

*Jeremy Anderson*

I DON'T WANT TO, BUT I WILL

The Genesis of Geographic Knowledge: A  
Real-Time Developmental Study of  
Adolescent Images of Novel  
Environments

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A PROJECT GROUP L REPORT

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## DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE

There was this song on the radio when I was a lot younger than I am today. Then it was sung by a quartet of girls named Shirley Alston, Doris Kenner, Beverly Lee and Micki Harris, who went under the name of the Shirelles. This song is called "Dedicated To The One I Love" and was written by Pauling-Bass and is published by Armo Music, a BMI outfit. If you knew any of this before you read it here, the chances are you picked up this report by mistake and it might be a good idea for you to stop while you are ahead, and put it down after reading this page. If you didn't know any of this, you still may not want to read on, but the chances are better. When I first listened to this song I didn't know any of this either, I just knew the words and they are perfect for my purposes here.

While I'm far away from you, my baby,  
I know it's hard for you, my baby,  
Because it's hard for me, my baby,  
And the darkest hour is just before dawn.

Each night before you go to bed, my baby,  
Whisper a little prayer for me, my baby,  
And tell all the stars above,  
This is dedicated to the one I love.

Life can never be exactly like we want it to be,  
I can be satisfied just knowing you love me,  
There's one thing I want you to do especially  
for me,  
And it's something everybody needs.

Each night before you go to bed, my baby,  
Whisper a little prayer for me, my baby,  
And tell all the stars above,  
This is dedicated to the one I love.

This is dedicated to the one I love;

INGRID HANSEN WOOD



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

There are two sources of critical energy that impinge upon the writer of a dissertation in any American university today. They may have also impinged upon writers of dissertations in earlier times as well and may also impinge upon the writers of dissertations elsewhere in the world. I don't know about that. I only know from where I sit.

One of these sources of critical energy is a little more than somewhat negative: it is, in fact, almost overwhelmingly crushing. You see, for some, the writer of a dissertation is a nobody, a dummy, a nigger, a dust-rag, a toy to be advised (kicked), aided (knead), supported (tackled), constructively criticized (mutilated) by anyone who has already written a dissertation. Some of these helpful types could not find a predicate in their lunchbag and yet they will adjust the locations of commas; others haven't read a sentence of English in forty-one years and yet they will chop sentences in half and dangle useful remarks like "unclear" in the margins; still others wouldn't recognize a nifty piece of logic if it were dressed in neon doing the boogaloo in the middle of the street at high noon and yet they will be the first to scrawl "non-sequ" between each paragraph; my favorite is the guy who has trouble articulating "Good morning" but who just has to write "vague" beside any sentence with more than fourteen words. It seems to be mandatory to scribble such comments in large letters across half the page with indelible felt-tip pens on the assumption that all students are nearly blind.

The reason most comments made by advisors, first and second readers, numerous reviewers and other necessary busybodies are about style, is because they feel that they can deal with such matters one word at a time. This allows them to make a great show of effort without addressing themselves to the content which necessarily spans at least two sentences and sometimes even—heaven forbid!—whole paragraphs. This allows them to read doctoral dissertations while falling asleep or while keeping a spare ear or two on the faculty meeting.

None of this is at all nice and the general effect is to make the student feel entirely incompetent, a vacuous nudnik and an academic peon. This is also the intention. To be fair, not all of my advisors were as bad as the others and some were even human, though to be honest, none was completely free of certain tendencies in this direction and some were the very worst. That all this failed to reduce me to the sludge desired is not a tribute to the humanity of those "helping" me, but rather to the positive effects of a loving home, a healthy diet, plenty of exercise, lots of sleep, a tremendous ego and

other good stuff, not, of course, excluding those irrepressible streaks of humanity that illuminate the most vile of people, transforming them for varying lengths of time into paragons of virtue. These good things, these moments of shimmering light and warmth, these instances of constructive insight, these examples of hospitality, support, aid: these constitute the second source of critical energy, no less critical than the first—in point of fact, infinitely more critical in every sense of the word—and just a smidge more useful.

I shall not specify the sources of crushing critical energy. It would seem merely the mouthings of a perpetual malcontent, a thing, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, I am not. I shall, on the other hand, list each of those sources of positive critical energy and other aid. The list is long, and were my memory very good, could be much, much longer. No dissertation is produced alone; this one was produced with the contributions of many.

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## Preface

There is much rodomontade in the social sciences about being objective. Such talk is especially pretentious from the mouths of those whose minds have never been sullied by even the merest passing consideration of what it is that objectivity is supposed to be. There are those who believe it to consist in using the third person, in leaning heavily on the passive voice, in referring to people by numbers or letters, in reserving one's opinion, in avoiding evaluative adjectives or adverbs, ad nauseum. These, of course, are so many red herrings.

Jean Piaget points out that "objectivity consists in so fully realizing the countless intrusions of the self in everyday thought and the countless illusions which result—illusions of sense, language, point of view, value, etc.—that the preliminary step to every judgment is the effort to exclude the intrusive self" (Piaget, 1969, 34). This is all very wonderful, but as he points out the intrusions of self are countless, entrenched, and often so much a part of our life as to be, in the end, quite invisible. Some, such as Berkeley and Hume, would go so far as to say that there were practically nothing but Self and thus forever end the hopeless searching for a way of getting outside ourselves.

Putting aside for the moment the more skeptical viewpoints, consider the impossible difficulties of achieving even Piagetan objectivity. You need first to attain complete self-realization. Then to exclude yourself. How arduous the first task! How impossible the second! And yet, were all this gained, how would the reader, the perceiver, understand that the goal were won? Most likely he would scoff the self-aggrandizing pretensions of the latest scientist-saint.

The die-hard empiricist must deny that objectivity can exist

at all. The positivists affirm its potential being, but place insurmountable obstacles in the path of its attempt. The hardened reader will question its achievement. There are other reasons for ceasing to consider the possibility of being objective, but these three will do. Only unconsidering fools brandish the banner and bandy the word "objective." The rest of us have done with it.

Yet this is no opportunity for erecting the scientific tombstone. Not quite yet. There is a pragmatic, possible, human out: Bare yourself.

Admit your attitudes, beliefs, politics, morals, opinions, enthusiasms, loves, odiums, ethics, religion, class, nationality, parentage, income, address, friends, lovers, philosophies, language, education. Unburden yourself of your secrets. Admit your sins. Let the reader decide if he would buy a used car from you, much less believe your science.

Of course, since you will never become completely self-aware, no more in the subjective case than in the objective, you cannot tell your reader all. He doesn't need it all. He needs enough. He will know.

This dissertation makes no pretense at being objective, whatever that ever was. I tell you as much as I can. I tell you as many of my beliefs as you could want to know. This is my Introduction. I tell you about this project in value-loaded terms. You will not need to ferret these out. They will hit you over the head and sock you in the stomach. Such terms, such opinions run throughout the dissertation. Then I tell you the story of this project, sort of as if you were in my—and not somebody else's—mind. This is Part II of the dissertation. You may believe me if you wish. You may doubt every word. But I'm not conning you. Aside from the value-loaded vocabulary—when I think I've done something wonderful, or stupid, I don't mind giving myself a pat on the back, or a kick in the pants. Parts I and III are what sloppy users of the English language might call "objective." I don't know about that. They're conscientious, honest, rigorous, fair, ethical, responsible—to the extent, of course, that I am these things, no farther.

I think I'm pretty terrific. I tell you so. But you'll make up your mind about me anyway. But I'm not hiding from you in the third person passive voice—as though my science materialized out of thin air and marvelous intentions. I did these things. You know me, I'm

Denis Wood  
28 July 1972  
Worcester, Massachusetts

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## I N T R O D U C T I O N

"'I grow old.. I grow old...I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.' What does that mean Mr. Marlowe?"

"Not a bloody thing. It just sounds good."

He smiled. "That is from the 'Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.' Here's another one. 'In the room the women come and go/Talking of Michael Angelo.' Does that suggest anything to you, sir?"

