



"Americans understand their landscape a lot better than they understand their art." -Theodore Roosevelt



CLUI EXHIBIT *UP RIVER*

ON DISPLAY AT NORTHEAST LANDSCAPE INFORMATION CENTER



View of the *Up River* exhibit at the Landscape Information Center in Troy, which is open seasonally. 2007 hours will be posted on our web site. CLUI photo

A NEW EXHIBIT ABOUT THE Hudson River was opened to the public in October, 2006 at the CLUI Landscape Information Center in New York state. *Up River: Points of Interest on the Hudson from the Battery to Troy* looks at the shoreline of the Hudson River, from Battery Park, at the mouth of the river at Manhattan, to the end of the tidal river, at the Federal Dam in Troy.

The CLUI exhibit consists of a map of the length of this stretch of the Hudson, with dozens of "points of interest" along the shore, depicted in aerial photographs taken by members of the Center over the past three years, accompanied by descriptive text.

The Hudson River is a sculpted landscape, reflecting the collective culture that abides along its shores. It is more than a local river, it is a nationally superlative and progenerative place. The voice of the Hudson is that of the nation that was cradled in the history of this river - a nation that matured along its banks and which has risen up mightily in the Empire State.

The distance between the Battery and Troy, 130 river miles, is the distance separating the gates of Gotham and the hinterlands of the State Capitol at Albany, across the river from Troy. The edges of this river are marked with many of the achievements, outtakes, incidents, and monuments between these poles.

It was here that American landscape painting was born, and where our fantasies of a national Eden originated. Here too were many of the Revolutionary War's decisive moments. But today the literal landmarks of the Hudson - the industries, avenues, prisons, power plants, quarries, parks, condos, ruins, and redevelopments - possess the most compounded and complete stories of this place.

IN THIS ISSUE

UP RIVER.....	1
DISSIPATION AND DISINTEGRATION.....	2
ULTIMA THULE.....	2
WENDOVER REPORT.....	5
DESERT RESEARCH STATION REPORT.....	6
CLUI EXHIBITS ON THE ROAD.....	7
LUCELIA AWARD.....	7
THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY.....	8
REGION IN FOCUS.....	10
CITY INSIGHT: PHOENIX.....	14
ON THE OVERLOOK TRAIL.....	18
UNUSUAL REAL ESTATE LISTING # 6384.....	20
BOOK REVIEWS.....	21

continued on page 16

EXHIBIT ABOUT REGIONAL HIGHS AND LOWS
SHOWN AT CLUI, LOS ANGELES
THE CENTER'S FIRST USE OF HIGH DEFINITION VIDEO



Dissipation: An antenna field, from the exhibit.

CLUI photo

AN EXHIBIT ABOUT THE TOPS and bottoms of the San Gabriel Mountains was presented at the CLUI in the summer of 2006. The exhibit, titled *Dissipation and Disintegration: Antennas and Debris Basins in the San Gabriel Mountains* was a docu-narrative, shot and presented in high definition video.

The San Gabriel Mountains are the northern limit of Los Angeles, the rim of the urban bowl. Though immobile, they are in flux; moving upwards, due to the mountainbuilding tectonics of the San Andreas fault, and falling down, due to the erosional effects of winter rains, summer fires, and gravity.

When measured from the base to the top – to the peak of 10,064 foot Mount San Antonio (also known as Mount Baldy) - the San Gabriels are taller than the Rocky Mountains. This vertical shift next to the second largest city in the United States presents both a dilemma and an opportunity.

At the base of the mountains lies an extensive system of flood control structures designed to hold back the cascading debris that tumbles down the disintegrating mountains. On the peaks, antennas radiate the transmissions of the city - its television, radio, taxis, fire, police, and telephones - telecommunications that hold the social fabric of the city together. The mountains are an ally and a menace.

The debris basins and antenna sites show the divergent links between humans and the wild: At the top, the mountains are surmounted and used as an electromagnetic platform of social communication and control, radiating forever outward. At their base they must be contained, their inevitable collapse restrained, as they threaten our engineered landscape, and the fragile order we have established.

Debris basins can be found at the base of many of the vertiginous washes and canyons in the San Gabriels. The function of the debris basin is to separate debris, including rocks, mud and vegetation, from the storm water that flows down the mountains during the winter rainy season and thereby prevent damage to property and downstream flood control structures.

A debris basin usually consists of an earthen dam, an excavated pit, and a spillway to channel water past the dam. Pipe spillways have vertical pipes with perforations to allow water to be separated from debris. Debris basins require constant maintenance - once they reach about 25% full the debris needs to be removed, trucked off, and disposed of. Due to encroaching development, disposal sites for the debris are getting further away, adding to their expense. Thousands of feet separate these debris basins from the antenna sites above.

The antenna sites depicted in the exhibit form a line along the southernmost ridges and peaks of the San Gabriels. From this elevation, more than a mile above the Los Angeles basin, and with this proximity to the city, these sites allow for line-of-site communications, and for the exposure of the maximum urban area to the electromagnetic emissions of industry, entertainment, and government.

The Forest Service, which owns and manages most of the San Gabriels, has set aside twenty-seven areas in the Angeles Forest for "Designated Communications Sites." The most congested of these sites, at Mount Wilson, is one of the densest "RF jungles" in North America.

The exhibit at CLUI Los Angeles, supported by the Cultural Affairs Department of the City of Los Angeles, depicted 11 debris basins and 22 antenna sites, from west to east. Each was shot on location by CLUI personnel Erik Knutzen and Steve Rowell. Recordings were also made of the various radio emissions from the antenna facilities, which ranged from commercial radio broadcasts to unintelligible but strangely compelling digital transmission noise. Visitors to the exhibit watched it on a high-resolution video monitor mounted in a kiosk, and listened to it on headphones. ♦

CLUI EXHIBITS IN GREENLAND
THULE AIRBASE SUBJECT OF FRIGID PROGRAM

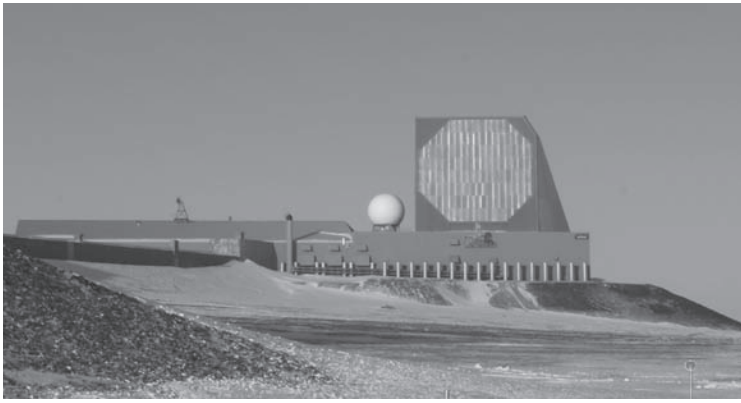


The front door of Thule is the airport terminal.

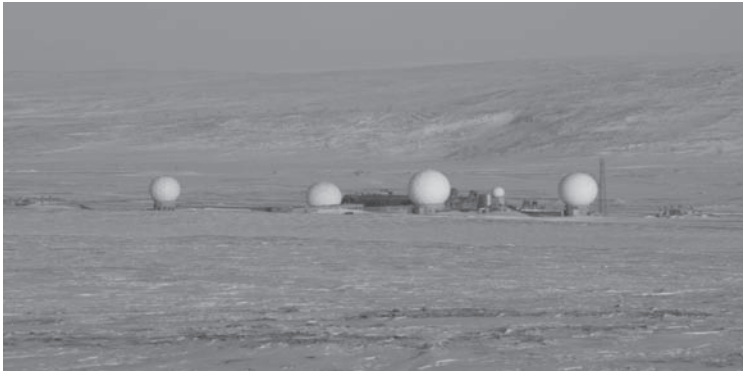
CLUI photo

A NEW CLUI EXHIBIT, CALLED *Ultima Thule*, was shown at the Greenland National Museum and Archives, April 21-May 14, 2006, in Nuuk, the largest town in Greenland. The exhibit was commissioned by NIFCA, the Nordic Institute for Contemporary Art, and was part of a larger, multi site exhibition held in Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, and Finland. *Ultima Thule* was later shown at CLUI in Los Angeles.

Ultima Thule was about a remarkably isolated American outpost at the top of the world, the largest northernmost community on the planet, a remote electronic American eyeball, staring out into space. Thule is at the terrestrial edge of communication, perception and imagination.



The Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) is a wall of radar established in the northern hemisphere in 1961, now using three radar stations: at Clear, Alaska, Flyingdales Air Field in the UK, and at Thule. Thule's radar was converted to its present form, a ten-story phased array type, built by Raytheon, in 1987. It continues to stare north and east, able to spot missiles and aircraft in Europe and Asia, and to track minute space debris. Its data is transmitted directly to the legendary bunker in Cheyenne Mountain, at Colorado Springs, Colorado. CLUI photo



The four domes of the satellite communications facility known as "Detachment 3" are part of a global system of control stations for the defense department's fleet of over 130 satellites. Enveloping the world in a concentric infosphere, intelligence, imagery, communications, and GPS system information is uploaded and downloaded through this facility, which is linked directly to the master control center at Schriever Air Force Base, also in Colorado Springs. CLUI photo

Ultima Thule showed the two primary electromagnetic facilities at Thule, the radar station and the satellite control station, critical links in America's global surveillance and control system. The sites were depicted through fixed video, shot on site by the CLUI in March, 2006. The effect was to show how the two facilities, ever vigilant, watch and radiate in their frozen nests, continuously, operating on frequencies outside the visible spectrum, out of sight of the world, yet straining to see in the minutest way over great distances, and communicating their vision, to a limited but all important audience, through tremendous effort and bandwidth.

Thule is home to 1,100 people, all of whom live and work at the base. This population includes 600 Danes working for Greenland Contractors, the company that operates the base for the U.S. military, as well as other civilian contractors, and 120 U.S. military personnel, who run the base. Built in 1951 as a refueling station for American bombers, the base exists today to support two radar and telemetry stations, established in the early 1960's, at separate locations a few miles from the main base, and both expanded and metamorphosed by evolutions in technology.

The word "Thule" originally refers to an imaginary place on the edge of civilization, the "northernmost habitable land." *Ultima Thule* was a place thought to be even beyond that, according to the musings of the 4th century geographer Pytheas - the northernmost place. Today, no longer simply mythological and hypothetical, Thule is a physical area, the

American outpost on the northwestern corner of Greenland, 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Greenland, the world's largest island, is part of Kingdom of Denmark, but has had home rule status since 1979 (though not in foreign affairs). 80% of Greenland is a continuous ice sheet, up to 16,000 feet thick, sitting on top of the island. The population is 56,000 nationwide, with nearly everyone living on the thin strip between the land and the ice around the southern edge.

Up north, the communities are mostly small, and widely separated, Inuit, military, and scientific outposts. Qaanaaq is the world's northernmost municipality, a community of around 600 Inuit hunters. They used to live at Dundas, next to the present Thule Airbase. When the base expanded in 1953, the native town was evacuated by the Americans, and the residents were relocated to a new community, Qaanaaq, in a bay 60 miles north. Though Qaanaaq is sometimes referred to as Thule, Thule was the name given to their original community by the explorer Knud Rasmussen, who established a small trading post, mission, and base of arctic exploration there. The American base adopted the name officially in 1963.

During WWII, the USA took over the defense of Greenland from the Danish, as Denmark was occupied by the Germans, and Greenland had a number of important weather stations on it (the day of the D-Day landing, for example, was determined by weather forecasts based on Greenlandic weather information). After the war, the Americans decided to build a base at Thule, to be able to fly nuclear bombs into Russia (from Thule, Moscow was within the range of U.S. bombers at that time). In 1951, Operation Blue Jay commenced, in secret, to build the base. That spring, an armada of 82 ships, loaded with prefabricated buildings, equipment, and construction materials came up from Norfolk, Virginia. 10,000 people were involved in construction, which continued nonstop for 104 days, until the harbor iced in. But by then, much of the base was built, and the 287 square mile Thule Defense Area was established, making this area of Greenland part of the American sphere.

For the first decade of its existence, Thule continued to grow. Its main function was as a gas station, to supply fuel to U.S. Strategic Air Command aircraft. It had the military's largest fuel tank farm (100 million gallon capacity). It also had a fighter interceptor squadron, and a ring of Nike missiles to protect the base. At its peak, in 1961, the base was home for 10,000 people. With the improvement in aircraft range, aerial refueling techniques, and the invention of intercontinental ballistic missiles, the base's function officially changed from offense to defense. The BMEWS radar array was built, a giant ear designed by RCA, plugged into the NORAD bunker in Colorado, by an elaborate network of communication relay points.

With the decrease in aircraft activity, the base population shrank, though it still was – and is – an important airport for military and scientific missions in the arctic. In 1968, it had a population of 3,370, and loaded bombers were still flying around the edges of the Soviet Union 24/7. That year, a B-52, based out of Plattsburg New York, crashed into Thule's frozen bay with four nuclear bombs on board. The clean up involved moving tons of debris contaminated with radioactivity (much of which ended up at the Nevada Test Site). One bomb is said to have never been recovered from the ocean floor. This event, and a few other "Broken Arrow" incidents, helped put an end to the continuous Airborne Alert flights.

continued on next page



Though remote, Thule is between all things, and connected globally. All the phone numbers for Thule have a Colorado Springs area code, even though the phone is ringing in Northern Greenland. CLUI photo

But it was the move of the battlefield to space, through the use of ICBMs and satellites, that changed Thule to the way it is now. Though Thule exists today primarily to support the satellite control station and the space radar array, Thule's 10,000 foot runway is used as a base for arctic training, research, and scientific programs, and hosts a total of 2,600 flights a year. Thule is the supply base for even more remote facilities, like Alert, 650 miles away, a radio listening post operated by the Canadian military that is the northernmost continuously occupied place in the world.

