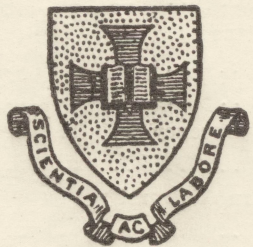


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GALMAHR

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UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND



JULY, 1926

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GALMAHRA.

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

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The Aberrations of Genius

To judge on conventional standards the conduct of a man of genius is as foolish as trying to fit him into the mould of the average man; yet, because every judgment is based on a comparison, the basis of comparison upon which a man of genius is judged is the moderately intelligent and moderately moral, average man. Morality is so relative and so much a matter of the disposition of an age that an overstepping of its flexible barriers is no evidence upon which to condemn. Happily in these days the elasticity of morality is being more appreciated, but even now to a great extent the man who wins the approval of society is the one whose outward conduct complies with the existing traditions and conventions. The tumult of his inner nature is not illuminated by the bright light of morality. It may be simple enough for the average, stolid, unemotional, unimaginative man so to suppress his whole nature that he fits into the mould which decorum demands, but the sensitive, emotional and imaginative artist would find it a stupendous task so to warp his individuality. We could name several literary men of the last century who even yet are looked upon with suspicion because they dared to leave the chalk line of propriety drawn by Mrs. Grundy.

Our object is not to expose the cracks in the wall of present-day morality, or the evils which it hides instead of exterminating: rather is it our wish to explain that the man of genius will not passively submit to a moral code, the pernicious results of which are rampant, if by doing so he must sacrifice his individuality and even his ideals. A study of British and Continental literary men of the last fifty years will illustrate this point. We refer,

however, to Shelley, who is now considered sufficiently proper to be read, or mutilated, in the schools. While he was alive, no fate was too diabolical for Shelley. This sweet poet was branded by his brutish fellows as grossly immoral, and the law tore his children from him, although, under the influence of the woman with whom he so flagrantly fled his native land, much of his imperishable poetry was written. England virtually banished from her shores one of her noblest sons, but claimed for herself the fruits of his great genius.

In the strange behaviour of many literary men of genius is not, as the vulgar would have it, a desire to flout convention. On the contrary, the development, for example, of the poetic faculty is often secured at the expense of body and mind, and the genius is frequently pathological. That an excessive development of the imaginative faculty, which can only be achieved in a very sensitive mind, tends to abnormality can be appreciated easily. One of the numerous definitions of genius is, "a disease of the nerves"; and there is a good deal of truth in the definition. If one examines the face of Edgar Poe it is not necessary to read his tales to know that his whole life was under the sway of the abnormal, that the esoteric, the mystical, the horrible and the curious enchanted his sensitive mind and vivid imagination. For years he was "struggling in vain against the influence of melancholy." Those who know the maddening torture of this disease can sense the tragedy in the words. The death of Poe's beautiful wife brought about the insanity which led him to drink. Each time she fell ill he imagined the agonies of her death.

"Men call me mad," he wrote, "but the question is not yet settled whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence, whether much that is glorious, whether all that is profound, does not spring from disease of thought, from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect."

Beaudelaire, Verlaine, Francis Thompson, Shelley, even Beethoven, might have written the same words. Throughout his life, the morbid, the perverse and the diseased exercised over Beaudelaire a subtle fascination. The conduct of Verlaine took him to prison. Francis Thompson was addicted to drugs. Shelley was subject to delusions. Beethoven was morbid, and even the philosopher Kant was a feeble valetudinarian. How far from insanity were Schopenhauer and Nietzsche? Wilde had an hereditary taint, and Keats an inherited disease.

Can these men whose works are immortal be judged morally as normal men are judged? Although society cannot afford to accept the truism, no man is entirely responsible for his actions; but it is easier for the normal man, who is the least interesting and unimportant of all men, to bow to conventional standards than it is for the artist whose sensitive nature and abnormal mind respond eagerly to every sensation and every experience. The value of his work, to some extent, lies in the fact that his nature does so respond. Still, if the average man cannot understand the genius, he can at least, with a show of tolerance, say with Anatole France, "We call men dangerous whose minds are made differently from our own, and immoral those who profess another standard of ethics. We condemn as seep-tics all who do not share our illusions, without troubling our heads to inquire if they have others of their own."

* * *

ON A BREAKWATER.

This ship from out the stormy bay
Brings wealth of love to me,
And envy of the driven spray
But warms my ecstasy.

Have yet her eyes the misty grey
That challenged first my sight—
Dim with the whirl of busy day
And eager for the night?

Has yet her voice the music, soft
And trembling in the air
That bore it o'er the planted croft,
In some old chanscn rare?

If still these are and with them too
The touch of tender hand
More delicate than artist drew
At noble Queen's command,

And lips that placed a magic spell
When through the dark they came
The fever of my own to quell
And whisper low my name:

Then does this ship a cargo bring
More precious than the hold
Of galleon held when to a King
It brought Brazilian gold.

Extracts from a Diary.

A University student, who does not wish his name disclosed, left for my perusal extracts from a diary which he keeps. I was intrigued with the study-in-self which the extracts indicated, and thought that with certain intimate deletions (the purpose of which is obvious) the notes would be of interest to "Galmahra" readers. The interest and value of a diary of this kind lie in the fact that it is written for the pleasure of the writer alone, and inevitably possesses a frankness which is entertaining, and a freedom from the conceit which colours adolescent writing. Of course, because of space limitations, the extracts are brief.—Editor, "Galmahra."

June 26, 1925.—For many years I have been trying to solve the enigma of why I exist. The same riddle has puzzled many a youth with the inquiring mind. And after much mental gymnastics one comes to the conclusion that there is no reason at all. It seems to me after all this time that I was so easily befogged because I accepted as premises metaphysical and religious dogmas, which, after all, are themselves only speculations as to the cause of things. And I have just realised that it is futile to build up a theory on such unsound foundations. What is my attitude now? A humorous resignation, I think—a realisation that through circumstances over which I had no control, I was unceremoniously ushered into a fascinating world, which I shall have small opportunity of studying before I am as uncivilly ushered out.

July 9.—Quaintly enough, I have been happy to-day. Moments of happiness are so rare in life that they should be lived to the full. Once upon a time I imagined that such happiness was some inexplicable exaltation of soul; now I realise that it only means my liver is in excellent condition. That, I suppose, is a minute definition of the romantic and realistic attitude to life. I have just been glorying in my own insignificance by watching the sunset—a magnificent sun-death.

It was a sunset that Turner might have painted. . . . All the bizariness of impressionistic colouring was flung into the western sky.

July 10.—I went to the theatre last night with ——— to see Guy Bates Post. ——— was dressed in black velvet with pointed lace at her throat and on her sleeves. Her green, oriental eyes

sparkled with mischief—and her nose was more retrousse than ever. . . . Of course, the audience laughed at the wrong time, making a show of the execrable Brisbane theatre manners.

July 15.—Another fit of melancholia. I seem to be physically and mentally ill. Every attempt to chase the gloomy thoughts from my mind is useless. The most difficult task is to wear the mask of the commonplace, the horrible procedure of joining in and becoming ordinary with ordinary people. I have been reading one of my favourite poets, and that has not improved my humour. Poets have a knack of being sad at the wrong time. The craving of the artist for the beautiful and his insatiable desire to create must be brutal masters. Possibly that is why poets are so uncomfortably unhealthy. It seems indecent to hear of a perfectly healthy poet, or an artist with the appetite of a wharf-lumper.

July 21.—I find it hard to pick up all the threads that have woven themselves into the pattern of my life in the last year. I have discovered in myself strange, unreal people. One finds all sorts of odd beings in oneself. I have been standing aloof, looking into my heart in a detached fashion, curiously noting the antics of the diverse goblins who present to the external world this or that phase of my personality. It is quite an attractive game.

July 28.—I am essentially a romantic in spite of much evidence to the contrary. The whitely-sculptured classics leave me cold. In music, for instance, I find Bach's architecture too correct. I prefer the gem-like melodies of Chopin, the grandeur of Wagner, Verlaine's exquisite lyrics,

the passion of Shelley, and the loveliness of Keats. Mysticism fascinates me; symbolism does not distress me. I like richness, even madness, in colour. I think if I ever became religious, I should become a Roman Catholic. Ritual concerns me but little, but the ceremonial, the cloudy incense, the levantine robes, and all the beauty which art has given to religion tempts me much.

August 6.—Such a marvellous moon is shining to-night. Its brightness has transformed the whole sky to soft silver. In the trees it casts silver poniards and dims the stars with its radiance. Like a ghostly magician it throws a spell over the earth, which is very still to-night. . . . There was a partial eclipse of the moon the other night. The black shadow of the earth fringed the pale face of the moon. It was symbolic of man, that shadow. Like the groping mind of man it sought to probe the infinite. But it only plunged on until it was lost in immeasurable distance. Not an inch in the eternity of space did it stretch.

August 15.—An action of mine to-day was, by all criterions of morality, evil. I was in a sophistical mood and reassured myself that evil was the potential cause of good. I was strengthened in my belief because I had satisfactory precedents. The majority of thinkers tell me emphatically in their writings that this is so. One cannot have evil without good and beauty without ugliness. Praise the sinners and the ugly people. Of course, in the ultimate analysis, there is neither good nor evil, ugliness nor beauty. The former is only a fashionable convention, and the latter a point of view. Still, it is always best to be in the fashion.

August 21.—In my frivolous, calfish way, I am quite bucked about I never expect to find intelligent girls. If they are intelligent they lose their femininity. In the same way a man loses something of his masculinity when he begins to sew. I merely expect young ladies of my acquaintance to look charming, to dress attractively, and to V—— fulfils all these requirements.

She believes that I am devoted to her and is happy, all of which is really delightful, but wholly improbable.

August 28.—Jealousy is a matter of injured vanity.

September 6.—I am becoming more and more convinced of the materialism of the young people to-day. I accosted an urchin to-day who was minus his front teeth and pimply. Also, he was dirty and undersized. In any decent community he would not have existed. His vocabulary was filthy. I astonished the youth by asking him whether he had ever contemplated a hereafter. He regarded me in amazement.

“A what?” he queried.

“A life after death.”

“I ain’t thought about it.”

“Do you believe in heaven, or as an alternative, hell?”

“I ain’t thought about it.”

“Well, think.”

“When yer dead, yer dead, I suppose.”

I left him.

September 12.—V—— was confidential last night. She told me that since she had lost her girl friend she had no one with whom to talk intimately. “Mother,” she said, “does not inspire confidence. She is not a friend to me; she is a mother; and her ideas and outlook are different to mine. She cannot understand my point of view—but, how many mothers can?” Her remarks made me quite cynical about our state of society.

October 10.—What a tremendous amount of effort the minor poets devote to the subject of death. It runs close for first place with love. These minor poets are funny on the subject. Some of them are the captains of their soul. Others are going to die with a smile on their lips. Still others are going to hold a rendezvous with death—as though she were some alluring maid. They all gaze at death through rose-tinted glasses, and not one of them spouts an iambic pentameter on the point that death might be only a process of chemical disintegration.

On the Style of Decadence

When Swinburne, with his Poems and Ballads, shocked an England that had become maudlin over Tennyson, the voice of the people, in the person of Mr. Punch, inspired by a sense of British fair play, wrote sneeringly about "Mr. Swine-born." The affront to Mrs. Grundy was mollified by the respectable poets, who ladled out iambic love poems, suitably crinolined, until decadence, a most perverse and exotic literary flower, blossomed side by side with modest daisies and buttercups in the garden of English literature. Outraged respectability blundered forth again and hacked out the foreign blossom by the roots. After that it subsided into its mediocrity with a book of Tennyson in one hand and a volume of Kipling in the other. Public opinion bubbled with joy at Gilbert's opera, "Bunthorne's Bride," but stopped very short in its estimation of that fascinating decade, which has been described as "the naughty nineties."

The censorial smugness of Mrs. Grundy concerns me not. She may revile as much as she pleases those brilliant young men who delighted in the "gentle art of shocking the middle classes." But I warn readers not to approach the study of the eighteen nineties with a rigid sense of morality. It is so misleading. A sense of humour is more essential. On this point Wilde said: "There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books the well written, or badly written."

Gautier, the French decadent, in his essay on Beaudelaire, wrote a definition of the style of decadence that was much the same as the definition suggested by Arthur Symons, who said in 1893: "The most representative literature of the day, the writing which appeals to, which has done so much to form, the younger generation, is certainly not classic, nor has it any relation to that old antithesis of the classic, the romantic. After a fashion it is no doubt a decadence, it has all the qualities that mark the end of great periods, the qualities that we find in the Greek, the Latin, decadence; an intense

self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over subtilising refinement upon refinement, a spiritual and moral perversity. If what we call the classic is indeed the supreme art... then this representative literature of to-day... is really a new and beautiful and interesting disease."

One feels keenly the influence of this "disease" in every page of decadent literature. It consumed the lives of the decadents. All of them lived intensely. Their craving for new sensation and novel experience was more than a pose. Upon them seemed to have fallen the malady of fin-de-siècle. Most of them died young: Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Oscar Wilde. That was the tragedy of decadence—the tragedy of fine lives gone down too soon into the darkness.

England looked on the decadents through the eyes of Victorian intolerance. The movement was anathema. The nasty, finger-pointing Mrs. Grundys, who would have dressed a faun in pantaloons, raised their eye-brows at the Beardsley drawings, lifted them higher when they saw Oscar Wilde, and decided that such goings-on must be stopped. They did not know that "sunflowers and sin" were only the strutting poses of an elaborate and ultra-refined art.

The high priest of English decadence was Walter Pater, and the young artists of the nineties worshipped at his altar. He fashioned a hedonist's theory of beauty in "Marius the Epicurean," and brought men's thoughts nearer to the golden age of the Renaissance in his essays, wherein he offered to young men the creed, "Art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake." Much has been said for and against the curiously-woven style of Pater's prose, but it is admirably adapted, by reason of its weaving, to follow fine thought and to translate into language fine sensations. The young men of the nineties bowed to the creed, and, although their prose was

not Pater's prose, they cultivated a style, elaborate in detail, minute in its description of things minute, sensitive to the colour and music of words, seeking always the unusual, the bizarre, the unexpected.

