

Journey Planet 11



H.A. Pearlman



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James Bacon - Editors - Chris Garcia

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Editorial by James

Note to Sherlockians and Holmesists
We are not canonistas or pastiche-erars but jouneyists enjoying the spirit of the game.

We enjoy writing and talking and discovering, and this has been a journey of discovery, and fun.

Now, you may find errors, things you disagree with, you may have an opinion that is differing, and we welcome these, you can send us a Letter of Comment, and we will publish it.

I love how players of the game, have a sense of humour and understand that it's about telling a good story rather than having a Harvard style reference. Although that does not imply inaccuracy, but there is so little that we base things on sometimes, and yet the research is painstakingly detailed.

Here we have a strange selection of articles, and we hope regular and irregular readers enjoy them.

Chris and I wanted to do a Holmsian issue, and our timing is either impeccable or perhaps not so. The new movie is due out, and the BBC series of Sherlock is going to be on telly in the New Year, but it wasn't until I walked into Wasterstones and saw *The House of Silk* by Anthony Horowitz, and then *The Breath of God* by Guy Adams, did I realise that we may be just about to get rolled over by a bandwagon.

I soon realised that it may not be that bad, as there has always been and may always be a popularity that is constant and when I found

Philip K. Jones spreadsheet which lists 9040 parodies, pastiches and

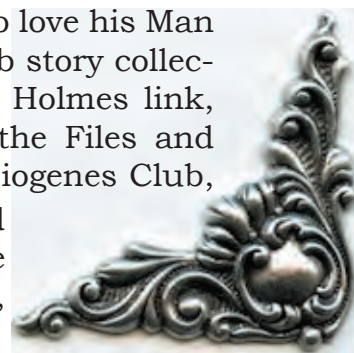
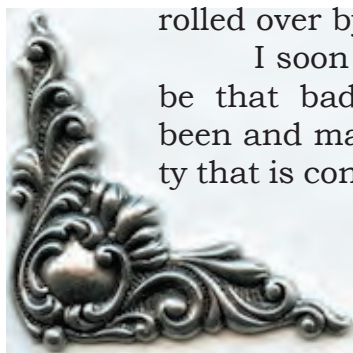
etc's although I realise that we may be near the crest of the wave, just now.

(http://www.michael-procter.com/holmes/_index.html)

Since we started work on this zine *Fire Storm* by Andrew Lane a Young Sherlock Holmes story has come out, I have found more and more Holmsian avenues of interest and and I found the concept work for a quite unusual comic.

While at Thought Bubble in Leeds I saw a poster for Gav Heryng's 'No Shit Sherlock' with a Black handlebar-moustachioed Sherlock Holmes. Gav explained that it was a blaxplotation concept and that he 'started it as a webcomic a couple of years back when I wasn't getting any work in, but it got put on the back-burner after the first episode when the paying gigs started again. Blaxplotation meets Sherlock Holmes struck me as interesting although in answering one of Chris' questions, there is actually a Holmsian Bollywood Movie. *Gumshuda*, released in August 2010, directed by Ashoke Viswanathan available in Hindi, Tamil and Malayalam is a reworking of *The Sign of Four*.

One author who deserved much mention is Kim Newman. He is a great writer, and at this moment in time rather busy, he recently had *Professor Moriarty: The Hound of the Durberville* released from Titan Books, who have realised how awesome his writing is, but I also love his *Man from the Diogenes Club* story collection, which is Mycroft Holmes link, but with tree books, the *Files* and the *Mysteries* of the Diogenes Club, they are all superb, and of course there is the *Anno Dracula* series,



with Sherlock Holmes, Mycroft Holmes, Inspector Lestrade, the Diogenes Club, Professor Moriarty, Colonel Moran all appearing in the first book and various characters borrowed and placed into later books. More on Kim at www.johnnyalucard.com

I had made enquires of the Sherlock Holmes collection in Marylebone Library, and soon was on my way to it, a brief walk from work. A massive public building standing on a block, it is mostly Westminster Council offices feeling like a structure forever here, granite faced with a bell tower, but for the Library one enters a side door. A more recent addition, with a modern layout and feel.

Here I met Catherine Cooke, a wonderfully pleasant lady, who 'looks after' the Holmes collection. She is in actual fact in charge of the library computer systems, and a librarian for thirty years, but she is full of enthusiasm and gusto, and gentle, I point out I am an amateur, and she kindly contends that I am just 'starting' to look at the canon. She speaks of the Bruce Partington case and the work done to investigate the place where the crime was expedited.

I am led from the modern feeling library down a Georgian corridor, tall sash windows and gargantuan doors and Catherine who then brings me to a room which houses 1/3 of the collection. It is in a suitably small room with a high ceiling, heavy dark wooden sided glass door

Here there are Cabinets of newsletters journals and periodicals, Shelves of books behind glass doors and no end of Reference works, including Du Waal.

She lays her delicate fingers upon all the material I seek. I had found that there once was The Irregular Special Railway Company, a society solely based on the Railway connections of Holmes, and they produced the The Sherlock Holmes Railway Journal edited by Anthony J. Richards, initiated for a number of years in 1993. This Journal both excites and defeats me, as I realise some of the angles I wanted to pursue have been effectively well written about to a level that is brilliant.

Journals are beautifully bound, both the Sherlock Holmes Journal and Baker Street Journal, with Green boards and Red

boards, in a form that is easily accessed and of course, in the room, there is a Locomotive nameplate, from Metropolitan Vickers electric train on the shelves that held Du Waal, which of course references both Catherine Cooke and this amazing Library resource. Catherine also accessed book cases of criticism in her office. She makes mention of the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, and its special rare books and Holman collection, which is impressive and large, and helpful. Yet it is in a far off land, and so for my money, The Marylebone Library becomes a familiar place as I return during these works to refer and learn and find. www.westminster.gov.uk/services/libraries/special/Sherlock/

Minnesota does have Du Waal, or a version at least, as I found some discrepancies, online, and this was another useful resource. <http://special.lib.umn.edu/rare/ush/ush.html>

I am grateful to Roger Johnson, of The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, and editor of the Sherlock Holmes Journal, he gave us permission to reprint Norman Crump's "Inner or Outer Rail", with acknowledgement to The Sherlock Holmes Journal. He suggested and I would have liked to publish Bernard Davies's counterblast to Mr Crump's piece: "Ever Decreasing Circles: A Slight Case of Railway Mania", first published in the 1995 issue of The Sherlock Holmes Railway Journal, but as you can see we are as full as can be.

I asked him about August Derleth, and the connection with Arthur Conan Doyle, and he responded;

"August Derleth wrote in "A Praed Street Dossier" (Mycroft & Moran, 1968): "At the outset I wrote to Sir Arthur to ask whether he intended to write more adventures of Sherlock Holmes. I waited for at least a year after publication of The Casebook of Sherlock Holmes. Early in autumn on 1928, when I was in my junior year at the University of Wisconsin, and holed up in a solitary back room at 823 West Johnson Street, Madison, Wisconsin (now the site of a rather impressive new dormitory), he replied - by means of a terse message scrawled upon my own letter - that he did not. He seemed, as I recall it now, unnecessarily em-

phatic about it, as if this decision, made once previously and set aside, were now irrevocable, and no amount of persuasion would this time cause him to change his mind.”

“I remember reading many years ago that Sir Arthur’s reply actually read: “No. ACD.” However, I can’t immediately confirm that memory. “

“According to Mark Wardecker’s introduction to “The ‘Dragnet’ Solar Pons et al.” (The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, 2011), that letter doesn’t survive, though a later one does. Derleth wrote again, asking if Conan Doyle would autograph a copy of “The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories”. Again, his own letter was returned, with a note written on it:

“I am interested in the
Psychic + General Bookshop 2
Victoria St. S.W. Any books or-
dered there [underlined] I would autograph
“ACD.”

Although I had initially contacted Roger about the connection, between Derleth and Doyle, as I had also one of those hell bound intention highways on finding an expert on the subject, although a couple of leads unfortunately went cold. He kindly sent me the scan as he explained “The scan is taken from “The ‘Dragnet’ Solar Pons”. The letter itself is “filed under ‘D’ in the general Correspondence ink the Derleth archives at The State Historical Society in Madison, Wisconsin.”

Without doubt, an awesome amount of help. I can only recommend The Sherlock Holmes Society.www.sherlock-holmes.org.uk/

Those leads may yet come strong, for in many corners, one finds Holmes, I was surprised to find a former Chief Constable of The British Transport Police had written about him;

http://www.btp.police.uk/about_us/history/crime_history/sherlock_holmes.aspx

Or that in May 1935 The Railway



Magazine contained an article by J. Alan, which was the first Sherlock Holmes railway article entitled The Railway Journeys of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and over seventy years later, Backtrack in December 2007 published Nigel Digbys article,

The Railway Journeys of Sherlock Holmes which investigated the travels of Conon Doyle’s great detective, with the aid of Bradshaw’s Railway Guide.

I have a couple of articles for here, one on Paddington and one on the Lost Special, which won’t go in now, we have been astounded by the generosity of our contributors, but I think we will return to Holmes some time soon.

My sincerest thanks to Catherine Cooke, without whom, much of my journey would not have been possible, and to ALL our amazing contributors, you are splendid.



JP Readers Write Again

Letters, edited lightly

by Claire Brialley

As you know, Professor, it was a traditional route into science fiction fandom for those of a certain age – now likely, in fact, to imply a notably venerable age – to have been attracted by the letter columns in the pro mags; indeed, for many fans of that vintage their first publication may have been such a letter, or else one printed in a great science fiction fanzine of the age.

Not me. My first foray into print outside my school magazine was in the letter column of the 1980s pop music magazine *Smash Hits*, presided over by the sardonic and capricious **Black Type**. (Just so you know, that was in a different font when it left my computer, and indeed one I quite like. If it isn't now, and if the magazine title isn't in italics, that's probably because Chris has done something sophisticated with the layout again.) And thus, as I assume my future role as Letters Editor for *Journey Planet*, it is the **Black Type** that I take as my role model. If anyone ever sends us a letter which has good reason for including the question 'Is this a record?' they'll make me very happy for hours, if not days.

But you are not here because you want to watch me burble on about the uninteresting years of my early teens before I met science fiction fans. No, you are here because you are yourself a science fiction fan, and I'll leave as a great big comment hook the question which might not until now have properly occurred to you as to why a science fiction fanzine is doing an issue about Sherlock Holmes. (Doubtless some of this issue's writers will have decided to tackle this head-on themselves, or to play with the contrasting ideas. But what do you think, readers? Do you need some direct coaxing to write and tell us what you think? Well, go on then. Go on, go on; you know you want to.)

The previous issue, though, which James and Chris distributed at and around the Reno Worldcon – where, of course, they also won a Hugo for one of their other fanzines, although if you weren't aware of that you won't be able to find out anything at all about it on the internet – was partly themed around Australia. At any rate, its guest editor, Emilly McLeay, is Australian and indeed the chair of the 2012 Australian Natcon next June (at which I'm sure a good time will be had by all, and I'm just hoping that my membership's been sorted out by now). It also featured a late article on *Dune* by M Lloyd, Chris interviewing Daniel H Wilson and writing about the history of computer games, and Mary Robinette Kowal on Neil, her pencil-necked weasel; the Australian elements came through in Chris writing about Sean McMullen and Aussie Rules football, James writing about alternate histories relevant to Australia as well as getting all enthusiastic about Melbourne on his first visit, and Emilly on the Australian census (some version of which I got to complete in 2006, exciting my own form-filling tendencies). Illustration that time came mostly in the form of photographs. There were also letters on issues 6 to 8 in a catch-up letter column edited by me tucked away at the end, and on issue 9 in a letter column compiled by Chris at the start. This time we – and maybe also you – have caught up.

Brad Foster

I got a copy of your fannish publication (or 'fanzine') while attending the science fiction-related convention named 'FenCon-Deep-SouthCon' (they need to think of a shorter name for that next year) in Dallas, Texas this past weekend.

At first I thought it was just a strangely printed 'magazine' that I had heard about.

A quick web-search revealed, though, it was known as a 'fanzine' (I think it's clever how you changed the name like that). The only fanzines I have ever seen are the ones published properly on the web. But actually making a hard copy is so retro, I couldn't pass it by.

OK, I can't keep writing like that. But here I am trying to write my first LoC to *Journey Planet*, even though I've read all nine previous issues online. And why is that? Because there is something about having a zine actually in my hands, which the editors had to go to all the extra problems of printing and getting to me, that always compels me to respond in some way. Online zines, while I do try to write to them when I can, never have that 'you *must* respond' impulse a print zine does.

Claire comments in her own LoC to #9 that she will avoid reading a book on purpose if she knows a film based on it will be coming out, so that she does not go to the film with expectations that the material in the book will all be in the other version. Cindy does that as well, and it certainly makes a lot of sense if you can pull it off, since it seems the number one complaint about movies adapted from books is that they left out this or that scene or character. So, why not enjoy one for what it is in that medium, then get more in the next? Indeed, I recall the younger me picking up the 'novelization' books that were based on movies – that is, books written *after* a film that was a totally original creation itself – and always liking how they fleshed out characters and added to the movie. Guess we could think of original books that movies are made from as the novelizations being done beforehand, just to save time.

(Does that make any sense at all? I feel like I was trying to type a Möbius sentence there...)

I'd have loved to have seen the Tim Burton exhibit James writes about. Creators who work in film still control their final image but it is, by necessity, filtered through the hands of dozens, if not hundreds, of other creative technical folks to make it all come together. Getting to see those straight-from-the-hand-and-brain pieces like in the exhibit really connect you directly to that

person.

And I laughed out loud for half a minute at Chris's line, regarding the robotic battlefield cheetah that '...really creeps me out because when it inevitably breaks with its program, we're all dead.'

Also nodded in agreement with your confusion over how a film can be nominated for Best Picture, but not Best Director. Even the other way around: you nominate someone as the Best Director that year, but you don't feel that the film they directed better than anyone else is as good as five other films? Awards. Go figure. I really need to start working on stuff to take to Archon, but I think I've written enough here to assuage the guilt of getting a paper zine... Yes, I definitely feel better now.

—27 September 2011 Irving, Texas (USA)

By the end of the next letter I was beginning to wonder whether fanzine fans resident in Texas had made a pact about how to respond to #10, even if some of them did it a bit later than others:

John Purcell

Interesting comments in the first letter column about your *Dune* issue. Naturally, it has been a long time since I've read that particular issue, but I can at least add my two cents- worth here based on the LoCs in the tenth issue. I only have the books in the series that Frank Herbert wrote alone; for some reason, I don't care to own the ump-ty-ump sequels that have been published since his death, even if they might have been planned out beforehand. Judging by comments here – notably those from Mark Plummer, Claire Brialey, and Steve Jeffery – it appears my non-interest is justified. Oh, well. I liked the movie well enough, but it didn't hold my interest the way the book did. Too much information to be translated to screen; the same problem for many a great novel.

Claire's opening comments to the LoCs had me nodding in agreement. I also love it when a letter really gets my attention and generates follow-up comments. *Askance* doesn't generate many LoCs, mainly because it is an online fanzine – not enough copies get mailed out, which doesn't

help matters any – and the definite pattern of little response to ezines holds true. Her comment that ‘people ... just aren’t used to writing in response to zines that I do’ kind of hit home; lots of people tell me in passing that they really like *Askance* and that it’s a quality fanzine and all that rot, but very few people feel obligated to write letters of comment to it. Hmm. Maybe if I wrote an article titled ‘Fuck Fandom up its Weeny Ass’ and ranted on and on about how superficial fans are and that they need to get a real life, such an article might generate responses. Then again, maybe not. After all, I produce an ezine and *nobody* writes LoCs to ezines. < sigh > Heck with it. Pardon me while I go back to working on yet another stellar, albeit sparsely LoCced, issue of *Askance*.

Anyway... Tell James Bacon the Aussie 2010 Worldcon is over and done with: no need for another report about it. All these Aussiecon 4 reports do is remind me that I came in second in the 2010 DUFF race. < fout > and < gnash >. Can’t run in 2012 because my dissertation is due in July, and I need to really get cracking on it Real Soon Now. So no DUFF 2012 race for me.

Chris Garcia’s article about Australian football was fun. This is a sport where I have watched the occasional game on ESPN on the internet and found it quite interesting. No cissies in that sport, that’s for bloody sure. No pads, helmets, etc. to protect themselves. Now I feel like tuning into ESPN3 and checking in on the AFL. Thanks, Chris, for distracting me even more from my dissertation.

Journey Planet is a good read, and I must thank that fannish fount of boundless energy (AKA Garcia) for giving me a copy at Fencon VIII/DeepSouthCon 49 in September. Sorry about forgetting it in my zine bag with my extra copies of *Askance* #24. If it was only on the internet I wouldn’t feel so bad about forgetting about writing a LoC to it. Bastards. Thank you for guilting me into spending my hard-earned money on postage...

—20 November 2011

College Station, Texas (USA)

Delighted though I am to find correspondents in agreement with me, John, I should point out that at least the fi-

nal comments you attribute to me come from the introduction to the first letter column in the issue, which was edited by Chris. Although I moan and complain with the best of you about a lack of engagement with fanzines – while of course failing to respond directly to the vast majority of all those I receive personally, never mind those published online for general consumption – we usually get around 40 LoCs on each issue of (print-only) *Banana Wings*, although that’s still only a 20% response rate in letter form. And I do think that has quite a lot to do with the points you and Brad make here but, as you indicate, it’s an expensive hobby to do that way; is it an absolutely inevitable trade-off of publishing electronically to expect fewer LoCs?

And now on to correspondents who got their copies of the fanzine at the Worldcon in Reno:

Milt Stevens

Before reading M Lloyd’s article in *Journey Planet* #10, I’d never thought about any erotic associations regarding the movie *Dune*. The article caused me to think about the movie in terms of Freudian Criticism. As you may be aware, the main tenet of Freudian Criticism is ‘When correctly viewed, everything is lewd.’ So I have now considered the sandworms from a Freudian perspective. I’ll certainly try not to do that again.

Like James, I have sometimes wondered about this whole Western Civilization thing. I suspect the term is obsolete. Techno-culture is the important thing. Some of it is western, and some isn’t. I live in a city on the Pacific Rim. Most of the commerce of Los Angeles is with Asia. California sells a lot of rice to Asia. Every Christmas we are inundated with imagery of snow, yet it only snows here once every thirty or forty years.

The Australians shouldn’t take it too personally that the Japanese had plans to conquer them. The Japanese had plans to conquer just about everywhere. It comes from being over-achievers. I think I still have a stamp collection with some Japanese occupation of India stamps; their advance planning department really got out of hand at times.

As Chris indicates in his article, video games have had a lot of history in a fairly brief time period. I think I remember *Space War*, if that was the game where you shot at flying saucers. We had a machine with *Space War* in the con suite at LACon in 1972. Since most of us hadn't seen such a thing before, there was a line of people 24 hours a day waiting to put their quarters into the machine. Later, Charles Platt wrote an article on the convention for one of the underground newspapers. The entire article was devoted to the *Space War* game. Platt denounced the convention and the entire science fiction field for war-mongering.

I also remember some other early games. A version of DOS had an included game where either King Kong tossed bananas at you or you tossed bananas at him; then again, maybe you both tossed bananas at each other. I think *Pong* was the first video game I encountered in bars. *Pong* seemed to be the most common video game for quite a while.

—31 August 2011
Simi Valley, California (USA)

Lloyd Penney

You found someone in a stillsuit costume at Westercon? I would imagine that at the average convention I'd go to, most of the people there would happily admit they'd never heard of Frank Herbert, or anything that he might have written.

As I suggested in my LoC on #9, Bay Area fandom had so much influence on the Reno Worldcon. Chris with the Hugo, Jean and España and crew winning the masquerade and Andy and Kevin running that... It was a Bay Area Worldcon, in spite of the fact it was in Reno; you all influenced it, and made it a helluva lot of fun for so many.

Australia is a place I've tried to get to twice, also for Worldcons. Each time, we've tried to save as much money as we could to get there, and both times we came up short; the last time, not even close. Guess we weren't meant to go... I'd like nothing better than to visit the Melbourne SF Club and meet some of the people I've been corresponding with for years. I'm happy to get regular visits from *Ethel*, though.

Turning to the older letters, Pamela

Boal is right that private enterprise will be the most likely to take us to space. However, if private enterprise can't make money to keep the company running and its shareholders happy, it won't even try to go; and then even going to the moon or achieving a geostationary orbit will become a dim memory. Unfortunately, most people say 'So?' when it comes to the idea of space travel; and now, *Apollo 18* is a new, mild horror movie. Reference to the Mercury women who stayed on the ground while inferior men rose to space and immortality reminded me of a book I've referred to before, called *Promised The Moon* by Stephanie Nolen. She is a *Globe and Mail* reporter, currently stationed in Africa somewhere, and she wrote this book to acclaim but limited attention some years ago.

(In Taral's letter there is a reference to Constantine the Geek. I nominate that as the Typo of the Issue, in true Hertzian fashion.)

To Steve Jeffery, who thinks we would disagree, I respond that I don't think our attitudes would vary all that much. I support initiatives to help those who need the help; I have no problems there. As you say, Steve, there are those who will not help themselves, and want a free ride. In this horrible economy, the free ride should be over, and I see the current Cameron-led government in the UK is working towards that. The Harper government in Canada, IMHO, goes too far in its cuts.

—8 September 2011
Etobicoke, Ontario (Canada)

That, Mr Penney, is fighting talk. Your response to a fanzine where part of the text is edited by Chris contends that the part edited by me contains the 'Typo of the Issue'? (I knew something like that might happen, mind; I even predicted it.)

Actually I have got a confession to make; my letter column was delivered in something of a rush so that Chris could get printing done in time for Worldcon (my bad timing there, not his), and that meant I didn't have the chance to go back to Taral to check whether his phrasing was deliberate. I thought it probably was so I left it like that. Another question for you all: is it better to risk leaving in a

typo or destroying a joke? (Yes, I know: better yet to leave enough time to check with the author!)

Fortunately there's a case to be made that there was a more significant error in the first letter column in #10. In the interests of open government transparency I should point out that this was spotted by my partner; and you will note also that I always side-step the issue he identifies...

Mark Plummer

Let me ask you, Chris, what you know about Wales. Big marine mammals, blowholes, eat plankton, Moby Dick? No, that's whales. I'm talking about Wales. It's a place. Yes, Geri Sullivan lives in Wales, but I'm thinking of the other Wales, the one over this side of the Atlantic. Greg Pickersgill, Dave Langford, Rob Hansen, Cheryl Morgan? Al Reynolds and Chris Evans? That Wales. Ring any bells?

OK, now can you think of a place in Wales? I'll give you a clue: you've actually been somewhere in Wales, even if you only went for the day. Dr Who and Torchwood? Yes, Cardiff. Well done.

Now, can you think of another place in Wales? Reading? No, Reading isn't in Wales. Dave Langford is Welsh but he now lives in Reading and that's not in Wales. Nowhere else?

Right, go and get an atlas. Can you find this country? Good. You see that long, thin pointy bit in the bottom left-hand corner? No, that's not Wales. But just above that, the bigger, fatter, sticky-out bit? That's Wales.

Now I want you to run your finger along the bottom, the southern coast, of Wales. Right to left. Look, there's Cardiff. And then Barry, Port Talbot, Swansea, Tenby... Ballycotton? No, you've crossed the Celtic Sea and you're in Ireland now. Go back, back a bit, back a bit more. You've got Milford Haven? Great. Now go up a bit and slightly to the right, following the line of the A4076 if you can see it. You need to go about seven miles and then, there it is: Haverfordwest. Got that?

Do you see where Haverfordwest is? Yes, Wales. From that, then, can you work

out where it isn't? Well, yes, it's not in California, or Croydon, or Lower Hutt, true; but what I'm driving at here – reference your letter column and David Redd's letter therein – is that Haverfordwest is not 'a place in England'.

England is a country. To its west is another country called Wales, and to its north the country of Scotland. Taken together they form the island of Great Britain or Britain. If you add in many of the smaller islands around the coast and the country of Northern Ireland you get the sovereign state of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, commonly known as the United Kingdom or UK. And if you add in the separate sovereign republic of Ireland and the Channel Islands of Jersey, Guernsey et al you get the geographical entity that is the British Isles.

Thus we can see that Wales is part of Great Britain, the United Kingdom and the British Isles. It is also technically part of England and Wales which is a legal jurisdiction, with Scotland and Northern Ireland having jurisdictions of their own. But – and this is the important bit – it is not part of England.

Does all this matter, I hear you ask? (The way I hear it, the question includes two 'awesome's, three intracapitalisations and seventeen exclamation marks.) Isn't it all the same? It's certainly true that Noel Collyer once maintained a database in which some addresses were given as 'Northern Ireland, Great Britain' and he claimed that this was to avoid confusion between UK and Ukraine and surely nobody would mind. I seem to recall that several of us pointed out at the time that on balance we thought, yes, people would mind. But if you really want to know I suggest you ask your train-driving English co-editor.

—20 September 2011 Croydon (UK)
Chris replies - So what you're saying is that Wales is in France?

Thanks also to:

Theresa Derwin: 'I have realised in reading issue 9, dedicated to *Dune*, that I am a major SF geek! Yes. "Why?" I hear you ask. Well, because I completely got the "Arrakeen Rap". I chuckled my way through the

rap, recognising all of the major events of the *Dune* mythology. And I enjoyed many of the articles too, though I confess I'm not enough of a *Dune*-phile to have read them all. As for Chris Garcia's comments about the film: I love it too, particularly Sting's codpiece (meh).'

Sean McMullen: 'Congratulations again on the Hugo, Chris, but thanks also for the article on my writing in the August issue; that was great work.'

If you want to appear here, send your letters:

- By email to: journeyplanet@gmail.com
- By post in Europe (c/o James) to: 54 Bridge Road, Uxbridge UB8 2QP, UK
- By post in North America (c/o Chris) to: 1401 N Shoreline Blvd, Mountain View, CA 94043, USA
- By post from anywhere else in the world to whichever of those addresses you prefer

Don't send anything relating to Journey Planet to my postal address or email, though. I'm just a letter-editing minion, me.





Sherlock Holmes in The Science Fiction Encyclopedia

by David Langford, Brian Stableford and Jonathan Clements.

Arthur Conan DOYLE's iconic hero Sherlock Holmes was introduced as a scientific detective operating by rigorous logic – Doyle's master-stroke being to show him through the eyes of his staunch but uncomprehending companion Doctor Watson.

Although Holmes did not always fully live up to this description, he is an inevitable underlier figure for sf scientists and other reasoners confronted not only by impersonal theoretical problems but by the trickier complications of real-life crime and punishment. The closest approach to sf in the original Doyle canon is the late story "The Adventure of the Creeping Man" (March 1923 STRAND), which takes a dim view of the popular "monkey gland" regeneration process of Serge Voronoff.

Holmes is often explicitly echoed in sf, as in Poul Anderson's "The Martian Crown Jewels" (February 1958 Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine), whose alien detective is called Syaloch and affects a tirstokr hat; another Anderson investigator in "The Queen of Air and Darkness" (April 1971 F&SF) is named Sherrinford, Doyle's original intended forename for Holmes.

Randall Garrett's Lord Darcy and his forensic sorcerer Master Sean are very much a Holmes/Watson duo. Gerald Heard's *A Taste for Honey* (1941; vt *A Taste for Murder* 1955) introduces the series character Mr Mycroft, who though taking his name from Holmes's fictional brother is evidently though unstatedly an aged Holmes who has (as once planned by Doyle's character) retired to keep bees. August Derleth respectfully pastiched Holmes as Solar Pons, who is wont to refer to his "illustrious prototype"; the Pons canon includes the joky time travel story "The Adventure of the Snitch in Time" (July 1953 F&SF) with Mack Reynolds. Neil Gaiman's "A Study in Emerald" in *Shadows*

Over Baker Street, (anth 2003, ed Michael Reaves and John Pelan) artfully involves an unnamed Holmes – and his nemesis Professor Moriarty – with the Cthulhu Mythos.

