Figure 1. Man in Liberty Craftworks area. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Justin Parscher

Going Mobile

Greenfield Village in Practice

> "We can only see a short distance, and a little of our world at once; and we could not see the greater part of it if we were to travel as long as we live."
>
> —William Holmes McGuffey

To reduce the nation to a manageable miniature is to make it personal. Take Michel Butor's 1962 book *Mobile,* subtitled "Study for a Representation of the United States." Sourced from the French author's 1959 travel through the country, it assembles its vision from a flurry of textual fragments, interfiled with long gaps to represent emptiness in space and time. Butor considered this a species of quilting.[1] Arranged according to factors including time of day and alphabetical order of place names, it compulsively juxtaposes impressions of the innocuous and the poisonous. The present of the country is shown through the interchangeable consumer choices that have proliferated evenly through it. It is a series of fictional Howard Johnson's ice cream flavors from apricot to pistachio, as available in towns from Concord to Chester. It is a series of fruit-colored garments, and fruit-colored cars, wrapped around racially marked bodies: "A pistachio Chevrolet driven by a brown-skinned white woman in an orange dress."[2] These sit uncannily next to a miscellany of birds and bits of landscape worthy of an OOO litany:

Florida jays,
Key West quail doves,
fork-tailed flycatchers,
Maynard's cuckoos
gray kingbirds.

The sea,
fighting conchs,
hawk-wing conchs,
incongruous arks,
turkey wing shells,
queen conchs.
banana palms,
Valencia oranges,
Jaffa oranges,

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bronze-leaves,
caterpillar plants,
aloes.[3]

Such dizzy inventories are interleaved with pieces of textual evidence representing an unresolved political past: extracts of testimony from the Salem witch trials, a selection of the most damningly racist elements of Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia.* Butor forcibly evokes the upstart cults and mass killings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, brought back to float deadpan among present-day road signs and dwindling species. Consumer culture becomes a neutral medium sustaining an ominous background of conflict and suppression. In this sense, the text is best exemplified in the reproduction of a long prospectus for the Chapel Lake Indian Ceremonials, a "live Indian Pageant and Drama" presented nightly in "Authentic! Mysterious! Dramatic!" style.[4]

Butor's structure renders manageable what is otherwise unmanageably vast in time and space. But much like other projects to project a national imaginary, such a text cannot relate the reader's own individual, embodied experience to the national scale. That is, the necessary material of Butor's narrative is not only his archival work or his writerly expertise but also his own physical traversal of the territory. Gregory Clark speaks of the function of visitation to the National Parks as an otherwise unattainable way to commune with the nation as a whole. In his argument, part of the business of the National Park Service is to make citizens feel that, through a managed encounter with a representative place, they have had an authentic and dramatic encounter with the physical reality of the country.[5] One drawback is that these encounters can only happen as episodes in an extended pilgrimage; another is that they can only lure visitors by operating as grand exceptions in what is otherwise the humdrum and everyday. Would it be possible to bodily commune with everyday life of the nation as a whole in a single place?

To do this, we must turn to the format of the living museum. First embarked upon with the project of the world's fairs to reproduce place, work, and folk together, such institutions were transplanted in places like Sweden's Skansen to serve as permanent synecdoches of their nations.[6] They gather a selection of authentic buildings together into landscapes that represent the nation in miniature, and people them with a similarly representative cross-section of folk performers. In the process, such institutions helped the process of classification and reification inherent in the formation of modern nation-states, as territories were consistently subdivided into contiguous regions and consistent icons. The living museum

is not content with process of data collection, collation, and imaging that characterize what Benedict Anderson recognized as the complex of nationalism: the census, the map, and museum.[7] Rather, it seeks to capture and culture anew the folk practices of movement and creation that these representations are taken from. Like the zoo, the living museum brings in life for safekeeping. Being that it deals in human culture, it faces a yet more difficult problem than those seeking to perpetuate pandas and keep them from pining away. It seeks at least to reproduce an accurate image of the nation in the minds of its visitors; but at most, it aims to be an incubation area for a particular vision and practice of the nation. That is, it actively enrolls its participants, visitors and workers alike, to reproduce itself at a larger scale. It is straightforwardly selective in what it captures, seeking only to further and model the lessons that will further its vision.[8]

