

Victory Gardens

The Public Landscape of Postwar America

DEBORAH BRIGHT

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When looking back at the years immediately following the Second World War, there has been a widespread, if mistaken, tendency to think of them as happier and simpler times. For a sizeable segment of the American public, the postwar 1940s and 1950s came to symbolize an imaginary world, free of civil disobedience, racial confrontation, secularism, diverse sexual practices, unwinnable wars, abortion, pornography, homelessness, drugs, radioactive waste, and terrorism. Indeed, a wave of pop culture nostalgia for the Fabulous Fifties, exploited in movies like *American Graffiti* and its television spin-off *Happy Days*, heralded the ascendancy of the conservative right in U.S. politics in the late 1970s and ensuing backlash against the social disruptions of the preceding decade.

Another more recent manifestation of the desire to retrieve a vanished golden age has been visible in the art world in the postmodernist return to the tradition of romantic landscape painting and photography.¹ American artists, including April Gornik, Stephen Hannock, David Deutsch, Gregory Crane, Richard Misrach, Len Jenschel, and John Pfahl, have resuscitated the eighteenth-century syntax of the picturesque and the sublime, cultivating exquisite artisanal techniques to evoke the mood and luminosity of the nineteenth-century views of Fitzhugh Lane and Frederick Church. Calculated to appeal to a market always hungry for bankable signs of mastery and tradition, these pastoral pastiches are familiar, reassuring, and unabashedly nostalgic.

But this conservative impulse in contemporary landscape art in the U.S. reveals much about the current crisis in how to represent our late twentieth-century environment. In most instances, the landscape is no longer viewed as the providential symbol of the nation's Manifest Destiny, but as the embattled site of conflicting political and economic interests. Decades of corporate indifference and governmental mismanagement have left irreparable scars on the countryside. Chemical and radioactive materials leach into soils around dumpsites, contaminating water supplies. Raw sewage spills into Boston Harbor, Yosemite Park is choked with car-campers and Yellowstone amply demonstrated its limitations as a "managed" environment during the 1988 summer burns. Television news showed "protected" bison fleeing burning parklands in search of forage, then shot at point-blank range by Montana ranchers (under the supervision of park rangers) in a grotesque reenactment of a ritual of frontier manhood. Instead of the profound experience

of the infinite so praised by the New England Transcendentalists, today's nature lovers confront a thinning ozone layer, trees killed by acid rain, toxic seafood, beaches polluted by bacteria, disappearing coral reefs, and otters and cormorants coated with sludge.

Such factors throw into sharp relief the historical contingencies of a society's attitudes towards its given landscapes and how profoundly these can change in a short period of time—as little as two decades. If by “landscapes” we include the array of representations of the material environment from vernacular postcards to fine art, then it follows that landscape images from a particular cultural moment can be read in cross-section to illuminate the larger structures of feeling of the time. While conflicts between economic exploitation and conservation of natural resources are an old story in industrialized societies, comparatively little has been written about why and how landscape appreciation is stimulated at particular moments in modern history. What I propose in this essay is to investigate why the desire to mass-consume the spectacles of a National Landscape was promoted on such a large scale in the years after World War II, and what political, economic and social ends such promotion accomplished.

From our current vantage point (1990), it is strange to reread the images of American landscapes and their anchoring texts in tourist literature from three to four decades ago.² This was the world of my white middle-class childhood, the world I saw from the back seat of my father's Chevrolet sedans during the 1950s and early 1960s. My brother and I were hauled off every summer for family trips to the Appalachians, Delaware seacoast, Great Smoky Mountains, Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Bryce and Zion Parks, Colorado Rockies. These were enchanted places with convenience-equipped cabins and dude ranches, trail rides and rafting trips, all catering to family “togetherness.”³

What we didn't know at the time was that the vernacular landscapes we were seeing were rapidly disappearing, along with the regional distinctiveness of their architecture, roadside stands, town retail strips and locally operated tourist amenities. These were the landscapes of homemade signs, diners and general stores celebrated in black and white by Walker Evans in the 1930s and still evident in Robert Frank's *The Americans* twenty years later. By the mid-1960s, this “two-lane highway” experience of the landscape was erased for most Americans by the interstate freeway system and its uniform corporate chain concessions. This made vernacular landscapes ripe for nostalgic retrieval in the canvases of pop artists like Richard Estes, Don Eddy and Ralph Goings, and in the photographs of Lee Friedlander, Stephen Shore, Henry Wessel Jr., Steve Fitch and William Christenberry. In *The Last Picture Show* (1974), Peter Bogdanovich used Evansian monochrome to visualize a small Texas town in the postwar years.

But in fact, that era is not best recalled in shades of grey. The image of nature and the family fun for which it provided the setting is more often recalled in “living color”—both the lush hues of chromolithography and the newer, glossier Kodachrome postcards which replaced “chromos” in the 1950s. And, of course, there were slides, widely favored by family shooters over still-standard black-and-white prints. The popular Viewmaster, with its wheels of miniature color transparencies, reduplicated the pleasures of the stereograph enjoyed by an earlier generation, though only for the entertainment of children.⁴ But it was more than the spectacle of “local color” that accounted for the fascination and aura of American landscape photographs in the postwar years. It was the palpable sense of patriotism and pride they evoked, as though

appreciating the scene was itself an homage, a ritualized expression of what it meant to be an American citizen in a dark, godless, and threatening world.

This struck me forcefully when I picked up a popular 1952 tour guide to the western states in a used bookstore several years ago. The title of the booklet seemed dissonant and strange: *The Glory of Our West*. Our West. That possessive pronoun hinted at assumptions that no longer seemed tenable. Whose West was it, exactly? Was there a “*Their West?*” That *Our West* was indeed “glorious” was amply illustrated by Ansel Adams’s color photograph of Yosemite on the cover. But in 1952, consumers of this book and its images also understood that the United States was the undisputed leader of “the West,” a geopolitical entity congruent with notions such as “Free World” and “Democracy.” Antithetical values (“Iron Curtain,” godless communism) were ascribed to our archrival for global dominance, the Soviet Union.

In retrospect, it seems clear that this Cold War appropriation of “the West” was conflated with the older, more localized, understanding of the term. The West of the nineteenth-century frontier had always been the wellspring of myths about the American character: rugged individualism, self-reliance, unwavering religious faith, and the right to reap the rewards of private enterprise. Ronald Reagan’s presidential campaign images were cribbed from Hollywood Westerns with plenty of photo-ops of the white-hatted former matinee idol riding horseback and chopping wood on his Santa Barbara ranch.⁵

Thumbing through various picture books from the postwar years, it becomes clear that the American landscape had a role to play in reinforcing the United States’ Manifest Destiny as a global superpower.⁶ Its majestic scale and beauty would serve as nature’s testament to our fitness as a nation to lead the world and show the humbled, war-torn states of Europe irrefutable evidence of our natural attributes. Landscape books, travel guides, school textbooks and periodicals produced in the late 1940s and 1950s became primers for teaching U.S. citizens (and immigrants) of all ages and classes about “our country,” its unique culture and noble history. Although marketed by publishers and business interests across a range of markets, there is an unmistakable ideological unity among them.

