

JONATHAN KEARNS
RARE BOOKS

WEIRD TALES
&
PECULIAR CRIMES #11



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SPECULATIVE WORKS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, IN ORIGINAL BOARDS, WITH HALF TITLES AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

1. **Anonymous. [Webb, Jane (Mrs. John Claudius Loudon)]. *The Mummy: A Tale of The Twenty-Second Century*.**

London: Henry Colburn, 1827.

First edition. 3 vols. 12mo. Publisher's original buff paper spines over powder blue pasteboard. Paper title labels, label for vol III missing, label for volume I lacking a considerable portion. Flaking to paper spines and cosmetic starting to hinges leaving gatherings exposed in some patches. Stitching and hinges strong, all three volumes solid and durable. Boards show some light wear to extremities, a small scrape to the skin of the rear board of vol II, bumping and scuffing to corners. The wear gives every appearance of not having originated in heavy use or misuse, but more likely from having been in the same bookcase for years with the exposed spines drying out slightly, much in the manner of a mummy, come to think of it. Internally clean, half titles to all three volumes, fresh and bright, glorious wide margins and untrimmed edges, beautifully mismatched paper sizes, a book that has never been near a guillotine in its existence. Gathering L of Vol III is obviously of different paper stock, because it shows some pretty heavy foxing in stark contrast to the crisp, creamy nature of the other pages. There is wear, certainly, but I can't really catalogue this book as anything other than beautiful; one of the most important pieces of 19th century weird fiction, untrimmed, virtually untouched internally, in original boards, with half titles, Longman, Reese, Orme ads dated Feb 1827 to the prelims of Vol I, and 5pp. Colburn ads to the rear of vol III (with the first page of ads printed directly to the verso of the last page of text). It is an untouched, complete, copy of a scarce and important book and it is glorious. I will demand satisfaction from anyone who suggests otherwise.



Jane Loudon (nee Webb, the name under which she is best known for her horticultural treatises) produced *The Mummy! Or A Tale of The Twenty-Second Century* (published by the

piratical Henry Colburn, who published Polidori's *Vampyre* under Byron's name in 1819) when facing some harsh realities for a single woman in the 19th century. Both of Loudon's parents were dead by 1824, when she was 17, and she was swiftly forced to find some way to "do something for [her] support":

"I had written a strange, wild novel, called the Mummy, in which I had laid the scene in the twenty-second century, and attempted to predict the state of improvement to which this country might possibly arrive."

Already well-travelled and with several languages under her belt, Jane Webb was clearly not without either smarts or skills. Her husband-to-be, John Claudius Loudon, sought her out after writing a favourable review of the novel, believing her, 'naturally', to be a man. Once the shock of her femininity had worn off, they were married a year later.

Loudon's resurrected Cheops is a sage and helpful corpse, granted life maintained by a higher power rather than by human error and hubris. Loudon's twenty-second century is an absolutely blinding bit of fictional prophecy, on par with William Gibson's *Neuromancer* for edgy prescience. The habit of the time was to view the future as the early nineteenth century, but with bigger buildings and with the French in charge, but Loudon's 2126 AD goes for women striding about independently in trousers, robot doctors and solicitors, and something that's not too far from an early concept of the internet. Her strange, wild story, in which corpsified Cheops helps rebuild a corrupt society, addresses much of the underlying horror of Shelley's *Frankenstein* with a more redemptive take on the reanimation of dead flesh. It was also a definite influence on Bram Stoker's better-remembered "Jewel of The Seven Stars," published in the 1890s, and possibly even on Poe's "Ligeia" in 1838, in which a man painstakingly wraps his dead wife in bandages prior to her burial.



One doesn't like to be uncharitable, but one could be forgiven for thinking that the literary establishment of the 19th century believed that one ground breaking scientific novel by a woman was pretty much fine for any self respecting century, and we should get back to talking about books by men with impressive whiskers. The actual truth of the matter is that a

huge number of the groundbreaking pieces of fiction in the 19th century were written by women, and I'm unlikely to forgive that literary establishment for the fact that I had to study Dickens and Hardy in school, but never got within arms reach of Jane Webb (or even Mary Shelley come to think of it)...not because Dickens and Hardy aren't pretty good (although frankly, comedy fat people with chortle inducing names never really did it for me, the opening of Bleak House though...Unf.), but because they aren't solely indicative of the 19th century fictional landscape, it's like women are rationed: you can have a bit of Bronte or a quick waltz with Austen (actually more likely a glass of ratafia and a hand of Piquet), but then it's back to being stuck in a small room with Anthony Trollope. I often wonder how Frankenstein would have persisted if Mary Shelley hadn't been who she was, and hadn't hung out with Byron and married a feisty emo, would her work have been hailed as revolutionary and occupy the position it now does? Or was one of the requirements of being recognised as an amazing young woman that you had to hang out with some amazing men first? Jane Loudon did it mostly on her own, and did a damn fine job of it at almost the same young age as Mary Shelley, and I reckon her rep could do with a push back up to where it belongs. Obviously I'd say the same for Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Molesworth, The Countess of Muenster, Alice Perrin, Mary Webb, Bessie Kyffin Taylor, and Florence Marryat, amongst many others, but the point is unchanged. This book is an amazing thing, and should be celebrated as such. *"One of the children of FRANKENSTEIN, interesting in its curious medley of themes from current events, literature, and social theory. It contains snippets of almost every popular fictional form of its period and the immediate past, and also anticipates future developments. It offers utopian thought, Gothicism, anti-intellectualism, Egyptological discoveries, fantastic inventions, memories of Napoleon, Byronism, a dynastic theory of history, and much else. The SF element is strong, with many inventions and many projections of history; the supernatural element enters in the background, in the ultimate anti-intellectual theme, when the mummy reveals that it was not really revived by electricity, but by God as a warning against scientific prying."* - Bleiler, The Guide to Supernatural Fiction

"the novel focuses primarily on the Byzantine political intrigues in an England under a female monarchical succession. In this advanced world of the future, where weather control is possible and people travel in high-speed balloons, a man named Edric journeys to Egypt -- now totally industrialized -- with a Frankenstein-esque plan for reanimating the mummy of Cheops. The attempt appears successful, but afterwards Edric passes out and the mummy escapes, taking Edric's balloon to England and entering into the plotting and counter-plotting there. Thereafter, the romance reads more like something out of Sir Walter Scott. In the final scene [in] the Cheops' tomb, the mummy, who has for the most part been presented as a diabolic figure, reveals to Edric that supernatural rather than natural forces caused him to come to life again temporarily to 'assist the good and punish the malevolent' as penitence for his misdeeds as pharaoh." - Anatomy of Wonder

wtpc6

[Ref: 887] £20,000

2. Aubrey, Frank. **The Devil Tree of Eldorado.**

London: The Boys' Friend Library, 1923.

No. 688 in the Boys' Friend Library series. 64pp. Publisher's decorated paper wraps, depicting the Devil Tree in all its carnivorous majesty, a little wear to the extremities and a little flaky around the spine, but remarkably strong and attractive. Internally clean, though printed on truly awful paper stock, rather in keeping with the fact that it sold for fourpence. A fabulous bit of Lost Race, youthful explorers, hidden wonders of the jungle kind of fiction, notable as an aside for utilising the same location that Conan Doyle would later explore in The Lost

World. A handsome little battler to have made it all the way here in fit state for admiration. Scarce.

[Ref: 912] £60

3. **Ball, Eustace Hale. *The Gaucho*.**

London: Readers Library, [1928].

First UK edition. Small 8vo. Publisher's burgundy cloth decorated in faded gilt, actually an exceptionally good copy of a Reader's Library book, in a near fine dustwrapper, probably the cleanest example I have seen...I may have to sit down and have a cup of tea. Internally clean, with paper stock that could actually be described as something other than yellow, and 8 pp. of black and white images of Douglas Fairbanks being irrepressibly manly. It's a pretty little book, and an unusual survival, in addition there aren't that many titles detailing the adventures of Argentine bandits.

[Ref: 896] £75



4. **Baring, Maurice. *The Glass Mender*.**

London: Heinemann, 1926.

Later printing (the first was in 1910). 8vo. 188pp. Publisher's bright red cloth, clean and bright, titled and decorated in gilt to spine and front board, spine a little sunned, minor edgewear, a

very good copy indeed. Internally clean, bookplate to front pastedown (Christian Heskith), minor spotting here and there, mainly to page edges. A rather dreamy collection of fairy tale like stories from a man who seems to have known absolutely everyone.

[Ref: 890] £50

5. **Baring-Gould, S. *The Crock of Gold*.** Twelve Fairy Tales, Old and New, as told by Jermeiah Toope, Schoolmaster..

London: Methuen, [1899].

First edition. 8vo. 252pp. Publisher's red cloth, titled and decorated in gilt to spine and front board. Minor rubbing and bumping, a touch of sunning to spine, a very good copy of an oddly tricky book to find. Internally clean, pictorial title page, illustrated throughout. A collection of tales, including the rather cool "Ash Maid" from the man who is perhaps best known for writing "The Book of Were-Wolves" in rare books circles, and having written the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers" everywhere less heathen. A fascinating chap, kind of like a prototype for Montague Summers but without the persistent odour of opium and the threat of imminent defrocking.

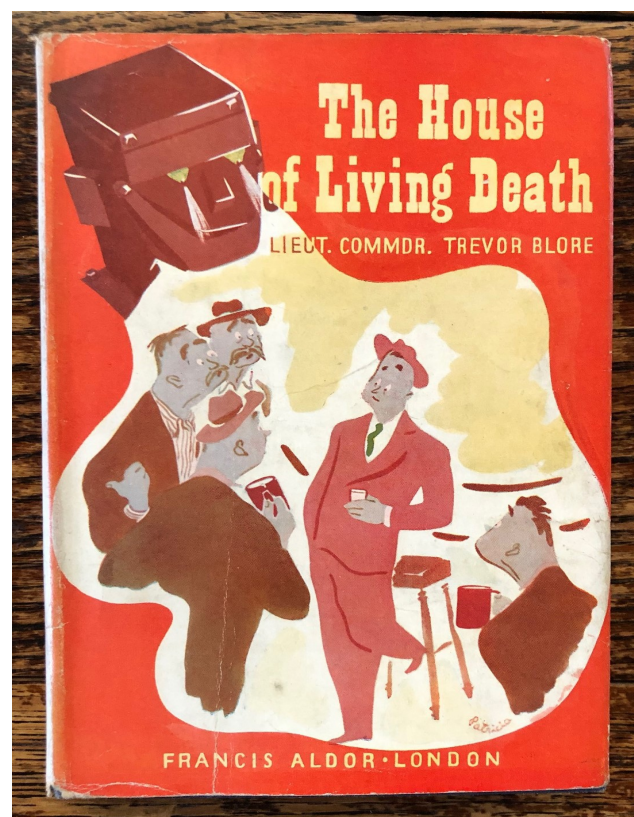
[Ref: 889] £95

6. **Blore, Lieut. Commdr. Trevor. *The House of The Living Death*.**

London: Francis Aldor, 1946.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher's blue cloth titled in gilt to spine, in a bright example of the dustwrapper. Some minor wear and soiling, slight edgewear, strong and clean. A very good copy. Internally clean, pencil ownership to front free endpaper. An interesting piece of almost supernatural but not quite, detective fiction featuring a resourceful journalist chap from Fleet Street called Terry Rorke. Quirky, produced from the leisure time of a noted Royal Navy man.

