

LISA CHARLOTTE ROST



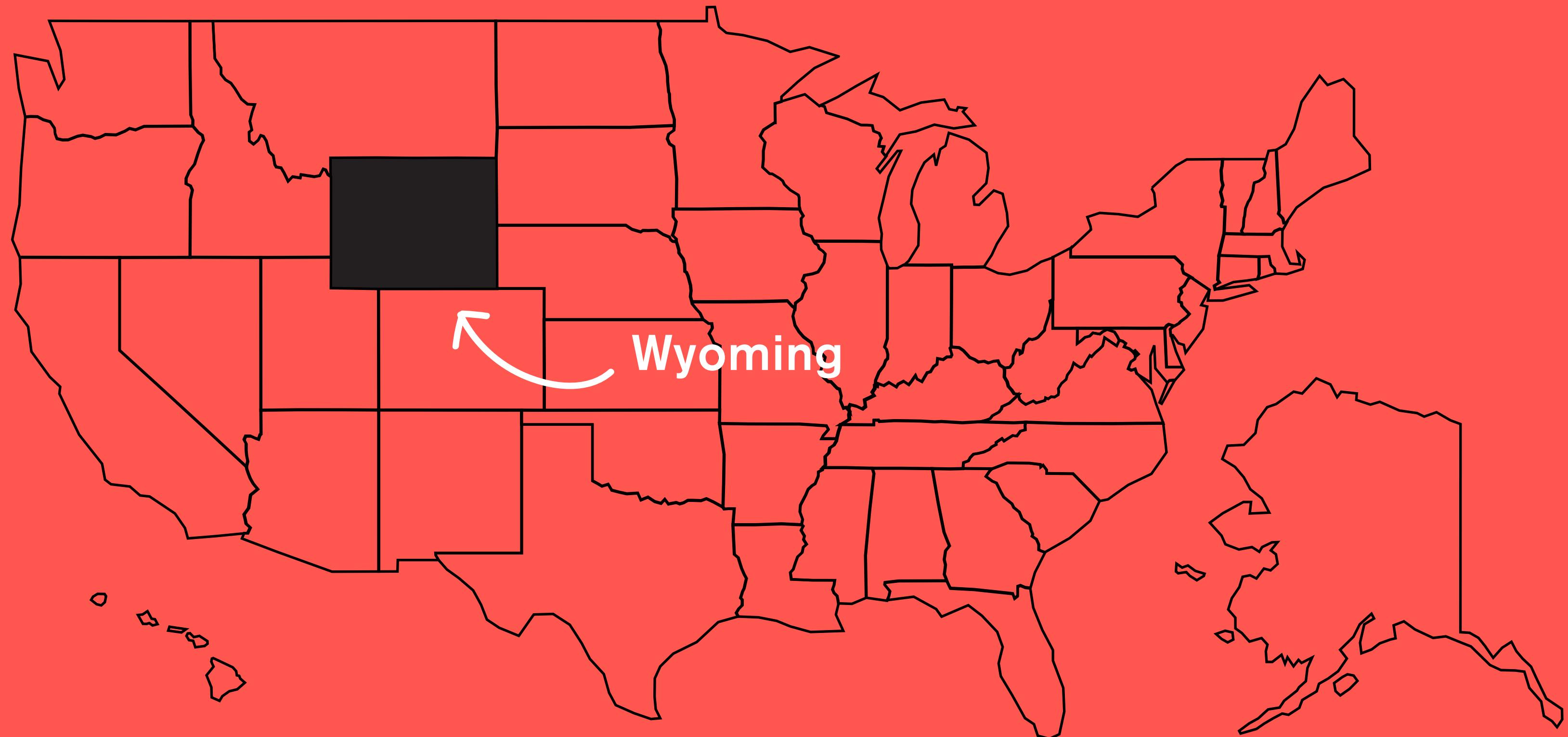
bit.ly/mappoetry

Map Poetry

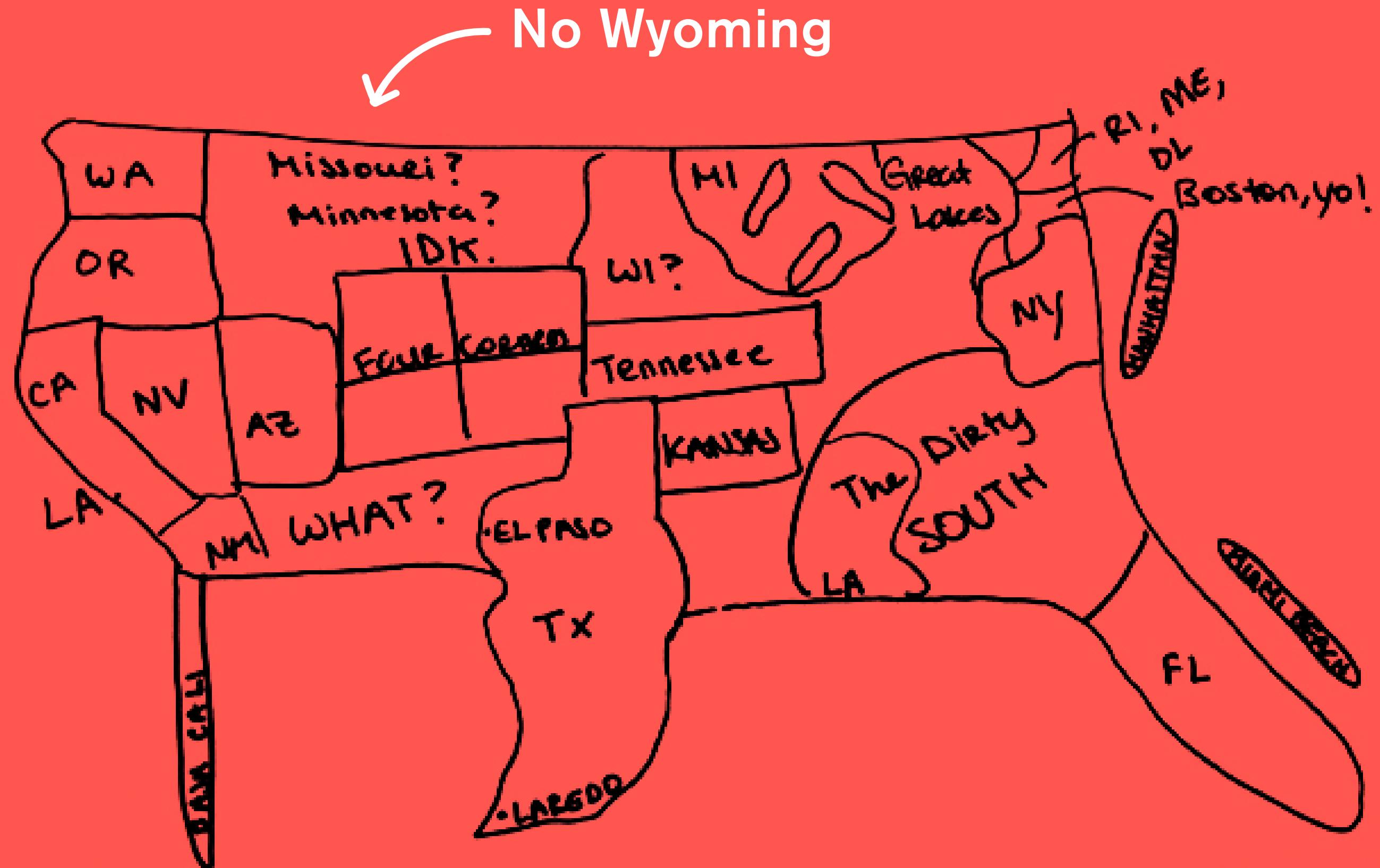
“The map is not the territory’ he said, imperfectly encapsulating the phenomenal object of his thought in a series of crude symbols”

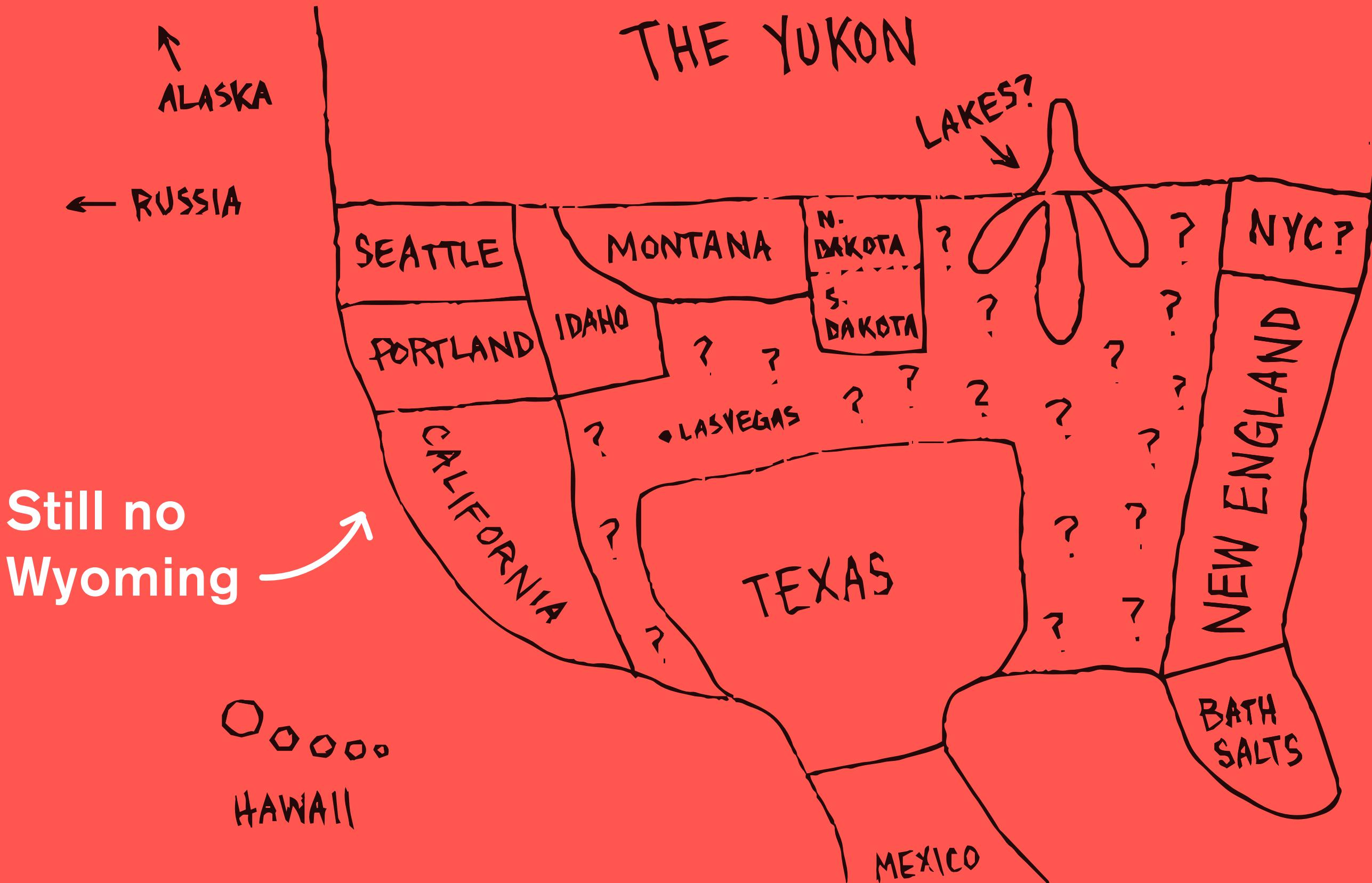
@SCHEMAOFPATTERN

@LISACROST

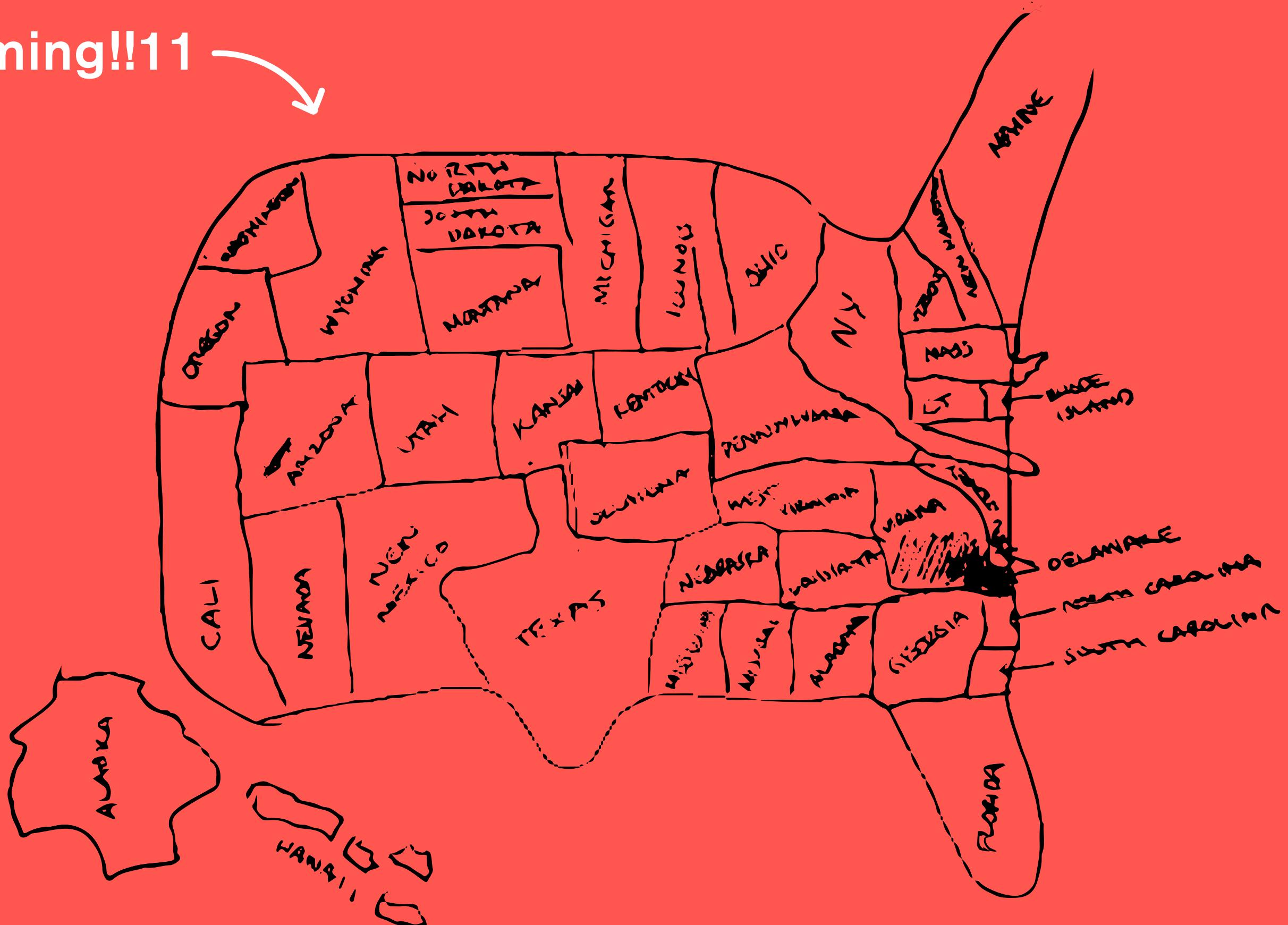


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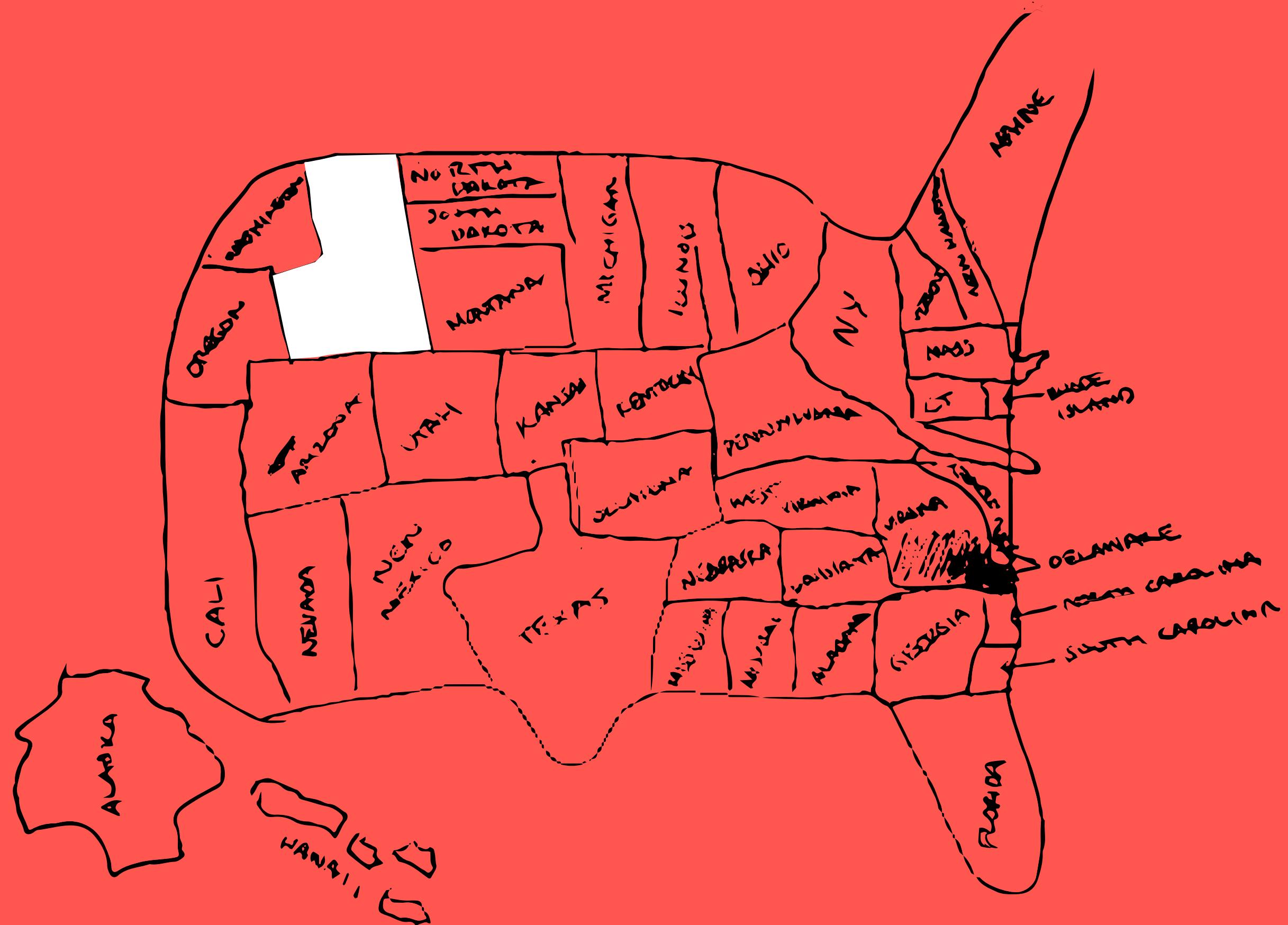




