

Sir,—I could not claim to know the mind of the Maori—nor yet the mind of the Pakeha; but having lived three years as the only Pakeha in a Maori community, I was moved to loud guffaws by your correspondent M. B. Soljak's comments on "Hori and Dad." Would he, I wonder, expect Australians to feel insulted by the *Dad and Dave* series? A pity he could not meet an intelligent and cultured friend of mine—Maori, incidentally—who habitually refers to cruder members of his race as "cannibals." Does anybody object to Pakehas being portrayed as villains or clowns?

He says, "... many can set an example to Pakehas in the use of English." Dear! Dear! I know Pakehas who can set an example to Maoris in the use of the Maori language—so what?

A burlesque of the type of "Hori and Dad" can offend only a Maori who is already ashamed of himself—or a Pakeha who is overflowing with sentimental eye-wash. Personally, I find Hori a likeable young livewire whose speech is certainly no worse than that of the majority of youths. As for Dad—why pretend he does not exist? In the kitchen of many restaurants you will find his foreign-born counterpart—comic by language difficulty, the stock character in many plays, and his children doing as well in the professions as other New Zealand children do. Why be tragic about it?

Any Maori with a sense of his own worth and an adjusted personality will find it funny. My ancestors lived with pigs and potatoes in the bogs of Ould Oireland, but I have been known to tell Pat and Mike stories. After all, I still have Kevin Barry to remember and that other fellow, Michael O'Connell, or whatever his name was.

Perhaps M. B. Soljak could rest from his romantic mission of "seeking to raise the Maori" long enough to wonder whether the Pakeha could not benefit from having his "sense of dignity and responsibility" restored. Alternatively, as "a means of inspiring the race toward a better way of life," perhaps he would like to organise displays en masse of the customs and costumes of his own Stone Age ancestors.

FRANCIS GAWN (Titahi Bay).

HENRY MOORE

Sir,—Difficult as it may be to tie one's remarks down to specific works in, introducing an exhibition of sculpture, a failure to do so leaves the reader floundering lest to any counter-criticism the critic should reply: "... That is not what I meant at all./That is not it, at all." I should like to know, for example, just what works by Moore illustrate the "generalised 'poetic'" sculpturally weak quality which prevents his "work from containing ... intense concentrations of meaning." Should Mr. Fairburn think that this failure is evident in the "Draped Figure Reclining" (page 9, *Listener*, October 5), or the figures reproduced on the cover, one might fruitfully have thought over or discussed the matter.

It is a mistake to consider that a failure in sculpture springs directly from, say, "nature romanticism": the slip is nearer, between that moment in which the artist feels the impact of the natural world and that in which he puts it into terms suitable to his chosen material. A contrast between moments in the work of Turner and Constable might well be explored here as they were both nature lovers.

The idea that the total subject is at fault is the very one which often drives

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the artist out into a formal limbo where he is almost completely severed from the understanding of the layman. Confined as he then is to a mere "verbal" play of textures and shapes, he resembles the poet in love with words but with nothing to say. Surely, too, my own attitude here is more consonant with Mr. Fairburn's later statement that the root of what he calls decadence "lies in isolating the aesthetic, removing it from its necessary and traditional involvement with other modes of experience."

For my part I like the two works I have cited. Is it straining legitimate symbolism to see in "Family Group" the idea of the ordinary family set there now as everlasting as the hills? This is a new slant on "The British Working Man," or suburban life, and a much more memorable one than might be achieved by a soft cliché of Mum and Dad and little Billy replete with tie, napkin, and the latest fashion in dresses. Look at the ungainly unidealised feet, the unidealised bulk and then note how the simple stone makes these things good, lifts them from the commonplace; and then ask if the Colossi of King Rameses is more than the pride of kings heightened to an unearthly degree.

To what degree Moore's work approaches the greatness of Egyptian sculpture it is difficult to say. The words classic and romantic are snares. For one thing, it is possible to have work of a romantic intention classically executed, and it is within the terms of this relationship that I should have thought Moore's best work falls.

I consider that in such matters even Mr. Moore might not agree, but also that somewhere, sometime, those interested must say concrete things about what they feel in regard to specific works if they are not going to further confuse those people who wonder if all modern work and discussion about it hides a horrible vacuum.

JOHN SUMMERS (Christchurch).

"THE VANISHING ISLAND"

Sir,—I feel impelled to take up my pen to heartily thank the NZBS for broadcasting *The Vanishing Island* on September 9. I am sure it brought home to everyone listening that the principles for which the Moral Re-armament movement stands are almost the only hope of saving the world of today, ideologically quaking before the prospect of the new nuclear deluge and the soulless atheism of the Communistic regime.

I strongly agree with N. R. Prickett's wish to hear the musical play repeated. How noble the sentiments: how sparkling the music; how lilting the libretto. They must have charmed all those who listened. Lines like: "If men like you can change, no need to hate you./We'll learn to love and not to liquidate you," are scarcely surpassed in delight by Gilbert and Sullivan, and are infinitely superior in didactic quality.

I feel sure that as the camel grasps at the last straw many more New Zealanders will be caught by the compelling power of this message.

ALEX. QUENTON-TURNER
(Auckland).

