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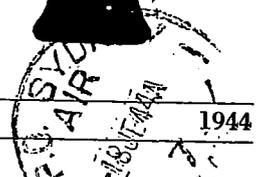
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# GRIST

3635

June 5th



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Poems, Editorial, Short Story  
 Introductory Critique  
 Monopoly and Private Enterprise  
 Interlude  
 Short Story  
 This Opportunity  
 Ethical Reconstruction

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- This paper is a non-profit-making concern.
- Its aim is the development of self-expression among students.
- All contributions, correspondence, and subscriptions should be addressed to "Grist," 219 North Terrace, Adelaide, South Australia.
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- It should be noted that the views expressed by writers in these pages in no way reflect the policy of this paper.
- Contributions should be sent in as soon as possible.

**MR. ALLEN**  
*Superintendent, Secondary  
 Education, South Australia*

## This Opportunity

Except through school magazines there is little opportunity in Australia for older students to express themselves on literary or social topics. A committee of University students seeks to provide this opportunity—through the publication "Grist" to the editors of which students may send articles of any kind. While the main emphasis of the venture is on the development of individual powers and not on mature achievements, it is advisable to confine the school attempts to Leaving and Leaving Honours students. It is hoped that teachers will encourage the venture.

G R I S T, June 5, 1944

## The House

There is a house, I know where Fear stands,  
Where, in the night, beneath the moon's cold glow,  
Strange uneasy darks and shadows grow  
Upon it, 'neath the hissing night-wind's hands.  
The shuttered windows stare and leer across  
A dusty balcony, where leaves, wind-blown  
Stir softly when the brooding, dark trees moan,  
Or when, outside, the heavy branches toss.

The night has crept inside, and it will cling  
In corners, even in the day, and stalk  
In maniac despair, as if it must  
Pervade the house, and all the while the dust  
Falls, trackless where the spectres walk,  
Insidiously shrouding everything.

If ever, on a pregnant summer night,  
You come, and walking through the silent park,  
Come to the steps, all moss-blurred in the dark,  
And glistening in the strange leaf-shadowed light,  
Go in, pass through the hall, ascend the stair . . .  
Soundless, your feet upon the dust of years  
Shall tread the floor, nor wake the sleeping fears:  
Now, at the stair-head stop, stand waiting there.

And soon a gust of musty, heavy air  
Will pass you, standing watching, silent there . . .  
For the forgotten thoughts of this place  
Will come to you, and may gently touch your face.  
And suddenly fear staggers up the stair,  
And lurches at you with a wild despair.

M. G. Taylor.

## Reaction to My Fellows

Why is it they have ceased to seek,  
or rather have not sought at all,  
why, why so blind—life's tang and reek  
can cleave no cutting through their soul?

They laugh—so gay, so self-contained,  
Sophistication sipping tea,  
goloshes nicely when it's rained  
and flaunting self complacently.

Whatever Gods—Oh let *me* bleed  
on piercing boundless stratosphere,  
and tear aleft my salt blood-seed,  
and gripe ecstatic soul to sear!

D. A. Dunstan.

G R I S T, June 5, 1944

## Introductory Critique

Here is a good idea: a magazine, broadly literary in scope, designed for circulation chiefly in the senior forms of schools. Teachers and others who can encourage the venture, and readers who are ambitious of contributing, should remember that editors have a difficult task, since they must be chiefly concerned to distinguish promise, and this is far more difficult than to endorse achievement. Do not lose interest, then, if here or there they demonstrably take the words of Mercury for the songs of Apollo. And do not be discouraged if they return your verses with thanks. They have a talent for their job; they have the great advantage of being your sympathetic contemporaries; but still they may be wrong! Comfort yourself with the thought that these are but their salad days (as indeed they are yours) and that some tinge of green may be discernable in their judgment still.

There comes a moment in the play of Pericles—it has been a most distinguished performance

so far—when poetry enters with giant strides upon the stage:

*Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges . . .* Shakespeare has taken charge, and it is a wonderful thing to come upon. Now in the development of every poet there comes such a moment, equally wonderful, before which there is little to say. Poetry—which is but the stepping of the imagination towards a truth—strides into the verses, it may be but barely and momentarily pushing aside much lumber and yet—can our ear but once catch it—the indefeasible tread is there. You may hear it in two early sonnets of Keats's, both poor for the most part, beginning. *Give me a golden pen* and *Great spirits now on earth*. You may hear it, I think, in the octave of the second of the two sonnets entitled *The House* in the present number. It is the possibility of coming upon such intimations of power that will make this magazine exciting.

J. I. M. Stewart.

## True

We kissed.

I'd talked so earnestly—  
to your gay eyes—  
such youthful immaturity.

