

*Sketching in Morocco***S**KETCHING IN MOROCCO: A LETTER FROM MISS HILDA RIX.

[MISS HILDA RIX is a young Australian artist who like many other artists reared under the Southern Cross has come to Europe to perfect her art. Some examples of her work have already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and our readers will be interested to see the more recent examples we now give and to read the account of her experiences during a visit to Morocco, of which she has brought back many interesting impressions in coloured chalks. Miss Rix had arranged to hold an exhibition of her work at the Ryder Gallery in St. James's Street, London, this October, and the exhibition was to have included the drawings executed by her in Morocco as well as a series done more recently in France, but just before going to press we learned that there was some doubt about the exhibition being held at the appointed time.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I've come right up on to the roof of the hotel to write to you. It seems like a strange dream to be in Morocco again. I am high up near the sky and looking down and around at all this crowded town and peaceful country, now bathed in the orange glow of the setting sun.

To-morrow is big market-day and the "Soko" down there below is a seething mass of people. The country people have come in with their loads, carried for long miles on their backs, or the backs of their weary little donkeys. And to-night there will be huddled groups camped around the faint lights of their lanterns, to be ready to start market early to-morrow morning.

There! The big glowing half-orange of the sun has just dipped behind the mountain's edge to my left, leaving the sky a pinky gold—and the dips

between the mountains are hung in rosy veils. The sky on the horizon's edge melts upwards into a lemon blue—then on to warmer blue in the hollow of the "inverted bowl," and down again in a powder-blue mist to the sea. Above the sea in the sky opposite the sunset is a great hand of pink clouds stretching forth and reflecting the happy glow.

Below me, beyond the big garden of this hotel, with its huge palms, bamboos, roses and mimosa all abloom, there is a ceaseless passing up and down of my beloved fairy-tale people. To-day there has been a European fête, and a mad rollicking car full of carnival revellers has hurried up the hill below me, laughing and scattering before it to all sides donkeys, Arab men and women.

A party of Arab women have just mounted the hill bearing enormous loads of faggots on their backs; they look like huge snails bent forward to their toil, but nearly all are cheerful and many pretty, beneath dirt and charcoal-dust. Their tired donkeys, also heavily laden, trail slowly behind them. Beyond and below in the twilight of the Moorish cemetery quiet forms are hovering over the graves, tending them noiselessly.



"AN ARAB BOY." FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX