

A new atlas of imaginary islands conjured up by an international gathering of illustrators, including Bill Bragg and Chris Riddell

# Archipelago: An Atlas of Imagined Islands

Edited by Huw Lewis-Jones

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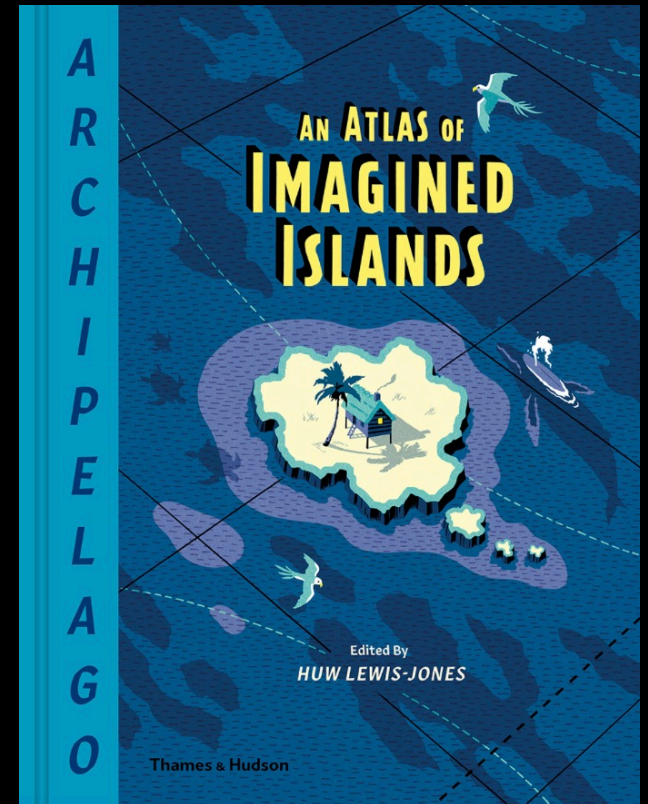
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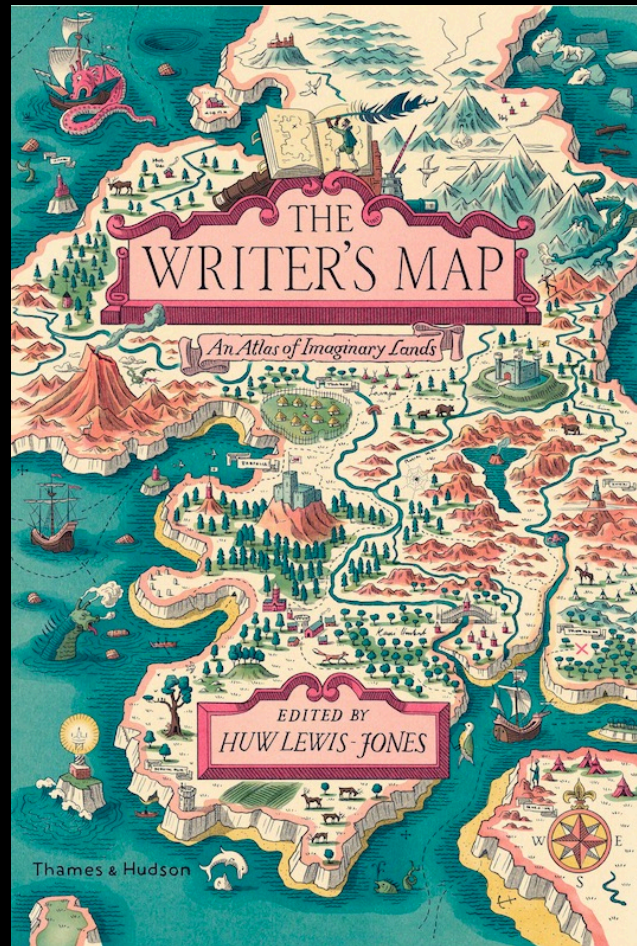
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Book



Also edited by Huw Lewis-Jones



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## Key Sales Points

- A unique visual anthology in which the world's leading illustrators map the contours and coastlines of their own imaginary and highly individual islands.
- Huw Lewis-Jones's book *The Writer's Map* won 'Photography & Illustrated Travel Book of the Year' at the Edward Stanford Travel Writing Awards 2019
- Includes work by Coralie Bickford-Smith, Bill Bragg, Marion Deuchars, Chris Riddell, Maisie Paradise Shearring, Hervé Tullet, Aušra Kiudulaite and more.
- Publishes in the 300th anniversary year of the publication of *Robinson Crusoe*.
- A beguiling collection of dreams and fantasies, mysteries and marvels, all newly created for this book and seen here for the first time

## PROLOGUE

CHRIS RIDDELL

*I think he will carry this island home in his pocket  
and give it his son for an apple.  
And sowing the kernels of it in the sea,  
bring forth more islands!*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1611

**T**HE PLEASURES OF DRAWING imaginary islands are numerous. First, you can enjoy the sense of adventure and discovery that explorers experience, from the comfort and safety of your studio. Secondly, you can be an authority on your creation, the ultimate guide to the landscape you have committed to paper. Thirdly, you can let your imagination loose within clearly defined boundaries - an island, like a book is a beautiful container for viewpoints, observations and analysis.