For one thing, the audience for these publications is assumed to share a unified and conflict-free perception of the American character and the nation’s history. This perception was distilled from an array of Anglo-American nativist and Social Darwinist myths about the founding of America, always beginning with Christopher Columbus’s “discovery” of the continent. In the words of one critic of mid-century historiography, “It was as if all American history had been chewed, swallowed, digested, and then spewed forth as giant tasteless Wonder Bread...”⁷ Certainly, nothing was whiter.

In this consensus history-telling of the 1950s, the heroes of American history are transformed into organization men, benevolent guardians of the “American way of life,” a life based on upward economic mobility and unwavering belief in a future of technological progress. The national allegory is repeated through triumphant retellings of the nation’s “trials by fire”: the Pilgrims’ flight from religious persecution, a righteous Revolution led by patriots opposed to unjust taxation, a Civil War that made all people free, the settlement of the West by determined ranchers, railroad builders, and homesteaders, two World Wars where the U.S. “saved” Europe from despotism, and a Great Depression when Americans displayed their grit, compassion, and will to survive. A quotation from *Holiday* magazine’s picture book, *The USA in Color*, (1956) gives the

flavor of this Wonder Bread world. One can almost hear the authoritative male voice that narrated so many documentary and educational films of the period:

Travel is an old American custom and a good one. Those rugged and admirable souls, our forefathers, traveled to get here, and had barely arrived when they started to push down, up and across until the entire continent was opened and looked upon.⁸

Or, this from the introduction to another contemporary picture book, *Look at America: The Country You Know and Don't Know* (1947):

Into the untouched continent went the settlers, wrestling it from the Indians, felling trees, breaking the land to plough... They telescoped the work of a millennium into three centuries; the speed of the achievement was breathtaking... As the frontier advanced, the frontier attitude—bold, openhanded, friendly, on the whole optimistic, democratic, hospitable, courteous—became ingrained in our national temperament.⁹

Having purified itself through wars, Depression and the taming of its wilderness, the nation now shows itself ready for world leadership. All that stands in the way of a global utopia of endless peace and prosperity under “our” benevolent leadership is the Evil Empire of godless communism which we must oppose to the death, even the death of the entire planet, if necessary.

In a special postwar edition of *Fair Is Our Land* (first published in 1942), a picture book portraying “the beauty of the American countryside,” writer Donald Moffat muses in his introduction on the relationship among the recent war, the nation’s history and the rural landscape:

Standing thus at the very edge of America, sweat on my back and the sun pouring down, behind me the white clapboard farmhouse, the woodpile, the apple trees and lilacs... my eyes went on and on; I saw the country whole, and suddenly I knew that the war had not been fought in vain. There it lay under my mind’s eye, our ancient heritage; and I prayed that we might have the wisdom, faith, and courage to be worthy of it in peace as we had been in war.

We are Americans. Yet, standing in the sun that day, it came to me that we had won the war not because we are Americans, but because we are free men... Our land was conceived in freedom. Our settlements were struck from the wilderness by men and women who by sheer instinct set themselves to searching out new places in the land where they could live in freedom...¹⁰

Suitably, a large percentage of the over 300 photographs and prints in *Fair Is Our Land* depict the middle landscape. With the exception of the section on “Mountain Ranges and the Nation’s Parks,” pastoral scenes of family farms and small towns predominate over “wild nature.”¹¹ Due to wartime rationing, the photographs are printed in black and white on poor paper stock. Generically titled “The Old Farm,” “Early Planting,” “Silver Frost in

the Adirondacks,” a number of the views reveal the persistent influence of Pictorialist aesthetics in their hazy chiaroscuro and picturesque subjects.

Almost one third of the images came from the files of the Farm Security Administration’s Historical Section that had been taken over by the Office of War Information in 1942, the year *Fair Is Our Land* was published. After war broke out in Europe in 1939, the FSA shifted its emphasis from recording New Deal resettlement programs to making propaganda pictures for the government. Photographs of town meetings, bountiful harvests, happy families and productive workers replaced the shacks and sharecroppers immortalized by Evans and Dorothea Lange a few years earlier. As a government agency, reproduction rights to the FSA’s vast archive of some 150,000 photographs of subjects from every corner of the United States were available free of charge, an irresistible bargain to journalists, editors and publishers looking for visual punch for their stories.

This is “*not* a state-by-state encyclopedia of scenic wonder,” announces the dust jacket of *Fair Is Our Land*, “but the picture of a peaceful America—staunch, serene and comforting.” The book’s text revives the old Jeffersonian ideal (never a reality) where a unique and homogeneous race of fair-minded, freedom-loving men is nurtured for generations on family farms and in small towns, isolated from the barbarism, corruption and decadence of other cultures. But during the twentieth century, provincial young Americans have been summoned to the global stage to fight in two devastating wars.

Americans have looked into the four corners of the world. For the first time most of us have left the fireside, learned from the evidence of our very eyes how other people live, seen the beauty and variety of the lands they dwell in; and know now by firsthand experience that to no other people in the world has nature been more generous in her gifts...At no time have so many of us been given the opportunity to see and compare. Nine young Americans out of ten have been sent, if not abroad, at least to hitherto unfamiliar parts of his [sic] own country, and learned, incidentally, that the people who live in them...look a whole lot like folks back home.¹²

The uprooting effect of both world wars on two generations of young men and women is well documented. However, the mobility of young Americans *within* the borders of the United States resulted from the Great Depression and its drastic dislocations, mostly from failed family farms to industrial centers. To cite one statistic, the popular Civilian Conservation Corps, a New Deal employment program, dispersed 2.5 million single young men throughout the country to work on construction and reforestation projects between 1933 and 1942.¹³

Far from producing reassuring images of a familiar, coherent landscape, historians of the 1930s have remarked that the depression years were more often characterized by sharp, even violent clashes among domestic groups produced by these migrations. In times of scarcity, racial and class tensions are inflamed by increased competition for jobs and resources. Even the CCC boys, many of whom were poor city kids from the east coast, did not always feel welcome in their new rural environments. Often, they were regarded as outside invaders and “noxious harbingers of civilization.”¹⁴ The myth of the homogeneity of American culture was further belied by the widespread religious bigotry against Roman Catholics and Jews, ethnically-organized gang criminality in cities, and

most egregiously in the public lynching of African Americans as a customary form of racial terrorism. Ironically, it was this same period that worked so earnestly to promote the myth of “the common man” in Hollywood movies, musicals, Tin-Pan Alley songs, Aaron Copeland’s compositions, WPA murals and social-realist literature—the anglo-American working man who was down on his luck through no fault of his own but whose basic goodness, honesty and can-do attitude would ensure that he would not only survive, but come out ahead.

