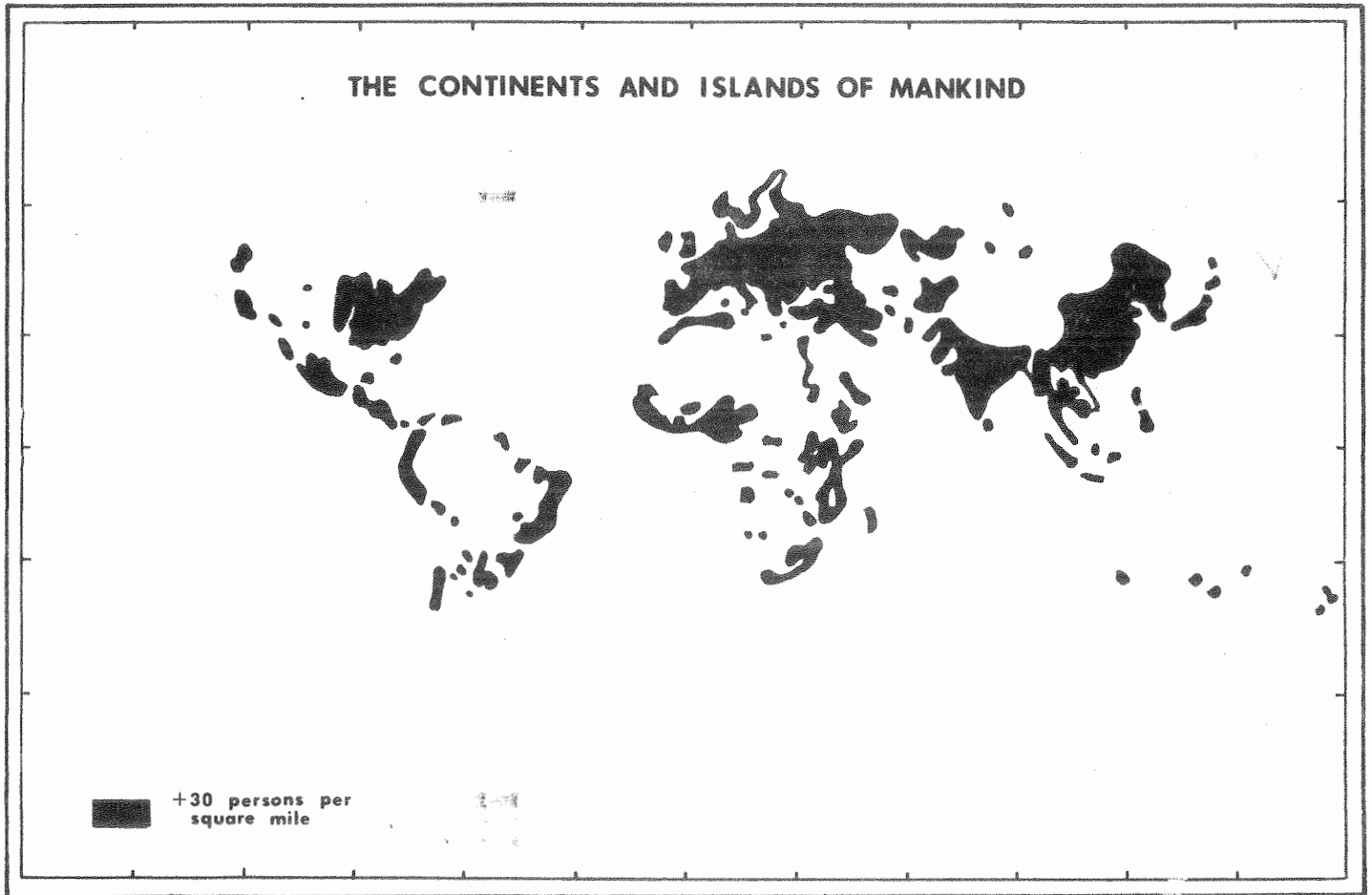


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FIELD NOTES

A SERIES DEDICATED TO THE HUMAN EXPLORATION OF OUR PLANET



Discussion Paper No. 1

THE DETROIT GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITION

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THE FIRST YEARS OF THE DETROIT GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITION:
A PERSONAL REPORT

by

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Detroit, Michigan

July, 1969

PREFACE

In the Summer of 1968, Dr. William Bunge founded the Society for Human Exploration (SHE) for the purposes of providing formal recognition of the need to reorient geographical research in directions of direct human concern, initiating the exploration of the human regions of geography, and instituting a developmental rather than an extractive program of geographical exploration. It was Dr. Bunge's hope, shared by others, that two publications would emerge in connection with SHE, an occasional paper series and an international journal of human exploration. Field Notes is the result of a collective effort to establish the occasional paper series. Its format is, as the name suggests, informal and flexible; its contents, consistently dedicated to the theme of modern human exploration, will typically include field notes and observations by contemporary explorers of the continents and islands of mankind.

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THE FIRST YEARS OF THE DETROIT GEOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITION:
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W. Bunge

An enormous vigor is moving through geography causing it to push out on all frontiers simultaneously. Paradoxically, the field is also unifying and thus reversing a long period of fragmentation. Richard Guyot's reference to "the general geographer" as an emerging figure makes sense. At one time geographers were cosmologists and literally attempted to know all. When this became impossible, not only for geographers but for all learned men, there was an over-reaction. From attempting to master everything, intellectuals switched over to attempting to learn almost nothing, the age of the specialist. The fundamental skills of geography are easily within the grasp of all geographers even if the empirical knowledge is not. During the period of hyphenated geography, many skills were allowed to decline, for instance: very few geographers can navigate and almost none remember William Morris Davis' simple field technique, for determining latitude. No geographer can invent his own map projections, not even the most simple ones in spite of all that Waldo Tobler has tried to teach us. Field techniques have fallen into such disrepair that a non-geographer, Kevin Lynch (who is at least from a spatially oriented discipline), is must reading for geographers; micro-geography seemed to peak out way back with Finch's work on Montfort. But the most curious decline, considering our history, is that of exploration.

I. PHILOSOPHY OF EXPLORATION

Any skill must constantly be perfected at its base or it degenerates to a series of semi-conscious habits or techniques. What were the fundamental characteristics of exploration during the great Age of Exploration?

Relevance to the contemporary society must rank high on the list of characteristics. Explorations were vital to the societies that undertook them. They were a search for state wealth and power and were terribly expensive relative to resources available, at least as expensive as space exploration today. Similarly, the decisions to explore had to be made by the highest level of power and were semi-military in nature. Another point of comparison between earlier exploration and space exploration today has to do with the invention of a new space ship. The ocean going vessel is truly a marvelous and most improbable invention, taken much too much for granted. The ship depends upon the relative densities of two fluids, air and water. It sticks up into the air and floats in it as much as in the water. It is the first major domain in the history of all biological evolution, where a species built, rather than evolved, his method of entry. Oceans were a space denied and in a sudden revolution they became a space preferred, truly, quite most literally, turning the surface of the earth inside out. England, that remote isle, becomes central. Timbuktu, that crossroads, becomes the mystery city, fabled and lost in the remote interior. The new space ships show considerable similarity including a new inversion of space, resulting in such modern geographic difficulties as Russia and the United States being closer neighbors than any two countries in the world.

From this discussion it would seem that exploration follows the latest tools of space penetration and essentially in this age is in the province of physics and so much for geography, after a courtesy consultation for past performance. Not so. The locational problems on the moons and planets, due to the severe economies, necessarily will cause them to be much better planned than the home planet. We will learn on the moon more about highway location than on earth. But "not so" for a much deeper reason having to do with the continuous nature of exploration.

Considering the enormous changes on the earth's surface, it must constantly be re-surveyed. Man is the only species who not only has revolutionized the biological landscape but has made actual dents into the geomorphology and climatology of the planet. The most important change in the earth's landscape is not any shift that would be perceivable on an aerial photograph, it is the shift in what we value. What is a resource in 1492 as compared to 1969, The Northwest Passage? Furs? Gold? The "good" farm land of New England? If "everything of value" had been mapped in 1492 just how explored would we feel today? Gradually, very, very gradually, mankind has begun to recognize his provincialism: that disasters are not really God-made floods, or plagues of locusts, but human-made radioactivity: that the great destroyer, the great polluter, is not a naturally occurring dust storm. Man is his own problem. But also, man is his joy. People find their home place filled with beauty--even people raised in the most wretched slums, as well as filled with horror. Finally, after centuries of searching for some magic Paradise, mankind realizes the adolescence of the "easy" and magical quest of geographic escapism. He has begun to explore himself.

The point should not be exaggerated. When the original explorers went out they searched for people too, for instance, good slaves. But mapping people was very dangerous. People are also mobile. Compared to mountains, rivers, coastlines, they are nearly invisible. But at least the names of "tribes" were placed on original maps. And as this material was accumulated it became known as "the map." It became the stuff of the "base map." And once the "base map" for a region was complete it was "explored." It has been impossible evidently to conceive even philosophically of a more appropriate base map for our times. We use as the absolute irreducible element the distinction between what is wet and what is dry. Might it not be better to distinguish between what is populated and what is empty of people? The deserts of the world, the ice caps, have more in common with most of the oceans than with South Asia. The North Atlantic, with its permanently transient population, might be better classified with Iowa than with the South Pacific. Even recognizing that some human interest has always been shown in humans--the priorities have been so reversed that the base map itself should be re-examined. It might be sanguine to start having grade school children around the world memorizing the continents and islands of people as the basic ingredient in their mental map.

Even this newly defined base map is not complete. The poor of the world are almost invariably underestimated. They are not "valuable." They "do not count." For instance, in my country, the United States, it is estimated that five million Blacks are uncouned in any census (or voting representation, or Medicare program, and so forth). Similarly, the American Indian population--what is left of it--is wildly estimated, with the latest guess

being one half million, many times larger than previous estimates. For some time, demographers in this country could not accept the Chinese Communist census reports. Missionaries and others had guessed the population about two hundred million short of a complete enumeration and "incidentally" therefore, underestimated the effects of famine, wars, diseases and so forth. Perhaps a regression technique will be found to upgrade numbers in proportion to poverty compared to official United Nations statistics so that at least the base map of the "terrain of people" will be approximately accurate.

But human exploration need not be at a standstill while the base map is improved. We must locate and map at least, and then spatially classify (regionalize) and then spatially predict the human condition. Certain data such as "alienation," is totally missing but other data is partially available such as "race mixing" (by blood type), that terrible one "infant mortality", the pervasively effective one "income per capita." We must boldly admit on the resulting maps our ignorance through reliability maps and more courageously through a return to the traditional chalk white symbolism of "unexplored." Perhaps nothing more vividly excited the imagination of the young-to-be-explorers than the abject admission of total spatial ignorance implied by the blank surface marked "unexplored." Admitting ignorance leads to its cure.

If all this has a traditional smack, good. Ideas, like species that long survive, deserve respectful attention. They are usually at least half true at worst. Being "lost" has biological roots. That is, long before man was human, even before he was a fish, being lost was often a fatal disease. The human brain, strictly constructed by the processes of survival for the purpose of survival, would not have evolved all this spatial computerizing for ornamental reasons. Both literally and figuratively, mankind must find himself now, or he will perish from the face of the earth. That is, the exploration facing geographers today is infinitely more vital than that facing Columbus. Of course, survival is a total human effort. It is silly to ask whether or not our effort will be more important than that of anti-war nuclear physicists, or garbage collectors in Memphis, Tennessee. Everyone must simply do all he can with every ounce of strength until such time as man has ceased to be his own "natural" enemy. No task is more "practical-idealistic," "selfish-unselfish," "materialistic-spiritual." And finally, there is no argument with this program. Anyone that sees an alternative direction for geography or any other human activity is obviously insane, that is, has lost contact with the world of reality. The tyranny of fact compels that geographers go into a state of rationally controlled frenzy about the exploration of the human condition.

The first prerequisite of any expedition is the high degree of group dedication to the cause, the purpose of the expedition. An expedition is no place for the career oriented. Those expeditions that have been motivated by glory seekers or national chauvinism, or any of the less noble aspects of the human nervous system have produced comparable results, such as "Which nation planted the flag first at the South Pole?" Who cares? The expeditions with the broadest human commitment have been the most productive, or in cost accounting terms, have given back to the species the most return on the effort. The great expedition to South America to settle the dispute between Cassini and Newton about the shape of the earth, was highly productive.

Wegner died on the Greenland Ice Cap trying to prove the earth's continents were a jig saw puzzle. Scott and his men pulled their rocks to their deaths. These were ennobling expeditions and curiously they were the kind in which the members died rather than killed; unlike Cortez and so many of the military explorers whose rape of the earth so plagues and threatens their descendents today. Nobody should be permitted to join the expedition in the front ranks who has overwhelming fear of physical injury. Exploring humans in a meaningful way is fraught with physical danger. On the other hand, these dangers, while recognized and accepted, must be minimized relative to the results of the expedition. This implies not only careful planning, but a reliance on experience, and cautious experimental approaches—that is, boldly gambling on shaky hunches with tiny resources so that the losses are sustainable.

Some of the questions of purpose have been answered. The purpose of the Expedition is to help the human species most directly. It is not a "nice" geography, or a status quo geography. It is a geography that tends to shock because it includes the full range of human experience on the earth's surface; not just the recreation land, but the blighted land; not just the affluent, but the poor; not just the beautiful, but the ugly. In America, since most of the humans live in the cities, it implies the exploration of these cities, though in rural areas it implies an addition of humans to the geology of the area. Rural India obviously needs geographic exploration too.

It is also a democratic, as opposed to an elitist expedition. Local people are to be incorporated as students and as professors. They are not to be further exploited. Their point of view is given first place. It is democratic also in that if planning work results, and that is one of the main purposes of the Expedition, then the planners, the geographers, are expected to live in the mess that they create. Urban planners bear too much resemblance to Nazi doctors with their detached sense of "experiment." If there are any dirty or dangerous or doubtful experiences to be faced, the geographers go first, and the leader of the Expedition goes very first.

II. PRIORITIES

Granted that unlike earlier expeditions, so many of which were exploitative, (indeed the word root of "expedition" is the same as that of "exploitation,") human explorations are "contributive," (resource contributing instead of resource taking) how does this affect the character of the exploration? Totally. Priorities are totally reversed. The world of geography is stood on it's head. To concretize this bold assertion, consider the various choices that must be made. First, the selection of geographic problems. Normally, these have been defined by essentially career motivations of individual professors. A "specialist" in say, transportation geography, has his conscience awakened by seeing the world, literally sometimes, burning down around him. He expresses himself, "What can I do to help?" This is a rough question. In a society where everyone, including geographers, has been conditioned to look out or they will be used, most people have succeeded in becoming quite useless in campus life. The transportation specialist, it turns out, is really specializing inside that speciality. He has laid out his own program for his career. Now, when someone in the community takes his offer to help seriously, the professor finds that what he really meant

to say was "Are not my research findings of interest to you?" The community-defined problems usually have nothing to do with the professor's career so the answer comes back, "No." There is often much social ritual about this with the original open offer gradually being pinched by requirement for letters, increased specification on the part of the community (they have to be project proposal writers), increased embarrassment and often the final rupture by the professor "Well, after all I've done." To be cruel to the point of dismissal, it is rather like an old maid that has been flattering herself with the thought that she was in immanent danger of rape all her life and in late middle age, becoming slightly tipsy one night, declares "Here I am, boys," and not an eyebrow in the barroom is raised. Professors and old maids are not as desirable as their life style would indicate to themselves. To put it more reasonably, if less compellingly, you have to work at being useful.

But is this not a total denial of the intellectual strength of geography? If people off the street should tell us what to do, if fifteen year old boys can sneak into our learned discussions, what about our vaunted "professionalism?" Did anyone ever hear of a "professional" physicist? Only a group with a great inferiority complex, like real estate salesmen, get excited about "professionalism." Those that have it, know it. A good case can be made for the thought that "There is as much correlation between truth and academic life, as there is between health and the American Medical Association." A more traditionally geographic statement might be, it is good to polemicize against the "armchair geographer." The people of this world who made the maps in the map libraries did not spend their lives in the libraries but out in the field, where geographic action has always been.

The career route in geography has nothing whatsoever to do with being oriented toward productive geography and everything toward "playing the game" of personal career. It goes like this: At that point in their training where the student is supposed to do a significant piece of independent research, at last after starting in kindergarten as a total absorber of instruction, what does the typical geography graduate student do? He continues in his past pattern of trying to please his teachers. He cases the joint "realistically" and rationalizes his sellout with the slogan "after I get my union card." Having conditioned himself into seeing his research as the symbol of his lack of integrity, to say nothing of his manhood, that is, having sold his thesis for his degree, he simply continues this pattern the rest of his life. He publishes to keep from perishing. He sees tenure as the next "union card." And eventually he sees retirement as the goal of his existence. Along the way, he seeks out and finds a society of similar time servers, who rather than discussing what is wrong with themselves, the nature of geographers, they lash out endlessly, during marathon coffee hours, about the dismal nature of geography. Every academic geographer reading this feels the sting of the truth of these words. Armchair geographers of the world arise, you have nothing to lose but your middle-aged flab. It is not too late.

If we can only get at least some of the sinners in geography to repent, they could resolve several academic contradictions. First of all, intellectuals are supposed to be in trouble. They are charged with the responsibility of

specializing in thinking and telling what they think come Hell or high water. It is dangerous work, manly work, like sand hogging or coal mining. Secondly, even the academics have asserted, at least the better to bilk the money granters of this society, that research funds pay off more than any other. That is, that intellectual life has powerful practical effect. And third, notice what element it is in society that wants to drive us back into our campuses and once we are there make fun of our ivory tower. It is always the most anti-intellectual elements in the society, the Hitlers or Wallaces or Joseph McCarthys. It is not easy to be useful to the community, to be sure, but it is possible. We must learn.

Can we expect the community to come forward with clearly defined research programs in geography? If not, how are we to know what to do? It is up to the geographer to study a region and realize, from the point of view of the people that live there, what is geographically out of whack. How does a geographer do that? By getting a "feel" of the region. By talking, listening, arguing, befriending, and by making enemies of the humans in the region. He knows what the people in the region need geographically by becoming a person of that region. He lives there, works there, has his family there, his fate is their fate. It is his region. Now, it is not possible to totally undo one's past. That is, no matter how hard or long an adult tries to join a foreign-to-his-childhood group, no matter how empathetic, he cannot entirely do it. Big important gaps will exist. But against this ultimate provincialism of all our experiences exists the fact that among the things that a geographer cannot stop being is a geographer. This skill is what separates him from the rest of society - knowing this he can apply it with confidence.

The reversal of the priorities of the definition of the research problem from campus-career oriented to community-people oriented is the most basic reversal but not the only one. Further, notice it is a priority reversal not priority elimination. That is, if geography truly becomes useless altogether, over a long period of time, even academic life will throw it out. As far as "career" goes, "you pay your money and you take your choice." What sort of career do you seek? A comfortable paycheck doing work you hate or an uncomfortable paycheck doing work you love? It is surprising, to those that have never tried it, just how happy life can be on a highly pinched income. Of course, poverty is not romantic at all, but geographers are a hardy breed and do not tend to even approach starvation before their reflexes save them.

The "problem" priority reversal has pointed the way to a second reversal: The necessity to live off the land. Not only is academic life less supportive of vigorous explorers, not only is it necessary to become as much of a "folk" as possible, but if the explorer is dependent on the community for his life, his power relations are exactly reversed from the normal academic ones. This is an emotional difficulty for an academic on several levels. Perhaps worse is to find out that people are not stupid.

