

USE OF CHRISTIAN NAMES

Sir,—The point made by J. B. Hyatt Sr. (*Autre pays, autres moeurs*), is undeniably *à propos*. It would be bad manners to criticise local usage which is well established.

There is another purely local usage which has become, or is becoming, general. I refer to the use of the title "Dr." in respect of graduates in subjects other than medicine. In the United Kingdom the title is restricted to doctors of medicine and members of university faculties, a usage practical in application in that it obviates confusion, misapprehension and possible embarrassment; for there can be little doubt as to what is evoked in the mind of English-speaking persons by the use of the title in question.

It must be remembered that in Continental countries, where the usage is different, the title or term "doctor" does not evoke a medical man, there being entirely different terms by which to designate the latter. I cannot but feel that the spread of the Continental usage should be striven against here.

I. R. MAXWELL STEWART
(Wellington).

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Sir,—In a recent editorial commenting on the talk given by Bertrand Russell from the BBC on reaching his 80th year and repeated by the NZBS, you failed to mention what I felt to be perhaps his most arresting statement. In summing up the main causes of man's unhappiness he spoke first of those due to man's inadequate mastery of nature; second, those caused by men's hostility to their fellow men. The third chief cause he judged to be "the morbid miseries fostered by gloomy creeds, which have led men into profound inner discords that have made all outward prosperity of no avail."

As all psychiatrists know, morbid miseries and profound inner discords often lead to nervous breakdowns, which we are told are so alarmingly on the increase. If this is so can anything be done about it? I think so. I hope so. The churches might well discuss the subject at future conferences. Theirs is the only body qualified to deal with "gloomy creeds."

Russell's closing words are reminiscent of Socrates's prayer before his death: "I pray the men of the future may live life more nobly than we live it: I pray that all injustice and greed and all littleness of soul may perish from the nature of man."

DORIS M. MIRAMS (Timaru).

THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE

Sir,—I have just heard the ZB book review chaired—or at least I thought it was supposed to be chaired—by Mr. Anton Vogt. The first review by Mr. Kenneth Melvin of Anthony Standen's book, *Science is a Sacred Cow*, was followed by another review by the chairman. Mr. Vogt suggested that the book went too far, but he did not show how. He proceeded to say that he disliked other fanatics as much as scientific fanatics, as though the author by writing only of scientific fanatics implied that he did not. This book was supposed to be about science and the other fanatics had no place in it.

All in all, this second review was a vague piece of apologia for the scientific attitude. Mr. Standen understands the empirical sciences as lower in the scale of science than mathematics. Mr. Vogt

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returns to the idea Mr. Standen is so scornful of, that the empirical sciences have as much to contribute to human wellbeing as philosophy, religion and mathematics.

IPSO FACTO (Hamilton).

DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT

Sir,—Congratulations to Mr. Boswell on his admirable letter in the April 24 issue, and to you for giving the space needed to publish in full. As Brains Trusters so often say: "It all depends on what you mean;"—it all depends on what you mean by proletariat. Mr. Boswell's quotations from Lenin and Vyshinsky make abundantly clear that "proletariat" has in Russia today not the dictionary meaning of "the whole body of wage-earning workers" but the autocratic minority of the Communist Party. This clear demonstration is what makes Mr. Boswell's letter so valuable. It seems that, once again, history has introduced a sardonic flavour into the dish presented by aspiring reformers. Marx and Engels, in the Communist Manifesto, 1848, should have written: "Workers of the world unite; you have nothing to change but your chains."

J. MALTON MURRAY (Oamaru).

Sir,—I see that *The Listener* is giving hospitality to a controversy on "the dictatorship of the proletariat," with citations from Lenin and other later writers. Some of your readers may be interested in the following relevant passage from a recent American work, *Communism, Democracy and Catholic Power*, by Paul Blanshard (lately reviewed in your paper):

When the Bolsheviks wanted to justify the continuing dictatorship of a single political party, they did not admit that they were twisting or perverting socialism. They simply loaded down one phrase of Karl Marx—"the dictatorship of the proletariat"—with the whole weight of their lop-sided policy, and made that phrase bear the burden of a permanent authoritarian system of power. . . . Actually, Karl Marx used the phrase, "dictatorship of the proletariat," only once in his whole writings, and only by over-emphasis and distortion can anyone find in his works a detailed justification for continuing dictatorship. In Communist propaganda, however, a continuing dictatorship is hailed as "applied Marxism."

G.G. (Auckland).

POETRY ROUND THE BEND

Sir,—"With large, divine, and comfortable words." That's Tennyson for you, using three adjectives, two of which won't stand scrutiny." So writes Denis Glover. All right. "And sitting on the grass partook the fragrant beverage drawn from China's herb." That's Wordsworth for you, using 13 words when, as Tennyson commented, he

might have done with seven: "And sitting on the grass had tea." Let us tie "Ulysses" and "Tintern Abbey" together and drop them into Cook Strait, with appropriate incantations by one of our muscle-bound poets. However, it would not be Denis Glover, and I hope this little protest will not stop him going on round the bend.

A.M. (Wellington).

