

Bertram
ROTA



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Celebrating One Hundred Years

1923-2023

June

Collectors

I like book collectors. I am one myself. I think of collecting as Nicholas Basbanes titled his book on the subject, as a gentle (and harmless) madness.

Collectors can become obsessive, or even hoarders, but any remarks which follow are intended as gentle, affectionate teasing at most.

William Blades in his *Enemies of Books*, Trübner & Co., 1880, includes Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill who “bought bibliographical; treasures only to bury them. His mansion was crammed with books; he purchased whole libraries, and never even saw what he had bought.” And a schoolmaster at the Guildford Endowed Grammar School who, the school having been left a valuable collection, literally packed all of the books under the floorboards for safekeeping, nailing the boards down once the books were all neatly placed, forgetting the risk that he might be providing a sumptuous feast for rats and mice thereafter. I cannot remember if we sold our copy of Blades. I suspect I have fondly put it aside somewhere.

A fairly recent consignor of some seventy large boxes of books sent from Australia had something similar to say about me. His twentieth-century books had sadly, without his realising it, mostly succumbed to such terrible foxing in the humid climate that they were unsaleable. He had a fine (unfoxed, they used better paper than) Samuel Johnson collection, but there was no new Johnson collector to be found in a moment, and with a certain impatience (patience is a virtue I often entreat our consignors to adopt), he insisted that we sent it all to auction, where it made a fraction of its potential. When I spoke to him on the phone a few weeks later, I mentioned that I was working on a new collection of books which had just come in. “What are you doing, burying them?”

I do miss the completists, who seem to be few and far between now. It was such fun to hunt for an author’s most obscure appearances (in periodicals, in a review on a dust-wrapper), and watch a collection grow. The emphasis today seems more to be on ‘highspots’ or perhaps the *Printing and the Mind of Man* titles, Booker Prize winners and nominees, or the Connolly 100. So many just want the same things.

Then there are those unkindly known as “condition freaks”, for whom a book with the slightest flaw, a single scratch or mark or a tiny nick in a dust-wrapper will be rejected out of hand.

There is such a wonderful variety though of criteria. Presentation and association copies (Simon Nowell Smith for example, *passim*), bindings generally or books unusually bound (in human skin in one instance), books of a certain shape or size, sometimes even just to fit shelves, books which are just a bit or even completely bonkers (for which I have a personal weakness), books by illustrator, printer, publisher, or subject, or about personal heroes (T.E. Lawrence springs immediately to mind). Any list like this is of course endless.

One collector I know dreamed of building a collection of books written in prison which seemed to me a sterling idea, but he could not bring himself to start because he would have had to acquire a copy of *Mein Kampf*, and as a devout Catholic, he told me, he believed in the potentially inherently evil properties of an object.

I had always been told that, as a bookseller, I could not possibly be a collector as well. That was a slippery slope to financial ruin. At some point I decided that that was nonsense, especially if my acquisitions were, more or less, outside our usual specialities. My own collecting interests include in particular James Thurber, for me the funniest writer who ever lived (I am a completist with him and so have a good run of the annual *New Yorker* albums featuring his cartoons), concrete poetry, books on animal rights before 1900 (carry on after that and there would be no end to it) and, latterly, modern books on animals, in particular wildlife, generally. As far as the animal rights collection is concerned (I am quite proud of it, there is a catalogue at the end of my own book, *Animal Trust*, an illustrated version of which I would happily make available to anyone interested), I spent rather too long agonising over whether I should include relevant twentieth-century works by, for example, George Bernard Shaw. Then, in an epiphanic moment, I realised that it was my collection and I could do whatever I wanted, including tweaking the rules, or breaking them. I owe all of this in large

part to the late Roy Davids, brilliant head of Sotheby's book department and my boss for eight years, who took the opposite view to my received wisdom. You *have* to collect in order to understand your clientele.

In the case of my animal rights collection, it all began with an otherwise fruitless visit to Hay-on-Wye, where I spotted an unprepossessing looking nineteenth-century green cloth spine, lettered in faded gilt "Animal Wrongs". That was the spark. I did a certain amount of active seeking and sourcing, but for the most part was happy to wait for things to appear. Most, but not all of the books were acquired relatively inexpensively. Some titles I simply had to have (*Black Beauty*, Darwin – any edition, as long as I liked it), but serendipity played a major part. Most opportunely, short manuscript notes by George Bernard Shaw, imagining his coffin being followed by a procession of grateful animals, unnoticed and unlisted by an auction house cataloguer amongst a batch of letters I had purchased for a client, most of which turned out to be obvious photocopies (I had not had time to view the lot in advance). My will states that the collection should if possible be sold en bloc to an institutional library with proceeds donated to PETA, the vociferous and uniquely effective animal rights organisation. I must confess that I do own books from which I have not had time even to remove the shrink wrap, let alone read, but *pax* Winston Churchill, it's very nice to know that they are there.