Since Holmes fell into the public domain the character has been popular in sf stories without any such cautious distancing. He appears in key roles in, among others; *Sherlock Holmes' War of the Worlds* (1975) by Manly Wade and Wade Wellman, *The Earthquake Machine* (1976) by Austin Mitchelson and Nicholas Utechin, *Exit Sherlock Holmes* (1977) by Robert Lee Hall, *Morlock Night* (1979) by K W Jeter, *Sherlock Holmes vs. Dracula* (1978) and *Dr Jekyll and Mr Holmes* (1979) by Loren D Estleman, and *Time for Sherlock Holmes* (1983) by David Dvorkin. *Druid's Blood* (1988) by Esther M Friesner features Holmes (here called Brihtric Donne) in an alternate world where magic works; Doyle himself appears as Arthur Elric Boyle. Fred Saberhagen wrote Holmes into his *Dracula* sequence in *The Holmes-Dracula File* (1978) and *Seance for a Vampire* (1994), and Philip José Farmer wove both Sherlock and his corpulent brother Mycroft into the fantastically elaborated *Wold Newton* genealogy. In Alan MOORE's *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* Vol. 1 (1999-2000; graph 2000) Holmes and Mycroft make cameo appearances and Moriarty is a major villain.

The first novel of the Holmes "revival", *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* (1974) by Nicholas Meyer, though not sf, is of sf interest in that it involves early psychoanalysis and the father of psychoanalysis himself, Sigmund Freud (1856-1939). A number of sf authors have written non-fantastic Holmes pastiches: they include John Kendrick Bangs with his *Sherlock Holmes/Raffles* parodies; Lloyd Biggle Jr with *The Quailford Inheritance* (1986) and *The Glendow-*

er Conspiracy (1990); Caleb Carr with *The Italian Secretary* (2005); Paul W Fairman with the film tie *A Study in Terror* * (1966; vt *Sherlock Holmes Versus Jack the Ripper* 1967 UK) with and as by Ellery Queen; and Michael Kurland with *The Infernal Device* (1979) and *Death by Gaslight* (1982). Chelsea Quinn Yarbo and Bill Fawcett – writing together as Quinn Fawcett – reinvented Holmes’s portly, indolent brother as an unlikely action-hero in the Mycroft Holmes pastiches beginning with *Against the Brotherhood: A Mycroft Holmes Novel* (1997). Of related interest is Hilary Baileys’s *The Strange Adventures of Charlotte Holmes: Sister of the More Famous Sherlock* (1994). Mike Ashley’s *The Mammoth Book of New Sherlock Holmes Adventures* (anth 1997), though not principally an sf anthology, includes such items as Stephen Baxter’s “The Adventure of the Inertial Adjuster”, featuring H G Wells and an implied flight to the moon. In non-fiction, Ronald A Knox’s “Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes” (written 1911; 1912 Blue Book) launched the numbing tradition of minutely scholarly analysis of the Holmes canon, and Michael Harrison published several volumes of Holmes studies. Steven Spielberg’s film *Young Sherlock Holmes* (1985; vt *Young Sherlock Holmes and the Pyramid of Fear*) re-invents – or travesties – Holmes as steampunk.

Sherlock Holmes has also been adapted into Manga form on many occasions, including versions of “The Speckled Band” (graph 1956 *Shojo Club*) by Shotaro ISHINOMORI, “Hi-iro no Kenyaku” [“A Study in Scarlet”] (graph 2008) by Kazusa Miyakoshi and the six-volume *Sherlock Holmes Zenshu Manga* [“Complete Sherlock Holmes Comics”] (graph 1996) by Tatsuyoshi Kobayashi. An anthropomorphic version of the detective appeared in the anime *Meitantei Holmes* (1984 trans as *Sherlock Hound*, 2010 UK), the first few episodes of which were directed by Hayao Miyazaki.

Kaoru Shintani’s ongoing *Christie High Tension* (graph 2007 *Comic Flapper*) retells Holmes’s adventures from the point of view of his niece, Christie Hope. Such works, however, barely scratch the surface of a list of spin-offs so multifarious as to suggest that Holmes is at least as popular

in Japan as he is in the Anglophone world.

Relevant sf anthologies include *The Science-Fictional Sherlock Holmes* (anth 1960) edited by Robert C Peterson; *Sherlock Holmes through Time and Space* (anth 1984) edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin H Greenberg and Charles G Waugh; and *Sherlock Holmes in Orbit* (anth 1995) edited by Martin H Greenberg and Mike Resnick. [DRL/BS/JonC]

Note from James - I am indebted to the editors of the Science Fiction Encyclopedia, for this excerpt from their monstrous body of work. I genuinely feel that this resource has huge potential, and I await the day when every book mentioned has a link to a purchase place. For many thousands of entries, actually according to the website, on the 22nd of November 2011; ‘As of the latest update to this page in November 2011, this encyclopedia contains 12,366 entries totalling 3,295,937 words ‘, it is a wonderfully authoritative thing and worth searching through, www.sf-encyclopedia.com

The SFE as a whole should be credited to John Clute, David Langford, Peter Nicholls (Editor Emeritus) and Graham Sleight (Managing Editor).





Genre writers on their Journey into the Apocrypha

Compiled by James Bacon

I was surprised at just how many science fiction, fantasy and horror writers, that I knew, had at one stage or another written a Holmes story. The more I looked the more I realised that the connection that I had always had in my head personally, was actually more tangible in reality.

Now writing a Pastiche set in the Holmes world is an honourable and worthy exercise, even when things are bad, people find time to enjoy the Holmsian sport of pastiche, for In The Wipers Times or Salient News, from the 12th of February 1916 until the 8th of May 1916 there were 5 chapters of 'Herlock Shomes at it again' following Herlock in 'Shot in the Culvert'.

It can be an up and down sport, invoking the spirit of Holmes, as can be seen from Tom Baker in The Talons of Weng-Chiang wearing a deerstalker and not doing so well really, but then Sherlock Hemlock and his dog Watson, were a bit of a favourite for me, and the world of Sesame Street is quite fantastical, and who would have imagined a green Sherlock Holmes.

I asked a number of writers and editors a series of questions and here you will find their answers. I am terribly grateful to them, for their time and insight. ~ James



What did you enjoy about working on it?

Pete Crowther - Immersing myself in the past . . . in a world that none of us here today have actually experienced in reality.

Christopher Fowler - There's a quote - I think from PD James - about writing Holmes being like a cricket match; you have to obey the rules strictly. Writers love restrictions and this is one of the best - how do you do something fresh in such a well-trodden area?

Mike Resnick (who edited with Martin H. Greenberg, the anthology Sherlock Holmes in Orbit) - First, I enjoy working with other writers, those I know and those I don't; It's a form of bonding.

Second, I was fascinated to see the approaches they took to science fictionalize Holmes. In my own story for the book, I had him bored to tears in Heaven after the Falls at Reichenbach, and he solves a mystery for St. Peter in exchange for being set back on Earth where he could put his deductive powers to good use...and I assure you, that was one of the less unusual approaches.

Simon Clarke - First and foremost it was wonderful to work with such a great character as Sherlock Holmes, to see if I could bring him to life again. Yet it was just as daunting as resurrecting the Daleks in the Dalek Factor, because when you work with legendary characters you dread cocking the story up! It would be like carelessly defacing Van Gogh's Sunflowers. As for bringing something to the mythos, I hoped to be able to write a story that interested and entertained fans of Holmes, and for it to have a flavour of Conan Doyle's work.

Mike Ashley - Interesting you ask why I "en-

joyed” about it, because in fact by the end of it it had proved a very exhausting project and I think whatever enjoyment I had at the start had faded. Of course I enjoyed reading the various contributors’ stories - that’s always the fun bit - but it was part of a very complex process. My idea had been to produce a volume that gave every impression that it was based upon “true” stories telling the real life of Holmes, and trying to separate these from the many false stories that proliferate. To do this I had to get all of the contributors on board with that conceit and get their work to fit into the overall framework and chronology that I produced. That took a lot of work and sometimes the stories needed revising to give more authenticity. What I did enjoy, now thinking back on it, is once I had all of the stories in, I could then fit them into the narrative overview of Holmes’s life, which is what my introduction and story introductions do. That was quite fun, and I enjoyed how, in the end, it all fitted together. But getting there took a long time. I also had to get the permission of the estate because at the time I did the book, Conan Doyle’s work was back in copyright in the UK and much of it was also in copyright in the US (some of it still is). So to use the Holmes characters I needed a licence from the estate. This did lead me to having a phone discussion with Dame Jean Conan Doyle, which was a real treasure, and she made clear what was acceptable and what wasn’t. All of the stories had to be cleared via her agent, Jon Lellenberg, who was extremely helpful and supportive, and still is. So the enjoyment was partly the people with whom I had contact, and partly that creative process of bringing the book together.



What do you think you brought to the Sherlockian Apocrypha?

ChristopherF - I did something I thought (hoped) no-one had thought of, but I’m sure someone has - to use Mrs Hudson to detect something Holmes could not because of his blind spot about women. It was a great opportunity to create a gender tension that rarely happens in Holmes, which is largely a man’s world.

PeteC - I hope I’ve provided an exciting tale well told, with perhaps more than just a hint of darkness and a smattering of humanity.

John Reppion - In the world where our Holmes stories (The Trial of Sherlock Holmes, and the forthcoming The Liverpool Demon) take place, Dr. Watson has his tales of his and Holmes’ adventures published in The Strand Magazine. These stories are fictionalised accounts of the actual cases which the duo have investigated. The fictionalisation is necessary to protect the identities of the persons involved (especially in cases where

Holmes chooses to allow some people to escape arrest, or similar). All of which is really not very revolutionary as it's pretty much what Conan Doyle hinted at many times, with Holmes referring to Watson's writings as "those narratives with which you have afflicted a long-suffering public" amongst other derogatory remarks. Taking a step back from Watson's fictionalised version of events allowed us to look at things slightly differently without (we hope) undermining the canon.



Why do you think there is such interest amongst SF fans for Holmes?

PeteC - Now more than ever, the opportunity to lose oneself in such a wonderful world, when the innovations of the commonplace must surely have seemed like magic or the most demanding science-based fiction

Paul Cornell - I think that Conan Doyle created the British version of the pulp style that SF has always had in its DNA, and the Holmes stories' insistence that everything is down to rational causes, which can, as if chaos didn't exist in the world, always be worked out from first principles, is very appealing to the SF mindset.

ChristopherF - Why did The Beetle outsell Dracula then almost disappear? Why did Holmes beat Dr Thorndyke into the pantheon of fame? Ubiquity - Holmes and Dracula were picked up in the early years by imitators and the cumulative effect of so many stories keeps new ones coming.

MikeR - I think it has to be his character. A lot of the stories have solutions that are based on Doyle's erroneous knowledge of

the factors involved -- I wrote a weekly column on horse-racing for 15 years, and I can assure you that his knowledge of the sport in "Silver Blaze" was sadly lacking -- rather than the puzzles themselves. You can't help wondering what that personality and keen deductive mind would do with some of the problems we encounter in science fiction stories.

SimonC: In a nutshell, SF fans are fascinated by the unknown, Holmes investigates the unknown - so that vibe of exploring mysteries is such a rich seam in both SF and Holmes' cases.

I was indescribably
shocked. How had so pat-
ent a clue escaped so
many millions of readers
through the years?

~ Rex Stout in Watson
Was a Woman

Leah Moore - I think it's because as a character he is really well defined. You know where you are with him, he is going to delight you whatever happens. Holmes propels his own stories, and acts very much like a superhero, in that he possesses amazing powers (of deduction) which confound his friends and enemies alike. He is a larger than life character who makes other folk in his world seem kind of grey by comparison. The other thing I think comics and sci-fi fans love is there is a whole world already there, and it has little subplots and intrigues, and mythology and history, and a whole continuity to feast on. To put it bluntly, Sherlock Holmes is pure nerd fuel, and I say that as a confessed SH nerd.

MikeA - I'm not really sure. I suspect it's because Holmes is a genuine empirical and forensic investigator and so foreshadows the great scientist/inventors who were such stock characters in early science fiction. A couple of times Holmes's investigations tee-

ter on the edge of true scientific discovery and thus can be classified as sf.



Do you have a favourite Holmes story, and if you do what is it that you like about it and Arthur Conan Doyle's Style?

PeteC - I think my real weakness is probably 'The Hound of the Baskervilles'. There are others, for sure, but nothing that I could name without looking them up. So I guess it has to be the Hound. I love it because of the mystery and the suggestion that there is something truly monstrous out there, at large on the moors.

ChristopherF - I always liked The Red-Headed League because it hinged on an idea that wrongfoots the reader, but plays fair. Red hair has nothing to do with it, of course, but it was a much more interesting approach than calling the story 'The Big Bank Robbery'. It's like a Simpsons episode that starts on one subject and switches to something completely different. And it has that perfect touch of Victorian ingenuity mixed with a sinister undertow of danger.

MikeR - Actually, my couple of dozen or so favorite Holmes stories are Robert L. Fish's "Shlock Homes" parodies; just wonderful. My favorite Holmes movie is A STUDY IN TERROR, with what I still think is the best Holmes and Watson team -- John Neville and Donald Houston.

But a far better kind-of Holmes film is the absolutely brilliant THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, written by James Goldman, in which George C. Scott spends the entire film under the delusion that he is Sherlock Holmes, a delusion so powerful and ennobling that it eventually takes on a reality of its own. So I

guess what I'm saying is I like the -notion- of Holmes better than Doyle's handling of him.

SimonC - It has to be Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle's style is so crisp, so fast moving, so pared down. In fact, you're almost reading a film script before scripted films had even been invented.

JohnR - As a fan of all things Gothic where fiction is concerned I do love The Hound of the Baskervilles, but it's not a typical Holmes mystery in many ways. For sheer twisting, turning mystery, I think The Sign of the Four is hard to beat. Stick a pygmy in and everyone's happy, right?

I think the Conan Doyle's characterisation of Holmes and Watson, and the interplay between them, is something that's taken for granted by many people these days but it really is the solid core of the tales. Their relationship grows and evolves in a wholly convincing way – their friendship is a completely real and believable one.

MikeA - I'm not sure I have one stand-out favourite. I tend to like certain scenes and episodes in several stories, usually because they show Holmes at his ratiocinative best. I think the two that probably bubble to the surface are "The Musgrave Ritual", because it includes a cryptogram, and I'm always a sucker for coded messages, and "Silver Blaze", quite simply because of those immortal lines about the "curious incident of the dog in the night-time." That last also says everything about Doyle's style. I have to say that there are times when I think that Doyle padded out the stories unnecessarily and I think you can tell when he was getting bored. So some of the stories are not as good as you think they should be. But when Doyle was firing on all cylinders he could be inspired and he'd come up with moments like the dog in the night-time, or how Holmes is able to tell Watson what he's thinking about, or how he works out the speed of the train based on the telegraph poles (which I think is also in Silver Blaze). They're clever moments and it's those that stand out and flavour the story, often more than the plot. So I don't really see Doyle as a stylist, but I

do see him as a creative genius. He not only creates larger than life characters who will live on forever -- not just Holmes himself, but his brother Mycroft, and Irene Adler, who was a wonderful match for Holmes, and of course Moriarty, and some of the other villains, like Colonel Moran -- Doyle not only created these wonderful people but he was able to put them into set pieces that we all came to love. The consulting room at 221B Baker Street is every bit as much a character as the people and I think we all get that wonderful welcome glow at the start (and often the end) of each story when we can be a witness to events unfolding in that room. Doyle made that place and those people so real that we just yearn to be there and meet them, story after story. That was his true genius.



Anything else you'd like to say about Holmes?

PeteC - I would like to congratulate the makers of the new BBC TV programme (and the old Jeremy Brett series) while, at the same time, berate those responsible for the Downey/Law movies -- they're fun, in a childlike way, but lacking in the feel of the tales themselves or, more specifically, the wonderful Rathbone/Bruce movies.

SimonC - I'm sure people will still be reading Holmes stories on the first mission to the stars. May he live forever.

JohnR - Prior to beginning work on our first Holmes mystery, we'd written a Graphic Novel adaptation of Bram Stoker's Dracula. The Count and Holmes have a lot in common in terms of their iconic status (I believe they've

even met a few times in the pages of books which I doubt either Doyle or Stoker would have approved of). However, where we felt like we had to dig quite a bit to get back to the roots of Count Dracula -- clearing away Lugosi, Count Duckula, et al -- we found Holmes' virtually unchanged. Once you get past the "elementary my dear Watson", the oversized pipe, and the unfashionable Deerstalker, Holmes himself -- his methods, his character -- have come through generations of pastiche, imitation and homage virtually unchanged. That's really, genuinely impressive and, I think, a testament to Conan Doyle's brilliance.

MikeA - I think I'd just add that the Holmes character is infinitely adaptable. We've seen that from the new SHERLOCK series with Benedict Cumberbatch. His modern equivalent fits perfectly into this day and age, even though he is the very essence of the 1890s and early 1900s. And, of course, he fits so perfectly into other historical or literary events of that time, such as Jack the Ripper or Wells's WAR OF THE WORLDS, that it comes as no surprise to us if we encounter Holmes involved with those episodes. Maybe that is also what endears him to SF readers, but I think it's another mark of Doyle's creative genius.

Dave Langford - Don't really have anything to say about the Langford Holmes story, except that it was fun to write, that everyone should buy my collection He Do the Time Police in Different Voices (containing this and all my other parodies and pastiches), that it's cheering to receive occasional royalties from Mike Ashley fourteen years later, and that no, I haven't any plans to write about Holmes again.

A bit about our contributors;

Christopher Fowler's Bryant and May books are stunningly good, set in London and with a unique feel, they are worth checking out, he wrote a Holmes story for BBC7.
www.christopherfowler.co.uk www.peculiarcrimesunit.com.

David Langford mentions his collection, but

you can find out more here; <http://www.ansible.co.uk/books/timepol.html> and it is indeed quite a collection of paraodies.

Pete Crowther wrote a Holmesian story, but is better known for his generous and affable qualities and his publishing company PS Publishing. <http://www.pspublishing.co.uk/>

Paul Cornell also wrote a BBC7 story, is doing very well with *Demon Knights* for DC and I am looking forward to *Saucer Country* coming next year. <http://www.paulcornell.com/>

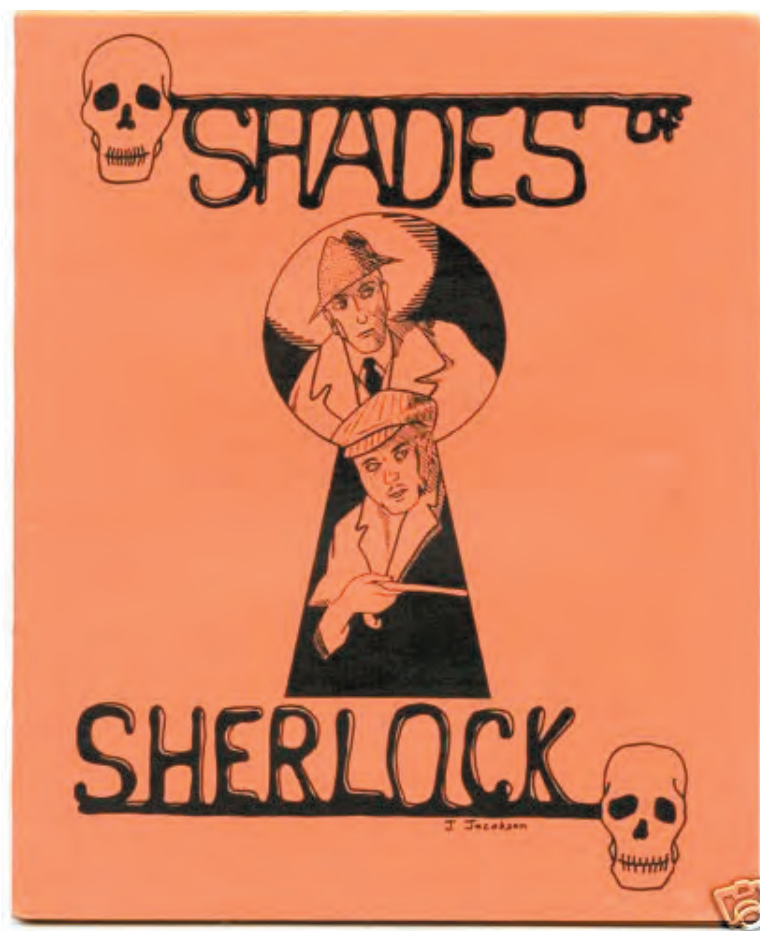
Mike Ashley has edited a many anthologies that I have loved, mostly with the word Mammoth in them, and to be honest it was a real win that Dave Langford put me in touch with him.

Mike Resnick edited *Sherlock Holmes In Orbit* with Martin H. Greenberg, wrote *Santiago*, one of my all time favourite novels. mikeresnick.com

Simon Clark is an amazing horror writer whose short stories are really quite nasty at times, although I found *Night of the Triffids* good fun. <http://www.bbr-online.co.uk/nailed/>

And Finally **John Reppion** and **Leah Moore** are the writing team, and you must check out thethrillelectric.com which is amazing project with channel 4, currently they are working on another Holmes comic which I asked about:

Leah - ooh it's a corker. We were really happy with how *The Trial* turned out, but it felt very London-centric (there are other cities in this country) and also very traditional crime/mystery/drama in its format. With our next book, *'The Liverpool Demon'* we are in our own stomping ground, bringing the great detective up to Liverpool at its most filthy, exotic, dangerous and unpredictable. We wanted to throw him in amongst the slums and docks and gangs of 'cornermen' and see how far his Bartitsu got him. It's all about mysterious cargo, strange deaths and the very life of the port itself. Some would say it's a childish dig at southern toffs not being able to handle Liverpool's mean streets, some would say it's a rip off of season two of *The Wire*. Neither of those is completely inaccurate.





The Location of 221B Baker Street

by Peter Liddell

Peter was discussing the location of 221B on the Hounds of the Internet Discussion Group in 2001. The conclusions set out below were initially part of a discussion prompted by the then discussion leader, Brad Keefauver. Peter was unhappy with the suggestion that the “real” 221B Baker Street was the modern number 111.

The correct identification? Number 31 Baker Street, Liddell says;

“The reasoning is hardly original, most of my material is taken directly from Baring-Gould. B-G in turn quotes the analyses of several others (Bernard Davies and so on). I have added my own slant to this work based on my visit to the area in December 2000 and reviewed my opinions slightly since then to reflect how I would prefer my conclusions to appear.”

It should be noted that the working format adopted by the Hounds is a weekly study of each of the 60 Holmes stories in turn (with the exception of the Blue Carbuncle, which is always discussed at Christmas) prompted by an initial input from a discussion leader. Most members of the Hounds have adopted a “nom de plume”, or simply “nom” in Hounds circles and Brad’s was “The Birlstone Railway Smash”, often simply referred to in postings as “The Smash”. Peter’s “nom” is “The Man on the Tor”, prompted by his particular interest in the Hound of the Baskervilles.

In his introductions to discussions, Brad adopted the “17 steps” approach. Holmes once asked Watson how many steps he had just climbed to reach the rooms in Baker Street, and the “17 steps” has caught on as something of a catch phrase.

At the beginning of March 2001, Brad started the discussion of The Empty House, listing in his usual style 17 points of interest prompted by his reading of the story.

Peter replied to his lead-in with the



following, posted on March 5th 2001;

"I am occasionally critical of B-G's analyses, which will again become apparent when we discuss HOUND, however, his inclusion of Bernard Davies' map of the area between Baker Street and Cavendish Square and his suggested interpretation of the route followed by Holmes and Watson to "Camden House" is to be commended. The inferences seem most compelling.

"As I recorded in one of my last messages to the Hounds, I had occasion last December to retrace some of that route and am more than ever convinced that "Camden House" was no. 15 Baker Street (as numbered in Holmes' day - no. 34 today) and "221b" was across the street and was then numbered 72 (later to become number 31).

"As I recorded in my notes, the block of old houses containing number 31 has gone and has been replaced by a modern glass and concrete building. However, at the time of my visit, "Camden House" was still there and wholly recognisable, even though its demolition was already well advanced.

"Why "221b"? Why, indeed. Even the supporters of the Upper Baker Street alternative (the location of the "blue plaque") have to address the same dilemma. Despite Watson's unwavering use of "Baker Street", to postulate "Upper Baker Street" leaves the problem that there was then no number 221 in that street either. The consolidation of Baker Street, York Place and Upper Baker Street into the Baker Street we know today did not happen until the 1930's. Only then was there a number 221."

Brad's reply to this posting was; "Alas, I was under Watson's spell and firmly convinced that the sitting rooms were actually at a place numbered "221," as so often happens."

Despite the many arguments against it, I always find myself leaning toward Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs's identification of 111 Baker Street as the One True Place, just because he's a good ol' Midwestern Sherlockian. Holmes would surely scoff at such sentimentality, but I'm hardly the ideal reasoner that he is."

This prompted a follow-up response from Peter which he has reviewed now,

some ten years later, and what follows is an updated version of that March 2001 posting.. *(Editors note, very little has changed, but there is finer use of language for clarity and also better use of semantics)*

"I am aware of the '111' suggestion, first made by Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs in the 1930s, but this address was not in the 'Baker Street' that Holmes would have known, but stood further up the thoroughfare in what was then 'York Place'.

"The facts (supposedly -- all good researchers should personally check source material and I haven't been able to do this yet) are these. In the 1880's what we know now as Baker Street comprised three sepa



rately named streets. The most southerly part, from Portman Square up to Paddington Street was the original 'Baker Street'. From Paddington Street north to Marylebone Road it was called 'York Place' and north of Marylebone Road it was called 'Upper Baker Street'. South of the Portman Square entrance, the street name changed from Baker Street to Orchard Street, as it still does to this day.

"'York Place' was incorporated into 'Baker Street' in 1921 and 'Upper Baker Street' became part of the unified 'Baker Street' in 1930.

"Originally, Baker Street addresses ran from number 1 (on the east side at Portman Square) up to 42 (on the east side at Paddington Street) and then from 44 (on the west side at Paddington Street down to number 85 (on the west side back at Portman Square). For some reason there never was a number 43.

"After the merging of 'Baker Street' and 'York Place', not until 1921, remember, the houses were numbered more logically and to the convention we would recognise today, with 'odd numbers' on the left (the west) and 'evens' on the right (the east) looking north up the street. Thus the original 'number 85' would have become 'number 1' and the original 'number 1' would have become 'number 2'. In this numbering there would have been a 'number 111', between 'York Street' and 'Portman Mansions' on what, in Holmes' day was 'York Place'.

"When Upper Baker Street was incorporated and the numbering was extended north of Marylebone Street, a 'number 221' was at last created and that is where today's 'blue plaque' is to be found. Watson and his editors would have been far-sighted indeed if they had had accurately anticipated this development back in 1887.

"In 'The Empty House', at the end of Watson's description of Holmes' circuitous journey from Cavendish Square to 'Camden House', he writes:

"We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with

a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us.

"The place was pitch dark, but it was evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my outstretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes's cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forward down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fanlight over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the centre from the lights of the street beyond. There was no lamp near, and the window was thick with dust, so that we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion put his hand upon my shoulder and his lips close to my ear.

"Do you know where we are?", he whispered.

"Surely that is Baker Street," I answered, staring through the dim window.