[Ref: 917] £85



7. **Bousefield, H.T.W. *The God With Four Arms*.**

London: Arthur Barker, 1939.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher's blue-green cloth, titled in gilt to spine, a little rubbed and scuffed, with a slight lean, a pretty good copy, looks more disreputable than it is, much like myself. Internally clean, printed on excellent paper stock, with the only defect being a rather incompletely removed review slip to the lower part of the title page. From the library of Richard Dalby, with his index card laid in. A splendid and mostly unknown collection of supernatural and weird stories including "The Unknown Island", in which an unmapped Greek Island is home to a Gorgon, and "Green Ink" a rather delightful witchcraft story. Scarce, and pretty interesting, he's no Bessie Kyffin Taylor, but then nobody is; these stories definitely deserve being retrieved from obscurity.

[Ref: 914] £150

8. **Caine, Hall. *Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon*.**

London: Heinemann, 1892.

7th Thousand. 8vo. 273pp. + 24pp. ads. Publisher's red cloth titled and decorated in gilt to spine and front board, spine sunned, minor edgewear, cup marks, the bane of all cloth books, to front board. A strong solid copy, slightly marred by having been used as a coaster. Edges untrimmed, Internally clean, bookplate to front pastedown (E.W. Fisher, whose pencil ownership and address, dated 1896 are present on the verso of the front flyleaf). Internally clean. From the library of the late Richard Dalby, with a small sheaf of some of his ubiquitous paperwork laid in. One of Caine's more decidedly Manx of his Manx tales; a young man off to seek his fortune, a girl waiting at home, a spot of intrigue, a bit of jealousy, en emotional roller coaster ensues.

[Ref: 888] £150

9. **Caine, Hall. *The Manxman*.**

London: Readers Library, [1929].

Film tie in edition. Small 8vo. Publisher's maroon boards "embellished" as usual with gilt so poor it should be spelled "guilt" and everyone involved should hang their heads. Actually rather a good copy for a Reader's Library book, a gorgeous and tantalising collection of gem like little books brutally thrust out, with the production values of a shallow grave, from the kind of materials you'd use if you were forced to open a publishing house in the radioactive ruins of Pripyat. Minor scuffing and edgewear, dulling to the spine, in a really very good example of the truly epic wraparound illustrated dustwrapper, bright and clean with the bare minimum of offensive wear, some trifling shallow fraying to the extremities. Internally clean, with the paper surprisingly not looking like it has spent 90 years immersed in strong tea. 8 pages of photographs from the film, Alfred Hitchcock's last silent movie before he moved on to talkies. A rather lovely Reader's Library copy of a title that is normally only seen as an issue point on other writer's books.

[Ref: 895] £175



10. Chambers, Robert W. **The Tracer of Lost Persons.**

London: The Amalgamated Press Limited, [1911].

Daily Mail Sixpenny Novel edition. 8vo. 146pp + oodles of ads covering every spare bit of page surface. Publisher's paper illustrated wraps, a little worn to the extremities, some splitting at the base of the spine and some rust traces from the staples, remarkably little loss, just some wear and a tiny bit of tear, a very good example of a fragile object.

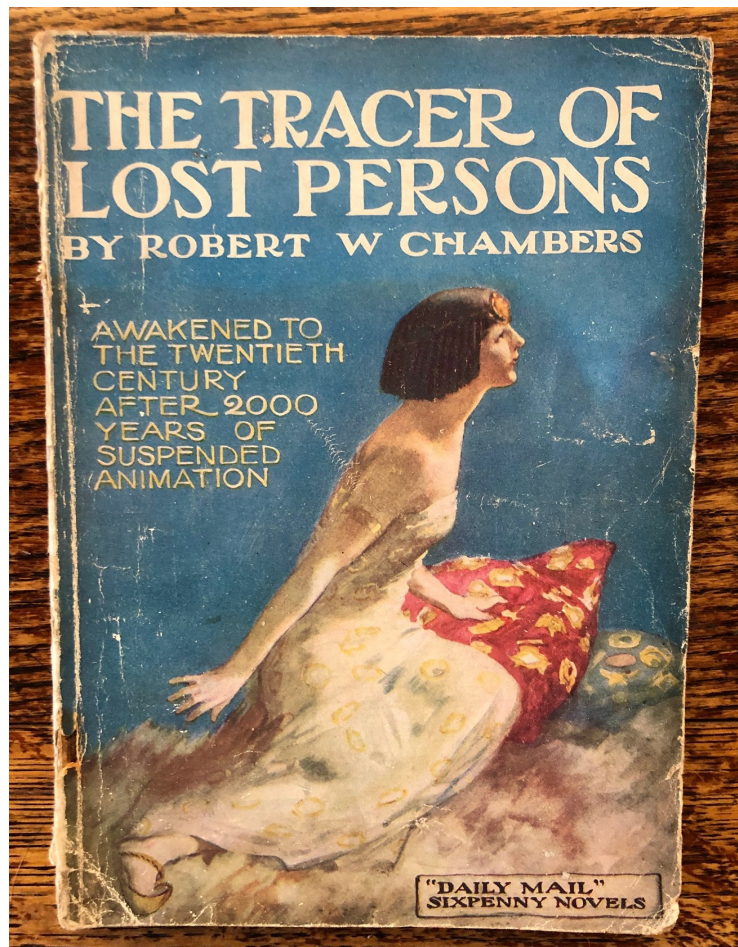
Internally clean, the cheap paper stock having endured rather well, illustrated with full page plates by G.H. Evison.

Apparently a colonial distribution under the auspices of Amalgamated Press, as the listed distributors are all in Australia, India, and South Africa.

Chambers is rightly best known for his epically wonderful "The King in Yellow", but frankly the Tracer of Lost Persons is not far behind. It's protagonist, Westrel Keen, is an investigator possessed of a mysterious amount of genius and an apparent flair for just about anything one

can think of from cryptography, to chemistry, via Egyptology of the most exploratory sort...it's one thing to know who Rameses II was, it's quite another to get yourself involved in the revivification of a 2000 year old mummy (a woman by the way, I'm looking at you Rebecca Baumann of the Lilly Library) in order to assuage the desires a lovesick tomb raider. It's gorgeous stuff, it's not read enough, and it should be.

[Ref: 904] £65



11. **Craik, Dinah Mulock. Domestic Stories.**

London: Smith Elder, 1862.

A New Edition (the first edition was 1859). 8vo. Contemporary red half calf gilt with brown title labels over ripple grain cloth boards. Minor scuffing and edgewear, a handsome and solid little volume. Internally clean, marbled endpapers, all edges marbled. Rather ugly bit of crossing out of an old ownership to verso front flyleaf, and a private library stamp (Albemarle Lodge, which could either be the house in Sydenham, or more interestingly, the Masonic Lodge in North Carolina) to the upper right title page, there's also some vigorous erasing to the verso of the title page and a section of loss to the margin of the half title. All of this makes it sound like a bit of a dog's dinner, which it in fact isn't, once one has got past the irritation of the first two leaves it is all plain sailing until one reaches the final fly leaf which has a childish pencil drawing and a tear, it's a good example of why people should just deal with the fact that when a book is 157 years it old it will have been owned by other people and they may have

written their names in it. Regardless, it's actually a very nice little book with a couple of scars. The stories on the other hand are well worth getting past all that for. Dinah Mulock Craik wrote some beautifully observed, painstakingly detailed, and hugely popular stories across a range of areas. I am very fond of the focus on how odd and convoluted people's domestic environments can become, and a lot of the tales here focus on that. Of particular note is "The Half Caste" an oddly little story about foster parents manipulating a very young Indian heiress. Scarce.

[Ref: 916] £175

12. **Crawford, F. Marion. *Uncanny Tales*.**

London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1917.

Reprint edition, the first being from 6 years earlier, this volume being part of the Unwins 1/- Novels Series. Publisher's embossed blue cloth, titled in dark blue to spine, minor edgewear, clean and strong. Internally clean, although printed on less than stellar paper stock, decorated endpapers and title page. A pretty little book. One of the best collections of supernatural and weird stories, unsettling and carefully crafted, including The Screaming Skull, and Man Overboard!

[Ref: 910] £50

13. **Crawford, F. Marion. *The Upper Berth*.**

London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1913.

Sevenpenny Library edition. Small 8vo. Publisher's tan embossed cloth, titled in gilt to spine and decorated in blind to spine and front board. Minor edgewear, clean, sharp and tight, a very good copy. Internally clean, black and white pictorial frontispiece. A pretty little edition of one of Crawford's most masterful weird tales, originally published in 1894, it has pretty much everything: ocean liner, mysterious deaths, a smell of damp, a porthole that repeatedly opens itself...actually has a distinctly Hope Hodgson flavour to it, and a hint of being rather ahead of its time. Splendid.

[Ref: 902] £75

14. **Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan [ed: Christopher and Barbara Roden]. *Western Wanderings*.**

Penyffordd: The Arthur Conan Doyle Society, 1994.

Limited edition. Presentation Copy "F" out of a run of 150 copies (at a guess 26 lettered copies, and 124 numbered). 8vo. Publisher's red cloth titled in gilt. A fine copy, internally clean.

Inscribed by the editors Barbara and Christopher Roden to the title page:

"To Richard, An A.C.D. rarity - hope you can find a bit of space for it somewhere! With all best wishes, Barabara Roden, Christopher Roden 20 April 1994."

From the library of noted bibliophile and collector Richard Dalby. A lovely reissue of a very scarce piece of Doyle, with an introduction by the Roden's, and photographs throughout supplied by the Lancelyn Green collection.

