CARTOPHILIA

A Companion to *Maptalk, 450 BCE–2017*
In 1980, David Woodward published a rather deluxe booklet that contained sixteen quotations concerning maps that he had assembled from a variety of publications. He titled this work *Cartophilia*, and it was the forerunner of a column called “Maptalk” that regularly appeared in *Mapline* from 1984 to 2017 (*Mapline* is a newsletter published by The Newberry Library and the Chicago Map Society). Although “Maptalk” sometimes included a corresponding map, *Cartophilia* had none.

*Maptalk, 450 BCE–2017* is a compilation of the columns that appeared in *Mapline*, each now with a corresponding map. Copies of this publication (which also includes a new entry that did not appear in *Mapline*) can be downloaded from the Chicago Map Society’s website, where it is listed in the CMS Library.

It would have been possible to include the quotations from *Cartophilia* in this compilation, but it seems more appropriate to honor Prof. Woodward (who was the first director of the Hermon Dunlap Smith Center for the History of Cartography at the Newberry Library) by publishing this collection as a separate work under its original title. Like the *Maptalk* compilation, appropriate maps have been paired with each quotation in this edition of *Cartophilia*; readers of both works will find only one overlapping quotation. We hope that our readers will enjoy another unpredictable journey.

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The Newberry Library

Robert Holland and Curtis Wright
The Chicago Map Society
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1531 Thomas Elyot, from *The Boke Named the Gouvernour* (London, 1531).

For what a pleasure is it, in one house, to behold those realmes, cities, seas, ryvers and mountaynes, that unneth in an old manne’s life can be journaide and pursued; what incredible delite is taken in beholding the diversities of people, beastis, foules, fishes, trees, frutes and herbes, to know the sondry maners and conditions of people, and the variety of their natures . . .

Detail to show the country outside Oxford, England, from Braun and Hogenberg’s *Civitates Orbis Terrarum* (1572, Cologne).
On a round ball
A workman that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing at all.

Image of a globe from Johannes Schöner, *Opusculum Geographicum* (Nuremberg, 1533).
1669 Peter Heylyn, from *Cosmographie in Four Books* (London, 1669).

‘Tis true, Geography without History hath life and motion, but very unstable, and at random; but History without Geography, like a dead carkass, hath neither life, nor motion at all . . . History, therefore, and Geography, like two Fires or Meteors, which philosophers call Castor and Pollux, if joined together, crown our reading with delight and profit; if parted, threaten both with a certain shipwreck . . .
1714 The Spectator, from a letter to The Spectator, no. 593, Monday 13 September 1714.

Since we have so little Time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginery Scenes we are presented with in Sleep, only because they have less Reality in them than in our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in Question who should despise the Directions of his Map for want of real Roads in it, because here stands a Dott instead of a Town, or a cypher instead of a City, and it must be a long Day’s journey to travel thro’ two or three inches.

1851 Herman Melville, from *Moby Dick* (New York, 1851).

It is not on any map; true places never are.

“Mu” was a term introduced by Augustus Le Plongeon (1826-1908), as an alternative term for the land of Atlantis; both were equally fantastical.
1893 James M. Barrie, from “Shutting a Map” in An Auld Licht Muse and Other Sketches (New York, 1893).

Prominent among the curses of civilization is the map that folds up “Convenient for the pocket.” There are men who can do almost anything except shut a map. It is calculated that the energy wasted yearly in denouncing these maps to their face would build the Eiffel Tower in thirteen weeks.

View of the Eiffel tower and the grounds of the Exposition Universelle on the Champs de Mars with Seine and the Pont d’Iena in the foreground, presumably taken from a tethered balloon above the Trocadero, 1889.

Now when I was a little chap I had a passion for maps. I would look for hours at South America, or Africa, or Australia, and lose myself in all the glories of exploration. At that time there were many blank spaces on the earth, and when I saw one that looked particularly inviting on a map (but they all look like that) I would put my finger on it and say, “When I grow up I will go there.”

Detail from W. & A. K. Johnston’s *War Map of the Transvaal, Orange Free State, &c.* (London, 1900).
THE BELLMAN’S SPEECH

The Bellman himself they all praised to the Skies—such a carriage, such ease and such grace! Such solemnity too, one could see he was wise, the moment one looked in his face!

He had brought a large map representing the sea, without the least vestige of land, and the crew were much pleased when they found it to be a map they could all understand.

“What’s the good of Mercator’s North Poles and Equators, Tropics, Zones and Meridian Lines?” So the Bellman would cry, and the crew would reply “They are merely Conventional Signs!”

“Other maps are such shapes, with their Islands and Capes, but we’ve got our brave Captain to thank.” So the Crew would protest, that “He’s brought us the best—a Perfect and Absolute Blank!”
1927 G.K. Chesterton, from the *Collected Poems of G.K. Chesterton* (London, 1927)

The Earth is a place on which England is found,
And you find it however you twirl the globe around
For the spots are all red and the rest is all grey,
And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

World Map generated by the “Empire Marketing Board,” c. 1925.

I look upon the map that hangs by me –
Its shires and towns and rivers lined in varnished artistry –
And I mark a jutting height coloured purple with a margin of the sea; this hanging map depicts the coast and place,
And recreates therewith our unforboded troublous case
All distinctly to my sight, and her tension, and the aspect of her face. So, the map
revives her words, the spot, the time,
And the thing we found we had to face before the next year’s prime; the charted coast stares bright, and its episode comes back in pantomime.

A Map of Thomas Hardy’s Wessex from The works of Thomas Hardy in prose and verse (London, 1912).
And if, possibly, one sometimes wearies of the old familiar places, of Greenwich Time and terrestrial latitudes, how easy to take pencil and brush and idly map out places where one would be. No need to be specific; no call to give it even a name; it would be quite unnecessary even to write a book about it. It would fetch not forty-four farthings in an open auction. It would be only a poor thing, but it would be one’s very own.
1956 Frances Gray Patton, from Good Morning, Miss Dove (New York, 1956).

“Is that the same map?” Jincey asked. She pointed to the large map of the world that hung, rolled up for the summer, above the blackboard behind Miss Dove. “Is China still orange?”

“It is a new map,” Miss Dove said, “China is purple.”

“I liked the old map,” Jincey said. “I liked the old world.”

“Cartography is a fluid art,” said Miss Dove.

World map seen through a classroom window.
1971 Saul Bellow, from *Mr. Sammler’s Planet* (Greenwich, 1971).

The superfluous irritates me sharply . . . However, it is sometimes necessary to repeat what we all know. All mapmakers should place the Mississippi in the same location, and avoid originality. It may be boring, but one has to know where it is. We cannot have the Mississippi flowing towards the Rockies for a change.

This map, drawn by Jean-Baptiste Franquelin about 1680, shows the Mississippi River flowing towards the Rockies; La Salle had not yet established the location of its mouth on the Gulf of Mexico (Service Historique de la Marine, Vincennes, France).

A map may lie, but it never jokes.

“Agloe,” just north of “Roscoe,” had been marked on this Rand, McNally map as an imaginary place, to identify cartographers who might illegally copy this material. This stratagem misfired, when a local person actually settled at the place he then identified as “Agloe,” thus making it legitimate.

Sometimes you’d sleep in a field, if the weather was nice. One time in North Dakota, all I had to cover myself was a road map underneath me and a road map on top of me. I woke up in the morning, there was frost on the road map. It didn’t bother me, I slept. Now I’m paying the penalty. Arthritis.

North Dakota State Map for 1958.

Wars on nations are fought to change maps,
But wars on poverty are fought to map change.