After the internal turmoil of the depression, World War II and the Cold War provided external monsters on which Americans of all classes could project their fears and contradictions. Landscape, as always, was useful for promoting public consensus around abstract values, promoting patriotism and instilling a necessary vigilance. If the House Committee on Un-American Activities enforced (through blacklists, imprisonment, and various forms of mendacity) outward conformity and the suppression of “dangerous” ideas, photographs of the national landscape helped educate Americans about their patriotic history and heritage.

We are seeing again the matchless beauty of our own beloved country in the clear new radiance that courage and sacrifice have lighted in our hearts. Let us in all humility learn to be worthy of this shining land of ours.¹⁵

At the close of the nineteenth century, Frederick Jackson Turner proposed that the western states held a privileged place in American consciousness.¹⁶ Turner’s famous thesis concerning the frontier’s influence on the national character assumed, among other things, that the “American character” belonged to a rugged individual with a dream of freedom and self-sufficiency for himself and his family. By contrast, what marks the postwar versions of the national character is their distinctly entrepreneurial flavor. In *Fair Is Our Land*, the introduction to the chapter, “The Great West,” characterizes the “Westerner” as an intrepid builder of roads, dammer of rivers, and irrigator of deserts.

The Westerner has a right to his self-confidence. He has spanned the wilderness with rail and highway, tunneled the mountain barriers, curbed the torrent, made the desert fertile. Daily he meets the challenge of hostile nature, and daily he gets the best of her.¹⁷

In other words, “the Westerner” is none other than Jay Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Leland Stanford, Mulholland, Sutro, and others who profited greatly from the land speculation that their capital investment made possible. The hold of big business on the postwar American character is reflected in similar terms in *Look at America: The Country You Know and Don’t Know*, the popular master volume to a comprehensive series of regional travel guides published by the editors of *Look* magazine in the late 1940s.

It took initiative and self-reliance to push the frontier west, north and south, to thrust long ribbons across the plains, over mountains and through deserts, to reach the Pacific coast...

Enterprise and temerity were needed to uncover and exploit the resources of the land—the plains that nourished great herds, the prairies

that made possible huge farms, the seemingly limitless forests, the coal, the iron ore, the copper, the oil. Imagination and resourcefulness were needed for inventions to make possible the development of industries, to make America the nation where the machine age finds its fullest expression. Faith and enthusiasm were needed to work out a concept of democracy in which every man should have the opportunity to better himself.¹⁸

Across the page from the foregoing text is a full-page color photograph of the Grand Canyon, shown as “pure wilderness,” without a sign of human presence. However, such pictures were outnumbered in *Look at America* by images of American industry and agribusiness by a ratio of approximately five to one.

Like its competitors *Life* and *Fortune*, *Look* served as an uncritical media mouthpiece for American corporate interests and global expansion. The war had radically changed the face of corporate America. When mobilization began in 1940, the 100 largest companies were responsible for about 30 percent of the country’s manufactured goods. Three years later, the figure had jumped to 70 percent, including 80 percent of all government contracts.¹⁹ By 1955, with 6 percent of the world’s population, the U.S. produced almost 50 percent of the world’s commodities. At the same time, accelerating mergers and consolidation created super-corporations, the top 5 percent of which garnered 87.8 percent of all corporate net income in the late 1950s. In a reversal of the New Deal years, Franklin Roosevelt filled his war cabinet with corporate officers rather than academics and career public servants—a trend that has continued ever since, with the possible exception of the short-lived Kennedy presidency.²⁰

The much ballyhooed “American character” was, in fact, the shared parochial ethos of elite white male industrialists who had conquered new summits of national political influence and who consolidated their power through the skillful use of advertising and public relations.²¹ They viewed the country as *their* trust and the means to its/their continued prosperity as new global markets opened to American exports and investment. Only communist and socialist governments threatened American-style capitalist hegemony, but the “Red Menace” also gave big business and its political and military allies the broad public support they sought for the economic bonanza of an unending military arms race and the silencing of those who questioned its objectives.

The oil industry and its affiliates, in particular, used representations of the American landscape to enhance their image in the public mind and to create the illusion of their benevolent stewardship of nature’s endowment. As is well documented by historians, the oil industry was in serious political trouble during the war when congressional investigations revealed that Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon) had colluded with I.G. Farben, a German chemical company, to suspend domestic synthetic rubber production during the years before Pearl Harbor.²² This brought calls for sanctions against SONJ, and in attempt to counteract the negative publicity, the company hired Roy Stryker, former director of the FSA, in 1943 to create a corporate picture file on the importance of oil in American life. The photographs by FSA alumni such as Russell Lee, Esther Bubley, John Vachon, and John Collier were reproduced in annual reports and *The Lamp*, Standard Oil’s glossy house magazine. “With the documentary photographs emphasizing what the company’s Washington lobbyist termed ‘the humanizing angle,’ it

was hoped that the public's perception of Standard Oil would change from that of a secretive, predatory 'octopus of oil' to that of an open, likable 'good citizen.'"²³

Stryker's archive for Standard Oil, now housed at the University of Louisville, concentrated on the kinds of social subjects that had preoccupied him at the FSA, and which had been effective in garnering public support for the New Deal's rural resettlement program. These included images of communal and private life, work and leisure, housing and transportation, billboards and roadside attractions, as well as the requisite publicity pictures of company personnel and roughnecks working on the drilling rigs. But the oil companies also saw the value of the American landscape, particularly the West, for reassuring the public of their national loyalty and identifying themselves as defenders of freedom.

Immediately after the war ended, the Standard Oil Company of California (now Chevron) published a series of color brochures for motorists, featuring the landscapes of the West. These were distributed as a premium at the company's gas stations and each displayed a color picture of a "scenic wonder" accompanied by a short essay commissioned of noted writers like Ernie Pyle, J.B. Priestly, and Erle Stanley Gardner. The photographers, too, ran the gamut from renowned artists like Ansel Adams to popular free-lance professionals like Joseph Muench and Ray Atkeson whose western landscape work was widely published, if not so celebrated as Adams's. These brochures proved immensely popular, far surpassing the promoters' expectations. As Joseph Henry Jackson reported in his introduction to *The Glory of Our West*:

...in 1947, just to quote a single year, 33 million picture-folders were distributed. Teachers based school projects on the pictures and the text that went with them, and throughout the country a brisk trading-market sprang up because of the eagerness with which the public tried to acquire complete sets...Several people established small businesses which they operated solely for the purpose of trading the color prints.²⁴

In 1952, Doubleday published a spiral-bound selection of fifty "of the very best and most representative scenes" from the Standard Oil of California series under the title *The Glory of Our West* and sold it for a modest \$2.95. While *The Glory of Our West* would not strike the average reader as a shrill piece of propaganda, some history-conscious reading between the lines shows how the postwar interests of ruling business and political elites were effectively served.

