

## JAZZ IN NEW ZEALAND

Sir,—It has seemed to me that those correspondents who have written in condemnation of jazz have been expending their ammunition on the wrong targets. Surely it is the vocal horrors who should be the recipients of the attacks? After all, jazz and dance music are usually confined to definite programmes, and opponents (including myself) can turn elsewhere; but in the case of the alleged vocalists we are subjected to this punishment from so many stations and at so many periods in the day, that in turning off the set we are deprived of a considerable proportion of the available entertainment time. This applies especially in the daytime, before the YC stations come on the air. Not only from the Commercials, but from the other stations as well, we hear crooners, garglers, shouters, wailers, rumba-ers, and miscellaneous vocal monstrosities, both male and female. Are these people actually paid for making records and for studio performances? I suppose they are: but many listeners would willingly contribute to a fund designed to pay them for abstaining.

In the above connection I should like to congratulate 1YZ, Rotorua, on its happy choice of light music. In its light programmes it gives the minimum of items which offend against good taste, and a generous measure of straight tuneful numbers, both vocal and instrumental. Time and time again I am compelled to turn away from 1YA's garglers (in spite of the strong reception) and tune in with relief to the Bay of Plenty station (in spite of weaker reception and occasional static).

Is it really necessary that the NZBS should pander so much to the half-wits who go into a hypnotic trance when they hear the sickly sentimental syrup of the crooners? Perhaps, as licence-payers, they are in the majority in this country? Solemn and frightening thought! F. M. PRICE (Auckland).

## MAORI AS SPOKEN

Sir,—Can you stand another letter on this subject? I make this appeal with some diffidence. Apparently *The Listener* is not read by "The man-in-the-street" (vide recent Parliamentary discussion), and I always thought that *The Listener* was the best sixpence worth of reading in New Zealand. If there is a wrong way of pronouncing a Maori word the Man-in-the-street can be relied on to find it out. But in the nine o'clock News recently I heard an announcer speak of Mr. H'NAREe (appointed to some committee or other). The word is "Henry" (Henare). Another irk is Mr. OMA'Rner, member for Eastern Maori). The word is "Ormond"—he is a descendant of a well-known Hawke's Bay pioneering farming family. Still another—the birthplace of Ngarimu, V.C., is "Jerusalem" (Hiroo harama). All of these, of course, are the Maori's attempt to pronounce English words. The Rev. R. T. Kohere once told me that if someone inquired at his village for Mr. K'heeree no one had ever heard of him. The same authority told me that in pronouncing the names of native trees the accent is on the first syllable. It is Totara, not T'tarrer—Manuka, not M'nooker—puriri, and so on.

Apparently the sports announcers are recruited from the Man-in-the-street. It ceases to annoy me now to hear about George Kneepere—the word is Napier. But we do not expect such mutilation from news announcers. Surely they go through some test or training in pronouncing Maori words. If the Maori were not such a loveable, happy-go-lucky

# LETTERS FROM LISTENERS

fellow he would grab up the nearest taiaha and smite such desecrators to the ground. For example, pronounce "Wae" and "Wai"—there is a difference. There lived on the Coast one Pita Hetana (Peter Setan), two names taken from the Pakeha Book of Truth itself, with glorious disregard for the part played by each in Christian ethics.

This is an old story now, but many years ago Britain was presenting New Zealand with a new cruiser. The question of a suitable name for this stately ship of war cropped up. Britain had its Hood and Nelson; why not call our new ship after Kupe, the great Maori navigator who thrashed around the Pacific before Drake ever set eyes on it? However, someone squelched the idea for the reason that the man-in-the-street would call it the "Kewpie." My eternal thanks go out to the gentleman who saved us from such a naval disaster.

Perhaps my pedanticism is running away with me. My great-great-grandchildren (we are a long-lived crowd) may live to see the Maori and his language totally absorbed into the Pakeha way of life. In drinking habits they are already a carton or two ahead. I heard a Maori in the King Country ask "He aha te taima mo te Second Express." Instead of the wahine going down to the mudflats to gather her pipis she gives young Joe a £1 note and he comes back from the store with a couple of tins of pipis, a carton of ice cream and an armful of bottles of green and red liquid (manufactured under the Pure Foods and Drugs Act, artificially coloured, artificially flavoured). Recently I was getting some hints from a Maori friend (he operates a bulldozer) on the technique of planting kumaras. "How many you put in?" "Oh, I thought about a thousand." "Ho, orter do alright, the Maori got plenty of money now." So I intend to paddle my canoe up the Waitemata and hawk them around the Maori wharries.

IKA PIRAU (Tauranga).

## THE MEDICINE BILL

Sir,—Quite a surprise is in store for your correspondent "Medical Student" when he awakens, as he will one day, to the fact that, of the two great causes of disease and preventers of recovery in the world today, orthodox medical attempts at prevention and cure have become the worst. The other, of course, is that people are living unhealthily.

A hundred and fifty years ago, when New Zealand was peopled only by "savages," there were no doctors, no hospitals, no nurses, no chemists, no poisonous vaccines or drugs, and—how strange—practically no disease. Now, three thousand doctors and thousands of nurses are paid ten million a year, with five million more for poisonous vaccines and drugs, trying to get health by "fighting diseases"; twenty million more for Disease Factories; and "God's own country" is littered and plastered from end to end and side to side with mad, maimed, diseased and prematurely dead.

When our people are sincerely taught, and encouraged (and enabled) to live healthily, within a very few months at least eighty per cent of doctors and nurses and chemists will be out of a job; nearly all the hospitals will be closed; the teaching and research staffs at medical schools may well be on the mat for spiritual mayhem; and the Department of Disease will have become a Department of Health.