There are lots of other pleasures to be had from drawing imaginary islands that world builders and lovers of fantastical fiction will be familiar with: delight in detail, place names, geographical peculiarities and topographical flourishes. But the greatest pleasure is sharing your imaginary island with others in the pages of a beautifully produced book, to create an archipelago we can all enjoy.







## ISLOMANIA

HUW LEWIS-JONES

*What is this Earth and Sea of which I have seen so much,  
whence is it produced, and what am I, and all the other Creatures,  
wild and tame, humane and brutal, whence are we?*

DANIEL DEFOE, 1719

**C**OCONUTS AND PALM TREES. Warm seas and white sands. A castaway in goatskin coat trousers. With such things do your island dreams begin? There are over half a million islands on our planet. The Pacific alone contains over twenty thousand, and one archipelago - Tuamotu - spans an area the size of Western Europe. Remote islands have a siren call that has cast a spell over numerous people for centuries, if not millennia. There is a word for this kind of hold that islands have over so many of us: Islomania. Lawrence Durrell described it as an enjoyable kind of sickness:

*Islomania ... a rare but by no means unknown affliction of spirit. There are people ... who find islands somehow irresistible. The mere knowledge that they are on an island, a little world surrounded by the sea, fills them with an indescribable intoxication.*

There are also other terms for this island enchantment. *Nesomania*, an obsession; *insulatilia*, being island haunted; *islophilia*, a deep affection for them; and *enisled*, as if isolated and encircled by the very thought of an island. Plato's Atlantis and Thomas More's Utopia are, of course, islands. D. H. Lawrence was one of those fascinated with islands, and wrote a short story entitled 'The Man Who Loved Islands', with a central character thought to have been partly based on Compton Mackenzie, who himself lived on and wrote about islands. The author David Conover, also a photographer who was said to have discovered Marilyn Monroe in a munitions factory in 1945, was so taken by the idea of living on an island of his own that he ended up buying one off the

Daniel Defoe's castaway Robinson Crusoe first appeared in book form in 1719. Three hundred years later he still fires the imagination of artists and authors and is being re-imagined in many forms.



## ISLOMANIA

about all islands of the world, with their ancient and modern names, histories, tales and way of living, and in what part of the ocean they are.'

At a time when mariners of many nations were taking to the sea, exploring the furthest reaches of the world and returning with remarkable tales, phantom lands and appealing unknowns were still inked in promise all over their charts. As navigators roamed the sea, guided by the stars and the charts in their hands, they discovered new islands and came home with tales that begot many more. Phantom isles, mystery rocks, shipwreck reefs, castaway atolls. All elements enlisted within yet more stories, of islands real and imagined.

One of the smallest dots in the atlas, about four hundred miles off the coast of Chile, is Juan Fernández. This was the island where a Scottish sailor named Alexander Selkirk was four years marooned, and made a coat and trousers of goatskin using a nail as a needle. Tales other castaways are found there too, such as William the Miskito, who in 1681 was on the island for three years, evading the Spanish crews who came to capture him. Remote islands, dense jungle, curious creatures, pirates and cannibals, threats lurking in the shadows, day into night, new companions, rescue and delight: the island fantasy in books was born. We long to be alone on an island, set apart and free to forge our lives. What better for a writer, not just a room of one's own, but a whole island?

THE MOST FAMOUS ISLAND BOOK of all is Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, which first appeared in 1719. Defoe's tale, perhaps in part inspired by the story of Selkirk, transformed the real and the imagined into an endless and enticing creative landscape, an infinite archipelago. One of the first great novels of the English language, *Robinson Crusoe* became an international phenomenon soon after it was published, and it has proved an evergreen creation. Four English editions were printed in the first year, 1719, and within weeks there were pirated copies; over the following year it was translated into French, Dutch and German. By the end of nineteenth century it has been estimated there were 700 editions, and the number now is impossible to guess. It is one of the true great books in history, whose reach is almost unparalleled, but what is even more surprising is that while most people know the name *Crusoe*, only a tiny fraction have read the original text.

Yet the myth of *Crusoe* - the symbol of a lone castaway, the story of a beguiling island - quickly escaped and transcended the words that Defoe himself set down.



Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile, for four years. It is thought his story and this island were the inspiration for Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

Readers and writers, artists and filmmakers down the generations have now left their own footprints across the beaches of all kinds of islands, each of their own creation. *Robinson Crusoe* has been printed in more languages than any text except the Bible, transformed into pantomime and opera, computer-games and Hollywood films: re-imagined, abridged and reshaped. *Crusoe* has re-emerged with a family, as a woman, in cartoons and on game shows, and forced to survive on Mars. The genre of *Crusoe* adaptations in books even has its own name, the 'Robinsonade'. As Walter Scott once said, 'there is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act *Robinson Crusoe*'.

