



THE cheerful types in the photograph above—among them Brian Norton, NZBS technician (at rear)—are in the R.N.Z.A.F. decompression chamber at Wigram preparing for a simulated climb to 25,000 feet for the NZBS documentary "This Space is Reserved." Scripted and produced by Allan Sleeman, the programme (2B Sunday Showcase this coming Sunday, November 3, 22A, November 10, and other Commercial stations later), looks beyond the IGY satellites to others upon which—some say within 10 years—rocket ships will dump their cargoes and men will build space stations for the first journeys beyond mother earth.

the resting places of ancient pharaohs, to rifle the tombs of their treasures with a ruthlessness a shade less wanton than that of most of his contemporaries. Indeed, in scientific method Belzoni was ahead of his age. His journeys in the desert were adventurous; the appetite for travel grew on him, and he died of fever in West Africa on his way, literally, to Timbuctoo.

Mr Disher is primarily a theatrical historian, and it was presumably the vaudeville phase which first interested him in Belzoni. He is one to mar a curious tale in the telling, and in spite of the obvious trouble that he has devoted to research into Belzoni's life, this biography does not quite come to life. I suspect it was a little thin for a book, both in source materials and in subject. But there are all sorts of tit-bits let drop to delight the historically minded.

—David Hall

WITHOUT WATER, PLEASE

SCOTCH REVIEWERS, THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, 1802-1815, by John Clive; Faber and Faber, English price 25/-.

THIS is a fascinating book about the most famous of all "little magazines." Byron, who preferred Scotch to the Scots, in spite of or because of his ancestry, was as unfair as most poets in the lampoon that gives Clive his title. The *Edinburgh Review* could be as savage as Byron himself; but it too was honest and enlightened. It was run by "clever young men with time on their hands," serving the Whig cause in pretty bad times. The young men included Francis Jeffrey, in most ways a model editor, and Sydney Smith, one of the wittiest men who ever spoke or wrote English. Its politicians included Henry Brougham, who managed to quarrel with almost everybody at some time or other, in a long and important career. Its readers included almost everybody who could read, and wanted to read anything of importance. Its subject-matter included politics, economics, science and literature. Unsigned articles suggest some fear, except perhaps in its editor; but there was no favour. We could do with something of the kind here, but the times are even

more unpropitious. The importance of even the best "little magazine" is diminished, willy-nilly, by masses of newspaper. We shall not see the like again. Alas.

—Anton Vogt

MODERN MANUAL OF CRITICISM

CRITICAL APPROACHES TO LITERATURE, by David Daiches; Longmans, Green and Co., English price 25/-.

DR DAICHES, himself an experienced critic, has compiled a streamlined "specimen book" of literary criticism, classical and modern, which will be of considerable practical use to advanced students and teachers. It has the air of something designed for a sophomore course at a good private college in the U.S.A.—which means that it is probably very well suited to New Zealand demands. By old-fashioned standards the sections on Plato, Aristotle and Longinus are perfunctory; and those on the newer schools of Cambridge, Kenyon and Chicago rather too detailed and respectful. There are notable gaps: the "whole field of literary criticism" is certainly not covered, as the publishers unwisely claim.

But within its limits, this book is smoothly planned. The extracts are well chosen, the exposition is clear and able, next week's exercise is regularly given out. Dr Daiches is an adroit showman, very much at home among the more fashionable developments of modern scholarship. He gives us a neat pattern, with all the names dropping into their proper places; just when a charge of glibness seems unavoidable, he produces a penetrating epilogue on the limitations of all literary criticism, and steps back into the wings on the unexceptionable line, "Art is greater than its interpreters."

—J.B.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WHIZZ FOR ATOMMS, by Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle; Max Parrish, English price 9/6. Further adventures of Master Nigel Molesworth for those who enjoyed *Down With Skool!* and *How to be Topp*. Sooner or later the social psychologists are going to have something to say about all this.

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