"Exactly. We are in Camden House, which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

"We know that Watson often used real names but in a fictitious way. Therefore can we assume that simply because Watson says 'Blandford Street' and that there really was a Blandford Street that this was actually the thoroughfare in question? However, if we do accept this, we need to look at just where Blandford Street is. It does cross what was then Baker Street, emerging between numbers 16 and 17 on the east side.

"The key passage, if we accept Watson's reference to 'Blandford Street' at face value, is "Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage. . . ." The \$64,000 question, of course, is "which way was 'down'?" There are two passages leading off Blandford Street, to the east of Baker Street: Kendall Mews to the south and Blandford Mews to the north.

"I have personally followed this part of route and am convinced that in every sense of the term, 'down' does imply Kendall Mews rather than Blandford Mews. Turning from Blandford Street into Kendall Mews involves turning south, which many often consider

to be 'down'. It implies turning towards the river and does tend to be 'downhill'. My recollection is of a definite slope downwards looking into the Mews from Blandford Street.

"In the paragraphs above I have naturally used the term 'up' to describe passage northward along Baker Street. I therefore support the 'turning south' school of analysis which leads to the conclusion that Camden House was on the east side of Baker Street to the south of Blandford Street, i.e. in Holmes' day was a house numbered below 16. Because apparently access to the back of 'Camden House' was directly off this passage and no other major street was crossed, 'Camden House' could not have been as far south as George Street, i.e. would have had a number higher than 8.

"Watson's description of the fanlight over the door, and the right turn into the front ground floor room, rules out a number of the properties along this length of Baker Street. Adjacent pairs of houses were 'mirror images' of each other, thus in the next house down Baker Street, the pair would have had to have turned left into the ground floor front room.

"Having seen the buildings, I go along with the suggestion that 'Camden House' was the second house down from Blandford Street, i.e. number 15 in Holmes' time and therefore I agree with the parallel conclusion that '221b' had similarly to be two or possibly three doors down from Blandford Street on the west side of Baker Street. As these west-side buildings have all gone now, I have to defer to those earlier, and luckier, analysts who were able to visit the houses and conclude that number 72 Baker Street (which would today have been number 31) was 'The One True Place'.

"Anyone proposing today's 221, or 111, or any other address as the original site of their rooms has to reconcile this with Watson's description of their trek from Cavendish Square and the location of 'Camden House', and with the unwavering references to 'Baker Street' and not to 'York Place' or 'Upper Baker Street'.

"No doubt the arguments will continue, but I for one struggle to accept any location to the north of Blandford Street, even though I know that this is a long way from

'blue plaques', 'Sherlock Holmes Museums' and the like."

Of course, not everyone would agree with Peter's conclusions and the debate as to the significance of the "B" in the address and as to the actual location of Holmes' and Watson's rooms continues. For example, there is a debate currently in progress on [Holmesian.net](http://www.holmesian.net)

<http://www.holmesian.net/forums/index.php?>

where the discussion will be found under "221 B Baker Street" in the "London Proper" section - you do not need to sign up to the forum simply to read the postings.





RURAL TO RAILWAY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BAKER STREET

by Catherine Cooke

It is 1755 and the sun is setting over the farms and fields of the Portman Estate, to the north west of London. There will not be many more such settings, for William Baker, Gentleman, of St. Marylebone has just signed a business agreement with the Portman Estate. For many years he has controlled the farms here. Now he is to lease the fields out for building. It is a good deal. In a few years' time his descendants will be created baronets and move to estates of their own in Dorset. Somewhat confusingly, in 1821 just a little further to the west, Sir Edward Baker purchases Lisson village green, adjoining the Portman Estate, a property he leaves to his brother Sir Talbot Hastings Bendall Baker. But it is on the land leased by William Baker that a street is built block by block that will bear his name. The progressive building of Baker Street means that there is little similarity between the houses of the street as a whole, but there is continuity within the blocks and with their immediate neighbours.

One point should be cleared up at the outset: the street now known as Baker Street was originally three streets. From Park Road at the northern end down to Marylebone Road was Upper Baker Street until 28th March 1930. The numbering ran consecutively up from number 1 on the east side on the corner with Marylebone Road to number 27, then down the west side from 28 to 54 back at Marylebone Road. Next came York Place, running south down to Crawford Street / Paddington Street. It was similarly numbered from 1 on the east at the corner with Paddington Street up to 21 on the corner with Marylebone Road, then down from 22 to 40 on the corner with Crawford Street. This was renamed on 1st January 1921. The original Baker Street then ran down to Portman Square, where it became Orchard Street for the rest of the

way to Oxford Street, which name it still retains. Baker Street was numbered from 1 at the bottom east corner up to 43 at Paddington Street, then down from 44 to 85 at North Portman Mews, to us Portman Close. When York Place was renamed in 1921 the numbering of the entire street was reorganised to the modern practice of even numbers on the east side and odd on the west. One consequence of the various renumberings, was that 133-183 and 138-186 were never allocated.

A little hint for you as you visit this great thoroughfare: always look up above the ground floor. Much has survived in London at this level; while shop fronts change and standardise to the relevant corporate image, the upper floors of buildings that have survived usually still retain their original windows and decorations. In Baker Street this is even more relevant as the B of 221B Baker Street makes it almost certain that Holmes and Watson had rooms on the first (in American parlance, second) floor.

Two years after William Baker closes his land deal, a new road is built from Paddington to Islington and named with stunning originality New Road. The Act of Parliament giving permission for this stipulated a wide strip of land to be left empty on either side of the road. This was not a fore-sighted allowance for later road widening schemes, but an attempt to stop squatters and ribbon development along the road. Building for the road consisted of filling ditches and removing any hedges that were growing in its path! It was not until February 1857 that the road acquired a new name and the one by which it is still known, at least for the section in which we are interested: Marylebone Road.

By the end of the century Baker Street is part of a good, solid Georgian residential area. William Pitt the Younger, Prime Min-

ister, lived at what is now number 120 from 1802-1806; a blue plaque marks the house. Lady Hester Stanhope, his niece, kept house and entertained for him. She herself became famous as an explorer in Turkey and the Lebanon. The author Bulwer Lytton lived at number 31 early on in his career and Sir Richard Burton, the explorer and Oriental scholar, also lived in the street for a while. Mrs Sarah Siddons the actress lived at 27 Upper Baker Street from 1817 until her death in 1831. Her house was demolished to make way for Baker Street Underground Station; its site is just north of the Lost Property Office at 226.

While we may be reasonable certain that Sherlock Holmes arrived in Baker Street in 1887, we may be far less certain of where he found rooms. Clues to their location are certainly scattered through the stories. By far the most important story in this respect is "The Empty House" in which Holmes takes Watson on a walk from Cavendish Square, through small streets and mews until they reach the back of the house that stands opposite 221B, Camden House, the Empty House of the title.

"Our route was certainly a singular one. Holmes' knowledge of the byways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester Street, and so to Blandford Street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed through a wooden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered together, and he closed it behind us....."

Many Sherlockians have tried over the years to identify the site of 221B. The best summary of the clues to its location that we have was made by the British Sherlockian

Bernard Davies:

The Empty House

- 1) There must be a mews or similar passage behind
- 2) There must be a yard with a back door from the house; this must be an open space not merely an air-well
- 3) There must be no mews property between the mews and the yard
- 4) The front door and hall must be on the right when viewed from the street
- 5) There must have been no street lamp near in 1894, the date of the case

221B

- 1) It must have a back yard large enough for a reasonably-sized plane tree around 1900; the tree is mentioned in "Thor Bridge"
- 2) It has two large windows in the sitting room. (This of course, does not rule out houses with three or four windows across the frontage, since we do not know whether the sitting room extended across the full width of the building)
- 3) There is a bow window. A problem - no house in Baker Street had one!
- 4) There must be at least three storeys, since Watson slept on a floor above. All the original houses had at least three storeys
- 5) There is a semi-circular fan-light over the front door. Most houses had one
- 6) There are seventeen steps to the first landing. Much depends how you count them; most houses had about 20; 109 had 25

It will be seen that (2)-(5) for 221B are of little help in identifying any actual building, so we are left with point (1) only for 221B, plus all the points for Camden House. Also, in "The Empty House" Watson makes no mention of crossing either Baker Street or Marylebone Road. There were in fact no mews running behind the houses on either



side north of Marylebone Road. Camden House must therefore lie on the east side of Baker Street, south of Marylebone Road, in what he knew as either York Place or Baker Street itself. There is one other matter we should clear up at this point. In "The Card-board Box" Watson, writing in the morning, says "the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow brickwork of the house across the road was painful to the eye". Since the morning sun would shine on the houses on the west side of Baker Street, this would put 221B on the east side of the street. This conflicts with the much more detailed "The Empty House" and has to be discounted; Watson probably just meant the sun was so strong even indirect glare was painful.

Conveniently, in 1893 and 1894 the Ordnance Survey remapped London for their reissue of the 5 foot to 1 mile plans; the case of "The Empty House" took place in 1894. These plans are therefore ideal to locate yards now built over. The street lamps of the time are more problematic, since the 1895 series omitted them; they were marked on the 1872 series. From the plan covering Baker Street, published in 1895, it can be seen that no house on the east side of Baker Street had a yard opening directly on to a mews; some building such as a stable always intervened; this we must accept. Many houses had the door on to the south.

It is worth taking a half hour or so to walk down Baker Street as there are a number of points worth noting. Since the new statue of Sherlock Holmes is nearer the northern end, it is easiest to start at that end of Baker Street. Look at the block down to Melcombe Street on the right, which Holmes knew as New Street. This is one of the best preserved areas of the street. The first place to note is the Sherlock Holmes Museum at 239. On this west side of the street there are several houses, of which the best is 231. The bow windows are, however, modern. Notice the three upper storeys and two windows across. This is the basic Georgian pattern of Baker Street. 231 was 35 Upper Baker Street in Holmes' day so the present 221 would be about 41 Upper Baker Street, which would have looked more or less the same.

Abbey House, the headquarters of Ab-

bey National, now occupies the block from 215 to 229. It was designed by J. J. Jones and erected in 1932. The block was refurbished in the early 1980s, retaining the white building shell, with the tower, reliefs and statue. The inside was totally gutted and rebuilt to provide modern office space. In 1985 a bronze plaque was commissioned by the Abbey National, bearing the profile of Sherlock Holmes and a quotation about 221B from *A Study in Scarlet*. It was unveiled by Jeremy Brett in October 1985. As a matter of fact, Abbey National had a few problems in putting up a plaque. In previous years, the building superintendent would not let them cut into the stone work of the building. They feared that any plaque merely screwed to the wall might disappear one dark night, as other plaques in London had. In the early 1980s that superintendent retired. Abbey National promptly put up their plaque, embedded and securely concreted into the wall.

Being careful of traffic coming from the left, Baker Street being one-way, it is worth crossing to the east side where you can visit the Sherlock Holmes Memorabilia Shop or look at the picture of Holmes on the sandwich shop. The remainder of "Upper Baker Street" was redeveloped in the 1930s and has little to interest the Sherlockian visitor.

Moving to York Place, the first building of interest is 111, the Post Office. This was chosen as 221B by the American Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs. The original house was bombed during the Second World War - what you see is an accurate replacement. It is unusual in Baker Street being wider than normal and having four windows across, rather than the more normal two or three. Next door is a gem, number 109. This is the only house in Baker Street to retain its nineteenth century aspect, having been restored by Haslemere Estates. The ground and upper floors are correct, with a fanlight over the front door, an iron balcony, three floors and an attic, the windows on the first floor continuing on down to floor level. 109 was 31 York Place in Holmes' day, and has been suggested as the site of 221B by at least two commentators.

Opposite, 13 York Place, today num-

ber 118 Baker Street, was Camden House School, a fact which contributed to the identifications of the houses opposite as 221B. In 1874, 13, York Place is listed in the directory as belonging to an architect, Frank Preedy. He lived there until 1887 or 1888, but from 1885 he shared the premises with a school run by a Miss Fanny Franks. Miss Franks had gained a first class certificate from the Froebel Society in 1876, and that same year had opened a kindergarten, the first of its kind in London, in Camden Road, NW. In 1885 the school moved to York Place, where it remained until its closure in the late 1950s. Even before its move to Baker Street it had been known as Camden House School. It must have brought its name with it.

Continue to walk down the east side as far as Paddington Street. The west side was redeveloped in 1925 and 1963. The Sherlock Holmes Hotel must be mentioned, though from 1874 to 1912 it was the home of Bedford College for Women, part of the University of London, hardly a place to the frequented by Sherlock Holmes! Some 20 years ago the hotel boasted a Moriarti's [sic] Restaurant fronting on Baker Street. At that time, the main entrance to the ho-

tel was on the other side of the building in Chiltern Street. It was moved in the early 1980s to bring it on to Baker Street. Inside are some rather nice pictures and artefacts on Sherlockian themes.

A little further down Baker Street at 102 you will find The Baker Street Dental Practice. Until recently this was Dr. Watson's Chambers. Ten years ago, you might have been somewhat startled to find one of the dentists practising here was one Philip Marlow! Sadly, both he and Dr. Watson have moved on now.

Paddington Street marks the beginning of Baker Street proper, not that very much of it remains. Indeed, we have to go on down, crossing Dorset Street as well before we find anything of interest. We should note 54 Baker Street. Though a horrible modern structure, it was recently been refurbished and given the name Watson House. That name did not, however, survive for long and there now seems no trace of it. Number 66, formerly number 30, was another candidate for 221, chosen by the American writer Vincent Starrett. On the west, behind the houses, lay the Baker Street Bazaar, one of London's best known bazaars. Druce's, the famous cabinet makers, was established here in 1822. The British Sherlockian Gavin Brend plumped for number 61, formerly 53, for his 221B, while another British Sherlockian, T. S. Blakeney, preferred number 49, the former 63. These would all have been similar to those on the western side of the previous block, some of which remains.

We now cross Blandford Street, known to Holmes as King Street, on the west. The houses get smaller as we work south. Again, the west has gone, as recently as 1968, and with it number 72, the former 31, the choice of two Sherlockians as 221B, Bernard Davies and W. S. Baring-Gould; number 73 (former 29), the choice of Sidney Tucker; number 74 (former 27), the choice of Dr. Maurice Campbell; and number 77 (former 21), the candidate of Sir Harold Morris and Denis Collins and number 78 (former 19), chosen by James T. Hyslop. On the east, however, the original buildings survive, including Bernard Davies' candidate for the Empty House, number 34 (former 12).



The mews round the back through which Holmes and Watson reached the building is also still there, along with other mews, including Sherlock Mews, between Porter Street and Paddington Street. Sherlock Mews was so named in 1937. All the original yards have now been built over.

The rest of Holmes' Baker Street has gone and in its place stand the modern office blocks which complete the thoroughfare. We can, however, try to recreate the atmosphere with which Holmes would have been familiar. Though originally a fashionable, residential area, Baker Street's character had begun to change to a more commercial one after the building of Baker Street Station. By the time Holmes and Watson arrived it was mixed upper middle class residential and commercial. If Holmes settled in York Place in 1887, he would have found himself in the midst of lodging houses, private residences, dressmakers and a couple of schools. Upper Baker Street provided more to interest him, including the premises of Mrs Julia Bishop, cigar importer at 1B Upper Baker Street and 126 and 128 Marylebone Road. No doubt Holmes kept the coal scuttle filled with her wares. There was another tobacconist, Thomas Williams, at 52 Upper Baker Street, on the corner with Allsop Mews. A chemist's shop was run by William Jones at number 13, which Holmes would with doubt have found a useful supplier for his more reprehensible pastimes. It is tempting to think Watson might have discussed his friend's case with another neighbour, William Price, the "curative mesmerist" at number 15! There was a Postal Telegraph Office and Savings Bank on the east side near the corner with New Street at number 45. A final business which Holmes might have frequented for his supplies of smoke-rockets, convincing props and tips for his disguised activities was the establishment at 4E of William Dodds, plumber. There were a couple of public houses within a short stagger as well. The Buffalo's Head stood on the corner of Marylebone Road and Allsop Place and The Globe occupied the site it still does on the south side of Marylebone Road.

On his return to London in 1895, Holmes would no doubt have been relieved

to find Mrs Julia Bishop's cigar importing business still flourishing, as are Williams' tobacco shop and the Postal and Telegraph Office. The chemist's is still there as well, now under the proprietorship of Richard Thomas. Sadly, William Price had already moved on by 1891 and Harry Stubbings' dealership in works of art now occupies number 15. The area has taken on a distinctly medical flavour, no doubt due to the proximity of Harley Street to the east, though there have been a few doctors in this section of Marylebone Road for a number of years. 30 Upper Baker Street is now the premises of Louis Watson, artificial teeth manufacturer, while William Halford plies his trade at 104 Clarence Chambers, Marylebone Road making artificial human eyes. Another public house, the Portman Arms, has opened for trade a few hundred yards west along Marylebone Road on the corner with Great Quebec Street. I like to think Holmes and Watson dropped in for the occasional pint here, since Great Quebec Street was later renamed Upper Montagu Street and the corner plot is now occupied by Marylebone Library, home of Westminster Libraries' Sherlock Holmes Collection!

There remains Baker Street Station to investigate. London Regional Transport are currently well into a major refurbishment of the system. Baker Street Station was one of their first projects, undertaken during the 1980s, having been one of the first stations to be opened and the first to be built properly underground. The Circle Line platform restoration was completed in April 1984, while that of the tickets and circulating area was completed three years later. The early Underground lines and stations were built by the "cut and cover" method. This entailed a huge trench being dug out and the line and station being built into it. The hole was then roofed over, given a glass ceiling, or even in places, left open to the sky. There is much of interest to see: the Circle Line platforms have been restored to their original appearance, though with electric light cunningly arranged to simulate the original daylight and gas lighting. The effect is atmospheric now, but when the station was built, the carriages were drawn by steam trains. Ventilation was required

to allow the smoke to disperse or it would have choked the passengers. Road widening schemes for Marylebone Road closed off the upper ends of the shafts, while the lower ends were covered over for some fifty years by advertising boards and few people suspected they were there. The only other station with such shafts was Euston Square, where again some traces still remain. The Jubilee Line platforms are decorated with large posters depicting scenes from the Sherlock Holmes stories, designed by Robin Jacques. The Bakerloo Line platforms have large silhouettes of Holmes made of lots of little silhouettes of him. Everywhere there are tiles bearing these little silhouettes. A word of warning here: flash photography is prohibited on the Underground platforms for reasons of safety.

Baker Street Station, serving London's first underground railway, which ran from Paddington to Farringdon, was built on the site of a farm which had belonged to one William Allsop, who had died towards the end of the eighteenth century. His name was immortalised in several of the surrounding streets, most notably in Allsop Place, which was built after Upper Baker Street and New (Marylebone) Road and which closed the triangle, forming the hypotenuse. Maps as late as 1833 still show a Cow Yard in the centre of this triangle, perhaps the last relic of that farm. It is tempting to think it was still occupied, supplying the local dairies. At the very top of Baker Street stands a circular drinking trough, erected for the benefit of local horses and cattle - perhaps the very last vestige of the area's more rural past. The station opened on 10th January 1863. There were two ticket offices at street level, one either side of Marylebone Road. The entrances to these still survive at the far end of the Circle Line platforms. That on the west bound platform is blocked and leads only to a bridge across the the east bound side, built in the wall behind the MR 1911 plaques. On the east side, however, the stairs have survived and now form an emergency exit which comes out in the subway under Marylebone Road, giving a good indication of where the original entrance stood. (The northern kiosk entrance to this subway was built in 1927 as a new entrance

to the station, bearing the wording "Trains to City and West End". It also housed a tobacconist). A plan and elevation on the wall of both platforms shows the original layout of this part of the station.

There was a second station, Baker Street East, serving the Metropolitan Suburban Railway. A platform level interchange was constructed towards the end of 1898, together with a new booking office. (Passages between them were opened up much later in 1929, and widened later still). The layout of the facilities had changed little until March 1891, when some modest rebuilding took place. The existing two track, two side platform Metropolitan station was extended to three tracks and four platforms. The work was finished by November 1892. By 1901, 281 trains ran out of the Metropolitan station. The first electric train ran through the station during the night of 1st December 1904, with the new electric service being launched on 13th and coming fully into public service on 1st January 1905. The platforms remained wooden until the risk of fire was felt to be too great and they were replaced in 1906 with concrete and expanded metal, overlaid with artificial stone.

The Metropolitan Railway felt that Baker Street Station was unworthy of them. It was, after all, their London terminus. As early as 1899 they put forward plans for a new terminus and cab road. Negotiations were prolonged. They obtained permission for the acquisition of the land at the end of July 1902 and from May 1903 started buying up the triangle of land bounded by Upper Baker Street, Marylebone Road and Allsop Place. They finally made the decision to go ahead in July 1905 and by the spring of the following year had drawn up plans for a station of eight tracks and five platforms, a cab road and hotel. Meanwhile, a new underground line was being built, the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway, commonly the Bakerloo Line. It reached Baker Street on 10th March 1906, though tickets for it were not available from the Metropolitan Railway. Two weeks later, Baker Street was no longer the end of the line, as it opened through to Great Central station, now known as Marylebone.

It took the Metropolitan until the end of

1908 to complete their purchase of the land. Between 1911 and 1913 they undertook a major rebuilding of the station. The budget for the project, in the hands of company engineer William Willox, was set at £100,000. Work began and the old brick arch over the tracks was removed and replaced by concrete walls with steel girders and reinforced concrete to support the flats fronting Allsop Place and Upper Baker Street. The Metropolitan Railway Act of 20th July 1906 stipulated that the buildings along Marylebone Road should be of a "reasonably ornamental character": the London County Council would have to approve them. A cab road was built along the front of the station, rising to some 3 feet above the level of Marylebone Road and roofing over the offices being built underneath it. At the same time the first 185 ft of the planned 418 ft building project was constructed to first floor level by Henry Lovatt Ltd. It was faced with ornamental work in Portland stone. Between the cab road and the platforms a new 32 ft by 16 ft booking hall was constructed to-

gether with a 77 ft by 46 ft circulating area. Oak panelled refreshment rooms, cloak-rooms, ladies' rooms, lost property facilities and stores completed the station. The tiled signs for W. H. Smith's and the Luncheon & Tea Room have survived over the banks of ticket machines. Two 16 ft wide staircases led down from the cab road, while two more 13 ft wide led on down to the platforms. These latter wooden-framed stairs with their ironwork still survive. One of those from the cab road was, however blocked off during the 1984 - 1987 restorations. The keystones of its arch can still be seen on the inner arch over the date of restoration, matching those for the surviving staircase.

One other feature is worth mentioning, though it has now disappeared completely. The older Metropolitan and District Line stations often used to have bars in them. For a number of years, that within Baker Street was called Moriarty's and was decorated with artwork mostly derived from the Billy Wilder film *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, starring Robert Stephens. It



was closed, along with the other remaining bars, when smoking on the Underground was banned after the deaths of 31 people in the Kings Cross fire of 1989, a fire started by a lighted cigarette or match carelessly being dropped on to rubbish. It remained visible but empty for a number of years but was recently opened up, becoming a snack shop. It stood just at the top of the stairs to platforms 3 and 4.

Work had also been going on above ground with the demolition of the corner properties, including the 1863 Circle Line booking offices, and the construction of a circus. An underground booking office was built over the up Circle Line and a new entrance to the station put in on the north side of Marylebone Road, near its junction with Upper Baker Street. A ferro-concrete bridge was built under the road to connect the two Circle Line platforms. By July 1912 work was sufficiently advanced for the laying of the centre stone of the Marylebone Road frontage on 24th. This was set in the wall of the cab approach by Lord Aberconway, Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway.

In addition to the work on what might be termed the public face of the station, the Metropolitan's chief architect Charles Walter Clark designed seven storeys of office accommodation built out over the tracks and fronting on Allsop Place at number 13, some 65,000 square feet. Named Selbie House after the company's General Manager R. H. Selbie, the building was of reinforced concrete faced with white faience. The decorations included miniature crossed telegraph poles and signal posts, wheels, buffers and coupling chains. Pevsner likens the company's self-advertisement in this decoration to that evinced by the Michelin Building in South London. (At the time of writing, April 1999, Selbie House is covered in scaffolding and sheeting, making it impossible to conform whether these decorations have survived. The ornate over-doorway that is visible makes it seem likely that they have). The move to the new offices in the January of 1914 was accompanied by an increase in hours from 9.30am - 5pm Monday to Friday to 9am - 5pm. (Saturdays were unaffected, remaining at 9am - 12.30pm). Also in 1914 the two railway companies, the Metropolitan

and the Bakerloo, agreed to sell each other's tickets. Escalators were installed between their platforms. The Upper Baker Street ticket office was closed in 1914. The Bakerloo Line booking hall, designed by Leslie Green survived until 1940, but was not demolished until 1964. Its site is easy to find in Baker Street, where a modern building stands incongruously just north of Chiltern Court. The stairs which led to it, however, may still be seen at the far end of platforms 3 and 4.

The major remaining element of the development was the hotel. Agreement was reached in 1913 with Lyons' subsidiary company, Strand Hotel Ltd. Their architect, who had designed many a Corner House and hotel, F. J. Wills, submitted drawing for a hotel of 417 single and 281 double bedrooms, each with its own facilities, spread over eight floors, or seven on the Marylebone Road frontage. Tariffs would be broadly in line with those at the Strand Palace Hotel. Shops were planned at street level. The contract was placed with James Carmichael, who started the demolition work on 22nd March 1915. Clarence Chambers, with its lodging houses, disappeared, the site was cleared and excavations and foundations partly completed when work was halted. The conditions due to the War by 1917 just did not allow such projects. The contracts were terminated some two years later and the site was invaded by bulrushes, birch, willow, nettles, camomile, wild fuchsia and, no doubt, enough butterflies to keep any urban naturalist happy for days.

Attempts were made to resolve the impasse. In 1921 agreement was reached with Sir Oswald Stoll for a development of cinemas and a restaurant on the west side of the site and a film industry centre on the east. The railway company finally completed the remaining 221ft of the frontage of Portland stone, working eastwards across the parcels depot. This eastern end was rebuilt in 1960, having been damaged during the Second World War. Clark designed a central porte cochère with a colonnade and surmounted by three gables and clocks. It stood opposite Chiltern Street but was destroyed by bombing during the War and not replaced. The scar of its roofline can,

however, still be seen over what is now the Bureau de Change, together with the now familiar plaques bearing the initials MR and the date, here 1911. Opposite, on the cab road wall, can be seen the remaining bases of the eight columns which formed the colonnade, four either side of the raised central section, on the other side of which is Lord Aberconway's plaque. Another, if lower raised section stands at either end of the colonnade. An impressive site indeed for Sherlock Holmes to stand. Either side of the central arch, the 16 ft wide staircases built some dozen years before led down to the circulating area. On the inner arch keystone of the left hand surviving staircase can be seen the usual intertwined MR and the date, 1912. Work was completed on 17th March 1924. Stoll, however, failed to raise the necessary capital and the company repossessed the site, butterflies and all, pocketing Stoll's £16,000 deposit.

Back under ground, more work was undertaken to extend the Circle Line in 1923, with a new entrance and ticket offices on the south side of Marylebone Road. The impetus for this was the Wembley Park Exhibition, the biggest of its kind since the Great Exhibition of 1851.

Finally, in January 1925 the Metropolitan decided to retain building control over their site and to drop the idea of a hotel in favour of an apartment block with shops, and stores and offices on the first three floors, to be named Chiltern Court. This, they argued, would both provide a return on their investment and bring in more passengers. The original design for the frontage was largely retained and by June 1927 Higgs and Hill had been selected to undertake the work. Originally, it had been hoped to lure in a major shop to provide a department store on three floors. Harrods, the Army and Navy and Barkers of Kensington all declined and the Metropolitan gave up and filled the space with more flats and shops.

