

FOREWORD TO THE 2011 EDITION

Fitzgerald Then and Now

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There are few classic books in human geography, but Bill Bunge has written two of them: *Theoretical Geography* ([1962] 1966) and the one that you are holding in your hands, *Fitzgerald: Geography of a Revolution* ([1971] 2011). At times it seemed unlikely that either would see the light of publication. When they finally did, *Theoretical Geography* was initially ignored, while *Fitzgerald* was treated to some shockingly bad reviews. The flagship journal of the Association of American Geographers, the *Annals*, took the unusual step of devoting two separate reviews to *Fitzgerald*. Neither was complimentary. In his review, David Ley said that the “text lapses into unabashed polemic, self-righteous rhetoric,” and insofar as “the study is judged by the criteria of scientific method its failings are not difficult to discern” (1973, 133). The other reviewer, Peirce Lewis, was even more damning. Compared to Bunge’s now “minor classic” *Theoretical Geography*, Lewis wrote, *Fitzgerald* was a “bitter disappointment.” The work was “egregiously awful,” “grossly disorganized,” “a shoddy undisciplined book” (1973, 131–32). In a spirited reply, Bunge countered, ending with the hope that in spite of this rocky beginning *Fitzgerald* “like *Theoretical Geography* . . . will also age into respectability” (1974, 485).

Those words seem most prescient now more than thirty-five years after they were written. But “age into respectability” doesn’t really capture the subsequent changing disciplinary fortune of *Fitzgerald*. The book remains defiantly unrespectable. *Fitzgerald* is a tortured book, controversial, angry, partial, withering, hyperbolic, with non sequiturs and unsubstantiated claims. It is at the opposite polar end of traditional academic scholarship defined by dispassion, measured judgment, comprehensiveness, balance, precision, transparent logic, and the painstaking documentation of sources. But it is precisely these former qualities and not the latter that account for the book’s creative and political brilliance.¹ Forty years after its publication, *Fitzgerald* remains fresh, energetic, compelling, and relevant. One of Bunge’s ends in *Fitzgerald* was to practice geography differently. He pushed the discipline in a new direction, helping to transform it into something else. If we see *Fitzgerald* differently

now compared to when it was written it is because the discipline in which we are now socialized has significantly altered. *Fitzgerald* helped to change it. We all now contain, perhaps more than we would like to think, a little bit of Bunge, a little bit of *Fitzgerald*.

Bill Bunge—physically in stature and intellectually within the field of geography—is a towering figure, the focus of much disciplinary commentary and interpretation (Barnes 1996; Cox 2001; Goodchild 2008; Heyman 2007; Horvath 1971; Merrifield 1995; Mitchell and Heynen 2009; Peet 1977). He even has his own longish Wikipedia entry.² In introducing Bunge and his book, we divide this essay into two parts. First, we trace the arc of his intellectual development up through the early 1970s, when *Fitzgerald* was published. Bunge begins life as an arch spatial scientist. A member of the late 1950s University of Washington “space cadets” or “the Garrison Raiders,” as Bunge prefers, he was fervid in his belief that geography should be a mathematical, law-seeking science, aspiring to the universal, derogating the unique. But sometime during the mid-1960s he was knocked off course, diverted by a series of turbulent political and social events. Centered around war, race, and poverty, these events increasingly skewered America, bringing overt and sometimes violent division and conflict. Mathematical abstractions and appeal to universals didn’t help. But being there, literally walking around trying to make sense of the concrete features of his own particular neighborhood, Fitzgerald in inner-city Detroit, did help. Fitzgerald was where the turbulence came down to earth and for Bunge was made visible and comprehensible. Second, we frame *Fitzgerald* against the subdiscipline of urban geography and its study of the inner city. Until Bunge’s work, the inner city was generally ignored by urban geographers. If it was considered at all, the inner city was treated (following the Chicago School) as the “zone of assimilation.” Immigrants entered the inner city, socialized and acculturated, and then moved out. While that model might hold for European immigrants, it clearly did not apply in the 1960s to the large numbers of African Americans who had been flooding into northern industrial cities like Detroit since the 1940s. Unlike

the immigrants portrayed by the Chicago School, African Americans already had been in America for several generations. But having moved into inner cities, like Detroit’s Fitzgerald, they were unable to move out. Furthermore, living conditions were dreadful—dilapidated buildings, poorly maintained public space, underfunded schools, high rents, unchecked crime. But urban geographers didn’t know, or didn’t want to know. Until Bunge, that is. He insisted they did. This was one of the ways *Fitzgerald* was revolutionary.

