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Kings of Infinite Space: Cartography and Identity in Literature, 1599 - 1914

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KINGS OF INFINITE SPACE:
Cartography and Identity in Literature, 1599 - 1914

An Honors Thesis

presented by

Caroline Grace Mills

to

The Department of Literatures in English

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Abstract

Mapping and writing are both attempts to describe some truth about the human experience. While maps may seem utilitarian, or at best art objects with aesthetic value, I believe that the maps we create for ourselves also function as maps *of* ourselves. I am primarily concerned with the places where maps and literature intersect — where literature employs the logic and rhetoric of cartography, and maps have narrative value. Where the two overlap, ideas of national identity and individual identity merge. Formally, there is a distinct difference between the “God’s-eye view” that a map provides and the linear nature of a narrative or itinerary. There is tension between these two perspectives — which Peter Turchi calls “ego-vision” and “omni-vision” — that seems impossible to reconcile. The map cannot be made linear, and the linear narrative cannot become a map, but each provides its own unique benefits.

In this paper, I examined a variety of works of literature that utilize cartographic themes, terminology, and conceits, in concert with maps created contemporaneously. In every case, from *Hamlet* to *Ulysses*, the identities of various characters are inextricable from their worldview—which is, quite literally, their relationship to and perspective on the world in which they live. Cartography and identity are more bound together than one might expect. Examining literature like a map, and looking at maps for the stories behind them, opens up the door to a plethora of new insights.

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Introduction

“To ask for a map is to say, ‘Tell me a story.’”
— Peter Turchi, *Maps of the Imagination*

This paper is concerned with two essential human questions: Who am I? Where am I? Both have been in question for centuries, and maps as well as literature have been engaging them for almost as long. While they may seem utilitarian, or at best art objects with aesthetic value, I believe that the maps we create for ourselves also function as maps *of* ourselves. They reflect a society’s perspective on the world and their place in it, in addition to their own culture and the cultures of others. In this way, mapmaking is similar to writing: both are attempts to describe some truth about the human experience, and both reveal something about the time and place in which they were created.

While the histories of both art forms are interesting in their own right, I am primarily concerned with the places where maps and literature intersect — where literature employs the logic and rhetoric of cartography, and maps have narrative value. Where the two overlap, ideas of national identity and individual identity merge. Attempting to understand one’s place in the world can reveal as much about the world as about the self. The pursuit of knowledge embodied in mapping is concerned not only with pushing outward and expanding the boundaries of the known universe, but with charting our own interiors as well — from veins and organs to memory and imagination. Anatomy becomes a cartography of the body, a natural progression given that the latter is centered on the self.

However, there is tension between these two perspectives — which Peter Turchi calls “ego-vision” and “omni-vision” — that seems impossible to reconcile. The map cannot be made linear, and the linear narrative cannot become a map. While both maps and literature tell stories, they are formally separate, even when they adopt each other’s concerns (the map of a city in novel form, like *Ulysses*, or the linear itinerary, essentially a map with blinders on).

This tension is also manifested in the growing distance between mankind and his environment. Beginning in the Renaissance and moving toward the present, our conception of ourselves in relation to our conception of space has changed. At the advent of cartography, people had a closer relationship to their land because they depended on it. The lowliest peasant grew or hunted food, and didn’t travel far from his birthplace. For monarchs and other lords, the land they ruled was the source of their power, and therefore a map was a visual representation of that power. This is the case in *King Lear*, which begins by producing a map on stage that is then divided up between Lear’s daughters. The connection between land and male identity is made apparent by the numerous characters who are referred to by name of the land they rule, and yet conflation of the individual and the land also extends to women, who are seen as property to be conquered, or fertile soil in which to plant seeds and reap the reward — ideally, a male son who will inherit the father’s landholdings.

While not the main focus, this too is an issue in Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*. As the son of a king who has ruled Denmark nobly, Hamlet should gain the power and the land that was once his father’s. Instead, the throne and the land is usurped by Claudius. Lacking the male identity that comes with land, as exemplified in Fortinbras (or Young Norway), Hamlet is left not only powerless but also trapped:

HAMLET: Denmark's a prison.

ROS: Then is the world one.

HAMLET: A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o'th' worst.

ROS: We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET: Why, then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

ROS: Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET: O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. (II.ii.238)

While many critics have noted Hamlet as ahead of his time in terms of subjectivity, he is also ahead of his time in his construction of identity based on geographical concerns. He understands that the only territory of which he is truly the king is that of his mind, and while that territory is infinite, it is troubled. This concept looks forward to the stream-of-consciousness narrative of Joyce's *Ulysses*, in which *Hamlet* plays a significant role, Hamlet acting as a sort of predecessor to Stephen Dedalus. Somehow Hamlet has foreseen the predicament of the modern man, which is the feeling of isolation and confinement that comes with being "bounded in a nutshell" that is one's own mind.

However, between Hamlet and Steven Dedalus are several centuries of history, during which the map was filled in. Land was discovered, claimed, conquered, or colonized, and as empires grew, the world got smaller. Fear of the dark places on the map was also a fear of the "other", and so imperialism conquered both, creating empires on which "the sun never sets";

where blank space and native peoples are kept in check. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is a useful example of this phenomenon. The "darkness" of the African continent is referred to throughout literature and elsewhere in reference to its vast unexplored lands, its "uncivilized" nature, and the complexion of its inhabitants. Fear of darkness in all its forms resulted in the violent colonization of the continent, and cartography allowed various European powers to divide Africa up in any way they wished, without regard for the existing borders formed by tribes and cultures.

Another key text representative of this phenomenon—in a less direct way—is Melville's *Moby Dick*. The whale's horrifying whiteness stands in for the terrifying nature of the unknown:

It was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me. . . . Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth from the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? (204)

Ahab's monomaniacal pursuit of the blankness of the whale mirrors that of imperial powers and explorers racing to fill in the remaining "blank spaces" of the globe.

Ahab's main weapon, the wielder of the harpoon, is Queequeg. He is the opposite of a blank space, a man completely covered in tattoos which are "a complete theory of the heavens and the earth, and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth" (524). Queequeg's body is a text, a source of knowledge to combat the unknown, and its map-like qualities ("theory of the heavens and the earth") serve to cement his position as a foil to Moby Dick.

In the twentieth century, there is very little blank space left to fill in. After mapping the whole world, we turned then to ourselves, and in an effort for even greater realism, modernism attempted to map the workings of the inner mind and its response to external stimuli. James

Joyce's *Ulysses* follows Leopold Bloom through a day in Dublin — and while Bloom's private thoughts are the focus of the lengthy novel, the city of Dublin itself is no less important, structuring Bloom's journey and those of the rest of the characters. Joyce's attempt to capture the relationship between the environment and the self results in a sprawling piece of work seen by many as inaccessible — a strange outcome for a book about a day in the life of a relatively average man.

Like *The Odyssey*, on which the novel was based, the story is essentially about a man attempting to get home. Rather than having to travel for years fighting monsters and overcoming trials, Bloom must simply find a way back to his wife — both geographically and emotionally. Overcoming feelings of urban alienation and homelessness is not possible in an objectively mapped world without a center, or a way to orient oneself. In the absence of a geographical *place* to come home to, Joyce presents human relationships as home. Women in particular represent an orienting, centering force, because of their connection to the physical realities of the Earth — they are life-giving forces in tune with the moon and the tides. Therefore, human connection serves as a way back to the geographical connection that seemed all but lost in modernity.

Chapter I: Kings and Kingdoms, Princes and Globes

“O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.”

— Wm. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.

While maps of a kind existed before the Renaissance, two factors resulted in a surge of cartographic creation and innovation: more land to map and the tools and knowledge to map it. Expansion and imperialism required maps of the whole world, or at least the part that had been discovered—as nations expanded overseas, so did their maps. The idea was not just travel or discovery, but conquest, and therefore “maps were essential ... they simply had to devise some locational imagery in order to return to the lands they coveted” (Buisseret 110). These maps not only conveyed knowledge about a place, they played a role in conquering and colonization.

Mapping a place made it part of the European paradigm of land ownership, which was often much different from the way natives looked at their own land. For example, the stick charts used in Polynesia for navigation show the location and direction of ocean swells, in systems often only readable by their makers (Figure 1). This system of mapping and power is certainly not divorced from the literary tradition of the period—as the rest of this chapter will show, kingship as represented in plays like *King Lear* and *Hamlet* is inextricably connected with land, and the maps that allow for its control. In addition, the language of mapping is adopted by Shakespeare and Donne, among others, describing relationships between people in the terms of relationships between places.

The Renaissance marks a significant shift in cartography which places “people and their achievements in a more central position, as opposed to the medieval version which allotted men and women a very minor role in God’s cosmos” (Wintel 220). Part of this change appears in the utility that maps develop, and the techniques and perspectives they use in order to gain that utility. Lucas Jansz’s 1592 chart of Europe (Figure 2) favors numerous windroses and rhumb lines, because its purpose was navigating elsewhere, rather than understanding one’s current location. This too was the idea behind the familiar Mercator projection which places Europe in the center, thus distorting the sizes of all land masses furthest from the equator. While it is not an accurate representation of the Earth as a whole, it is the best projection for Europe and the Atlantic, allowing for ease in navigation.

John Ogilvy’s strip maps (Figure 3) also favor a globetrotting approach, in an even more extreme and unusual way. The format, a linear strip showing the route between a point of origin and a destination, is almost entirely free of context, removed as it is from the rest of the landscape. Each portion of the strip is completely vertical, with a new compass rose on each one to re-orient the reader as directions change. This kind of linear format caters even more to the individual perspective. Like a horse with blinders on, it ignores all features that aren’t directly pertinent to the journey at hand. It is also a map that is particularly similar to a text in its linear nature: it does not reveal all at once, but rather leads the reader on a path, telling a kind of story.

A particularly interesting map depicting Europe as a queen appears in Sebastian Münster’s *Cosmographica Universalis* (1588). The map is oriented with West at the top, and therefore Spain is the queen’s head, eyeing the continent of Africa. England and Scotland are a ribbon flying from her sceptre, and Italy is her right arm, holding the orb that is Sicily. She is

stepping on Asia with Greece, her foot. This depiction of Europe unites all the countries as one literal body, interacting with its neighboring continents. This is a common trope, and one that shows up in both *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, on the level of a single country: the king's body is the body politic, and so therefore he as an individual can stand for the entire citizenry. However, the metaphor is also spatial — the king stands not only for the idea of the country, but of the land itself. Therefore, it is somewhat strange that in this map, Europe is depicted as female. While this is a common trope, as evidenced by the common phrase “mother country” as well as female representations of nations such as La France and Brittania, the idea of female *power* as land-based is unusual. Land can be seen as feminine—fertile, nurturing, a strong mother figure or a warrior queen—but her feminine power does not consist of ownership. Woman and land are not only inextricably tied together; they play similar roles: they are married or conquered, and if they are fertile they bear children or resources, allowing the family or empire to grow. However, in all of these cases, they are subservient to a man as part of a patriarchal society. This tenuous relationship between gender and land is at work in both *Hamlet* and *Lear*.

Because of these connections between a person and country, the body was often seen as a microcosm of the land, and vice versa. The connection between these universal and individual systems shows up in several of Shakespeare's plays, as well as in the poetry of John Donne. Both authors incorporate the logic and rhetoric of cartography, and the new way of looking at space that it enables. Both employ cartographic conceits: the maps at the start of *Lear*; the lover as explorer of new worlds in Donne's “To His Mistress Going to Bed,” the struggle over a plot of ground “which is not tomb enough and continent / to hide the slain” in *Hamlet* (IV.iv.63-4).

