

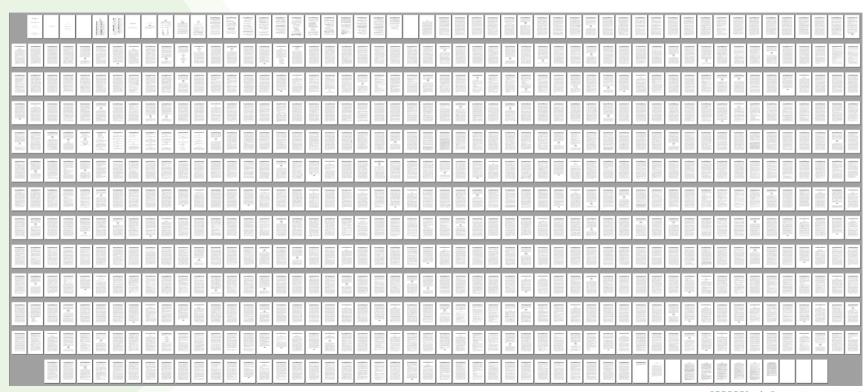
Call me Pastichemael

Recreating the Moby-Dick first edition

Tony Graham

XML Division
Antenna House, Inc.
tgraham@antenna.co.jp
tony@antennahouse.com
@tgraham_antenna

Moby-Dick; or, The Whale





Call Me Pastichemael

- What and why
- Moby-Dick first edition
- XML source
- Formatting
- Results



What and why?

- Test-bed for Automated Analysis feature
 - Automated analysis quicker than manual checks
- First American edition of Moby-Dick:
 - Frequent EPUB and CSS example
 - Out of copyright
 - Text available as XML
 - Scans of original pages available



Human or machine?

When justification decisions are taken electronically, in the absence of human imagination and judgement, avoidable irregularities are likely to occur, to a degree at which even an imperceptive reader may be distracted. The options of the machine should therefore be more limited than those of the man.

Methods of Book Design Hugh Williamson, 1983



AH Formatter Automated Analysis

- End blank pages
- Hyphens on Consecutive Lines
- Repeated First or Last Word
- Number of Lines Before or After Current Block
- Page Widow
- Paragraph Widow
- River
- Unbalanced Spread
- White-space



Moby-Dick used for...

- 'Requirements for Latin Text Layout and Pagination' examples
- Sample EPUBs
- Lorem Ipsum alternatives
- Coding exercises and challenges



Quest for the Whale

- Project Gutenberg
 - Source for many EPUBs
 - Not enough detail
- Melville Electronic Library
 - Color page images but TEI XML not public
- Wright American Fiction
 - TEI XML and bitonal page images



Wright American Fiction

- Conceived in 2000
- Indiana University (and associated universities)
- Over 750,000 pages scanned
- OCR
- Nearly 3,000 volumes; 1,200 fully encoded
- TEI Lite P3 SGML → TEI P4 XML → TEI P5 XML



Moby-Dick TEI

- Empty <hi rend="i"/> for italic text
 - Except 'foreign' words like folio
- Capital letters for small-caps
- No <fw> for headers
- Word split over page repeated second half
- Inaccurate punctuation; ¥ instead of £



CHAPTER I.

LOOMINGS.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago-never mind how long precisely-having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off-then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

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pastiche n.

an artistic work in a style that imitates that of another work, artist, or period.

v. create a pastiche of (an artist or work).

CHAPTER I. LOOMINGS.

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How pastichey?

- Different fonts and font sizes
- Different white-space conventions
 - "Ship, ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?"
- One-line orphans

```
in readiness anew. For, when Stubb dressed, instead of first putting his legs into his trowsers, he put his pipe into his mouth.
```

I say this continual smoking must have been one cause, at



How pastichey?

Hyphen at page end

the starry Cetas far beyond the utmost stretch of Hydrus and the Flying Fish.

With a frigate's anchors for my bridle-bitts and fasces of har-

Pages run short

306 A RIGHT WHALE KILLED

At last his sport grew thick, and with a frightful roll and vomit, he turned upon his back a corpse.

While this two housteaus were ongaged in making fast cords to his fittles, and in other ways getting the mass in readiness

for tawing, some convenation enumed between them.

