

1: Book Publishing: Books and Bookmen : BIBLIOMANIA IN FRANCE

Bibliomania in France This is taken from Andrew Lang's Books and Bookmen. The love of books for their own sake, for their paper, print, binding, and for their associations, as distinct from the love of literature, is a stronger and more universal passion in France than elsewhere in Europe.

In England publishers are men of business; in France they aspire to be artists. In England people borrow what they read from the libraries, and take what gaudy cloth-binding chance chooses to send them. Books are lifelong friends in that country; in England they are the guests of a week or of a fortnight. The greatest French writers have been collectors of curious editions; they have devoted whole treatises to the love of books. The literature and history of France are full of anecdotes of the good and bad fortunes of bibliophiles, of their bargains, discoveries, disappointments. The passion for books, like other forms of desire, has its changes of fashion. It is not always easy to justify the caprices of taste. The presence or absence of half an inch of paper in the "uncut" margin of a book makes a difference of value that ranges from five shillings to a hundred pounds. Some books are run after because they are beautifully bound; some are competed for with equal eagerness because they never have been bound at all. The uninitiated often make absurd mistakes about these distinctions. Some time ago the Daily Telegraph reproached a collector because his books were "uncut," whence, argued the journalist, it was clear that he had never read them. It is a point of sentiment to like books just as they left the hands of the old printers,—of Estienne, Aldus, or Louis Elzevir. It is because the passion for books is a sentimental passion that people who have not felt it always fail to understand it. Sentiment is not an easy thing to explain. Englishmen especially find it impossible to understand tastes and emotions that are not their own,—the wrongs of Ireland, till quite recently the aspirations of Eastern Roumelia, the demands of Greece. He likes to think that the great writers whom he admires handled just such pages and saw such an arrangement of type as he now beholds. Here again is the copy of Theocritus from which some pretty page may have read aloud to charm the pagan and pontifical leisure of Leo X. This Gargantua is the counterpart of that which the martyred Dolet printed for or pirated from, alas! This woeful ballade, with the woodcut of three thieves hanging from one gallows, came near being the "Last Dying Speech and Confession of Francois Villon. Some rare books have these associations, and they bring you nearer to the authors than do the modern reprints. Other books come to be relics in another way. They are the copies which belonged to illustrious people,—to the famous collectors who make a kind of catena a golden chain of bibliophiles through the centuries since printing was invented. There are Grolier,—not a bookbinder, as an English newspaper supposed probably when Mr. Didot, and the rest, too numerous to name. Again, there are the books of kings, like Francis I. These princes had their favourite devices. Nicolas Eve, Padeloup, Derome, and other artists arrayed their books in morocco,—tooled with skulls, cross-bones, and crucifixions for the voluptuous pietist Henri III. The cipher of Marie Antoinette adorns too many books that Madame du Barry might have welcomed to her hastily improvised library. The three daughters of Louis XV. Surely in all these things there is a human interest, and our fingers are faintly thrilled, as we touch these books, with the far-off contact of the hands of kings and cardinals, scholars and coquettes, pedants, poets, and precieuses, the people who are unforgotten in the mob that inhabited dead centuries. So universal and ardent has the love of magnificent books been in France, that it would be possible to write a kind of bibliomaniac history of that country. All her rulers, kings, cardinals, and ladies have had time to spare for collecting. Without going too far back, to the time when Bertha span and Charlemagne was an amateur, we may give a few specimens of an anecdotal history of French bibliolatry, beginning, as is courteous, with a lady. Diane de Poitiers was their illustrious patroness. The mistress of Henri II. Her taste was wide in range, including songs, plays, romances, divinity; her copies of the Fathers were bound in citron morocco, stamped with her arms and devices, and closed with clasps of silver. In the love of books, as in everything else, Diane and Henri II. The interlaced H and D are scattered over the covers of their volumes; the lily of France is twined round the crescents of Diane, or round the quiver, the arrows, and the bow which she adopted as her cognisance, in honour of the maiden goddess. The son of the famous Madame de Guyon bought the greater part of the library, which has since been