The decadent style borrows from every vocabulary, from every language, from every archaic mode of expression in its search for words—beautiful words, colourful words, fantastic words, mad and perverse words. The decadent cherishes each word, has a magic control over them, places them here and then there to see how they will look best in the picture he is building. He probes every passion with them, strives with them to mould into language the most fleeting mood, shackles them with the lightest breath of thought, and holds with them the lightest fancy.

Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* is one of the finest examples of the jewelled phrasing and eroticism of decadent prose, for in this play hidden feelings are stimulated by all that is strange and luxuriant in words. The whole work is coloured by a hunger for sensation. In Wilde's poems, too, one notes in almost every line words that are characteristic of the style. The distinctive mode of expression colours the following stanza from the "Fantaisies Décoratives":

Under the rose-tree's dancing shade,
There stands a little ivory girl,
Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl
With pale green nails of polished jade.

In "The Sphinx" Wilde ransacked the world for magnificent colouring. To quote a well-known biographer of Wilde, "it is a piece of black magic," with its opulent phraseology and hidden rhymes:

Dawn follows Dawn and night grow old,
and all the while this curious cat
Lies crouching on the Chinese mat with
eyes of satin rimmed with gold.

I would rather for an example of decadent prose turn to Aubrey Beardsley. A satyric humour, a faint trill of Rabelaisian laughter clings to his immaculate, quaintly archaic writings. "It was taper-time," he wrote in "Under the Hill," "when the tired earth puts on its cloak of mists and shadows, when the enchanted woods are stirred with light footfalls and slender voices of the fairies, when all

the air is full of delicate influences, and even the beaux, seated at their dressing tables, dream a little... Huge moths, so richly winged they must have banqueted on tapestries and royal stuffs, slept on the pillars that flanked either side of the gateway, and the eyes of all the moths remained open and were burning and bursting with a mesh of veins."

"Very artificial and unreal," some have said of this style, and tinged more than a little with studied pose. Looking at decadence from this point of view, the casual reader is inclined to throw aside his book with a feeling that he is being vexed with conceit and insincerity. Yet, the more one reads the work of the decadents the more one senses the nearness of the pathos to the pose. The poems of Ernest Dowson are close to tears. He was the poet who "died young, worn out by what was never really life to him, leaving a little verse which has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old."

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the
wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the
thrang,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of
mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old
passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was
long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in
my fashion.

They are not great lines of poetry, but they possess the charm of thoughts beautifully expressed, and there is a pathos that one cannot readily forget in the words. Perhaps I could take no better leave of a subject about which there is so much real and unreal beauty, so much sincerity and so much insincerity, so much laughter and so much sadness, than to quote the melancholy song in which Dowson summed up his life, no doubt with a sigh:

They are not long, the weeping and the
laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.
They are not long, the days of wine and
roses:
Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream. E.G.H.

A Musical Backwater.

A REPLY TO A.H.T.

The world used to be full of doubting Thomases; now it appears to be fairly thickly populated with Thomases who deplore that the particular place they live in is in a musical back-water, an artistic slack-water, or—if the locale is a railway terminus—a cultural dead-end. The abuse of existing tendencies and institutions is a disease which usually results from the loss of an eye, and, as is the fashion with appendicitis, a great number of people persuade themselves into having it. Such a willing sufferer is A.H.T., who in the May issue of "Galmahra," wrote on the languishing condition of musical appreciation in Brisbane, and in doing so revealed a method of reasoning which would suggest that since the cow jumped over the moon the dish must have run away with the spoon. That two fashionably dressed ladies, when asked in a music shop which "Ave Maria" they wanted, should reply "The latest, of course," shows a delightful unanimity of preference, but it throws little light on the musical taste of the community. As well might one say that the progeny of pastoralists are generally ignorant because the undergraduate son of a wealthy squatter once was persuaded to ask a workshop foreman for a tin of striped paint. Again, A.H.T. alludes to the "doubtful compliment" which Fritz Kreisler paid to Brisbane audiences when he said that they were not hyper-critical. Was the compliment so doubtful? Kreisler said that he liked Australian audiences—not those in Brisbane alone—because they appreciated the beauty which dwelt in simple music as well as in "highbrow stuff." The famous violinist is not hyper-critical himself. He has no hesitation in playing "A Kiss in the Dark" or "Moonlight and Roses," but that does not prevent him from being one of the greatest artists of our day or of any other time. The absurdity of A.H.T.'s reasoning reaches its climax, however, in the amazing opinion that "he who knows nothing of Scott or Dickens is said to be

ignorant, but one may confess complete ignorance of Bach and Gounod and still remain a jolly good fellow." Who is a jolly good fellow? Usually he is one prepared to reciprocate for every drink you care to buy him. Obviously A.H.T. does not mean this type of gentleman, but whomever he means it is a fact that his jolliness, goodness, or culture is not judged by his ignorance of Scott or Dickens, or by the ease with which he can gabble on the relative merits of Bach and Gounod.

One may leave the examination of illogical statements to discuss with greater profit the actual position of music in the metropolis of Queensland. A.H.T. says: "Public apathy towards its own musical organisations is the cause of Brisbane's isolation in a musical back-water." If we examine the facts, we shall see that the "'home-made' good things" are not neglected, nor is Brisbane isolated in the so-called "musical back-water." To say that out of a population of 250,000 only 160 people last year saw fit to buy season tickets for orchestral concerts is not a very convincing argument. Quite a number of the 250,000 are babies and other irresponsible persons. There are also many people within the boundaries of Greater Brisbane who are prevented from attending evening concerts in the City by the inadequacy of the transport services at their disposal. And if there were only 160 season ticket-holders for the orchestral concerts, several hundred others paid for admission at the door. Then the Austral Choir draws good audiences, and so do the Musical Union and the Apollo Club. Where is the apathy when a relatively small city like Brisbane makes it possible for such musical societies to put on programmes year after year? Besides, every season there are dozens of student recitals—mostly undeserving of patronage—which make a heavy drain on the pockets of a suffering public. Where local performances are on a high plane they are well supported. No one should expect people to fill the

Exhibition Hall to listen to a concert by half-baked amateurs. The "pioneers of music" in Brisbane are not forgotten; in most places where appreciation counts for anything, Mr. George Sampson and Mr. E. R. B. Jordan are accorded the gratitude which is rightly theirs. And it is time A.H.T. realised that Brisbane is no more 'isolated in a musical back-water' than the other cities of Australia. We were listening to performances of great symphonies when both Melbourne and Sydney were without orchestras worthy of the name, and even now Brisbane has something which the Victorian capital has not got—a permanent municipal orchestra.

There is an intolerant fashion of berating the public because they attend and applaud the concerts of oversea artists like Kreisler, Levitski, Mosevitch, Clara Butt, and Galli-Curci, in preference to hearing and paying to hear the thumping of a suburban prodigy or the chortling of a dull-witted soprano from the studio of a local music teacher. Like the poor, the

"home-made good things" are with us always, and it is with the fondest hope that many of us hail the too rare approach of an artist from a distant land who will lift his audience for a guinea a-piece to a spiritual peak a thousand times higher than that to which the most sympathetic listener can be transported for six shillings by the best of our local performers. It does not need a Professor Priestley to work out which is the more profitable investment.

There is nothing wrong with the public taste here, and to abuse it is not a criticism but a confession—a confession of inability to produce a better argument than abuse. Visiting concert performers who fail "to come across with the goods" are likely to leave Brisbane more disconsolate than they arrived, and plays which lack artistic value are almost certain to fail financially here. On the other hand, the Kreislers and the Irene Vanbrughs are greeted with an enthusiasm which the best advance agent in the world—an American, I presume—could not create.

PALE MOON.



PASTEL.

White lids like petals mask
Her modest eyes,
Which lift from votive task
In mild surprise
To mine sometimes.

White brow Madonna shaped
No line or frown
Disturbs. No tress escaped
Curls shyly down
Beneath her coif.

She moves with easy grace
Most silently,
Yet in her languid pace
There seems to be
A listlessness.

And as she passes near
I hear her sigh,
And see a sudden tear
Becloud her eye
Ere she is gone.

The Public Sense of Decency

I have been trying to fathom the attitude of a great many people to the Norman Lindsay conceptions. At present the technical aspect of his work will not be discussed. It is sufficient to say that Lindsay's technique is as near to perfection as possible, and that the artist will live, if for no other reason, as a technician.

For the moment I am puzzled by a big percentage of the public which objects to Lindsay's subject matter, and to the frankness of his creations. In this category I do not include the few, who, while acknowledging Lindsay's genius, dislike his types. That is an expression of taste and quite intelligent. There are others who assert that because Lindsay's art has apparently no direct connection with the period, and because it is not utilitarian it is abortive. For those unfortunate pseudo-sociologists who imagine that Art serves some social purpose, I have only pity. Beautiful things exist because they have no such purpose. Through many mediums and through many minds, Art gives ideal form and expression to Life. Art merely presents Life; it does not seek to preach virtue or vice.

In still another group are the short-sighted critics. Lindsay has been so roundly admonished by the English critics that he must be a very great artist. These English critics are the quaintest of people. They have infinitesimal moulds in their pockets, and to be worthy of consideration an artist must fit into one of them. Imagine an English critic confronted with Lindsay's etching, "Acceptance." Insular stodginess combined with outraged respectability would move his pen to shocked protest. England prefers suggestiveness to frankness, and English critics do their best to conform to the popular taste.

The "great many," whom I mentioned at the outset, object to Lindsay on moral grounds. That people who know nothing at all about Art have no right to object to Lindsay I concede, but their attitude is not without interest. The fashion in which ignorant people confuse morality

with Art is highly amusing, for it implies not only a misconception of morality, but also an entire misunderstanding of Art. Those people who think that "decency" should be preserved by the draping of nude statues are making no greater display of their vulgarity than the gentleman who refused to take delivery of a copy of the Venus de Milo because the arms were broken. Morality is serving an excellent purpose when it restrains uncultured people from being corrupt, but it is exceeding its duty when it chatters about indecency in Art. Art cannot be immoral. Although in these days we have evolved delightful, but utterly impossible, systems of propriety, it is hardly necessary to point out that the Greeks shared few of our delusions concerning decency, for, to quote Cabell, "they had no more moral aversion to a man's appearing naked in the streets than to a toad's doing so, and objected simply on the ground that both were ugly,"—which, of course, was the proper stand to take.

In the Victorian days, which are fading from blessed memory, an artist in his famous "Ten O'Clock" Lecture said: "Humanity takes the place of Art, and God's creations are excused by their usefulness. Beauty is confounded with virtue, and, before a work of Art, it is asked, 'What good shall it do?'"

Whistler spoke wisely when he said as much. It is the task of the reformer, the temperance man, the evangelist to do good, not the artist. The artist does not bother his head about criticising the reformer, so let the practice apply both ways. The pulpit is busy enough, the divorce courts and prisons are full enough, and human evil and idiocy is rampant enough. There is much for the reformer to do. Life is only material for the artist, whether it be good or evil. And life is too short for the artist to devote any time to ethical problems whose value at best is only relative.

Despite their grotesquery, the most bawdy of Lindsay's types are real, and I frankly believe that the prevailing objection to them is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass. —B.C.A.

Art in Brisbane

(To the Editor, "Galmahra.")

Although a resident of Brisbane for some years, I still retain an interest in art. The article on "Culture in Brisbane," in the last issue of "Galmahra," I read with enthusiasm, because I believe it to be the duty of a magazine of the University of Queensland to direct a keen and critical eye to the peculiar state of art in this city. As a student of the University I am happy in knowing that "Galmahra" pleads for something better than we have been satisfied with in the past. To me it seems that a higher artistic standard is necessary. This can only be achieved by comparison, and Brisbane people have few opportunities to compare the work of local artists with that of southern and overseas artists.

Since the last issue of the magazine was published, the Art Society and the Queensland Academy have had their shows. I visited both, and wondered why such crimes are committed in the name of art. While admitting that I saw some good work at the Art Society's show, I must say that I saw bad work; and very much more bad work at the Academy show. Why the selectors did not cast into an ignominious oblivion a large percentage of the paintings I cannot fathom. To expect self-respecting art-lovers to hang them in their homes would be foolish. Some of them made me quite ill. There were utterly improbable moonlight scenes, some from the brush of an artist with a hyphenated name; "Misty Mornings" in Sydney Harbour painted in impossible blues; and clusters of lifeless gum-trees. A few people, doing nothing in particular, were walking around the room, gazing vaguely at the paintings, and giving voice at regular intervals to inane comments about the quality of the work, of which, of course, they were entirely ignorant.

I went out into the sunshine dreaming dreams of Sydney art shows, a paradise lost. It was then that I came to the conclusion that the people who so blithely went along to the art shows here were perhaps potential art-lovers, that had they some standard of comparison they would not be content to gaze upon mediocrity or worse. Because so many of the artists complained that the public would not buy,

my belief that the people had some taste was strengthened. When, a week or so later, I visited the exhibition of etchings and woodcuts brought from Sydney by two delightful collectors and learned that the sales had been good, I was exceedingly happy. There were Brisbane people who would buy what was really worth while.

The difficulty is to secure a higher standard amongst the local artists. A privately owned gallery which would reject poor work would solve the problem. That would set a standard. The public could then ignore the obscure artist who hired a poky room to exhibit crude work. Such a gallery, which accepted good work only, would also offer a standard to the artists themselves, although many artists, particularly amateurs, are apt to overlook the good in their colleagues.

Critics are always told that the local artists have tremendous handicaps to overcome. There is no art school, and no this and no that, all of which is a poor defence. Good taste should tell some of these local artists that their work is bad. If good taste cannot alone acquire technique, it can at least revolt at crudity. Those who seek to improve their art should not inflict experiments on the public. Nobody objects to young ladies or even young gentlemen dabbling in the arts at times, but everybody objects to the youthful indiscretions being flaunted above expensive price tabs at a public exhibition. The spirit of the thing is parochial. Art exhibitions in Brisbane are beyond the limits of country shows.

I do not wish my objections to be too sweeping, for I know that a few of the Queensland artists are doing fair work, but I resent the intrusion of rubbish. We want a higher standard in Brisbane. We have quite long enough been the laughing stock of the southern cities. Nothing is more misleading than to prate about public apathy. If the work is really good, not a few art-lovers and collectors in Brisbane will appreciate it. The attitude that the artistic people in this city should adopt is: "We insist on a higher standard."—
Yours, etc.,
W.J.B.P.