The importance of the map is particularly evident in *King Lear*. Lear divests himself of his kingdom and splits it between his daughters, and the resulting struggle is one characterized by division: of state, family, and body. The beginning of this series of events is Lear's ceremonial division of the kingdom:

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age,

Conferring them on younger strengths while we

Unburdened crawl toward death (I.i.34-39).

The use of the “royal we” here splits Lear himself into multiple parts. As monarch, he stands for more than just himself — he is speaking for his subjects, and by extension, his land. If the king can be equated to the land, his body to the “body politic,” this division explains his logic: he seems to believe that he can split himself into parts, give away these parts, and still have something left — a state, or a body. The final lines imply that Lear is simply following the natural course of things, and letting the “cares and business” and the burden of rule fall to the next generation. However, abdicating the throne divests Lear not only of kingdom and responsibilities, but of his identity as a man of a ruling line.

Thus, it is the conveyance of land that becomes particularly problematic for Lear, who still believes in a system of land-based power but finds himself without a place in it. Devoid of sons, he instead plans on marrying off each of his daughters and splitting the kingdom between them. Rather than primogeniture, Lear's division is based on declarations of love from his daughters. Unlike a son, whose inheritance would be his by right, Lear's daughters must declare

their complete filial piety to receive a portion of their father's land. This places them in a situation of subservience which would not occur if they were male. In addition, their inheritance of the land also depends on their being married off—dispersal of land is a political move, a fact that is somewhat obscured by the focus on the division of land between the sisters, rather than their future husbands.

In addition to the anthropomorphic map of a monarch as his kingdom, there is also support in the cartographic tradition for anthropomorphized representations of political alliance through marriage. In his essay, "The Poem as Map - John Donne and the 'anthropomorphic landscape' tradition," Claude Gandelman mentions a portion of a cartographic diagram entitled *The Hierarchy of Spiritual Authority* created by Opicinus de Canistris:

Opicinus represents the world as a gigantic and geographical copulation. World topography, as it is represented by its mountains and its coastline on the paper of maps is revealed as an obscene anatomy, and all maps reveal the projection 'on the world' of fornicating man and woman. (Gandelman, 245)

Most likely drafted between 1335 and 1336, it predates the anthropomorphized map of Europe from Münster's *Cosmographia*. This map echoes not only the connection between monarch and land, but the political circumstances through which borders were drawn and maps altered. The "geographical population" taking place on the map explicitly mirrors, in a macrocosmic way, the literal copulation that occurred in strategic marriages between the royalty of various countries.

This is, essentially, what Lear sets out to do. While he is, on the surface, dividing his land between his daughters, each of them is being married off to royalty from various other kingdoms. It is these future husbands who stand to gain something significant. However, Cordelia is not as

quick to simply state her love and take her land. She sees that the relationship between the men in her life (her father and her future husband) and what she has to offer them is not as straightforward as her sisters seem to believe:

Why have my sisters husbands if they say
 They love you all? Haply when I shall wed
 That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty. (I.i.97-100)

Cordelia's vision of love as an exhaustible resource that must be portioned appropriately seems callous, but it is also a refusal to be false—she has a more realistic view of love than her sisters. She understands that she must somehow be divided between father and husband, in terms of her love and loyalty. Not only does Cordelia deem it obvious that some of her love should be saved for whomever that man may be, she describes the relationship in terms of addition, and sharing: two becoming one, dividing burdens while combining assets. She resists the kind of bodily and familial division that Lear carries out by negotiating relationships in a way that is essentially positive. This view on relationships in general is also pertinent political marriages, and the geographical consequences of those alliances. Cordelia's marriage with Burgundy (whose very name conflates him with his land) would have gained for him her portion of Lear's kingdom.

Dan Brayton asserts that because of the use of the map, Lear's dispossession is proof of his possession:

Either Lear is divesting from power or he is claiming an absolute correspondence between his person and his kingdom. If it is true that, 'according to the theory of the king's two bodies, the prince is most truly present at his demise,' then Lear's cartographic

bequest is also a statement of his own continuing sovereignty. Lear in effect oversees his own symbolic death in order to fossilize himself within the political order that will succeed him. (400-401)

However, while Lear does display a kind of kingly authority in dividing his kingdom, it is at the moment of that division that his power ceases to exist. He does not “fossilize himself,” for he does not remain a respected or significant part of the political order. The physical tearing of the map is representative of Lear’s self-destruction of his own sovereignty. And, as Brayton himself points out, “the process of division initiated by the display of the map will become uncontrollable” (402). Lear’s power over his land disintegrates as his kingdom itself does the same. This pattern repeats itself with his family, and eventually himself:

Lear: Does any here know me? Why, this is not Lear.

Does Lear walk thus, speak thus? Where are his eyes? ...

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool: Lear’s shadow. (I.iv.217-222)

This moment is where Lear’s personal division, or separation from himself, first appears. His kingdom, the substance of his identity, is gone — he is merely a shadow. It is interesting to note that in the Quarto (as opposed to the Folio text shown here), it is Lear who refers to himself as a shadow. Giving the Fool this line adds another dimension, which Foakes’ footnote suggests could mean “[the Fool] is Lear’s shadow (or the mirror-image in which Lear may see himself as a fool), and that Lear has become a shadow of his former self” (205). Whoever utters the last line, however, it is Lear’s realization of his divided self that is important here, emphasized by his third person address of himself — referring to himself as both “me” and “Lear” in the same line. The

difference, it seems, is that the name “Lear” is associated with his kingship. The “me” he refers to no longer has land or power, and is therefore undefined: a blank, unmapped space.

Lear’s meeting with Edgar (disguised as Poor Tom) out in the storm once again reflects his status as a mere “shadow” of his former self. Looking at Poor Tom, he comments: “Is man no more than this? Consider him well. . . . thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here (III.iv.92-98). There are hints of both the cartographic and anatomical in this scene. Firstly, the description of Poor Tom as “the thing itself” reflects Lear’s current status: he is Lear the man, rather than Lear the king, without the trappings of land and power. In addition, his “barely clothed, hyperkinetic, chattering figure recalls those animated, often madcap cadavers that . . . cavort across the pages of anatomical textbooks” (Traub 47). In particular, Tom and Lear in this scene are reminiscent of the anatomical studies of Vesalius, which display a kind of emotion unusual for a typical chart or diagram. When Lear, agitated, tears off his “lendings” in an effort to discover the truth of his own identity, he seems like this Vesalius drawing of a man who has relieved himself of his own skin, revealing the musculature underneath. (Fig. 6) The “poor, bare, forked animal” that Lear sees in Tom is, perhaps disturbingly, man without any trappings — a weak-looking, unprotected, awkward animal up on two legs. (Fig. 7) This is what all men are, but for these two men who have lost what they feel is part of their identity, realizing the truth of their physical selves is difficult.

Lear has the power to banish Cordelia, but his pronouncement becomes irrelevant when France agrees to marry her regardless of her lack of land or dowry. He also expects to retain some of the trappings of kingship, but Goneril and Regan’s empty declarations of love only yield

poor treatment of their father. Eventually, their complete dismissal of his former power and any respect that might warrant drive an enraged Lear out onto the stormy heath: not only a hostile space, but a seemingly unmappable one. His ranting, too, calls for chaos and destruction to the point of obliteration, replicating the tearing of the map on the actual land:

Blow winds and crack your cheeks! Rage, blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o’the world,
 Crack nature’s moulds, all germens spill at once
 That make ungrateful man! (III.ii.1-9)

The first line’s anthropomorphized wind recalls a common feature of many early maps. Small faces representing the earth’s different winds would encircle the globe, blowing mightily (Fig. 5). The rest of the speech is made of up a series of commands (or perhaps pleas) by Lear for the storm to lay waste to the land, erasing the entire landscape: covering all landmarks with water, crushing the world flat, and eliminating any hope of rebirth. As it stands, it brings back the notion of the feminine landscape, whose “rotundity”, like that of a pregnant woman, indicates the earth’s fertility. This is strengthened by the lines that follow, which refer to the “germens ... that make ungrateful man”. The misogynistic undertones here are certainly in part directed at the

treachery of Lear's daughters, but the return of the feminized landscape at such a violent moment is telling.

Despite the utterly destructive context, the line "Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world" might also suggest a kind of cartographic action — representing a three-dimensional world on paper. Out here, on the empty heath, Lear attempts to have some kind of control of the landscape. His words map a landscape which is invisible in the blinding storm. This act of creation is something Lear shares with Edgar, as he leads his now-blind father Gloucester around near Dover. Rather than actually lead him to the cliffs and to his death, Edgar sets the scene for the blind man:

Come on, sir, here's the place. Stand still: how fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show so scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade;

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

... The murmuring surge

That on th'unnumbered idle pebble chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. (IV.vi.11-22)

Edgar's description, with its aerial view and scaled-down nature, is distinctly map-like in nature.

The perspective that Edgar presents becomes almost God-like, higher even than the bird's eye view, for "crows and choughs" are visible halfway down. Edgar and Gloucester are so high up, in fact, that the roar of the ocean is inaudible. The distance between man and landscape

emphasizes the cartographic qualities of Edgar's description. This kind of map creation connects him to Lear, particularly as they have something else in common: both are the victims of dispossession. Their methods, even, are similar: find some kind of blank space (a stormy heath, a blind man's imagination) and describe a kingdom there. For both, this cartographic expression is directed outward, toward the actual land, onto which they project whatever they desire.

This point is where both Hamlet and *Hamlet* differ in their responses to dispossession and the entire idea of a land-based power structure, respectively. Hamlet struggles with his new identity, particularly as it relates to following in his father's footsteps. As the son of a king who has ruled Denmark nobly, Hamlet should gain the power and the land that was once his father's. Instead, the throne and the land is usurped by Claudius. Stripped of the land that defines his identity, Hamlet is left not only powerless but trapped:

Hamlet: Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz: Then is the world one.

Hamlet: A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Rosencrantz: We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet: Why, then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz: Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet: O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. (II.ii.238)

While many critics have noted Hamlet as ahead of his time in terms of subjectivity, he is also ahead of his time in his construction of identity based on geographical concerns. In *Hamlet without Hamlet*, Margreta de Grazia argues that many critics have “overlooked the centrality of land” when they assert that *Hamlet* marks the beginning of modernity (43). The play is rife with references to the deep connection between the body and land, and it is certainly plausible that Hamlet’s main problem is his dispossession. However, Hamlet, unlike Fortinbras, is not “with divine ambition puff’d” (IV.iv.49), and turns inward rather than outward. He does not think Denmark is “too narrow”, implying that he desires to expand its holdings. Rather, he rejects the kingdom entirely—he would be happier “bounded in a nutshell”. Unlike Lear and Edgar, who project their territorial desires outward onto the landscape, Hamlet understands that the only territory of which he is truly the king is that of his mind, and while that territory is infinite, it is troubled. Therefore, while the play as a whole is certainly concerned with land, this preoccupation does not preclude the modernity of Hamlet himself.

The contrast between Hamlet and Fortinbras emphasizes this point. Both are attempting to avenge their fathers, but their methods are entirely different. Hamlet merely wishes to murder his father’s murderer, while Fortinbras is intent on regaining the land his father lost. Horatio summarizes the history of the Norway/Denmark conflict in the first act, spurred by the sight of the ghost of King Hamlet in his armor:

Our last King,

Whose image even but now appeared to us,

Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway . . .

Dared to the combat, in which our valiant Hamlet . . .

Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact
 Well ratified by law and heraldry
 Did forfeit with his life all these his lands
 . . . Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Sharked up a list of lawless resolute
 For food and diet to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't, which is no other,
 As it doth well appear unto our state,
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsory those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost. (I.i.79-103)

King Hamlet, challenged by the older Fortinbras, defeated him in combat and therefore gained all of his lands. Thus, what seems to be direct, one-on-one combat between these two rulers involves entire kingdoms: when the man falls, so too does his nation. The younger Fortinbras, unable to avenge his father's death directly (i.e., by murdering King Hamlet), plans to attack and regain the land instead. Again, land stands in for the monarch himself, even when he is no longer present. However, young Fortinbras is not described in a particularly favorable light here: he is "of unimproved mettle, hot and full", suggesting his youth is coupled with inexperience and rashness. There is also something less than wholesome about the troops he has mustered: "lawless resolute" to fuel his hunger for revenge.

The connection between land and identity is tied to the physical body as well, a phenomenon Margreta de Grazia observes in *Hamlet without Hamlet*:

Men are commensurate with the acreage they possess, as if their bodies were literally extended by the tracts of land they hold by inheritance, purchase, or conquest. And however enlarged in life, even if to imperial proportions, bodies at death shrink to the size of a grave plot or to smaller still: to the dimensions of the deed by which lands are conveyed, one stretch of parchment coterminous with another. (3)

Hamlet notes fact this himself, in the graveyard, as he looks upon an anonymous skull: “This fellow might be in’s time a great buyer of land ... The very conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in this box, and must th’ inheritor himself have no more, ha?” (V.i.104-5, 112-14) In his mind, accumulating land during life seems silly, when not even the documents proving your ownership could fit in the grave with you. Thus, the ghost of Hamlet’s father is also the ghost of patriarchal identity, a system which Hamlet has been pushed out of but is still haunted by. Unlike women, who are read in spatial terms no matter their status, men need to be in control of land in order to be defined by it. Hamlet is caught between this old system—described above—and the new, where he attempts to create his own identity independent of the land with which he is associated by birth.

Even Hamlet’s name has spatial undertones, as Margreta de Grazia points out: “A hamlet is a cluster of homes: a kingdom in miniature” (6). This characterization makes him not a microcosm of his kingdom, but a small kingdom unto himself. Hamlet’s personal cartography is different from Lear’s, in that it is interiorized, rather than being imposed upon him by the outside

factors of kingship and kingdom — Hamlet essentially rejects both of these, realizing their uselessness to him.

Fortinbras, however, will stop at nothing to expand his kingdom. The play emphasizes the futility and destructiveness of this approach, most notably when Fortinbras is fighting to control a piece of ground described as “not tomb enough and continent / To hide the slain” (IV.iv.63-4). This comparison is one of the most moving in the play in the way that it highlights the value of human life as opposed to a comparatively useless piece of land which is, even in terms of square footage, worth less than the human beings dying in the struggle.

This is, essentially, Hamlet’s worldview: the individual human being means more than the land he might possess:

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory. This most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god—the beauty of this world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? (II.ii.288)

Hamlet’s dispossession has resulted in his disillusionment as well. His worldview has shrunk to focus on the microcosm, the “nutshell” in which he could be ruler of himself alone. This could be seen as solipsistic, or at the very least a humanist point of view, save for his concern in the last line: man *is* earth. Man comes from the earth, and returns to it after death. Here,

however, man's connection to the land is an essentially interior one, making him a part of—and a microcosm of—the world outside.

Therefore, if Lear's relationship to his land is like Münster's anthropomorphic map, then Hamlet's is like a cordiform projection (Figure 8). Where Lear conforms to the tradition in which a man's identity is defined by things outside himself (i.e. his lands), Hamlet turns inward. This 1530 map drawn by Peter Apian, has an explanation of its origins in the margins—Ptolemy and Vespucci are in the top left and right corners respectively, with their maps of the old and new world (Whitfield, 56). The cordiform projection is essentially a combination of these two. It “extends and completes the Ptolemaic map, retaining the same projection, but extending the parallels to 360 degrees and the meridians to the poles” (Whitfield, 56). However, this map is not just an interesting projection of a newly discovered world—it plays into the Renaissance ideas of macrocosm and microcosm, “linking the most inward central point of the individual with the most far-reaching symbol of all that lies outside the individual—a map of the whole world” (56). This type of projection, stands between old world and new, macro- and micro-, just as Hamlet is torn between the world of the exterior and the world of the interior, the land-based system of identity versus that which stems from something within oneself. It is also, perhaps, “that within which passeth show” (I.ii.85)—given how much Hamlet distrusts exteriors, the heart is an element of oneself that cannot be counterfeit.

A similar sentiment appears in John Donne's “The Good-Morrow”. Two lovers find their own world within themselves, and each other:

For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.

Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone

Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,

Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one. (8-14)

Their love makes “one little roome, an every where”, a microcosm of the world — like Hamlet, “bound in a nutshell” yet “king of infinite space”. Despite the great number of worlds described by maps, these lovers are only concerned with one: the world of their love, made up of two worlds together. As Robert Sharp notes in his essay on Donne and the cordiform map, “the contrast is between both the newness and the multiplicity of these worlds, on the one hand, and the singleness of the world which the lovers have because they constitute it, all else being excluded” (494-5). Donne continues:

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,

And true plain hearts doe in the faces rest

Where can we finde two better hemispheares

Without sharpe North, without declining West? (15-18)

The stanza begins with a complex series of reflections: each sees a face in the other’s eye, and this face reveals the truth of the heart inside. The “hemispheares,” however, are of particular interest, for they seem to refer explicitly to a double cordiform projection, like the Mercator map in Figure 9. Rather than two hearts which are each a world, or a half a heart which comes together with its corresponding hemisphere, Donne describes these two separate hearts as two hemispheres, and “two hearts together make one world” (Sharp 495). As in the Mercator map, two heart-shaped hemispheres come together to form one complete world. This displays a different approach to land and identity than either Lear or Hamlet: the speaker does not look

outward to land, nor inward, but to another human being. One's world, then, is not found in the physical landscape nor within oneself, but in one's relationship with another.

The theatre, too, becomes a world in itself, particularly in the case of *Lear* and *Hamlet*—both plays were performed at the Globe Theatre in London. This fact adds an extra dimension to the “Globe” references in both plays. A particularly memorable example, part of a tradition of attaching a theatrical metaphor to the idea of a microcosm, is Hamlet's response to his father's entreaties:

O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? ...

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee? (I.v.92-7)

The “globe” encompasses both the microcosm (Hamlet's confused head) and the macrocosm (the chaotic world) and the place in between (the Globe theatre, where Hamlet is speaking these words). He speaks to the audience, but also the “host of heaven”, an effect achieved by the fact that the audience is watching a sort of “world in miniature”: that is, the play. The fact that Hamlet's mind is a microcosm of the world reinforces his statement that he could be “bounded in a nutshell and ... king of infinite space”.

The theater metaphor and the map metaphor are also entwined historically. John Gillies pinpoints Abraham Ortelius' atlas, *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, as particularly influential: due to its popularity, atlases of its kind were in fact referred to as “theatres” (75). Like the map-as-body/body-as-map relationship discussed in reference to the anthropomorphic map tradition, Renaissance theatres had a strong connection with maps:

The world was a theatre in the sense of its delusiveness and emptiness. It was, in Macbeth's words, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing' (V.v.26-7). For its part, the theatre was a world in the sense of the microcosm's epitomization of the macrocosm. (Gillies, 76).

This almost paradoxical relationship blurs the lines between life and art: the former is seen as almost meaningless, like the fiction that occurs on stage, whereas the latter is made more real, a small-scale adaptation of large-scale cosmic happenings. Either way, the Renaissance was a time where the map and the theatre (which now seem quite disparate) were similar in their function: that is, allowing us to see the world—and humanity—in miniature.

The Globe theatre in particular is representative of the theatre as a microcosm of the world, as Frances Yates explains in *Theatre of the World*:

Evidence of various kinds . . . points to the Theatre of the World as the 'Idea' of the Globe Theatre. . . . The Globe Theatre was a magical theatre, a cosmic theatre, a religious theatre, an actor's theatre, designed to give fullest support to the voices and gestures of the players as they enacted the drama of the life of man within the Theatre of the World. . . . His theatre would have been for Shakespeare the pattern of the universe, the idea of the Macrocosm, the world stage on which the Microcosm acted his parts. (Yates 189)

Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* and *King Lear* to be performed at the Globe, and it would seem that their concern with the microcosm and macrocosm was not coincidental. The word "universal" is often used to describe Shakespeare's greatness, but there is literally something universal in these plays. They are microcosms of not only the physical universe, the "Theatre of the World", but of

humanity. The seemingly minor concerns of a single human being are raised to a level of importance. Hamlet's inward turn looks ahead to the individual, interiorized struggles and triumphs of man that are the focus of modern works — notably, *Ulysses*, which uses Hamlet's character as a model. As literature moves from the Theatre of the World to the Theatre of the Mind, we are indeed “bounded in a nutshell” and find ourselves “kings of infinite space”; however, this isolation is the bad dream from which we struggle to awaken.

Chapter II: “Spaces That Before Were Blank”

“It was the whiteness of the whale above all things appalled me. . . Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it, that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color, and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows?”

— Herman Melville, *Moby Dick*

As the nineteenth century progressed, mapping of the world became more and more comprehensive. Increased trade, exploration, and imperialism as well as improved technology meant that more of the world was being seen, surveyed, and recorded. Thus, there was a shift from vague conjecture about unknown places (e.g. “Here be dragons”) to a clean slate representation of blank space — blank with the expectation that there is land or sea, waiting to be charted. This blank space, however, is charged territory. Its mystery draws in explorers and adventurers as well as imperialists hungry for power and resources, and yet its blankness is also a source of anxiety. Unmarked areas are perhaps even more frightening than the sea monsters and monstrous creatures that used to act as placeholders. Whether they spark fear or curiosity, there is tension between humankind and the few remaining unmapped spaces.

This chapter will focus on three particular characters whose attitudes represent various facets of the issue at hand: the blank spaces on the map and how they are written about, mapped, and conquered. Ishmael and Captain Ahab of *Moby Dick* and Marlow of *Heart of Darkness* all come into contact with the few remaining blank spaces on the map: the ocean, the African

continent, and — as a representative of the idea of blank space — Moby-Dick himself. Ishmael, who spends an entire chapter outlining the terror of the white whale and his various albino brethren, combats his fear by attempting an exhaustive catalog of whales and whaling: anatomy, habits, migration patterns, and even exact measurements. Like Hamlet, Ishmael's concerns are not physical or financial but intellectual. His attempt at a complete picture of the whale and the whaling industry is mirrored in *Moby-Dick's* expansive form. Ahab's monomaniacal focus on Moby-Dick, a kind of monstrous blank space in himself, paints a picture of what man should actually be afraid of: the self-destructive greed and hubris associated with Imperialist tendencies. The Fortinbras to Ishmael's Hamlet, Ahab is defined by that which is outside of him: the whale he pursues. Joseph Conrad's Marlow travels to Africa and discovers that the place which was, in his youth, one of the "many blank spaces on the earth" is now filled in with "rivers and lakes and names". However, it remains obscured: a "place of darkness" that seems just as threatening as the blankness Ishmael fears.