> "You see this beautiful world. You see how nicely all things are contrived; what marks of design there are! . . . In a thousand things we see design. There must, then, have been a designer-some one who formed these things for a purpose-for some end."[9]

In the case of Dearborn, Michigan's Greenfield Village, the goal of national simulation takes on strange contours. Founded by automotive magnate Henry Ford in 1929, just as the economy was entering its downward spiral, Greenfield Village joined a variety of Ford's existing efforts, including his house newspaper, the *Dearborn Independent,* and the propagandistic activities of the Ford Company's Sociological Department, in contributing to a personal three-pronged communicative project.[10] Ford sought to at once express his own homespun tastes, evangelize for his idiosyncratic beliefs, and cultivate a generation of youth with powers of invention and enterprise similar to his own, harmonizing the project of national portraiture with the accidents of Ford's own thinking.

Ford's ideology was particularly difficult to nail down, the more so for broadly fitting into a narrative that writes itself: the captain of industry glorifying America. Ford precariously balanced racism and inclusion, hero worship and communitarianism, rationality and mysticism. He set out to celebrate the common man and woman through memorializing the childhood homes of the wealthy and successful.[11] He included slave-era cabins from Georgia in his vision, evicting their black tenants and restoring them to a high sheen in the process. And he sought to spread the practice of mechanical invention through a profoundly magical gesture of condensation. His infamous statement, reported in the *Chicago Tribune*

in 1916, is usually condensed to "History is bunk." But it runs in full:

> History is more or less bunk. It's tradition. We don't want tradition. We want to live in the present, and the history that is worth a tinker's damn is the history that we make today.[12]

This statement is a rich vein of paradox given the historiographic effort of Greenfield Village. The man who wanted "to live in the present" used the site to meticulously assemble and reconstruct pieces of his own past. He described the purpose of the village as showing that "one of the eternal truths of this world is that there is nothing permanent in it except change, but the change is that of growth."[13] In this sense, the village can be understood both a victory lap for Ford, reexamining the conditions of his own success, and a demonstration of the progressive change that sweeps up the past and gathers it at the disposal of the present. The exactitude of the preservation effort, never very consistent for Ford and his workers, is second to the active re-making of history through the process of acquisition, transfer, and collaging together.

Ford inherited the basic idea from his own experience with the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, which hosted elements of simulation ranging from ethnographic villages to a "New England Log Cabin and Ye Olden Time Restaurant."[14] Such efforts carried on the strain of cultural exhibitions present throughout the Euro-American world, while combining them with an upswell in paternalistic preservation sentiment in the United States throughout the nineteenth century.[15] Following some tentative efforts in on-site preservation in New England, Ford determined to construct close to his Michigan home an entirely new village from the most worthy elements of the way of life he and his wife, Clara (whose hometown gave the complex its name), grew up with and idealized. Here, he would demonstrate a form of history that stood apart from what he considered the "bunk" of textual scholarship.

> "The beaver has a tail as flat as a shingle. He uses his tail for a trowel. Did you ever see a mason use his trowel. Will you show me how he used it?"[16]

First and foremost, Ford departed from the world's fair and similar efforts of national distillation in conceiving of his effort as primarily a school.[17] That is, in addition to being broadly educational, the village would serve to house and instruct a community of young people, as well as a thriving craft community. An early visitor to the site, having expected a more typical

museum, pointed out that "the staff seems to be as much or more concerned with the education and discipline of promising young men than with the identification and arrangement of the collected material by expert advice."[18]