[Ref: 909] £250

WESTERN WANDERINGS

by

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Edited, with an Introduction by

CHRISTOPHER RODEN

and

BARBARA RODEN

To Richard,

Am A.C.D. rarity - hope you can
find a bit of space for it somewhere!

With all best wishes,

Barbara Roden

Christopher Roden

20 April, 1994

THE ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE SOCIETY

1994

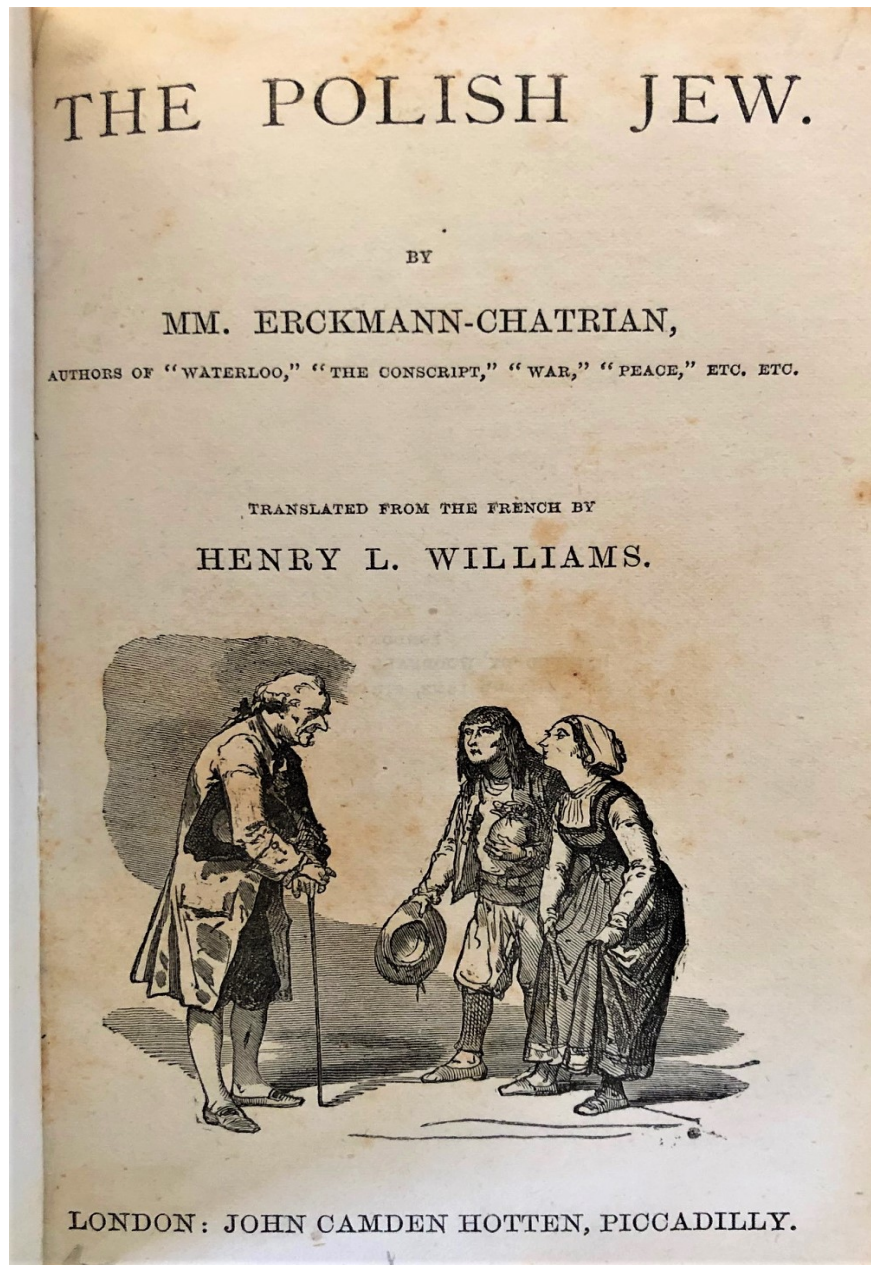
15. Erckmann-Chatrion, MM. **The Polish Jew.**

London: John Camden Hotten, n.d. [1872].

First English Edition. Technically a 16mo. Bound in contemporary blue-green half calf over marbled boards. Red title label, gilt decoration to spines. Minor rubbing and edgewear, strong and extremely handsome, a very attractive little book. Internally clean, green endpapers, ink ownership to front pastedown. One of the French duo's more popular and enduring works, a psychological descent into chaos dramatised as "The Bells" providing the role that became one of Sir Henry Irving's best known roles. Here seen in it's first English appearance as part of the redoubtable if trouble prone John Camden Hotten's groundbreaking translated publications. Hotten, noted bibliophile and enthusiast, seems to have constantly hovered on the brink of controversy, a noted collector and producer of erotica, published Swinburne's

"Poems and Ballads" to cries of indecency after Moxon fell afoul of it (although gossip has it that Hotten virtually blackmailed Swinburne into making things a bit more racy, things to blackmail Swinburne about never exactly being thin on the ground). He introduced London to Walt Whitman, Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, having spent a few years in America and not being one to miss an opportunity. He also wrote biographies of notable authors, under a pseudonym. The publishing house he founded eventually, through a process of accretion, became the much vaunted Chatto & Windus. A scarce book.

[Ref: 911] £475

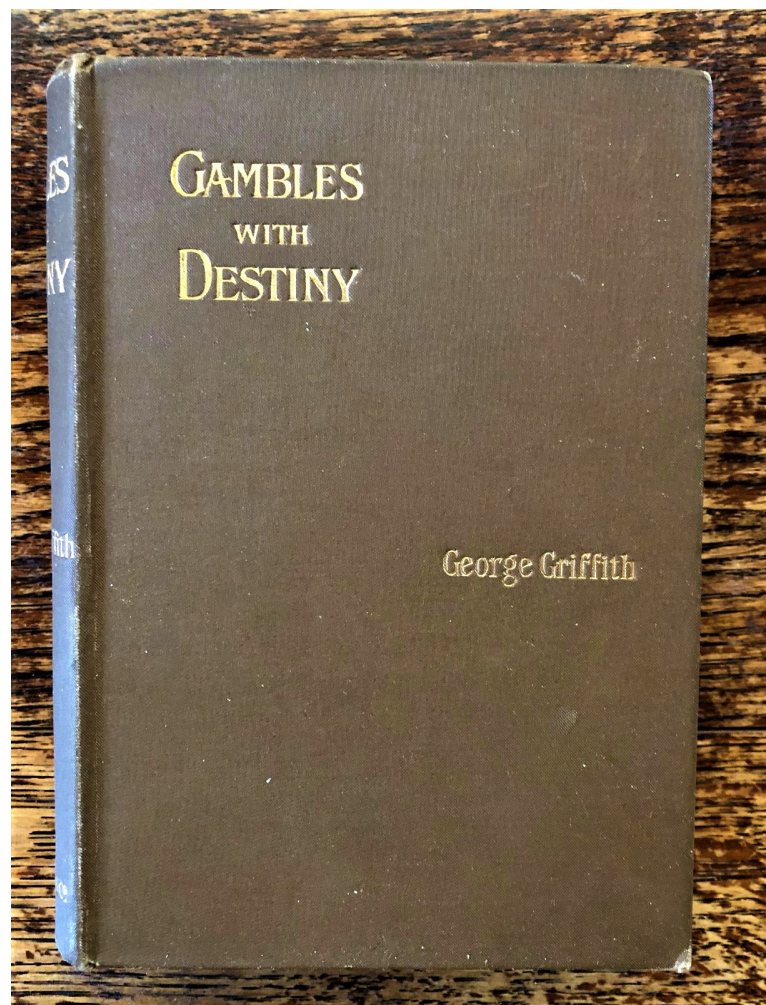


16. **Griffith, George [George Chetwynd Griffith-Jones]. *Gambles with Destiny*.**

London: F.V. White and Co., 1899.

First edition. 8vo. 232pp. + 16pp. ads. Publisher's brown cloth titled in gilt to spine and front board. Minor bumping and scuffing here and there, clean, bright and sharp, a very good copy indeed. Internally clean, a spot of toning to the prelims, smart and clean. A collection of Griffith's shorter strangeness, includes "Hellsville, USA" (the kind of tale of "poor people being put into camps, economic cleansing" that would seem positively dystopian if one didn't, you know...read the news, or go outside), and "A Corner in Lightning" which is an Arctic based cautionary tale in which we are reminded that venture capitalists and hungry entrepreneurs are in fact utterly disastrous for the planet rather than being good for it. Griffith may have been eccentric, somewhat fixated, and undeniably doomed, but what he lacked in durability he made up for with a blizzard of sexy fervour. I personally will always enjoy him for *Honeymoon in Space*, although other people do tend to go on about *Angel of The Revolution* and something called "socialism" which is apparently a political thing where we try and avoid a society where we gleefully feed poor people into big furnaces called "corporations" so that obscenely rich Skeksis people can warm their spidery talons. Or something.

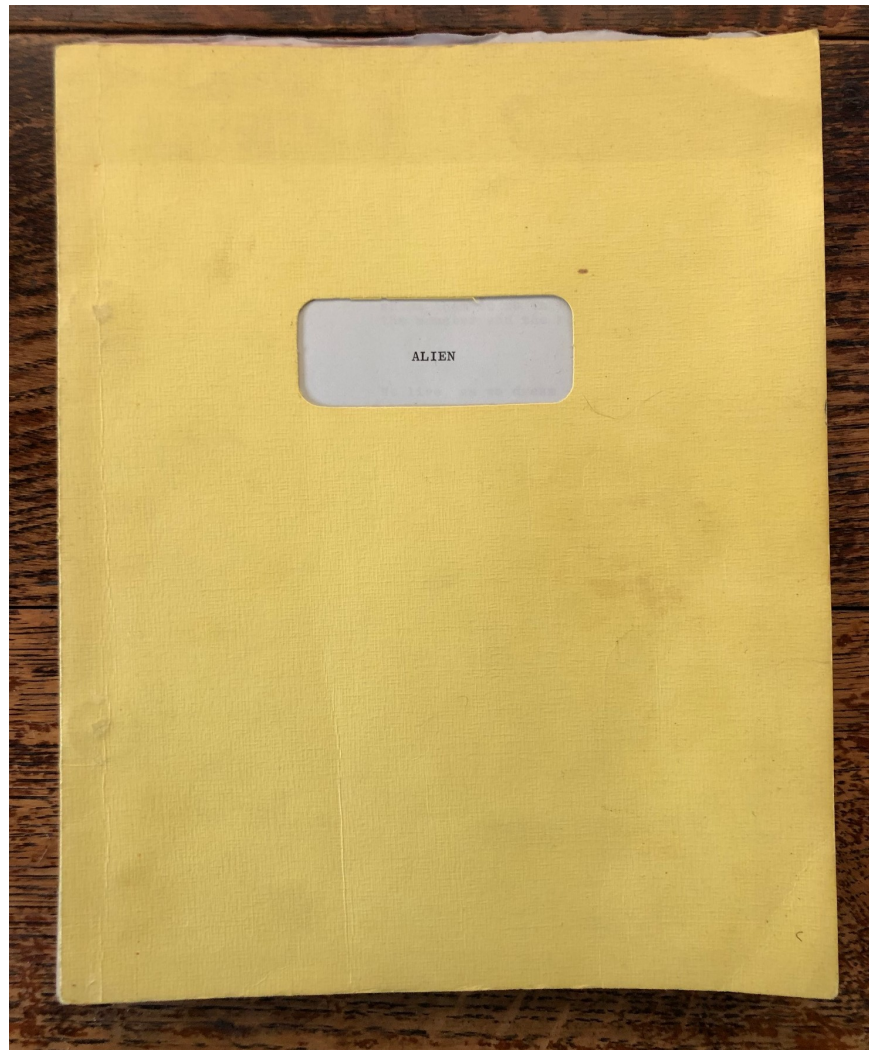
[Ref: 891] £250



17. **Hill, Walter [with] Giler, David. *Alien*** Revised final draft, June/July 1978..
Los Angeles: Brandywine Productions, 1978.