RELAY STATIONS

Sir,—The opening of a commercial station in Invercargill has introduced a new element into New Zealand broadcasting. From a brief perusal of the programmes it would appear that in order to provide announcing (and pro-

gramme?) staff for 4ZA it has been necessary to reduce 4YZ to virtually the status of a relay station. With the reactions of Southland listeners to this change I am not here concerned. I am impressed, however, with the possibilities of a similar set-up in some other districts.

Here in Nelson, for example, 2YA and 2YC are often badly distorted, while other YA and YC stations are in winter at least seriously interfered with by Australian transmissions. The programmes of the local station, moreover, do not appeal to all tastes. As will be gathered, programmes of the YC type are often impossible to listen to with any pleasure during the Parliamentary session.

The provision of a station relaying 2YA and 2YC programmes would enable listeners here to enjoy outside programmes and allow the present local station to continue with the commercial programmes which now take up so much of the time.

D. F. B. EYRES (Nelson).

JAZZ IN NEW ZEALAND

Sir,—"Flamingo" is right when he says that the golden age of music is almost over and that a new age is dawning "devoid of the cultural influences we have known." I know that I am one of the new age.

As a child I had no musical education. Music meant the radio, 1YD, or as often as not 1ZB. Even though a child I managed to sort the chaff from the oats with the minimum of snorting, and grew up with Armstrong, Freeman, Spanier and Bechet. To me the twelve-bar blues was instinctive; the man was the music; jazz was my norm; "classical" music was square and rather strange, strange and sometimes rather beautiful.

I taught myself the double bass and had a wonderful time supplementing a meagre bursary by playing the music I liked, the music that came naturally. This is still my music; I take it seriously, and know it always will be. It is Negro music.

You can date the new age from the Emancipation and know that the birthplace of anarchy was New Orleans.

FIDICEN (Birkenhead).

STANDARD PRONUNCIATION

Sir,—I see that one of your listener-readers objects to my pronunciation of the word "government." Let me assure him that any error on my part is not "studious affectation," but the relics of a North-Country upbringing, which I study to overcome in case of committing more serious breaches of broadcasting etiquette.

J. RUTHERFORD (Auckland).

THE MEDICINE BILL

Sir,—Ulric Williams's attack on "orthodox medical men" will be sure to raise a storm in your columns unless the medical men are content to let their results be their mute justification. In reply to the scurrilous allegation that "orthodox medical men" (and I suppose Ulric Williams means the graduates from recognised medical schools)

NOTICE TO MACKENZIE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS

AN error, which will not have gone unnoticed, occurred in the caption at the foot of column one on page 8 of our last issue. The hotel in the photograph was (and is) the Pukaki Hotel.

"do not know what disease is" and know "next to nothing of the natural," I would point out that all medical education is the seeking of this knowledge. It is not humanly possible for any man to know everything about the structure and function of the human body and its derangement in disease. Our knowledge in this sphere is constantly increasing, and even the most learned medical specialist would admit he has never stopped learning about his speciality. But our medical education keeps us at the point where we can competently cure very many diseases and where our service to mankind is as great as knowledge can make it.

At the moment in Otago we spend two years of concentrated work on the structure and function of the normal human body, and following this three years on the modification of this structure and function in disease. At this stage we graduate and are judged competent to practise what we have learnt (and what has been discovered in years of research forms the basis of our knowledge) on the public. And yet, in Ulric Williams's words, "we do not know what disease is." I have no desire to enter the philosophical, and as far as the suffering patient is concerned, the useless discussion of the meaning of disease. Our duty as medical men is to heal, to alleviate suffering, and where possible to save life.

Ulric Williams's attack on the "violence of surgery in the practice of medicine" is nonsensical. If he also desires to save life, he cannot deny the good that modern surgery has brought. The surgical removal of a primary carcinoma in its early stages will prevent a spread of the carcinoma to secondary centres, to be widely disseminated in the body and to cause death. Yet is this saving of life by "violence" wrong?

It is not to be denied that nature's response to disease is remarkable, and it is from the study of this response that medical science has been able to produce "cures" for diseases. Infection producing tetanus leads to a response on the part of the body, but the response of the body often is not effective enough. By modifying this response, medical men can prevent tetanus or, by assisting the body in its response after infection, prevent the death which would be sure to follow in the majority of cases.

"Deadly poisonous drugs" are only poisonous in the hands of unskilled and medically uneducated people—in the hands of the trained medical man they are a valuable, and to those who wish to save life or alleviate suffering, an indispensable weapon against disease and its sequelae.

MEDICAL STUDENT (Dunedin).

THIRD PROGRAMME WANTED

Sir,—Your correspondent H.G.F. may be interested to know that 2ZA Palmerston North has a request session every morning Monday to Saturday, between 9.0-9.30 a.m. Providing reception is good, and I see no reason why it shouldn't be in Wellington, this may make a welcome change from the Correspondence School session, or Aunt Daisy. They usually have a well-balanced programme, with something to suit everyone, and a lively announcer guaranteed to chase away any morning blues. I hope this will be of help.

J.M. (Waipawa).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS
D.B.G. (Auckland): Thank you; suggestions noted. The main difficulty is lack of space.
Appreciation (Wellington): Your letter has appeared elsewhere.