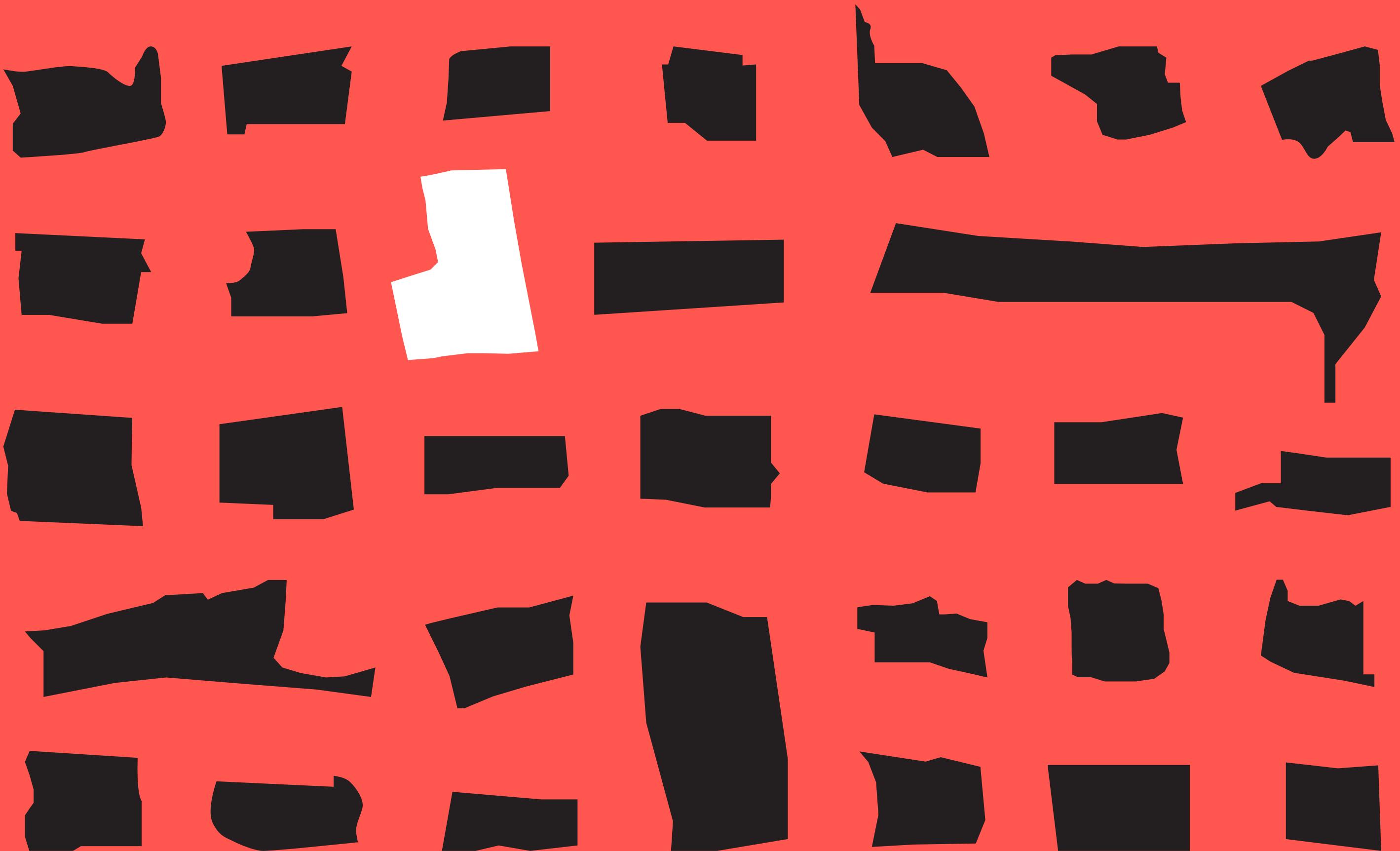
Wyoming!!11



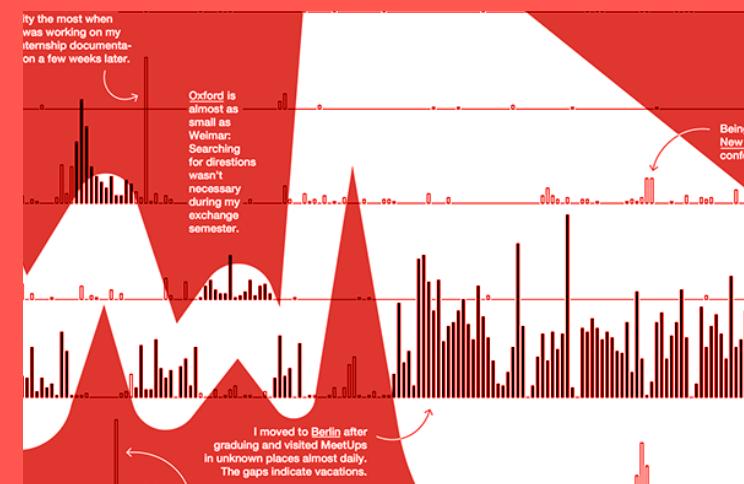
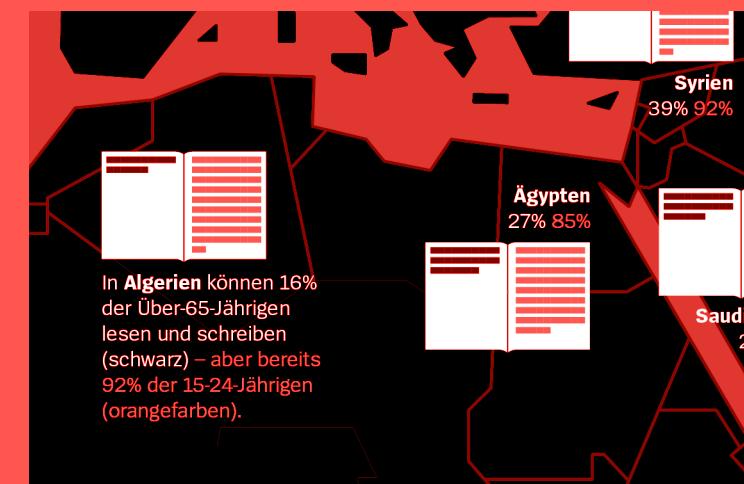
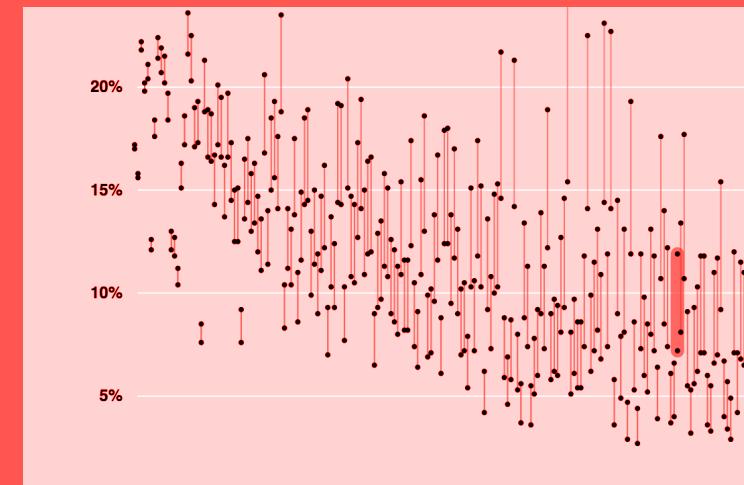
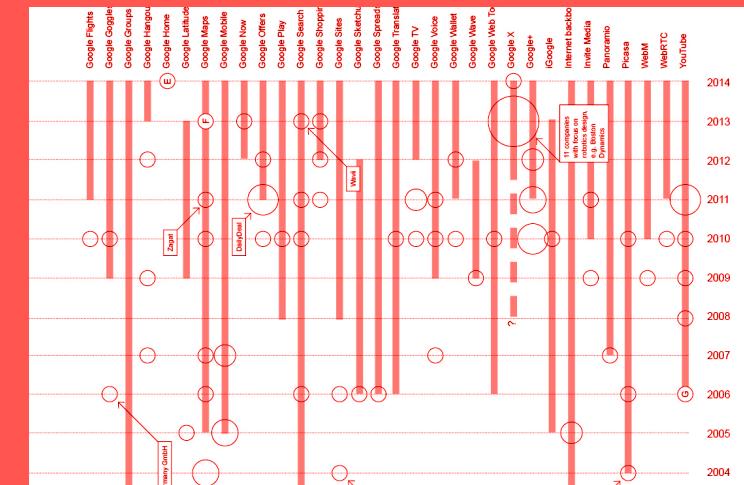
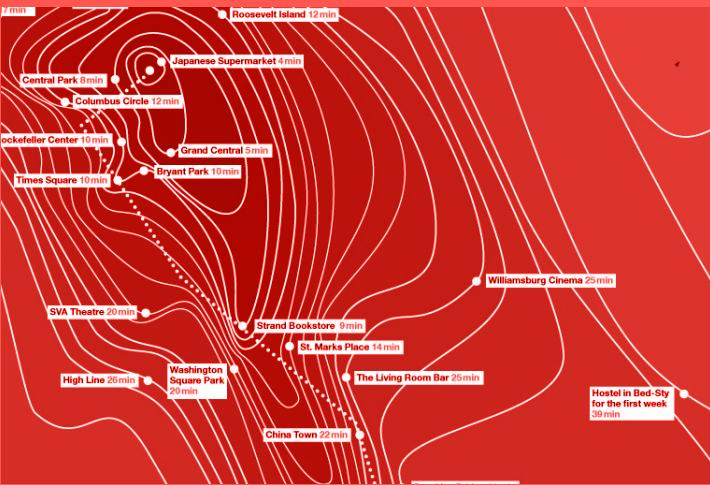
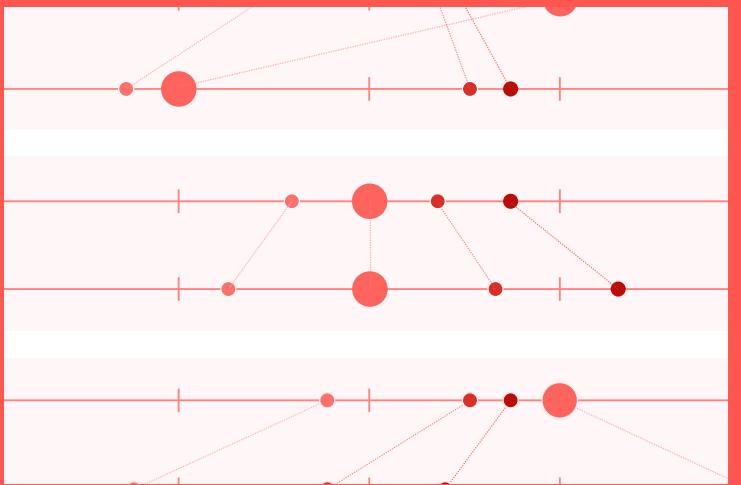
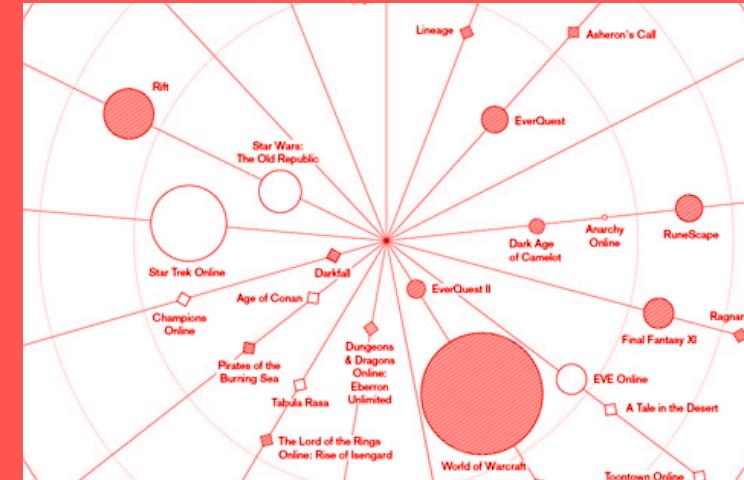
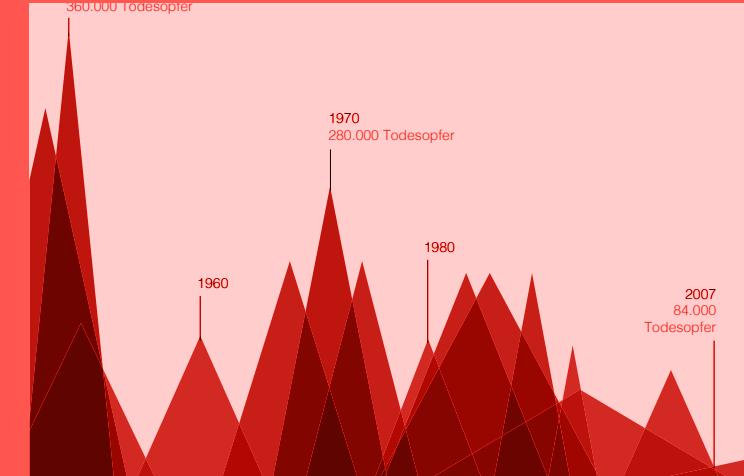
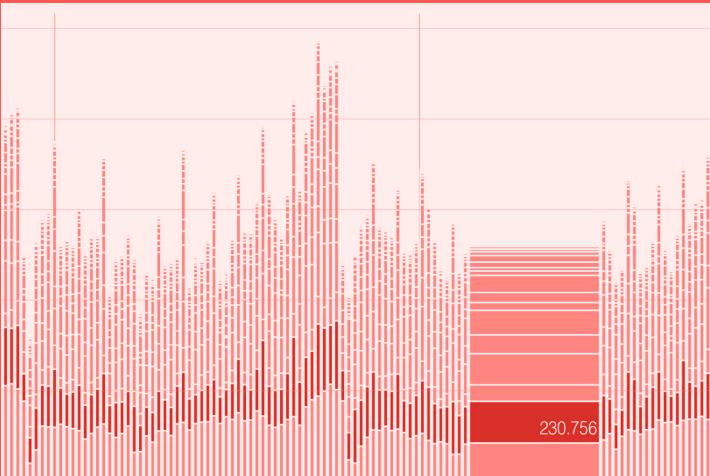
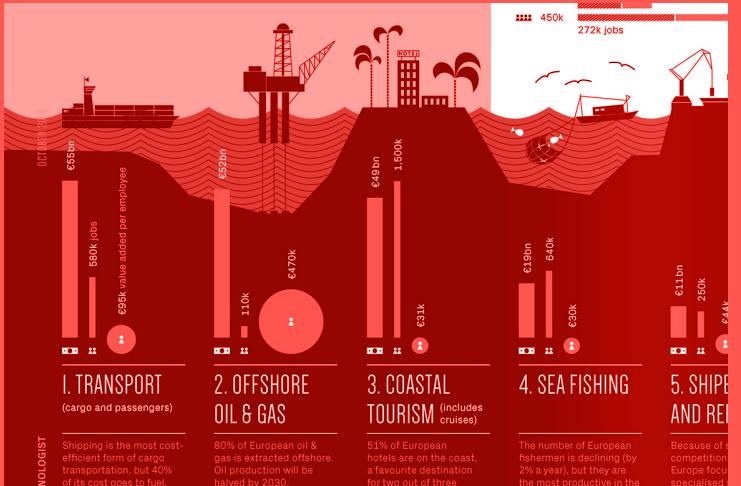
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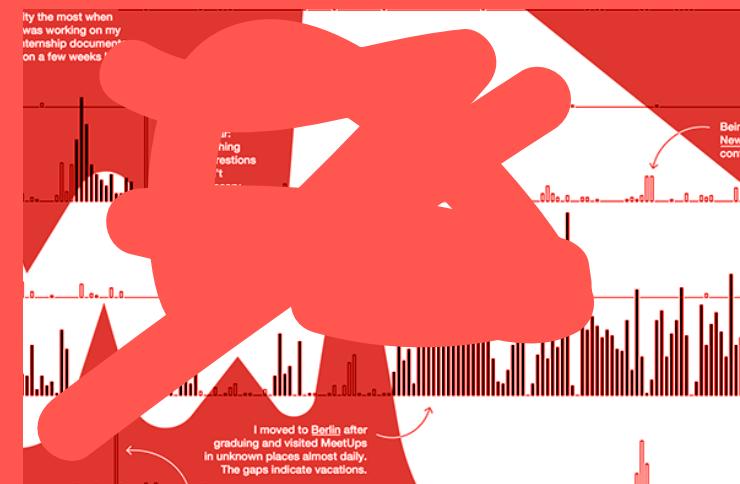
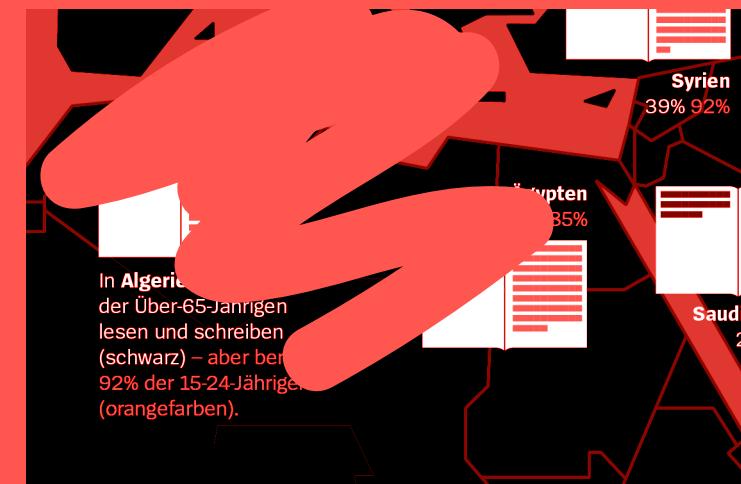
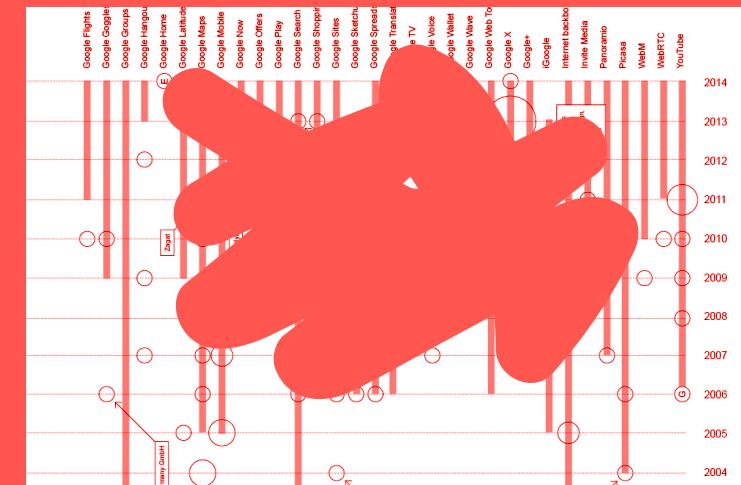
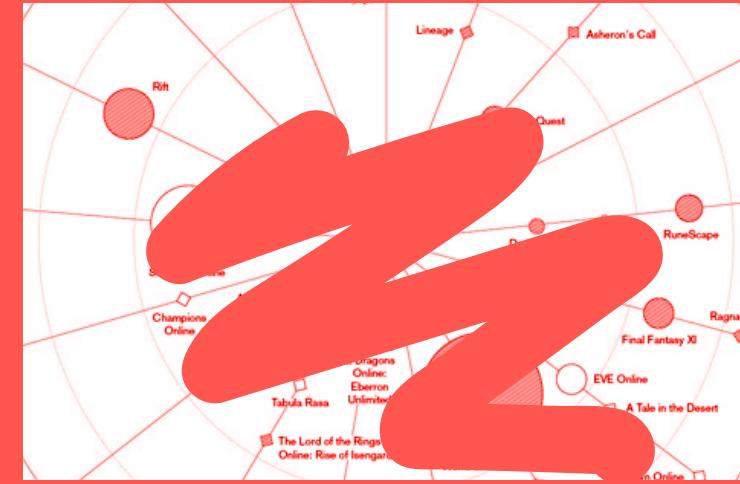
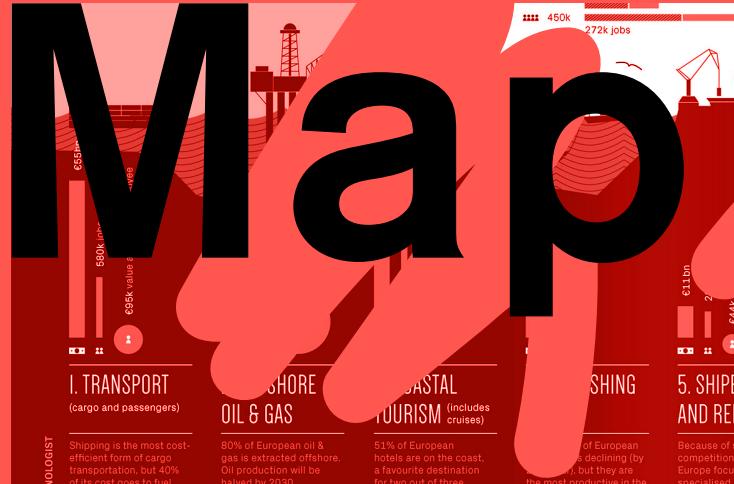


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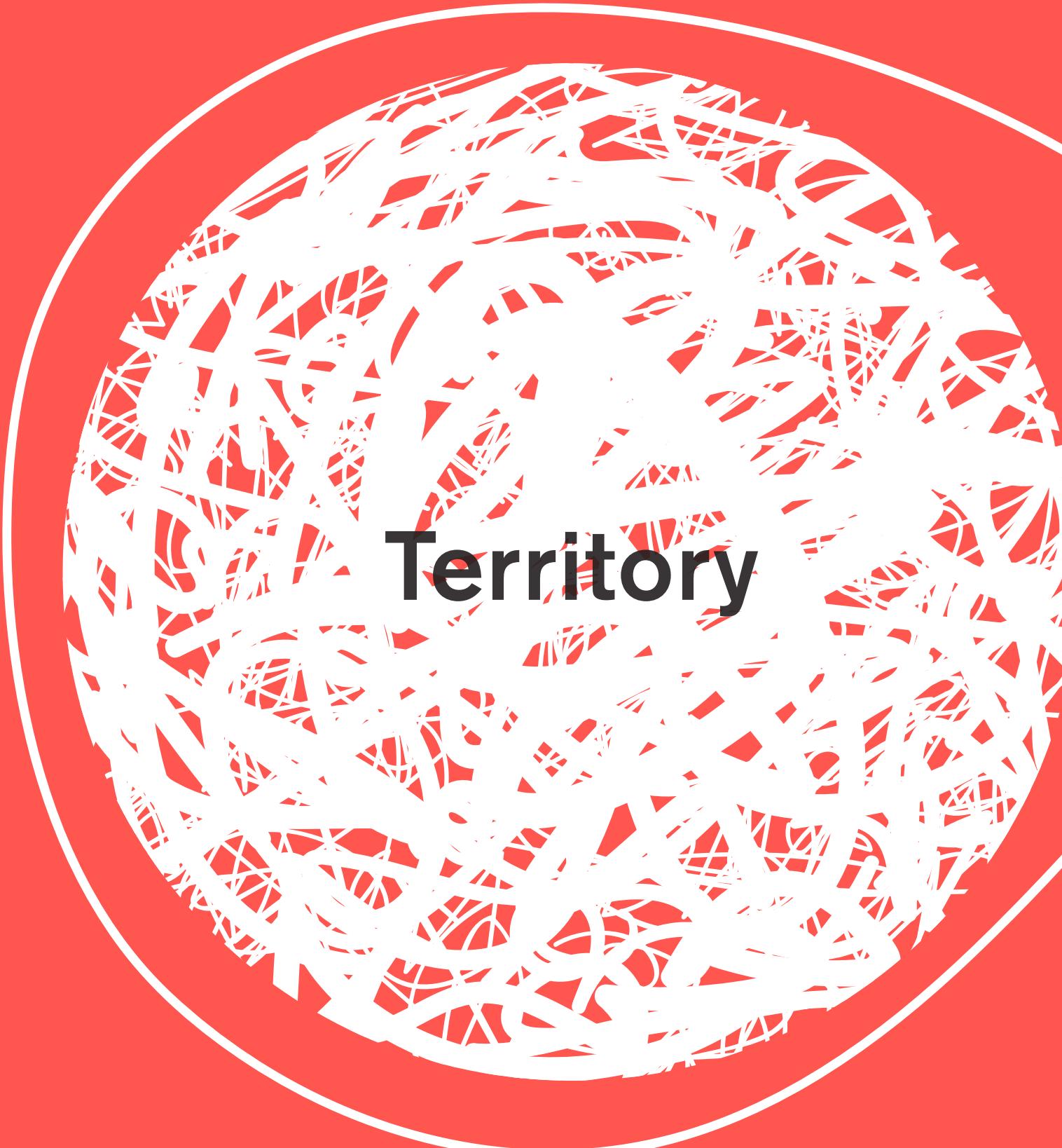