scattered again and again. Leopold Double, a well-known bibliophile, possessed several examples. Whether he cared for the contents of his books or not, his books are among the most singular relics of a character which excites even morbid curiosity. No more debauched and worthless wretch ever filled a throne; but, like the bad man in Aristotle, Henri III. The board of one of his books, of which an engraving lies before me, bears his cipher and crown in the corners; but the centre is occupied in front with a picture of the Annunciation, while on the back is the crucifixion and the breeding heart through which the swords have pierced. On her sudden death he expressed his grief, as he had done his piety, by aid of the petits fers of the bookbinder. The books of Henri III. The fates of books were curiously illustrated by the story of the copy of Homer, on large paper, which Aldus, the great Venetian printer, presented to Francis I. After the death of the late Marquis of Hastings, better known as an owner of horses than of books, his possessions were brought to the hammer. With the instinct, the flair, as the French say, of the bibliophile, M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, the biographer of Aldus, guessed that the marquis might have owned something in his line. He sent his agent over to England, to the country town where the sale was to be held. Didot had his reward. Among the books which were dragged out of some mouldy store-room was the very Aldine Homer of Francis I. Didot purchased the precious relic, and sent it to what M. Fertiault who has written a century of sonnets on bibliomania calls the hospital for books.

2: Bibliomania - Wikipedia

BIBLIOMANIA IN FRANCE. The love of books for their own sake, for their paper, print, binding, and for their associations, as distinct from the love of literature, is a stronger and more universal passion in France than elsewhere in Europe.

Bibliomania In France Circa. The likelihood, I may never understand it, or come to own a portion of its antiquity. It happens you see, when you have to spend hours at auction and estate sales, to bid and pick through the large inventories of items placed for sale. When I write these blogs, based on antique hunting, for example, I do so as a Muskoka dealer, who has had good company from others in the profession for all these years; many still operating decades after we first met out on the hustings, trying to build unique and interesting inventories for our respective shops, or online sites which many have resorted to in this modern era. We all have distinct specialities, not to mention peculiarities and our own shops reflect these interests. We often sell to each other, and extend dealer courtesies frequently, to promote ongoing friendships amongst those, who admittedly, sometimes get lost, and turned around, in the history they love to explore. We are frequently reminded that there is strength in numbers, and how it never hurts to have friends in the profession, when old fashioned advice is needed. I first became interested in books, because of my desire to write them as a budding author. I watched as our newspaper came off the giant presses, and never tired of following the process through to completion, when the weekly publication was ready for news-stands. I watched as printers worked the manual presses, at Colonial Williamsburg, in Virginia, and fell in love with the print process generally, whether for newspapers, magazines, or for the publication of books. I have a written five so far, of modest proportion, without fancy binding, and have enjoyed many years of being published in newsprint in Canada. Writing and being published is addictive, without question. As a bibliophile, however, most of the books I purchase, are for their content, more so than their attractive packaging, or binding. There are many reasons to collect books, going back through the centuries, and here are a few examples, of what bibliophiles have, and continue to look for, in the books they most covet above all else. In England publishers are men of business; in France they aspire to be artists. In England people borrow what they read from the libraries, and take what gaudy cloth-binding chance chooses to send them. Books are lifelong friends in that country; in England they are the guests of a week or a fortnight. The literature and history of France are full of anecdotes of the good and bad fortunes of bibliophiles, of their bargains, discoveries, disappointments. It is not always easy to justify the caprices of taste. The presence or absence of half an inch of paper in the uncut margin of a book makes a difference of value, that ranges from five shillings to a hundred pounds. Some books are run after because they are beautifully bound; some are competed for with equal eagerness because they never have been bound at all. The uninitiated often make absurd mistakes about these distinctions. It is a point of sentiment to like books just as they left the hands of the old printers, of Estienne, Aldus, or Louis Elzevir. Sentiment is not an easy thing to explain. Englishmen especially find it impossible to understand tastes and emotions that are not their own; the wars of Ireland till quite recently, the aspirations of Eastern Roumelia, the demands of Greece. If we are to understand the book hunter, we must never forget that to him books are, in the first place, relics. He likes to think that the great writers whom he admires, handled just such pages and saw such arrangement of type as he now beholds. Here again is the copy of Theocritus from which some pretty page may have been read aloud to charm the pagan and pontifical leisure of Leo X. The Gargantua is the counterpart of that which the martyred Dolet printed for or pirated from, alas Maitre Francois Rabelais. Some rare books have these associations, and they bring you nearer to the authors than do the modern reprints. These readings have their literary value, especially in the masterpieces of the great; but the sentimental after all is the main thing. They are the copies which belonged to illustrious people, - to the famous collectors who make a kind of catena a golden chain of bibliophiles through the centuries since printing was invented. There are Grolier, - not a bookbinder, as an English newspaper supposed probably when Mr. Didot, and the rest, too numerous to name. Lang adds to this, "Surely in all these things there is a human interest, and our fingers are faintly thrilled, as we touch these books, with the far-off contact of the hands of kings and cardinals, scholars and coquettes,