Folio. 118pp. In a yellow card script binder, some soiling, otherwise a very sharp, clean copy on several different colours of foolscap paper. With corrections, additions and annotations in blue and black ink throughout, a number of the script and direction changes don't appear in other copies of the Revised Final Draft, even when bearing the same dates; these include dialogue changes, stage directions and location descriptions, the origin of the annotations is unknown, but clearly the changes are being made at a fairly high level. An interesting transitional script, most copies of the final revised edition running to 82 pages, suggesting a fair amount of cropping and tweaking took place between the variations, one of my favourite details being that this variation contains the scene where the xenomorph loses a limb whilst evading being blown out of an airlock, which never made it into the final film, and the sex scene between Dallas and Ripley that was also omitted. Fascinating.

[Ref: 915] £750



ALIEN

Revised Final Draft

by

Walter Hill

and

David Giler

Based on screenplay

by

Dan O'Bannon

Story

by

Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett

June 1978

Brandywine Productions,
10201 West Pico Boulevard,
Los Angeles,
California 90064

Page 31A

RIPLEY

Ash, Urgent. Mother has *Tell Dallas Mother speculates*
~~deciphered part of the transmission.~~ *that the transmission*
~~I'm afraid it may not be an S.O.S.~~ *is some kind of warning*

ASH V.O.

Then what is it.

RIPLEY

She thinks it may be a warning.

ing static.

We've got to get through to them.
Right away.

ASH V.O.

It's no use. Once they went inside
we lost them completely.

on: Petroleum tanker and Refinery.
ty: 200,000,000 tons.
: One and one half kilometers.
ed exterior encrusted with dark sludge.

OR BRIDGE

t pores over charts.
ts her console.
ed.

KANE

Contact traffic control.

switches on her transmission unit.

RIPLEY

This is commercial vessel Nostromo, *out of Houston.*
Registration number 180246, Do you
read me. Over.

ing but the hiss of static.

calling Antarctica Traffic Control.

RIPLEY

Nothing.

KANE

Keep trying.

to Lambert.
y attempting transmission in background.

KANE

You got a reading yet.

LAMBERT

We're way out in the boondocks
here ...

KANE

Keep trying ...

RIPLEY

Let's call it settled.

gives her a curt nod.
ns his attention to the instrumentation.

RIPLEY

Somebody fill me in.

Kane

DALLAS *cargo hold*

~~He~~ went into the ~~structure~~ alone,
we lost ~~radio~~ contact. When we
pulled him out, it was on his face ...

ASH

Where did it come from ...

DALLAS

Somewhere inside that ship.

PARKER

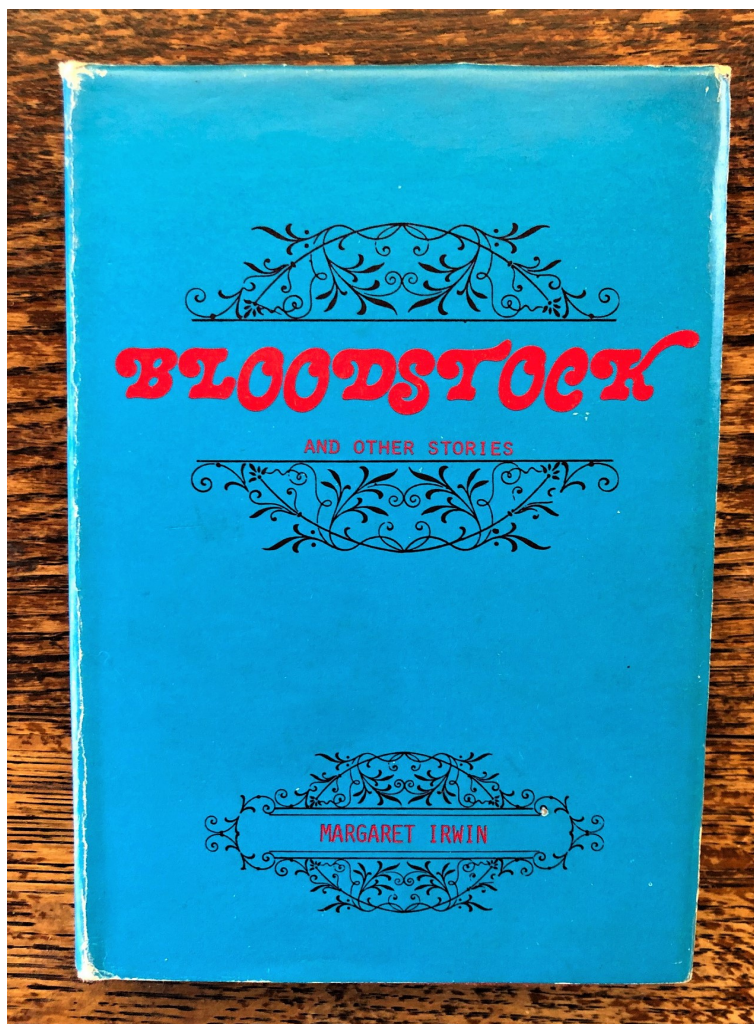
How the hell is he breathing.

18. **Irwin, Margaret. Bloodstock** And Other Stories.

Hornchurch: Ian Henry Publications, 1978.

First edition thus, a less comprehensive edition was originally published in the 1950's, and the supernatural material hails from the epically scarce and utterly beautiful "Madame Fears The Dark". 8vo. Publisher's red cloth, lightly faded to extremities, in a very good example of the blue and red dustwrapper, with some light edgewear and a spot of creasing here and there. Internally clean. A collection of Irwin's truly excellent stories, including several weird ones ("Monsieur Seeks a Wife" being particularly cracking, where a chap meets two fascinating sisters who turn out not to be women...but cats. I mean, we've all been there), also present is The Collar, and a number of other less openly weird stories, although "Mrs. Oliver Cromwell" is rather a beauty, showing Irwin's hallmark historical accuracy and ability to breathe life into historical personalities. She's a truly wonderful writer, and frankly is well worth a restoration. This copy is from the library of the late Richard Dalby and contains a sheaf of his paperwork, all the clues in this one point to him planning an article, possibly about supernatural cats. Scarce.

[Ref: 913] £250



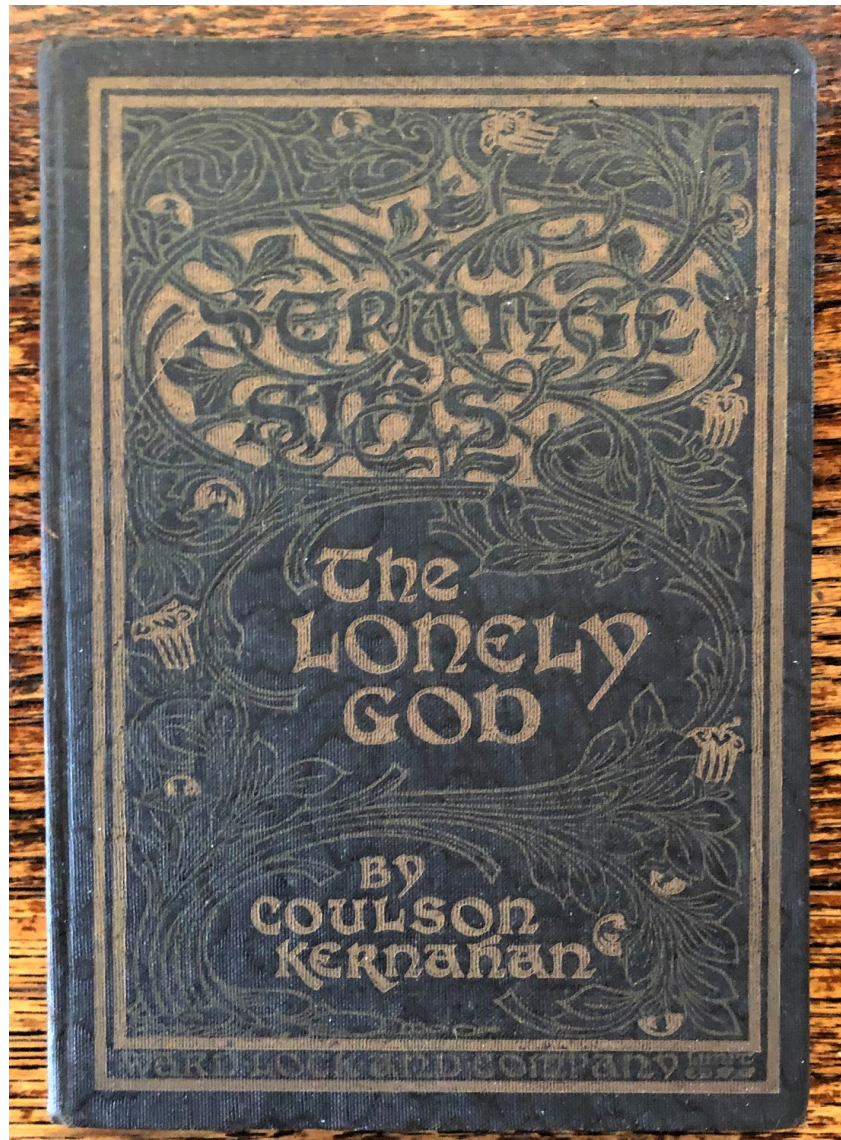
19. **Kernahan, Coulson. The Lonely God** Strange Sins #2.