Like Butor's Little America, Ford's is founded on contradiction, as his educational philosophy welds together Deweyan experiential learning with the very tradition of rote learning that Dewey meant to counter.[19] The model he presented at Greenfield Village had its roots in his company's more paternalistic endeavors. He pressed non-native speaking Ford workers to attend the Ford English School, which taught through two main methods. First, the teacher would speak English sentences while acting out in mime what he described, typically everyday scenarios that would be encountered in the United States. Second, the workers in the classroom would be made to recite the sentences together. When students graduated, they were packed off to perform in a civic pageant of the "Ford Melting Pot," where they would symbolically pass through a cauldron and emerge waving an American flag. The crucial link here is group performance. Reenacting Edison's first successful trial of the incandescent light bulb on radio with an all-star cast broadcasting from Greenfield Village, Ford requested that all listeners turn off their lights for the evening, only switching them back on as Edison himself reenacted the moment.[20] In these cases, ritual becomes a means to relate the individual act to the body of the nation as a whole.

The graduation and the reenactment were part of a string of events through Ford's life that amalgamated group ritual and publicity, from the races he entered to make his car's reputation to the camping trips he undertook throughout the country with Edison and a cast of cronies and media members.[21] Many of these activities also served as a way for Ford himself to learn by doing; he boasted that "What I don't know I can always hire someone to show me how to do. In that way I learn more than if I try to do it myself."[22] Ford's other obsession with the past was with American folk dancing; he imported dancing masters to teach regional styles, and enlisted the upper echelon of Ford management and Detroit society into semicompulsory balls.[23] On these occasions, the Ford estate became its own living national museum.

Ford was a man who habitually disdained scholarly expertise, to the point that he relied on a draftsman picked seemingly at random to draw his ideas for the village. But while he ostentatiously rejected the input of emerging experts in preservation, he paid fulsome tribute to the educator and lifelong academic William Holmes McGuffey, billing the village as an "animated textbook."[24] McGuffey had written and distributed a series of progressively more challenging readers,

Figure 2. Heirloom chicken in the Working Farms area. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

first published in 1836 and revised by successive editors after his death in 1873. Together, the texts of these readers give clues of what Ford, who like many in the country had grown up on his work, sought to disseminate from them through his own educational means.

Accurately billed as Eclectic Readers, the books move from short phonic exercises ("The cat is on the mat") to short moral tales, factoids, and historical sketches. Most typically, their stories the tales show a series of young white children in the countryside who succeed or fail at various moral challenges (Figure 2). Most often, these regard the balance between work and play; often, the children are tempted in the course of their labors to pause to try a storebought toy in the landscape around them. A boat is floated in the washwater; a kite is lost in a tree. But the miscellany also ranges as far afield as stories of gypsies, the legends of Christopher Columbus and General Lafayette, and introductions to the orange, the parrot, and the canary. In this way, the Eclectic Readers similarly serve as a bricolage of elements representing not only the nation but its encounters with the other, in the form of the foreign, the indigenous, and the consumer good.

Education, to Ford, partook of "eclectic" reading, work experience under a trusted captain, and copious experience of outdoor space. Here he was aiming to recapitulate his own education—a mixture of schoolhouse learning through the miscellany of the McGuffey reader and his own autodidactic tinker-

ing with machines. The experience of students in his school system, as with the picture furnished through the McGuffey readers, would be conditioned by the contrast between acculturation in the schoolhouse and firsthand experience with the fabulistic world of animals, machines, fields, and water.

To grow a culture around his own variety of objects, Ford started with a collection of children deemed deserving, who would use the village as a whole as an educational apparatus. Along with reading from McGuffey, the children had the opportunity to learn and live according to the pattern laid out in his readers, a lifestyle dating back more than a century before. Tellingly, though, children used the site both as an area to roam through fields at leisure and to engage with up-to-date technology. This was a miniature world, where "Museum visitors were amazed by six year olds learning to type, twelve year olds at turning lathes, schoolgirls in the telephone exchange, small children weaving and digging their vegetable patches with miniature hoes, and the older ones taking part in radio broadcasts and repairing machinery."[25] Such students occupied an uncommon variant of what Thomas Schlereth has called the "middle landscape," a space like the campus or subdivision that can mediate between culture and nature, privacy and publicity.[26] The obvious question to raise for such an anomalous landscape project is one that is tellingly elided in most discussions of the work: what about the new landscape that fuses these elements together?

