

DEATH OF DR SAROLEA

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The first thing that greets me is a search box. The text I type is processed through millions of published books. Older books that have been digitized. Books that have been scanned and added to a database to be searchable.

Scanning

The page of the book is turned to the camera. Gets scanned. It happens fast. Another page is scanned. Paper and ink become zeroes and ones. The machine turns the page. A new page. When the page has been scanned the computer collects the pages to a file. Digital formats. A dot and a letter combination. .pdf .txt .xml.

Enemies of books. Written by William Blades, published in 1881. A book on the decay of books. The enemies of physical books – fire, water, gas, the bookworm, bigotry, etc . I print out the book. White pages and black marks. No identity. The software scans stains and scratches as letters. Physical traces are digitized.

I find the original on the Internet. A second hand bookshop in London has a copy. I order the book. An impersonal form and payment directions. Credit card. The book is expensive, but in unusually good condition. A few weeks later I receive a package smelling of paper and incense.

The book is yellowed and the edges are dark brown with dirt. The paper has been bleached by time and the sun. The cover is worn. A thin sheet of paper protects the book. Looks like greaseproof paper. A simple binding.

The third edition. The spine is frayed, the pages are loose and the thread holding them together is visible. Each page has unique stains and creases. The edges are uneven, uncut.

A signature on the cover page. The owner of the book. Inside the book are some newspaper clippings, an obituary notice over Dr. Sarolea. The book belonged to him. Another clipping tells the story of his book

collection, consisting of 300 000 volumes, weighing 100 ton. It is described as one of the wonders of the world. Dr. Sarolea is dead but his book collection is alive. A note about the good condition of the book on the cover page. Added by the bookshop. A rubbed out price. Another signature. Unknown. The book ends with date notation, probably jotted down by Dr. Sarolea. Possibly the date when he finished the book.

I read the book. It is still not mine. The stains and traces are foreign. I can feel the presence of the former owners. People I don't know. Every time I pick it up it becomes more mine. The smell of my apartment is mixed with the incense and my invisible fingerprints are now added to the older marks.

I read the digitized book. The digital file begins with information on how the book has been scanned by Google. The date of the scanning and information on Google books .

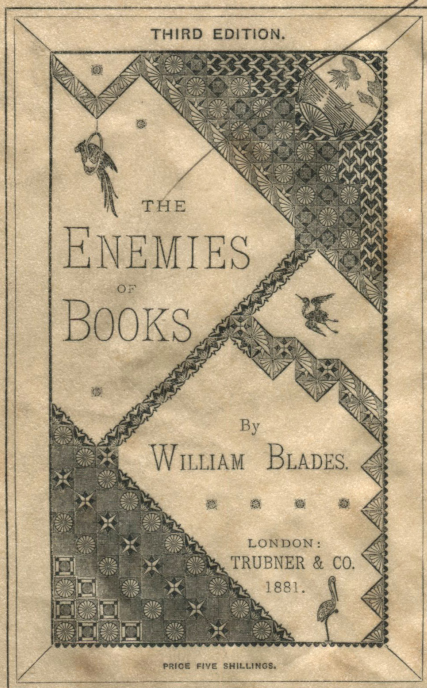
I recreate the book. I let a 3D-printer print out the tool. I want to test if it works. It does.

At night while I sleep the file is processed by the printer, typing out layers of plastic. The digital file is based on tools that have been used for hundreds of years. Combining and modifying the old techniques I create the necessary tools. The components are mounted on a piece of board . I print out and bind the book. I upload the files to the Internet.

Olle Essvik, 20150319



Charles Darolee



Lloyd Johnson's letter last Sunday about the library of the late Professor Sarolea, most of this collection was bought by the University College of North Staffordshire in July, 1954, after several thousand selected volumes had been sold in Edinburgh, to the National Library of Scotland and the university library.

Douglas Young in his book "Chasing an Ancient Greek" put the total at no fewer than 300,000 volumes. It was described by G. K. Chesterton as "one of the wonders of the world, not to say the monstrosities of the world."