London: Ward Lock, 1897.

First thus (the complete "Books of Strange Sins" having been published in 1893). 8vo. 51pp. +2pp ads. Publisher's cloth covered limp boards, decorated rather lavishly in a pseudo Celtic arts and crafts fashion, title to spine and front board, with the rear board being an equally ornate ad for the other volumes in the cycle. Front board and spine a little dulled, otherwise

strong and clean. A very good copy. The second of four slim, almost chapbook productions dealing with the supernatural punishments for various wayward behaviours. Kernahan was very popular at the time, although rather less so now, and the rather elegant prose, carrying its rather ponderous and pious message, is testament to why. A lovely, if odd, little piece of book production.

[Ref: 918] £50



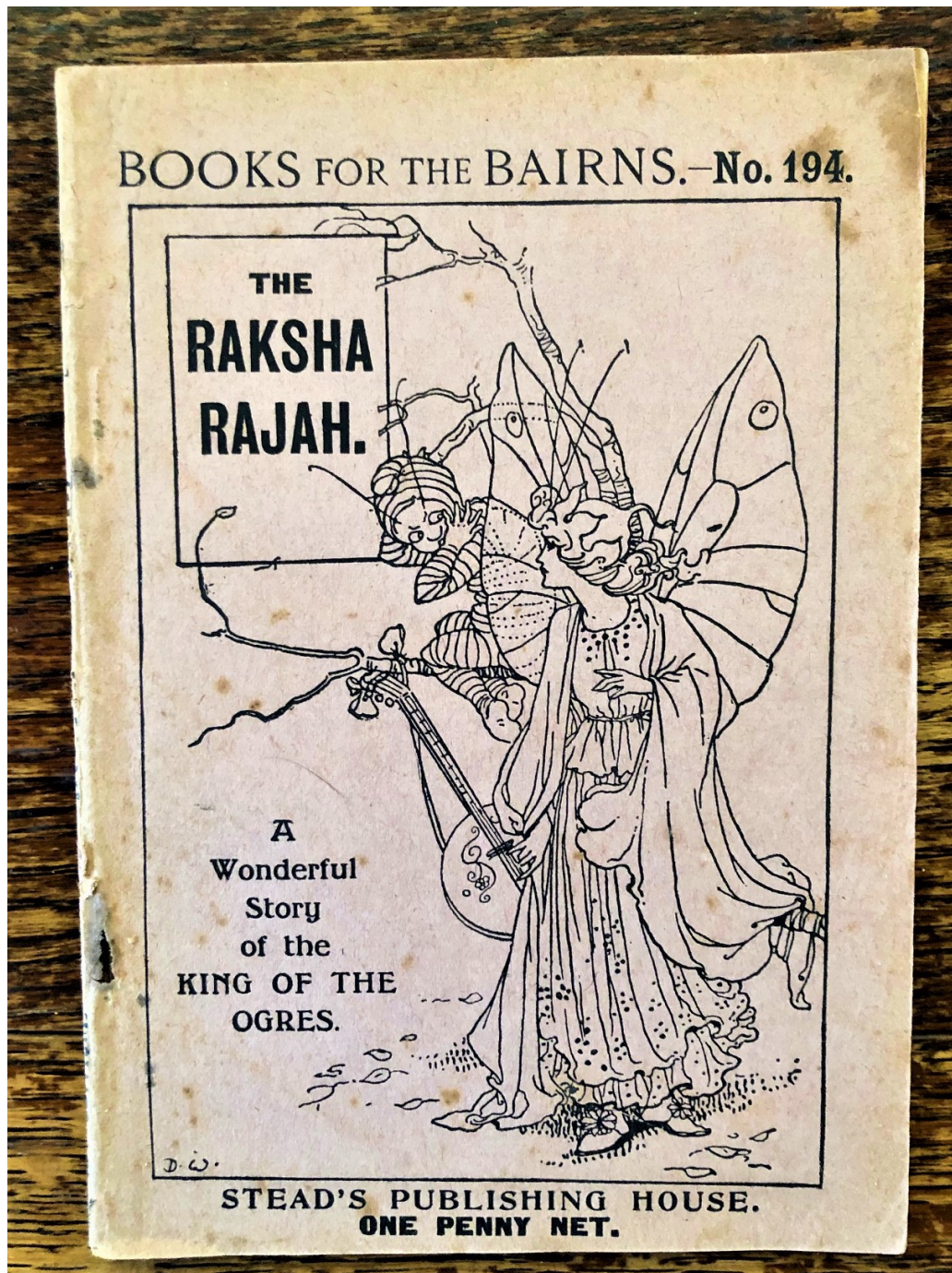
20. **Kerruish, Jessie D. *The Raksha Rajah*** Or, The King of The Ogres..

London: Stead's Publishing House, [1912].

First edition. 60pp. Publisher's pink paper wraps, a little faded and discoloured, titled and decorated in black, touches of wear but overall very good indeed, and an astonishing survival. Kerruish was mostly known for her Indian and "Arabian" fantasies, of which this is one, illustrated throughout by Brinsley Le Fanu no less, in fine style. Obviously every available

inch that isn't taken up with story or illustrations is taken up with ads for Steedman's Soothing Powder ("Contains no Poison!"), and Fry's Cocoa. Kerruish is probably best known for her outstanding, and oft reprinted werewolf tale "The Undying Monster: A Tale of The Fifth Dimension", which was actually filmed in 1943 as The Hammond Mystery (originally the curse was figured out by a rather plucky lady occult detective, but the movie version replaced her with a square jawed chap as far as I can recall). Scarce.

[Ref: 898] £95



21. **Kingsley, Henry. *The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn*** [Bound With] *The Bushranger's Sweetheart* by Hume Nisbet.
 London: London, Ward Lock and Co. [also] F.V. White and Co., 1900.
 Sixpenny Novel Edition. 8vo. 256pp. + 127pp. + ads. Bound in a functional contemporary dark blue pebble grained cloth binding, titled in gold to spine, strong and handsome. Two sixpenny novel format novels, sharing an Australian theme, bound as one. Actually the kind of thing I rather like, sixpenny novels, not Geoffry Hamlyn. Penned by the younger brother of Charles "Water Babies" Kingsley after a stint down under; Geoffry Hamlyn is one of those briskly written, confident, muscular, crushing handshake kind of novels that hurls its crass and rather childish message at you with the speed of a well thrown rugby ball, and then laughs at you when you complain about getting hit in the face. The frontispiece, just as a hint, features a European chap on horseback slashing at a group of running tribesmen with a bloody sabre. Bruh. English nobility, down on their luck because people don't value good breeding any more, run off to Australia to make their fortune. All the well bred chaps are in charge, all the poor chaps, brown chaps, or chaps of poor stock are convicts, or lower orders, or need to keep a weather eye open for swords and horses. Well bred chaps indulge in a bit of land speculation and a spot of noblesse oblige, return to Devon with their fortunes restored and beautiful wives and everything is back as it should be. It's fascinating for a number of reasons, both in spite of and because of its rampant colonialist heavy footedness; written in 1859, just after India had broken the heart of the Empire and kind of chucked all our belief that we were God's Own teachers, policemen and nursemaids back in our face, if it had been written 20 years earlier it would have taken place in Bengal. Fictionally speaking we needed to find new places to send our young chaps off to, hand in hand with God, to seek and make their fortunes as good, muscular, Christians. Australia, later South Africa and a number of other distant climes suited very well, and each came with their own mythology of the occupants, both indigenous and otherwise. Bluff stockmen, villainous bushrangers, broad shouldered chaps who would stand no nonsense and blushed within ten feet of any woman, sly foreigners (actually didn't matter if they were Aboriginal, Chinese, Portuguese or whatever; all those who are not British have traits in common, one of those traits is "slyness", there ought to be a concordance written), and an innate understanding that all that was great and good and pure and strong almost by definition had to emanate from an island off the coast of France where, apparently, God lived. You can blame generals and statesmen, kings and governments, or any number of destinies, manifest or otherwise; but it's the Henry Kingsleys of the world who have the real power to set things in motion, it wasn't a politician who said "Go West, Young Man..." nor a king who spoke of the "White Man's Burden." and it wasn't government ministers who fomented populist hatred of the Chinese in the late 19th century, writers, man, you've got to watch them. The type of book that should be read at the moment, just to get an insight into where most of our current problems emanated.
 [Ref: 900] £150

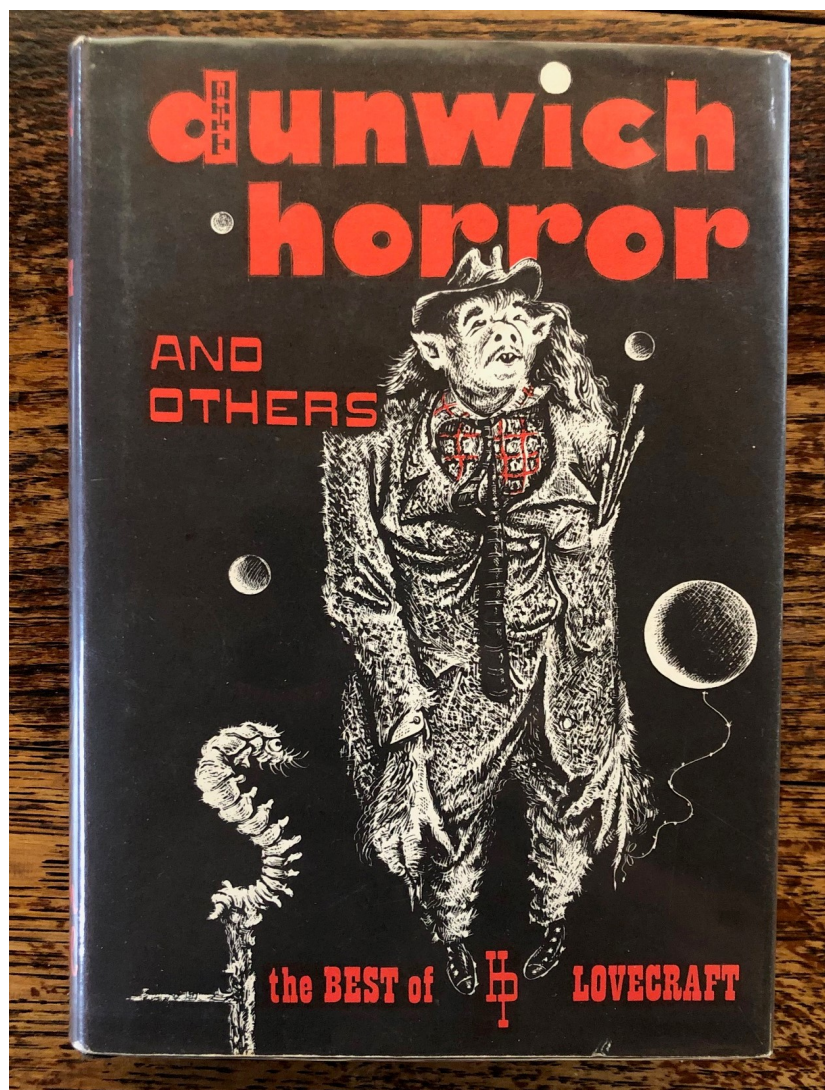
22. **Lovecraft, H. P. *The Dunwich Horror*** and Others.