Functions of a Modern University

"It is the whole business of a University teacher to induce people to think."

Professor J. B. S. Haldane, a notable Cambridge Biochemist, has recently given us a somewhat new definition. It is questionable whether a University does always induce people to think; but one must not jump to the conclusion that it is entirely the fault of the lecturer if his students do not think. Often such is the case, but frequently the cause is more deep-seated. It is rooted in the educational system from the primary school upwards.

The student is everywhere subjugated to routine work. He is taught to take for granted what is told him, and is kept at his studies rather by a fear of the consequences than by a desire for knowledge. That a little mental discipline is necessary to aid the developing mind, to keep it balanced, no one will deny; but the incessant hammering of the "examination requirements" prevents the true spirit of inquiry from asserting itself. In the schools is need for a greater number of more inspiring teachers, and better and newer books. The student should be guided in his education, but he should not lose his individuality in the process.

The highest educational establishment of the land should take the initiative. Since it sets the curriculum for secondary education, it should be able to guide to some extent the minds of the rising generation. The curriculum should not be overloaded, but should give a liberal and practical education—one which would provide an opportunity to commence a thoughtful and useful life.

The new teachers should be recruited from the University.

Within the University, however, one finds that the students resist the idea of becoming teachers. Why? Because they know that their University studies and their special likings are too frequently disregarded by a bungling system. A leading grammar school some time ago appointed an honours graduate in science. He teaches French and History. Even

more recently an enthusiastic science graduate was appointed to a large State High School. He had once passed Junior French to gain matriculation, and that was sufficient for him to teach the subject. He had never done modern history in his life before, but he teaches it to sub-senior standard. In the same school a B.A., who had studied history, and who disliked mathematics, was told off to teach Algebra. The physics of the school was taught by a man who once passed his senior in the subject. It is time such absurdities were remedied. We hear of them far too often.

Books should be more up-to-date. The "latest" edition of Jose's "History of Australia" concludes Queensland's constitutional history thirty years ago.

Of course, there is the old trouble of Latin and Greek being taught to science matriculants when a course in easy, modern French and German prose would be of infinitely more value to them in after life. It is the duty of the University to take cognisance of these things.

Besides "the instruction and examination in the various branches of knowledge," a University education is supposed to produce men and women who have broader views upon general subjects than the average man. In a young and growing State like Queensland, there is yet another function which the modern University has to perform. The general run of Universities do not interfere in industry; but in a State which has vast resources which have never been investigated, few establishments for higher education, and scant facilities for scientific investigation, it is imperative that the University should become intimately associated with the industrial problems of the State.

Teachers, industrialists, scientists and engineers should be given a general education in their subjects, and, in addition, trained in their last year at the University for a special position. Those who would be teachers could do a course in education and teaching methods at the Teachers' Training College in their last year. Institutions which needed men

fitted for special branches would indicate their requirements some time before, and then a student could turn his attention to that particular branch and so fit himself for the position.

Something of this nature is being done in the United States. At one American college the degree course is divided up into two periods of two years each. During the first two years subjects of general use are studied to give a sound basis for later specialisation. No student is allowed to graduate who cannot write clear, logical, correct English. An outline of the history and philosophy is given in addition to instruction in the fundamentals of the several fields of knowledge. In the third and fourth years special subjects are studied, a major and a minor. The examination at the end tests knowledge and power of independent thought, and not mere memory and repetition of facts. This scheme still leaves room for the plodders, and at the same time gives the exceptional student a chance.

In our own University, the number and size of Government and privately endowed scholarships should be increased, to aid students who show promise in their final years, to proceed with research and deeper studies in the pure sciences.

Finally it has to be recognised that the University must justify its existence in the eyes of the public. It is acknowledged that a new period of history has commenced since the end of the war. The men and ideas of 1914 are gone, and in their place a new generation has arisen which is untrammelled by the traditions of the past. They realise that economic laws have to be contended with. If science is useful, then it must be paid for, and industry must be associated with research. Pure Science and Arts must have their share just as much as Applied Science. It is to be remembered, however, that it is the right and privilege of a University to shelter pure research, and it is its duty to find room for all forms of intellectual activity.

E.C.T.

The Flame Dance

The heavy black curtains creep slowly back. The stage is shrouded in a purple gloom, like dusk in deep mountain valleys. Through the dim light can be seen deep-blue curtains; they hang as heavily as sleep. Tall columns loom through the dusk up into the darkness.

Thinly the violins spin a silver thread of melody.

Suddenly through the purple night there stabs, swift as Death, a crimson beam of light, which shows, standing against the curtains, the dancer in dress scarlet as Shame. Like a crimson altar-flame—so still she stands.....a stain of blood on the deep-blue curtains.

There is a burst of music like a little gust of wind. She sways, and flutters white hands.

Then the music beats—softly. She begins to dance.....here and there..... flickering. The music rises and quickens. She laughs and her steps grow swifter. Running music—sudden movements of

swift grace—a dancing flame. Faster and higher and louder the music grows. She spins in the crimson beam down, down the stage. She threads the columns, a whirling scarlet flame. The 'cellos sing a wave of music that rolls up and catches her on its crest, sweeping her along in a dance of fire.

The columns catch some of that fire and glow in royal blue and orange and amethyst. The stage is bright with colour and the music at its height.

Slowly she begins to waver... tries to regain her swift grace... her dancing becomes weaker as the music runs in queer minor melodies.

Slower and slower... as the glowing columns fade... little frantic bursts of fire... slower and slower....

At last the music dies, and, in the dim silence, against the deep-blue curtains, the flame—goes out.

And the heavy black curtains creep slowly down.

N. E. RAYMOND.

Myths for the Million

By Paul Peiniger (Second Series.)

THE SAD FATE OF ACTEON.

Acteon, Acteon, the sun is far up;
Come, gird on your bowie and whistle your
pup—

A huntsman of Greece and famous as such
Should know Time's a thief and go hunting
for beef—

Wide open the throttle and foot off the
clutch!

"Ho, rally, my hounds!" Acteon, at last!
His Pear's having used, he is now in full
blast,

And round him there bound his pack of all
breeds,

Not a one without fleas or a bronchial
wheeze—

A mixture in blood, but a unit in needs.

The suburbs are left, and the woodlands are
reached;

The streamlet is neared and the apple grove
breached,

When there through the thicket, yes, there
near that clump

Is She in her glory, the She of all story,
A-knee deep in water—her clothes on a
stump:

Diana, Diana, the friend of John Peel!
But found in the nude she is certain to
squeal.

And Autonoe's son, you ought to know better
Than ogle a goddess without even a bodice;
Be proper, my lad, and send her a letter.

Oh hang it and dang it—these silly young
Greeks

Are always for nosing and posing in creeks.
There is sure to be trouble for Acteon here,
As Diana has ducked and an apple-leaf
plucked,"

Not in hope, but in rage—not in joy, but in
fear.

A prophecy true! In the wink of an eye
Diana is quits with little Paul Pry.

And there where he stood now beams a big
stag.

'Tis a terrible change, for he might get the
mange,

And where will he find him a suitable crag?

What's this, O ye Gods? Ingratitude base!
The dogs of Acteon are giving him chase;
Ten to one on the field! Through the forest
he bounds—

Not even a backer; well, the pace is a
cracker,

And close at his heels are the hot, hungry
hounds.

But why stretch the story

Because it is gory—

Acteon the stag had no chance from the
start;

They caught up at Tempe and tore him
apart.

HOW THE COCK CAME TO CROW.

Alectryon of whom I tell

Was bribed one night by Mars:

And, what was it to which he fell?

A box of choice cigars.

Was bribed, I say, to watch the East

While Mars and Venus cuddled;

But he, poor boy, to say the least,

Was just a little fuddled.

"Go, watch for dawn," the War God said,

"And warn us if Apollo

Should rise before we're out of bed

And to our mattress follow.

"For if the Sun should find me here

With Vulcan's better half,

The jealous fool would spill the beer

And drive me mad with chaff."

Alectryon thus at the door,

With sleepy eyes was posted,

But soon he snored upon the floor

While Mars to Venus boasted.

And still he slept when from the East

Apollo strode with cursing,

And found the lovers had not ceased

From each the other nursing.

"What ho, Old Vulcan! Step this way

And see your lovely Venus;

'Tis here a warrior is at bay—

His very thoughts demean us.

Full quick upon Apollo's cry

The Gods and Vulcan hastened;

The lovers had no time to fly

The trial of being chastened;

And nasty tongues had those of old—

Their gibes the guilty scored;

The mighty Mars was not too bold

When all Olympus roared.

At length the two were free to go,

And went they at the double;

Yet soon the War God sought a foe—

The author of his trouble.

Alectryon, unhappy youth,
He met a fearful shock
When Mars, who always was uncouth,
Changed him into a cock.

"Go, watch for dawn, O faithless slave!
And watch it in all weathers;
Then thank the stars, O stupid knave,
That you are warmed with feathers.

"Eternity shall see thee peck
Though Fords may come and go;
And every morn you'll stretch your neck
In one appalling crow.

"To be a cock: this is your fate,
To signal when the sun
Would find a lover over-late,
And give him time to run."

* * *

Oh, gentle reader, ponder when
You see a simple rooster
A-chasing grubs with silly hen:
It ain't what he is used to.

—o—

An Old Tale Re-told.

It is a fact to be admitted with some regret that the Bible has fallen into disrepute. But though this is to be regretted, it is not to be wondered at. It is the result of the ferocity of its defenders against the supposed attacks of Evolutionists, and the almost fanatical regard in which it has been held by some, as the only and unimpeachable medium of Divine Truth. This attitude of Christian apologists has evoked a contemptuous disregard both for the book itself, and for those who have defended its infallibility with such great fervour. This contempt may be deserved by the latter, but it is a matter for regret that the Bible itself should have been disparaged to such a great extent. For the Bible is not at all worthy of contempt, and those who disparage it prove nothing but their own feebleness of mind. The Bible, like any other book, has its faults; but too often in criticism its faults are exaggerated and its value neglected.

This lack of fair appreciation of the Bible is seen most clearly in the criticism of the early part of the Book of Genesis, where, in highly figurative language are described the creation of the world, the Fall of Man, and his expulsion from the Garden of Eden. These stories are condemned on the score of their claim to be faithful accounts of the origin of things, but this is a misunderstanding, for, as expounded to-day, they make no such

claim. They are to be regarded as the first faint signs of the dawn of thought, the beginning and promise of all human speculation. Their value lies, not in an even allegorical interpretation of scientific fact, but in their allegorical statement of moral truth.

The clearest example of moral allegory in the Book of Genesis is the Story of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden are allowed to eat the fruit of every tree except that of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. The serpent tempts Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. She does so, Adam following her example, and as a consequence, the disobedient pair are driven from the Garden with the curse of toil and pain upon them, and they flee before the flaming swords of the angels.

The story has value, not, of course, because of its attempt to describe the beginning of human history, but because it is a very faithful allegory of the beginning of the moral progress of the individual.

Man is first of all an animal. He takes his place in the scale of Evolution. True, he is the highest of all creatures, as figured in the ancient myth by the command given to him over all beasts. But he is none the less an animal. His instincts, though much less highly specialised than those of other animals, are the same in kind. He has the same impulses

and appetites. Like the others, he must satisfy his hunger, slay his enemy, and seek his mate.

Man is an animal, but he is more. He is—a man. He has the power of conception, he can think of things remote in time and space, and think of them as a class; he can imagine and plan. The activity of his mind raises him above the brute, for he can do what no brute can, intellectualize his environment and read it as an ordered whole.

Now, the same intellectual necessity which constrains him to read his world as a whole, forces him, unconsciously perhaps, to attempt a similar synthesis in his individual life, and this he finds he cannot at first achieve. That which prevents him is his consciousness of duty, a sense, however vague, of moral obligation, of that which he should do. He finds himself, not only an individual, but an individual in society, a member of a tribe or clan. He finds that his conduct must be regulated in accordance with the rights of others, and the customs of his tribe as a whole. These rights and customs, moreover, are at first at war with his inclination, and he finds his individual liberty hampered. So there arises within him a conflict. He is torn between two things, inclination and obligation. He can, of course, follow his inclination and satisfy his desires, but in so doing he recognises that he may be doing that which he should not do. So the life of unsophisticated man is torn asunder, he is in a strait betwixt two things, inclination and duty. Whichever one he follows he is conscious of conflict. Now he knows the difference between good and evil, he has eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and his eyes are opened.

Such, in brief, is the ethical interpretation of this old myth. The state of bliss described in Genesis is not one of happiness as we know it. It is a state of innocence, of sheer animalism, of unreasoning obedience to blind impulse. Man is still an animal. But this state does not last long. The Ideal rises, and man finding himself in conflict with it, realises

that he has sinned. Where there has been no Ideal, there has been no sin, for sin, says a contemporary moralist, is the shadow cast by the Ideal on the Actual.

The story of Eden takes us further than the mere beginning of moral progress. The guilty pair, having eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, are driven from the Garden, and flaming swords prevent their return. So, once there arises in man the conception of an ideal, there can be no return to a state of innocence and blind impulse. The moral life has begun, and must continue for weal or for woe.

Moreover, Adam and Eve are not merely deprived of the delights of Eden, they are condemned to pain and toil. In the sweat of his brow must Adam eat bread, and in sorrow must Eve bring forth children. So, the moral life once begun, is fraught with toil and pain. Always there is the conflict between external duty and individual desire, and not until the two are resolved in a higher synthesis will there be peace. Again and again must man sin, in the face of duty, and follow inclination even with the light of the Ideal shining clearly before him. Again and again must he go down into the pit, fully conscious of what he is about, for in spite of Socrates, virtue does not consist in knowledge. Continually must his heart be wrung with remorse. Incessantly the cry has gone up and must still go up from the battlefields of man's life, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

So the story of Genesis finds justification in the moral truth it contains. It is not a worthless fable, it is an eternal and awesome truth, expressed in the language of a bygone age. Not for nothing did some swarthy Senitic in far-off days sit before his camp-fire and regale the wandering herdsman of his tribe with the story of the Garden.

