

Andy Harwood

MA Book Design 2016/17

Complex Texts

Reading Classics

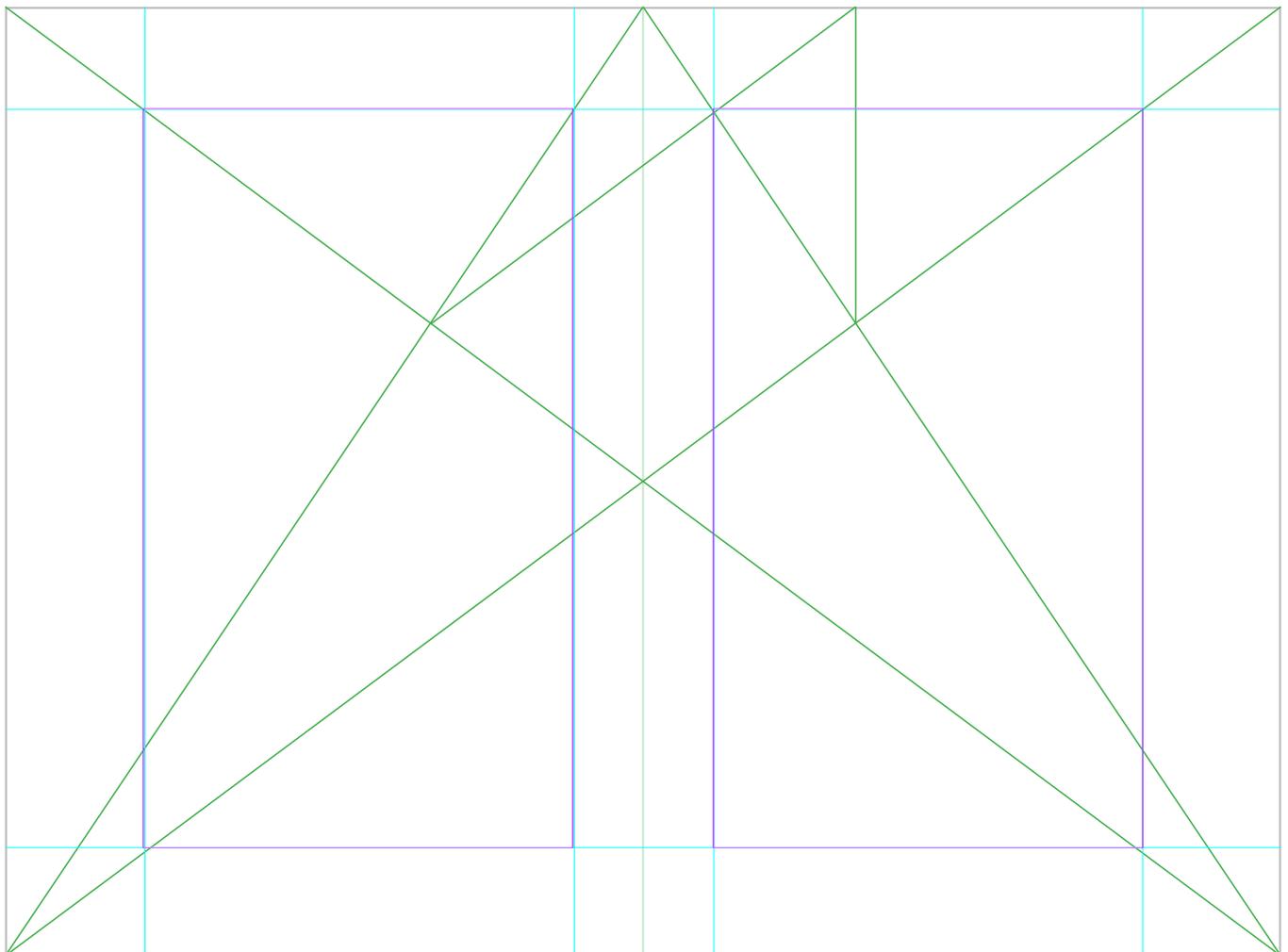
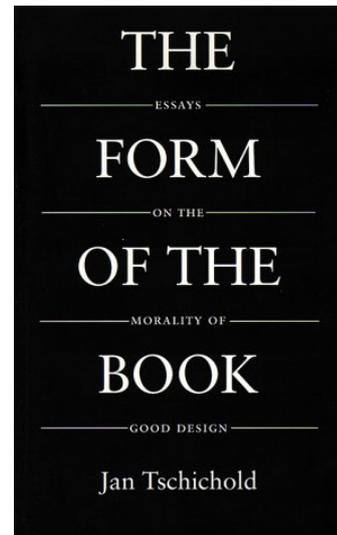
Project Report

Typesetting is not something I have done much of in the past, so most of the concepts I learned about in this project were completely new to me. I wasn't sure where to start so I decided to dive in and design some pages before I decided in which direction to take my project.

I wanted to do something fairly traditional because I felt I needed a solid grounding in traditional book design before I tried something more creative. I started by reading *The Form of the Book* by Jan Tschichold, which I greatly enjoyed. Tschichold is a very engaging writer and I found his absolute statements about how things must be done, as well as his disdain for personal expression, oddly refreshing.

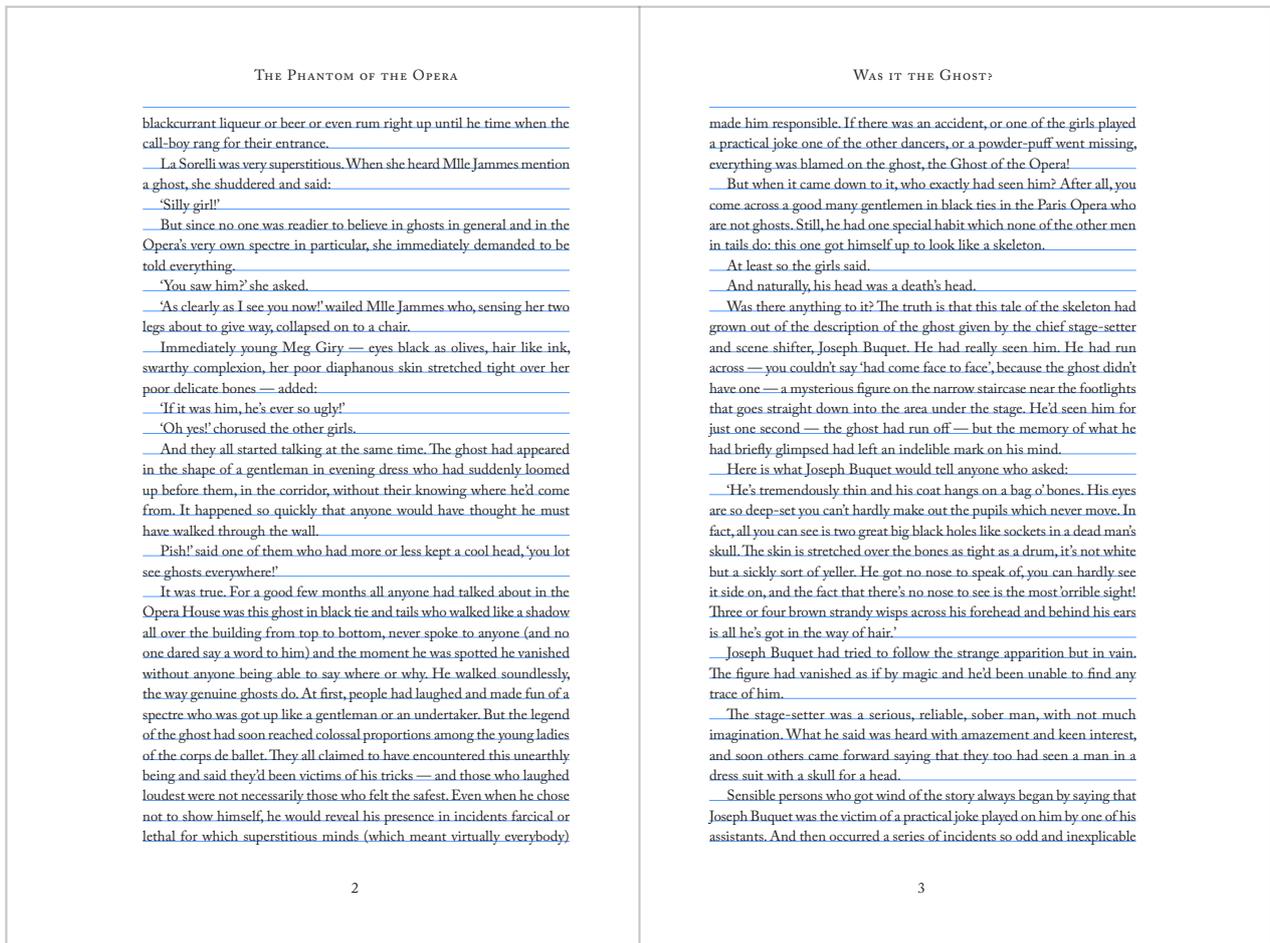
After reading this, I decided to create some rough designs based on what I had learned. My first task was to pick a format. In his essay "Consistent Correlation Between Book Page and Type Area," Tschichold recommends (among others) a 2:3 ratio. He notes that it is not suitable for all books, but most of his

example pages use this ratio so it seemed like a good place to start. I initially chose a 6 inch x 9 inch format which is common of American trade paperbacks. Next I placed my margins according to the 'Van der Graf canon' (it took me way too long to realise I had put the bottom margin in the wrong place).



My first attempt at a Tschichold grid.

I then added text from *Treasure Island*. I used 10pt Caslon (a Tschichold-approved typeface) on 14pt leading, and I used small caps for the running headers. Aside from my too-small bottom margin, this was fairly successful, if not particularly interesting.

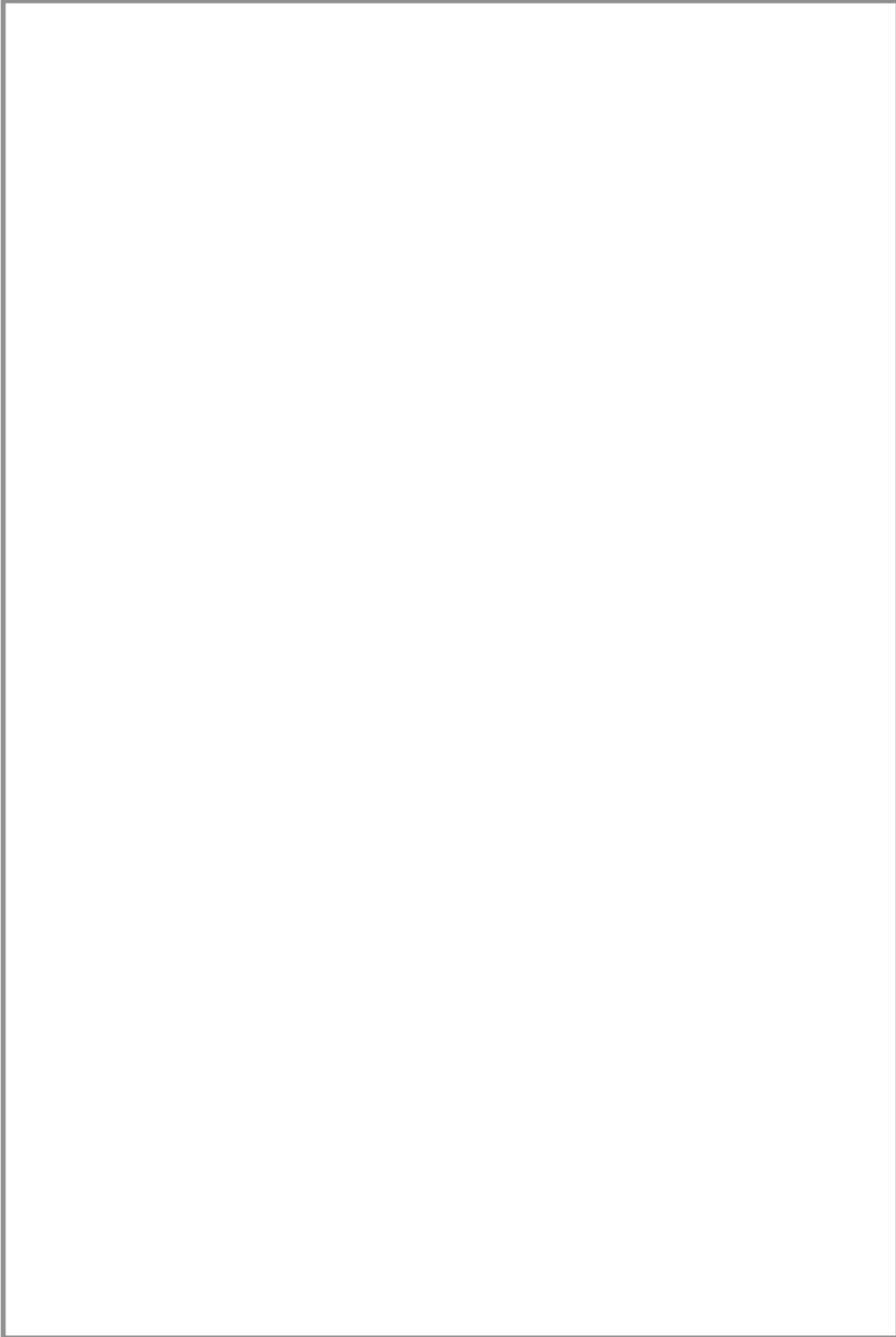


I tend to prefer smaller books so I decided to shrink my page a little, while maintaining the 2:3 ratio. After measuring some books which I found to be a pleasing size, I settled on a format of 131mm x 197mm (this is roughly the same size as the Penguin Classics and Oxford World's Classics series). I also wanted to try

a different typeface (Caslon was kind-of a default choice). In our first Michael Twyman session we looked at 18th Century French posters, and I really liked the 'Modern' or 'Didone' typefaces they used, so I decided to try using a similar typeface.