In many ways colleges are designed to turn our graduates who will enter the world of college graduates. The ideal college professor is either the son of other such professors or of wealth. He then brings to his classroom the proper class language, manners, mannerisms, sense of humor and so on.

Anyone who shows respect to the vulgar is obviously at loggerheads with the whole finishing school, sorority-fraternity, class nonsense that is so important in academic life. To see the dilemma in a different light: What sort of arrogance is it for maps of the world in English speaking countries to always be in English. A map showing the native script of place names takes on a deeply "foreign" look to it and is emotionally difficult to accept, perhaps suggesting to the English speaking viewer that perhaps the world is not an English oyster after all. The arrogance is so deep that American children are systematically taught to mispronounce even Western white nation's capitals. For instance, just what is the correct pronunciation of the national capitals of France and Italy? Is it the pronunciation of the people, including geographers, that live there? Or of the Queen of England? The correct pronunciation of place names is the pronunciation used by the people of that particular place. All other pronunciations are of lower degree or outright mispronunciations even if they are a regular part of the Queen of England's peculiar dialect. Similarly, all people have beautiful languages and they must be learned in order to understand the beauty that they see. This universal law applies to "Eskimos" and to peddlers on Chicago's 43rd Street. But to attempt to understand a region as the humans that live there do leads to a "vulgarization," and "dragging down," of the social aspects of college life. This emotional hysteria among academics takes all sorts of forms. The author personally has been accused of being "obscene," of trying to expose white girls to "rape," and most interestingly, because of the assumed power, of trying to "burn the university to the ground." Human explorers must discount this hysteria as nonsense before they inevitably encounter it. Perhaps the most subtle emotional shock is the utter lack of gratitude the explorer will encounter. Academics have exploited people for their books and theses for so long, they have so studied them to death, that a great sophistication has slowly grown up. The researcher might be in the Black ghetto for the first time in his life, but the ghetto has had thousands of such researchers poking for years. In the racial setting, White explorers in Black neighborhoods really are out of their minds if they expect "love." Any explorers who have worked up a measure of trust, early American Indian explorers as well as more modern Margaret Meades, display gratitude on their part that they were honored with trust. "Respect" not "affection" is the rock of such understanding.

The reversal of normal priorities extends to the ranking of students. The number of doctorates a man has completed under his tutelage is a mark of academic life. Just the opposite among the human explorers. The most sought after "students" are the more brilliant high school push outs among the poor. These are "folk geography students" and must be given scholarship money if any is to be had. Similarly, the "folk geographers" such as taxi cab drivers with twenty years experience, must be found places on the faculty by hook or crook such as Adjunct Professorships. Similarly, the power structure of the outs must be negotiated with first as opposed to the power structure of the ins. And, most importantly, the power of the expedition itself, who hires and fires, who writes checks and so forth must be in the hands of the people being explored, risky as that sounds to academics. The idea of big outside white money, is absolutely ruinous.

One reason such big projects fail is that they attract exactly the wrong personality types, the cheap opportunists with their eye on a personal buck.

Another reason they fail is that they require that a project proposal be written. That is, before the researcher knows anything much he has to structure his program so that he is committed by legal contract to continue to vigorously pursue every fool mistake he originally makes. To avoid this the project proposals are watered down to standard hack techniques, such as some canned IBM program. The real commitment to the expedition has much more to do with the dogged determination of its members to see the thing through than to its financial programming. Money is second, zest is first.

III. LOG OF FIELD NOTES

To come to grips with the concrete existence of the expedition a set of loosely chronicaled and mapped "field notes" are presented.

1961--Betty and I and the two children arrived in Detroit and put up temporarily in a cheap hotel. We got vivid advice not to live in Dearborn where we originally planned. We thought it would be nice to be nearer to the Toblers and Nysteuns. The years of isolation in Iowa City had made both of us eager for friends. We finally decided on Northwest Detroit. Our civil rights work made us decide on a mixed neighborhood so Bets and I got in the car and began to make inquiries. At one point we ended up in the City Hall of St. Claire Shores asking if they "had any Negroes," of all things. With a great flurry they produced some on a map. It was a back street slum for Negro servants only and totally segregated. After this I decided to get a map of Negroes and find the biggest institution on the expanding edge of the ghetto. I had figured out while in Seattle that residences turn to slums around institutions and furthermore if the institutions are more valuable than the slums, they tear down the slums rather than the institutions. I cited large colleges as the marginal case and downtowns as shoo-ins. This has made Ullman laugh, but then I told him my second law I had discovered in Seattle, that wherever high and low income are found next to each other there is a physical wall, and he did not laugh. (Still a lot of McCarthyism on campus in Seattle in 1958-59.) Decided to locate near the University of Detroit in compliance with the above reasoning. I went down to the School Board to find a map of the school district that contained the University of Detroit. They put up a big emotional fuss but I bullied my way to the map. (Later I found out why. Bagley School had just obtained racially gerrymandered boundary lines.) The school was Fitzgerald.

Then I pulled out my third geographic trick also learned on the West Coast, that you can always find a rental if you do field work--so Bets, the two girls and I piled into the car and went up and down every street in the Fitzgerald school district writing down all the "For Rent" signs in the windows and settling on a rental on Woodingham. Little did I know I would be writing a book on this one square mile and be up and down those streets like a milkman. We settled down. Bets and I joined the local civil rights organization, the Fitzgerald Community Council and the PTA, but I worked for the most part on my book with Warntz on abstract geography and Bets carried the ball in the neighborhood. These were great carefree years and we went to and gave parties with over a hundred people and lasting till late in the morning. It was only gradually that my research interest turned to our neighborhood and then only to write project proposals.

1962 -- Down at Wayne I got the idea that I should take the students out to do field mapping and could think of no place better than immediately to the west of the expressway which at that time was an integrated slum. (It is now the athletic field.) We all traipsed across the expressway and mapped the one square block immediately at the overpass ramp. People seemed very hostile and very poor. I remember one man who shook his fist at us, a very Black, very poor man with just an old car seat and battered TV in his living room that you could see from his front step. Later it became clear that this was "urban renewal" territory and just what that meant. Luckily no students were hurt. My first reaction to my own initiatives was sheepish. Wasn't I "using" geography? Did I not put the civil rights work first and just twist it into a geographic form? This "guilt" persisted in me for some years, even intensifying, until it finally dawned on me that geography is supposed to be "used," that I was practicing what other geographers call "relevance." The intuition plays a strong role in scientific progress. We do many things long before we understand them, perhaps it is true that we always do things before we understand them. This puts a rebellious student at an enormous disadvantage since he is disruptive and angry long before he can defend himself with any positive result.

1963-64--In the spring of both these years civil rights demonstrators on the East Side were beaten in both the Fifth and Seventh police precincts. I got an idea that bus loads of students should go to these precincts and "explore" there alone with a "native guide," one of the young people beaten. We also went through the poorest areas we could find. Marc Anderson who was working as a community volunteer on the East Side, told me about Rivard. What a terrible street -- mostly down now, Thank God -- but the students in the buses always reacted badly, like Marie Antoinette, not sympathetically. In the police stations the officers were very hysterical. Stig Nordbeck from Lund was pinned to the wall once. They must have mistaken his Swedish accent for Russian! I later heard through the grape vine that the then Police Commissioner Girardin had called the then University President Hillberry to get me off their backs. The next year the buses "forgot" to come, then the drivers were "sick," then the buses "broke down" all in twenty minutes. I marched all the students over to the radio cab and had him call every radio cab in town. It was like the French taxicab army at the Battle of the Marne. I also saw how sensitive the Establishment was to poking around "their slums."

1965--Realized, finally, that the best way to get a decent, sympathetic response out of the students was not to cart them around in the buses. The buses were too safe and elicited "funny" little jokes. It was like gathering to watch the freaks in the zoo. Years later such comments were made about the tourist gathering at the poor in Resurrection City in Washington and it made me blush in shame. So what we did was send out students individually with the new poverty program workers. That is, one student with the one worker, deep into the bowels of a Black slum tenement. Evidently it scared the living day lights out of them so I told them about risk in exploring. They wrote beautiful papers, perhaps to save their own hides. Using, no doubt some psychological trick-saying to themselves "I do sympathize with these people. They will not hurt me. They can tell I like them."

Somewhere around this time I obtained the first of several copies of the income map of the Detroit News. I began to use this map more and more and finally figured out the Thünen income ring applications. Nordbeck's work on proportional growth taught me that slums grow because the city does. How simple. But the civil rights interest and research interest were just beginning to focus consciously.

1966--By this time things were beginning to come together, I had traveled all over for the civil rights movement. I was in the demonstrations in Selma, then the next year in Jackson, then Chicago, that was the crucial one because I went for civil rights but came back with geography. I had never lived in a slum. Fitzgerald was still pretty middle class but in Chicago for Dr. King's demonstrations in Cicero I went to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference headquarters on 47th and asked a staff member where I should stay -- he said in the hotel at 67th and Stoney. I was the only White man in one hundred thousand square people. Someone tried to burn my car by lighting a waste basket next to the gas tank and of the hundreds of people on the street no one told me except a passing White motorist. I got a bumper sticker quick and a button for my coat.

At first I was really depressed. The kids in the back of the hotel were playing in the alley, playing on glass, garbage and gravel. It is just a scene burned in my mind. In the barroom people were just plain vicious toward each other, they were tearing each other to pieces. God, I was lonely. In three weeks I was streetwise. What you had to do was get ready to literally kill the world and then you would be allowed to walk across the street for a cornbeef sandwich. At the end of six weeks I was home sitting in the kitchen and my wife was rubbing my eyebrows with her hands. "there, there," she said, "no one's trying to hurt you here." Now that was exploration! In retrospect, I was proud of my viciousness, missed the marvelous freedom of "every man for himself," the animal sensitivity (watch the small muscles in the face), the tremendous meaning the songs on the juke box seemed to have. It then evolved into the certitude that the regions of the earth must be drawn by the people that live in them.

During this year I worked full time on the book about Fitzgerald. It started as a background study for Federal aid in the Great Society "boomlet" and ended up, much to my initial surprise, as a geography book. But then, what else would a geographer write? One of the lessons that emerged from this was that if the geographer turned fully to the task of being useful and completely let go of all "professional strings," the more that geographer would accomplish. We should trust our field of knowledge more. Gradually this evolved into an understanding, that all the so-called "advantages" were handicaps. They kept the researcher from really understanding his work. Somewhere around this time I told Fred Dohrs I had "gone native." He laughed but I meant it. I was a nigger and proud of it. Of course, this too finally gave way to a deeper level of understanding. I could never be a nigger. I could never be a three year old Black child called a nigger by a full grown White adult full of hate and contempt. Everyone comes from a province somewhere and a sophisticate is one who knows it. We can never really know how a foreigner feels -- but this understanding is more understanding than that displayed by the provincial. He thinks the whole world is his province. The "view from Buckingham Palace" really began

to bother me as oppressing everyone, not just the Blacks. Herman Porter years before had told me that his real name was Hyman Portnoy. Much later, after years of feeling sorry for Herman I understood that my name was Vhelhelm Bünga.

I decided to formalize the end of my reading of "the literature" which had piled up for over a year. I would read people not books.

The difficulties with the Administration at Wayne intensified. At this point, Black Power was being felt. I know the Revolution of '67 was on the way. The war had been so sobering. Hard as we tried with all our might, we were just able to nibble at opinion. The great weakness of individuals, no matter how fanatic, was clear. To change geography toward humanism was going to take an organization not a book or series of articles. There is not enough will power in anyone to do much good alone. As the commitment to the city grew the gap with Wayne grew. Several professors were fired. They did not fit in but then Wayne did not fit into Detroit. It was a commuters' school. I no longer perceived this university as protecting itself from the slums and high crime but rather as perpetuating them, as a bottle neck which would not allow the young people of the slums out. It was a plug in the volcanic core, an oppressor. This perception of academic life was vivid as my own daughters grew up and the fight for good schools was so personalized. In addition, I had been Recreation Chairman of the Community Council and been through some fights on all levels for the Black teenaged young men and women. They simply had to get into that school! Things become organic, animal, you physically lean in the direction you will attack. Just writing about Wayne I see the whole map around Wayne leaning toward it, not to destroy it, but to possess it as their escape hatch. Maps can have a near physical power.

This was also a year in which the hard core explorers were beginning to shape up. Marc Anderson was teaching in eastern Tennessee after a bad bout at the University of Michigan. Anderson, a rich kid, quiet, with amazing tenacity. Dan Synder, a middle class Jewish youngman, talkative with no tenacity whatsoever but with a humanist leaning that kept him drifting in the same direction. There was the old civil rights gang in Ann Arbor, Nystuen and the Kolars, the one time "Young Turks" who had rammed through the resolution in the Miami Beach geography meetings against meeting in discriminatory locations. The Civil Rights fight had not turned most of them into activists but John Nystuen did march with me in Ann Arbor one time when CORE was picketing his neighborhood. Gwen Nystuen kidded me that I could not stop myself and she was right. John just came in the end to be nice to me. (We gave a big shot in the arm to the group who had been picketing for months and suddenly thought they had begun to touch the hearts of the "natives.") But this group never became fanatic. Neither did anyone in the middle aged generation at Wayne. Robert Nunley tried to sell his house to a Black man and Richard Kopek, with whom I was to have a bad fight about "obscenity" later, has protested back home. Goodman was always decent and told of abuses to Blacks on field trips in Northern Michigan. This was the typical level. But it also turned out that this modest level of commitment is precisely what could also be counted on as a sort of mass logistic base. That is, the hard core were gathering and the middle moderates were too. These were the terrible years of "the war," the assassinations, the rebellions in earnest,

which eventually would lead to the students themselves rising up.

1967--By this year it was clear to me that I would surely be fired. I had continued to deepen my commitment to the Black students. The White student, in spite of my insistence about what was to come, did not believe me and felt apart from the Black. For instance, he did not know he was about to be drafted and lose his deferments, or that he would be beaten in Chicago by Mayor Daley. That is, it was post-Civil Rights time, integration was as dead as the War on Poverty, and it was pre-Generation Gap time, where suddenly the students were allied again. That is, I knew that all the young were "niggers," and told them so, but they did not believe it. Perhaps the precipitating factor, certainly one that made the rounds unsympathetically among the faculty, was a typical subconscious racism. The poverty program had collapsed as a source of guides and the mistakes of the "poor tour" were not to be repeated so I devised the following scheme. A car caravan would move down Mack Avenue and would deposit a team of only two students at each corner in both directions. They would take opposite sides of one block and interview children to try and determine the geography of children, how they perceived space. This map would then be compared to a similar one in Bloomfield Hills, an affluent suburb. The slum field work was done at noon on Saturday to avoid the night people. Interviewing children is the least pernicious approach. In other words, safety was considered. But so were the feelings of the community, that is, no big buses to stare at all "the culturally deprived" people. We had had some years experience under our belts, by now, but one young White lady still felt threatened by "rape." Now, this might appear as a virtue in fellow White racists. She wants to stay "clean" and virginal and is not that nice. But this vanity is flattered only at the expense of my Black students who gratuitously are being accused by dead-eyed implication of coming from a bunch of Black rapists. I turned to the Black men in class and asked them if any of them found the young lady "rapeable." None did. Whereupon I reassured her that she would be perfectly safe. "Miss Unrapeable" raised quite a flap which evidently great portions of the faculty agreed with, rather than focusing on the racism of the "every Black man is out to rape White women" in the situation. The reason for their sympathies was their own racism, of course. A society pickled in racism produces a faculty and an administration similarly pickled. In order not to give me a platform from which to fight, I was "eased out." This prevents "a martyr" and totally violates due process. The Tenure Committee refused tenure -- leading to expulsion and the cover story spread far and wide was that I was guilty of "moral turpitude," making any employment difficult. The story eventually boiled down to using "four letter words in class," implying obscenity and completely missing the point. I am not obscene, in fact, except for drinking which I deliberately continue in order to not be an Oliver Cromwell; I am an Oliver Cromwell, astonishingly free of obscene vices and most notoriously free of the vice of lying, so "four letter words" misses the point and will not instruct future explorers. The "crime" was I became a nigger lover. Father Groppi, another man I had the honor of traipsing around behind, and incidentally learning some geography about my hometown of Milwaukee, precisely understands. When you take up the cause of the despised you yourself become despised. Nigger lovers make poor university professors in a White racist, upward bound, uptight society. "Four letter words," indeed.

By the way -- in the language of niggers an obscenity is very different. It is a different language and value set. Obscenity is involved in "playing the dozens," and is in hidden code words that not even most Negroes have heard. Vulgarly is the language of the vulgar, the people, whether you learn a vulgar language or not. If a researcher does research from the vulgar point of view he will run into an hysterical reaction from all the little professors in the Faculty Club who sit around "putting on the dog" and from all the alums who want to see their former college rise to the top of the social ladder which would in turn drag them up on the way and so forth. 1967 cut the essential tie to the White racist world and their money.

My contract would run for yet another year. Personally I found this the most difficult year and suspect it will be for the others that follow into human exploration. Having given up the crutch, the advantages of degrees, the pay check, the position; are you in fact worth your salt? Will the community itself support your research? Do you know enough to live off of the land? This question takes an arrogance to say "yes" too. As the people on the streets say, "I don't have no degrees or nothing, but..." In other words, is the academic really "an educated fool?"

Now the Expedition began to pick up logistic support. I had taken the big step, really forced them to fire me or change their whole university. Incredibly, beyond my wildest dreams, the geographers held. Kopeck and I had a fight. He believed the "dirty word" nonsense and I was so mad that I moved on him shouting, time after time. I know from the streets that if a man moves on you shouting, brace yourself physically. I didn't know I was that mad till after I had done it. It was not fair to him to surprise him with my fury of moral indignation. Then too, if he had known just how right and pure I felt he probably would have not fallen for that garbage in the first place. I owe him an apology but I was also surprised. Kopeck took work out of town. If he would have stayed and gotten all the facts I think he would have put on the harness of our difficult work along with everyone else. At any rate, he was always decent on the race question and tough enough too.

Now we began to prepare the base of the Expedition. Nothing is more important than the base. It is much larger than the cutting edge which contains only the most dedicated and truly fanatical explorers. Behind this field party lies the entire organization with many times the field members and with many essential tasks. The first breakthrough came when the staff at Wayne, to its eternal moral credit, added two new courses to the official curriculum, "The Regions of Detroit," and though the official title was more delicate, "Non-Anglo-American." There was the scene. The staff meeting passed the two courses I suggested and then someone burst out, "But how can we teach it? Who knows anything about it?" You know, I hadn't thought of that either but to cover up my panic I blurted out, "Well, who is supposed to do the research, my fellow intellectuals," curling my lip appropriately. I then promised enough material on the regions of Detroit for a course in the spring of 1969. At this time we began to bang away at everything. The map collection in our library offered no maps of Detroit, no aerial photos, no liaison with the planning agencies. (At least offer a map depository!) By the spring of '68, I started meeting heavily with the Black student leaders, especially Ozell Bonds, Lonnie Peak, Dan Aldridge and Richard Davis. They

were planning a Black university program but showed me some trust in the geography area.