"Yeah — it suggests to me that the guy didn't know very much about women."

"My sentiments exactly, sir. Nonetheless I admire T. S. Eliot very much."

...RAYMOND CHANDLER  
The Long Goodbye

It was raining.

Like every other night, I had taken the dog for his walk. Only this night wasn't like any other night. No night is, I suppose. The rain beat into my face, and as I turned my back to the wind, I saw Worcester before me. Through the rain its lights were soft and each light was refracted many times by the globes of water on my glasses. There is nothing more beautiful.

The wind shifted. There is nothing more beautiful I thought, as the rain slanted hard against my face, except getting out of the rain. I turned my back to the wind and the city and headed for the building under construction. Usually there was a red car parked in front of it, with an old man in it, to guard the building. The car wasn't there tonight. I couldn't imagine why not. I moved through the rain down the grassy slope to the front of the building and looked a little more closely for the car. It wasn't there. I walked boldly into the building. Inside, before my eyes had a chance to adjust to the hard light of bare bulbs on bare concrete, I saw a blue figure move rapidly toward me. Before it could open its mouth I saw it was a cop, blue jacket, cap, and pants, a night-stick and cuffs on the belt, a badge on the cap.

"Hi," I said, "where's the old man?"

The cop sized me up, sized up my dog, relaxed back into his uniform, and spoke: "He won't be here any more. He drank himself to sleep last night, and some young punks mixed oil into the gas in the lift motor. This morning they ran a load of bricks up, the motor coughed and the whole load hit the ground. If there'd been a man inside, he might have been killed. So they hired us. Twenty-four hour round-the-clock security today on." He had a big soft voice and his whole manner said lonely and I'm glad-you-dropped-in-to-chat. My dog ran nose down back into the night and I leaned against a red steel beam. We talked.

We talked the way complete strangers often talk to each other, those people you meet on buses and planes, the ones you exchange addresses with and then never write. We talked with candor the way people can talk. who have nothing on each other, who can use the stories to no end. We swaggered a little because no one was there to catch us up, but I doubt that we told each other any lies. There was simply no reason to. In less than half an hour he'd managed to tell me how he'd been working for Detroit Cam, a good job on a machine. Then an out-of-stater had come in, and because he had union seniority he'd bumped my friend down to work on the back loading dock. There he'd



fallen under a load beneath the foreman's eye. "Pick it up, if you're a man," the foreman had shouted and he'd tried and ripped his back muscles apart. Doctors and hospitals and lawyers later, he was out of the union, on workman's comp and a partial ADC. In desperation he'd taken this security job on the sly and was pulling down a buck-sixty an hour, with five kids and a wife and the rent to pay. He hated the company, he hated the union, he hated the lawyers and doctors, but he held no grudge against the man who'd come in from another state and bumped him from his job. That's just the way it was.

Out front my dog barked and we wandered out to see what the trouble was. It had stopped raining. Clouds were scudding fast against bright stars and the night was very clean. A man and his son were crossing the property on their way home. The cop warned them off the property and came over to me looking up at the sky and fingering his club.

"I'll tell you another thing that gets me," he said, his voice poised. "It's these damn spics, these damn Puerto Ricans. Excuse my language, but that's the way I feel. It's not that I'm prejudiced... I mean, the first one to move onto the street, I helped him out, got him a good job down at Brown Shoes, helped him clean up his apartment, everything. I mean, I don't judge a man by the color of his skin. Hell, I've even been godparents to high-yellows. But these Puerto Ricans get me. This guy kept his job for a few months and then quit and went back home. Then he came back a couple weeks later with brothers, sisters, cousins, a wife, kids...they're all so related a kid can't even tell his own father...no, I'm sorry, that's the truth. Anyhow, he doesn't get a new job right away and pretty soon the whole bunch of them are on aid. Every kind of aid. Now here I am, a natural-born American, and these spics come into this country, don't get naturalized or nothing, and they're getting more out of my own government than I am. What do you think of that?"

"Well," I said, "if they're Puerto Ricans, they are Americans. I mean, all Puerto Ricans are born American citizens. Puerto Rico is part of America."

"Ah, you're not going to try and hand me that line of bull, too?" He sighed. "Look, I know all about this stuff. My father came in from Canada and he had to go to Washington for his papers. These guys come over here by the boatload and we feed them and house them. America's just too soft."

"No, you don't understand," I said. "Puerto Ricans are

Americans. They fought in World War II in our Army. They fought in the Korean War. They're fighting now in Vietnam. Puerto Ricans have been Americans almost as long as we've owned Puerto Rico and that's been since the Spanish-American War. Remember about Teddy Roosevelt and San Juan Hill?" I was serious, but smiling. It looked hopeless. We went back and forth on this for a long time and it was hopeless. A few weeks earlier a seventeen year old Puerto Rican girl had turned her rings around and slapped his eleven year old daughter a couple of times, slashing her face. He and his wife went over to the home of the girl's parents and had gotten upset. The two mothers had started fighting, pulling hair and scratching. The Puerto Rican father had wanted to step in, but my friend held him back, wanting to let the two women fight it out. But when his wife had been almost pushed out a second story window the cops had arrived and cooled it and now he was pushing his complaint against the Puerto Rican family before the grand jury.

"So they stand in front on the judge and go yipyipyip," and he pitched his voice up and waved his arms around in imitation. Then they say no comprende. Brother, they sure comprended the day we were there. You should have heard their language...filthy! And I'm no sweet talker myself. Those are the first two words they say when they come into this country, and they're the last two they say when they leave it. I say, keep them out."

After a while I called my dog over and put his collar on and we left. We walked up over the hill through the wet clean grass and once again I looked down on Worcester and listened to the sirens wailing in the night. I wondered about my new friend and the fact that he held no grudge against the American who'd come into the area and cost him his job and his back, and yet hated these foreigners for lots less. Would he have felt differently about it had he known they were Americans by the same birthright as his?

It started to rain again and I went home.

\* \* \*

Thereafter I went many evenings to talk with him. Mostly I just let him talk for he had a lot to say. Friday evenings he worked up at a local college. He hadn't been there long, but each night he was there something happened. The first night he'd been there, he'd been called on the carpet for swinging his club. The second night he'd let one of the college boys walk his rounds with him, and the kid had seen USDA surplus food in the kitchen and had raised a stink.

"So this blankety-blank kid put me in the middle. But this Friday, I tell you, I'm going to throw the book at them. The dean, he told me, turn my head, but I'm not going to. The girls are supposed to be out of the dorms at 2:00. Last week I didn't enforce it but this week, they better watch out. I've got to keep face. These kids get to you and it's all over."

He went over that story with me a hundred times till I knew it better than he did himself. And there were always the unions, the courts, the doctors to talk about. Or the cops. Or the politicians. Or the mailmen. Or the garbage collectors. Or the punks with long hair.

"There are three types of long-hairs," he once told me. "First you have the hippies. They're the oldest. Then you have the yippies. They're more on the violent side. And then...I forget who the third ones are. But they're all dirty pigs, too lazy to take a bath. They all live in my neighborhood. I think I'm going to move out. I mean, the hippies, I could live with them, but not those damn spics. It's them or me. One of us has got to go."

There was always the spics. The day the postponement in his case came he was livid. The Puerto Rican mother had pleaded that her husband was stuck in New York by a broken-down car. The judge had granted the postponement. "What'd he matter? He wasn't involved. It was the women that were fighting. It's the same as I was telling you, too soft. Judges," and he spat against the bare concrete wall of the building, "they're all against me. Wherever I go they're trying to make me trouble. Everywhere I turn."

We saw him Saturday night, my wife and I, after he'd been up for his one night stand at the college. We stood out in front of the building by a big pile of skids. After we had talked for a while he went and got a tall thermos filled with coffee. It was cold and we drank the coffee with our gloves on under the stars. He'd gone through the dorms at 2:20 and thrown five girls out of the rooms. The boys had complained to the dorm master that he'd invaded their privacy. The dean had arrived. There had been arguments. "What I want to know, is who is going to pay me for all the hours I was up there talking to those guys. I didn't get home until five this morning."