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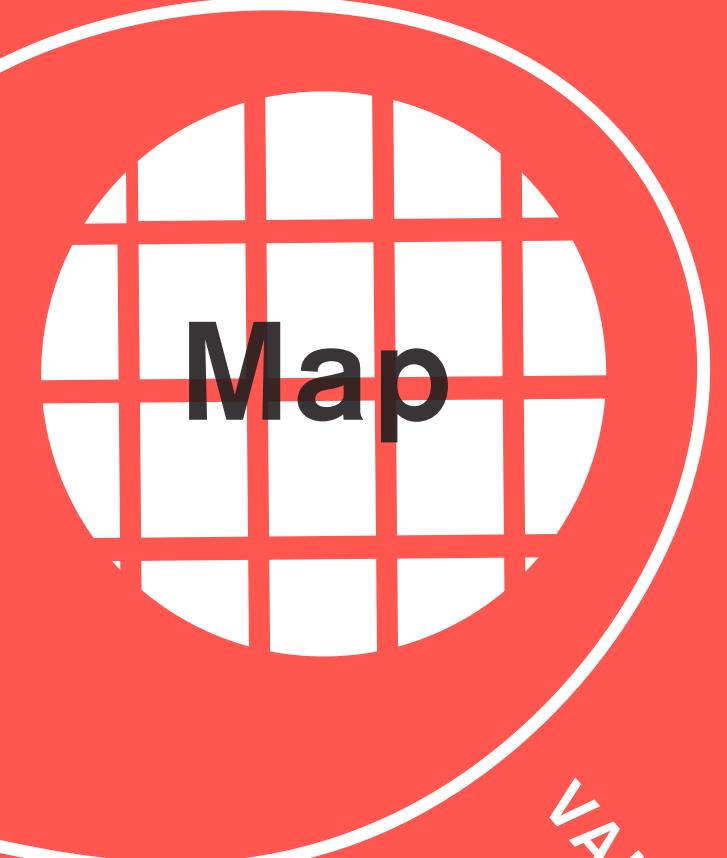
Map Poetry



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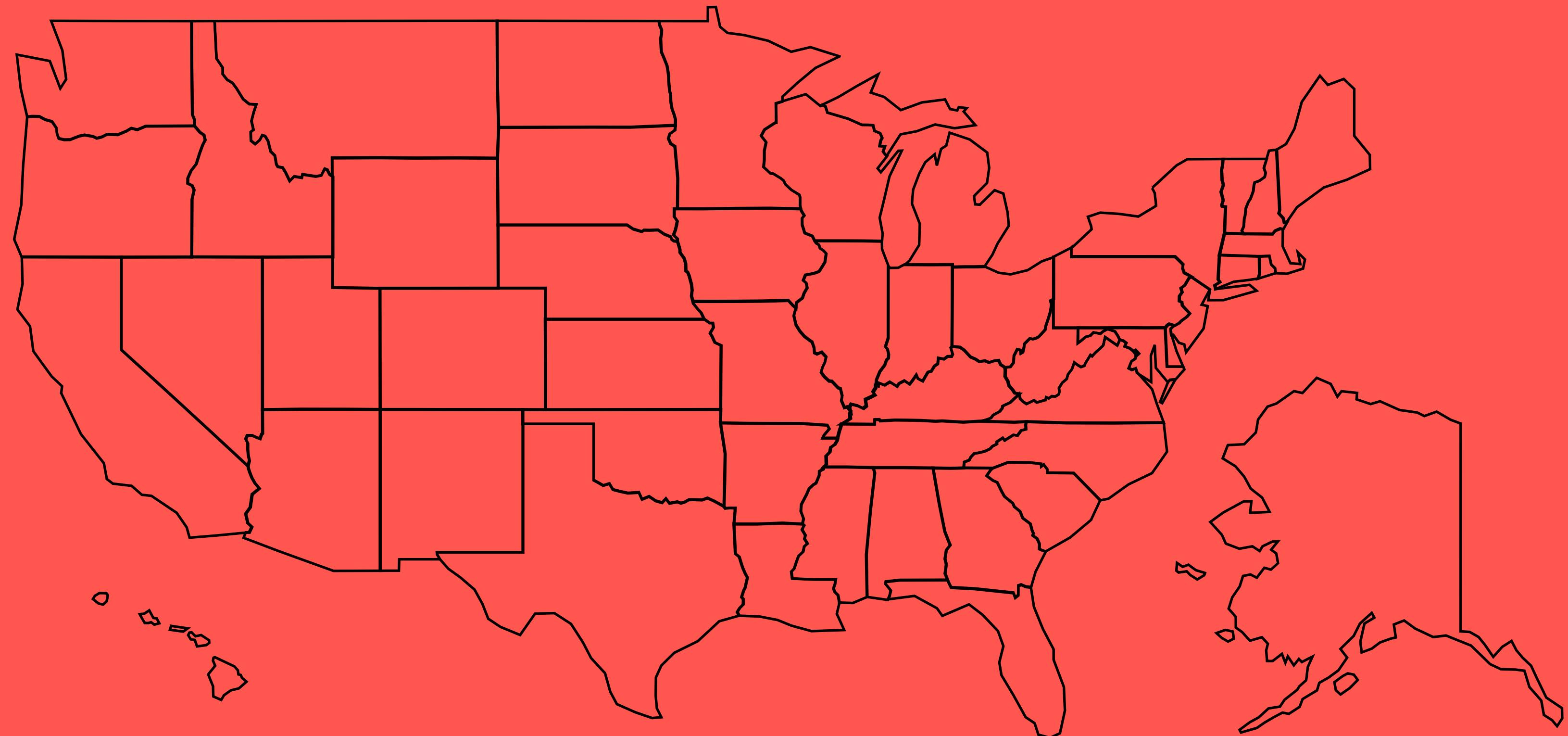
BELIEFS



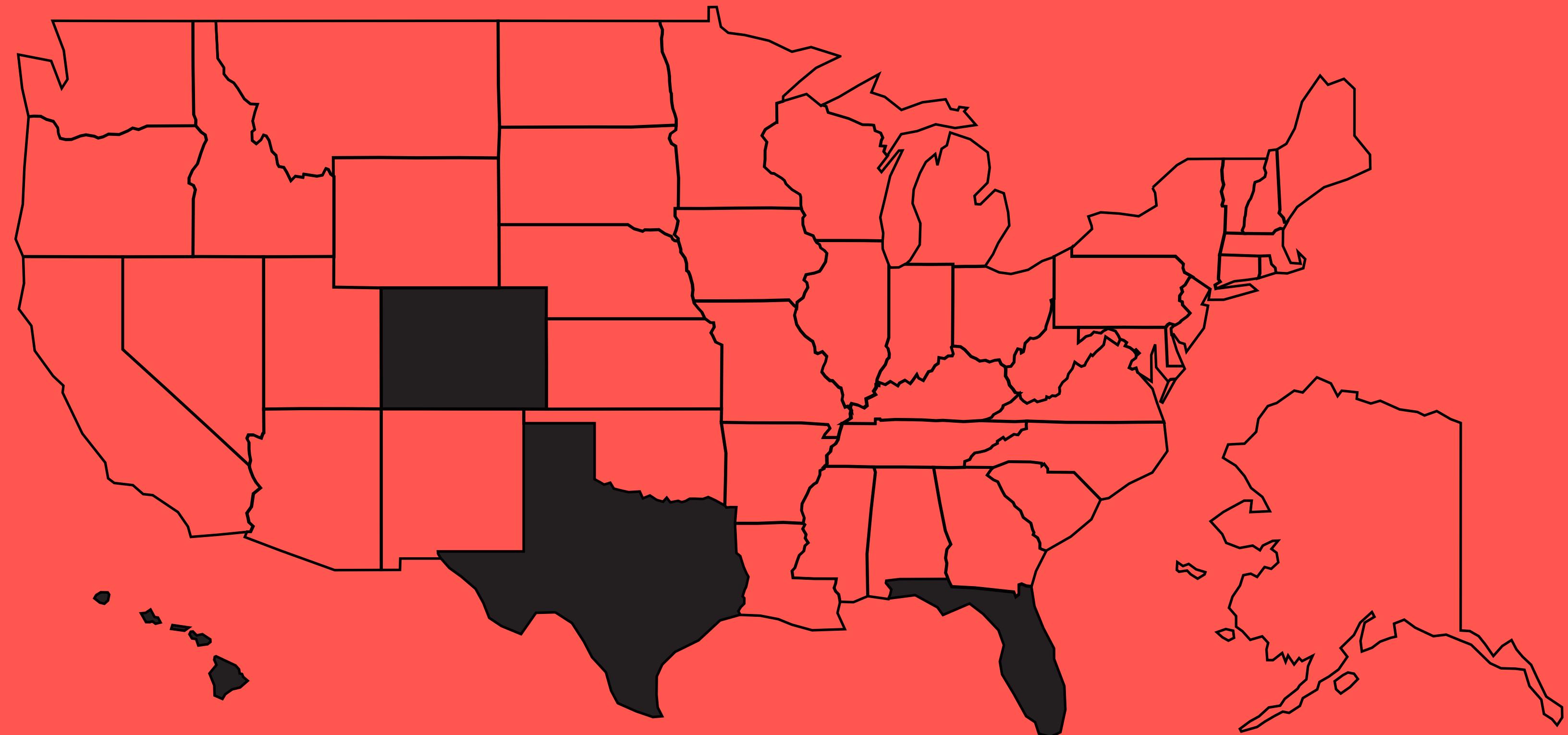
VALUES

MEMORIES

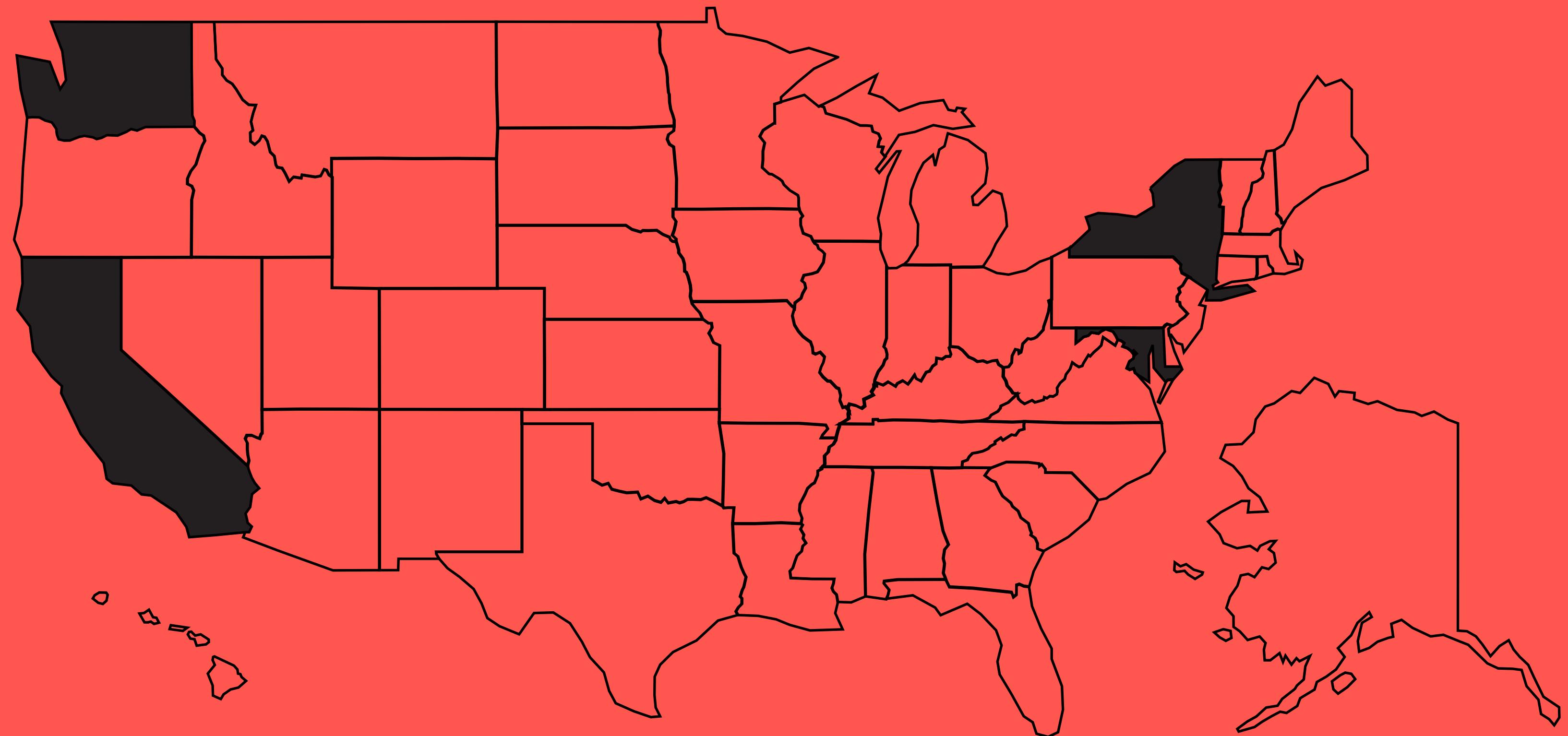
EXPERIENCE



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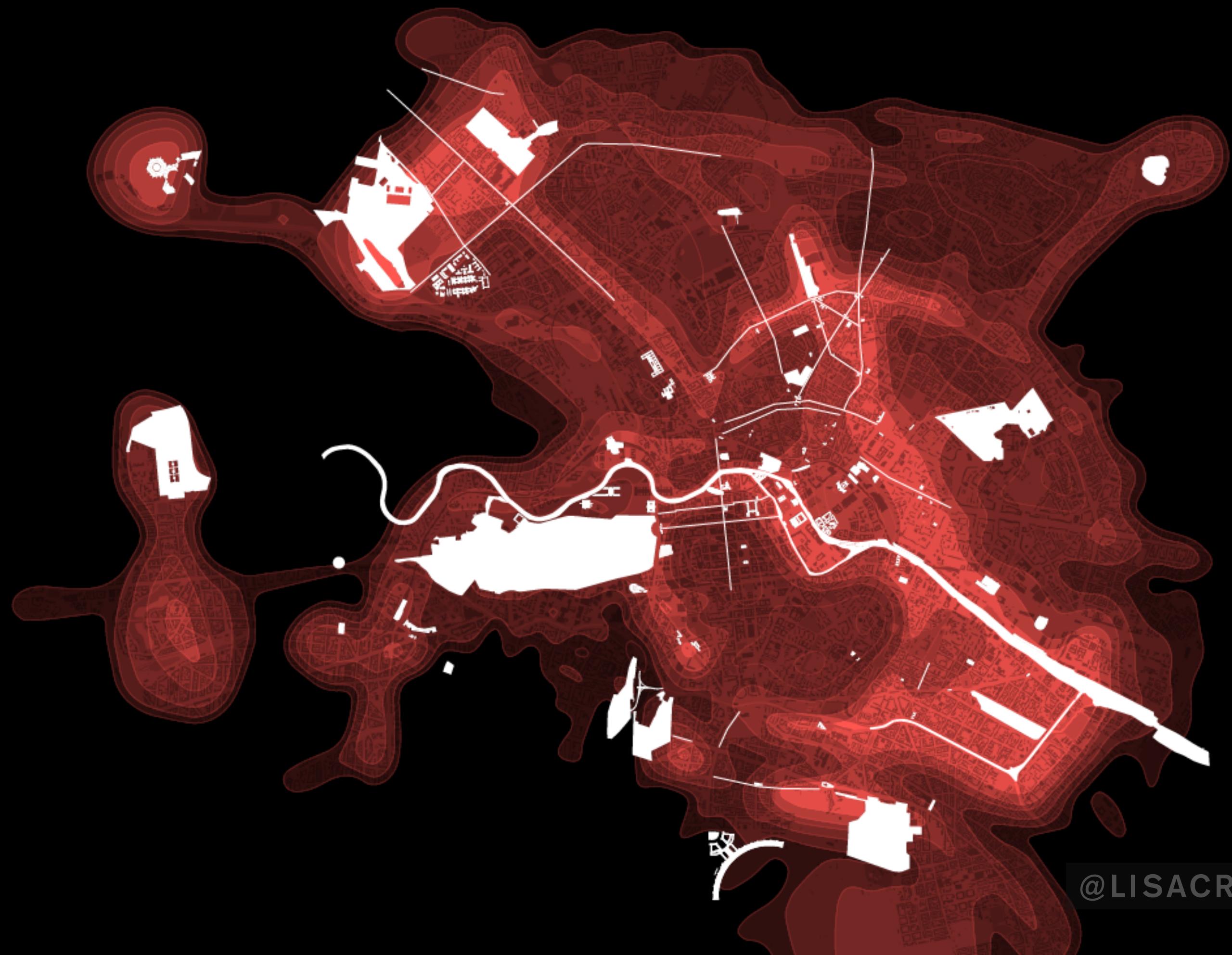
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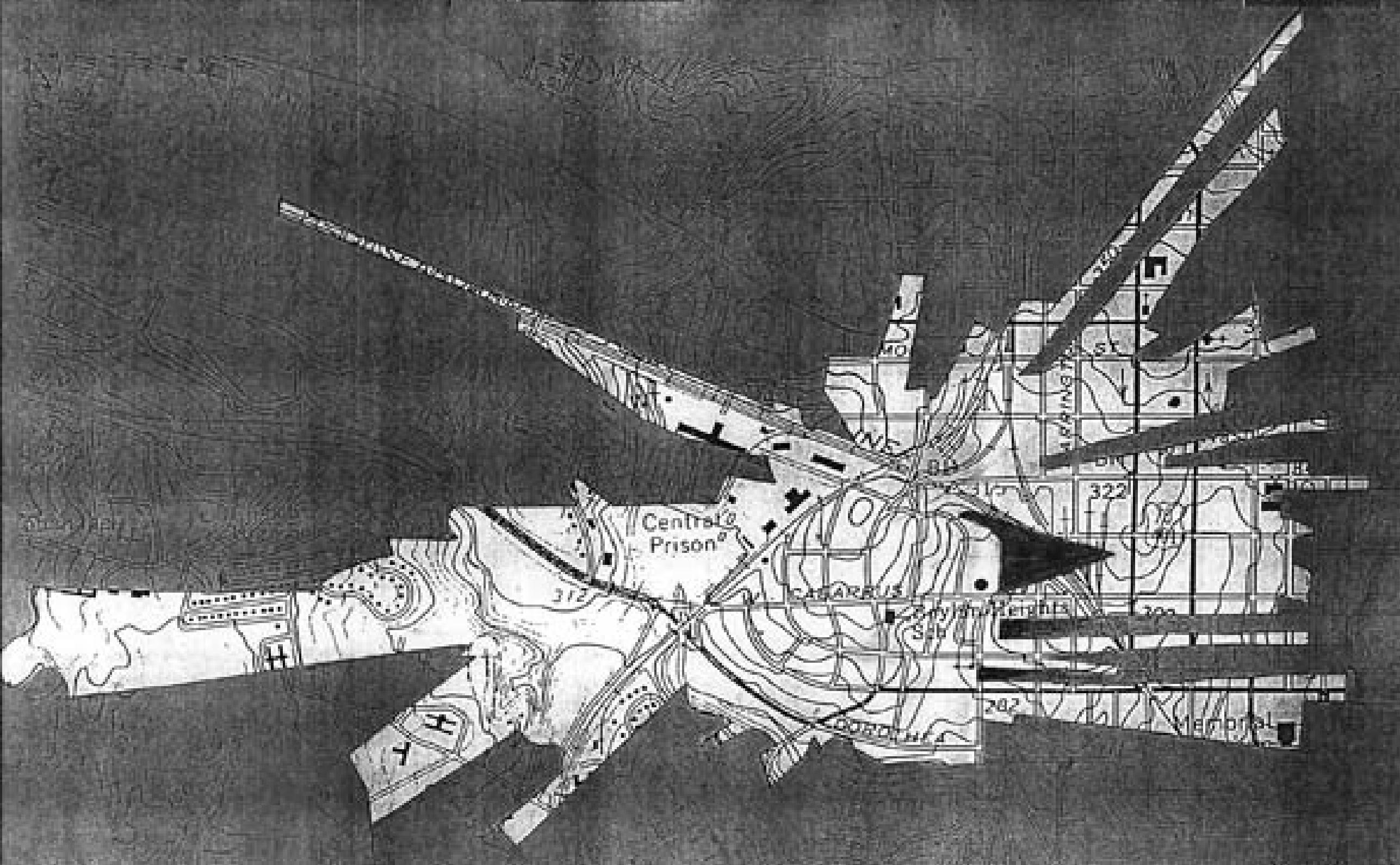
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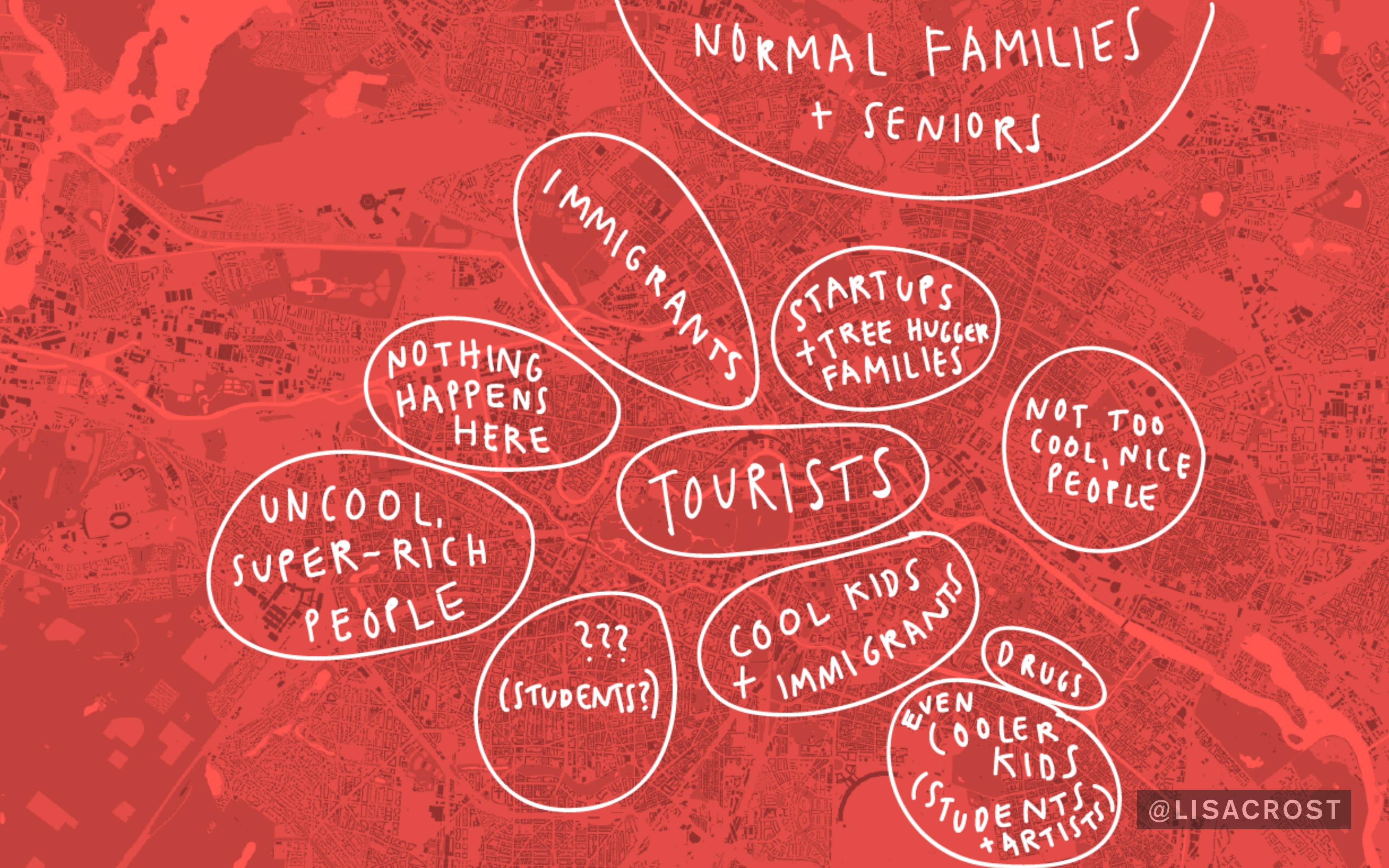