As all the books bought by this college have not yet been sorted we cannot give an exact total, but we do know that the total weight is just over 100 tons!

Stanley O. Stewart,
Librarian.

University College of
North Staffordshire.

Sunday Times
12/16/57.

*Please make the
additional corrections
marked on enclosed
first page of
manuscript*

B. H. Sarolea

AN, 2, 1953. *Scotsman*

DEATH OF DR SAROLEA

Doyen of Consular Corps

THE FRENCH CHAIR

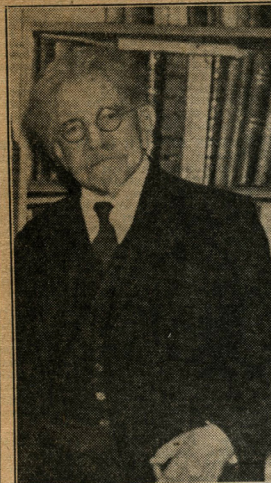
DR CHARLES SAROLEA, first holder of the Chair of French in the University of Edinburgh, and first Belgian Consul General, died yesterday in Edinburgh his 83rd year. For 50 years he had been a familiar figure in the Scottish capital, although latterly his public appearances became rarer, and he had been in failing health for the past year.

Charles Sarolea was born at Tongre Belgium in 1870, and first saw Scotland after a distinguished career at Liège University and some months of extensive travel in Europe, North Africa, America, and India. His association with M. Irère-Orban, a former Belgian Premier, as private secretary and literary adviser, had introduced him into influential circles, and he retained a European and even world outlook upon affairs for the rest of his life.

In 1894, when 24 years of age, Sarolea came to this country as head of the French Department in Edinburgh University. At that time there was no Chair, nor was it to be for 24 years. It was created only in 1918, and though Sarolea held it for the thirteen years of its existence and, in the interim, served the University for 37 years, when retired he described this period as "years of purgatory."

A CRITICAL LETTER

The phrase occurred in a three-column letter to *The Scotsman* which was a manifesto on the conditions under which French was taught in Edinburgh University. Chief criticism was directed against students who were said to be without the necessary background, and 80 per cent of those in the French class were alleged to be failures. The conditions were said to be such that the price we have to pay for the so-called democratisation of higher education "is bad enough to turn a University class



A recent picture of Professor Sarolea in his library.

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The Enemies of Books By William Blades