The sea, too, is threatening. It is visually uniform, but it differs from land in that it is constantly fluctuating. This un-mappable quality is noticed by Ishmael soon after he sets sail on the Pequod, as he "turned . . . to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records" (Melville 66). The fact that the sea is constantly in motion, effacing anything that might be considered a landmark, makes it unique in terms of cartography. What can be mapped is only the ocean floor, (via depth measurements), or the currents and tides, which are not entirely regular themselves but shift based on a variety of variables. In addition, the sea hides much beneath its waters: an entirely different topography, as well as a world of flora and fauna, none of which is visible from the surface.

Ishmael is concerned with Moby-Dick in particular, as a monstrous inhabitant of the mysterious ocean realm. Like the blank spaces to which Marlow is drawn, Moby Dick is another kind of blank space: explicitly due to his unusual “blank” coloring, but also as a marine mammal who spends the majority of his time with most of his body hidden underwater. His unique whiteness spurs Ishmael to a whole chapter of musings, where he elaborates on the fact that “it was the whiteness of the whale that above all things appalled me” (204). Ishmael begins this chapter by listing scores of white things, first those which are seen as beautiful or sacred, then those which, like the white whale, terrify him: “Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics; what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are?” (Melville 205). True, they are unusually colored, but the polar bear as well as the shark are also native to those blank spaces of the map: the arctic, and the ocean. This seems to be part of the distinction between animals like these and the “milk-white steeds” or “snow-white bull” that are considered royal or divine (Melville 205). Those who inhabit blank, unknown spaces are seen as monstrous, just like the places they inhabit. Ishmael ends with an attempt at understanding these great white fears:

Is it that by its indefiniteness it shadows forth the heartless voids and immensities of the universe, and thus stabs us from behind with the thought of annihilation, when beholding the white depths of the milky way? Or is it, that as in essence whiteness is not so much a color as the visible absence of color, and at the same time the concrete of all colors; is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning, in a wide landscape of snows—a colorless, all-color

atheism from which we shrink? . . . And of all these things the Albino whale was the symbol. Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt? (Melville 212)

First, it is notable that Ishmael's fear seems to be a kind of reversal: usually, it is the darkness of the void that frightens one—the black, not the white. White is equally indefinite, and perhaps equally terrifying in its blankness, and so it is an appropriate stand-in. It has the added benefit of allowing for the paradox of being both “colorless” and “all-color” — for white light, when separated by a prism, is revealed to contain the entire spectrum. This quality is, however, hidden to the naked eye. The “blankness” here is thus appropriate for describing both the elusive white whale and various unmapped spaces, which are “full of meaning”, just like the “depths of the milky way”, but are as yet incomprehensible or ordered by man.

Those who have maps, however, have the ability to make certain invisible factors visible, and American whalers soon became very familiar with the ocean as it related to the whaling industry. Nantucketers, in particular, have mastered this knowledge: “two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires; other seamen but having a right of way through it” (Melville, 70). Nantucket is not a sovereign nation, and does not literally “own” the entire watery portion of the globe, and yet their cartographic knowledge does hold power.

A particularly fascinating example of the Nantucketer's cartographic authority comes from the 1768, when a complaint was filed with the Customs Board that mail packets took two weeks longer to cross the Atlantic from Britain to New York than those on merchant ships coming into Rhode Island. Ben Franklin consulted with his cousin Timothy Folger, a Nantucket whaler familiar with the route, and found the answer: the Gulf Stream (Ehrenberg 144). Rhode

Island captains could adjust, but English mail packets, being unaware (for their charts did not note this current), would be “carried back by the current more than they [were] forwarded by the wind” (Ehrenberg 144). Folger and Franklin collaborated on a map (Fig. 14), which was for the most part ignored by English captains but was later utilized by French merchants and the scientific community. Though the wisdom of “simple American fishermen” was not heeded right away, it would soon propel them toward a future as kings of a new kind of empire—the whaling industry.

Were one to map that kingdom, it might look something like this thematic map by Matthew Fontaine Maury (Figure 15). Using the Mercator projection (the standard for navigation during the 19th century), Maury’s chart reveals the most common whales of each type, in each area of the sea, in each season. It is centered around the Pacific Ocean, due to the number of whales found there, particularly the sperm whales that were the staple of the New England industry. While the map technically represents resources, the way that whales are described in *Moby-Dick* makes the process in which they are caught seem more like the claiming of land:

I. A Fast-Fish belongs to the party fast to it.

II. A Loose-Fish is fair game for anybody who can soonest catch it. . . . What to that redoubted harpooneer, John Bull, is poor Ireland, but a Fast-Fish? . . . And concerning all these, is not Possession the whole of the law?

But if the doctrine of Fast-Fish be pretty generally applicable, the kindred doctrine of Loose-Fish is still more widely so. That is internationally and universally applicable.

What was America in 1492 but a Loose-Fish, in which Columbus struck the Spanish standard by way of waiving it for his royal master and mistress. . . .

What are the Rights of Man and the Liberties of the World but Loose-Fish? What all men's minds and opinions but Loose-Fish? . . . What is the great globe itself but a Loose-Fish? And what are you, reader, but a Loose-Fish and a Fast-Fish, too? (Melville 433, 435)

Marking a "Fast-Fish" involves the symbolic gesture of planting a flag, traditionally used in claiming land (or even the moon). From this point on, however, keeping that fish "fast" is a matter of power and control: the party with a claim must "evince their ability at any time to take it alongside, as well as their intention to do so" (Melville 433). The distinction between a Fast-Fish and a Loose-Fish is somewhat fluid, for this power can change hands, but mapping in particular is a source of power. The ocean, for the Nantucketer, is a kind of "Fast-Fish": given their knowledge of the locations and migratory patterns of whales, they have a hold over the whaling industry. Along those same lines, various African colonies became "Fast-Fish" after being mapped by imperial powers. These lands were mainly valuable for their resources, like the whales sought by Nantucketers, and so mapping the African continent in a way that allows one to gain the most valuable resources is incredibly powerful.

One could imagine Ahab creating a map like Maury's, given his knowledge and experience, as well as his research resources: he has a variety of maps and charts, as well as log-books detailing "places in which . . . sperm whales had been captured or seen" (Melville 215). However, no map can tell Ahab where Moby Dick is currently located. A detailed explanation of his plan lies in Chapter 44, "The Chart", a chapter about which Melville points out, "So far as

what there may be of a narrative in this book . . . the foregoing chapter, in its earlier part, is as important a one as will be found” (Melville 221). The story of the book is Ahab’s pursuit of Moby-Dick, but Melville’s comment suggests that what is really important is Ahab’s interaction with the map:

Had you followed Captain Ahab down into his cabin . . . you would have seen him go to a locker in the transom, and bringing out a large wrinkled roll of yellowish sea charts, spread them before him on his screwed down table. Then seating himself before it, you would have seen him intently study the various lines and shadings which there met his eye; and with slow and steady pencil trace additional courses over spaces that before were blank. (Melville 215)

He can only trace the likeliest routes based on the information at hand. In this way, he is more of an explorer than a cartographer: using existing maps, he plots a course through “spaces that before were blank”. Furthering this conjecture, he does not keep all of his routes, but rather “almost every night some pencil marks were effaced, and others were substituted” (Melville 215). Thus, Ahab is not creating a map of sperm whale migration, or currents—which would be useful—but rather a kind of survey of the globe in search of his target.

This map does almost seem to exist *within* Ahab, however:

It almost seemed that while he himself was marking out lines and courses on the wrinkled charts, some invisible pencil was also tracing lines and courses upon the deeply marked chart of his forehead. . . . Ahab, who knew the sets of all tides and currents; and thereby calculating the driftings of the sperm whale’s food; and, also, calling to mind the regular, ascertained seasons for hunting him in particular

latitudes; could arrive at reasonable surmises, almost approaching to certainties, concerning the timeliest day to be upon this or that ground in search of his prey.

(Melville 215-216)

All of the relevant data is available to Ahab, based on both experience and research, and this experiential knowledge is visible in his physical appearance. This information is so exact that, were it employed with the purpose of merely catching sperm whales in general, Ahab could be quite successful. However, he maintains his singular focus: Moby-Dick. Bulson suggests that, like Lear, Ahab has taken on aspects of the map that defines him—and, therefore, the whale that represents the blank space of the map: “Ahab is no longer Ahab but the very thing he hunts. The characteristic “wrinkled brow” that circulates metonymically in the novel to signify the whale instead signifies Ahab” (57-8). His quest not only defines his identity, but affects his physical appearance.

Ishmael, too, has been marked by the journey. In the chapter “A Bower In The Arsacides”, after examining a whale skeleton in great detail, he seeks to keep the measurements he has made:

The skeleton dimensions I shall now proceed to set down are copied verbatim from my right arm, where I had them tattooed; as in my wild wanderings at that period, there was no other secure way of preserving such valuable statistics. But as I was crowded for space, and wished the other parts of my body to remain a blank page for a poem I was then composing—at least, what untattooed parts might remain—I did not trouble myself with the odd inches. (Melville 491-492)

Tattooing is significant not only in its permanence, but its connection to the body and identity of Ishmael himself. The word “character” comes from the Greek word for “engraving”, which suggests not only the tattooing process but also the process by which many maps were printed. Queequeg, Ishmael’s partner in adventure, possesses even more elaborate tattoos, described as “a complete theory of the heavens and the earth, and a mystical treatise on the art of attaining truth” — not only a kind of map, but an entire cosmology. Man becomes an agent of truth, his “body” of knowledge against the blankness of the map and of his body.

However, Melville complicates the idea of representational truth with Queequeg: “Queequeg was a native of Kokovoko, an island far away to the West and South. It is not down on any map; true places never are” (Melville 61). Truth, closely connected to authenticity, is something that can only be found in those blank spaces on the map. This is the paradox: while the search for truth involves attempting to “know”, via exploration, the whole world, exploration seems to take something away from the “spaces that before were blank”. Thus, we get the differing approaches of Ahab and Ishmael as extensions of Melville’s own search for truth. Where Ishmael merely attempts to know the blank space by cataloging it, Ahab is attempting to eliminate it entirely, and in doing so loses himself.

Ahab’s frustration with the inadequacy of his maps and plots reaches a peak in Chapter 118, “The Quadrant”. He first curses the sun; “Thou tellest me truly where I *am*—but canst thou cast the least hint where I *shall* be? (Melville 544). Then, he moves on to his instrument, the quadrant:

Thou canst not tell where one drop of water or one grain of sand will be tomorrow noon; and yet with thy impotence thou insultest the sun! Science! . . .

Level by nature to this earth's horizon are the glances of man's eyes; not shot from the crown of his head, as if God had meant him to gaze on his firmament. Curse thee, thou quadrant! . . . no longer will I guide my earthly way by thee; the level ship's compass, and the level dead-reckoning, by log and by line, *these* shall conduct me. (Melville 544)

With the sun and the quadrant, the problem is the same: Ahab's current position is useless to him, it is the future that matters: in particular how and where his course will meet that of Moby Dick. This becomes a question of space vs. time, map vs. narrative. However, with his renunciation of the quadrant, Ahab's route is determined only by observations from a single perspective: compass direction and "dead-reckoning", which is an estimate of the ship's route based on speed and direction. Once again, we see Ahab's propensity for a focused, linear route rather than the "truth" of a view that seeks to "comprehend the geographic totality" (Tally 188). Rather than looking above to the sun and stars, by which one can calculate one's position, he prefers to keep his eyes "to this earth's horizon", where they are pointed "by nature". There is obviously a religious implication here, but what is more important to the question is Ahab's rejection of the cartographic "view from above" in favor of the—perhaps more humanistic—individual perspective.