It seems that he had no right in the buildings at all, that actually his jurisdiction stopped at the door. His real job was to prevent off-campus people coming in and vandalizing, to watch for fires, and in the winter time, for frozen burst pipes. The rules he'd

been upholding were the students' self-legislated rules. "I'm no damn baby-sitter," would alternate with, "I'm no damn caretaker." It was all a question of space. If his space included the dorms, he was a baby-sitter and he didn't like that. If it didn't include the dorms, he was a caretaker, and he didn't like that.

He wanted to convert all of his space into securable space. "Ever since I got this job the spics and hippies where I live think I'm a regular cop. No more trouble. I'm going to put a gumball on the roof of my car and install a police radio. I won't have trouble wherever I go."

\* \* \*

Talking with him I was able, little by little, to put together some picture of his world. It was some sort of sphere, in theory. He had been told and had accepted as fact, the earth was a sphere, in theory. But functionally it was no sphere. Distance and direction in his world did not function as they do in my world. Beyond Massachusetts they scarcely functioned at all. "I'm only thirty-seven," he told me, "but I've traveled everywhere. Me and the wife love to travel." I was interested in his travels. "Well, we go out west all the time. We've got a lot of relatives in Springfield and maybe we'll move out there. We go up to Canada sometimes. And Providence and the Cape, of course. We don't go to Boston much. Too big." There seem to be four degrees of southness in his world. Providence, Hartford, New Haven and the stuff between here and there is the first degree of southness. Then there is the New York area. He'd like to visit New York someday. The South is the third degree of southness. Beyond that is all the rest of the world practically. South is essentially a bad direction to be from. The spics come from the south, meaning the Spaniards, Mexicans, Cubans, Philipinos, Puerto Ricans and so on. Most of the world is south of us. The rest is just "far away".

Size is equally hazy. I guess hazy is the wrong word to use, because he does not talk about it hazily. This is the world, and he knows it. There are three big countries in the world: America, Russia and China. All the rest of the countries are about the same size: small. These small countries break up into two classes: Europe and the rest. The rest are small, but dirty, corrupt, and filled with an enormous impoverished population that is flooding into America in horrifying numbers. Europe itself consists of England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Poland and Sweden "and you seen those women? They know how to put a girl together over there!"

Puerto Rico, which he talked about incessantly, is about the size of Brazil, or South Africa. It is about as far away as any of those places in the south. It is definitely separated from America by water for the Puerto Ricans arrive here by the boatload. He had no idea it was an island until I told him so. It has one city and that's San Juan, a huge city filled with slums and prostitutes and fancy hotels for the Americans "who never see what's really going on." It's about the size of New York or Providence. He knows of one Puerto Rican product and that's Barcardi. He speaks of Barcardi lovingly, particularly the 151 proof, and assures me that they make one even stronger. The typical Puerto Rican family includes a good-for-nothing leather-jacketed knife-fighting man, a wife who is not much better, and too many kids who never really know for sure who their real father is, except they're pretty sure it's not who it's supposed to be. "They're not that dumb!" he says. Topographically, Puerto Rico resembles central Massachusetts, mostly hilly with here and there a mountain, and its vegetation is substantially similar to that of central Massachusetts, except for the palm trees. The palm trees are part of the image of Puerto Rico that he picks up in the rum and airline ads, in magazines and on TV. Here he also picks up the climate, which is always warm. This is reinforced by the Puerto Ricans on his street who complain about the winter. "If they don't like our weather, they can go home."

He also talked a lot about Worcester. He grew up just outside Worcester, in Millbury, but his family moved into the city when he entered high school which he didn't quite finish. He still doesn't like books, saying "You can put one in front of me and I won't even open it up. But my girls, they're all big readers. I want them to finish high school, maybe even go on to college... But it'll be a Catholic school. The rest of these schools are just legal cathouses." Worcester is composed of good areas and bad areas, friendly ones and unfriendly ones. He knows them all. The good ones and the friendly ones are where his type live, no jigs, no spics, no foreigners. Some parts are good but unfriendly, the richer parts of town where the houses and all are nice, but "where no one'll even give you the time of day." He speaks about his part of town, Main South, with mingled pride and despair. He won't let you knock him for living there but it's changing so fast he's not sure he can stand it anymore. He refuses to believe that I, too, live in Main South because "what would somebody with your brains live in that crummy part of town for?" Like many Worcesterites he knows the town very well, but in terms of squares and diners and routes in and out of the city, rather than in terms of streets. He is constantly saying things like "I was out at Messier's Diner... you know where that is, don't you?" And when I confess I don't, he can't really tell me where it is, or how to get there, though

he himself would have no trouble. As with the rest of his knowledge of Worcester, the difference between what he can express and what he knows is enormous. He can and does express himself on one aspect of Worcester. It's running downhill fast. There are no jobs and what jobs there are are taken up by longhairs, eggheads, and foreigners who are filling the city rapidly. The air is filled with evil in these forms.

One day he said, "Things are so bad, somebody slipped me a Puerto Rican coin in my change today."

I said, "That's interesting, since they use American money in Puerto Rico. Let's see it." He scratched around in his pocket and finally dredged up a copper coin. "Maybe it's Mexican," I said. It wasn't. It was Burmese.

"Well anyway, it's foreign." He seemed pleased.

\* \* \*

After talking to me for several nights and plying me with coffee and tea and fried chicken in the little shack erected to keep him warm and the building blueprints dry, he caught on to me. As we warmed our toes at the tiny electric heater his company provided, he cocked his head at me, took out his teeth preparatory to "gumming his dinner to death," and said, "You sure do ask a lot of questions. How come?"

So I told him. I told him I was a geographer, a geographer who was interested, not in the world outside, waving my hand in the general direction of the door, but at the world in men's heads, pointing to my head. He handed me a red thermos cup of coffee regular and looked puzzled.

"I'm interested in mental maps," I said. "Look, you used to drive a truck. Say as a child you had gone with your parents to visit relatives in Providence and Boston, and every holiday you'd gone first to Providence and then to Boston and had fallen asleep on the way home. Your father drove, you were full of turkey, why not?" He nodded sagely. "So one day you apply for a job driving a truck and you get the job and first thing you have to take a load to Boston. The guy shouts out to you as you climb in the cab, 'You know the route?' and you tell him 'Sure.'"

"Yeh, I get it. And I get in the truck and head for Providence.

Listen, I know bozoos like that, no joke. I got this friend Pete who every time he comes to my house comes the long way by Lincoln Square. I tell him and I tell him and every time he says, 'Tell it to the wind, Ed, tell it to the wind.'"

"So," I continued, "you know what I'm talking about. You've got the world in your head, all the streets and buildings and smells and diners and climates and good places and bad are up there in your head, and sometimes they match up with what's outside and sometimes they don't. And sometimes you go a place and have to change around what's up there, and lots of times you just add on to it. Well, I'm interested in the maps in your head." I paused, because his eyes had changed and color was rising into his face.

"Hey, wait a minute. I know I haven't had as much schooling as you. I haven't. I admit it. I'm not proud. And I don't know all that much. You know it. I know it. But I know what I know and I'm no dummy."

"So, who said you were?" I asked.

"Then what's it all about? He was wary, maybe even sullen.

"The point's not that I know it all and you don't. That's not it at all. The point is that our mental maps are different. And we each use our mental maps to make our minds up about different things. Like the quickest way to get from here to Auburn, or the way we feel about Puerto Ricans."

"You're not going to try telling me that they're Americans again, are you? We've been there already." He started gumming some meat loaf. His wife really packed a lunch. I explained as best I could in a dozen different ways what I felt was going on. He calmed down and became interested. Even maybe pleased. After all, I was interested in what he thought and that was something novel. The whole mental geography issue struck his fancy and we talked about it from then on, often.

\* \* \*

The last time I saw Ed it was raining on the hill. We walked his rounds together. The bare concrete had been covered outside by bricks and inside by wallboard. An empty lot was a hundred bed nursing home. Lights were on inside where the janitors were working late into the night to get everything ready for the first day. Inside looked

nice and warm. Outside it was as cold and wet as ever. It was his last night.