Summary

By William Blades

Published 1888

E. Elliot Stock

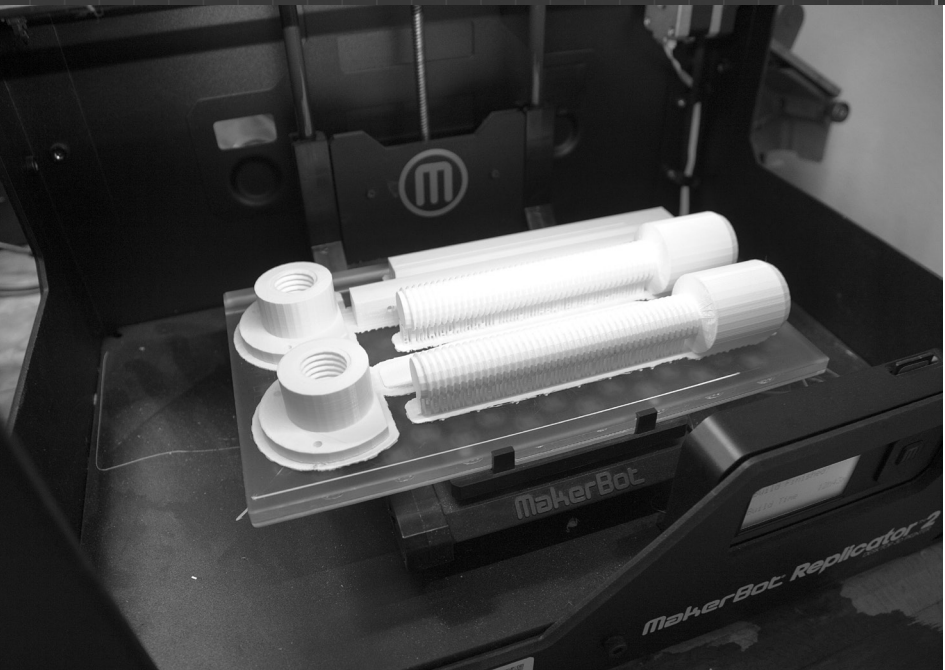
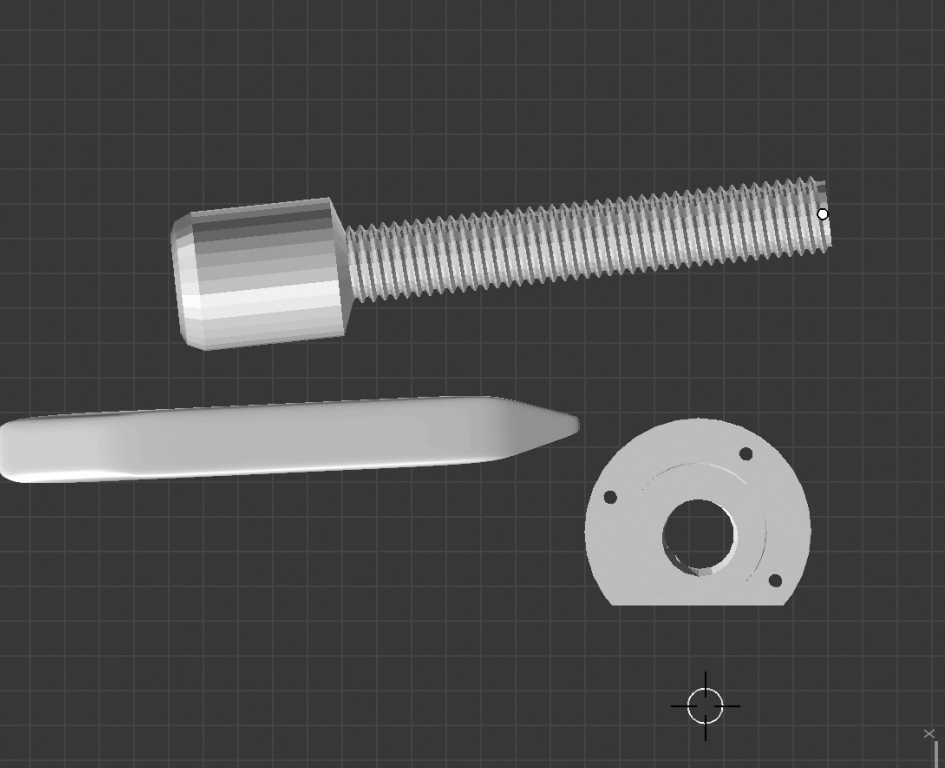
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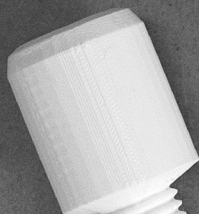
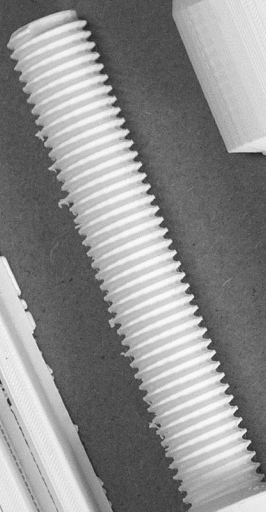
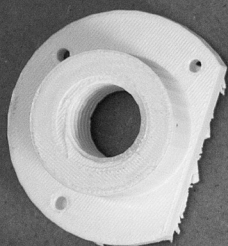
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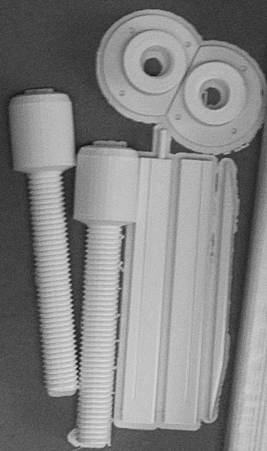
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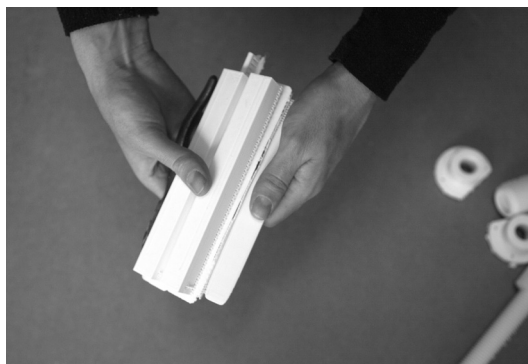
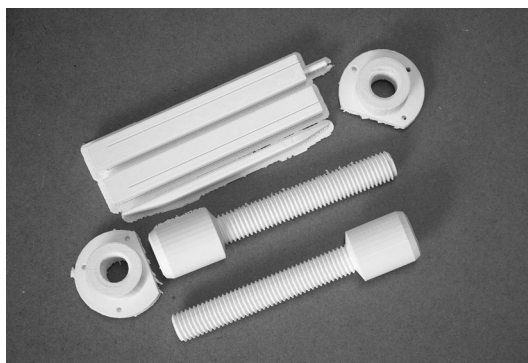