pendants, poets and precicuses, the people who are unforgotten in the mob that inhabited dead centuries. So universal and ardent has the love of magnificent books been in France, that it would be possible to write a kind of bibliomaniac history of that country. All the rulers, kings, cardinals, and ladies have had time to spare for collecting. Without going too far back, to the time when Bertha span Charlemagne was an amateur, we may give a few specimens of an anecdotal history of the French biblioltary, beginning, as is courteous with a lady. He himself was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and, unfortunately, even the new romances of the period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his majesty wherever he might happen to be, and great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his travelling carriage, and, after skimming a few pages, would throw a volume that bored him out of the window into the highway. He tried to foist on the Emperor the romances of the year before last; but these Napoleon had generally read, and he refused with imperial scorn, to look at them again. He ordered a travelling library of three thousand volumes to be made for him, but it was proved that the task could not be accomplished in less than six years. The expense, if only fifty copies of each example had been printed, would have amounted to more than six million francs. A Roman emperor would not have allowed these considerations to stand in his way; but Napoleon after all, was a modern. He contented himself with a selection of books, conveniently small in shape, and packed in sumptuous cases. The classical writers of france could never content Napoleon and even from Moscow, in , he wrote to Barbier clamorous for new books and good ones. He concluded his chapter on the Bibliophiles of France, by suggesting that, "Let the enthusiast, in conclusion, throw a handful of lilies on the grave of the martyr of the love of books, - the poet Albert Glatigny. Poor Glatigny was the son of a garde champetre; his education was accidental and his poetic taste and skill extraordinarily fine and delicate. In his life of starvation he had often to sleep in omnibuses and railway stations , he frequently spent the price of a dinner on a new book. He lived to read and to dream, and if he bought books he had not the wherewithall to live. Still, he bought them, and he died! His own poems were beautifully printed by Lemerre, and it may be a joy to him, if he knows it, that they are now so highly valued that the price of a copy would have kept the author alive and happy for a month. He had such a mania for what he called "good" books, that he neglected his personal and residential needs, in order to finance his collecting passion. One day I came back to the shop after being downtown with Andrew and Robert, and I saw bare legs protruding from the hatchback of our small car. Before I spoke to the chap digging through my boxes of old books, I asked Suzanne for an explanation first. But I will never forget my first sighting of the legendary Dave Brown, hanging out of the back of my car, with his bare legs swinging in the summer sun. Yes, he found some books, and I made a profit that day, of which I was grateful. My point here, now, in relation to the last paragraph offered by Andrew Lang, is that I too, have known, quite intimately, a man of this same character; who was prepared to sacrifice in order to get the antiquarian books he desired; even at the expense of his own health and home comforts. He was living in a small bungalow in the urban area of Hamilton, jammed with more than , books, which were actually, in the basement, "load bearing," stacked up to meet the floor joist. The executors found out how significant this was, when they began taking books out of the basement first, without appreciating how much support was needed, to handle the many thousands of books stacked on the floor above. The snap and shift of the floor all of a sudden, made them realize the floor to ceiling stacks of books below, were keeping the first floor where it was situated. There could have been a deadly collapse into the basement, of a huge volume of books and household appliances from the first floor. So when Dave angrily explained, that he would have to move thousands upon thousands of books, this day, in order to get the older refrigerator out of the kitchen, I should have shown more sensitivity. I was trying to imagine this household debacle; but gradually understanding of course, at this point, why his wife had given him an option when they were still relative newlyweds; "the books or marriage. Dave mortgaged his house, late in his teaching career, just to finance more books. Dave ate at restaurants frequently, and refused to eat vegetables. He was sick for quite a period of time, and most of his friends, close to him on a daily or weekly basis, saw the changes in his physical prowess, but he refused to see a doctor until it was too late, leukemia having ravaged his body. For a man of his intelligence, and knowledge of nature, science and biology, he did not practice what he was