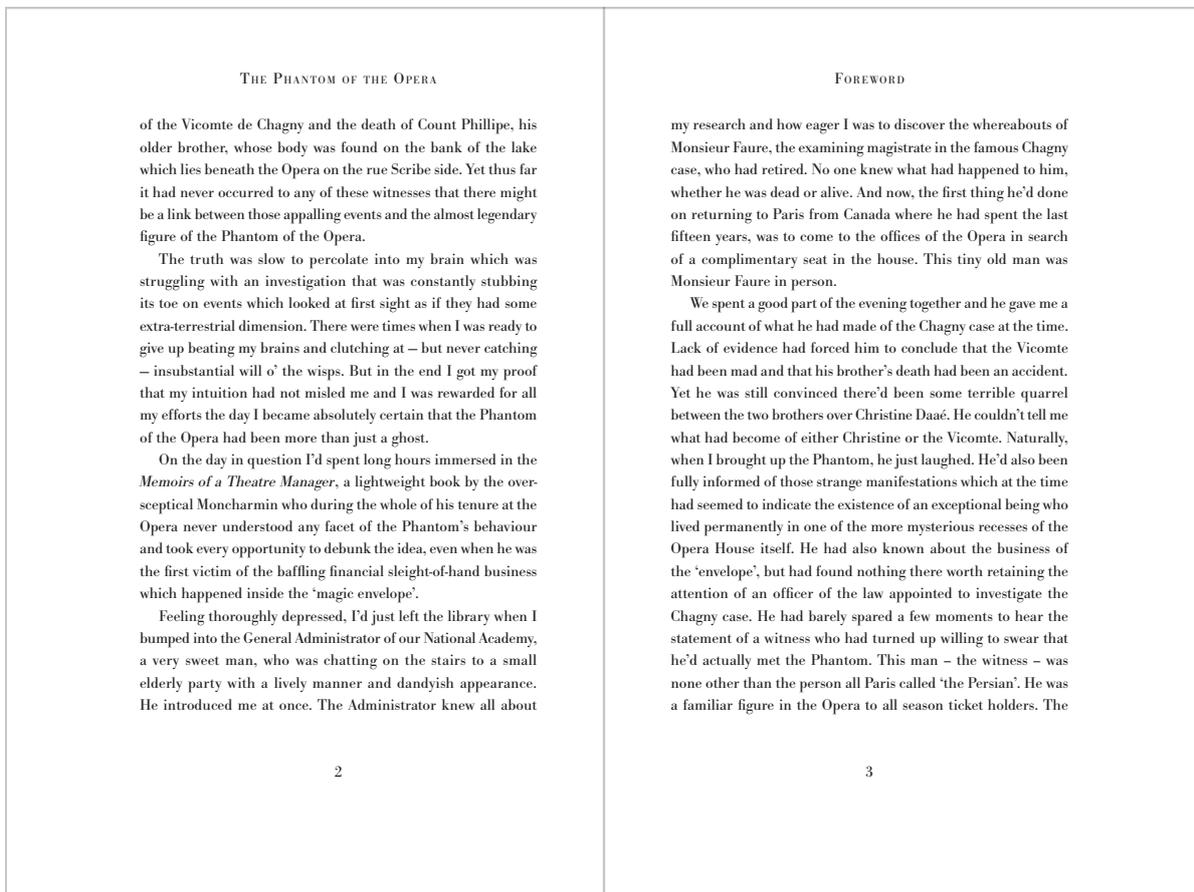
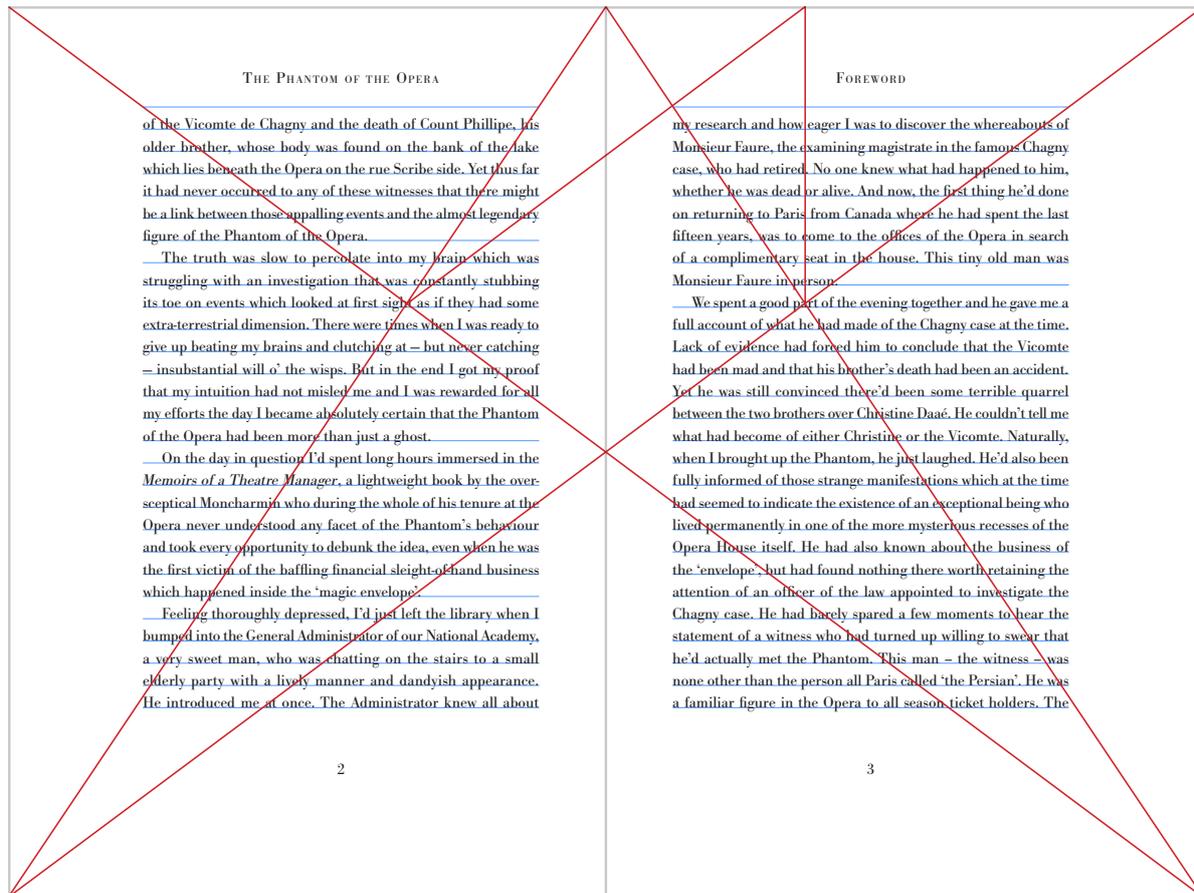


131mm x 197mm format (actual size)



I started with URW Bodoni which was a bad choice because it's very difficult to read and the italic is just a slanted version of the roman — one of the nice things about Modernn faces is the contrast between the

roman and the italic, which is absent from this version of Bodoni. This time I put the bottom margin in right place, which looks better but it only gives me 27 lines, which isn't a lot of space to work with.



I switched to Monotype Bodoni, which looks really good and has a proper italic. It's still very difficult to read though—Bodoni isn't really suitable for continuous text (also, the version I was using doesn't have real small caps).

INTRODUCTION

WASHINGTON SQUARE is one of the most instantly appealing of James's early masterpieces, along with 'Daisy Miller', *The Europeans*, and – albeit on a different scale – *The Portrait of a Lady*. They all belong the years of intense creative effort between 1878 and 1881 when he was making a name for himself in London, both professionally and socially. It was only in 1883, after his father's death, that he would, at the age of forty, stop signing his work 'Henry James, Jr.'

Like all his most memorable fictions, whether early or late, *Washington Square* teases the ear with resonances of allegory, fable and archetype. At its heart are an imprisoned daughter and a domineering father, locked in combat over the possibility of her escape from the domain that provides its very title. Yet 'Washington Square' is a real place. So too was the New York of the 1840s, the tale persuades us, with its Irish immigrants alighting at the Battery and its oyster saloon on Seventh Avenue (86), its omnibuses tumbling over dislocated cobble-stones (93), the pigs and chickens disporting themselves in the gutter further uptown, 'where the extension of the city began to assume a theoretic air' (16).¹ This is scarcely a realm glamorous or unearthly enough for Catherine Sloper to be its romantic heroine or her father its

1. All page references in this introduction are to this edition.

I also added a couple of lines to my line feed, which means it doesn't fit the grid perfectly, but I think it looks pretty good anyway.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

stories and gossip. On 20 February she told him a tale that he scrupulously recorded in his Diary (reproduced here in Appendix 1). It was about her handsome unreliable brother Henry ('H.K.'), and his engagement to a 'dull, plain, common-place girl' with 'a handsome private fortune' ('Miss T.'), and a disapproving father who threatened to leave her not a penny of his own if she went ahead and married him. So here was a classic triangle and a grievous tussle over money and love. The girl was ready to defy her father for love, but the man was not prepared to marry her without the money, and when this seemed certain not to materialize, he was off. Sad and familiar enough in itself, but James's imagination fastened on the young woman's wound and the way she dealt with it. Coming into the money on her father's death, Miss T. determined to remain unmarried. Ten years or more later her old beau returned and renewed his suit, but she refused him. 'And yet, said Mrs. K., she cared for him – and she would have married no other man. But H. K.'s selfishness had overreached itself and this was the retribution of time.' James's first choice of phrase here had been 'the revenge of time', but on reflection he crossed it out and changed it to 'retribution'. This is a more honourable kind of justice and the fitting conclusion to a sequence that begins with the girl's 'tribulation' and her suitor's 'speculation'. James was starting to finger the keys. He was also alert to the possibilities represented by Fanny Kemble herself, who had warned the girl against her self-centred brother, and by her sister Adelaide ('Mrs. S'), who encouraged the errant man to try again. Between them these women gave James the clue for all three

INTRODUCTION

of his tale's sisters: Mrs. Penniman, Mrs. Almond and Mrs. Montgomery. But if the cast-list was developing, he still had to find the right theatre.

Meanwhile, through the spring and summer of 1879 other commitments intervened. He dashed off another short novel called *Confidence* for Scribner's; he completed a short study of Nathaniel Hawthorne which would raise all sorts of hackles back home. By mid-September he had finished the *Hawthorne* and escaped for three months to Paris, and it was here that he seems to have begun work on the Kemble story. The French surroundings may have helped him to further sources (or 'inter-texts') for his tale. Most obviously, his favoured French patron, Balzac, and his short novel, *Eugénie Grandet* (1833), the plot of which James's tale mirrors – the father, the daughter, the suitor, the money. An early review noted the similarity between them, 'with this fundamental alteration, that the story is transferred from the grimmest regions of tragedy to those of comedy'.² James had been introduced to Balzac's novel in Newport around 1860, and five years later, reviewing a now forgotten novel he recommended it to the author, Harriet Prescott. She should curb the wordiness of her 'ideal descriptive style' and go to school with the realists like Mérimée and Balzac; even Trollope would help.³ Yet when it came to *Washington Square*

2. *Henry James: The Contemporary Reviews*, ed. Kevin Hayes (New York, 1996), p. 112.

3. Review of Harriet Elizabeth (Prescott) Spofford, *Azarian: an Episode* (1865), in *Henry James: Literary Criticism*, vol. i: *Essays on Literature, American Writers, English Writers*, ed. Leo n Edel with the assistance of

In *The Form of the Book*, Tschichold mentions Walbaum as a superior alternative to Bodoni, so I tried this next. It's certainly more readable than Bodoni, but it's a little too light and spindly for my taste, and I'm not crazy about the italic or the numbers.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

but to the less well-known contemporary French writer, the Swiss-born Victor Cherbuliez (1829-99). The classically Gothic plot of Cherbuliez' first novel, *Le Comte Kostia* (1863), revolves around the hero's rescue of an only daughter from imprisonment by the title-character, a jealously possessive widower. Like Catherine Sloper, she is made to suffer for surviving a firstborn male child who dies in infancy.⁸ Nor is this the only novel by Cherbuliez that depends on such violently constrained relations between father and daughter: so too do Paul Méré (to which 'Daisy Miller' owes an explicit debt) and *Le Roman d'une Honnête Femme*.