WILLIAM A. HARDIE.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

The name of O'Shaughnessy will not be entirely unfamiliar to the average reader of poetry, I hope, but to most it will mean no more than the author of two or three lyrics often quoted in anthologies. The fact is that his work has been rather inaccessible, and the praise accorded to him by most of those critics, who even notice him at all, has not been of the kind to cause a reader to exert himself unduly to obtain a nearer acquaintance with the man. Yet he is not an "anthology" poet, that is, a poet of a couple of masterpieces, which show up well in any collection, but whose work as a whole is a disappointment. Not that everything he wrote is of interest, any more than is the work of greater poets such as Keats, but there is enough good stuff to make him worth knowing.

A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy (1844-81) was fortunate enough to have a number of his lyrics included in the second series of Palgrave's Golden Treasury, and though the space allotted to him was disproportionate to his actual merit, there is no need to grudge him the space, as some have done, for the most interesting part of selections of poetry is generally the work of unfamiliar lesser men. His four volumes have long been out of print, but in 1923 the Yale University Press published a selection which is proving popular, and justly so. Though omitting some of the best lyrics, and including a few that are merely pleasant, the selection is a good one, containing an excellent critical introduction by William Alexander Percy. One of his sentences may be quoted: "Here is a poet who had no range, no profundity or originality of thought, no interest, so far as his art reveals, in everyday life, or simple joys or sorrows, or heroic deeds, no ability to construct or invent a tale because facts in themselves meant nothing to him." Add to these limitations the defects of inequality caused generally by diffuseness, and comparative sameness of mood, as well as of subject, and you have all that can be said against him. Some critics have denied him originality, com-

paring him to several other poets, French and English. But this is an extreme view, not endorsed by Saintsbury, a critic standing alone for exhaustive knowledge of and sane enthusiasm for all kinds of poetry. Saintsbury insists that he has a quality almost entirely his own, assisted by strange sweet music and metrical originality. Not a sublime poet, however, nor yet a companionable poet, O'Shaughnessy appeals to only a few moods in the reader.

Having mentioned his limitations or defects, we may with a clear conscience speak more directly of his poetry and its virtues, a much more interesting and worth while subject with any poet. When a man has written a number of beautiful lyrics, unique and appealing, most of us do not worry about the many things he could not or did not do, nor whether he ranks as the sixth or tenth best poet of his age, and this is the case with O'Shaughnessy. Everyone knows the ode "We are the music-makers," or at least the first three stanzas, for not everyone knows that there are nine stanzas in all. Palgrave omitted the remainder as unworthy, and other selectors copied him. Some perhaps not even knowing that there were more. Certainly the first three are the best, and, in a way, contain the thought of the poem, but the remainder enlarge and enforce the main idea as in this stanza:

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In a world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

Then follows a passage of almost equal beauty with those so often quoted:

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious future we see,
Our souls with high music ringing;
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell in our dreaming and
singing,
A little apart from ye.

O'Shaughnessy here voices a mood which the poet must feel sometimes, however great a lover of common humanity he may be. In "Exile" he gives fine expression to a similar thought, speaking from no false intellectual pride, but simply as a man who feels himself aloof even from those he loves. The whole poem is very characteristic of his mind and art, and may be compared with Arnold's "Resignation," and with parts of Shelley, with whom O'Shaughnessy has something in common intellectually, if less in the style and range of his art. There is the same otherworldliness, sweet sadness, occasional unashamed weakness and despair, wistful treatment of love, the same faculty of turning sadness or joy to exquisite song, pleasant even when least concentrated. Here the resemblance ends, the tone, and indeed the powers, of each being quite different, O'Shaughnessy having also some resemblance to Poe. But his best work is quite original in treatment and expression, the subjects being those common to poets for centuries, but the mood his own. Except for the few and rather unsuccessful pieces in which his work carries the heavy burden, for him, of creed or purpose, his work is not easily discernible as belonging to a particular age. He is chiefly a poet of love, generally love unsatisfied through the lady's unfaithfulness, coldness, death, or possession by another. Hence come his sorrow, thoughts about death, his longing to escape from the hard world to some refuge for him and his beloved. All this may sound a shade morbid, but his work, unless read by the hour, does not leave any such impression. Again we may quote Mr. Percy: "Here is a poet, authentically of the sacred band, blessed with the divine gusto. This is because of the gift of music and the gift of ecstasy." His language is of great beauty, not pretty or even luxuriant, but with a decidedly haunting moonlit quality often enough, though actual grandeur or magic of phrase is rare. His beauty is not of the kind that knocks you down, but which steals over you, to use a phrase of Arnold Bennett's. The following song is not quite of the best, but is short enough to quote in full:

When the Rose came I loved the Rose,
And thought of none beside,
Forgetting all the other flowers,
And all the others died;
And morn and moon, and sun and showers,
And all things loved the Rose,
Who only half returned my love,
Blooming alike for those.

I was the rival of a score
Of loves on gaudy wing,
The nightingale I would implore
For pity not to sing;
Each called her his; still I was glad
To wait or take my part;
I loved the Rose—who might have had
The fairest lily's heart.

This is fairly characteristic, showing a lack of definite passion, but a wistful spirit, delicacy of touch, and a note of joy, in spite of the tragedy of the lyrical theme, such as may be found in the well-known "Fountain of Tears," which he alone could have written without bathos. In the song quoted there is also his remarkable power of spontaneous idealisation, often achieved by the use of a natural, essentially poetic metaphor. Many of O'Shaughnessy's dramas are played in a similar fanciful garden. Sometimes, however, he could describe real scenery and people, sing quite firmly in a happy strain, and write with thought, vigour, or passion. His skill in the sonnet was considerable, and a few of his narratives are genuinely picturesque, although his genius was really lyrical. Sometimes, too, his most prominent qualities could be combined with direct, as in "Keeping a Heart," from which we quote, and in that poignant poem of love and religious failure, "Silences."

If one should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key,
The giver might live at ease or sleep;
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or
weep,
The heart watched over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
No heathen should look therein;
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
I only should know, and to enter there
I must hold myself from sin.

In spite of reaction in opinion, the place of the greater poets of last century is secure, but there is a danger lest men like O'Shaughnessy, not really minor imitators at all, should be forgotten while we are pre-occupied with the many new

and undeniably arresting features of poetry since the decline of purely Romantic influence. But, however interesting the greatest poets may be on the one hand, and the moderns, sometimes

not great at all even if surprising, on the other, we must not be so misled as to pass by altogether the genuine and special beauty of such as O'Shaughnessy.



THE COLOSSUS.

A stone colossus wrapped in purple shade
Sat like a god beside the curling Nile.
Speechless it was: and yet a subtle smile
On lips of granite sinisterly played.

How long, O giant Egyptian, have you gazed
Upon the phantom land of Ramesses,
With sleepless eye that tranquilly forsees
Change follow change, and closes not,
amazed?

Four thousand years ago the Nubian slaves,
With tributes from the Ethiopian kings,
Passed by your feet with ivory and rings
And alabaster bowls and curious staves.

How often did you see the Pharaohs borne
From Memphis to the painted pyramid,
Or watch the hawk-faced princes come to bid
For weeping virgins every blood red morn?

Lips smiling cold, you saw the priests of Ra
In adoration by the Solar Disc,
Or captives raising some tall obelisk
While copper youths poured incense from a
jar.

You saw the last proud Pharaoh, white and
still,
His empire narrowed to a lonely tomb,
As winds from Asia moaned a song of doom,
And Persian armies hurried down to kill.

And so you smile! Know then that man
shall stand
In timeless years beside the River Nile,
When you have gone—and your disdainful
smile
Is only dust blown on the yellow sand.

E.G.H.



A Book Worth Reading

"The High Place"—By James Branch Cabell.

The excuse for this belated notice of "The High Place" is that there may be a great number of "Galmahra" readers who have not diverted themselves by a perusal of the "comedy of disenchantment." The author of "Jurgen" is a fascinating personality. He combines an irony reminiscent of Anatole France with a Rabelaisian roguery and a flavour of the Restoration satirists. Such a combination in these hypocritical days is charming. A cultured scholar and a wizard of words, Cabell exposes, in an old-world, romantic setting, the foibles, absurdities and illusions with which our over-civilised world is encumbered. The author's gentle satire spares nothing, and the reader finds his most cherished beliefs, if he has any, tumbling about his ears. Although the intent reader will discover that Cabell has very little use for, or sympathy with, our tortuous system of morality, the intent reader will also appreciate the fact that Cabell has much use and sympathy for man, who seems to have rather hopelessly entangled himself with ideals which have had no fruition.

The hero, Florian, Duke of Puyange in old Poictesme, and a member of the ardent Jurgen stock, is a romantic scoundrel, who believes that it is tactless to offend the notions of one's neighbours, although he is not opposed to exercising his faculties in private. Florian also insists upon logic and precedent, and although in twentieth century eyes his conduct is utterly scandalous, he unearths precedent always, often from sources that are venerable and pious. In this insidious fashion the delicate finger of satire points mockingly at morality, religion, good, evil and so on. But Florian has ideals. He is a romantic, don't forget. And his ideals lead him into a misty land of enchantment for Melior, the Sleeping Beauty of his dreams. He wins Melior, but learns that it is foolish to attain one's desire, because one loses interest in it then. He also meets the Holy Hoprig in the vague land. St. Hoprig happens to be an inveterate

scoundrel, and an abandoned heathen. He was canonised by mistake. Florian enters into an unholy pact with Janicot, otherwise, the Devil. His object is to rid himself of the now undesirable Melior. The philosophical and religious conversations between the Holy Hoprig, Florian, and the Son of Darkness are most devastating.

The following extract from a conversation between Janicot and Florian is delightful. In spite of his wicked ways, Florian clings to his Christianity, and Janicot, with unconcealed malice, is scoffing at Jahveh. Florian will not listen, and says:—

"I must tell you also that I very gravely suspect you to be one of those half-baked intellectuals who confuse cheap atheism, and the defiling of other men's altars, with deep thinking; one of those moral and spiritual hooligans who resent all forms of order as an encroachment upon their diminutive, unkempt and unsavoury egos: one of the kind of people who relish nasty books about sacred persons and guffaw over the amcurs of the angels."

"Yes, I conceded the sonority of your periods; but what does all this talking mean?"

"Why, monsieur," said Florian doubtfully. "I do not imagine that it means anything. These are merely the customary noises of well-thought-of persons in reply to the raising of any topic which they prefer not to pursue. It is but an especially dignified manner of saying that I do not care to follow the line of thought you suggest, because logic here might lead to uncomfortable conclusions and to deductions without honourable precedents."

As the story draws to an end, Florian has tumbled into awkward situations through his romanticism; and his pact with the Devil (because as a gentleman he must keep his word) has led to one or two murders, including a fratricide. Janicot and the Angel Michael discuss his lot over a glass of wine.

"Your master is strong," says Janicot to Michael, "as yet, and I, too, am strong, but neither of us is strong enough to control men's dreams. Now the dreaming of men—mark you, I do not say of humankind, for women are rational creatures—has an aspir-

ing which is ruthless. It goes beyond decency, it aspires to more of perfectability than any god has yet been able to provide or even to live up to. So this quite insane aspiring first sets up beautiful and holy gods in heaven, then in the dock; and, judging by all human logic, decrees this god not to be good enough. Thus, their logic has dealt

with Baal and Beltane and Mithra; thus it will deal.” Janicot very courteously waved a brown and workmanlike hand. “But let us not dwell on reflections that you might find unpleasant. It follows that all gods must pass until—perhaps—a god be found who satisfies the requirements of this disastrously exigent human dreaming.”

Truth

It happened that, on a bright, cool morning, as I was leaving the house, I almost overwhelmed my sister standing in the midst of the garden pathway, gazing intently and with troubled countenance at, as I thought, the blue sky above her. Young she is in body, but in mind old beyond her years, and, often, beyond mine.

Then, late as I was—according to my custom—I deemed the time not ill spent if I questioned her upon her thoughts, for I had more than once done so, not without some profit to myself.

Therefore, I said to her, “Sister, again I find you musing. What is it that keeps you here so early?”

Then my sister: “Do you also look upwards brother.” And I, anxious as ever to please her, did as I was required.

“You look at the blue sky, do you not?”

I agreed, perforce.

“Then,” she continued, “I, brother, when I raise my head, look not so much at the sky as into it. Perchance, you also, when you were as young as I, and had not quite forgotten the wonders of the land where you lived before your holiday on this earth, on gazing towards the blue above, often saw therein the shadows of those things with which you were long ago so familiar, and which are to you now but as the impression of a dream that cannot be remembered,

“Even to me the blue of heaven is fast becoming a veil too close to be pierced, and to you I cannot depict these visions, because, to describe them, no words have yet been found, and never can be. For, as soon as we learn to use words that all can understand, words used by the older ones, who cannot see deeper than the surface of the sky, then to us, as to them, the blue becomes in time misty and clouded, and the visions dim and far away.

“Brother, you smile. You pity me for wasting my time in pondering things, which, so you say, are not. But what I see I know to be true, and that suffices me. And what you see you know to be true; and you have so many proofs that it is true. But can all those interesting things you call ‘facts’ disprove what I know to be true; and can that array of obedient servants you call ‘proofs’ make your beliefs correct?”

Then, because I could tarry no longer, I hurried on my way. Entering the lecture room, a mere quarter of an hour late, I neglected to assume my customary air of apologetic haste; I heeded not the angry gleam in the eye of the learned Professor; to the mark of interrogation delineated by his one uplifted eyebrow, I deigned to proffer no reply, and, as it seemed to me, I paid even less attention than usual to his meticulous and self-satisfied marshalling of his perfectly delightful and perfectly useless little facts.

[J.P.]

Prayer.

O Beauty from the peak of Night
 Immortal pendent,
 Here in my eyes forever light
 A flame resplendent
 To see thee in high mountain
 Or yet in lowly earth,
 In coruscating fountain
 Or in the silent birth
 Of buds, when men bewail a dearth;

To see thee in the tempest dark,
 Hell's ebullition,
 And mighty still when Freedom stark
 Defies contrition;
 To see thee in red battles
 When men are blown to blood—
 Of Destiny the chatte's—
 Coagulate with mud,
 And human tears are at the flood;

To see thee in one flash of space,
 Great apparition!
 When vagrant men of every race
 Forget their mission;
 To see thee dwell where legion
 Live worshippers of cant,
 Slaves in their little region
 To one eternal chant—
 The craven and the sycophant;

To see thee in a virgin's eyes,
 The morning maiden
 Unconscious that her very sighs
 Are treasure-laden;
 To see thee in her dower
 Of chaste and happy mien,
 The gay poise of a flower,
 The Spirit of Undine
 And all the promise of a queen;

To see thee in a courtesan,
 Wond'rous disparity!
 Who, bartering with the lust of man
 Yet oft in charity
 Stands nearer Truth's salvation
 Than those who cry aloud
 Their doctrines to the nation
 Inmindful of the cloud
 That hides the hilltops from the proud.