Islands begin many famous stories, and they are so often the starting point for adventures. Robert Louis Stevenson made the map of his *Treasure Island* long before



Mattias Adolfsson  
**CHAMAELEONTIS**

58° 17' N - 11° 22' E

DEPARTURE POINT, THE ATLANTIC OCEAN \* 453 KM2 | 100,000 INHABITANTS \* 453 KM2 | 100,000 INHABITANTS \* 163 LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH \* 17 JANUARY 1632 - CHEESE EMERGES AS POPULAR DESTINATION \* 2 JULY 1965 - BREWERY MAKES ITS FIRST ALE \* 6 NOVEMBER 1984 - ROME REPLICA REBUILT \* 18 OCTOBER 2097 - SPACEPORT OFFERS FIRST FLIGHTS TO EARTH

THIS IDEAL ISLAND RETREAT is now 163 light years away. The Chamaeleontis star is part of the Chamaeleon star formation and, keeping things simple, both the planet and the island resort have the same. It's a long trip to reach this island, so it's better to keep things simple for the tourists. The island is just big enough to get lost in or, to be precise, one GLU ('get lost unit'). Nowadays you can travel from Earth via the astro-portal directly to Chamelontis resorts from Kornö-kälv.

The island was discovered by two Dutchmen, Pieter Dirkszoon Keyser and Frederick de Houtman, in 1597, but regular charter tours did not get going until the mid-seventeenth century. The indigenous peoples are called chamaeleons and they have lived there for 20,000 years - the current population is estimated around 100,000. According to legend the first inhabitants were drawn here because of the natural yeast geysers, first travelling by boat then building a town nearby, now the old town. Urban development started to get out of control when the spaceport was founded thirty-five years ago.

Daring visitors can take a short dip in the acid lakes, but remember not to linger too long unless you want to be part of the charming selection of skeletons. The less dangerously inclined can visit the lonely Author living just under the Volcano. The Author is the only reminder of a large tribe of Authors that used to roam the northern plains. For the party hungry we can recommend Disco town. Thanks to the converter close by regular music is changed to high grade Disco in just under a minute, so there is always dancing. The real story as ever is always to be found between the lines: you go to see the sleeping dog, but you get lost in the labyrinth that is new town; you go the Cheese district, but instead find the delights of Yeast. Chamaeleontis has something for everybody even if it's not Friday.







## Takayo Akiyama KAIJUTO

25° 18' N - 142° 55' E

PACIFIC OCEAN \* 401 KM2 | UNKNOWN INHABITANTS \* 1,160 KM FROM MAINLAND JAPAN \* 18 JUNE 1686 - ISLANDS FIRST SIGHTED BY ROBINSON CRUSOE \* 15 AUGUST 1779 - LIEUTENANT JOHN GORE ABOARD HMS RESOLUTION WITNESSED VIOLENT VOLCANIC ACTIVITY \* 1 OCTOBER 1876 - ARCHIPELAGO RENAMED BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT

KAIJU MEANS MONSTERS and Kaijuto is the place for them. Robinson Crusoe is believed to be the first person to have studied the archipelago when he spotted volcanic activity from afar in 1686. After the eruptions finished, the smaller Kojuto and Kokaito appeared on either flank of Kaijuto Honto. Crusoe named them 'Creut Islands', but the Japanese government changed this in 1876 when claiming the Ogasawara islands, not far away.

These Pacific islands are abundant with endemic flora and fauna, but because of their constant movement, no human has ever been able to make them habitable. The Sebone Mountains form the spine of the main island and Caldera Lake is on its far west side, where the twenty-metre high cedar, 'Osugi', the tallest tree on the island, can be found. There's also a living volcano on Atama.

Suzumi-gumo, *Cyrtophora moluccensis*, a tent-web spider, is common on Sumo beach of Migito Island during the mating season. Toque macaques, *Macaca sinica*, believed to be endemic to Sri Lanka, were discovered on Kojuto Island. There are Japanese giant salamanders (*Andrias japonicus*) on Kaijuto, which some academics believe swam across the sea from Japan. Fuwa field has very soft grass for no particular reason. Yellow bittern (*Ixobrychus sinensis*) spend their summers here too.

In 1817 the scholar Isaac Titsingh translated Hayashi Shihei's *Sangoku Tsūran Zusetsu* in which the islands were first mentioned in any detail. Even so, information is elusive and fleeting. The Japanese army tried to use the main island for military purposes, but storms, foul sulphuric odours, and fearsome rumblings kept them away. In 1977 a Hawaiian fishing boat sank near Atama in the unusual currents. No one has yet landed on the island and perhaps it is best that way.





## Aina Bestard DANSEUSE

35° 21' N - 18° 42' E

MEDITERRANEAN SEA \* 3640 KM<sup>2</sup> | 1 INHABITANT \* 324 KM FROM MAINLAND OF GREECE \* 7 SEPTEMBER 1981 -  
THE ISLAND WAS BORN AND GROWS EACH DAY \* 9 AUGUST 1992 - COBI THE OLYMPIC SHEEPDOG COMES TO STAY

MATISSE CREATED DANCERS for a wealthy Russian businessman. It is one of many incredible canvases now in the Hermitage Museum in Saint Petersburg. Until the October Revolution in 1917 it had decorated a spiral staircase in a mansion in Moscow, bringing joy and inspiration to those lucky enough to see it. This island takes the shape of the dancer, but is also made up with backgrounds and graphic references. It is an island fabric, a texture of emotions.