I also rather like slightly dotty books in translation – I have the 1958 Latin translation of Winnie-the Pooh, *Winnie ille Pu*, which fabulously opens "Ecce Eduardus Ursus scalis nunc tump-tump-tump occipite gradus pulsante post Christophorum Robinum descendens." Also a seven-volume polyglot edition of a single short story by P.G. Wodehouse.

My wife and partner in the business Dorothea collects books and manuscripts relating to slavery and the Caribbean, with a particular interest on books written in patois, which are not easy to find.

One collector we knew completely wrapped all of his purchases in brown paper, probably the same who had boxes of string on his shelves labelled 'long', 'medium', 'short' and 'too short to be of any use'. Another I visited (and this is not unusual) had books literally filling almost every room and even the stairs, all covered, I am afraid to say, in a very thick layer of dust. Best not to think about that too much. Another, without any sense of irony, named his two garages the east and west wings of his library. When I entered the first I truly wondered if I would ever emerge. Towering piles of newspapers looked to topple down at any moment, and most of the books (I remember particularly the topography section) were actually completely inaccessible.

My first and immediate boss at Sotheby's and friend Roger Griffiths once visited a house where the garden was filled with sheds to accommodate the overflow. Whilst he was there, books continued to arrive by the *sackload*.

A Sotheby's consignor, who (and again this is not uncommon), clandestinely brought his purchases home and hid them from his spouse until he thought the moment was right, almost considered starting again after the sale. I had been in the strange position, having left Sotheby's for Simon Finch Rare Books, of viewing and reporting on the condition of his books which I had catalogued myself only weeks earlier. The difference in detail in terms of description was a valuable lesson. He came to the shop some weeks later, thinking of resuming his habit but looked as though he was in pain. In the end, he said that he felt he was free of a disease, and, as far as I know, never bought a collectable book again.

I knew two Sherlock Holmes collectors who for a while dominated and drove the market in their friendly but highly competitive rivalry. I liked the attitude towards the breaking and selling of the collection of one of them. Rather than wanting it kept intact for all eternity, he was pleased to think of others building from it individual collections of their own, according to their own criteria and tastes.

One of the most astute collectors was, I think, a bus conductor with little formal education. Yet he had a very keen eye, buying Virginia Woolf titles, for example, as they came out, wrapping the dust-jackets in protective tissue paper, and putting them aside for his daughter to inherit many years down the line. Almost without exception, every author on whom he concentrated retained their popularity and value.

One of our customers has put together a superb library of editions of collected poems. There's a certain circularity there which I find particularly pleasing.

The notion of collecting for investment only bores me to tears, although I will not say no to a sale of course. The books will come back to the market at some point.

Fashions in collecting are another subject altogether, but it has always intrigued me that the desire for advance proof copies seemed to disappear pretty much overnight. Likewise the way in which D.H. Lawrence comes and goes. I have to mention here George Lazarus' beyond compare collection, built by my father and grandfather, now at Nottingham University Library where it is still added to. It is interesting too, in the current climate of intense debate as to whether an author's personal life and views should bear influence on the assessment and enjoyment of their works, to consider the concomitant effect on the market. The anti-semitism of Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis, once widely revealed, for example, saw their popularity plummet and their work became almost impossible to sell, but will T.S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf really fall out of favour on the same grounds?

One of our most eccentric collectors would instruct us to build for him complete assemblages of two or three authors' works at a time. After a while, he would tire of one or more of them, sell them back to us, and choose another trio. What was truly eccentric was that after perhaps a year or two, he would start all over again with one or more of the authors he had not so very long ago abandoned to us.

I was a member of the Grolier Club for a while. I resigned in the end, feeling that members not living in America were being given rather too much short shrift, also that it was perhaps a club for people who had amassed fabulous collections but had now stopped adding to them. But from there I learnt of a collection comprising portraits of people reading, amongst many others. What a wonderful idea.

It has always surprised me that I have encountered so little interest in portraits and busts to accompany an author's books and manuscripts. Roy Davids is eloquent on the subject in the introduction to the sale of his collection. But there are always problems of space I suppose. A neighbouring QC who knew the brothers who owned National Car Parks told me that one of them collected square books of all sizes. "What are they about?", he had asked. "I have no idea. I just collect square books." "How do you know they are square?" "I carry a tape measure with me."