Nearly all the buildings in use at Thule were built as part of the original base in the 1950s. These buildings were made from Plymouth Panels and Clements Panels, prefabricated insulated sections that bolted together, forming buildings that function like walk in freezers in reverse (keeping the cold out). The buildings are elevated above the ground to keep them from melting the permafrost which is less than a foot thick. If the ground melted, the buildings foundations would collapse. In many cases buildings have pipes and vents forcing air to circulate under them to dissipate the building's heat.



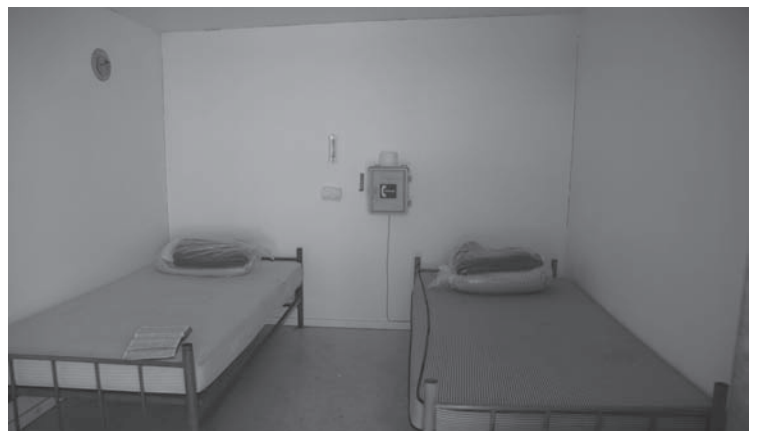
The buildings are connected by steampipes, and vented underneath, so that the heated buildings do not melt the permafrost. CLUI photo

The entire base, from the electrical plant to the heat plants, runs on J-8 jet fuel. In the winter, total darkness lasts for over 90 days, and the temperature sinks to -40 F. In the winter, vehicles used to shuttle people from building to building leave their engines running continuously. Aircraft bring in supplies and people, with regular weekly and monthly flights from Copenhagen and Baltimore. In the summer, the northernmost deep-water port in the world, at Thule, is free of ice for a couple of months, and supply ships come in. The 1,000 foot pier at the port is made of sunken barges, and is locked in the ice the rest of the time.

There are a few roads that extend beyond the base to remote communication sites, in use and historic, and recreational areas. The furthest is an old U.S. Coast Guard Loran station, 32 miles away. Beyond that, there are no roads connecting Thule to other places, and these roads are open only in the summer. The roads leading to regularly visited places, like BMEWS and Det 3, and the dump, have storm shelters every mile or so, where the heater (powered by Jet 8) is left on continuously, in case someone is stranded by a sudden storm on their way to or from work. Inside each shelter are two beds, some food, a shovel, a phone, and a bible.



One of dozens of warming huts along the roads, where heat stays on continuously, in case travellers are stranded in a storm. CLUI photo



Warming hut interior.

CLUI photo

The CLUI exhibit *Ultima Thule*, co-sponsored by the Center's Polar Program, was part of the Nordic Institute for Contemporary Art (NIFCA)'s multi-site exhibition called "Rethinking Nordic Colonialism," which was organized by Kuratorisk Aktion, out of Berlin and Copenhagen. NIFCA, a remarkable organization that supported creative projects throughout the world's arctic region, is now, unfortunately, defunct. ♦

WENDOVER REPORT

FROM THE CENTER'S COMPLEX ON THE EDGE OF THE SALT FLATS



Now on view at CLUI Exhibit Hall 1 is an exhibit by Wendover Resident John Brinton Hogan. CLUI photo

Wendover Residence Program

THE 2006 SEASON WAS ANOTHER busy one at the CLUI Wendover Complex, with over 100 participants staying and working out of the Center's exhibit, production, and support facilities. New Residents this season included: Uta Kogelsburger, Lisa Blatt, Nicole Jean Hill, Brian Conley, Martin Hogue, Katherine Bash, Oscar Tuazon, David Clayton and Stephanie Koenig. Others who returned to work on new or ongoing projects include Bill Wiley, Simparch, Deborah Stratman, Rob Ray, John Brinton Hogan, Lucy Raven, Achim Mohné, Bill Fox, Mark Klett, and Richard Saxton. Eteam made another visit, passing through the airfield with a chartered flight from New York to Wendover, on their way to the nascent, grass roots "International Airport" in Montello, at the next town west of Wendover. The Land Arts and the American West class stopped by for around a week in September, and helped with fencing in a larger yard, in addition to doing their site-based work around the area.



The new CLUI viewing tower joins the family of towers in the area, which include Deborah Stratman's radio sampling tower, the original WWII airport tower, and the prop tower left over from filming *Conair*, at Southbase. CLUI photo

The Viewing Tower

The annual work party, held in July, was a great success, culminating in the erection of an old target scoring tower at the CLUI residence and workshop, which provides views of the region. "In such a flat place, 40 feet in elevation makes a big difference," said Matthew Coolidge, Wendover Operations Manager, "As you ascend the tower the landscape changes from a line to a plane."

The tower was originally an observation tower for the military training ranges on the north side of the highway. It was moved to the Kaiser Potash works in the 1950's, to watch operations in the spread out evaporation ponds south of the highway. By the 1970's its use diminished to simply supporting a TV antenna for the potash bunkhouse, which is no longer in use by the plant. It was donated to the CLUI by the owner of the potash plant, and finally moved to its new location this summer.

The tower installing expertise of Deborah Stratman, and the cement pouring experience of John Brinton Hogan were instrumental in getting this to happen. Thanks too to the Mayor of Wendover, Don Shelton, of Shelton Redimix, who poured more than seven yards of concrete for the new foundation, and to Greg Foy and Mike Spellman of Intrepid Potash for their support.



Municipal Workshop's GPS touring bike gets a disorientation on the Bonneville flats. CLUI Photo

Salt Flat GPS Expo

The GPS Expo 2006 was held on the Bonneville Salt Flats this summer, and an interesting cluster of people showed up. It started with an anonymous posting on a yahoo group, listing a time and a place. The time, Saturday July 29th, was right at the peak of summer on the flats. The place was simply listed as geographical coordinates. "40 degrees 47.701 min N, 113 degrees 48.737 min W." The posting went on to say, "An informal unmediated gathering of guided meandering research and development using GPS, location awareness, and saltboards."

It seemed like a good thing, so a number of people from Wendover went out to the flats, to engage in the GPS events. The site turned out to be pretty far out there, about a third of the way to Floating Island, in an area beyond the apex of the rest stop berm. The flats were a bit damp, caking the vehicles in salt, but hard enough to travel on, by any means. Actually perfect conditions for salt skiing, a sport that is pretty much unsafe at any speed. Just ask Rich Pell of the Institute for Applied Autonomy, who broke all previous nonexistent speed records. He also brought out the Autotour, the GPS-powered touring vehicle that normally lives in the garage at the CLUI Unit, and is designed for providing guided tours of the airbase. The car was definitely beyond its accustomed terrain on the flats, but it performed well, outfitted with a GPS triggered sampling contraption and loud-speaker by Jesse Stiles, an audioperformance artist from New York (and former South Base cosmonaut), who happened to be in the neighborhood. Stiles veered and dopplered the sounds while careening around the expanse.

Goings on in the nearby distance ranged from the curious to the absurd. Debby and Larry Kline, artists from Southern California, had established a 40 acre square, marked with a line on the ground, which they claimed as theirs by way of an uncontested landgrab. They came prepared with a flag for the new territory, and defended it with a skeletal M1 Tank, which rolled around on the chassis of an

electric wheelchair. The BLM official who manages the federally-owned flats was seen approaching them for a discussion. What sort of bargain was struck remains unknown, but he left without drawing his sidearm. He probably had other things on his mind, such as enforcing the one mile exclusionary arc around the *Pirates of the Caribbean III* set, shimmering in the distance.

Paula Poole and Brett Stalbaum, former CLUI Wendover Program participants were also in the region, working on a GPS project that involved walking to the center of each of 36 square kilometers on the flats in a 6 by 6 grid, and taking samples, which were then mixed into tiles, and placed on view in a CLUI exhibit space with additional material.

Other activities observed around these coordinates included a public survey station set by Mary Anderson, up at the Bonneville Salt Flats rest stop on the interstate, and video projects being worked on by Christina McPhee, Huong Ly and Sarah McClelland. ♦

DESERT RESEARCH STATION REPORT FROM THE CENTER'S COMPOUND IN THE MOJAVE



Experimental Walking Trail at the DRS.

CLUI photo

THE DESERT RESEARCH STATION SUFFERED a few broken pipes this winter during the record low temperatures in the desert. But other than that, all is well at the Center's outpost in the high desert, near Barstow. Work progresses on the Walking Trail Testbed, a facility that is used for trying out new interpretive methodologies on a walking trail-type system. Other periodic and ongoing research programs at the DRS this year include a number of native plant reintroductions, and continued support of the Moisture Research Site, an instrumented irrigation and moisture retention plot on the other side of the dry lake.

For the last year, the DRS has also been the base for sonic boom research, undertaken by the Center's Steve Rowell. The research involves a continuous sampling of the skies for sonic booms, a reasonably frequent occurrence, as the DRS is under Edwards Air Force Base's R-2515 High Altitude Supersonic Corridor air space. A computer at the DRS, connected to a network of microphones, records the outdoor sounds continuously, erasing all silence shortly after recording it. When a sound above a certain threshold is detected, the computer preserves it, as well as the moments before and after it. The logged sonic incidents are later transferred to an off site master where they are catalogued, stored, and accessed for use in research and displays.

In the Landscape Information Center, the part of the building that is open to the public, a new display about the Harper Lake Basin was added to the existing displays about the remarkable land uses of the Southern California Desert. Called *Points of Interest in the Harper Lake Basin: A Mojave*

Microcosm, the exhibit looks at the region around the nearby dry lake, as a place representative of the subtleties and extremes of contemporary human activity in the desert.

CLUI DRS Boron Tour

Last summer the CLUI conducted a public bus tour of the region around the Desert Research Station, as we do periodically. This time we focused on the town of Boron, one of the jewels of the High Desert.

The tour bus left from outside the Center's office in Culver City, and headed east on Interstate 10, to the 15, up the Cajon Pass, through Victorville to Route 58, all the while getting speil from the tourguide (Matthew Coolidge) about the landscape we were passing through, watching portions of videos about flood control, the BLM, and cement.

We arrived at the Desert Research Station, where visitors looked at the exhibits about the region, explored the new walking trail, and ate lunch. Then it was off to the main attractions. First stop was the Harper Lake Solar generating station, tucked away at the end of a road across the dry lake from the Research Station. This is the largest solar power plant in the world, in output, and it was built on the ruins of the old ranching community of Lockhart, and the site where Howard Hughes once had an aircraft test site.

On to Kramer Junction, where the other "largest solar plant in the world" is located (larger in area, but slightly smaller in output than the Harper Lake plant), and up the 395 to the ruins of the Boron Air Force Station/ Federal Correctional Facility. Back on Highway 58 west, we passed the point of the Great Boron Fulcrum, where on one side is the largest open pit mine in California, and on the other is Rocket Ridge, a mountain on Edwards Air Force Base where rocket engines are strapped to concrete stands and tested – one part digging down, and the other straining upward. Boron, the town, is in the middle.



Contemplating borates on CLUI Boron tour.

CLUI photo

The group stopped in at the U.S. Borax mine, with its visitor center atop a pile of rock, then headed into town. Instead of covering as much ground as possible, as is typical on a CLUI tour, we wanted people to have time to get to know Boron on their own terms, and to explore the small grid of the village on foot. We suggested the 20 Mule Team Museum and Aerospace Museum on Boron's Museum Row, where the bus parked, as a place to start. Then we met up later for a grand and festive supper on the patio of Domingo's, the best Mexican food for at least 50 miles, and the place where the owner likes to say that the reason the space shuttle lands at the nearby Muroc Dry Lake sometimes, is so the astronauts can eat at Domingo's. Back to Los Angeles in the lurching, swaying bus, watching a movie about a lurching, swaying bus.

The tour was sponsored by Afterall Journal, an arts quarterly, co-published by Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, London, and the School of Art at the California Institute of the Arts, Los Angeles. ♦

CLUI EXHIBITS ON THE ROAD AND IN THE FIELD



CLUI exhibit about architecture on the fringe, wrapped around halls and walls at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County. CLUI photo

A NUMBER OF CLUI EXHIBITS are getting some mileage on them, traveling to other institutions to be put on public display.

Vacation: Dauphin Island was shown at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, in the winter of 2007, as part of a program about habitats. *Vacation: Dauphin Island* was displayed originally in an electronic form at the CLUI Los Angeles, in 2006, and was printed out and framed for presentation at the Museum. Following exhibition there, it will travel elsewhere.