"I worder what the old man wants with this lump of foul lard," said Stabb, not without some disgust at the thought of having

and Stubb, not without some disput at the thought of having to do with so ignoble a levindahan.

"Wants with it?" said Flack, colling some space line in the beat's low, "did you never hear that the ship which but once has a Sperm Whah's head hoboted on her attrabund ide, and

at the same time a Right Whale's on the harboard; did you never hear, Stabb, that that skip can never afterwards capsize it "Way not." "Way not." "A low't know, but I hased that gembogs ghost of a Febrikah saying no, and he seems to know all about ships' charms. But I sometimes think he'll charm he slip to no good at last. It

dark half like that chap, Stathb. [54] you core rotate he we have half the that chap, Stathb. [74] you core rotate he was that of his is a core of correct into a match hand, Stathb $2^{\rm o}$ stath δ half I rever look at him at all 1 but δ ever 1 get a state of δ of the high δ and have of δ of the high δ and have δ by both down them, Flath δ —pointing into the one while a postline motion of both baselot δ —App, will II Flath, I while a postline motion of both baselot δ —App, will II Flath, I that took and boll story about his having been stored eavy not and below that better than the story of the high I was in the means why now down that the story have δ in the story having been the story and the story about δ in the devial, I say. The sensors why now the story have δ in the story down the story about δ in the story in II is the same why now the story in the story in the story δ in the story δ in the story δ is the story δ in the story δ in the story δ in the story δ is the story δ in the story δ in the story δ in the story δ in the story δ is the story δ in the story δ i

board ship? He's the devil, I say. The season why you don't too his tall, is because he tasks it up out of sight; he carries it coiled way; in his pooket, I gauss. Hast him I now that I think of it, he's always wanting calcum to stuff into the toos of his hosts."

"He shops in his boots, don't he! He ham't got any ham-

"He sleeps in his boots, don't he! He harn't got any hommock; but I've som him lay of nights in a coil of rigvino." A RIGHT WHALE KILLED.

"No doubt, and it's because of his curved tail; he coils it down, do ye see, in the eye of the rigging."

"What's the old man have so much to do with him for !"

"Striking up a swap or a begink; 1 suppose."

* Bergini 1—about what?*

"Why, do yo so, the old man is hard bent after that White Whale, and the desil there is trying to come round him, and got him to swap away his silver watch, or his soul, or something of that sort, and then hill aurenades Bolly Dick?*

"Posh! Subb, Iyan see Ajelshking; how can Fedalish do

"I don't know, Plank, but the don't is a series oday, sold a weaked one, it ally a "Wey, they say as how he want a name-toning state hould linguishly once, weathing his tid about during the sold of the series of

"I think I remember some such story as you were telling," and Flask, when at last the two house were slowly advancing with their burden towards the ship, "but I can't remember where,"

"Three Spaniards! Adventures of those three bloodyminded soldadoes! Did ye read it there, Flask! I gross ye

"No: never saw such a book; heard of it, though. But now, tell me, Stubb, do you suppose that that devil you was M4 A RIGHT WHALE KILLED.

speaking of just now, was the same you say is now on board the Popued!"

"Am I the same man that helped kill this whale? Doesn't the devil live for ever; who ever lessed that the devil was dond? Did you ever see any panen a 'wearing mourning for the devil! 'And if the devil has a latch-leve to get into the admiral's chin.

and if the devil has a latch-loy to get into the admiral's exhin, ion't you suppose he can crawl into a port-hole? Tell me that, fr. Flask?"

"How old do you suppose Feddlah is, Sinhb?"

Do you see that mainmast these?" peinting to the ship;
"well, that's the figure one; now take all the hoops in the
Popusi's hold, and string 'em shong in a row with that must,
for coglish, do you see; well, that wouldn't begin to be Feddlah's age. Nor all the coopers in crustion couldn't show hoops
smoogh to make ourths executive.

and age. Cover at two copies a creame constitution months to make english enough;

"But see here, Stabb, I thought you a little boasted just now, that you meant to give Felalish a san-tens, if you get a good chance. Now, if he's no old as all those hoops of yours come to, and if he is going to live for ever, what good will it do to pitch him correlated—tell the shat?"

