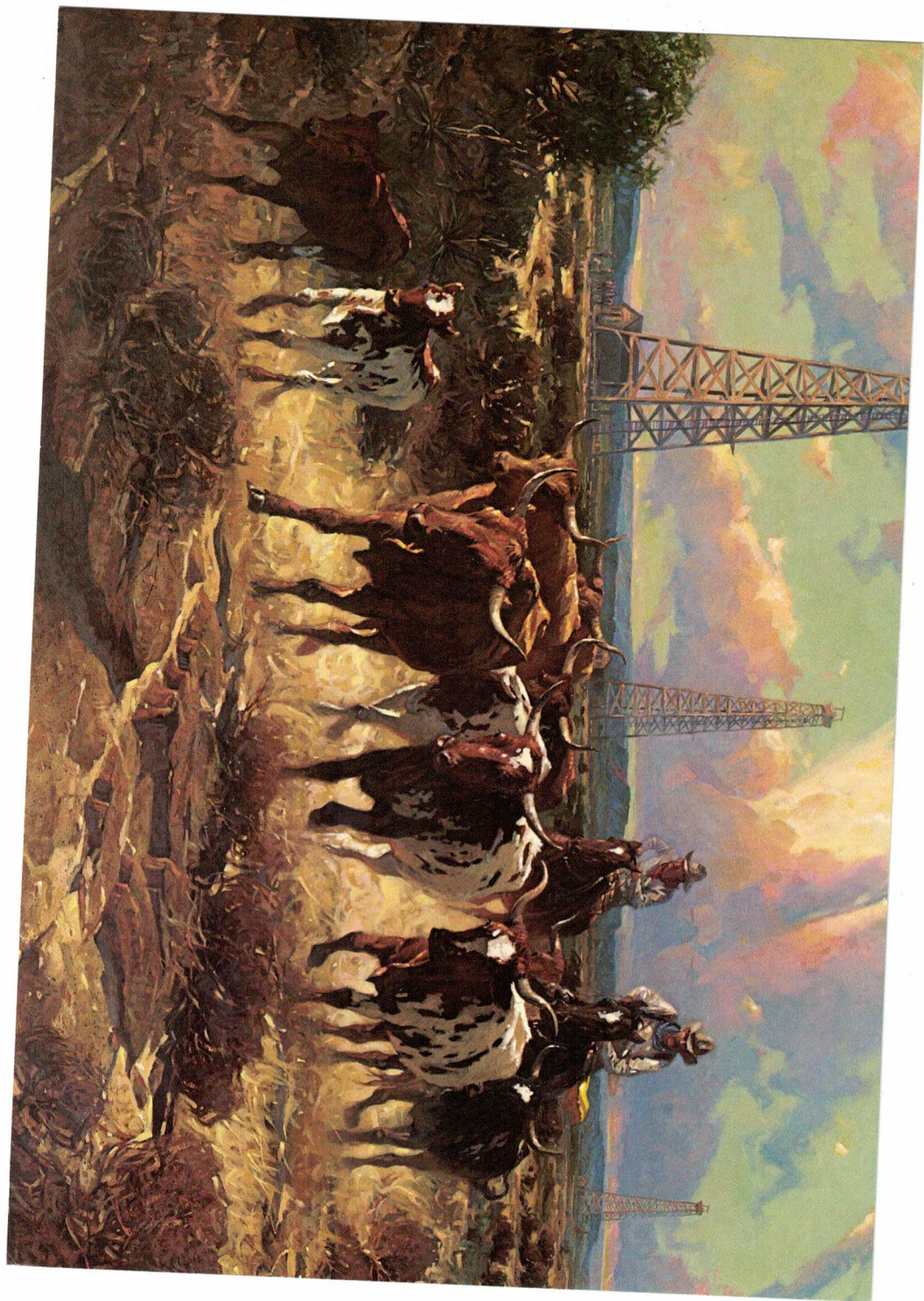
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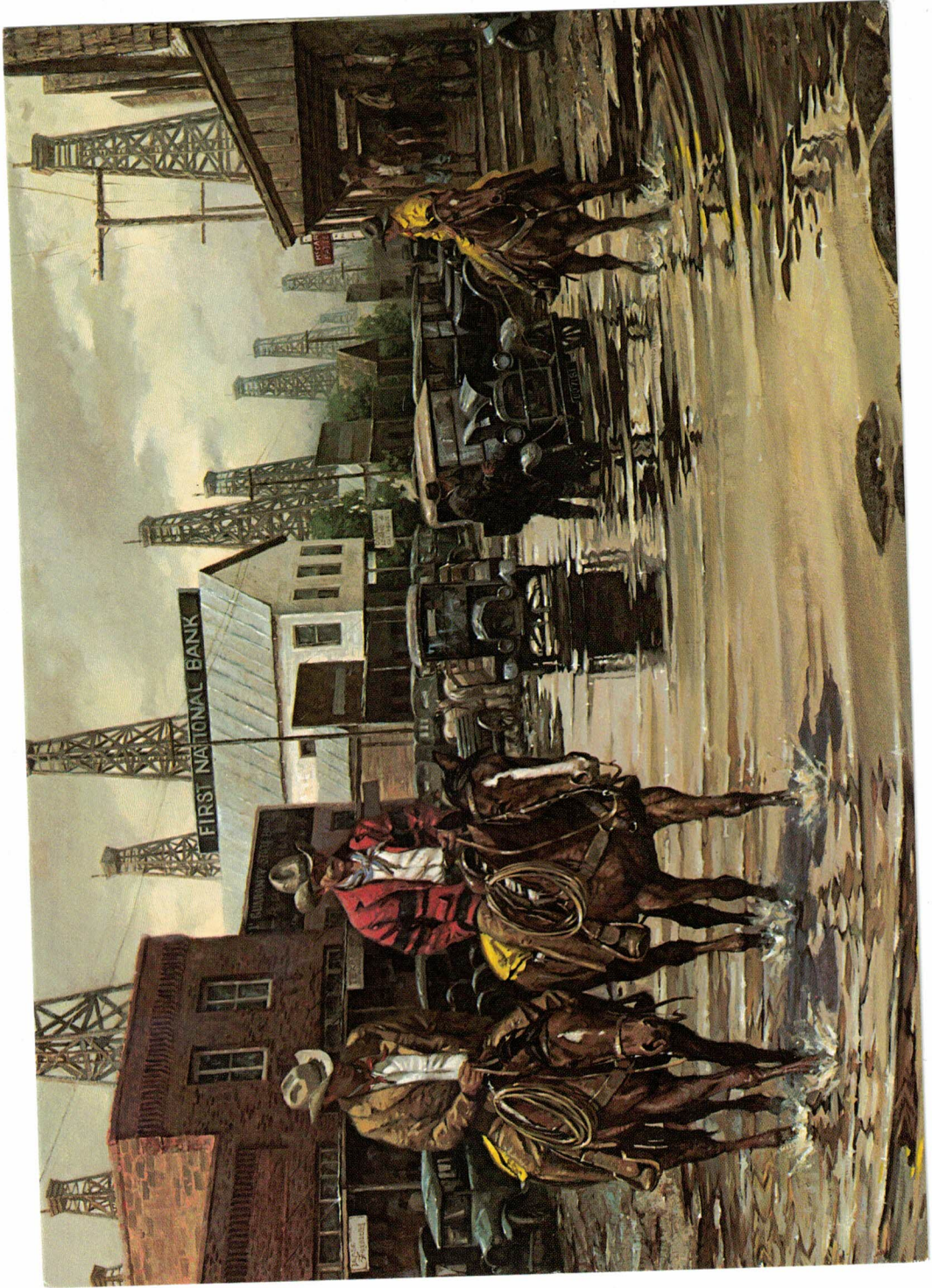
