

in his essay "Paleface and Redskin," offers as his own main insight the belief that our national literature suffers from "a split personality." One type of writer exclusively cultivates theories of conduct, while an opposing type seeks solely an unthinking immersion in the flux of experience. Rahv wants writers to participate in and lucidly evaluate the totality of human experience. He praises such writers as Henry James and Thomas Mann for achieving this goal; and, in the majority of his essays, pinpoints the failure of other writers to do so. Thus, discussing Proletarian Literature, he censures writers who wear political blinkers. In other essays, he criticizes our culture for its mythomania (in reality, "a fear of history"), for its idealization of the past (a "perverted historicism") and for its demand that writers express a blind affirmation of America. Similarly, he attacks such writers as D. H. Lawrence for forcing his characters to illustrate his narrow theories and Norman Mailer, whose *An American Dream* presents merely "a dream of romantic omnipotence."

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Kenneth Johnson

VOYAGER: A LIFE OF HART CRANE. By John Unterecker. Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. 1969. \$15.00.

There are too many facts and too few evaluations in this biography of Hart Crane. Only in the final sequence, when Crane's turmoil reaches its climax, do *all* the facts hold the reader's attention. And, yet, this book should be read, for Crane's life was as much a symbol of the American experience in the 1920's—and, in some ways, before and after that period—as Scott Fitzgerald's life was. The product of an unhappy marriage, Crane had an intensely possessive mother and a well-meaning, but Philistine father. As a result, behind his—typically American—mask of buoyant optimism, he suffered from melancholia and self-doubt. He tried to decrease his unhappiness in many ways—in homosexuality, the Retreat To The Country, artist-cliques, alcoholism, expatriate-filled Europe and Mexican primitivism. However, only his writings brought him temporary relief—and when he also began to doubt his artistic ability, not even the new-found love he shared with Peggy Cowley could sustain him. Thus, at the age of thirty-two, he committed suicide.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES. Third edition. Edited by Clarence Gohdes. Duke University Press. 1970. \$5.00.

Though this journal is listed incorrectly (under *American Quarterly*) and omitted from the index, and though there are other errors and omissions, this slim volume is useful to those American Studies practitioners who deal with literature.

SGL

JOHN FORD. By Peter Bogdanovich. University of California Press. 1968. \$1.95.

John Ford's name conjures in most minds a film shaman of the west—the man who invented the cowboy or at least the horizon. Many of his films were not westerns at all. This book displays excellent photographs from Ford's many works—works expressing the Irish and American experiences. It contains an interesting Ford interview, a sketchy filmography and no index.

Bogdanovich utilizes a quote from *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*: "When the legend becomes fact, print the legend." Much of Ford's work has been with our common myths, our legends. His power has been to translate those legends into moving images. Hence with John Ford we need no legends. We watch his films.

Southern Illinois University

G. W. Linden

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: THE NORTHERN VOYAGES, A.D. 500-1600. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Oxford University Press. 1971. \$15.00.

This is a volume which is going to be very heavily praised, and deservedly. It is a painstaking and imaginative review of what is known and what can be established about European voyages of discovery in the period and area named in the subtitle. Professor Morison has fingered every available book, manuscript and chart, visited and flown over every plausible harbor and place of settlement, and handled all the old instruments in his effort to find out who got where how, and what it must have felt like. And, as everyone knows, he is fun to read. We can expect detailed, friendly reviews from cartographers, historians and geographers, cranky reviews from proponents of theories of prior visitations, as well as high praise from the less specialized press, for Oxford is promoting the hell out of this, and it has been chosen as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Perhaps the most useful thing *American Studies* can do for its readers, then, is to cover points likely to be skipped elsewhere, to quibble with a book, which, because it is very good, will not be quibbled with very much, and to say a word about it and our field.

1. I note a minor inconsistency. On page 87, Morison approvingly quotes the Bureau