Here, it is helpful to use Ian Bogost's concept of procedural rhetoric.[27] Bogost arrives at this idea in discussing video games, where he points out that the overall structure and system of rewards does more to generate meaning than the rudimentary narrative. Like any other landscape but more so, the living museum is a procedural rhetoric—it makes certain things close and other things far, prioritizes some paths over others, and groups elements into taxonomies. People do not so much read these elements as a text but experience them as an articulated sequence of events, able to be experienced in a variety of sequential patterns.

The rhetoric of the landscape experience of Greenfield Village is fairly straightforward. First, it seeks to demonstrate the interdependence of country life and manufacture. A scheme of decentralizing manufacturing where possible to small towns was dear to Ford's heart, as a means of preserving them; the village demonstrates this possibility at a reduced scale.[28] The place as a whole is precisely not organized around a "New England Village Green," as most guides to the site assert.[29] While Greenfield Village clusters in a few different places—the main street, the entry plaza, the cluster of restaurants and function spaces by the putative center—the predominant

Figure 3. The Working Farms area. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

impression of the site is and has always been of small, separate bubbles of domestic or working space, well cushioned by flat landscapes of field and lawn. The experience of being on site is, most of the time, one of quiet and pause between the knots of activity, as chickens and sheep mill about. This is a sort of proto–Broadacre City where self-made men can be incubated at a sufficient remove from one another. It quilts labor and repose, matching the workshops that grew into industrial districts with bucolic fields. Second, the site literally walls itself off from the surrounding company town, presenting itself as a world apart. It is a self-sufficient machine, and having been produced in Dearborn it is capable of being reproduced elsewhere. Finally, to make sure that the landscape machine is understood, all of its parts must be clearly seen; Ford's insistence on the panoptic is another through-line of his thought, whether through the surveillance necessary for Fordism's efficiency gains, the spying carried out on employees by his Sociological Department, or his insistence to the designers of his industrial workshops that "I have to see everybody."[30] Sightlines in Greenfield Village are expansive, fanning out over largely flat topography.

Seen in this light, Greenfield Village is less idiosyncratic or obfuscatory; it has purposely been assembled as a kit of parts to be played with. The uprooting of physical elements, tools and buildings alike, both served as an exercise in active historiography for Ford, and a staging ground for young Fords

to come. If Ford wanted to strictly perpetuate the life of the nineteenth century, he would have done better to embark on something closer to Colonial Williamsburg, a full simulacrum of a given place. Greenfield Village, in its imbalance between building and landscape and its general unconcern with chronology, affords the possibility of keeping one foot in the 1830s and one in the 1930s. This is clearly counterproductive for historical accuracy, if understood as the holographic understanding of a particular time and place. But it does have the happy effect of demonstrating the historical record as a series of manipulable objects, as subject to bricolage as anything else that might stray into the workshop.

> "People came from different countries of Europe, to different parts of America. They found no towns and pleasant fields and fine gardens; they found only woods, and wild men, and wild animals."[31]

Beginning with the restoration of his childhood house in 1919, Ford had increasingly ramped up a program of amassing antique objects, soon followed by antique homes. What started with a set of acquisition orders given to nationwide agents soon become Ford's own favorite leisure activity, as he went scouring antique stores and farm fields for the right objects.[32] In a 1928 puff piece for *Ladies' Home Journal,* Samuel Crowther announced to the public for the first time that Ford, who had been assumed to have "had a peculiarly bad case of collectors' mania," was in fact engaged with creating "a village of the yesterdays—showing every period of American history," as part of the project of "assembling . . . a permanent pageant of America."[33] Ford would declare that "When we are through, we shall have reproduced American life as lived. . . . For by looking at things that people used and that show the way they lived, a better and truer impression can be gained than could be had in a month of reading."[34] Thus Greenfield Village operates between Dewey's imperative to learn by doing and the nineteenth-century museological mission to instruct through objects. Steven Conn interprets Greenfield Village as carrying on a tradition of "object-oriented epistemology"[35] that assumed the ability of an object to suggest a vivid reality in the viewer, who only required slight priming through interpretation—paying attention to the arrangement of the object among its fellows. If this tendency to psychometry was a fairly characteristic inheritance from earlier museology, the institution departs from its fellows in its desire to reproduce "the way they lived," not only as an understanding within the sacred circle of the museum, but through the country at large. To Conn, "Ford saw buildings both as settings for the other objects he