The dramatic or melodramatic violence in Balzac, Cherbuliez and others shadows James's restrained well-mannered fiction. The scene where it does so most vividly is far from the comforts of Washington Square. Father and daughter find themselves alone together in a steep lonely valley high up in the Alps. The reflection of the setting sun's cold, red light catches the snow-summits and lodges in the Doctor's eyes as, for the first and last time, he openly airs his rage.

The place was ugly and lonely, but the place could do her no harm. There was a kind of still intensity about her father which made him dangerous, but Catherine hardly went so far as to say to herself that it might be part of his plan to fasten his hand – the neat, fine, supple hand of a distinguished physician – in her throat. Nevertheless, she receded a step. (133)

'The place could do her no harm', no more harm in itself than Washington Square. It is, as we say, the moment of truth when the pain they have caused each other turns into violence and inflicts injuries no less irreparable for their being a matter of words and

8. Angus Wrenn, *Henry James and the Second Empire* (Oxford, 1995), p. 86.

INTRODUCTION

silence, or reticence: his, hers, the narrator's. It is this last who bears witness to what Catherine 'hardly' goes so far as to say to herself, lingering with chilled fascination over 'the neat, fine, supple hand of a distinguished physician'. Earlier we were told that 'while she felt that what he said went so terribly against her, she admired his neatness and nobleness of expression' (63-4).

The third source for this tale lay back home in America with James's great predecessor, Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-64). There is a specific tale of his called 'Rappaccini's Daughter' that has been claimed as an inspiration for James, whom we know admired it. Again there is a triangle: an oppressive father, an imprisoned daughter and a potentially liberating lover. It is a long way from the dark fabular quality of the setting and telling to James's historically located Washington Square of the 1840s, but as with the other putative sources or inter-texts, it is exactly the radical transformation that gives James's tale its vigour. More important than the re-working of a specific fiction, there is the provocation of the critical study that James was writing just before he moved on to the Kemble story. His Hawthorne was published in December 1879 in the thick of the writing of Washington Square, and its mixed, often hostile, reception would overshadow the novel's first readings. Writing privately to his friend and fellow-writer William Dean Howells early in 1880, James made the connexion with his own tale explicit. In response to Howell's review of Hawthorne, James reiterated his belief that novelists – or the kind of novelist he wanted to be – thrived on 'an old civilization' (the phrases in quotation-marks are from Howells's review):

It is on manners, customs, usages, habits, forms, upon all these things matured and established, that a novelist lives – they are the

I then tried Excelsior, which should be much easier to read (Wikipedia tells me it was included in Chauncey H. Griffith's 'Legibility Group'). I really like this typeface, but I don't think it works here. To my eyes the italic looks darker than the roman which makes the page look very uneven.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

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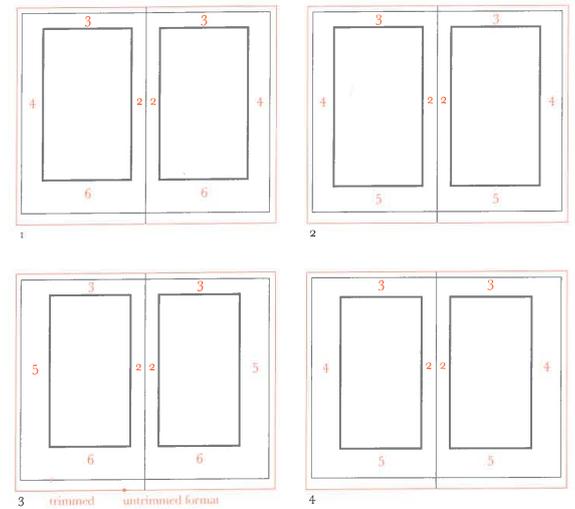
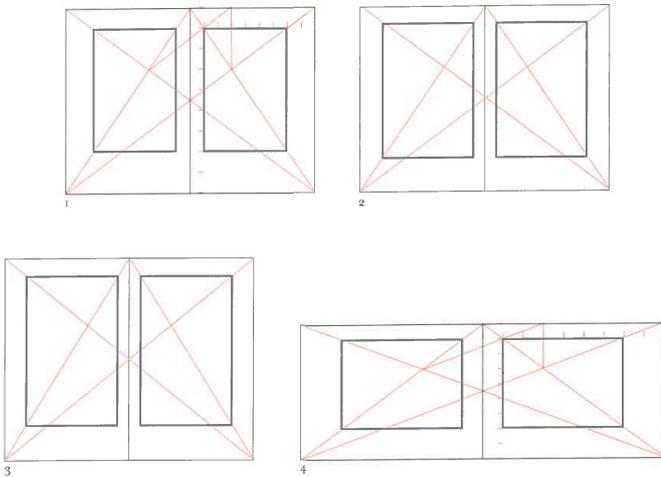
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It is on manners, customs, usages, habits, forms, upon all these things matured and established, that a novelist lives – they are the very stuff his work is made of; and in saying that in the absence of those "dear and worn-out paraphernalia" which I enumerate as being wanting in American society, "we have simply the whole of human life left," you beg (to my sense) the question.'

He goes on to speak of his own forthcoming appear-

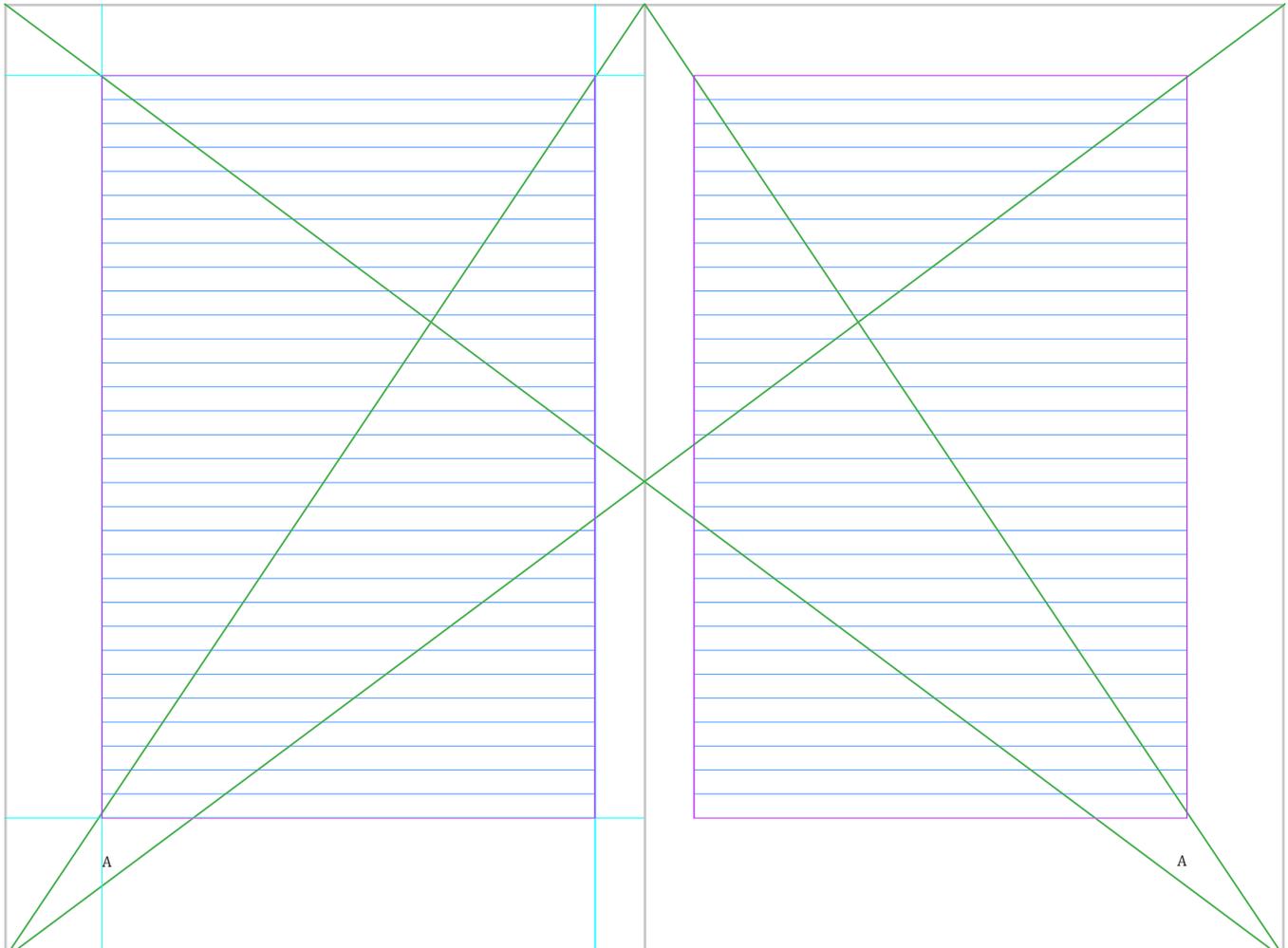
At this point I read *Designing Books* by Jost Hochuli, which wasn't quite as fun to read as *The Form of the Book*, but it gave me a different perspective on book

design which was very useful. Hochuli is much less prescriptive than Tschichold, so it gave me licence to follow my own instincts a bit more.



I decided to simplify as much as possible. I abandoned Modern faces and switched to Cambria which is much simpler and more legible. I also made my margins smaller, and changed my small caps to full caps. And I tried to eliminate anything which seemed unnecessary which meant I got rid of the running

headers for most of the books (this was probably taking things too far). I layed out all nine books in this way which, regardless of how successful the actual design was, gave me invaluable inDesign experience. Here is my master page:



been doing well, suddenly betrayed alarming symptoms, and before another week had elapsed Austin Sloper was a widower.

For a man whose trade was to keep people alive he had certainly done poorly in his own family; and a bright doctor who within three years loses his wife and his little boy should perhaps be prepared to see either his skill or his affection impugned. Our friend, however, escaped criticism: that is, he escaped all criticism but his own, which was much the most competent and most formidable. He walked under the weight of this very private censure for the rest of his days, and bore for ever the scars of a castigation to which the strongest hand he knew had treated him on the night that followed his wife's death. The world, which, as I have said, appreciated him, pitied him too much to be ironical; his misfortune made him more interesting, and even helped him to be the fashion. It was observed that even medical families cannot escape the more insidious forms of disease, and that, after all, Dr. Sloper had lost other patients beside the two I have mentioned; which constituted an honourable precedent. His little girl remained to him, and though she was not what he had desired, he proposed to himself to make the best of her. He had on hand a stock of unexpended authority, by which the child, in its early years, profited largely. She had been named, as a matter of course, after her poor mother, and even in her most diminutive babyhood the Doctor never called her anything but Catherine. She grew up a very robust and healthy child, and her father, as he looked at her, often said to himself that, such as she was, he at least need have no fear of losing her. I say 'such as she was', because, to tell the truth - But this is a truth of which I will defer the telling.

CHAPTER 2

WHEN the child was about ten years old, he invited his sister, Mrs. Penniman, to come and stay with him. The Miss Slopers had been but two in number, and both of them had married early in life. The younger, Mrs. Almond by name, was the wife of a prosperous merchant and the mother of a blooming family. She bloomed herself, indeed, and was a comely, comfortable, reasonable woman, and a favourite with her clever brother, who, in the matter of women, even when they were nearly related to him, was a man of distinct preferences. He preferred Mrs. Almond to his sister Lavinia, who had married a poor clergyman, of a sickly constitution and a flowery style of eloquence, and then, at the age of thirty-three, had been left a widow, without children, without fortune - with nothing but the memory of Mr. Penniman's flowers of speech, a certain vague aroma of which hovered about her own conversation. Nevertheless, he had offered her a home under his own roof, which Lavinia accepted with the alacrity of a woman who had spent the ten years of her married life in the town of Poughkeepsie.* The Doctor had not proposed to Mrs. Penniman to come and live with him indefinitely; he had suggested that she should make an asylum of his house while she looked about for unfurnished lodgings. It is uncertain whether Mrs. Penniman ever instituted a search for unfurnished lodgings, but it is beyond dispute that she never found them. She settled herself with her brother and never went away, and when Catherine was twenty years old her Aunt Lavinia was still one of the most striking features of her immediate *entourage*. Mrs. Penniman's own account of the matter was that she had remained to take charge of her niece's education. She had given

this account, at least, to every one but the Doctor, who never asked for explanations which he could entertain himself any day with inventing. Mrs. Penniman, moreover, though she had a good deal of a certain sort of artificial assurance, shrank, for indefinable reasons, from presenting herself to her brother as a fountain of instruction. She had not a high sense of humour, but she had enough to prevent her from making this mistake; and her brother, on his side, had enough to excuse her, in her situation, for laying him under contribution during a considerable part of a lifetime. He therefore assented tacitly to the proposition which Mrs. Penniman had tacitly laid down, that it was of importance that the poor motherless girl should have a brilliant woman near her. His assent could only be tacit, for he had never been dazzled by his sister's intellectual lustre. Save when he fell in love with Catherine Harrington, he had never been dazzled, indeed, by any feminine characteristics whatever; and though he was to a certain extent what is called a ladies' doctor, his private opinion of the more complicated sex was not exalted. He regarded its complications as more curious than edifying, and he had an idea of the beauty of *reason*, which was on the whole meagrely gratified by what he observed in his female patients. His wife had been a reasonable woman, but she was a bright exception; among several things that he was sure of, this was perhaps the principal. Such a conviction, of course, did little either to mitigate or to abbreviate his widowhood; and it set a limit to his recognition, at the best, of Catherine's possibilities and of Mrs. Penniman's ministrations. He, nevertheless, at the end of six months, accepted his sister's permanent presence as an accomplished fact, and as Catherine grew older perceived that there were in effect good reasons why she should have a companion of her own imperfect sex. He was extremely polite to Lavinia, scrupulously, formally polite; and she had never seen him in anger but once in her life, when he lost his temper in a theological discussion with

her late husband. With her he never discussed theology, nor, indeed, discussed anything; he contented himself with making known, very distinctly, in the form of a lucid ultimatum, his wishes with regard to Catherine.