Disciplinary Bad Boy, Cult Hero, and Spatial Scientist: Bunge’s Intellectual Arc

The adjective “Wild” often appears in front of Bill Bunge’s name. When one of us carried out almost forty oral histories during the late 1990s, interviewing geographers participating in the quantitative revolution of the late 1950s and early 1960s, there were more stories about Bill Bunge than anyone else (Barnes 2004). A lot of those stories were humorous, but many had an unsettling edge. None of them are appropriate to repeat here. Their subject matter remains sensitive, especially because many of the people who were involved, including Bunge, are still alive; then there was the colorful language used in their narration; and finally there were the instructions from some of the interviewees who, as they readied themselves to tell their Bunge story, would momentarily pause and say, “This is where you turn off the tape recorder.” It is not giving too much away to say that the majority of those stories turned on Bunge’s fraught, often fractious and abrasive relationships with students, professors, and the occasional dean.

It was with some relief that when finally (and separately) both of us got to “speak” to Bunge after years of only silent adulation from afar, we were able to experience our own (small) wild moments with him. “Speak” is written in scare quotes because you don’t speak to Bill Bunge. He speaks to you—sometimes for a very long time. His first words to Trevor Barnes were, “I know where the bodies are buried,” followed by, “Remember, THEY are listening to every word you say.” Then, in response to Nik Heynen’s answering machine’s request for the caller’s name and telephone num-

ber, followed by the promise of a later reply, Bunge said, “Maybe you will, and maybe you won’t. My name is Bill Bunge, and I am a Communist.”

In a number of essays, Bunge ([1971] 2011, 135–38; 1988, acknowledgments) provides a potted autobiography, both personal and intellectual. Born in 1928, he grew up in La Crosse, Wisconsin, in a Lutheran, German American family. He says in his *Fitzgerald* biographical box, “Bunge generations alternate between money-making and cause-serving” (135). His father made money as a mortgage banker (and just as well, as we will see), but Bunge himself served many causes. With the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, he was drafted into the U.S. Fifth Army in November of that same year. Ironically, given his later writings, he was assigned to “teaching atomic war” at the Chemical, Biological, and Radiological Wartime School, Camp McCoy, Wisconsin (Bunge 1988, xi). He never says exactly what “teaching atomic war” involved (we did wonder), but during that period he also took courses from the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin. It was there that fatefully he met “the first professional geographer . . . in my life, . . . Richard Hartshorne” (Bunge 1988, xi). Hartshorne at that moment was likely the most famous American geographer alive, author of *The Nature of Geography* (1939), which authoritatively asserted and justified the discipline as a descriptive, ideographic, regional pursuit. Bunge may have accepted that methodological position in his first geography class (or knowing him, maybe not), but certainly within less than a decade he was publicly leading the charge against both it and Hartshorne. For over twenty-five years, Bunge and Hartshorne engaged in a tempestuous epistolary relationship, characterized by violent disagreements, accompanied sometimes by cruel and unjustified accusations, but in between containing moments of admiration and even tenderness.³

Demobbed in November 1952, Bunge finished his undergraduate degree and entered graduate school in geography at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where Hartshorne was based. Apart from geography, he pursued calculus, which he despised, and geometry, which he loved (Bunge

1988, xi). He completed an MA in 1955, but his 1956 doctoral preliminary exams were a disaster. Three examiners failed him, including Hartshorne. In what would be a familiar refrain, Hartshorne later wrote that his answers “were written as a direct insult to the question, and therefore the questioner.” Also a familiar refrain was Bunge’s response: “As for my flunk out. My crime, absolute rudeness, was not as serious as the Wisconsin’s staff [*sic*], stupidity.”⁴

Bunge went on the road, moving west, and in 1957 entered the graduate program at the geography department at the University of Washington, Seattle, becoming one of “the Garrison Raiders.” William Garrison had been hired as an assistant professor at Washington in 1950. Along with a group of very bright, ambitious, and energetic students (“the Raiders”) who had serendipitously arrived at “U Dubb” in the mid-1950s,⁵ Garrison was remaking the Seattle department from a staid center of Hartshornian regional geography to a site of cutting-edge science, spatial science. Out went “mere” regional description. In came abstract mathematical theorizing; descriptive and inferential statistical techniques; and in the chemistry building attic, a newly installed IBM 604 computer that was immediately used by the Raiders, although given their position in the university pecking order not usually until the early hours of the morning (Barnes 2004).