collected and as objects in and of themselves."[36] Buildings brought to the site, from a sawmill to an experimental soybean lab, are seen as super-objects, engineered machines themselves to be used in housing and producing objects. Ford combined such pieces, displayed in static fashion at his indoor museum, with a separate world of objects put in motion by people—a village of farmers, mechanics, and pilots.

Perhaps appropriately, Greenfield Village departs from other projects of bottling a nation by being unapologetically focused on one person's interpretation of the nation. As Batchelor puts it, "Greenfield Village has three watchmaker's shops because Henry Ford liked them; equally, there are no banks because the millionaire distrusted them."[37] In his autobiography, almost certainly ghostwritten given his own lack of facility with writing and speaking, Ford says, "Machines are to a mechanic what books are to a writer."[38] A writer may be said to work mainly by arranging pre-made words and factual givens into appropriate new shapes, only inventing words and facts as necessary. Similarly, Ford, an inventor, did not invent out of whole cloth; he used existing models and mechanisms, from bicycle wheels to tiller steering, casting and inventing new pieces as necessary to link them together. When Ford discusses the beginnings of his first car, he also seems to be discussing the work of creating Greenfield Village, at this point still to come:

> The largest building difficulties that I had were in obtaining the proper materials. The next were with tools. There had to be some adjustments and changes in details of the design . . . But in the spring of 1893 the machine was running to my partial satisfaction and giving an opportunity further to test out the design and material on the road.[39]

In Greenfield Village, preexisting buildings are assembled and linked through *de novo* elements—the chapel, the town hall, the landscape—as well as reconstrued elements like the random Philadelphia house presented falsely as the songwriter Stephen Foster's. In the same way, Ford's worldview was patched together with borrowings from McGuffey and Edison, his virulent anti-Semitic fantasies working as the theoretical dark matter to account for what he could not otherwise make work.

As with the Trumpian use of truth, Ford's exercise of ex-situ preservation often seems intended less to construct a plausible account and more to destabilize the customary norms and rules required to construct knowledge. Cottages from England and Switzerland are thrown in as if on a whim. Other living history museums, using truth as an absolute rule, have gradually found ways to draft a working truce between their

mandates to exactly recreate history and to provide recreation; interpreters at the living museum Plimoth Plantation now work in cheerily Brechtian mode, volubly telling visitors how and why they fall short of the truth of the place and time they present.[40] At Greenfield Village, this is neither possible nor desirable, given the lack of a single target time or place; its workers and visitors step instead into the loosely themed non-time of heritage that Ford established as a bulwark against the foreign influences undermining the culture he imagined. As Batchelor describes, Greenfield Village is "an attempt to counter dislocation, by the creation of an artificial location, created by further dislocation."[41]

In Ford's internal calculus, accuracy in reconstruction is only one element to be balanced in the larger effort of reproducing Fords. It is certainly tempting to interpret his slavish reconstruction of Edison's Menlo Park, for example, as a deferential display of labor for his hero. The original buildings were for the most part no longer extant; when Ford was able to locate one shutter, rather than showcase it as its own object or keep it in an archive, he had it pried apart and each of the slats inserted into new shutters for the new buildings. Likewise, he had clay from around the site scraped up and sent back to be respread on the new site.[42] Ford's tribute to George Washington Carver oddly partakes of the same Mad Libs logic that drives Butor's narrative, with the house constructed with material from each of the United States.[43] The mystical process here is misleading: through staging such rituals, Ford is less making a fake than he is staging a repetition through doing. Mary Douglas explains the same idea with regard to a Dinka herdsman's ritual of pausing to tie a knot in grass when running late: "His action has not wasted time, for it has sharpened the focus of his attention on his wish to be in time [. . .]When we tie knots in handkerchiefs we are not magicking our memory, but bringing it under the control of an external sign."[44] Or, to repeat Ford's Deweyan cliché: "Vision without execution is hallucination." It is crucial to expend the physical effort of acquiring, walking around, manipulating the correct ingredients to focus on and inhabit the objects of concern.