In more serious vein, what pleasure and excitement was to be found, what a privilege it has been, to have had a hand (in some instances exclusively) in the formation of truly stellar individual collections. Where to begin and where to end?

Those which come most readily to mind (there were countless others before my time of course) include those of Kenneth A. Lohf, that truly great scholar and librarian and true gentleman, in particular his collections of poetry of the First and Second World Wars.

I was involved in adding to at least three fine Rupert Brooke collections. The story of one of those is that I found myself being constantly outbid at auction for some Brooke manuscript letters and poems. I kept looking across the room and my opponent and I smiled at each other. Hang on a minute, I thought, is that the celebrated broadcaster Mike Read? Indeed it was. We got chatting at the end of the sale. A delightful man with a genuine, heartfelt passion for his subject, who went on to become a biographer of Brooke and founder of the Rupert Brooke Society, and a customer.

I met the renowned collector Annette Campbell-White in the same way. Whenever I was bidding on behalf of Nottingham University Library, she trumped me almost every time a D.H. Lawrence manuscript was up for sale. Actually I had met her once before that, whilst I was on the other side of the fence, still working for Sotheby's. She approached me and asked me to spend time with her as she was viewing an upcoming sale, simply in order to relieve her of a bookseller who was trailing doggedly around behind her and whom she simply couldn't shake off.

The Hon. Hugh Gibson, Chairman and Chief Executive at The Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co. Ltd, is another I like very much. We came to know each other from my valuation for insurance of his library for Sotheby's. Later, he became a valued client who paid me the compliment of broadly trusting my judgement. In common with my father, we shared an enthusiasm for the work of Eric Gill and I once bought an engraved slab of stone for him, not far short of the size of a tombstone. I will never forget the look on his face when he turned up to collect it. "Oh good Lord, what *have* I done?" We remain in touch and on friendly terms. I bought and enjoyed his son's extraordinary novels and he in turn bought a copy of *Animal Trust* (which he did not much care for).

Another insurance valuation I was asked to carry out for my own firm began and ended oddly. I turned up at the house containing our client's late husband's library. I had a bag with me containing a laptop, camera, notebook and pen and various other bits and pieces. The very first words spoken to me were, "What have you got a bag for? You're not taking anything away with you." After a long, hard day I said that my best guess at that stage was that the collection should probably be insured for around £1m. "Christ. Do I have to tell the insurance company?" "Well, yes, if you want it actually to be insured."

Equally bizarre at the outset was a major valuation in New York state. I had flown out and driven for hours in the dark, repeatedly getting lost - satnav was then in its infancy. I finally arrived at three o'clock in the morning UK time, utterly exhausted, and laden with a suitcase, rang the bell. The client opened the door and, without a word, thrust a large folio into my free hand.

We pretty much exclusively sold books to my father's dear friend Lionel Dakers, CBE, director of the Royal School of Church Music (1972-89). Even when he bought elsewhere, he would invariably run it past us first. His was a nonpareil collection of in particular T.E. Lawrence, Siegfried Sassoon and private press books. A charming, eminently 'clubbable' man, impeccably mannered at all times, he was a delight to deal with. With my father almost always over a good lunch. On his death, according to his wishes, I reached agreement with his family that we would have the selling of the books. Having carried out the probate valuation, I collected them from his home in Salisbury and, storing and insuring them for many weeks, set to work, cataloguing and photographing.

Then his executor became involved. As Princess Diana's heirs and the nation came to learn, letters of wishes appended to wills have no legal status whatsoever and executors of course have a duty to maximise returns as they see fit, mere wishes can simply be overridden (I cannot help but feel that there is something wrong with the law here). In what seemed the blink of an eye, the books were packed up and on the road again, this time en route to one of the major auction houses. I invoiced for my time and was, very reluctantly, remunerated, but it saddened me hugely that I was not to enjoy working with the entire collection (I had got about halfway through) and placing the books in good homes. The auctioneer in question, since risen to very giddy heights, is a friend whom I knew from my time at Argosy Book Store in New York, of which perhaps more anon, where she was then working. I hope she will not mind my saying that when next I saw her she was rather embarrassed at the ease with which she had whisked the books away from me, thanks to the inexperience of the executor. She used an unkind word, and rightly so. The executor had come to our home and unpleasantly and patronisingly grilled and harangued me for over an hour, telling me all about how to do my job (doesn't everyone just love that?) and that detailed cataloguing of, photographing and illustrating books was a needless exercise, they would surely sell just as lucratively without all that palaver and cost? As best I could, I explained that people like to be able to see what they are buying and that proper cataloguing can tease out value, all to no avail. It was a costly error for the estate. The retail value of the books more than tipped into six figures. At auction, the total achieved after costs and commission was a tenth of that. I had agreed to reduce our margin so that the estate would have received over four times the total sum paid out by the auction house for Lionel's copy of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* alone. In the course of cataloguing I had researched the recipient of one of the Sassoon presentation copies, using previously unpublished material showing him to have been his psychiatrist. Sassoon had written a letter to him also previously unpublished in which he acknowledged his homosexuality for the first time. In a sense, it was Sassoon 'coming out', if only to himself. Consequently I was able to justify multiplying the asking price, but it was lost in the mix in a remarkably small number of large lots at auction.