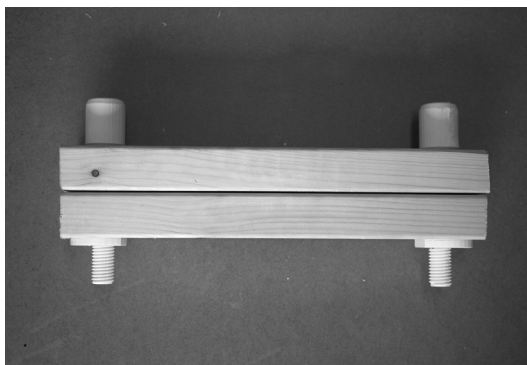
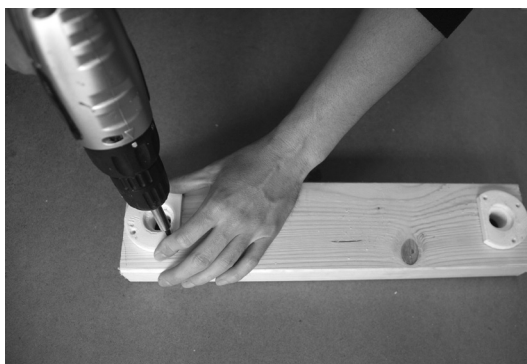