In October, 2006, images from the Center's *Ground Up: Photographs of the Ground in the Margins of Los Angeles* exhibition appeared in an group show called "Land Sakes Alive" at California State University, Northridge, along with Ken and Gabrielle Adelman's Coastal Records Project (which was featured at the CLUI in 2004).

In 2005, Columbia University's Graduate School of Architecture, Preservation and Planning showed a number of CLUI exhibits on their walls, including *Supermodel*, which depicts and describes the three largest hydraulic engineering landscape models built by the Army Corps in the USA (the San Francisco Bay Model, the Chesapeake Bay Model, and the Mississippi River Model). The department also displayed a printed version of *Emergency State: First Responder and Law Enforcement Training Architecture* in a gallery at the university. In 2004, the Princeton School of Architecture exhibited the Center's *Formations of Erasure: Earthworks and Entropy* in a hallway. That exhibit was also shown in the Sonoma County Museum in 2003.

Curators have bought or borrowed images from the Center's archives for use in their own exhibits, as a sort of raw material, sometimes adding curious vectors that reflect and absorb meanings from other works. In February 2006, several CLUI Photo Archive images were included in an exhibit called "Skirting the Line" at DePauw University, in Indiana. In 2005 and 2006, CLUI images were included in a number of exhibits at commercial art galleries, including an exhibition called "Interstate" at Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery, in New York City.

Though the Center is happy to provide existing exhibits to other institutions whenever time and resources permit, it is perhaps most compelling when the exhibits find places that are related to their content in a direct way, and help to get people out to explore their environment. For example, *Back to the Bay: An Exploration of the Marginal Zones of the San Francisco Bay* has recently been installed in a dramatic location on the shores of the Bay itself. Originally commissioned by and shown in the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts in San Francisco, in 2001, *Back to the Bay* is now in the control tower building at the former Alameda Naval Air Station (one of dozens of sites depicted and described in the exhibit) - a building that overlooks the contaminated no-mans-land at the tip of the island, with the Bay, the Port of Oakland, the Bay Bridge, and the skyline of San Francisco visible beyond. ♦



The CLUI exhibit *Back to the Bay* is back on the Bay, displayed at Squid Labs, in the control tower at the north end of Alameda Island. CLUI photo

SMITHSONIAN RECOGNIZES WORK OF CLUI
LUCELIA AWARD GIVEN TO DIRECTOR

THE SMITHSONIAN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM announced on April 27, 2006, that it was awarding the 2006 Lucelia Artist Award to Matthew Coolidge, Director of the Center for Land Use Interpretation.

"I am honored to accept the Lucelia Artist Award on behalf of all of us at the Center for Land Use Interpretation," said Coolidge. "It is especially meaningful for us to be recognized by the Smithsonian Institution, a venerable colleague in the quest to understand and describe the American Land."

The Lucelia Artist Award, established in 2001, annually recognizes an American artist under the age of 50 who demonstrates exceptional creativity and has produced a significant body of artwork that is considered emblematic of this period in contemporary art. Jurors nominate artists who will be recognized as one of the most important artists of his or her time.

"Viewed historically, Coolidge and the Center continue a long tradition of attention to the American landscape that encompasses the great Hudson River school painters, Ansel Adams's photographs and Robert Smithson's earthwork projects," the jurors said in a statement. ♦

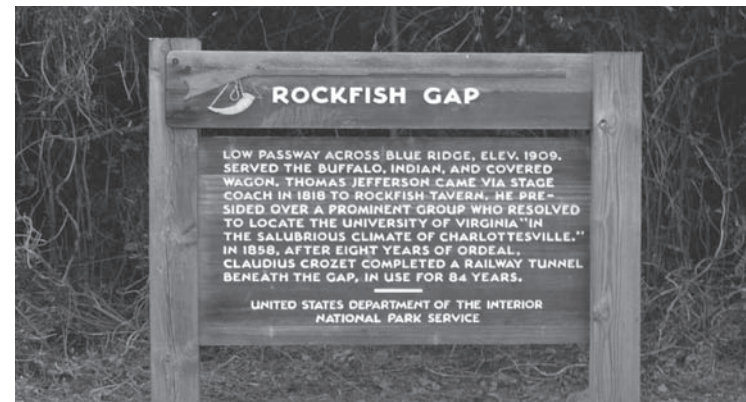
THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY
REELING ALONG A RIBBON OF ROAD



THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY IS unabashedly America's drive-through National Park. Unlike other parks, where roads have been strategically placed and designed for motor touring and access within established parklands, the Blue Ridge Parkway is a park built to surround a single, newly constructed road, and in places it is as narrow as 200 feet. It is an interpretive driving trail, with pull outs, overlooks, sculpted landscapes, and material artifacts on display to appreciate, as you drive by. It is maybe the only park of its kind anywhere near its scale, in the world - a trans-state carscape built from scratch for the pleasure of driving.

The parkway is a 469.1 mile long celebration of vehicular viewing, sculpted by landscape architects who likened its cohesion to a necklace, and to a film. It is banked, pitched, and routed to be drivable at 45 mph, the posted maximum speed, for nearly its entire length, with never more than a casual effort to be made in steering, acceleration, or braking. Once your mind becomes accustomed to this sensation of driving ease, and you learn to trust the road at this relaxed rate, it begins to feel like the road and the car and the driver become conjoined. Even a jalopy feels like a sports car at this slow pace. But it doesn't feel slow. The mountainous terrain provides enough gentle pitches and turns - there is hardly a straightaway for more than a few hundred yards - with new vistas and roadside forms providing a minimum of stimulation and variety, in texture, at least.

No one drives the Blue Ridge simply to get somewhere. It was built for recreational driving. There is no commercial traffic, and no towns along its route. Roads run parallel to it in the valleys below, including the high speed Interstate 81. The very idea of building a road on a ridgeline runs against the logic of roadbuilding: Roads usually follow the bottom of valleys, where the topography has been leveled by rivers, and where the cities, towns, and commercial centers and other nodes that need connecting reside. Mountains are generally entered by roads only when they need to be passed over, and usually in as brief and efficient a fashion as practi-

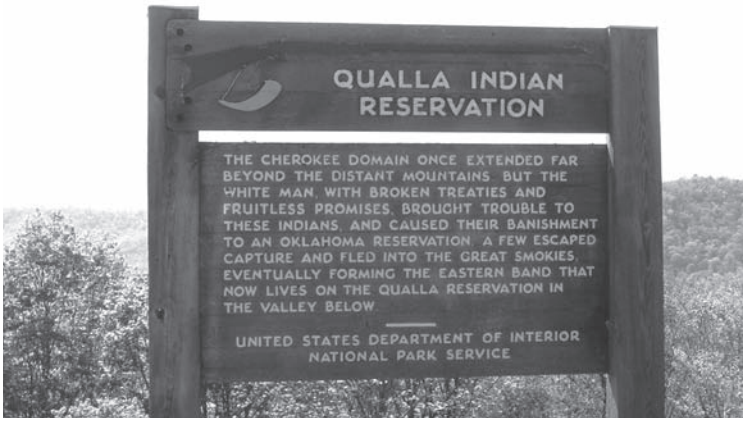


cable. Evidence of this abounds along the Blue Ridge, where the parkway crosses (on bridges, so without directly touching) numerous gap roads that run perpendicularly down the mountains on either side, like ribs to the parkway's spine. These are the old roads that lead into the Blue Ridge. The Parkway runs across this historic and practical grain.

The parkway feels like a geographical anomaly, like a misplaced bit of Europe. This is hardly an accident. Vehicular "parkways" in America were first designed by Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmstead, as linear versions of the parklands they designed for wealthy patrons and cities. Their work was based on the aesthetics of European landscape design, especially the Romantic country estates of England. The first American motor parkway, the Bronx River Parkway in New York, opened in 1925. It was conceived nearly 20 years earlier, as a way of addressing the degradation of the river by industries along its path, and to provide a scenic route for commuters. Other parkways heading out of New York City into the affluent suburbs followed; the Saw Mill River, the Cross County, the Meadowbrook and the Taconic (and later the Palisades and the Garden State). With population and suburban development increasing rapidly after WWII, construction of leisurely, noncommercial parkways gave way to the bigger, faster modernism of engineered freeways, which generally ignore their contexts.



Stanley Abbott, a young landscape architect designing parkways for the Westchester Parks Commission, was hired by the Park Service to be the non-engineering designer of the Blue Ridge Parkway. He brought his experience and aesthetics from the tradition of the Americanized English garden of Vaux and Olmstead. He designed its landscapes to show a nature that was "wild," but still under control. He wanted the road to merge with its surroundings, "as if nature put it there."



When the Blue Ridge Parkway was being conceived in the early 1930s, it was as a scenic highway connecting Shenandoah National Park in Virginia, and the Smokey Mountain National Park in North Carolina and Tennessee. Inspired partly by the Skyline Drive in Shenandoah Valley, the parkway idea would, in the words of Thomas Macdonald, chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, “offset the enervating influences of the lower altitudes,” referring to the growing unsightliness of commercial tourist roads in the region, full of billboards, roadside stands, utility lines, and the general chaos of American kitsch.

The project would also bring work and development to one of the most depressing parts of depression-era America, the southern Appalachians. The road exists as a New Deal “make work” project. It was built for something to do. The region was among the most maligned in the nation. Appalachians of the time were said to be lagging a century behind America, and called inhabitants of a forgotten frontier. The English historian Arnold Toynbee charged the residents of Appalachia, most of whom were recent descendants of English, German and Scotch-Irish immigrants, of losing an inherited civilization. Into this poverty stricken wreckage the juggernaut of the State would come to the rescue, with a visionary, and possibly absurd project, on an unprecedented scale.

There were several political progenitors of the project, chiefly, perhaps, Senator Bird of Virginia, who is said to have suggested the idea for the road while on a visit to the Shenandoah Park with President Roosevelt, who seemed to think it was a good idea. But it was the Harold Ickes, Roosevelt’s Secretary of the Interior, and Administrator of Public Works, that made the decisions that cut through the political bickering that can stall projects of this magnitude.

It was originally pitched to Ickes by state representatives from the states that would directly benefit from it (Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee), as a self-sustaining toll road. When it became obvious that the estimated \$16 million to build the road would have to come from the federal government, the policies of Roosevelt’s New Deal supported it (one argument that enabled North Carolina to keep all of the route south of Virginia in its territory, and out of neighboring Tennessee, was that Tennessee was already benefitting from an even more massive New Deal program, the TVA). But when it became clear that it would be a National Park, a complex, 470 mile long mountain road, maintained in perpetuity by the park service – at the expense of all tax-payers, and not by just the states that benefited from it, many Senators protested. Nonetheless, the bill to make it so passed by a small margin, and became law in 1936.

Ground had already been broken for the first part of the road a year earlier, a 12 mile section at the state line of Virginia and North Carolina. The road was being built section by section, in no particular order, wherever right of ways, surveys, and engineering had been cleared and completed. It was up to the states to acquire the land for the right of way from the thousands of people who owned land around the ridgeline, and the route of the road was at least partially determined by the level of difficulty in doing so. The route was also selected for scenery, not necessarily directness.

Because it was to be a prettified “parkway,” a much wider right of way than is usual for a road project had to be secured in order to provide insulation from private land. A two lane road might have 100 feet of right of way on either side of the center line. For the Blue Ridge, the right of way was mandated to be up to 1,000 feet. This right of way eliminated frontage and access rights of any private party, and gave the Park Service control over land use along the road. In addition, scenic easements were acquired from landowners along the route wherever possible or necessary, which put further restrictions on private activity in the visible margins and sightlines of the road. These easements stated that no “unsightly or offensive material, such as sawdust, ashes, trash or junk,” or any commercial sign, bill, or advertisement could be placed on the land under the easement.

In some cases, county and state representatives went door to door to negotiate land sales and negotiate easements. In many cases, people were poor, and happy to sell their remote (for now) land at whatever the state was offering. But not all the time. In North Carolina, maps were posted in the county courthouses showing the land that was being claimed by the state for the route. The notice stated that if you wanted to contest it or make claims for compensation, it was up to you to do so. If you didn’t then the land would become property of the state, effective of the date of the posting of the notice.

Ignorance and misunderstanding was prevalent. It was clear that a lot of hill people relinquished their scenic easement rights not really understanding what that meant. Most people, when they were asked to give way to eminent domain for a road in a remote area, assume that a road brings access, and makes their remaining land frontage, increasing its value. But the parkway was a different kind of road, one where access was restricted, and frontage controlled by the Park. It did the opposite of what roads generally do.

In total, Virginia and North Carolina delivered 28,487 acres and 42,139 acres in right of way and easements to the federal government, and the road construction continued. Some of the land was leased back to farmers, under conditions that they would observe proper and scenic practices on the land. It was always the intention of the builders of the road to represent the cultural landscape of the Blue Ridge, as well as the scenic one.