The Glory of Our West opens with a George E. Stone photograph of "Point Lobos, California," a good example of the scenic sublime with brooding thunderheads reflected in the froth of surf crashing onto craggy, cypress-crowned headlands. The four-paragraph text by Robinson Jeffers extols the view's ancient grandeur, then relates an anecdote "from Mexican times." It seems a certain Marcellino Escobar once owned a vast ranch that included Point Lobos. The unfortunate Escobar gambled away his land at the Monterey Presidio one night in 1841 to "a Captain José Castro [who] brought up or wangled the shares of the others...and became the second owner of the place. Land was not so valuable in those days," Jeffers continues:

...[S]ince that time Point Lobos has passed through many vicissitudes. It has been used as a whaling station...it has been used as a rock-quarry...it has

been used as a port...it is now a state park. And none of these vicissitudes ever seriously marked it, nor damaged the fantastic beauty of the place.²⁵

So, what do we learn from Jeffers's brief text? That Mexicans are foolish gamblers who don't appreciate the value of land (and therefore don't deserve it), and that they are underhanded "wangers." We are also assured that "the land" will always survive economic and historical "vicissitudes," as Jeffers quaintly puts it, including such *extractive* industries as rock-quarrying and other forms of commercial exploitation. What "vicissitudes" also glosses over is the Mexican War of the 1840s that put California and its rich natural resources in the hands of Anglo Americans and displaced Mexicans who had occupied California since Spanish colonial times. Now, the land is productive once more, "preserved by some miracle" to be enjoyed by the American motorist as a symbolic commodity rather than an economic one.

Ethnic minorities, particularly Chicanos and Native Americans ("Mexicans" and "Indians"), play an important role in these travel narratives of the West. They are used for "local color," to lend exotic tension to the story, or to show readers how far "civilization" has come. In the chapter titled "Remember the Alamo," a predictable morsel of Wonder Bread history, General Santa Ana's soldiers are referred to as "Mexican hordes." In his disquisition on Mesa Verde National Park, illustrated by an Ansel Adams photograph of the famous cliff dwellings, Thomas Hornsby Ferril anglicizes the prehistoric cliff-dwellers, describing them as "thrifty," leading a "town-meeting sort of life as practical in its way as any that was to arise in New England," and who "worshipped God in their own way."

These people were serious, devoutly religious...They switched chores around; the men would weave, the women would plaster. They even seem to have simplified mother-in-law problems at the source by letting the old ladies own most of the property.²⁶

The jocular sexism and sneering contempt for diverse gender roles and cultural practices is so commonplace in *The Glory of Our West* and other texts of the period as to be numbing. Historical Native Americans were portrayed as ignorant, impractical, superstitious, and full of tall tales. Indians avoided Yellowstone because it was "a place of mystery and superstitious terror."²⁷ "Every few years Indians would hear sounds in the church at night, ghostly footsteps in the pueblo..."²⁸ "The Indians shunned [Bryce Canyon] as the abode of strange spirits...One may share their superstitious fear by walking in the midst of the 'man-shapes' in moonlight."²⁹

Following Point Lobos, the second scenic wonder in *The Glory of Our West* is the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, photographed at sunset by Mike Roberts. While the presentation of human engineering marvels alongside images of wild nature seems odd, it is quite typical of picture books of the period. In addition to the bay bridge, *The Glory of Our West* features the Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, Mount Rushmore, Grand Coulee Dam, the gold-rush town of Columbia, California, and the Alamo. Nard Jones's text accompanying Grand Coulee trumpets the merits of this structure in terms appropriate to the most awesome of natural wonders:

The Grand Coulee Dam is the biggest thing ever built by man. Its bulk is four times that of the Great Pyramid. Into it was poured enough concrete to build a standard highway from Seattle to New York and back to Puget Sound again by way of Los Angeles!...What was done by the engineers staggers the imagination...³⁰

And the beneficial and patriotic hand of corporate enterprise is made manifest in history.

[The Grand Coulee Dam] is one of the basic elements that won the war: it powered the building of ships and planes, and the making of the plutonium that went out from Hanford, Washington, to blinding destiny at Nagasaki and Hiroshima. And it is one of the things that will make the nation great in peace, for Grand Coulee power is being used in the new towns, new farms, and for new industries in the Pacific Northwest.³¹

The romanticizing of nuclear technology was ubiquitous in the postwar years, particularly when the U.S. was the only nation known to possess atomic weapons—another sign of our Manifest Destiny until 1948 when the Soviet Union exploded a nuclear device of its own. Though scientists had created a weapon that could annihilate entire cities, the public was repeatedly shown that Science (represented by bespectacled Mr. Wizards in lab coats scrutinizing test tubes) could do anything—remake nature and, if necessary, replace it with synthetic versions.³² Nature was completely commodified, mined for raw materials, packaged for tourism, or profitably redeveloped from farm fields to decentralized postwar suburbs and shopping centers. Proliferating subdivisions took their names from the “middle landscape”: forest, brook, dale, glen, oak, wood, hills, field, meadow, stream, grove.

Wonder Bread history, technological progress, and nature are interwoven seamlessly in *The Glory of Our West*, suffused with patriotic value in equal measure. There is little hint of the environmental crises to come; the nation’s riches are boundless. Mount Rushmore is a “miracle of patriotism” as well as a “mechanical miracle.”

[It is] a shrine of Americanism. The heads are not the heads of gods or kings or mighty conquerors, but of four plain men, four Americans who rose by their own efforts to high places and fought good fights that won them immortality as benefactors of humanity...Thousands of visitors throng to the memorial and depart better and prouder Americans than before they came.³³

The “Redwood Empire,” illustrated by another Ansel Adams photograph, is presented as the product of a perfect and effortless resolution of corporate needs and public conservation:

Timber owners and operators have cooperated with public agencies to good purpose, and some 50,000 acres of fine old trees now stand in state parks...immune to almost everything but Time, which the Sequoia measures by the century and the millennium.³⁴

The actual (and well-documented) story is otherwise; one of endless demands by logging companies to harvest old-growth trees on public lands, requiring the constant vigilance and even direct action of environmental groups to save these giants from destruction.