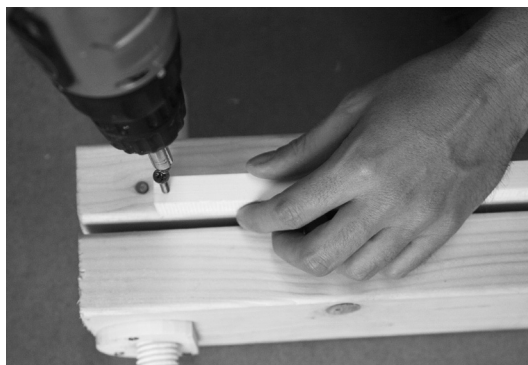


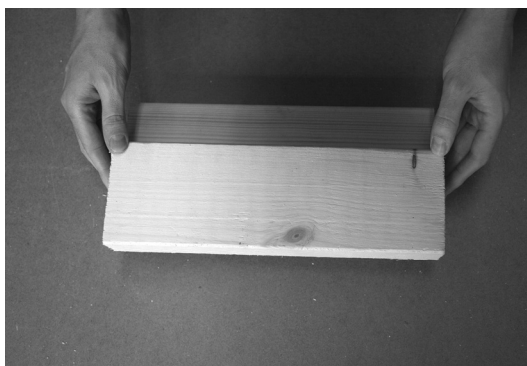
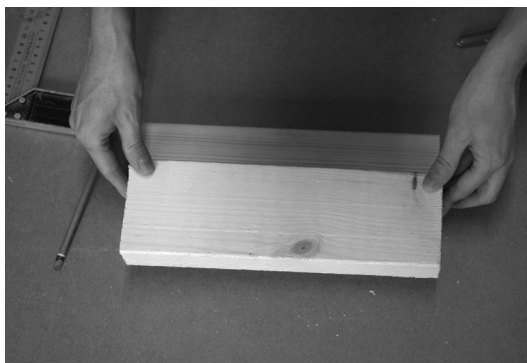