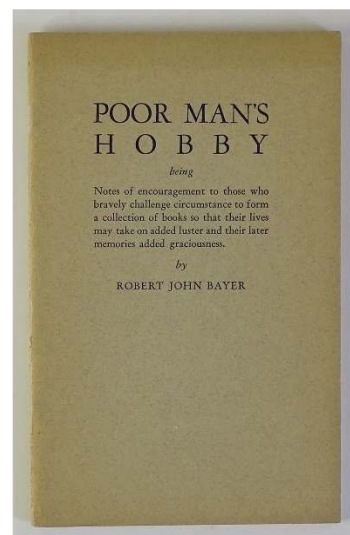
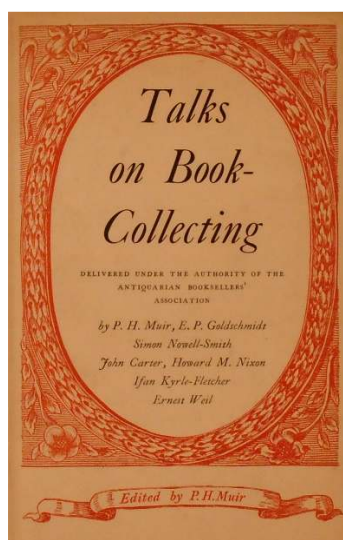
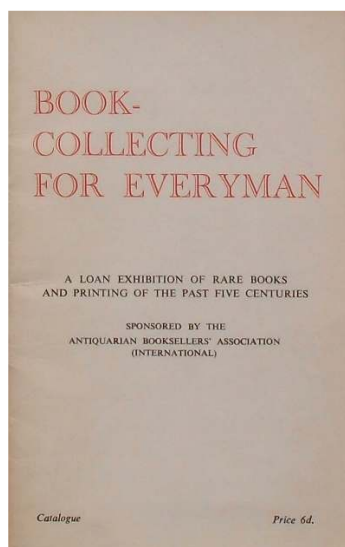
In a less than business-like or adult manner, I neither attended nor bid at the sale. But I did attend Lionel and his wife's joint memorial service. Lionel had four daughters, one of whom gave the eulogy. The family, having no influence over what happened to their father's library in any case, it became clear felt they had not known their father well and rather resented the time he had spent working, at his club, the Athenaeum, and wasting time and money on books. I empathised. Those were different times and as a young child I rarely saw my father other than at weekends. He was off to work before we were up and we were long in bed by the time he returned during the week. Lionel's children were bereft and at sea – the notion and reality of inheritance tax had shocked and appalled them and I think they felt that the prospect of our earning from our labours with the same books a second time around was a bit of a nerve. But I owe them a huge debt of gratitude. It was precisely that memorial address that made me decide to have a different relationship with our children. Our first daughter Naya was about a year old and pretty much from that day onwards, I began to do everything I could to spend more time at home, to play a larger part in and properly enjoy their growing up.

