

# by Benton MacKaye

protect and retain a *primeval* setting in the State Forest on the east slope of Hoosac Mountain just so this flow is checked and molded to obtain a *communal* setting in the planned unit of Radburn. Both are cases of "flood control"—the control of the flood of metropolitan civilization (which is but another name for "iron civilization"). On Hoosac Mountain the flow is "dyked"; in Radburn it is "pooled": a *primeval* setting is obtained in the one case and a *communal* setting in the other; a "man-to-nature" contact in the one and a "man-to-man" contact in the other.

Indeed there are three basic human contacts provided by a balanced organic civilization:

(1) The man-to-nature contact of the *primeval* environment.

(2) The simple contact of man-to-man, found in the *communal* environment, illustrated in the classic neighborly New England village. The communal center is the basic geographic "cell" of organic civilization.

(3) The compound contact of man-to-man, found in the truly *urban* environment, illustrated in the classic city—ancient Athens, medieval Paris, or nineteenth century Boston. The true urban center is but a compound of the communal center. (But the metropolitan area is neither urban nor communal: it is a "mixture" and not a "compound"; an agglomeration, not a community; a mass, not a structure; it is inorganic, not organic).

Each one of the three contacts named is destroyed in turn by the force of the *metropolitan* environment, illustrated in a modern Boston, a modern Paris, or a modern Athens.

We have all seen it happening. First, within the limits of the so-called city itself, human contacts are disconnected and confused in the stampede of mechanized living, groups get together with increasing difficulty, old buildings are replaced by standardized towers, and the individual city of Boston is merged in the metropolitan glacier of East Massachusetts.

Next this iron glacier, expanding in finger-like projections along the motor roads, rolls over the neighboring villages—White Plains, N. Y., or Lexington, Massachusetts—and breaks up the communal societies as effectively as the original ice sheet broke up the forest and plant societies.

Finally the stream, thinning down to bill-boards and gas stations in the hinterland, thickens again into one long slum on the top of, say, Hoosac Mountain and destroys the *primeval* setting and its man-to-nature contact.

Each basic human contact—urban, communal, *primeval*—is destroyed by the metropolitan intrusion: as a plant "civilization" was once attacked by a glacial invasion, so a human civilization is now threatened by a metropolitan invasion.

**T**HUS our modern, western metropolitan iron civilization flows outward from Boston and Philadelphia and New York and Chicago into the hinterland of America; and (neatly reduced to capital goods and packed away in ships) outward also from the seaports of America and of Europe through Panama and Suez, past Honolulu and Singapore, to the back countries of the world. To what extent can the American engineer successfully control the tendencies of this flow of flows—in China, in Argentina, in Mexico—and above all in the United States of America? Into which type of mold will he seek to guide this flow—into the organic mold of the human contacts (the *primeval*, communal, and truly urban) or the inorganic mold of mechanical contacts (the metropolitan)? What is his vision of America and the world of American influence—is it a quiltwork of varied cultures or a framework of standardized civilization? Is it a Grecian or a Roman vision?

America just now is the most Roman of them all: her latent natural resources exceed those of any other nation or any likely alliance of nations. Mighty is America—physically and industrially! What is to be the final product? of her mightiness and industry? Is it human growth or mechanical

expansion?—a finer culture or a grosser industry? What is our "manifest destiny" and rôle—that of a growing leader or an expanding bully? This depends upon the leadership and guidance exhibited in controlling the flow of our own half of Western iron civilization:—the flow within and from America of blood and iron, of man and mechanism, of population and capital goods. It depends, so far as engineering goes, upon the kind of mold in which the yet fluid iron of our civilization will ultimately set. Will this be a mold which favors human contacts or opposes them? On the solution of these problems in regional engineering largely depends our destiny both at home and abroad. Can we at least aspire to a Grecian destiny?

**P**RESENT times recall those of a generation ago in the heyday of President Roosevelt's administration. Somebody has said that in those years there was the promise of an American renaissance. "There grew the arts of war and peace!" A glorious hero was "T. R.": he put through the Panama Canal; he sent the navy around the world (to impress whom it might concern); he preached the gospel of the conservation of natural resources; he feared not to dine with Booker T. Washington nor with J. Pierpont Morgan; he rode horseback with the cowpunchers; he spanked the Chicago meat packers; he got spanked himself. Many a man yet cries out in his heart "Oh, that Teddy reigned again!" This epoch of dynamic activity is still a background for the engineer to build upon.