1968--One of the wonders of middle age is to suddenly notice that most of the people at our professional meetings are younger than you and that many of the old pillars did not seem to make the meetings that year. Ronald Horvath, Clark Akatiff, Edward Vander Velde and others had the Civil Rights pot boiling at Michigan State University. Horvath asked for and got three hours prime time at the annual meetings in Washington, D.C. Later he obtained the president-elect's, John Borchert's, chairmanship and did a survey of the Status of Negroes in American Geography. His summary statement of the survey findings is so beautifully said that it simply must be quoted in full:

America is in crisis. Times of crisis are times for reassessment. It is appropriate that the geography profession reassess its position on the matter of race relations in America. Why? Because we have utterly failed to make any significant contribution to a solution to the racial dilemma facing America today. Most appalling is the obvious fact that we are a segregated community - only a fraction of one percent of our membership is Afro-American. Only two black professors were revealed by survey of geography M.A. - and Ph.D. - granting institutions in this country. Only a handful of geography departments have even a single black major at either the graduate or undergraduate levels. Geography, no doubt, ranks with the most segregated of disciplines in the American intellectual community. Would it not be difficult for geographers to suggest to society at large ways that it might, say integrate, when geography itself is segregated.

Nor does our record of research on black America give us much to puff up our chests about. First, the literature is so scant as to be barely visible. More important than quantity is the quality of the literature: it is socially irrelevant. Why do we not find anywhere some geographers documenting racial injustice? There has been injustice hasn't there? Where are the solutions we offer? Ah, I can hear a loud chorus of indignant responses: "What about so-and so's paper on....?" I guess I've been caught. There are perhaps one or two or even three exceptions. But these exceptions have to be weighed against decades of silence and racist or neo-racist literature, especially in our textbooks. Do you know what is said of black America in our regional geography textbook? I mean even in our recent ones.

Thus wrote Ronald Horvath under the title "What Can Be Done?: Toward a Kerner Report of Geography." The middle aged generation, who had pushed so hard four or five years before with the help of Gilbert White for a small session at the meetings on "Prejudice" and had filled out all the forms, had essentially given up. But Horvath showed the courage of youth and popped up with three full hours. Horvath was generous enough to include the middle aged group and a series of meetings and communications developed in preparation

for the assault on Washington that became known as the "Winds from Michigan." These people greatly swelled the base of the Expedition and suddenly, after years of being out in the cold, we were mainstream and had to guard against attracting opportunists. Ah, the problems of success are sweet indeed.

In the spring Wilbur Zelinsky invited me out for two weeks to College Park, Pennsylvania, the State University of Pennsylvania. Poor Wilbur. He is one of the smartest geographers around and was burned in the outrages of McCarthyism in the early '50's. More geographers went through Hell than is generally known including Kurt Schaefer and, depending on whether you count him as a geographer, Owen Lattimore. It was this invitation that led me to count on making a living by speaking and "scuffling" over the next year. Poor Wilbur. The minute I got in antiseptic College Park and put up at the Nittny Lion Inn, of all places for me, I asked Wilbur to show me the town -- the slums. Well, Wilbur took me to every new suburb in the joint, like Eisenhower trying to get Krushchev to defect. Finally, after enough needling, he showed me a street he had heard about but never seen. It was awful, broken down trailers, shacks, the works. I was ecstatic.

I was happy at this pocket slum. Wilbur contained himself, and all my abuse, very nicely but just had to say a little something, "Bunge, you are chasing the blue bird of unhappiness." In a way he was right. I had just come out of one of the numerous confrontations with the police our teenagers were going through and the flavor of that is hard to understand. You chase down back alleys, hide people out, find lawyers, deal with beatings, with police degradation and you are sure willing to die to protect the kids, die without thinking about it too much. When you come directly from such a circumstance into College Park, it really is too much. The entire place is offensive. It is the Versaille Gardens. The calm and peace seemed callous and cowardice, the charming and cultured professors and their wives none other than Louis and Marie themselves. I had a similar experience at a very pleasant dinner Gunnar Olson had in Ann Arbor. Among other things I suggested that the host and his fine wife return to Sweden from whence they had come. But there is a lesson in this. It takes something of a social decompression chamber to go from one American to the other. Also, once a human has been through such deep experiences he changes in some degree for life. You cannot go home again completely.

The town of College Park is so clean, so free of bums (except for the one street) sitting in the middle of Appalachia, so white, so sorority-fraternity, I wanted to literally litter the streets. Paradise-for-the Fewsville drove me up the wall, Nittny Lion Inn and all. I hate to be served to the point where I have developed a whole theory about servants. I live among servants in Fitzgerald. In our bars and restaurants, the servants are the highest people in the place, especially the bar maids. A smile from the bar maid sets you up in the place for a month. The Nittny Lion Inn dining room ain't run that way. So I dragged every humanist I could find down to Altoona. Altoona is a real mess; a railroad yard right smack down the whole northern half of the city, high unemployment, old, dying. Judy Johnsrude of my generation and some of the students were bullied into exploring the town. This is where Jeff Gordon came in. He had a marvelous idea. The railroad yard was not ugly, it was beautiful. From this came the ideas that the junk around the yard should be cleaned up and parks built. I wanted to build a

restaurant over the yard with an electronic reproduction of a freight car storing yard, like the restaurants over the expressways near Chicago. Gordon reversed the perception of the yards by making the technological shift from coal to diesel. Gordon also had feelings about the location of the old people with whom Altoona abounds. After I left town he kept working, eventually by himself and in the teeth of considerable ridicule and revenge against my earlier presence. Lots of people talk about me behind my back who seem to be afraid of either my great size, viciousness or mean wit. At any rate he stuck it out and did the first report of the Expedition, on Altoona, rather than Detroit, of all places. "The Altoona Kid," as he became known, came to Detroit that summer and contributed several things that will be reported upon.

In the early summer another non-geographer joined up, Peter Benz. He had been to the computer center run by Warntz and pursued this interest on the Expedition. Maps at very large scale are a must in exploring cities and must be made cheaply. So far the Expedition has lost no one it has attracted, in spite of the personality of its leader.

By the beginning of summer of 1968 events moved so fast that the highlights will be listed and the remainder of the report will discuss results systematically rather than chronologically. Gordon, Benz and myself experimented with techniques in preparation for the summer session in 1969. Bob Sinclair from Wayne, was attached the last week of the field session to the Expedition. Several young people, folk geographers, were brought in for at least a day or two and some much longer. In fall, the course work side was really worked, leading to scholarship programs and so forth. Also, throughout the fall I gave a series of lectures around the country and Canada directly or indirectly dealing with the Expedition and learning a great deal while at it.

IV. ORGANIZATION AND FINANCING

Voluntary organizations command the greatest loyalties: the discipline of the free. The leadership of such organizations is not a struggle for power. It is the most difficult job and available to anyone who can command it. The "authority" of such a position is one of moral suasion, not brute force, or threats to cut off salaries. There are no salaries. Community control is essential. This too is backwards from usual thinking. It is not a question of a greedy community with grasping hands trying to wrench the Expedition out of the geographer's hands. Far from it. It is a matter of the Expedition being responsive enough to the community's needs that anyone from the community would bother to give us the time of day. The last thing to be done is to get a lawyer and incorporate.

The original structural thought, in that it exists, was to form a Society for Human Exploration with three branches: classwork (students, faculty, admissions, scholarship, course work), publication, the Expedition itself. The Society has had little functioning success so far as the overseeing body. The three branches have been doing well in some loose autonomy. Perhaps this natural drift of events should be allowed to continue. But the advantage of the Society itself is that it gives an agency of control to the community, in Detroit's case, the Black community. It is the projection that all monies be under Black control, the Board of Governors be dominated by Black and the

chairman be Black. The difficulty is that the Black brains of Detroit, including the Black student leaders, are pulled a thousand ways by a thousand projects. Geography is just not that important to them. An alternative lies in Black geographers. A tremendous danger lies here because many Black geographers are actually Negroes, middle class, highly insecure, and they hate, hate, hate, the lower class. This is especially true of the middle aged and older. A White brain behind a Black skin mask is very well understood in the Black community, a very familiar figure, and could injure the Expedition. Besides, geography is so racist that even with every Black-on-the-outside member on the board, it still would have almost no members on it. The vicious cycling is complete. It might be possible to continue as is with the leadership of the Expedition going to the Black brains in the community for advice and guidance.

The classroom work has received considerable attention and this has been learned: everything must be done at once. For instance, there is the need to create new courses. Two have been mentioned "The Regions of Detroit," and "Non-Anglo-America." In addition courses that are traditionally oriented but just never taught, such as "Black Historic Geography" perhaps under the title of simply "American Historic Geography," need to be developed. Then, courses that are taught, such as "The Geography of Africa," need to be added in many departments. But our fascination with Black America, a tribute to their needed rise politically, should not cause us to neglect all the other peoples unjustly treated. Brain R. Goodey, a geographer at the University of North Dakota, wrote a short note in 1968 entitled Geography Tells it All or Does It? in which he deals with some other neglected groups.

Few of us have been confronted with a "Think Indian" picket sign and none of us has made an effort to publish a serious study of the geography of the Indian in North Dakota. (Look through your North American Text and see how the Indians figure.) The geography of the North Dakota Indian is not a geography of the past, reservations are not the sole preserve of anthropologists. The Indians are not primitive tribesmen, they are members of contemporary American society. What is the geography of anti-Indian sentiment in the State? What is the land use on Indian reservations? How mobile are Indians? What form do their migrations take? These are the questions we should ask our students and ourselves.

On my trip to Macalaster and the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, I spent a couple of days in the American Indian Ghetto in that city; typical slum with the usual police, schooling and other problems. Fred Lukerman is Vice-President of the University in charge of community involvement and we tried to work something up during my short stay. In the course of listening to the Indians, one Harold Goodsky started rapping on the White man. "If an Indian sees a mountain, he says how can I live with it. If a White man sees a mountain, he says how can I knock it down." After several such examples and mixing in beaver and people back and forth, wild rice and people Mr. Goodsky in genuine anger shouted at me, "The Indian, he is an animal!" In thinking about this, why not seek out Indians to teach man and his environment? Genocide is a White man's conception of what happened. Why to an Indian, anyone vicious enough to tear down a mountain is naturally ipso facto,

going to kill off the Indian. The lesson here is that many old courses would be new courses if taught by the right "professors." To give one more example, the history of exploration as seen through the eyes of the Chinese geographer Chung, formerly at Wayne, now at Seattle, changes the mind of the listener forever. The same course title can be used but an entirely different perception gives an entirely different course.

In order to bring such classroom work together with the community, John Nystuen arranged a meeting in Detroit with the head of the University of Michigan Extension Division, Larry Berlin, and a group of community people, including most importantly Mrs. Ola Jordan of the Street Academy of the Urban League. At this meeting Berlin agreed with Mrs. Jordan on the following items: to admit students to the Extension on the grounds that they were "innocent till proven guilty." That is, they would take course work to see if they could take college work. Berlin has been doing this with a fifty percent success rate. The successful students then transfer, mostly to Wayne. He also agreed to get some of the African courses taught in Lansing at Michigan State, into the Extension, and also the Street Academy could open a branch if it so desired.

One of the problems of the poor is that universities like Wayne (which was designed as a poor man's school, a way out of the slums for the generation of the '30's' and the '40's') have upped their tuition and become commuter's schools. Nystuen has the thought that this can be seen neatly from a comparison with a White school in a White community, namely the University of Windsor, Ontario. Thirty years ago I would guess that ninety percent of Wayne's students came from the region surrounding it. A region that now supplies about ten percent of its students. Not only does this reflect racism but it also reflects class because of the tuition costs. Each dollar it's raised drops off so many more students on the poor end. I began to try and do something about this problem some years back in something I called "The Direct Incentive Scholarship Program." I got two hundred dollars from my father, who is my ace in the hole -- an involuntary patron of geography -- and finally forced Wayne to make it a special fund and tried such things as paying cash for correct answers in class, for the best final and so forth. It seemed nice to me and that perhaps if we started paying money directly for going to school we would indeed produce "professional students" who would think rather than sell blood or dope or women for a living. The idea still intrigues me but draw backs became obvious: the worst of which -- how do we know that the professor is honest. Still, the kind of scholarship offered is far too removed from life incentives.

So I hit upon a compromise plan. Berlin says that two courses, six credit hours, are enough, just right, for beginning students. Ok. Why not free books and tuition for those six hours and then if the young person gets an A, he or she gets another three courses free for that A; for a B, two courses; for a C, one course; and for lower than a C, no scholarships. In addition, if the student recruits a student he gets another two courses. This way no money changes hands and there is strict accountability. A student could theoretically get a Ph.D. no matter how poor just on the basis of proven ability. How's that for Horatio Alger!

The importance to the Expedition is that as we find student folk geographers we can get them immediately into college and hopefully at least a certain percentage will stay in geography. In other words, to increase the number of minority geographers we need to start at the base, in a minor league farm club system. It is hoped that the Extension route can double the Black college students in the state and since geographers have been so much on the in, for a change, we might even win a considerable percentage to our work.

Another aspect of the classroom work division of the Society for Human Exploration has to do with a racially balanced faculty. The fundamental solution, the long term one, is to train undergraduates, graduates, the whole bit, but this is the vicious cycle again and how to break through that. Larry Sommers, the chairman at Michigan State, is a very quiet and steady man and has been unobtrusively working for decency for some time. Among other things this has worked up a liaison with the Southern Black Geography Departments and students.

It seems, believe it or not, that in the very recent past the few Black geographers that did receive M.A. or Ph.D. degrees in the North were "sold South." That is, only the Black Southern teachers colleges were open to them regardless of their Northern background and preferences. This is one of the built-in tragedies that must be reversed because the teachers colleges have enormous teaching loads that preclude research (the vicious cycle again) and they do not grant M.A. or Ph.D. degrees dead ending the Black intellectual reproduction. Of course, these Southern institutions must not be raided by the North and gutted. But God, if the football coaches can go scouting and recruiting, why not geographers? It is also very good strategy to load up the Detroit region with good Black geographers. Nationally we need a break through point; it has to happen somewhere on the map and this takes a critical mass of minds, an interaction. Michigan has a grand Abolitionist tradition and has worked up good momentum, the nation's best, among the geographers in recent years. The other hard core anti-racists are scattered, such as Dick Morrill at Washington, Saul Cohen at Clark. All the small schools are being asked too, such as John Loundsbury from Mark Jefferson's, Ypsilanti. Of course, such a pump must not be allowed to stagnate in this corner of the world but flow at least directly to other parts of America and Canada and perhaps some other "white thinking" places like Australia and England could use some fresh thinking blood: but Detroit first.

There are other ways to recruit faculty. In America there are "the rules" and then there are "the exceptions." "The rules" apply to everyone and "the exceptions" apply to Whites. For instance, if Henry Ford wanted to teach a course in automotive executiveship, or whatever, at Michigan, they would fawn all over him, a way would be found, and that is fine because he really knows the subject. One route for the undergrad is the Adjunct Professorship, another the Honorary Degree which in a couple of years everyone has forgotten was Honorary, another is the part-time appointment, or the research technician route. Thank God for these loopholes; otherwise skilled people without degrees would be totally lost to us. The list is really endless: visiting lecturers, Board of Governors, guest speaker to the Geography Club. Where there is a will there is a way. Just to obtain balance, we need Black everything from secretaries in Geography Departments (are there any?) to map librarians, to Departmental janitors (often a highly influential job, by the

way), to you name it. Some people trained in less racist fields of knowledge, such as history, can be legitimately sneaked into geography, such as Black Historic Geography already mentioned.

But the greatest potential lies in "folk geographers." Down through the centuries, geographers have been finding "native guides," rarely their peers, and have been getting these "guides" to lead "their" expeditions. Lewis and Clark did not really discover the Pacific Northwest, for instance. Who are the modern counter-parts in urban America? Cab drivers. This "lowly" and certainly vulgar occupation combines several elements. The cab driver develops a superb mental map. So do some other occupations such as mail sorters or cab dispatchers. But the cab driver actually gets into the field and sees places. So do some other occupations such as express delivery men. But the cab driver also talks to the people that live in the regions. So do some other people such as milk men and post men but they only cover a small area. The cab driver is the best. The Checker Cab Company employs a Mr. Lee to be in charge of their hiring. He himself is a folk geographer. He gives an interesting geography quiz followed by a lesson filled with maps, schemes, spatial memory systems, street guides and pride in it all. Here is the source for Adjunct Professor to teach "The Regions of Detroit" and negotiations are continuing. The cab drivers would make wonderful recruiters for students as well.

Jeff Gordan solved the problem of identifying potentially good geography students. But first a short history. John Nystuen suggested that the city could use a "gazetteer" of urban places. (We are pooling a three by five card file for that purpose. Again, a good job for a cab driver with project money behind him to head the research.) Consequently Gordon, Benz and myself started traipsing around the streets with little form cards for place names. The idea was that we would be able to spot geographic talent and direct them to our student program. What a disaster! Everyone, Black or White, thought we were either the fuzz or a John. Little form cards are out! Gordon then hit on a way that seemed to work well. He bought, for a dollar and fifty cents, a large art pad of paper and then had people first of all look at the previous examples of mental maps and draw their own. The technique is Lynchian but the purpose is primarily talent searching. He reported great differences in talent. This is how to find potential students. Folk geographers are like any other kind of buff, it is their pride, their thing, and they work up a small local reputation, tend to know one another and so forth, like pool hustlers or numbers players. And by the way, in spite of propaganda to the contrary, the slums are teeming with young people who are dying to go to college including many who hate high school. (With good reasons but not to be talked about here.)

So much for classes, now the Expedition itself.

V. THE EXPEDITION

The taxi cab driving seems the best way to live off the land for the Expedition members. Andy Karlin is very quiet and very much a humanist loner. He worries about children a lot and is tough minded about everything. He obtained a job as a substitute teacher in the school system and suggested I do the same which I have. There were several thoughts behind this. The humanist army must

scrounge up its own living and substitute teaching in Detroit means thirty-one dollars a day when you want to work, leaving time free. It gets you about the city, a school a day. It gets you into the community legitimately, a real difficulty. It is reasonably safe and therefore appropriate for young ladies. But there are drawbacks. For one thing, you tend to become a permanent substitute at one address, as has happened to Karlin. For another you become so upset at the education that the children are receiving that you really put out for them. Karlin says, "You know how I stand up so straight, well, at the end of the day I am drained into an S." I have had similar results on much less experience. At the end of my lecture series I will try cab driving though the head of the Detroit School Board, Norman Drachler, has promised me twenty-five to fifty substitute teaching jobs for Expedition members until June 11th when the schools close for the summer, another obvious drawback at the height of out field season. Taxi cab driving seems the best. (The only geographer that I am aware of who drove cab is Art Getis the urban geographer now at Rutgers, who drove in Philadelphia during his student days and learned more about urban geography than he is telling. He has a real feel for cities. He comes to life traveling through them and sleeps appropriately through the countryside. I refer to Art as an "Urban Bumpkin.")

While lecturing at Sir George Williams in Montreal, some students from McGill came across town to hear. One of them, Dave Berber, drives a cab and talked to me afterward about seeing the town from the taxi's point of view. Along with his lady friend and the urban geographer from McGill, we spent a full night from six to six exploring. The first part of the evening the three of them outlined "folk" regions on a city map. Some amazing tales came to light -- Frechmen will not take the short cut over Mt. Royal at night, past the cemetery, a voo doo, taboo space. We expanded this idea. There are regions where it is believed, by Whites, that "you could get yourself killed" easily. In thinking about it later it finally came to me that everyone stays in very tiny spaces. For instance, White middle class college professors of geography "just happen" to move in tiny spaces, "origin and destination" always White middle class. Other spaces are taboo. The second portion of the evening we spent riding in the cab, with the meter and light off, and the three Montrealers talked about "places." At first I had a rather "cheap" impression. The talk was about places that has a lot of "action," where the French hang out, where the sailors go, and it occurred to me that if we eliminated all the places they were talking about, the city's land use map would hardly be changed at all. But it came in the same thought that the city would be dead. They were talking about the friendly spaces, spaces where people get together to enjoy each other as fellow human beings.