"A SAILOR'S PRAYER"

Sir,—I feel that "Scribere" is unduly upsetting himself by his attitude towards Denis Glover's "A Sailor's Prayer," and I was interested enough to look up Exodus xx: 7, as suggested. I certainly did not see the poem was "taking the name of the Lord in Vain." On the contrary, I think your answer very apt in replying with Matthew ix: 10, 11, 12 (I also looked that up!)

That such a small poem can make one think—no matter on what lines—shows its worth, and reactions will be according to the mental outlook of the reader. If people were less concerned with the morals of others and thought more of their individual attitude towards life, we should probably get a long way ahead of the sorry state we find the world in today.

All religious dissensions are because of lack of understanding of individual needs, the feeling to "live and let live." It is not reading the Bible or going to church which makes the good Christian. There was no Bible when Christ was alive. His church was the wide open spaces, and He was a very great Christian. May I quote the Persian poet-philosopher?

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath—consume me quite.

One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

That we achieve spiritual enlightenment is the all important factor—when and how is a secondary consideration. We are many people in one, and are conditioned by things, facts and places—we can't all feel and act the same. It is sufficient that the sailor knows God will appreciate that he will be

At Sunday church
With a clean white front
And polished shoes
And no booze.

This proves that he has a right sense of values and pays homage in his own way.

T. de LANCY GREEN
(New Plymouth).

STRATFORD SHAKESPEARE

Sir,—I have all the admiration in the world for Ngaio Marsh as producer, actress, and writer; but I must cross swords with her as a critic, for I was shocked to see in *The Listener* (April

10) that the "visit of the Stratford-upon-Avon company was the most important event in our theatrical history!" Surely Miss Marsh has not forgotten the magnificent work of the Old Vic company—the tremendous power of its attack, the bravura, the inspired casting, the strict adherence to form and texture in all three plays?

These were the things we missed with Anthony Quayle's company, neither had the company an actor capable of giving us a Richard with the skill and passion displayed by Olivier. Quayle's Othello has never been described as in the first rank (Oscar Asche and Jack Hawkins are both said by contemporary critics to be infinitely superior), while his Falstaff, a delightful mixture of any multiple store's Father Christmas, and the White Knight, had nothing in him to fill Bolingbroke with disquiet. It was Sir Ralph Richardson who first showed us something more than "the fool and jester." He showed us a man who might be capable of contaminating Henry.

Let us be grateful to the Stratford company for its good workmanlike performances of Shakespeare's plays. Let us be grateful, I say, but do not let us sit around as the critics did in Auckland crying "Holy, holy, holy," and then accrediting to the skill of the company the things which were Shakespeare's. Shakespeare so often got left out of the critics' assessments because they spent so much time trying to justify some very queer bits of stage technique. For example: after *Othello*, how many people left the theatre with their hearts aching at the cruel and needless murder of an innocent and lovely lady? Didn't we rather go away worrying how Miss Jefford, the actress, managed practically to stand on her head for so long a period? We were not left to question this strange finale to the death scene long, because Miss Jefford told us she had invented an alphabetical game to fill in the time. The actress would have been better employed "playing herself into the scene." There were no opportunities for "fun and games" in Olivier's productions, and we should thank him on our knees for letting us see "great theatre." His visit did indeed make history.

JUDITH TERRY (Auckland).
(Abridged.—Ed.)

JOHAN SVENDSEN'S MUSIC

Sir,—I fully realise that *The Listener* has no room for Scandinavian sectionalism, but please allow me to point out to your contributor "L.E." (Radio Review, "Music in the Afternoon") that Svendsen is not "another Dane." Johan Severin Svendsen (1840-1911) was a Norwegian violinist, conductor and composer who wrote largely for the orchestra. His works also include arrangements of folk-songs. His romance for violin and orchestra (in G Major, Opus 26) may be his best-known work outside of Norway, but in Norway I think his *Carnival in Paris* (Opus 9) is just as well known. My reference book contains no mention of a *Carnival in Paris* by Nielsen. Could it be that in addition to calling him a Dane, we refuse Svendsen credit for his Opus 9?

SQUARE HEAD
(Wellington).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

T. Hayes (Roxburgh).—Thank you. Your inquiry is being referred to 4YA.

Interested (Wellington).—Name and address required, even when pen-name is used.
Did Not Like It (Takapuna).—Normal speed. Miss Jefford heard the recording and could not understand why you thought it too fast.

LISTENING TO THE CRICKET

BROADCASTING arrangements for the Australian cricket team's tour of Britain are as follows:

The stumps scoreboard for each day's play will be given from Main National Stations following the news or weather forecast at 6.0, 7.15 and 8.0 a.m. on weekdays, and 7.35, 8.0 and 9.0 a.m. on Sundays; and from ZB stations at 7.30 a.m. on weekdays and 7.35 a.m. on Sundays.

Four-minute BBC eye-witness accounts of each day's play will be heard from ZB stations at 9.30 a.m., and from Main National stations at 12.33 p.m.

On the eve of each Test a New Zealand cricket authority with a knowledge of English cricket will give a brief preview of Test prospects from Main National stations at 7.0 p.m., and on each day of all five Tests (the first Test begins on June 11), five-minute weather and state-of-wicket reports will be broadcast from Main National stations at 7.0 p.m.

Station 2YA will remain on the air from 10.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. daily during each Test to give a ball-by-ball description of play up to the luncheon adjournment.