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Dennis Wood: Viewsheds 1

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NORMAL FAMILIES + SENIORS

IMMIGRANTS

STARTUPS
+ TREE HUGGER
FAMILIES

NOT TOO
COOL, NICE
PEOPLE

NOTHING
HAPPENS
HERE

UNCOOL,
SUPER-RICH
PEOPLE

TOURISTS

COOL KIDS
+ IMMIGRANTS

EVEN
COOLER
KIDS

STUDENTS
+ ARTISTS

???

(STUDENTS?)

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>



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**“Examining how we draw lines
will [...] reveal how we give
meaning to our environment
as well as to ourselves.”**

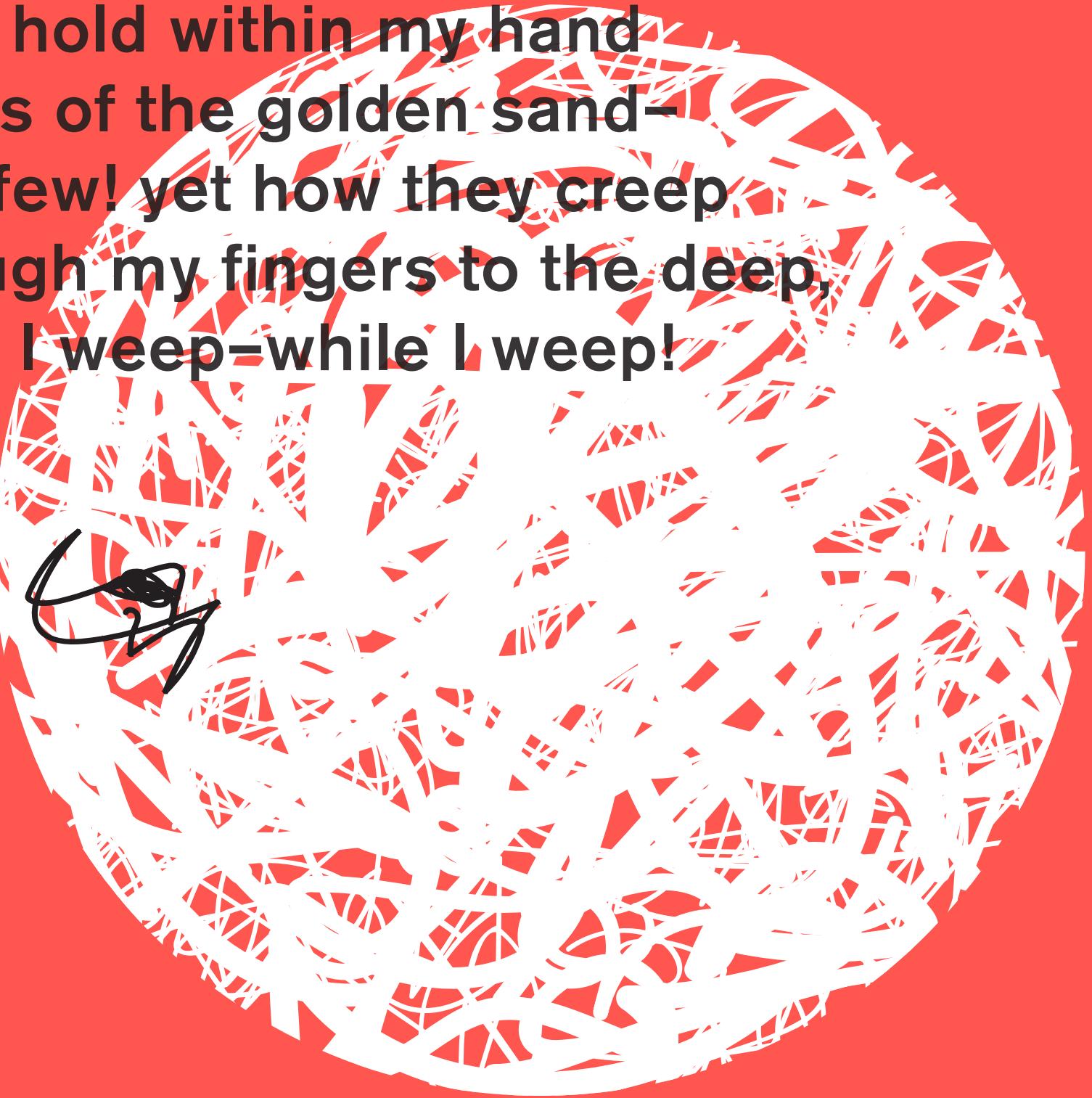
-Eviatar Zerubavel

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!

Edgar Allan Poe:
A Dream Within A
Dream

@LISACROST

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep=while I weep!



subset

Edgar Allan Poe:
A Dream Within A
Dream

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Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
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While I weep—while I weep!



subset

subjective

Edgar Allan Poe:
A Dream Within A
Dream

@LISACROST

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Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!



subset

subjective

ambiguous

Edgar Allan Poe:
A Dream Within A
Dream

@LISACROST

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!



subset

subjective

ambiguous

emotional reaction

Edgar Allan Poe:
A Dream Within A
Dream

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Map Poetry

subset

subjective

ambiguous

emotional
reaction

Map Poetry



subset

subjective



Map Poetry = Mapping weird stuff

Mapping less obvious stuff

Mapping the unexpected

Psychogeography

Human Geography

Behavioral Geography

Cognitive Maps

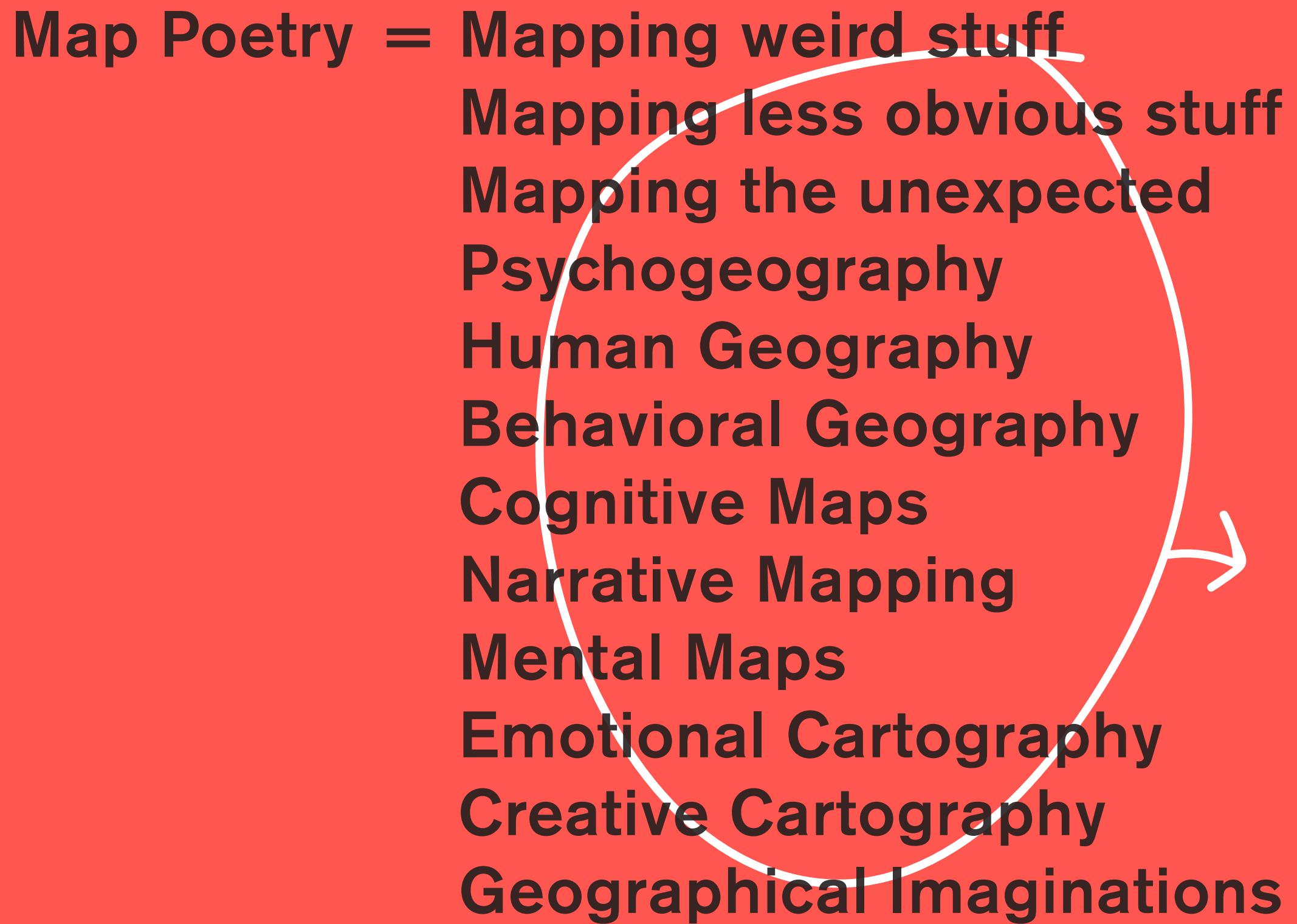
Narrative Mapping

Mental Maps

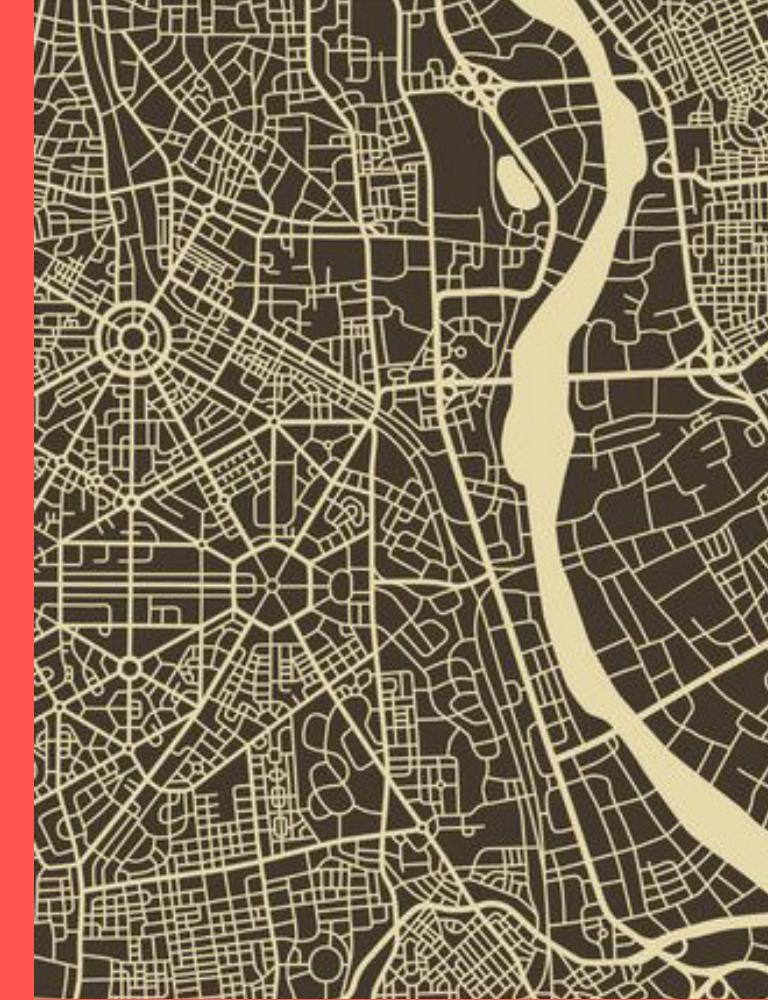
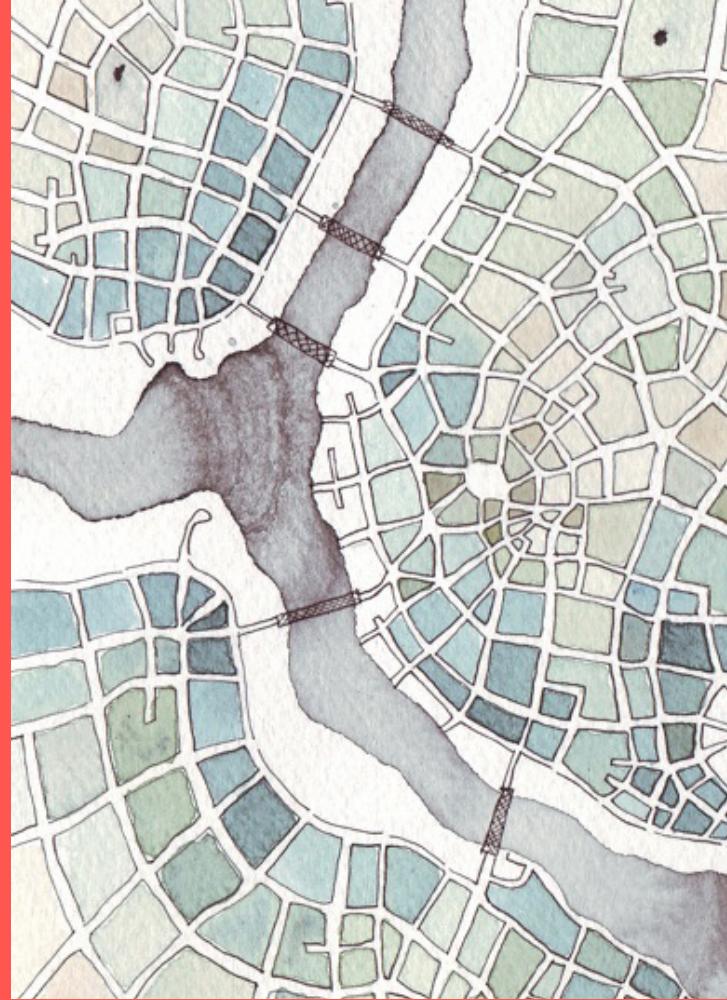
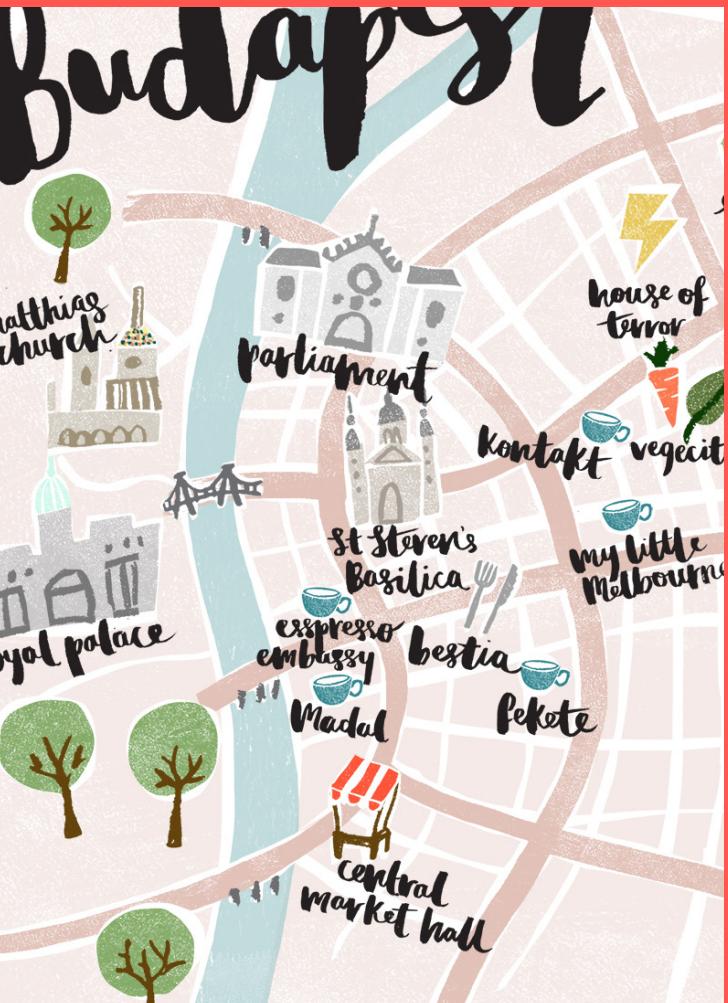
Emotional Cartography