Later in the spring of '69, while lecturing at London School of Economics, taxis came up directly. In Montreal you must go to the Montreal School of Geography to prepare for the examination to become a driver. In London the preparation is even more extensive. Six "London Schools of Knowledge" exist. "The Knowledge" is what the drivers refer to as an abbreviation of "The Knowledge of London" which takes up to two years of full time study to acquire an idiographic geography at its extreme. One driver said, "It is the equivalent of a B.A." Another said, "We can go anywhere," and through my mind flashed all the bawdy and vulgar places. Then he said, "We can go into Scotland Yard and Buckingham Palace." Alas, middle class White professors are excluded from the "top" spaces as well as the "bottom" ones. While in

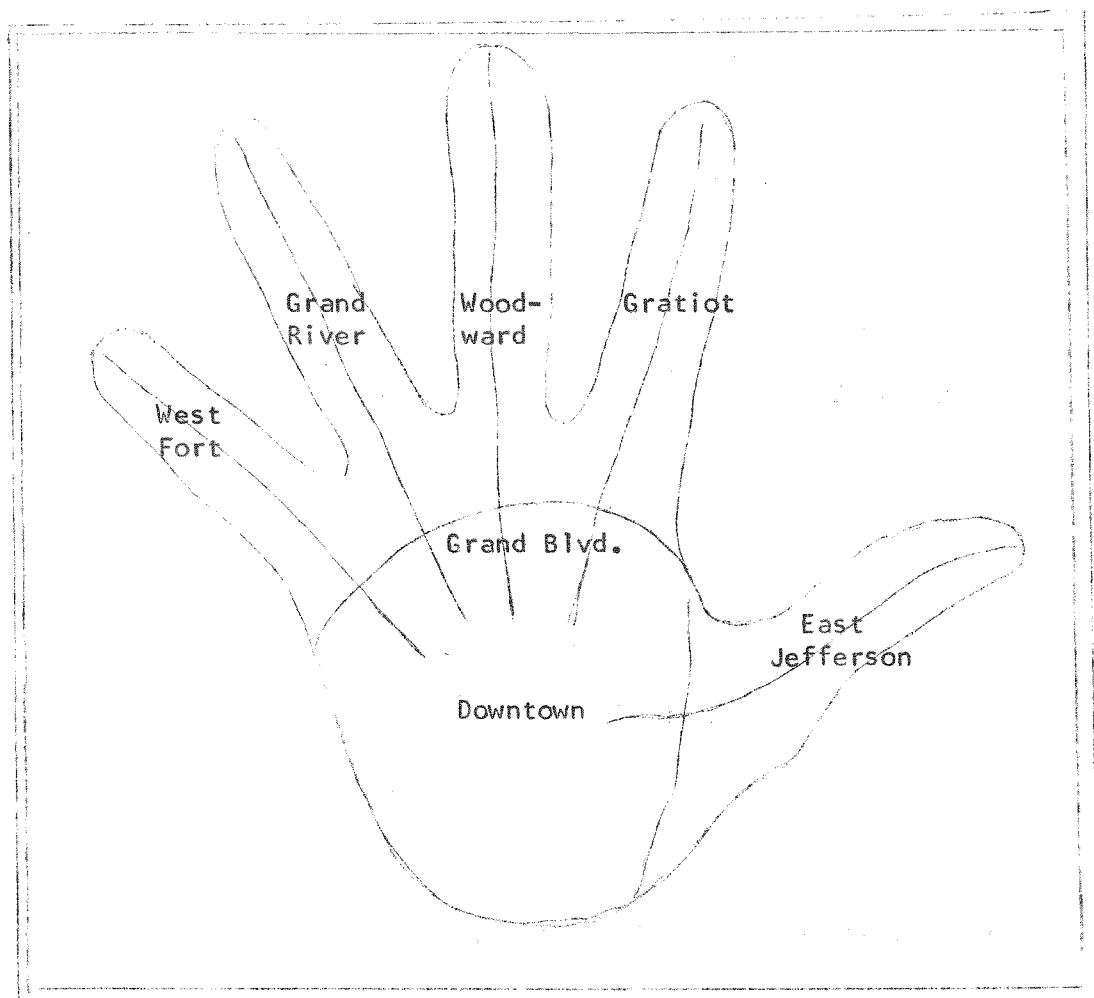
Professor Jones' marvelous "Atlas of London" headquarters, a young architectural student was pouring over data and explained that the assignment was to work on community schools. The student decided to interpret this to mean that something must be known about the community not just the engineering of school construction. I announced that geographers do not know about communities. That urban geographers have studied everything about the cities except the people and their condition. Furthermore, that cab drivers do know about people and to please come along with me as I was going to a "School of Knowledge." Fortunately the first cab hailed contained a "Master Driver" with many years experience. While driving to the School I questioned him about the regions of London. He gave a beautiful hierarchical lecture starting with the distinction between North and South London. I asked him for the most local place names for exactly where we were. "Well, this is the Castle and the Elephant known as The Elephant. This is not a real place but people think it is." The Regions of London have nothing to do with the borough's, one of the difficulties of political alienation. Obviously, a few Master Drivers could find the communities for the architectural student, advise highway engineers to place their infernal expressways between the cracks of regions rather than tearing neighborhoods into shreds, and so forth. Driving cab does more than make money. It teaches geography.

The other essential ingredient, besides pocket money for eating, is shelter. I have had several conversations with the various men in the Catholic Chancellery; two of whom I demonstrated with and lived with during the Groppi demonstrations in Milwaukee, Father Sheehan and Jerry Earnst. It seems that we will have no trouble finding shelter so members should bring their own bedding, best a sleeping sack. Gordon stayed at my house last summer. This has drawbacks, primarily in making it tough on the kids with their friends. Originally I thought it would be good to place people in the homes of geographers but it is not. Better that the faculty in residence throw an occasional dinner for the poor starving field members and some social friendship, not full time. Gordon too, found the arrangements a little much.

Expeditions have to take advantage of location. This is one reason that being placed in Catholic parishes is good. They cover the whole city and an explorer learns a great deal of what other people, like historians, might find useless, by locational osmosis. That is, it is important to live in the area of study. It is also important to place the base camp in "neutral territory." In Altoona we tried the back of a tavern that served food. This worked fairly well but probably would offend Blacks (Altoona is overwhelmingly White), or nonstudent middle class types including some professors. Socially neutral turf is very rare as one realizes when one searches for it. The original headquarters that the Expedition used through the summer was the Wayne newspaper office, run by a Black editor. The Administration threw us out in the fall. The library is one of the few places used by all, where everyone feels they belong. The plan is to meet every night in seminar with student field reports as opposed to professors' lectures (except for orientation sessions at the beginning), and then those that desire and are old enough can go to a local eatery to discuss things more informally, eat, and socialize (very important especially for out-of-towners and very very important on Holidays and weekends).

A full time field member, the cutting edge of Expedition, faces three tasks. First he must get "unlost." We mildly haze those who are spatially illiterate and it is a condition that must be ruthlessly corrected. We simply can not take the time to explain every location that comes up in conversation. We have two potential instructors in the "Get Found" course. Peter Benz and a Black cab driver as yet not for sure. Perhaps the two working together would be ideal. This is one, the only one, part of our program we wished to pretest in the 1968 experimental field season but did not have the chance. But at least we know what we intend to do. We believe that three days is enough to get from being lost to being found, at least roughly. The first day of classes would consist of rote memorization of maps to tracing, pure drill. It is thought that several different schemes can be used one after another. Lee at the Checker Cab Company teaches "Detroit" as a hand with the fingers the main arteries. This is also taught in schools and often pops up on the streets.

FIGURE 1.
(Lee's Hand)



In addition, Goodman has prepared an animated cartography technique for showing the growth of main roads historically which will be tried, plus aerial photos and so forth. But regardless, the emphasis is on tightly disciplined classes and drill. The middle of the second day it will be necessary to introduce landmarks. These are not to be points of interest, that is part of the drill of the mental map, rather they are landmarks that can be seen along the horizon, mostly rather dull TV towers. The point is to be able to relate the mental map to the actual landscape view no matter where in the city. It is a working geographer's landmark. In the third day, we would ask the "losts" to take their best home drawn mental map and a clip board and get into the Expedition's station wagon and be driven around the city tracing where they think they are. If they pass, they graduate from "losts" to "found" and it would be good if the resident faculty would have a dinner that night and socialize with the rest of the members. If they are still "losts" they will stay in that lowly status until the next cycling of the course which depends on the numbers joining up. We expect the course to be taught three or four times during the '68 field season. Banz did take a group from Michigan State and local folk geographers on a field trip experimentally in '67. There are some difficulties with such trips besides gawking and that is balance. It is important to go to poor White neighborhoods too, for instance, and perceptions must be watched. For instance, Windmill Point near Grosse Pointe can be viewed as an affluent area (away from the canals), an area of stable families, well kept, proud and so forth, or it can be viewed as the home of the Mafia members who are sucking all the monies out of the Black slums through prostitution, numbers, juice, and so forth. Some "nice neighborhood."

After the military discipline of getting over being lost, the hard core explorer is set up as a taxi cab driver (this work is probably too strong for culturally deprived suburban girls. We will see.) So his mental map continually improves but no longer requires full time, rigid, attention.

The second work is semi-forced. The Black community is undergoing vast political changes including attempts to set up tri-county agencies at least heavily motivated by some White racists attempts to keep political control of the police say, out of Black hands. Disenfranchisement, one way or the other, often gerrymandering, that is, geographic, has been an old American custom toward Blacks. So the Expedition is given a problem by the community, namely "Regionalize Detroit Politically." The Expedition will do the world's first regionalization of a city for this purpose. The technical problems of regionalizing were solved by the Expedition leader over the last few years when it was finally clearly established that a regional effort is simply a classification of locations (See Theoretical Geography). This breakthrough enables teams of regionalists to work together in the field. In the past, each geographer had to do the whole job because his regions never corresponded to someone else's except along water boundaries. This was the era of what I call Ouija Board geography, with all experts seemingly in random relationship with all other experts when their maps were superimposed on a light table. Another old way of solving this dilemma was equally unsatisfactory, simply assigning the boundaries of the regions arbitrarily ahead of time such as the Counties of Wisconsin. Now we know what we are doing to the point of forming teams. We can crank out regions on the IBM printout -- although I do not think it is necessary, Benz does and is going to try it. I believe that once we complete a local-non-local land use map, the IBM work will merely prove the

obvious. (The idea of local and non-local land use again points out how hide bound geographers can become. How dogmatic the classes on maps called "land use" are. How about the use of land to show love? Or hate? Who says "Land use has to mean commercial, institutional" - the whole boring lot? Could this lack of human land use reflect the society's preference for property over people?) This part of the Expedition effort requires that each member do his collective share of pulling the sled behind us by doing at least one region for us. He should live there and this would determine his housing site. Considerable work has been done. The first region was Fitzgerald which I started studying subconsciously, in 1961. In the spring of 1968, my last quarter that Wayne paid me, though not my last quarter at Wayne, I conducted a seminar on Regions of Detroit. In the summer of '68 Bob Sinclair's field course at Wayne also turned out a set of regions from a weeks field work but his students were not entirely voluntary, a distinct disadvantage to the spirit of the Expedition.

Further, we are not primarily interested in the student "having an interesting experience," a "Junior Year in Europe," or collecting "interesting people and places." He is the servant of the community and generally speaking he can serve best in a neighborhood similar to a kind he was raised in. It seems silly to ask explorers to study exotic communities and know nothing about his own kind. As for integration and brotherhood and all those good things, they will come about from the working together with fellow geographers, in-every-way equals, at the nightly seminars and so forth. We are out to form sub-urban units, local government, anti-gerrymandered regions (homogeneous ones), not a bunch of romantic nonsense.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to talk about romance. If young White men think that young Black women are just dying of gratitude after everything old Whitey has done (you can say that again), you are in for a bitter disappointment and probably will be run through a series of tricks justly deserved. I personally know several inter-racial marriages (the ultimate end of romance) and see no big deal about it one way or the other. They seem to run the full range of human marriages, good, bad and indifferent. Generally, Black women seem pretty strong to me and Cleaver has an interesting theory on their "matriarchy" in Soul on Ice. LaCondamine lost one member of his expedition in Equador to a jealous husband who killed him in a bull ring and the "White man, leave our women alone" thing is very strong. Having said all these very unromantic things, perhaps it is time to say something romantic. I personally can not think of anything that sounds more romantic to me than a sort of intellectual guerrilla, a Che Guerera in a taxi driver's suit, living off of the land, as "deep in the love of the common people" as he can earn for himself, making war might and main, with manly seriousness, on the slum system that has blotched the map of America since Colonial times. These damn slums are not a passing feature. Some groups may pass through them but the system itself remains. I think the young men might attract the attention, respect (that more difficult thing) and affection, of a good woman, even a good woman chick, why not? Likewise, the young ladies can best find good men around good purposes.

The middle aged, married types, obviously will not stay long if at all, at one of those unmarried, dance-all-night type things. That is for the young. But a camaraderie of purpose, and that is a deepest type of friendship, knows

no age barrier. We have our wives and what a difference a good one makes in this work. My good woman has been through a lot with me and is much more perceptive about people. Much of my last book which I wrote on the square mile in which we live, was my wife's insights. Something else that you only realize after looking back. In the good service of geography you work up a set of friends all over the world. They will help in any principled fight. You can count on them. It is sort of an intellectual geographic conspiracy to make the maps right. These bonds hardly consist of all geographers, but of enough. On the Expedition you will begin to form the ties to populate the map of your life.

Enough on romance, besides romance and analysis of it are inconsistent, that is, romance is surprise, which brings us to the last of three things each Expedition member is expected to do. The first, is get unlost, the second is move into and start studying a region of Detroit and the third is the most ruthless of them all, the member must do a special study all his own. These studies can be of anything, but no partnerships because one always leans on the other. (All right, no partnerships past two.) Gordon's work on the old in Altoona, his perception of the railroad yards as beautiful, are examples of independent work. This should take the bulk of the explorer's time and might linger with him long after he has gone home.

I personally have become intrigued with the geography of children, their pattern of flow (into traffic), their speeds, the distances they accomplish travelling to tot lots and so forth and hope to do some work in the field in the summer season on this. Clark University has some interests in children and it is rumored that French geographers also have done some work. I studied Fitzgerald, the one square mile of my home, to the point of producing a thick book. The basic discovery was that the neighborhood produces children. This, in turn, led to certain social theory, only partly geographic, the latest of which "The Biological Classes of Men" is reproduced as an appendix. It was while exploring the streets of London that it became very vivid that we have not really mapped the biological side of man, the "land use" biologically.

This summer's efforts will concentrate on mappings of actual biological uses of men such as "killing spaces," "childless spaces," and so forth. Others have suggested the permeable boundary with Canada, with its waterways, canals, boating enthusiasts, smugglers, and so forth. Patterns of attitudes and their spread need mapping perhaps through a Hägerstrand type rumor mill; pockets for Wallace as related to proximity or distance to Black neighborhoods; spatial prediction techniques, and so forth. Andy Karlin is up to his ears in studying the flows of money out of the slums. For instance, he points out that if you save money in a slum bank you can not borrow from that bank to build a home in your "bad risk" area so your savings subsidizes housing construction in the suburbs. What would one of Ullman's flow maps look like: ADC mothers sucking the juices out of the suburbs or slum lords out of the slums?

The discussion has centered on the prototype explorer, the fully committed, full time field person. But as mentioned, the base is much more massive. For instance, last summer the last week of the regular summer field work normally done in fairly rural areas or small towns, was spent doing regions of Detroit. Also, as mentioned, a spring class of mine, a seminar, was

similarly put to work in '68. Toledo has come up for a day, as has London, Ontario, the University of Michigan urban history class. The summer meetings of our national organization in Ann Arbor should be involved. The Checker Cab drivers can take the conventionaires on a real tour of Detroit, instead of the nicey-nicey tour preferred previously at our annual conventions. All these less complete commitments are important. People must go off of the low dive before they can go off of the high one and it is this type of experience that leads people toward fuller work. But for all the advantages, even necessity, of such partial participation it is not without its headaches. Of course, the full-timers develop a certain vanity, which does not help, but the non-full-timers are the worst, not because they lack empirical locational knowledge, that is merely a function of work, but in lacking reasonable attitudes and that correction is a function of emotion. The worst of their attitudes is often an hysterically held White-racist-upward-bound-to-Hell-with-the-other-guy fanaticism. They take their mother's breast milk ideologies so Hell fire seriously -- in spite of their inability to make a rational defense of them. For instance, you can turn them around on almost all questions such as the Fascistic chestnut "slum dwellers make slums," or other doozies. But it is a lot of work and they backlash like a lamprey eel on the electric fence. That is, in the neighborhood you do not have to try and straighten out all the people, just understand their various points of view, but in the Expedition you can not be so lazy with racist attitudes or the direction of the Expedition is lost.

VI. PUBLICATIONS

The third branch of the Society for Human Exploration is its publication arm. The Field Notes is obviously the publication and in the future perhaps an international journal, The Journal of Human Exploration will be needed. Special publications are contemplated. I would like to coordinate an Atlas of Love and Hate and have it be a journal of maps of different formats and individually signed. Other special publications would need outlet. We have been collecting names for the mailing list and those reading this who would like, or know of someone who would like to be added, please send in names and addresses. The two power structures, the ins and the outs, will not receive all the publications, for instance, not this one, but will receive the substantive papers. The geographers will be burdened with all Field Notes series. Nystuen is preparing the comparison of Wayne's students to Windsor's to test racism around the campus. Gordon has submitted his Altoona report. Benz is working on getting "unlost," Karlin has his money flows preparing. Hopefully, we will be able to recapitulate the history of the Journal of Geographical Analysis up from the MICMOG Discussion Papers but remembering to keep both going at once since they are quite different in function.

VII. LOCALIZING COMMITMENTS

In some ways, it is ironic for the Director of the Expedition who insists it is time we start exploring people in our backyard to spend so much time speaking around the English speaking world, but the point is clear to him at least. The point is to bring the word around, put some money in my pocket, yellow and recruit one or two here and there to join us in Detroit. Geographers, reading this who find it appealing should write me and we will find a place.

No one who feels strongly enough to give a summer of his life trying it out should be turned away and won't be. The speaking tour began in earnest the fall of '68 and began rather locally with Michigan, Michigan State and Toledo, in October. In November we picked up Antioch, Macalester and the University of Minnesota. December saw London, Ontario and Johns Hopkins. Then, Wisconsin again, Beloit, Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Harvard, Clark, Orangesburg, Columbia, Chapel Hill, Lawrence (Kansas), Syracuse, Washington (Seattle), Bellingham, Victoria, Simon Fraser, Vancouver, Sir George Williams, Toronto, London School of Economics, Kings College, South Hampton, Reading, Brighton, Bristol, Liverpool, Sheffield, Cambridge, Kalama-zoo, York, Waterloo (Ontario), Waterloo Lutheran, and possibly for fall, Lund, Moscow, Leningrad, and Toyko.