I spent a great deal of time viewing and bidding at auction for Mark Samuels Lasner, that unrivalled scholar and authority on the literature and art of the late Victorian era, especially the 1890s. His collection, estimated to be worth \$10m, is now at the University of Delaware, where he is a senior research fellow. Dealing with him and lunching and dining with him and his partner Margaret D. Stetz, also a scholar of repute, were always, above all, fun. Mark's wry sense of humour, kindness and indeed stylish dress sense *à la mode* never failed to please. Thoughtful Christmas presents arrived every year without fail. I will confine myself to just one anecdote. Mark had asked me to buy a Beerbohm caricature at auction for him, which we duly sent over. On receipt Mark quickly realised that it wasn't 'right', a forgery in fact. It was a good one, it had certainly fooled me and even Mark from the auction house catalogue alone. He sent it back to us for onward return to the auction house. They put up a fight, as is their wont. The fact that it was not actually by Beerbohm was irrelevant, they said, their attribution was merely an opinion, not a guarantee of any kind (I could go on for hours about the pages and pages of disclaimers which are at the end of every auction house catalogue). "How do you know it's a fake anyway?" "Because my client, the world's leading expert on the subject, says so." "We don't care about that." I insisted that I would be returning it anyway. "Well you can't." "Well I am going to," I replied, "and if you want to sue us for the money, you go right ahead." "What, you mean you haven't *paid* for it?" In those days booksellers had thirty days credit, a courtesy long since done away with. That didn't make any of our lives easier. I remember buying an Oscar Wilde manuscript at auction for the New York Public Library and having to bankroll them to the tune of over £100,000 for months on end, no small sum at any time let alone back then. My thanks to the bewildered bank manager who extended our overdraft accordingly (charging interest of course): "I just don't understand how you guys do business. How do you ever make any money?" In the end I jumped into a taxi with the offending caricature, dumped it at the auction house reception somewhat unceremoniously and with no little irritation, and never heard another word about it. At lunch some time afterwards, Mark and Margaret recounted their exasperating journey to the UK and difficulties with their hotel. Particularly aggravating had been the entirely unjustifiable line from the hotel receptionist: "It wasn't our fault, it was the airline." I made them both laugh by coming straight back with, "It wasn't me, it was the auction house."

A short list from stock follows. We hope you have enjoyed this brief and necessarily whittled down (I have not even touched on institutions and their fluctuating priorities and acquisition policies over the years) celebration of book collecting in at least some of its variety and glorious eccentricity.

Julian Rota

1. *A Decade of Collecting*. Illustrated in black-and-white with photographs of materials in the collection. The Printing Division of the University of Texas, 1964. First Edition. One of 1,000 copies printed at the University of Texas, designed by Kim Taylor. 8vo. Wrappers. Fine copy. £25
A well produced pamphlet celebrating the Miriam Lutcher Stark Library.

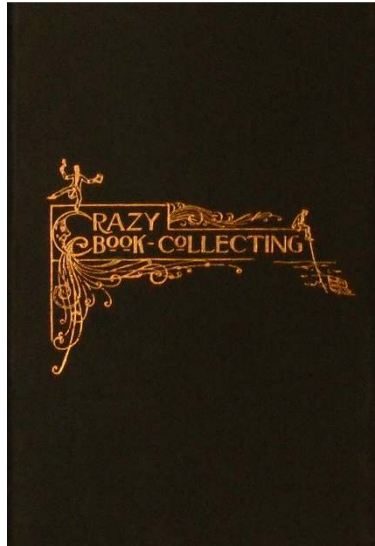


2. *Bibliophile in the Nursery: A Bookman's Treasury of Collector's Lore on Old and Rare Children's Books*. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by William Targ. Illustrations. Cleveland and New York, 1957. First Edition. Spine just a little worn at head and foot, otherwise a very nice copy. £35
Contributors include Jacob Blanck, F.J. Harvey Darton, August Derleth, Iona and Peter Opie, Ellery Queen, Vincent Starrett and John T. Winterich.

3. *Book-Collecting for Everyman: A Loan Exhibition of Rare Books and Printing over the Past Five Centuries*. Sponsored by the Antiquarian Bookseller's Association. Introduction by H[arry].W. P[ratley]. A.B.A., [1961]. First Edition. Wrappers. Nice copy. £20
Catalogue of a travelling exhibition of over 60 books, pamphlets, specimen leaves and printed ephemera, organised by the ABA "as an act of homage to the craftsmen and artists of bygone centuries to whom we owe our heritage of books". The second half of the catalogue is taken up by a complete list of members of the ABA.

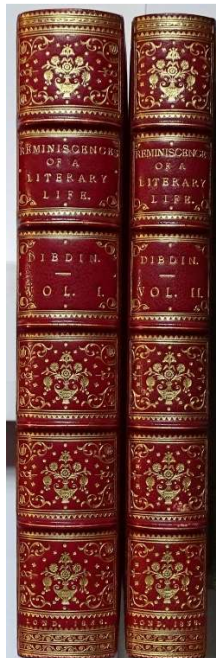
4. *Talks on Book-Collecting*. Edited, with a preface, by P.H. Muir. Illustrations. 1952. First Edition. Fine copy in dust-wrapper. £35
Contributors include John Carter, Simon Nowell-Smith, Ernest Weil and the editor.