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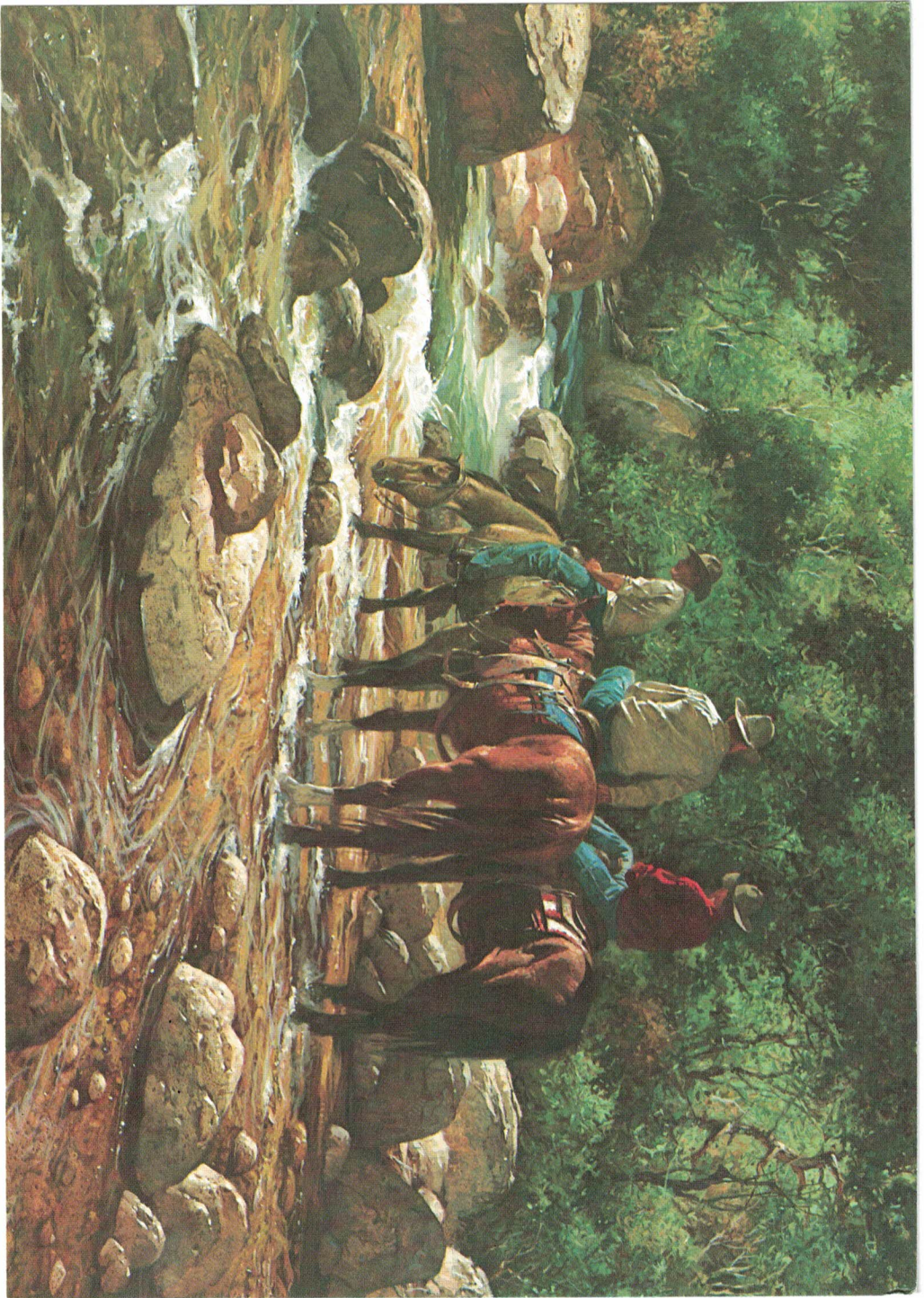
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MR. MICHAEL K. DEEVER
DUPTY CHIEF OF STAFF
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT

THE WHITE HOUSE

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~~Lead file~~

VILLA AMERICA

RABAT

RESIDENCE OF THE AMBASSADOR

X-27-82

MKD -

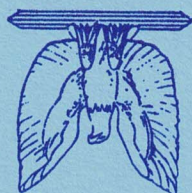
I have put a 'hold'
on "Villa America" for
you are C.!

I will be with the
Reed Tribe in the Nutmeg
state from December 17 till
after the New Year's.

This little getting may
whet your appetite to come
All the best. JMR

Denbigh Farm
591 Riversville Road
Greenwich, Connecticut 06830

April, 1982



Letter
from
Morocco

Palm Sunday, 1982 — Venice

Dear Friend,

Bells thundering across the lagoons of this fascinating city wake us on this clear, cool day. Mimi, Serena and I have taken a short holiday from the Kingdom to take "R & R" in this voluptuous metropolis where East meets West. The inscription on the sundial in the great Square of San Marco sums up our days: *Horas non numero nisi serenas* (I count only the happy hours).

So many of you have written, called or sent messages via mutual friends or colleagues (new and old) during our first six months "en poste" and we are very, very grateful for these thoughts. First of all, we miss you! Secondly a big apology coupled with a beg for understanding on the silence from behind the "rideau de sable." We have been in the pressure-cooker for months; long, colorful days full of excitement, trial and hard work. The assignment is all (and more) than we envisioned, planned or bargained for. "Doomesbury" captured the fantasy of glamorous trappings of the life of the "envoy extraordinary" . . . diplomatic receptions, the swallowtail coats, the secret cables from Washington. But . . . every fantasy must have its dark side: even though the Residence is grand (and Mimi has done an A+ effort to bring her sense of style and

her own stamp of elegance to Villa America on Rue de Fez), we live with omnipresent security and ever present surveillance. *AND* beneath the glittering surface the world of bureaucratic business is as usual . . . ceremonial visits to projects and dedications, meetings, reams of cables on phosphate production, receptions and dinners; even that unique "Made in the USA" event called "the working breakfast." It's an experience . . . a challenge, an honor and we will strive to do an even better job for our country in the months to come. Here follows a quick kaleidoscope of the action as seen from Villa America. . . .

King Hassan II

Brilliant!

An agile political master internally and a major league Afro-Euro-Middle Eastern statesman who gets the "brass ring" for longevity on the stage of world leaders. (Twenty-one years on the throne! . . . and the Alaouite family has ruled uninterrupted for close to 400 years!)

Hassan II has seen them *all* come and go. The King is elegant, charming and sensitive — an extraordinary mix of the oriental and the fashioned francophile. The King's many gestures of friendship to us have left an indelible mark of ongoing fraternity.

The U.S.-Moroccan Relationship

Within hours of taking the reins of power, the Reagan Administration sent positive signals to the Kingdom.

We have worked (tirelessly) toward increasing the warmth of this relationship with positive expressions *and* actions on the economic, political, military and cultural fronts.

Blood and Sand

The listless war has now been going on for seven years. Most Americans have still not heard of this war. It is being fought over a sparsely settled track of windblown dunes, rocky outcroppings, rich phosphate deposits and yet unproved mineral wealth lying on the Atlantic coast between Morocco and Mauritania. The territory used to be known as the Spanish Sahara. In 1975 Spain withdrew; a guerrilla organization called the POLISARIO have been fighting with backing from Algeria and Libya. The fighting has escalated with advanced weapons being introduced. Hassan II wants a settlement; he has offered to hold a referendum, but peace does not appear to be on the horizon. It's a complicated, dangerous and difficult situation domestically, regionally and internationally.

The Embassy

Morocco, situated on the Straits of Gibraltar, has significance in the politics of Europe, Africa and the Middle East. We have a large Mission that operates around the clock.

The mechanics of American diplomacy are complicated, if not Byzantine. The sheer size and complexity of the American community in Morocco has a diversity of voices reporting to Washington but who all report to the Chief of Mission in Rabat. A.I.D.*, I.C.A.** , C.I.A., the Voice of America, yes, the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce and of course, the colossi, the State and Defense Departments*** we have two "branch offices" of the Embassy in Tangier and Casablanca (the splendid Villa Mirador of the Consul General in Casablanca, which was occupied by Roosevelt and Churchill during the famous Conference in World War II).