Creative Cartography

Geographical Imaginations



Map Poetry = not Art

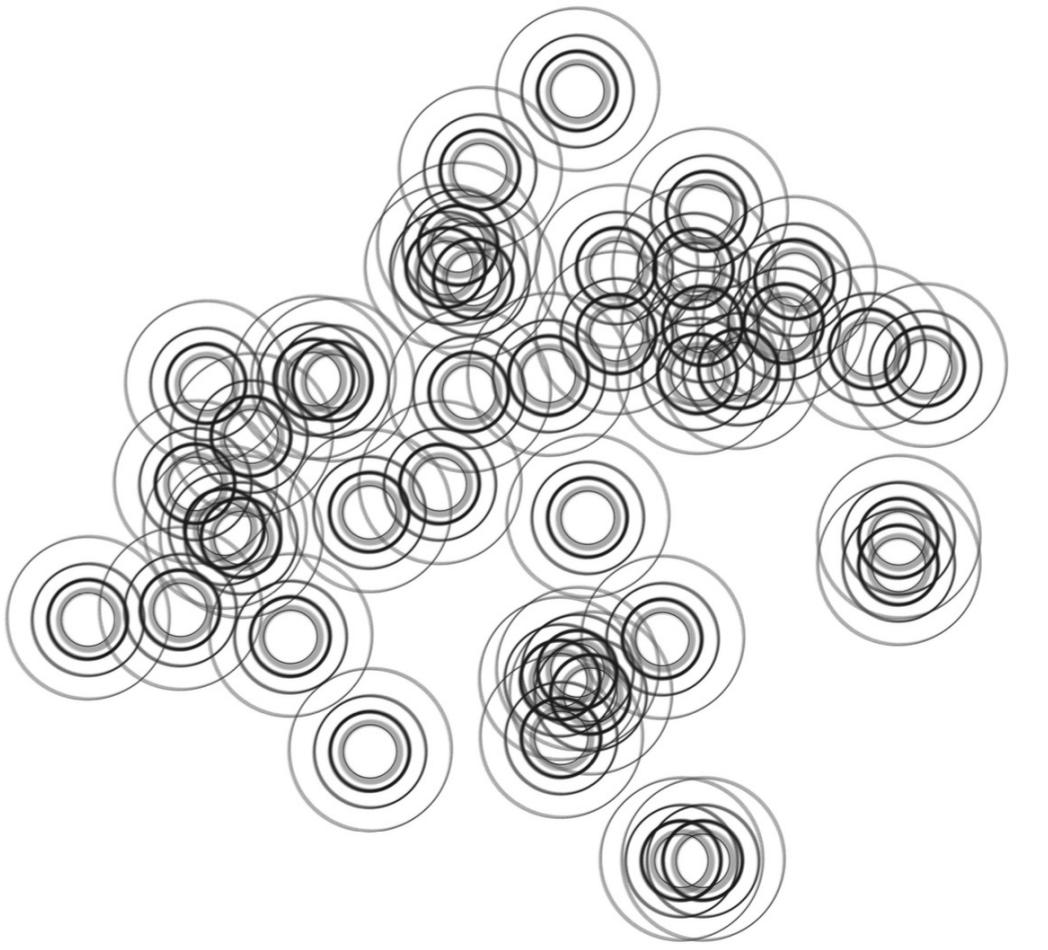


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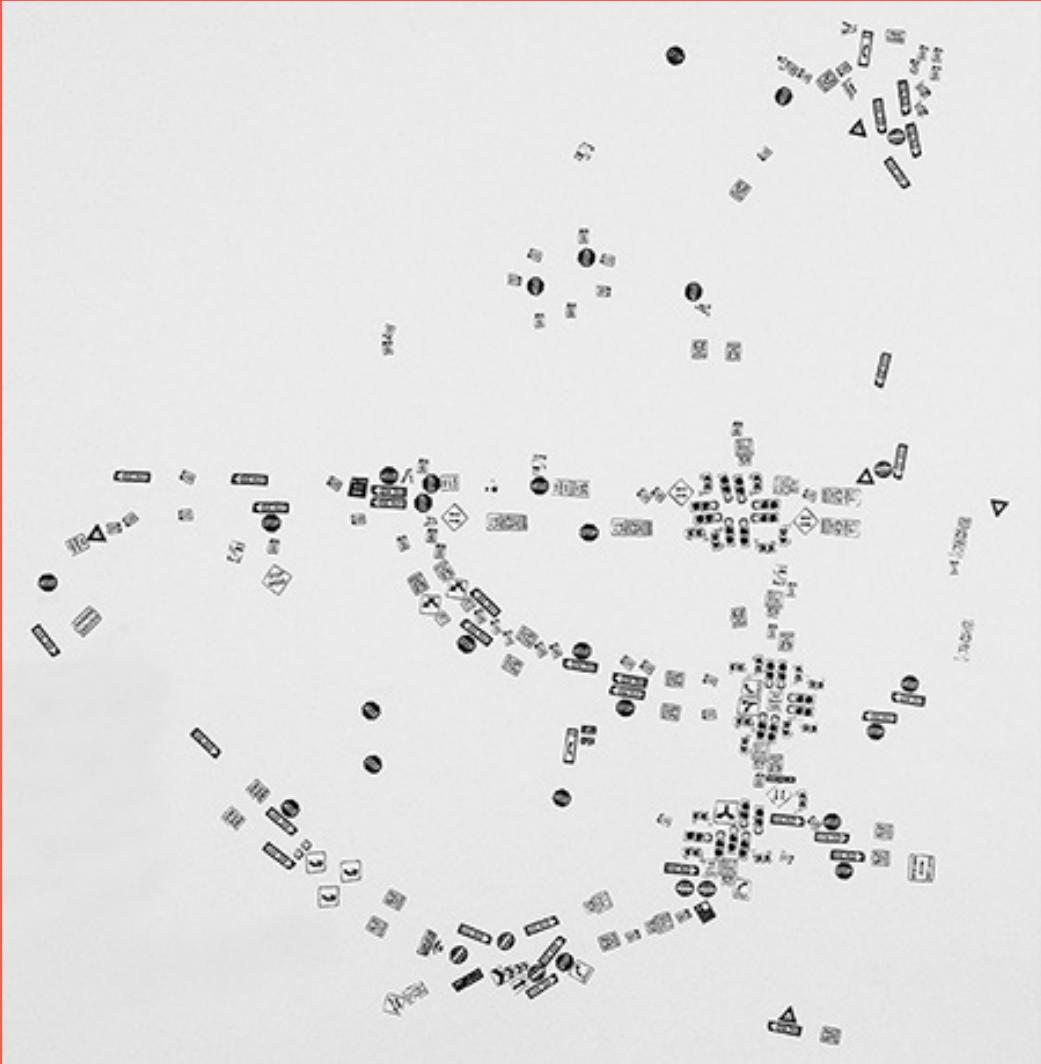
Map Poetry



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Wind chimes



Street signs



Jack-O-Lantern

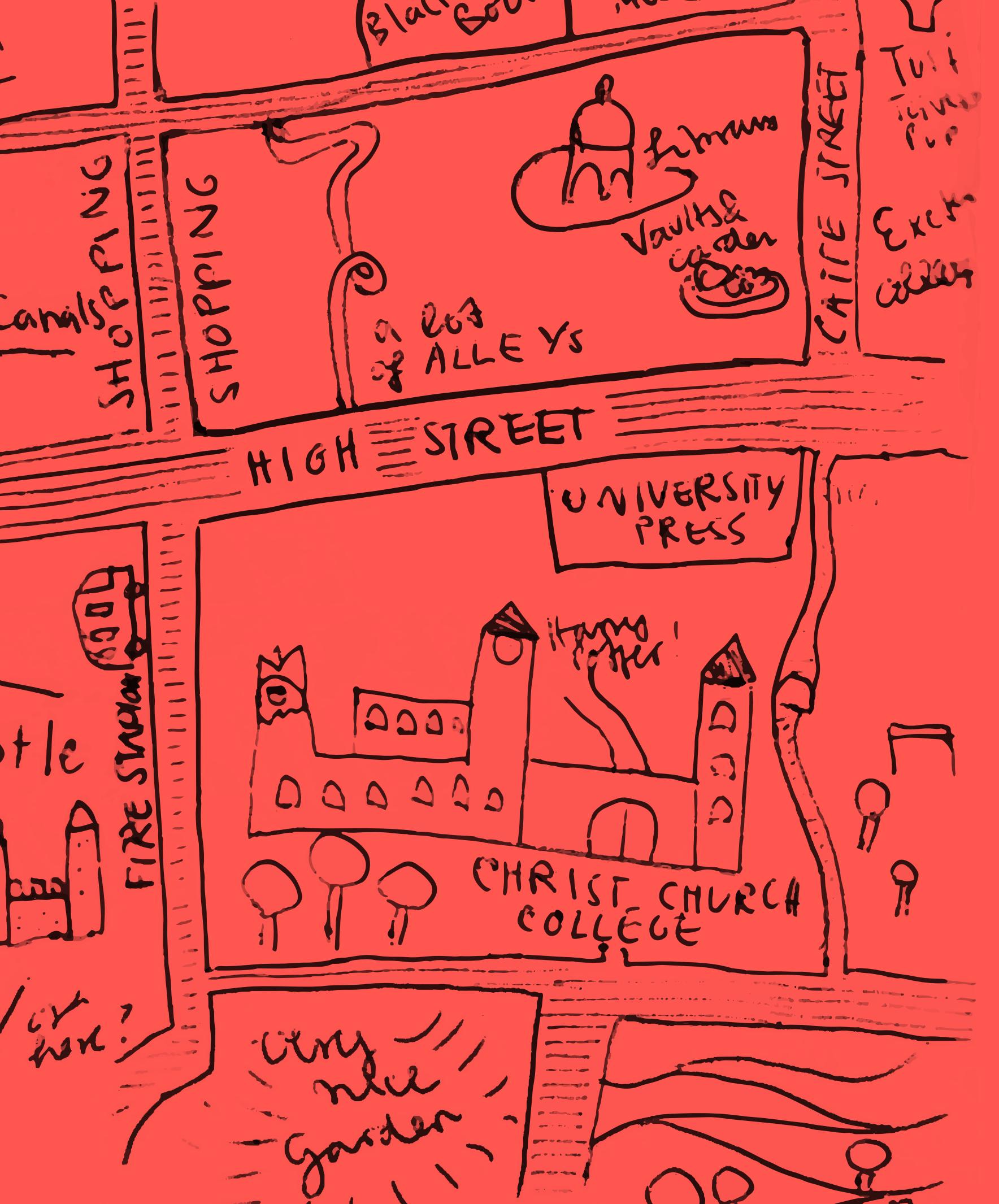
pumpkins

Dennis Wood:
Singing
and Dancing:
A Narrative Atlas
of Boylan Heights

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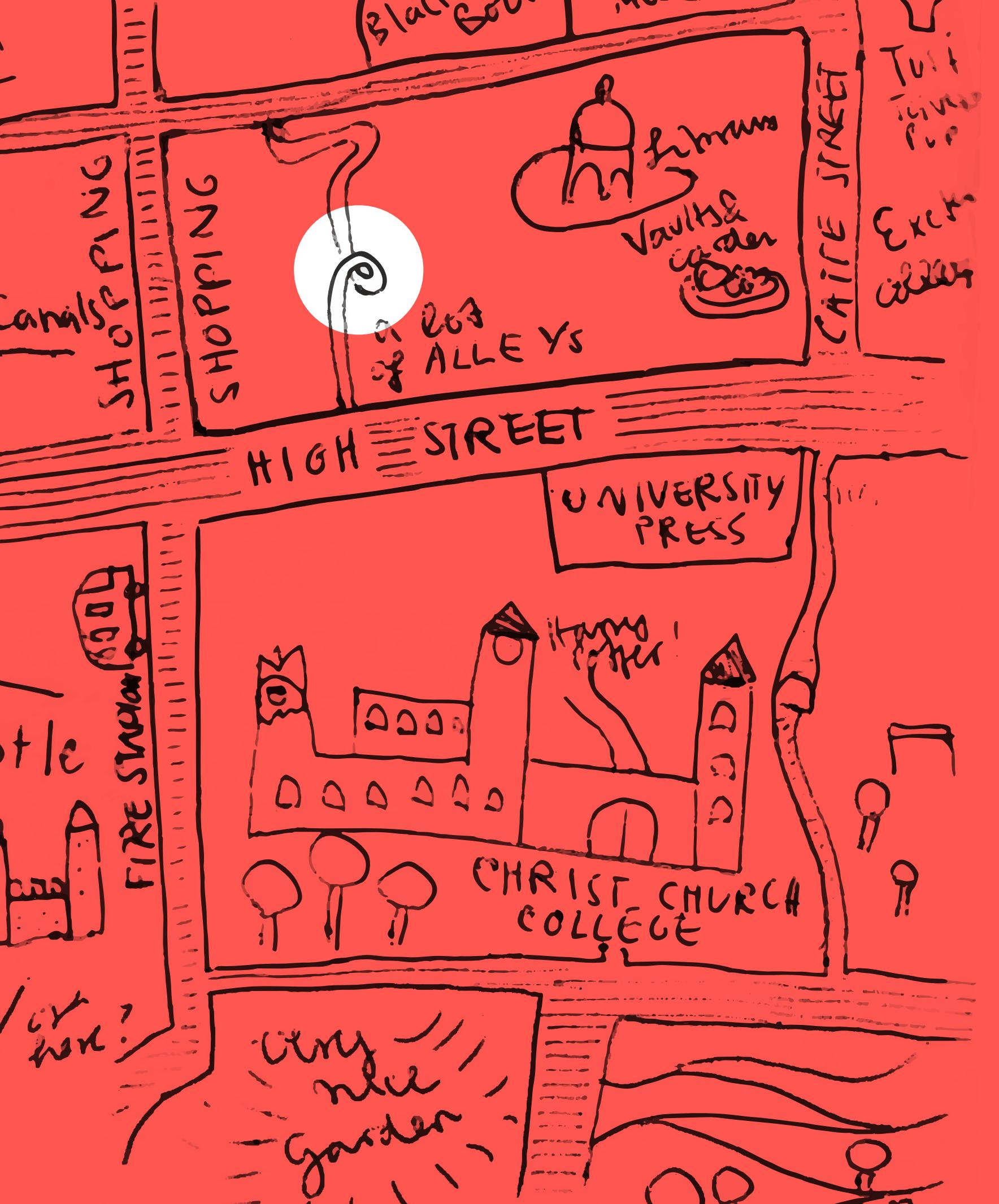


Becky Cooper:
Mapping
Manhattan



Oxford

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Oxford

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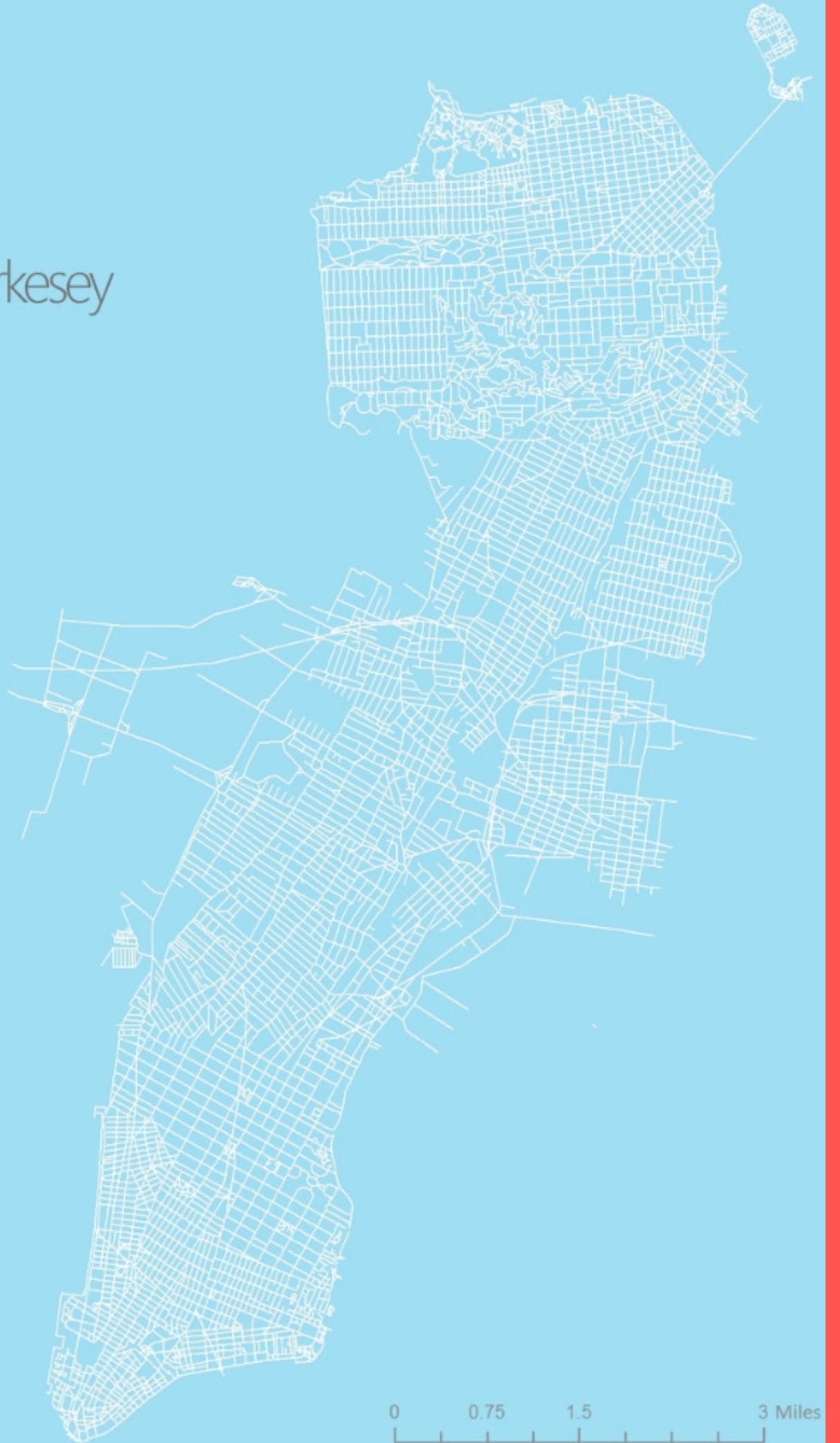