5. **Bayer (Robert John)**. *Poor Man's Hobby being notes of encouragement to those who bravely challenge circumstance to form a collection of books so that their lives may take on added luster and their later memories added graciousness*. The Argus Bookshop Inc., Chicago, 1935. First Edition. Wrappers. Very nice copy. £30



6. **Bollioud-Mermet.** *Crazy Book-Collecting or Bibliomania; showing the great folly of collecting rare and curious books...* Duprat & Co., New York, 1894. First Edition in English. Limp cloth gilt. Cloth a little marked and front free end-paper crudely repaired, otherwise a nice copy; bookplate. £150
First published anonymously in 1761 this edition was produced for the Grolier Club.

7. **Burton (John Hill).** *The Book-Hunter.* Frontispiece and one plate, each with tissue guard and slight spotting, vignettes. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1882. New Edition, with a memoir of the author. One of 1,000 numbered copies. Thick 4to. Modern brown half morocco gilt, spine with morocco label, top edge gilt, others uncut. Very nice copy; ownership inscription. £200



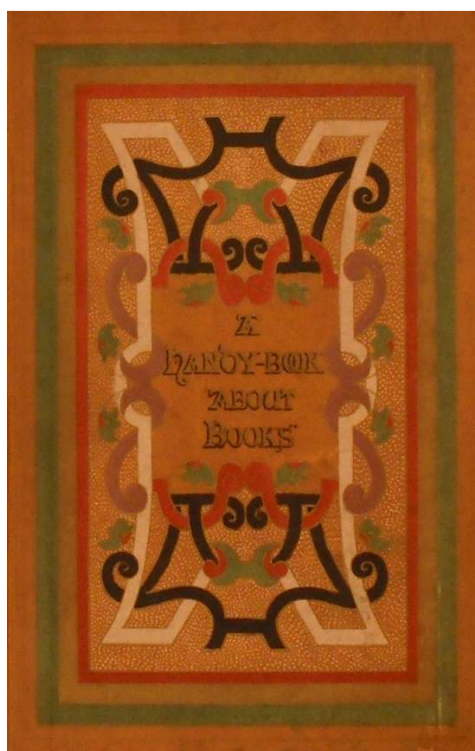
8. **Dibdin (Thomas Frognall).** *Reminiscences of a Literary Life; with anecdotes of books, and of book collectors.* Engraved frontispiece and eight plates. John Major, 1836. First Edition. Two volumes. Later full red morocco, sides with triple fillet and ornaments, spines in compartments with raised bands, lettered, decorated and dated in gilt, top edge and inner dentelles gilt, marbled end-papers, by Riviere. A little foxing and browning to end-papers and preliminary and final blanks, slightly affecting preliminaries, otherwise a very nice copy; armorial bookplate of William Charles Smith in each volume. £600

9. **Grolier Club.** *Grolier 75; a biographical retrospective to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Grolier Club in New York.* New York, 1959. First Edition. One of 1,000 copies. Small folio. Buckram with label label gilt on spine. Fine copy in decorated slipcase with printed label on spine. £70

10. **Hazlitt (William Carew).** *The Book-Collector; a general survey of the pursuit and of those who have engaged in it at Home and Abroad from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* Frontispiece and one plate each showing a book sale at Sotheby's, frontispiece with overlay identifying the figures, plates. 1904. First Edition. Buckram, spine lettered in gilt. End-papers a little browned and slight spotting at fore-edge and elsewhere, otherwise a very nice copy. £50

