

Breakfast delayed has unstrung my nerves ; the drowsy smell of spiced cigarettes ; it all passes like a dream where white and green and gold things dance a religious redowa before a flower-decked altar. The devout child tips out the contents of a purse made of a shell with a clatter. We pace, pace, pace ; we worship the Saviour, the life-giving cross ; we press unworthy lips to the feet bleeding scarlet, not less blessed that they are preposterously out of drawing and skewered with a gold nail.

APOLOGY.

The sole aim of this magazine is to gain sympathy with its views.

Intelligent ostracism meets one at every door for any view whatsoever, from choice of subject to choice of frame. If our entrance is not through an orthodox channel, it is not, therefore, entirely our fault ; we are out of date in our belief that the artist's conscientiousness cannot be controlled by the paying public, and just as far as this notion is prevalent we hope we shall be pardoned our seeming aggressiveness.