HUSBAND, Leonard Woolf, appeared in the May issue of "Time."

- Herblock in "Horizon," No. 17, 1941.

Entries for the Bread and Cheese Club's short story competition close on January 15. Particulars may be obtained from the Worthy Scribe, Box 1663 G.P.O., Melbourne.

Mr. Shaw Neilson was the guest of honour at the October meeting of the Authors and Artists' Association, when three of his songs were sung for the first time—"The Green Singer," "As Far as My Heart Will Go," and "The Petticoat Plays." Sumbit by P. C. Francis, arranged by Mrs. White, sung by Robert Thompson. Mr. C. B. Christiansen gave an address entitled "Social Thought in the Literature of To-day." The annual general meeting of the Association will be held on November 18.

"Galmahra" for 1941 is a credit to those University of Queensland students responsible for its general excellence. Peter Miles' "She Was Pretty," J. Hanson-Lowe's "Arctic Death," R. Mathews' "I'll Say," and E. Duncan's "Mark, We're out," are outstanding. Peter Miles' poem "Wind" stands significantly alone in quality. P. R. Stephenson gave the magazine its name when he was editor in 1921. Galmahra, claimed to be the aboriginal equivalent of the Greek Hyphen, was the native name of Jacky-Jacky, the valiant guide of the ill-fated Kennedy expedition to Cape York.

"If I am asked what the art of the post-war period will be like, I become as vague as Mr. Churchill. I can only reply that it will be an expression of the society we then establish. If we go back, to the Government of the Bank of England and the City, to preposterous monopolies exploiting the possession of the means of life, to a parliament of fools and an underworld of crime, then we shall go back to an art of convention, sentimentality and pride against which a few revolutionary protests will be more vain and ineffective than ever."—Herbert Read in "Horizon," No. 17, 1941.

The recent suicide of Virginia Woolf means more than the disappearance of a brilliant woman from English literature. It has a deep and symptomatic importance, as it throws light on our modern culture, this culture which began with the Renaissance and is now at a critical point of its development. This great woman's farewell letter to her husband, Leonard Woolf, appeared in the May issue of "Time."

Recommended:—"AUSTRALIAN POETRY, 1941" (edited by Douglas Stewart; A. B. & R. J. JINDIVIDUAL ANTHOLOGY, 1941 (edited by Rex Ingamells, Adelaide). "EDUCATION FOR LIFE" (Henrietta Drake-Brockman; Fellowship of Australian Writers, W.A. Section).
hess." Tall thanks, noble sir. You are doubtless right. All the qualities
you mention may be detected amid the multitudinous billows of our
literature. And likewise others—comradeship, craftsmanship, coherence,
colour, crispness, consciousness, creativeness, clarity and con-
viviality—to name only some that begin with "C." And every other
literature has them too. Saillens (1938): "La plupart des poetes du
Bush se ressemblent par leur melancolie, parfois coupee d'humeur macabre."
What about our finesse? our franchise? our romantisme? our attendrisse-
ment? Even homegrown historians are not free from the habit of hunting
our national features as though they were special merits. Anchen (1940):
"The Australian novel is steadily evolving characteristics of its own." If
so, I wonder whether we should be pleased about it. Ford Madox Ford
asked a French child whom he found reading "Crusoe" if she knew who
wrote it. Her reply indicated that she believed the author was French—
about the highest compliment, thinks Ford, that could have been paid
to Defoe.
Philosophers teach us that if we desire happiness, we must be careful
not to make its pursuit our conscious object. And so it seems to me that
if we desire a worthy national literature we had better forget about the
national aspect and strive after their timeless, universal outlook which will
make itself at home in distant regions and among generations yet unborn.
I can name many Australian creators of literature. Let not our
historians depress them with proofs 'that they are merely creators of
Australian literature.
—W. A. AMIET.

PACIFIC MOON

THE boom of the surf again in rising wind . . .
For a long while now I have been remembering
That stark sweet music in continuous
Crescendo on the lonely beach, deep leit-motif
Of something old, old as wandering
Rack-misted moon—
So, aged ghost, you come again with pale
Uncomment, haunting? You remember
When the live sea swelled and you,
Perpetually clouded, strained
Those rhythms into protoplasm even now I feel
In my brief consciousness, dimmed memory
Emerging: here
Is the vast beginning of things, the empty theatre.

My are not strangers, you and I, old
Murmurer: I hear your thundering
Through cities and the superficial chatter, hear
Plain statements and the high strong manifesto sung
In sea winds.

—PETER MILES.