Barns, log houses, farmland, and other types of buildings and practices were not entirely eliminated from the viewshed. Those that were allowed to remain were there as representatives of cultural practices, to display the folkways and heritage of the region. Buildings along the road are mostly reconstructed unfurnished shells of log cabins, meant to be seen as parts of the landscape, from a moving car. Other buildings remain as part of the visitor centers along the parkway, where additional, historic outbuildings have been reconstructed for historical purposes and to house living history programs for the public.

continued on next page



The dozen visitor centers along the road offer restrooms, souvenirs, and a pause from the road. They are operated by concessions for the Park Service, and each one features a different theme, such as a pioneer homestead, James River canal history, plant and animal ecology, mountain industry (such as grist-milling, blacksmithing, and moonshine), and minerals. There are over 100 roadside exhibits and overlooks, with interpretive signs naming the overlook or telling a brief interpretive story. On these signs, the large lettering is routed out in native wood, they usually have less than 100 words, and are easily read without leaving the vehicle. In addition, there are more modern vari-colored canted plaques of vinyl and steel, sometimes referred to as “easel displays,” that use images and text to tell a more complex story. The graphics are from the standard design palette of the National Park System, and integrating all the interpretive infrastructure is the symbol for the parkway that appears on most of these signs, a mountain squirrel rifle and powder horn.

As a 470 mile long interpretive trail, the road provided an opportunity to re-curate the landscape of Southern Appalachia. The mountains had been denuded by logging in the 19th century, and eroded due to poor farming practices, making streams run as washes of mud. Stanley Abbott, the landscape architect of the parkway, declared “few of the show places of the parkway environs remain in an unspoiled natural state.” Just as the architecture and the culture of the parkway was reconstructed, the natural beauty along the road had to be constructed as well. In at least one instance, overblast from a roadcut, generally kept to a minimum, made too much debris. As a solution, an overlook was created at the spot, using the excess material to shore up a turn out.

The similarity of the driving experience to a cinematic one is ubiquitous, but is rarely as obvious, or intentional, as it is here. With the reduced speed, and eliminated cross traffic, the consistent engineering of the road and the controlled scenery all serves to provide a platform of engaged passivity. Seated viewers of the experience gaze through a series of unfolding scenes and sculpted views through the windshield screen. On the parkway the viewing platform is wedded to the view, like a 469 mile tracking shot, with complicated pans and tilts following rises and curves. Cut to a pull out, a panoramic establishing shot, or a zoom-in on an interpretive plaque, stylized, simple and brief, like the text in a silent movie. Landscape, view, and platform, integrated in a mechanized, pastoral, and romantic ribbon of road. ♦



SOME REMARKABLE PLACES NOT ON THE PARKWAY

Even if it is a road to nowhere, the Blue Ridge Parkway does pass by some remarkable American attractions, which can be visited by leaving the park.



Travellers on the highway have no clues that they are driving over the top of natural bridge when they approach the community of Natural Bridge. The bridge has had a road on it for over 150 years. CLUI photo

Natural Bridge: Pagans and Christians

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA, IS A classic American attraction, with an interesting collision of features. The main one is a natural bridge - a stone arch 200 feet high, carved out by the river that flows underneath it. In the 18th and 19th centuries, it was one of the most famous natural landmarks in the nation, a must-see up there with Niagara Falls. Unlike most natural wonders of this sort, Natural Bridge is not a public park, but a private resort. It has been privately owned since it was purchased from the English crown in 1774, by Thomas Jefferson, who built a retreat there. Since 1927 its owners have presented a religious sound and light show on the bridge called the “Drama of Creation,” watched by paying customers each evening.

Natural Bridge is also the town that grew up around the natural bridge, which comprises a resort hotel and motel complex, a wax museum, and a giant gift shop at the entrance to the path that leads to the otherwise nearly impossible to see arch. These features were built in the 1960s, to replace the existing resort, and are built in the federal brick style like Howard Johnsons and Little America. There is another set of attractions, of a wholly different nature, surrounding these. They include the Haunted Monster Museum and Dark Maze, and Foamhenge. Each of these were built by Mark “Professor” Cline, a visionary fiberglass artisan who builds dinosaurs and monsters for the amusement park and haunted house industry, through his company Enchanted Castle Studios, as well as for his own attractions in Natural Bridge.

The Haunted Monster Museum is an old, rotting house in the overgrowth above the motel part of the resort. The building would have been creepy even without Cline’s modifications, but what he has done is still a considerable enhancement, especially if the site is visited on your own, which is not hard to do. The house, full of mechanical monsters and such, is seething with an infestation of gargoyles, griffins, giant skulls, snake tails, and other monsters, and is surrounded by the Dark Maze, a leafy, meandering walking trail with larger-than-life minotaurs and dinosaurs eating small children and confederate soldiers, amid other surprises.



“The Professor’s” Foamhenge is a pagan antipode to the biblical sound and light show at the Natural Bridge. CLUI photo

Up the road a bit is Cline’s Foamhenge, a very nice and crumbling full-scale styrofoam version of Stonehenge, built in 2002. Its creator’s humor and attitude are expressed well on a sign at the entrance:

Stonehenge took 1,500 years to complete using stones weighing as much as 50 tons. An estimated 600-1,000 men dragged the stones from Marlborough Downs, 20 miles north. Perhaps used as a temple, observatory or tomb.
Foamhenge completed in six weeks using beaded styrofoam blocks weighing up to 420 pounds. Delivered on 4 tractor trailer trips from Winchester, VA. 100 miles north. It took 4-5 Mexicans and one crazy man to construct. It’s to educate and entertain.

Three miles further up the road is Enchanted Castle Studios itself, where Cline does his work. The studio site used to be his main attraction, an enchanted castle full of beasts, but it was burned down in 2001. There is more than some suspicion that it was arson, committed by a faction of zealous christians of Natural Bridge, who didn’t appreciate his brand of pagan demonism. Undaunted by the loss, Professor Cline rages on.



Norfolk Southern’s repair yards are across the street from the O. Winston Link Museum. CLUI photo

O. Winston Link Museum, Roanoke, VA

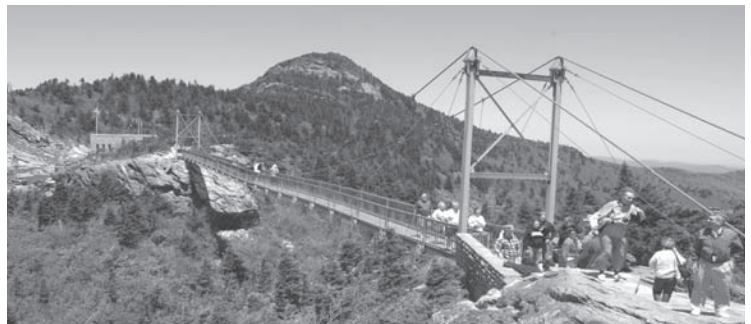
Roanoke is a historic railtown, the heart of the Norfolk and Western Railway country (now Norfolk Southern), whose yards are still at work in the center of town. The company’s best known documentarian was an energetic railfan and creative commercial photographer named O. Winston Link. This museum of Link’s work, opened in 2004, is an unusual hybrid of genres, much like the photographer’s work itself.

Link was a commercial photographer who specialized in industrial field work. For five years, before World War II, he worked at a public relations firm that made news stories for clients, intended to be seen as news, rather than advertising. He excelled in creating staged photographs that proved too good for photo editors to pass up. After the war, he was able to work freelance, using the connections he had made in the industry. An admirer of trains, and an inventive engineer, Link applied his skills of flash photography to the challenge of photographing speeding trains at night. He was especially interested in the Norfolk and Western line, as it was the last company to be building and using steam trains, exclusively. The company gave him permission to make photographs on their property, up and down the line, but on his own dime.

He did so for several years, developing large synchronized flash assemblies that enabled him to craft arresting, stylized images of trains frozen in a simplified landscape. His signature images have contented-looking people posed in the foreground, with structures in the middleground, and a steaming locomotive in the background. A Norman Rockwell-esque nostalgia in his images was enhanced by the fact that the trains he photographed were the last steam engines to be used in regular service (Norfolk and Western phased the last one out in 1960). The hyperreal effect became nearly surreal with the anachronism of steam locomotives in the suburban roadsides and drive-ins of 1950’s America.

Link also made films and field recordings of the trains, and became known for the records he released, “The Sounds of Steam Railroading,” starting in 1957. It wasn’t until the 1980s that his photographs started to be recognized by curators, and a number of exhibitions and publications of his work were produced through the 1990’s. Though he continued to work as a commercial photographer until then, it was the five year period of capturing the end of steam in America that would become his legacy.

The idea of a museum dedicated to his work was proposed by his agent and biographer, with business and historic organizations in Roanoke. An abandoned rail station in town in need of an attraction was at least part of the motivation. The building was the former Roanoke Passenger Station, which had been rebuilt in a modern style in the 1940’s by the famous industrial designer Raymond Loewy, designer of cars, logos, and locomotives. Link, who lived in upstate New York, and was battling with his ex-wife (who had stolen much of his work), helped with the early stages of the museum’s design, before he died in 2001. The museum finally opened in 2004. It is operated as part of the regional historical society, which correctly claims that the museum is “not an art museum, nor a rail transportation museum, nor a social history museum. It incorporates elements from all of these to give visitors insight into the period of time in which Winston worked and into the unique genius of O. Winston Link and his photographs.”



Sky-high bridge to nowhere, on Grandfather Mountain.

CLUI photo

continued on next page

You Can Peak That: The Two Tops of Appalachia

The Blue Ridge Parkway skirts the highest peaks, which are outside of the parkway. Grandfather Mountain's Calloway Peak is the highest point in the Blue Ridge Mountain Range, at 5,964 feet. It is privately owned, and accessed by passing through a toll gate just outside the park. The 250,000 people who visit every year ascend the 2.5 mile long winding, paved road towards the summit, which passes the Nature Museum, overlooks, and picnic areas. One overlook points out one of the only buildings visible in the roiling ocean of green, on a distant ridge, poking out of the trees like a solitary tooth. This is Sugar Top, a ten storey condominium complex, built in the early '80s, which prompted the state to pass a law about building more than three storeys above the ridge line in this scenic area.

The road ends at the Visitor Center on top of the ridge line. As you ascend the 50 stairs towards higher elevations, signs warn you to be careful as you are "on the most rugged mountain in the East." One of the steps indicates that you (or your foot) are at 5,280 feet, a mile high. Then the path leads to the Mile High Swinging Bridge, a pedestrian suspension bridge spanning a crevasse in the ridge. At the end of the bridge is a craggy knob that feels a bit like a summit, and is where most of the visitors end up milling around, before heading back over the bridge to the parking lot. The peak though, is in the other direction, and is another 700 feet higher, and hardly visited by comparison.

Most of the improvements on Grandfather Mountain, such as the paved road, the visitor center, and the suspension bridge to nowhere, were built by Hugh MacRae Morton, who inherited Grandfather Mountain from his grandfather in 1952. His family controls over 16,000 acres in the region. Morton was the main force of resistance that prevented the Blue Ridge Parkway from being completed in the 1960's, as he opposed the construction of the highway through his land. The compromise of a highway at lower altitude, that skirts the edge of the mountain - nearly flying off it in the form of the Linn Cove Viaduct - was finally completed in 1987. When Hugh MacRae Morton died last summer, control of the company passed to Hugh MacRae Morton III, his grandson: Grandfather Mountain lives up to its name, again.



The tower once atop Mount Mitchell was the highest publicly accessible point in the eastern half of the country. CLUI photo

But this isn't the highest peak, really. Mount Mitchell, 40 miles south, is taller, but it is in the Black Mountain Range, a 15 mile long spur between the Blue Ridge and the Smokeys, but not technically part of either. This was not a concern in the first half of the 19th century, as at that time Grandfather Mountain was assumed to be the highest peak in the region, if not the entire United States (this was before the western states joined

the Union). A professor from the state university, Dr. Elisha Mitchell, made a number of surveys in the Black Mountains, and determined that this peak, soon to bear his name, not Grandfather Mountain, was in fact the tallest. His calculation of 6,672 feet, made in 1835, it turns out, was only 12 feet off. He later died on the mountain, falling to his death at a place now known as Mitchell Falls, and is buried on its summit, the highest grave east of the Mississippi.

There are no grandfathers here, as the mountain is owned by the state. In fact, it was part of the first state park in the state, established in 1915, a response to the destruction that logging was having on the region. There was a logging railroad nearly all the way to the summit, stopping at Camp Alice, at 5,789 feet. But by 1915, much of the logging had been done, and the logging train became more of a tourist train, bringing visitors to a restaurant at Camp Alice, from where it was just a half mile walk to the summit. In 1921, the railway was closed, and replaced by an automobile toll road. Another toll road was constructed on the other side in 1925, making the trip a loop. In the 1930s, the Blue Ridge Parkway came through, and the access roads modernized. It is now just a few hundred yards up a path from the parking lot to the summit.

After the first tower was built on top of Mount Mitchell in 1916, the mountain ceased to be the tallest point east of the Mississippi - the tower was. With increasing visitation, and the access of the auto road, a much more substantial stone tower was erected in 1926. This was eventually considered unsafe, and was torn down in 1959. The stone tower's original form was integrated into a new, architect-designed tower, which had a larger viewing platform, that opened in 1960. This tower was removed in 2006, and is being replaced by a platform, a mere ten feet off the ground. The 800 foot pathway to the summit is also being graded and rebuilt, finally making the tallest mountain in the eastern United States ADA compliant.

With the tower removed, the tallest point east of the Mississippi may, once again, be the treetops of Mount Mitchell. That is, if the trees survive. They, along with the pine trees in much of the area, are under attack by a bark-boring beetle, and weakened by airborne pollutants, like acid rain. Fog enshrouds the mountain on eight out of ten days, a fog that, according to the park service, can be as acidic as vinegar.



