

appreciation. Some of it is quite shocking even when she's not kidding, and most of it is pretty well expressed. To use her own expression, "The choreography is excellent." It must have made Connecticut sit up. —F. J. Foot

A NEW DONNE

THE DIVINE POEMS, by John Donne, edited by Helen Gardner, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, English price, 25 -.

JOHN DONNE was forgotten or misunderstood for something over two hundred years. When at the end of the 19th Century he got into print once more, he was not forgotten, but he was still misunderstood — mainly because there was often no similarity between what was printed in the 19th Century edition and what Donne had written. I remember Sir Herbert Grierson once telling me that he first became aware of this when a student asked him to explain the meaning of a line of Donne's poetry, and after much puzzling Grierson had to admit that he could not do it. The result was years of work on the text and explanation of Donne, culminating in Grierson's great edition of 1912. When the poets of the twenties and thirties discovered Donne as their great original, they had the benefit of reading him in a fine scholarly edition with an accurate text.

But that was 30 years ago. The last word proves to be seldom the final judgment. A generation of scholars and critics have turned their microscopes and their searchlights on to Donne. New 17th Century manuscripts of his poetry have come to light in libraries and the auction rooms. There had to be a new Donne. It is heartening for those of us who are fanning the flame of scholarship on our side of the world to know the Professor of English in Sydney is one of the editors.

Miss Gardner's edition of the *Divine Poems* is learned and full. Both the general reader and the advanced student will find in it all they need for the explanation of a poet who is difficult, but whose difficulties are worth grappling with. Her new conclusions on the dating of the poems will interest scholars, and indeed are already arousing the inevitable controversy that accompanies new discoveries. The general reader can safely ignore them. Here is the first volume of a beautifully printed and well-edited edition of one of our major poets. —I.A.G.

AUSTRALIAN VINEYARDS

WINE IN AUSTRALIA, by Walter James, Georgian House, Melbourne, Australian price, 21 -.

It may be my misfortune, but it is certainly not my fault that I cannot fully appreciate the breadth of knowledge and the discriminating taste that have gone into the making of this dictionary of Australian wines. Yet I have had my moments, and like "The Silent Traveller in London" (Chiang Yee) have watched spellbound as a fellow-guest "curled his fingers caressingly round the glass, sunk his nose in it, closed his eyes, and smelt the fragrance for a long time."

If it is true, as Mr. James asserts, that "good wine reflects far less the sun in particular heavens and the soil around the roots than the skill of its maker and his conquest of avarice," then I must suppose that a country gets the wine it deserves, and in that find the reason for the further assertion that New Zealand, a nation of beer-drinkers (over 30 million gallons a year) "produces little wine and that little bad." It

is no consolation either to read that the worst Australian wines are "not just bad, they are evil," for the best are "comparable with the greatest."

This book, which is more than the story behind the label, is written with delicious humour as with obvious authority, and it is attractively illustrated. —L.J.W.

CONTRASTS IN WRITING

EAST OF EDEN, by John Steinbeck; Heinemann, English price, 15 -; *CAPTAIN JAN*, by Jan de Hartog; Cleaver-Hume Press, English price, 15 -; *MARTHA QUEST*, by Doris Lessing; Michael Joseph, English price, 12 6; *THE ESSENTIAL R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM*, edited by Paul Bloomfield; Jonathan Cape, English price, 15 -.

JOHN STEINBECK has been the most dedicated of the naturalists, on whom the mantle of Zola and Dreiser falls more fittingly than on the rounded shoulders of James T. Farrell. His vision of man as violent and uninhibited, and woman as merely a vessel of fertility, is a limited one, yet in *East of Eden*, his best novel since *The Grapes of Wrath*, he sees also the dignity of man through his animality, the saving innocence and honesty of his hoboes and farm-hands. This rambling chronicle of an Irish-Californian family and the youngster from the Eastern seaboard who comes out to make his home with them, covers 50 years of America's great overland migration. One or two characters, like Adam Trask, stand out, but the story is too long-winded and the handling of it too blunt for one of America's major novelists to stand or fall by.

The author of *The Fourposter* and other Broadway comedies has written in *Captain Jan* a wild, picaresque novel about Holland's ocean-going tugboats. De Hartog's hero tows dredgers and floating cranes across the Atlantic, assaults his boss for sending him to sea in a worthless vessel, rescues a millionaire's yacht, and finally owns his own tug. The book's violent deeds are recounted with a flippancy that conceals the author's real feeling for his tug-boatmen.

Doris Lessing's third book is the story of a South African girl, and from the moment when Martha Quest first appears at 15 on the front steps of her father's farmhouse, reading Havelock Ellis in the sun in rebellion against her mother's narrow-minded bullying, the pattern of what will follow is fairly clear, from her first ball in a forbidden dress to a job in the city, sexual emancipation and an unhappy marriage. The theme is redeemed by the intensity of its telling.

It is a pleasure once more to read Cunningham Graham, the aristocratic Scot known as Don Roberto of the Pampas, or "Mexican Jack" to his (continued on next page)

ZB Book Review for June 14 offers the listener a mixed bag in books. Anton Vogt (below) will discuss "Many Arc Called," by Edward Newhouse; Sarah Campion is to review "The Stepson," by Lydia Holland; Russell Palmer a new book by the New Zealander John Guthrie—"The Seekers"; and John Morris has two lighter assignments, "The Will



James Book of Cowboy Stories" and Stuart Lake's "He Carried a Six-Gun."

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