The island is relatively small, but the horizons are large, and ever-moving. In minutes landscapes can change before your eyes. You can see a village drawn in the paints of Giotto, or fields inspired by the textiles of Anni Albers, or patterns discovered in Mallorca. It's a kind of biographical Island. It is only thirty-seven years old and each year new elements and ideas colour its contours.

Japanese carp streamers, *koinobori*, are used in the island to celebrate a new born. The ship in the storm is reminiscent of a Turner. Danseuse is near Barcelona and when the Olympic Games were held there, the main city of the island adopted the dog Cobi after his busy time as a mascot. They said he was inspired by Picasso with a little Velázquez too. He is the first Cubist sheepdog to come from Catalonia. Polish peasants sculpt wooden birds. There are all kinds of wonderful creations that can be called a masterpiece in our world, whether or not the millionaires think so.



# FLORA

## ÎLE DE LA DANSEUSE

# FAUNA

Neals From Mallorca



Indian tree



Chinese Cat



Colbi



Liberty Flowers



Japanese Fleur de Lis



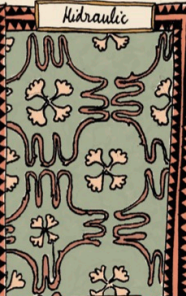
Mayumehiko blossom



Bonibus Sunflower



Hydraulic



Charles Hanger



Koinobori



Kaechel Medusa



Polish wood Birds



Toniol Mallorquin



Dalceardian Horse



Stork of Gascow





Coralie Bickford-Smith

## MIHI

25° 17' S - 172° 45' E

PACIFIC OCEAN \* 55 KM2 | UNKNOWN INHABITANTS \* 1,944 KM FROM MAINLAND AUSTRALIA \* 2 NOVEMBER 1610 - SHIPWRECK OF LIBRARY BOOKS \* 6 APRIL 1943 - METEORITE FALLS INTO THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS \* 21 AUGUST 2015 - THREE INTREPID ALPACAS ARRIVE FROM NORFOLK ISLAND \* 8 OCTOBER 2016 - MAJOR EXHIBITION OPENS AT MUSEUM OF TALES

I'VE NOT TRAVELLED to any remote islands in the physical world these past few years, but I have covered countless miles of uncharted territory within my head, and drawn on the experience in my work. The Map of Mihi is a map of this environment, and the places within it are where I seek inspiration and the energy to create. The Map of Mihi is an attempt to chart the wild lands of my mind.

I like to run, and I use this time to explore the untamed hinterland of Mihi. I wade through the turbulent anxieties of the moment and attempt to find my emotional bearings. As I move around the terrain I stumble and fall, full of doubt and apprehension. I grasp at thoughts like weeds on a mountainside, clinging desperately to the useful ones and discarding the weaker ones in my wake. When my legs hurt and my blood pumps around my body I disappear into my subconscious and explore ideas without criticism. As my body complains my mind becomes clear, the road ahead presents itself.

A boat was once wrecked that contained thousands of books that were on their way to another island. One lost soul onboard rescued the books and began the first library. So Mihi becomes an unplanned island of stories and inspiration. Crusoe is here too, walking along the sands through time. Like him, I have cultivated parts of the island to suit my needs. Once a meteorite fell into the Mountains of Madness, and the only witness was a lone fox. A lot remains unexplored and is there for anyone who happens to stumble upon it.

Mihi appears and disappears with the tides of the ocean. It is immeasurable as the land is washed away or revealed. As my journey ends, the hostile features of this land become a distant memory, and a calm breeze washes over me. Now is the time for contemplation, so I clamber back into reality. As night falls and I drift deeper into the seas and oceans of my imagination, stormy dreams wrestle with the land, trying to take more and more for itself, and I accept that this map will always be shifting and changing.





Linda Bondestam  
**ELDODORADO**

30° 39' N - 81° 28' E

TIBET \* 1,600 KM2 | UNKNOWN INHABITANTS \* 1,331 KM FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN \* 1 MAY 1926 - THE PILGRIMS OF MAPAM YUMTSO HEAR STRANGE ANIMAL SOUNDS \* 15 APRIL 1936 - JOSEPH TUCCI FINDS A DODO SKELETON AT HIGH ALTITUDE ON GURLA MANDHATA \* 21 OCTOBER 1983 - THE MYSTERIOUS KARAKORAM LETTER IS FOUND

LITTLE IS KNOWN of the island of El Dodorado, and the accuracy of the facts is impossible to verify since they are all derived from a brief letter found in a bottle of Aperol on the slopes of the Karakoram by an astonished Egyptian mountaineer in 1983. The bottle also contained a map of the island, which gave some clues not only about the island itself, but also about the mystery person who penned the letter and the map. The descriptions and one of the characters on the map imply that the sender was a Swedish-speaking woman with some artistic talent.