To this day, the ex-situ nature of the village remains in the foreground; it is quite a bit more difficult to misinterpret as an existing ensemble than the average living museum, especially now as signs on every building clearly state its provenance. The record of Ford's adventures of acquisition, and his canny use of loyal agents to acquire objects throughout the country and abroad, is part of the meaning carried by the ensemble. It is helpful, then, to read Greenfield Village less as an internally coherent text and more as Butor's book, less a quilt than a process of quilting. Butor's work in *Mobile* similarly patches found

material together with bare fiction as a way to make sense of his firsthand experience. The two share a conflation of personal experience and national portraiture, carried out through the process of amassing, classing, and ordering pieces of found material. Indeed, both resort to confabulation when the actual material will not suit, with Butor's invented ice creams and Ford's mislabeled houses.

> "In using this book, the Teacher is requested to try the *conversational* mode of communicating instruction, and of training the mind."[45]

As early as 1933, popular demand had persuaded Ford to also open the village to the public as a tourist destination, which came to be the site's chief identity up to the present. Being marked out as a themed time-place means that the institution can function more generally as a hub for those who interests are out of time—ragtime players, pennyfarthing riders, vintage "base ball" players playing by nineteenth-century rules, and classic car enthusiasts.[46] Their enthusiasms resemble coral polyps, unable to colonize or build off each other in the featureless spaces of the convention hall or the state park, clinging instead to a suitable environment for their actions. The points of interest studded through Greenfield Village are rich in affordance. If their signage seems to primarily put them forth as full scale exemplars of the built environment for historical reflection, they work just as well as springboards to one's own fancy, a half-past that floats free of strictures on behavior. In this way, they reincarnate in their visitors the dreamy children of the McGuffey readers, who misinterpret the workaday washtub and the hunting dog as elements to play with, and in so doing nurture a frame of mind as bricoleurs and inventors. Writing on tourist shows in Hawaii, Jane C. Desmond writes that they "are not simply cheap imitations of the real thing, which exists elsewhere, nor are they solely their own genre of tourist art. Rather, a continuum exists, with a strong overlap. Many of the same dances, songs, costumes, and performers are found in both arenas."[47] Similarly, in the present, the village hosts a variety of American imaginaries, as those who cleave strictly to elements of life as lived mingle with those who seek to construct a themed quasihistory—as with steampunk enthusiasts, actively inventing an alternate version of the past. Quite properly, given Ford's own intentions, Greenfield Village hosts both those seeking to repeat the past—driving the same cars on similar roads—and those who are looking to recombine its parts into new forms.

The current management and preservation of the site does not always seem to grasp the particulars of this mission.

Figure 4. Tourists on Main Street. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Figure 5. Tourists on Main Street. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Figure 6. Vintage "base ball" players. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Figure 7. Cosplayers. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Considering themselves the heirs of Jens Jensen, who issued a working plan for the village in 1935,[48] the landscape architecture firm Grissim Metz Andriese worked intensively with the current administration to regularize the grouping, naming, and wayfinding through the sprawling complex. In assigning authorship to Jensen, they forgot how the Village was actually initially formed: not through the disciplinary means of landscape architecture, a well-elaborated parti assembled to order, but through felicitous acquisitions and tinkering on site. Laid out in the field by Ford and his helper, Edward Cutler, the site's buildings were incessantly moved back and forth.[49]

Figure 8. Interpretation at the Susquehanna Plantation. Photograph by Justin Parscher.