Sauk City: Arkham House, 1963.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher's black cloth titled in gilt to spine, in dustwrapper, essentially a near fine copy. Internally clean, exlibris (of Joseph V. Maynard) to front pastedown, and a small bookseller's label from Providence, RI, no less, to the same page. As greatest hits albums go, this one is pretty darn good; *The Dunwich Horror*, *Pickman's Model*, *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, *The Call of Cthulhu*, essentially it's a mythos primer, attractively produced (although August Derleth never got the memo that 3000 copies is not "limited") with a Lee

Brown Coye dustwrapper (anyone who succeeds in making Lovecraft look odder than he already is gets my vote). I love these stories, I bathe regularly in the eldritch light of them, and I genuinely think that they are a very important part of the fictional evolution of human storytelling. That said H.P. Lovecraft was a racist, dysfunctional man muppet who seems to have been horrified by...well, pretty much everything, women in particular, the outside world in general, who knows, the rickety looking, weird chin having loon was just a whole mess. Creative genius? Absolutely. Inspiration to generations of storytellers? Definitely. A decent person? Not even slightly, because you cannot hold his opinions, and have his beliefs and be one. That's just a fact. It's unfortunate that he died before his world got large enough for him to learn from.

[Ref: 921] £250



23. Merak, A. J. [pseud John Glasby]. **The Dark Millenium.**

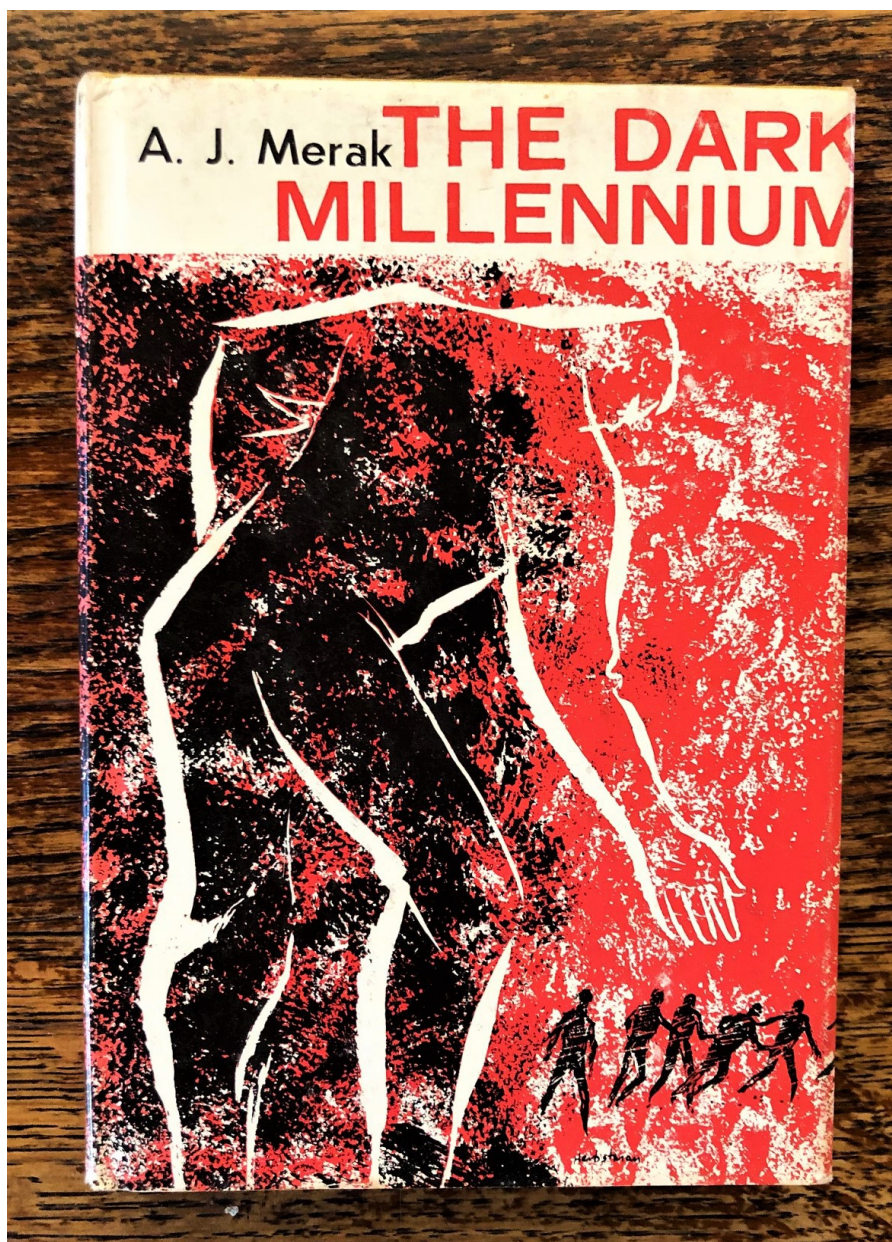
New York: Arcadia House, 1966.

First US edition. 8vo. Publisher's yellow cloth titled in black, in dustwrapper, very minor wear, a very good copy indeed. Internally clean, inscribed by the author to the front flyleaf:

“To Richard Dalby with Best Wishes, John Glasby (A.J. Merak) 15.3.90”

A rather stirring post apocalyptic wasteland/alien saviours piece of high sci-fi, although it almost earns a place on twitter under #menwritingwomen, as the first woman to appear is undressed within four lines and “running her fingers over her tanned body” within a paragraph. It’s actually rather nicely written, from the library of...well...Richard Dalby.

[Ref: 907] £100



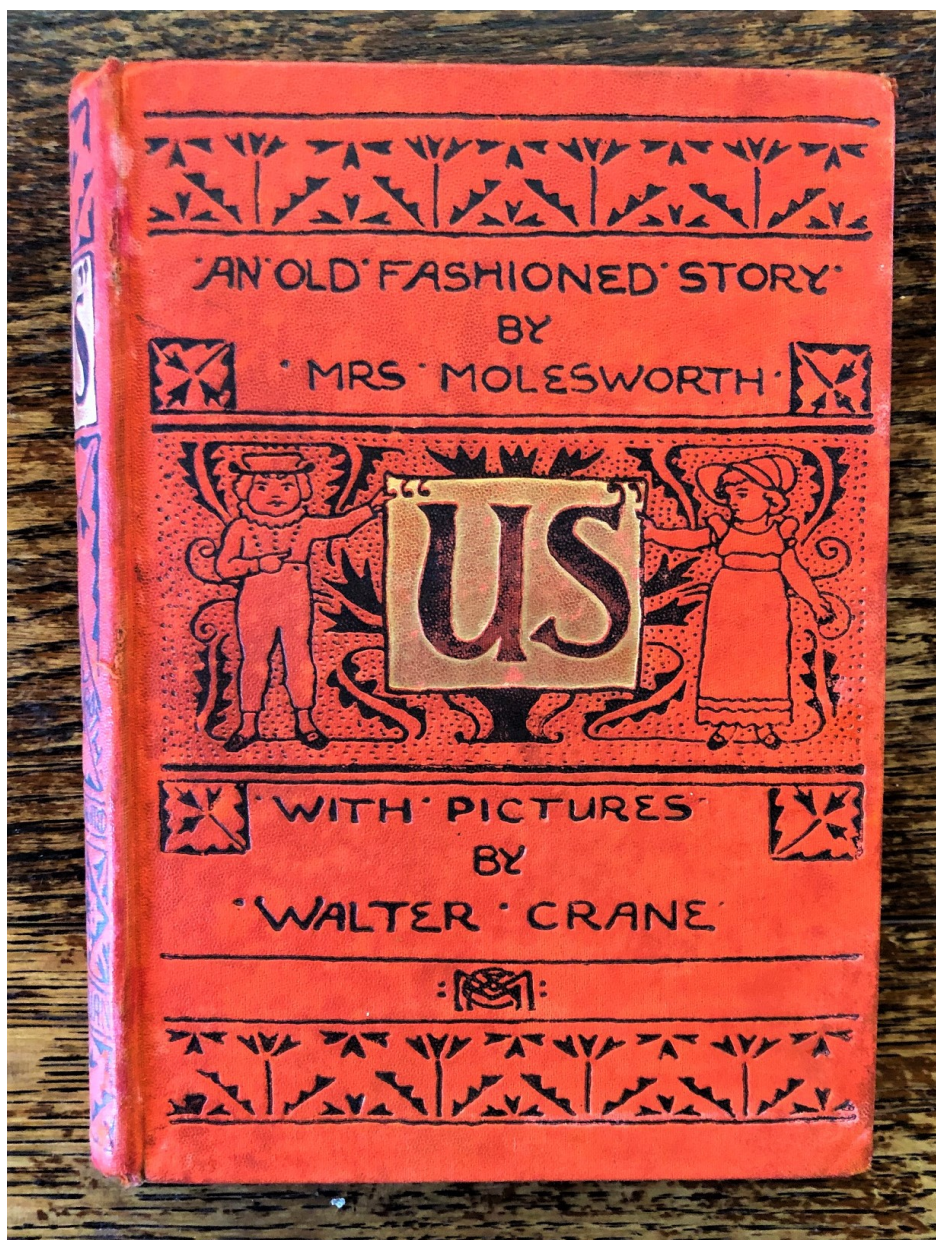
24. **Molesworth, Mrs. “Us”** An Old Fashioned Story.