"Give him a good ducking, anyhow."
"But he'd crawl back."

"Duck him again; and keep ducking him."

"Suppose he should take it into his head to duck you,

through—you, and drown you.—what then F = 1 should like to some him yet; I've glow him such a pale of binds eyes that he wouldn't stee to show his fixe in the interior half with the probability of the property of the prope

A RIGHT WHALE KILLED.

and signed a bond with him, that sill the people the devil kid-

supped, AuX come for hint: There's a greenver? "I but you capped reliability scate to Millary Qurain Alaba,"" by no suppose in Hordin State, but have Qurain Alaba," "In a suppose in H. Vorll Innov it before long, Fask. Inst. I am going now to keep a sharp lookers on hin; and H. I sae suptime step suppose (see Fask). The suppose of this treek, and μ —look lone. Pleathoda, you don't be it; and if he makes my frem by the Lord I'll make a garb into Bos poster for his tid, whit is to the outputs, and give him reads a wreaching and hearing that the tail will come short of at the state—the proposed see that the state will come of the off at the state—the proposed see that the state will come short of at the state—the you was seen and then, I rather grows when he finds

a wreaching and bassing, that his tall will come short off at the strunp—do you see; and then, I rather gress when he finds himself dodted in that queer fishkon, he'll meak off without the poor satisfaction of feeling his tall between his legs."

"And what will you do with the tail, Stubb?"

"Do with it! Sell it for an or whip when we get home;—

"Do with it! Sail it for an ox warp when we get nome;—
what elso?"
"Now, do you mean what you soy, and have been saying all

Took do you mean wax you me, no are on the ship."

" Mean or not mean, how we are at the ship."

The boats were here hailed, to fow the whalo on the larboard side, where finke chalms and other necessaries were abundy pre-

paths for solving ana. "Think's "pass, you'll some use the "Dick's I tail you so "" and it Rink's "pass, you'll some use the right which hard broked up spopled that parameteris." From the copy I seem's spring served trees. As tofers, the Pass of keeply landed over transer that sporm which beast, now, by the counterpoint of toth hands, the regainst the even short it tangle sower strained, you may whol below. So, when on one side you look it is Locke's hand, you go over that wey; it that two, or the whol talk, both it Knott and upon come the spins; but in very poor pilight. Thus, some minds for ever knot trimming band. Oh, yo folloid it because it have all these studies."

heads overheard, and then you will first light and right.

In disposing of the body of a right whale, when brought

Successive approximations

- First draft: rough approximation
- Make changes and review
 - Repeat until satisfactory
 - Some changes will need to be rolled back
 - Likely to be contexts not covered by the design





MOBY DICK;

eve.

THE WHALE.

RY

HERMAN MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF

"TIPES, "TYPESPOONOO, "MARINERS," MARINEPRONITS-WEESE-LACEST."

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

LONDON: RUCHARD BENTLEY.

1851.

Company

Page image as background

Straighten page image

28 THE COUNTERPANE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTERPANE.

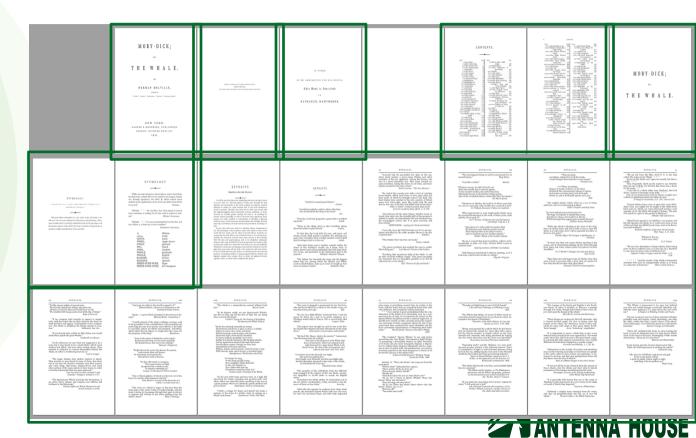
Upon waking next morning about daylight, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife. The counterpane was of patchwork, full of odd little parti-colored squares and triangles; and this arm of his tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure, no two parts of which were of one precise shade—owing I suppose to his keeping his arm at sea unmethodically in sun and shade, his shirt sleeves irregularly rolled up at various times—this same arm of his, I say, looked for all the world like a strip of that same patchwork quilt. Indeed, partly lying on it as the arm did when I first awoke, I could hardly tell it from the quilt, they so blended their hues together; and it was only by the sense of weight and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was laugging me.