The removal of the tower on Mount Mitchell last year made the 54 foot tower atop Clingman's Dome, a mountain in the Great Smokey Mountains National Park, that is 40 feet shorter than Mount Mitchell, the highest publicly accessible observation point east of the Mississippi.

CLUI photo



Have the sensation of having been there before? The Biltmore was the location for the film "Being There." CLUI photo

Vanderbilts Hosting Millions at the Biltmore

Outside of the still pleasantly folksy and craftsy city of Asheville, North Carolina, is the largest private home in America, Biltmore Estate. This monstrous edifice and cultivated grounds is on the scale of a European royal palace, built in the style of a Loire Valley chateau, crossed with a few English estates. It has 33 bedrooms, 43 bathrooms, 65 fireplaces, and three kitchens. Its 375 foot façade looms over the remains (8,000 acres) of a 125,000 acre estate, with grounds designed by Olmstead. A railway was built to the site to bring construction materials, which included trainloads of Italian marble. Construction lasted six years, and was completed in time for Christmas, 1895.

It was created by George Vanderbilt, who was a grandson of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the "Commodore," who was the first to build his family empire through shipping, railroads, and investments into the richest in America; and the son of his son, William Henry Vanderbilt, who doubled the family fortune. George was a 27 year old bachelor when construction started on Biltmore. He lived there on and off (he had a few other homes), until he died in 1914. His wife Edith stayed on until she remarried ten years later. Their only child, Cornelia, lived primarily at the Biltmore until 1958. She married John Cecil in 1924, and they had two sons, William and George, who grew up there.

The house is still owned by the family (William Cecil) though it has been developed into the largest tourist attraction between the Washington Monument, and Disneyworld. The modern tourist reception center and ticket building is bigger than Monticello. Approximately 30% of the 250 rooms are open to the public, for the basic admission price. An additional 30% can be seen on various "behind the scenes" tours. What the Vanderbilts do in the remaining 40% remains a mystery, though no one has officially lived there since 1980.

Nearly a million people a year pay the basic \$38 each to get in, and \$15 more for each of the additional tours once inside. Then there is the restaurant and gift shop arcade. Do the math. Clearly, the Vanderbilts have not lost their touch.

A surprising legacy of George Vanderbilt, the builder of the Biltmore, was in effecting the creation of conservation oriented forestry practice in the United States. He bought so much land, 125,000 acres, extending for 20 miles south of Biltmore, that Olmstead could think of doing nothing with most of it, except to let it be a forest. Like much of the eastern forests at that time Vanderbilt's forest had been damaged by decades of poor logging and farming practices. In order to have it be an exceptional, healthy forest, Olmstead recommended hiring someone to manage it. He hired a young Yale graduate who had studied forestry in France (there were no such schools yet in America), named Gifford Pinchot. Pinchot started in 1892, and lasted just a few years working for Vanderbilt, leaving to head larger

forestry programs for the government, and later to head the newly formed National Forest Service.

Before he left, he hired a replacement, Dr. Carl Schenck, a Doctor of Forestry. Schenck moved from Germany to the forests of Vanderbilt's empire, and established a forestry school in the woods to train his employees in forest management. This was the first forestry school in America. Others would soon be initiated at Yale, Cornell, and Harvard. The day had come, at the end of the 19th century, where America's vast forests were proving exhaustable. Forests, as a natural resource of national importance, now had to be managed to be a sustainable, renewable resource. Words such as "conservation" came out of the forests, and entered discussions of national policy.



The Cradle of Forestry

An overlook on the Blue Ridge Parkway points attention deep down into the valley below, where, nestled in the forest, is a place called The Cradle of Forestry. Here are the rebuilt structures of Schenck's Biltmore Forest School, which operated from 1898 to 1913, and the Forest Discovery Center, a new and state-of-the-art visitor center operated by the National Forest Service and the Cradle of Forestry Interpretive Association. Inside, dioramas, panels, and computer screens tell the story of forest management. Though aimed at the school groups that no doubt visit from time to time, the Center is of interest to adults as well, as the interpretive forms are varied and entertaining, including several scenes with life-sized forest service mannequins engaged in various tasks in the field, evoking the "stuffed animals in their natural habitat" natural history museum diorama. Visitors can even enter the cabin of a helicopter for a simulated ride over a burning forest. ♦



Real and stuffed foresters nestled amidst the jungle of interpretive displays in the Cradle of Forestry. CLUI photo

WATERWAYS AND SKYPORTS THE RISE OF PHOENIX



A directional sign for pilots points the way to town, built by Boy Scouts in the 1950s, during the ascendancy of Phoenix into a megacity propelled by aviation. Below the sign is the Salt River Sportsman's Club shooting range. CLUI photo

THE MAIN AIRPORT IN PHOENIX, Arizona, is called Sky Harbor, and indeed this landlocked city's harbor is the sky. With the Salt River on its south side, and Honeywell's engine plant on the north side, the airport, like the city of Phoenix itself, resides at the fulcrum between water and aviation.

Phoenix is now the 5th largest city in the USA, having surpassed Philadelphia in 2004, according to most estimates.* Probably nearly most of the four million people who live in the sprawling mat of contiguous communities in the Valley of Fire (1.5 million in Phoenix, and the rest in places like Scottsdale, Mesa, Tempe, and Glendale), know the creation myth of Phoenix.

The largest prehistoric settlement in what is now the USA was located here, in the Salt River Valley. Over the course of several hundred years, the Hohokam Indians built a network of canals, as much as 500 miles of them, to irrigate their croplands of corn, beans and squash. Numbering over 50,000 (some say 100,000), this civilization disappeared abruptly in the 15th century. Possibly due to floods, or droughts.

When the American settlers arrived in the 1860s, they found the remains of these canals, and began digging them out, and building more, enabling agriculture to take hold again in this most arid place. Early boosters imagined a great civilization rising up on the ashes of another, like a Phoenix. And they were right.

Just Add Water, and Stir Vigorously

Agriculture (largely cotton and citrus) consumed the water and fueled the economy of the city, and the precursors of the metropolitan region around it, for its first several decades. This was made possible by an extensive canal network, which was at first built on those abandoned by the Indians. But the Salt River was intermittent, unreliable, and often dry, and the groundwater was being depleted. When the Bureau of Reclamation was created by the federal government in 1902, the people of Phoenix, who numbered around 6,000 at that time, took full advantage

*The shrinking city of Philadelphia held the number 5 spot for around 15 years, after being bumped out of the number 4 spot by Houston in the 1980s. Of course, Phoenix's ascendance up the list is based on a number, based on political lines, and the fact that the city limit encloses 515 square miles (and growing), several times larger than Philadelphia's area. Philadelphia's metro area is more populous than Phoenix's, for the time being.

of this new entity, with its mandate to build water infrastructure in the west.

The Salt River Project was initiated in 1903, and construction began immediately on the tallest masonry dam in the world, to store the water of the Salt River in the mountains upstream, east of the city. Completed in 1911, the Roosevelt Dam is still the principal component in the city's water supply, and its reservoir is the largest lake wholly in Arizona. Over the next couple of decades, three more dams and reservoirs were added to the river to increase its capacity, Apache Lake, Canyon Lake, and Saguaro Lake, each with hydroelectric facilities in their dams to produce electricity. In later years three dams were added to the Verde River, a tributary of the Salt River.

The canal system grew as the city and available water grew. Seven major canals totaling over 120 miles are now operated by the Salt River Project, and feed the southern portion of the city with water from the River. The northern part of the city is supplied by another entity, the Central Arizona Project (CAP). This was a Bureau of Reclamation project, conceived in the 1960's, to bring Colorado River water to Phoenix and Tucson, via a canal 336 miles in length, through the hottest desert in the nation. The canal was completed in the mid 1990's, at a price of nearly \$4 billion, half paid by the federal government, and half being paid back by its operators, and the people of Arizona who buy its water.



Located on the Salt River, just below the confluence of the Verde River, the Granite Reef Dam is the main distribution point for the water that supplies Phoenix. Several canals intersect or originate here, upstream of the city. CLUI photo

The Central Arizona Project (CAP) begins at Lake Havasu, near the transplanted London Bridge, and zigzags for 190 miles as an open canal, to Phoenix, aided by four pumping stations along the way. This section, called the Hayden Rhodes Aqueduct, terminates at the eastern end of the city. In northern Phoenix, some of the water is discharged from the canal into the Union Hills Water Treatment Plant, then is added to the water supply of the city. The rest goes on to the Salt River, east of the city, at the Granite Reef Dam. From there it plunges under the river, emerging on the other side for its 145 mile journey to Tucson and its suburbs.

The other part of the Salt River Project that has to be mentioned is its electrical generation. Like Los Angeles' DWP, the Salt River Project (SRP) handles both Water and Power. Started in 1937, its Power District is operated by the state, and owns all or portions of ten major power plants, including the largest nuclear plant in the nation, at Palo Verde, west of Phoenix. SRP is now the nation's third largest public power utility.

Phoenix Lifts its Wings from the Fields and Flies into Aerospace

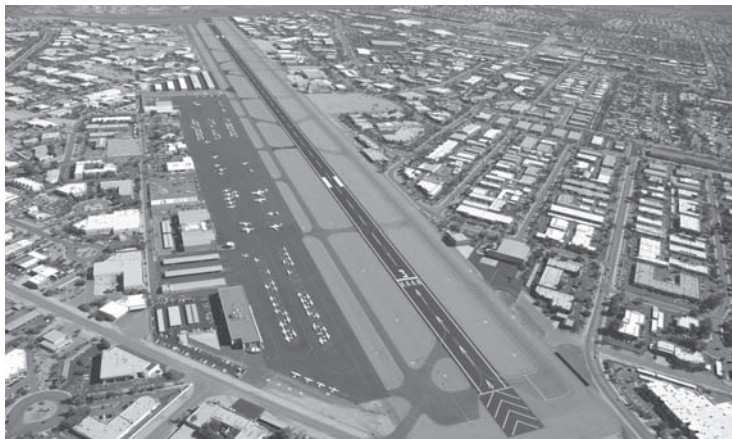
With more than 300 sunny days a year (360 clear enough for uninstrumented flight), and plenty of water and power, Phoenix transitioned from an agricultural center to an aviation center during World War II, a condition that shaped its future. Three main air bases were built: Williams Field, in Chandler, south of the city, which was an advanced flying school; Falcon Field, on the east side, in Mesa, where thousands of British Royal Air Forces trained during the war; and Luke, on the west side, which was the largest fighter training base during the war. These and the dozen additional airfields in the valley, became the loci of the modern growth of the city.

Today, Luke is still one of the largest fighter bases in the nation, with over 8,000 people training at the 2.7 million acre Barry Goldwater Range in the southwestern corner of the state. The Luke community in the valley, military families and retirees, and civilians working for the base, number as many as 100,000.

Though Falcon Field shut down after the war, and was converted to a civilian airfield, it now hosts a business district with a number of aerospace and military company facilities, including ATK (one of the nation's largest ordnance manufacturers), Lockheed Martin, MD Helicopters, SDI, Talley Defense Systems, and a large Boeing military helicopter plant.

Williams Field continued to be one of the Air Force's busiest pilot training bases until 1993, when it was closed by BRAC. It has transitioned into an aviation research and technical center, with modification and maintenance operations for military aircraft by Boeing, and pilot testing and training technology companies. On site is the Air Force's Humane Effectiveness Directorate, Mesa Research Site, which studies the impact and interaction of military technologies on pilots, and uses the human resources of nearby Luke Air Force Base, as well as the corporate aviation resources in the region.

There are ten additional active airfields in the valley that had their roots in WWII, as training or auxiliary military fields. Among them is Goodyear airport. 20 miles west of Phoenix, it was owned by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company's Aircraft Division, and was used by the Navy



Scottsdale airport opened in 1942 as Thunderbird Field II, a basic pilot training for the Army Air Corps. It shut down at the end of the war, after graduating 5,500 pilots. It was purchased in 1953 by the Seventh Day Adventists, who used it as a missionary pilot training field. The City of Scottsdale purchased it in 1966, and it is now the busiest corporate jet facility in the state.
CLUI photo

during WWII to build flight decks, and as an aircraft storage, logistics, and training site. After the war, and up to the 1960's, it became one of the largest military aircraft storage sites in the nation, with as many as 5,000 aircraft on site at one time. After the Korean War, the planes slowly were sold, scrapped, or moved to AMARC, near Tucson, a region that is the national center of aircraft boneyards, and purgatories. The Navy sold the airport to the city of Phoenix in 1968, one of three airports now owned by the city (the others are Sky Harbor and Deer Valley). Commercial aircraft are still stored here, and a Goodyear blimp is often parked here as well.

The clear weather and open skies around the city, which attracted the military to the region in the first place, continues to make the valley one of the busiest places for flight training. At Goodyear is Oxford Aviation, an English company that trains pilots for numerous Asian and Middle Eastern airlines (including Iraq Airways, and Kuwait Airways), and some European airlines. Lufthansa Airlines operates a training center there. Chandler Municipal Airfield has several flight training schools, including one that specializes in aerobatics. Though it only serves small airplanes, the Deer Valley airport, north of the city, is the busiest general aviation airport in the nation, with over 400,000 take offs and landings per year.

Some of the other fields have been integrated into the suburban development, as fly-in communities, where residents have garages linked to roadways on one side of the home, and hangars linked to airstrips on the other. Others have been abandoned, and have given way to sprawl.