Work started in August 1927, together with a number of improvements to the railways facilities themselves. The booking office and circulating area were enlarged, and general waiting rooms constructed. The Marylebone Road wall was cleaned and

restored. At the west end of the cab road, a new Circle Line entrance was built, the tobacconist's kiosk discussed above. Total costs came to £720,435. The result was, rather like Dr. Watson, solid and reliable looking. It is thoroughly Edwardian and in stark contrast to its contemporary, the London Transport office building at 55 Broadway.

The first tenants moved in September 1929, being allowed to choose their own style of decoration. The accommodations ranged from a ten room "mansion" flat of lounge hall, two reception rooms, six bedrooms, two bathrooms (one for the maid!), kitchen and offices at £1,000 per year, to a three room "bachelor" flat consisting of living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom at £250 per year. Most flats, however, could be had for £400 per year. The rents included all rates, taxes, heating and water. All flats has coal fires, gas and electric points and even the smallest had a small lounge hall. A novel feature for the day was that the meters were located outside each flat, so that they could be read without inconveniencing the residents. Floors were composed of wood block, some in oak, and some of the dining rooms were oak panelled. Each was also equipped with a built in jewel safe, automatic telephone and communal wireless with both speakers and headphones. Postal chutes led down to the main post box. Baths and fittings were built in, with marble mosaic or tile, depending on the quality of the flat concerned. Walls were specially sound resistant, but there were still numerous complaints from residents about the noise of trains, traffic and children. Tenants on the top floors has views over Crystal Palace, St. Paul's or Hampstead. Two artesian wells in the basement supplied the water. In all, there were 198 units, plus 30 bedrooms for the maids! By November 1911, 161 had been let. Perhaps best known among the tenants were H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, the latter taking two large flats but dying only a year later. On the ground floor the Chiltern Court Restaurant opened on 15th November 1929, providing 250 seats plus private dining areas. There was also a Hall for functions. In its day, Chiltern Court was the biggest and handsomest block of

flats in London.

Most people today think of Baker Street Station as just another Underground station. Perhaps to Sherlock Holmes, it was. To later residents and passengers it is much more. It stands alongside Victoria and St. Pancras as one of, perhaps the last of the great railway termini in London.

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Holmes, Cabs and Tubes

by James Bacon

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried, "shall I go and order you a cab?" asked Watson of Holmes in A Study In Scarlet

The feeling I get, is that Holmes is impatient to find the facts, to pursue the game, to chase down his quarry, once he is imbued with a case, he is dogged in his determination and vigour in his pursuit of the solution. So I am not at all surprised that he jumps directly into cabs, to get across London's city. Of course he will contemplate and think about a case, but once his train of thought is clear, he is on the off.

'Whip your horse up, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train.' said Holmes in *The Stock Brokers Clerk*.

So it is, and one might wonder why the wonders of this modern age, the Underground was not more often used. I have my opinion on this matter, based on personal evidence.

I work in Paddington, and for four years lived in Croydon. A decent but sometimes problematic commute. I had a schedule, if I arrived at East Croydon with fifty minutes to an hour before I start work, I would be fine, its a nineteen minute train journey to Victoria, and then a 436, 36 bus or a combination of Victoria and Bakerloo Tube, or even a Circle line around to Paddington are all very feasible within half an hour. If I arrived at Victoria with less than 20 minutes to spare, I wasn't yet doomed,



"HOLMES GAVE ME A SKETCH OF THE EVENTS."

being on time one of those railway employee issues that really must be adhered to.

In that case, it would be worth the £10 for a Taxi, and they would wind a route that usually could manage the journey in about 12 minutes. I can't imagine how fast they would drive if I offered a cabbage a sovereign. They know the best and quickest ways, and also, the driving method and style is rather unique, a type of fearlessness, mixed with a quasi-fear amongst London drivers of careening black cabs heading at them. The automatic nature of the engine, meaning its a foot down for power and acceleration, a turning circle that sees them weave in and out of traffic, and of course licence to drive in a variety of prohibited lanes, routes and ways.

'It was one o'clock when we left No. 3, Lauriston Gardens. Sherlock Holmes led

me to the nearest telegraph office, whence he dispatched a long telegram. He then hailed a cab, and ordered the driver to take us to the address given us by Lestrade. "There is nothing like first hand evidence," he remarked; "as a matter of fact, my mind is entirely made up upon the case, but still we may as well learn all that is to be learned."
Study in Scarlet

Of course there wasn't much of an Underground for much of the time that Holmes was at work.

221B is quite difficult to place to actually situate and elsewhere in this zine we have Peter talk about his observations, likewise the chronology has been worked out painstakingly and from Baring Goulds work, it appears some 46 of the 60 Canon Stories set before 1900. This is helpful as a marker point.

Stories before 1900 have very few options or should I say destinations to actually use The Underground. The Metropolitan Railway opened Baker St in 1863 and the line ran from Paddington to Farringdon st. The Northbound element of The Met opened in 1868.

The Inner Circle line was opened in 1884, the Met having built the line from South Ken around to Tower Hill and The District building from Gloucester Rd to Mansion House, and both companies sharing in the construction of joining up the routes, Both companies had running on the lines.

31 Baker Street (Peters 221B) is about a third of a mile from Baker St station, a ten minute walk, 111 Baker St or 30 York Place is around 450 feet from the station, while the location of the Museum, which was Upper Baker St is 410 feet, both a walk less than two minutes.

The Northern Line opened Clapham north to King William St in 1900, King William St being on the North side of the Thames near London Bridge.

The Waterloo and City opened in 1898. The Central line opened from Sheppard's Bush to Liverpool Street in 1900, while the Bakerloo or Baker St to Waterloo line opened in 1906 as did The Piccadilly. The Northern Line, Charing Cross branch opened in 1907.

The Victoria Line opened in 1969,

while part of the Bakerloo was turned into the Jubilee in 1979. So there wasn't a lot of Underground anyhow.

There is no doubt that Arthur Conan Doyle was aware of the Underground. It is mentioned by Dr Watson within the first few pages of the first Holmes story a Study in Scarlet

"I should like to see him clapped down in a third class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow-travellers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

Interesting that Watson makes mention of third class, for the Met was organised on mainline railway proportions, with freight services and sidings, 1st and 2nd class seating and carriages. The trains initially were broad gauge, but were standardised, and although the was also initially a connection to the Great Western railway, this lessened. The trains were hauled by Steam Locomotives, with a variety of ways to reduce the smoke, but not always effectively.

In *The Beryl Coronet*. (1886), Businessman Alexander Holder arrives by Underground, as it is mentioned;

"I feel that time is of value," said he; "that is why I hastened here when the police inspector suggested that I should secure your co-operation. I came to Baker Street by the Underground and hurried from there on foot, for the cabs go slowly through this snow."

Now Mr Holder had been coming from Streatham which has three stations then and now. Streatham Common served both London Bridge and London Victoria, while Streatham Hill was on the loop from Victoria to London Bridge, and Streatham station had a line to London Bridge, and to Holborn Viaduct, although this may have required a change in train

I suppose a Circle line around to Baker Street in bad weather may have been time saving. Although on the return no mention is made of an underground journey as Watson reported, *"short railway journey and a shorter walk brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great financier."*

Holmes travels for sure by The Underground with Watson in *The Red Handed*

League, (1889) it would have been a steam hauled MET or District service to Aldersgate:

"We travelled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning."

Aldersgate, or Aldersgate Street as it would have been known in 1889 is now The Barbican station. So our men travelled at least.

Without doubt the Bruce Partington plans. 1894 feature the Underground considerably. I loved Norman Crump's research on this one, in the Sherlock Holmes Journal in 1952. Here is how the discussion goes



"Yes, yes, here he is, sure enough! Cadogen West was the young man who was found dead on the Underground on Tuesday morning." said Watson who continues *"his dead body was discovered by a plate-layer named Mason, just outside Aldgate Station on the Underground system in London."*

And so, the stage is set for a full story embroiled with the Underground.

"It was lying wide of the metals upon the left hand of the track as one goes eastward, at a point close to the station, where the line emerges from the tunnel in which it runs." says Watson

"The trains which traverse the lines of rail beside which the body was found are those which run from west to east, some being purely Metropolitan, and some from Willesden and outlying junctions."

The Circle Line of course was not the simple line we know now. The Metropolitan Railway opened from Paddington to Farringdon in 1863, a route for GWR customers to access the City and the MR was initially connected to the GWR. In competition with the Metropolitan at this time was the Metropolitan District Railway and between them they constructed what would have been

known as the 'Inner Circle'. (there were Inner, Middle Outer and Super Circle lines in Victorian Times.) The route was colloquially known as the Circle from about 1870, even though it was only completed in 1884. The Met operated on the Circle from South Ken to Mansion House, from the west, North, and East Sides, while The District Completed and over lapped the circle from High St Ken to Mark Lane (Tower Hill) and continue East towards and through Aldgate East.

You can see I love this one.

"Aldgate, where the body was found, is considerably past the station London Bridge, which would be his route to Woolwich." Mycroft neatly sows some confusion unintentionally.

"Many circumstances could be imagined under which he would pass London Bridge. There was someone in the carriage, for example, with whom he was having an absorbing interview. This interview led to a violent scene in which he lost his life. Possibly he tried to leave the carriage, fell out on the line, and so met his end. The other closed the door. There was a thick fog, and nothing could be seen." said Sherlock Holmes, who obviously is open minded.

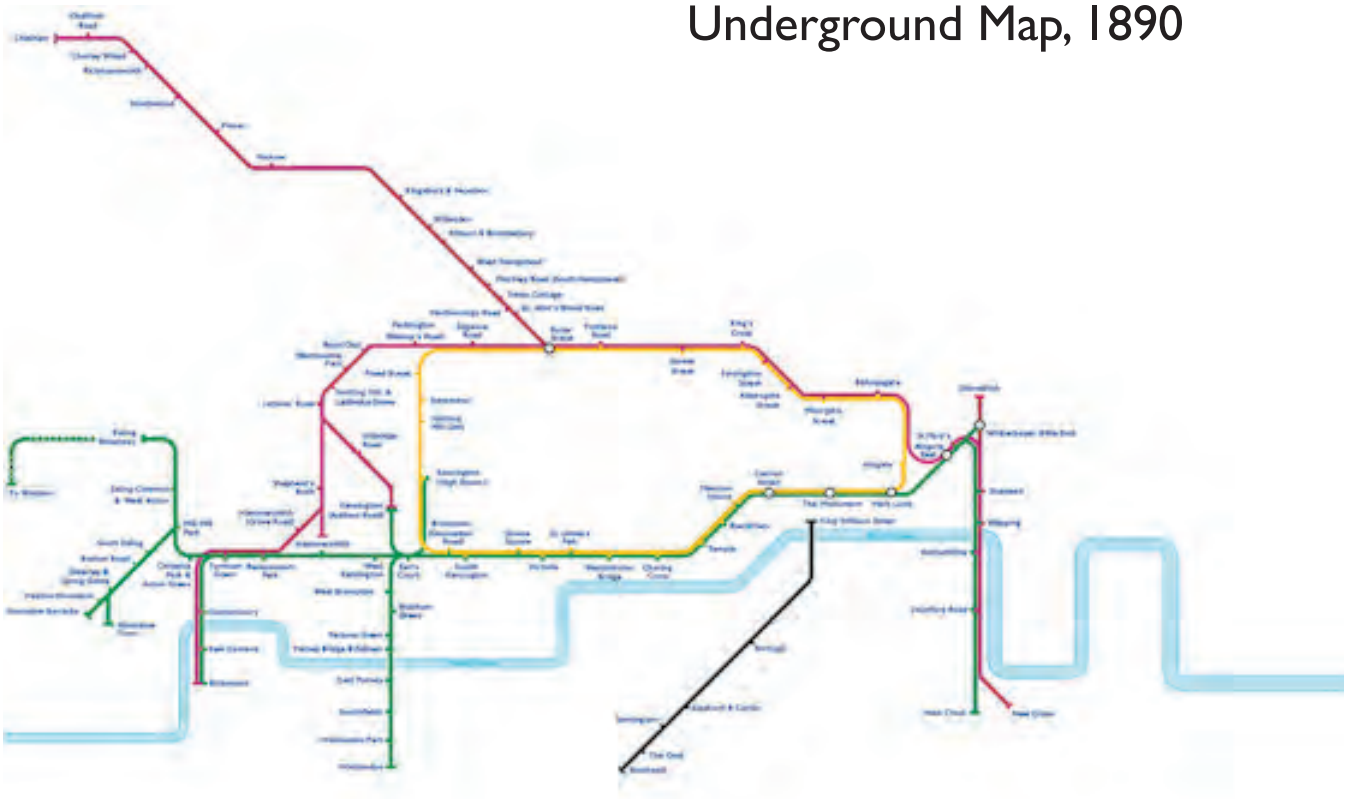
"An hour later Holmes, Lestrade and I stood upon the Underground railroad at the point where it emerges from the tunnel immediately before Aldgate Station. A courteous red-faced old gentleman represented the railway company." Says Watson.

In the television version, the helpful railwayman says *'The line runs north east and divides with the Branch going south under the river to Rotheride and New Cross.'* As the Met line would have used St Mary's Curve a link between the District line metals which had a Junction after the closed St Mary's station, with two lines curving south and joining what is now the East London Line. St Mary's curve was still used until the Overground conversion of the line.

I personally spent a lot of time thinking about the tracks, I learned that Aldgate East station was moved 170 yards eastwards to allow the enlargement of the triangle containing the Minorities, North Curve, and Aldgate East junctions.

Sadly when I went looking for maps, it is in actual fact a very commonly found

Underground Map, 1890



part of the Underground, for much more tangible reasons, the location of the body in fiction is very close to where a train was bombed on the 7th July 2005.

Of course, I wondered if I could write about the unlikelihood of a body staying on a roof, and then Catherine Cooke mentioned that the type of carriage may have been a factor, and then the book, *Metropolitan Railway Rolling Stock* by James Snowdon came my way and I soon realised that there was a huge variety of carriages in operation, and many with items on the roof, and that was before I journeyed up and down trying to feel Cromwell North Junction, Praed Street Junction, Baker Street Junction and Aldgate Junction.

Finally a story written in 1926 but set in 1902, may lead us to think that Holmes and Watson used the met line from Baker St to Harrow on the Hill On way to The Three Gables.

'A short railway journey, and a shorter drive, brought us to the house,' is not a huge amount, but of course the Metropolitan and St Johns Wood Railway initiated in August 1880 ran to Harrow, now Harrow-on-the-Hill, but by 1902 The Great Central Railway which had opened in 1899 also served

Harrow from Marylebone, although even I would go for a Met service.

So it is probably clear now, that cabs in many ways would have been more useful, and then when it was better the Underground was used, but lets be honest, I enjoyed thinking about it, more than anything else.

I had way too much fun enjoying the following,

Sherlock Holmes and Railways By BDJ Walsh, *Sherlock Holmes Railway Journal* 1
Sherlock Holmes' Underground, No Place for a Gentleman A.J. Richards SHRJ 3

I cam to Baker St by the Underground, Roger Johnson

The London Underground Douglas Rose
Metropolitan Railway Rolling Stock by James Snowdon

The Metropolitan Line: An Illustrated History by Mike Horne

The Story of London's Underground John Reed and John Robert Day

London's Underground by John Glover

London Railway Atlas by Joe Brown

Southern and TFL track Plans, Quail Maps.



The Women of Sherlock Holmes

By Alissa McKersie

While I was contemplating the subject of Sherlock Holmes, I started with my earliest memories of the stories: my mother reading the stories out loud to us on long car rides. My mother has always been a very good inspiration in looking at the feminine aspects of life, whether it was in stories, movies, or even in careers. So, when I was speaking with her about the women in the Sherlock Holmes stories, her surprising reply was “They’re all victims!” Of course, she was joking, but it leads one to realize that may be the general impression many folks have.

Sherlock Holmes tends to be portrayed as a calculating, logical character and emotions don’t tend to factor into his actions (very Vulcan-esque). Holmes’ take on women is that “The motives of women are so inscrutable, ... Their most trivial action may mean volumes, or their most extraordinary conduct may depend upon a hairpin or a curling tongs.’ On another occasion he puts it more bluntly: ‘Women are never to be entirely trusted – not the best of them.’”¹ Yet, women factor into the over 60 canonical stories. Most of them are, as my mother put it, victims, or clients, or servants. In fact, as S. C. Roberts put it “...women only interested him as ‘cases’.”²

Some of the things that Holmes says in the original stories may be viewed as misogynistic. But, when you read how he interacts with the female characters, you realize he is rarely rude or uncharitable. In fact, he tends to treat most women with the utmost respect and almost has a tender approach with some of

them. But, once he is done with the work around them, rarely do we find reference back to the women from prior work. The only real exception is Irene Adler.

Now, for those of you that have seen the movie with Robert Downey, Jr. from 2009³, you saw a fun, rebellious Rachel McAdams playing a former (and possibly, re-invigorated) romantic interest of The Great Detective named Irene Adler. However, we must remember that, in Victorian England, “Women had few (if any) rights...”⁴ And, while the propriety of the day would probably not see Ms. Adler wandering around with nothing but a sheet on (and less) in front of Holmes, in the 21st century, we think nothing of it. “Called ‘the woman,’ [she was] an American born opera singer and adventurer who earned Holmes’s lasting respect for providing a capable and wily opponent in



the affair chronicles in ‘A Scandal in Bohemia.’”⁵ But, in the original story, she is not necessarily a love interest at all. She is often mentioned as the only woman who has ever “bested” Holmes. He perhaps looks on her more as a respectable adversary than as a love interest. Though it seems, in the pastiches, she is the quintessential love-inspiring woman for Holmes.

It was not that he felt any
emotion akin to love for
Irene Adler. All emotions,
and that one particularly,
were abhorrent to his
cold, precise but
admirably balanced mind.

There are several arguments about Holmes on the subject of misogyny versus misogamy. There are many quotes from the stories that, taken out of context, can be looked upon as definitively misogynistic. Though, because his treatment of the many women in his life is often found to be rather kind, this limits our misogynistic conclusion. It is hard to believe that Holmes actually hated, or even disliked, women. He simply did not trust them. I also believe this was because he was an extremely logical man and did not necessarily see logic to most women’s behavior (what man does?). So, this leads us to the answer of Holmes as a misogynist, at least for himself. He did not, in the canon, seem to believe that he should be married. He felt that it was an institution acceptable for Dr. Watson, his companion, however.

This all being said, there are theories that Sherlock Holmes did marry, later in life. In fact, one of the women from the canon is offered up numerous times as the most favored candidate for Mrs. Sherlock Holmes: Maude Bellamy. In Doyle’s “The Lion’s Mane,” Ms. Bellamy was the fiancée of a murdered man. In his own words he writes, “Maud Bellamy will always remain in my memory as a most complete and remarkable woman.”⁶ And, since her fiancé

was killed, there should be no reason, if Holmes considered a union acceptable at that time, she wouldn’t be agreeable to such an idea. One would hope that Holmes would have become less likely to use the sitting room wall for target practice once married, though.

Outside of the aforementioned women, and excluding relatives (limited) and the Queen, there are eight other women of some note in the original canon (from the list chosen by PJ Doyle and E. W. McDiarmid⁷):

1. Mrs. Hudson – Holmes’ and Watson’s landlady. It seems as if our current idea of a “landlady” and that of Victorian London are two completely different entities. Mrs. Hudson often made tea and announced visitors to her tenants.

2. Mary Morstan (Watson) – Miss Morstan originally was part of a case, “The Sign of the Four” in which there were mysterious circumstances behind the death of her father. Eventually, Watson married Miss Morstan.

3. Effie Munro, “The Yellow Face” – it was assumed she was having an affair when her husband came to Holmes to investigate. This story may have been controversial at the time, as it addresses the idea of interracial marriage.

4. Miss Violet Smith, “The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist” – Miss Smith originally contacted Holmes because she was being stalked. She was eventually abducted.

5. Violet Hunter, “The Adventure of the Copper Beeches” – Miss Hunter is the object of a strange plot surmised by Jephro Rucastle. Eventually, Holmes (and the ensemble) solves the mystery. Watson had actually hoped that Holmes was romantically interested in Miss Hunter, but to no avail.

6. Agatha, “The Adventure of Charles August Milverton” – Holmes is hired by Lady Eva Blackwell to hunt down questionable letters obtained by a blackmailer, Charles August Milverton. In hopes to gain information, Holmes disguises himself as a plumber and becomes acquainted with Agatha, the housemaid. He eventually becomes engaged to her, but once the case is solved, promptly disappears and a rival suitor steps in.

7. Violet de Merville, “The Adventure of

the Illustrious Client” – a headstrong woman in love with the wrong man. Holmes said she was “...beautiful, but with the ethereal other-worldly beauty of some fanatic whose thoughts are set on high. I have seen such faces in the pictures of the old masters in the Middle Ages.”⁸

8. Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope, “The Adventure of the Second Stain” – the wife of the secretary for European affairs. She was found to have marital indiscretions that, had they been made public, would have ruined the secretary’s career and, essentially, their marriage altogether. Watson found Lady Trelawney Hope an extremely beautiful woman (though, not surprising, as Watson has quite an eye for all of the ladies, it seems).

Most of these women play pivotal roles in the stories they are found, each of them bringing to the detective and his companion a myriad of problems and/or scandalous events. But, somehow, not one of them got through that extremely scientific and analytical exterior to the man underneath. I did, however, find one quote that I found quite amusing and may still ring true for some men of today: “Holmes declared his wish for beer after a day on the Irene Adler case.”⁹ Just ask my husband.

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Endnotes

1 – Crowder & Doyle, p. 95

2 – Roberts, p. 40

3 – Johnson, Kinberg, & Peckham (screenplay)

4 – Grimes, E. “The Romance of Sherlock Holmes.”

5 – Bunson, p. 3

6 – Doyle, p. 613

7 – Andriacco, “The Women in His Life.”

8 – Doyle, p. 473

9 – Tracy, p. 30





An Actor's Lessons

By Elaine Stiles

If this is to be at the very least, or most, an informal semi-scholarly investigation into how Sherlock Holmes gained his knowledge of footprints, wheel prints and bullet sources, etc., the least I can do is reference the source of the title. Back in the late 1950s, Theo Bikel put out an LP of folk music entitled *An Actor's Holiday*. It included a version of *Ghost Riders in the Sky*, which connected it, at least peripherally, with cowboy songs and hence the Old West.

So, what has acting and the Old West to do with Sherlock Holmes? Let me enlighten those readers of this short monograph, who might not otherwise be acquainted with certain scholarly endeavors, that postulate Holmes traveled to America as a young man as a member of an acting troupe. After leaving university because he didn't feel any proscribed area of study would garner the right mixture of knowledge he needed to pursue the career niche he wished to carve out for himself, Holmes put together his own curriculum without benefit of a mentor. He studied chemistry, physics, botany, anatomy, anthropology and engineering with an eye to the applicability of these disciplines to the solving of crime.

Much of what he needed to know could be absorbed into his body of knowledge through books and experimentation. Other knowledge required actual field experience. His chosen profession also required a certain skill with weaponry and physical prowess and other related learned skills. A stint in the army might not afford him the chance to gain the necessary skills and might also delay his full-time entry into his career for far longer than he wished. Also, at 20 his experience with observation, an ability that he shared with his older brother Mycroft, was limited in so far as it applied to practical problem solving. He'd been successful with a few mysteries, such as what

underlay *The Musgrove Ritual*, but it only scratched the surface.

Holmes already had a natural talent for the various martial arts. He was an accomplished boxer, fencer and practitioner of an oriental self-defense technique he called baritsu. He was also a gifted amateur actor. This hobby taught the young detective the art of effective disguise. The solution to acquiring the necessary skills, he reasoned was to be found on the stage. Spending time as a professional, Holmes deduced, would only elevate his natural abilities along those lines into something rivaling the greatest actors to tread the boards in the 1870s. In addition, his studies had shown him that those most knowledgeable in tracking were to be found among the Indians, trappers and other denizens of the American frontier. Therefore, he sought out and didn't hesitate to accept when offered, the chance to join a troupe of actors heading for a coast-to-coast tour of the United States via train and stagecoach.

The current text I'm reading, a collection of stories related to and featuring Holmes, *A Study in Sherlock*, by Laurie R. King, postulates in one tale that that prior to becoming the world's first and foremost consulting detective he traveled in the United States in the role of Hamlet in 1879. I beg to differ with that conclusion. Since there's no definitive reference to Holmes career as an actor in *The Canon* or that can be verified through historical research, I don't believe he took the time to gain enough recognition in the profession to play a leading role of that magnitude even in a lesser-known company. Instead, I feel he came to these shores in 1875 or 1876 at the latest. The acting company provided for the young man's basic needs while serving the dual purpose of allowing him to hone his acting and makeup skills while affording the opportunity, or so he deduced, to meet the very

American experts who would enable him to read the slightest sign accurately and trail his quarry without being noticed. In that deduction for one of the few times in his life, he was nearly proven wrong.

Young Sherlock Holmes sailed across the Atlantic. Due to the dominance of the greatest city of America's dominance the ship probably docked in New York, but the company would not have been booked into a theater on either Broadway or even off Broadway. Instead, they stayed in the metropolis only long enough to secure the means of heading west into the hinterlands with perhaps the garnering of a bit of applause in Cincinnati, Terre Haute and Saint Louis as they wended their way across the Mississippi away from the more civilized parts of the young country. From Kansas City the company of actors entered the wide-open plains of Kansas where the audiences grew progressively rougher. Unlike the east cowboys and saloonkeepers predominated over society ladies and respected businessmen at each performance. Indians in their native attire were sometimes visible from train and stagecoach windows and their means of transport may even have been robbed, if not by the James gang by some other lesser known band of hooligans. This would have been their experience as they continued on through Wichita to Dodge City, that bustling cow town. Some of the towns encountered were large enough or deluded enough to build a theater or opera house beside the saloons.

It was in western Kansas where Holmes proficiency with makeup and desire to see if he could hide his identity through total immersion in his assigned or chosen character blossomed. The persona thus created had a certain way of walking, of posture, of speaking that indicated personality, even occupation to bring off a convincing performance, both on and off the stage. This understanding that broad gestures, though credible on the stage for an untutored audience were nothing beside a combination of small details that created a whole persona. This ability, he knew, would stand him in good stead when circumstances required that he blend in with his surroundings.

Holmes learned he could be the low-

est worker or lay-about and none would be the wiser until it was too late if he played his part well enough. The other skills he'd come to America to perfect weren't as easily gained. That required the services of someone who was both knowledgeable and willing to teach him. Therein lay the problem. Such people rarely made their way to a staged performance. This held true for Indian scouts at the forts where they would stop to put on a play for the soldiers and their wives and trappers and hunters in the saloons. They kept to themselves, having no interest in the foreign tenderfeet passing through, especially not in wasting their time instructing a tenderfoot.

Dodge City, with its large transient population of every description afforded the perfect place in its many saloons, dance halls and gambling dens to mingle with the very people Holmes wished to emulate. He'd observed and listened to these denizens of the Plains long enough that he could turn himself into a passable homesteader fresh from back east or even a traveling merchant complete with his chosen character's accent and manner of speech. He found that for the vast majority their motto was, "Learn what ya have ta or die tryin'."



Time was running short and Holmes began to despair of finding a way to master those necessary skills before he returned home. Until one evening, while conversing with the local lawman as himself about the way of solving crimes, he found a receptive audience. The older man by about 15 years, upon hearing how the visiting Englishman's intentions in regards to a career upon his return to Britain, invited him to join his as he performed his duties and to explain how to gain and use the skills necessary to their performance. The lawman, although skilled with his fists, knives and firearms, used his brain more than his brawn and thus could determine the culprit even without an eyewitness.