Within this proselytizing movement of spatial science at the University of Washington, Hartshorne was cast as the sinner. Bunge’s friend and fellow graduate student, Richard Morrill, said, “Richard Hartshorne, whose work we studied in detail, was what we struggled against” (1984, 59). Bunge arrived in Seattle at the very peak of the fervor, knowing some math, and certainly knowing Hartshorne. He was ready for battle. Kurt Schaefer, a Marxist German émigré geographer at Iowa, had already fired the first shot in that battle in 1953, publishing in the *Annals* what became a posthumous critique of Hartshorne’s ideographic regionalist position. Instead, Schaefer proposed positivist scientific explanation based on finding universal geographical laws—that is, the ultimate

in generalization, and the antithesis of the Hartshornian unique. Bunge’s PhD thesis, *Theoretical Geography*, completed with Garrison, was the most evangelical written by any of the Raiders. He preached in the preface: “Geography is a strict science” (Bunge [1962] 1966, x). The means to salvation were scientific theories and laws. “Through theory we can discover . . . morphological laws . . . so that our planet, Earth, fills our consciousness with its symmetry and ordered beauty” (Bunge 1966, 2). The thesis (originally titled “Fundamental Geography”) combined a philosophical argument drawn from Schaefer for law-based geographical explanation, with a set of diverse case studies each of which showed how a given geographical phenomenon ineluctably succumbed to the universal explanatory principles of Bunge’s favorite kind of mathematics, geometry. As he crowed to Hartshorne in a 1959 letter: “*We are achieving universality at the theoretical level. . . . We are theoretical or fundamental geographers*” (emphasis in the original).⁶

Hartshorne was not amused and asked for his name to be removed from the thesis’s acknowledgments. Then there was the vexing issue of where to publish the thesis. Hawking it around North American university presses drew a blank. The 1959 visit to the University of Washington department by Torsten Hägerstrand, the Swedish geographer based at Lund, saved the day. Hägerstrand edited a geographical monograph series at Lund with Gleerup publishers, and with Hägerstrand having met and been impressed by Bunge in Seattle, and with Bunge’s father, Bill Sr., having the money to pony up a \$1,800 banker’s check to Gleerup, the deal was sealed.⁷ *Theoretical Geography* was published by Gleerup in 1962. Thirty-eight years later it received the official imprimatur of a “Classics in Geography” designation by *Progress in Human Geography* (Bunge 2001; Cox 2001; McMillan 2001).

While Bunge might have been striving for universality in the mathematical empyrean, he also kept his feet on the ground, engaging in a variety of political causes as a graduate student. Dick Morrill and he were the most radical of the Raiders. Waldo Tobler, another fellow student at Washington at the

time, remembers: “There were riots also going on during that period, and Bunge went out and bought himself a really fancy suit. And he said that was his picketing suit. He would dress up in a tie and a suit and go on to the picket lines” (1998). For Bunge, the late 1950s and early 1960s in America were bleak times. But with political action, there could be at least a glimmer of hope that things would improve. He wrote to Hägerstrand in 1961: “I fear we are going the way of Nazi Germany and then to thermonuclear war. . . . It is very strange to continue my geography in the face of the complete disaster the human race faces but I am very strong and do feel that if we all try we will make it.”⁸ And so he tried.

Admittedly it didn’t start well. He was fired from his first position at the department of geography, University of Iowa, after only a year (1960–1961). “Witch hunt here in Iowa,” he laconically wrote to Hägerstrand.⁹ But he got a job the following year, 1962, at Wayne State University, located in Detroit’s inner city. Arriving, he “moved to the edge of the ghetto redline of Detroit, the Fitzgerald community, a Martin Luther King neighbourhood” (Bunge 1988, xvii). The rest is this book.