Set as background

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Front matter

- Title
- Copyright
- Dedication
- Table of Contents
- Fly title
- Etymology
- Extracts



Title and fly title

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  <titlePart type="sub">OR, THE
WHALE. </titlePart>
  </docTitle>
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  <head>MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE. </head>
</div>
```

- Ignore markup
- Use xsl:analyze-string and generate FOs

MOBY DICK;

OR

THE WHALE.

BY

HERMAN MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF

"TIPES, TYPESPOOLOO, PRINKER, WARREDSHITTS-KEEDE LACERT."

NEW YORK:

LONDON: RUCHARD BENTLEY.

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- Some references to <pb>
 inaccurate
- Table with generated cross-references



Quotes

"Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale."

Pilgrim's Progress.

"Very like a whale."

Hamlet.



Process <bibl> children with

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CHAPTER I.

LOOMINGS.

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Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by

Body

- 135 chapters
- One graphic
- Inscriptions
- Songs
- Speeches and stage directions

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Chapter separator

594 THE PEOUOD MEETS THE DELIGHT.

But already the sable wing was before the old man's eyes; the long hooked bill at his head: with a scream, the black hawk darted away with his orize.

An eagle flew thrice round Tarquin's head, removing his cap to replace it, and thereupon Tanaquil, his wife, declared that Tarquin would be king of Rome. But only by the replacing of the cap was that omen accounted good. Ahab's hat was never restored; the wild hawk flew on and on with it; far in advance of the prow: and at last disappeared; while from the point of that disappearance, a minute black spot was dimly discerned, falling from that vast beight into the see.



THE PEQUOD MEETS THE DELIGHT.

THE intense Pequod sailed on; the rolling waves and days were the by; the life-bouy-coffin still lightly swung; and another ship, most miserably misnamed the Delight, was descried. As she drew nigh, all eyes were fixed upon her broad beams, called shears, which, in some whaling-ships, cross the quarterdeck at the height of eight or nine feet; serving to carry the spare, unrigged, or disabled boats.

Upon the stranger's shears were beheld the shattered, white ribs, and some few splintered planks, of what had once been a whale-boat; but you now saw through this wreck, as plainly as you see through the peeled, half-unhinged, and bleaching skeleton of a horse.

"Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Look!" replied the hollow-cheeked captain from his taffrail; and with his trumpet he pointed to the wreck.

"Hast killed him?"

THE PEOUOD MEETS THE DELIGHT. 595

"The harpoon is not yet forged that will ever do that," answered the other, sadly glancing upon a rounded hammock on the deck, whose gathered sides some noiseless sailors were busy in sewing together.

"Not forged!" and snatching Perth's levelled iron from the crotch, Ahab held it out, exclaiming—"Look ye, Nantucketer; here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered in blood, and tempered by lightning are these barbs; and I swear to temper them triply in that hot place behind the fin, where the White Whale most feels his accurated life!"

"Then God keep thee, old man—see'st thou that"—pointing to the hammock—"I bury but one of five stout men, who were alive only yesterday; but were dead ere night. Only that one I bury; the rest were buried before they died; you sail upon their tomb." Then turning to his crew—"Are ye ready there? place the plank then on the rail, and lift the body; so, then—Oh! God"—advancing towards the hammock with uplifted hands—"may the resurrection and the life—."

"Brace forward! Up helm!" cried Ahab like lightning to his men.

But the suddenly started Pequod was not quick enough to escape the sound of the splash that the corpse soon made as it struck the sea; not so quick, indeed, but that some of the flying bubbles might have sprinkled her hull with their ghostly baptism.

As Ahab now glided from the dejected Delight, the strange life-buoy hanging at the Pequod's stern came into conspicuous relief.

"Ha! yonder! look yonder, men!" cried a foreboding voice in her wake. "In vain, oh, ye strangers, ye fly our sad burial; ye but turn us your taffrail to show us your coffin!"



THE SYMPHONY.

CHAPTER CXXXII.

THE SYMPHONY.

IT was a clear steel-blue day. The firmaments of air and sea were hardly separable in that all-pervading azure; only, the pensive air was transparently pure and soft, with a woman's look, and the robust and man-like sea heaved with long, strong, lingering swells, as Samson's chest in his sleep.