Unobtrusively, Holmes watched as the lawman went about his job. He noticed how he gathered information by a combination of questions to his friends who were in a position to observe those he suspected of not operating totally within the law during unguarded moments and assigning his seemingly not too bright assistant to follow and report on the movements of those people, man or woman, along with his own hunt for clues. The man had a way of questioning people that put them at their ease but at the same time solicited the answers that would lead to a solution.

The lawman patiently explained about the small things that could turn suspicion away from a more obvious suspect to the actual criminal. It might be the angle of entry of a bullet or the position of a bruise on the victim. Another telltale sign could be a misplaced piece of wood or a drop of blood or even an odd smell. In addition, a barely perceptible change in stance or movement of an eye or hand he told Holmes was often a warning of danger to life and limb requiring a quick and accurate preventive reaction.

The future detective also learned a competent physician assisting the investigator was of immeasurable benefit when examining a corpse. Their combined knowledge and keen observations could determine how close the shooter was to a gunshot victim by the presence or absence of powder burns, the caliber of the bullet, and thus the type of firearm used, and the direction it was fired

from. If the weapon was a knife, the type and length was discernable from the shape and depth of a wound and the height of the culprit in comparison to his victim from the angle of the wound. From tales of the lawman's past experience Holmes learned the treachery a woman adversary could bring to what appeared to be on the surface an unsolvable crime.

The lawman patiently showed Holmes how to follow a trail using all one's senses and close observation of evidence left on the ground or room. He had the fledgling detective kneel down close to the ground to point out the details found in boot prints that indicated how much wear they'd received as well as the possible size of the man. He also showed him how to distinguish one horse from another by their shoes and if one was being ridden double, making it possible to tell the number of men being trailed and that they were the ones sought. Slight scuffmarks on rocks and the direction of a blade of grass, Holmes was told, indicated the direction of travel. Other things, such as the warmth given off by an abandoned campfire, the odor left on crushed grass or branches, or the leavings of certain bugs, indicated how far ahead the quarry was. What shape a member of a gang of outlaws could be read in the careful observance of a blood trail. The pace at which they traveled was in the length of the stride of the horses. Also, Holmes learned to tell one conveyance from another and the load it carried based on the type and number of wheels, their spacing and the depth to which those wheels sunk in soft ground. He also learned to stay just far enough back so the criminals could be followed without them knowing they were being followed and how to make use of natural cover and quiet movements in order to apprehend them.

Armed with what he'd learned in Dodge City, young Sherlock Holmes sought every opportunity to practice and perfect those skills for the remainder of his American travels. At home in London, he continued to practice, honing the skills for which he would become renowned until he became recognizable as the man described by his biographer and trusted collaborator, Dr. John H. Watson.

Holmes and Watson - It'll Last

by Tony Keen

One of the things lost amongst the reshuffling of the Holmes legend carried out by Guy Ritchie is the basis of the relationship between Sherlock Holmes and John Watson. The Holmes-Watson relationship is not like that of, say, Hercule Poirot and Captain Hastings. Hastings is, not to put too fine a point on it an idiot, and Poirot seems to keep him around primarily to have someone who will be continually impressed by Poirot's fairly obvious deductions.

John Watson can sometimes be portrayed as an idiot (Nigel Bruce's Watson to Basil Rathbone's Holmes comes to mind), but that seems to me to be a misreading of the character. Watson is bright enough – he is, after all, a qualified medical doctor. He falls behind Holmes in intellectual capacity, but who doesn't? And Watson has other qualities, that Holmes recognises and values.

And that is, I think, the key to their relationship. Their friendship works because, deep down, each of them wants to be the other.

That Watson wishes he had some of Holmes' intellect is obvious. Watson is the narrator of Conan Doyle's tales, and the admiration he has for Holmes shines out of every page. Watson finds it hard to imagine that there is an area in which he is superior to Holmes.

We don't have the same route into Holmes' feelings, and he keeps much hidden, even from his closest friend Watson. But I remain convinced that Holmes is drawn to Watson because he recognises in him all the qualities that Hol-

mes himself lacks, and deep down wishes he had. Above all, it is Watson's ability to deal with other human beings that Holmes envies. Holmes treats everyone with aloofness, because he doesn't know how to do anything different, and has to assuage the resultant melancholia with cocaine. Watson can talk to people, even to the degree of getting Holmes to open up.

And Watson can relate to women, even to the point of marrying one. Holmes can barely talk to them. Women are, by his own admission, a mystery to Holmes. He is interested in them when they bring cases to him, but not after the case is solved. One suspects in his studied indifference that Holmes doth protest too much, and that he particularly envies Watson in this respect. It is for these reasons that Holmes associates with Watson, and they become close friends. When Holmes thinks Watson has been shot in "The Adventure of the Three Garridebs", the emotional mask slips, and Holmes allows, for a brief moment, others to see how he is feeling.

The Guy Ritchie/Robert Downey Jr Holmes doesn't have the scope for that sort of characterisation. He is too rounded a human being; he is not intimidated by women, and can be quite relaxed about being naked around one. His relationship with Jude Law's Watson (and I still think Law and Downey Jr should have been cast the other way round) is correspondingly more cantankerous – a typical bitchy buddy-movie bromance partnership rather than the deep friendship in Conan Doyle.





Inner or Outer Rail

by Norman Crump

(Originally published in the *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, Volume 1 (1952), 16-23 and based on a paper read at a meeting of the *Sherlock Holmes Society of London* on 5th March, 1969, at the *Royal Commonwealth Society*, London)

A Masterpiece. You have never risen to a greater height. So said Dr. Watson, when Holmes told him of his solution of *The Adventure of The Bruce-Partington Plans*. Dr. Watson was never more right in his life.

Cadogan West, it will be recalled, was a young clerk at Woolwich Arsenal. His body was found by the side of the Inner Circle Railway just outside Aldgate Station. In his pocket there was a *small packet of technical papers* which, as Mycroft Holmes told his brother, were no less than the plans of the famous Bruce-Partington Submarine.

Mycroft has his limitations. From his armchair he could return an excellent expert opinion, but he could not run here and run there, cross-question railway guards and lie on his face with a lens to his eye. Hence, his appeal to Sherlock.

That is just what Sherlock did. He went to Aldgate Station and in company with Lestrade and a *courteous red-faced old gentleman representing the railway company* he inspected the place where the body was found. Later his deductions led him to Gloucester Road Station. There, together with a very helpful official, he walked along the track. He had already decided that the body had been placed on the roof of a train. When he found that *the back-stairs windows of Caulfield Gardens open on the line... that, owing to the intersections of one of the larger railways, the Underground (sic) trains are frequently held motionless for some minutes at that very spot*, the mystery was solved. Sherlock had only to discover from Mycroft that the eminent international spy, Mr Hugo Oberstein, lived at 13, Caulfield Gardens and the rest became routine work.

The late Cadogan West met his death in the third week of November, in 1895, in a dense yellow fog. In the second week of October, in the year 1951, I went over the same ground as Sherlock Holmes. I began at Gloucester Road Station, where I was met by no less than three *very helpful officials*, led by Mr. Maxwell, Operating Manager (Railways) to the London Transport Executive. I was taken from Cromwell Curve and Aldgate, and simplified versions of these diagrams (Figure 1). Last, but not least I was given a special report prepared by Mr. R.C. Rider, a retired railway official, whose service dated back to 1896.

To describe my Odyssey, here the reader should begin to consult **Figure 1**. Caulfield Gardens does not exist, but Courtfield Road runs just outside the station. Here, however, the railway is in a tunnel, so that all that can be suggested is that this is the origin of the mythical name Caulfield Gardens.

We descended on to the island platform at Gloucester Road and visited the signal box at the far end. This box is only occasionally in use, for its sole purpose is to control the points leading to the Metropolitan carriage sidings. This fact is of vital importance for the following reasons.

1) We have to decide whether the body traveled from Gloucester Road to Aldgate on the *inner rail* (i.e. via Victoria), or on the *outer rail* (i.e. via Baker Street). Evidence in support of either rail will be marshaled later, but assume for the moment that it traveled on the inner rail.

2) The main intersection with *one of the larger railways* is not at Gloucester Road, but on the Sloane Square side of South Kensington station. A few Circle trains, however, go round the Cromwell Curve (Figure 1) and these do intersect the larger railway a short distance outside Gloucester Road. I return to this point shortly.

3) The body was put on the carriage roof at approximately 11:15 p.m. (*a passenger Aldgate in a Metropolitan train at about 11:40 declares that he heard a heavy thud, as of a body striking the line*) At that late hour of the evening, the Circle service was being *thinned out*. To do this, some trains would terminate at Gloucester Road, and then be shunted back into the carriage sidings. While this was going on, Signal No. 2 would be at danger.

4) For a following train to leave High Street and come up as far as the signal, before the preceding train had been shunted clear, a *special instruction* would be needed, which would modify the normal block signaling regulations. Such an instruction probably existed, but it would even more probably have contained the words *except in foggy weather or falling snow*. And there was a dense yellow fog.

5) Still it is just conceivable that a train was held at Signal No. 2 long enough for a body to be put on top of it. But this would have been due to the presence of the carriage sidings, and not be the intersection of one of the larger railways.

From Gloucester Road station we walked through the short tunnel under Cromwell Road. Here I envied Sherlock Holmes, for when he took his walk the line was not electrified and he did not have to dodge live rails. Also, he had ten minutes between trains, and we had only seven and a half minutes.

On reaching the far end, we had a look round. The surroundings of Signal No. 2 were disappointing. The inner rail is bounded by a steep, but not vertical grass cutting. At the top there is a wall, then a service road, and only then the backs of the houses in what used to be Emperor's Gate. It would have been a long throw for Mr. Oberstein from those windows.

The other direction was more promising. Assume now that it was an outer rail train, which diverged onto District railway at South Kensington and on leaving Gloucester Road went round Cromwell Curve and back onto Inner Circle proper at High Street. Cromwell Curve diverges from District railway about 100 yards beyond

the end of Cromwell Road tunnel and for the whole of that 100 yards. The staircase windows of the Cromwell Road houses back onto the line just as Sherlock Holmes described. *Things seemed to be turning in our direction at last.*

But for the doubts. The first is that very few trains ever take this route. The second and more serious, is that today the signals controlling the Cromwell Curve junction are at the end of the Gloucester Road platform. Either a train gets a clear run round Cromwell Curve, or it is held in Gloucester Road station until its road is clear. It is never held under Cromwell Road windows.

I have not been able to find a signal diagram from the year 1895, but owing to the then absence of track-circuiting it is likely that the signals were then only a few yards short of the points, so that they could *hold the road* effectively. But I still feel the train would have been held at the station until it had a clear run.

We then returned to Gloucester Road station and went by road to High Street station. On the way we visited Cromwell Curve signal box which is a modern box near Earl's Court station, which controls all the junctions in the neighborhood, except the carriage sidings, to which I have already referred. The thickest, shown in **Figure 1**, has long disappeared. Instead there are more carriage sidings, which connect with Cromwell Curve and the District Railway. At High Street we walked along the track towards the tunnel under Cromwell Gardens (this also sounds like Caulfield Gardens). Here the inner rail is bounded by a vertical retaining wall, but alas! At the top there is a large garden. The north end of the tunnel, however, looked more promising. Kelso Place runs across here and the back windows of its houses are right above the tunnel mouth. Unfortunately, there is not and could never have been, a signal at which trains would have stopped at this point. Besides, Mr. Oberstein's house could not have been over the tunnel, for then there would have been no room for the area from which Holmes and Watson broke in, the tunnel is too shallow an area and the basement would have broken through the roof.

On our return to High Street station,

we had to take a decision. Was the train travelling from Gloucester Road to Aldgate via inner or outer rail? There is no doubt that Holmes knew, because the body was found *lying wide of the metal upon the left hand of the track as one goes eastwards, at a point close to the (Aldgate) station, where the line emerges from the tunnel.* The words from eastward onwards prove nothing, especially as Aldgate is the most eastern point on the Inner Circle. But it is clear that the body did not fall between the tracks in the six-foot way. There are three points in favor of the inner rail-

- 1) *The trains which traverse the lines beside which the body was found ... run from west to east ... some from Willesden and out-lying junctions.* This is clearly a reference to the former Outer Circle service from Broad Street via Willesden, Earl's Court and Victoria to Mansion House (but not as far as Aldgate)
- 2) *Aldgate, where the body was found, is considerably past the station for London Bridge...*

This second point appeared at first conclusive. The station for London Bridge is Monument, and a train traveling from Gloucester Road through Monument to Aldgate must be an inner rail train. Outer rail trains would reach Aldgate before Monument.

But the learned chairman of the Sherlock Holmes Society has found what appeared to be a serious flaw in this evidence. It was brought forward at a time when it was still assumed that Mr. Cadogan West made his journey alive, and was killed just before his body was thrown out at Aldgate – or was even killed by this fall. But once it was assumed that he was dead the argument that Aldgate is past Monument is irrelevant, for Cadogan West neither knew nor cared about his travels.

This argument cuts deep, but not quite deep enough. Assume that the body was found by the side of the outer rail at Aldgate. Then it must have fallen off a train travelling in the direction Moorgate – Aldgate – Monument. Now when Mycroft said *Aldgate, where the body was found, is considerably past the station for London Bridge...*,

he admittedly did not know exactly where the body was found. But by an hour later Sherlock Holmes did know, for he, Lestrade and Watson had been then taken by the courteous red-faced old gentleman to the exact spot. While there, Sherlock made all sorts of comments, but did not say, *It's the outer rail. Therefore he fell short of his destination.*

I admit that in view of Sherlock's notorious secretiveness, this argument is not quite conclusive.

- 3) *There are very few points* (on this system). This is true of the south side of the circle. The only serious points are a South Kensington and Mansion House. It is not true of the North Side. There are points at High Street, Edgeware Road, Baker Street, Farringdon, Aldersgate and Bishopsgate (now Liverpool Street).

Anyhow we plumbed for the inner rail and saying *goodbye* to the Earl's Court District Inspector, the remaining three of us travelled from High Street to Aldgate in the cab of an inner rail circle train. Sherlock Holmes apparently omitted this elementary precaution, but the cab of a steam locomotive would not give the same visibility as that of an electric train.

On the way we visited where the body might well have fall off the roof of the carriage. These were:

- 1) The South Kensington junction (unlikely).
- 2) The sharp right-hand curve into Victoria (almost certain)
- 3) The series of moderate to sharp S-curves extending the whole way from Blackfriars to Mark Lane and including the Mansion House points (probable).

We certainly felt that Mr. Cadogan West, even though dead, was fortunate to get as far as Aldgate.

At Aldgate we took another look round. There are two junctions (**Figure 1**). One is the so-called *North end* of the station. There are and possibly were then, plenty of points at that spot, just *where the line emerges from the tunnel.* These spots suggest the outer rail theory, and on this basis the body would have been found at point



X. This point, however, is in full view of the station, but if Aldgate was like High Street, then as Mr. Rider says *after sunset on misty damp days ... at times the trains could not be seen from the platform*. Still less could a body be seen to fall at 11:40 p.m. in a dense yellow fog.

Traveling by inner rail, the train would have come into Aldgate through Minories Junction, and this (point Y) is where the body would have been found, if the inner rail hypothesis is correct. But whereas we could get a fine view of the north end junction from the new, elevated signal box, Minories Junction was much less easy of access.

In 1895 it was in an open cutting, between the main tunnel and the Aldgate station over-bridge. It remained so until some time in the 'thirties. Then the whole cutting was roofed in and the Aldgate trolley-bus terminal was installed on top. There used to be a garden in that cutting at rail level and one can still see pathetic remains of creeper up the retaining wall by the inner rail.

Now it is one thing to walk along a straight length of tunnel carrying a seven and a half minute service. It is another thing walking over a double-line junction with a two and a half minute service. So we did not penetrate as far as point Y, but stopped some 40 yards short. In any event, the trolley-bus station had destroyed any evidence that we might otherwise have found.

And now my conclusions. Sherlock Holmes was always warning Watson not to confuse the improbable with the impossible. The inner rail is the most probably, in all respects save one. This is the absence of any

windows overlooking it between High Street and Gloucester Road.

Therefore it looks like the outer rail. This postulates the extreme improbabilities:

1) that in turn, Mr. Oberstein, Mr. Sherlock Holmes and the helpful official believed it was normal for circle trains to run via the Cromwell Curve, and that in point of fact they did so during the period of Holmes's and Watson's burglarious entry into 13 Caulfield Gardens.

2) That instead of holding his trains at Gloucester Road stations, the signal man on night turn that week made a practice of dropping them down to the actual junction, and holding them there until he could get the road. This, in spite of dense yellow fog.

3) That there was no fog-man on duty at those signals, or at least Mr. Oberstein either did not know of the fog-man, or took the risk of his not seeing what was up. This, I admit, is both probable and a reasonable risk.

4) That the red-faced gentleman regarded all the points along the outer rail route as being *very few*. No doubt he was thinking of the junctions on a main line out of London.

5) That the body survived all these points.

6) That at Aldgate Sherlock Holmes was unusually secretive, even for him.

There I must leave it. I agree with Watson that Sherlock Holmes had never risen to a greater height.

Notes: Since writing this, I have met Commander Gregson, who was kind enough to show me his grandfather's diary. The late Inspector Gregson had several piquant comments to make, both on this case, and also on Lestrade and Sherlock Holmes. But Gregson's view was that the body got caught on some projection on the carriage roof and that it took all the points on the outer rail from Cromwell Curve to Aldgate to shake it loose. He is severely critical of both Lestrade and Holmes for not having made a careful enough examination of Cadogen West's clothes, to see what tears there were.

I give this view with all reserve.

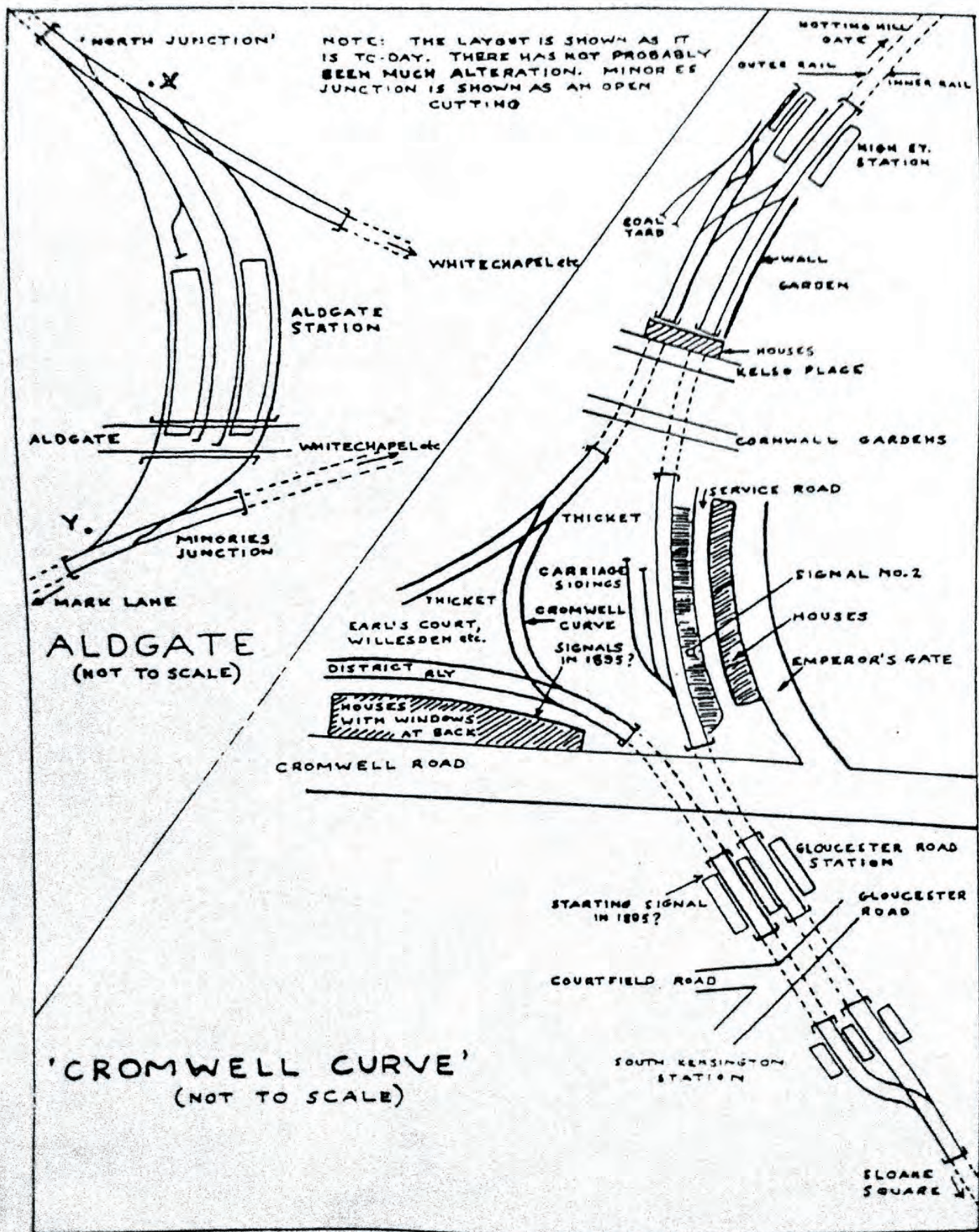


Figure 1



Reviewed: The Trial of Sherlock Holmes

by Brian Gray

The Trial of Sherlock Holmes
Sherlock Holmes TPB Vol. 1 (Issues #1-5)
Dynamite Entertainment, 2009
ISBN 1-60690-059-5

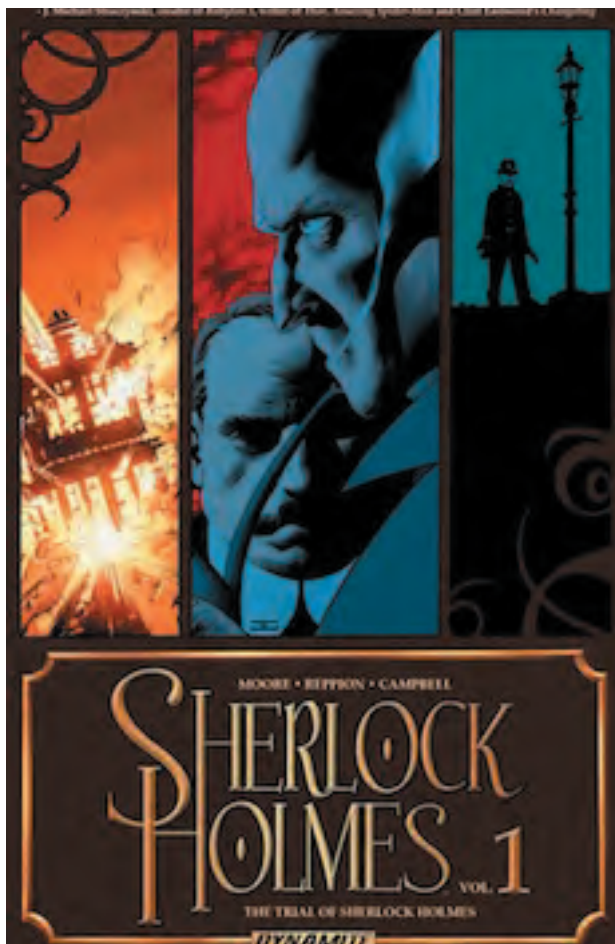
Authors: Leah Moore & John Reppion
Pencils and Inks: Aaron Campbell
Colors: Tony Aviña
Covers: John Cassaday

I came across this compilation when I was scouting out comic book and gaming stores in my new home of Albuquerque, and picked it up as the store was having a half-off sale on back issues of trade paperbacks. Currently, I'm mildly abashed to confess that I know the locations of more local comics shops than I do of local independent bookstores, but that's mostly as there are many more comics shops than bookstores close to the Kirtland Air Force Base on the south side of town where I work.

As a fan of the canon Sherlock Holmes stories and novels (I "borrowed" my father's omnibus editions of Doyle's best known character when I was 12, and now I've now possessed the tomes longer than he did...) I am always leery to get into a new take on Holmes by modern authors. In Doyle's voice, the Great Detective has a distinctly arch persona, and an ironically eldritch talent for deductive reasoning. While we are given a great many opportunities to see Holmes at work, the character almost never explains his objectives or his meth-

ods until after the perpetrator du jour is dealt with. However, as an archetype the character was passed up by all of the hard-boiled dicks from detective pulps, who often wise-cracked and chronicled their way through the dusty grit and cracked glass of every case.

Updates, new tales, or re-imaginings of Sherlock Holmes often fall prey to more recent narrative devices, or worse, succumb to the needs of the newest media--television shows and movies rarely fare well with a brooding and laconic protagonist. For example, the new Sherlock Holmes movie(s) are vastly entertaining for wholly cinematic reasons, but Robert Downey Jr. is not the classic Great Detective. In light of all of the visual stories presented from the early age of Hollywood to now, it is the authors' hewing to the classic elements of Holmes that make this graphic novel a refreshing tribute to Doyle's best known character.



The Art:

First I'll admit that I love John Cassaday's work (i.e. if you haven't looked at Warren Ellis' Planetary, with Cassaday as the sole artist, do yourself a BIG favor and pick up one of the trades), as his cover designs regularly show off elegant graphic design, beautifully fine line work, and nuanced shading and colors. The cover images are included in the TPB in sequence, repurposed as chapter frontispieces, wonderfully illustrative of both the chapter title and the drama inherent in the issue—for ex-



ample, Chapter 2, “A Locked Room” shows Holmes braced against the bars of a jail cell, a presence looming indignantly out of the dark. My only complaint is that Cassaday’s design for Sherlock clearly derives from the Basil Rathbone era as the character in movies and on television (1939-1953), with Mr. Rathbone’s dramatically angular features and thin frame promoting a more drawn and severe figure than Doyle wrote.

In contrast to the covers, the regular art by John Campbell relies on character designs for Holmes, Watson, and Lestrade which hew more closely to the original descriptions of the characters. Campbell demonstrates a great understanding of how to portray emotion and thought, and how to lead you from image to image. Sherlock Holmes is tall and lanky, but with a clear gaze and an elegance of posture. The good doctor is not the rotund country bumpkin of so many portrayals, but a robust and well-dressed, slightly older gentleman with obviously professional acumen. The Scotland Yard Inspector is youthful and vigorous, a competent man of action even at those times when he is confused and desperate.

Campbell possesses a good eye for shadow and detail that bring the scenes

to life with clear motion or gritty clutter as necessary, and scene design and framing make what takes place crystal clear... even if for story reasons you do not immediately understand what has happened. I find the line work thicker and less fluid than most other work that catches my eye, and initially I had decided not to pick up the book as the art did not hook me. I’m very glad I changed my mind, as subsequent re-readings led me to appreciate Campbell’s artistry as a story-teller. His inks are such that Aviña’s colors work well as flat tints, allowing strong blocks of black to provide shadowy depths or rounded faces as appropriate. Together, although not immediately visually arresting as a great deal of comic book art, the artwork and colors succeed admirably in serving the story in a clear and aesthetically gratifying manner. I will definitely look for John Campbell’s work in the future.

The Tale:

All of the thoughtfully-composed and beautifully handled art would be for naught if the story, a new story created from whole cloth (barring the inclusion of several historic figures), failed to evoke the drama and mystery of Arthur Conan Doyle’s best stories. The authors Leah Moore and John Reppion, who together are gaining a reputation for skillfully re-scripting stories from the earliest days of genre fiction (they have also written well-regarded new takes on Alice in Wonderland, Dracula, and an Edgar Allen Poe short story, The Black Cat) in addition to other more traditional comics fare, offer up a mystery that could almost have come from one of Doyle’s discarded notebooks. Their attention to historical detail is only rivaled by their ability to provide just what made Sherlock Holmes such an intriguing character—the laconic but arch genius who never explains himself or his methods until the work is done.