Indeed, the federal government, theoretically the arbiter of the public good, routinely sided with corporations and trade groups in decisions concerning land management in the late 1940s and early 1950s. With a rapidly growing population whose housing needs and consumption demands were skyrocketing after wartime austerity, conservationists were on the ropes and realized they had to consolidate their resources and clearly define their political goals. By the mid-1950s, the battle lines were drawn over the Echo Park Dam, part of the billion-dollar Colorado River Storage Project, that threatened Dinosaur National Monument in Utah. Echo Park became the political testing ground for the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, and allied organizations, opposed by powerful businesses and their lobbyists in Washington. Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah best summarized the pro-development attitude:

I am as much interested in beauty, in rugged scenery and preservation of nature's greatest wonders [as anyone]...but I want to point out...that to my mind, beautiful farms, homes, industries and a high standard of living are equally desirable and inspiring.³⁵

The conservation groups set the limited goal of having Echo Park Dam scratched from the Colorado River project, and published "hard-hitting, illustrated pamphlets, prepared for mass distribution, [asking] the public: 'Will you DAM the Scenic Wild Canyons of Our National Park System?'"³⁶ A professionally made color motion picture was circulated throughout the nation and the controversy was covered extensively in *Life*, *Collier's*, *Newsweek*, and the *Reader's Digest*.

While the preservationists appealed to turn-of-the-century ideas about the need for the nature experience as the physical and spiritual antidote to over-civilization, it was the newer, more scientifically based "ecology theory" pioneered by naturalist Aldo Leopold that appealed to a more technocratic age.³⁷ Leopold stressed the importance of preserving wild country for studying "the balances of Nature, the web of life, the interrelationships of species, massive problems of ecology" which could be observed nowhere else. Wilderness advocates fought the engineers and developers on their own terms with cost-benefit analyses and statistical studies showing the limited value of the Echo Park venture. Even the Cold War played a role as preservationists argued for wilderness as a significant symbol of freedom in contrast to the totalitarian society described in George Orwell's *1984* (1949) where the state leaders abolished wilderness because it supported independent action.³⁸

The Echo Park dispute raged in Congress, dividing both houses despite strong support for the dam from the Interior Department. Finally, public opinion tipped the balance against the dam, with one western senator lamenting that pro-dam forces had been out-funded and out-organized by the conservationists. On April 11, 1956, a bill was passed forbidding the construction of any dam or reservoir within any national park or monument, the first of many victories for the Sierra Club and its allies in the following two decades. Developers, resource-extraction corporations, and western pro-growth interests would have to wait for Ronald Reagan's election in 1980s to reverse the trend.

In the travel picture-books of the postwar years, however, one can clearly see that “common sense” favored development and one would have found it inconceivable that there were limits to growth and access to the riches of nature. Indeed, access was precisely the goal of the tourist industries and their related commodity-producers, most notably the all-powerful auto industry, oil industry and highway construction interests. The depression and four years of wartime rationing had created a massive potential demand for new automobiles (two per family would be the new norm), and travel services such as motels and roadside restaurant chains, a demand that these travel guides and landscape books exploited.

The 41,000-mile interstate highway system, initially proposed in 1944 as a wartime defense network, was funded by the federal government in 1956 under heavy pressure from the auto and oil oligopolies. The system was 90 percent funded by U.S. taxpayers (a corporate windfall in guaranteed contracts) and over 70 percent of the highways were constructed on new rights-of-way, a massive appropriation of rural land by eminent domain.³⁹

At the same time that the auto and oil lobbyists were pressuring Congress on the Highway Act, they were systematically buying up control of energy-efficient urban and inter-urban light rail and trolley systems and dismantling them, replacing them with polluting diesel-powered busses. “By 1955, General Motors had been involved in the replacement of more than 100 electric transit systems with its own buses in 45 cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Oakland, Salt Lake City, and Los Angeles.”⁴⁰ It should be noted that Standard Oil of California colluded with GM in the liquidation of Los Angeles’s Pacific Electric Railway, the largest inter-urban railway in the country.

Standard Oil’s *The Glory of Our West* is a picture book designed to stimulate automobile tourism, gas consumption and lodging in modern, corporate chain motels. New trends in leisure were promoted and their new social status was broadcast in glamorous media outlets. Chief among these was skiing. As Ernest Haycox recounts in his essay in *The Glory of Our West*,

In 1910, it was a three-day adventure from valley to snow field, and then only in summer months... Today by auto it is not more than an hour’s ride from the major centers of the Northwest into these snowfields; thus the whole pattern of American wintertime life has been changed in a single generation by the extension of roads.⁴¹

Ray Atkeson’s photograph shows a lone skier pausing to wax his skis in the powder landscape of Mount Baker. Photographs of skiers also appear in *Look at American, The U.S.A. in Color*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*’s picture-book, *The Face of America* (1955). The explosive growth of the ski industry in ensuing years was to amaze even the most optimistic resort developers.

One of the most influential landscape-consumption publications during the postwar decade (and beyond) was a monthly magazine published by the Arizona Highway Department, *Arizona Highways*, edited at the time by Raymond Carlson. The magazine’s target audience was the burgeoning demographic of mobile, middle-class families whose tourism accounted for a significant portion of the state’s economy. For a thrifty \$3.00 per year, subscribers across the country received every month a lushly

illustrated picture magazine of Arizona landscapes, people, and travel features, punctuated by short anecdotal and historical essays. The magazine took no advertising. Instead, it used its pages for full-color spreads and even occasional fold-outs of brilliantly hued Southwest views, reproduced with the latest color lithographic technology and suitable for framing.

Arizona Highways was an immense success; one million copies of the popular 1956 Christmas issue (think Monument Valley in snow) were printed. In addition, the magazine marketed 35mm color slides of its photographs so that consumers could collect their own set of spectacular images to project in their home slide shows. For each image, technical data were provided for the benefit of readers who aspired to emulate the professional nature photographers with their new Japanese-made SLR cameras or their Brownies (the professionals customarily used view cameras or a 4x5 Speed Graphic).

The July 1955 issue is typical in the range of subjects and images a reader would encounter in *Arizona Highways*. On the cover is a photograph by Chuck Abbott of a little Navajo girl, dressed up in traditional costume and cradling a lamb. The picture is titled “Friendship—Navajo Style.” “This young lady agreed to pose prettily for the photographer,” the caption narrates, “but she insisted that her friend be with her. They make a pretty picture, indeed.” Little has changed from the nineteenth century when European photographers set up their cameras in far-flung colonies to capture the primitives in their habitats, paying their subjects to pose and selling their confections to a home market whose sense of superiority was reinforced by such “objective” reportage. Indeed, Raymond Carlson’s introduction to this issue featuring Arizona Indians is titled, “The Strange Land.” Both literally and metaphorically, the highway itself is the signifier and agent of modernity and civilization. It rapidly connects white tourists with the “strange” spectacles of nature (Indians being seen as part of nature), preserving the tourists’ controlling gaze while keeping the objects of scrutiny isolated and separated:

To the north and east, beyond the smooth, fast highway, is the strange land of the Navajo and Hopi. In the south, not far from the smooth, fast highway, in the desert country along the Gila, is the equally strange land of the Pima. The miles are not many which separate these strange lands; yet the people living therein might be worlds apart, so much do they differ from each other.⁴²

And from us, he might have added. In almost every issue, *Arizona Highways* juxtaposed the pre-industrial exoticism of the state’s landscapes and indigenous cultures with the modernity of its Anglo culture. This assured the out-of-state visitor that Arizona was no backwater, lacking in the latest technological infrastructure or civic institutions. In fact, attracting white middle-class residents to the state was one of the magazine’s goals.