Ishmael, on the other hand, acts as a kind of cartographer of the whale. He attempts to catalogue everything, driven by a desire for completeness. His tale, therefore, is not as linear as Ahab's: "although he has the foreknowledge to plot the story, he does not possess the keen Ahabian skill to use maps as tools for prediction" (Bulson 47). In an effort to present to the

reader a complete story, he must append his own knowledge and observations to Ahab's simple man vs. whale narrative. Tally describes the difference thus:

Personal narrative requires a kind of ocular inspection that cannot really comprehend the geographic totality. Hence, the very *seeing*, which had been the authoritative sense (as with eyewitness testimony), becomes an impediment to the "true" representation; this reliance upon individual perspective distorts the truth. (Tally 188)

It seems that this differentiation between "seeing" and "true representation" opens up a divide between truth and reality: if "true" representation requires one to go outside oneself and adopt a perspective that is humanly impossible, it is less "real" than the individual perspective that one "sees with ones' own eyes". The problem, then, is bridging the gap. Tally describes this as what Melville grapples with: "how to connect the individual experience of the world with a larger totality" (193). Joyce confronts this issue in *Ulysses*, which attempts to describe an entire city via a variety of incredibly detailed individual perspectives — in particular, the "Wandering Rocks" chapter, where the paths of nineteen characters are painstakingly charted across Dublin over the course of two hours. It comes close to being a complete picture, but is ultimately a disjointed one.

In his essay on truth and narrative form in Melville, Robert Tally explains that "for Melville, *truth* is always related to *space*, and consequently, the ascertaining of truth, and truth-telling or narrative, are imagined as geographic or cartographic enterprises (Tally 191). This view explains the paradox: the "true places" that cannot be found on maps are authentic by virtue of their untouched existence. No one has attempted to map these places, or represent them, for to do

so would, by necessity, have a kind of bias. And yet, to *find* truth, one must explore these unmapped places, adding them to one's own personal map of the world. Tally suggests that

For Melville, the Pacific provided the geographical space in which the truth — a comprehensive truth that would encompass political, scientific, and aesthetic worlds — could be revealed; his experiences in the Pacific prompt both his understanding of the world and his craft of representing it. (Tally 183)

For a large-scale understanding of the world, one must have a large-scale space, and this space must be blank. Only in a “true place” can one reveal the truth. However, this idea becomes more complicated when one acknowledges that Melville is claiming the “blank space” of the Pacific for himself, a theory put forth by Juniper Ellis in reference not only to *Moby-Dick*, but *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *Mardi* as well: “The cartographic void or the ‘chartless seas’ that Melville refers to here and in *Moby-Dick* evince the empty field that he constructs to inscribe authorial, cultural, and national identity” (Ellis 15).

Conrad uses a similar setup at the start of *Heart of Darkness* to display the way that European powers viewed the “empty field” of Africa upon which they could inscribe their own power. Along with the idea that unmapped places are somehow lagging behind temporally, they are also unclaimed: “The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there—you could look at a thing monstrous and free (Conrad 37). The characterization of earth as “monstrous” adds to the idea that Melville puts forth: man is placed in opposition to the earth, it is something that must be conquered, “shackled”, and subdued. Some of this has to do with the fact that nature, in these places, is left to its own devices: plants grow freely, animals are unthreatened by human encroachment on their habitats,

entire ecosystems flourish without human influence. Thus, it is in these places that earth is, in fact, as its most “earthly”. The other part, however, is the fact that places without civilization are seen as “monstrous”: the darkness of Africa, and the white whale are both threatening in their blankness.

Conrad, on the other hand, is drawn to the blank spaces of Africa, which were unknown cartographically (to western explorers) but certainly known to their inhabitants. He speaks fondly of this affinity, which he discovered in his youth:

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 that) I would put my finger on it and say: When I grow up I will go there. The North Pole was one of these places I remember. . . . But there was one yet—the biggest—the most blank, so to speak—that I had a hankering after. (Conrad 11)

This “biggest . . . most blank” place is, of course, the continent of Africa. And while he admits that once he grew up it had filled in and become “a place of darkness”: maps now featured not only the landmarks and terrain but the various imperial claims made on the land. Marlow nevertheless ends up traveling there in *Heart of Darkness* — straight to the center of that darkness, in which he finds a different sort of blank space. Not only are there natives, but various enterprising Europeans attempting to cash in: for them, the place’s “blankness” is indicative of unclaimed resources to which they have a right, by a logic similar to that of the “Fast-Fish/ Loose-Fish” doctrine. Thus, the “darkness” not only refers to the literal darkening of a blank

page by filling in of the map with “rivers and lakes and names”, but also the way the comparative emptiness acts on the men that have travelled there, and the evil that can overcome them. Like Ahab, Kurtz’s identity is tied up in the land and resources he covets, and the darkness consumes him.

However, as Marlow notes before beginning his tale, almost everywhere was “undiscovered” at one point. As the ship approaches London, a bustling industrial metropolis, he notes that “this also . . . has been one of the dark places of the earth” (Conrad 9). He then hearkens back to the days when Roman soldiers arrived on the island, musing on the wilderness they must have found there. This sense of the progress that exploration has made was clearly the feeling of the time, as exhibited in Edward Quin’s fascinating cartographic project, *A Historical Atlas from Creation to 1828*, published in 1830 (Fig. 10-13). Beginning in 2348 AD with just a small circle of land visible, labelled “Eden,” the atlas features a series of maps framed by dark clouds, which retreat to reflect the status of Western knowledge of geography throughout history. The view from above, peering through black clouds through to earth, gives the reader a godlike perspective which reflects a kind of Enlightenment confidence in man’s ability to conquer—through knowledge—the whole world.

There is a discrepancy between the timeline of discovery and mapping and actual time, and the view presented by Quin’s map reflects that feeling. From the perspective of the cartographer, spaces which are hidden by cloud in the *Historical Atlas* seem not even to exist until they appear on the map. This results in the feeling, for European colonists in Africa, that they have gone back in time somehow: “Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings.

An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest” (Conrad 35). Progress during this time is not uniformly spread across the globe—some peoples, who are seen as “civilized,” have progressed further than others. The idea that these places are unmapped, clean slates, makes it easier to see them as antiquated, even pre-historical. Mapping them brings them one step closer to global unity, at least on a cartographic level. It is a way to adopt everyone into the same format, whether they like it or not.

This impulse leads to the idea that the best way to produce truth is to include everything — the “whole truth” as it were. This is, in a way, what Melville attempts with *Moby Dick*: a completely comprehensive novel. However, in order to *be* an effective representation, one needs to leave things out in a strategic manner. A map, in order to be useful, must be scaled down and include only relevant roads and landmarks — otherwise, it risks becoming a kind of full-size Borgesian replica of the territory, no longer a map by definition. The *truth* is in the place itself, not the map.

The allure of the “blankness” of Africa for various European imperialist nations was not only the purely intellectual concerns of exploration, but the opportunity for the power that comes with controlling a piece of land. The physical representation of that power is the map. Without any regard for the African people, the continent was divided up like a “magnificent African cake”, everyone clambering for the biggest slice. The issue goes beyond mere imperialism, however. There is something about the land which cannot be “owned” in the traditional sense.

This is particularly well-put when used to describe Mr. Kurtz, the legendarily successful ivory trader:

‘My intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my. . .’ everything belonged to him. It made me hold my breath in expectation of hearing the wilderness burst into a prodigious peal of laughter that would shake the fixed stars in their places. . . The thing was to know what he belonged to, how many powers of darkness claimed him for their own. That was the reflection that made you creepy all over. . . . how can you imagine what particular region of the first ages a man's untrammelled feet may take him into by the way of solitude—utter solitude without a policeman—by way of silence—utter silence, where no warning voice of a kind neighbor can be heard whispering public opinion. Little things make all the great differences. When they are gone you must fall back on your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. (Conrad 49-50)

Kurtz is convinced that everything in the domain is his, that his hoarding of ivory and renown among the other traders gives him some kind of power — when in fact, it is he who has been conquered. Nature is, in a sense, a challenge to civilization: the sheer emptiness of the space, and its lack of infrastructure/laws/discipline returns even the most civilized man to a state of nature, allowing him to act untrammelled by the “civilized” customs he supposedly stands for. Kurtz’s identity is tied up in the land, and the darkness of the land overcomes him. As was the case with Ahab, or even Lear, he meets his demise due to a loss of an identity that was located outside of himself. The scramble for land and the resources it held during the imperial, then industrial periods changed not only the way people looked at the world, but how they conceived of themselves in it.

Chapter III: “Bounded In A Nutshell”

“We each have a world, one that includes not only our hometown . . . but Victorian England . . . We compile mental maps that are wildly skewed, a mental atlas so large and complex that we can never fully convey it to anyone else. Then we live in the world that those maps create.”
— Peter Turchi, *Maps of the Imagination*

Our sense of place, it turns out, means more than the objective “fact” that a map is capable of showing. This personal map, like the one described above, cannot be conveyed to another person. Thus, one is stuck in the “infinite space” of one’s own mind, a world limited only by personal knowledge, experience, and perception. *Ulysses*, like the *Odyssey*, is the story of a man trying to get home. Rather than traveling through various exotic locales, however, Leopold Bloom merely traverses Dublin. He is never terribly far from his house or his wife, and yet his journey and its trials are just as epic as those of Odysseus.

While many critics have traced the paths of Joyce’s characters through Dublin, and made much of his geographical accuracy, there is more to cartography in *Ulysses* than a simple attempt at realism. Bloom’s desire to find his way home is spurred by the alienation that is part of the modern age, which I believe has something to do with the conventions of modern cartography. As science progressed, more accurate and standardized maps became the goal. An objective “God’s eye view” lacks a center, and therefore a way to orient oneself, particularly in terms of identity. Joyce uses cartographic techniques and terminology in order to create a picture of Dublin which, while accurate, does not make one feel at home. Thus, both Stephen and Bloom are drawn toward various centers, or points of origin: the sea, the womb, the *omphalos*,

Jerusalem. No longer able to identify with a particular geographical point, they find home in their relationships. Bloom is reunited with Molly, and Stephen finds something of a father figure in Bloom.

This feeling has its roots in the very beginning of mapmaking. One of the first European printed maps is an example of a style called a T-O map, (Figure 16)

where *O* represents a spherical world surrounded by water, and *T*, placed within the *O*, divides the world into the known continents. The stem of the *T* represents the Mediterranean Sea, and separates Europe from Africa. The crossbar represents the Don and Nile Rivers, and separates Asia from Europe and Africa. . . .

Mapmakers often place Jerusalem at the center of the map. (Ehrenberg 27)

Beyond merely representing the limited geographic understanding of the time, the map has a religious bent. The map is, quite literally, influenced by a Christian perspective, for the orientation is based on Jerusalem as the center of the inhabited world.

A more secular tradition looks toward different origins. As discussed in Chapter I, there is a tradition in both cartography and literature of thinking about the world as human, particularly as female — a provider and source of life. Joyce plays with this tradition throughout the novel. For example, the first chapter begins with Stephen, Buck Mulligan, and Haines at the Martello Tower, where the three have been living. Explaining the history of the tower to Haines, Mulligan crows that “ours is the *omphalos*” (15). The word is Greek, meaning “navel of the world”, and is used to describe the location of the oracle at Delphi. It is also, perhaps, the center of one’s soul. The idea is that Earth can be mapped in such a way that correlates with man’s anatomy — once again, recalling cartographic traditions described in Chapter I. However, rather than being

associated with vocabulary of power (heads of state, body politic, etc.), Joyce is concerned with the ways in which the everyday man is connected with the place where he lives.