Though Grissim Metz Andriese's renovation is planned to accommodate growth on site for one hundred years,[50] it is difficult to imagine many more additions on the relatively empty site while preserving Ford's vision. To apply the procedural rhetoric necessary for an idealized McGuffey world of the semirural nineteenth century, the various buildings must remain floating in a flat landscape lightly peopled by farm animals. Of course, Ford's vision is as negotiable as the history he himself interpreted; in one recent homage, the artist Mike Kelley arranged for a replica his own childhood home to be driven by the village as part a larger installation project.[51]

Some of the present adjustments to the site seem effective as compromises. As Ford's inheritors have moved his creation closer to the mainstream of living museums (such as it is), they have incorporated the interpretive strategies of their peers, including the use of first-person interpretation. Walking into the Firestone Farmhouse, you find a period-appropriate family group at a perennial meal. They talk at you over their shoulders as they eat their period-appropriate food. Likewise, the slave cabins are now periodically animated by a show called "How I Got Over," where black interpreters illuminate the lives and culture of enslaved workers through storytelling and song. The use of such interpreters is first understood as a platform for dialogue, a way to persuade of authority on the subject through face-to-face, back-and-forth. But this performance is also a way for the interpreters themselves to play, to do-as-though, to repeat through ritual.[52] Further, some such interpreters manage to reinsert the more bitter truths that Ford omitted.

Ford's populism, racism, and selective use of history make his relevance for the current moment as undeniable as it is undesirable. But his two-pronged approach toward preservation seems broadly applicable for a conscientious experimental preservation practice. That is, on one hand, to treat historic artifacts as modular elements that can be assembled as a space; and on the other, to treat the resulting space as a ritual setting of self-determination. Future custodians of Greenfield Village could well repeat an entirely new vision of the United States using these principles.

Biography
Justin Parscher is Assistant Professor of Practice at the Knowlton School of Architecture at The Ohio State University, teaching design, history, and theory. His work centers on the rhetorical processes through which landscapes are constructed and mediated, from the branding of urban areas to the operation of open-air museums and the day-to-day work of site guides and interpreters. Parscher was previously Visiting Assistant Professor at the Sam Fox School of Washington University in St. Louis. He received an MLA from the Harvard University Graduate School of Design and a BA from Sarah Lawrence College.

Notes
[1] For a useful explanation of Butor's method, see Page R. Laws, "Butor's Scissor Marks: Quilts and Origins in Mobile," in *Quilt Culture: Tracing the Pattern,* ed. Cheryl B. Torsney and Judy Elsley (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1994), 96–111.
[2] Michel Butor, *Mobile: Study for a Representation of the United States,* trans. Richard Howard (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1963), 64.
[3] Butor, *Mobile,* 17.
[4] Ibid., 79–80.
[5] Gregory Clark, *Rhetorical Landscapes in America: Variations on a Theme from Kenneth Burke* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2004), 4.
[6] Michel Conan, "The Fiddler's Indecorous Nostalgia," in *Theme Park Landscapes,* ed. Terence Young and Robert Riley (Washington, D.C.: Dumbarton Oaks), 100.
[7] Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities* (London: Verso, 2006), 163.
[8] Michael Wallace, "Visiting the Past: History Museums in the United States," *Radical History Review* 25 (1981): 72.
[9] W. H. M'Guffey [McGuffey], *The Eclectic Second Reader; Consisting of Progressive Lessons in Reading and Spelling* (Cincinnati: Truman and Smith, 1836), 130.
[10] Jessie Swigger, *"History Is Bunk": Assembling the Past at Henry Ford's Greenfield Village* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2014), 23–25.
[11] Steven Watts, *The People's Tycoon: Henry Ford and the American Century* (New York: Vintage, 2009), 423
[12] Swigger, *"History Is Bunk,"* 1.
[13] Charles B. Hosmer Jr., *Preservation Comes of Age: From Williamsburg to the National Trust, 1926–1949* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1981), 75.
[14] Hosmer, *Preservation Comes of Age,* 20.
[15] Andrew Hurley, *Beyond Preservation* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2010), 4.
[16] McGuffey, *The Eclectic Second Reader,* 18.
[Long] dormant, the site's schools were resurrected in 1997 as the Henry Ford Academy, operating inside the museum complex as one of a chain of charter schools. See https://www.thehenryford.org/education/at-the-henry-ford/academy/.
[18] Hosmer, *Preservation Comes of Age,* 78–79.
[19] Watts, *The People's Tycoon,* 480.
[20] Ibid., 402.
[21] Charles E. Sorensen and Samuel T. Williams, *My Forty Years with Ford* (New York: Norton, 1956).
[22] Sorensen and Williams, *My Forty Years with Ford,* 13–14.
[23] Keith Sward, *The Legend of Henry Ford* (New York: Atheneum, 1948), 259.
[24] Swigger, *"History Is Bunk,"* 2.
[25] Sten Rentzhog, *Open Air Museums,* trans. Skans Victoria Airey (Kristianstad, Sweden: Carlssons, 2007), 131.
[26] See Thomas J. Schlereth, *Cultural History and Material Culture: Everyday Life, Landscapes, Museums* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1992).

