



Frederic Remington's "From the Night Herd."

—Culver.

THE WEST

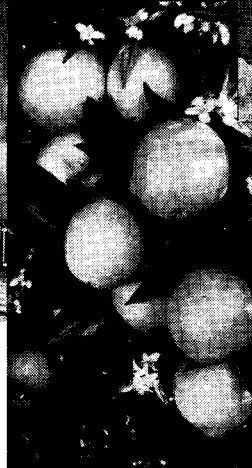
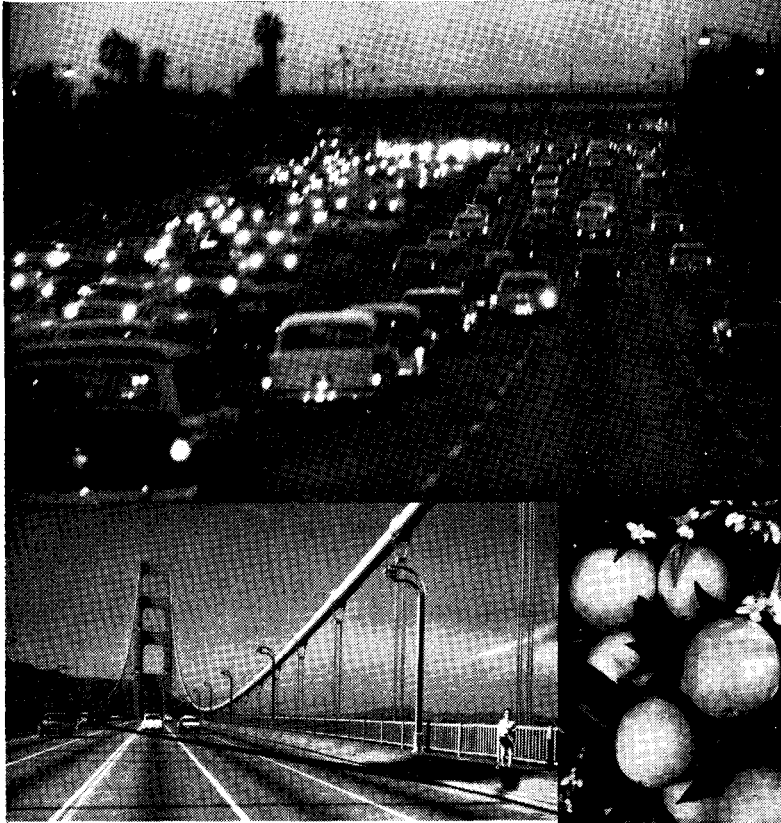
THE WEST

THE AMERICAN WEST

THROUGH the mountain passes that lead through the Rockies, and along the air corridors above them, they ride, the new migrants. On the far side of that rock wall the West begins, the West of the High Sierras and the deep Canyon, the mesa, the mesquite and Hood and Rainier. The fog and the films, the missions and the wine, the fruit plains, the date trees, evergreens to the north, ever-young to the south. Cable car and Pebble Beach, Muscle Beach and make-believe, oil out of sand, dreams out of celluloid, health out of a bottle, life out-of-doors. Westward moves the new migrant overwhelming the last frontier, sending the population figures into *grands jetés*, changing the nation.

We are in the midst of the Great Westward Tilt, the title of a study commenced on the next page by Neil Morgan, columnist of The San Diego *Evening Tribune*, which is excerpted from his book "Westward Tilt" to be published by Random next spring. Eric Sevareid, the sober-sided CBS commentator and newspaper columnist, writes, wistfully perhaps, of Colorado and of his Dakota boyhood. Gene Sherman, Pulitzer-prize-winning columnist of the Los Angeles *Times*, explains the eating habits of his native land, a chilling report. Joseph Wechsberg, SR's agent in *Mitteleuropa*, proves one can have a Western-tilted boyhood even though what was home on the range was goulash. The stirrings in the Pacific paint pot are explained by Mitchell Wilder of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth. The rubber-necking red-skin on the cover is the product of Isadore Seltzer who won awards from the art directors of Los Angeles, a city in which he worked and studied. Robert Lewis Shayon, the house television appraiser, examines the cultural trend of The Oaters. Paine Knickerbocker, who wonders over the state of theatre in the West, is correspondent in those matters for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. That leaves the redoubtable Lucius Beebe, author, eater, curator, historian, who examines sin in the One Sound State. The state, to be sure, is Nevada, where next week 1,500 delegates to the World Travel Congress of the American Travel Agents will begin arriving from their stations all over the globe for a first-hand look at the vanishing American frontier. Veni, vidi, Vegas is doubtless the cry of the travel men. And all points west. —HORACE SUTTON.

THE GREAT WESTWARD *TILT*



by Neil Morgan

IN THAT dimly recalled era when it was *de rigueur* to deplore California, even Frank Lloyd Wright was a conformist. He propounded a puckish theory that America was tilted, and that everything loose was sliding into Southern California.

Today an awesome hunk of America has come loose. The move to Western America is the largest migration in the history of the world. Since the birth of the nation, the geographical center of population has been moving inexorably westward across West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and into Illinois. Now it is within fifty miles of crossing the Mississippi River, and California is supplanting New York as the most populous state. The five boroughs of New York City would have to be emptied of every man, woman, and child to match the population increase of the past decade in the eleven states between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

The West is that third of the nation lying between the Rockies and the Pacific. It includes all of California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho and much of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. Historically, this region has been a citadel of natural resources, raided and plundered by the East. Thus, for the Westerner, there is poetic justice in this westward tilt induced by migration. Now the West is raiding the Midwest, the East, and the South: stealing scientists, teachers, industrialists, and technicians, and bright young men who have a restless probing spirit that drives them in search of some better life. The West is plundering the rest of the nation of that most dynamic resource of all: human energies.

The realms of greatest change today in the West are those in which these fresh energies are most quickly put to work: in the arts and cultural affairs, in education, in the new white-collar world where science and industry merge, in combating social injustice,

in conservation and urban planning.

The regional cultures which once were thought to make the West quaint are crumbling in the avalanche of the westward tilt. Highways slash through Mormon country now, and Mormons are leaving the farms for missile factories. Jet liners put the homeland of the Navajo and Hopi within commuting range of the Eastern anthropologist. Industry begins to push logging aside in Oregon, and paeans to Northwest forests take on an air of literary mustiness. San Francisco is threatened by freeways, slums, and subdivisions; Indians of the Laguna Pueblo grow prosperous by mining uranium; in Nevada, the prospector has given way to the pit boss; Los Angeles grapples with the ravages of megalopolis, and the old jokes about Southern California barbecue culture begin to boomerang.

The new Western culture is coming on. It is not a finished thing, but a few

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