* * *

O Beauty in the womb of Time
 Accept my consecration,
 That I may suffer in no clime
 Thine unjust immolation.

COLIN BINGHAM

Sport at the University

Like all the other activities of the University, our achievements in sport are seriously limited by difficulties which are mostly financial. However, the remedies are, in this case, within our reach. All our clubs experience the greatest difficulty in obtaining the necessary funds to enable them to carry out their ordinary programmes, but when it is a case of taking part in the inter-^UVarsity contests, especially when in Queensland, and the clubs have to entertain the visiting teams, the position of the organisers is most unenviable.

In order to put the Boat Club on a proper footing it was necessary in 1914 to raise a large sum of money for its use. Owing to the generosity of certain citizens, who take an interest in sport, the required amount was obtained, and while these funds lasted the crews were able to acquit themselves with distinction. They have rowed in the inter-^UVarsity events six times, with the following results, viz.:—1920, 3rd place; 1921, 2nd place; 1922, 1st place; 1923, 1st place; 1924, 2nd place; 1925, 3rd place. This club is now urgently in need of new equipment, and because it still has a bank overdraft of more than £100, and as sufficient financial assistance from outside sources is most difficult to obtain, it was impossible to send a crew to take part in the inter-^UVarsity Boat Race this year.

The inter-^UVarsity hockey contests are being played in Brisbane on this occasion, and it was with regret that the Sports Union Council had to leave the Hockey Club to raise a considerable sum (by entertainment or other means) to provide the visitors with hospitality worthy of our University.

The Cricket Club also is the cause of much concern, because, in the absence of our own sports oval, it has to expend annually approximately £50 of the Sports Union's revenue of about £250 per annum for the hire of grounds. The disadvantages of having to supply one club with £50 per annum for one purpose will be readily realised when it is known that

the annual income of £250 has to provide new equipment for, and cover the maintenance of, all clubs.

The policy in secondary public schools is to maintain the sporting side of their institutions by the collection of compulsory sports fees from the students. Although the sporting activities at the Universities are senior to those of the secondary schools and must be carried out on a larger scale, there is at the present time no provision in the regulations of this University for this essential and important side of University Life. Several applications for financial assistance have been made to the Senate in the past, but the moneys were not granted. This is not surprising, as it is known that the Senate's funds are urgently required for other purposes. However, this point indicates that it would be an advantage to provide the Sports Union with the means of financing its own undertakings.

In similar circumstances, the compulsory payment of a sports fee by all day students was inaugurated at the University of Melbourne some years ago with great success. This method enables the Sports Union of that University independently to carry on its side of University life by ensuring a regular income for the proper maintenance of sports grounds and buildings, and the provision of adequate equipment.

But perhaps what is equally important is the fact that the Melburnians attribute their success in the sphere of inter-^UVarsity sports to this system. It has resulted in many students, who previously took little interest in sport, now taking an active part in the teams. Probably this fact is worthy of the consideration of the University authorities. It has often been said by leading University personages that sport is an essential part of the life of a first-class student. We know from experience that good scholarship and good sportsmanship generally go together, and that when they do the result is a much finer character and personality than would otherwise be the case.

The President of the Board of Faculties stressed its importance in another way at the Degree Ceremony, when he said in effect that it was through our sport that we had first placed this University on the map. The remark is significant, because outstanding success in our sporting activities must advertise the University, and that is what we wish to do.

The remedies for our financial difficulties are two, viz., the adoption of a sports fee, to be paid by all day students, and the obtaining of a sports oval, which should be connected with the present University grounds if possible.

The regular income received from the sports fees would enable the Sports Union and its constituent clubs to carry out all their functions in a satisfactory manner, and one benefitting the traditions of the University. It would also enable them to maintain the sports oval, and to establish a common fund for travelling expenses, the finding of which, at the present time, is the most serious obstacle to our progress. Past results have been obtained with donations or borrowed money. No matter how generous our donors have been in the past, we cannot go on drawing on their resources; and the continuation of borrowing is out of the question.

The provision of the sports oval would largely reduce present expenditure for the use of other grounds, and so release funds for other purposes. Also, what is even more important, it would enable our teams to carry out the regular and frequent practices necessary to their success, but which are quite impossible under existing conditions.

The critic will say: "What about the

man who takes no part in sport, why should he have to pay a subscription?" The reply is: "Do you wish to infer that there is in this University, where the University spirit is so evident, a man who, because he does not take an active part, will not be a 'barracker.' There is not such a one." There may be some, however, who will not at the outset realise that although standing at the edge of the field and urging on the teams is inspiring, it is nevertheless futile. The "barracking" we must have is financial. I am convinced, therefore, that the non-player will receive full satisfaction for the payment of his subscription by knowing that his help has been necessary to enable his Alma Mater to add to her history sporting honours of which he will be proud, and which will be an inspiration to his successors. Moreover, just as much as the University has its duties towards the students, so have they their obligations to the University. The fulness of University life, i.e., educational, social, and sporting, depends upon the individual support of the day students, and therefore each one should feel it his duty to do a full share.

Both the above-mentioned proposals were fully discussed at a general meeting of all day students (both men and women) on May 11. It was decided by an overwhelming majority (100 for, and 11 against), to ask the Senate to provide the payment of a sports fee by all day students. It was resolved also by a unanimous vote to ask the Senate to take steps to secure a sports oval for this University, and a certain site is recommended. We all hope that both our requests will be given favourable consideration.

—o—

REJUVENATION.

One day Spring showed her rosy face
And kissed the frowns from wintry skies,
Then waited until eve, to chase
All clouds from heaven's veiled thousand
eyes.

Next day she rose with morning's birth,
Smoothed the sea's wrinkles wan, with red,
Beamed on the snow-pale face of earth
And planted roses there instead.

M.R.F.

Two Personal Records

Charles Merivale and W. P. N. Barbellion

A great classical scholar and a rising scientist, Dean Merivale and Barbellion respectively, had a sure grasp on affairs. The one realised his aims, the other failed; the one died full of years, the other aged only twenty-eight. Writing in 1883, Merivale remarked that "it is from the study of literature that we learn about MAN, while science can only teach us about MATTER."

Such a verdict might perhaps have been expected from one bred in the literature and history of Greece and Rome. Born in 1808, Merivale was the son of a translator and a minor poet; after Harrow, he went to Cambridge, where he lived as a don for many years; in the 'sixties, he became chaplain to the House of Commons, and then Dean of Ely. A genuine Christian, who published two special courses of sermons, he gained his reputation as an historian of Rome: he had from early years been a keen reader of the affairs of the Republic and the Empire. In 1853 he issued "**The Fall of the Roman Republic**," in 1850-1864, the great "**History of the Romans under the Empire**"; in 1876, a monograph, "**The Roman Triumvirates**." All his historical work displayed ripe scholarship, but it also proved that he possessed a shrewd, practical mind; this latter quality appears in a passage taken from a letter written during the Indian Mutiny: "As with Sebastopol so with Delhi, I think the best thing for us would be that it should be held by the rebels long enough to have become the rallying-point of their whole force, so that we may crush it at one blow." He was on excellent hand at Latin verse, and his "**Keatsii Hyperionis, Latine reddidit Carolus Merivale**" came out in 1862-3: "I believe Latin verse is my strongest point after all," he once said. Such a fine classical scholar as Bishop Charles Wordsworth thought the translation superior to the original, while Charles Tennyson Turner (brother of the laureate) wrote to Merivale thus: "I like it **very much**—a good deal better than

the original"; in short, it is a marvellous translation. His rendering of the *Iliad*, issued in 1869, took the form of an irregular ballad metre, which he considered "the nearest analogous to Homer's hexameters that we have."

If his father was distinguished, his brother Herman was remarkable. Charles, in 1860, compared him thus with Macaulay (and the opinion was shared by many competent judges): "Herman's range of knowledge is little if at all inferior, his philosophy much deeper and his judgment much sounder; but he makes little comparative impression on the reading world, simply because he makes no province of literature his own." On Herman's death, Charles wrote these words: "I never half realised how much I unconsciously referred everything to him." But those interested in Herman Merivale can form an opinion on him from his writings: we are concerned with the **Autobiography and Letters*** of Charles Merivale. The autobiography is short, taking us to about his thirtieth year. Although it sheds much light on the intellectual tendencies of England during the years 1827-1833, a quotation may rather be made from a reference to his childhood days, passed in London: "On the pavement of Queen's Square, Herman and I exercised a singular game of Roman history by the trundling of our hoops. Different portions of the whole area were marked out in our minds as provinces and countries, and we enacted in them, in some inexplicable way, the wars of which we had been reading in our Goldsmith. I would particularly specify that the piece of pavement at the north end of the square represented Italy. At the north-east corner, an irregular square of flags was regarded as the city of Rome. There the consuls were duly elected, and in their year of office they drove their hoops along the regular lines of parallel flagging which extended westward therefrom, each line representing some good or evil quality, and the career of the consul was denoted

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by the line which his hoop followed. I only remember that the strict line of public virtue was the narrow path of the kerbstone, and few magistrates kept it to the end."

Although the autobiography possesses a more uniform interest than the letters, it is in the latter that we view the entire career of this versatile man; there, too, that we find the more human and amusing side of this true gentleman to whom even Edward Fitzgerald could declare (in a letter penned late in 1880): "When I read your letters, Merivale, I always wish some one would make notes of your table and letter talk: so witty, so humorous, so just." Unfortunately, we have no record of his table talk. Most of the letters are serious, but every now and then the genial and witty talker enters to charm us. For instance, he writes: "It's all very well on a fine sunny morning to feel that one is going to be a martyr to morality; but in the night watches philosophy ebbs apace, and the sense of the ridiculous grows unnaturally acute." While he was chaplain to the House of Commons, he related to Lord Westbury: "He made a sensible speech on resigning, but I fancy it was mere acting. Having delivered himself of the eminent Christian sentiments which distinguished it, he turned round to Lord Ebury and whispered, 'Now, my Lord, I hope you will be prepared to read over me the burial service, without alteration or omission,' to which I fear Lord Ebury was not ready enough to reply, 'I suppose your Lordship entertains a sure and certain hope of rising again?'" His humour is sunny and bright, as we see from a letter of 1831: "I have been spending a vacation of laborious nothingness, putting up at Hampstead and walking to and from the British Museum, where I have buried myself in self-defence the greater part of the day. Kemble has been a great deal there with me, and we have discussed the past, present, and to come state of most of the concerns of this versal world. I observe some one with a very Cambridge air, who reads Differential Calculus out of the Encyclopedias, and thinks he is somebody, I daresay. There is a woman who has

been copying an immense print of a strange bird for the last two months. It seems a hard bird to take, dead or alive. Spedding says that the story of Samson taking the gates of Gaza merely means that he sketched them. I'll back the millennium against the cholera now: there is said to be something infernal about the state of the atmosphere this summer which boils the fishes in the Baltic, and makes little islands at this eleventh hour in the Mediterranean; and Mr. Henry Drummond, the prophetic banker, has given up insuring his life."

At the age of seventy he confided to an aged contemporary, the historian Donne: "I have been wonderfully well, and have really nothing to complain of, except, what I don't complain of, increasing disinclination to do anything." A comparative view-point informs the statement that "the Dorians came down upon the Homeric heroes much as the Spaniards came down upon the Mexicans, gave them iron, letters, and a rather milder superstition, and did not improve them quite so entirely off the face of the earth."

When he died in 1893, the following surprisingly truthful epitaph was set up in Ely cathedral:—"In memory of Charles Merivale, D.D., D.C.L., historian of the Romans under the Empire, and for twenty-four years dean of this cathedral church. Sprung from a family of scholars, himself rich in learning, caustic in wit, just, wise, tender, magnanimous, he won at each stage of a long and tranquil life, honour, confidence and love."

Barbellion laughingly proposed that his epitaph should read: "He played Ludo well," yet he was, if anything, a little inferior to Merivale as a witty humorist. He came into the world three years before the historian left it. Early in the present year, an enterprising writer brought out a biography of W. N. P. Barbellion, one of whose articles appears in **Essays of To-day** (Harrap). The **Journal of a Disappointed Man** was issued in 1919, with an introduction by H. G. Wells, who, in addition to making some shrewd remarks about egoism and diaries, has said that "since 1911 Barbellion, in spite of his steadily diminishing strength, has pub-

lished articles in both British and American periodicals that entirely justify the statement that in him biological science loses one of the most promising of its most recent recruits. His scientific work is not only full and exact, but it has those literary qualities, the grace, the power of handling, the breadth of reference, which have always distinguished the best English biological work, and which mark off at once the true scientific man from the mere collector and recorder of items." In 1911 we find Barbellion declaring that he desired "the recluse life of a scholar or investigator, full of leisure, culture, and delicate skill." "My idea is to withdraw from the **mobile vulgus** and spend laborious days in the library or laboratory. The world is too much with us." His journal constitutes a review of his scientific activities, but, even more, a record of his intellectual and emotional experiences and desires. Perhaps we should remember that, although personal and intimate, the diary was written for publication.

One of the earliest entries is this, made when the author was thirteen or fourteen: "Spring has really arrived, and even the grasshoppers are beginning to stridulate, yet Burke describes these little creatures as being 'loud and troublesome,' and the chirp unpleasant. Like Samuel Johnson, he must have preferred brick walls to green hedges. Many people go for a walk and yet are unable to admire Nature, simply because their power of observation is untrained. Of course, some are not suited to the study at all, and do not trouble themselves about it. In that case they should not talk of what they do not understand. . . . Language cannot express the joy and happy forgetfulness during a ramble in the country." But he loved books also, as we may see from what, five years later, he says of a certain large library:—"The porter spends his days in the library keeping strict vigil over this catacomb of books, passing along between the shelves and yet never paying heed to the almost audible susarrus of desire—the desire every book has to be taken down and read, to live, to come into being in somebody's mind. He never once realises that a book is a person and

not a thing. It makes me shudder to think of Lamb's **Essays** being carted about as if they were fardels."