Hither, and thither, on high, glided the snow-white wings of the small, unspeckled birds; these were the gentle thoughts of the feminine air; but to and fro in the deeps, far down in the bottomless blue, rushed mighty leviathans, sword-fish, and sharks; and these were the strong, troubled, murderous thinkings of the masculine sea.

But though thus contrasting within, the contrast was only in shades and shadows without; those two seemed one; it was only the sex, as it were, that distinguished them.

Aloft, like a royal caar and king, the sun seemed giving this gentle air to this bold and rolling sea; even as bride to groom. And at the girdling line of the horizon, a soft and tremulous motion—most seen here at the equator—denoted the fond, throbbing trust, the loving alarms, with which the poor bride gave her bosom away.

Tied up and twisted; gnarled and knotted with wrinkles; haggardly firm and unyielding, his eyes glowing like coals, that still glow in the ashes of ruin; untottering Ahab stood forth in the clearness of the morn; lifting his splintered helmet of a brow to the fair girl's forehead of heaven.

Oh, immortal infancy, and innocency of the azure! Invisible winged creatures that frolic all round us! Sweet childhood of air and sky! how oblivious were ye of old Ahab's close-coiled



Automatic chapter separator

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Whale-size footnotes

WHITENESS OF THE WHALE.

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frequeis, the midwinter sacrifice of the sacred White Dog was by far the holiest festival of their theology, that spotless, faithful creature being held the purest envoy they could send to the Great Spirit with the annual tidings of their own fidelity; and though directly from the Latin word for white, all Christian priests derive the name of one part of their sacred vesture, the all or tunic, worn beneath the cassock; and though among the holy pomps of the Romish faith, white is specially employed in the celebration of the Passion of our Lord; though in the Vision of St. John, white robes are given to the redeemed, and the four-and-twenty elders stand clothed in white before the great white throne, and the Holy One that sitteth there white like wool; yet for all these accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet, and honorable, and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hose, which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood.

This elasive quality it is, which causes the thought of whiteness, when divorced from more kindly associations, and conpled with any object terrible in itself, to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics; what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are? That ghastly whiteness it is which imparts such an abhorrent mildness, even more loathsome than terrific, to the dumb gloating of their aspect. So that not the fierce fanged tiger in his heraldic cost can so stagger courage as the white-shrouded bear or shark. * 10 WHITENESS OF THE WHALE.

Bethink thee of the albatress, whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread, in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell; but God's great, unflattering laureate, Nature,*

Most famous in our Western annals and Indian traditions is that of the White Steed of the Prairies; a magnificent

contrast. But even assuming all this to be true; set, were it not for the whiteness, you would not have that intensified terror.

wineselson, you would not save that individually all photfolions of repose in that creature, when hebital in his ordinary moods, strangely tallow with the creature, when hebital in his ordinary moods, strangely tallow with the some equality in the Polar quadruped. This preclaintly is most worldy hit for the double legion with "Roppium errorson" internal rest; whence a Raquest demonstrating the mass stied, and any other financeal transit, Non, in allusion to the whole, ident stillness or death in this shark, and the mild deadliness of his habits, the Prench call here Bruste.

I remember the first albatross I ever saw. It was during a prolonged gale, in waters hard upon the Antarctic seas. From my foreness watch below, I ascended to the overclouded deck; and there, dashed upon the main batches, I now a regal, feathery thing of unspotted whiteness, and with a hooked, Roman bill sublime: At intervals, it arched forth its vast archangel wings, as if to embrace some hely ark. Wendrives flutterings and throbbings shock it. Though bodily unharmed, it uttered cries, as some king's ghost in supernatural distress. Through its inexpressible, strange eyes, methought I perpell to secrets which took hold of God. As Abraham before the angels, I bowed reyself, the white thing was so white, its wings so wide, and in those for ever exiled waters, I had lost the miserable warping memories of traditions and of towns. Long I gazed at that prodigy of plumage. I cannot tell, can only hint, the things that darted through me then. But at last I awoke; and turning, asked a saslor what bird was this: A goney, he replied. Goney! I never had heard that name before; is it conceivable that this glorious thing is utterly unknown to men ashors! never! But some time after, I fearned that goney was some seuman's name for albatross. So that by no possibility could Coleridge's wild Rhyroe have had sught to do with those repetical impressions which were mine, when I saw that bird upon our deck. For neither had I then read the Rhyme, nor knew the bird to be an albatrous. Yet, in saying this, I do but indirectly burnish a little brighter the noble ment of the poem and the poet