Chandler as high tech and space center: Motorola Space and Systems division, right, and satellite earth station, left, with Orbital Launch Systems, upper right, and Intel campus above that.
CLUI photo

In Chandler, at the southern end of the sprawl, is another product of the legacy of aerospace in the valley. Motorola operates a satellite control station and communication R&D center, where Iridium, one of the first commercial satellite phone systems, was deployed. This multifaceted spaceport is down the road from Orbital Launch Systems Group, the rocket division of Orbital, a leading satellite and missile defense company. And next to that is one of the high tech company and computer chip maker Intel's largest corporate campuses, where a \$3 billion chip plant is nearing completion, which will bring the total Intel employees working in Chandler well past the 10,000 mark. Immediately west of the Intel campus are the remains of Chandler Memorial Field, one of the auxiliary fields for Williams Air Force Base, which became a training airport for McDonnell Douglas Helicopters, and now is home to a small collection of decaying, flightless aircraft.

continued on next page

But Sky Harbor airport remains an illustrative crux. It was bought by the city before WWII, and was located in an agricultural area, miles from the city center. Its early nickname was "The Farm." During WWII, it became a defense plant, when the aviation parts company Garrett Corp., from Glendale, California, built a new aircraft parts factory here to meet military demands, and to be out of range of coastal attack.

After the war, the plant expanded with orders for Navy aircraft engines and controls. The airport grew as well, serving the city's explosive population boom: Phoenix's population in 1941 was around 65,000. After the war, it was 100,000. In 1960, 439,000. The plant continued to make parts, and after a series of consolidations, by 1999, when it was the aircraft engine company Allied Signal, it changed its name to Honeywell, when it became that company. Today, Sky Harbor sits in the middle of the metro area, and is among the ten busiest airports in the nation. Honeywell is the state's largest private employer (after Wal-Mart, of course).



Lake Tempe is a segment of the river channel, inundated for recreational use. Two inflatable dams on either end hold in the water. CLUI photo

The river that gave birth to the city, the Salt River, lies, uselessly, next to the sky harbor. For its run through the city, it is mostly a desiccated, dribbling swath of sediment that flails chaotically through an otherwise ordered grid. The channel has been dug up, and continues to be the primary source of construction aggregate for the valley. In Tempe, a bizarre recreational park has used inflatable dams to create a long, narrow lake in the river channel. Other than that, the river is a dry wash until, after passing the main parts of the city, and the airport, it gets an injection from the city's largest sewage treatment plant, which is also expanding. Then the river merges with the Gila and the Agua Fria rivers, and passes out into the western desert. ♦



Phoenix's Harbor of the Sky: On the left is the dry Salt River, on the right is Honeywell Aerospace. CLUI photo

UP RIVER

continued from page one



The river still hosts a remarkable number of rock and limestone quarries, several of which are depicted and described in the exhibit. This quarry, the Haverstraw limestone quarry, is invisible from the eastern shore of the river where most of the 19th century industrialist's mansions and romantic landscape painters had their homes. The contour of the ridge has been preserved. CLUI photo

The full spectrum of the environmental movement has played out in spaces along the Hudson, starting with the efforts to stop quarrying along the columnar cliffs that run along the New Jersey side of the river, north of Manhattan. The transformation of these palisades into quarries was an affront to the view of many wealthy people who had homes on the east side of the Hudson. Chief among them was John D. Rockefeller, whose country house faced the Palisades. He began to organize other landowners and politicians to stop the quarrying, often by buying the land himself. Eventually, the Palisades Interstate Parks Commission, a public agency, was formed in 1900, to acquire and manage the land on the western shore of the Hudson. The Palisades Interstate Park system now consists of over 100,000 acres and 20 miles of Hudson shoreline.

In 1962, the dominant local utility, ConEdison, proposed building the world's largest pumped storage power plant on the shores of the Hudson, at Storm King Mountain, starting an 18 year long battle between the company and local citizens who were opposed to the project. Opposition grew throughout the 1960's and '70s, led by local politicians and patriots, and by the Hudson's troubadour, Pete Seeger. They ultimately won the battle, and the controversy led to the establishment of legal precedent and national laws that help to put the preservation of the natural environment before the interests of business.

Efforts to preserve the scenery of the Hudson continue, often led by the group that was created to organize opposition to the Storm King plant, Scenic Hudson. Scenic Hudson recently ran a successful campaign to stop the proposed construction of one of the nation's largest cement plants near the city of Hudson, on the east bank of the river.

But the river is still a major industrial corridor, an inexpensive conveyor of bulk goods to New York City and northern New Jersey, by far the most densely populated part of America. Once the largest brick production area in the nation, with dozens of brick plants lining - and transforming - the shores of the Hudson, now the industries using the river for conveyance, storage, and production are gypsum, aggregate, limestone, gasoline, and heating oil. A few large cement production centers include dramatic ruins, manmade islands with hulking silos, and networks of conveyors connecting the shore to inland mines. A half dozen large power plants are plugged into the Hudson - including the notorious Indian Point nuclear



The coal fired power plant at Danskammer Point, one of several major power plants on the Hudson. CLUI photo

power plant - delivering power to the urban centers, and using the river to cool their boilers. Some of these plants tap into the pipelines that bring natural gas from Canada and the Gulf of Mexico to supply the Northeast. These lines cross under the Hudson at several points, as does the water supply for New York City, which comes from reservoirs over a hundred miles upstate, conveyed through the Catskill and Delaware aqueduct systems.

As a major historic artery heading inland, the Hudson evolved into a military river. Conversely, in recent times, the river served as a visual highway, leading the 9/11 terrorists downstate to the Trade Center towers. From the historic "Battery" at its mouth (now Battery Park at the tip of Manhattan), to Nike missiles poised on hills above Haverstraw Bay, the Hudson has hosted generations of fortifications. Today, there are three active military sites along the river: the National Guard training site at Camp Smith; the Watervliet Arsenal, a military gun foundry, and West Point, the nation's oldest continuously operating military post, and a looming gothic presence at one of the most dramatic parts of the river's topography.



West Point's main campus is at one of the narrowest points on the lower Hudson; in 1779, a large chain was strung across the Hudson here to keep the British from traveling upstream. This is also the deepest point on the river, 202 feet, at a spot called World's End. CLUI photo

West Point was built at what George Washington once declared was the "most important strategic position in America." First occupied by the military in 1778, it is the location of the Army's most prestigious school, mandated by Thomas Jefferson in 1802. The early focus of the U.S. Military Academy was on civil engineering, following the principles established by Napoleon and the Ecole Polytechnic in Paris. By the time

the Civil War ended, the civil engineering conducted by the military had transferred to the Army Corps of Engineers, and West Point started providing a broader curriculum. West Point Military Academy's densely developed, neo-gothic main campus is just part of the 16,000 acre military reservation, which includes a ski slope, an artillery range, a natural area that cannot be visited due to unexploded ordnance, and one of the five sites for the U.S. Mint (West Point is part of the nation's gold and silver bullion repository).

Though dramatic and grand, the epic of the Hudson has its subtle and unobtrusive moments. Heading further up river, most of the shoreline is interstitial space, unheralded, and out of focus, punctuated by thousands of structures: homes, drainage outfalls, boat ramps, private docks, municipal sewage treatment plants, and the old ferry landings of small towns and cities, being converted into public space.

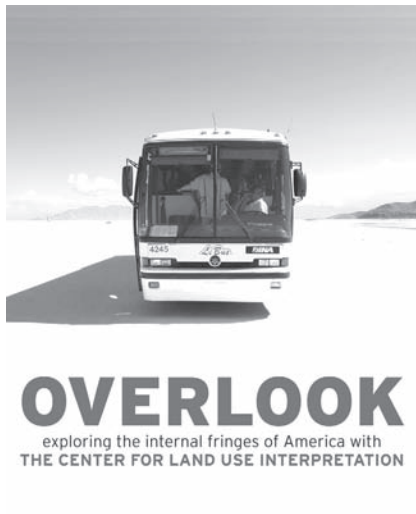
Once considered the back space, with landfills and industrial sites, and water so polluted it was dangerous, the Hudson is now swimmable, and its urban industrial fringes are desirable waterfront properties. As a result, much of the industrial heritage of the Hudson is gone, giving way to condominiums, health clubs, and remediated promenades. In a few years New Jersey's entire urban shoreline on the Hudson will be completely transformed from the industrial docklands of "On the Waterfront" to a continuous strip of condominium complexes and shopping plazas full of Bed, Bath and Beyonds. Beyond the cities, the bike paths and jogging trails that line the shores have the side effect of homogenizing a fragmented and complicated mix of layered uses, and the mysteries and histories they embody. The capped and contained industrial soil lurks beneath the asphalt, and behind the sheet pilings, a post-industrial burial ground.



The first full obstruction on the Hudson River from Manhattan is the Federal Dam. This marks the end of the river as a tidal estuary, 150 miles from Battery Park. A lock on the east side of the dam allows boats to continue northward, and through a long series of locks, into the Great Lakes via the Mohawk River and Erie Canal, and to the St. Lawrence River in Canada, via the Champlain Canal. CLUI photo

Up river, the channel narrows, until it comes to a point at the Federal Dam, at Troy. Though water spills over the dam, water downstream from this point is tidal: the river is an estuary, an extension of the ocean. It takes water more than a hundred days to get to Manhattan from here. It takes a tugboat about 12 hours. Above this point the river is cut by lock and dams, and linked to the network of canals – the Erie, and the Champlain – that blend the Hudson with the waters of Montreal, Burlington, Buffalo, Toronto, Chicago, and Duluth. Up river, the waterway that continues to be called the Hudson, emerging from a lake in the Adirondacks, is a different sort of river. ♦

ON THE OVERLOOK TRAIL
FOLLOWING THE BOOK TO ITS SOURCE



NOW THAT A NEW BOOK about the CLUI, called *Overlook: Exploring the Internal Fringes of America with the Center for Land Use Interpretation* has been published by Metropolis Books, and is currently in bookstores, it may be instructive to follow the book to its physical point of origin, to go upstream, as it were, to the book's physical source.

While we don't want to overlook the essential work of the publisher, designers, editors, and distributors, who after all conceived and created the book, their role may be viewed as the parental, genetic source. The book came into physical existence far from the cubicles of lower Manhattan and the studios of Los Angeles. The book was born into the world, in China.

A journey to see how *Overlook* was made begins in Hong Kong, where the Production Manager for the printing part of the project, Carl Lau, and his deputy Ken Wong from Asia Pacific Offset Printing are based. They had been in touch with the publisher through their office in New York City.

Their offices are located in Kowloon Bay, across the harbor, away from the financial district of Hong Kong, with its famous skyline and bank headquarters, and not too far from an area that is said to have the highest population density on the planet, near the Kwun Tong subway stop.

Hong Kong has a great public transportation system including a modern subway, trolleys, double-decker buses, funiculars (to Victoria Peak), ferries regularly crossing the harbor, and even escalators that rise up the steep urban neighborhood of Mid Level, for half a mile, reversing direction for the morning commute, and connected to a three dimensional labyrinthian pedestrian network of skybridges, and elevated walkways connected by bank lobbies and shopping plazas. It feels as if this entire city is flowing, constantly.

Not so much manufacturing goes on in Hong Kong anymore though. It has become a service economy. To get to the place where the book was actually being printed you have to first head inland for a half an



Victoria Peak overlook, overlooking Hong Kong where, in the distance, across the harbor in Kowloon, *Overlook's* print production manager's company is located. CLUI photo

hour, to the outer edge of Hong Kong's "Special Administrative Region of China," and past an abrupt line between the rural suburbs of Hong Kong and the huge new city of Shenzhen. At the border, right hand drive cars, the legacy of British Hong Kong, are exchanged for left hand drive cars, of China. A customs and immigration station filters all traffic between these zones, as if it were an international border, which of course it was, until 1997, and in many ways it still is.

Shenzhen is one of the most rapidly developed cities in China, a place of scattered massive apartment buildings and office towers, wide boulevards and highways, surrounded by factory buildings on the fringe. There was just a small town here in 1980, when Shenzhen was designated a Special Economic Zone by the Chinese government, to attract some of the prosperity of nearby Hong Kong. A city of 12 million sprang up in 25 years, fueled by export-based manufacturing, factories with as many as 200,000 workers, owned by Hong Kong, Taiwanese, and international companies, shipping their product to the west out of Hong Kong's port, one of the busiest in the world. More than half of the population of Shenzhen are migrant workers, earning less than \$150 a month.

But *Overlook* was not being printed here. The economic edges of this edge city have broken off, and are now growing around communities throughout the province where more rural conditions find still cheaper land, better government incentives for development, and new facto-



Shenzhen, a city exploding with growth. CLUI photo

ries. Its another two hours north of Shenzhen, along a modern, limited access highway, with western style guardrails. Along the way, farmland with cattle pulling plows and muddy duck farm ponds are mixed with cement block two and three storey buildings, that look new and government made, and are often incomplete, though inhabited just the same. Old farm sheds and houses with terracotta roofs are scattered around too, then an occasional factory building. Often it seems big apartment blocks are also used for manufacturing, with ductwork billowing out the windows. Along the road are billboards with government messages and faded illustrations of scenic places.



Although a monument declares it to be "Top Tourist City of China," tourists are not readily visible in Heyuan. The nearest attraction is a scenic reservoir area 20 miles away.