We rounded a corner and I looked at my watch. He smiled and stuck out his hand. I shook it.

"I learned a lot from you," he said, "a lot about Puerto Rico. But I don't care. I still hate those spics. Always will."

I shook my head. He went on. "I want the wife to meet you. We ought to get together and talk sometime." We traded addresses and phone numbers and made promises and shook hands again and said goodbye and I walked off with my dog.

I walked up over the hill through the wet clean grass and once again looked down at Worcester. Spring was coming and under the cold there was a wonderful warmth. I wondered about what he'd said. I wondered if he'd hate them to his grave. I knew I'd never know. We'd never meet again. We had nothing in common but the cold, the wet, and the night.

I walked on home.

## II

Well, we did have one other thing in common. We each had views of the world that were like no other. I guess that's something we all have in common. It's even better than fingerprints. You sit around with a guy and nod your head and say, "You know, we really have a lot in common," and the next thing he says is something you can't nod your head about.

Sometimes the things you're nodding your head about are geographic things, where so-and-so is, the quickest way from here to there, how it's so much nicer in Venice than in Rome, the shape of the world, the size of the universe, things like that. Sometimes it's about other things, like who was the greatest shortstop ever in the American League, or who led the better band, Ray Noble or Fletcher Henderson, or how the play was better than the movie and the book better than the play. When you drain all this head-nodding conversation of the hype, the put-on, the show-off, what's left is more or less what you know. What's left is knowledge. And when the conversation is about geographic type things, what's left is geographic knowledge.

Believe it or not, there are guys who study this kind of



geographic knowledge. They don't study the copper output of Brazil or how much it rains in Afghanistan, or why there are steel mills in Cleveland. They study why people, any kind of people (including geographers), think that copper comes from Michigan, that Afghanistan is a tropical rainforest, that Cleveland is a good place for a steel mill. These geographers who study, not geography, but geographic knowledge, don't call themselves geographers. They call themselves geosophers. The word was invented by gentle-hearted John K. Wright, an American geographer, from the roots ge meaning "earth" and sophia meaning "knowledge." According to Wright, geosophy "covers the geographical ideas, both true and false, of all manner of people — not only geographers, but farmers and fishermen, business executives and poets, novelists and painters, Bedouins and Hottentots" (Wright, 1966, 83). That is, it covers the geographic knowledge of everyone. Needless to say, geosophy is a fascinating subject.

Taken by itself in large doses, geosophy can descend pretty rapidly into sterile pedantry. I pointed no fingers, but such, sadly, is the case. It's not without reason, however. Who really gives a care what Joe Blow thinks the world looks like? How interesting is that? By themselves mental images of the world, cognitive representations as some call them, may be interesting, but they are not necessarily so. One thing that is of somewhat greater interest is how these images, these mental pictures, came to look like they do. That is, what is it about the world that lends itself to such an interpretation; and what is it about a man and men that lead them to interpret the world as they do? That is, what is it that happens between a man and the world that results in a certain picture of the world? Some people call the process of seeing "perception" and a small sub-field in geography developed called The Perception School. For a few years it was hard to tell the Perception People from the Geosophers. There was a reason for this, too. For the most part, they were the same people.

But the thing that is the most interesting, is what people do based on their picture of the world. I mean, when you slug a guy you do so for a reason and that reason usually has something to do with your image of him. If your image was that he was a friend, you wouldn't slug him. In this world, actions count, not perceptions or thoughts. You may perceive me as you wish. You may even cognize me and image me as you wish. I could care less. But when you act towards me, then I suddenly care a very great deal. I am happy when you're nice to me (that is, I am happy when I see and believe and care that you're nice to me) and I am upset when you hate me (when I see and believe and care that you hate me) and so on. Actions speak louder than words just as words speak louder than thoughts.

If actions are important, the things that actions are based on, the mental images, are suddenly terribly interesting. And if they're interesting, the things that mental images come from, perceptions, seeings, are also important. Some people refer to these three things, these three processes, as perception (the seeing part of it), cognition (the organization of what was seen into pictures and images) and behavior (the resulting actions). Other people don't think that these are the right words, or the right slices. Personally I could care less. They're just convenient words someone found in the dictionary, and anyhow one thing is clear: I see, I think, I act. Ain't nobody going to take that away from me.

The study of the relations between seeing, thinking and acting as they relate to geographic things is called psychogeography, by me and others, although naturally there are those who call it something else. Psychologists who study the same sort of thing call it environmental psychology. Still other people refer to the whole set of processes as plain perception or even geosophy. What it is called doesn't really matter a great deal, unless a great deal is being made about what it is called. One thing should be clear. Some people study how all three processes interact and others study only one of the processes. I am interested in how the three interact, and I call myself, merely for convenience, of course, a psychogeographer. What you're reading is psychogeography.

### III

There is only one problem left. What things are geographic type things and what things aren't? In the following few pages I will give you my answer, but please understand that this is my answer. Frankly I think it's just as good as any other answer, but people have been known to get red in the face about these things and shout and wave their arms violently. On occasions, I too have been guilty of such silliness. But then, people are pretty silly most of the time, aren't they? The whole question may seem entirely stupid to you, but a lot depends on the answer to the question. Like what school you go to. Or what department you're in. Or whether you'll keep your job. In the sort of things that really count in life, like eating, the answer a geographer gives to this question is crucial. Answer wrong, and he may have trouble finding a job and hence not have money to buy food and hence not eat. That such a silly question should have such consequences...

If you're the sort of person who thinks a rock is a rock, then you know what geography is. It's what you studied in the seventh grade about the torrid zone and Pee-Wee with his blow-gun in the Amazon rainforest. Once upon a time this was geography. But, perhaps sadly,

that was a long time ago. Since that time a lot of different sciences have grown up and the world of academia has gotten crowded. The more crowded it got, the more often different sciences found themselves in each other's way. That this has happened fairly recently, in the last hundred and thirty years, can be seen from the fact that the very word "scientist" was invented in 1840 by a man named William Whewell (Mencken, 1937, 559). The thought that a man would make his living studying the sorts of things we study today was laughable before that time. Science was the plaything of the rich and leisured. I don't want to give you the impression that nobody went around defining things to study before then. That wouldn't be true. Men are always defining the life out of things. But when it's a matter of making a living, then things are a little different, particularly when the anthropologists are constantly tripping over the sociologists who are tripping over the urban study people who are tripping over the planners who are tripping over the urban economists who are tripping over and over and over and all of them over the poor geographer who seems to be everywhere at once. It gets pretty funny sometimes, when it isn't so sad you want to cry.

In the 19th century, the distinctions were pretty simple. Geographers studied space, and historians studied time, and the anthropologist studied man, and the physicist studied matter, and so on. There was only one thing wrong with all this. None of these things they all studied so assiduously existed in such simple pure states. The events of the historian took place in space and the space of the geographer somehow was filled with men who were made of matter. The fuzziness of these distinctions was clear to most workers in these fields and yet there didn't seem to be anything they could do about them. Then along came Einstein.

Einstein was a physicist, but the things he discovered about matter were so fundamental that no scientist or philosopher has been able to think the same way since. Einstein said that there was no matter at all. No time. No space. There were only events. Let me try to explain this to you. Think of a meeting. A meeting is when people get together to decide something. When two people meet on the street. An automobile crash is also a meeting.

Now what is a meeting? It is something that happens in time and space. Just think about that. A meeting is always some time. And it is always some place. And it is always some thing. But you can't lift up a meeting. You can't burn a meeting. Obviously a meeting is nothing. But it is something. What is it? Very simply, a meeting is an event, an event in space-time. To see how similar these two ideas, a meeting, and an event in space-time are, think about this. Someone asks you where you're going. You say, "To a meeting of the Sub-

Committee." And that's a perfectly good answer. Now ask me where I'm going. "I'm going to Room 303 of the Greshim Building at 2:00 this afternoon." And that's a perfectly good answer too. It may be an even better answer because it imparts more information. In this case, the word "meeting" is equivalent to "Room 303 of the Greshim Building at 2:00 this afternoon." Not an hour earlier. Then Room 303 was a study hall. Not the next room down, because that's an office. Every single meeting in the world is just as precisely and definitively and uniquely defined by its location in space-time.