The message describes a peaceful island roamed by the extinct creatures of Earth. Coordinates were given, but these place the island far inland, beyond Shangri-La, near the shores of the glacial lake of Manasarovar. Wherever it is, the island of El Dodorado is said to have a varied geography that makes it possible for all the animals to find their natural habitat. It must be very spacious since it hosts an enormous and growing number of extinct species, and as a result its dimensions are purely speculative. According to the letter, El Dodorado is guarded by a giant specimen of Steller's sea cow, *Hydrodamalis gigas*. This claim has, however, been much debated, since the sea cow is known to have been vegetarian and rather slow, which would not make it the best guardian.

The Karakoram letter suggested the location of El Dodorado, but no island like it has yet been found near Manasarovar, or indeed in the Ganges delta, which is where some think it may have floated to. The letter did state that the island can be reached only by 'a member of an extinct or soon to be extinct species'. The implications have caused some upset among those - admittedly rather few - who believe the island does exist and has been explored by a human being. The letter also expressed a fear of overcrowding on El Dodorado, as the number of inhabitants has apparently increased greatly 'in recent times'. This has led some to interpret the letter as a clear cry for help, but how such a message ended up in the snows of Central Asia is another confounding puzzle.



El Dodorado



Helen Crawford-White

## NORTHIA

49° 21' S - 47° 22' E

INDIAN OCEAN \* 234 KM<sup>2</sup> | 36,459 INHABITANTS (BEES AND BUGS) \* 2,370 KM FROM SOUTH AFRICA \* 2,613 KM FROM MADAGASCAR \* 3 APRIL 1875 - MARIANNE NORTH ENCOUNTERS THE ISLAND AFTER A TIP OFF FROM A VEZO FISHERMAN IN MADAGASCAR \* 15 DECEMBER 1891 - INFAMOUS NOTEBOOK DISCOVERED IN A TRUNK OF OLD TIGHTS \* 3 JANUARY 1892 - NEWS OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE MYSTERY ISLAND QUICKLY SPREADS AROUND THE WORLD

LIKE MANY OF THE BEST ISLANDS, Northia and its whereabouts are clouded in conjecture. It is rumoured to be situated south of Madagascar though not nearly as far as Antarctica. 'Rumoured' because there is no one alive today who has set foot on it. Knowledge of the island emerged in 1890 when the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, found an unusual notebook of drawings among the belongings of the late Marianne North. North was a Victorian biologist, botanical artist and adventurer who toured the globe making drawings of all the remarkable flora she could find. She had a particular love for rare and exotic specimens and would seek them out on mountains, sun-drenched shorelines and in dense rainforests.

The notebook sparked excitement in Victorian Britain, because of the unfathomable plants its pages depicted. Fantastical notes about magical properties filled the borders in tiny, barely legible script. On the edge of the back cover was doodled a simple abstract map, said to be the only indication of the island's location. Sadly the notebook was destroyed in a fire in 1910 and many of its contents are now lost. But the myth of these plants was nurtured by her admirers, and the detail and credibility of her drawings encouraged other explorers to try and ascertain the truth. None have been successful.

The map here is an approximation of the island based on what's left of Marianne's notes. A strange wilderness, it's completely covered in species of plants found nowhere else on earth. So vast is the diversity that numbers of species are thought to be in the millions so that if any botanists could finally find their way there, it would take many lifetimes to document the plant life alone. It is not known if the island has ever been inhabited by humans, although there are suggestions of a rudimentary track encircling the island, and cutting a swathe through the interior undergrowth. Some have speculated that the over-sized insects are the culprits. The notebook hinted at rhinoceros-sized Yam Beetles and centipedes the length of lorries. The island was named Northia by Queen Victoria in 1893, in Marianne North's honour, and newspapers delighted in the irony of the name considering its southerly location.





Barbara Dziadosz

## KRANIA

25° 45' N - 167° 01' W

PACIFIC OCEAN \* 369 KM2 | 13,000 INHABITANTS \* 3,147 KM FROM MAINLAND ALASKA \* 1,346 KM FROM HAWAII \* 3 APRIL 1711 - DISCOVERED BY FELIX MARIA JUNG \* 3 APRIL 1712 - ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST SETTLERS \* 7 MAY 1834 - VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE SOUTH \* 21 JUNE 1853 - ANCIENT ART DISCOVERED \* 4 DECEMBER 1900 - THE GOLDEN WHEAT CASTLE IS COMPLETED

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS. Krajina is a Slavic toponym, meaning frontier and is related to the term *krai* or *kraj* meaning edge, and today denotes a region or province distant from a busy place. Some might think places like that on the edges of things are too remote. Basically this is a perfect description for the northern part of Poland, Kaszuby, where I was born, that's why I chose this name.

The island is of volcanic origin, mountainous, and rises to 2,875 metres at the highest peak. Despite its rather small measurements it takes days to go from north to south, owing to the immense differences in altitude. It was discovered in 1711 by Felix Maria Jung, one of the rare Eastern European discoverers who was searching the Pacific for new territories. The island was uninhabited then, though rich in endemic animal life. Discoveries of ancient art, like the two huge hands in the northern part of the island, suggest there must have been a population on this island before. Their origins are unknown.