The slums in these cities are depressingly the same. Spiro Agnew is a bad geographer, "If you've seen one you've seen them all." He should have said "If you've seen two and the variance is small enough, you've seen them all," but then Agnew is not a "professional geographer." The reactions in the Geography Departments are also the same. As long as I lecture on such subjects as the Geography of Biological Survival, I receive warm responses, amazingly warm. But, the closer I get to the subject of actually doing something about the geography of the human condition, then hackles rise. At Antioch, I pointed out something to students about how the map of human activity does not lie. "People keep next to them that which they really value." For instance, Whites obviously do not like their music. There are no string quartets in suburban bar rooms, but Blacks do keep their music with them and hire Black jazz and r and b musicians live, Thursday through Sunday. The problem with the Christian God is that they can no longer keep him safely enshrined in that little box at the head of the church to take a peak at him on Sunday mornings. He is marching around the streets with Martin. Similarly, this anti-intellectual society has tried to enshrine the geographers and others in our little Ivory Towers. The system pays a mixture of bribery to "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and contempt to the effeminate eggheads and terror to the stealers of "atomic secrets," to keep us safely muffled up on our campuses. The point is that we stay away from our people, our fellow Americans. The greatest distance in the world is not from the campus to the moon, but to the ghetto so often just across the street. The map does not lie. If the students at Antioch really cared about humans they would live among them not off the backland of Yellow Springs, Ohio, with Daddy coughing up fourteen hundred dollars a quarter. Well, it was so bad. They were so mad, that when I finally sneaked out a side door -- after an hour's questioning was just making me more and more nasty to them and they gave up on wearing me down that they hollered and screamed at each other in the halls -- they just had to hate someone at that moment.

The experience has been similar everywhere. I seem to stimulate all sorts of juices in people and they gather in angry knots in the hall (with ropes). At Minneapolis, a typical thing happened. "Well, guys lets go out and look at the slums. Where are they? Which way? Your car? No, let's walk. You insist on your car since you have no coat? OK. Well, now riding around in this car I am seeing some things but listening only to you. What do the people who live here think of this region? Let's stop the car? What! Stop the car and let me out! Who's getting out with me? See you back on campus? Not if I can help it." And so it goes. You practically have to get an arm

lock on a student to drag him around among his own people, his fellow Americans.

Always I have the trauma of the servants at the Faculty Club and there I am conditioned to think of the servants as the big cheese. Everyone is confused including the servants. I take offense at the rudeness -- some "perfectly normal" attitude of someone or other. And also the experience has been the same everywhere in that someone has had the courage to ask me knowing full well how mean and evil I will be, knowing full well I am out to "ruin" his students into following me, knowing full well that somehow I will bruise them in some place in their minds that will really hurt, maybe for a long time.

Well, who said exploration was easy? We are back where we started. A call for the toughest kind of toughness, mental toughness, tough mindedness. The world, even America, is not such a shining affluent, God's in His Heaven place, after all. It is filled with race hate, nuclear nuts in high places, riots, assassins, misery, terrible instability. But faith and patience!

Guyot points out that the mathematical boost in geography occurred right after Sputnik and when the society went through a short rational burst with the new math, the new physics, until it sank back into more comfortable reaction and ways of our fathers. The biological crisis upon us has much to do with how men perceive themselves and others and there is a great flood in geography on the issue of perception. Geography is a part of the human experience. Like it or not, we can not "drop off" the face of the map. Besides, even if we could project ourselves into a personal Paradise we must not. We must do our share now, to change the map of the world; to wipe off that map the sources of hate so that hatred of man towards man perishes before he does.

APPENDIX I

The Barnesville, Ohio Expedition

In May of 1969, the co-Director of the Detroit Geographical Expedition, W. Bunge, was invited to the Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Ohio. The school is set in the southeast portion of Ohio near Wheeling, West Virginia and is semi-Appalachian in economy and cultural landscape. The school itself is sited on a ridge at the eastern edge of town overlooking a local relief of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet.

In both discussion with faculty and students several facts became clear. Though the school had been in existence at the support of some eight hundred Quaker families well into the last century, the relationship with town people was distant, and with the rural farmer and strip mining population nil. Considerable portions of this feeling were class based, with "townie" looked down upon as a "redneck," greedy for the coal money, insensitive to the destruction of beauty and wild life, war mongering and ignorantly hostile of "the college." The campus thought that the townspeople thought the college a "home for unwed mothers." The Quakers put forward charitable "gimmicks" such as hauling manure to the poor farmers but were astonished when the pride of poor people rejected them. Working as aides in hospitals was about the level of community contact that was sustained.

The insecurities and paternalism toward the town was intensified by the fact that the Veterans of Foreign Wars or some such "service" organization had been applying pressure to the state high school accreditation agencies to remove accreditation evidently as response to "chicken pacificism" and the "hippie degeneration" coming from campus. This reactionary pressure was used to further discipline the students and was perhaps too handy a weapon in the hands of the older Quakers who, after all, are on the same side of the Generation Gap as the older townspeople. The youth in town almost all leave creating an atmosphere of "dying off" that seems to extend to the campus itself. Much of the Quaker attendance at the school continues to be rural from the doomed small farm economy of the area.

In a sense, the students themselves were treated as "townies" by the faculty in that they were viewed as being rebellious and, especially urban Quakers, as corrupting in influence. In past years, the hundred students suffered but one or two losses in student body over the academic year and it was seldom that young people did not complete the year. The students were openly, or nearly openly, rebellious about heavy compulsory religious attendance. In such a human landscape it is impossible not to see difficulty mounting in a human expedition that must be rural, small town and campus approved. But all the schisms and antagonisms were not nearly as serious as the homogenous needs of the region itself.

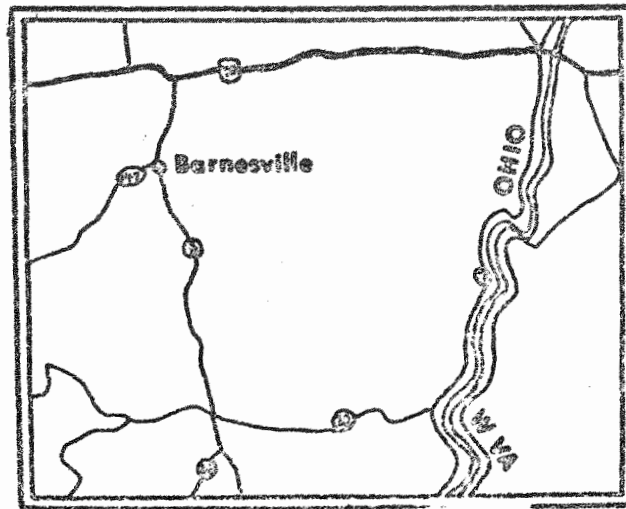
To enumerate some of the unities starting with the campus site: eighty-four per cent of the student body is itself Quaker and much of the staff is not only Quaker but alumnus. Family blood ties are very strong across generations too. The Quaker philosophy of organic anti-racism (the Underground Railroad was operating with Quakers before the American Revolution) and organic peacefulness reduced the Generation Gap to matters of form, city

versus country, and other less volatile issues than the Generation Gap in other groups. The Quaker tradition of humbleness has meant that the students are their own servants and sweep clean their own halls and so forth, just the opposite of the "boarding school" tradition of transplanted English nobility such as the Church of England school, St. Paul's. This, in turn, has made the snobishness bridgeable with the townspeople. Strong local ties exist with some Quaker farm families, the local newspaper (which was founded by a Friend) and a pioneer connection to the state. Pennsylvania was founded, after all, by William Penn, and is still locally self-conscious of being "The Quaker State." The unpopularity of this particular war has not led to the isolation that occurred during "popular" wars and the "chicken pacifists" charges were to a certain extent worked off by such brave acts as a vigil for peace at President Nixon's home the day after I left.

But the overall unity of campus, generations, local power structure, local impoverished, rural, town, merchant and all, is the threat represented by the Hanna Coal Company. W. Bunge arrived with his two daughters on Thursday evening, May 1st, and talked late into the evening with some of the faculty at teacher Tom Brown's home. The next day until again late into the evening discussions on racism and the geography of the biology of man finally focused on "What to do?" in terms of local expedition. It was decided to divide the time available, two hours Saturday morning from ten to noon, into four parts, a briefing, a look at the coal stripping, interviews with the humans of the area as to the effect of the mining, and a noon discussion of results and final review of the campus' stake in the expedition.

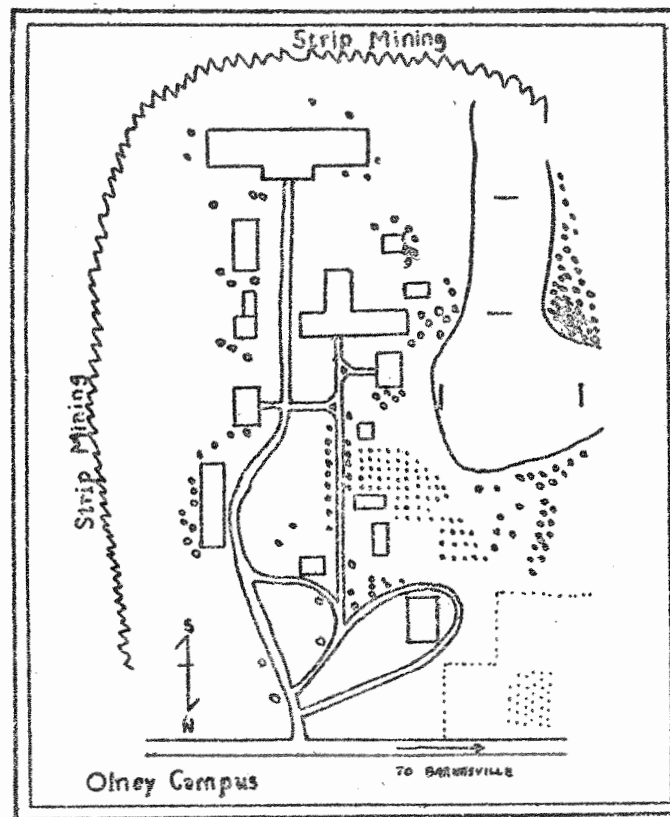
The briefing started with the regional extent of the strip mining, fifty miles by fifty miles, already sold to the company starting at Highway 8 immediately to the west of town. Already smaller companies had striped east of the road and the coal company had bought land immediately south of school just two miles north of the campus. The whole area was being bought up hand over fist. In addition to the regional extent, the question of the stripping of the whole Appalachian province was raised. At the regional scale, as the mining proceeded what would be the effect? At what threshold of farmers would the central functions in Barnesville start collapsing? Would they be replaced by a mining economy? Would atomic energy replace all coal mining in the future? What is the regional input-output today and projected? What is the effect on watershed and game protection? What is the economic effect of amenity loss? What is the overburden to thickness of seam cost ratio. now and in the future relative to the contour map?

FIGURE 5
(Map of Barnesville area)



At the campus level itself, what is the amenity cost to the campus of being in the middle of a regional slag heap? What is the actual "restoration" practices of the Hanna Coal Company and others? Would the campus itself be a tiny island, a butte, in a man destroyed landscape? What could be seen in the distant and near distant landscape that would be stripped?

FIGURE 6
(Map of campus)



In order to have a stable humanist commitment it is necessary to gain useful skills, so a separate list of intellectual skills that the students should master was prepared. The nongeographic skills, such as the law pertaining to mineral rights and heavily rumored muscling by Hanna, could only be alluded to by a geographer. But the geographic skills, spatial planning and information skills, were articulated in outline form. (Central place theory, Ullman's amenity concepts, regional conservation planning and so forth.) A list of allies was drawn up including such Quakers as Gilbert White (conservation) and Walter Isard (regional science) on the academic side but also local people such as the newspaper editor and the possibility of winning local merchants and the local banker. Conservationists, from high falooting Audubon Society types to the nitty gritty local deer hunter, were added. And most of all, the mountain people themselves, the so-called "red-necks" were projected as the most victimized of all.

At the end of the forty minute briefing, seventeen students including my two daughters, myself and a faculty member interested in the problem, piled into a school minibus and the Detroit Geographical Expedition station wagon and took off to the machine that strips the countryside. The individual monster we confronted was "The Gem of Egypt" and its monstrous size is unbelievable.

It is stories high and half a city block in base. It must run twenty four hours a day to pay for itself. It is always referred to as "It" or by the proper noun, The Gem of Egypt. In asking its whereabouts everyone knew and replied uniformly in sort of horror struck awe, "It crossed the road (Highway 8) yesterday." "It can't cross Highway 70 (the interstate) because they won't let It." The damn thing simply eats up the landscape. Returning to It not two hours later on the way back to Detroit, my daughters and myself were horrified to see how much progress It had made. It inspires people to think of ways of stopping It, such as one student suggested cutting the power cable to kill It and Save the Land.

The third phase was to interview the people this monster was so ruthlessly affecting, the Mountain people in the small hamlet of Henrysburg. Each student, chided on by the Expedition leader as "chicken pacifists" had to individually ask a townspeople about what he felt about the It. This took considerable courage. It always seems to take courage to interview on human expeditions, especially as it is equally important that the interview be done from the level position of just plain ordinary human beings. That is, "the school is actively being threatened, so not as high horse, do-good, charity snobs, but as fellow-concerned and equally-threatened and considerably more ignorant neighbors, please give us your wisdom about this machine."

Amazing things were discovered from the interviews. The townspeople hated the thing, loved the landscape, would join with us to fight it, told horror stories about It such as the cemetery that was left one hundred feet in the air, their cemetery, and trying to put flowers on their family graves and the caskets and the bones and all pouring out of the cemetery, and about the brave farmers that "held out" and all the dirty tricks played on those that did hold out, such as cutting off all the roads, dumping of the junk onto the hold outs' land, intimidation, about lies Hanna had told about reclaiming the land behind It, about how the drilling "shakes the pictures off the walls" and how the blasting "splits the homes."

Back on the campus of the high school, the luncheon brought all these stories out one at a time and the school photograph was taken from the most prominent point of land on the campus, oriented to the line-of-sight used to estimate the terrible effect on the beauty of the place. A small fighting sound went up from the students and my daughters and I returned to Detroit, hoping.

APPENDIX II

June 14, 1968

Dear Friends,

It seems that I have been fired again! This time, however, I am proud to report that my colleagues in the Geography Department at Wayne have fought hard for me. Other colleagues in the area supported me as well but it appears that pressure from the administration won out and I am now without income. Most generously, I have been offered positions around the country and it certainly helps, not just on a personal level but because it shows a resistance to neo-McCarthyism (Joe). I feel a deep commitment to the people of Detroit with whom I have been struggling for these past six years and see Wayne as playing a key role in the escape from the hellish slum life that our people endure. It took the two of us, Wayne State University and myself, to decide to come to Wayne and it will take the two of us to decide to leave.

When last fired I bared my soul to all those having political-philosophical questions about me. I consider such questions as fair and I have them about you as well. Once again I have written down my thoughts and these are available in a booklet, which can be obtained by writing to the following address: AIMS, 20 East 30th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. I believe that it is the work of scientists to tell the truth come Hell or high water. I do not recommend this stance for many others. In a capsule form, I believe that mankind is in a biological crisis and we must do everything possible, including creating more profound science, to save the world's children from impending speciesticide!

I must have a curious talent in that I seem to perish by publishing. I have some money from royalties on my book, Theoretical Geography, and some from lectures I have been giving around the country. If I am forced to, I will sell my house and my wife will work too, but unlike Lösche I will not starve to death in an attic in Kiel. I want money, as much as I can possibly get, for several reasons. I want it to help provide myself a minimal salary, to provide scholarship funds for the Expedition, and mostly to show the Establishment that geographers themselves can put something together out of their own hands, that we need not always beg before a governmental agency. Why not a triumph for Geography Power?

Geographers have been around for a long time, through various systems such as slaveocracy of Greece, feudalism of Spain and England and so forth. We have an integrity that transcends many more fragile, if seemingly more powerful, social institutions. We survive and do so because we are intrinsically useful. However, too much of our recent work has been spy work or military related work. We need a shot of humanism if only to balance an establishmentarianism.

I ask you, therefore, to please hire me to come and speak (no more than three days) at your school. Checks should be made payable to the "Society for Human Exploration." I have several lectures, including: "The Nature of Geographers," "Simplicity," "Theoretical Geography," "Location," "Prejudice in Geography," "Geopolitics," "Did Magellan Go Around the World?" My audience

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response, to say the least, has been stunning. Have map will travel. Indeed, the whole idea of this expedition depends upon your helping out.

Regards,

William Bunge, Director
Detroit Geographical Expedition, I
90 West Warren
Detroit, Michigan 48201

APPENDIX III

THE SOCIETY FOR HUMAN EXPLORATION

Scientific advances of a stable and permanent sort arise from new perspectives on very old traditions. Much geographic technique has been forgotten by geographers and among our needlessly lost arts is that of exploration. What does a geographer mean by the statement that a portion of the earth's surface has been explored? Does he mean that the easy to map features for some harried early traveler such as rivers and mountains, are accurately placed on a map? If so the earth is certainly explored. Humans are often of great significance to geographers but are extremely difficult, even dangerous, to map. If the features of the earth's surface of interest to mankind include the human condition, then vast stretches of the map are in fact as "unexplored" as Antarctica in 1850 and should appear under that label and in the traditional intriguing chalk white color.

Geography is often defined as the study of the earth's surface as the home of man. But the view from which men's home? The perception from the homes of people that live in those particular places on the earth's surface, or rather from the homes of men in distant Buckingham Palaces or New York book publishers. For instance, "The South" seems to automatically refer to "The White South." What about the "Black South?" Florida is not a vacation land to the Afro-Americans that live in that "dream" state.

Accusingly, there seems to be no geography of children, that is, the earth's surface as the home of children. What is their perception of their space? What is the "market area" of a tot lot? What is the average rate of travel of a kindergarten child? We seem to have ample statistics on the speed of trucks and giraffes. What is the traffic flow pattern of children across crowded streets including normally "illegal" children who jay walk and do other childish and disorderly things?

Why is there no recognition of geographic regions of the areas of cities people actually occupy, such as, the "Regions of Detroit?" The folk geographers discuss all sorts of vital regions, Watts, Beverly Hills and so forth while the "professional" is still busy classifying the increasingly deserted farm land based on geological activity of eons ago. Is Appalachia really best typified as a physiographic province? To classify people geologically is environmentalism at its worst. It also helps explain the inattention of human provinces, especially urban regions. John Nystuen has suggested a gazetteer of urban places with heavy emphasis on human in place of physical features.

To implement a truly human exploration of the earth's surface, the academic geographers, folk geographers, urban planners and others intrigued with such an effort, have founded The Society for Human Exploration. The functions of the Society are to assist exploration especially through the mounting of expeditions. The first of the planned series is the "Detroit Geographical Expedition, I" covering the entire urban conglomeration centered on Detroit. Its advance scouts are now in the field and completion date is projected for the fall of 1970.

Unlike many earlier expeditions where local geographers were denigrated to the rank of "native guide" and their maps of their Known World simply appropriated along with everything else, there will be no white-pith-helmet mentality. The Board of Directors of the Society is composed of an absolute majority of people from the areas to be explored. Bus loads of gawking tourists are impermissible. The have-nots of the world are powerful enough, if a humanist taste is lacking, to compel an attitude of respectful attention, not ruthless arrogance. A major portion of the effort will be to provide scholarship money to train folk geographers in the professional aspects of geography and through increasing their skills also enrich our own profession. Support will be sought from the power structure of the ins, but more interestingly, from the power structure of the outs. Geographers, especially geographers in their roles as planners, can be directly useful. The frustration of the planner is that his dreams as a rational locator runs into the complacency of the well off who essentially wish to keep things the same. Therefore, active cooperation with the outs, especially the poor, allows full creativity and generates the necessary political power for the implementation of our "oughtness maps." Afterall, it is not the function of geographers to merely map the earth, but to change it.