The first issue/chapter opens with an early-morning explosion witnessed by an unfortunate everyman just heading to work, with the text of the Scotland Yard report serving as narration. Cut to Watson reading reports of the explosion in a newspaper as he returns to Baker Street, and we’re off. Holmes receives a summons to

the bedside of a retired Yard inspector dying of consumption yet threatened with assassination at a specific time within his own home. Requested to provide his reassuring intellect and an extra layer of security, Holmes and Watson set off to the house, where we meet up with Lestrade and a new character seminal to the story, a Detective Inspector Davis of the Special Branch. By the end of the evening, all are embroiled in a classic Holmesian locked-room mystery: Watson and Lestrade break into the sick-room to find the retired inspector dead of a bullet, with Holmes quite literally holding the smoking gun. The Great Detective, shocked at having been caught apparently in flagrante delicto, is led away in chains, and the Trial of Sherlock Holmes is well and truly begun.

“Good heavens!” I cried.
“Who would associate
crime with these dear old
homesteads?”

The story is rich with details about Victorian life in London at numerous levels, from the royal palaces to the poor sods living next to the fishmongers. Indeed, it’s hard to know who did more research into the historical period—the authors or the artist. Dialogue, although tinged with modern rhythms, successfully evokes the time and place, and most importantly, discussions between Holmes and Watson could have been written by Doyle. The course of events, barring the shocking and previously unthinkable act of charging Sherlock Holmes with cold-blooded murder, flows clearly and comprehensibly from chapter to chapter. Unlike most Doyle’s stories, we see two simultaneous plots unfolding, one the threat of an international incident between England and Germany, and the other the impossible criminal trial; but the two tales are skillfully interwoven and we never lose the thread of either (Campbell’s clear character designs also help marvelously in this regard). Of course, Holmes’ explanation of events is saved for last, as is only fitting, and all is revealed. Here’s my one hint: the

instigator of the whole nefarious plot is not whom you’re expecting.

In comparison to the body of Doyle’s body of Holmes stories, this particular newly-imagined tale only suffers on two counts. First, the plot is rooted in actual political and social tensions of the era, grounding Holmes in the morass of mundane concerns beneath the rarified realm of esoteric crime-solving that is his usual purview. While “current” events were occasionally mentioned within a Doyle story, Holmes stayed apolitical and well away from government and royalty unless in the service of an individual who worked in those areas. To their credit, Moore and Reppion play off this aspect of the Great Detective’s canon in the denouement, tying it into Holmes’ obsessive and nigh-omniscient awareness of the day-to-day world around him.

My second complaint about the story stems from an inherent limitation of a visual medium: the need to keep the consumer engaged with the main character. Much of the appeal of Doyle’s writing came from the mystique wrapped around Sherlock Holmes’ inexplicable actions—often the detective would walk off scene for hours or days and remain incommunicado, only explaining his actions at the end. In this graphic novel, we see most every major physical action Holmes takes, so that we, the readers, know at all times where he is and what he’s done. Again, to the authors’ credit, they do not explain why Holmes is following a particular course of action, and they elide details at the right moments—letters between characters are read “aloud” to only a certain point, and interested experts are given unexplained tasks, the point of which is only revealed after the fact. Again, the end of the tale reveals all, and we enjoy the chance to bask anew in the glory of the genius that is Sherlock Holmes, the Great Detective.

Summary:

For all of its notable flaws, I enjoyed this graphic novel, and I shall be keenly looking to see if Dynamite Entertainment has continued with any more of the Moore/Reppion/Campbell take on Sherlock Holmes.



Adaptations of Sherlock Holmes Novels and Stories

By Tom Feller



SPOILER ALERT:

I am going to assume that the reader has already read all four of the four Sherlock Holmes novels and many, if not all, of the fifty-six short stories written by Arthur Conan Doyle, also known as The Canon or The Sacred Writings. Also, for purposes of brevity, I am abbreviating all the titles that begin with “Sherlock Holmes and” and “The Adventure of”.

Besides providing great pleasure to readers for more than one hundred years, the Sherlock Holmes novels and stories have provided filmmakers with a rich source of material. The Guinness Book of World Records recognizes Holmes as the most often portrayed character in films. More than 75 actors have appeared as the Great Detective in over 200 films.



A Study in Scarlet

Although there is a 1933 film of that title starring Reginald Owen as Holmes, the plot summary on the Internet Movie Database indicates that it is not based on the first Sherlock Holmes novel. I am not aware of any feature length movies that have adapted this book. Most adaptations show Holmes as middle-aged or even older, not the young man of this novel. In fact, I am aware of only two television shows that reproduce the first meeting between Holmes and Doctor John H. Watson, but neither are adaptations of the entire novel. The first was the first episode of the 1954 TV series *The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, “The Case of the Cunningham Heritage”, starring Ronald Howard (son of actor Leslie Howard, not the American actor/director). The second is the first episode of *Sherlock*, “A Study in Pink”, the 2010 BBC series mini-series starring Benedict Cumberbatch that updated the detective to the 21st Century.

The main problem with adapting this novel is its structure. It actually consists of two novellas. In the first part, Holmes solves a series of murders of Americans in London. The second part consists of the back story in which the reader learns why the perpetrator pursued his victims. Some readers find the second part offensive because of its anti-Mormon stance.

The Sign of Four

It is surprising that there have been relatively few adaptations of Doyle's second Holmes story. Many readers, including myself, regard it as better written than Doyle's most famous Holmes story *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Even those who prefer *Hound* consider *Sign* to be one of the best Holmes stories, especially since Watson gets the girl. In the three years between writing the first and second Holmes novels, Doyle greatly improved as an author, and the back story is better integrated into the main narrative.

Arthur Wontner starred in five Sherlock Holmes films during the 1930s, and one of them adapted this story in 1932. His Holmes is much older than most, and he is openly contemplating retirement. Furthermore, there is no effort to place the stories during the Victorian/Edwardian eras, and he routinely makes telephone calls and rides in 1930s vintage automobiles. While I would rate his films an "A" for content, their presentations rate a "C", because, unfortunately, they are copies of copies. This version of the story is especially memorable for the last line of dialogue in which Watson gets the last word.

Ian Richardson appeared as Holmes in *The Sign of Four* in 1985, and it is also a good adaptation. Both Peter Cushing (1968) and Jeremy Brett (1987) appeared as Holmes in episodes of their respective television series adapting this novel, and both are good ones. Two versions that I personally have never seen were a 1923 silent film starring Eille Norwood and a TV movie starring Matt Frewer (Max Headroom) in 2001.

The Valley of Fear

I am only aware of two film adaptations of this novel, but considered it justified on the grounds that it is the worst of the four novels and definitely a second rate Holmes story overall. It suffers from being structured like *The Study in Scarlet*, and many Holmes scholars feel that Doyle was not writing up to his own standards. I think that he wrote this book in 1915 just for the money and to shut up the Holmes fans who were pestering him for more Holmes stories. Another similarity with *A Study in Scarlet* is that readers who sympathize with the plight



of Pennsylvania coal miners in the 19th Century find it offensive.

Henry Arthur Saintsbury starred in a 1926 silent adaptation of this novel, but I have never seen it. Wontner starred in a 1935 sound version called *The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes*, and it is as good as one could hope considering the source material. In this movie, Holmes comes out of retirement to face his arch-enemy Professor James Moriarty in their final confrontation. The movie actually improves on the book by bringing Moriarty on screen, whereas in the book he stays completely in the background. Watson, by the way, is played by an actor named "Ian Fleming", but he is not the same person as the creator of James Bond. One of the Ronald Howard TV episodes, "The Case of the Pennsylvania Gun", adapted this story, but I have never seen it so I don't know how well they did. All the Howard shows were thirty minutes long, so I am rather dubious about how well they did.

The Short Stories

The title of the last Wontner film, *Murder at the Baskervilles* (1937), is misleading, because it takes place 20 years af-

ter the events depicted in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Holmes and Watson, now both retired, are the house guests of Sir Henry Baskerville, and the story is actually an adaptation of “Silver Blaze”.

While none of the fourteen films starring Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Watson made between 1939 and 1946 are true adaptations of any of the short stories, several of them borrow elements of them. *The Voice of Terror* uses “His Last Bow”; *The Pearl of Death* “The Six Napoleons”; *The Secret Weapon* “The Dancing Men”; *The House of Fear* “The Five Orange Pips”; and *Sherlock Holmes Faces Death* includes a version of “The Musgrave Ritual”. The plot of *The House of Fear* resembles Agatha Christie’s *And Then There Were None* more than anything Doyle himself wrote.

Most of the stories have been adapted by at least one of the five Sherlock Holmes television series starring Ronald Howard in 1954, Douglas Wilmer in 1965 (unfortunately no copies survive), Peter Cushing in 1968, Geoffrey Whitehead in 1979 (unfortunately unavailable because of copyright issues), and Jeremy Brett from 1984 to 1994. The Howard episodes were 30 minutes long and most of them were not adaptations of specific stories, the Cushing one hour, and the Brett either one or two hours. For the most part I prefer the one hour format for a short story adaptation. This allows the viewer to see the back story rather than have someone explain it to Holmes and Watson, but two hour Brett episodes seemed padded to me. The producers of the Brett series intended to adapt all of the stories, but stopped after Brett’s premature death in 1995 when he was only sixty-one years old.

In a sense, any movie or TV show, such as *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1939), that features Moriarty could be considered an adaptation of “The Final Problem”, the story that introduces the Napoleon of Crime. Colonel Sebastian Moran, Moriarty’s second-in-command, is the villain in “The Empty House”, and he is also the villain in *Terror by Night* (1946). Mycroft Holmes, Sherlock’s older brother, was first introduced in “The Greek Interpreter” and is a major character in *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (1969) and other films.

Irene Adler, the only woman ever to outwit Holmes, originally appeared in “A Scandal in Bohemia” and is also a main character in the 2009 Robert Downey film, *Sherlock Holmes*. Many films and television episodes feature Mrs. Hudson, Holmes’s landlady, and Inspectors Lestrade and Gregson of Scotland Yard, recurring characters in Doyle’s stories, even if the screenplays themselves are original.

“The question is not “if” but
“how.”

The game’s afoot.
Follow your spirit and
upon this charge, cry
‘god for Harry,
England and St. George.’
~ Sherlock Holmes, 2009

The Hound of the Baskervilles

This Sherlock Holmes novel is the best known and has been adapted more often than any other. One of the earlier, and still one of the best, is the 1939 version starring Rathbone and Bruce. One of the challenges in adapting the stories to film and television is figuring out what to do with Watson. In the vast majority of the stories, he is the narrator, but in film and television, you don’t need a narrator, because you can show the viewer what is happening. In the later Rathbone/Bruce films, Watson’s main function is to provide comedy relief and the viewer wonders why Holmes puts up with him. Consequently, while Rathbone is considered to be one of the best, if not the best, actors to portray Holmes, many Sherlock Holmes fans consider Bruce to be one of the worst Watsons. In *Hound*, this is not a problem, because Watson takes an active role in investigating the mystery and is not just an observer. Holmes has enough confidence in him to delegate a major part of the investigation to him as well as to give him the responsibility for guarding Baskerville from harm. The film also features John Carradine and Lionel Atwill, well known character actors of the time. Rathbone, oddly enough, is not given top billing. That honor went to

"THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES"

Richard Greene, who portrayed Baskerville, because the studio, 20th Century Fox, was grooming Greene to become a major movie star at that time. This never happened, although Greene later became famous playing the title character of the Robin Hood TV series.

Peter Cushing appeared in adaptations of Hound twice. The first was the 1959 Hammer production that played up the horrific elements and was the first Holmes movie to be filmed in color. It is still the most gothic of all the adaptations and was directed by Terence Fischer, who directed many horror films for Hammer. Andre Morrell played Watson, and Christopher Lee played Baskerville. A few years later, Cushing appeared in a two-part television adaptation of the story as part of the Sixties series. The TV version is actually more faithful to the original novel.

Alwin Neuss appeared as Holmes in a silent version in 1914, Eille Norwood in another silent version in 1922, Robert Rendel in the first "talkie" version in 1932, Stewart Granger in a television movie in 1972 (with William Shatner as Stapleton), Peter Cook in 1978 (with Dudley Moore as Watson), Tom Baker (the fourth Dr. Who) in a four part BBC mini-series in 1982, Ian Richardson in 1983, Jeremy Brett in 1988 as a two hour episode of his TV series, Matt

Frewer in 2000, and Richard Roxburgh in 2002. I do not claim that this is a complete list, and I have not seen all of them. From the ones I have seen and from what I have read about them, the quality of these adaptations is very uneven. The Cook-Moore version was done for comedy, of course, Brett's is up to the high standards of that series, but Frewer's interpretation of the character was highly stylized, to put it generously. Granger is best known for action-adventure films such as *King Solomon's Mines* (1950), but at least he did not embarrass himself. Overall, they are definitely a mixed bag.

Conclusion

One of the eternal debates in Sherlock Holmes fandom is over who was the best Sherlock Holmes actor, Basil Rathbone or Jeremy Brett, although there is a small minority who prefer Peter Cushing. Gradually those who prefer Brett are gaining a majority, if only because those fans who grew up with Rathbone are sadly dying off. In any case, the success of the recent Robert Downey, Jr. movies and the Cumberbatch TV series should ensure that we will have more Sherlock Holmes films and television shows in the future and maybe someday someone will seriously argue that one of these was better than Rathbone or Brett.

An Appreciation of Hammer's Hound of the Baskervilles

by Lynda E. Rucker

There is no logic that explains the love I have for this movie. I'm not a particular fan of Sherlock Holmes—I mean, I have nothing against him, it's just that the Sherlock Holmes canon has always been on my perpetually to-read, never-gotten-around-to list. Furthermore, it makes use of the kind of plot point I normally hate—where the spooky and supernatural atmosphere is carefully developed, only to have a perfectly reasonable (well, maybe not reasonable, but human), non-supernatural explanation. I normally hate that. And people didn't even like the film when it came out, neither audiences nor critics—it was supposed to be the start of a new Hammer series with Peter Cushing as Holmes and André Morell (Professor Quatermass himself in the 1950s TV series!) as Watson, but the movie didn't do that well and Hammer never made any more. (I'm also a huge fan of another Hammer "failure," Captain Kronos: Vampire Hunter, but that's a topic for another article someday. Suffice it to say I should clearly never be part of a Hammer focus group to predict the success of their films.)

I can't put Hammer's effort at translating Holmes to the big screen in any kind of real context; my total exposure to the detective besides this consists of having also read the book

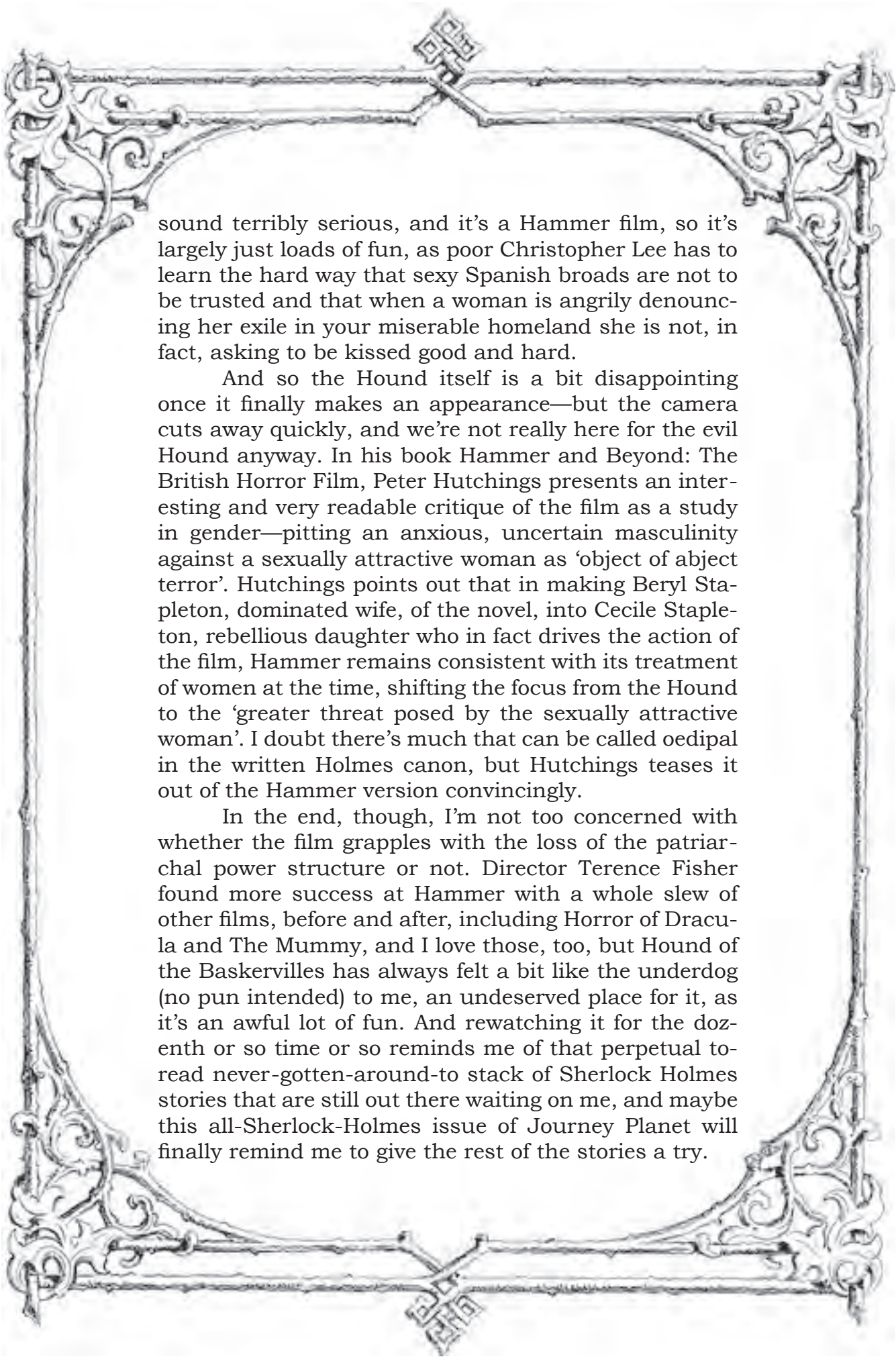
Hound of the Baskervilles (entirely coincidentally, as a teenager, because I happened to find a copy lying around the house) and the middle episode of the new BBC version set in modern-day London, which I quite enjoyed. Oh, and a vague memory of the 1985 movies *Young Sherlock Holmes*, which I think disappointed me.

So I can't put it in context, but I can talk about why I like it so much.

Maybe part of it is that setting—on the moors. As an American reader, the dark English moor is one of those gothic settings that lodged itself deep in my imagination early on; too much exposure to the Brontes and Daphne du Maurier and some of their lesser imitators as kid. Maybe it's that, for

all its perfectly rational explanation at the end, it maintains throughout the atmosphere of horror, my first love. (I tend to like my crime and mystery murky and dark, and sort of unresolved at the end, which is perhaps why I've never really gotten round to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's tales of deductive logic.) Certainly the talents of Cushing (apparently a Holmes aficionado, who relished the opportunity to step into the role), and the great Sir Christopher Lee as the haunted Sir Henry, are a large part of my enjoyment. But I'm making it all





sound terribly serious, and it's a Hammer film, so it's largely just loads of fun, as poor Christopher Lee has to learn the hard way that sexy Spanish broads are not to be trusted and that when a woman is angrily denouncing her exile in your miserable homeland she is not, in fact, asking to be kissed good and hard.

And so the Hound itself is a bit disappointing once it finally makes an appearance—but the camera cuts away quickly, and we're not really here for the evil Hound anyway. In his book *Hammer and Beyond: The British Horror Film*, Peter Hutchings presents an interesting and very readable critique of the film as a study in gender—pitting an anxious, uncertain masculinity against a sexually attractive woman as 'object of abject terror'. Hutchings points out that in making Beryl Stapleton, dominated wife, of the novel, into Cecile Stapleton, rebellious daughter who in fact drives the action of the film, Hammer remains consistent with its treatment of women at the time, shifting the focus from the Hound to the 'greater threat posed by the sexually attractive woman'. I doubt there's much that can be called oedipal in the written Holmes canon, but Hutchings teases it out of the Hammer version convincingly.

In the end, though, I'm not too concerned with whether the film grapples with the loss of the patriarchal power structure or not. Director Terence Fisher found more success at Hammer with a whole slew of other films, before and after, including *Horror of Dracula* and *The Mummy*, and I love those, too, but *Hound of the Baskervilles* has always felt a bit like the underdog (no pun intended) to me, an undeserved place for it, as it's an awful lot of fun. And rewatching it for the dozenth or so time or so reminds me of that perpetual to-read never-gotten-around-to stack of Sherlock Holmes stories that are still out there waiting on me, and maybe this all-Sherlock-Holmes issue of *Journey Planet* will finally remind me to give the rest of the stories a try.



Other Houses, Other Holmes...

by Christopher J Garcia

I love the concept of Holmes. Sherlock Holmes, know-it-all bastard with a fondness for cocaine and a magnet to all forms of crime. How could you not like a guy like that?

Answer: put him on film.

Seriously, the Holmes on film that I've seen have rarely lived up to the book Holmeses. Basil Rathbone, while he certainly looks the part, never seemed to get it. Christopher Lee as Holmes? Interesting. Same goes for Peter Cushing. I've never seen any of the early John Berrymore Holmes silents, though I

love me some John Berrymore. For Holmes along the years, I've never found a regular Holmes who really did it for me.

Now, irregular Holmeses, those are my faves!

There've been many reimaginings of Holmes over the years, including a film with Gene Wilder playing Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother, which Evelyn's grandma was watching when I picked her up the other day. There's been several other takes, including Fox's House and USA Network's Monk, but none of them compare to the two that I have fallen in love with, the first as a kid.

The 1980s saw a renewed interest in Holmes, with a huge number of new editions of Doyle's works getting released. I remember going to B. Dalton's and seeing five different new versions of The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes all lined up with their faux leather spines showing different publishers. Holmes got a reinvention that went along



with what had been bubbling up in film directed towards teens. Combining the legendary detective with a desire to draw the younger audience earned us Young Sherlock Holmes.

Young Sherlock Holmes was a film about Holmes and Watson coming together in their school years. It's very simple, and when we meet them, there's Holmes' girlfriend! She's suitably shy and smart and pretty and enamored of Holmes. Watson is, as he always seems to be, questioning and chasing after Holmes. Nicholas Rowe plays Holmes and,

by Ghod!, he's amazing. He's in a slightly gangly stage, but he's also already gained the power of deduction and, best of all, a certain snarky charm. Where Holmes' as a somewhat petulant child in some versions, it's great to see him as a teenager who is so far ahead of the adults in his life that he doesn't feel the need to hold back. His mild detesting of authority, save for the teacher who will, inevitably, turn on him in the end. It's an impressive performance from a kid who I think hadn't been in a bunch of movies up to that point. He made a great Holmes, and with Chris Columbus' script, he plays a wonderful Holmes, and in the last half, where it's obvious that Steven Spielberg's producerial input turned a fine Holmes movie into basically a teenaged Indiana Jones movie (though I have to recommend The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles for that), he makes a nice swashbuckling movie star. I think that the failure (well, failure is a stronger word than necessary) of

Young Sherlock Holmes kept him from a career where we got to follow Holmes from his youth through to his prime and beyond. It would have been a great thing, but alas, it was not meant to be.

What's impressive about Young Sherlock Holmes. Beyond the fine performances fine nods to the traditions of Sherlock Holmes, and a rollicking adventure tale, is that it's an amazing visual feast. The most famous effect is Pixar's work on the Stained-Glass Knight. It's a beautiful early computer-generated character that appears in a Bishop's hallucination. It's a gorgeous effect, even watching it today. I'm up on the state of the art in Computer-Generated Graphics, and though you can tell that it's not the kind of effect you'd get today, it's still impressive and it fits the movie so very well. There is a lot of stuff like that, a lot of it done composite, which Spielberg's ILM has always been amazing at, and a series of practical effects that were so gorgeous they had to be done by Rick Baker! There was a great scene where Watson gets hit by a hallucinatory dart and ends up having a nightmare about being tormented by pastries. It's a great scene.

The set design was gorgeous, especially for the Egyptian-inspired cult scenes. The costumes were typical, but they were a way to get us introduced to the traditional forms of Holmes.

Watching Young Sherlock Holmes, you can see that it is inspired by the huge numbers of other Holmes films, but at the same time it becomes its own and it plays beautifully for younger viewers and is a fine introduction to the character.

Almost as good as an animated Sherlock. There've been Anime Sherlock Holmes, but holding my views that much anime is lame, I've tended away from them. Disney, apparently not willing (or able) to get the ac-

tual rights to Sherlock, decided to create a new character: Basil of Baker Street, better known as The Great Mouse Detective, based on the Basil of Baker Street books that I never read, or even heard of when I was a kid!

1986 and we're given a Sherlock called Basil and a Dr. David Dawson, who narrates the tale... err tale, and instead of Moriarty, we're given a Professor Ratigan, played by Vincent Price! A young mouse named Olivia's daddy is taken by a deranged bat after giving her a dancing ballerina wind-up doll. Note to anyone in a Disney movie: if you're ever given a marvelous toy or pet, you're either going to fall in love with the brigand who gave it to you, or if you already love them, they're gonna get kidnapped.

The story is dumbed down, no doubt, but there are some really fun elements. Basil sweeps into his apartment at first dressed as a mouse Charlie Chan, only to reveal himself as Sherlock... I mean Basil. It's a nice entry. An excellent nod towards true Holmes is given as he is comparing a pair of bullets and when they turn out to not be from the same gun, he goes momentarily apoplectic before going melancholy-in-extremist. It's a nice touch and feels so very authentic to the character.

You have to remember this is not from the High Disney Era that was a few years away from dropping with The Little Mermaid. This was obvious in the kind of music they were using, though the song Ratigan with Vincent Price singing is a bit of fun! In fact, in many ways it's Price's slight scenery-chewing in his voice-work that takes The Great Mouse Detective down a peg or two. It's still fun, Disney has always been good at fun, but it's not a great movie. The mystery flows OK, Disney seldom has tackled these kinds of films, and they do make Sherlock, I mean Basil, into a more comedic character.

There are also appearances, in shadow form, from Holmes and Watson themselves.

The character design is pretty awesome. I never fully committed to the style that Disney went with in the later 1990s, but there we get that sort of brackish mash-up of traditional Disney style and the later



stuff that we'd see in 1990s and beyond. We hadn't yet had the appearance of Toy Story (almost a decade away) and the Pixar influence hadn't raised the stakes all over the place. The design of Toby, the bloodhound, was particularly tradition Disney and was the most adorable.

Which also meant that it was the least Holmesian.

You see, the ultimate trouble is the more Disney things got, the further from Sherlock they had to go. Holmes as a comedy figure doesn't work nearly as well (I was half-amused by Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother, but most of that came from Madeline Kahn. Sherlock for comedy can work, but it has to be in only part, it can not replace the mystery as a whole.

As a Disney film, it fails in several dimensions. The music is only so-so, with a decent score, a strong musical theme and one fun song. The animation seems rushed at times, at others there is little internal consistency, and at other times, when they turn it over to the Holmes-esque stuff, they blow it by not going far enough in that direction.