Once, when the girl was about twelve years old, he had said to her -

'Try and make a clever woman of her, Lavinia; I should like her to be a clever woman.'

Mrs. Penniman, at this, looked thoughtful a moment. 'My dear Austin,' she then inquired, 'do you think it is better to be clever than to be good?'

'Good for what?' asked the Doctor. 'You are good for nothing unless you are clever.'

From this assertion Mrs. Penniman saw no reason to dissent; she possibly reflected that her own great use in the world was owing to her aptitude for many things.

'Of course I wish Catherine to be good,' the Doctor said next day; 'but she won't be any the less virtuous for not being a fool. I am not afraid of her being wicked; she will never have the salt of malice in her character. She is as good as good bread, as the French say;* but six years hence I don't want to have to compare her to good bread and butter.'

'Are you afraid she will be insipid? My dear brother, it is I who supply the butter; so you needn't fear!' said Mrs. Penniman, who had taken in hand the child's accomplishments, overlooking her at the piano, where Catherine displayed a certain talent, and going with her to the dancing-class, where it must be confessed that she made but a modest figure.

Mrs. Penniman was a tall, thin, fair, rather faded woman, with a perfectly amiable disposition, a high standard of gentility, a taste for light literature, and a certain foolish indirectness and obliquity of

it may be that it is the developing reader who is brought up short by (and intellectually nurtured by) the dark and unsettling side of the book which questions accepted attitudes to good and evil.

How Stevenson went about playing with the materials of the genre and the idea of the romance, while balancing an ironic mindset, religious and political tensions, and the immediate exigencies of a very local audience and the need to earn money, is one of the most fascinating tales in literature.

Culturally, *Treasure Island* has come almost to define the adventure story, and its image of pirates and buccaneers resonates in popular culture to this day. As one of Stevenson's biographers puts it: '*Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and *Treasure Island* are so well-known that they hardly require to be read at all. We all understand what "Jekyll-and-Hyde" signifies, and Long John Silver is more real to most people than any historical buccaneer.'³ Certainly, Long John Silver, 'that formidable seafaring man with one leg' (p. 191) has acquired a mythic status: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle described him as 'not a creation of fiction, but an organic living reality with whom we have come into contact; such is the effect of the fine suggestive strokes with which he is drawn.'⁴ *Treasure Island* was the immediate stimulus for H. Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) - Haggard's brother bet him a shilling that he couldn't 'write anything half so good' - and directly influenced J. M. Barrie, Rafael Sabatini, and Arthur Ransome. It has inspired writers from Jorge Luis Borges to John Mortimer, and lies behind such 21st-century phenomena as *Pirates of the Caribbean*. There are translations into languages across the world, and adaptations for film and television (around 50 versions), musicals, pantomime, graphic novels and video-games. Prequels, sequels and elaborations (often centring on Long John Silver) range from R. F. Delderfield's *The Adventures of Ben Gunn* (1956) and Robert Lee-

son's *Silver's Revenge* (1978) to the surreal *Pussy, King of the Pirates* (1996) by experimental novelist Kathy Acker.

But despite, or perhaps because of its popularity, *Treasure Island* has until recently been neglected by the critics: not only was it for children, a fact that almost axiomatically removed it from the critical radar - but it was (at least at first glance) a 'romance'. As Stevenson wryly observed in 'A Gossip on Romance' (*Longman's Magazine*, November 1882): 'English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one.'⁵

The contemporary reviewers could not square this circle. A review, probably by Andrew Lang, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (15 December, 1883), described *Treasure Island* as 'a book for boys which can keep hardened and elderly reviewers in a state of pleasing excitement and attention', but concluded that 'after this romance for boys he must give us a novel for men and women.' On the same day, a review in the *Graphic* agreed on the book's excellence, but added: 'Yet we want no more boys' books from Mr Stevenson. We want him to employ his unique gifts in the highest department of literature now open to him - contemporary fiction.'⁶ Even J. M. Barrie had his reservations. In his portrait of his mother, *Margaret Ogilvy*, he reported: 'I remember how she read "Treasure Island", holding it close to the ribs of the fire (because she could not spare a moment to rise and light the gas) and how, when bedtime came, and we coaxed, remonstrated, scolded, she said quite fiercely, clinging to the book, "I dinna lay my head on a pillow this night till I see how that laddie got out of the barrel."' He admitted himself that 'Over "Treasure Island" I let my fire die in winter without knowing I was freezing'; but his verdict on Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Treasure Island

INTRODUCTION

TREASURE ISLAND is a rarity: a classic that has high status in both the children's and the adults' canons. George Meredith described it as 'The best of boys' books, and a book to make one feel a boy again', while Henry James thought it was 'unique' in that we see in it the young reader himself: 'we seem to read it over his shoulder, with an arm around his neck.'¹

In the history of children's literature it is a landmark, a turning point: just as Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) redefined the book for girls, siding with its readers against the didactic and moralistic, so *Treasure Island* (1883) challenged, satirised, and subverted the dominant boys' genre that combined adventure, sea, island, and empire-building stories. The story of an expedition 'launched by greed and decorated with murder and treachery, and concluded by luck rather than righteousness'², it permanently changed the possibilities of children's literature, and challenged received wisdom about what a book for a child is and what a book for an adult is. It is often assumed that child readers see only an exciting story, while adults detect the ironic anti-romance and the startling ambiguities of character and motive. But it could also be argued, as with other books that are routinely underestimated by adults, such as *The Wind in the Willows*, that the opposite is the case. It seems probable that many adults go to *Treasure Island* to create, rather than recreate, an imaginary childhood reading experience - to read a straightforward, simple adventure of vicarious thrills and uncomplicated morality, where you can kill the pirates with impunity, and take the treasure home to 'play ducks and drakes' with. And

3

PART 1

The Old Buccaneer

CHAPTER 2

Black Dog Appears and Disappears

IT was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all grey with hoar-frost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass* swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast table against the captain's return, when the parlour door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

References are to page and line numbers. If not provided here, full details of works referred to can be found in 'Further Reading'. These notes owe a debt to previous editions of the novel by Mark Le Fanu (*Oxford World's Classics*, 1982), Brian Lee (*Penguin Classics*, 1984) and Martha Banta (*Penguin Classics*, 2007).

3. *the first half of the present century ... the latter part of it* The main action of the novel appears to take place in the 1840s; for more precise dates see note on 4. xx.
4. *Dr. Sloper* William Veeder (acknowledging a debt to U. C. Knoepfelmacher) points out that this name forms the third term in a sequence starting with the 'inadequate physician' in Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1759-67), and continuing through the 'clever cleric' in Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers* (1857) — 'Slop', 'Slope', 'Sloper' (*Henry James*, pp. 187, 270, n.3). One might add that Dr. Sloper's first name, 'Austin', connects him to the realm of another literary antecedent closer to the style and manner of this novel than Sterne's or Trollope's.
4. *in 1820* After the vagueness of the novel's opening lines, this is teasingly precise. If Austin Sloper marries at the age of twenty-seven, and 1820 is the year of his marriage to Catherine Harrington, then he will have been born in 1793, and if he is 'some fifty years of age' at the time at which we are chiefly concerned with him, this puts the events of the novel firmly in the 1840s. Their marriage lasts 'for about five years', the son dying at the age of three, and the mother two years later, so Catherine would have been born in 1825. Mrs Penniman comes to live with the Slopers when Catherine is 'about ten years old':

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c. 1835. The reference to Catherine's 'eighteenth year' (6) would make it 1842-3 (her author was born on 15 April 1843), and she would be 'twenty years old' (7) in 1845. She is in 'her twenty-first year' (14) at the time of the Almond engagement party, but by the start of ch. VII she has gained a year and become twenty-two (38). Dr Sloper moves uptown to Washington Square '[s]ome three or four years' before the Almonds' party (14). The chronology so far established would place this change of residence in 1841-2, but then James deranges it by appearing to date the move some six years earlier in 1835 (15). At various points he speaks of 'thirty years ago' (43), 'forty years ago' (15), and 'the fashion of fifty years ago' (55).

4. *the small but promising capital ... the Battery ... the Bay ... Canal Street* New York City served briefly as the young republic's legislative capital from 1785 to 1790 before ceding that role to Philadelphia and then (in 1800) to Washington D.C. James's novel catches the city mid-way in its massive development as the nation's economic and commercial centre. A population of 60,000 in 1800 had grown to nearly one million by 1860, almost half of whom were foreign-born, and by 1900, it was over three million, two-thirds of whom were foreign-born (Paul S. Boyer, *Oxford Companion to United States History* (Oxford, 2001), entry on New York, p. 553). In the 1840s the great majority of immigrants were from Ireland, as James's own grandfather, William James of Albany, had been in the late 1700s. In choosing the venue for her tryst with Morris Mrs Penniman avoids rubbing shoulders with them as they alight at the Battery (86). Both film versions by Wyler and Holland (see Appendix 2) provide the Slopers with Irish maid-servants, noticeably sympathetic to the cause of romance between Morris and Catherine. 'The Battery', so named for its original military purposes, is at

55

the southern tip of Manhattan; 'Canal Street', near Brooklyn Bridge, takes its name from the canal dug there in 1811.

7. *the town of Poughkeepsie* Town on the east bank of the Hudson River, midway between New York City and Albany. James wrote a tale entitled 'Miss Gunton of Poughkeepsie', also first published in the *Cornhill*, though twenty years later, in 1900.
9. *as good as good bread, as the French say* The French phrase is *être bon comme du bon pain*, 'to have a heart of gold'. Perhaps this is why Mrs Bred is so named in *The American* (1877), a novel set in France.
13. *twenty thousand dollars a year* It is notoriously difficult to come up with accurate ways of measuring the modern value of figures like this. Using the Consumer Price Index alone, \$20,000 in 1820 would according to some calculations be worth c. \$380,000 at the time of writing (2009), but in terms of real buying power the equivalent figure would be very much higher.
14. *In those days in New York ... the temple of Republican simplicity* The austerity associated with the Roman Republic represented an important ideal of personal and public conduct to ruling-class Americans in the early decades of the nineteenth century. James is marking the distance of 'those days' from the unbridled money-making and rampant ostentation he believed to characterize the new era after the Civil War.
14. *a red satin gown trimmed with gold fringe* Clair Hughes calls this 'one of the most startling colour notes in James's fiction' (*Henry James and the Art of Dress*, p. 29); see also note to 139.
- xx. Lauren Berlant ('Fancy-Work and Fancy Foot-Work', 447) points out the possible reference to Hester Prynne's 'A' in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, which is constructed of 'fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and

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fantastic flourishes of gold thread' (*Hawthorne: Novels*, Library of America (Cambridge, 1983), p. 163).

15. *the City Hall* Constructed from 1803 to 1812 in French Renaissance style, the oldest City Hall in the U.S. stands between Broadway, Park Row and Chambers Street in the Civic Center district of Lower Manhattan. James was touched to find in 1904-5 that 'the divine little City Hall' had survived 'that assault of vulgarity of which the innumerable mementos rise within view of it and tower, at a certain distance, over it' (*The American Scene*, ed John F. Sears (Harmondsworth, 1994), p. 75).
15. *Washington Square* A celebrated feature of the area known as Greenwich Village, the 'Square' stands at the foot of Fifth Avenue between Fourth and Seventh Streets, surrounding a handsome park, adopted by the city in 1827; the Arch and the Fountain are particularly notable. As James indicates the Square and its environs became fashionable in the 1830s and 1840s. Emily Kies Folpe writes: 'Nowadays these homes continue to impart an old-fashioned atmosphere, but early residents would have considered themselves to be very modern.' (*It Happened on Washington Square* (Baltimore, 2002), p. 24) See Introduction, p. xx.
15. *the tenderness of early associations* As will be evident, this is an autobiographical as well as a 'topographical' parenthesis. The second of five children born to Henry James Senior (1811-1882) and his wife, Mary, née Walsh (1810-1882), Henry ('Harry') James Junior was born on 15 April 1843 at 21 Washington Place, just round the corner from Washington Square; it is now the site of Kimball Hall, on the Washington Square Campus of New York University. Returning in 1904-5 after an absence of twenty years, the novelist was dismayed by the

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As I approached them, panic spread:
throughout their ranks I sowed alarm and dread.
How can I be more valiant than before?
Have I become a thunderbolt of war,
that animals should tremble where I tread?
However cowardly you are, it's clear
that even greater cowards will appear."