But since, obviously, the whole medical set-up depends for its very existence

on disease, any lack of enthusiasm for a healthy community can be readily understood. The medical system (like the financial, religious, educational and political systems), being spiritually eccentric, is upside down; but in spite of frantic attempts to prevent it, all these systems are about to be turned right side up, and though it will almost certainly take an atomic world smash to break their stranglehold, the day of deliverance from scarcity, violence, and disease is at hand.

ULRIC WILLIAMS (Wanganui).

Sir,—I have never been able to make out whether medical practitioners are ignorant of the existence of vitamins and minerals, or whether they know full well of their existence and their importance, but are reluctant to pass on the information lest they queer their own pitch and find themselves without any patients to "cure" because everyone has become so resistant to sickness and disease. But Dr. Ulric Williams's letter to you encourages me. Here is at least one doctor who is not afraid to tell how to prevent disease instead of attempting to cure it.

Vitamin C, for example, promotes quick healing. How many patients about to undergo surgery are informed of this fact by their doctors or are told how to take the quantities of vitamin C that could halve the time of their stay in hospital and the number of subsequent visits to their doctors at 7/6 a time?

I wonder how much influenza and the common cold cost the country every year? Your doctors will help you throw off a cold or the flu, but if they advised every man, woman and child to take two capsules of fish liver oil or their equivalent every day (cost about 1d a day), colds and flu would be banished from the land, and many other illnesses into the bargain.

Cut out refined foods. Replace white sugar and sweets with raw sugar, molasses, honey and dates. Substitute wholemeal for white flour, and wheat-germ for useless breakfast cereals. Let everyone take some brewers' yeast every day. Then we'll prevent polio and other horrors on which the medical profession prospers. Dr. Turbott and his confrères will be out of business. No need to import vaccines and drugs, or to employ armies of Department of Health clerks and typists.

Dr. Williams—my salaams!

J.W. (Wellington).

Sir,—We have too many sick people and too high a medicine bill for a healthy country: the forms of disease seem to multiply and become more complex in proportion to the development of technical and medical science. If this results from emphasis on curative rather than on preventive medicine, we should think (if I may coin an analogy) of spending more money on fences at the top of the cliff instead of on ambulances, however modern, at the bottom.

Maybe Dr. Ulric Williams's voice is that of one crying in the wilderness.

D. A. HOGG (Te Awamutu).

## MAJOR NOVELIST

Sir,—I read with interest the review by David Hall of *The Call Home*, by James Courage. I have read all James Courage's books, and consider this is the slightest of a slight lot. As for calling him New Zealand's major novelist, I feel this is an exaggeration. After all, he has been in England for so long one could almost call him an Englishman.

The real purpose of this letter is to bring to your notice another novelist who is a true New Zealander, Mary Scott, whose latest novel, *Families Are Fun*, has as much to offer, especially in the psychological approach, that James Courage has tried to deal with. Mary Scott's last four novels need no introduction to the average reader, and she does amuse a vast number of people.

I think if a census on New Zealand's major novelist were to be taken, Mary Scott would win hands down. After all, she does live in and has had vast experience of New Zealand.

FAYLO MYERS (Christchurch).

## HENRY MOORE

Sir,—I have read with interest the many art comments in newspapers and magazines about a recent innovation to the New Zealand scene—the art of Henry Moore. Keen to learn, and to forget the unnecessary carping by studying some real directed thinking on the subject, I looked to your contributor Mr. Fairburn. I was carried forward with interest and enthusiasm until "an interesting idea intruded" and the writer made his final remarks.

Surely art is not to be thought of as "the icing on the cake," but rather as the "yeast in the dough." I think that this must be so in the best of Moore. Mr. Fairburn in his "interesting thought" referring to polychromy and suggesting such treatment by Moore has, I believe, misguided one from the essential—honesty to material—the "oneness" of means and ends—the life force that is Moore and art in the broadest possible sense. Moore would not, and indeed could not, concern himself with flippant decoration; when the very "colour" of his work is surely to be found in the complexity and richness of submerged rhythms exemplified only in the reality of life itself. I think a work such as "Three Standing Figures" has a permanence and reality consummate with the human spirit. Lives and breathes—

as a Chinese jar still  
Moves perpetually in its stillness.

JOHN LLEWELL (Auckland).

## STANDARD PRONUNCIATION

Sir,—Can any of your correspondents who have been discussing the pronunciation of English explain the unusual pronunciation of the word "Phoenician," which seems to be peculiar to New Zealand? I find that my children are actually taught at school to say Fo-nee-shn, instead of Fee-nishn. The unfortunate impression given by this mispronunciation is that the speaker is confusing Venetians with Phoenicians. I have not yet heard Fo-nix. C.M.M. (Wellington).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS  
E.M.D. (Dannevirke): Courtesy is one consideration; authenticity is another.

W. Turner (Gisborne): Certain to be replayed, both in Broadcasts to Schools and in evening programmes; but no dates fixed yet.

A. E. Faulkner (Auckland): (1) Increased executive duties mean less microphone work. (2) A changed roster gives announcers experience of a wider range of programmes.

Botanist (Wellington): Your letter has no signature or address.

A. Kallman (Wellington): Only a few films are previewed. The others are reviewed in the first days of screening, but the reviews are not in print until the following week. Reviews in a national journal cannot be timed for theatregoers in any one city.

Joyce (Patea): Sorry, it arrived just too late.

P.J.C. (Dunedin): Thanks for suggestion. Afraid there are technical difficulties at present.

H. J. Searle (Haumoana): Reception varies too widely in different parts of the country.

C. R. Scott (Dunedin): Thank you; your comment has been passed on.

Harry Richardson (Wellington): Thank you for the names.