**“When you
change the
representation,
you change the
thoughts we have
about the world.”**

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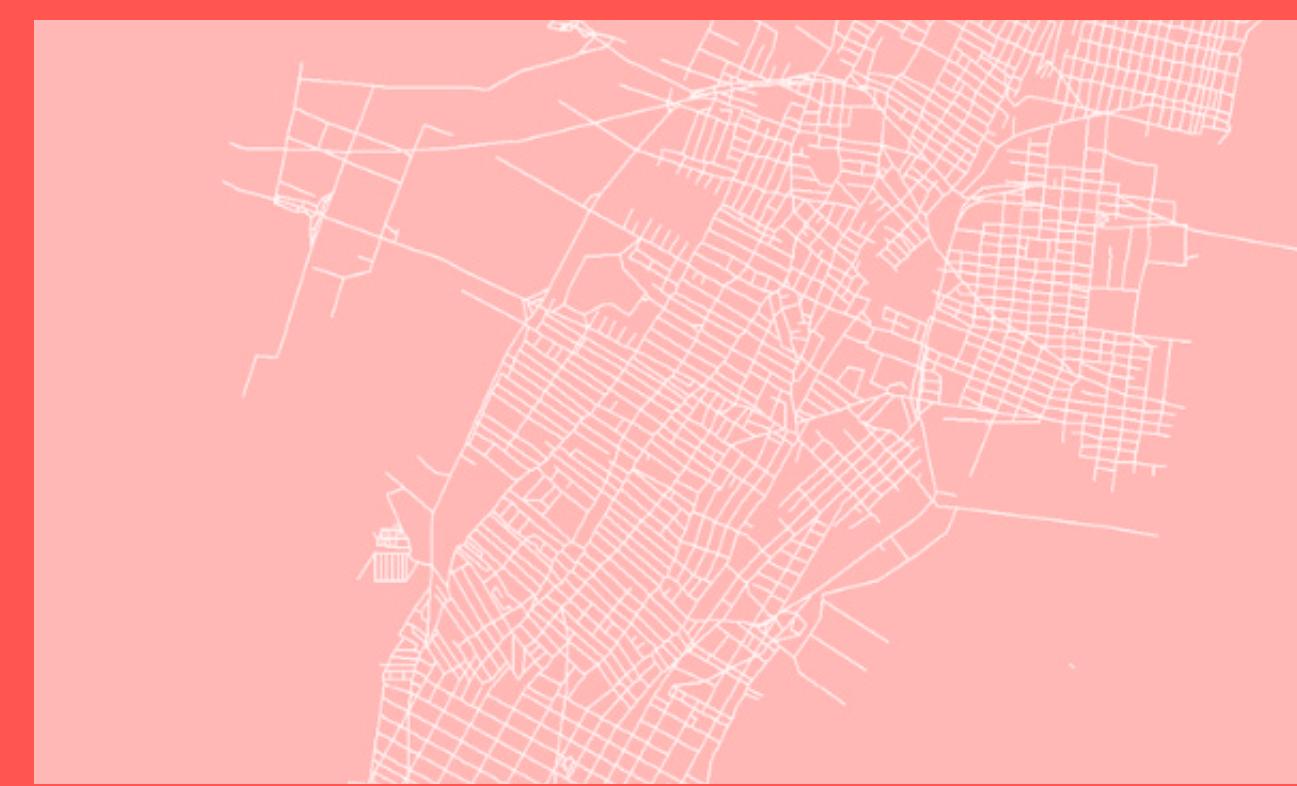
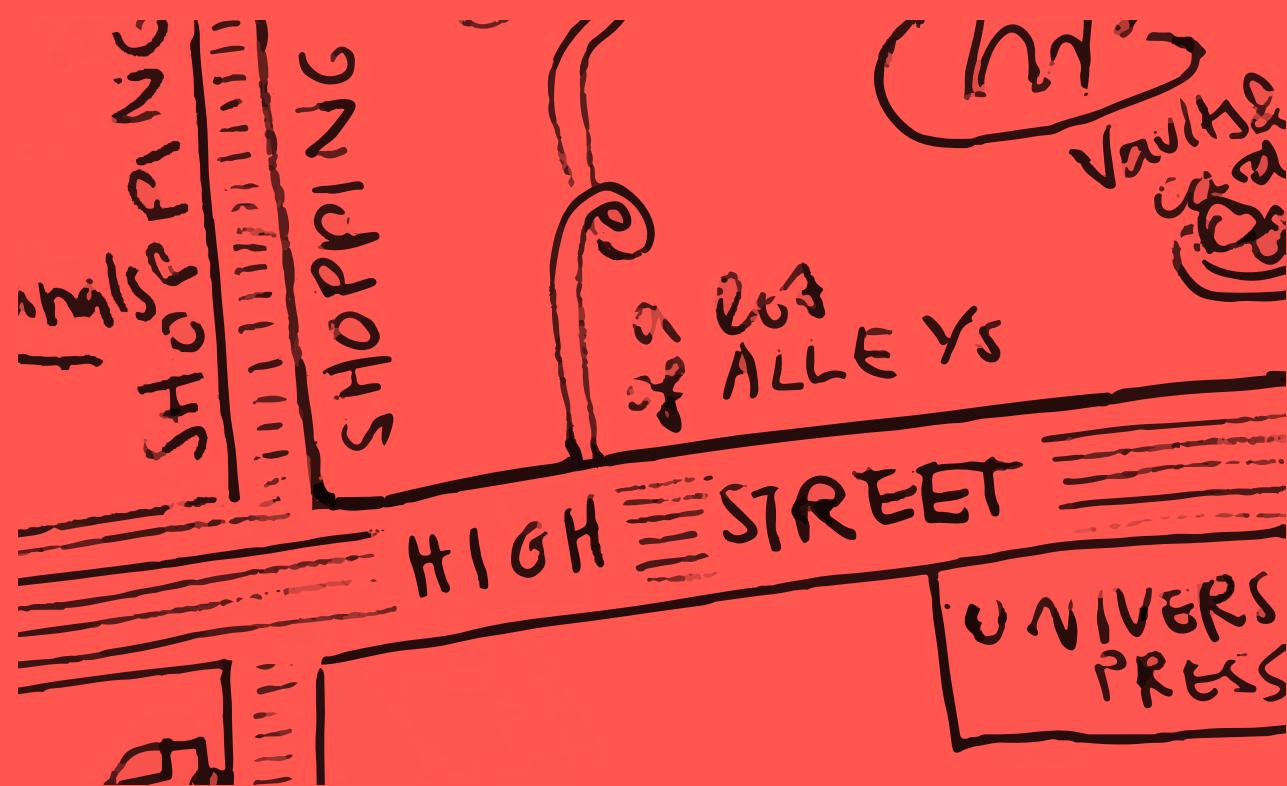
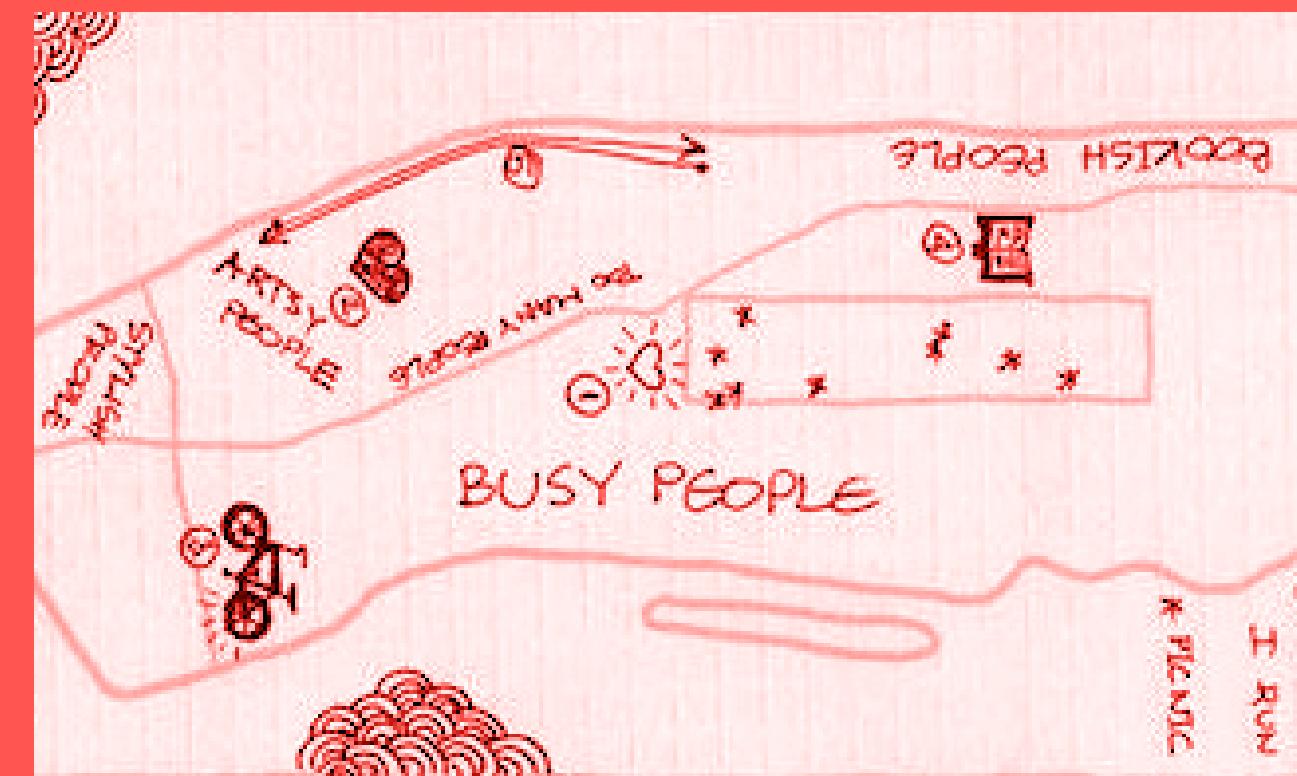
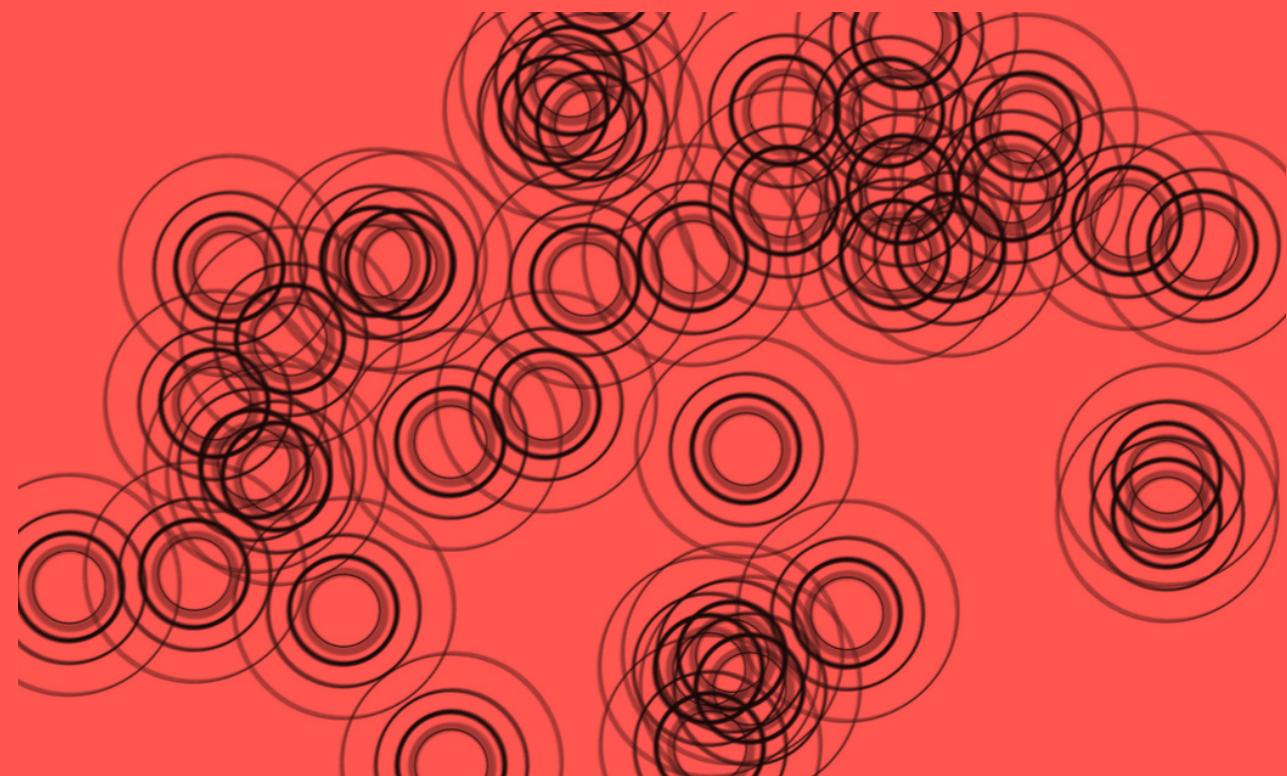


San Hoboyorkesey

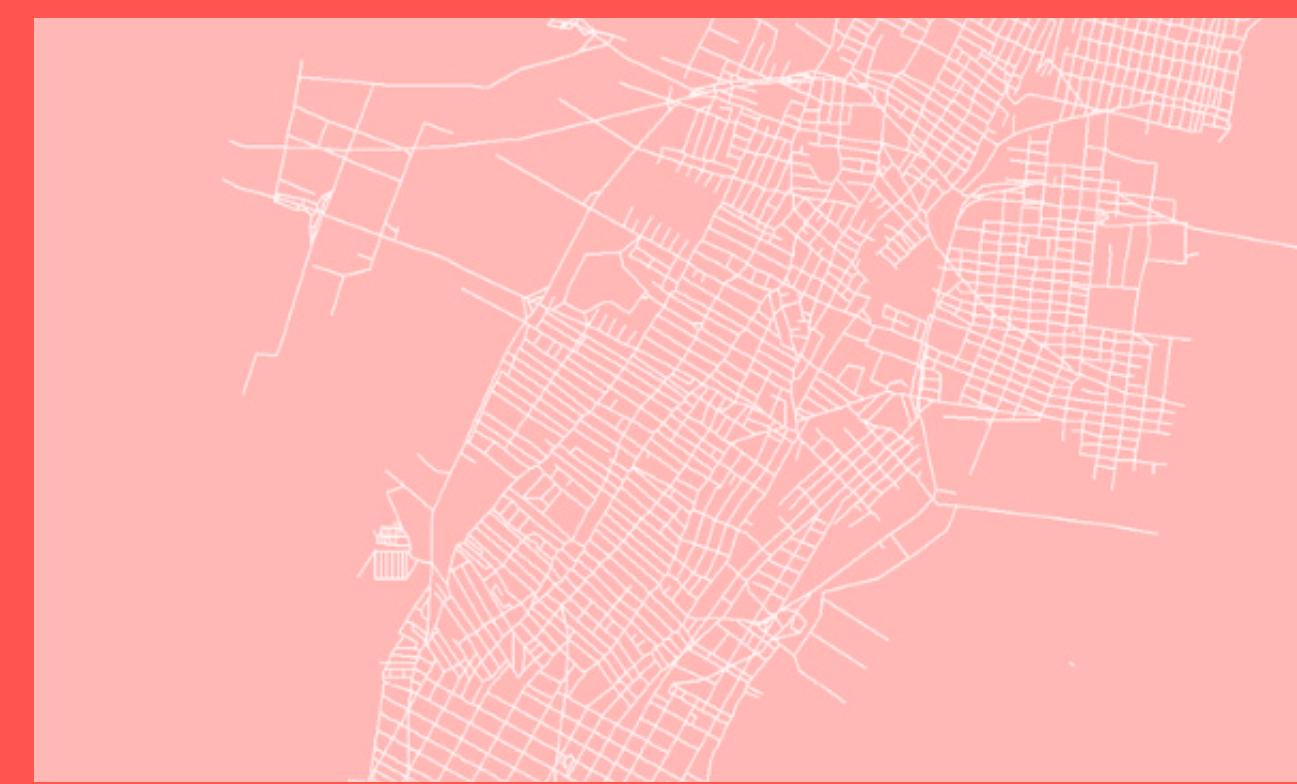
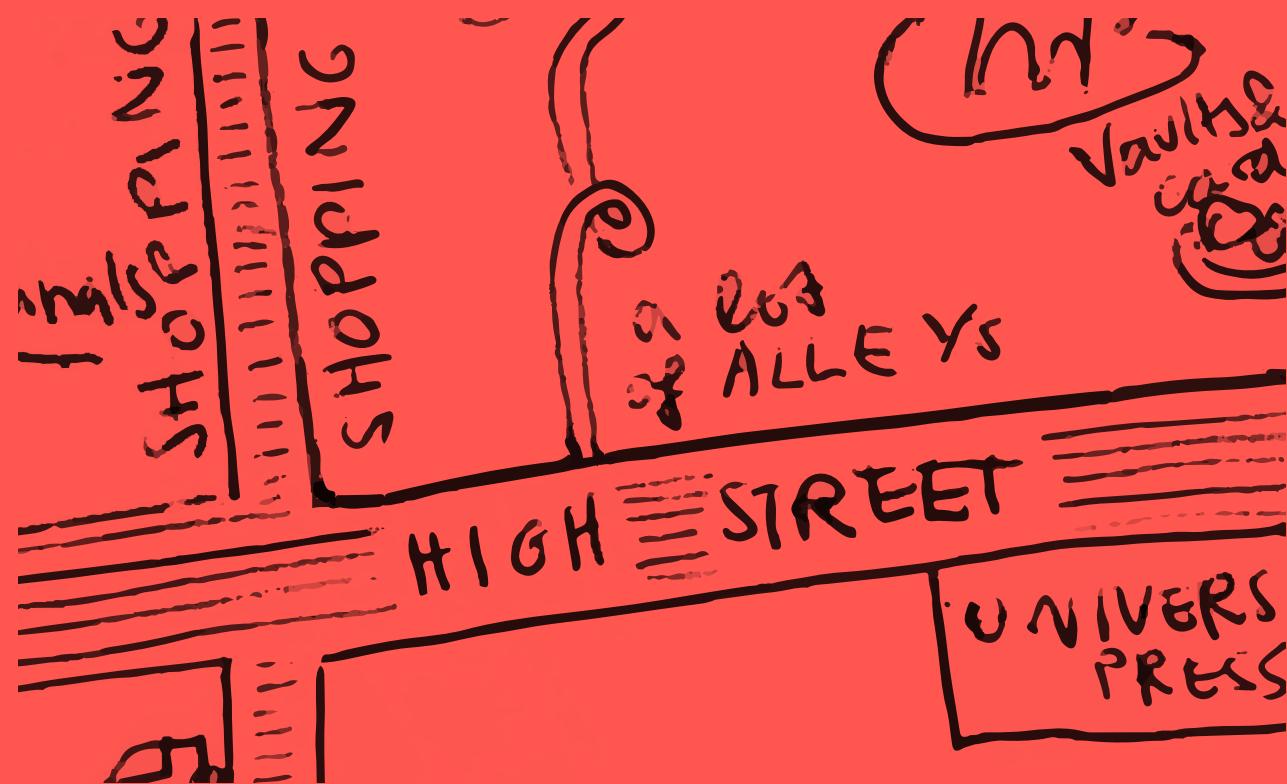
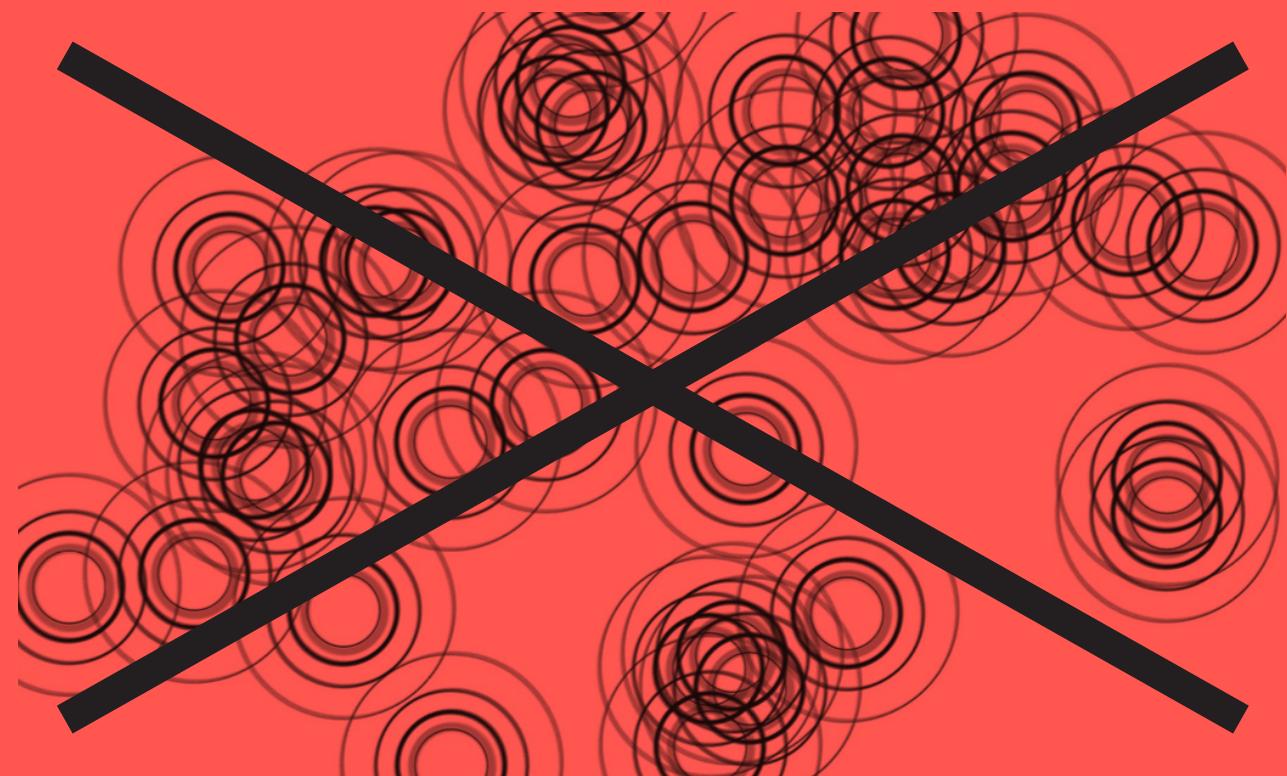