New Orientations toward “the City” and the Geography of Survival

At first the particularities of Fitzgerald took a back seat to the universal. Bunge continued to fill his consciousness with the earth’s “symmetry and ordered beauty.” The year he arrived he inaugurated the Michigan Interuniversity Community of Mathematical Geographers (MICMOG). Meeting once a month in the back room of a tavern in Brighton, Michigan, the participants, several of whom were former Garrison Raiders, talked Greek letters and the axioms of Euclid.¹⁰ The following year he also began working with another “fundamental geographer,” Bill Warntz at the American Geographical Society, writing a textbook for the new geography: *Geography: The Innocent Science*. It continued in the earlier evangelical spirit. For example, in June 1963, Bunge wrote to Warntz as they were finishing the prospectus for the book: “Was it in your ear that God whispered that you were supposed to reorganise the profession? I hope so. Maybe if I

stand on a mountain the outline will come as tablet with a burst of lightning" (quoted in Bunge 2001, 76). Presumably it didn't. And neither did the text, which despite increasingly desperate pleas from the publisher, John Wiley, was finally abandoned by Bunge and Warntz in 1971.¹¹

While the grip of the universal on Bunge was strong, it increasingly loosened from the mid-1960s. America seemed to begin to unravel, often in a series of very concrete events that happened literally on the street. In a retrospective essay, Bunge talks about the moment when the concrete particularities became as important as the universal abstractions:

The Crime had started. . . . Having lived through McCarthyism, I fully expected to be in a concentration camp within a year. (Instead I was forced into exile in five.) Selma occurred some days after The Crime began. I went to Selma. I went to everything. Peace demonstrations in New York, in Washington, Civil Rights demonstrations in Jackson, Mississippi. But two places had a profound effect. I went to Chicago for the Martin Luther King demonstrations in 1966. While there I stayed in the black ghetto in a hotel at 67th and Stony Island. I learned how you have to "get ready to kill the world" to walk across the street to get a corned beef sandwich; that is, I could make it on "the mean streets"—an indispensable skill for urban exploration in antagonistic systems. I worked with a young black woman, a union worker . . . Rene Spears. She hated my concern about the three dimensionality of the human species and our need to protect the world's children. Her people's children were starving. . . . Another young black woman, Gwendolyn Warren, from Fitzgerald in Detroit . . . was teaching me similar lessons, filled with hatred towards me because I did not notice the children being murdered by automobiles in front of their homes or children starving in front of abundant food. "Immediacy" was their cry, "To Hell with the World." (1979, 170)

As part of knowing his place, he became heavily involved in community organizing in Fitzgerald. It was during the Detroit riots of 1967 that he first began to write *Fitzgerald*. During "the smoke of

revolution . . . for six days in July 1967, I lived in everyone's definition of freedom—no state. . . . [It] had been driven out. . . . I was free to think freely, so I did. I wrote a peace book, *Fitzgerald*" (Bunge 1988, xix). From inside *Fitzgerald*, he began to study the neighborhood intensively, an area of a square mile. As he wrote to Hartshorne in 1968, "I suppose no square mile has ever been studied as intensively."¹² He realized that he was becoming in part a Hartshornian regional geographer. "In this micro-historic-regional effort I came to . . . [the] conclusion [that] . . . all the classic concepts reported by classical regionalists were true. The necessity for exhaustive field work. The use of maps. The necessity for 'the feel of the region.'"¹³ He had not given up being a scientist, but he recognized for political reasons the importance of also dealing with the concrete and the unique. As he said to Don Janelle in a 1976 interview about his apparent switch, "Yes, I have been forced to admit I was wrong [about the unique] . . . which is very painful; it's the only thing I've ever been wrong at, and I'll never be wrong again, so don't think it was habitual" (Dow 1976, 2).

In spite of what Bunge wrote to Hartshorne, *Fitzgerald* was clearly no old-time, ideographic descriptive regionalist study. It was a book that tried to change the world and along with it, change the discipline of geography. This was the importance of what Bunge called "geographical expeditions" (1969), which from 1968 were formalized through the Detroit Geographical Expedition and Institute (DGEI). The expeditions began as field trips for white geographers, students, and professionals into the terra incognita of a black inner-city neighborhood, Fitzgerald. But for Bunge this was not to be voyeurism or another version of academic colonialism. It was to be the beginning of a constructive pedagogical experiment involving conversation and interaction between academics and residents, transforming both as well as the neighborhood. In this sense, although Bunge always self-identifies as a Communist (as in his telephone message), there are strong strains of American pragmatism to his project. For pragmatists, to make it through life successfully, we must always be open to new ideas, to be ready to listen and to learn, to try new things and experiment.