CLUI photo

The city of Heyuan is said to be typical of modern China. It has around 250,000 people at the moment, and has wide streets lined with three to eight story cement buildings covered in tile, with storefronts on the first level and apartments above. A main boulevard has the Great International, a western style hotel for Chinese tourists and business people, opened a few months ago, and crumbling on its edges. It sits next to a park with open plazas, at the confluence of the East and the Pearl Rivers. People farm the mud that has collected outside the flood-wall, next to junky sheetmetal boats. Construction cranes and rising apartment blocks loom across the river above them.



The printing company is located in a new industrial zone outside of Heyuan. CLUI photo

Ten miles out from the city's core, business parks and industrial areas are forming. At one of these, past an archway designating the Heyuan Hi-Tech Development Zone, is a new factory compound being built by Power Printing. This is where *Overlook* was printed.

Power Printing has been around for over ten years, though it has just moved here, bringing most of its work force with it. With 1,200



The printing factory had been functional at its new location for just a few months at the time it printed *Overlook*. The multi-storey administration building, left, surrounded by scaffolding, was still under construction, and the building on the right is the bindery. The low building in the middle contains the plate and print shop where *Overlook* was printed. CLUI photo

employees, several four-color offset printers, and a bindery, Power Printing is one of maybe a dozen or so printing companies of this size in the country, according to the owner. And it may become one of the largest, as it hasn't finished growing into its new home.

There are five main buildings on site, separated by flat areas of mud, future landscaping and building sites. One is a multi-storey administrative building, unoccupied and under construction. The bindery is a four storey building, mostly finished, and in use. There is a warehouse, and a three story commissary and recreational building. On the first floor, all the workers eat in a big room. The management eats upstairs. The top floor is unfinished and empty, except for some uninstalled disco lights and ping-pong tables. Next to this building, is the residential complex, several rows of brand new six-storey apartment blocks, where just about all of the 1,200 workers live.

At the center of the compound is the printing shop building, with the presses, a folding hall, and a paper chopping area. Upstairs, one end of the mezzanine has the computer workstations and metal plate printing area on one end, equipped with dozens of G5 Macintosh computers (operated nearly entirely by young men), and at the other end the desks of the accounting department (nearly all young women). Beyond that, the boss's small office, and a few unoccupied rooms, one of which has been converted into a residence for the factory manager who, it seems,

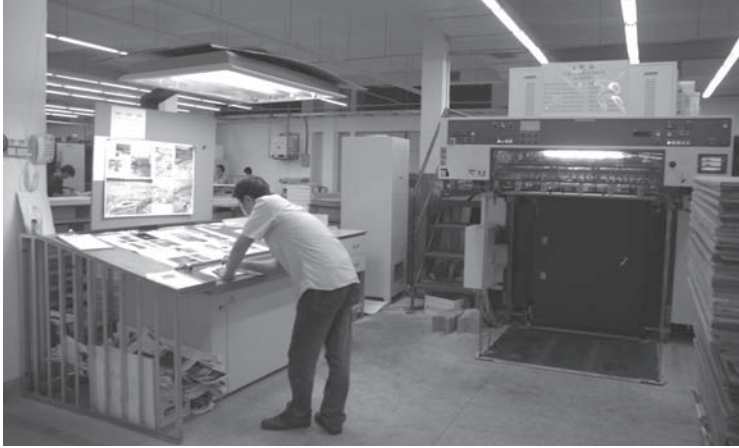


Housing for the printing company workers at the factory.

CLUI photo

continued on next page

runs the show and never leaves. The entire compound is walled off and self-contained. Uniformed guards salute the boss as he travels in and out the gate, in one of only two vehicles that are on site (there is no parking lot, as nobody else drives there, though there are some bicycles and scooters near the employee entrance). Rolls of paper come in, and finished books go out.



Printer operator looking over a fresh spread of *Overlook*.

CLUI photo



Overlook, all printed, awaiting binding at the printing plant.

CLUI photo

It took three days to print *Overlook's* 34 eight page spreads and cover. After the printing came the chopping, folding into signatures, and the binding of the signatures into books, which occurred at the factory, near the printing floor. The completed books were boxed, palletized, and wrapped, and warehoused. They were eventually loaded into a shipping container, and trucked to the port of Hong Kong, where they were loaded onto a ship, and journeyed west, across the ocean, to the port at Newark, New Jersey, with a whole lot of other Chinese stuff about to be absorbed by the American landscape. But then, who knows. One of America's largest exports is paper scrap, bound for China. Maybe *Overlook* will be back, some day. ♦



The swarming port of Hong Kong, the busiest container port in the world, where the Center's book *Overlook* joined thousands of other products bound for the USA.

CLUI photo

UNUSUAL REAL ESTATE LISTING # 6384 FORT MONTGOMERY, NY



Fort Montgomery projects into the Richelieu River, on the Canadian border. The property comes with 365 acres, 88 of which are under water. CLUI photo

365 ACRES WITH FRONTAGE ON, and under, Lake Champlain is for sale in northern New York. The property comes with a 19th century fortification, Fort Montgomery, that while in need of some repair, is still largely intact. Furthermore, the property abuts the Canadian Border, making this an excellent opportunity to add to the defense of the nation.

It's happened before. In 1814, a General named George Provost, a former governor of Nova Scotia and the Commander in Chief of British Forces in Quebec planned and executed an attack on the United States during the War of 1812. The plan called for an attack by land and by water, with the naval forces coming down the Richelieu River into Lake Champlain, past the current site of Fort Montgomery. A Naval battle commenced, on September 11, in Lake Champlain, and Prevost, and his plan, were defeated by the American Navy, and militia from New York and Vermont. The Battle of Baltimore occurred a few days later, an event that led to the end of the war, and the creation of the American national anthem.

Clearly though, the north end of Lake Champlain needed to be fortified, and in 1816, construction started on a fort on the American side of the border, established at the 45th parallel. A new survey however placed the parallel $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile south of the new fort, putting it inside Canada. That fort was abandoned, and a new one built south of the line. The old fort, referred to as Fort Blunder, was plundered for its construction materials.

An international treaty in 1842 established the border back at its original location, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile north of the 45th parallel at the Richelieu, even though this was originally drawn in error. Work began on a new fort there in 1844. Construction and improvements continued over the years, until 1871. It was deactivated in 1900, having never been involved in any battle, and its armaments were removed. Fort Montgomery was sold to the public at auction in 1926. This is the fort that is there today.

The fort is on an artificial island, linked to the shore by a causeway. It is located at the northern end of the lake, near Rouses Point, where the lake becomes the Richelieu, the river that connects the lake to the St. Lawrence, near Montreal. The fort was built in a five-pointed star formation, in a manner more typical of a coastal fortification, and a type that is rarely found in the interior of the country. It has 40 foot tall stone walls projecting out of the water, though portions of it were removed in the 1930's during the construction of a nearby bridge.

It is currently owned by Victor I. Podd, of Boca Raton Florida, whose father, Victor T. Podd, bought it in 1983, and built the headquarters for his company, Powertex, a maker of plastic liners for shipping bulk materials, on the western end of the property. Victor I. Podd has tried to interest the Department of Homeland Security in the site, suggesting that it be used to watch boats that can easily cross the international border on the river. But as of this writing the property is still listed on Ebay, where Mr. Podd has brokered other deals, including the sale of a nearby former missile base.

Asking price is \$9,950,000, though so far no one has entered anything more than the \$3,000,000 starting bid. ♦

BOOKS NEW TO THE SHELVES OF THE CLUI LIBRARY

MANY OF THESE TITLES ARE AVAILABLE FOR SALE FROM THE CLUI SHOP AT WWW.CLUI.ORG

[Manzanar] Architecture Double, by Andrew Freeman, RAM/CLUI, 2006
Manzanar is one of several Japanese American internment camps from World War Two. After the war, the 10,000 occupants dispersed to reclaim their lives in America. The camp's buildings dispersed too, into the communities of the Owens Valley and beyond, where many remain, repurposed. Photographer Andrew Freeman tracked many of them down and photographed them in their new contexts for this book, which was published by RAM books, in association with the CLUI.

Ghostly Ruins: America's Forgotten Architecture, by Harry Skrdla, Princeton Architectural Press, 2006

30 abandoned locations around the country are depicted in black and white photographs, some archival, some taken by the author, but its not a photo book, the point is just to show the place. Includes Wyndcliffe, on the Hudson, the Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, the state hospital in Danvers, Massachusetts, and the usual places in Detroit (Packard Plant, Michigan Central Depot, Book-Cadillac Hotel). These sites are now the confirmed icons of American Ruins, and this is an unabashedly romantic book, with a thoughtful infiltrator-turned-preservationist kind of sensibility.

The Panorama Phenomenon, Ernst Storm, editor, Uitgeverij P/F/ Kunstbeeld, Panorama Mesdag and the International Panorama Council, 2006

Panoramas – more specifically, buildings dedicated to housing 360 degree scenes – were a way of getting beyond the fragmentary depictions of the world that traditional painting and photography presented. They were immersive environments that usually showed landscapes, often landscapes in the midst of some historic battle. Generally considered an artform of the past, the medium is being explored in a few remarkable cases around the world today, one of which is in Los Angeles, at the Velaslavasay Panorama, which is mentioned in this nice book that shows the couple of dozen major panoramas still open around the world.

Desert America: Territory of Paradox, Michael Kubo, Irene Hwang, Jaime Salazr, editors, Actar, 2006

A book of the contemporary dystopic American deserta, put together by architects and designers from Europe. Draws heavily on the CLUI database, and includes images from the archives, as well as contributions from CLUI personnel (Steve Rowell), and associates (AUDC, Tom Vanderbilt).

Sinai Hotels, by Haubitz + Zoche, Fotohof, 2006

Big beautiful desert photos of hotels once under construction on Egypt's Sinai Peninsula, but never finished. Their skeletal concrete brutalism resembles an alien architecture the likes of which it seems only the Middle East can produce.

Design Like You Give a Damn: Architectural Responses to Humanitarian Crises, edited by Architecture for Humanity, Metropolis Books, 2006

The failures of high concept and modernist design solutions when imposed on the global poor or post disaster communities are legion, epic, and tragic. Looking at dozens of possibly successful case studies all over the world, this book brings new vitality and optimism to the field of "humanitarian" design, urging simplicity, renewability, and above all urgency. It is all over the map, from LA's Homeboy Industries and shelters erected at Burning Man, to prefabricated refugee housing in Chechnya and bamboo primary schools in Vietnam.

Mapping Paradise: A History of Heaven on Earth, by Alessandro Scafi, University of Chicago Press, 2006

The paradox of mapping a place that exists only at the apogee of the imagination makes an interesting, big, and heavy book. Very scholarly, historical, and heavily illustrated, the book is as much about the evolution of human spatial cognition as the development of graphic representation of space. Many maps of course put Paradise by the rivers of Babylon, which these days is more of a living hell (Iraq).

The British Landscape, by John Davies, Chris Boot Ltd, 2006

Big detailed photos of the British landscape from elevated points of view with brief captions describing what is depicted in an objective way that seems to leak out of the scene – apparently the photographer John Davies has been working in a parallel (though black and white) CLUI universe in the UK since 1979. Bloody brilliant.

The Box: How the Shipping Container Made the World Smaller and the World Economy Bigger, by Marc Levinson, Princeton University Press, 2006

A nice history of the development of the metal shipping container, and its impact on global trade. One wonders: if the shipping container didn't exist, would it have been necessary to invent it?

Scorpio, by Mike Slack, The Ice Plant, 2006

This is the second book of images made by Mike Slack. The books are simple, reproducing what appear to be polaroids at 1:1 scale, without any text whatsoever. His curation is modest and exquisite, and provides further evidence that the existing world is more interesting than we know. Rumour has it that the title comes from the name of the boat used for the circumnavigation of Terminal Island on a public tour conducted by the CLUI in 2005.

Left in the Dust: How Race and Politics Created a Human and Environmental Tragedy in L. A., by Karen Piper, Palgrave Macmillan, 2006

The wounds caused by the Los Angeles Aqueduct are still raw for many, as Owens Lake's sediment, exposed by the drying up of the valley by the DWP, continue to blow over residents in the region, and to develop into slow growing illnesses attributed to dust inhalation. This book reminds us that the water diversion that made LA possible, now nearly 100 years old, is not merely a historical issue, nor is it one that should remain on the left.

Observations in an Occupied Wilderness: Photographs by Terry Falke, with essay by William Fox, Chronicle Books, 2006

Making heavy use of the magic hour, when the western landscape glows as if lit from within, Falke's large format images of increasingly familiar sights and sites in the west come from the solid lineage of Adams (Ansel), Adams (Robert), Misrach, and Shore. Falke ratchets this tradition up a notch or two with images like "Tetherballs Used by Disney Film Crew to Mark Locations for Computer-Generated Dinosaurs."

Uncommon Carriers, by John McPhee, Farrar Straus and Giroux, 2006

McPhee is back on track with this collection of essays about transportation (already published in magazines). Trucking, ship training simulators, river barging, UPS's distribution network, and Wyoming coal trains are the subject of most of them. The odd man out is an account of McPhee's paddle up today's Merrimack, in the wake of Henry David Thoreau's 1839 journey, which resulted in one of America's earliest industrio-pastoral travelogues, and Thoreau's first book. Any similarity we are led to draw between McPhee and Thoreau is purely by accident, I'm sure.