And perhaps another point is that in this version Sherlock and Watson... I mean Basil and Dawson, are meeting for the first

time. That makes the relationship between the two is less explored, and a lot of the detective stuff is weakened by the Disney formula. The Bat who plays Ratigan's henchman is overly comedic, which means that there's little threat presented by him, which weakens the plot.

And even with all these problems, I still loved it and when I rewatched it for this article, I can see why I loved it. It's a fun movie. There are moments of really good comedy, there are some great moments of Vincent Price going over the top, which is something I often enjoy. There's some fun animation, but not enough of it, and it's fun to see the character interpreted with the lesser Disney eye. There were still a couple of Walt's Old Men around that point doing their thing, but they weren't involved in the day-to-day at that point. There's some good voice work, particularly from the Basil and Dawson actors. Scenes like the waterfront bar are a lot of fun, though I know intellectually that it's merely inserted to give us a chance for a beerhall tune, which seems at least slightly out of place in a Disney flick.

Still, this Holmes is so much more fun than the ones played straight by the 'Serious' productions.





The Game is Afoot. James and the case of the Science Fictional Sherlock

by James Bacon

I was trying to find out about the Science Fictional Sherlock Holmes edited by Robert C Peterson in 1960. Specifically, I'd wanted to find out the contents list but despite searching, I had failed, so I sent of a plea to a number of fans, and in moments there were responses.

Joe Siclari was first with the reply button, and said 'It is a fairly rare book of S-F stories

about Holmes by an outstanding group of SF writers who were also Holmes fans. I believe most, if not all, have been reprinted in subsequent anthologies & collections.'

'I don't have a copy. This contents is from is from the isfdb. I did not have de Waal's World Biblio of Sherlock Holmes & Dr. Watson with me.' And he sent a Table of Contents.

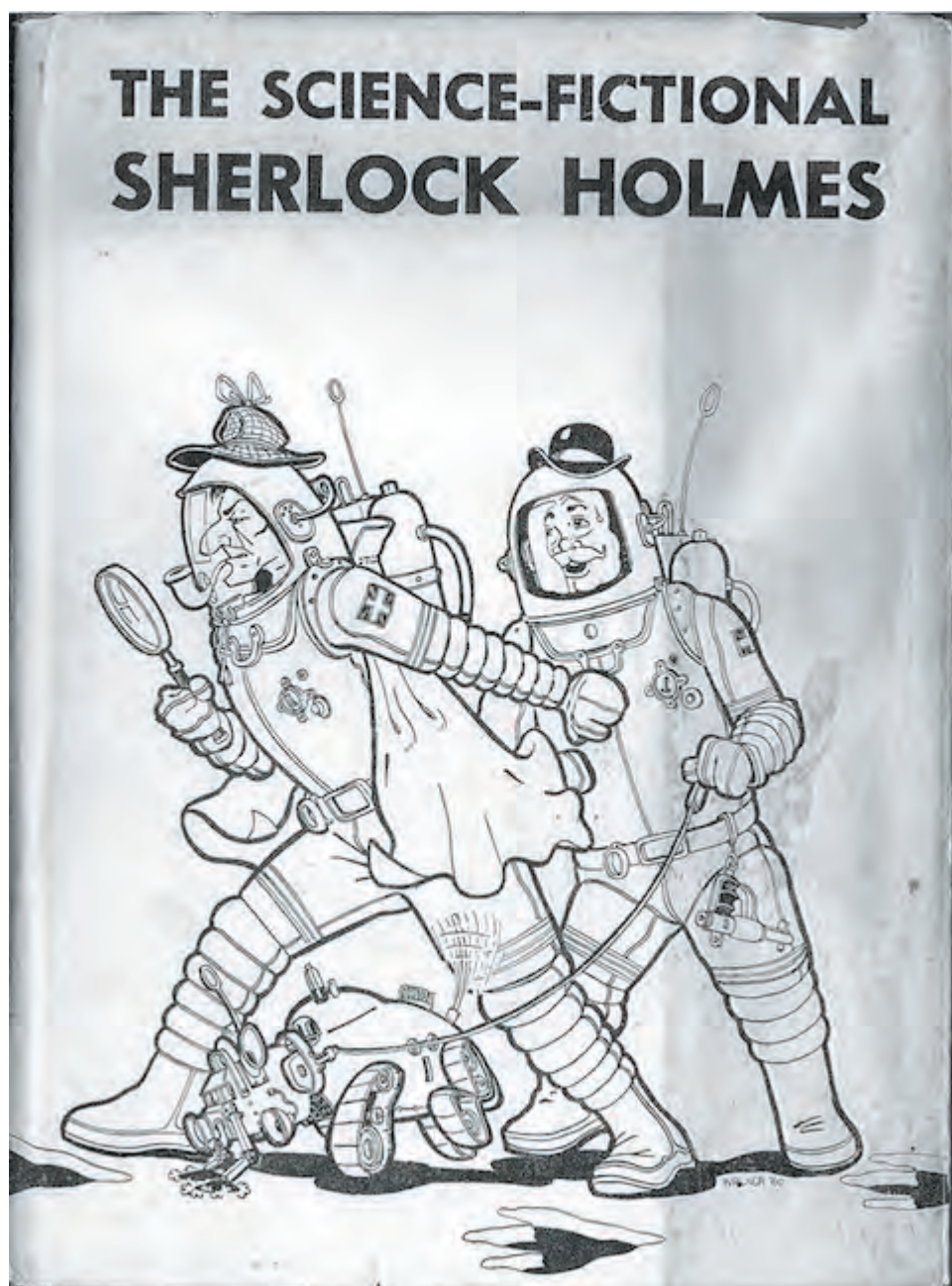
Well that was annoying, I thought, shouldn't I have looked up the ISFDB, and didn't I. Had I entered the wrong word, and hadn't I been sitting next to all five volumes of Du Waal's masterpiece.

Mark Plummer also pointed me at the Internet Database, commented that himself and Claire have some of the stories in other versions and then pointed out that The Return • (1954) • novelette by H. Beam Piper and John J. McGuire was online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/19158>

and then into the drawing room strolled Suford Lewis;

'Tony has a copy of this (got it when it first came out) as he is a dedicated Sherlockian (subscribes to the Baker Street Journal, gets all the pastiches &c). I asked him about this book and his reaction was to pull it off the shelf and show it to me.'

The book is clearly a fan work proba-



bly mostly by Peterson though “The Council of Four, 2845 South Gilpin Street, Denver 10, Colorado” appears at the foot of the Title page and the back cover short essay claims that The Council of Four, a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars, has published it.’

Except for the problems of access to professional level tools for the typesetting and dj, it looks pretty good. Our copy’s dj is sunburned and a bit frayed but the cover is a nice piece of line art of spacesuited Holmes & Watson with a robot dog tracking lizard footprints and signed “Walker ‘60”

“The game of
applying the
methods of the
Higher Criticism
to the Sherlock
Holmes canon...
has become a
hobby among a
select set of jest-
ers here and in
America.”
~ Dorothy Sayers

It did come out in 1960; it’s edited and (c) by Robert C. Peterson who also (c) the introduction though there is nothing with that title in it—he may mean the Boucher Sherlock Holmes and Science Fiction article that is the first chapter, since all the rest of the stories have previous publication (c)s cited. This was the day when the pub-

lisher copyrighted though I note the authors then sold later uses.

Joe’s TOC has the Greatest Tertian and A Snitch in Time in reversed order and the book gives different (c) date for The Martian Crown Jewels, 1957, but his TOC is otherwise correct. I might note that the Half a Hoka entry is properly “Half a Hoka by Poul Anderson: an Appreciation by Gordon R. Dickson” and appeared in the 17th Worldcon program book.

Du Waal apparently added some description to his TOC as well as (c) dates. The date for the Half a Hoka is probably deduced from the 17th Worldcon’s date but could therefore be a year late.

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- The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound • [Hoka] • (1953) • novelette
by Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson
- The Anomaly of the Empty Man • [Dr. Verner] • (1952) • short story
by Anthony Boucher
- The Greatest Tertian • (1952) • short story by Anthony Boucher
- The Adventure of the Snitch in Time • [Solar Pons] • (1953) • short
story by August Derleth & Mack Reynolds
- The Adventure of the Ball of Nostradamus • [Solar Pons] • (1955) •
short story by August Derleth & Mack Reynolds
- The Return • (1954) • novelette by H. Beam Piper & John J. McGuire

The brief essay on the backcover is probably Peterson’s.

Game Over. Wait, nope, Joe went and bought one. Now Game Over.



221b Baker Street; Fictional Flat a Monument to the Great Sleuth

by Anne [And Brian] Gray

Assuming there's no rule that a TAFF Trip report must be published in chronological order, we jump to the final afternoon of our TransAtlantic Fan Fund-ed sojourn in London to report on an activity that fits the theme of this issue of *The Drink Tank*, namely a trip to the Sherlock Holmes Museum. This was Monday, April 5, 2010, the last day of Eastercon, and a beautiful day it was. We played hooky from the con for a few hours and escaped from the dark wood-paneled Radisson Edwardian Hotel to the airport then caught the rail to Paddington station, using the last day of our rail passes (something we highly recommend for foreign visitors to the UK). We had a lovely walk from there, during which we took in the museum and then Queen Mary's Gardens in the Re-

gents Park (they are but a couple of blocks apart from one another). It was warm and flowers were plentiful in the park, as were birds and other visitors.

There was not originally a 221b Baker Street, as the site described in the stories would place the Holmes' residence almost halfway across London in a completely different neighborhood; one was created (between 237 and 241 Baker Street) specifically to be the Sherlock Holmes museum. Aside from a gift shop at street level, the place is laid out as though it could have been the residence and office of Sherlock Holmes, Consulting Detective, like the sign says out front. Like most flats that we saw in London, the name is deceptive; it is not a flat sort of space but rather a tightly verti-





cal one: four stories high, with many short, narrow flights of stairs, and only a couple rooms per floor. The bobby-costumed museum guard at the entrance limits the number of people inside at any one time due to the tight quarters, which can cause quite a queue; character hats are available to those posing for pictures while waiting, which also serve to entertain those in line.

Inside, they had a library on the lower floor, the gift shop where the sitting room would be, Holmes and Watson's study and a bedroom for Holmes one floor up, the bedrooms for Watson and the landlady on the third floor and, at the very top, a bathroom. In addition to set pieces and props from different adventures that fans of the detective would recognize, there were wax figures, illustrations and newspaper articles of people and events from several stories, and both bronze and marble busts of the man himself. Of those, I preferred the marble; the bronze seemed rather too jolly for my taste.

It was really quite interesting, though no doubt more so to Brian, who has actually read the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, than to myself, as I have not read more than a story or two of the originals. I have only seen television and film adaptations and read spin-off works like "A Study in Emerald", the poster version of which I

proofread for Neil Gaiman, and *A Night in the Lonesome October*. (To be honest I am only just now reading *A Night in the Lonesome October*, but I heard a chapter or two read from it by Roger Zelazny in 1992 at Marcon—my first convention and, unfortunately, one of his last. The way he read it, it was delightful, and I wish I could remember his narrative voice better as I read it now.) So I caught some references but Brian got more, some of which he happily explained, which I appreciated. There were also helpful plaques and labels for various items.

[The 'artefacts' assembled to chronicle the Great Detective's career are multitudinous, more densely assembled and better catalogued than one would ever be led to expect from reading Doyle's work. Well-known stories are represented with unlabeled objects prominently sited, allowing Holmes aficionados to show off their knowledge of the texts. Each room also has at least one oft-mentioned feature of the Baker Street flat, such as the chemistry table in the first-floor sitting parlor, or the library in the basement. The rooms are packed with minutiae, representative of both period décor as well as material one might expect to find in the abode of a Victorian eclectic of not inconsiderable means. However, the museum by no means attempts to represent a real flat of the era—there is no kitchen, no dumbwaiter, and while there is a bathtub at the top of the stairs, the only restrooms are the modern ones outside the basement library-cum-museum office.]

[Oddly, each floor also hosted numerous examples of a particularly arcane bit of evidence from an obscure case (often one fabricated from whole cloth for the purpose of the museum, so far as I could tell). These bits, mostly objects smaller than my thumb, were ensconced under glass, with an included page from Watson's imaginary journal and often a newspaper clipping from a periodical 'local' to the environs. These thoughtfully presented fripperies foster the impression that the house reflects the ups and downs of the daily life of a fictional character prone to extended reminiscences of past glories, which does not sound like the Sherlock Holmes I read. Overall, I found these particular objects a decidedly ironic

set of additions to the museum—they're fictions about a fictional character that attempt to enhance the legend of a man who never existed.]

[That's not to say that the Sherlock Holmes Museum is not a great deal of fun if you're even casually acquainted with the Doyle stories. On the whole, the museum is a thoughtfully assembled collage of period artifacts, put together with obvious care for extending the prowess of the myth of a hyper-observant intuitive savant. Besides, you're allowed to sit in the various rooms and lark about as if you were the Great Detective himself—so long as you don't actually **try** to do anything with the chemistry reagents tucked in the corners.]

Brian could not resist having a seat posed with one of the famous pipes, though we did make it out of the gift shop without acquiring a Deerstalker hat. I dare say Brian looked quite handsome and comfortable in Holmes' study, but I am glad he does not actually smoke, pipes or otherwise. We bought a few trifles for gifts and ourselves and headed back to the con so Brian could catch up on the resolution of his *Battlestar Galactica* LARP (as it turned out he missed the final events, but his character had been in prison already, so he didn't mind so awfully much—his fellow players filled him in and that also gave me a nice opportunity to meet some of them). Then we had a lovely dinner with John Coxon and did some lounging in the lobby with the likes of Ben Yalow, Farah Mendlesohn, Liz Batty, and John himself before heading to bed to rest up for our international flight home the next day.



Photos (clockwise from top) - Brian Assumes a Holmsian position, The Great Detective's Desk, Pages of Watson's Case Book, TAFF Delegates Anne & Brian Gray with TAFF Administrator John Coxon



The 221B Baker Street illustration

by Russell Stutler

I first drew the 221B Baker Street illustration in pen and ink in 1995. At that time I read the entire collection of sixty Sherlock Holmes stories twice in a row, back to back, and took notes of every detail I could find of the Baker Street flat which began to take shape in my imagination. In the years since that time, this illustration has appeared on many other other web sites, and in various languages. It has also appeared in print publications around the world such as the Financial Times in London.

As I mentioned in the interview with the Financial Times, this is the only depiction I know of that deals with the challenges found in *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone* and reconciles them with the various descriptions found in other stories. If one could just ignore that story, then constructing a floor plan would be very easy -- and most reconstructions of the Baker Street have apparently done just that. The Baker Street illustration published in *Strand Magazine* in 1950 addresses some of the problems in *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone* but doesn't deal with details found in other stories. I've posted my notes on every detail I've found so you can judge for yourself.

This is the new improved version

This is a new version, finally completed in 2008, thirteen years after the first version. During that time I have read these stories again and again, and have listened to them countless times in audio book form and have come across more details which should have been reflected in the illustration (these have also been added to the notes below).

So I cleaned up the original art, removed the parchment background (which obscured details and pointed to an era earlier than the 19th century) added new items, and re-created or moved existing items. In the new version you can clearly see Wat-

son's revolver in the open drawer of his desk as well as the relics from criminal (and non-criminal) cases scattered about, some of them mentioned in the stories (see if you can find the rock used as a murder weapon in *The Boscombe Valley Mystery*, the box with severed ears from *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box*, and the mask from *The Adventure of the Yellow Face*). Part of the masthead (*Times*) is now readable on the newspaper on the table. I have added shelves next to Watson's chair containing the *American Encyclopedia* as described in *The Five Orange Pips*. I've also added a cupboard containing oranges from the same story.

You can now clearly see the pipes in the pipe rack next to the sofa (settee), the correspondence pinned to the mantelpiece with a jack knife, and Holmes' messy chemical table with stains. You can now see an image of a woman in the photograph of Irene Adler. The "bullet-pocks" on the wall described in *The Musgrave Ritual* now look more like bullet holes. I also modified some of the furniture to have a more Victorian feel. I've made a new Persian slipper, and you can even see a little bit of the tobacco which was stored in the toe. You can also see pipes and cigars in the coal scuttle now.

The sofa has been moved to allow Holmes when curled upon it to observe Watson's face as he sits in his chair as described in *The Resident Patient* and *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box*. Also from the same stories, the framed picture of General Gordon and the unframed picture of Henry Ward Beecher are now actual portraits of these men. The dining table is now big enough to accomodate five people as indicated in *The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor*. Holmes' bed has been moved away from the wall to allow space behind the head board for Watson to hide as he did in *The Adventure of*

the Dying Detective.

One item which is implied but not mentioned in the stories is a place to store all of Holmes' clothes, including his costumes when he went out disguised. Obviously there is a little space in his closet for garments which must be hung, and the second exit also could act as a closet. For items which could be folded and stored, there could be storage boxes under his bed. For all other implied spaces or items, there is always the floor above the sitting room, which must contain more than just Watson's bedroom.

I've also drawn a new sculpture of Sherlock Holmes' head from the *The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone*. This one does not have a bullet hole in it. The wax head in the *The Adventure of the Empty House* had a bullet hole, but that sculpture was only wax-colored because it was only required to cast a shadow on the screen of the window, while the *Mazarin Stone* head was a realistic facsimile convincing enough to fool people who saw it even at close range (and the head was detachable as Billy demonstrated in the story). I based this new head on the many Sidney Paget illustrations from the early Sherlock Holmes stories in *Strand Magazine*.

You have probably heard that Sidney Paget supposedly used his brother Walter as the model for Sherlock Holmes. Henry Paget, the older brother of Sidney and Walter, wrote that Sidney used no model at all for Sherlock Holmes, but as an artist myself, I find it incredible that someone could create realistic drawings of the same character from imagination -- over and over again for several years. It's just not the way illustrators work. Drawing a person with all those details such as folds in the clothing, and lighting decisions is very time consuming (not to mention darn near impossible for most artists). It's much more practical to just use a model, and Paget had tight deadlines for these monthly stories, not to mention convenient access to a model who was the spitting image of Holmes as he appeared in *Strand magazine* -- to the surprise of people in London who happened to run into Walter and greet him as Sherlock Holmes!

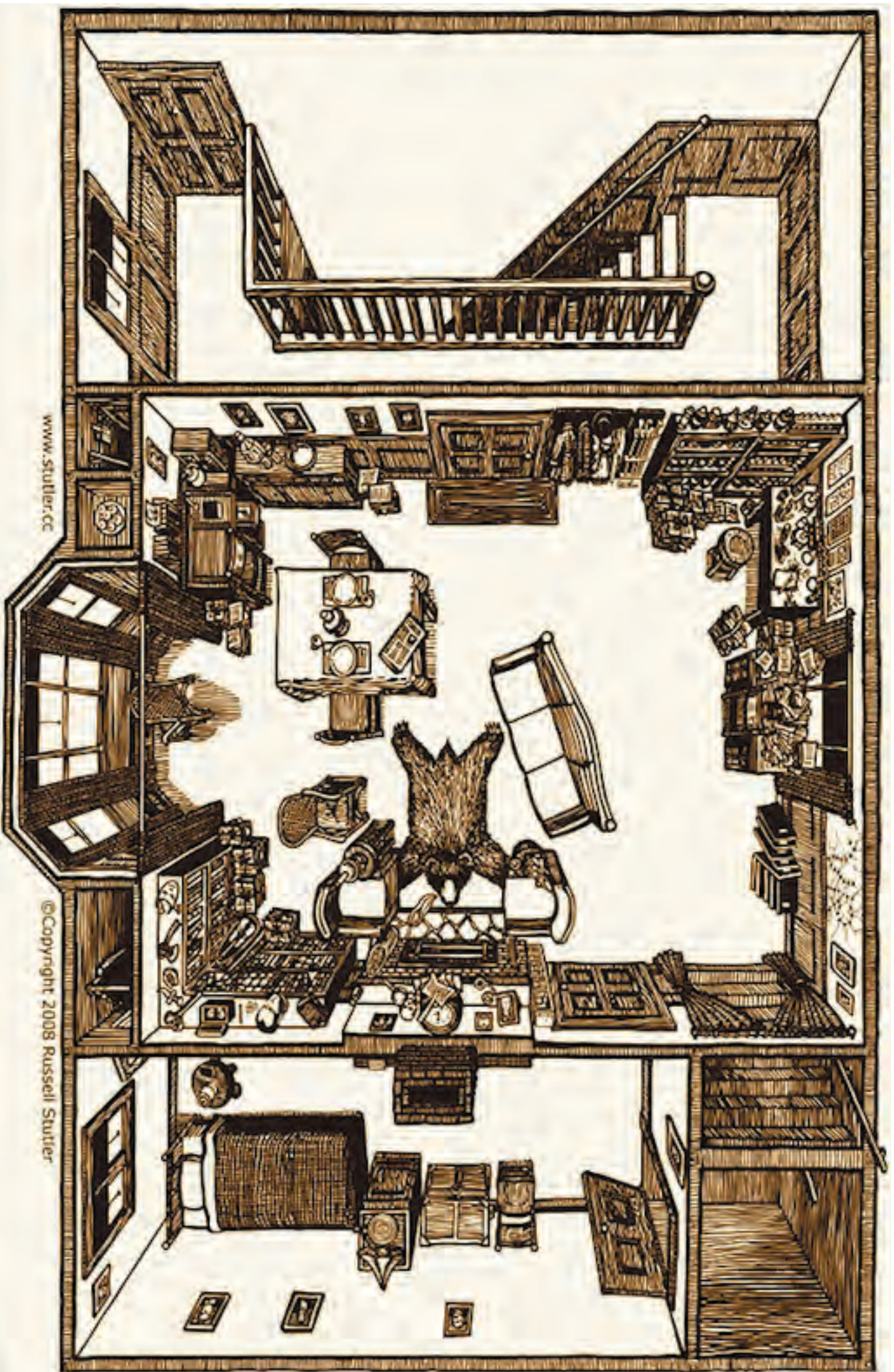
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle complained



that his character was not supposed to be as handsome as Walter, but eventually came to accept this as the face of Sherlock Holmes. And all subsequent portraits of Holmes by other Strand illustrators are based on the Sidney Paget depictions -- including ones by Walter himself who illustrated *The Adventure of the Dying Detective* after Sidney's death.

I have a copy of the facsimile edition of the original illustrated stories as they appeared in *Strand magazine*, and have observed that each illustration which depicted the interior of the Baker Street flat was arranged to best portray that particular scene, and not necessarily to give us more data on the arrangement of the flat itself. The Sidney Paget illustrations teach us as much about Sidney Paget's own dwelling and furniture as they do of Baker Street, just as the drawings of Sherlock Holmes teach us as much about Sidney's brother as they do of the detective.

Back to details of this Baker Street illustration, some of these items such as the deadly black and white ivory box from *The Adventure of the Dying Detective* and any such evidence required by the court to try a criminal would have been subsequently taken away by the authorities. During the course of the stories, many items were brought in and later removed. Keep in mind this illustration is not a snapshot taken at any particular time during the chronology of Sherlock Holmes' long career. If that were the case, then many of the elements could not be included (for example, Watson's things would not be there during the time he had temporarily moved out). Rather than



choose a specific point in time and exclude all objects which were not present at that moment, I chose to include everything from all the stories. It's like a collection of old watches that have completely stopped and yet each one in turn still gives the correct time throughout the day. This illustration can be used as a guide as you read all the stories.

The general impression of this new Baker Street illustration is of an old print from a wood engraving, which was the method of image reproduction still widely used in the 19th century.

Here are some notes related to the Baker Street flat:

A Study in Scarlet

a couple of bedrooms
large airy sitting room
two broad windows
sofa in sitting room
arm chair
table for dinner
stairs going down to the street level
Holmes' door at top of stairs
also a passage at the top of the stairs
landlady passes their door to go to bed

The Sign of Four

cocaine bottle on corner of mantelpiece
velvet lined arm chair
gasogene and spirit case in corner
seventeen steps
Watson's room is upstairs of the sitting room

A Scandal in Bohemia

gasogene and spirit case in corner
seventeen steps

The Five Orange Pips

chairs on either side of the fireplace
lamp by Holmes' chair
coat hook
side board
shelf next to Watson's chair containing the American Encyclopedia
cupboard containing oranges
Watson's room is upstairs of the sitting



room

The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle

Pipe rack within reach on the right of the sofa
wooden chair
basket chair

The Adventure of the Speckled Band

Watson's room is upstairs of the sitting room and it has a mantelpiece with a clock

The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor

two easy chairs
line of reference books beside the mantelpiece.

The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet

one bow window
window big enough for Watson to stand in
window big enough for Holmes to look over Watson's shoulder and see the street below
Holmes' chamber is upstairs of the sitting room
Watson's room is upstairs of the sitting room

The Musgrave Ritual

coal scuttle
Persian slipper
letters stuck to the center of the mantelpiece by a jack knife
"V.R." in bullet holes on the wall opposite Holmes' arm chair

chemicals and criminal relics
bundles of manuscript in every corner which
were on no account to be burned, and which
could not be put away save by their owner
stool
large tin box in Holmes' bedroom.

The Resident Patient (also in The Adventure of the Cardboard Box)

framed picture of General Gordon with a
corresponding bare space
unframed picture of Henry Ward Beecher
which stands on top of Watson's books
Watson could see these from his chair
Holmes could see Watson's face from his position curled upon the sofa

The Adventure of the Priory School

bearskin hearthrug near the table
table was between the hearthrug and the door

The Adventure of Black Peter

a room just off the sitting room

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

lumber room upstairs of the sitting room
which was packed with daily papers

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Holmes' chair at the breakfast table faces
away from the hearthrug
the sofa is a settee
Watson has a small medical shelf of books
placed high

The Adventure of the Dying Detective

Holmes' bedroom had pictures of celebrated
criminals adorning every wall
black and white ivory box on mantelpiece
space behind the head of the bed large
enough to allow Watson to hide

The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone

scientific charts on the wall
acid-charred bench of chemicals
violin case leaning in corner
coal scuttle containing pipes and tobacco
waiting room downstairs
bow window alcove large enough to hold a

chair
curtain in front of this alcove
Holmes' bedroom is just off the sitting
room*
second exit in Holmes' bedroom
gramophone in Holmes' bedroom
second door in Holmes' bedroom leading to
the bow window behind the curtain

The Adventure of the Three Gables

low arm chair on one side of the fire
another chair opposite it
table between door and Holmes' chair

The Problem of Thor Bridge

back yard is visible from Watson's room
Watson's room is upstairs of the sitting
room

The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger

pile of commonplace books in the corner

A note regarding the location of Holmes' own bedroom: The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet implies that Holmes' room (called his "chamber") is on the floor above the sitting room while The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone clearly puts Holmes' bedroom just off the sitting room where it communicates with the alcove of the bow window. If you need to reconcile these two descriptions you can assume that at some point in time, Holmes moved his bed down to the room next to the sitting room. This could be the same room just off the sitting room which had been used as a temporary waiting room in The Adventure of Black Peter. The room upstairs could then be used as a lumber room dedicated to Holmes' stacks of newspapers and "bundles of manuscript ... which were on no account to be burned, and which could not be put away save by their owner" as mentioned in the The Musgrave Ritual

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons does mention a lumber room upstairs packed with daily papers.

More on Russ Stutler
<http://www.stutler.cc/>

You Can Go Holmes Again

By Christopher J Garcia

The re-introduction of Sherlock Holmes to the Mainstream Cinema happened in 2009, and no one was more impressed than I was. In the first place, I loved the way that they came up a cast that actually made sense in a very different way. Putting together a modern Holmes got me thinking about what I would do with the character. When the DVD of the Downey-Law version came out, I was all over it, I watched it a few dozen times and marveled over how the production played with the ideas.