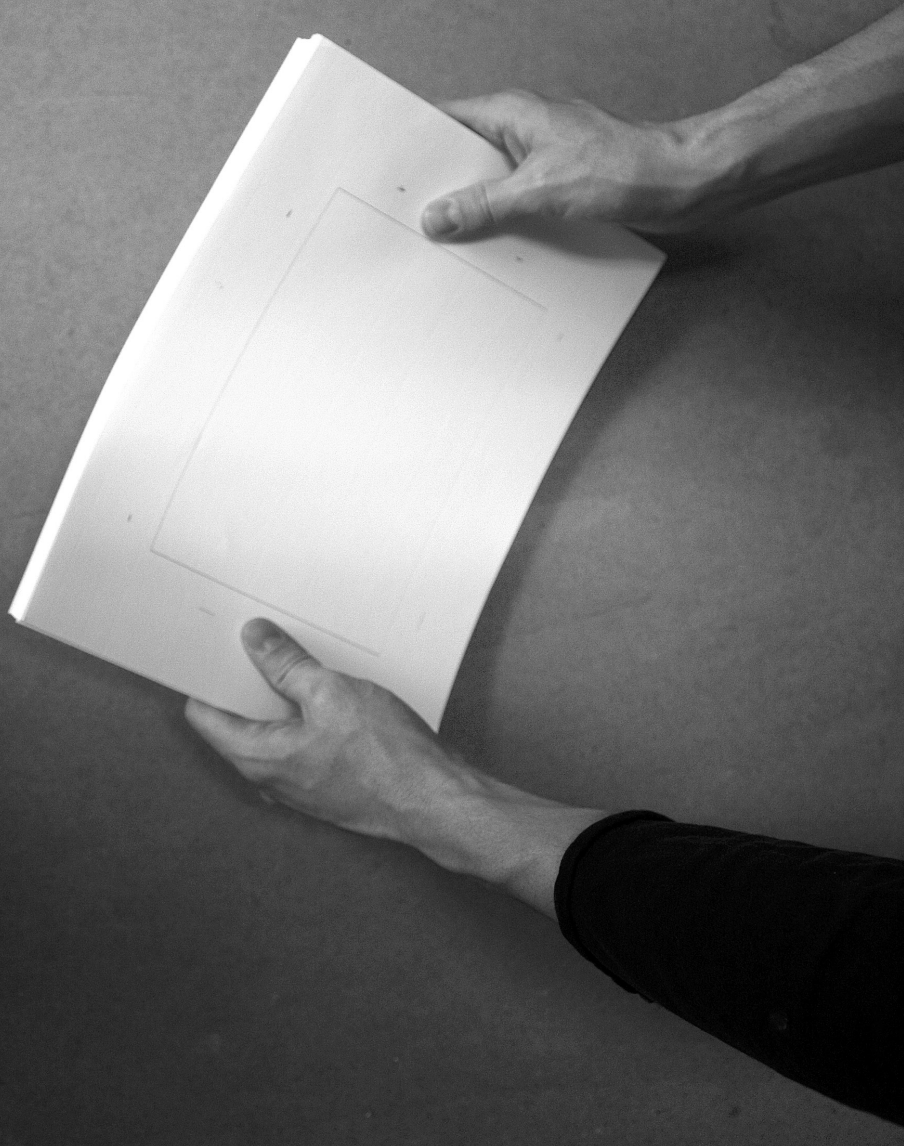






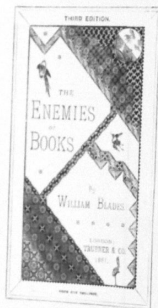








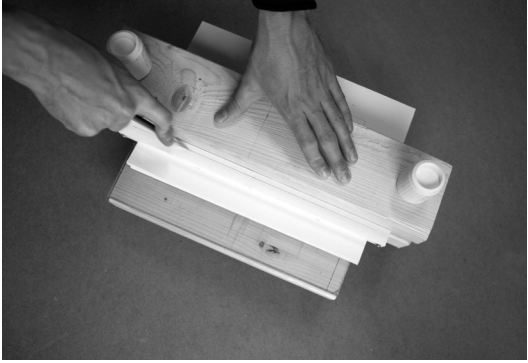
The Enemies of Books.



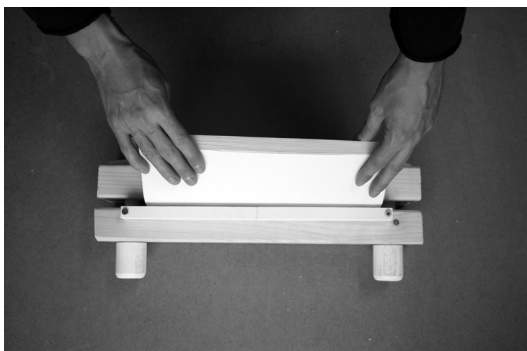
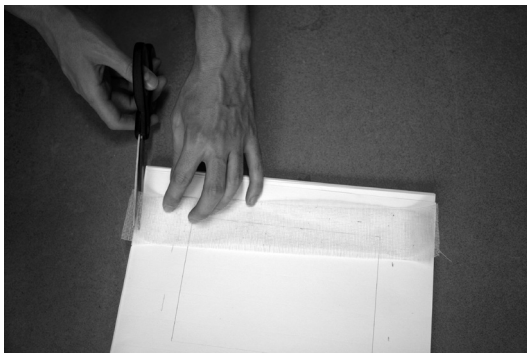
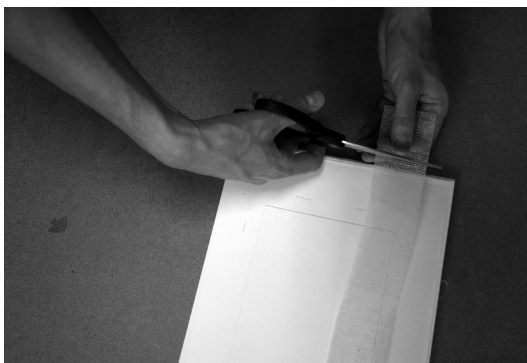


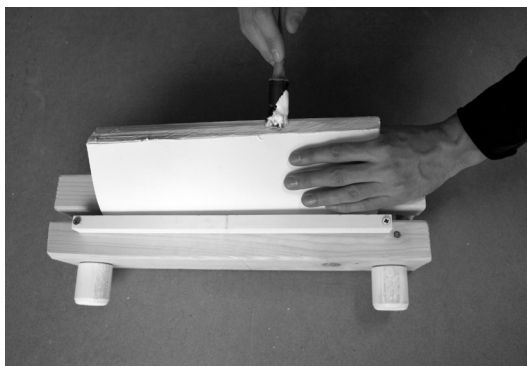
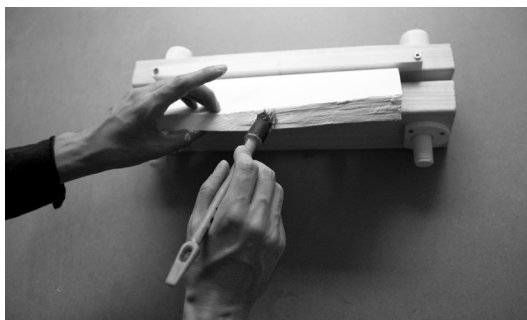