The trouble is, all things are events just like meetings. Think about a piece of land and the air above it. What is it? Last year it was an empty field. This year it's a hundred-bed nursing home. Fifty years from now it will be an old crumbly building, a ghost house. A hundred years from now it may be an empty field again. To say what that "space" is, without saying what "time" it is, is meaningless. Of course, most of the time we know what time it is and don't have to say it. Just like most of the time we know where we are and don't have to say that. But if you're traveling and someone asks you where you live, you have to know when he means. "Now I live at the Excelsior; but my real home is in Oshkosh." Where you live is an event in space-time too. Since most of the time we know where and when we are, we aren't used to thinking of things as space-time events. When I now say that you are an event, you're startled and jump back and stare at me like I'm crazy. But I'm not. You are an event.

One of the simple ways to understand this is to try to take away "time" or "space" and see if you're still there. If you are a real thing, independent of "space" and "time," you should be able to take away "space" and still exist, or you should be able to take away "time" and still exist. Try it.

It's an interesting mental exercise, but with no solution. No matter how hard you think, you are still taking up "time" and occupying "space." And obviously, but subtly, you are not independent of "time" and space." In fact, all you really are is a particular location in time-space. A unique location in time-space to be sure, but no less an event for all of your uniqueness.

Another way to get a handle on all of this is to think of geology. Now there's a subject that deals with matter! Rocks and mountains, the basic stuff of the world. So you should study geology. All they talk about is time. The first theorem of geology has to do with time. It says that things were going on in the past much as they are now. And from then on it's ages and eons and little else. In fact, to go back to our meeting for a minute, to a geologist a huge magnificent mountain is an

event as ephemeral, as fleeting, as a two o'clock meeting. Mountains come and mountains go and while they're around they're really something, but still mere events in the panorama of space-time.

No matter, no space, no time, only events, only locations in space-time. The events that Einstein was actually talking about were the tiny events smaller than atoms called sub-atomic particles. Up until his time, physicists had considered these tiny particles the ultimate, enduring substance of the universe. Einstein replaced these tiny particles with events and pointed out that you can collect these events into series of events in just about any way that is convenient. One convenient bundle of events is called matter; another convenient bundle is you; still another is me; still another is mountain. That these bundles are convenient doesn't make one more real than the other. Bertrand Russell says, "Matter is not unchanging substance, but merely a way of grouping events. Some events belong to groups that can be regarded as material things; others, such as light-waves, do not. It is events that are the stuff of the world, and each of them is of brief duration." (Russell, 1945, 70).

Between each event is an interval. Once we would have said that so much "time" had passed between two events, or that so much "space" had been covered. But now we know that it is a space-time interval. Each interval

... Could be analysed in various ways into a time-element and a space-element. The choice between these various ways was arbitrary, and no one of them was theoretically preferable to any other. Given two events A and B, in different regions, it might happen that according to one convention they were simultaneous, according to another, A was earlier than B, and according to yet another, B was earlier than A. No physical facts correspond to these different conventions. (Russell, 1945, 832)

In the example Russell used, the events were in different regions and time varied. He could just as easily have put them in different times and then have noted that according to another convention, A and B were in the same place, and according to another convention, A and B were in different places. He would have still said that no physical facts correspond to these conventions. That is, one instance was no more real than another, just more convenient. What all this boils down to is that whenever we draw a line around something and say that that something is a real substantial thing, we do it because it pleases us to, but the fact that we draw the line around it doesn't make it "real." Or as

Cole Porter put it: "Gibraltar may tumble, the Rockies may crumble, they're only made of clay, but our love is here to stay." Which is the more substantial, love or mountains? Which the more real? Neither. Mere emotion, mere mountain, mere event.

What is and what is not convenient has consequences that must be understood. That mountains and love are equally substantial, equally real things, should not blind us to the fact that it would be inappropriate to act in regard to them in the same manner. It is ordinary to hug and kiss someone you love. Do not try this on a mountain. Hoagy Carmichael sings a song about loving a woman the size of a mountain:

Oh, gee, but ain't it grand to have a girl so big and fat,  
That when you go to hug her, you don't know where you're  
at,  
You have to take a piece of chalk in your hand  
And hug away and chalk a mark to see where you began.  
One day I was a huggin' and a chalkin' and a chalkin'  
and a huggin' away,  
When I met another fellow with some chalk in his hands,  
A coming around the other side, over the mountain,  
A coming around the other side, over the great divide.

(C. Hayes-K. Goell)

The advice must be well taken: a mountain is not love despite the fact that both are events. The lines we draw around a series of events and provide with a label should have some utility. Depending on the use of the group of events draw the line. Take the following example: You pull a plant from the ground revealing the roots. Distinguishing the roots may have some utility. The group of events called "roots" may be a useful group. But, if you're a soil scientist the distinction between the roots and the surrounding soil not only has little utility but is simply not possible. In fact, the event of greatest interest is the zone where the roots change into soil, the zone of ionic exchange, a zone of furious activity of goings and comings of tiny chemical particles. The group of events called "roots" and "soil" become, not convenient labels, but impediments to understanding. The substantiality of rootness dissolves into a zone of chemical transference. Soil becomes not some dirty substance but a class of chemical events. These are the convenient events to a soil scientist. Events are the substance of the universe, but their labelling and grouping are a function of human utility.

#### IV

Since the world is composed solely of events, if geographers

study anything at all, they study events. So, obviously, do all other scientists, be they physicists, biologists, chemists, or historians. What we need is a scorecard to tell the players apart, or worse — to tell us what game is being played, or even what ball park we're in. Or do we? Perhaps one of the things I'm trying to suggest is that all scientists study the same thing when you get right down to it and that in a more wonderful world there wouldn't be any departments at all, just curious interesting people. In that world the only way you'd know what someone was doing would be to find out, to read what he'd written, or listen to what he had to say, or look at what he'd drawn or painted or hear him wail on a cool clarinet. Science would be indistinguishable from art which would be life. Sounds dreamy, doesn't it?

Last night I went to the ballet and saw a lot of this confirmed. The Dance Theater of Harlem did George Balachine's Concerto Barocco to the Concerto in D Minor for 2 Violins by Johann Sebastian Bach. I will not attempt to describe what I saw, only to say that if you're interested in geography, in "space," that this ballet will talk to you in clearer, more meaningful tones about "space" than any geography book, including this one. But if we cast this discussion in the event-relation terms introduced above, I can make some of it clear to you. Music consists of events called sounds in relation to one another. In his Concerto, Bach was making profound comments about the possible relations these sound events might have. In ordinary terms these sound events have temporal relations, one succeeding another. In his ballet, Balanchine translates these events into gestures and makes the relations essentially spatial, although given the nature of the world the time element remains. As the dancers moved about on the floor I saw the flows of people in the city streets and the relations of the streets and the sun rise and fall and the day turn into night and a new day start. Maybe I saw these things because I'm a geographer and these things fill my mind. Other people saw other things. The point is a simple one. Bach and Balanchine and the Dance Theater of Harlem and I all were dealing with events and relations between them. That's all there is. The contest of the events was somewhat different in each case. For Bach the events were sounds, for Balanchine the events were gestures, for the dancers they were sweat and teamwork, and for me they were — well, actually for me they were events and relations, but they were events and relations that I could fill in a million ways with the content that most interests me, that content being geographic things. But what are geographic things?