We are, therefore, not surprised to discover his suggestive attitude towards Nature. "These summer days eat into my being," he confesses as early as 1908; at the end of a description of an autumn sea-scape, he writes: "Deep down in ourselves we were astir and all around us we could hear the rumours of divine passage, soft and mysterious as the flight of birds migrating in the dark"; in 1915 he remarks: "When I go to bed, I sometimes jealously guard my faculties from being filched away by sleep. I almost fear sleep: it makes me apprehensive—this wonderful and unknowable thing which is going to happen to me for which I must lay myself out on a bed and wait, with an elaborate preparedness. . . . I sometimes lie awake and wonder when the mysterious Visitor will come to me and call me away from this thrilling world." Listen to what he thinks about destiny: "Destiny is often a superb dramatist. What more perfect than the death of Rupert Brooke at Scyros in the *Ægean*?"

His footnote runs thus: "Contrast with it Wordsworth rotting at Rydal Mount or Swinburne at Putney."

"The lives of some men are works of art, perfect in form, in development and in climax. . . . If only I could order my life by line and level, if I could control or create my own destiny and mould it into some marble perfection! In short, if life were an art and not a lottery! In the lives of all of us, how many wasted efforts, how many wasted opportunities, false starts, blind gropings—how many lost days—and man's life is a paltry three score years and ten: pitiful short commons indeed."

Although he loved science passionately, he joyed in art and literature and many odds and ends. On June 15, 1914, he likens himself to a magpie hopping about in a street of Bagdad, as "inquisitive, fascinated by a lot of astonishing things: e.g., a book on the quadrature of the circle, the **gubbertushed fustilugs** passage in Burton's **Anatomy of Melancholy**, names like Mr. Portwine or Mr. Hogsflesh, Tweezer's Alley or Pickle Herring

Street, the excellent, conceitful sonnets of Henry Constable, or Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning. . . . The world is too distracting. . . . London bewilders me. At times it is a phantasmagoria, an opium dream out of De Quincey." At the end of the same month he writes: "There are books which are dinosaurs—Sir Walter Raleigh's **History of the World**, Gibbon's **Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire**. There are men who are dinosaurs—Balzac completing his *Human Comedy*, Napoleon, Roosevelt. I like them all. I like express trains and motor-lorries. . . . I like everything that is swift or immense: London, lightning, Popocatepetl. I enjoy the smell of tar, of coal, of fried fish, or a brass band playing a Liszt Rhapsody." Towards the end of the year (he was too ill to enlist) he went to see the Rodin statuery, of which he characteristically observed that "the Prodigal Son is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony done in stone."

From 1914 until his death, Barbellion refers to music in an intense, interpretative fashion. On June 29, 1914, he heard an especially good concert-programme at the Albert Hall (London): "For two solid hours I sat like an eagle on a rock gazing into infinity—a very fine sensation for a London sparrow. . . . I have an idea that if it were possible to assemble the sick and suffering day by day in the Albert Hall and keep the orchestra going all the time, then the constant exposure of sick parts to such heavenly air vibrations would ultimately restore to them the lost rhythm of health? No one can be quite the same after a Beethoven symphony has strained thro' him."

Beethoven was his favourite, and the Fifth Symphony his quintessential delight: "This symphony always works me up into an ecstasy," he says with regard to a concert heard in December, 1914; ". . . yet there were women sitting alongside me to-day knitting! . . . They would have sat knitting at the foot of the Cross, I suppose." The entry for the eleventh of April, 1915, consists of his wonderful interpretation of this symphony; too long to quote in full, it begins thus: "If music moves me, it al-

ways generates images—a procession of apparently disconnected images in my mind. In the Fifth Symphony, for example, as soon as the first four notes are sounded and repeated, this magic population springs spontaneously into being. A nude, terror-stricken figure in headlong flight with hands pressed to the ears, and arms bent at the elbows. . . . A man in the first onset of mental agony (a hearing sentence of death passed on him. A wounded bird, fluttering and flopping in the grass. It is the struggle of a man with a steam-hammer, Fate. As through the walls of a closed room—some mysterious room—I crouch and listen and am conscious that inside some brutal punishment is being meted out: there are short intervals, then unrelenting pursuit, then hammer-like blows, melodramatic thuds, terrible silences (I crouch and wonder what has happened), and the pursuit begins again. I see clasped hands and appealing eyes and feel very helpless. . . . An epileptic vision or an opium dream, Dostoevsky or De Quincey set to music"; it concludes with the words: "Above the great groundswell of woe, hope is restored and the unknown hero enters with all pomp into his Kingdom." Another picture, as striking in its less profound manner, is that of "Sir Henry Wood Conducting" (December 12, 1914).

At times, we see a picturesque and notable writer. He was also a wit and a humorist. On May 3, 1914, he is pleased (courageous fellow!) to note, in his diary that he has had a severe heart-attack all day. "Intermittency," he continues, "is very refined torture to one who wants to live very badly. Your pump goes a 'dot and carry one,' or say 'misses a stitch,' what time you breathe deep, begin to shake your friend's hand and make a farewell speech. Then it goes on again, and you order another pint of beer. My heart is a fractious animal within the cage of my thorax, and I never know when it is going to escape and make off with my precious life between its teeth. I humour and coax and soothe it, but, God wot, I haven't much confidence in the little beast. My thorax, it appears, is an intolerable kennel." A constant invalid

from about his twentieth year, he throws off this epigram: "Ill-health, when chronic, is like a permanent ligature around one's life."

Throughout his mature writing, we glimpse a stylist of an unusual kind, and "The Pool: A Retrospect" (May 27, 1915) illustrates his peculiarities:—"From above, the pool looked like any little innocent sheet of water. But down in the hollow itself it grew sinister. . . . A long time ago, it was a great limestone quarry, but to-day the large mounds of rubble on one side of it are covered with grass and planted with mazzard trees, grown to quite a large girth. On the other side one is confronted by a tall sheet of black, carboniferous rock, rising sheer out of the inky water—a bare sombre surface on which no mosses even ('tender creatures of pity,' Ruskin calls them) have taken compassion by softening the jagged edges of the strata or nestling in the scars. . . . On the top of this rock and overhanging the water, a gaunt, haggard-looking fir-tree impends, as it seems in a perilous balance, while down below, the pool, sleek and shiny, quietly waits with a cat-like patience. In summer time, successive rows of fox-gloves one behind the other in barbaric splendour, are ranged around the grassy rubble slopes like spectators in an amphitheatre awaiting the spectacle. Fire-bellied efts slip here

and there lazily through the water. . . . On the surface grows a glairy alga, which was once all green, but now festers in yellow patches and causes a horrible stench. Everything is absolutely still, air and water are stagnant." Much of realism here, something of the influence of **The Yellow Book**, but it is the realism of a disappointed idealist.

The last three entries read thus:—"October 12, 1917: I am only twenty-eight, but I have telescoped into those few years a tolerably long life: I have loved and married, and have a family; I have wept and enjoyed; struggled and overcome, and when the hour comes I shall be content to die.

"October 14 to 20: Miserable."

"October 21: Self-disgust."

On December 31, Barbellion died from a complication of paralysis and stomach-trouble.

Both Merivale and Barbellion were intellectuals, widely and profoundly cultured; the historian, optimistic, healthy, the scientist pessimistic and morbid. The latter will interest many, but he is to be taken in small doses, whereas the former can be read with profit otherwise; both have arresting ideas, the scientist's being the more audacious, the scholar's the more profound.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.



TO

While shadows play about your eyes
Downcast, the moon's enchanting light
Falls gleaming on your shoulders, white
With silver mist culled from the skies.

Your hands in mine just lightly rest;
And thus you stand and dream awhile.
What thoughts are masked beneath your
smile
Of wishes never yet expressed?

I wonder what deep moods disturb
The sanctuary of your soul,
What sweetest yearnings take their toll
In thoughts you would not kill or curb.

Yes, even now your eyes speak much
Of feelings in your guarded heart,
And I can sense your body start
And tremble swiftly at my touch.

Student Benefactions.

The report on Student Benefactions, which appeared in the last issue of "Galmahra," was unfortunately quite out of date before it could be printed. On Degree Day, April 30, when "Galmahra" was on sale, the suggestions it contained for a worthy inauguration of the Student Benefactions plan on that day, had already been carried out with full success.

The Library Capital Fund, for which an initial working capital of £100 had been asked, amounted on Degree Day to £134/19/1, while student gifts in all funds totalled £210/0/7, besides gifts of books, etc., in kind. A temporary Book of Student Benefactors had been prepared, consisting of 100 parchment pages, and a leather cover, made and blazoned with the University arms by an ex-student of Biology, Mrs. J. M. Grant. This contained already the signatures, or place for signatures, of the first 87 benefactors under the student scheme. It was handed to the Chancellor by the President of the Union, Mr. C. J. Nash, who read out the provisional statement for inclusion in the book when properly made up. The beginning is worth quoting: "This book contains the names of those members of the University of Queensland who value it enough to help it according to their opportunities. The book is part of a plan to make a record of the men and women whose timely gifts promote the growth of funds to provide in some measure for the ever increasing needs and expanding policies of the University."

Since Degree Day the funds have continued to increase. The figures then and now (July) are as follows:—

Library Capital Fund, £134/19/1, £143/5/7; Arts Faculty Fund, £8/3/-, £8/3/-; Science, £14/0/6, £16/1/6; Engineering, £3/1/0, £3/1/0; Law, nil, £1/1/-; Union General Fund, £3/3/-, £3/3/-; Sports General Fund, £13/3/-, £13/3/-; amounts for definite gifts, £28/6/-, £28/6/-; for unspecified purposes, £5/5/-, £17/12/-; Bank interest to 30/6/'26, £1/5/10. Totals, £210/0/7, £235/1/11.

As a beginning, this is eminently satisfactory. It means, for instance, that already the Library is richer in perpetuity by an annual income of £5/10/- on the first £100 received from Student Benefactors. Further, in the common pool for "odd" sums (known as the Student Benefactions Account) there is left the sum of £43/5/7 for Library purposes. It now only needs £56/14/5 to bring this up to the second hundred in the separate Library Account, and so on ad infinitum, or at least until, by slow degrees, by more and more, an adequate capital of say, £1000 is reached in this and each of the other funds.

Meanwhile the student plan is having other fruits. The Brisbane Boys' Grammar School have adopted the suggestion of a "Past Pupils'" Benefactions Book, with acknowledgments to the University for the idea. At the University conference held recently in Melbourne information was specially sought from Queensland representatives as to the details and success of the plan, when the whole question of the graduate's relation to his University was under discussion. The same interest has been shown in private correspondence from the South. There is evidence also that the idea of student self-help has appealed strongly to the people of Queensland—with what result in stimulating the interest of the public itself in their University, remains to be seen.

Another interesting consequence has been the discovery that for years past there have been student gifts to the University made without any plan at all. I say discovery, because the fact is new to most of us, and certainly so to the public at large. The University Union, for instance, sets aside each year one-third of its funds for the Union Building of the future. The Dramatic Society has consistently given all or part of its profits to various University objects. The occasional surplus on the Engineers' Dance has been spent in engineering equipment. While in wider or kindred fields, the Women Graduates' Association has given largely to international university objects,

and the members of the various colleges in the University have to a greater or less degree, the habit of making gifts to their colleges.

The task now before the Union Committee—and one would like to urge most insistently, before every student, past or present, who thinks the University worth while—is to devise ways and means for making Student Benefactions a living tradition of University and graduate life. In this regard there are three categories of “students” to consider. First, the graduates and past students, including among the latter all who have taken any courses at the University, or those who are on any other ground members of the University Council. This class now numbers considerably over 1000, of whom the majority have either not been reached at all or have not yet been seized with the opportunities of the Benefactions plan. As a means of getting in touch, the Committee have coopted graduate members in several country centres. One outcome of the Committee’s work is to reveal the crying need on all grounds for an up-to-date and even moderately complete card index of past students, their addresses, and their careers. The attempt is being made to begin this work, and every graduate can help in it. Such an index is essential for purposes of the Council, the University Union, the Appointments Board, Graduates’ Associations, and, indeed, for the realisation of the University’s place in the community at large.

However, this goes somewhat beyond our immediate subject. To return: The second category of students consists of graduates and graduates of one or two years’ standing. It is realised that on graduation a student can often do no more than promise to give something some time—already some promises so given have been fulfilled—but that the young graduate can within a year or so actually give individually or as part of a corporate gift. The Union is therefore arranging to keep a nominal roll of this particular class. Those forming it are asked to help by forwarding their addresses. Thirdly, there is the body of undergraduates and present-day students. Before Degree Day a voluntary call of 6d. was suggested by the Union. It added £5/4/ to the Library Fund, without anyone, it is reported, being financially ruined thereby. A few weeks ago the Science Faculty Fund, which now, by a long way, leads the Faculties, was enriched with one guinea from the “Palm Island Biology Excursion, 1926.” Science men can throw some light (from a window) on this gift! It suggests a good rule: when in doubt, give the “odd” amount to the Student Funds.

In general, however, it rests with the student or students of whatever category to adopt their own means for increasing their Benefactions. The main thing is to cultivate the spirit, and extend knowledge of the scheme. It is, one repeats, a **voluntary** plan; giving must **not** be compulsory, but it can, and always will be, contagious.

F.W.R.

SELF POSSESSION.

That I love you may be some day
A story false or haply true;
No words may yet deny nor say
That I love you.

Your loss I could not deeply rue;
Though to your charms my musing stray,
Failings unclouded greet my view.
That I love you.

Yet I could make my soul obey
Those half-desires my fancy drew.
Watch lest myself so will (it may)
That I love you.

M.R.F.

Tropic Charm

Those of the University students who have not enjoyed the Palm Island trip with the biologists, will be interested perhaps, to know something of the islands of the North Queensland coast.

The Palms are a number of large granite islands surrounded by coral reefs; they represent portions of the mainland cut off by the sea, when coastal subsidence occurred. A few basalt dykes cut through the granite in places. Looking at the island from a distance one sees bands of dark green foliage in the midst of vegetation of a lighter hue. These dark bands are gullies filled with rain forest, while on the ridges the forest is more open. On the seaward side of the islands there is a much greater plant growth than on the sheltered side, where the settlement is built. Surrounding the islands—particularly on the windward side—there is an extensive development of coral reefs, and many kinds of marine animals and seaweeds live in their vicinity.