Because of its rich natural resources, the population of the island grew steadily and today stands at well over 20,000. The golden building in the far south of the island is the central meeting point for the islanders, where they hold political discussions, regular feasts and welcome foreign visitors. The factory in the middle is the main employer, producing high-quality furniture, which has made the island famous. It also produces almost everything needed for living on a remote island, beyond that which nature provides. Felix Maria Jung was a renowned engineer, skilled in minimalist and functional design, which also shaped the architecture of the island. Influenced by him, a range of exceptional designers, architects and artists have made the island their home.





MAP OF THE ISLAND WHERE WE HOLIDAY EVERY SUMMER



KEY			
	ABANDONED LABORATORY		EVIL SPIRITS
	ANGRY BIRDS		FIRING RANGE
	AXEMAN		GIANT RATS
	BEAR		GRAVEYARD
	BOG		HAUNTED CASTLE
	BUNKER		HORRIFYING TENTACLES
	CRAZY HERMIT		KILLER BEES
	CRIMINAL HIDEOUT		MANTRAPS
	DEADLY MUSHROOMS		MINES
	ESCAPED CONVICT		MINESHAFT
	NETTLES		OIL SLICK
	OUR HOLIDAY HOME		PIRATES
	POISON IVY		QUICKSAND
	SACRIFICIAL ALTAR		SHARP ROCKS
	SLAUGHTERHOUSE		SNAKES
	SPOOKY TREE		STAGNANT POOL
	TEMPLE OF DOOM		TAR PIT
	TOXIC WASTE		TRASH HEAP
	VAMPIRE BATS		WITCH

## Tom Gauld HOLIDAY

56° 28' N - 10° 41' W

ATLANTIC OCEAN \* 45 KM2 | 100-150 INHABITANTS \* 311 KM FROM MAINLAND SCOTLAND \* 31 OCTOBER 1815 - ISLAND DISCOVERED AND NAMED 'HORROR DAY' \* 11 AUGUST 1910 - REMOVED FROM MAPS BECAUSE OF DISPUTE WITH ORDNANCE SURVEY \* 25 DECEMBER 1910 - ANNEXED BY SWISS NAVY \* 30 MAY 1972 - RENAMED 'HOLIDAY ISLAND' BY DEVELOPERS

THE ISLAND WAS DISCOVERED in 1815 by Captain Robert Rogerson, known to his friends as 'the unluckiest sailor in Christendom'. Rogerson was aboard thirty-eight shipwrecks and washed up here twenty-three times. 'Horror Day Island' was the name he gave it. There is some evidence of an ancient native culture, but all the archaeologists who have come to investigate it have died in mysterious circumstances. A few facts are known: the first settlers arrived in 1855 and the Black Death followed soon after. In 1889 gold was discovered, a Gold Rush followed. The Gold Hoax was uncovered in 1891. In 1910 the island was removed from official maps due to a dispute with Ordnance Survey and was soon after annexed by the Swiss Navy. The following year it was abandoned by the Swiss Navy.

Independence was declared in 1923, followed by a military coup. The island rejoined the British Empire. In 1950 a secret government laboratory was opened, probably. In 1966 the population was evacuated due to numerous chemical spills, but within a few years developers had bought the island with plans to create a resort. It was renamed 'Holiday Island' soon after. One hotel and one holiday home were built before the resort went bust. The hotel was converted into a prison. In 1977 my family bought the holiday home.

The size of Holiday Island is hard to define exactly, but the 'enforced family walk' scale is indicative:

0. Home
1. Nice stroll
2. Scenic route
3. Unfamiliar surroundings
4. Very unfamiliar surroundings
5. No, I thought YOU brought the map
6. Sullen silence
7. Sun going down
8. Utterly lost



Isabel Greenberg

## ANGRIA

5° 43' S - 3° 26' W

ATLANTIC OCEAN \* 1,564 KM2 | UNKNOWN INHABITANTS \* 1,641 KM FROM MAINLAND CONGO \* 5 JUNE 1826 - PATRICK BRONTË BRINGS TOY SOLDIERS BACK FROM LEEDS \* c.1830 - THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TAKES THE CHILD QUASHIA QUAMINA FROM AN ASHANTI VILLAGE \* 24 NOVEMBER 1834 - EMILY AND ANNE BEGIN WRITING ABOUT GONDAL \* c.1835 - ZAMORNA MARRIES MARY PERCY AND BREAKS A BOTTLE OF VINTAGE SHERRY OVER HIS BROTHER'S HEAD AT THE RAUCOUS RECEPTION

THE KINGDOMS OF ANGRIA and Gondal belong to four children: Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell Brontë. During their childhood on the Yorkshire moors, they invented two vast and complex worlds of characters and plots who became as real to them as their own lives. It is impossible to say how big they might be, as they were constantly added to and built on as the children wrote and created more and more magnificent and spiralling plotlines. New islands would appear to cater to exiled tyrants, new cities grew out of thin air, and the borders of the land were fluid and ever changing. As all imaginary worlds should be.