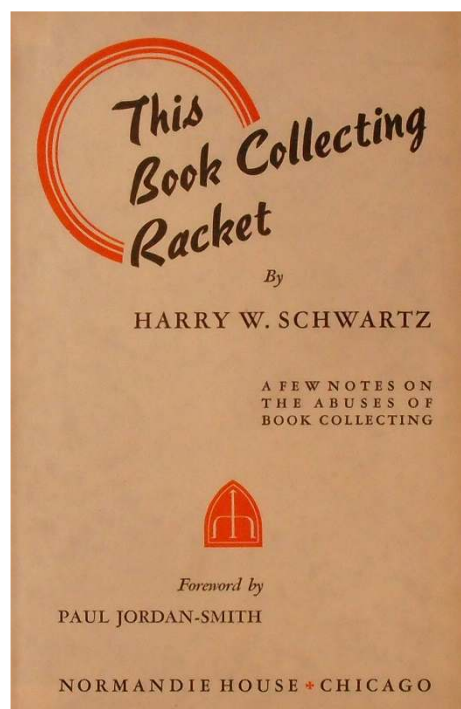
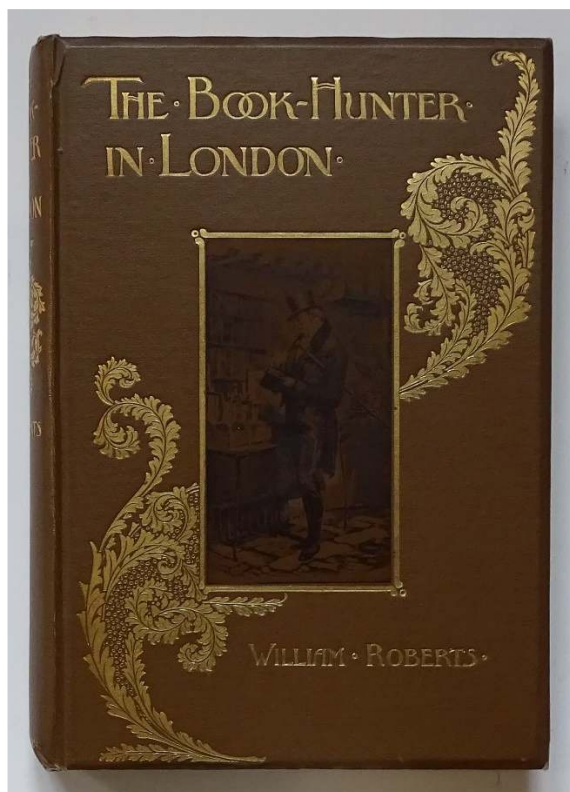
11. **Morley (Christopher).** *The Book Detective: A Record of the book-borrowing habits of your friends and a most important admonition.* William Morrow & Co., New York, 1938. First Edition. Card wrap-around portfolio in book format with various inclosures and a decorative pencil. Portfolio worn, the outer backstrip peeling from head to tail of spine at two folds, but the case strong and intact and the component parts preserved in fine condition. Not mentioned in Morley's extant bibliographies. £250

An extremely scarce curiosity from Morley, journalist, novelist and New Yorker; one of the founders and long time staff members of the Saturday Review of Literature, author of Parnassus on Wheels, The Haunted Bookshop and Tales from a Rolltop Desk. Morley was a close friend of Don Marquis, and the gregarious mainstay of the 'Three Hours for Lunch Club'. Much of his ebullient personality is communicated in this activity set for retrieving loaned books, which includes cards with 'suggestions for luring your books back diplomatically' and 'the hitherto unpublished transcript of the Criminal Trial Pandowdy V. Librovore.' An element of undeniable vitriol makes one wonder which of Morley's illustrious acquaintances was the inspiration for this endeavour.



12. **Power (John).** *A Handy-Book About Books for book-lovers, book-buyers and book-sellers.* Plates. 1870. First Edition. Cloth-backed decorated boards in facsimile of an early binding, spine lettered in gilt, top edge gilt. Binding somewhat rubbed and soiled and some spotting internally, otherwise a nice copy. £175
Includes a bibliography, chronology, typographical gazetteer, booksellers' directory and dictionary of terms.

13. **Power (John).** *A Handy-Book About Books for book-lovers, book-buyers and book-sellers.* Plates. 1870. First Edition. Bound in brown half morocco, spine lettered in gilt, top edge gilt. Binding very slightly rubbed, otherwise a very nice copy. C.H. St. John Hornby's copy, with his bookplate. £225
Includes a bibliography, chronology, typographical gazetteer, booksellers' directory and dictionary of terms.