Sweet Earth: Experimental Utopias in America, by Joel Sternfeld, Steidl Publishing, 2006

A big coffee table book depicting and describing 60 different sites where utopian ideas have been developed on the ground in some way. On the left of each two page spread are a few paragraphs of text, on the right a full size Sternfeldian photograph, showing people in the place, or just the place, in his trademark style of place portraiture. Covers the notorious (Oneida, Llano, Arcosanti, Biosphere 2, Drop City, Shakers), the obscure (Acorn Community, a number of Oregon farms) and several places that represent environmental movements, not utopias (green roofs, urban public gardens, and small-scale biofuels plants), which bring to mind the whole slippery slope of what constitutes a utopia anyway. One person's utopia can be another's vision for the rest of us.

Terra Antarctica: Looking into the Emptiest Continent, by William L. Fox, Trinity University Press, 2006

Voidologist Bill Fox writes about Antarctica, and while there are moments where he gets stuck in the white outs of wonderment of it all, he stays focused on the interesting stories of the place, the expeditionary histories, the scientific programs, extreme architectures, and the history of creativity in such a place.

Third Views Second Sights: A Rephotographic Survey of the American West, Mark Klett, project director, Museum of New Mexico Press in association with the Center for American Places, 2006

Another installment, and maybe the most dramatic, of the Third View project, rephotographing the rephotographs of the early western landscape photographers like Timothy O'Sullivan, and William Henry Jackson. Klett, who did most of the rephotographs in the 1970's, and his team went back to the sites in the late 1990s to make another - a third - shot from exactly the same vantage point. The result is a riveting documentation change, first over 100 years, and then of the last 20. We look forward to the fourth, fifth, and sixth views, however many it takes until someone installs streaming webcams.

The Swamp: The Everglades, Florida, and the Politics of Paradise, by Michael Grunwald, Simon & Schuster, 2006

South Florida is one of the most fundamentally transformed landscapes in America, and this is the story of how it happened. Lucidly told, the history of the region's unparalleled boosterism and real estate scheming needs no embellishment to be appreciated.

Visionary State: A Journey Through California's Spiritual Landscape, by Erik Davis, photographs by Michael Rauner, Chronicle Books, 2006

Nice big book full of surprises, covering places related to spirituality, mostly of an unconventional sort, in the state with possibly the widest spectrum of spiritual establishments.

Drosscape: Wasting Land in Urban America, by Alan Berger, Princeton Architectural Press, 2006

Following up his the epic *Reclaiming the American West*, which focused on the mining landscape of the American intermountain west, Alan Berger charted and chartered a course over the rest of the country, shooting out the windows of Cessnas with a medium format camera, shooting suburbs, office parks, and spent industrial grounds of ten major American cities, the "Drosscape" of the title. The book is also full of text, maps, and graphics that show the patterns of movement from center to peripheries, and the filling in of the in-between, though it is the captioned aerial images, low, oblique, that stand out, telling the story with documentary eloquence.

Box Boats: How Container Ships Changed the World, by Brian J. Cudahy, Fordham University Press, 2006

An account of the evolution of containerized shipping from the perspective of a maritime historian. With more charts and tables, and more of an industry-wide approach than *The Box*, another book on the subject released this year, *Box Boats* makes a good compliment to that more narrative book.

Bayou Farewell: The Rich Life and Tragic Death of Louisiana's Cajun Coast, by Mike Tidwell, Random House, 2003

A first person narrative account of visits to the lives of shrimpers, fishermen, and preservationists in the literally vanishing landscape of coastal Louisiana. Tremendously evocative of this amazing and unique part of the country, and an easy read that ends up being a call to arms for this important environmental story.

Rubble: Unearthing the History of Demolition, by Jeff Byles, Three Rivers Press, 2006

This essential book on the history of tearing things down helps, in its small but important way, to address the imbalance that exists from the disproportionate number of books about building.

PLEASE SUPPORT THE CENTER

- \$25 Receive a subscription to the Center's newsletter, *The Lay of the Land*, and be on our print mailing list to receive notices and invitations to CLUI tours, events, exhibits, and lectures.
- \$50 Receive *The Lay of the Land* newsletter subscription + a gift set of CLUI postcards.
- \$100 Receive *The Lay of the Land* newsletter subscription + an official issue CLUI coffee mug. Start each morning with the Center!
- \$250 Receive *The Lay of the Land* newsletter archive: 20 back-issues of the Center's newsletter in a weatherproof carrying case - a history of the organization's activities.
- \$500 Receive *The Lay of the Land* newsletter archive + a complimentary copy of the publication *Overlook: Exploring the Internal Fringes of America with the Center for Land Use Interpretation*.
- \$1,000+ All the gifts above + your name on a plaque at the Center's main office in Los Angeles.



THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION
 9331 VENICE BLVD.
 CULVER CITY, CA 90232
 (310) 839-5722 CLUI@CLUI.ORG WWW.CLUI.ORG

You may donate to the Center online, at www.clui.org.

The Center is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.
 Your gift is tax-deductible.

Name _____

Credit Card _____

Address _____

Exp. Date _____

City/State/Zip _____

E-mail _____

Your generosity makes our programming possible.
 Thank you for your support!

THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION PUBLISHING PROGRAM

GET A SUBSCRIPTION TO **THE LAY OF THE LAND**
THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION'S NEWSLETTER
FOR A MINIMUM DONATION OF **\$25.00**

AN ARCHIVE SET OF **20**
THE LAY OF THE LAND BACK-ISSUES,
IN STURDY REUSABLE CARRYING CASE - ONLY **\$25**

CLUI PUBLICATIONS

5th Avenue Peninsula Tour **\$5.00**
An inexhaustive investigation of urban content. Self-guided tour of a portion of Oakland, California's industrial waterfront. 1996, 24 pages, illustrated booklet.

Back to the Bay: Exploring the Margins of the San Francisco Bay Region **\$15.00**
A guidebook to the San Francisco Bay margins. 110 pages, b&w photographs.

The Chesapeake Bay Hydraulic Model **\$5.00**
An illustrated history of this remarkable engineering accomplishment, the largest indoor hydraulic model in the world, now abandoned. 1998, 30 pages, b&w illustrations.

Commonwealth of Technology: Extrapolations on the Contemporary Landscape of Massachusetts **\$7.50**
Sites in Massachusetts with an emphasis on the role of technology in the landscape. 1999, 80 pages, b&w photos.

Hinterland **\$10.00**
Catalog of the 100 sites featured in the 1997 CLUI exhibit: Hinterland: A Voyage into Exurban Southern California. 2004 reprint, 112 page, b&w photos.

The Nellis Range Complex **\$15.00**
A characterization of the largest restricted landscape in America, with a selection of 54 points of interest. The subject of a 2000 CLUI program which included an exhibit and 2 day bus tour program, around the perimeter of the Nellis Range complex. 2006, 109 pages, b&w photos.

The Nevada Test Site: A Guide to America's Nuclear Proving Ground **\$15.00**
The only book available that describes in detail the nation's foremost weapons and R&D field test facility. Praised by both antinuclear activists and Dept. of Energy officials! 1996, 60 pages, with fold-out map and over 100 illustrations and original CLUI photographs.

Points of Interest in the Harper Lake Basin: A Mojave Microcosm **\$5.00**
15 points of interest around this extraordinary American desert landscape. Published for the 2006 CLUI exhibit at the Desert Research Station. 2006, 24 page booklet, b&w illustrations.

Ground Up: An Examination of Soil in the Margins of Los Angeles **\$5.00**
Examines various aspects of human soil interventions in the landscape, from vacant lots, and off road vehicle recreation areas, to concrete pours. 2003, 16 page booklet, b&w illustrations.

One Hundred Places in Washington **\$15.00**
100 exemplary land use sites in Washington State. 1999, 102 pages, illustrated.

Points of Interest in the California Desert Region **\$7.50**
Over 100 interesting places in the California desert, with visitation information. 2000, 60 pages, illustrated.

Points of Interest in the Great Salt Lake Desert Region **\$7.50**
Published in 2004, this book is an updated edition of the 1996 CLUI publication *Around Wendover: An Examination of the Anthropogenic Landscape of the Great Salt Lake Desert Region*. 40 sites in this remarkable area are examined.

Points of Interest in Ohio **\$5.00**
35 superlative sites from the Center's Land Use Database, selected for an exhibit at the Contemporary Arts Center of Cincinnati, Ohio in 2002. 45 pages, illustrated.

Points of Interest Around the Old Wendover Airfield **\$5.00**
An inexhaustive investigation of current content. A walking tour of the old WW II airfield in Wendover, Utah, and the Center's exhibit halls and facilities in the area. 2005, 10 page booklet, b&w illustrations.

Points of Interest in the Owens River Valley **\$10.00**
Dozens of interesting places in the Owens River Valley region, the scenic and compelling back space of California. Illustrated with photographs from the CLUI photo archive.

Route 58: A Cross-Section of California **\$15.00**
Illustrated tourbook to this remarkable, 210-mile roadway. A perfect weekend-long trip from Los Angeles. revised edition, 80 pages, illustrated.

Subterranean Renovations: The Unique Architectural Spaces of Show Caves **\$5.00**
Examines underground built structures and depicts some of the best tourist cave environments in the United States, with contact and visitation information. 1998, 38 pages, illustrated.

Suggested Photo Spot Post Card and Tour Book **\$14.95**
Full color book with 20 Suggested Photo Spot post cards, depicting the sites with the Photo Spot sign in the foreground. Also contains directional information to the Photo Spots across the United States. 46pp, color illustrations, spiral bound.

CLUI CD-ROMS

Antarctic 1: Views Along Antarctica's First Highway **\$20.00**
CD-ROM of the CLUI exhibit, with text by Bill Fox. Includes clickable map of McMurdo Station. Works on Mac and PC's

The Nevada Test Site **\$20.00**
An interactive version of the NTS Guide on CD-ROM. Features clickable maps and over 100 original CLUI photographs, in color.

The Nellis Range **\$20.00**
A CD-ROM interactive exhibit featuring Nevada's Nellis Range and AFB and environs. This CLUI exhibit and tour took place in the Fall of 2000.

HOW TO ORDER

The Center for Land Use Interpretation
9331 Venice Boulevard, Culver City, CA 90232
Tel: (310) 839-5722 Email: clui@clui.org
www.clui.org

Please make check or money order payable to the Center for Land Use Interpretation, or log on to our online shop and use your credit card or paypal. Shipping and handling charges: \$4.50 for the first item, .50 for each additional item, and 8.25% tax if ordering in CA. Overseas orders: please inquire about shipping charges.



THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION 9331 VENICE BOULEVARD, CULVER CITY, CA 90232

editorial commentary

In your hands is the 30th issue of the *Lay of the Land*. Imagine that it started almost a year ago, with members of the Center out in the field, doing the usual research and documentation for various programs and projects, in between more lengthy bouts of office work, sorting, filing, and planning. Up in the air over Phoenix, in the basements of the Biltmore, and on the flat expanse of Bonnevill, to the digital storage devices containing the notes and images, which are then sorted, selected, enhanced, minutely manipulated, and ordered into the electronic document that holds it all together, without itself having any material form: just a long string of ones and zeros, which is then preciously preserved on a plastic disc. The disc gets driven down the street to Reprographics, on Sepulveda Boulevard, where the code is extracted, and like a plant emerging from a tiny seed in the soil, it grows into its full physical form: boxes and boxes containing folded paper dappled with ink. Then it flowers, with postage stamps like little blossoms, that allow it to be spread in the wind across the land, fluttering down into the nooks and crannies of architecture, where it lands in your hands, germinating.

And if it weren't for that, the final step, the process would stop, as there would be no point. So thanks, as always, to all of you, for *being there*.
-*Lay of the Land* Editors

THE LAY OF THE LAND

WINTER 2007

THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION NEWSLETTER

"Dedicated to the increase and diffusion of knowledge about how the nation's lands are apportioned, utilized, and perceived..."



THE CENTER FOR LAND USE INTERPRETATION 9331 VENICE BOULEVARD, CULVER CITY, CA 90232 USA
TEL: 310.839.5722 FAX: 310.839.6678 E-MAIL: clui@clui.org www.clui.org

clui corps Lisa Boulanger, Deena Capparelli, Janyce Collins, Matthew Coolidge, Mark Curtin, Corinna Fish, John Fitcher, Jennifer Gabrys, Dara Greenwald, Michael Kassner, Erik Knutzen, Mathias Kolehmainen, Zelig Kurland, Jed Lackritz, Karl Loescher, Ryan McKinley, Josh McPhee, Lize Mogel, Richard Pell, John Reed, Caitlin Rocklen, Steve Rowell, Elon Schoenholz, Sarah Simons, Melinda Stone, Igor Vamos, Kazys Varnelis.
Newsletter Editors: Matthew Coolidge, Sarah Simons.

The Center for Land Use Interpretation is a nonprofit research organization dedicated to improving the collective understanding of the human/land dialectic. If you would like to assist with any of the projects mentioned in this newsletter, or any other project mentioned in CLUI literature, please contact the Center. Gifts are tax-deductible.

Newsletters are distributed to individuals and institutions for a minimum contribution to The Center of \$25.00 per year, or the equivalent in goods, services, or support.
The contents of this newsletter are protected by copyright. All we ask of you is that you just ask us.