Gondal was the domain of Emily and Anne, and Glass Town and Angria was that of Charlotte and Branwell. The Kingdom of Angria was first discovered by twelve toy soldiers, The Twelves. With the help of the Great Geniis - as the Brontë children called themselves - they landed on the shores of Angria and proceeded to colonize and enslave the existing population: the Ashanti. The Brontës, true children of the British Empire, were not squeamish about colonizing, slaughter and war in the imaginary worlds of their youth.

The capital city at the heart of Angria is Great Glass Town; a place of many shining towers and coloured flags, of palm trees and hot winds. Sitting next it, with a writing desk, is Charles Wellesley, Glass Town's chief chronicler and gossip columnist. Nothing happens in this city without his vicious and acerbic pen taking note. And his most featured Glass Towner? His older brother Arthur Wellesley, more commonly known as Zamorna, a playboy poet with a basilisk's charm. Seated, looking rather miserable, is Mary Percy, one of his many wives. Unlucky with the men in her life, her father is the vile Northangerland, who we see astride a horse in Rougesland. And who is the woman in white dress? That can only be the Countess Zenobia, founder of the Glass Town Blue Stocking society.

Gondal is in many ways Angria's complete opposite. Well, of course it is, if you're going to form a breakaway kingdom to escape your older siblings' tyranny, you had better do it completely.



THE GREAT KINGDOM OF  
**ANGRIA**



↓  
UNKNOWABLE  
LANDS

**GONDAL**

Palace of Inspection

LAKE ELDERNO

A. G.

THE  
IMPASSABLE STRAITS  
OF IMAGINATION



Right you are Cpt. Fatty!



GREAT GLASS TOWN



CONTENTS OF THE MOON



WELLESLEY HOUSE



Die Napoleon!



Wellington you Coo!



MONKEYSLAND



Behold the coming of the four Genii!



BRANNIN

TALLI

FENNY

TANNI

ISLE OF ABANDONED IDEAS



PERCY HALL

ROQUESLAND



ELRINGTON HOUSE

WALL OF PERIGO



LAND



CONTENTS OF THE MOON

CONTENTS OF THE MOON



Steve McCarthy  
**HY-BRASIL**

52° 09' N – 13° 13' E

ATLANTIC OCEAN \* 115 KM<sup>2</sup> | 1,200 INHABITANTS \* 321 KM FROM MAINLAND \* 23 MAY 1325 - DISCOVERED BY ANGELLINO DE DALORTO \* MONDAYS - PORTAL TOURS \* TUESDAYS - TURTLE-NECK TUESDAYS \* THURSDAYS - PORTAL GAMES 'PORTAL-PALOOZA' \* FRIDAYS - CASUALTY RECOVERY FRIDAYS \* SATURDAY - DANCE COMPETITION \* SUNDAY - BINGO

THE ISLAND OF HY-BRASIL is home of the Tuatha Dé Danann, the 'Tribe of the Gods' in Irish legends. It's a peculiar place for a number of reasons. The climate is pleasingly mild and there are incredible sights and fantastically beautiful extremes of flora and fauna. The one great hindrance to existence in Hy-Brasil is the inconvenience of its inability to exist in one state, place or time for very long.

The island is at once there and not there, hurtling through space while keeping a trans-dimensional link to the west coast of Ireland. The island acts as a portal from our world to anywhere or any place the universe sees fit to conjure up. Fissures in the dark basalt rock eternally spew forth bright blue flames with no discernible heat. Instead of magma and fire they are actually the result of tears in the fabric of spacetime.

These gateways are an incredibly unlikely event anywhere else in the known universe, so they are a serious intergalactic tourist trap. Creatures of all shapes, sizes and viscosity travel from far and between to come explore the quaint blue dot the human race insists on inhabiting. Before the cosmic sightseers make their way through the island's many portals, they are sure to stop in one of the colourful gift shops, run by the delightfully salty locals.