*A.I.D. — Agency for International Development — the arm of the Government working on foreign assistance projects.

**I.C.A. — International Communication Agency . . . soon to take back its old and proper name, U.S. Information Agency — it is the cultural and propaganda arm of the Embassy.

***Defense Department — This has two important contingents at the Embassy. The Defense

Attache's Office has high-ranking representatives from the Navy, Army and Air Force. The military "assistance" group is designated the "Moroccan-United States Liaison Office."

The Peace Corps has over 200 volunteers, we have a Commissary to store and man, a Family Liaison Office and large American schools . . . it's a multifaceted world that requires energy and stamina.

I was worried that we might have a bureaucratic dinosaur to deal with, but the facts are that we are staffed by able, intelligent and driving professionals accompanied by a terrific troupe of spouses and offspring. They are a great team!

Rabat

"Rabat" means "fort" . . . the city dates from the eighth century and is smack on the Atlantic. It is the administrative capital, but the Court moves were the King sits. This means travel to Fez, Marrakech, Ifrane or Casablanca. The distances from Rabat to the seat of power are long, and we accomplish this in an armored "tank" which is a stylish (circa 1956) New York "Checker" taxi cab.

The Palaces in all of the Imperial Cities are astounding. The rooms and courtyards are filled with the finest building materials: mosaic tiles, ivory, cedar, marble, ebony. The hillsides within

the walls are covered with olive, almond and citrus trees. The luxuriant gardens of cyprus lanes and cascading waters explode with the scents of jasmine and rose. Sumptuous is the word.

Collecting

The Souks dazzle one with embroidered caftans, woven carpets, spangled saddles and silver jewelry. The markets smell of saffron, sandalwood and leather and the sound of the tapping hammers of copper and brass. This exuberance of craft is matched by the rich legacy of folklore. Even the most casual tourist has the opportunity to see traditional dance performances and fantasias. There are souks at every turn and they have afforded us superb choices of fabrics and carpets, and carpets are the nation's treasure; a carpet is an essential part of any Moroccan home, whether rural or in the city. The numerous multicolored designs enthrall us and we will probably open an emporium upon our return to the U.S.A.! Bargaining is an art in Morocco . . . it also takes time. I have been "discussing" one piece for months, but the seller is not in a hurry and we are only "approaching" a deal. One of the keys to the understanding of doing business, be it diplomatic or commercial, is that the western view/dependence on "time" (the watch) simply does not exist.

Sun, Sand — A Sea of Solitude

Do you want to travel to Marrakech?

The Sahara is the largest desert in the world. It may surprise you to hear that forty-three percent of all global land is now reckoned to be desert. If, like we New Yorkers you will have no notion that water is the most precious of *all* commodities — more precious than oil. But, if you live in the Sahara, where years may pass without a single drop of rain, you are desperately aware of its importance. Morocco is suffering the worst drought of the century, and it has been hard (beyond description) on the country. Once over the Atlas Mountains you find a desert world . . . it is a fascinating environment; a mysterious empire of sand and time, a silent and majestic scene of awesome lifelessness. From the air over Semara (I am the first American Ambassador ever to have visited this great city of the South); it looks like a lunar landscape, other areas look like a vast, gray blanket and others like an enormous beach. And speaking of beaches, there are miles and miles of sand and not a tourist in sight. You will love it or hate it . . . the solitude, the beauty of enormous waves and sculpted dunes, the weird mirages and the charm of green oases. The whole experience is an adventure with the merciless sun and the cold, cold nights. The people cling to the traditional way of life, harsh as it is.

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Freedom means more to them than our excessive concern with material things and friendships are more important than status. Explain the corporate "rat race" or the role of mortgages and the nomad would look at you as if you were from Mars. They are a stately people — hospitality is an art and on a giant scale. When invited to a tent, one is plied with tea and a series of glorious culinary triumphs.