As if to underscore the point, the opening story in the “Strange Land” issue features the Phoenix Junior Chamber of Commerce, “Model for a Community Club.” In 1953, the Phoenix Jaycees were “officially proclaimed to be the top chapter of all the 2,250 chapters in the nation...Its Jaycees are an example for every community in the country of how a group of young men can be truly useful to their town, given a sufficient quantity of energy, imagination and altruism.” In a decade of media obsession with reds under the bed, “sexual perverts” in the federal government, “juvenile delinquents” in suburbia, and the dangerous “jungle rhythms” of rock ‘n’ roll, the Phoenix Jaycees must have seemed reassuring.

The Jaycee story is followed by C.W. McCullough's article, "Modiste to Miss Navajo," a breezy rendition of the history of Navajo women's reservation dress ("gaudy outfits.") "No one could produce the volume of *Vogue à la Navajo* that first turned desert seamstresses to flowing skirts and velveteen jackets," writes McCullough.

Stalking the Navajo Indian Reservation in 1954 are the colorful ghosts of New York's Fifth Avenue Easter parades of the post-Civil War years...[Before contact with Anglo dress] the almost universal costume was a number called the squaw dress, consisting of a large blanket with a hole in the center...who is to say that the feminine Navajos were not ripe for a change?⁴³

As with the perennially popular *National Geographic* magazine, the portrayal of women across cultures tends to be condescending and trivializing, reflecting the conservative gender politics of the time. What women primarily concerned themselves with was their femininity, physical attractiveness, and displaying their charms to the best (male) advantage. To close the circle, McCullough ends with a page-spread of fashion designs for white women, adapted from Navajo dress by Arizona designers: "On these two pages are shown some of the delightful ways Miss Navajo's dress has been used to please the exacting tastes of the modern American miss, best-dressed girl in the world."

McCullough's article is followed by Joseph Stocker's essay on "Indian Country." Stocker continues to reinforce the primitiveness and remoteness of tribal reservations before the advent of the modern highway:

Until recent times it was only the hardier, explorer type of tourist who ventured into the Indian country. Roads ranged from just barely tolerable to downright horrible. Tiled filling-station rest rooms, with foot-button valves and electric air-purifiers, were non-existent...

Today you can bundle your family into the car and, in reasonable comfort and complete safety, see America's last stronghold of primitivism.⁴⁴

Bert Robinson's article on the Pima tribe, the third in the "Strange Land" series on Indians, is less patronizing than the others, perhaps because Robinson worked for the U.S. Indian Service on the Pima reservation in the 1920s. The author paid a sentimental visit to the reservation thirty years later, finding it:

Greatly changed. I approached the village of Komatke over a modern paved road. We found...a thriving farm community. The fields were lush and green with growing crops. The canals were filled with water brought down from the Coolidge Dam. This part of the reservation is under the San Carlos Irrigation Project.⁴⁵

What Robinson fails to note is that the very year he visited the reservation, 1954, the Pimas had their irrigation rights revoked because they refused to agree to the Bureau of Indian Affairs termination program. This disastrous federal policy dissolved the governing tribal corporations that had been set up in the 1930s in the interest of "mainstreaming" Indians into American society and opening up reservation lands to private investment. The discovery of rich mineral, oil and gas deposits on Indian lands made the termination policy popular with Washington politicians and their corporate

backers. Without the tribal corporation's backing, individual Indians, who were cash poor, would not be able to pay the taxes on their land allotments and would be forced to sell them to outsiders. As a reporter remarked at the time: "When the Pima farmers get restive, threats are made to freeze their tribal funds or cut off their meager water they get from Coolidge Dam—which was built for them but instead supplied big white-owned farms."⁴⁶

This is quite different from the Wonder Bread story in *Arizona Highways* which ends with two photographs showing an irrigated "Pima cotton farm" and a bountiful "Pima harvest" of corn. In the August 1957 issue, editor Carlson tipped his hand on the termination question in his editorial:

Oil companies paid over \$40,000,000 to the [Navajo] tribe this year for oil leases...But here is the tragedy. Officials believe that even with full economic development the reservation can only support 45,000 Navajos...Much will depend on a far-seeing understanding government policy before the Navajo problem will be solved.⁴⁷

As long as the Navajo stay on their reservation, they are doomed to economic failure, no matter how much money the oil leases bring in.⁴⁸ It is up to the federal government, in its "far-seeing" wisdom, to solve "the Navajo problem" (by encouraging them to move off reservation lands and join the larger economy).

Indians in *Arizona Highways* fulfill their predestined roles for white readers as living museums of the primitive or diminutive "pets" for interactive family fun. Stocker admonishes his readers not to "walk uninvited into a Navajo Hogan or the stone house of a Hopi and prowl around, staring at the Indian children and fingering the Indian's possessions." In turn, the Indians make no demands on the outside culture:

Little or nothing is required of the outside world and they have developed a gentle serenity which stems from a solid religious belief. Their prayers are for all mankind and their hope is for a peaceful world.⁴⁹

A decade later, the American Indian Movement would use that "solid religious belief" to mold a pan-Indian campaign against the federal government and its racist policies, restoring self-governance to federally-recognized tribes and new opportunities for economic development.

Like the 1950s relegation of Indians to the "spiritual" realm, worlds away from the affairs of a technologically advanced society, landscapes were also imbued with religious feeling. This was not the philosophical and meditative reverence for nature espoused by Thoreau and Muir, but the sentimental piety of American Protestantism. The 1956 Christmas issue of *Arizona Highways* is bathed in Christian emotion, opening with the editor's "O Joyous Day...O Joyous Day,"

The centuries have added luster to His Holy Word, radiance to the Goodness and Holiness for which he lived and for which He died...The Light of Our Savior glows more brightly today than ever before...⁵⁰

That such words could appear in a state-funded magazine, shows that the boundaries between church and state were considerably more fluid at this time and that no Jewish, Muslim or Buddhist readers were imagined. But Carlson's evangelical piety was right at home in the Cold War Fifties when Congress added "under God" to the Pledge of Allegiance and proclaimed "In God We Trust" as the national motto without a single dissenting vote.

