

batical stay in Madison in 2002, it was enjoyable to once again inhabit an office in Science Hall, and see David regularly at his desk.

Upon his retirement, David generously sent me several CDs containing his cartography lecture notes and illustrations—they have proven to be a valuable resource indeed. It was a rewarding occasion for me when David, myself and Andrew Millward, one of my own graduate students, took turns at the podium during a cartography session at the NACIS conference in Portland, Oregon, in October 2001. The cycle of educational succession continues. How fortunate I was to have studied with two of the best!

David Woodward, An Appreciation

*Matthew H. Edney
Department of Geography—
Anthropology
Univ. of Southern Maine*

Ph.D. 1990, University of Wisconsin, Madison
*Mapping and Empire: British Trigonometrical Surveys in
India and the European Concept of Systematic Survey
1799-1843*

I suppose I had the best sort of student-advisor relationship with David. I went to Madison to study with him, but I went on the advice of my undergraduate advisor and with no idea of what kind of work he did. I did not work on the same sorts of research questions as David did, so there was less chance of disagreements and disputes over my work. Our relationship was therefore based on a shared interest in the history of cartography and friendship. Because David had always treated me with respect, my transition from being his student to being his colleague was seamless. Our interactions were of course fewer after I left Madison, but he always remained generous with his advice, support, and understanding.

But David was not necessarily the best advisor. He was much more of a listener than a talker. His ability to listen was, perhaps, the crucial element of his professional success: he cultivated colleagues and potential donors alike by listening to and affirming their fascination with maps; he was rarely aggressive in putting forth his own ideas and convictions. But such reticence is not good in an advisor, who must on critical occasions be a dictator. He had a very much hands-off approach and he expected his students to be self-motivated. When they weren't, he could get quite discouraged. At the same time, however, they could bring forth his humor and keen appreciation for the absurd. We were on the front deck of my second-floor apartment during a summer party when an especially recalcitrant and unproductive graduate student arrived in the street below, carrying an offering for the party; David leaned over the railing and lightheartedly called down, "is there a thesis proposal in that watermelon?" But if the student came through with the goods, David was a wonderful supporter, both intellectually and materially. Moreover, he was always thoroughly honest in all of his dealings; he always despised and refused to play the power-games that seem to permeate so much of academia.

David was an artist — he was not at all numerically inclined — and he expressed his technophilia through the acquisition of all of the newest Macintosh products and a consistent despite of all things PC and Microsoft. In particular, he had that right-brain sense of design, precision, and structure that encourages an intuitive logic in all forms of presentation, whether verbal, written, or graphic. My own sense of logic is rooted more in left-brain Euclidean and algebraic geometry, but we met halfway. And in that middle ground it was impossible for his aesthetic sense — especially about typography — not to rub off on me. This was not a conscious process. I arrived in Madison a surveyor; I even began my dissertation in 1986 with the absolute conviction that I was not going to reproduce any old maps in my work because I was interested only in the surveys. I don't think that I truly appreciated the aesthetic skills and graphic logic that I had somehow absorbed from David until I took up my position at the University of Southern Maine. There, with free and unfettered access to the old maps and books in the Osher Map Library and with the task of interpreting those materials for both academic and public audiences, what had still been a latent (dare I say "academic"?) concern for the physical artifact and for the graphic qualities of maps and books alike suddenly flourished and I came to understand David's fundamental concern for maps as *things*.

The most prominent aspect of David's career as an historian of cartography was his 24-year collaboration with Brian Harley on *The History of Cartography*. Looking at this partnership from the outside, Brian's social and political exuberance seemed to overshadow completely David's almost painfully shy rectitude. It is easy to turn Brian into the "ideas man" and David into the "manager." But this would do David a disservice. Brian might have been the flamboyant front-man for the new history of cartography, but it was David's quiet, polite insistence on the need for new ideas and new approaches that has given the field the depth and soundness it so desperately needed. If the history of cartography was The Who, Brian would have been Roger Daltrey, swinging the microphone, strutting around the stage, and demanding attention, but David would have been John Entwistle, standing off to the side, barely within the stage lights, but laying down the intricate bass rhythms that drove the whole ensemble along, gave it structure, and kept it together. In terms of David's favorite comedy troupe, Monty Python, he would have been Terry Gilliam, the artist/director whose humor and aesthetics held each show and film together. He was Teller to Brian's Penn.

Above all, I must remember David as a friend. There were weekends at the cabin in Vernon County doing a mixture of interior construction both delicate (e.g., wiring) and crude (e.g., beating the @\$#&*% out of a disagreeable stud wall). There were, of course, disagreements and arguments. There were the dinners and drinks in Madison and at conferences. He read a scripture passage at my wedding. And he opened his home and family to me. He was a good man and he will be sorely missed.