**Sarah Michael
Levine's: San
Hoboyorkesey**

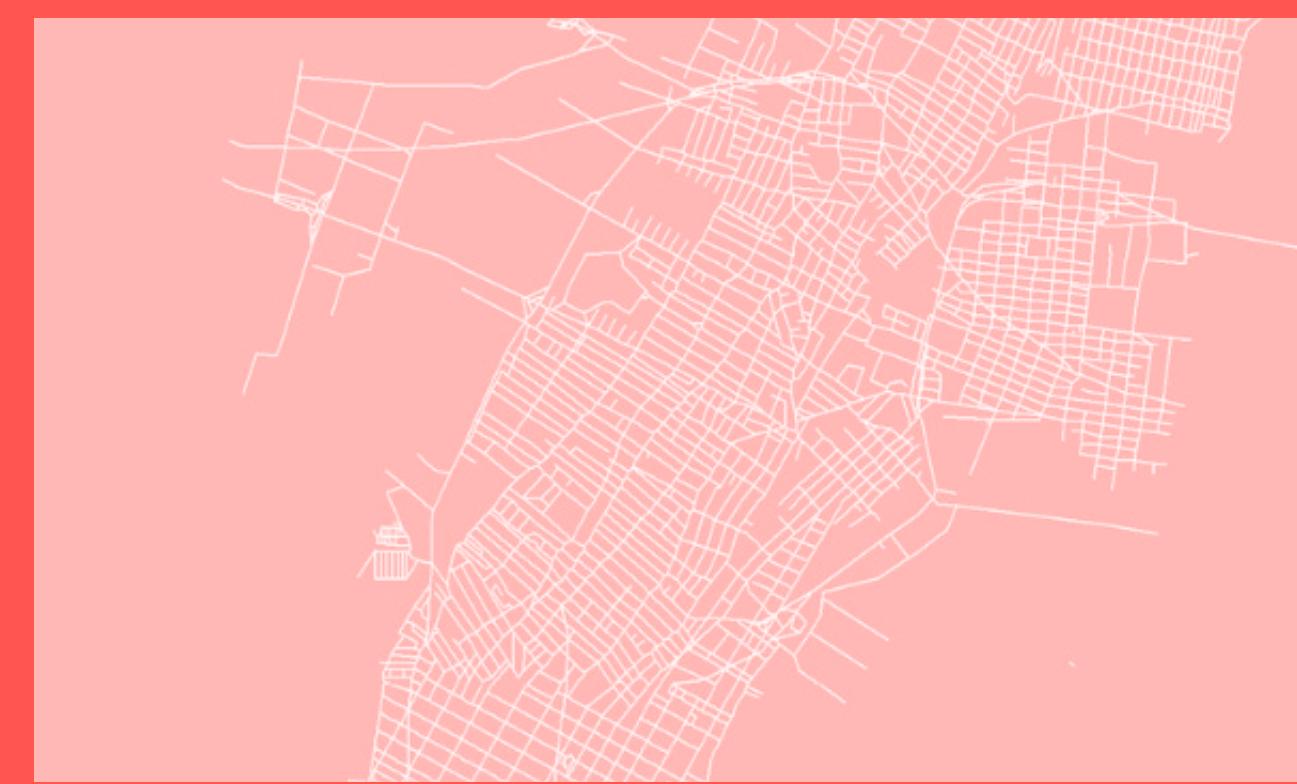
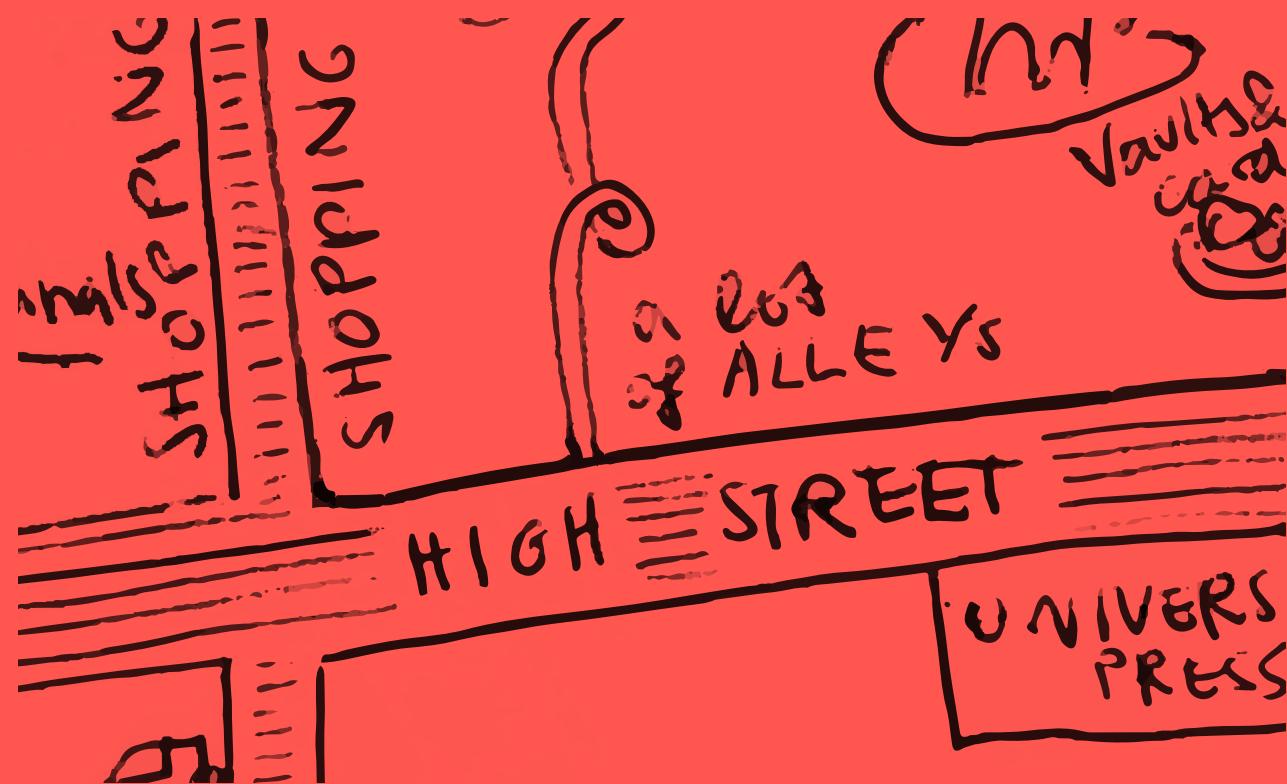
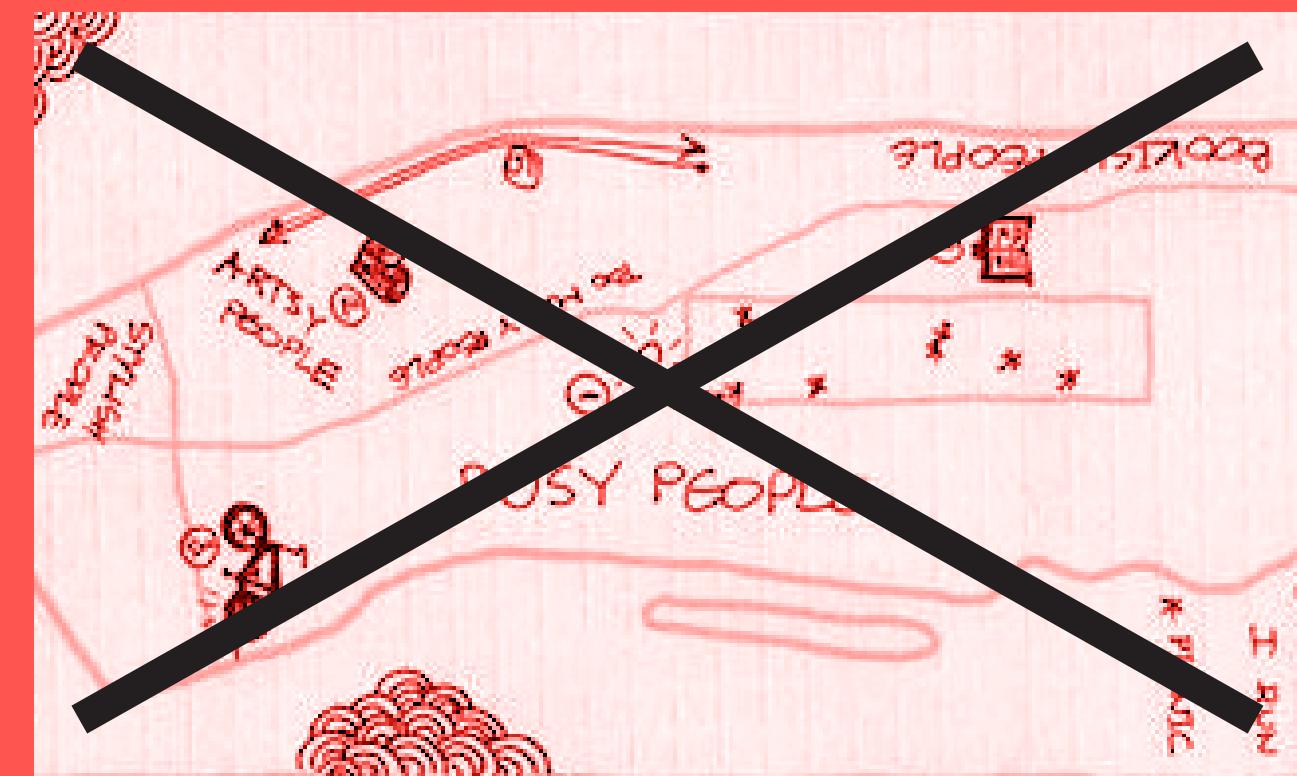
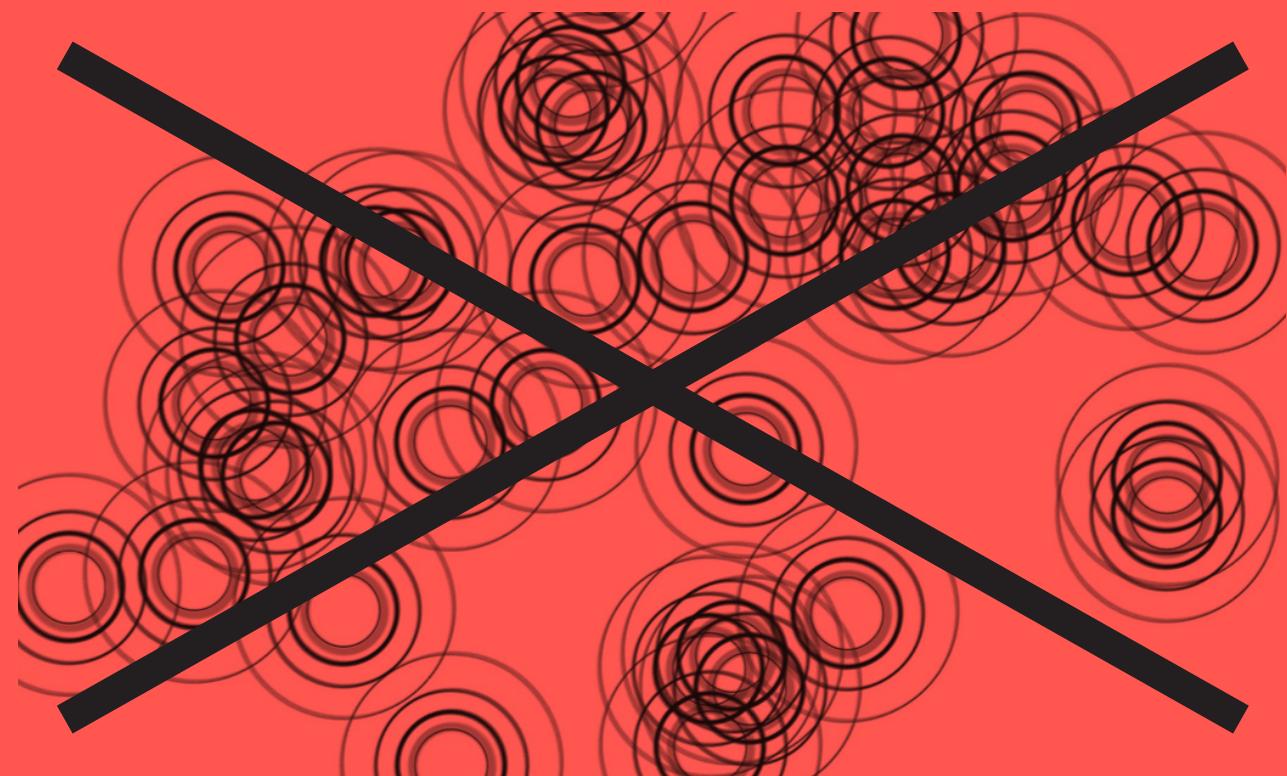
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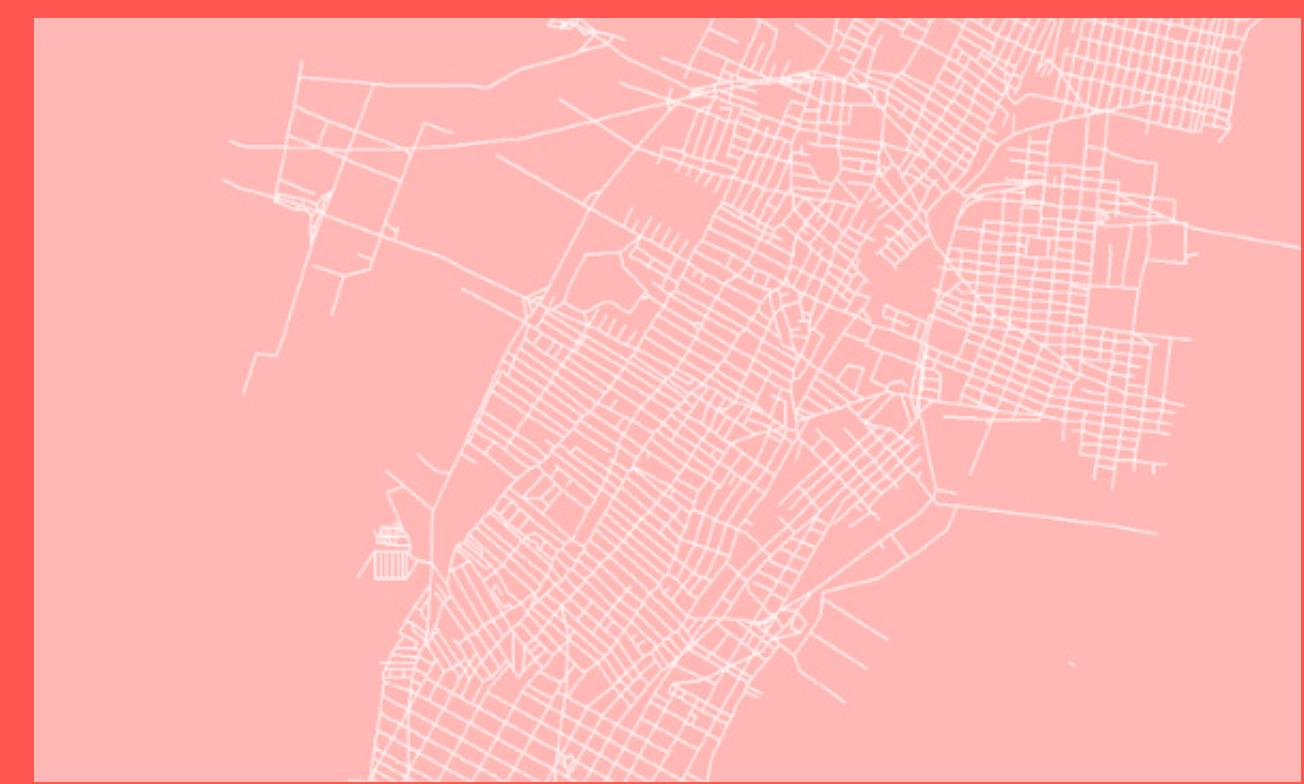
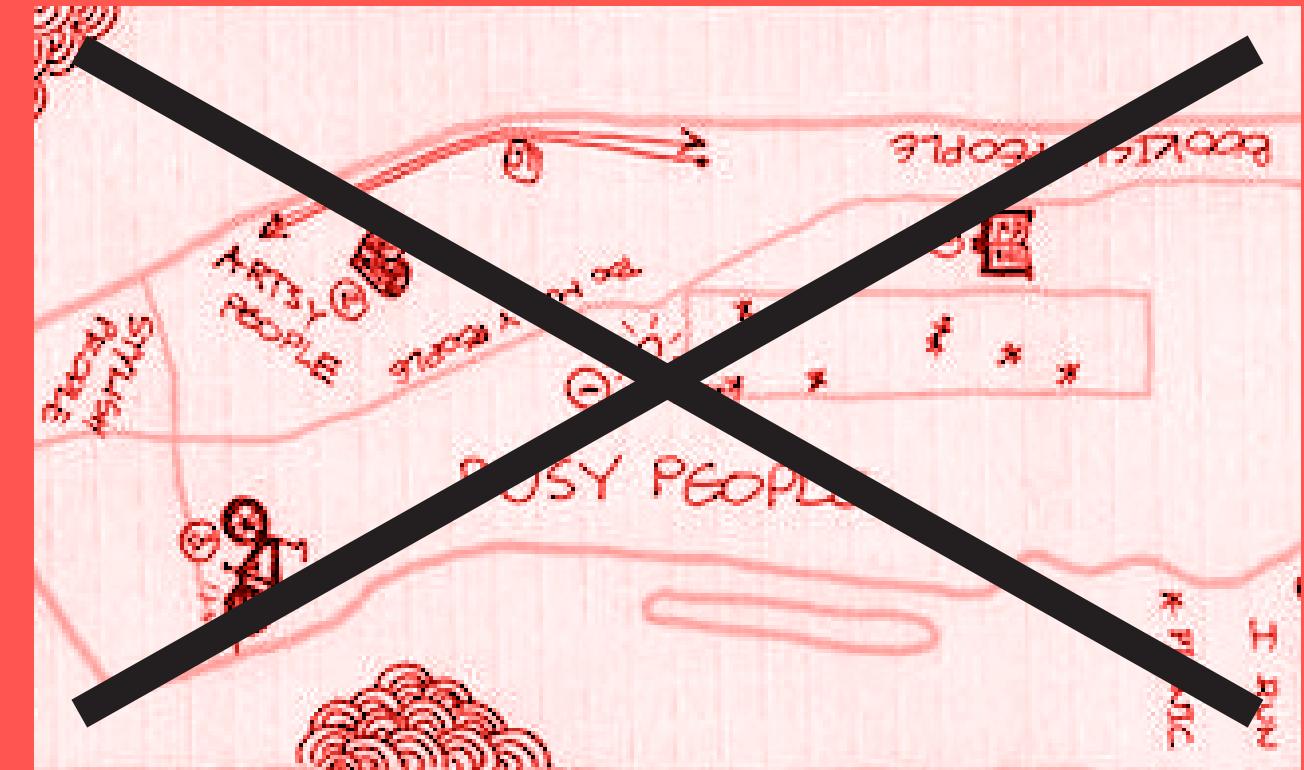
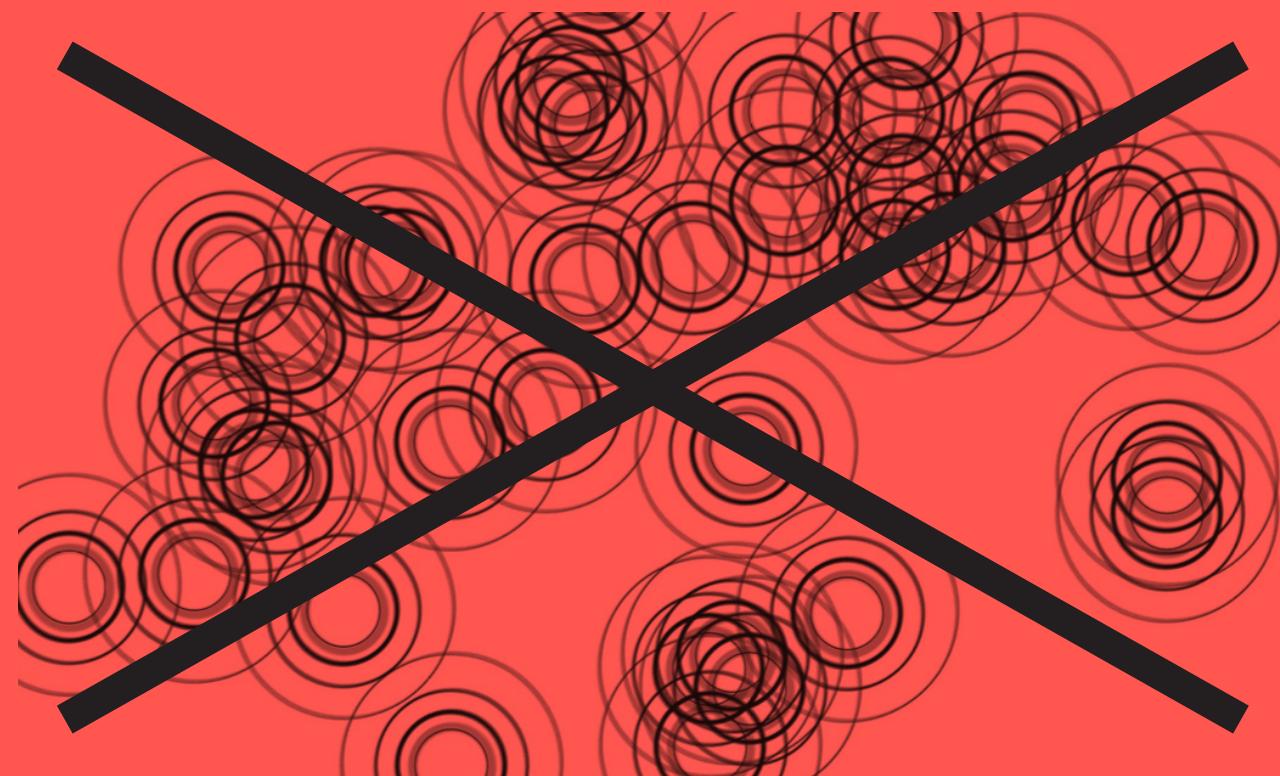
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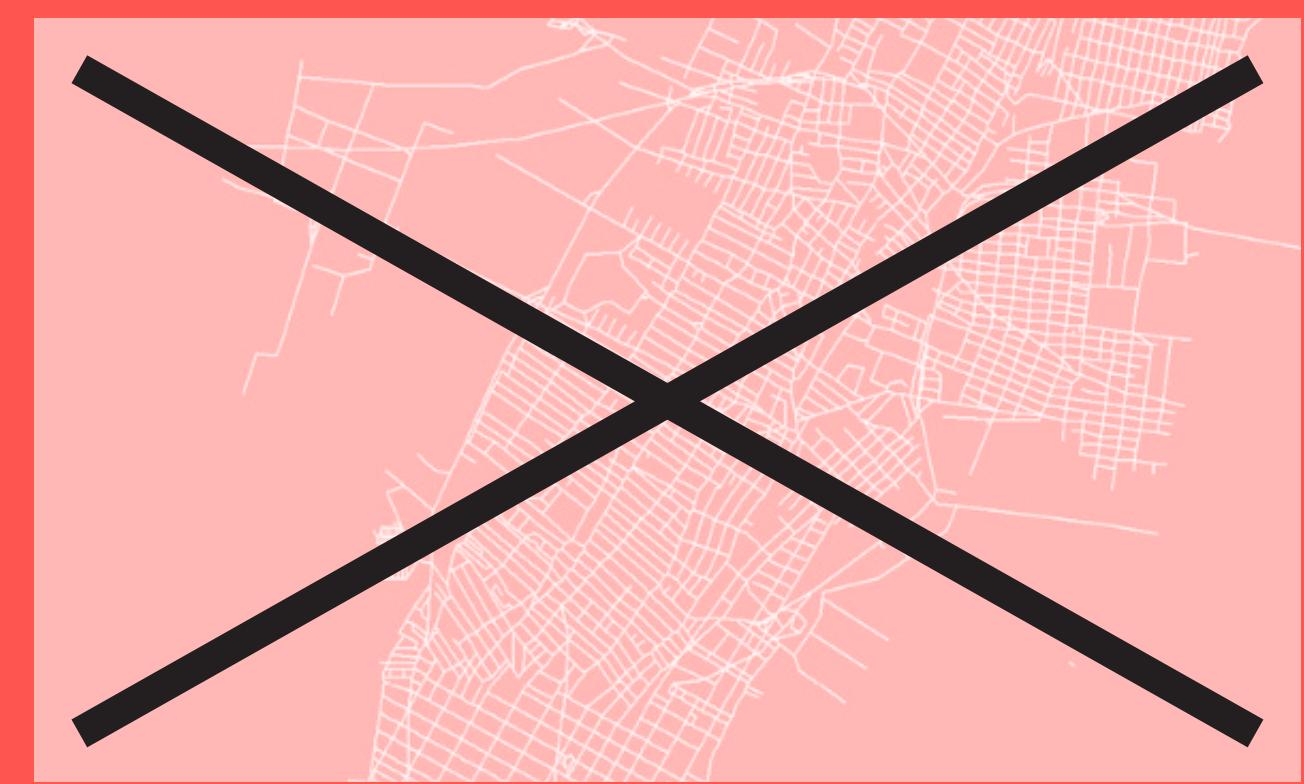
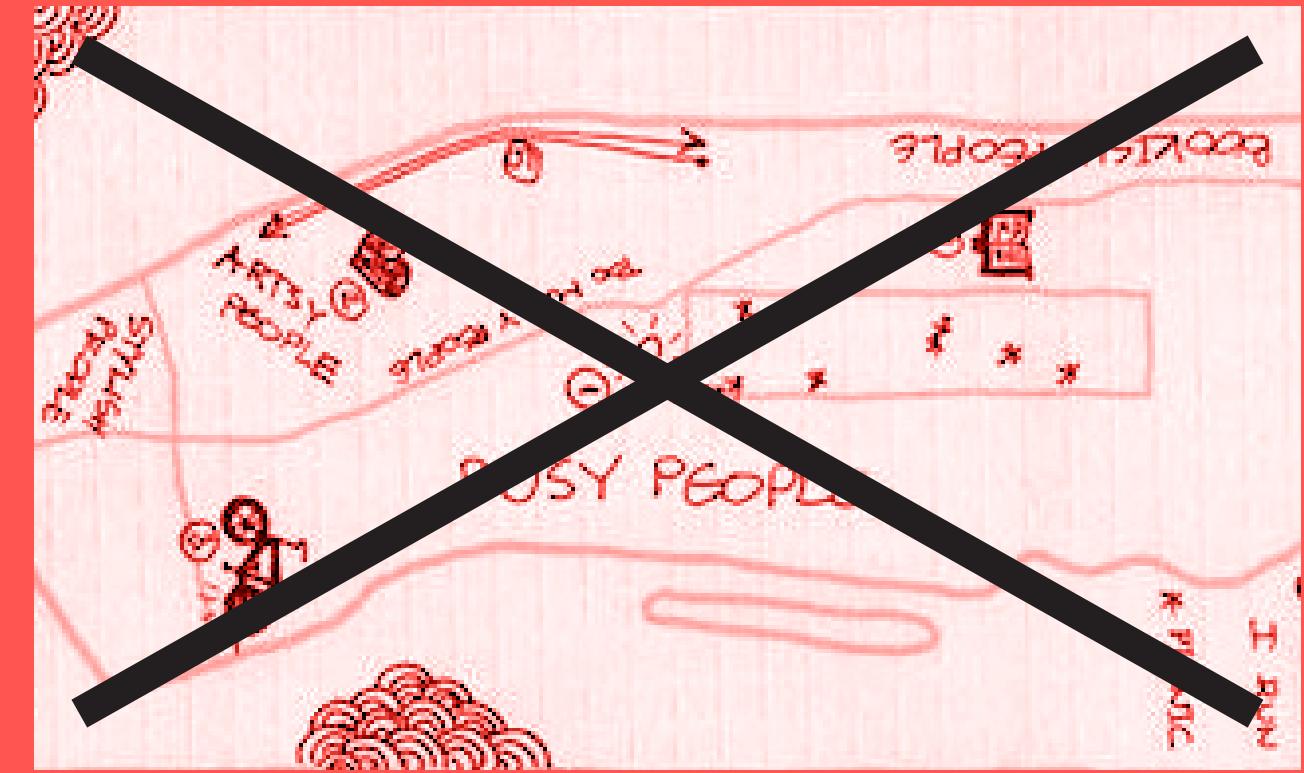
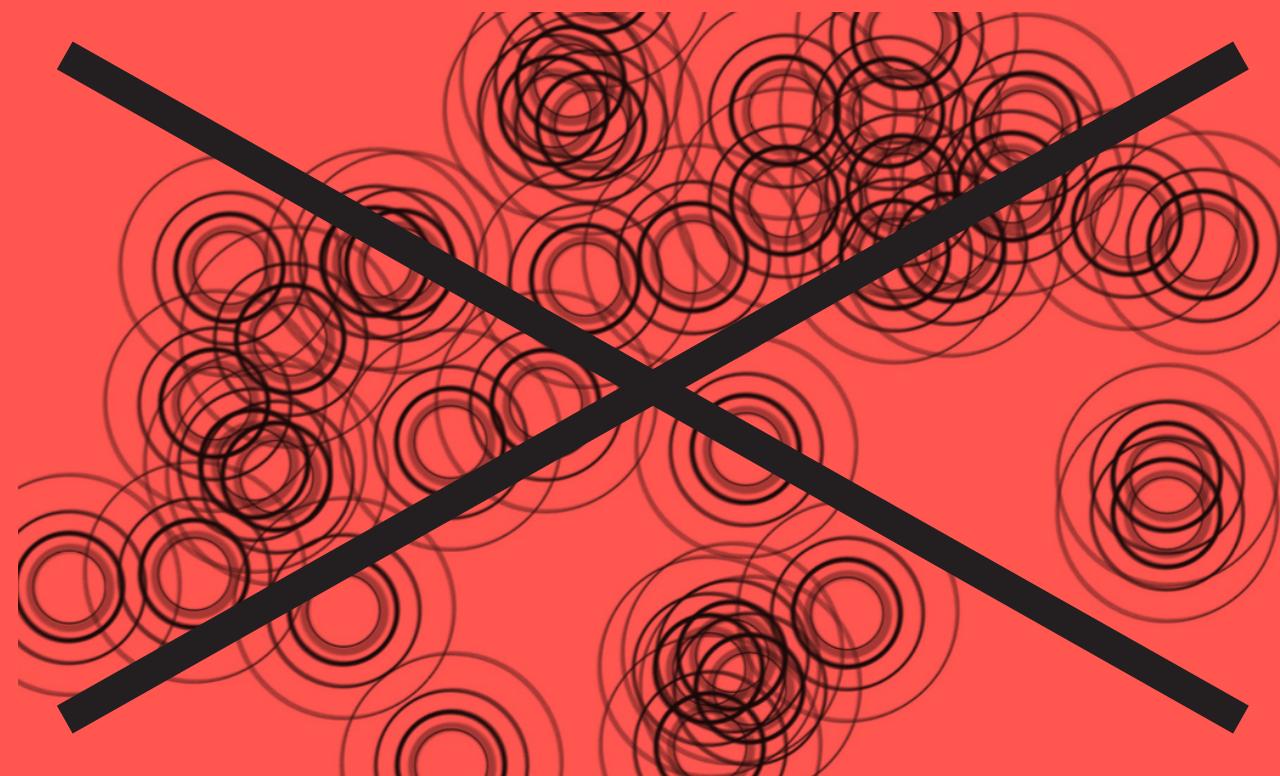
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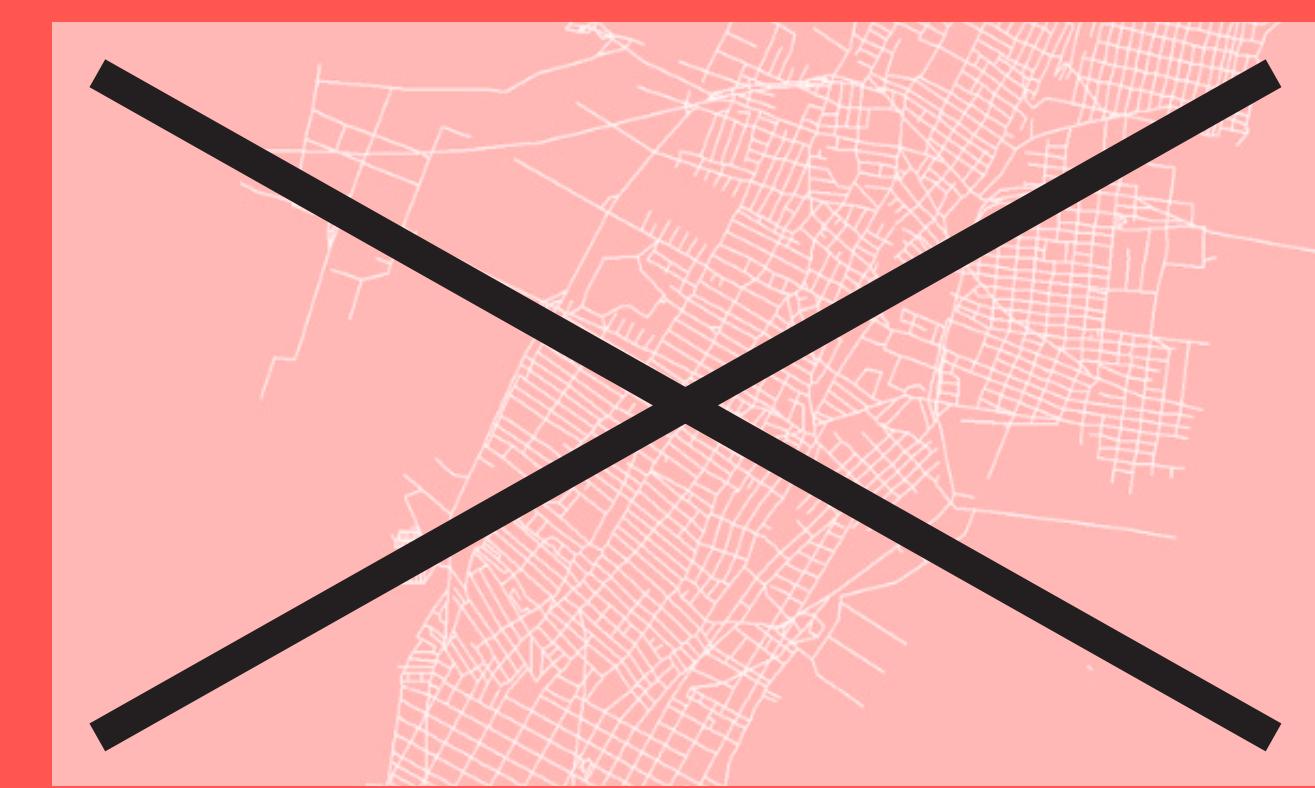
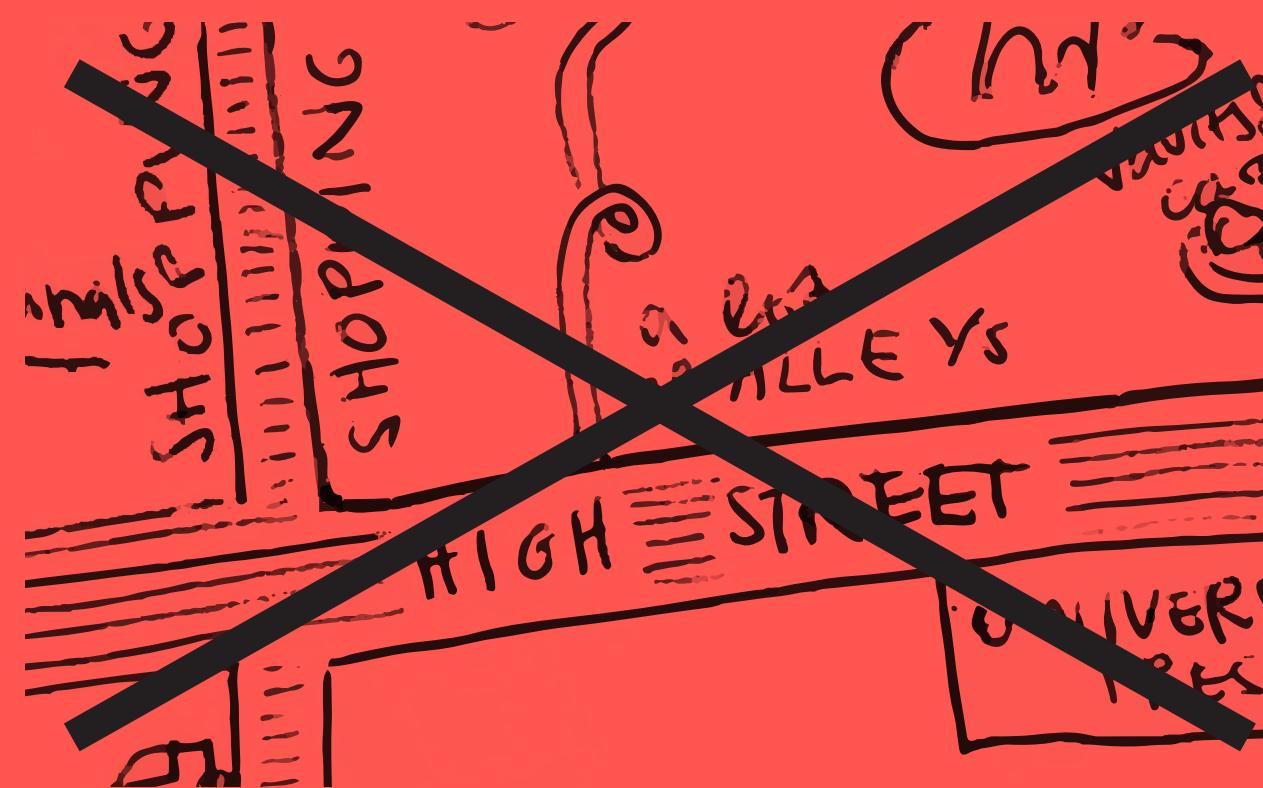
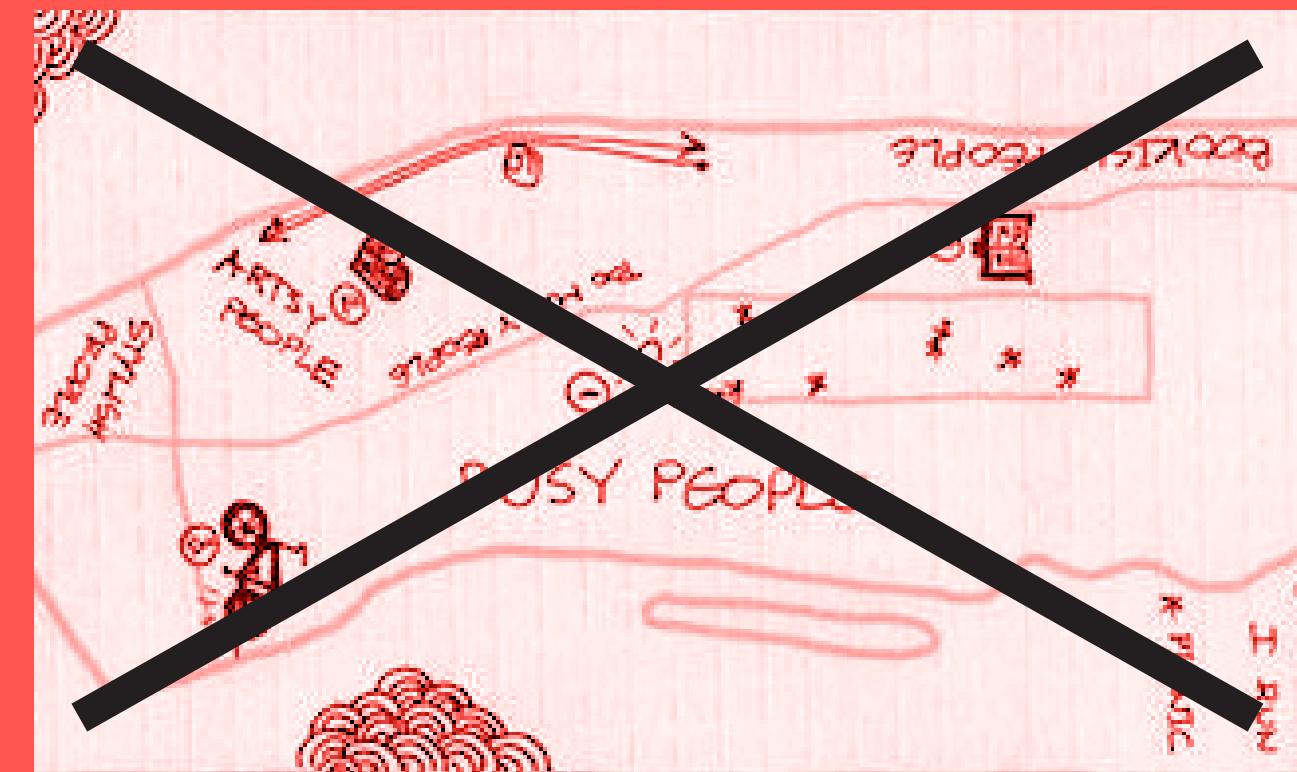