London: Macmillan, 1885.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher’s orange cloth, titled and lavishly decorated in black and gilt to spine and front board, a trifle scuffed and soiled here and there but bright, clean and strong. Internally clean, black endpapers, strong and pretty, a very good copy. Walter Crane illustrations throughout. I’m a fan of Mrs. Molesworth, I think she wrote exceptionally well, and a lot, and should be a lot more highly thought of than she is. This delightful object however pushes the boundaries of my appreciation. It’s a typical peculiar bit of Victorian

children's tale where there's an overabundance of baby talk, some glaring bits of contemporary social awfulness probably to be expected, if not appreciated, in a yarn about two absolutely appalling children stolen by "gypsies" with the intention of being turned into a sideshow attraction. Personally I'm into them being exhibited in a fairground, but I am of the lower orders and frankly Mrs. Molesworth wouldn't have given me house room. It's Mrs. Molesworth though, so I'm stanning it.

[Ref: 906] £75



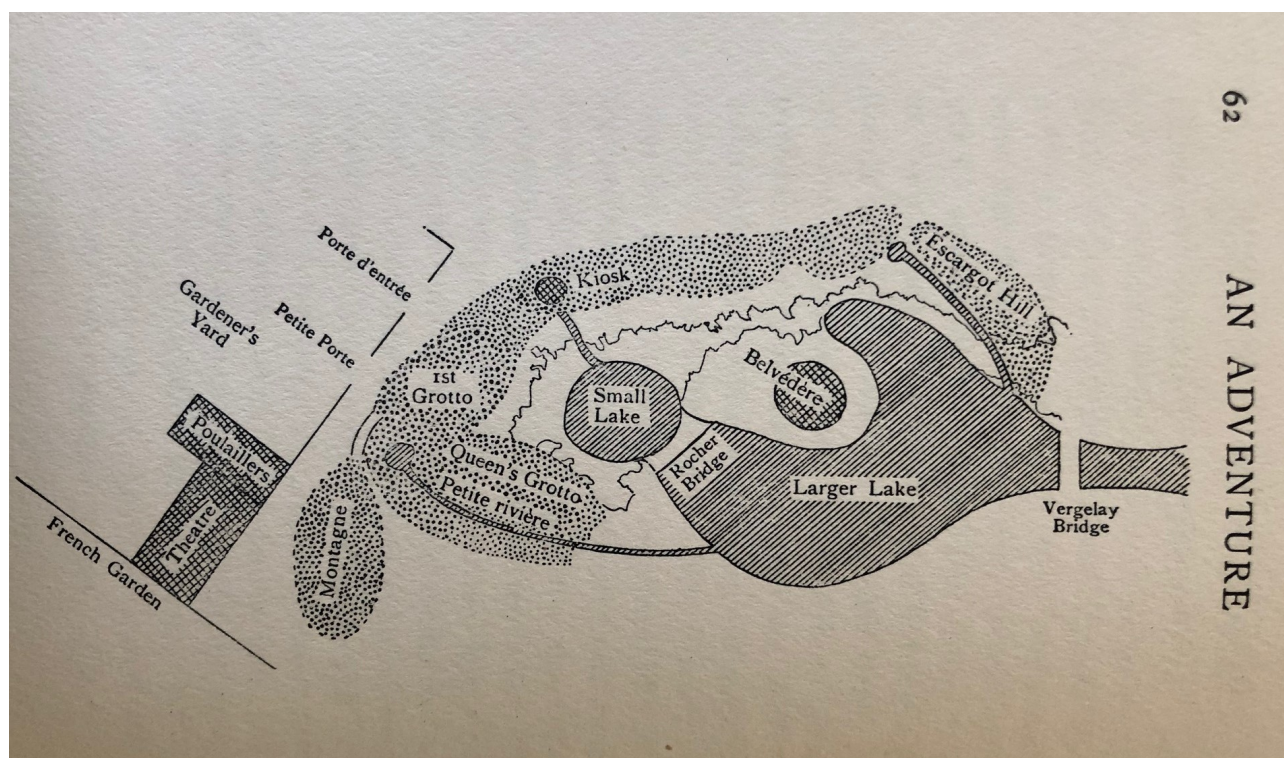
25. [Morison, Elizabeth; Lamont, Frances pseud: Charlotte Ann Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain]. **An Adventure.**

London: Macmillan, 1911.

Fourth printing, distributed within three months of the first, to give you some idea of how popular this was). 8vo. Publisher's blue cloth titled and decorated in gilt to spine and front board. Some edgewear to extremities, light bumping to spine ends, a small tear to the spine hinge, of a few millimetres in length, some discolouration of the spine. A very good, strong copy. Internally clean.

Buckle up, kids. This one is fabulously weird. One the one hand I've finally got one of these to put in a catalogue, on the other I'm really not sure I can do it justice. Known hereafter as the Moberly-Jourdain Incident, this book describes possibly the most famous "Lost Time" incident of the field.

Paris, 1901, two studious, responsible, if deeply eccentric, English lady schoolteachers undertook a walking tour of Versailles on a hot August day. Long story short, they became lost and disoriented, they both commented on the flat, stifling nature of the air and the weird appearance of the grounds of the Petit Trianon (a small chateau and gardens on the grounds of Versailles), they saw small isolated farmhouses, an antique plough, gardeners in tricorne hats and a number of distinguished personages in 18th century dress, some of whom filled them with fear and foreboding. One of the ladies also saw a woman whom she later identified as Marie Antoinette. They wandered through the grounds, occasionally asking directions from some of these anachronistic personages until suddenly they found themselves back in the company of a group of other tourists, and the 20th century tour continued as normal. They carried on about their day and made no mention of the strangeness until a few weeks later when they realised they had both had strikingly similar experiences. It's a deliriously beautiful thing, two women both experiencing high strangeness and in a very British way keeping it to themselves until the other asks over tea and crumpets "By the way dear, last week, did we time travel to pre-revolutionary Paris, or was it just me?"



Numerous theories have been put forward, the account has been post mortem-ed to hell and back, a map found in 1903 showed a bridge on the grounds that the ladies described crossing but that had definitely not been there in 1901. Uncharitable people suggested in a bout of peak homophobic misogyny that the experience was a hysterical lesbian folie a deux. The two ladies weren't identified until 1931, and by that point any and all theories put forward had devolved to the standard of youtube research. My favourite real world theory (putting aside the fact that they did actually slip through time with their magic Baedeker guide...which is my actual favourite, obviously) is that they accidentally stumbled into one of outlaw avant-garde poet Robert de Montesquiou's fabulous costume garden parties, and the people they

encountered were just being hella gay in the sunshine and threw our heroines for a bit of a loop. Either way, it's all grown and given birth and morphed into a legendary experience mentioned, straight faced, alongside that story about the man disappearing crossing the field that people keep saying is true, and that bookshop that only appears when you really need it to, where its vulpine proprietor gives you a book that changes your life and leads you into the most amazing adventures and when you return to thank him or find another all you find is a blank, brick wall in an alleyway. That one actually is true, but the chap in question definitely isn't an ABA member, his cataloguing is a bit off colour, and I promised I'd keep quiet because he's holding a copy of the expanded Hypnerotomachia for me, the one with the geographical locations to the dreamgates, and I need that, because frankly the only way I'm going to be lucky in love is in a dreamworld. Scarce and irresistible.

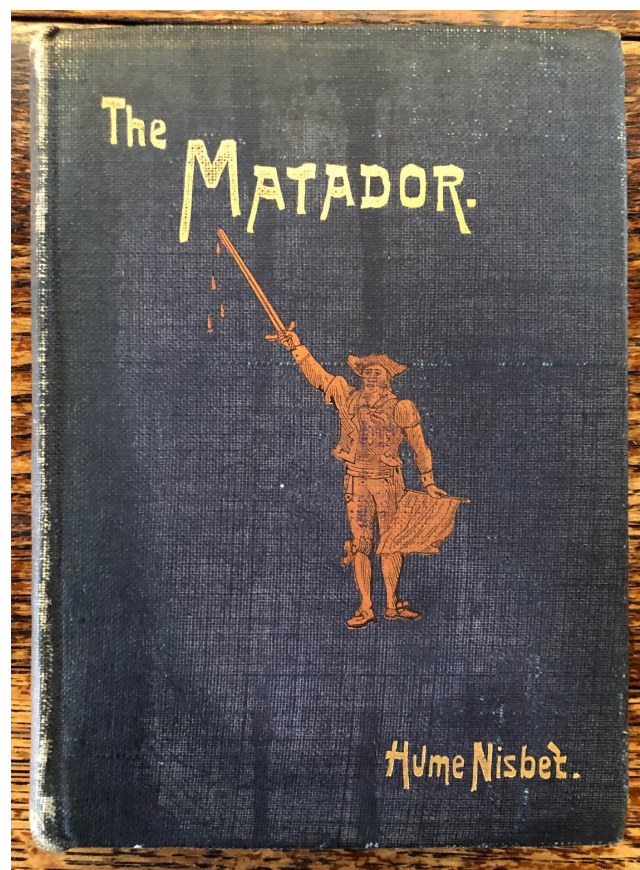
[Ref: 905] £250

26. **Nisbet, Hume. *The Matador*** and Other Recitative Pieces.

London: Hutchinson, 1893.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher's black cloth, a trifle rubbed and stained, titled and decorated in gilt to spine and front board, sunned to spine. Edges untrimmed, and, largely uncut, some soiling to the heads of some of the pages, with light traces of waterstaining, a rather beautifully produced book with engraved frontispiece and vignette title page. It's a little grubby in places, but a very good copy nevertheless. A collection of verses, usually rather dramatic (the whole book begins with an authorial plea to the goddess Kali, which rather sets the tone), dealing with pirates, ghostly apparitions and affairs of the heart, intended for the enjoyment of late Victorians loudly and enthusiastically reciting them in their parlours on stormy nights. The illustrations are by Nisbet himself, not only was he prolific he was also talented, and like most of his work the whole thing is permeated by that weird restlessness he never seemed to get rid of. Interesting man, scarce book.

[Ref: 920] £375



27. **Ray, Rene. Wraxton Marne** The Tale of a Ghostly Ruin and the Family to whom it once belonged..

London: Youth Book Club, 1950.

Youth Book Club edition (first was in 1946). 8vo. Publisher's bright yellow cloth titled in green to spine. In a rather fragile dustwrapper, splitting along the rear panel hinge, some creasing and shallow loss. Nevertheless shows well. A rather charming ghostly exploit by a young woman, real name Hermine Borrie nee Camelinat, who frankly I would love to know more about. Ballet prodigy at 13, writer of novels under a number of pseudonyms, actress under the name of Hermene French, most notably in The Adventures of Sir Lancelot in 1956. She died at the 86, which is a shame, because that seems to have been the first time she actually stopped, she has the kind of character arc where I really want to hear more about the origin story.