I assert, then, that in the wondrous boddy whoteness of the bard, chiefly larks the secret of the spell, a truth the more evisced in this, that by a selection of terror there are bards called grey abbrooses; and the I have frequently seen, but never with such emotions as when I beheld.

But how had the mystic thing been caught? Whisper in not, and it will hell, with a treacherous hook and line, as the fowl fosted on the sea. At but the Captain made a postman of it, thing a lettered, furthern tally recent its nock, with the slop's time and place, and then letting it ecopysbus I doubt on, that furthern tally, mount for man, was taken off in literary, when the white foul flew to poin the wing folding, the invoking, and adoring chemibin?



[&]quot;With reference to the Polar bear, it may possibly be arged by
"With reference to the Polar bear, it may possibly be arged by
the whoe would fain go still deeper into this matter, that it is not
the whoe would be the polar polar polar polar polar
to the control of the Polar polar
to the control of the Polar polar
to the control of the

Duplicate footnotes on same page

THE ADVOCATE.

123

old English statutory law, the wante is declared "a royal feet "

On, that's only nominal! The whale himself has never agured in any grand imposing way.

The whale sever figured in any greed imposing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a Roman general upon his ontening the world's capital, the bones of a while, brought all the way from the Syrian cost, were the most conspicuous object in the symbolical processing.*

Great it, since you cite it; but, say what you will, there is no real dignity in whaling.

No dignity in scheling? The dignity of our calling the vary heavens attest. Celus is a constpliction in the South! Nomone! Drive down your hat in pressure of the Carr, and take it off to Quesqueg! No more! I know a man that, in his lifetime, has taken three hundred and fifty whales. I account that man more honocable than that great captain of satispairy who becaused of taking as many walled towas.

And, as for me, if, by any possibility, there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me; if I shall evic deserve any real proprie in that small but high husbed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if heresfier I shall do anything that, upon the whole, a man might rather have denothan to have left undone; if, at my death, my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any procious MSS, in my deak, then here I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling; for a whole-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

* See advectment chapters for something more on this head.

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THE ADVOCATE.

The whale has no famous author, and whaling no famous chronicler, you will say.

The whale no famous author, and whaling no famous circoniciar? Who wrete the first account of our Levistham? Who but mighty Joht And who composed the first narrative of a whalingveyage? Who, but no less a prince than Alfred the Great, who, with his own royal pen, took down the words from Other, the Norwegian whale-hunter of those times! And who pronounced our glowing valousy in Parliament? Who, but Edmund Burkel

True enough, but then whalemen themselves are poor devils; they have no good blood in their veins.

No good blood in their rein? They have something better than royal blood there. The grandmother of Benjamin Pranklin was Mary Morrel; afterwards, by marriage, Mary Folger, one of the old settlers of Nantucket, and the ancestress to a long line of Folgers and harpooneers—all kith and kin to noble Benjamin—this day durting the barbed iron from one side of the world to the other.

Good again; but then all confess that somehow whaling is not respectable.

Whaling not respectable? Whaling is imperial! to old English statutory law, the whale is declared 'a royal fish.

Oh, that's only nominal! The whale himself has never figured in any grand imposing way.

The whale never figured in any grand impusing way? In one of the mighty triumphs given to a florman general upon his entering the world's capital, the bones of a whale, brought all the way from the Syrian count, more the most conspicuous object in the cymballed procession?