There is only one answer: geographic things are the things of interest to geographers. There is no more profound answer without discovering that everybody is interested in the same thing. James Blaut, a clear-spoken man for a geographer, realized a great deal of this, but

got hung up trying to find a more general, less idiographic answer. His attempt was doomed to fail, because there was no such answer. Before he failed to realize this, he did, however, point out that it was awfully difficult on any ground at all to distinguish between history and ecology and geography:

History proves to be distinguished from geography strictly on the basis of subject matter (the historian's period is neither more temporal nor less spatial than the geographer's areal integration)...and most parts of macroscopic ecosystem ecology prove to be just geography (or vice versa). (Blaut, 1962, 6)

But this still doesn't tell us what are geographic events. It only tells us that if there are geographic events that they are hard to tell from historic events and impossible to tell from ecologic events. But this doesn't help us. I can only tell you again, that geography is events of interest to geographers.

And what is of interest to geographers? Mountains high and cool and covered with blue-black pine forests and the endless sheets of baked cracked-earth yellow deserts and a shopping center filled with people loaded down with brown paper bags and children; the empty streets of an old ghost town filled with nothing but tired climate and the pearly dew that covers the grass on a cool clean summer morning and the changing shapes of big red barns filled with hay by sweaty men and the cows that eat the hay and the roads that carry the trucks with the milk and the bright shiny rails of hard cold steel and the trains that ride them even as the wind with their whistles blowing deep, deep into night; the Mexican peasant burning over the sere yellow stubble of his corn fields and the way a city can push its lonely streets out into the country where at night the yellow lights of houses glow every now and then warmly beckoning; and why in one place you pay \$200 for the same room that somewhere else goes for \$2 and why the sky is blue and the height of the mountains and the size of the cities and the skidrow streets with ancient men of two-day beards that once saw the sheen and gloss of pace and fashion; the changing of the weather day by day, from the arcing heat of a summer noon to the bone-deep chill of a winter night and the wide valleys with their supple sighs and swarming rivers and the unending groan of the great unloaders dipping and lifting their tons of ore against the growl of the furnaces turning out the rivers of molten steel that ride bumper to bumper tail-lights glowing on the great highways of the world. These things, and more, are of interest to geographers. Geographers want to know where the rivers come from and where they go and why they twist and turn and why some go fast and others slow and why some are clear, so clear and others turgid black. They want to know why you



can cross a line nobody can see and be arrested for different things than on the other side and what a country is and means and why some grow and others shrink. They want to know why some people are comfortable a foot apart chatting over an evening cocktail and yet others not unless twice that distance and why a classroom fills with students the way it does and even if it fills a special way. Geographers want to know the shape of the earth and the depths of the oceans and the width of the rivers and the size of the cities and where the rain goes and what happened to the cotton mills in New England. Geographers want to know the middle of the Gobi Desert and walk the road to Timbuctu and take the cog railway to Dawson and ride down the Amazon in a wood canoe and climb Mount Everest and shake hands with the last stone-age man and take a peek at the Shangri-La in your mind and maybe some day have a hand in building a Shangri-La right here on earth where all men will know good things. These things are of interest to geographers.

I could tell you forever of the things of interest to geographers. One man studied the goldfish industry of Martinsville, Indiana. Another, the shape of space. There is human geography and physical geography and cultural geography and psychogeography and economic geography and political geography and the philosophy of geography and agricultural geography and medical geography and biogeography and cartography and geomorphology and the geography of Asia and England and Arkansas and Topeka. You name it and there's a geography of it and if there isn't we'll make one and I'm glad because we're young and strong and healthy and having a ball. How can I tell you what is of interest to geographers? I can't even say what isn't. Jazz history? Well, it sounds like geography starting off in New Orleans and moving up the river to Kansas City and then up to Chicago and then all over the U.S. and now all over the world so that the Duke goes to Russia and packs the house everywhere he goes. Diffusion of an innovation. You guessed it, it's geography. All I can tell you is to read this. It's geography.

Now we can go back, back to the seeing, thinking, acting. Maybe you think we could have cut out the last few pages, but I don't. There's a lot of stuff there that we're going to need. We now know what the world is made of, events and their relations; we know what events we are especially interested in (I just got finished telling you that)-- geographic events; we know that we are interested in how people perceive these events, because these perceptions get put together in the mind to make images and pictures which form the basis for the actions that affect us. And that affect the geographic events we're interested in and that were perceived in the first place. If this is not all clear, go back. Start over again.

As all is now clear, I want to apply what we've got settled to the story of Ed the cop that I started out with. Ed is a man like most men, and like most men he sees, thinks and acts. These seeings, thinkings and actings are the very whatness of his world. From where he stands they are the very world itself. As psychogeographers, what we want to do is to see his world; to reflect on his world; and then act. In conversation with Ed, I did all these things, my actions usually being more conversation, but also including the acts of going back up and talking to him, and drinking his coffee, and eating his sandwiches. But these were acts of mine as a person alone. As a psychogeographer I want to understand Ed's world as another clue to a more general understanding of everybody's worlds, of everybody's seeing, of everybody's actions; to finally be able to describe some general relations between these processes that hold to a substantial extent for all people. Let's try.

## V

I have less information from Ed about his seeing process than about any other. This is a function of nothing but normal conversation. I mean, it's a pain in the neck for both parties if one of them is constantly saying, "Wait a minute, where'd you get that from?" Sometimes he would volunteer information freely. Thus he told me where he got his ideas about the climate of Puerto Rico. They came from two main sources: advertisements for rum and airlines and the remarks of his Puerto Rican neighbors disparaging our winters. Since he doesn't read books, these sorts of sources must provide a great deal of the information he currently receives. Television ads and shows, a few of the glossy national magazines, and the Worcester newspapers augment conversations with people he meets and experiences he physically engages in. At this stage in his life, these last two sources provide a special type of information, since he engages in conversation to any extent with people only very much like himself (or with nuts like me) and engages in experiences of only a limited nature. In his "extensive" travels he has exposed himself to little variety in customs or manners or landscape since he has stayed in southern New England. His sources of information, then, are limited and of a type.

Obviously he has been receiving information for a long time — he is thirty-seven years old. I mean, he grew up. We know that he went to school in Millbury, which is just outside Worcester, and that he actually finished high school in Worcester itself. So these early experiences are also to type. Furthermore, we have it that he didn't like school and is proud, in a rueful sort of way, of his ignorance. He will maintain that "life" is the finest school. Who can argue with that. There can be no question that he has learned more and better from "life" than he did in school. While he will state this explicitly, it can be

inferred from his stories as well. Thus, when the Puerto Ricans began first moving into his neighborhood, he claims to have held them little animus. It was the experiences he had with them that taught him their true worth, i.e. worthlessness.

Frankly, there is little to say about his seeing process, except one instructive fact not noted above. He sees things where others don't. Thus he sees the world as filled with spirits of a hostile nature. Starting with the lawyers, unions, bosses, including the kids, longhairs and punks, going on to embrace the judges, politicians, spics, jigs, deans, and ending up excluding practically no one, his world is animated and hostile. "They're all against me. Wherever I go they're trying to make me trouble. Everywhere I turn." I suppose that in the sophisticated parlance of today, he should be termed a paranoid of a sort. But it seems to me that this terminology robs his world of much of its comparability. Ed's world is animistic, as was the world of the Greeks and as is the world of the contemporary Zinacantecan. In Ed's world most of the spirits happen to be hostile. How does Ed deal with this situation? He indulges in a bit of modern magic: "Ever since I got this job the spics and the hippies where I live think I'm a regular cop. No more trouble. I'm going to put a gumball on the roof of my car and install a police radio. I won't have trouble wherever I go." Ed keeps the spirits lurking in the corners of his world at bay by scaring them with symbols of authority, much as the Zinacantecan or the Greeks placated them with offerings of one sort or another. But if we fail to understand that he sees these hostile forces lurking in his world, we fail completely to understand his world. Putting a psychological label on it seems to take it out of the world of geographic things. To read Ed correctly these hostile vibrations must be seen as being as palpable as mountains and trees.