Two female figures loom large in the novel, both of which are associated with Earth and the sea: Molly Bloom and Mrs. Dedalus, respectively. We first meet Stephen in his tower by the sea, which Mulligan refers to as “our great sweet mother” (4). Stephen is haunted by his mother’s illness and death, enough so that the “snotgreen sea” evokes the “bowl of white china [that] had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile” (5). There is more to the mother-ocean connection than the recollection of Mrs. Dedalus’ illness, however. When Mulligan refers to it as “our great sweet mother”, he references the sea (and water in general) as a source of life. Women have a particular connection to nature as life-giving beings. The side-effect of that ability, menstruation, is another connection: the phases of the moon, through gravity, affect the tides, and supposedly the cycles of a woman’s period as well. Joyce plays with this connection multiple times. In the final chapter, Molly Bloom gets her period, and comments that “its pouring out of me like the sea” (633). And, earlier on, Gerty MacDowell feels her menstrual cycle coming on while at the seashore. This not only connects the two women to the sea, but to each other: their bodily rhythms, and the rhythms of nature, are in sync.

Both Stephen and Bloom are drawn to the sea. The latter finds a kind of connection with Gerty, at least sexually if not emotionally, and yet it is in the end a connection over distance, ultimately masturbatory. By setting this event on the seashore, within sight of the church — Mary, Star of the Sea — the chapter emphasizes the femininity of the ocean. We are made aware of another natural phenomenon when Bloom thinks that his watch has stopped at the moment he has been cuckolded by Boylan: “Wonder is there any magnetic influence between the person

because that was about the time he” (306). He goes on to associate magnetism with what is actually gravity — the Earth’s orbit, and consequently the way we conceive of time — but the idea that a kind of natural tie has been broken is important.

It is not only a bond between people that has been broken, but Bloom’s ties to the natural world. Molly in particular is a sort of Earth mother figure, with deep connections to Earth, the moon, and nature generally. Bloom ponders this in the penultimate chapter, asking “What special affinities appeared to him to exist between the moon and woman?” and going on to point out a host of similarities, some scientific and some not so scientific. (576). Upon returning to his wife in bed, he finds various feelings culminating in

Satisfaction at the ubiquity in eastern and western terrestrial hemispheres, in all habitable lands and islands explored or unexplored . . . of adipose anterior and posterior female hemispheres, redolent of milk and honey and of excretory sanguine and seminal warmth, reminiscent of secular families of curves of amplitude, insusceptible of moods of impression or of contrarities of expression, expressive of mute immutable mature animality. (604)

That is, it is nice to know that women everywhere have bottoms, and womens’ bottoms are, in their form, representative of everywhere — the entire globe, in two hemispheres. Unlike Donne’s “The Good-Morrow”, where each lover’s heart is a “hemisphere” and the two together make a complete globe, it is Molly on her own that constitutes a world, which Bloom himself notes in a poem to her: “You are mine. The world is mine” (555). The woman becomes the connection between a man and his geographical home. “they’re all mad to get in where they come out of”, Molly comments, and this is true not only sexually, but in the longing to return to one’s origin:

the womb, the ocean, the *omphalos*, Jerusalem, Ithaca (626). She fits this role particularly well because her origin is at the crossroads: Gibraltar sits between Pacific and Mediterranean, East and West, Europe and Africa. There is, perhaps, no better “central point”.

Thus, it is this center, origin, or home that both Stephen and Bloom are searching for on their journey. On the morning of June 16, 1904, Stephen Dedalus find himself literally homeless, no longer welcome at the tower for two reasons. First, the Englishman Haines has made Stephen feel unwelcome in his own home: a microcosm of the imperial relationship between England and Ireland. The idea of homelessness caused by imperialism is reinforced when one considers that “the maps that Joyce used in the creation of *Ulysses* would have derived from the comprehensive British survey of Ireland taken during the early nineteenth century and thus would have represented Ireland through the spatial perspective of an imperial gaze” (Hegglund 165). The vision of Dublin through which Joyce’s characters move, therefore, is one that has been imposed from the outside. The process of an imperial survey imposes uniformity, at the expense of a more localized knowledge. Joyce combats the imperial cartographic project by allowing a uniquely Irish perspective to shine through, writing his own story across the map.

On a more literal level, Mulligan relieves Stephen of the key to the tower: “He has the key. I will not sleep here when this night comes. . . . I pace the path above the rocks, in sable silvered, hearing Elsinore’s tempting flood” (37). He imagines himself a combination of two Hamlets, the father and the son: the former is a ghost, in “sable silvered”, whose castle is taken from him and now finds himself homeless, even in death — he waits in purgatory. The latter finds himself almost equally displaced, his throne and royal identity usurped, pondering suicide (“Elsinore’s tempting flood”). Stephen must set out to wander in search of a new home.

Bloom finds himself in a similar situation: without a key (he has left it in his other pair of trousers) and with a usurper having driven him out of his home (Boylan, with whom Molly is having an affair). As a Jew, he is part of a group known historically as wanderers, a people without a country to call home. This part of his identity makes him an outsider in Ireland, and spurs in him a longing for an actual *land*. First it is spurred by an advertisement for “Agendath Netaim: planters’ company”, and the thought of owning a place with an ancestral connection, rooted in blood and soil. Rather than allowing one to live off of the land, directly connected to it, the modern world turns an ancient agricultural system into a kind of mail order scenario: send money, and receive crops or profit. Bloom is later reminded, at Paddy Dignam’s funeral, of how burial traditions too are related to land, and must be altered due to his displacement: “Lay me in my native earth. Bit of clay from the holy land” (90). He was not born in Jerusalem, yet has a connection to it as the “holy land”, making the soil from that place sacred.

However, when it comes to 20th century mapping, objectivity is the goal. The favorable orientation still belongs to the mapmaker, but his motives may not be quite as clear as in the T-O map. Critics such as Heggland and Bulson have pointed out, this means that the British Ordnance Survey is not necessarily a map in which the Irish can find themselves. However, throughout *Ulysses*, Joyce allows for a variety of alternate mappings of Dublin based around individual perspectives. In the “Parable of the Plums”, for example, two elderly women “want to see the views of Dublin from the top of Nelson’s Pillar . . . They see the roofs and argue about where the different churches are” (119, 121). What they see (or attempt to see) when looking at Dublin as a whole are the churches. They are large landmarks when viewed from street level, but from the map-like perspective at the top of the pillar, the women are disoriented.

This is somewhat difficult to imagine in this era of smart phones with Google Maps and GPS, but a map does in fact remove one from one's everyday perspective. Bloom too performs a feat of mental cartography, while walking through the city, thinking: "Good puzzle would be cross Dublin without passing a pub" (48). This would, of course, create an entirely different map than the one the old women envision. This is the power of the mental map, which is not all that different from traditional cartography: certain features must be emphasized. A city map might focus on street names and important buildings, while a map of an entire country might instead shows the terrain — mountains, rivers, and valleys.

In the "Wandering Rocks" chapter of *Ulysses*, Joyce focuses on the people. Each of its nineteen sections follow a character or group of characters. Sometimes these people cross into different episodes, others only appear briefly. Hugh Kenner concludes that "all these people, plus the many who jostle them and the viceregal cavalcade that sweeps east and then south-east across the city, make a composite synecdoche for Dublin" (63-4). While the movement of a group of people around the city of Dublin over the course of an hour might perhaps be seen to represent the city as a whole, it does not have a particularly unified feeling. Joyce is attempting, in a way, to do what a map does, but through text — combining a series of overlapping itineraries to create a single portrait of the city. There is a tension between the two, as observed in *Moby-Dick*: Ishmael's map-like view versus the distinctly linear itinerary of Ahab.

Hegglund describes the tension thus:

The apparently precise representation of Dublin sets up a formal oscillation between the panoptic visual space of the map and the local knowledge of narrative, finally drawing attention to the absences inherent within each mode of

representation. Cartography promises a surveying view, but this vantage is distanced, abstract, and ahistorical. Narrative, conversely, can project individual movements through time and space but ultimately must rely on partial views and situated knowledges. (166)

Each strategy has its own benefits and drawbacks, but rather allowing for the strengths of both to shine through when combined, each points out the failings of the other. A map made up of itineraries ends up being mostly weaknesses: it is a “distanced, abstract, and ahistorical view” made up of a collage of limited individual perspectives. This experiment on Joyce’s part seems to acknowledge the impossibility of a truly complete picture of reality: neither mapping nor writing can quite capture what it is like to be a being in the world.

In addition, “Wandering Rocks” manages to show the futility of attempting to unify a group of people based purely on their geographical proximity:

By presenting Dublin not as an organic community (in which inhabitants are linked by essentialized bonds such as class, religion, race, or kinship) but as a series of individual itineraries bound only by their coincidence in space and time, Joyce suggests that the cartographic image of space is less an authoritative representation of the boundaries of community than a heuristic tool to unify conceptually what is necessarily multiform and disparate. (Hegglund 178)

These bonds that Hegglund refers to are what truly defines a community, not the borders drawn on a map. The goal of objectivity in modern mapping results in maps that don’t tell one much about the people living in a place — national ties based solely on geography are constructed. Bloom himself attempts to articulate this view in his argument with the Citizen: “A nation? says

Bloom. A nation is the same people living in the same place Or also living in different places” (Joyce 272). Communities are structured by human bonds, not by cartographic conventions. It is the relationships between people that create a nation.

What Stephen grasps, bringing Hamlet’s inward turn full-circle, is that the importance of belonging to a community is rooted in the fact that the community is part of oneself. When Stephen questions what his role is as an Irishman, Bloom suggests that “You both belong to Ireland, the brain and the brawn. Each is equally important. . . . But I suspect, Stephen interrupted, that Ireland must be important because it belongs to me” (527). It is the individual that is important, and the fact that his own space—“bounded in a nutshell” of his mind—includes his homeland in some way. This is how it is possible for the nation to exist across geography, for it is present in every individual who recognizes it as part of his or her identity.

Joyce wrote *Ulysses* not in Dublin, but from Zurich, Paris, and Trieste with a map in front of him. Writing the novel, and building his own map of Dublin, was a way of coming home:

Topographical accuracy in *Ulysses*, the kind we have come to identify more broadly with the modernist novel, was Joyce’s way of overcoming the estrangement that comes with exile. The Dublin of *Ulysses* is in fact the exile’s dream. Since Joyce could not belong to Dublin, he made Dublin belong to him.

(Bulson,66)

Certainly, he was successful. No other novel is so inextricable from and representative of its setting. Yet beyond this basic fact, Joyce also proves that *who* one is is inextricable from where one is. That space is limited only by the “infinite space” of the mental map, which defines one’s entire experience as a being in the world.

Conclusion

“So it returns. Think you’re escaping and run into yourself.
Longest way round is the shortest way home.”
—James Joyce, *Ulysses*

In the end, our own lives and experience create a mental map, the “infinite space” of which we are king. While individual places may overlap, no two people’s maps are exactly alike. Because this map is literally a representation of one’s worldview, it is inextricable from one’s identity. It is the perspective from which we see the world, the compass with which we orient ourselves. By charting, mapping, and telling stories we learn more about ourselves: not only where we are and where we’ve been, but *who* we are, and why.