II, xix:

THE LION HUNTING WITH THE ASS

A thought came to the King of Beasts one day
(it was his birthday): why not hunt for prey?
For lions, that's not sparrows: they want more -
like big fat bucks and does, and big fat boar.
To help him in his plan, the lion's choice
fell on the ass, he of Stentorian voice,
to act as hunting horn and make a din.
The lion found a bush to hide him in,
installed him at his post, and told him: "Bray!"
The noise, so he believed, would even scare
the bravest beasts, and drive them from their lair.
None of the animals, until that day,
had ever heard so wild a storm of sound;
the uproar burst upon the air around;
 the forest dwellers, seized by dread,
 all took to flight, and as they fled
into the waiting lion's trap they fell.
The ass then said: "And didn't I do well?"
so claiming greater credit than was due
because of all the noise he'd made.

“Why, yes,” the lion answered; “bravely brayed;
did I not know your lineage and you,
I might myself have been quite scared.”
By this the ass was much displeased,
and would have said so, had he dared.
And yet he had been rightly teased;
for who could leave an ass to boast unchecked?
A boastful ass is not what you expect.

II, xx:

A WILL EXPLAINED BY AESOP

Was what they say of Aesop true?
If so, he was the oracle of Greece.
I hope, dear reader, that you like this piece,
which shows us neatly that he knew
as much as teams of judges do;
our Aesop was the wiser.

A father with three daughters found all three
as different from each other as could be.
The first one was a perfect miser;
the second drank; the third was a coquette.
The law demanded that a will be made;
he made a will. Each daughter was to get
one third of all he owned. A last bequest
went to their mother: she was to be paid
the same amount as they, when they possessed
no longer what they'd had from his estate.
The father died. His daughters could not wait
to find out what they stood to gain.

Because *War and Peace* is so long I decided to switch from 10 pt text on 14 pt leading to 9 pt text on 12 pt leading. I also shrank the margins a little and added running headers.

WAR AND PEACE

is at least a quiet fool, but Anatole is an active one. That is the only difference between them.' He said this smiling in a way more natural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth very clearly revealed something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant.

'And why are children born to such men as you? If you were not a father there would be nothing I could reproach you with,' said Anna Pavlovna, looking up pensively.

*'Je suis votre faithful slave, et à vous seule je puis l'avouer. My children—ce sont les entraves de mon existence.'*¹⁴ It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*¹⁵

He said no more, but expressed his resignation to cruel fate by a gesture. Anna Pavlovna meditated.

'Have you never thought of marrying off your prodigal son Anatole?' she asked. 'They say old maids *ont la manie des mariages*,¹⁶ and though I don't feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know *une petite personne*¹⁷ who is very unhappy with her father. *Une parente à nous, une princesse Bolkonskaya.'*¹⁸

Prince Vasili did not reply though, with the quickness of memory and perception befitting a man of the world, he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

'Do you know,' he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, 'that Anatole is costing me forty thousand rubles a year? And,' he went on after a pause, 'what will it be in five years, if he goes on like this?' Presently he added: *'Voilà l'avantage d'être père'*¹⁹ ... Is this princess of yours rich?

'Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonsky who had to retire from the army under the late Emperor, and was nicknamed "the King of Prussia". He is very clever but eccentric, and a bore. *La pauvre petite est malheureuse, comme les pierres.*²⁰ She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov's* and will be here tonight.'

*'Écoutez, chère Annette,'*²¹ said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna's

14. 'I am your faithful slave, and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life.'

15. 'It can't be helped!'

16. 'have a mania for matchmaking.'

17. 'a little person.'

18. 'She is a relation of ours, a Princess Bolkonskaya.'

19. 'That's what we fathers have to put up with.'

20. 'The poor girl is very unhappy.'

21. 'Listen, dear Annette.'

PART 1

hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. '*Arrangez-moi cette affaire et je suis votre most faithful slave à tout jamais* ("slafe" with an f—*comme mon elder m'écrit des reports*).²² She is rich and of good family and that's all I want.'

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the maid of honour's hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction.

'*Attendez*,' said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting, 'I'll speak to Lise (*la femme du jeune Bolkonsky*),²³ this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. *Ce sera dans votre famille, que je ferai mon apprentissage de vieille fille.*'²⁴

CHAPTER 2

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S drawing-room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there: people differing widely in age and character but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to take her father to the ambassador's entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as *la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg*,²⁵ was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go out in high society, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili's son, Ippolit, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna said, 'You have not yet seen my aunt,' or 'You do not know *ma tante*?', and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbons in her cap, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive; and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to *ma tante*, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one's name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and not one of them cared about; Anna Pavlovna observed these greetings with mournful and solemn interest and silent approval. The aunt spoke to each of them in the same words,

22. 'Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most faithful slave ("slafe" with an f—as a village elder of mine writes in his reports).'

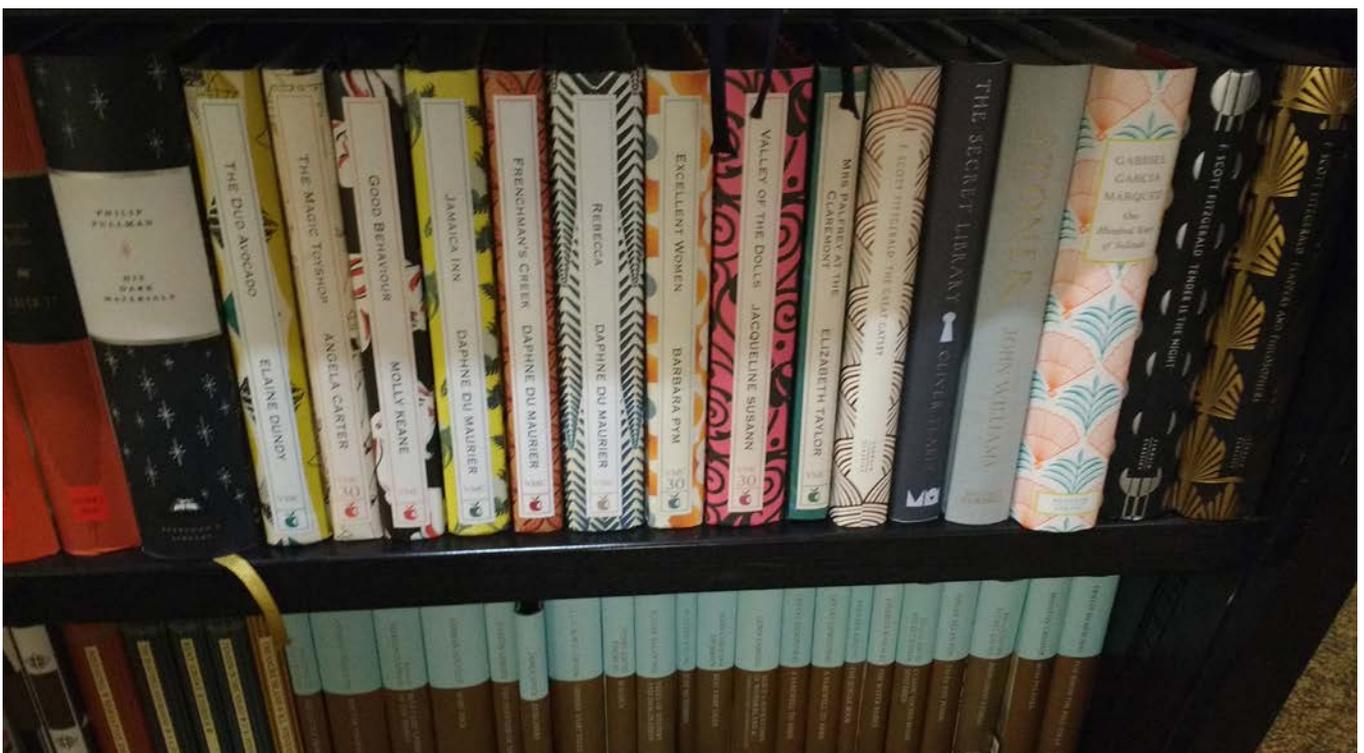
23. 'young Bolkonsky's wife'.

24. 'It shall be on your family's behalf that I'll start my apprenticeship as old maid'.

25. 'The most seductive woman in Petersburg'.

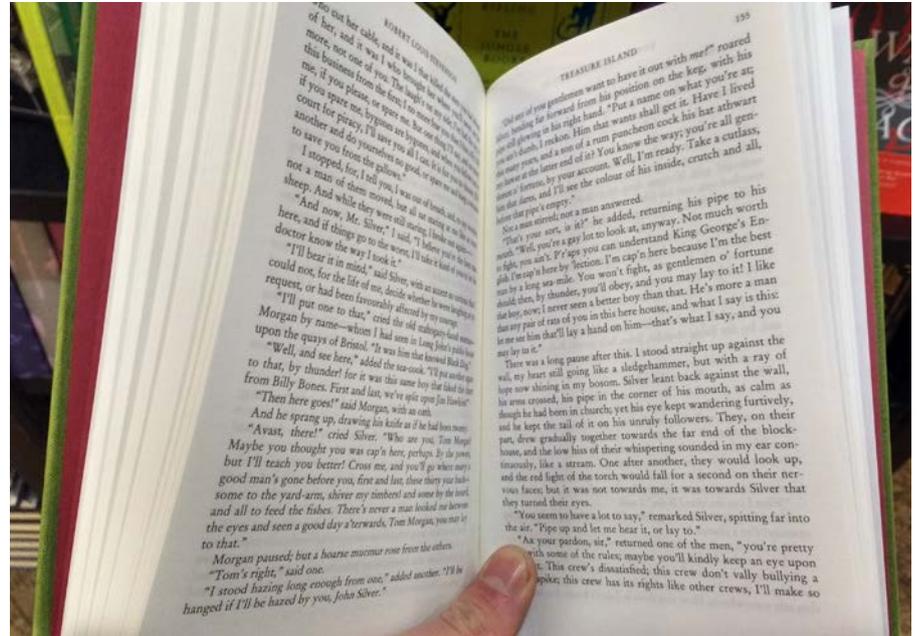
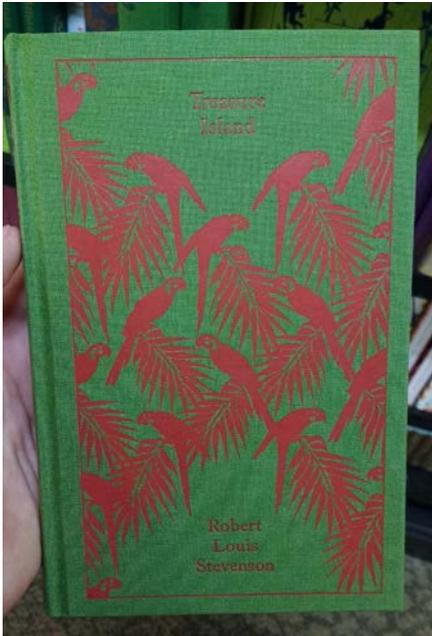
At this point I started thinking about where my series would fit in the market. My initial thought was to produce cheap pocket-sized editions, however most of these books are in the public domain which means they are available digitally for free. If I wanted to read one of these books without spending a lot of money I would either download it onto my phone or buy a

second-hand copy. I would never buy a new book for this purpose. If I was going to buy a new edition of one of these books it would probably be as a gift, and I would want it to function as an art object as much as reading material. I paid a visit to Waterstones where I found these shelves full of giftable hardbacks.

