Catalog No. 20

HORROR

from the Eivind Jensen Collection

Danbom & Son Books
Introduction

The books listed in this catalog are but a fraction of the material that comprise the Eivind Jensen collection. In addition to books, Mr. Jensen also collected related magazines, booklets and other ephemera. We encourage readers interested in such material to contact us for a complete inventory.

TERMS

All items are subject to prior sale. All books are returnable within 10 days if returned in the same condition as sent. Please call before returning. Payment should accompany order unless you are known to us. We accept MasterCard, Visa, checks and money orders. Please include $5 for the first item, $3 for each item thereafter for postage. Books are sent via USPS Media Mail unless otherwise requested. Colorado residents please add 8.81% sales tax.

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Graphic design by Julie Hutchinson
Cover illustration from The Height of the Scream
Eivind Jensen

HP Lovecraft was an unforgivably racist man. Anyone who endeavors to collect his works will notice also that he was a gifted creator of strange and horrific worlds that we all enjoy consuming. Reconciling the imagination behind his creations with the ugliness of his reality is not an easy thing to do.

My father abhorred racism as much as he adored the works of HP Lovecraft (as well as the works of Lovecraft’s peers, acolytes and successors), and that adoration was built on a complicated foundation of empathy, disgust, and the kind of quest for “place” in the world that we all find ourselves needing at one point or another.

My father found something special in the writers of the Weird. In each of these authors of which Lovecraft was king, my father found not mentors but guides. HP Lovecraft, and similar writers who dabbled in the weird, confronted not just scary situations and damsels in distress. Lovecraft especially went toe-to-toe with the aspects of life that are most horrible: the human appetite for cruelty, isolation, revenge, ugliness within the human spirit and the final fact that no matter how many questions science can answer, there shall always be multitudes more than cannot (yet) be. To a scientist and teacher like my father, that “yet” was an infuriating hobble of which he would never be free.

Lovecraft’s oeuvre focused on the unknowable, and the terror that comes from conforming to arbitrary human rules in the midst of unfeeling chaos. In Lovecraft, my father found a mind that was similarly burdened by the weight of understanding that the biggest questions will never have answers; especially because that will never stop us from asking them. My father found fellow philosophers in the authors that made weird fiction, science fiction, and horror such a fully developed genre. They provided him simplified thought experiments that attempted to dismantle the most wretched fragments of the human condition; perhaps not even with hope for humanity in mind, but rather to more scientifically demonstrate the sins of greed and avarice, wrath and gluttony in a safe space where they could be analyzed and compartmentalized and put back on the shelf at the end of the experiment.
My father lived in an unspeakably cruel world. He was deeply intelligent, insightful, and analytical. His expectations for himself could have filled oceans, and he learned at a young age that human bitterness, loneliness, and weakness would be constants of his universe. He never stopped punishing himself for the accomplishments he never achieved.

Writers of the Weird confronted all of those things. Better, they didn’t always offer solutions. In my father’s academic world, the only things that mattered were the ones that had answers, concrete ones. The only things that mattered were the ones that could be measured, that could be solved. HP Lovecraft, and all the others, offered my father a place to go where things didn’t have answers. That horrible place full of uncertainty and terror became a safe haven to take his own failings, his own flagging confidence, his own broken faith in humanity.

Today those same writings brought a similar safe space to me, the inheritor of his cherished collection, some of which are represented in this catalog. We all fight our own demons, we all have impossible expectations of ourselves which we cannot possibly achieve.

Lovecraft’s personal life and struggles with poverty, alienation, his unquestioning acceptance of the bigotry of his day... it all fades in importance for me, next to the significance of the maps he left behind for those of us who find ourselves in the same battles against the human condition. From “The Thing on the Doorstep” to his entire Cthulhu mythos, Lovecraft has placed existential signposts for us if we want them.

They served my father well, as they have served so many of us who continue to cherish the stories of the Weird. It’s my honor to share this collection with you and my earnest hope that you read the pages mindfully.

-- Karoline Fritz
THE ARKHAM SAMPLER, VOL II, NO. 1.
Sauk City, Arkham House, Winter 1949. One of 2000 copies printed. Octavo, 22cm 100pp. Contents by Everett Bleiler, David H. Keller, P. Schuyler Miller, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt, Donald Wandrei, Clark Ashton Smith, Ray Bradbury and others. VG- in wraps, showing staple rust on the inside front and back covers and a bump to the upper right corner of the text block. $60.

THE ARKHAM SAMPLER, VOL. II, NO. 2.

ASQUITH, CYNTHIA. THIS MORTAL COIL.

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON. THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER.

BLAISDELL, ELINORE. TALES OF THE UNDEAD.


DERLETH, AUGUST. SOMEONE IN THE DARK. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1941. 12 mo. 335pp. One of 1115 copies. First Edition. There are two states of the first edition, the second having headbands and being slightly taller than the first. This is one of the latter copies, of which 300 were printed. Inscribed, “My first macabre collection. Sincerely, August Derleth.” F/F. A gorgeous copy. $600.


LOVECRAFT, H.P. MARGINALIA. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1944. Small bumped corner and slight age toning to the dust jacket. 12mo 377pp. One of 2043 copies printed. NF/F-. $350.

LOVECRAFT, H.P. AND DERLETH, AUGUST. 
THE SURVIVOR. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1957. 
Inscribed by Derleth. F/VG, with some age toning to 
the jacket and a couple of small smudges on the back 
panel. $200.

LOVECRAFT, H.P. COLLECTED POEMS. Sauk 
City, Arkham House, 1963. 12mo 134pp. One of 2013 
$150.

LOVECRAFT, H.P. THE DUNWICH HORROR 
AND OTHERS. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1963. 8vo 

LOVECRAFT, H.P. AT THE MOUNTAINS OF 
MADNESS. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1964. 8vo 
432pp. (Number of copies printed is unclear: Neilsen 
says 3552, Joshi says 6539, the book’s colophon lists 
3000) First Edition, with no headbands and green 
dust jacket. F/F $200.

LOVECRAFT, H.P. DAGON. Sauk City, Arkham 


LOVECRAFT, H.P. NYARLATHOTEP, EX OBLIVIONE, MEMORY, WHAT THE MOON BRINGS. Sauk City, Arkham House, 1969, 1970. 4to. Miscatonic Editions. Each of these chapbooks, bound in wraps with string, is #88 of the limited editions. All Fine in accompanying envelopes. $200.


**BIBLIOGRAPHY**

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NIELSEN, LEON. *ARKHAM HOUSE BOOKS: A COLLECTOR’S GUIDE*