Visits

A dazzling parade of interesting and interested figures have taken "The Road to . . ." since our arrival: the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of Commerce with a Trade Mission, military missions, Ambassadors, editors, professors, friends and "friends of friends."

Highlights

The Secretary of State — The Haigs descended into the fabled pink city of Marrakech by the Atlas Mountains. The whirlwind round of meetings, tours, press conferences (with the announcement of the creation of the Joint Military Commission) was topped by a dazzling banquet offered by His Majesty Hassan II in the Palace. *A consequential visit.*

President Nixon — RMN relaxed in Marrakech and worked in Rabat where, among other activities, he dedicated the Ambassador's Residence as "Villa America." N.B. — RMN could have won a landslide victory for sheriff wherever he went by the throngs of vocal, admiring Moroccans and tourists from around the globe (including the U. S. of A.) *A world-historical figure.*

The Sixth Fleet — January saw the greatest assembly of American fire power in our Republic's history in the Bay of Tangier with the nuclear carriers Nimitz and Eisenhower plus four nuclear cruisers. An unforgettable sight of a "wall of iron" at the gates to the Mediterranean and a privilege to preside at the "change of flag" ceremonies on the deck of the IKE with full military honors. It was a shining moment!

The Chief of Naval Operations and the Commander of the Sixth Fleet — Gold braid, pomp and circumstance was the order of the week when the CNO, accompanied by a battalion (it seemed like a regiment) of admirals and captains sailed into Tangier with the largest and most powerful ship in the world, the USS Eisenhower and the cruisers "North Carolina" and "Virginia." Seven thousand men hit the beach! My speech on the hangar deck on the IKE before the diplomatic corps calling Qadhafi a "modern-day Barbary pirate" hit the wires from Casablanca to Djakarta.

Hassan II Goes to Washington — The King will take part in a "working visit" in May. Plans for the program are underway. This promises to be a historic meeting with President Reagan and the leader of America's oldest friend. Remember . . . it was the Kingdom of Morocco that was the first country on earth to recognize our infant Republic.

Friends and "Friends of Friends" — One and all are always welcome to Villa. America.

An Audience

Court life in this Sherifian Empire is light years more intricate and delicate than in a Republic or a European style constitutional monarchy — the man with the sceptre is both the temporal and

spiritual leader of the realm — he is "Mr. Morocco," King Hassan II. And boy! does he know how to orchestrate a dazzling piece of theater!

A royal summons opens the gilded doors of the Palace . . . the courtyard is ablaze with uniforms, oriental martial music echo, the throne room is redolent of perfume and incense. There are veiled attendants, gold-braided adjutants in their immaculate turnouts, plumes and feathers on costumes that evoke the "belle époque" of Arabian Nights.

To the uninitiated it would appear to be a world of Andalusian operetta, but this is for real. Amid the general collapse of society in other worlds, there is dignity and decorum at this Court of King Hassan II. Portents may be looming, but for the present this is a mysterious paradise. The Court of the Alaouite Dynasty is one of sensual comfort, ritual and privilege that radiates with a glamour that Baudelaire whispered "La toute n'est que ordre et beaute, calme, luxe et volupte."

The holder of the keys of the "inner sanctum" snaps one away from being dazzled by the trappings; — the present minute reality is to do business for America with the King of Morocco. General Moulay Hafid, who is an uncle of Hassan II, is the Minister of Court — he has been and is my friend. The General is a survivor of another era; a titan of a figure who serves his King with a

sage tenacity. The General is proudly entrenched and at the front standing firmly in the line of honor. There is a gentle rustle . . . as if by magic the blazing flame of the Royal Presence appears. The King proffers his hand, makes an aristocratic gesture to take a gilded chair.

Lights, camera, action . . . the Audience commences . . . it's a barn-burner!

Well, there you have a few impressions of the comings and goings of the Reeds in Rabat. Throw in a few "recalled to Washington for consultations" and we can say we have been moving in "high gear."

Again, we miss you! We send all good wishes and hopes that our paths will cross soon on either side of the Atlantic.

Aloha,
JVR, Jr.

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or
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