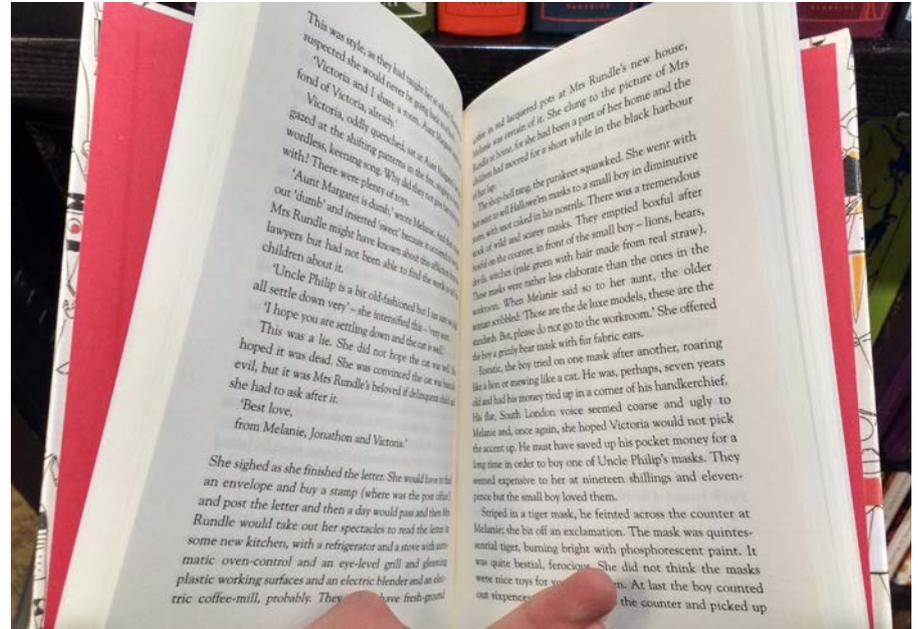
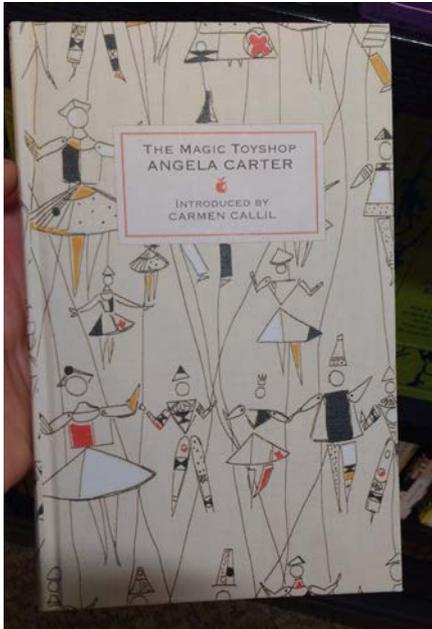


I really like the Penguin Clothbound Classics editions. They are beautifully designed and the format is really nice. I find other expensive hardbacks such as the Folio Society editions to be too big and unwieldy, but these are a much more handleable size (according to

Amazon they are 138mm x 204mm, although I assume that's the size of the cover, not the page size). They are obviously not cutting-edge design, but I think there's room for this kind-of old-fashioned design when it's as well-done as this.



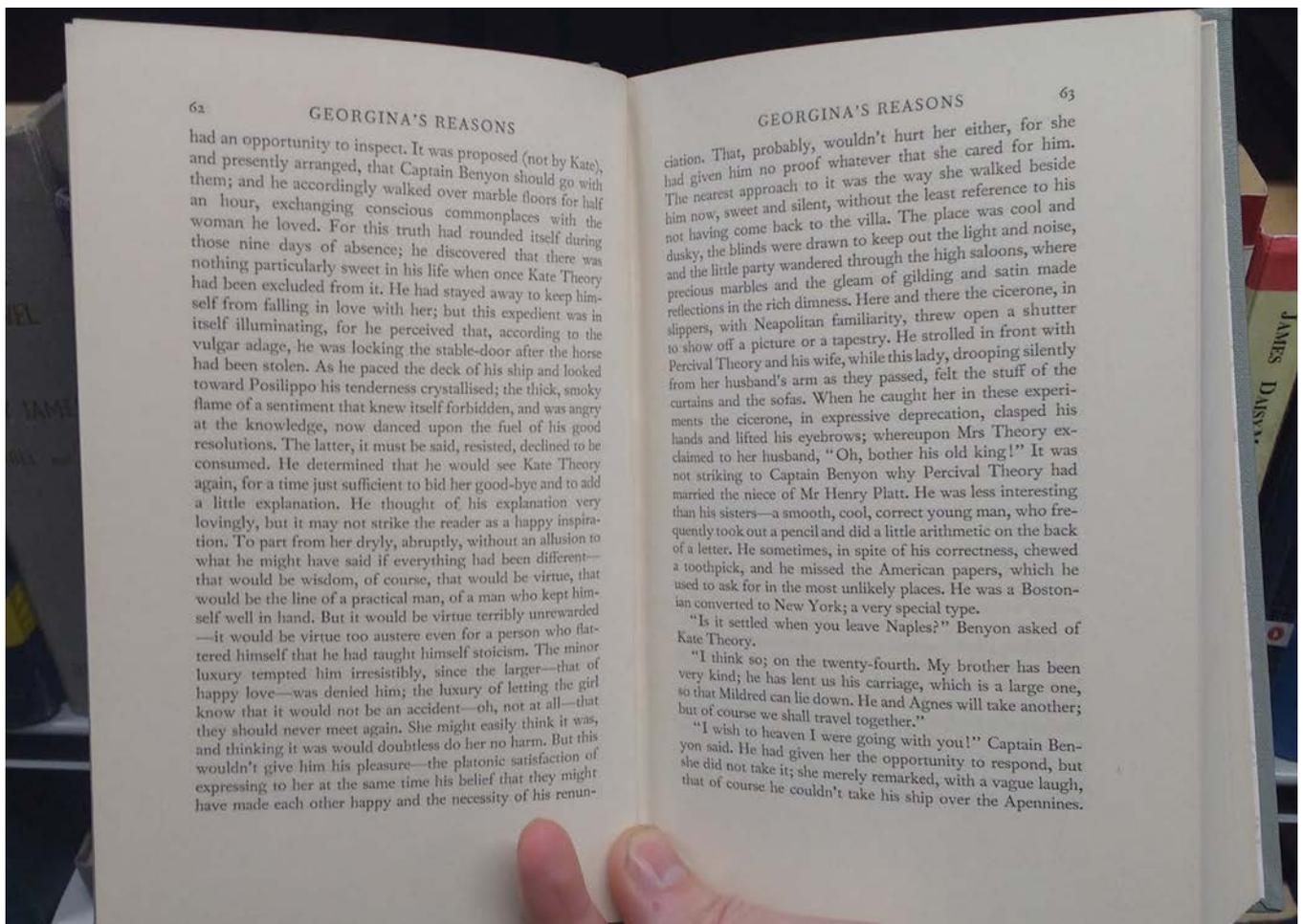
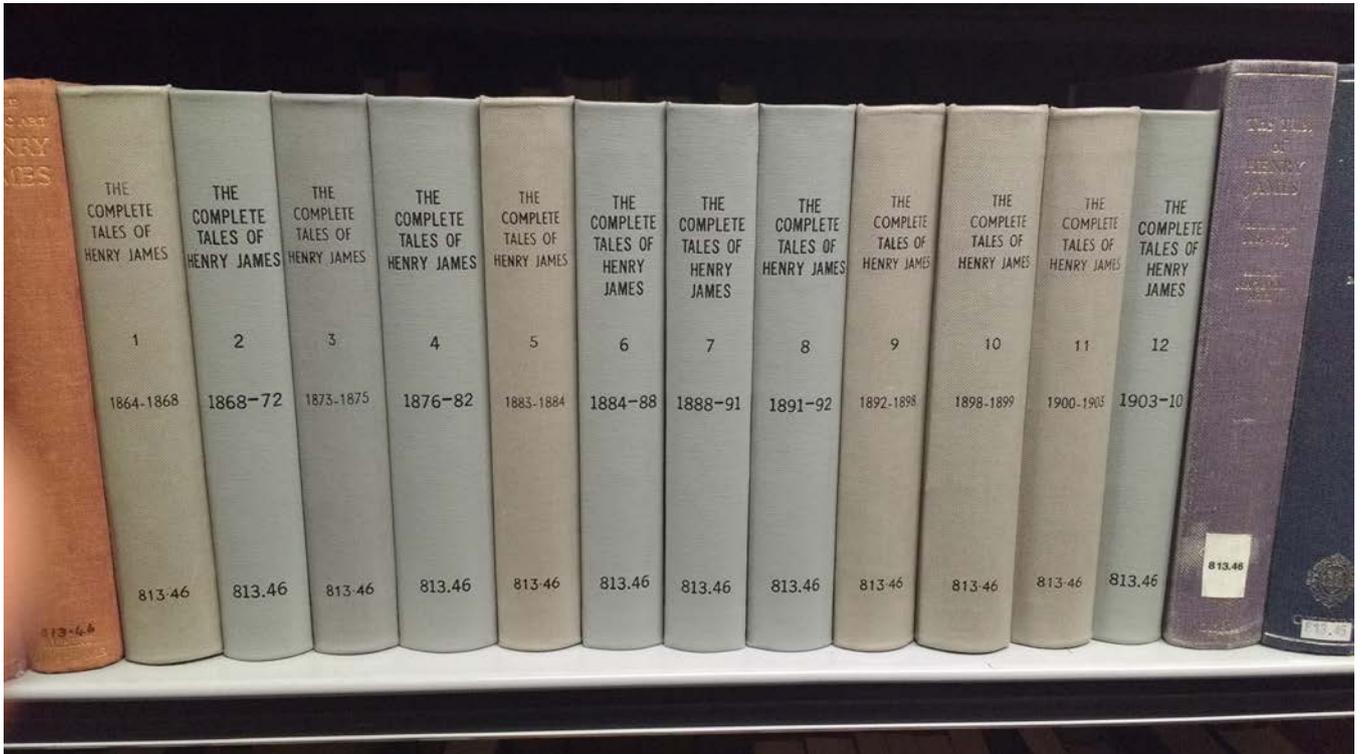
I also love the Virago Modern Classics editions.



I decided to design a series which would fit into this area of the market — old-fashioned, relatively expensive hardbacks suitable for giving as gifts.

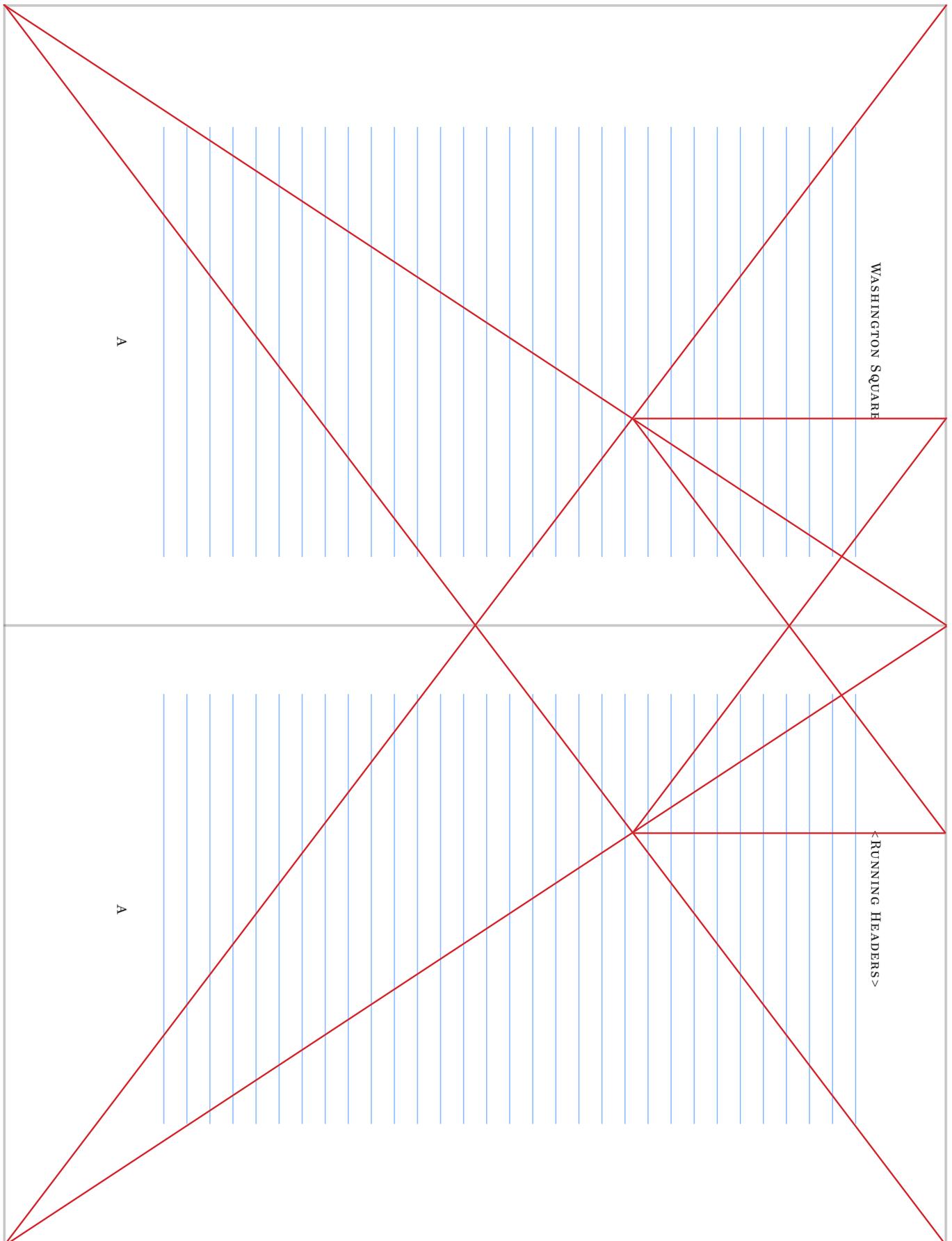
I also went to the library to look at older editions of some of the texts. I found this series of Henry James books from 1962 which I really love. The format (roughly 124mm x 197mm) feels really nice in the

hand and I love the traditional typesetting, with its giant margins. I wanted my series to have a similar feel.



My original Bodoni design is much more suitable for this purpose than the Cambria design, so I returned to the idea of using a modern typeface and large margins. I decided to increase my page size from 131mm x 197mm to 134mm x 202mm, which retains

the 2:3 ratio, and is close to the Penguin Clothbound Classics format. Here is my master page (the margins don't fit the grid perfectly because I wanted my line feed to have 30 full 14 pt lines):



None of the Modern faces I tried before had worked so I needed to find a new typeface. I found a font called Ingeborg which was designed to be a readable modern face. Myfonts.com describes it like this: “The Ingeborg family was designed with the intent of producing a readable modern face. Its roots might well be historic, but its approach is very

contemporary. Ingeborg’s Text Weights are functional and discreet. This was achieved without losing the classic characteristics of a Didone typeface, which are the vertical stress and the high contrast.” It has everything I like about Bodoni, but it’s much more suitable for continuous text, so I felt it was the perfect choice.

INTRODUCTION

.....

Washington Square is one of the most instantly appealing of James’s early masterpieces, along with ‘Daisy Miller’, *The Europeans*, and—albeit on a different scale—*The Portrait of a Lady*. They all belong the years of intense creative effort between 1878 and 1881 when he was making a name for himself in London, both professionally and socially. It was only in 1883, after his father’s death, that he would, at the age of forty, stop signing his work ‘Henry James, Jr.’

Like all his most memorable fictions, whether early or late, *Washington Square* teases the ear with resonances of allegory, fable and archetype. At its heart are an imprisoned daughter and a domineering father, locked in combat over the possibility of her escape from the domain that provides its very title. Yet ‘Washington Square’ is a real place. So too was the New York of the 1840s, the tale persuades us, with its Irish immigrants alighting at the Battery and its oyster saloon on Seventh Avenue (86), its omnibuses tumbling over dislocated cobble-stones (93), the pigs and chickens disporting themselves in the gutter further uptown, ‘where the extension of the city began to assume a theoretic air’ (16).¹ This is scarcely a realm glamorous or unearthly enough for Catherine Sloper to be its romantic heroine or her father its resident monster. Or not obviously so. Neither the conventions of ‘romance’ nor ‘realism’ provide the reader with

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1. All page references in this introduction are to this edition.

I wanted my chapter headings to include a decorative, non-typographic element of some kind. In my original Bodoni design I used horizontal rules, but I’ve never liked straight lines—I find them very harsh on the eye. I decided to use Japanese dots instead. They

look a lot better and I think using them throughout the series (not just for chapter headings but also for title pages and in other areas) gives my series a nice graphic signature.

The 10 pt Ingeborg on 14 pt leading works great for the novels, but when I used it for the poetry I felt it looked a little too heavy.

<p style="text-align: center;">THE EARLY FABLES</p> <p>I, viii:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE SWALLOW AND THE LITTLE BIRDS</p> <p>A swallow travelled far, and as she flew all that she saw her memory retained. By seeing much, much knowledge will be gained. When storms were coming, great or small, she knew, and even when the skies were clear could warn the sailors if a gale was due. It chanced that at the season of the year for sowing hemp, she watched a farmer sow the many furrows where this crop would grow. She told the little birds: "What I see here is bad; for you the dangers are severe. I feel much pity for you. As for me, I'll fly to distant parts, or if I stay I'll live in some dark corner. Can you see that hand which hovers in the air?"</p>	<p>The little bird in other fields And when they "Pull up those she told them "Your prophecies they answered A fine idea you You'd need a Quite so "The out "for we My coun but still for when and leave their occ With traps a</p>
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I decided to decrease the font size to 9 pts while keeping the same leading to make it appear lighter on the page (it also meant I didn't have to break any of the lines).

<p style="text-align: center;">THE EARLY FABLES</p> <p>I, viii:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE SWALLOW AND THE LITTLE BIRDS</p> <p>A swallow travelled far, and as she flew all that she saw her memory retained. By seeing much, much knowledge will be gained. When storms were coming, great or small, she knew, and even when the skies were clear could warn the sailors if a gale was due. It chanced that at the season of the year for sowing hemp, she watched a farmer sow the many furrows where this crop would grow. She told the little birds: "What I see here is bad; for you the dangers are severe. I feel much pity for you. As for me, I'll fly to distant parts, or if I stay I'll live in some dark corner. Can you see that hand which hovers in the air?"</p>	<p>The little bird in other fields And when they "Pull up those she told them "Your prophecies they answered A fine idea you You'd need a Quite so "The out "for we My coun but still for when and leave their occ With traps ar</p>
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In this system, my average pages contain around 300 words, which means my versions of *Washington Square*, *Treasure Island*, and *the Phantom of the Opera* would all be between 200 and 300 pages long. *War and Peace*, however, would be roughly 2000 pages long, which is an unmanageable length even if

it was split into multiple volumes. I decided to shrink my margins a little and switch to 9 pt text on 12 pt leading. This fit roughly 100 more words onto the average page, which brought the page count down to around 1500. Here are the master pages.



In my Cambria design the explanatory notes use the same font size and leading as the rest of the books, which means they are not differentiated enough. They also have large gaps between the numbers and the text which creates distracting vertical space. For my final design I switched to 9 pt text on 12 pt leading for the explanatory notes, and I right-justified the numbers to eliminate the vertical space.

WASHINGTON SQUARE

84. *referred to the skies the initiative, as the French say*: An awkward translation of a French idiom designed to suggest Catherine's lack of familiarity with the language, in contrast to Morris's.
84. *duenna*: A chaperon.
86. *Greenwood Cemetery*: Founded in 1838 as a rural cemetery in Kings County, New York, now in Brooklyn.
86. *an oyster saloon in the Seventh Avenue*: Oysters were cheap popular fare in the nineteenth century, and such saloons abounded in great city-ports such as New York and London.
96. *in the Bowery*: Mrs Penniman is venturing, or pretending to venture, into shady areas, but the Bowery (the name is derived from the old Dutch word for 'farm') had not yet descended into the squalor and violence for which it would soon become known in the 1850s, home turf of 'The Bowery Boys', one of 'The Gangs of New York' in Herbert Asbury's 1928 (non-fiction) book of that name, and the film derived from it by Martin Scorsese (2002). For James's own memories, see 'The Bowery and Thereabouts', in *The American Scene*, ch. 5.
103. *a farthing of money*: A very small, now obsolete coin, worth one-quarter of an English penny.
123. *hoisting your flag*: Nautical metaphor, signifying the declaration of clear intentions.
125. *Raphael ... the ruins of the Pantheon*: One of the most famous painters of the Italian Renaissance (1483-1520), but Mrs Penniman is on less sure footing with the Pantheon, which is the best preserved example of an ancient Roman monument. Originally a temple to 'all the gods' of Rome, as its name indicates, it was converted to a Roman Catholic Church in the seventh century AD. She may be thinking of the ruins of the Parthenon, a mistake repeated by her sister, Mrs Almond.
128. *vestals of old, tending the sacred flame*: In ancient Rome the 'vestal virgins' tended the fire sacred to Vesta, Goddess of the Hearth.
129. *castle of indolence*: The title of a poem (1748) by James Thom-

EXPLANATORY NOTES

- son that has passed into currency as a term for a state of luxurious idleness.
137. *posting roads*: Route along which roads were hence 'smooth' (as opposed to rough).
139. *a commission-merchant*: A person who acts on behalf of others, and takes a 'commission' on a transaction.
139. *an office in Duane Street*: Well south of Washington Square in a downtown corner. Duane Street runs east-west between Chambers and Chatham Street. Brian Lee suggests that James's painting of c. 1877 depicting a well-known painting of c. 1877 depicted by Louis Tiffany (1848-1933), now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
139. *a splendid cashmere shawl*: Catherine brought her up to speed with the latest fashion, the cashmere shawl being 'the ultimate in fashion around 1850' (Hughes, p. 37).
144. *the idea sticks in my crop*: Or as we say, 'it sticks in my throat'.
147. *sensorium*: The 'seat of sensation', where the mind interprets its environment.
149. *tables d'hôte*: Fixed menus, not *à la carte*. Mrs Church is dismayed to find in 'the book' that she is not 'à la carte'.
153. *reticule*: A small bag, usually of velvet or silk (French).
153. *not an easy thing to bring out*: This is a phrase from *the hill* serial and *Harper's* book version of the text oddly omits the 'not'. This misquoting 'cultury' referred to in the second half of the restoration of the 'not'.
161. *yellow fever*: In the 1820s the outbreak of yellow fever in New York City had contributed to the decline of the lower Manhattan. New Orleans was hit by yellow fever from 1853 to 1855.
163. *a dangler*: A man who hangs on to a woman.

I wanted my title pages to be simple but decorative. I think the Japanese dots work particularly well here.

HENRY JAMES

.....

Washington Square

.....

READING CLASSICS

READING CLASSICS SPECIFICATION

Top margin: 19.5 mm

WASHINGTON SQUARE

There were some doctors that left the prescription without offering any explanation at all: and he did not belong to that class either, which was after all the most vulgar. It will be seen that I am describing a clever man; and this is really the reason why Dr. Sloper* had become a local celebrity. At the time at which we are chiefly concerned with him, he was some fifty years of age, and his popularity was at its height. He was very witty, and he passed in the best society of New York for a man of the world—which, indeed, he was, in a very sufficient degree. I hasten to add, to anticipate possible misconception, that he was not the least of a charlatan. He was a thoroughly honest man—honest in a degree of which he had perhaps lacked the opportunity to give the complete measure; and, putting aside the great good-nature of the circle in which he practised, which was rather fond of boasting that it possessed the 'brightest' doctor in the country, he daily justified his claim to the talents attributed to him by the popular voice. He was an observer, even a philosopher, and to be bright was so natural to him, and (as the popular voice said) came so easily, that he never aimed at mere effect, and had none of the little tricks and pretensions of second-rate reputations. It must be confessed that fortune had favoured him, and that he had found the path to prosperity very soft to his tread. He had married at the age of twenty-seven, for love, a very charming girl, Miss Catherine Harrington, of New York, who, in addition to her charms, had brought him a solid dowry. Mrs Sloper was amiable, graceful, accomplished, elegant, and in 1820* she had been one of the pretty girls of the small but promising capital which clustered about the Battery and overlooked the Bay, and of which the

202 mm

Outside:
26.4 mm

Inside:
14.8

Bottom margin: 34 mm

Typeface: 9 pt Ingeborg Regular (small caps)

Typeface: 10 pt Ingeborg Regular (and italic)

16 mm

CHAPTER 1

Leading: 14 pts

30 lines

uppermost boundary was indicated by the grassy waysides of Canal Street.* Even at the age of twenty-seven Austin Sloper had made his mark sufficiently to mitigate the anomaly of his having been chosen among a dozen suitors by a young woman of high fashion, who had ten thousand dollars of income and the most charming eyes in the island of Manhattan. These eyes, and some of their accompaniments, were for about five years a source of extreme satisfaction to the young physician, who was both a devoted and a very happy husband. The fact of his having married a rich woman made no difference in the line he had traced for himself, and he cultivated his profession with as definite a purpose as if he still had no other resources than his fraction of the modest patrimony which on his father's death he had shared with his brothers and sisters. This purpose had not been preponderantly to make money—it had been rather to learn something and to do something. To learn something interesting, and to do something useful—this was, roughly speaking, the programme he had sketched, and of which the accident of his wife having an income appeared to him in no degree to modify the validity. He was fond of his practice, and of exercising a skill of which he was agreeably conscious, and it was so patent a truth that if he were not a doctor there was nothing else he could be, that a doctor he persisted in being, in the best possible conditions. Of course his easy domestic situation saved him a good deal of drudgery, and his wife's affiliation to the 'best people' brought him a good many of those patients whose symptoms are, if not more interesting in themselves than those of the lower orders, at least more consistently displayed. He desired experience, and in the course

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24 mm

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

[dedication] *Angel of Music*: Joseph (Jo) Leroux, singer and actor, Gaston Leroux's youngest brother.

1. *National Academy of Music*: when it opened in 1875, the new Paris Opera House was officially named the 'Académie nationale de musique. Théâtre de l'Opéra'.

1. *foyer of the ballet*: or ballet green-room, a meeting place for devotees of the opera and performers, 'an especially beautiful hall, with its sumptuous decoration and daring frescos' (William F. Apthorp, '[Paris] Theatres and Concerts II: The Opera, The Opera Comique and the Conservatoires', *Scribner's Magazine*, Mar. 1892, issue 3, 357.)

5. *the Commune*: after the humiliating defeat of France in the brief Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the Second Empire of Napoleon III collapsed and the Third Republic was declared in September. Until the Spring of 1871, Paris was besieged by German forces and the population was reduced to near-starvation. On 18 March 1871, before the siege was lifted, socialists and republicans in Paris broke away from the National Assembly sitting at Versailles, and set up a democratically elected national government. The Paris Commune fell in May when Versailles troops returned to the capital and the rebels fought in the city's catacombs, sewers and underground places. During the 'bloody week' of 21-28 May, over 20,000 communards were massacred.

5. *GL*: whereas the characters mentioned in the last paragraph of this foreword are fictitious (as are, earlier, Moncharmin, his *Memoirs* and Inspector Faure and, subsequently, many more), Leroux here acknowledges the help he had received from real persons. André Messager (1853-1929) wrote the scores of numerous light operas and became Co-Director of the Paris Opera in 1908. The same year, Marius Gabion

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EXPLANATORY NOTES

(1867-1945) was appointed Administrator. Charles Garnier (1825-1898) was the architect of the Paris Opera House. Jean-Louis Croze (?? -1955) was an occasional dramatist and librettist (for Saint-Saëns and others), a theatre and (later) film critic, and general *homme de lettres*.