Exactly that creed was embodied in the DGEI, which was jointly founded by Bunge and Gwendolyn Warren, the "young black woman" he met in Fitzgerald. The DGEI was partly about providing ideas by offering free college extension courses to Detroit inner-city residents. Sponsored by the University of Michigan, the first course, "Geographical Aspects of Urban Planning," was run in the summer of 1969 with an enrolment of forty (Horvarth 1971, 74). Michigan State subsequently took over the sponsorship, expanding the geography offerings, and in 1970 listed courses from ten different departments with an enrolment of over four hundred. But mainly DGEI was about facilitating research by the community in its own neighborhood for its own ends. That's what the extension courses were about. They were not meant to indoctrinate, but, like the urban planning course or a later one in cartography, to provide tools for Fitzgerald residents that in true pragmatist fashion would get things done, that would cope with the world. Not all of those tools would be useful. There would be a need to experiment. The point, though, was that the experiments would come from within the community and not be imposed from outside. In his report from the first years of the DGEI, Bunge said this of the expeditions:

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. . . . It is also 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. (1969)

For Bunge these themes and purposes became the larger justification for the discipline of geography. It should be engaged in the radically democratic project of providing pedagogical resources to enable suppressed and exploited communities to manage themselves, to create a better world that is theirs, made and managed by them (on

the pedagogical character of Bunge's project, see Heyman 2007). But for that to happen, geographers themselves needed to change. They must go into the field to be involved, to engage actively the communities they study. There should be less time inside the library and more time outside within the city. As Bunge put it in his reply to Peirce Lewis: "Books not the earth's surface have become [the geographer's] life. Libraries, including map libraries, are not where geographers are supposed to spend their life work. . . . We end up a caricature of ourselves. We are in the computer center watching the printout to see if it is raining outside. If the ghetto burns down we will not know it because it does not show on Symap" (1974, 488).

Needless to say, Bunge's position was not well received. He was fired from Wayne State in 1969 (the official reason was for cursing during lectures, according to Peet 1977, 14). Moving to Canada, he taught for a year each at Western Ontario and York universities, but neither position turned into anything longer term. Out of work, he drove a cab in Toronto. He reckoned this was where a true geographical education could be had: "You will know more, if you have driven a cab, than a man sitting there with a factorial ecology printout," he said in the interview with Janelle (Dow 1976, 4). While the discipline may not have yet come around to believing that geographers should all be cabbies, since *Fitzgerald* was published, it has increasingly come around to believing that geographers should actively participate and interact with the communities they study. It has come around to the view that there is no God's-eye view of the kind that mathematical universals promise. Instead, we are all together at ground level. Research is not some specialized pure activity, the preserve of a few elite experts. But it needs to be carried out collectively, in the interests of everyone. This was yet another kind of revolution that *Fitzgerald* provoked, and it allows us to appreciate the brilliance of Bunge's achievement.

Specifically, *Fitzgerald* introduced the city to North American geographers in a way that it had never been seen by them before. Bunge takes readers to the inner city, to a primarily African American

space, and to the crushing racism, patriarchy, and economic deprivation associated with it. Before Bunge, the inner city was a space that white immigrants temporarily moved into in order to acquire social and economic resources before later moving out. Bunge showed in his study of the Detroit neighborhood of Fitzgerald that for many African American residents the inner city was no transition. That's all there was. Not that American urban geographers knew what was going on; for them inner-city neighborhoods like Fitzgerald were *terrae incognitae*. They were spaces on the urban map they didn't enter. As such, they didn't realize the struggle for survival that was ongoing, always, within the city.

That's why it was necessary to organize, as Bunge did, expeditions into the ghetto and to publish a book like *Fitzgerald*. But it was also necessary to be more than spectators. That's why Bunge moved into the Fitzgerald neighborhood and participated in grassroots campaigns to recover this part of the city for its residents ("a peoples' geography"), as well as to forge better lives and material living conditions. In accordance with this same vision of what geographers could and should do and the openness within which they should do it, Bunge proceeded to become one of geography's first public intellectuals, as is evidenced in his appeal to the readers of the *The Crisis* and *The New York Times* about the historical problems of racism within geography and the promise geography continued to hold for improving people's lives (1965a; 1965b). In *The Crisis*, for instance, he almost begged for the chance for geographers to use their science for the benefit of society: "This is a polemic with a purpose. If any readers share, even in part, these misgivings [the historically racist nature of geography] or have others they wish to raise, please write to me so that we can consider further action. For instance, if enough support develops, we can petition our Association [the Association of American Geographers] to commission a study group leading to missionary work among the nation's school systems" (1965a, 538). By writing in both the NAACP's main publication (*The Crisis*) and the newspaper most associated with "high-brow intellectualism" within North America, Bunge clearly

sought to reach as large and diverse a readership as possible with his ideas about the possibilities of a geography of survival.