preaching, with his own living circumstance, which it can be said, was grossly compromised by his passion for books. It is known that Dave would where his clothes into the bathtub, thus killing two birds with one stone. His running shoes always smelled, and he thought nothing of wearing camping attire to attend community events. When Dave decided to buy the book, the vendor was going to apply a tax fee on top, something that Dave hated with an equal passion. Dave followed through, as he knew other dealers and book scouts who dealt with the booth vendor. The only thing that would have spared the bookseller at this point, would have been, to present the subject book to Mr. Brown, as a gift, with a hearty apology for earlier treatment, as someone unworthy of handling such a rare book. Dave had thousands of rare books, and many on natural history and whaling. Instead of upgrading his wardrobe, and general appearance, Dave put his money into what he thought was a better, sounder investment. Yet many small time book dealers felt the same about his shabby appearance; but according to Dave, he felt most vendors would just feel sorry for him, judging his hobo attire as meaning he was penniless, and give him a good price on what he wanted to purchase from them, in the way of old books. I saw this happen in front of my face, when I met Dave at a second hand shop in Washago, that I had recommended to him, as having a selection of books of which he might be interested. He arrived at the shop before me, and when I arrived at the business, and greeted the owner, who I knew from many visits in the past, she asked me if I could help her keep an eye on the "bum" was roaming around the back of the building, looking at the books. I think she was worried he was going to steal something, or pull a knife on her. She gave him a good deal, and with a modest overview, he had found five hundred dollars in antiquarian books, but paid no more than twenty bucks for the box load. I introduced him to the vendor, after the transaction was complete, as "my book collector friend from Hamilton. The introductions were never to be made before the books were found and paid for! There were dozens of situations like this, when the vendor would be shocked to silence, finding out the man in the dirty shirt and shorts, with smelly shoes, was a major and well connected book collector. A fellow, who would invest every nickel he had, to buy books he wanted, even if it meant he had to bum lunch and dinner off his friends. Suzanne and I knew all about his friendly mooching, and he never left Birch Hollow our Gravenhurst residence without being well fed for the next leg of his book hunting journey. Collectors are a strange lot, no doubt about it. And I count myself amongst the most eccentric of the lot. But I have a hell of a lot of fun; that certainly has to count for something. The difference between myself and the good Mr. Or telling me, my books must never cross the threshold of her kitchen, or else! Thanks for visiting with me today, during a period of considerable adverse weather bringing freezing rain across the region, best suited sitting in a comfortable chair, in a cozy environs, in company of a good book. See you again soon.

3: Bibliomania! | The University of Chicago Magazine

In France During all this time nothing new happened in the camp at Rochelle. Only the king, who was much bored as usual, but perhaps a little more so in the camp than elsewhere, resolved to go incognito and spend the festival of St. Louis at St. Germain, and asked the cardinal to order him an escort of twenty musketeers only.

To lend or not to lend? Nef Committee on Social Thought, is firmly anti. Lots of UChicago students are, at the very least, inadvertent book collectors. But some, like Kemmerer, who owns 12 bibles seven English, two Greek, one Latin, one Hebrew, one French, are on a different level. For these students, there is the T. The prize was established by T. To enter, students submit a bibliography and an essay about their collection. Finalists are invited to come to the library and present a selection of their books. She considers all of it to be pleasure reading. Marquette University Press, Kemmerer pauses on *The Lais of Marie de France*. Notes, Lessons, and Recipes from a Delicious Revolution Clarkson Potter, and wound up getting a summer job at her legendary restaurant *Chez Panisse*. That experience led him to the work of chefs and food writers such as Elizabeth David, David Tanis, and Paul Bertolli. The judges flip through titles including the *Go Big Red Cookbook*: Warren chuckles over a section in *Easy Suppers* H. Books, containing a recipe for a candlelit dinner for two. *Language History and Usage*. The cover is wrapped with a sheet of white paper because she wanted to bring the book on a middle school trip but thought the baby-filled cover might look odd to her classmates. He asks Slayton why she picked the particular edition of H. She acquired much of her collection while in Mexico City last summer. She bought many of the books in Mexico City last summer while working on a chapbook of her own poems. Some have the handmade quality of zines, while others were commercially produced—though in very limited quantities. Uecker notices that many of the books are first editions. After the presentations are complete, the judges begin their deliberations. It turns out to be an easy decision. Of all the finalists, they agree, Wood seemed the most interested in the beauty of books as objects—something that distinguishes collectors from people who are simply avid readers. Kemmerer stands out for her passion for collecting and the clear vision behind her collection. They agree Kemmerer will receive the second-year prize, and Wood the fourth-year prize. For Wood, learning she had received the prize was a happy and unexpected graduation gift: *A Translation with Commentary* W. *Language History and Usage* James W. Pennebaker, *The Secret Life of Pronouns*:

4: Bibliomaniac | Define Bibliomaniac at www.enganchecubano.com

A version of this archives appears in print on July 14, , on Page 2 of the New York edition with the headline: BIBLIOMANIA IN FRANCE.; MADNESS ABOUT OLD BOOKS AND EDITION OF NEW ONES.