One interesting discovery so far is that the most effective techniques of communication are to recapitulate the history of our venerable subject -- place names, regions and then theoretical geography. The Expedition is to continue in geography's unfinished task of exploring the earth and most of the classic expeditionary features are retained -- careful preparation, an element of physical risk, and a scientific-scholastic commitment to extend human knowledge.

The summer session is to be especially busy, hopefully sending enthusiastic human geographers back to their respective urban or rural regions to flush out expeditions in other territories. By the second full summer (1970), considerable international involvement is projected. The point is to sensitize geographers to humans.

Geographic publications are always unusual in that they contain a great number of maps and photographs and require peculiar formats due to a visual nature. To take care of these special needs a series of Field Notes in mimeographed form will be prepared. Hopefully, in time, a journal will be needed to supplement the Field Notes format, The Journal of Human Exploration, with Wayne providing editorial offices. Special publications will also be necessary. W. Bunge has completed a three hundred and seventy page, plus maps and photographs, manuscript based upon one square mile of Detroit entitled Fitzgerald: The Americanization of a Community. An atlas to be entitled The Atlas of Love and Hate is also projected. A unique feature will be that each map will be the individual contribution of a particular geographer who will be asked to sign his map and brief essay, photographs and supplementary maps to create in a sense a journal of maps. If the reader is interested in receiving Field Notes or knows of others interested, mail addresses to Editor, The Society for Human Exploration, Department of Geography, Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

The Expedition is unique in that it is self-financed. That is, rather than starting with a project grant the Expedition starts with a geographic need.

The only funds initially available will come from within geography itself. To help with financing, the Detroit Geographical Expedition, I, Director, W. Bunge, is issuing a personal appeal enclosed. If the Expedition swells in numbers it might be possible for a house in the Wayne neighborhood to be rented as a combination base camp, shelter, social center and think tank for the minor army on the Expedition. If geography is not fun, it is wrong.

Your comments and suggestions are most welcome.

Regards,

William Bunge, Director
The Detroit Geographical Expedition, I
90 West Warren
Detroit, Michigan 48201

WVB/cf

APPENDIX IV

After approval by the Local Arrangements Committee, the national turned down the following suggested tour of Detroit.

Human Tour of Detroit

Possibly a world geographic first, this tour will attempt to give the participant a feel for the human condition in the regions of Detroit. The tour will study a middle class, dominantly Black neighborhood in Northwest Detroit. This is a neighborhood of hope and vigour and considerable integration. Buses leaving Ann Arbor at 8 a.m. will transport directly to a centrally located block in this district. The locational situation relative to Detroit will be described. The neighborhood is intensely mapped and photographed and these will be displayed. Two Black neighborhood leaders, one young, one middle aged, will describe the micro-social geography of the neighborhood including the local manifestations of the July 1967 Rebellion, police-community relations, schools and other problems. A twenty minute movie on the neighborhood will be shown. Then the participants will walk through the neighborhood in small groups to individual homes where they will be guests and have an opportunity to discuss the neighborhood with the neighbors. At noon the group will reassemble in an attractive local soul restaurant where they will have a chance to digest some soul food and their morning experiences.

At 1 p.m. the second segment of the tour will begin which is to "high light" the city itself. A brief orientation will be given in the restaurant which will include a movie on the effects of starvation on Detroit children in neighborhoods that will be toured. In order to avoid gawking or parading and to have the benefit of good folk geographers taxis will be used, five to a cab plus driver. Each driver and participant will be given a map and description of suggested locations including 12th Street, the Algiers Motel, "The Detroit Wall," on the impoverished side; and the Pontchatrain, Arthur and "in Town" housing on the affluent side. In addition, each taxi will be given the address of an individual poor family who have agreed to have five geographers as guests for an hour.

To assure maximum flexibility, cabs will return the geographers to the restaurant and buses will leave for the return one-hour journey to Ann Arbor as they fill up. If some participants wish to seminar into the evening an optional evening extension will be available. The neighborhood contains several live jazz and rock and roll bands and the night geography is startlingly different from the day.

The pricing is also democratically arranged. Those content to spend the day exploring the single neighborhood will have guides available in the afternoon and an additional lecture. Their costs, including bus and noon meal, will be less than four dollars total. Those who take the city-wide taxi tour, and all are urged to do so that can afford it, should plan on two dollars per hour in the taxi per person, while moving and one dollar while on the afternoon visit. The maximum total expense, including bus, taxi and noon meal will be less than ten dollars. The buses will stop on the return to Ann Arbor at the airport for those who have late afternoon or evening flights back home. For those interested in spending the night or staying on for the special ten-day training program in the city exploration that the Detroit

Geographical Expedition is conducting immediately after the Association Meetings see a Detroit Geographical Expedition representative at the Meetings. The sponsor of this tour is the Detroit Geographical Expedition.

The grounds cited for turning down the tour was that the Director of the Expedition had not paid his dues. Unfortunately, the Director has not been able to find academic employment in the Detroit area for over a year and for this reason had not, for the first time in many years, paid his dues. If he had been notified that so important an event hung on the balance he could have taken his dues out of the family's budget somewhere, but he was not so notified.

The Local Arrangements Committee chairman has indicated that the University of Michigan buses will still be available for the Human Tour on the same date, August 14th, which is most generous. Still, by not being included in the pre-meeting material, it makes it most difficult indeed to determine the possible size of the number of geographers who might be interested in this "banned" and slightly "underground" tour of human beings. Therefore it is necessary to poll our membership outside of regular channels. Those who might be interested please write individually to the following address:

Dr. William Bunge, Co-Director
Detroit Geographical Expedition
c/o Department of Geography
Wayne State University
Detroit, Michigan

APPENDIX V

"Reprint of Daniel Synder's essay on the Geography of WSU as it appeared in the student paper, The Daily Collegeian, 1964."

American politicians seem unable to solve today's massive social problems. Our clergymen are helpless in the race of a morals revolution. Where politicians and clergy have failed, is there a relevant role for the academician?

If such a role exists, it must be that of the truth-teller, but if a member of the university community is to fill such a role adequately, he must first accept a painful truth about himself: he doesn't know anything.

The University is the illegitimate offspring of Suburbia. Loved but scorned, it dangles helplessly on its concrete umbilical cord, between the Black ghetto and little Kentucky, buffered only by a thin cushion of deadland carpark.

From their sterile subdivisions, students, teachers, and administrators drive UNDER the inner city to attend their classes. The frightening world of the poor is cleverly concealed behind grassy banks. A hundred square miles of reality locked from sight! On occasional class assignments, they fear to leave their cars while doing "field" work in this hostile territory.

At last weeks conference of the Center for Research on Conflict Resolution, held in a near West-side church, Professor Jacques Bude suggested that the value of the academician to social progress lies in his realization that he doesn't know anything. Unlike the well-meaning politician or clergyman who is burdened by outmoded beliefs, the socially relevant academician must be able to admit that he is naive in the reality of the masses, and start afresh from that admission.

How do you heighten your consciousness of the "other American?" How do you become relevant to the struggle for social justice?

Start with the existential experience of getting out of your car in a "bad" neighborhood. You probably have a classmate who lives elsewhere than your own uninfected patch of urban sprawl. Did you ever think of stopping to see him? How about driving to school on sidestreets and taking a first big look at an apartment building where "owner's rights" means the right to profit by intimidation.

Of course, the whole concept could be institutionalized into "Junior Year in the Slum": a program patterned after the lily-white "Junior Year in Europe" stints that are so popular. We might eventually found a "University of the Alley."

Ridiculous. How is anything of social significance going to come from all that? It won't, except maybe to make "our future leaders" aware of their ignorance. Then they can devote their resources to the solution of society's problems, not by educating the hillbilly and continually reproclaiming the Negro's emancipation, but in the only relevant way open to the white middle class. They can give all the money they can to support community action and

self-government groups in the inner city, and work actively in their own safe, rich communities to arouse political interest and economic support for such groups. This means being prepared to intercede on their behalf in cases of police brutality, discriminatory public-service practices, and economic intimidation by more powerful factions.

This can only be accomplished while the academician appreciates the extent of his ignorance. The danger lies in education itself. Starting with the assumption that you know nothing, you're bound to learn a lot. Then you become dangerous. You think you know something. You begin to act on that belief and become, in effect, a politician or a clergyman.

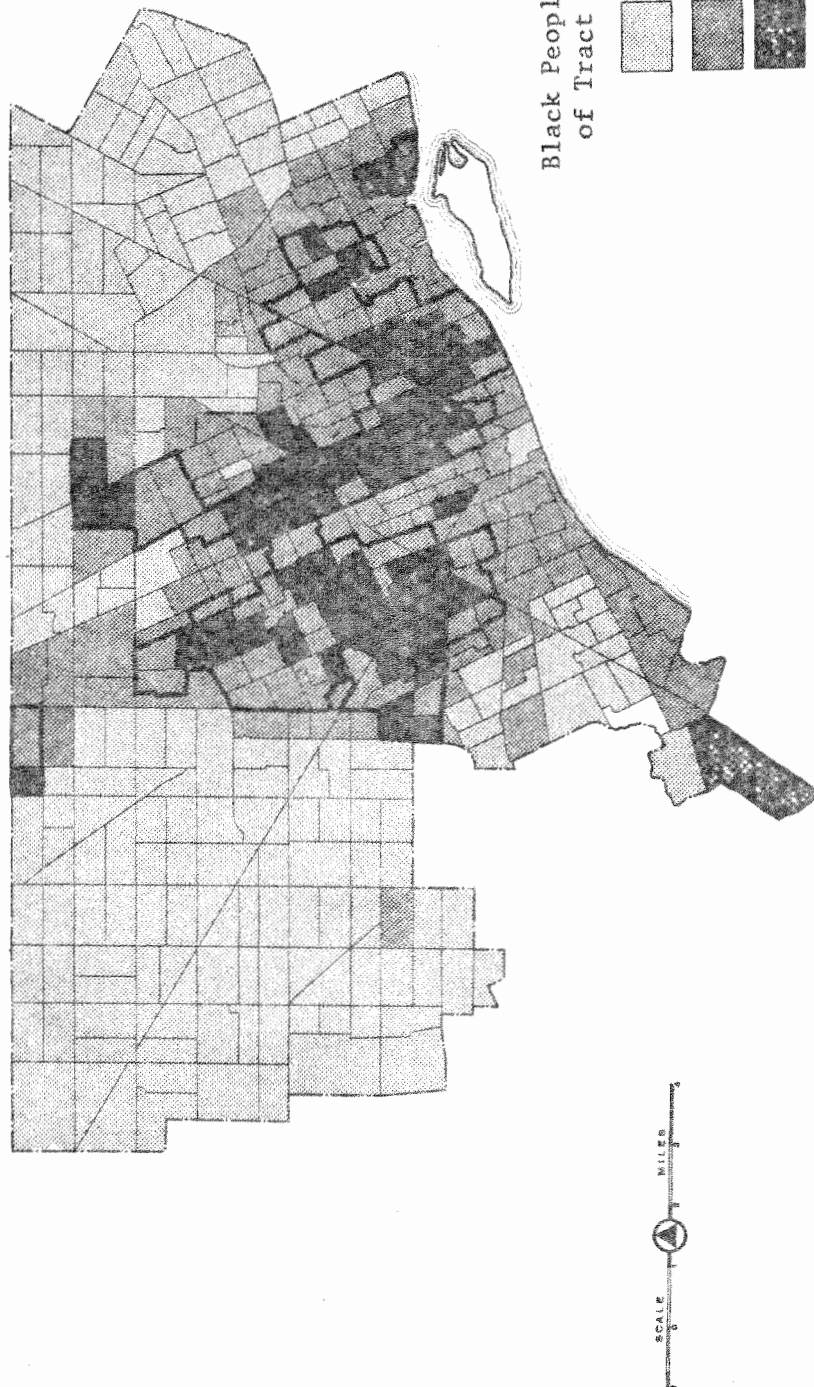
APPENDIX VI

MAPS 1-14

Source: Marc B. Anderson,
Racial Discrimination in
Detroit: a Spatial Analysis
of Racism, unpublished M.A.
Thesis, Wayne State Univer-
sity, Detroit, 1969.

MAP I

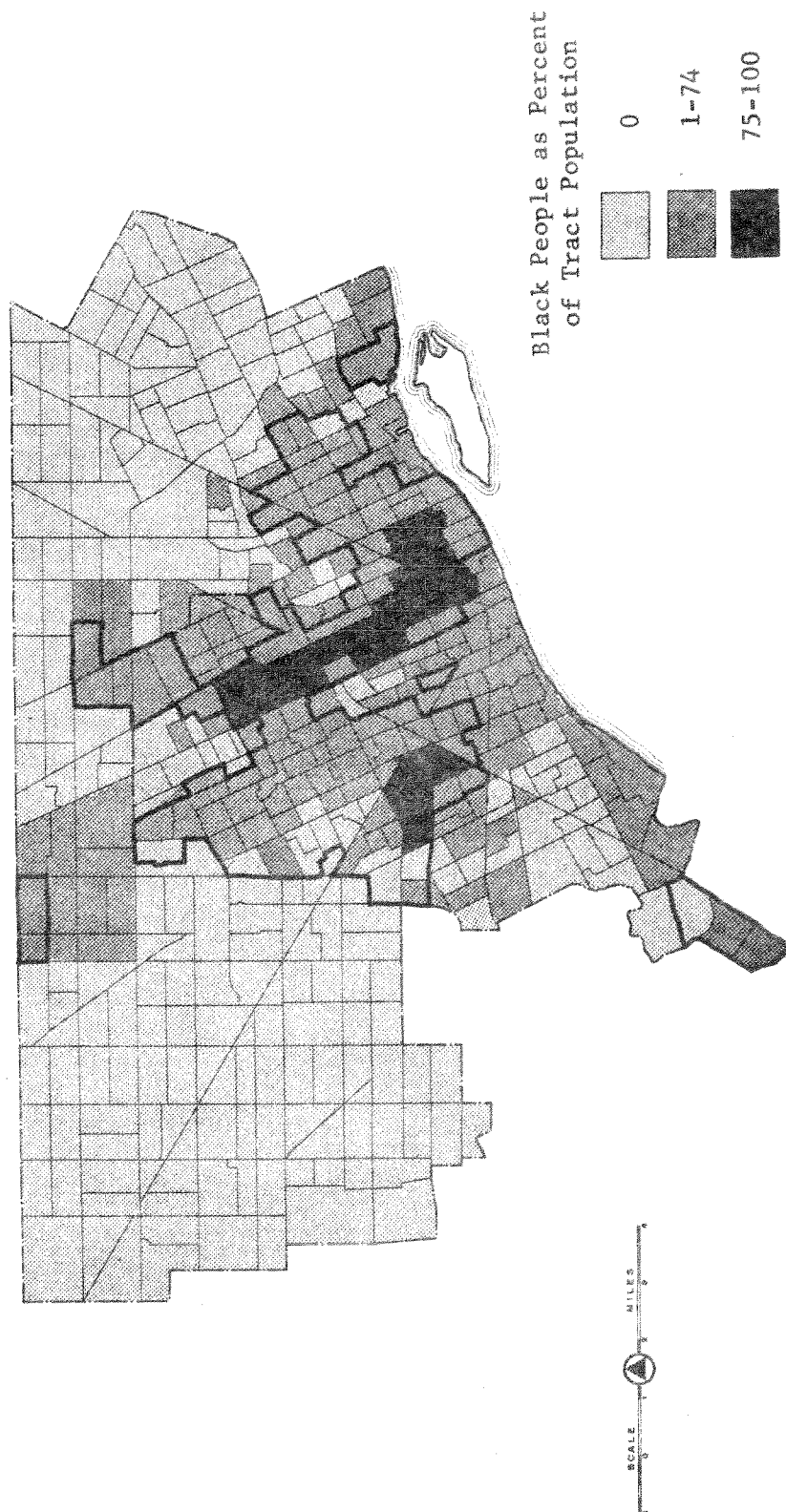
BLACK POPULATION, DETROIT, 1960



Source: DePage.

MAP 2

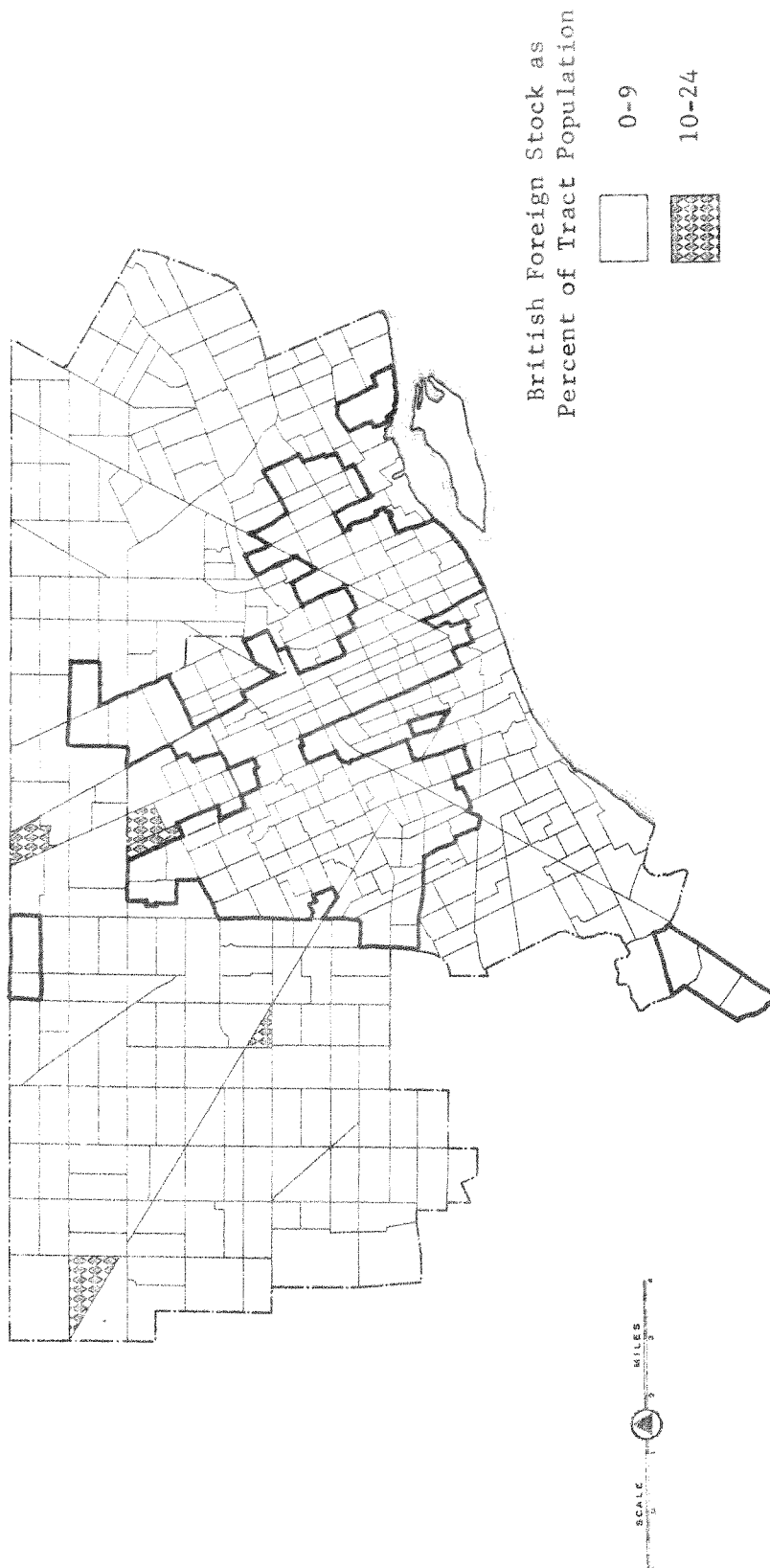
BLACK POPULATION, DETROIT, 1950



Source: DePage.