Let's start with Holmes himself. Robert Downey Junior. You shouldn't need any further hints at how awesome his Holmes was, but it was different than so many

other Holmes in that it was informed by so many other Holmeses, but it was also informed by Downey's famed problems with booze and pills, and especially by his acting techniques that have allowed him to play every thing from Charlie Chaplin to Tony Stark. He does this beautifully and in Sherlock Holmes he is that petulant child who is dealing with having his favorite toy taken away: Watson.

Watson, played by the excessively English and undeniably attractive Jude Law, is the guts of the movie, as he often is in Holmes stories, as he provides the backbone and the real conflict. It's not the mystery, it's the fact that Holmes has to deal with

Watson moving out and getting married. Watson is gritty, tough and smart as they come. He's bitter at years of being second fiddle, and the moment he gets his life back, he has Holmes drawing him back, trying to either destroy his relationship or convince him that he'll miss it too much to leave.

Holmes is awesome, too. He's a scrapper, who seems much more punchy than sword-y, as there's not much fencing but there is a lot of fist-cuffs! Holmes studied Baritsu (which I think is called Bartitsu in the books), but here, he's participating in what appears to be daibando (Welsh boxing, featured in a little movie called *How Green Was My Valley*) and some baritsu as well, though Watson seems to use his walking stick and overcoat more often than Holmes. Holmes gets all drugged-up on eye surgery medicine, and in a very Silicon Valley Stoner way, does science when he's wrecked. He flips between super-serious and super-bitter at the way that Watson is walking away from him. It's a great performance, strange in a way, but it's a great way to play Holmes because it allows the view of Holmes as both la-



ser-focused and scattered. In a way, he's a prospector. He spends so much time sifting through the tiny matters of the world so he'll never miss a nugget, but he has to get away from it all, and thus, eye surgery medicine!

So, while it could easily be looked at as a Buddy Cop movie (Watson's two days from retirement!), it's really a couples drama. They're a pair that must come to grips with breaking up, or finding a way to make it work without being together. That scenario makes Sherlock Holmes a huge success.

Well, that and the way Guy Ritchie and co. put together the entire mise-en-scene.

The score, brilliantly and cleanly produced by Hans Zimmer, mixed with Irish drinking songs to form an audio setting that just works. The music makes for great listening on it's own, even outside of the film. I really enjoy the way it plays and how it builds on itself. The combination of sounds and silence and music and dialogue is the key to designing a soundscape, but the work that Ritchie & crew built makes it amazing. The best use of all of it coming in one place comes in that fighting scene. We have at least a half-dozen layers. There's the Irish song, the main player, there's Holmes' inner monologue, the sounds of the crowd, the sounds of the punches, all swimming together. It's Advanced Sound Design and if you dissected it, you could see what the state-of-the-art is in that field. It's amazing stuff.

The costumes are both glorious and at least somewhat grungy. That's perhaps the best way to look at the entire film: traditional and slightly grungy. Some might argue that it's more realistic in everything but the fact that a guy like Sherlock Holmes could ever exist. They designed a London that felt authentic, right down to the prison they

designed, the ship on the Thames. It was built around images from the popular press of the time. I've seen many of the images that were the basis for the particular scenes in illustrations and especially the cover of various Victorian magazines. It was awesome!

These are the ways to go, to build a Holmesian world for modern tastes. It lead me to what all things film lead me to. -What Would I Do? How would I treat Holmes if I made a movie about him?

I think one thing is obvious. I'd make him a woman.

Now, Holmes as a female has been done (especially by Cosplayers!) and I think it's a great way to reinvent the character, especially if you keep Watson as a man. Sherlock's heightened attention to detail plays brilliantly with either gender, but the best part about making Sherlock a woman would be keeping it in Victorian London and the gender-mash issues that would happen. If anything, it would make the police more dismissive of Holmes and her needling of them so much more amusing!

Holmes? No other woman would do in my eyes than the amazing Gina McKee. She's a wonderful English actress who has a face that is at once gorgeous and thoughtful and studious and challenging. I loved her in Notting Hill and have enjoyed her works on BBC America. She's got a certain bit of charm in her stares that works for Holmes.



Very much like RDJ, especially in the scene where Holmes is at dinner after Watson's fiancé has just stormed off after throwing a glass of wine in Holmes' face. In fact, I'd say that look is essential for any Holmes. You have to be able to show that you're taking everything in and putting out everything slowly until it has to flood to the solve. She's amazing in the way she interacts with other characters. She's one of those actresses that you might never notice until she busts out an amazing moment from a character actor position.

For Watson? Well, you can't go wrong with Jude Law, and there's always David Tennant (and he should be in EVERYTHING!), but I think the exact right person is...

Stephen Fry.

Yes, Stephen Fry would be the exact right layers to play Watson. He's got that second-banana thing down, he's smart, but can play dumb (see his work in Gosford Park) and he can play flustered. He's got it all and he'd make a great Watson. He can play accomplished and put-upon. It's the role he was born to play!

As for the story? Hound of the Baskervilles. There's no better story for Holmes to work on unless you completely invent one. If I were to invent one, it would either revolve around something simple while Watson is trying to get Holmes to deal with her problems, perhaps Holmes is about to be thrown out of her 221b Baker Street and she keeps trying to dodge the problems by diving deeper into a case that seems without consequence (let's say a young girl loses her locket) and ends up coming into a grander conspiracy.

The other idea would be Jack the Ripper because hey, when is Jack the Ripper not a good idea? I'm fairly certain that Holmes vs. Saucy Jack has been done. Wasn't there a time-travel movie where Jack the Ripper went into the future and Holmes chased him. Maybe I'm mixing two movies together. Time After Time? Time And Again? Maybe that was H.G. Wells. If it hasn't been done, there's a way to go!

I'd have one of three directors direct it. There's P.T. Anderson, whose work in films like Magnolia and There Will Be Blood

has been extraordinary, and would take the characters and give them a depth that would be amazing. There's the great great English director Kenneth Branagh, who did a great job with Thor and who would likely put a lot of style into it while also bringing out the drama in the situation. In my eyes, the right director would be Luc Besson. His works like Leon: The Professional and Subway show that he can work with genre and knows action. He also does female protagonists very very well. So, there's that. Then again, thinking about it, I'd want a director like a Peter Bogdanovich to do it. I love that guy!

Of course, personel and story is only a part of the total package. The single most important part of the thing is way the scenery combines with teh sound design and the acting. Acting is set, but for costumes and Sets, you can't beat Pinewood, now can you? For music, I'd get The Decembrists. There is no other correct choice!

And if anyone has the funds to let me produce that film, I'll happily make it happen!





Genre writers on their Journey into the Apocrypha

Part Deux - In The Gaslight

Compiled by James Bacon

I was in Leeds, wandering around, enjoying the comic scene at Thought Bubble and found Paul Kane promoting a future collection, Gaslight Arcanum. I have run British Fantasy Con and World Horror with Paul, his partner Maire and they are superb folk. Paul is a bit of a Hellraiser expert, and his books are pretty smart, he has a new version of Robin Hood in the post Apocalyptic Afterblight world are quite good.

Gaslight.... I remembered a collection previously, as hadn't Kim Newman been in one, my brain hurt for a moment.

It then became clear, and I remembered Gaslight Grimoire: Fantastic Tales of Sherlock Holmes and Gaslight Grotesque: Nightmare

Tales of Sherlock Holmes, all three are edited by J. R. Campbell and Charles Preplec. It all made sense.

I wrote to Edge Publishing, and Brian Hades and Janice Shoults were soon in touch, and kindly put me in contact with some of their authors and J. R. Campbell one of the editors. You can feel how these guys really enjoy the subject, and I was very pleased that they were happy to contribute to the fanzine.

What did you enjoy about working on it?

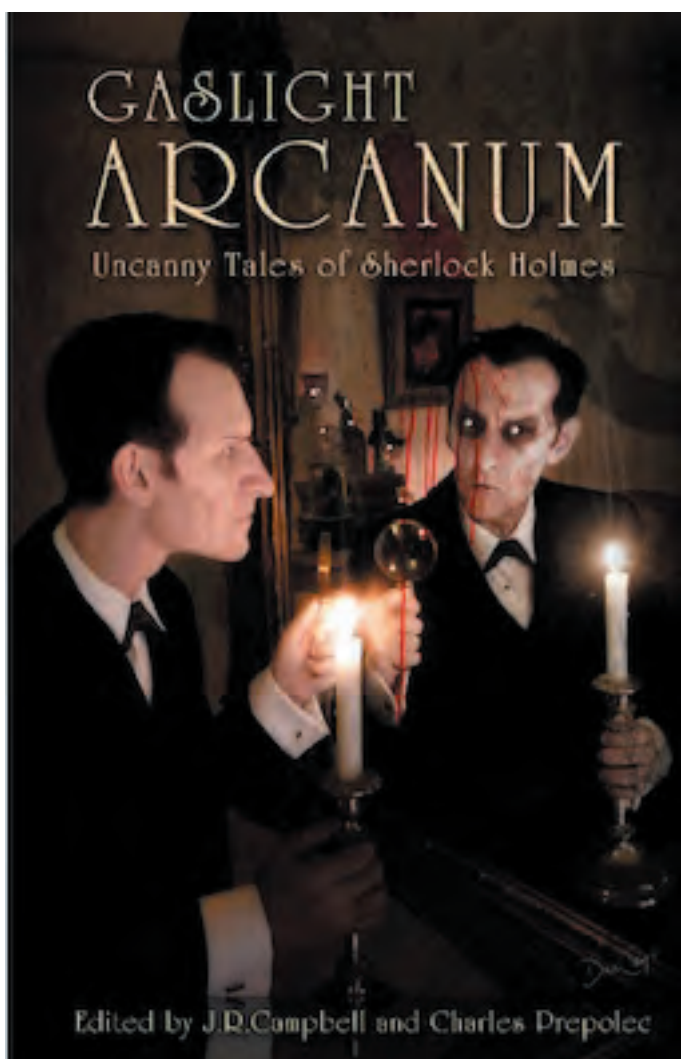
Jeff Campbell - Gaslight Arcanum was very much a labor of love, as were the previous two anthologies Gaslight Grotesque

and Gaslight Grimoire. Both my co-editor Charles Preplec and I share a passion for Holmes and for speculative fiction, so combining the two into a collection was a pure delight. It gave us an opportunity to work with a number of very talented people who share our peculiar interests.

STEPHEN VOLK - It was my second Holmes story for Jeff and Charles - my previous one, "Hounded" was in Gaslight Grotesque and I loved the experience. I grew up with the BBC Sherlock Holmes TV series starring Peter Cushing in the sixties and absolutely devoured the Conan Doyle stories, including his tales of terror and the supernatural like "Play-

ing With Fire", which to this day is one of my favourite short stories of all time. The idea of taking Holmes, Doyle's perfect rational thinker, and joining him with Doyle's other side, the eerie and uncanny side, is intriguing because in a way you are uniting the two sides of Doyle. Apart from which, a skeptic facing something he cannot explain is just always good fun!

Paul Kane - It's always been a bit of a dream of mine to work on a Sherlock Holmes story, so this was another ambition ticked off the list. What also appealed to me was mixing Horror elements with Holmes, which I



think some the best of his stories do anyway. The Hound of the Baskervilles, for example, is ostensibly a supernatural tale until the real explanation at the end. Same goes for the Adventure of the Sussex Vampire... And, even more recently, the Sherlock Holmes movie relied on black magic for its narrative drive. So the opportunity to go all out and pit Holmes against 'real' supernatural enemies was too hard to resist. It was difficult at first getting into the style – and there was a huge amount of performance anxiety on my part because I'm such a fan – but once 'The Greatest Mystery' started to flow, I had a whale of a time and wrote it quite quickly. Those are often your best pieces of work, I find.

Kevin Cockle - Dealing with one of the Big Names in genre fiction was the essential thrill. I'd also read the other Gaslight books, and thought it would be grand to be in one – so the technical challenge of it all had real appeal, since I'm not a Holmes expert by any means.

Tony Richards - Writing 'The House of Blood' was the most fun I've had -- sitting at my laptop at least -- in years. There's a slightly tongue-in-cheek element to the story, Holmes being immortal, finding himself in modern-day Las Vegas and feeling rather like a fish out of water. I compare his Victorian attitudes with modern ones, and because he's been around for so long and travelled the world he has picked up certain skills he never had in the original stories. But it was a joy to write about such a well-known and eccentric character, his loftiness and his foibles. I even got to mention his fondness for a seven percent solution of cocaine. He doesn't use it any more in my story, though, because the laws have changed since his day.

2. What do you think you brought to the Sherlockian Apocrypha/Ouvre?

JeffC - There have been other Holmes anthologies which nudged the Great Detective into the fantasy/horror genre but I like to think we were the first to embrace the concept without reservation. We weren't meeting Dracula or immersed in the Lovecraft. While Holmes, Watson and the other irregulars had to ring true to Doyle, the balance of the tale was free to go wherever the writer wanted to take us. Back when it was first published the readers of the Hound of the Baskervilles readers couldn't be certain if Holmes' gunshots were

really going to bring down the hound. I'd like to think we've injected some of that delicious uncertainty back into the Sherlock Holmes work. If in the process we can remind readers of the wonderful weird fiction Doyle created outside Sherlock Holmes stories, so much the better!

SV - (SPOILER ALERT!) This time I took as my start point the popular premise that the creation of Holmes was heavily influenced by Edgar Allan Poe and his own seminal detective, Dupin. I thought it would be exciting to show that connection in story form: in a kind of weird father-son relationship that puts Holmes on the road to becoming the great detective we all know. But of course it had to be a mystery in its own right, and a bizarre one at that, for this anthology. So I hope it is.

PK - Hopefully something that's never been attempted before. I pitted Holmes against his greatest ever enemy, in a story that keeps you guessing as to whether he'll be able to defeat his adversary at all. It's in keeping with the original Holmes stories, but at the same time develops themes from my own work. I also like the stories where Holmes really struggles with the mystery, and in this one it's something that challenges his very beliefs in everything. People seem to be enjoying the story – one reviewer yesterday said I'd captured Conan Doyle's voice perfectly – all of which makes me very, very happy.

KC -A Holmes story is basically about a very intelligent chap who is able to attain an extreme level of dis-interested objectivity in order to bring about narrative closure. In the other Gaslight books, this pattern is usually re-inscribed, even though there are supernatural elements – that is – Holmes can still come to some understanding of events, even though they may be horrific or unspeakable or magical. In my version, Holmes isn't objective to the situation; the "objective" facts he enunciates are fabricated by him, not discovered; the reality, in sum, can't be knowable in the traditional Sherlockian way, and narrative closure isn't logically possible. I felt that in the third book, it was time for someone to stretch the notion of a supernatural universe, and subvert the classic Holmes character to some extent.

TR - Most contributors to Gaslight Arcanum

set their stories in Victorian times. I decided not to, largely because I don't write period fiction. I base my work on my own experiences and the places that I've been. But the Sherlock Holmes in my story is still exactly the same character he always was, unchanged in any significant way. I think I manage to show that Holmes is eternal and he works in any age, an archetypal character who still fascinates us to this very day.

3. Why do you think there is such interest amongst SF/Horror fans for Holmes?

JeffC - A couple of reasons, the first being that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Holmes' creator, was an accomplished SF/Horror writer. People often mention how Doyle wrote Sherlock Holmes and some historical fiction and, oh yeah, *The Lost World*. His other Professor Challenger stories, his science fiction and horror work are often unfairly overlooked. He accomplished some fantastic stories in the SF/Horror genre. The other reason SF/Horror fans feel a strange attraction to Holmes is because it's one of the earliest instances of modern fan culture. There are societies and traditions stretching back over a century, a record *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* fans can only envy.

SV - Beyond the plain excitement of the stories and the compelling nature of the character, I think there is the obsessive side to fans and there is an obsessive side to Holmes - his collection of tobacco, fingerprints, etc - so we relate to him, especially as an outsider lost in his own dreamy world of interior thought. He feels if you can collect enough data you can understand the universe. Which I think is probably an illusion - total knowledge will always be beyond our grasp. Characters like Holmes, Spock and Mr Data who have some difficulty with emotions are always compelling because we all feel we don't really have enough ammunition to understand other human beings. That is always the big mystery. To us all.

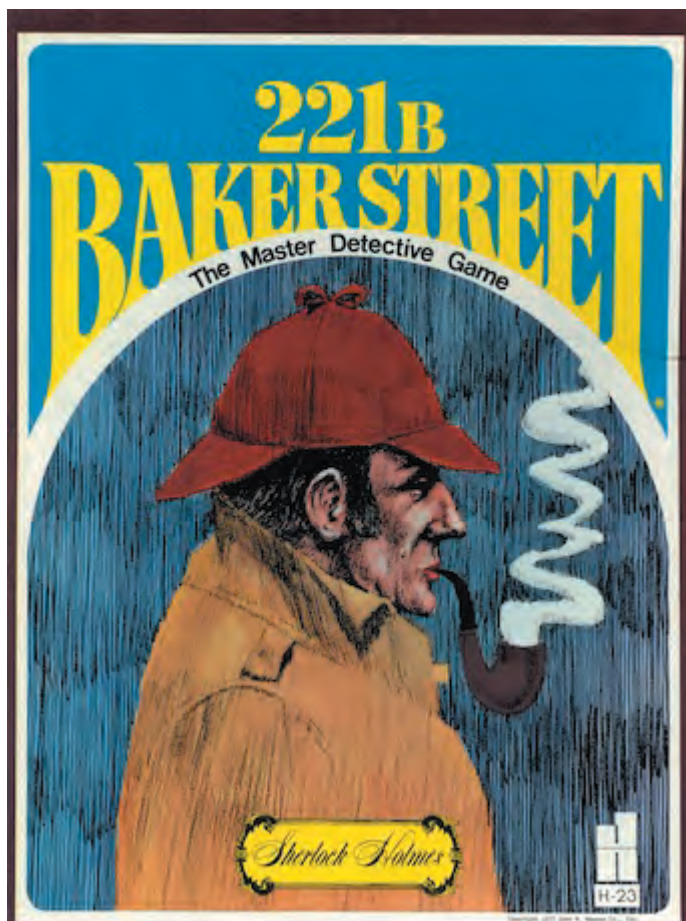


PK - For the reasons mentioned in my first reply, he just lends himself perfectly to this kind of story. I mean, those atmospheric, foggy streets for starters – the perfect horror setting, surely? Who knows what might be lurking round the corner? The imagination can run wild. There's also the fun aspect of taking someone who deduces things with logic and putting him in a scenario that's totally illogical, to see how he deals with it. That leads to great tension and conflict, which in turn makes for a great story I believe. The potential for spinning off into Horror or SF is al-

ready there, it just needs teasing out – which is, I guess, why he's of interest to fans of the genre.

KC - I think because the supernatural is always hinted at in the settings and details of a Holmes story. The Victorian era is rife with supernatural subtext; the imagery suggests steampunk even if a story doesn't go that far. And although he's completely human, there's something of the super-human about Holmes: speculative fiction fans will be drawn to that.

TR - There's interest amongst everyone. Nearly a hundred years after those stories were written, there's a smash hit movie, another coming out, and a very successful TV trilogy. People love the guy. And though the original tales were not about the supernatural -- in fact, Conan Doyle's Holmes spent some of his time disproving local legends --the potential has always been there. There's something marvellously creepy and gothic about some of those early tales, the foggy, cobbled streets of London and all that. And the fact that you never see Moriarty until the very end adds an element of lurking evil. I don't think the original author would have disapproved ... he was into things like spiritualism, and definitely believed that there was more to this world than meets the eye.



4. Do you have a favourite Holmes story, and if you do what is it that you like about it and Arthur Conan Doyle's Style?

JeffC - My favorite Holmes' story is 'Silver Blaze', it has a good balance of the various Holmes elements. In the story's beginning Holmes tries to sit and wait the mystery out, certain the solution is about to be revealed. When it isn't, he's up, out of Baker Street and into the case. I love how Holmes is rarely content to just let things work themselves out, when a puzzle captures his interest he needs to be a part of it. I also love that Holmes makes some money in a slightly unethical way, waiting to reveal the solution until he has cashed in. It's a gray area for the white knight but one I think adds to the character. With Doyle it's all about the characters, it's his huge strength as a writer.

SV - For me it's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* because of the gothic horror element: superb as a foil for Sherlock's detective skills. We are absorbed because we think he could be confounded by something completely unnatural - not just a master criminal like Moriarty who is a brain-box like him. It is the pinnacle of Doyle's skill as a writer, too. A classic of literature. No less.

PK - I'll have to be predictable here and say *The Hound of the Baskervilles* again. I've always loved this novel, as well as the adaptations there have been over the years. One of my favourites, actually, was the one with Richard Roxburgh as Holmes which the BBC did back in 2002. That really embraced its Horror roots, with certain set pieces that wouldn't have looked out of place in a full blown genre movie. There's certainly one shock moment where something bangs against a window that had me jumping out of my seat.

KC - I like *Hound of the Baskervilles*, but that's also the only original story I can name. I'm a fan of Holmes, but not an informed Sherlockian: I respond more to the idea of the character and his cultural impact than I do to the original text.

TR - It has to be '*The Hound of the Baskervilles*.' It's Holmes' ultimate battle against, not merely crime, but ignorance and superstition, which the bad guys try to use to their advantage. It has all the elements I talked about above -- the misty moor, the old country mansion -- and looks more like a ghost story than a detective one for most of its length. And Conan Doyle carries it off beautifully, a natural-born storyteller whose transparent prose just carries you along.

5. Anything else you'd like to say about Holmes?

JeeC - I'd just like to remind your readers that Holmes is in many ways the perfect science fiction hero. He solves problems by intellect, applying his science of deduction against murky situations. He's served as the prototype for many science fiction protagonists and is well worth checking out. I know the Holmes stories are likely on many of your readers' 'to be read someday' lists and I'd encourage them to read them sooner rather than later. I hope they enjoy *Sherlock Holmes*, and our Gaslight books, as much I have.

SV - Just that doing a straight detective story or "pastiche" of what Doyle did is of no interest to me. You can't improve on the master. But you can bring to the table something of your own interests and obsessions, and hopefully by bringing something from left-field illuminate the great canon that already exists. If only to let people think about the character or relationships or the nature of the stories

a wee bit differently. It is a great sand box to play in that is always reinvented and that shows its power.

PK - Only that he totally rocks. I've been a Holmes fan since I was a boy, growing up with the stories and then watching the definitive portrayal – in my opinion – on ITV by Jeremy Brett. There's a reason the character's endured all these years and is still massively popular. Like other iconic heroes, there's no end to the possibilities for his adventures and I welcome many more to come. In fact, I've just picked up Anthony Horowitz's House of Silk and can't wait to read it! Long live Holmes...and Watson, of course! Without him there wouldn't really be any Holmes stories, which a lot of people forget. Their unique relationship is a huge part of what makes the tales so engaging.

Tony Richards - Much though I'm a fan, I'd never considered writing a Holmes story until Charles Prepolec asked me. A lot of that was down to the problem with period fiction, which I took a few weeks figuring out how to get around. I'm just praying there will be a fourth Gaslight anthology, so that I can have another go. In fact, I've already written some more stories about Sherlock in the modern age, and published them as Amazon ebooks -

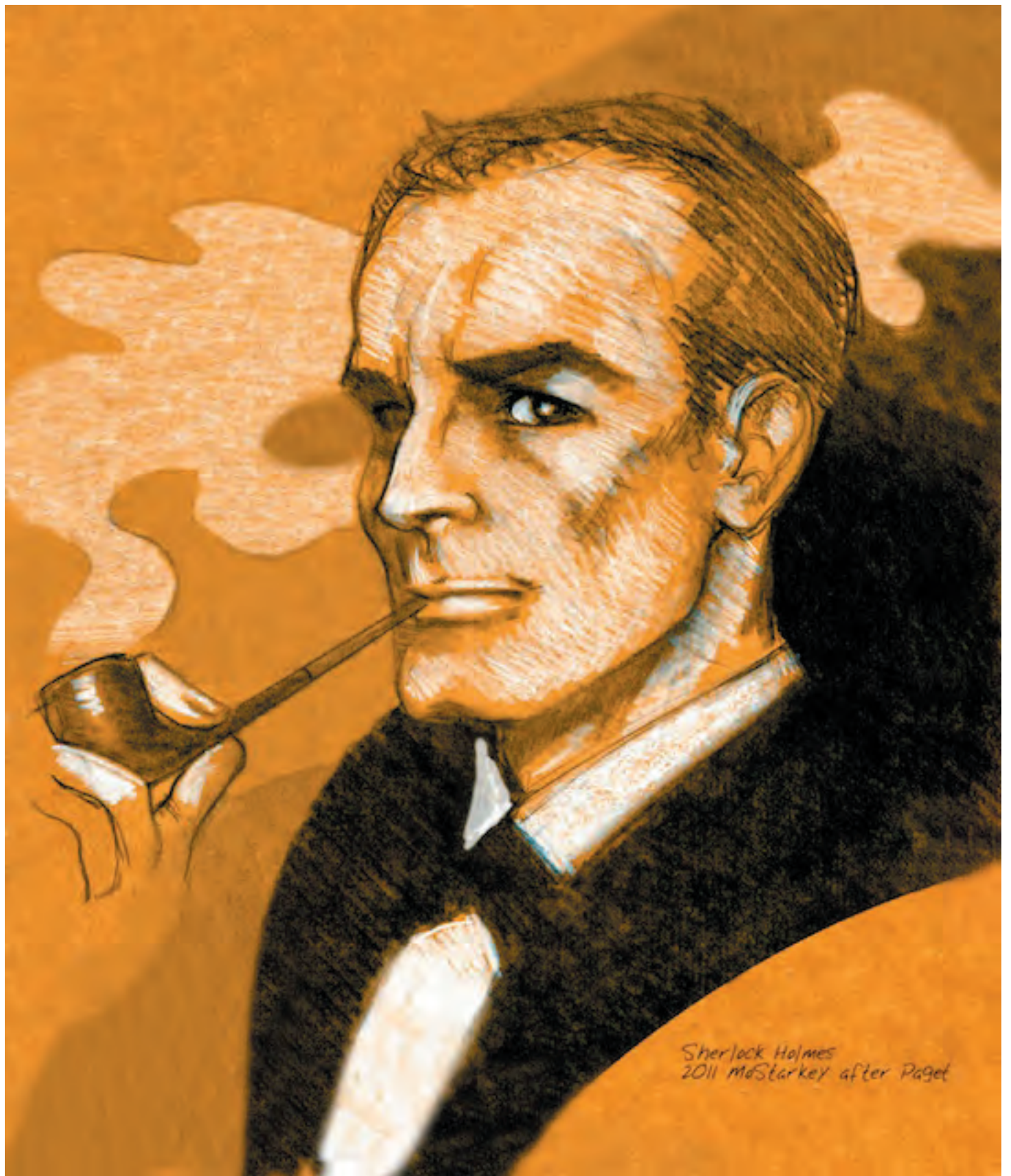
- the Immortal Holmes series. I've been transformed from a reader to a practitioner of the Holmes oeuvre, and I'm genuinely happy it worked out that way.

The stories themselves, for I of course read through the book, its been a period of time like that for me, its a really nice and eclectic mix, I loved Kims. Grimore contains stories by some of my favourite authors, as well as Kim, there is Chris Fowler and Simon Clark, but what was good was to find the authors, or re-find the ones I haven't read for a while. There is definitely a tight edit here.

There is quite an excellent website on the go, for Gaslight <http://gaslightgallery.blogspot.com/> and interestingly they are currently in the middle of a big push with a new item every day.

I should also mention Paul Kanes website www.shadow-writer.co.uk





Sherlock Holmes
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