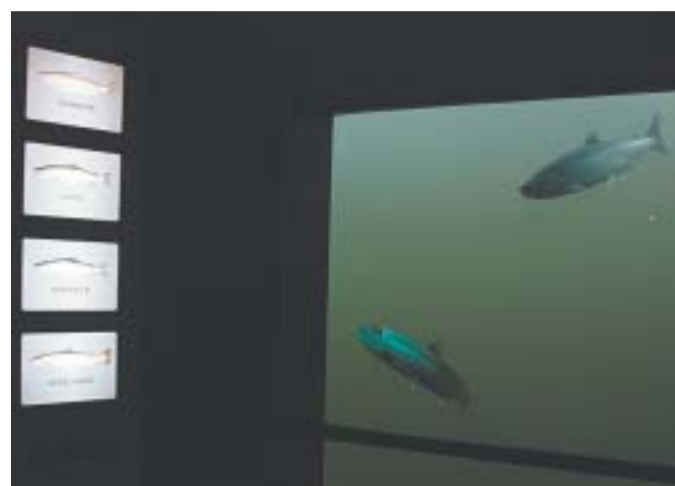


HOT SPOT

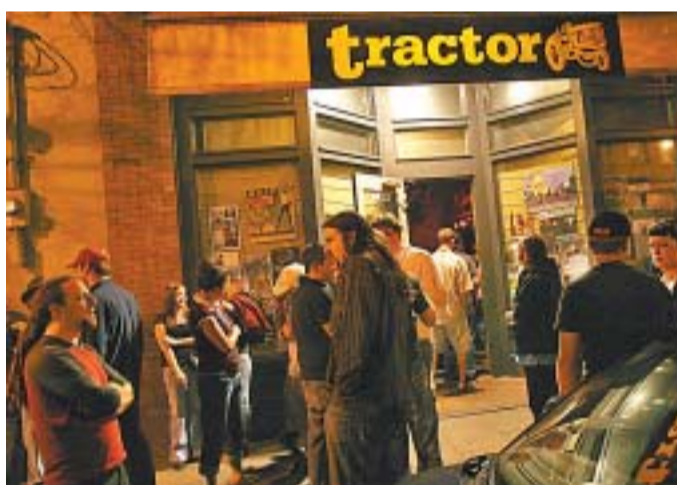
HIPNESS IN SEATTLE



RICH WITH CENTURY-OLD SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY,



A MILL TOWN REINVENTS ITSELF AS A TRENDY NEIGHBORHOOD



PHOTOS BY THOMAS J. HURST/FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

BY ERIC LUCAS ■ GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

Viking kings left their mark not far from where I'm having dinner. In 1975, Norway's King Olav stopped by to christen a plaza; two decades later, his son, Harald, came to dedicate an accompanying mural. Cheering throngs greeted them. OK, they weren't really Vikings anymore, but this is Ballard, a Seattle neighborhood and one of the largest Scandinavian communities outside Scandinavia. In 1995 the attention of a Norwegian ruler was fantastisk, as they say in Norway. • That was then. • This is now, and my waitress and I are discussing the chiles in a salsa at a dandy little Puerto Rican restaurant, La Isla Seattle. They're serranos, habaneros, and Thai hots ("They scare the heck out of me," she confides) and aside from jazzing up my "chuletas a la criolla" (pork chops smothered in a red creole sauce) they show how much things have changed here. Not

BALLARD, Page M4

La Isla Seattle restaurant (clockwise from top left); defiance at Archie McPhee; the 1917 fish ladder; enjoying a beer at King's Hardware; the Hiram M. Chittenden Locks; Ballard Avenue farmer's market; the Tractor Tavern; pan-seared scallops at Market Street Grill; Ballard Bridge spans Salmon Bay (center).

MOROCCO

SUBTLE SOUTH REVEALS ITSELF

OUTSIDERS ARE BUYING UP THE KASBAHS

BY NANCY COOK ■ GLOBE CORRESPONDENT

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KOURA — We found the turnoff to a rural village in southern Morocco 20 minutes before sunset. We left the main road and wound our way through a maze of crumbling mud palaces, irrigation ditches, and children on rickety bicycles.

We saw a small, square sign for our hotel. Encouraged, we kept driving on dirt roads past palm tree groves and the white minaret of a neighborhood mosque. We were miles from the main road now, and it was getting dark.

We stopped the car and asked two women, their heads covered by scarves, if they'd ever heard of our hotel. They spoke French and Berber; we spoke English and Spanish. They gestured for us to keep driving, but it didn't seem possible that any place that catered to visitors would sit so far off the popular route. After backtracking and stopping again,

MOROCCO, Page M6



NANCY COOK FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

A tour by camel offers a unique view of the Erg Chebbi sand dunes in southern Morocco at the edge of the Sahara Desert near the Algerian frontier.

EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND

STUDENT WRITERS FIND THEIR MUSE DURING A WEEK ON MAINE'S MONHEGAN ISLAND. M7