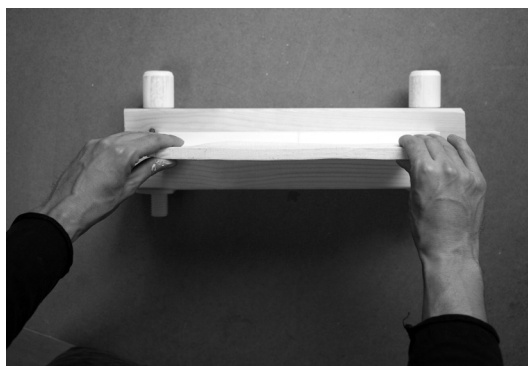
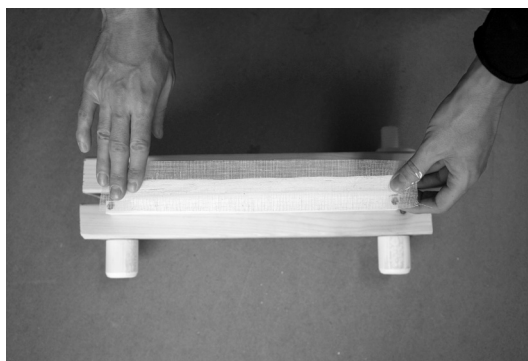


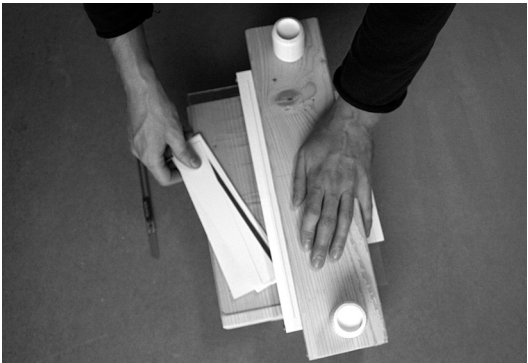
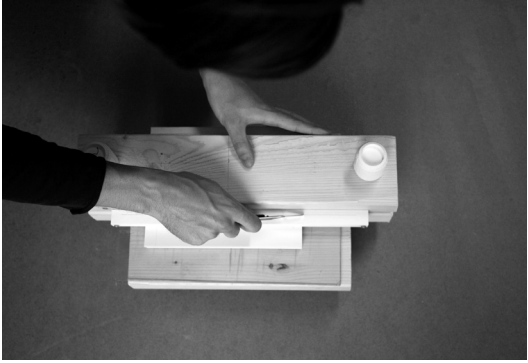
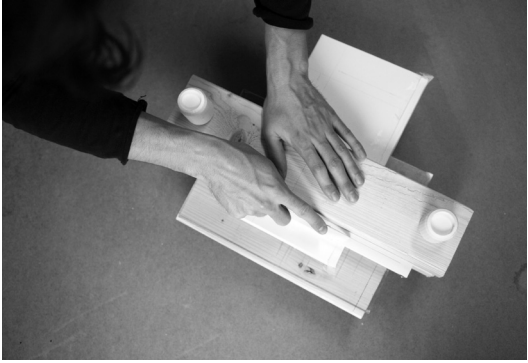