MAP 3

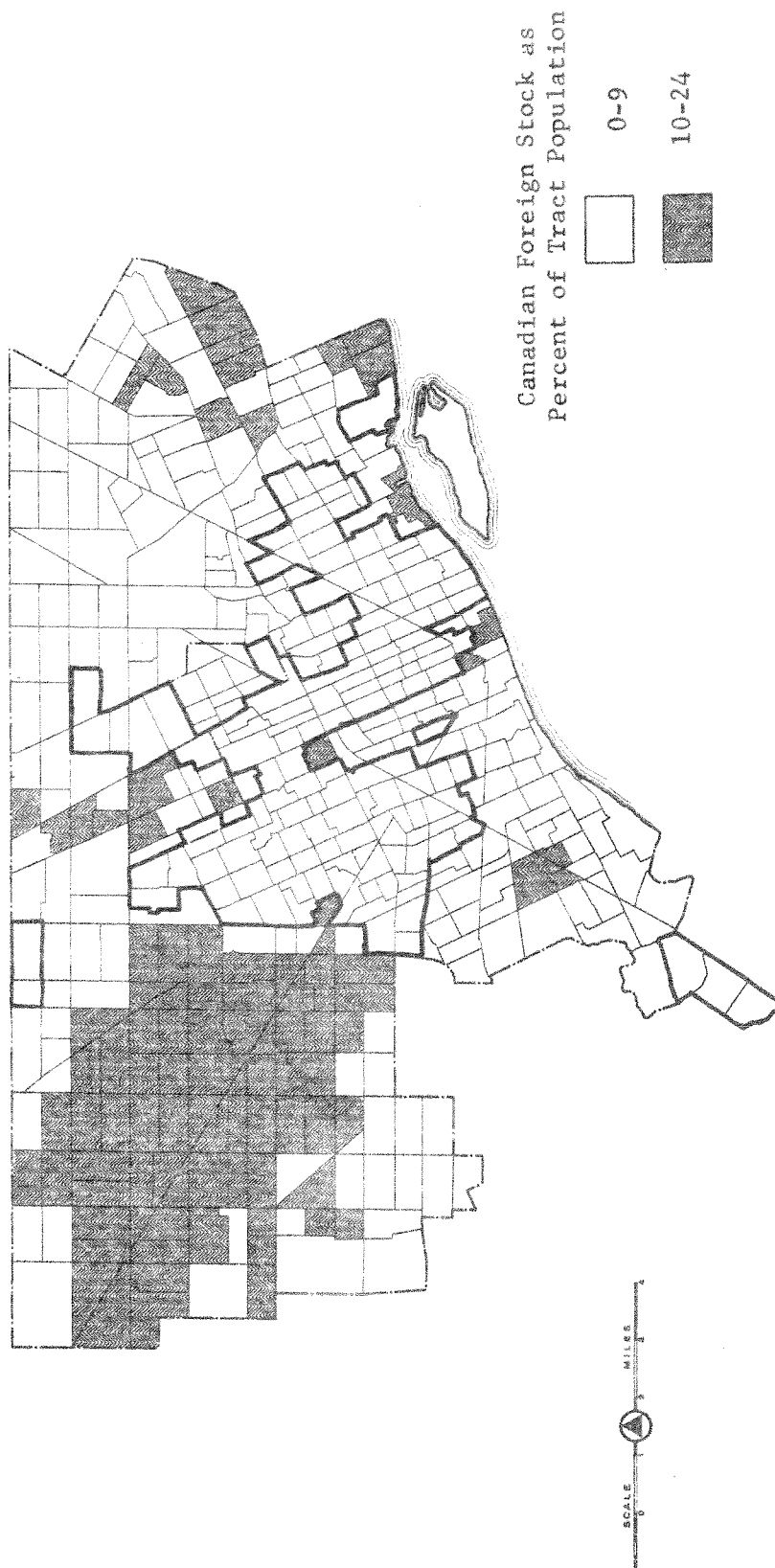
BRITISH FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 4

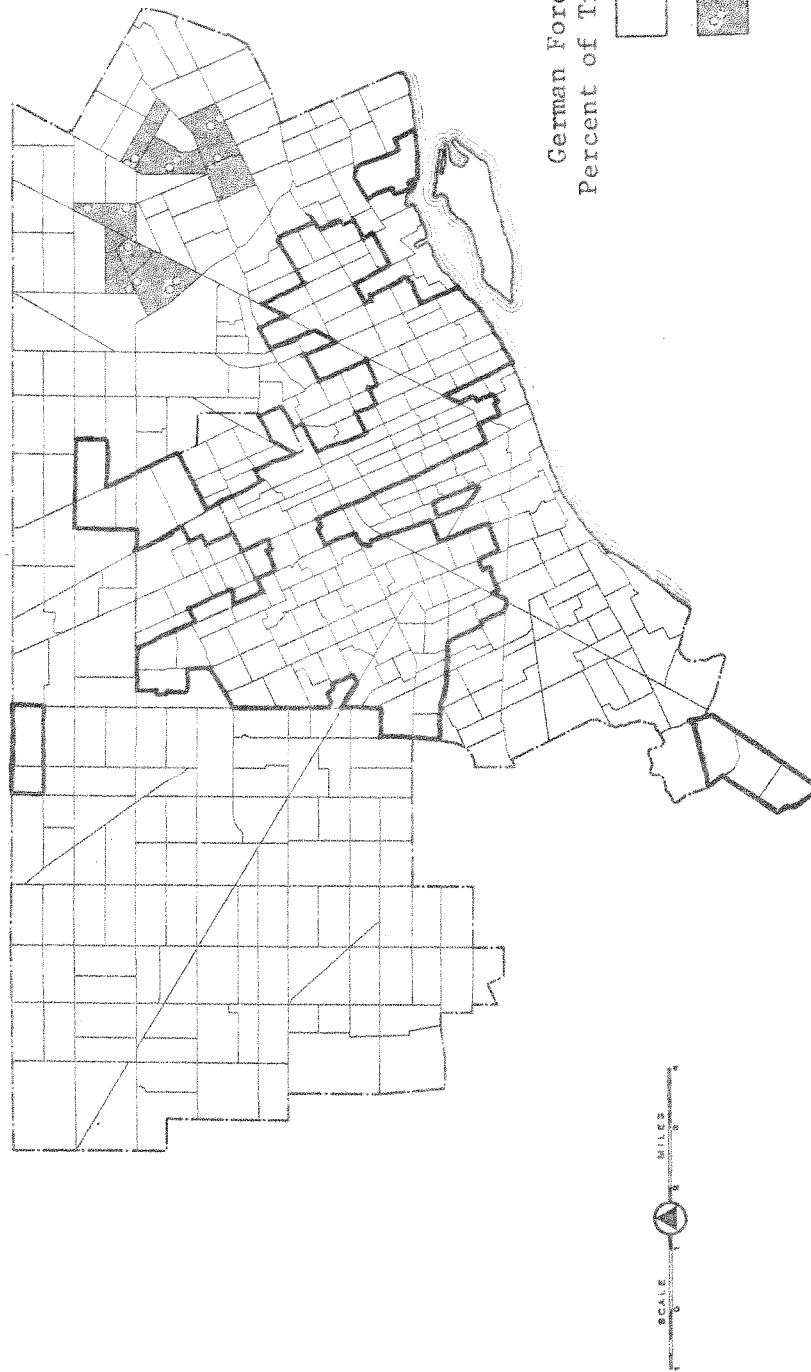
CANADIAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 5

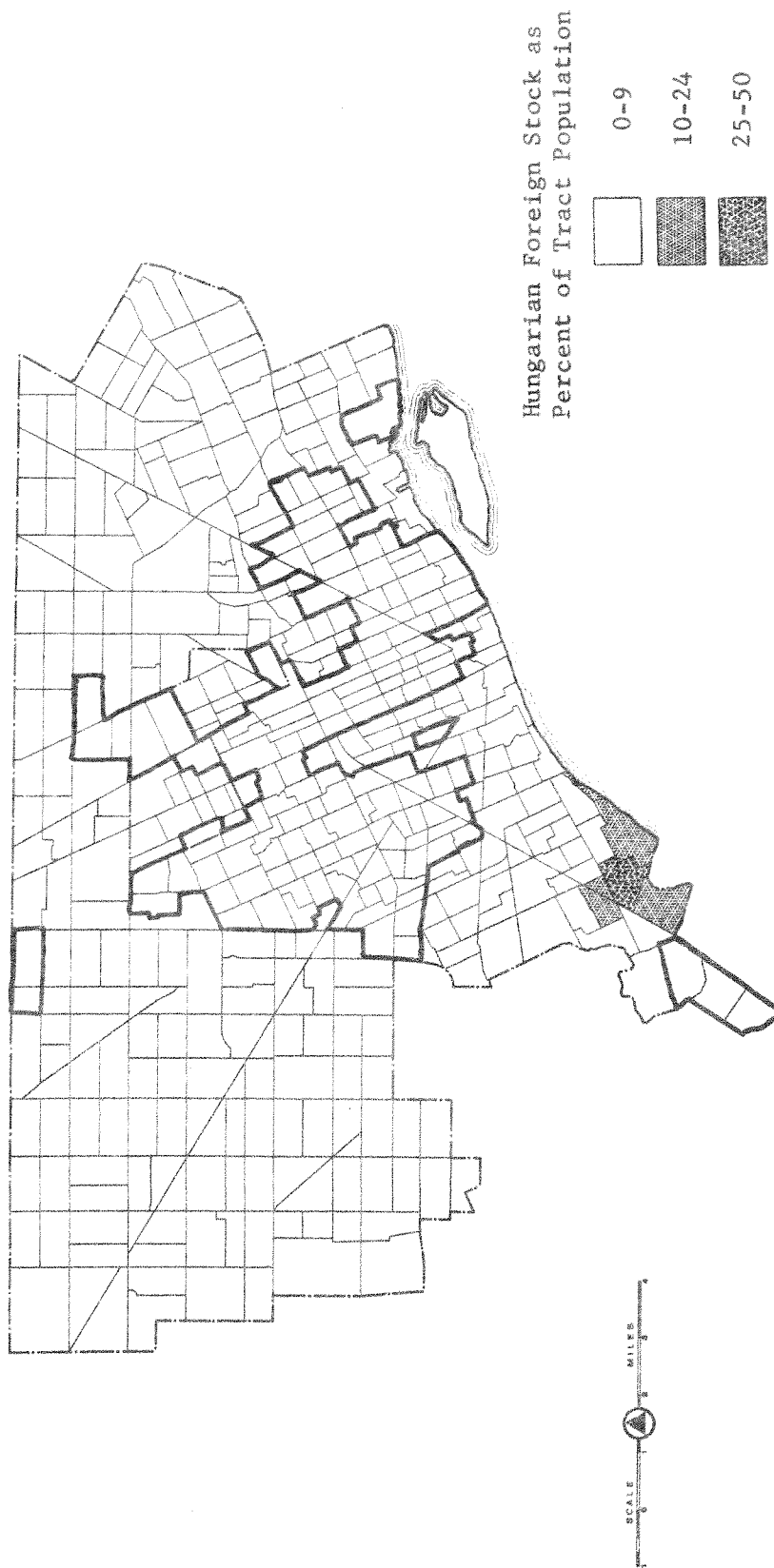
GERMAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 6

HUNGARIAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 7

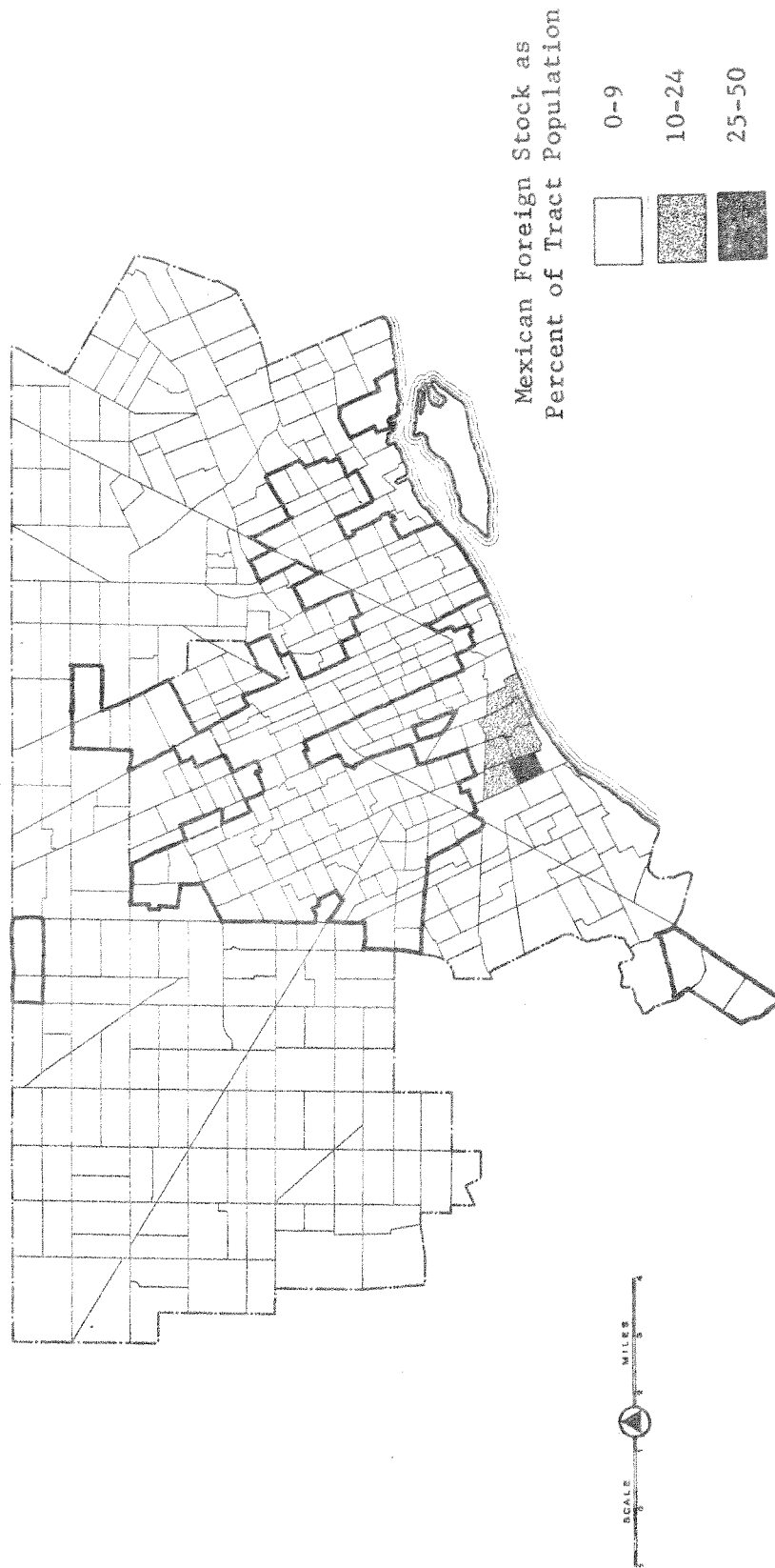
ITALIAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 8

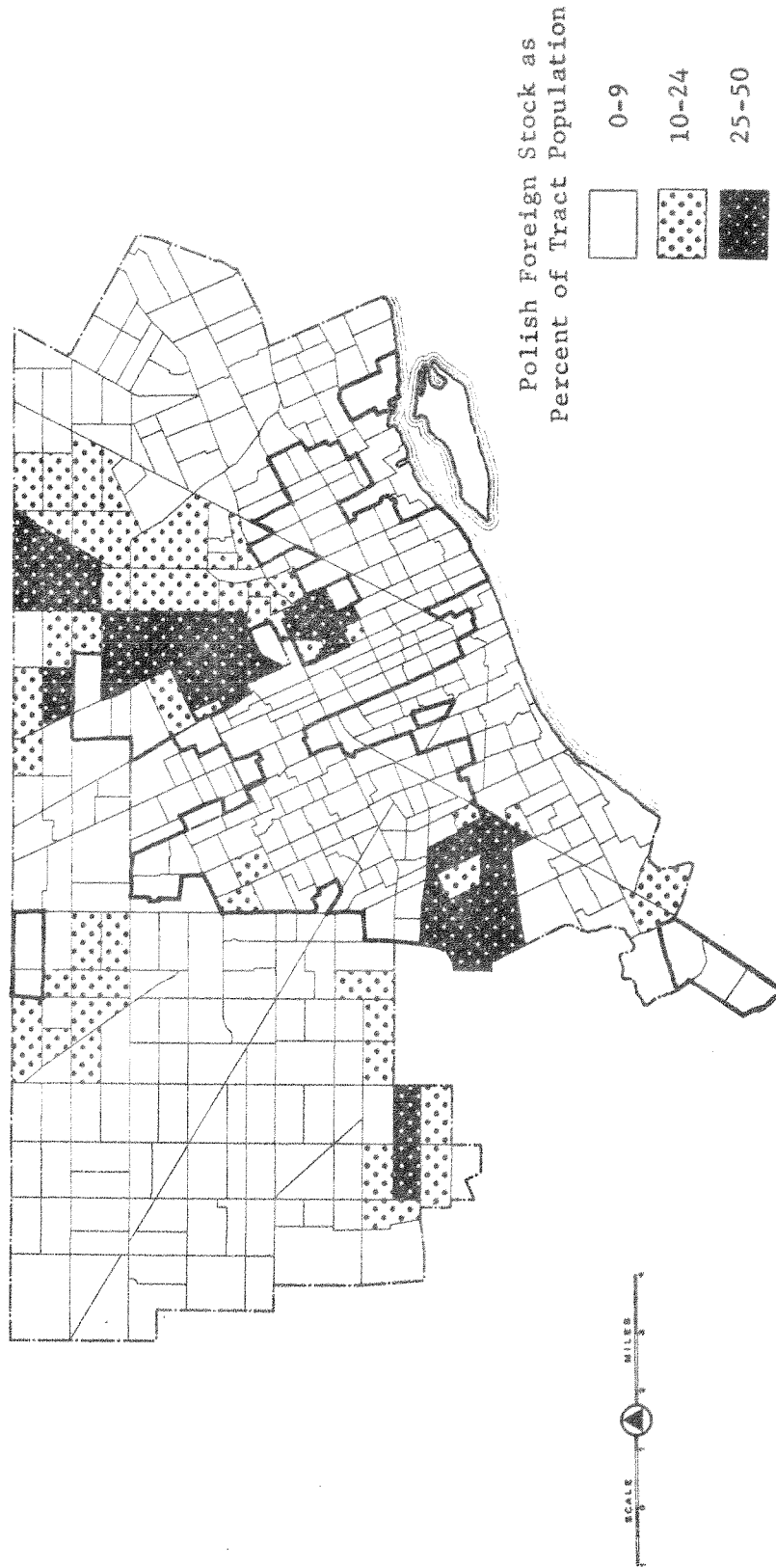
MEXICAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map of Foreign Stock in Detroit by Census Tract in 1960. (Unpublished.)