Grant it, since you cite it; but, say what you will, there is no real dignity in whaling.

* See subsequent chapters for surrething more on this head.

- XML repeats footnote text
- XSL 1.1 won't merge
- axf:suppress-duplicate-footnote



Baseline grid

- "Show-through" reduces legibility
- Align lines on front and back
- Resume after irregular lines, titles, etc.

LOOMINGS.

wherefore it was that after having repeatedly smelt the sea as a merchant sailor, I should now take it into my head to go on a whaling voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fates, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me, and influences me in some unaccountable way—he can better answer than any one else. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interlude and solo between more extensive performances. I take it that this part of the bill must have run something like this:

"Grand Contested Election for the Presidency of the United States.
"WHALING VOYAGE BY ONE ISSIMAEL.
"BLOODY BATTLE IN AFFGHANISTAN."

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnificent



axf:baseline-grid

- Set common grid
- Blocks can set own grid or no grid at all

LOOMINGS

voyage; this the invisible police officer of the Fatos, who has the constant surveillance of me, and secretly dogs me, and influences are in some unaccountable way—be can better answer than any one clor. And, doubdens, my going on this whaling voyage, formed part of the grand programms of Previdence that was drawn up a long time ago. It came in as a sort of brief interfole and sole between more extremely performance. I take in that this nart of the left must have ron semething like

"Grand Cordered Electronist the Presidency of the United States "NEBALTISE TRANSPORT OF TRANSPORT."

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stopy managers, the Patos, put me down for this shabby part of a whilms versue, when others were set down for manifecture parts in high tragedies, and short and easy parts in gented comedies, and joby parts in facces—though I cannot tell why this was exactly, yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I though I cannot a little into the springs and mattres which being curatingly presented to me under various diagnies, induced not to set about perferring the part I did, besides capiting not into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from while the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my even sublaced from the delusion that the

Chief among these matives was the overwhelming idea of the great whale binnelf. Such a portentous and mysterious monster reason of all my curiosity. Then the wild and distant seas where he rolled his inheed bulk, the undeliverable, nameless perils of the vhale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway moto my wish. With other men, perhaps, such things would not have been indocentents; but as for me, I am termented with an everlasting inch for things remarks. Howe to said forbidden seas, and lend to beclustus course. Not ignoring what is good, am marks to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it

THE CARPET-BAG.

-would they let me-since it is fact well to be on friendly terms with all the immates of the place one lodges in.

By reason of these things, then, the whiling voyage was welcome; the great five-departs of the wonder-world swang open, and in the wild concerns that owaged are to my purpose, two and two there fleated into my inmost scal, entities processions of the whole, and, mid most of them all, one great headed shouthorn, like a most bill in the air.

CHAPTER II.

I STUFFED a short or two into my old caracteria, tacked it order my erm, and started for Cape Heen and the Putific. Quatting the good city of old Manhatto, I didy actived in New Reddord. It was on a Saturday night in December: Much was I dissipationed upon fearming that the liftle packet for Nantocket had already malled, and that no way of reaching that place woold offer, till the following Monday.

As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whising stop at this same Now Boddord, thence to embert on their voyang, it mays as well be related that, if he can, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to said in no other than a Nantacket craft, because there was a fine, botterous consenting about everything connected with that formous did island, which amazingly pleased no. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolizing the business of whiles, and though in this matter pure old Nantacket is now much belond bet, yet Nantacket was her great original—the Tyre of this Carthage,—the place where the first dead American while was strangfed. Where the but from Nantacket did those aberiginal whalesmen, the Red Men, first saily out in cannes to

Common and specific grids