Being the king of a space with a population of one, however, is lonely. We find ourselves “bounded in a nutshell”, and this isolation is the bad dream from which we struggle to awaken. Joyce, I believe, is right to suggest that in the absence of a geographical home, we find home in relationships. The communities we create across space allow us to break free not only of national boundaries, but the boundaries of our selves, while still maintaining an individual identity.

Since the publication of *Ulysses*, however, feelings of alienation have only been exacerbated by technology. The promise of social media to bring people together in communities across the globe has become, in fact, isolating in a different way—we prefer the text to the call, the tweet to the letter, the Skype session to the face-to-face meeting. Physically, we are often very much alone. One may have hundreds of Facebook friends, but these connections are slimmer and more fragile than the bonds friends of generations past.

Mapping, too, has been greatly affected by technology, and this is a doubled-edged sword. Satellite mapping and global positioning systems give one instant access to an incredibly detailed map of the Earth and one's exact location on its surface. However, we are also overdependent on these tools. Many will follow the digital voice of their GPS mindlessly, for they trust the machine above their own sense of direction. Part of this phenomenon is the increased mobility of a globalized world, which takes away something of the rootedness one used to feel to a place.

We now have no real physical place to call home, but perhaps we can create one, wherever we are. The ease of mapping through tools like Google Maps and GIS allows for the creation of new kinds of cartographic identities: maps of our running routes, favorite coffee shops, travel plans, or even the jack-o-lanterns of our neighborhood (Figure 17). All of these things taken together, bundled like an atlas, may perhaps overcome the divide between ego-vision and omni-vision: we make these spaces belong to us, creating narratives through maps and maps through narratives. The more we expand our mental map, the more we find out about who we are. Then we can truly come home.

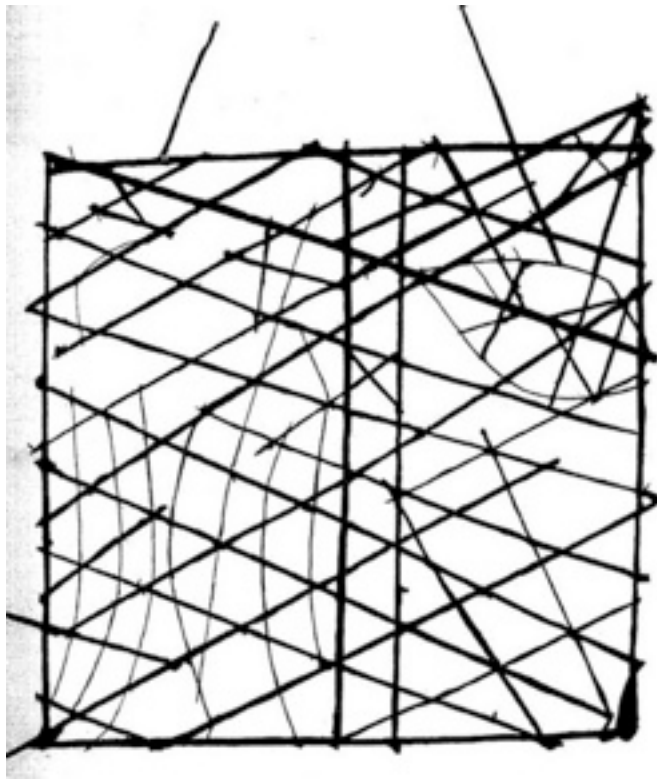


Figure 1: Polynesian navigation device showing directions of winds, waves and islands. (1904)

<http://www.nzetc.org>

Figure 2: "Europa Regina", Sebastian Munster, *Cosmographia Universalis*, (1588)
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Europe_As_A_Queen_Sebastian_Munster_1570.jpg





Figure 3: Lucas Jansz, chart of Europe, from Spiegel der zeevaerdt 1592

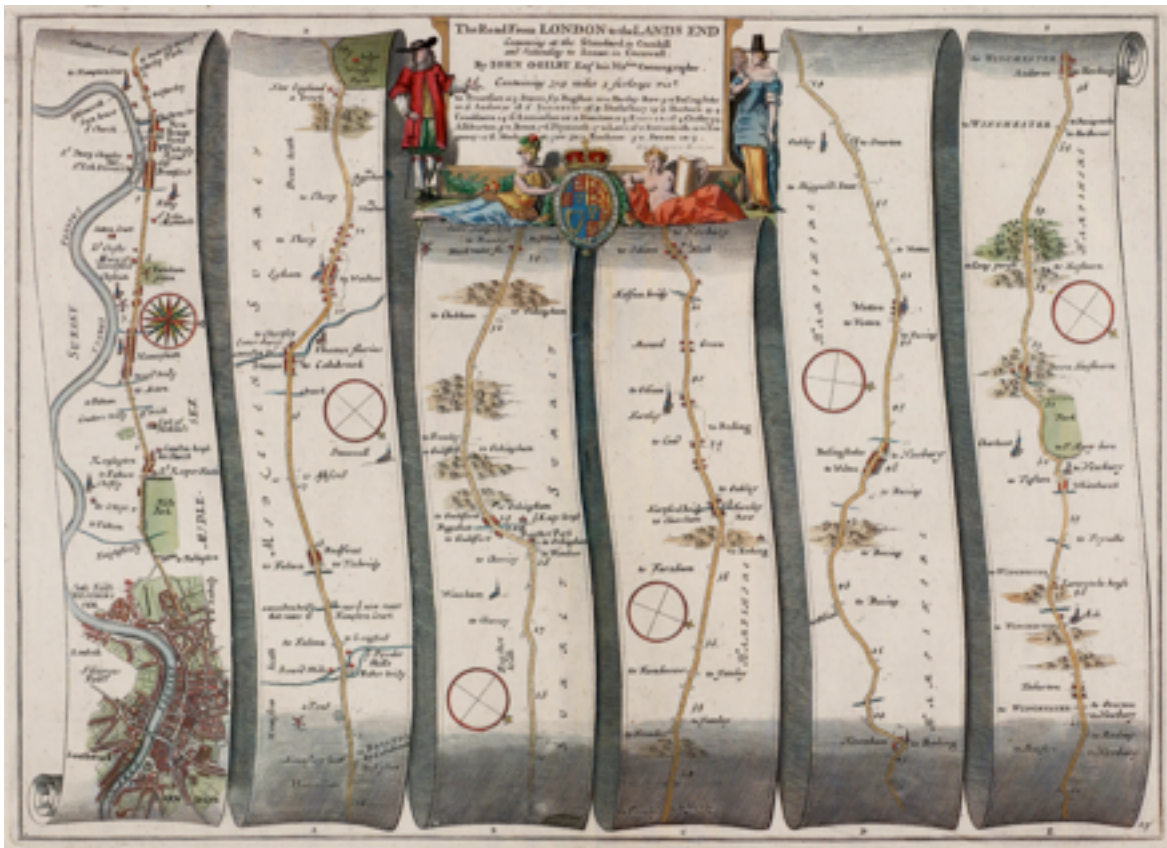


Figure 4: Ogilby - The Road from London to Land's End (1675)
[http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/e/eb/Ogilby_-_The_Road_From_LONDON_to_the_LANDS_END_\(1675\).jpg](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/e/eb/Ogilby_-_The_Road_From_LONDON_to_the_LANDS_END_(1675).jpg)



Figure 5: “Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!”
 Wind-face from the Dürer-Stabius 1515 world map. (Whitfield, 53)

Figure 6: “Off, you lendings!”

Andreas Vesalius, *De corporis humani fabrica libri septem* (1543)

http://www.nlm.nih.gov/exhibition/historicalanatomies/vesalius_home.html



Figure 7: “Is man no more than this?”

Andreas Vesalius, *De corporis humani fabrica libri septem* (1543)

http://www.nlm.nih.gov/exhibition/historicalanatomies/vesalius_home.html



Figure 8: Cordiform Projection - Peter Apian, 1530
 Whitfield, Peter. *The Image of the World: 20 Centuries of World Maps*. San Francisco: Pomegranate Art in Association with the British Library, 1994. p. 57. Print.

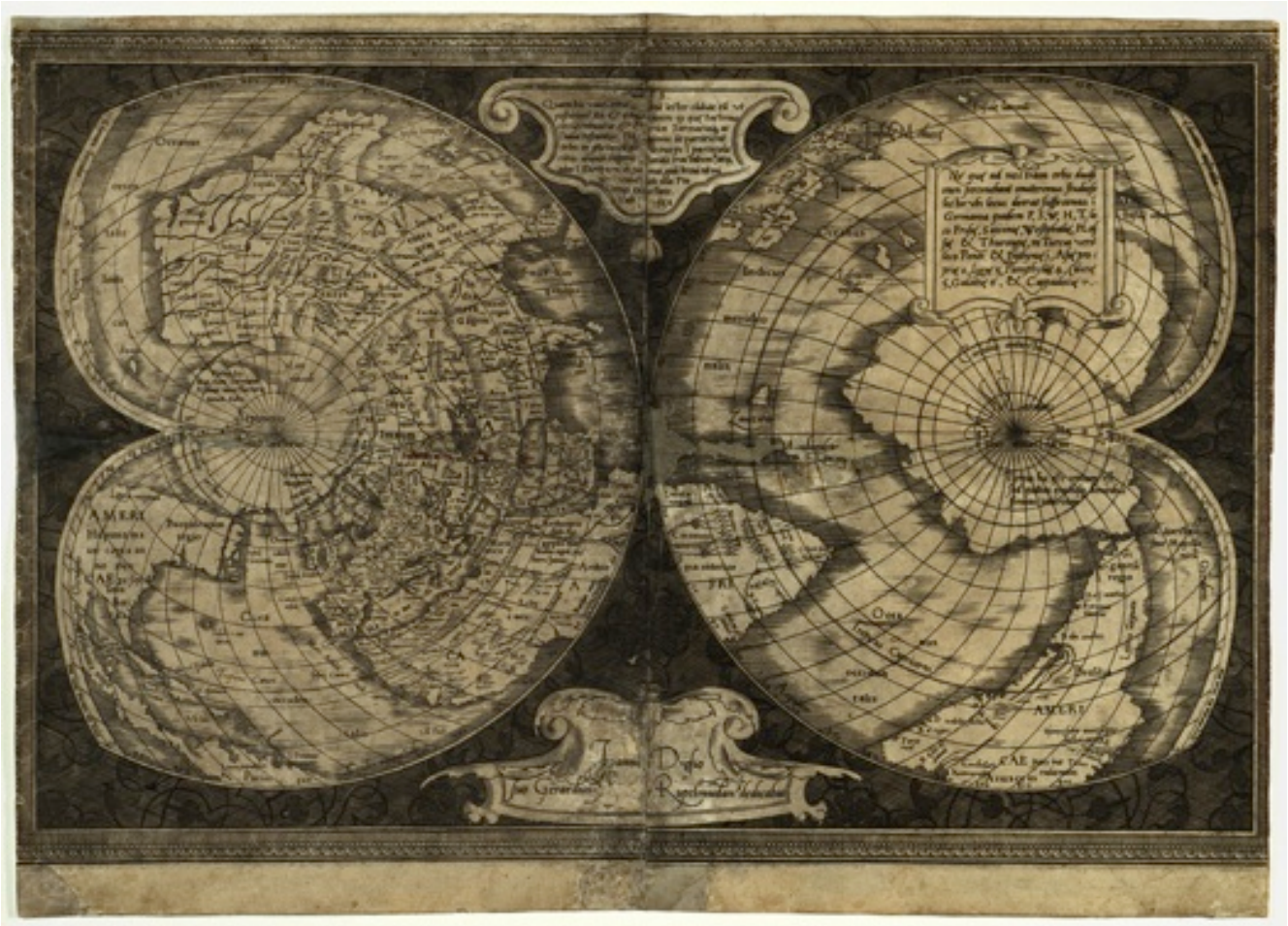


Figure 9: Mercator cordiform projection, 1538



Fig. 10: "BC 301. EXHIBITING THE PARTITION OF THE EMPIRE OF ALEXANDER."