\* \* \*

Part of the difficulty of talking about seeing in a vacuum has to do with the fact that Ed has seen nothing in a vacuum for a long time. He sees currently against an old and petrified background of past seeing. These early seeings have been organized into useful images that enable Ed to deal with current experience efficiently. Thus, when Ed sees a black man, he can test this experience against an image composed of past experiences of black men. These images are summed up in his word "jig." A jig is someone who causes trouble, who cannot be trusted, who is going to stab you in the back the second you turn around, and who is generally a great deal larger than Ed. All new experiences of black men (and all men of color not Ed's) now get tagged "jig" and Ed is set to act in regard to them.

We have a great deal of information regarding Ed's picture of

the geographic world, at least as he has been able to tell me about it. I think it would be most unfair, however, to characterize what he has been able to tell me as completely representative of what he knows. His mental picture of the world is richer than he can say. Nonetheless, what he has said provides us with our information about how he has reflected on things seen and how he has organized them into a coherent scheme. In regard to things geographic, I shall call this coherent scheme a mental map. This mental map is some sort of display system in his head. It is certainly not a conventional map-like device, but in that it functions similarly to a map, I shall call it a map. I don't really care what its cortical manifestation is. When Ed wishes to deal with a geographic thing, like whether or not Puerto Rico is American, or the quickest route from Castle Hill to Auburn, the relevant pieces of information are displayed in his brain. It might be useful to think of a mental map as a board of a trillion little light bulbs. When Ed considers going to Auburn the routes he can choose from light up on his board like a Paris Metro map. Often these routes won't be complete in his mind. On one route there may be a string of lights running out to a certain point and stopping and after a space picking up again. Perhaps there is a red bulb at the end of the strings which tells Ed that once he gets to this point on the road, he will pick up additional information to show him on his way. Some things may run out and have a blue bulb at the end, and this blue bulb says that he will find no additional information here and that if he follows this string there is a good chance of getting lost. Out of all these strings he may select two to compare. Then the board goes dark and only these two roads come back on. A pink light on one may signal heavy traffic, a green light on the other, a speed trap. He looks them over and chooses a route. His action at the end of all this may be to get in his car and go, or it may be simply to disagree with me about the fastest way to go. Of course a mental map probably looks nothing like a board with lights. But it may be a useful way of thinking about a mental map.

These mental maps can display all types of information. Thus there is a mental map containing information about the political geography of the world. My information about political geography is often actually contained in a picture of a map in my mind. That is, I mentally visualize a map of the world like you will find in an Atlas. All the pink countries on this map have something to do with England. But then I've looked at atlases a lot. And this information is probably stored more in the form of a lightboard than a map. There is a mental map of shopping opportunities. I have termed such a map an opportunity surface elsewhere, but it is simply a type of mental map. Much information is probably stored as simple pictures, which are not mapped by the head. Thus a vegetation map of the world likely consists of a file of images of vegetation, each indexed by place and vegetation type. Hilly with trees

will flash a lot of place names; Sudbury will flash a picture; and so on. Regardless of what it actually consists of, since it functions in a map-like manner, I shall consider it a map. All of these mental maps comprise a mental atlas, or cognitive atlas, as Blaut has it (Stea and Wood, 1971, x). All these designations are conveniences and nothing else. This is something we learned earlier. A mental map is nothing but a word I use to talk to you. But I do hope you have some idea of what I mean when I say mental map. Most of the balance of this book will be devoted to a discussion of mental maps.

Having destroyed reality a while back as anything but a convenience, I now need to establish some standards. The shape of the standard world (standard as opposed to real, for both Ed's and my world are equally real) I shall take to be the shape as revealed by a generally respected modern atlas or equivalently produced descriptive device, such as a road map, or surveyor's chart, or floor plan which has proved to be equally useful to a large and diverse group of people. Thus the real road to Boston from Worcester to our hypothetical child in the story goes through Providence; the standard road doesn't. There are some people who would term this standard road the objective road, and others, who believe in a Platonic reality behind our visions of it, who would term it the real road. It may be all these things, but I don't wish to discuss those issues here, and calling it the standard road gets me around the problem. One of the things that we should be on the alert for, is the degree of correspondence between the mental map to the standard map. If at all points the mental map is congruent with the standard map, then the mental image in question is the standard image. The standard image has nothing to do with the consensual image which may be, and which past research has shown to usually be, divergent to a considerable degree from the standard image. The consensual image is that image held by a consensual hunk of the population in question. In this context consensual may mean majority, or plurality, or composed in expressed degrees of all its components. Individual mental images are ordinarily divergent from both the standard image and the consensual image as well. Both these divergences are interesting. Thus we have established three sets of standards:

1. The lowest level and least general is the individual mental image. This may be useful to, and only to, the imaginer.

2. The first integration of these individual images is called the consensual image. It is the image of a consensus of a given population. It can be used to predict or understand the behavior only of the entire population of which it is the consensual image. It is not used by any individual, but rather by the group.

3. The most general of the images is the standard image. It is a higher integration of the lower levels only in that it is created by individuals who are paid by society to set up a standard. This image is universally useful by all those capable of interpreting it (usually reading of map or text). It is the reference to which individuals and groups turn when they reach the limits of the usefulness of their own images. This may be manifested by individual map use, or by a group instance that the standard image be taught in schools or in a variety of other ways.

In Ed's case we have his individual image and the standard image, but lack the consensual image, since no one to date has bothered to find out what it looks like. Thus we shall be able to assess only the divergence of Ed's image from the standard image. If the standard image of the world is that of a sphere but he fails to exhibit this knowledge when he speaks of directions and distances, what does it mean to be aware of something if this awareness has no consequences when it should? It would seem that the operational image that Ed has is one on which he is located in some northern apex. The shape would seem to be somewhat triangular with the greater portion of the world to the south. This triangle curves away from Ed and fades at the edges into nothing. Occupying the bulk of this triangle is the United States of which southern New England takes up the greater part. However the southern part of the triangle is filled with the bulk of the world's people most of which are poor degenerate slobs who dream of moving into Ed's space. The entire space is filled with shadowy hostile shades that threaten Ed constantly. All of the land of this triangle is gently rolling hills with here and there a more monstrous protuberance. It gets hotter throughout the year as you head south and palm trees appear. White people live in the north exclusively and skins darken as you head south. I think we can infer a connection between the climate and skin color. It's not a nice world at all. Even at home he is tormented by the hostility toward him that fills his world.

Ed wants to have a role in the running of this space, and that role has definite and well-articulated parameters. We see this on a small scale in his story of troubles with the kids at the college he guards Friday nights. When he occupies that space he wishes to be supreme and to enforce his overriding understanding of the way things ought to be. He likes the rules that organize the events that take place in his space, but when they are flaunted. He won't be a baby-sitter. But he feels even more belittled when his influence is over only potential fires, and burst pipes. He won't be a care-taker either. Since he realizes that he can't impose his understanding on the world (due to his acknowledged incompetence in many matters) he wishes to see someone who agrees with him in a position to do this. Much of his frustration comes from his growing understanding that people in such positions are not doing what he

wants them to. He respects their influence over events, but disparages what they're doing. Even God has apparently let him down. As this understanding grows, the color of his world gets darker and darker and the light spot becomes more and more his home and that alone. Even here, where the space is under his control, he is experiencing difficulties. Recently he was locked out and though he pounded on the door, due to the fact that his family was in another room and the TV was too loud, they couldn't hear him. In his frustration he hit the door with his shoulder and took it off the door frame. First of all, that is the sort, if not the level, of frustration he feels with his entire world. And secondly, the landlord refused to replace the door unless Ed paid for it. And this underlined the lord in landlord. Even in the space most his own he is not lord.

One of the important aspects of all this is that new geographic information has to fit into this image. When one of his daughters started dating a Thai boy, Ed had to change the Thai from a hostile shade to a human being, forbid his daughter to see the boy, or modify his whole world. He chose the first course of action as easiest. Furthermore, whole portions of his proximate world are closed to him. Many are the parts of Worcester with which Ed will have little to do. His reflective images become filters for all his new experience and against which he contemplates potential action. How close his image of the world is to the consensual image it is impossible to say. But it is miles from the standard image.