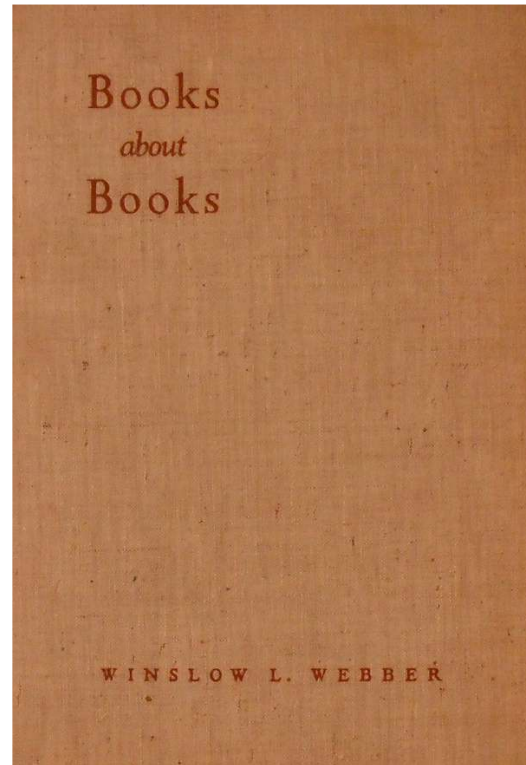
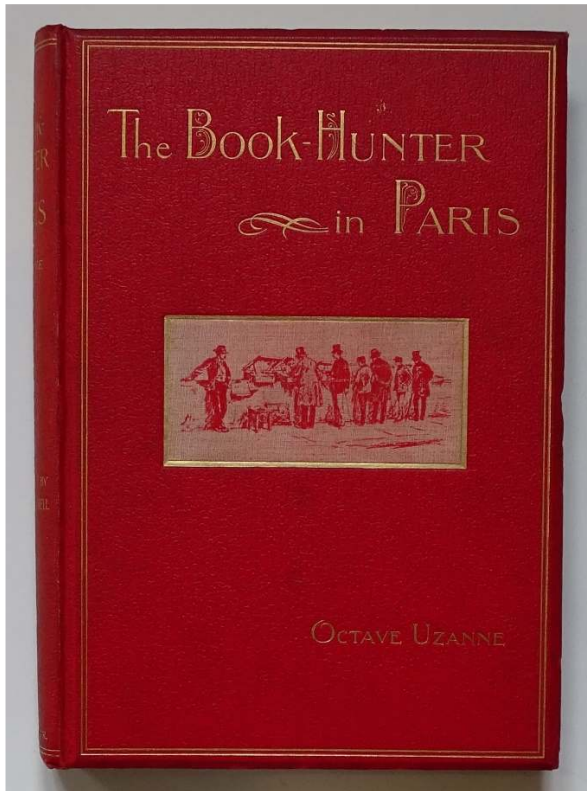


14. **Roberts (William).** *The Book-hunter in London; historical and other studies of collectors and collecting.* Frontispiece and numerous portraits and illustrations. Eliliot Stock, 1895. First Edition. Large 8vo. Original brown cloth, lettered and decorated in gilt and with an inlay reproducing one of the illustrations, top edge gilt, others uncut. Very slight wear to extremities, a little foxing at beginning and end, otherwise an exceptionally nice copy; bookplate. £400

15. **Schwartz (Harry W.).** *This Book Collecting Racket; a few notes on the abuses of book collecting.* Foreword by Paul Jordan-Smith. Chicago, 1937. New Edition, revised. Fine copy in clipped, chipped and repaired dust-wrapper. £40

16. **Slater (J. Herbert).** *Book Collecting; a guide for amateurs.* Swan Sonnenschein, & Co., 1892. First Edition. End-papers browned and some spotting, mostly at fore-edge, otherwise a nice copy. £25

17. **Thomas (Alan G.).** *Great Books and Book Collectors.* Colour plates, black-and-white illustrations. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, [1975]. First Edition. Folio. Fine copy in dust-wrapper; book-label. £50



18. **Uzanne (Octave).** *The Book-hunter in Paris; studies among the bookstalls and the quays.* Preface by Augustine Birrell. Wood-engraved illustrations. Elliot Stock, 1893. First Edition. Large 8vo. Original red cloth, ruled, lettered and decorated in gilt and with an inlay reproducing the title-page illustration in red on a cream background with gilt border, top edge gilt, others uncut. Spine just a little sunned, otherwise an exceptionally nice copy. £400

19. **Webber (Winslow L.).** *Books about Books: a bio-bibliography for collectors.* Boston, 1937. First Edition. 4to. Small mark to upper cover and text a little browned, otherwise a very nice copy. £40

20. **Wilson (Robert A.).** *Modern Book Collecting.* Illustrations. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1980. First Edition. Fine copy in dust-wrapper. Inscribed by the author on the half-title page: "This copy of [Modern Book Collecting] is for Arthur Uphill from his friend Bob Wilson in token of nearly two decades of a Transatlantic friendship, and partial thanks for his wonderful help on this book". £60
 Arthur Uphill (1931-2009) joined the staff of Bertram Rota Ltd. in 1955 and worked for the company as a cataloguer for nearly thirty-eight years. He brought to the company an extraordinary depth of knowledge of the expatriate authors living and working in Paris after 1918 and especially of Gertrude Stein and Samuel Beckett. His expertise was highly valued by his colleagues, fellow booksellers and many collectors. He was Wilson's chief collaborator in the preparation of *Gertrude Stein: A Bibliography* (1974), a fact that was fully acknowledged by the appearance of Arthur Uphill's name on the title-page of the revised edition of 1994.