You laughingly replied—  
"Oh after all,  
there's only instinct can abide."

I looked—your tender mouth,  
your very sight . . .  
We rose, and came, and kissed.

Yes. You were right.

D. A. Dunstan.

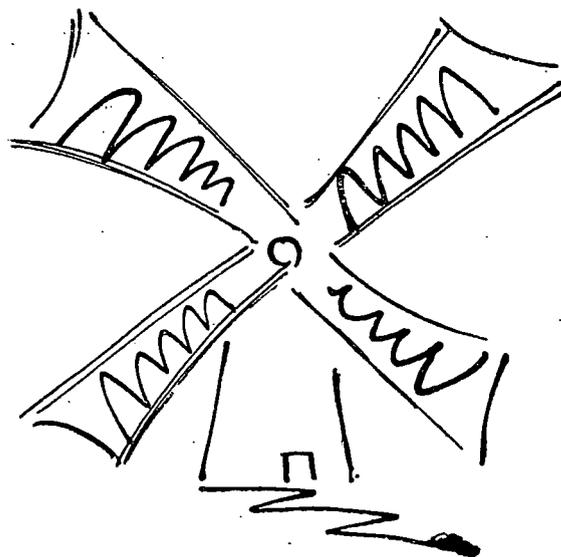
*Comment on Comments in "Angry Penguins."*

*"The self-same pride which makes us condemn the vices from which we imagine ourselves to be free leads us to despise those virtues we do not possess."*

—*La Rochefoucauld, "Maxims."*

# GRIST

This paper is an attempt to give an opportunity for and encouragement to creative expression by students throughout Australasia, and we hope that they will avail themselves of it. The editors believe that there is a need for such a paper as this, with a price not beyond the average youth's pocket, and which will print anything which in their opinion shows promise. The aim is to print work of those who are developing rather than those who have gained comparative maturity. These latter are catered for by such magazines as "Angry Penguins," "Comment," and "Meanjin Papers."



But the majority of youths have not by any means reached this stage, and we feel that much latent talent remains undeveloped through lack of any other outlet than school magazines, with their hope-deadening pages of "original" contributions. Although "Grist" encroaches to a certain extent on the field of "Barjai," a magazine published in Brisbane, and edited by Laurence Collinson and Barrie Reed, it aims at a wider circulation, a lower price, and a broader scope.

Although there is no such work in this first issue, the editors would be glad to receive articles on literature, art, and music, and on social subjects, although in this last case political flag-waving will not be accepted. Moreover, paintings and drawings, woodcuts and sketches, lino-cuts and etchings all come under the heading of creative expression, and we would be glad to reproduce them.

"Grist" has no associations with any "school" of Australian art, such as "Angry Penguins" or "Jindyworabak," nor with any university, college, youth or political movement.

Every issue will have a verse critique by someone of standing in the Australian literary sphere, and an authoritative article by someone who is well qualified to write on the subject. In this issue they have been contributed by Prof. J. I. M. Stewart, of the Adelaide University, well known as a writer and critic, and Mr. Ramsay, of the S.A. Housing Trust, a well-known economist.

The editors wish to thank Prof. Stewart, Mr. Hersel, Mr. Ramsay, Prof. Isles, Dr. Fenner and Mr. Allen of the Education Department, and Max Harris, editor of "Angry Penguins," for their help and encouragement.

D. A. Dunstan.

*"Liberality exercised in a way that does not bring you the reputation for it, injures you."*

*—Machiavelli, "The Prince."*

orphans who . . .? They can't have APPEARED in the train as the Pansini boys appeared in the boat, and the naked men, as if from nowhere, in public places? The facts have been distorted! The witnesses are liars! The rescue party never found any such children—or if they did, then all concerned were in the hoax. Doctors, police, photographers, press: all got together, all agreed: "We'll put this story over on the public. We'll all swear not to tell."

Is that inconceivable?

Quite.

Then perhaps it would be less fantastic to believe: two children appeared—in a train. But it would not be human nature.

## D. A. DUNSTAN

# The Compliment

The Superintendent was more than usually silent as he and his wife bucketed in the little car over the corrugations in the road to Nausori. He had been completely unable to catch out the wily little Irish publican at the Rewa Hotel over any of the shady business he believed to be going on. Although only new to the job of policeman, Superintendent Woodger already knew that he was born to it, and it irked the pride that inflated his uniform that he should have to admit defeat at the hands of a dirty little ex-beachcomber. He peered through the wind-screen at the flickering lights of cooking fires as they passed through a mataqali, and then pressing himself back against the upholstery, began talking gaily to his wife about the picture she was going to see that night. A snug smile of self-satisfaction warmed his ruddy face as he thought of the masterly way in which he had planned his campaign so simple, so obvious, were his tactics, yet he was quite sure that not even his wife had guessed what he meant to do. She was drily talking about the pictures—at being fobbed off at what she called "a dark den of fleas." Certainly one could hear little there, and generally see less, but, as the inspector tritely thought, the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Besides, he had done as much as could be expected of him in regard to that picture theatre by enforcing the rule that no outsiders were to be allowed into the projection room.