We need not hope—nor fear—for a "Second Theodore Roosevelt": if our present chief turns out to be in truth the chief engineer he will be the "First Herbert Hoover." But the two men bear comparison. Both men were travelers—in the *primeval*, the communal, and the (somewhat) urban environments of at least three continents. Both men appreciated the environment indigenous to the particular continent and region and culture in which they found themselves—whether the African forest, the Australian village, or the European boulevard. Both men appreciated the danger, especially as applied to America, to each one of these native indigenous environments—whether the Rocky Mountain forest, the New England village, or the Washington boulevard. Mr. Roosevelt tried to defend his basic indigenous America from the *commercial America* of his day: "I am against the land skinner every time," he said, and placed the forests of the western public domain out of danger from the timber miner; then appointed commissions on Country Life and on replanning the City of Washington. Mr. Hoover wishes to defend his basic indigenous America from the *metropolitan America* of the present day: such, at least, seems to be the promise and implication in his words that "America is not an agglomeration of factories, of railways, of ships, of dynamos."

Native China and native India are not the only countries threatened by Western iron civilization: native America is also being invaded. The "commercialism" of Mr. Roosevelt's day has become the "metropolitanism" of Mr. Hoover's day. Fortunately, however, it is still in fluid state and can yet be molded by the engineer. The key to Mr. Roosevelt's power in checking the spread of commercialism over the western States was the Federal ownership of the public domain. Mr. Hoover's power to dyke the flow of metropolitanism throughout the United States lies in the Federal control over government-aided public roads, and the influence, by example, upon state-aided highways. The public motor road is the channel of metropolitan flow, and the regulation of its right-of-way means the regulation of the flow itself. Here is one power in the hands of our chief engineer for controlling within America the flow of iron civilization.

Under what conditions affecting the nation-wide countryside of America shall the Federal American Government appropriate its moneys to any one American State for its special advantages in roadway development within the territory of its jurisdiction? And under what conditions shall the State appropriate its moneys for the same purpose?

There are means also for controlling the too

rapid and dangerous flow of our iron civilization in the backward countries, but these cannot be discussed in the limits of this article.

Has Mr. Hoover the vision to give us the vision to see the flood now rising about us? A flood not of water but of iron—a deluge capable of stirring war abroad and of blighting peace at home. And yet a power capable of freeing mankind from poverty and hard labor. This is our particular problem of "flood control":—to guide the flow of our American half of iron civilization. Will the American engineer be able to control American engineering?

*Benton MacKaye, writer of the foregoing article, is the author of a volume entitled "The New Exploration," which deals at length with the problems outlined and suggested in this discussion. The book, issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co., contains the illustrations at the head of this article.*

## Man and Author

A CONRAD MEMORIAL LIBRARY. The Collection of GEORGE T. KEATING. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1929. \$25.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

**T**HIS is, in all probability, the most sumptuous monograph to do with an author that has ever been produced. Mr. Keating's Conrad collection is remarkable for its completeness, for its out-of-the-way manuscript material, and for its close association with Conrad himself; and this magnificent catalogue will be, not alone the envy and delight of every Conrad collector, but a rich quarry for students of his life.

Here are the great rarities, such as "The Nigger of the Narcissus" in wrappers, of which only seven copies were published; the first issue of "Nostromo," which ends on page 478 instead of page 480; "The Inheritors," with the misspelt dedication; the 1913 "Chance," and others too numerous to mention. And here also are unpublished letters of Conrad, twelve original certificates of discharge given him during his seaman's career, six letters of recommendation from former captains of his, Conrad's navigation charts, and the fragment of an unpublished manuscript on marriage.

And that is only the beginning. What could be more fascinating than the copies of his own books presented to his wife; the proof sheets of "The Rescue" covered with "almost countless deletions and corrections" in Conrad's hand; the quotations scattered by Conrad for Mr. Keating over a set of his first editions? What indeed? The whole work has the quality of an intimate memorial, and the title of it has been well chosen.

The present writer may perhaps be allowed to state that he had something to do with one of its most important aspects. Conrad asked him what reply he should make when Mr. Keating requested him to embellish a set of his works. The answer will be obvious on consulting these pages. It was, unsuspected by us all, a race against death: only a few months after the task was completed Conrad laid down his pen for ever on that bright, still August morning of 1924.

The edition of this work is limited to 501 copies (425 for sale), and the wealth of curious information it contains, the varied mass of illustrations which adorn it, the superb manner of its production, suggest that, in any case, it would be eagerly sought for even if it did not possess the attractive feature which now remains to be described.