[Ref: 894] £75

28. **Rhodes, [Annie] Kathlyn. The Wax Image** And Other Stories.

London: Hutchinson's, [1928].

2nd Edition, the first being published by Holden and Hardingham in 1912. 8vo. Publisher's embossed red cloth titled and decorated on black to spine. Minor edgewear, a very good copy, internally clean, albeit printed on cheap paper. 184pp. + 4pp. ads. A tiny, cheap, ephemeral concoction containing a number of short stories (some previously presented in one of the myriad of early 20th century periodicals Rhodes wrote for; Red Magazine, Grand, etc.), most of the tales are rather gleefully melodramatic, dealing with witchcraft gone awry, murderers being haunted by their victims and a rather prevalent fondness for leaving some of the possibly supernatural elements in doubt. What they lack in length, they make up for in verve and an obvious delight in a twist. Kathlyn Rhodes, born in Yorkshire, resident of Scarborough until it was bombed in 1914 whereupon she relocated southwards, wrote a number of "exotic" tales and mysterious romances, some of which are absolutely delightful, and a selection of Angela Brazil style girl's school stories, she wrote quite prodigiously throughout most of her long life, her first work being published in 1899. Her range and style expanded after a rather momentous trip to Egypt in 1908 and started to show some rather more cosmopolitan and adventurous elements. I rather love her, living a quiet life with her sister, disrupted only by war and enthusiastically turning out stories where diamond strewn heiresses make voodoo dolls to murder their love rivals only for it to go unpleasantly wrong. She seems to be little known of now, although her books seem to have survived mostly in the form of print on demand. She might have to become a new mission. Scarce.

[Ref: 919] £95

29. **Sologub, Feodor [pseud: Feodor Kuzmich Teternikov]. The Old House.**

London: Martin Secker, 1915.

First edition. 8vo. Publisher's green cloth titled in black to spine and front board. Minor bumping and edgewear, fading to spine, a very good, strong copy. Internally clean, top edge green, pages untrimmed. A collection of short stories and a novella of sorts, many with weird, surreal or fairy tale elements (it includes "The Invoker of The Beast"), from Teternikov, Russian Symbolist, poet, novelist and all round socio-political psychopomp. If it can be said that the purpose of the weird is to warn, then he said it. Just plain scarce.

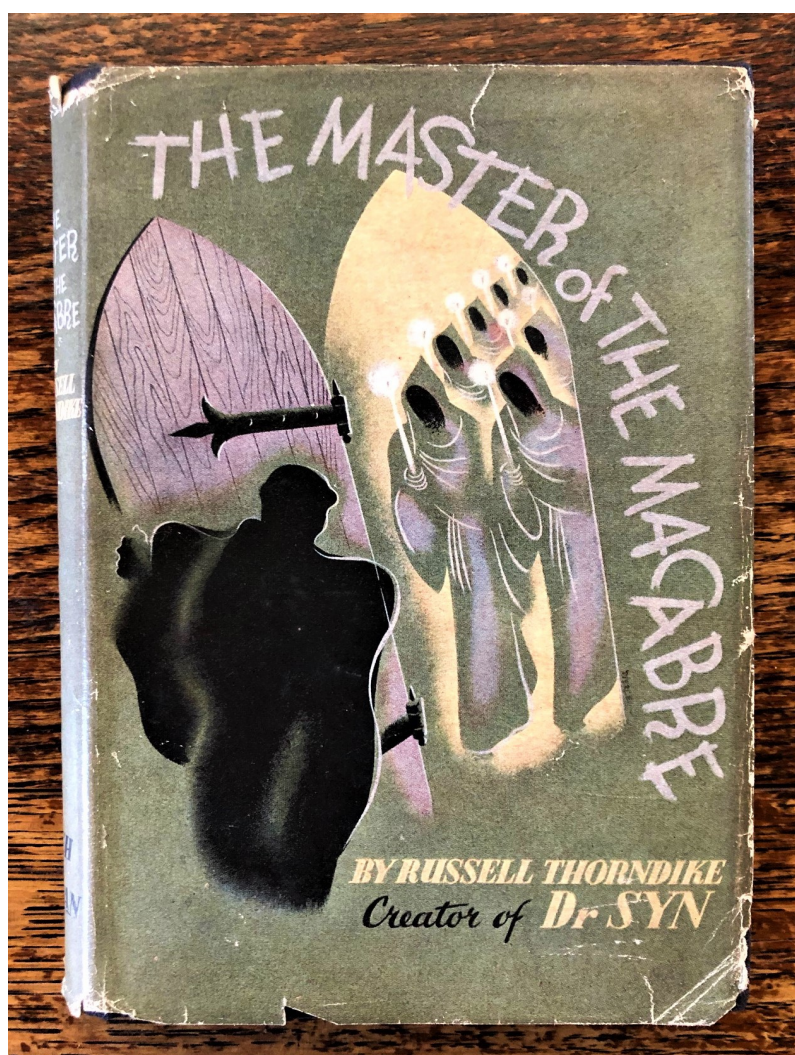
[Ref: 908] £275

30. **Thorndyke, Russell. *The Master of The Macabre*.**

London: Rich and Cowan, [1946].

First edition. 8vo. 192pp. Publisher's black cloth titled in silver to spine. Minor edgewear, slight lean, in a lightly worn, rather clumsily priceclipped dustwrapper with some small chips and closed tears here and there. A very good copy, shows well. Internally clean. From the library of Richard Dalby, with some bits of his ever present paperwork laid in. A sort of 1001 Nights of ghost stories in which a young writer is hounded out of London by phantoms (from his flat on the Chelsea Embankment, apparently the fashionable location for chaps with ghostly issues) an ends up in a grievously sinister ecclesiastical pile in the marshes occupied by a professional and highly eccentric seeker after horrors who regales him with a new tale every night. From the man who brought us the iconic Doctor Syn. Frankly, it's brilliant, and oddly rare, and well worth a read.

[Ref: 892] £200



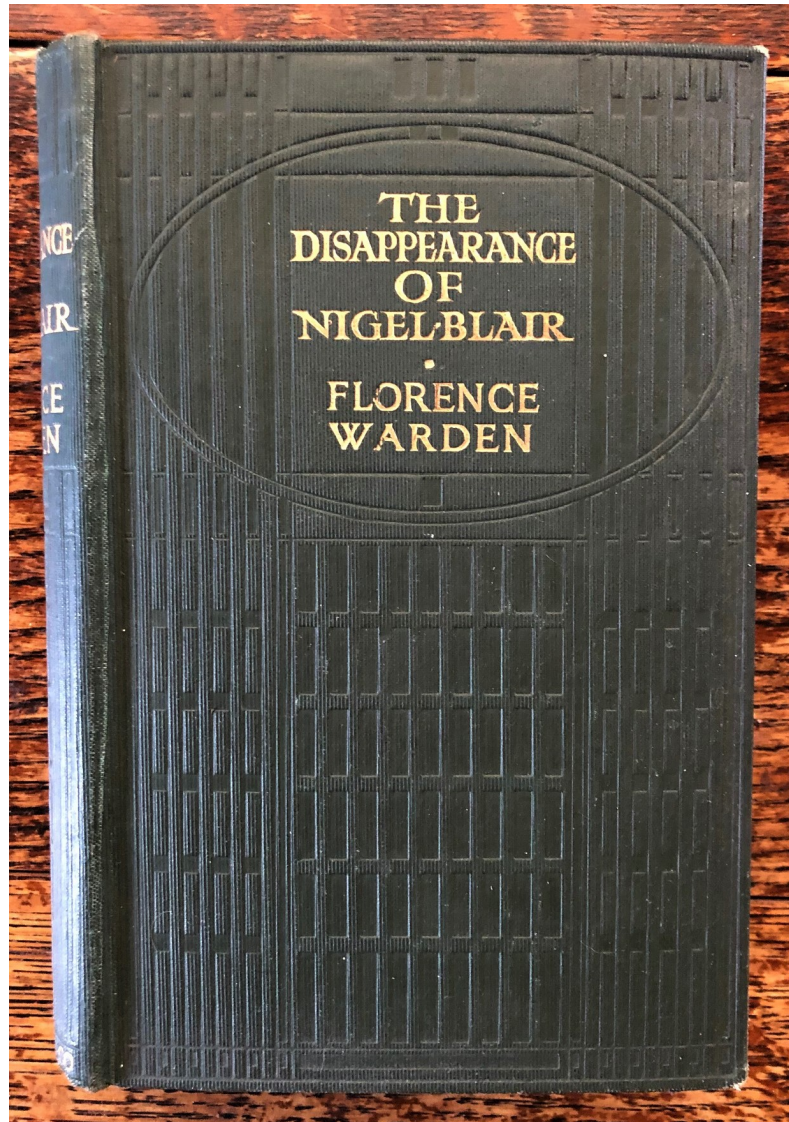
31. **WARDEN, Florence [Florence Alice Price James]. *The Disappearance of Nigel Blair*.**

London : Ward Lock & Co., Limited, 1911.

Octavo. First edition. Publisher's dark green cloth boards, geometric pattern stamped across both boards and spine, title in gilt to front and spine. Spine ends a little bumped as are board

corners, however still remarkably handsome condition. Full colour frontispiece inlaid. Endpapers are toned, light spotting throughout, however still bright and clean. An very good copy indeed. A rather pleasing mystery, involving a young man with a habit of going missing for extended periods of time with no explanation, and the obligatory mysterious stranger. One of upwards of 100 works penned by Mrs. Florence James, smart, prolific and light on her feet with a plot, now I'd probably have to walk 5 miles through the centre of London asking everybody until I found someone who'd heard of her.

[Ref: 901] £175



32. Woodgate, Major Herbert. **The Unwritten Commandment.**

London: Limpus, Baker & Co., [1902].

No. 1 in "The Society Series". 8vo. 321pp. [with the most amazing publisher's imprint to the verso of the final leaf]. Publisher's oatmeal cloth lavishly decorated in blue, green and red to the spine and front board. Minor scuffing and rubbing, light bumping to spine ends. A very pretty book indeed, very striking. Internally clean, page edges a little grubby, ink ownership to front flyleaf. In this context the titular Unwritten Commandment is: "Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out." which appear to be words to live by in this eminently readable catalogue of high society vices. Scarce.

[Ref: 903] £125