6. *Polyeucte*: Gounod's opera *Polyeucte*, based on Corneille's tragedy (1642-3), was first performed in 1878. Act III features a 'pagan ballet'. Audiences still clung to the long-standing tradition that all 5-act grand operas should feature two ballets, one in the second Act and the other in Act 4. Meyerbeer was particularly faithful to the practice.

6. *Grévin-style*: Alfred Grévin (1827-1892), modeller and founder of the Musée Grévin, a waxworks museum, in Paris in 1882. He created an image of the pert, provocative Parisienne with bold-eyes and an upturned nose which is one of the defining icons of the Belle-Époque.

6. *rue Lepeletier ... and Bigottini*: situated some 500 metres north east of the new Opera House, the theatre in the Rue Le Peletier became the capital's main venue for opera in 1821. Its complete destruction by fire on 29 October 1873 made it necessary to press on with the completion and inauguration of Garnier's grand replacement in 1875. Sorelli and Jammes are invented characters, but the names which follow were stars of the old Opera. The most famous of the stellar array mentioned here was the dancer Augusta Vestries (1760-1842), member of a line of performers famous since the eighteenth century.

10. *Pedro Gailhard*: Pierre Samson Gailhard (1848-1918), celebrated bass. In 1884, he became Co-Director (with Jean Ritt (1884-91) and Eugène Bertrand (1891-99) of the Paris Opera, and continued as sole Director from 1899 to 1907 when he was succeeded by André Messager

19. *Roi de Lahore*: the opera, first performed in 1877, with which Jules Massenet (1842-1912) established his reputation.

22. *Gounod...Lucrèce Borgia*: Charles Gounod (1818-93), *Marche*

Leading: 12 pts

35 lines

CHAPTER HEADINGS

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INTRODUCTION

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Drop: 3 lines

Washington Square is one of the most instantly appealing of James's early masterpieces, along with 'Daisy Miller', *The Europeans*, and—albeit on a different scale—*The Portrait of a Lady*. They all belong the years of intense creative effort between 1878 and 1881 when he was making a name for himself in London, both professionally and socially. It was only in 1883, after his father's death, that he would, at the age of forty, stop signing his work 'Henry James, Jr.'

Like all his most memorable fictions, whether early or late, *Washington Square* teases the ear with resonances of allegory, fable and archetype. At its heart are an imprisoned daughter and a domineering father, locked in combat over the possibility of her escape from the domain that provides its very title. Yet 'Washington Square' is a real place. So too was the New York of the 1840s, the tale persuades us, with its Irish immigrants alighting at the Battery and its oyster saloon on Seventh Avenue (86), its omnibuses tumbling over dislocated cobble-stones (93), the pigs and chickens disporting themselves in the gutter further uptown, 'where the extension of the city began to assume a theoretic air' (16).¹ This is scarcely a realm glamorous or unearthly enough for Catherine Sloper to be its romantic heroine or her father its resident monster. Or not obviously so. Neither the conventions of 'romance' nor 'realism' provide the reader with

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1. All page references in this introduction are to this edition.

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CHAPTER I

Was it the Ghost?

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ON the evening Messrs Debieenne and Poligny, the Opera's outgoing directors, had chosen to present their last gala concert as a way of marking their departure, the dressing-room of La Sorelli, one of the leading ballerinas, was suddenly invaded by half a dozen of the young ladies of the *corps de ballet* who had just left the stage after 'dancing' *Polyeucte*.* They came tumbling through the door in total disorder, some choking with forced, nervous laughter, and the rest giving little yelps of terror.

La Sorelli had wanted to be alone for a moment to 'run through' the few words she was shortly to say in the foyer as a tribute to Messrs Debieenne and Poligny, and it was with rising ill-temper that she looked on as the scatter-brained flock pushed in behind her. She turned and was alarmed to see such panic. It was the sweet little Jammes girl—pert, Grévin-style nose,* forget-me-not-blue eyes, cheeks full of roses, and a lily-white throat and shoulders—who accounted for it in four words, in a quavering voice almost extinguished by horror.

'It was the ghost!'

And she turned the key in the lock.

La Sorelli's dressing-room was done out with dull, official elegance. A full-length mirror, a divan, dressing-table and clothes presses made up the basic furnishings. A few

VERY LONG BOOKS (EG. WAR AND PEACE)

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Top margin: 17 mm

WAR AND PEACE

children—*ce sont les entraves de mon existence*.¹⁴ It is the cross I have to bear. That is how I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*¹⁵

He said no more, but expressed his resignation to cruel fate by a gesture. Anna Pavlovna meditated.

‘Have you never thought of marrying off your prodigal son Anatole?’ she asked. ‘They say old maids ont la manie des mariages,¹⁶ and though I don’t feel that weakness in myself as yet, I know *une petite personne*¹⁷ who is very unhappy with her father. *Une parente à nous, une princesse Bolkonskaya.*’¹⁸

Prince Vasili did not reply though, with the quickness of memory and perception befitting a man of the world, he indicated by a movement of the head that he was considering this information.

‘Do you know,’ he said at last, evidently unable to check the sad current of his thoughts, ‘that Anatole is costing me forty thousand rubles a year? And’, he went on after a pause, ‘what will it be in five years, if he goes on like this?’ Presently he added: ‘Voilà l’avantage d’être père¹⁹ ... Is this princess of yours rich?’

‘Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. He is the well-known Prince Bolkonsky who had to retire from the army under the late Emperor, and was nicknamed “the King of Prussia”. He is very clever but eccentric, and a bore. *La pauvre petite est malheureuse, comme les pierres.*²⁰ She has a brother; I think you know him, he married Lise Meinen lately. He is an aide-de-camp of Kutuzov’s* and will be here tonight.’

‘Écoutez, chère Annette,’²¹ said the prince, suddenly taking Anna Pavlovna’s hand and for some reason drawing it downwards. *‘Arrangez-moi cette affaire et je suis votre most faithful slave à tout*

Outside:
23.6 mm

Inside:
14.8

.....
14. ‘I am your faithful slave, and to you alone I can confess that my children are the bane of my life.’

15. ‘It can’t be helped!’

16. ‘have a mania for matchmaking’.

17. ‘a little person’.

18. ‘She is a relation of ours, a Princess Bolkonskaya’.

19. ‘That’s what we fathers have to put up with’.

20. ‘The poor girl is very unhappy.’

21. ‘Listen, dear Annette’.

Bottom margin: 28 mm

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12.5 mm

BOOK 1 ~ PART 1

jamais (“slave” with an *f*—*comme mon elder m’écrit des reports*).²² She is rich and of good family and that’s all I want.’

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the maid of honour’s hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction.

‘Attendez,’ said Anna Pavlovna, reflecting, ‘I’ll speak to Lise (la femme du jeune Bolkonsky),²³ this very evening, and perhaps the thing can be arranged. *Ce sera dans votre famille, que je ferai mon apprentissage de vieille fille.*’²⁴

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CHAPTER 2

ANNA PAVLOVNA’S drawing-room was gradually filling. The highest Petersburg society was assembled there: people differing widely in age and character but alike in the social circle to which they belonged. Prince Vasili’s daughter, the beautiful Hélène, came to take her father to the ambassador’s entertainment; she wore a ball dress and her badge as maid of honour. The youthful little Princess Bolkonskaya, known as la femme la plus séduisante de Pétersbourg,²⁵ was also there. She had been married during the previous winter, and being pregnant did not go out in high society, but only to small receptions. Prince Vasili’s son, Ippolit, had come with Mortemart, whom he introduced. The Abbé Morio and many others had also come.

To each new arrival Anna Pavlovna said, ‘You have not yet seen my aunt,’ or ‘You do not know ma tante?’, and very gravely conducted him or her to a little old lady, wearing large bows of ribbons in her cap, who had come sailing in from another room as soon as the guests began to arrive; and slowly turning her eyes from the visitor to ma tante, Anna Pavlovna mentioned each one’s name and then left them.

Each visitor performed the ceremony of greeting this old aunt whom not one of them knew, not one of them wanted to know, and

.....
22. ‘Arrange that affair for me and I shall always be your most faithful slave (“slave” with an *f*—as a village elder of mine writes in his reports).’

23. ‘young Bolkonsky’s wife’.

24. ‘It shall be on your family’s behalf that I’ll start my apprenticeship as old maid’.

25. ‘The most seductive woman in Petersburg’.

23.

20 mm

Typeface: 7 pt Ingeborg Regular (and italic)

Leading: 12 pts

37 lines

TITLE PAGES

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7 lines

HENRY JAMES

.....
Washington Square
.....

READING CLASSICS

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Typeface: 16 pt Ingeborg Italic

Washington Square

15 mm

A series of horizontal blue lines for writing, with a dotted line above the first line and a solid line below the last line.

Typeface: 9 pt Ingeborg Regular
Centred on longest line

THE EARLY FABLES

they made as loud a din and babble
as when Cassandra's warnings were ignored:
her voice was silenced by the Trojan rabble.
In neither case were many saved:
most of the birds and Trojans were enslaved.

Instinctively behaving as we like
we won't believe in troubles till they strike.

I, x: | Typeface: 10 pt Ingeborg Regular (small caps)

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

Your arguments are better if you're strong.
I'll show you now; it won't take long.

A lamb stood in a river pure and clear;
he quenched his thirst, and as he drank
a wolf approached along the bank.
He had not eaten; hunger brought him there,
to see what he could find. "You dare pollute
the stream I drink from?" said this furious brute,
"your insolence will be chastised."
"Do not be angry, Sire," replied the lamb;
"Your Majesty, no doubt, has realised
that standing where I am

I'm more than twenty paces down the stream
from where you are; it does not seem
that I disturb, in any way,
the water that you drink." "I say
you do disturb it, even so,"

Typeface: 8 pt Ingeborg Regular (small caps)

BOOK I

the cruel beast responded; "and I know
you spoke much ill of me last year."

"How could I, if I wasn't born? I swear
I take my milk still from my mother."

"If not yourself, it was your brother."

"I haven't got one." "Then it must have been
some other of your family that I mean.

You persecute me - not just you,
but all your dogs and shepherds too.

That's what I've heard: it proves my case;

I'll have revenge." He took his prey,
and ate him deep in woodland far away;
no trial of any other kind took place.

Leading: 14 pts

I, xvii:

THE FOX AND THE STORK

Sir Fox went to some trouble one fine day:
he offered lunch, if Madam Stork would stay.

The meal that he prepared was small
(he lived in frugal style); no meat or fish:

a thin ungarnished broth, and that was all.
He served it in a wide and shallow dish.

The stork, with her long beak, try as she might,
got none. The fox drank up, and didn't stop,
the rascal, till he'd swallowed every drop.

In time, to take revenge for this deceit,
Dame Stork requests that he will condescend
to visit her, and have a bite to eat.

"Of course," he answers, "to oblige a friend,"

HENRY V

NIM

I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Ensign Pistol and Hostess Quickly

BARDOLPH

Good morrow, Ensign Pistol. (To Nim) Here comes Ensign Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here.

NIM

How now, mine host Pistol? 10

PISTOL

Base tick, call'st thou me host? Now by Gad's lugs I swear I scorn the term. Nor shall Nell keep lodgers.

HOSTESS

No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.

Nim draws his sword

Oh well-a-day. Lady! If he be not hewn now, we shall 15 see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Pistol draws his sword

BARDOLPH

Good Lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

NIM

Pish.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

PISTOL

Pish for thee, Iceland dog. Thou prick-eared cur of
Iceland.

HOSTESS

Good Corporal Nim, show thy valour, and put up your
sword.

They sheathe their swords

NIM

Will you shog off? I will have you *solus*. 20

PISTOL

'*Solus*', egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw pardie -

And which is worse, within thy nasty mouth. 25

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels,

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

NIM

I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an

humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow

foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier,

as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would

pick your guts a little, in good terms,

as I may, and that's the humour of it.

PISTOL

O braggart vile, and damnèd furious wight! 30

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.

Therefore ex-hale.

They draw their swords

DAODEJING

.....

此 故 無 道
兩 常 名 可
者 無 天 道
, , 地 ,
同 欲 之 非
出 以 始 常
而 觀 ; 道
異 其 有 。
名 妙 名 名
, ; 萬 可
同 常 物 名
謂 有 之 ,
之 , 母 非
玄 欲 。 常
。 以 名
玄 觀 。
之 其
又 徼
玄 。
,
眾
妙
之
門
。

THE WAY

1

.....

Of ways you may speak,
but not the Perennial Way;

By names you may name,
but not the Perennial Name.

The nameless is the inception of the myriad things;
The named is the mother of the myriad things.

Therefore,
Be ever without yearning so as to observe her obscurity;
Be ever full of yearning so as to observe what she longs for.

Both come forth alike and yet are named as opposites,
Alike they are called 'elusive'.
Elusive on elusive, the gate to all obscurity.