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In discussing reflecting we have touched on many of his actions. Without further information, it is difficult to say how much of his hatred of Puerto Ricans is a function of a mental map that politically excludes Puerto Rico from the U.S., and how much results from a generally negative assessment of colored. But whether this is the case or not, Ed certainly uses the foreignness of the Puerto Rican as the major rationale for excising them from his world. If you'll go back you'll see that in bringing up the subject for the first time, he tried to establish his animus as a function of foreignness and not color by noting that he had high-yellow God children. He wanted to make it clear that he was a rational man with a standard view of color. And that being a rational man he could still dislike the Puerto Ricans because of their behavior, which boils down to ingratitude unbecoming a foreigner. Note that he had no animus toward a local foreigner (the guy who took his job) because it would not be rational to get upset about an American "foreigner." If nothing else the divergence between his mental political map and the standard political map provides him with a justification for hatred, a justification that allows him to live with the himself imaged as a Christian.

Another behavior that has a mental map behind it is the decision to move from his street. When he displays his map of Worcester, Main South is negatively evaluated. This is a signal that says "Move." Where will he move? He will display Worcester and evaluate the positively displayed regions in terms of rent, proximity to work, to friends and so on, and make a decision. Then he will act. He will move or not move. The ability to move will relieve some of his frustrations. If there is no opportunity he will re-evaluate his neighborhoods downward adding the label "prison" to it. His frustration will increase. He may break out in hives. I think we can postulate as true (i.e. operational) that his chances to move would increase were he to use the standard map of Worcester in his search rather than his mental images of Worcester space. Of course, in this case he could end up living in space so hostile as to be as bad as not moving. This entire set of Worcester space images is contaminated by the set of images discussed in the above paragraph. That is, his mental map of Worcester incorporates information backed up by his mental political map of the world. Each map in his mental atlas is related to every other map. Extensive revision of any one map involves a revision of the entire atlas. Put yourself in such an editorial position. You will revise any such map with chilling reluctance and only after overwhelming evidence has been presented.

Other actions he engages in that are based on his mental atlas of the world include minute gestures, like swinging his club, or placing his hand on it whenever someone or thing new comes into his immediate field. A world filled with hostile shades will promote this. Other sets of images of space will promote other sorts of behavior, like getting rid of the club altogether. Like getting along with his neighbors. Like going to Boston via Route 9 instead of through Providence. Or in the case of his visiting friend, like not going through Lincoln Square to get to his house. And so on and so on. His mental maps and your mental maps and my mental maps are part of the fabric of our being. They effect and are effected by all our experience. They may well not be things that can be legitimately considered alone, or even relatively alone. Yet at this point it seems to be convenient to do so.

## VI

One of the things that Ed never discussed concerned his perception, cognition and behavior with regard to simple distance, direction, shape and size of his immediate Worcester environment. While I was able to begin filling out his mental map of Worcester with all sorts of evaluative attributes I was unable in our friendly conversational context to really get a handle on how he saw the simple things like the shape of the Commons, the shape and direction of Main Street, the extent of the downtown, the edges of the various neighborhoods and so on. It is



a cartographic truism that before you can map attributes, you need a base map on which to place them. And I had no base map for Ed's Worcester. The mental base map is the beginning of psychogeography and it is in this beginning that much of the best psychogeographic work is currently being carried out. It is also where all that is good in psychogeography to date has failed most completely. It is also the major burden of the work in hand to try and establish a method for creating such base maps.

Using Ed as an example, let me show you what I mean. Say I was able in patient conversation to establish how Ed felt about every neighborhood in Worcester, on a variety of scales like like-dislike, beautiful-ugly, clean-dirty, new-old and so on. I could display the results of this investigation in a variety of ways, verbally in prose, or verbally in a table, or graphically on a map. The attractions of the map are manifold. On a map the effects of contiguity, size, shape, and so on can be seen, felt, even analyzed; superimpositions of one map over the other could combine variables and reveal interesting connections. So we map the information, but on what? Is it a justifiable procedure to map individual mental images on the standard map base? Quite clearly it isn't. All the interesting effects we might discover thereby are rendered meaningless, nay libelous, by any divergence between the individual mental base map and the standard base map. Say we map our information on the standard base map and discover that all the beautiful neighborhoods are contiguous. We then repair with our discovery to Ed and say, "How about that. All the neighborhoods you told me were beautiful are right next to each other!" And he looks at you like you were out of your mind. Well, no wonder. On his mental base map each is separated by an unlovely neighborhood. Or he tells you things about streets and you map them on the standard base map and discover that they make a totally connected network. The only problem turns out to be that he wasn't aware that Park and Main intersected, that Chandler and Pleasant intersected, and so on. Then where are you? Absolutely nowhere. And yet this is what every psychogeographer who has found himself in the situation has done.

It's a simple problem of over-reaching and a great deal of the blame for the error must be laid at the door of two early mental map enthusiasts, Peter Gould (Gould, 1966) and Kevin Lynch (Lynch, 1960). Both gentlemen walked into the mental map arena with individual or consensual data plotted on standard base maps. They made it clear what they were doing, but nobody seems to have paid attention to that, and Lynch and Gould were followed into the arena by a host of people who knew too little about the complexity of the problem. Among the offenders I list myself (Wood, 1969; Wood, 1971; Stea and Wood, 1971).

But besides being a simple problem of over-reaching, it turns

out that the creation of a consensual mental base map is hedged in with extraordinary difficulties. These difficulties will be discussed in extenso in the chapters that follow. No advances in psychogeography involving the display of individual or consensual mental maps will be made until the problem of the mental base map is overcome. Psychogeography has not progressed to the point where we can deal with mental atlases at all, not even with single maps in all or even most of their ramifications. This is some sort of goal, or direction in which to go.

Several aspects of the whole question are currently receiving attention, mostly because they are crucial or manageable. Three of these are of particular interest to us. As usual, they overlap in some respects. Their basic differences are methodological. One of these is concerned with questions of development. That is, how do mental maps come to be at all. The people who work with this are most concerned with how simple ideas of the nature of "space" grow in the minds of children, although other people are of some interest as well. If you are interested in this, the best review that has been written is The Development of Spatial Cognition: A Review by Roger Hart and Gary Moore (Hart and Moore, 1971).

Another area of interest has to do with how people map space, particularly urban space. The best review of this is contained here. A third area is involved with assessments of space, or the process by which an adjective, such as "green" comes to be associated with an event (simulated or not) and what it means when an event is labeled "green." Closely allied with this group are people concerned with symbolic and emotional tags, more complex adjectives as it were. The best review of this is to be found in "Environmental Psychology" by Kenneth Craik (Craik, 1970). A good overview of all three of these areas is to be found in Cognitive Mapping: Images of Spatial Environments (Downs and Stea, in press). For a still broader view of what psychogeography has accomplished to date, it is necessary to read Environmental Psychology (Proshansky, Ittleson and Rivlin, 1970) which is a collection of related readings. If you read the four items I have cited above, and the one in your hands, you will know all you can know about psychogeography without actually being a psychogeographer. And you will see how far psychogeography is from the goal I have sketched out above.

The study you are about to read deals with an extremely small piece of the psychogeographic puzzle. A single sentence description of it might easily read: the micro-developmental cognition of urban space in traveling adolescents. The word "micro-developmental" (which I thoroughly detest as a word) tries to imply that the development in question is short-term, specifically, a week. This is to be distinguished from what is ordinarily implied by developmental, where the life of an

organism, or perhaps the so-called formative years, is involved and the process is seen as relatively long-term, from several years up to a lifetime. The term cognition would try to suggest that we were interested in the mental map that was built up to a greater extent than we were interested in the behavioral consequences of this map or the perceptual inputs into the map. I do get into these aspects but in a subsidiary sort of way. By urban space we mean the space of London, Rome and Paris for the most part, although there is some consideration of other cities and other space. Urban space turns out to be mostly landmarks, streets and neighborhoods. Traveling adolescents means thirty-one kids ranging in age from 15 through 19 on a bus in Europe for thirty-five days. Read on.