The book was in fact well known. His bestselling production, it continues to be the work by which Dibdin is best remembered. New editions appeared in , , , and , and the subscription list for the edition includes King George III , others and 18 libraries. This second version, while often conflated with the first, is a vastly different work. The Bibliomania is a slim mock treatise of about 80 pages purporting to diagnose and to cure the "book-disease" even as it gives every evidence of having succumbed to the disease itself , so that it fits into the genre of literary satire. The Bibliomania, on the other hand, has not only swelled to almost pages, but has turned into a peculiar generic hybrid Dibdin terms "bibliographical romance. One such famous duel, said to be directly influenced by the book Bibliomania, was witnessed by Dibdin in at the Roxburghe sale. This auction lasted for forty-two consecutive days excluding Sundays as a trio of collectors vied for choice selections and one unique book, a Valdarfer Boccacio , wanted even by the Emperor Napoleon himself. Silence filled the room as each of the collectors upped the price in an aristocratic bidding war. Finally it was down to two: As was his strategy throughout the contest, Blandford raised it an additional ten pounds which put the contest to an end. This would be the highest price ever paid for a book until J. On the right uses of Literature II. Of ancient Prices of Books, and of Book-Binding. A Game at Chess. Of Monachism and Chivalry. Some Account of Book Collectors in England. History of the Bibliomania, or Account of Book Collectors, concluded. Symptoms of the Disease called the Bibliomania. Probable Means of its Cure.

5: German addresses are blocked - www.enganchecubano.com

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6: Bibliomania | Definition of Bibliomania by Merriam-Webster

Bibliomania can be a symptom of obsessive-compulsive disorder which involves the collecting or even hoarding of books to the point where social relations or health are damaged. Bibliomania is not to be confused with bibliophilia, which is the usual love of books and is not considered a clinical psychological disorder.

7: Bibliomania (book) - Wikipedia

Bibliomania, Auderghem. likes. Chez Bibliomania, l'obsession, c'est le livre. Tous les livres. D'occasion mais de qualit . Bibliomania, c'est Lu et.

8: France in the Sixteenth Century - History Learning Site

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

9: Bibliomania - Free Online Literature and Study Guides

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Library of American literature from earliest settlement to the present time Stephen king running man An overview of structured investment vehicles and other special purpose companies by Cristina Polizu Chanticleer A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family Principles of corporate finance lecture notes Locke and the compass of human understanding The teacher who taught me to pray Daniel Kellermeyer History of relational database Troy and the role of the historical advisor J. Lesley Fitton The wife sets the tone in the home Remodelling: the critical importance of leadership Velocities in reflection seismology Vocabulario De Quimica Krugman and wells macroeconomics 3rd edition Buddhism in South-East Asia V. 7. Comprehensive subject index, Ohio rules of Civil Procedure and staff notes The Westminster standards and the formation of the American republic, by W.H. Roberts. Arthur, for the very first time Foreign operations, export financing, and related programs appropriation bill, 2003 My Savior at My Side E-government research The cop and the anthem Response David Patterson Articles 1 and 2 of the Code : anti-doping rule violations under the Code Getting started with OneNote NAEP 1998 writing state report for Arizona Greatest Marian titles Ncert solutions for class 10 science Protecting a core service Outdoorsmans Edge guide to sure-fire whitetail tactics Jikuu mahou de isekai to chikyuu wo ittarikitari Learning disabilities and related mild disabilities 12th edition Tajikistan Privatization Programs And Regulations Handbook How You Can Be a Fruitful Witness/How You Can Introduce Others to Christ Law in the crisis of empire, 379-455 AD Brainwashing the science of thought control Who are the no. 1 war criminals? The Hong Kong reader David Copperfield (Bloomsbury Classics) CAM Jansen and the Mystery of the Dinosaur Bones (CAM Jansen)