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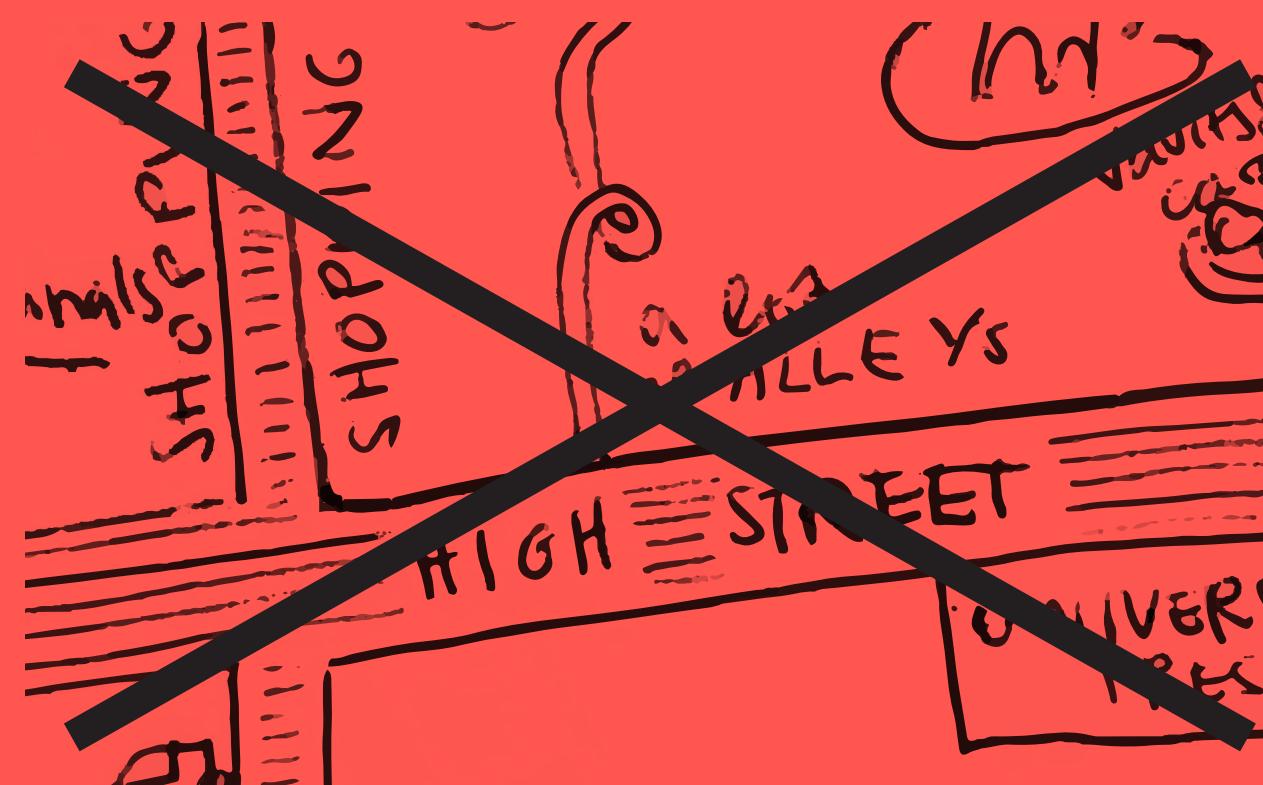
What do we overlook?



What do we
overlook?



What are our
most valuable
memories?



**What do we
overlook?**



**How does a
city feel like?**



**What do we
overlook?**



**How does a
city feel like?**



**What are our
most valuable
memories?**



**How would
our own perfect
city look like?**



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