Mr. Keating has persuaded a number of well known literary figures and friends of Conrad to write prefaces to the different volumes. Mr. Tomlinson introduces "Almayer's Folly," Sir Hugh Clifford "An Outcast of the Islands," Mr. Morley "The Nigger of the Narcissus," Mr. Garnett "Tales of Unrest," Mr. Ford "The Inheritors," Mr. McFee "Romance," Mr. Galsworthy "Nostromo," Mr. Walpole "The Secret Agent," Mr. Symonds "A Set of Six," Dr. Canby "Under Western Eyes," Mrs. Conrad "A Personal Record," etc.

And thus Mr. Keating's monograph is not only a record of Conrad, the man and the author, but a critical estimate of his genius.



## BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

### An American Tory

SAMUEL JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE: His Career and Writings. Edited by HERBERT W. and CAROL SCHNEIDER. New York: Columbia University Press. 1929. 4 vols.

Reviewed by EDWARD H. REISNER

THE publication of four stout volumes of letters and other writings of Samuel Johnson by the Columbia University Press comes as the effort of a belated Boswell to recall the life and activities of an important eighteenth-century figure in American history. And since this labor of filial love appears on the occasion of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of old King's College in the city and province of New York, the reader is put immediately on the defensive against a possible partiality which university loyalty might be expected to engender in such a work. An examination of the volumes shows, however, such prejudice to be entirely unjustified, for the editors have been content to let the writings of Samuel Johnson and his contemporaries tell their own story. The only exceptions to the use of source materials are a brief and illuminating account of the development of Dr. Johnson's philosophy by Dr. Herbert W. Schneider, and a brief foreword by President Nicholas Murray Butler. Perhaps the careful student would incline to demur on first thought from Mr. Butler's naming his earliest predecessor along with Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards as one of "the three personalities which rose above mediocrity in the strictly intellectual life of the

dweller on the Atlantic seaboard during the middle of the eighteenth century." Yes, one might say, perhaps he was third, but maybe a "bad third." However, this man Samuel Johnson has been such a stranger hitherto that one must have time to get acquainted with him through the means provided in this recent publication of his intellectual output, and on first reading there appears to be much that favors Dr. Butler's estimate.

Samuel Johnson stands revealed in these pages as an omnivorous reader of everything that was published in England or the American colonies on philosophical and religious issues. He showed his initiative, if not a shrewdly critical attitude, in accepting Bishop Berkeley's philosophy as the basis of his own. While remaining staunchly orthodox, he adapted within his own system of thinking much of the eighteenth-century thought, which was attempting to derive religion and morals from the actualities of the natural world. In his controversies with Jonathan Edwards and his followers over the doctrines of predestination and free will he showed himself to be a man of sound sense and a tireless, hard-hitting opponent. In his program of college studies he made the extraordinary proposal that young men should be educated to the peak of the intellectual attainments of their own, and not some long-past, generation. Above all, Samuel Johnson is revealed as a man freed from the narrowing, oppressive domination of Connecticut Calvinism. Truly, Samuel Johnson improves upon acquaintance.

To limit the significance of the Johnson volumes, however, to what they reveal of

the man, would be to neglect their great value as a source book for eighteenth-century life in the American colonies. The general reader will find much to delight, and the student of social history much to reward, him in the more intimate personal correspondence of Dr. Johnson with his immediate family and closer acquaintances. (Was any person ever more afraid of anything than this old man was of smallpox? And did ever a man in his sixties broach with greater candor or diffidence his project of taking a second wife?) The student of religious and ecclesiastical history will find in these pages new evidence of the un-Christian bitterness with which controversies over the ways and means of serving God were conducted in that generation. The student of philosophy will have light thrown for him upon an important phase of the development of American thought. For the student of educational history, especially for a first-hand knowledge of the conditions surrounding higher education in the eighteenth century, the entire publication is a rich mine, while the fourth volume provides an invaluable documentary history of the stormy founding of King's College. And, finally, in despair of naming all the scholarly relationships in which this publication may be found useful, it may be noted that in the letters, the philosophy, and the controversies of that staunch old Tory, Samuel Johnson, may be found rich material for reconstructing the psychology of loyalism,—that most misrepresented, most discredited, and most completely lost cause of American history.

### Motivationism

HUMAN MOTIVATION. By L. T. TROLAND. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1928.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR TROLAND of Harvard university has produced a work of importance. "Motivation" psychology is a name that has been used sporadically to indicate the emphasis on the urges to behavior as the central problem of psychology. Motivationism may now be added to the other "isms" contending for dominance. The Freudian approach has probably done most to concentrate attention on the whys and hows of behavior, its sources and mechanisms,—of how we get that way.