Edward Quin, *A Historical Atlas from Creation to 1828* (1830)

[http://www.davidrumsey.com/luna/servlet/view/search?q="+Pub_List_No+'2839.000'%22%20LIMIT:RUMSEY~8~1&sort=Pub_Date,Pub_List_No_InitialSort](http://www.davidrumsey.com/luna/servlet/view/search?q=)



Fig. 11: "AD 814. EXHIBITING THE EMPIRE OF CHARLEMAGNE."

Edward Quin, *A Historical Atlas from Creation to 1828* (1830)

[http://www.davidrumsey.com/luna/servlet/view/search?q="+Pub_List_No+'2839.000'%22%20LIMIT:RUMSEY~8~1&sort=Pub_Date,Pub_List_No_InitialSort](http://www.davidrumsey.com/luna/servlet/view/search?q=)



Fig. 12: "AD 1551. AT THE DEATH OF CHARLES V."
Edward Quin, *A Historical Atlas from Creation to 1828* (1830)

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Fig. 13: "AD 1828. END OF THE GENERAL PEACE."
Edward Quin, *A Historical Atlas from Creation to 1828* (1830)

<http://www.davidrumsey.com/luna/servlet/view/search?q=>
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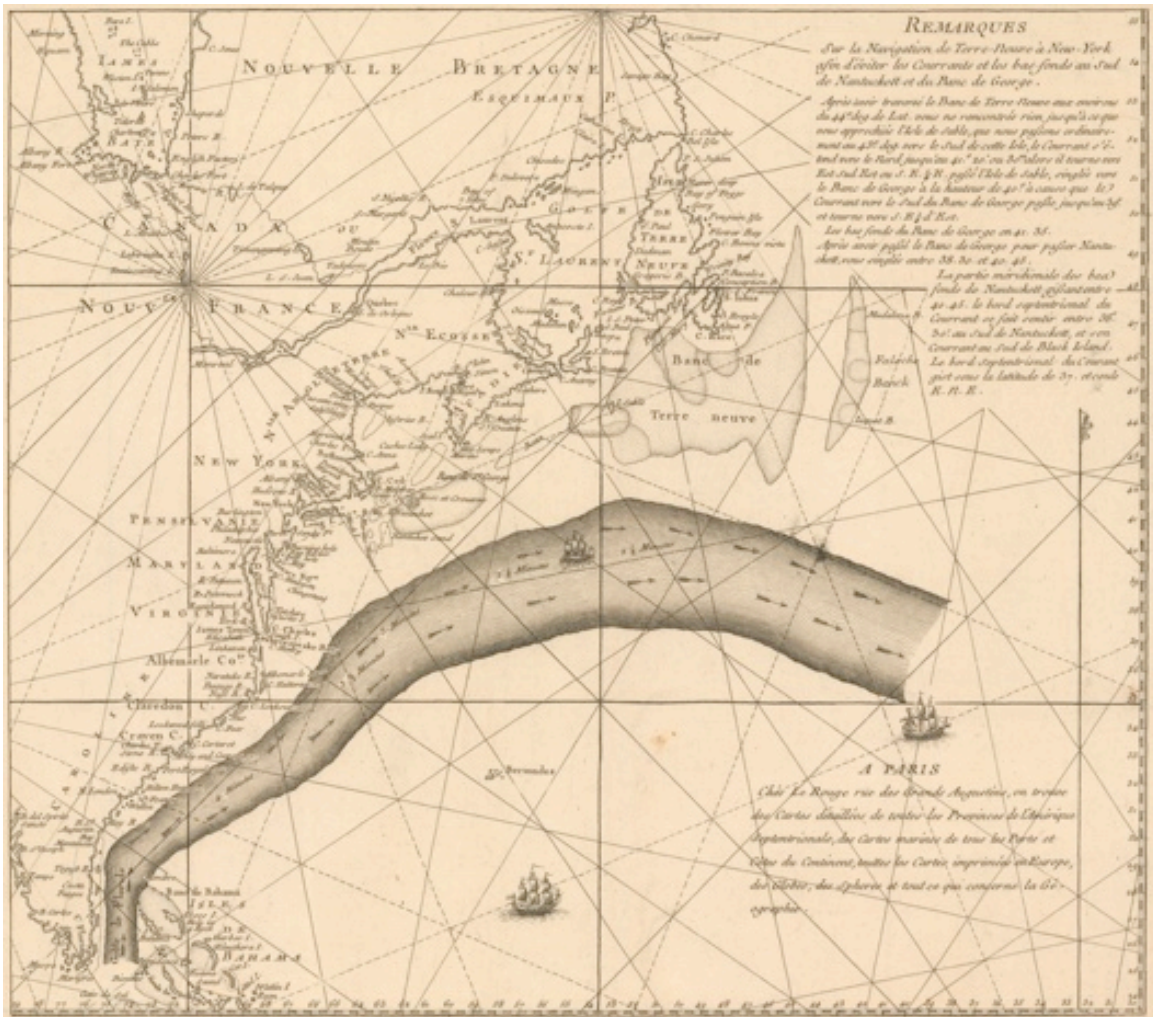


Figure 14, Gulf Stream Map by Timothy Folger and Benjamin Franklin, 1769
http://libweb5.princeton.edu/visual_materials/maps/websites/thematic-maps/quantitative/hydrography/franklin-map-gulfstream-1785.jpg

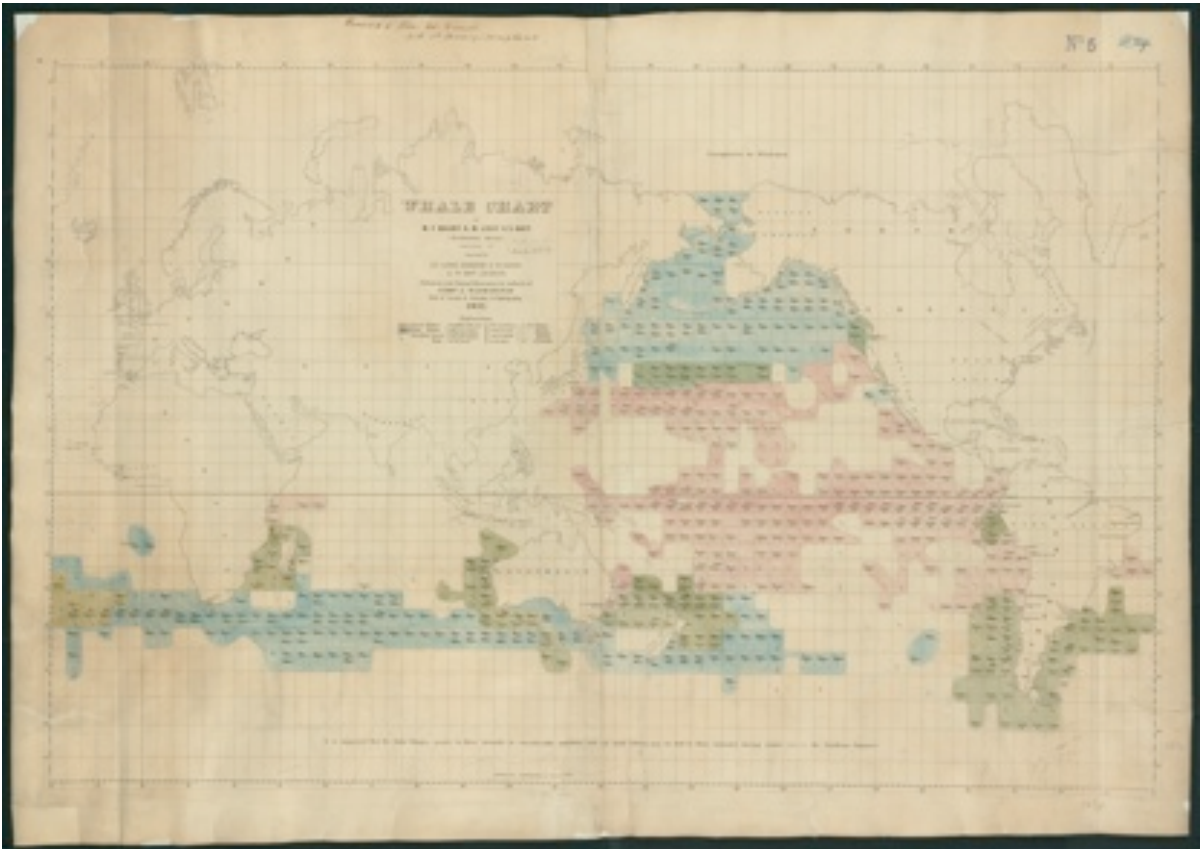
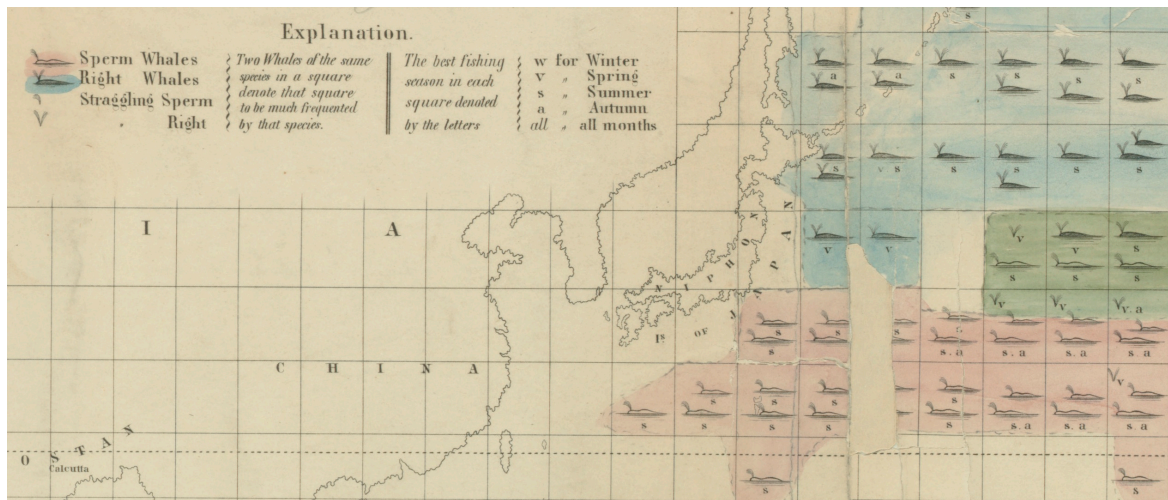


Figure 15, Whale Chart by Matthew Fontaine Maury, 1851
<http://maps.bpl.org/id/m8753>



(detail view)



Figure 16, Tripartite World Map, Printed Version, 1472
http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/7/70/T_and_O_map_Guntherus_Ziner_1472.jpg



Figure 17, Jack-O'-Lanterns, Denis Wood, 2010
http://www.thisamericanlife.org/sites/default/files/Everything_Sings_Excerpt_and_Intro.pdf

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