MAP 9

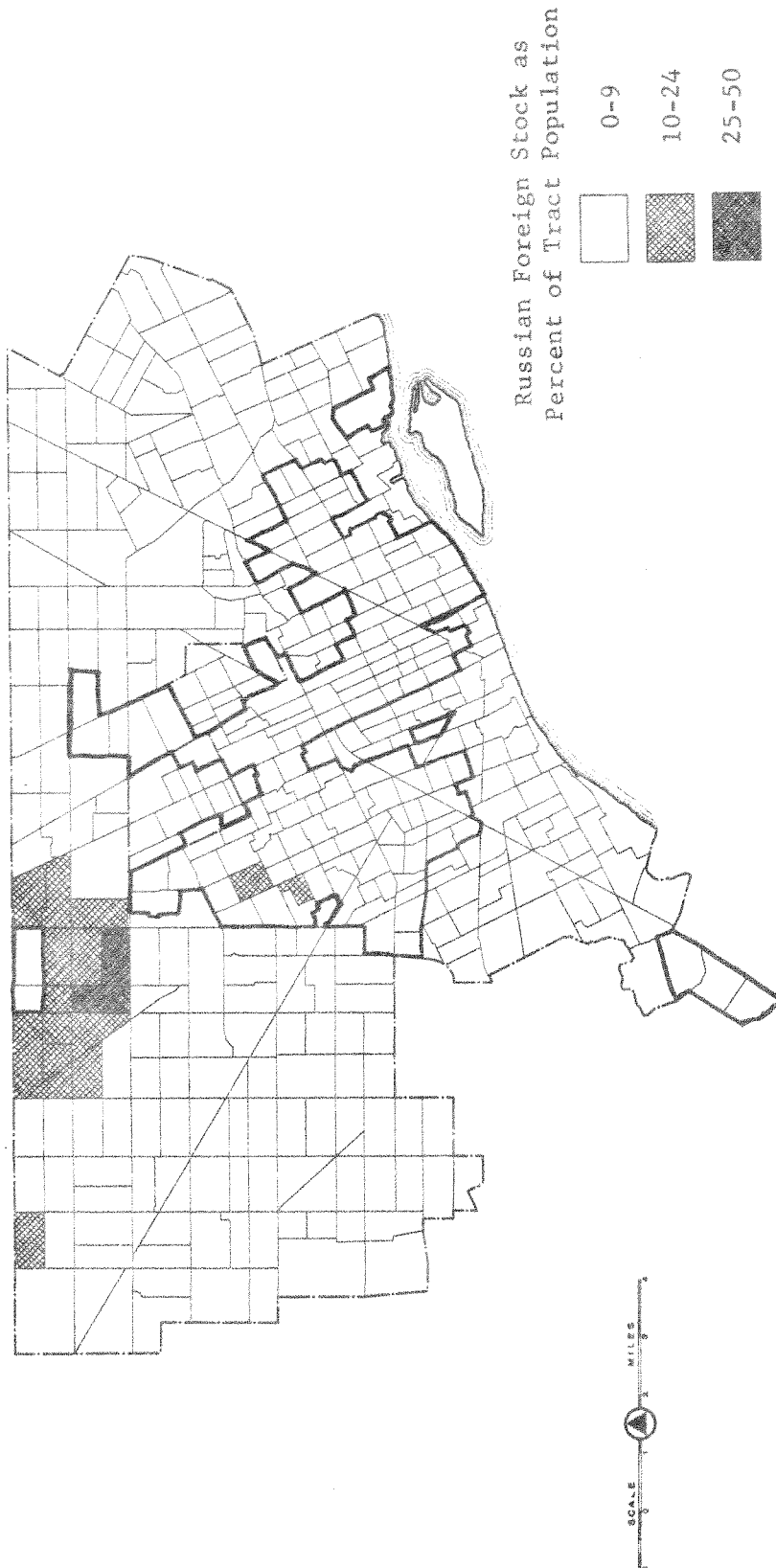
POLISH FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 10

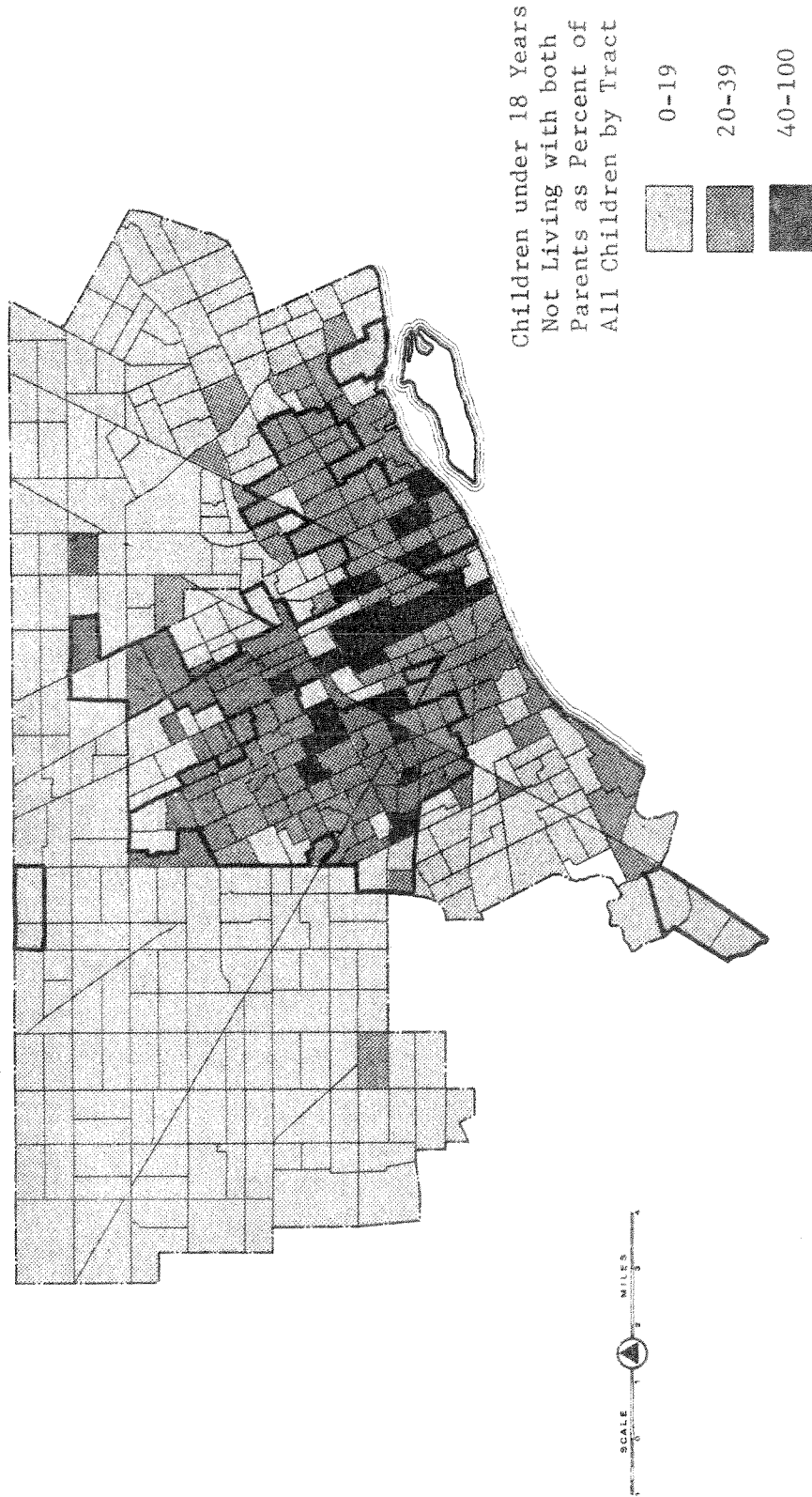
RUSSIAN FOREIGN STOCK, DETROIT, 1960



Source: Detroit Commission on Community Relations, Map.

MAP 11

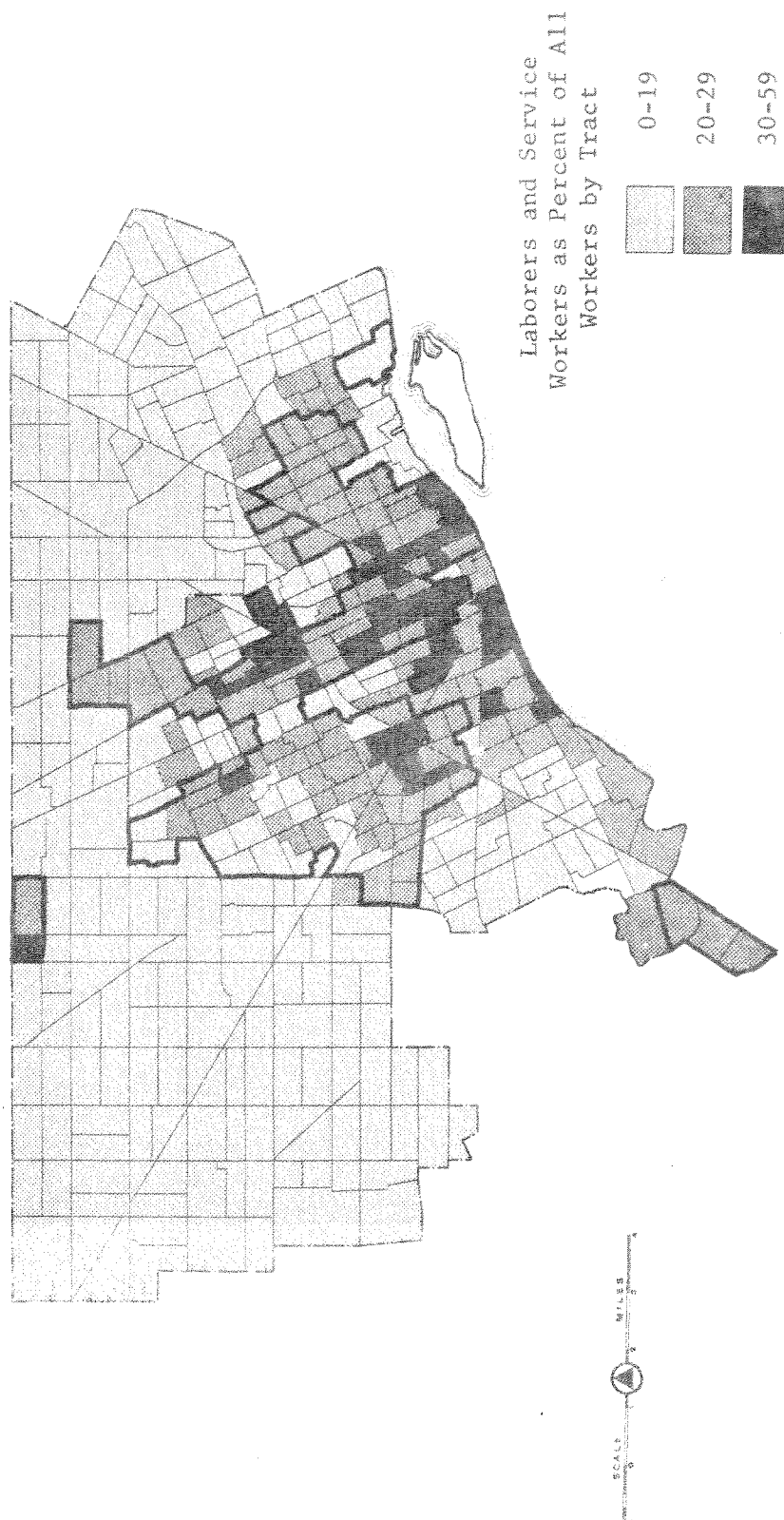
CHILDREN NOT LIVING WITH BOTH PARENTS. DETROIT, 1960



Source: United Community Services of Metropolitan Detroit, Files.

MAP 12

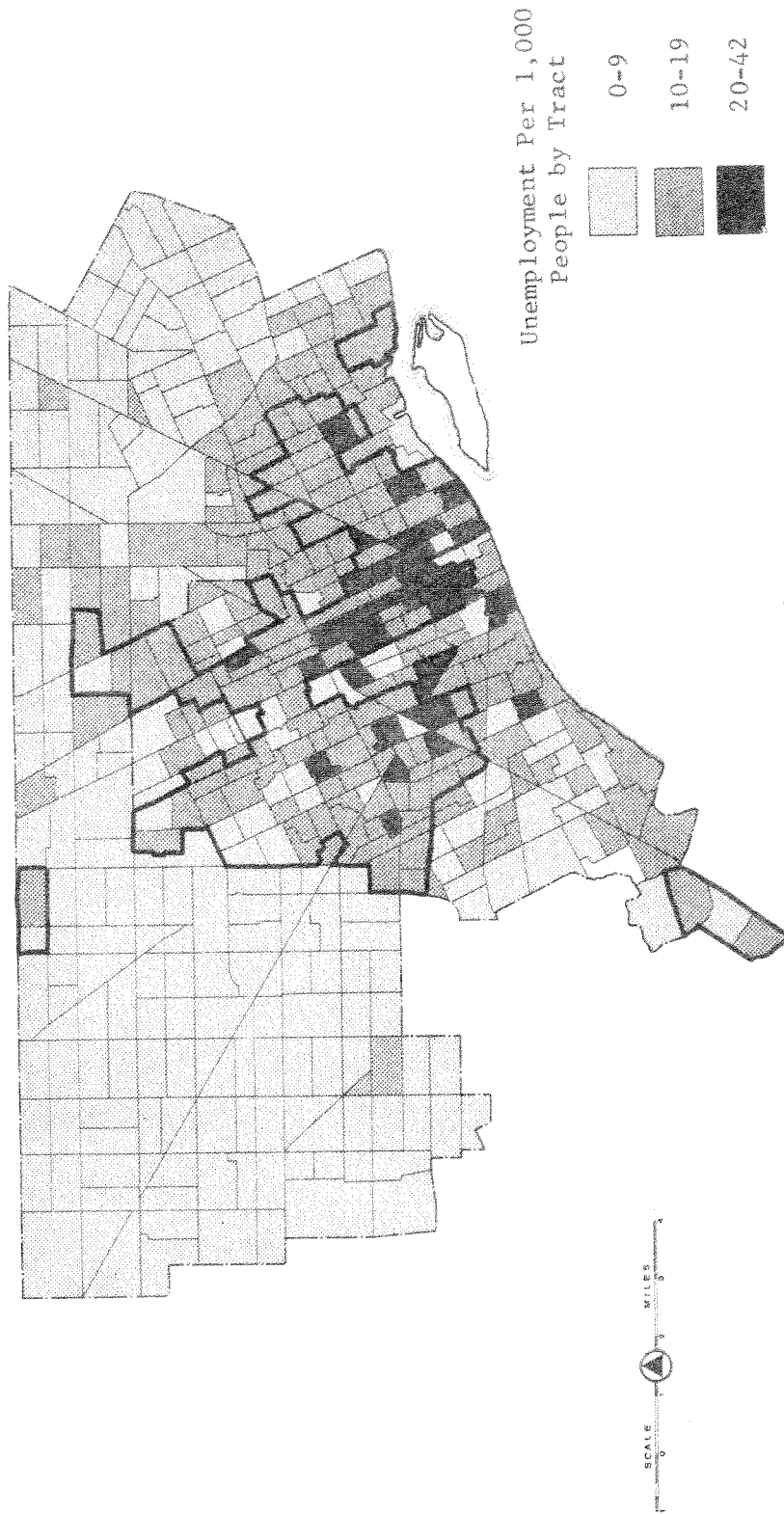
LABORERS AND SERVICE WORKERS, DETROIT, 1960



Source: United Community Services of Metropolitan Detroit, Files.

MAP 13

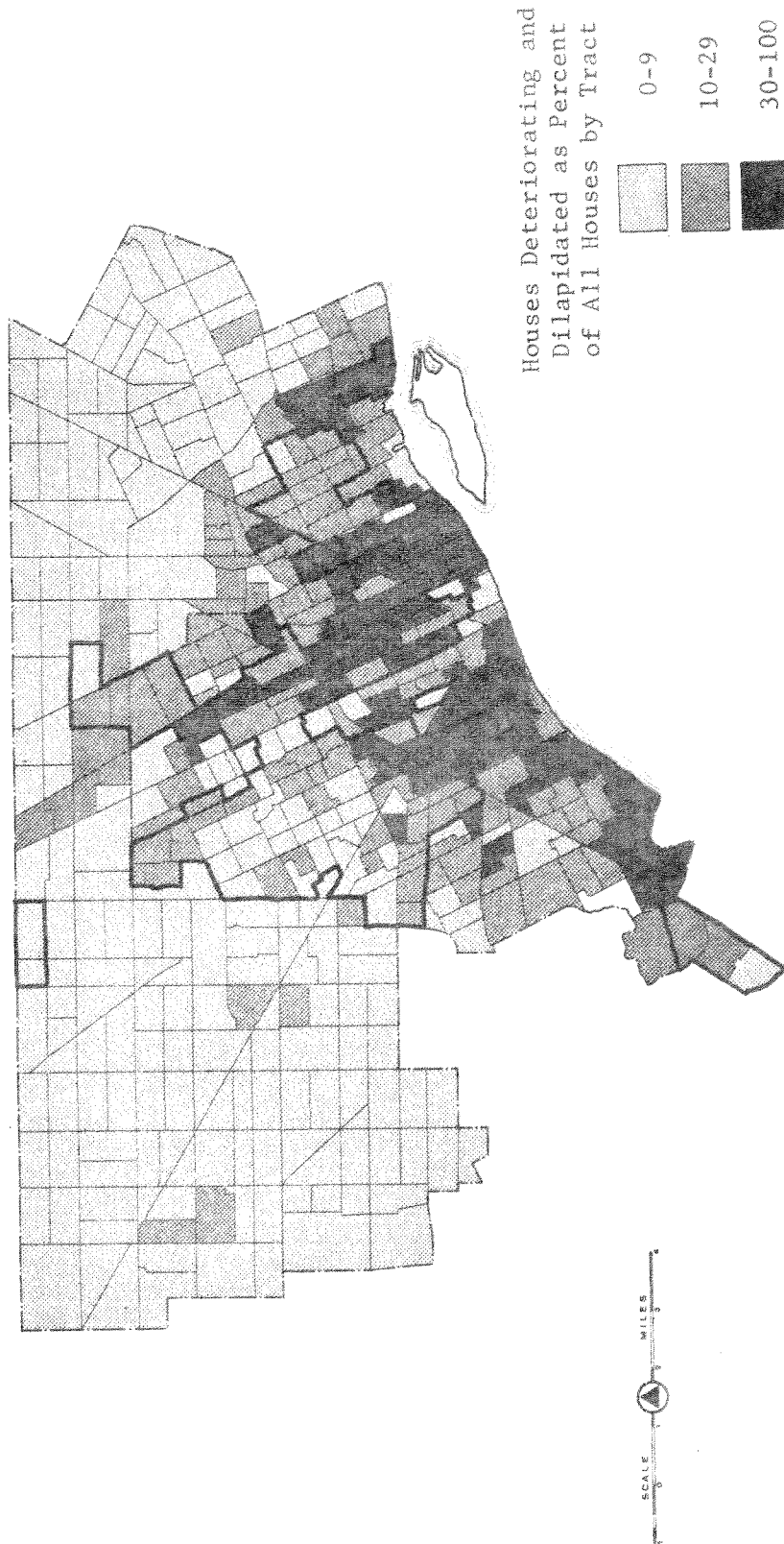
UNEMPLOYMENT, DETROIT, 1960



Source: United Community Services of Metropolitan Detroit, Files.

MAP 14

HOUSES DETERIORATING AND DILAPIDATED, DETROIT, 1960



Source: United Community Services of Metropolitan Detroit, Files.

The Editors wish to acknowledge the generous assistance of the African Studies Center, the Asian Studies Center, the Department of Geography and Justin Morrill College, Michigan State University, in the publication of the first edition of FIELD NOTES.