The next task, here attempted, is to set in order the entire range of mechanisms operating in the establishment and satisfaction of human desires. This is a formidable and a technical task. Its appeal is to professional psychologists; it cannot be a popular undertaking, though in the end the lay phases of interest in this absorbing inquiry will benefit by the guidance of the thorough exploration wherein true science has its being.

From the preface we learn that the questions discussed are "(1) our inborn tendencies to action, (2) the means by which we learn, (3) the basis of 'pleasures and pain' and the part which they play in learning, (4) the foundations of 'happiness' in general, (5) the nature and operation of 'instincts' such as that of sex, (6) the physiological meaning of emotional experience, (7) the explanation of typical modern interests: automobiles, radio, and the like, (8) suggestions towards a scientific treatment of the problems of ethics." The programme is inviting; but to reach the inviting stages of application, one must be prepared to consider the nature of the reflex responses; the instinctive or appetitive expressions; the mechanisms of learning; the pleasure-pain aspects of all these processes; the establishment of complex desire and emotion; the pervasive rôle of sex; the integration in personality; the enthronement of the ego; and then only in the last hundred pages of the book is one prepared to interpret the operation of all these forces in the setting of modern interests and occupation, from mating to business to politics.

As Professor Troland is deeply interested in the mechanics of the supporting structures—even calling to his aid the analogies in physical structure and their mathematical formulation—his perspective is one with major attention to the foundations. The popular interest is in the human superstructure. Many of us are more interested in the complex interplay of our motivation schemes than in a minute understanding of their composition. Yet a correct insight and

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IT was the funeral of the sinful chicken. John had made a mess of the sermon, just as Henry Potter had predicted, and now that little dark boy came to the rescue to preach a proper funeral oration. Taking an almanac from his pocket and reading in Brother Shadrach Thompson's most unctious voice, he announced his text, Hell is for sinners and if you once git in you cain nevuh git out:

"W'en you once gits in, you cain' n-e-v-u-h git out, hah! W'en de chillun uv Gawd di-ees dey g-o-e-s to heb'm, hah! Dey g-o-e-s to Glory, hah! W'en a sinner di-ees dey goes to de devul, hah! Dey g-o-e-s to hell, hah! Dis po' li'l chicken, hah! He wuz a sinner, hah! He's gone to hell, hah! He wouldn't 'pent, hah! Us tried to git 'im to 'pent, hah! Us ax 'im to pray, hah! He wouldn't do it, hah! He tole his mammy lies, hah! He steal de udder chickens' vittles, hah! He fit all de li'l sickly chickens, hah! Now de devul's got 'im, hah! In a red-hot chicken coop, hah! Hit's made out uv i-yun, hah! He cain' git out, hah! Ur-r-r-h sinner, you got to 'pent 'fo' you dies, hah! 'Ca'se you c-a-i-n' 'pent atterwu'ds, hah! Ur-r-r-h chick-e-n-n, hah! Hit's too late now, hah, Don' be-g Aberham, hah! t' fetch you no watter, hah! He c-a-i-n' reach you-u-u-oo, hah! De fiah's hot, hah! Hit's made out'n san', hah! De Jaybird fetch it, hah! Eve'y Friday, hah! Ur-r-r-h J-a-y-bird, Jaybird, fetch on mo' san', hah! De Devul's dar, hah! Wid a red-hot pitchfork, hah! He punch dat chicken, hah! He burn off 'is fedders, hah! He burn off his toes, hah! He burn off his eyes, hah! Dey grow out ag'in, hah! He burn 'em some mo', hah! Dat chicken beg, hah! Ur-r Mister Devul, p-l-e-a-s-e suh, le'me 'lone, hah! Ur-r-r-uh chick-e-n-n-n, chick-en, chicken, you cain' 'pent now, hah!—Brer Sam, lead us in prayer."

This is one of the most amusing episodes in that delightful book of stories of a Mississippi plantation:

### THE TREE NAMED JOHN

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By W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

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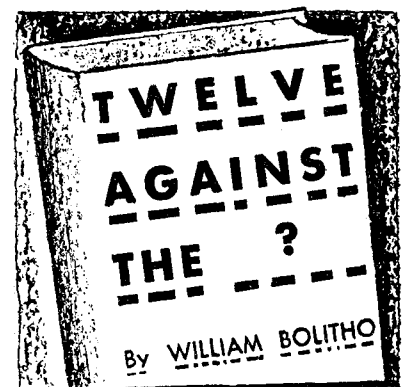
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