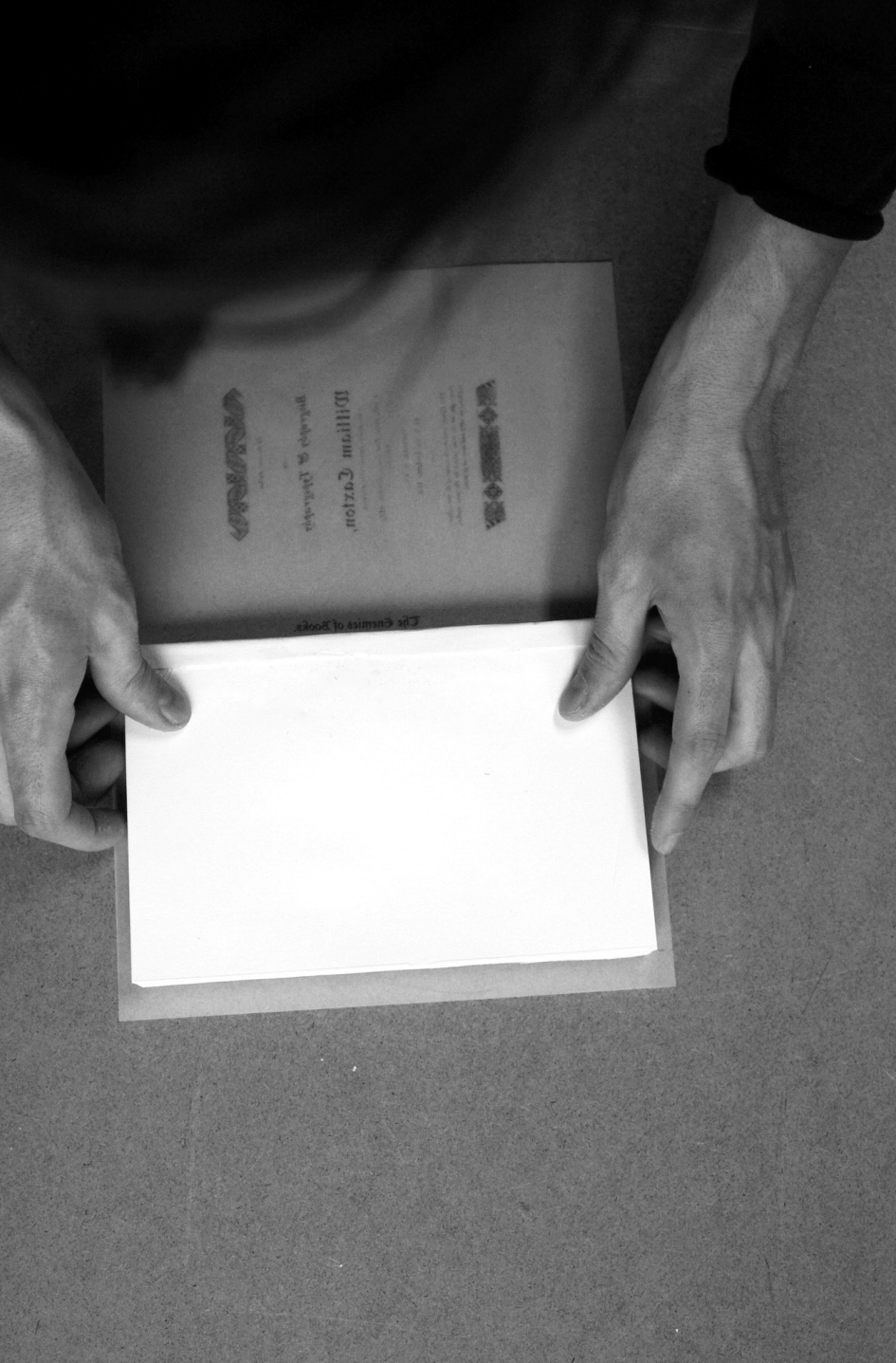












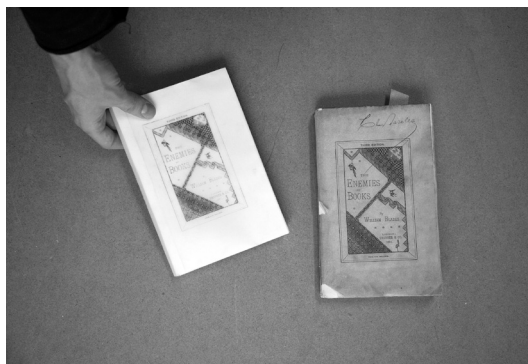












Olle Essvik

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