He slowed down to cross the railway track, and smelt the sick-sweet smell of the sugar-mill. Nausori was a town of smells, he thought. Crabs and curry, incense and cocoanut oil, dust and garbage—the compound smote one's nostrils. The Morris pottered along and was parked by the picture show. The native loungers at the door, aping Europeans with their cigarette action and greased hair, cleared aside at the sight of the uniform steering its wife in. He bought her a ticket from the half-caste girl, guided her up the creaking steps to the "Dress Circle," and then left her to contemplate upon the antics and whining singing of Gene Autry—Fiji's box-office favourite.

He came out again, and set off in the direction of the bridge across to the Suva Road, where the Rewa Hotel was built. The concrete paving of the footpath echoed to his martial tread as he marched across, now cocking an eye at the moon, now looking down at the sluggish, murky waters of the Rewa as it lapped by beneath him. It seemed annoyingly ridiculous, and reflecting upon the

calmness of his dignity, that his heart seemed to be bunched within him in anticipation, and he lifted his nose and whistled to take his mind off the immediate future.

His feet crunched on gravel as he walked off the bridge. He passed over the road when he was just opposite the church, and the beaten earth of the path gave back a dull thud to his steps, and there was a popping of weeping fig berries beneath his elastic-sided boots. If he could catch Mahony out at selling liquor to natives who did not have the vital and necessary permit, it would indeed be a feather in his cap (or sun-helmet). The man's wizened grin rose up before the superintendent's healthy mind, and he shook himself, repelled in contemptuous distrust.

Engrossed in his thoughts he trod in the drain, and drew out his foot all muddied, with water squelching in his boots. Cursing in an undertone, for he was not more than seventy-five yards from the hotel, he turned in at the gates of Davuilevu Mission, and walked past the tennis courts. Then he turned off the track, jumped the gutter, and with difficulty got his bulky self through the barbed wire fence. Swishing through the waist-high grass, he came to the cane-field, where he could not help making a certain amount of noise as he trod the dry trash underfoot, so that it was with the grunts and sighings of an amiable water-buffalo that he settled himself on his haunches, hidden on the cane-field behind the hotel. The cookboy was drying up in the kitchen, and gossiping in high-toned Hindustani with the chokrah. There was no light in the bar.

Crickets shrilled annoyingly round the inspector, and the field seemed alive with the furtive movements of small animals. From time to time the breeze ruffled the cane tops, and Mr. Woodger, after having carefully squashed several large mosquitoes, draped a handkerchief under his helmet and became accustomed to his vigil.

He must have fallen asleep, for he seemed to be awakened by the noise of frantic cackling in the fowlyard away to the right. The back door burst open and the cookboy issued forth to see what was happening. Apparently there was a hole in the wire, and a mongoose had got in. The superintendent cursed himself for his drowsiness. All was quiet again. Apparently nothing was going to happen. He wondered whether, after all, his plan had been quite as subtle as he had imagined. He rather envied his wife, despite Gene Autry. Mosquitoes began to swarm thick and fast once more, and he had a hard job to keep them off.

The night, although there had been a breeze, was very hot—it had been a stinking day—and sweat poured down from his temples. He eased his collar with a sticky forefinger and licked his lips dying for a drink. There was a rustle in the undergrowth beside him, and then quiet once more. Mongoose . . . He looked at his watch. He had been there nearly two hours. The pictures wouldn't be out for at least another hour and a half. Snorting, he crawled forward and peered closely at the back of the hotel. There was not even a glimmer of light. With annoyance he realised that the cuffs and knees of his trousers, to say nothing of his hands, were caked with mud. He coughed, trying to clear his parched throat, and set his jaw in determination not to be beaten. If he didn't succeed tonight, he'd come again. Shifting his position uneasily, peering and blinking into the darkness he passed away another hour. His imagination conjured up shapes and movements before him, but there was nothing there. He eased his collar once more, and wondered what the temperature was. He looked at his watch. It was time he thought about moving. He convinced himself that he alone would know of his failure, and that he would come again.

He started as the leaves crackled behind him. A brown arm appeared over his shoulder, and beneath his nose a brown hand, holding a glass of water, ice tinkling at the brim. "With Mr. Mahony's compliments, sir."

The characters of this story are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.