And, in the reply to Fryer's criticisms, Bunge wrote:

Geography does not belong to geographers alone, anymore than medicine to doctors. People, plain ordinary people, have a right to demand good health from medical schools. Similarly, geography departments in the end must be accountable to the people among whom they lie. Academic geographers seem to feel they actually own geography. If things are mislocated in the cities that house geography departments, academics do not seem to consider these mislocations their business, their responsibility even in part. Even if these mislocations personally affect the children of these academic geographers themselves, what can they do? Why should anyone expect them to do anything? (1974, 482)

It should come as no surprise then that one of enduring legacies in the "Bunge stories" we have heard, the archival documents we have seen, and his own work was his uncompromising and unapologetic attention to the survival of human life. Bunge pays attention to the geography of survival throughout the whole history of Fitzgerald. He saw the geography of survival concretely embedded within the spatial power relations that shaped the neighborhood, going back to 1816, when Joseph Fletcher did the first land survey of the streets that allowed the first European Americans to claim property ownership. He discusses these historical moments against the backdrop of soon-to-be residents like James Kanada, who escaped the harsh tribulations of slavery in 1850 and settled in Fitzgerald in 1864 only to have a white landowner, Michael Henderson, try to swindle him out of the land he settled and his everyday necessities. Fitzgerald urbanized and continued to see racial mixing, ultimately becoming a predominantly African American neighborhood, and Bunge interprets this development through the lens of survival, saying, "Adding it all up, the black culture is a survival culture. It is a culture that has resulted from facing persistent individual and collective death for over

three hundred continuous years. All that has survived is survival. *Black is Life*" ([1971] 2011, 106).

While many scholars interested in race and gender, or more specifically, the social construction of race and gender, turn to work by scholars like hooks (1984), Omi and Winant (1986), Collins (1990), and Goldberg (2002), more contemporarily, Bunge, who was working hard to understand what we now often refer to as intersectionality within the everyday life interactions of the residents of Fitzgerald in the early 1970s, is not often, if ever, cited in work on these topics. Yet his attention toward identity politics for the sake of better understanding both the material and discursive power relations that underpin urban inequality and human survival still have a great deal to say. While it certainly might be the case that Bunge discusses some of these issues in a way that many would call essentializing, more recent and nuanced theoretical perspectives, we argue, are only possible after the kinds of foundational work done in *Fitzgerald*. So for instance, while discussing "cultural race-mixing" Bunge says: "Yet no one individual totally understands the language of America, for it is multicultural. . . . If a word isn't in an unabridged dictionary, that doesn't necessarily prove that it isn't a word. The dictionary might be prejudiced. . . . The way to overcome separate cultural expression is through mutual cultural respect. . . . 'Color' does rub off on you" (102). And, *Fitzgerald* has rubbed off on us to increase the scope of how we think about the city and the geography of survival.

Conclusion

After it was first published, *Fitzgerald* rattled geography of the early 1970s across multiple axes. Bunge clearly paid attention to the commentary about his book and repeatedly responded in defense of his project. In 1974, a particularly frustrated Bunge wrote an essay for the *Annals of the Association of American Geography* titled "*Fitzgerald* from a Distance." In the essay, which was the response to the Lewis review, Bunge said, "The cutting edge of science always makes everyone madder than a wet hen. There is no such thing as a dispassionate scientist. Theoretical geography took many years (long before I wrote on the subject

it was coming into articulated thought) to become 'respectable.' Urban exploration, the use of geography in the protection of children, survival geography, because of the overwhelming need, cannot wait for a gradual acceptance. Those of us who are convinced must plunge ahead even if it upsets our fellow tradesmen" (1974, 485). Given that today, like 1971, we see unprecedented urban poverty and inequality, Bunge's unapologetic tone toward these issues is as important as it ever was. Take, for instance, that of the almost 50 million people living in food insecure households, a number that has jumped from 36 million just four years ago, 32 million are adults and 17 million are children (this represents 22.5 percent of all U.S. children). African American and Hispanic households (26 percent and 27 percent, respectively) continue to struggle against much higher food insecurity rates than the national average. We need Bunge's perspective now as much as ever to think through not only geography's history, but also what its future might aspire to be. We need it because, we would argue, the status quo, as opposed to attention to human survival, still dominates the discipline.