[27] Ian Bogost, *Persuasive Games* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 2007)
[28] Sward, *The Legend of Henry Ford,* 271.
[29] This is standard in the site's own guides; see as early as the *Greenfield Village Guide Book* (Dearborn, MI: Edison Institute, 1945), 13.
[30] Watts, *The People's Tycoon,* 402.
[31] McGuffey, *The Eclectic Second Reader,* 151.
[32] Watts, *The People's Tycoon,* 403.
[33] Samuel Crowther, "Henry Ford's Village of Yesterday," *Ladies' Home Journal* 45 (September 1928), 10.
[34] Geoffrey Upward, *A Home for Our Heritage: The Building and Growth of Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum* (Dearborn, Mich.: The Henry Ford Museum Press, 1979), ii.
[35] Steven Conn, *Museums and American Intellectual Life, 1876–1926* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 24.
[36] Conn, *Museums and American Intellectual Life,* 158.
[37] Ray Batchelor, *Henry Ford: Mass Production, Modernism, and Design* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1994), 12.
[38] Henry Ford, *My Life and Work* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1922), 24.
[39] Ford, *My Life and Work,* 32.
[40] During interviews with interpreters at Plimoth Plantation in 2016, site interpreters stressed a recent pivot away from strict first-person interpretation and toward a mode that would allow them to point out inaccuracies and anachronisms in the fabric of the museum itself.
[41] Batchelor, 141.
[42] Hosmer, *Preservation Comes of Age,* 90.
[43] *Greenfield Village Guide Book,* 35.
[44] Mary Douglas, *Purity and Danger* (London: Routledge, 2002), 79.
[45] McGuffey, *The Eclectic Second Reader,* vii.
[46] All of the above were present on site during a 2016 visit to Greenfield Village.
[47] Jane C. Desmond, *Staging Tourism* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1999), 25.
[48] Robert E. Grese, *Jens Jensen: Maker of Natural Parks and Gardens* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1992), 220. However, see also Robin S. Karson, *A Genius for Place* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2007), 382, where Grese is cited via personal communication as believing that the work was actually that of Jensen's son-in-law Marshall Johnson.
[49] Hosmer, *Preservation Comes of Age,* 84.
[50] Gary W. Cramer, "Authentically Refabricated," *Landscape Architecture* 95 (July 2005), 70.
[51] Anna Clark, "Mike Kelley's 'Mobile Homestead' at MOCAD—and on Detroit Streets," *Architect,* http://www.architectmagazine.com/design/culture/mike-kelleys-mobile-homestead-at-mocadand-on-detroit-streets_o.
[52] See the detailed discussion of this process in Stephen Eddy Snow, *Performing the Pilgrims: A Study of Ethnohistorical Role-Playing at Plimoth Plantation* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1993), particularly at xvi.