The official atheism of the Soviet Union was a most effective propaganda weapon, producing a domestic backlash against secularism in the public arena. Religious affiliation was socially mandated and 96 percent of Americans identified themselves as Protestants, Catholics or Jews. The freedom to worship was held so demonstrably sacred that nobody was free "not to worship." Public religious belief was a sign of patriotism and atheists were accused of being Soviet agents. As "Tailgunner Joe" McCarthy, the red-baiting Wisconsin senator put it, "the fate of the world rests with the clash between the atheism of Moscow and the Christian spirit throughout...the world."⁵¹

In such a climate, it should not be surprising that the American landscape became hallowed as a setting for pious communal rituals. Passion Plays gained in popularity as a tourist attraction and nonsectarian churches and chapels proliferated in dramatic natural settings. *The Face of America* devoted a two-page spread to "the first Roman Catholic ordination ever held out-of-doors in the United States"... "under God's sky" in St. Augustine, Florida.

The architectural experiments of Frank Lloyd Wright, in particular, inspired a whole genre of ecclesiastical architecture in the 1950s that sought to integrate buildings into their natural surroundings by using local materials and designing "organic" shapes such as paraboloids. Wright's winter studio, Taliesin West, was located in the red-rock country near Phoenix. In 1955, *Arizona Highways* devoted a lavish article to a proposed Wright-influenced "Shrine of the Ages" to be built on the south rim of the Grand Canyon, on national park land.

Those of Catholic, Jewish and Protestant faiths...are working together to make the Chapel possible. Others professing no faith but believing in the forces of God and eternity likewise are sharing...in furthering a project that will stand as one of America's great monuments to the brotherhood of man...With the most impressive site of all for a temple of worship, Arizona is to share notably in a tribute to the Divine.⁵²

Besides its "sweeping view of the canyon" through floor-to-ceiling windows facing the main pews, plans for the Chapel included a massive "stereophonic" pipe organ and three separate altars (for the three faiths) mounted on hydraulic lifts operated from the basement. The main auditorium's shape was inspired by the kiva, the Pueblo tribal ceremonial chamber. Like the fashion designs adapted from Navajo dress, Anglos were forever playing Indian, indulging the fantasy of an organic, natural spirituality that could be universally shared across cultural boundaries. The Shrine of Ages Chapel, however, is nothing if not a shrine to materialism, consumption and the power of positive thinking. Norman Vincent Peale, the nation's most popular cleric, urged his national radio and television audiences to repeat to themselves, "If God be for *me*, who can be against *me*?"⁵³

If the popular representations of the American landscape during the Cold War era reflected the pious and patriotic values of the white majority and its ruling elites, it is not surprising that the society's self-appointed nonconformists, the Beat writers and their bohemian fellow-travelers, sought to liberate the Great American Landscape from its official public duties and reclaim it as a locus for private and more subversive desires. This is the landscape photography that has become canonical in art circles: the metaphysical forms of Minor White and his students, the found abstractions of Aaron Siskind and experimental vantages of Harry Callahan, the gritty documents of Bruce Davidson, and the alienated "road songs" of Robert Frank and his many heirs. The impulse was neo-romantic—retrieving the authenticity and integrity of private (alienated) sensibilities in the face of immense pressure to blend in and adapt.

But, at the time, such strategies failed to challenge effectively the status quo, for in general, the Beats and free-lance rebels were as bereft of a historical, class-conscious perspective as the bourgeois public they despised. Autonomous islands of alienation, their gestures were easily co-opted, tamed and sold to a titillated public through the mass media and Hollywood. *Life*, *Look* and *Time* published mocking exposés on the triviality of beat life, "beatnik" Maynard G. Krebs became a comfortable fixture on television's popular sitcom, *The Lives and Loves of Dobie Gillis*, and suburban teenagers read *The Catcher in the Rye* (1956) and know hip from square. By the time the U.S. edition of Frank's *The Americans* was published (1959), the tide had already begun to turn: southern black activists were staging sit-ins at segregated lunch counters, the student free-speech movement was organizing at various campuses and recruiting students for "Freedom Rides," Jasper Johns had painted his flags and targets, and in 1960, John F. Kennedy would be elected president, promising a "New Frontier" led by a younger generation of liberal idealists.

The years between World War II and Kennedy's presidency witnessed the production of a unique view of the American landscape that was mass-marketed to a citizenry eager for reassurance in the threatening and complicated world it found itself thrust into as a global superpower. Neither the publicly engineered landscapes of the New Deal nor the privatized, consumable "wilderness experience" of the present, this landscape imagery of the early Cold War years bore witness to a seamless and coherent national identity and history. But public consensus around this fantasy came at a price: the suppression of difference, a naïve belief in divine election and infinite resources, and acquiescence to corporate values in all aspects of public life. Today, these picture books and magazines haunt us with their frightful arrogance, even as they occasionally amuse with their parochialism. If migrating pioneers once viewed the American landscape as a hostile wilderness in need of taming, it seems clear that their mid-twentieth-century descendants found it an accommodating refuge from their collective fears.

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¹ For an excellent discussion of the conservative historical function that "golden ages" serve in western culture, see Raymond Williams, "Golden Ages," in *The Country and The City* (London: Oxford University Press, 1973), 35–45.

² I use the adjective *American* here in the imperialistic sense that it is (alas) usually understood: “America” being synonymous with the United States.

³ “In 1954, the editors of *McCall’s* magazine were batting around editorial ideas for improved promotion and increased circulation. Eureka! They came up with the word ‘togetherness’ ‘For a time,’ wrote Betty Friedan, togetherness ‘was elevated into virtually a national purpose.’” Marty Jeter, *The Dark Ages: Life in the United States, 1945-1960* (Boston: South End Press, 1982), 223.

⁴ Kodachrome film was first marketed in the 1930s. Initially after the war, Kodak color products for the mass market were limited to 35mm transparencies rather than color prints, though prints could be made from slides. Thus Kodak created a new consumer market for slide projection equipment during the late 1940s and 1950s and the family slide show was a popular (if much derided) form of domestic entertainment. See Naomi Rosenblum, *A World History of Photography* (New York: Abbeville, 1984), 602.

⁵ George W. Bush would rework the same script in the 1990s, adding a Texas flavor. Reagan’s predecessor, Jimmy Carter, had marketed himself as a humble “Georgia peanut farmer” in his 1976 campaign, but in the contest between farmers and cowboys (another staple Anglo saga of the Old West), cowboys are always the ‘real men’ both genders romanticize.