```
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    i ni ti al - page- number="1"
    axf: basel i ne- gri d="root">
    <xsl: call-template</pre>
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    <fo: flow
        flow-name="xsl-region-body"
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    </fo: flow>
  </fo: page-sequence>
</xsl:template>
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             "before margin-box"
     axf: basel i ne- gri d="new">
    <xsl: appl y- templ ates />
  </fo: bl ock>
</xsl:template>
```

A Data Usability Company

Handling quotes

"Do you is all sharks, and by natur wery woracious, yet I zay to you, fellow-critters, dat dat woraciousness—'top dat dam slappin' ob de tail! How you tink to hear, 'spose you keep up such a dam slappin' and bitin' dare?"

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 Use regular expression to match on irregular words



Consecutive em-dashes

- Multiple em-dashes
- Font includes space
- Replace with single characters

```
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep
```

```
——"There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep
```

—"There Leviathan, Hugest of living creatures, in the deep

```
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   as="xs: string" />
<xsl: variable
   name="text"
   sel ect="repl ace($text, '&mdash; &mdash;', '&#x2E3A;')"
   as="xs: string" />
```

Headers

```
CHAPTER XXIX.
                                                        ENTER AHAB; TO HIM, STUBB.
<div type="chapter">
                                                Some days elapsed, and ice and icebergs all astern, the
                                               Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring,
  <head>CHAPTER XXIX. </head>
  <head type="sub">ENTER AHAB; TO HIM, STUBB. </head>
  <fw type="head" place="top-centre">ENTER AHAB. </fw>

    Choose content of <fw>, if present

<fo: marker marker-class-name="Chapter-Title">
   <xsl: appl v- templ ates</pre>
       select="(fw[@type = 'head'], head)[1]/node()"
        mode="marker" />
```

</fo: marker>



137

ENTER AHAB.

Forme work

- <fw> for "forme
 work"
- forme: a body of type secured in a chase for printing



Headers

Headers are centered

CHAPTER XXIX.

ENTER AHAB; TO HIM, STUBB.

Some days elapsed, and ice and icebergs all astern, the Pequod now went rolling through the bright Quito spring,

Except when they're not

THE HONOR AND GLORY OF WHALING. 405
up by a whale; still, whether that strictly makes a whaleman

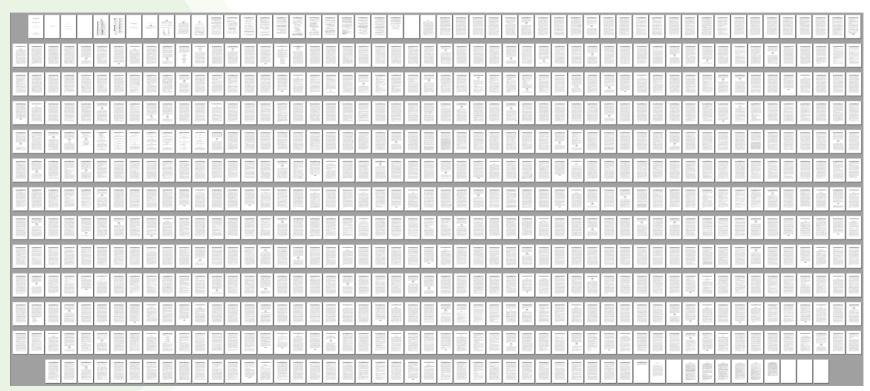
 Push long headers away from number with

THE HONOR AND GLORY OF WHALING. 405 brawny doer of rejoicing good deeds, was swallowed down

axf:overflow-align="end"



Moby-Dick; or, The Whale





Summary

- Still a work in progress
- Moby-Dick stylesheet <u>https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick</u>
- Moby-Dick TEI XML https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick-tei
- Automated analysis is cool, too <u>https://www.antenna.co.jp/AHF/help/en/ahf-analyzer.html</u>





Questions?

Tony Graham

XML Division
Antenna House, Inc.
tgraham@antenna.co.jp
tony@antennahouse.com
@tgraham_antenna

Resources

- Moby-Dick stylesheet <u>https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick</u>
- Moby-Dick TEI XML <u>https://github.com/AntennaHouse/moby-dick-tei</u>
- AH Formatter
 https://www.antennahouse.com/formatter-v7
- AH Formatter Automated Analysis
 https://www.antenna.co.jp/AHF/help/en/ahf-analyzer.html



Resources

- IU Digital Library Program. Moby-Dick, or, The Whale. Melville, Herman, (1819–1891).
 http://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/TEIgeneral/view?docId=wright/VAC7237&brand=wright
- IU Digital Library Program. Moby Dick, or, The Whale. http://dogwood.dlib.indiana.edu:8080/xubmit/rest/repository/wright/vac7237.xml
- IU Digital Library Program. Wright American Fiction. Indiana
 University.
 http://webapp1.dlib.indiana.edu/TEIgeneral/welcome.do?brand=wright

Resources

- "Compositor", Stephen Hampshire
 https://flickr.com/photos/stephenhampshire/3337704597
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