The picturesque beauty of these reefs is indescribable. They present a myriad different shades and structures. The main types of stony coral formation are the staghorn habit, characteristic of the genus *Madrepora*; and the pancake form of the genus *Porites*. *Madrepora* grows up as a multitude of branches studded with small cavities in which the coral polyps live. *Porites* grow on the edge of large, massive, more or less, circular plates, which continually increase in size, as the polyps develop on the circumference. Another beautiful coral is the genus *Turbinaria*, which forms huge masses like a coiled up fan. The polyps themselves are usually green or blue, or sometimes brown, contrasting with the bright reds, greys, violets, and multicolours of the sea-

sitive serpulid worms which live in tubes in the coral.

In the pools, between the coral patches, one may find sponges, beche de mer, trepang, inkfish, cuttlefish, which change their color at will, and beautiful blue and black spiny sea urchins. Truly, the sights made one enthusiastic and more than once the professor had difficulty in persuading his flock to leave the reefs and return to the waiting motor launch, which took them back to camp.

On the island the botanists delighted in climbing up huge granite boulders among vines and stinging trees, till they reached the summit of Mount Bentley, 1800ft. high. They were well rewarded by the view and by rare finds among plants. The fern *Ophioglossum* was taken. It is the last survivor of a once great family of ferns which are now known only as fossils.

On the last day of the stay on the island the aborigines played a football match and gave a corroboree. It was really wonderful to see boys, who in the morning showed all the habits of white men, turn out in their ancient warpaint and indulge in native dances and displays. The spear-throwing was nothing if it was not thrilling. At a distance of 30 yards they can send spears hurtling through the air straight at their opponents, only to have them broken and swept aside by the wommerahs of the adversaries.

To all good things comes to an end, and, as the *Merinda* sailed away early one morning thronged with happy sunbrowned students, there were not a few who looked back wistfully and thought of the glorious scenery, sunsets, and swims which were being left behind. There were few who would not say that the trip was a success from both the points of view of study and of pleasure.



Vestibularia

A third free passage to Europe has been added by the Blue Funnel line. This year's holder is T. P. Fry, B.A. F. A. Gaydon, B.E., has the Orient Line's offer, whilst the Aberdeen Line passage goes to J. R. Hope Morgan, B.E.

J. E. Mills has been awarded the Original Scholarship for Chemical Research of £100 per annum for two years, and is availing himself of the scholarship.

A Chair of Agriculture has been formally created by the Senate. It is understood that a Faculty of Agriculture is now under consideration.

A. G. Berg, B.E., has been awarded the Engineering Scholarship for 1926.

F. A. Perkins, B.Sc. Ag., University Research Fellow, has been transferred from Stanthorpe to Brisbane, where he will continue his fruit-fly investigations over a wide area. In addition, he is taking the entomological classes in the Department of Biology.

During the month the University was honoured by a visit of Mr. H. L. Russell, Dean of Wisconsin Agricultural Department and a member of the National Education Board of New York, with which is affiliated the Rockefeller Institute.

The activities of the Public Lecture Committee have been combined with those of the Committee of Workers' Classes, and are now under the direction of a single committee known as the University Committee for Tutorial Classes and Public Lectures. Prof. H. C. Richards will act as chairman for the ensuing year, and Mr. A. C. V. Melbourne is Secretary.

Applications are being called by the University for a second lectureship in Mathematics.

It is also understood that permanent assistance will be required in the Department of Geology at an early date.

Jack Mulholland has left the Bridge Commission for the Natham Dam.

E. C. Fison is at Mount Isa Construction Camp. L. D. Watson lends colour to the Brisbane Gas Works, and Denis Hanrahan has been appointed to the City Electric Light Company.

J. E. G. Martin has also been appointed to the City Electric Light Company, and A. N. Horner has forsaken private enterprise for the P.M.G. Electrical Engineer's Department.

Owen Jones will leave shortly for Cambridge, where he will take up work in the Geological School.

Art. White whites away the time at Nanango.

Amy Moorhouse, B.A., is engrossed in botany.

R. A. Percy is headmaster of the new school at Stanthorpe.

W. Rankin is at the Toowoomba Grammar School.

Pedagogy Claims: Ruth Griffiths, at Gordonvale; J. D. Walker, Presbyterian College, Warwick; Monica Elliott, Mt. Morgan; Jess. Maclean, Training College; Russell Skerman, Townsville State High.

Latest advice from Adelaide indicates that all is well with the five Forestry students there: A. R. Trist, W. Pohlman, Merve Rankin, A. Owens, and A. H. Crane.

Lew Rodgers has gone overseas.

Smells still pervade the Chem. lab., in spite of the fact that his researches have gained a D.Sc. for Dr. T. G. H. Jones

Jean Dowrie is teaching at the North Coast Methodist Girls' College, Ballina, New South Wales.

Eric Partridge's latest book, "A Critical Medley," was published last month by Edouard Champion, 5 Quai Malaquais, Paris. The author, anticipating the possible witticism, "more mixed than critical," declares that there is a fair amount of the latter present.

The John Thomson lectureship for 1926 has been offered to Mr. P. M. Hamilton, M.A., B.Litt., Dip. Ed., principal of Scots College, Warwick. It is hoped that Mr. Hamilton will be able to give a series of lectures on the League of Nations, on which subject he is especially qualified to speak.

The Senate has been giving considerable attention to future University developments, particularly in relation to the

provision of permanent and suitable accommodation. It is now generally recognised that the time is approaching when the accommodation on the present site cannot continue to meet the requirements of both the University and Central Technical College. A committee was appointed to consider the most practical method of dealing with the whole situation, having in view the transfer of the University to its permanent home as soon as practicable. It is hoped that this committee will be able to formulate proposals for submission to an early meeting of the Senate.

In this connection it has been suggested in some quarters that the time is opportune when the Senate, Council, graduates,

past and present students of the University should combine in organising a Public Drive for funds and endowment.

Congratulations to Claude Thompson, an old John's man, and Miss Dorothy Barter, on their recent marriage. May they never know the meaning of decree nasty.

Hilda Withecombe led Mr. A. E. Axom to the altar last month, and is now making ends meet at Balmoral.

Alf. McCulloch, B.E., power-house superintendent to the City Electric Light Co., has been appointed engineer manager of the Rockhampton Municipal Electric Works.



Cuttings and Comments

The waist-line next season is to be worn even lower still. "The Ladies' Mirror."

Then many a miss will miss a kiss
For I would never dare,
However bold, to risk a scold
By placing my arm THERE.

Closing the eyes for a few minutes each day helps to ward off eye-strain.—"The Lancet."

If that is so I'd like to know,
If you can tell me why,
When ere with Claire I'm tete-a-tete,
She only shuts ONE eye?

The P.M.'s words were severe, but a road hog cannot expect bouquets. President, R.A.C.

At sixty miles an hour he sped
Through towns and sylvan bowers,
He tried a bend at sixty-five,
The papers said—NO FLOWERS.

In her pursuit of man, woman uses as many pretty dresses as possible. Chesterton.

Although her dress she changes oft,
I hasten to explain,
To one thing she is steadfast, her
DESIGNS are still the same.

During his speech on the milk question last night, the Mayor made an amusing "bull."—"Telegraph."

We built a cow on Commem. Day,
Inspired by this same man,
But let him make his own wild bulls
And milk THEM—if he can.

After insuring his life she administered powdered glass and grit to his food.—"Police Gazette."

This man had grit, without a doubt,
Tried was his endurance,
But wifey soon wrote R.I.P.
AND for his insurance.

If you rely too much upon a thing in this life, it never comes off.—Memoirs of Jimmy Tyson.

With these wise words from this man, who Made his pile in mutton,
I differ, for I've just lost, my
Only TROUSERS BUTTON.

JIM GREEN.

University Sport

BOAT CLUB.

During the first term few University crews were seen on the river, as there were no convenient regattas to encourage regular training. But by the second week in this term there was a marked increase in the attendance at the shed. All the colleges had their "prospects" in tubs, trying to knock off some of the rough spots acquired during the long vacation.

The interest in the inter-College race is very keen, and this year's event promises to be very keenly contested. Five crews will take part, one from each of the colleges (except Leo's), and two representing the extra collegians.

After the inter-College race a maiden eight will be formed, to race early in September, and the Club hopes to enter a crew for the Junior Eights in October.

The Club is still in the same unenviable position as regards the pontoon, but some help has been received from old members, and next year may see the hindrance remedied.

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

This year the Club has entered a team in the S.L.T.A. Ladies' fixtures. The matches are played on Wednesday afternoons. So far, three very enjoyable matches have been played, the scores being:—Barunga v. University, 36—46; Wyangree v. University, 43—27; University v. Barambah, 36—32.

Several practices have been held on the Professors' court on Friday afternoons, and a growing enthusiasm is shown at these practices.

The Club regretted to receive the re-

signation of the captain, Miss Stephenson, owing to her election as President of the Women's Sports Union. At a special general meeting of the club on April 10th, Miss Hooper was elected captain, and Miss Walker vice-captain. An alteration to the constitution, allowing a fourth member, a fresher, on the committee, was carried, and Miss Burdon was elected to fill that position.



La Santé
c'est la Gymnastique!

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Since the last notes were written, the position of this club has greatly improved. In the past recruits have mainly come from among the older members of the University, but this year not a few enthusiastic freshers have come forward, and prospects for the future look rosy. It was at first thought that only one team could be conveniently fielded, but

enough players are forthcoming to enable a second team satisfactorily to be formed before the Q.H.A. fixtures begin.

Neither team has done at all brilliantly yet, but each has shown steady improvement, and had it not been for the vacation, the "A" team would not have been as low in the grading round of the Q.H.A. fixtures as it was. In this round, out of seven matches three were won and one resulted in a draw. The loss of last year's half line was at first sorely felt, but the new one shows great promise. In the premierships rounds two matches have been played, and both of them were drawn. The "B" team has not proved altogether successful yet, but is showing improvement.

The inter-Varsity contests this year are to be staged in Brisbane on Aug. 24, 25, and 26, and the use of the Exhibition oval

has been secured for the purpose. On the first day Sydney will meet Queensland. The other two matches have not yet been arranged.

To help to defray the cost of entertaining visiting teams in the second vacation, a dance was held in the Main Hall on July 12, and was a success socially and financially.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

At the annual general meeting of the Athletic Club, the following officers were elected:—President, Professor Michie; Vice-presidents, Professor Parnell and Mr. Castlehow; Captain, Mr. R. Morwood; Vice-captain, Mr. J. B. Gibson; Secretary, Mr. G. S. Sturtridge; Treasurer, Mr. J. M. Hulbert.

The captain and secretary were appointed delegates to the Sports Union and Q.A.A.A. As in previous years, the Club is affiliated with the Q.A.A.A.

The inter-'Varsity contests were held in Adelaide this year. No representatives were sent owing to the distance and expense of travelling.

The 13th annual sports meeting was held at the Exhibition oval on May 12. The Wilkinson Cup was secured by G. S. Sturtridge, who won the 120 Hurdles, 440 Yards, and 880 Yards. The inter-College contest resulted as follows:—King's, 14 points; John's, 10 points; Emmanuel, 7 points; Leo's, 2 points.

The results of the events decided at the sports were:—

100 Yards Championship (inter-College):—First heat: McDougall 1, Delahaunty 2. Time, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ ths secs. Second heat: Gibson 1, Berg 2, McKie 3. Time, 11secs. Final: McDougall 1, Gibson 2, Berg 3. Time 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ th secs.

100 Yards Handicap.—First heat: Berg (3yds.) 1, Berglin (7yds.) 2. Second heat: Gibson (3yds.) 1, Mahoney (4yds.) 2. Third heat: Fahy (3yds.) 1, McKie (8yds.) 2, Douglas (5yds.) 3. Final: Mohaney 1, Gibson 2, Douglas 3. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{5}$ th secs.

120 Yards Hurdles Championship:—First heat: Sturtridge 1, Hall 2. Time, 18 $\frac{3}{5}$ th secs. Second heat: McDougall 1, Rowe 2. Time, 21 $\frac{2}{5}$ th secs. Final:

Sturtridge 1, McDougall 2, Rowe 3. Time, 19 secs.

880 Yards Championship:—Sturtridge 1, Morwood 2, Hall 3. Time, 2.13 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

880 Yards Handicap:—Hanger (60yds.) 1, Sturtridge (scr.) 2, Morwood (scr.) 3.

220 Yards Championship:—Grant 1, Hunt 2, Tait 3. Time, 25 $\frac{2}{5}$ th secs.

Shot Put:—Abbott (30 feet) 1, O'Mara (29ft. 3in.) 2, Carmichael (29ft.) 3.

Inter-College Relay:—King's 1, John's 2, Leo's 3. Time 45 secs.

Men's High Jump:—Hulbert (5ft. 1in.) 1, Hall (4ft. 11in.) 2, Tait (4ft. 10ins.) 3.

440 Yards Championship:—Sturtridge 1, Hunt 2. Time, 56 $\frac{1}{5}$ th secs.

Mile Championship:—Morwood 1, Muir 2, Few 3.

Men's Broad Jump:—Berg (19ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) 1, Hulbert (18ft. 10ins.) 2, Hall (18ft. 3ins.) 3.

Women's Broad Jump:—D. Hill (14ft. 5ins.) 1, A. Dent (12ft. 7ins.) 2, G. Ferguson (11ft. 8ins.) 3.

Women's 100 Yards Championship:—D. Hill 1, A. Dent 2, G. Spurgin 3. Time, 13 secs.

Women's 100 Yards Handicap:—E. Nimmo (4yds.) 1, D. Hill (scr.) 2, A. Dent (scr.) 3. Time, 13 $\frac{1}{5}$ th secs.

Women's Hurdles:—D. Hill, 1, G. Spurgin 2. Time, 10 $\frac{3}{5}$ th secs.

Women's High Jump:—A. Dent 1, G. Spurgin 2, D. Hill 3.

MEN'S SPORTS UNION.

The new committee of the Sports Union took office after the annual general meeting in April, when the following officers for the year were elected:—President, Mr. L. C. Fisher; Secretary, Mr. J. H. Lavery; Treasurer, Mr. J. D. Cramb.