The questions Bunge raised in *Fitzgerald* about the inner city, race, gender, jobs, the operation of the property market, and human survival remain as vital as they were forty years ago. Further, Bunge's prose remains inspiring, insightful, and riveting. *Fitzgerald* is a classic not only in human geography but in the social sciences. That the business of book publishing should lead to the near disappearance of a book that is so important is of course problematic, but it is unfortunately also quite common. However, if ever a book deserved reprinting, it is this one. We have worked with the University of Georgia Press to reprint the book because there is still a great deal of work to be done within geography to teach, learn about, and help shape a more humane, fair, and egalitarian urbanism, as Bunge discussed so passionately throughout the pages of *Fitzgerald*. We tell our undergraduate and graduate students alike to read Bunge's book from cover to cover. We tell them that they will never read another book like it by a geographer. It would indeed be shameful if junior scholars of all kinds, not just geographers, did not have access to the

book and were thus unable to realize the connection between our scholarship and the places we seek to understand as vibrantly as is the case for Bunge and Fitzgerald. Bunge himself makes this point better than we can in the closing pages of the book when he says, "And Fitzgerald, Fighting Fitzgerald, has not struggled in vain, for this book records its fight. The neighborhood can be flattened by the machines for its courage, its defiance, its humanity, but Fitzgerald's story will live as long as mankind [*sic*] lives, in his libraries, in his minds, around the world, for there is nothing more modest or more glorious than [*sic*] the story of the human races' struggle for Life itself" (242).

Notes

The front matter from the Schenkman edition follows this foreword; the title page, copyright page, and table of contents have been removed, but the other elements are presented in their original configuration. The foldout map of Fitzgerald, which was attached to the inside front cover of the original edition, follows the appendix in this edition.

1. Donald Meining (1983, 315) retrospectively called *Fitzgerald* "a work of art," a consequence, as Derek Gregory (1994, 83) elaborates, of "the sheer intensity of the experience and passion surging through its pages."

2. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Bunge

3. The correspondence between Hartshorne and Bunge that begins in 1957 and continues to 1976 is found at the American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee. Reading it one often feels an interloper. Hartshorne's last deposited letter to Bunge is a seven-page, nineteen-numbered-point refutation of Bunge's various accusations made in a letter to Andrew Clark, the former head of the department of geography at Wisconsin, a few weeks earlier. By the time Bunge's letter was received Clark was dead from cancer, and it was Hartshorne who replied. W. Bunge to A. Clark, no date, and R. Hartshorne to W. Bunge, February 21, 1976, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

4. R. Hartshorne to H. McCarty, November 4, 1960, and W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, end of June or early July, 1959, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

5. They included Duane Marble, Brian Berry, Dick Morrill, John Nystuen, Michael Dacey, and later Arthur Getis and Waldo Tobler.

6. W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, June 1, 1959, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

7. W. Bunge to T. Hägerstrand, October 17, 1961, University of Lund, Papers of Torsten Hägerstrand, Volume 6 (1961–1963).

8. W. Bunge to T. Hägerstrand, no date but either late 1961 or early 1962, University of Lund, Papers of Torsten Hägerstrand, Volume 6 (1961–1963).

9. Ibid.

10. See the MICMOG discussion paper series that is now available online: <http://hdl.handle.net/2027.42/58252>.

11. Correspondence about *Geography: The Innocent Science*, including the contract and a first draft version of some of the chapters, which come with props such as a mini-Varignon frame and beach ball, are found in Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections, Cornell University, Papers of William Warntz (1955–88), Box 45.

12. W. Bunge to R. Hartshorne, October 15, 1968, American Geographical Society Library, University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Papers of Richard Hartshorne, "Correspondence William Bunge," File F, Box 194.

13. Ibid.

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