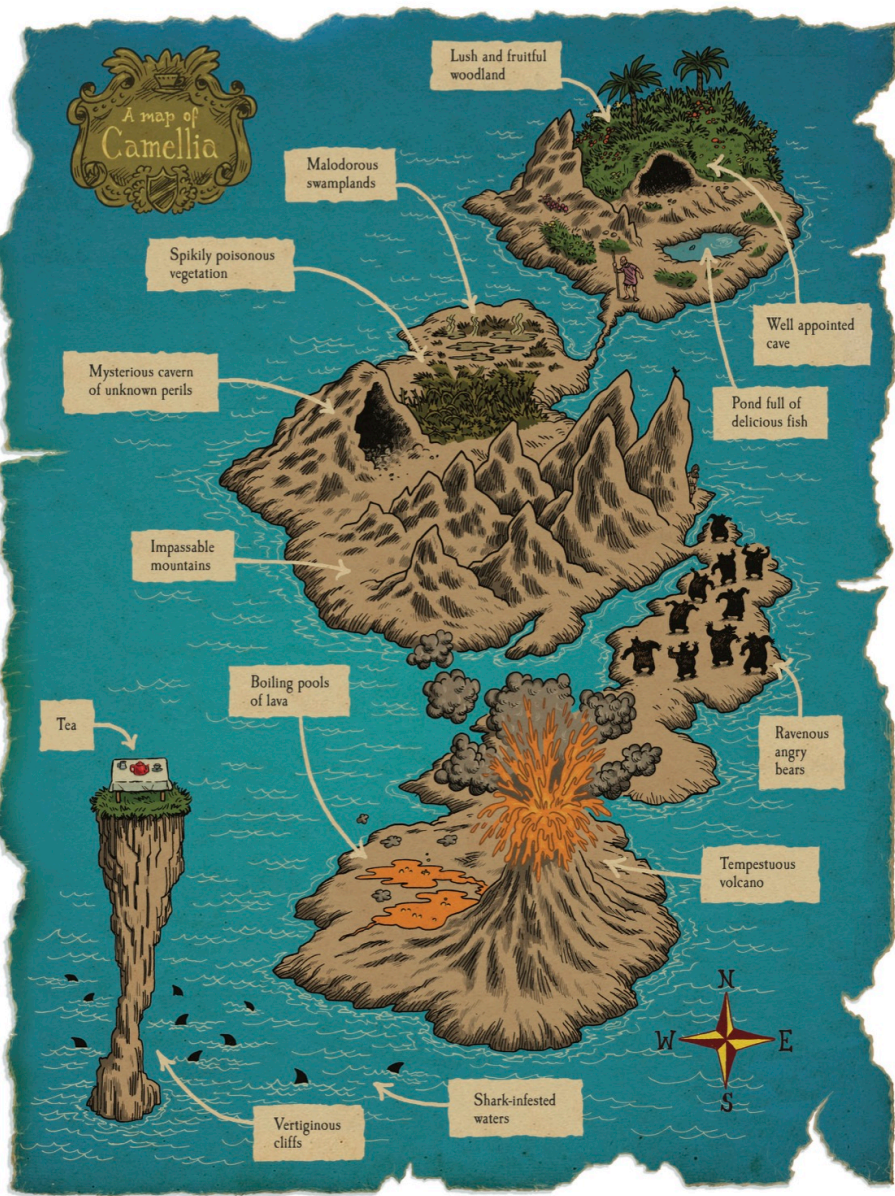
On occasion the island on a whim decides to make an extended visit to the waters of the Atlantic, staying for an indeterminate amount of time before fizzing out of corporeality in an instant. It's during these unexpected drop-ins that the seemingly immortal Hy-Brasilians set about collecting all manner of trinkets to sell back home. Of course it's been many thousands of years since their last visit, but it's well understood they are very welcome guests, and they are proud of their legendary status, a detail they are not shy about sharing with tourists even without request, and in some cases even in the face of desperate protest.

Welcome to  
**HY-BRASIL**  
 The Phantom Island.



- 🕒 Taranis observatory
- 🌉 Púca Bridge
- 🌿 Botanical Gardens
- ⊗ Lorg mór
- ⬆️ Cernunnos Forrest
- ||| Hy Tower
- 👤 Mt. Cailleach
- 🕒 Terrible Tower
- ⦿ Portal





## Dave Shelton CAMELLIA

34° 57' S - 10° 42' W

ATLANTIC OCEAN \* 3,14159 KM2 | 2 INHABITANTS \* 2,632 KM FROM MAINLAND NAMIBIA \* 27 NOVEMBER 1506 - SIGHTED BY PORTUGUESE EXPEDITION BUT DEEMED 'TOO BEAR-Y' TO EXPLORE \* 13 MARCH 1852 - PROF. PD 'BRAVEHEART' BURLING LANDS AND COMMENCES MAPPING OF ISLAND \* 14 MARCH 1852 - PROF. PD 'LIMPY' BURLING COMMENCES HOMEWARD VOYAGE \* 11 FEB 2019 - D SHELTON SHIPWRECKED EN ROUTE TO TRAIN-SPOTTING HOLIDAY IN TRISTAN DA CUNHA

THE ISLAND OF Camellia is clearly small, though it is impossible to say exactly how small as it has evidently only ever been inaccurately mapped, hence the obvious discrepancies of scale seen here. The lack of any official attempt to survey it and establish proper dimensions is due to the various dangers it contains. It's not easy to concentrate on taking precise measurements when you're constantly worrying about angry bears, lava, and other lurking perils.

Despite its lack of scale, Camellia boasts an eventful history. It was initially discovered in the early 16th century, but the Portuguese explorer in question chose not to land at that time, intending to return later, then lost the note he had made of its location when he inadvertently used the other side for a shopping list. In the following three centuries the island was variously discovered, lost, briefly invaded by French renegades, and disastrously mistaken for Australia by an embarrassingly lost English cricket team on tour.

There is some evidence to suggest that the pirate captain Jake Plankton is buried with a vast fortune somewhere on Camellia, but most historians agree that such 'evidence' was fabricated by Plankton himself in an effort to evade debtors, the Royal Navy and several angry wives.

At the time of writing Camellia is home to two separate castaways, each unaware of the other's existence, the more recently arrived of whom is desperate for the refreshing cup of tea apparently available off the southwest coast. Clearly a tricky journey lies ahead for our thirsty adventurer. But is the pot on the table at the top of the stack there at all, or just a desire-induced mirage? We can only hope that he survives the journey to find out.

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