During the half-year two innovations of vital interest to University sport have been mooted. At a meeting of all day students, it was decided to approach the Senate with a view to having inaugurated in this University a system of compulsory sports fees similar to that in vogue at the Melbourne University. The second matter for consideration was the obtaining of the Domain as a sports oval. Owing to the fact that certain of our clubs are hamper-

ed by the inaccessibility of suitable practice and playing grounds, and seeing that money saved from practice fees might be devoted to other purposes, a motion that a letter should be sent to the Senate asking that steps be taken to secure the Domain as a University oval was carried unanimously.

Several difficulties have arisen in connection with inter-'Varsity women's contests owing to women in this University not being affiliated with the A.U.S.A.—notably the refusal to grant blues to Queensland women hockey players. To overcome these difficulties, the U.Q.W.S.U. is now nominally affiliated to the U.Q.S.U., which accepts full responsibility for the women in matters connected with the A.U.S.A. Council.

Of the constituent clubs we might say the Football Club has been most prominent, and the team is to be congratulated on its meritorious win over Sydney in the annual Dr. McLeod Memorial Cup Competition. In club football the team has performed well, and secured the honour of being runners-up in the Ambulance Cup Competition.

Owing to the lack of funds this year,

we were unable to send either a team to Adelaide for the inter-'Varsity athletics, or a crew to Tasmania for the boat race.

The inter-'Varsity Men's Hockey matches have yet to be played, and will take place in Brisbane for the first time in August.

As was the case last year, the University Ball, to be held on August 4, will be run by a committee consisting of delegates from the Union and the two sports unions.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The inter-'Varsity Women's Hockey Contest will be held in Melbourne this year, and the Club is endeavouring to raise funds to send the team away. -With this object in view, a dance was held on June 19. A fete will be held on July 21 and we hope it will be as great a success as the dance.

Congratulations are extended to four of our players: Alma Dent, Dorothy Hill, Gwen Spurgin, and Greta Ferguson, who have been chosen to play in the inter-State team this year. Miss Dent will captain the team.



COAL.

The placid river bore no sail,
The heavens wore no frown,
And all was peace in Eden Vale
When I went forth the town.

When I went forth from Eden Vale
The world was young indeed,
Then life was but a simple tale
And love a simple creed.

When I came back the world was old,
The heavens smiled no more,
And hearts of men were bought and sold
Where peace had lived before.

And life was but a tale of fear,
And love a foolish jest;
The river was no longer clear
Nor were the sails at rest.

Through Eden Vale a wind blew down
And with a heated breath
It turned the verdant slopes to brown
And fanned the flame of Death.

A seam of coal! And lo! the earth
In agony awoke
And Beauty fled before the sound
That o'er the Valley broke.

University Societies

UNIVERSITY UNION.

Commem. came and went very much the same as other Commem. have come and gone—the same jubilation and jollification, and the same accompanying abandon, which as some one once upon a time remarked, is the privilege of youth. Perhaps it is somewhat unfortunate that this same abandon, jollification, and jubilation, which is carried to the degree it is on occasions, does not meet with the approval of many, from whom we sometimes desire strong support. It has been suggested, for instance, that more people attend the ceremony in the Exhibition Hall to hear our witticisms, than come to hear a few facts about the policy of the Senate. How modest we are! But then, perhaps, we are again privileged or excused on account of our years.

However, Commem. this year for the Union was quite a successful affair, judging by the reports submitted by the various committees.

The University Ball is to be held on Wednesday, August 4, at the Crystal Palace. We are hoping that it will eclipse that of last year, which admittedly was a brilliant function. The ball is being held under the auspices of the two Sport Unions and the University Union. The committee have endeavoured to keep the price per ticket conveniently low, and if we do not meet with strong support from the undergraduate section, we will be more than a trifle disappointed.

The question of a University Badge has been given a considerable amount of discussion. The Council was forced to take action in this connection, and, in spite of some opposition, has decided to approve of a badge for members of the Union. Our hands were somewhat forced in the matter, as a badge had been designed and cast, and was being accepted by some as the recognised University Badge.

However, there were features in the design, of which we could not approve; and such being the case, the Council has ultimately agreed to adopt an official badge, which will be neat in design and

at the same time a fitting emblem of our Union.

The control of entertainments within the University is now being aimed at, but it is doubted, in some quarters, if control will be satisfactory. The Union has approved of a committee of control for the year 1927. Both Sport Unions will also have representatives on the committee, which will have the power to prevent any club holding an entertainment unless it can be shown that there is a reasonable need of funds.

A step in the right direction has been taken in deciding to hold Council meetings in the evening. Not only is discussion more complete and satisfactory, but members representing graduates and past students will be enabled to attend regularly.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Is the Society justifying its existence? Yes. It fills up a Thursday lunch hour, and provides employment for the idle souls who lie on the grass or roam round inside the respective common rooms. This in itself is a noble effort; but it is not all that the Society does. It utilises those short periods to instil into students of various departments the elementary ideals of other branches of learning, which otherwise they have no chance of obtaining.

Of course, the Society is too young yet to show any outstanding success. Its justification will lie in the minds of those students who have had new trends of thought opened up to them, and who have followed them through.

As an active body, the Society has held during the year a series of lectures by the staff, and others capable of handling their subject.

In the first term the following lectures were delivered:—Dr. Cumbræ Stewart, "Aims of a University Education"; Professor Parnell, "Structure of Matter"; Professor Stable, "The Art of Reading"; Dr. T. G. W. Jones, "Matter and Life"; Professor Hawken, "Location of City

Bridges' (lantern lecture); Professor Scott-Fletcher, "Primitive Instincts of Man"; Mr. H. A. Longman, "Huxley." This term the Society has had:—Mr. H. G. Tommerup, "English as she is Spoke"; Professor Michie, "The Early Civilisations of Europe" (two lantern lectures).

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The weekly practices of the society have been regularly attended this year, most of the members showing a pleasing amount of enthusiasm. Attention is drawn to the fact that the society is to give a concert in the main hall on Saturday, July 31. A number of new madrigals are being practised, and these, with some of the old favourites, will be rendered. As in former years, the music will be chiefly Elizabethan, a type which, delightful though it be, is not often heard to-day.

The Society has been very fortunate in securing the assistance of the noted bass, Mr. J. E. England, for the concert.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The activities of the Society for the first term were concluded by two debates against a team representing the Imperial Universities. Two debates were held in the Albert Hall. On May 3 an undergraduate team consisting of Messrs. Bingham, Seymour and Brown unsuccessfully moved "That Democracy is proving a failure." On the following night a graduate team, Messrs. Stanley, Whitehouse and Edwards, gained the verdict of the house on the question "That woman has more than come into her own." Although the attendance at these debates was hardly as good as on the occasion of the visit of the Oxford team last year, still it must be regarded as satisfactory, as over 500 people were present at the graduates' debate.

The work of the Society for the current term opened on Friday, June 11, when the "Law" were outpointed by the "Rest," on the motion, "That State enterprises in trade are detrimental to the best interests of the community." The "Rest" were represented by Messrs. Bingham, Pollock and Kerr, while the protagonists on behalf of the "Law"

were Messrs. Seymour, Brown, and O'Hara. Mr. Schindler carried out the somewhat onerous duties of adjudicator in a most capable manner, and his verdict met with general approval from the audience.

On Friday, June 18, a team of women comprising Misses Julius, Scott and Campbell defeated a men's team led by Mr. Bradford, with Messrs. Hanger and Hoey in support. The topic of disputation was, "That the systematic study of literature is a waste of time." Mr. Schindler carried out the duties of chairman.

Teams representing the Colleges and the Rest met on Friday, June 25, to discuss the question, "That the modern tendency to professionalism in sport is to be deplored." After a spirited discussion, the "house" decided in favour of the Colleges, who were represented by Messrs. Bandidt, Neville and Risson. Messrs. Brown, Mahony and Hardie represented the "Rest."

WOMEN'S CLUB.

Since the last issue of "Galmahra," Club life has been rather uneventful. The only social function was a dance held in the main hall on May 15. The members of the staff and their wives, and members of the Men's Club were guests, and the evening proved a great success.

The "Beautifiers" continue their feverish pursuit of artistic effect, and we hope that the present provisions committee will soon have the satisfaction of seeing that some, if not all, of the women can appreciate, and cultivate methodical ways in a pantry.

MEN'S CLUB.

The only function held this term was the Masked Ball on June 26. From all reports, this function was an unqualified success. Novelty in the matter of decorations was sought. A central room was decorated with red streamers and lampshades, while the side rooms were done, one with green, and the other with blue, streamers. Many and varied were the costumes. As guests were members of the Women's Club, and of both the Graduate Associations.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The work of the Christian Union, since the last report, has fulfilled the promise of progress then given. Activities of all branches are now in full swing, and the present year bids fair to be very profitable.

The work of the study circles is now fully developed. Altogether there are seven circles in progress, of which three are women's and three men's, the remaining circle being held among the circle leaders. The men's circles comprise one in King's, one in Emmanuel, and one among the extra-collegiates. The subject studied is "Christ and Human Relationships." A cordial invitation is given to all those interested to join the circles. Information may be had from any of the officers of the Union.

The usual addresses on Mondays are being given regularly, but there is room for much improvement in the attendance. Addresses have been given by members of the University staff, clergymen of Brisbane, and by visitors to the city.

Late in first term the Union held its first conference this year at Redcliffe. There was an attendance of about fifteen. The subjects for discussion by the various study circles at this conference were:—"Pacific Relations," "Prayer," "Study Circle Leadership."

The social service of the Union is being actively maintained. Helpers are sent regularly to the Presbyterian Mission at Spring Hill, and a movement is on foot to supply, not only helpers, but speakers, for the services conducted there.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

During the first term the Society was not very busy, and this probably accounted for the deplorable laxity of members in not attending committee meetings. The Society found it necessary to substitute two new committee members, and these places were filled by Messrs. H. N. C. Bandidt and Mr. J. B. G. Gibson.

There was considerable delay in finding a suitable play to produce, as those read proved unsatisfactory. Finally H. H. Davis' "Mrs. Goringe's Necklace" was read, and as it seemed well within the capacities of the Society, it was decided to produce it. Mr. Deaning was asked to coach the caste, and regular rehearsals have been in progress. Despite a rather poor attendance at rehearsals, the progress has been very rapid, and a very successful season of two nights is anticipated. The play is very cleverly constructed, and displays a balance of character and action. Though in the main a serious play, it has many bright passages of delightful mimicry, blundering ignorance, and subtle hypocrisy. The cast is: Mrs. Goringe, Miss A. Stockdale; Mrs. Jardine, Miss J. Campbell; Vicky, Miss G. Spurgin; Isabel, Miss G. Halstead; Miss Potts, Miss B. Weeks; Colonel Jardine, Mr. R. J. H. Risson; Captain Mowbray, Mr. G. W. Harding; David Cairn, Mr. H. N. C. Bandidt; Jernigan, Mr. H. Gleen; and Charles, Mr. M. White.

Naturally the Society wishes the brief season to be as successful as possible, not only from the point of view of individual members, but also because the Society is a distinct University activity. To ensure this success, the loyal co-operation of undergraduates is most essential.

—o—

IN A MUSTERER'S HUT.

Rivers of beer, O thirsty land,
I wish it would rain to-night,
Foaming over the roasted sand
Down to the southern Bight.

Drunken sheep and drunken cows
Lost in a sea of hops,
Drunken mice and drunken sows
Swimming over the crops!

Water, you say, will ease the drought—
But we'd never forget the pain
Of the bleating flocks that fizzled out
On the stinking heated plain.

So send us beer, O great good God—
Cool from the tankard skies;
We'll mop it up like the panting sod
And drown those bloody cries.

Ex Cathedra

As usual, the undergraduate response to the appeal for contributions has been trifling. Some of the undergraduates are upset because their copy is not always accepted, and because it is occasionally "subbed." This is so, we believe! One can readily sympathise with such pestiferous human vanity, which the University student shares in common with the lesser mortals. For once, though, let us look upon "Galmahra" from the broad University point of view, not through the eyes of one student. In the last issue the Editor attempted to maintain a standard worthy of the University. He imagines that he succeeded. By exercising the privileges, which, as Editor, he possessed, he hopes that he did not nip in the bud the promise of any young men or young women of talent. He hopes, also, that he did not damp the creative fires of one or two by reducing to readable dimensions articles whose importance was not national, and whose literary style was not in every instance irreproachable.

It is not an unalloyed joy reading through indifferent manuscript. On the contrary, it is very unpleasant. But it would be immeasurably more distasteful to the Magazine Committee if the public were permitted to read indifferent manuscript.

We believe that in the last issue of the Magazine the exercise of editorial privileges was judicious—mainly because of this:

"The standard of the magazine shows a very great improvement on that of a couple of years ago, and it is certainly playing its part in the cultivation of literary taste. The May number is one of the best that has been produced." ("Brisbane Courier," May 4).

And this:

"'Galmahra' has become a magazine to be waited for with eagerness, and read with relish. . . . Its articles and editing have a way with them that suggest even better things for the future." ("Daily Mail, May 15).

And this:

"The May issue. . . . is marked by a literary and artistic bias." ("The Telegraph," May 8.)

And this:

"The whole makes excellent reading, and our advice to 'Standard' readers is to become subscribers to this fine magazine." ("The Daily Standard," May 8.)

The third issue of "Galmahra" for the year will be published earlier than usual, and contributors are asked to send in their copy as soon as possible.

The third issue of "Galmahra" for the stimulate original work amongst the students. With this object in view, two special prizes (one for the best original poem, and one for the best short story) are offered. Work for these prizes must reach the Editor not later than September 1. Copy must be marked "'Galmahra' Competition." This competition is open to students only.

MENS SANA.

I have no mind; the wise dictates
 (So Mr. Woodworth's book relates)
 Of reason, governing each deed.
 Are summoned as occasions need,
 From out their separate mental crates.
 But with card-indexed loves and hates
 I am reduced to direst straits,
 Since Mr. Woodworth has decreed
 I have no mind.

To find my views on hot debates
 I toss a coin, consult the fates,
 And to excuse the act, I plead
 I can't make up with any speed,
 A synthesis of mental states,
 I have no mind.