⁶ “In addition to celebrating American culture and living standards, many people saw the United States in the middle of the twentieth century as having a peculiar and providential mission. ‘We are living in one of the greatest watershed periods in history,’ asserted Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 [Presidential] campaign. This era ‘may well fix the pattern of civilization for many generations to come. God has set for us an awesome mission: nothing less than the leadership of the free world.’” Douglas Miller and Marion Nowak, *The Fifties: The Way We Really Were* (New York: Doubleday, 1977), 9.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 227.

⁸ *The USA in Color* (Philadelphia: Curtis, 1956), 5.

⁹ *Look at America: The Country You Know—And Don’t Know* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1947), 18, 22.

¹⁰ Samuel Chamberlain, ed., *Fair Is Our Land* (Chicago: Peoples Book Club, 1942), 15–16.

¹¹ “Middle landscape” is Leo Marx’s term for the uniquely American pastoral ideal first espoused by Thomas Jefferson in his *Notes on Virginia*. It refers to a rational landscape of the “just mean,” the self-sufficient family farm, husbanded by “democratic men” without ambition for surplus wealth. “Later this ‘mythical cult-figure’ of the old pastoral will reappear as the Jacksonian ‘common man.’ If this democratic Everyman strikes us as a credible figure, it is partly because the pastoral ideal has been so well assimilated into American ideology.” Leo Marx, *The Machine in the Garden* (London: Oxford University Press, 1964), 130.

¹² Chamberlain, *Fair Is our Land*, 17.

¹³ See Maren Stange, “Publicity, Husbandry, and Technology,” in Pete Daniel et al., *Official Images: New Deal Photography* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1987). Also, Phoebe Cutler, *The Public Landscape of the New Deal* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1985).

¹⁴ Cutler, *ibid.*, 95.

¹⁵ Chamberlain, *Fair Is Our Land*, 21.

¹⁶ Frederick Jackson Turner, *The Frontier in American History* (New York, 1920). “Turner recast [the role of the frontier] from that of an enemy which civilization had to conquer to a beneficent influence on men and institutions. His greatest service to wilderness consisted of linking it in the minds of his countrymen with sacred American virtues.” Roderick Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1967), 146.

¹⁷ Chamberlain, *Fair Is Our Land*, 116.

¹⁸ *Look at America*, 7–8.

¹⁹ Jeter, *The Dark Ages*, 25.

²⁰ *The New Republic* quipped that Eisenhower’s first cabinet consisted of “eight millionaires and a plumber.” “[They] quickly let business know where the administration stood. Even before taking office as Secretary of Defense, Charles Wilson, then president of General Motors, told the Senate Armed Services Committee that ‘what was good for our country was good for General Motors and vice versa.’” Miller and Nowack, *The Fifties*, 109.

²¹ The growth of the Public Relations industry was phenomenal in the 1950s. In 1944, there were 100 PR firms. Twenty years later, there were 1,500. Corporate giving to charitable causes and the arts, sponsorship of popular entertainment such as television programs and sports events, were among the new high-profile activities companies engaged in.

²² See Nicholas Lemann, *Out of the Forties* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1983), 21.

²³ Christopher Phillips, "Standard Bearer," *Camera Arts* (June 1983), 59. Also see Steven Plattner, *Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-50* (Austin: University of Texas, 1983).

²⁴ Joseph Henry Jackson, Foreword, *The Glory of Our West* (New York: Doubleday, 1952), 7.

²⁵ *The Glory of Our West*, 10.

²⁶ *Ibid.* 58.

²⁷ *Ibid.* 44.

²⁸ *Ibid.* 71.

²⁹ *Ibid.* 88.

³⁰ *Ibid.* 30.

³¹ *Ibid.* 30.

³² Polyester took aim at King Cotton and petroleum-derived plastics conquered the commodity industries in the 1950s.

³³ *Ibid.* 48.

³⁴ *Ibid.* 14.

³⁵ Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, 211.

³⁶ *Ibid.* 212.

³⁷ Aldo Leopold, naturalist and philosopher, shaped the modern ecology movement with his analysis of the essential relationship between the environment and its constituent organisms. The land and its flora and fauna functioned as a unified, complex "biotic community," dependent on the interrelated operations of its parts. Wild places were necessary, Leopold argued, as "a base-datum of normality, a picture of how healthy land maintains itself as an organism." See "Aldo Leopold: Prophet," in Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, 182–99.

³⁸ *Ibid.* 263.

³⁹ "The interstate system, '...leaving out all the freeways and thruways and expressways and byways built before it—will, when complete, consist of enough concrete so that, as a parking lot, it would accommodate two-thirds of the automobiles in the U.S. (it would be 20 miles square). It will take up 1.5 million acres of new right of way (the right of way, as opposed to just the concrete, would cover an area 1.5 times the size of Rhode Island). It will use up 30 tons of iron ore to make its steel, plus 18 million tons of coal and 6.5 million tons of limestone. The coal, of course, will be combined with oxygen while the concrete covers photosynthetic plants. Its lumber requirements would take all the trees from a 400-square mile forest. Who needs it?" Gene Marine, quoted in Stephen A. Kurtz, *Wasteland: Building the American Dream* (New York: Praeger, 1973), 14.

⁴⁰ Jeter, *The Dark Ages*, 140.

⁴¹ *The Glory of Our West*, 36.

⁴² *Arizona Highways*, 31:7 (July 1955), 1.

⁴³ *Ibid.* 11, 12.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.* 17–18.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.* 37.

⁴⁶ Such interest groups maintained powerful Washington lobbies, and the Indian Affairs men acting for the Truman and Eisenhower administrations favored these lobbies. Some officials also had an unflattering race relations record. Dillon S. Myer, appointed Indian commissioner in 1950, previously had been the director of the internment camps where over 100,000 Japanese-Americans were imprisoned during World War

II...Other men high in the BIA went there straight from lobbying against native tribal interests in the West.” Miller and Nowak, *the Fifties*, 202—3.

⁴⁷ Raymond Carlson, “Distant Indian Trails...,” *Arizona Highways*, 33:8 (August 1957), 1.

⁴⁸ Scandals erupted early in the 2000s when it came to light that the BIA and the Interior Department had not kept proper records of the millions of dollars owed to the tribes from mining, oil and gas leases and that many of the tribes had never received the funds.

⁴⁹ Joseph Stocker, “Trailer Teachers in Navajoland,” *Arizona Highways*, 33:8 (August 1957), 33.

⁵⁰ *Arizona Highways*, 32:12 (December 1956).

⁵¹ Miller and Nowak, *The Fifties*, 90.

⁵² Ken Park, “Shrine of the Ages,” *Arizona Highways*, 31:8 (August 1955), 11.

⁵³ For a trenchant analysis of the uses of “playing Indian” by whites, see Rayna Green, “The Tribe Called Wannabee: Playing Indian in America and Europe,” *Folklore* 99, no. 1 (1988), 30.