

THE SHSF FANTHOLOGY ONE



The SHsf Fanthology One edited by Ruth Berman published by the
Professor Challengery Society

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II Illustrations

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P reface

Fandoms tend to overlap. The habit of mind that sets a Colin Prestige to writing articles for The Gilbert and Sullivan Journal also sets him to writing for The Sherlock Holmes Journal. Science fiction fans write scholarly articles on comic books for Pat and Dick Lupoff's Xero. The late Robert R. Pattrick—a member of the fandoms of Sherlock Holmes, Gilbert and Sullivan, science fiction, comics, and Oz and L. Frank Baum—suggested that a scion society of the Baker Street Irregulars should be started for one of the commonest overlapping fandoms: the Professor Challenger Society, for fans of sf and SH.

The subjects of articles in fans' publications overlap, too. James Montgomery's "Four Birds in a Gilded Cage," about G&S as much as about Holmes and Watson, and Anthony Boucher's article on an appearance of Holmes in The Musical Fantasies of L. Frank Baum, both appeared comfortably in The Baker Street Journal. When editions are limited (and amateur publications nearly always are), it is often impossible for a member of one fandom to obtain the articles of interest to him which appear in the publications of other fandoms.

The SHsf Fanthology One is a collection of Sherlockian writings mostly by science fiction fans and mostly taken from science fiction fanzines (exceptions are Robert Bloch's "The Dynamics of an Asteroid," which appeared in an early, long out-of-print issue of the BSJ, and so will be new to most sf fans as well as to many BSI; and the items by BSI Dean Dickensheet). I plan to put out further numbers whenever there is enough material.

Acknowledgements: to Dean Dickensheet, for suggesting the project; to the individual authors, artists, and publishers of its contents; and to the members of the Professor Challenger Society, who have put up with my procrastination.

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—August, 1967

The Dynamics of an Asteroid

by ROBERT BLOCH

[from The Baker Street Journal, new series, Volume 3, Number 4, October, 1953, pp. 225-233.]

Honestly, some of the patients you get are a scream. Positively a scream!

Not that I'd want any other kind of work—where else can you make up to twenty dollars a day, and all you do, really, is sort of play nursemaid for a couple of hours? Compared to a hospital or working in some G. P.'s office, it's nothing at all. But the types you run into!

Take this last one I had—I didn't tell you about him, did I? He was a hundred years old.

One hundred years old! Can you imagine? No, I'm pretty sure of it, the way he talked and all. And to hear him tell it, up to three months ago he was dressing and feeding himself and handling everything in the house out of his wheelchair. Of course, he ordered what he needed over the phone and the hotel sent it right up, meals and everything. But think of that—one hundred years old and all alone in a wheelchair, and he did everything himself!

Of course, you might guess it just to look at him. He'd been some kind of professor of arithmetic or mathematics, whatever they call it, but that was when he was young. Imagine, sixty years ago or so! And then he was in this accident and his left side was paralyzed and he went into a wheelchair. Sixty years, that's a long time to live in a wheelchair. Doctor Cooper, he was handling the case, just stopping in once a week, he said it was amazing.

But the old boy was tough, I got to say that for him. Just one look at him was enough to let you know. Of course when I was put on the case he was in bed already, but sitting up. And when he sat up you couldn't tell he was paralyzed at first. He had a big bald head and a bulgy forehead and his eyes were sunk way back, like they sometimes get. But he wasn't shriveled or even very wrinkled.

He'd stick that head out and his face would move from side to side but all the while those little eyes would stare at you to make sure you were listening. He talked a lot. Talked and wrote. He was forever having me mail stuff for him. A lot of it went abroad to foreigners in colleges over there—professors, I guess. And people in the government over here, and fellas like this Einstein.

That's what I wanted to tell you about—he wrote to Einstein! Did you ever hear of such a thing in all your life?

At first he didn't talk about what he was doing, at least not very much. But he kept getting weaker and weaker and along about the last month he couldn't write. And of course it was hard for him to sleep. Doctor Cooper was all for giving him hypos but he wouldn't take them. Not him! He was tough.

But some nights he'd call me in—I slept in the other room on the couch—and he liked for me to read to him. He got all kinds of crazy-sounding magazines; scientific ones, I guess. And some of them were in German and French and I-don't-know-what-all. Of course I couldn't read those, and when I tried to read the regular English ones he got mad because of course I didn't know all those two-dollar words.

So mostly he had me read the papers. And that's where the crazy part started.

Take like the crime news. You know, there's been a lot of killings lately, all these G. I. murderers and that. And I'd get to reading about them and all of a sudden he'd be laughing.

At first it bothered me. I thought he was just plain se-nile. The way they get sometimes, you know.

But once, about two weeks before he died, he was listening to me read about one of those crime syndicates; I mean where they all gang up and plot like blackmail extortions and things.

And he gave this chuckle of his and he said, "Strange, isn't it, Miss Hawes?"

So I said, "What's strange?"

And he said, "To think that it's still going on. It takes one back, Miss Hawes. It takes one back."

I said, "You mean they used to have gangs like this when you were—" I stopped real quick, because I'd almost said, "alive."

And the funny thing happened, because he finished the sentence for me and he said, "alive?" Then he laughed again. "Yes, they had gangs when I was alive, and master criminals and workers behind the scenes. I was one myself, although you may find that hard to believe. Just as it may be hard for you to believe that I died over sixty years ago."

Then I knew for sure he was getting se-nile. And it must have showed on my face.

"Perhaps you might be interested in my story," he said. And of course I said, "Yes," even though I wasn't. To tell you the truth I kept right on reading the paper all the while he was talking, but I wish now I'd listened a little more because some of it was real wild.

So he kept on rambling about how it was when he was a young man in college or university or wherever, and he was studying all this fancy mathematics stuff, and then he got out and he couldn't get a job. I guess he finally got to teaching for a sort of a small private school and then he was a tutor, like, for rich kids over in England.

And he wrote some books but nobody paid any attention because he was ahead of his time, whatever that means.

Well, to make a long story short, I gather he wanted to get married and his girl turned him down for a richer fella, and he just went all to pieces. That's how he became a criminal, to hear him tell it.

And, to hear him tell it, he was a real big-shot. He was like one of those super-criminals you hear about; never did anything himself but just gave advice. He would plan things for the rest to do and get a commission.

He said he had a logical mind and because of all that studying he did, he knew just how to organize things. Pretty soon he was working for gangs all over Europe, too, and he made a fortune. That part of it I can believe, because even now he was living in this big hotel suite and he hadn't worked for over sixty years, being in a wheelchair and all.

But all the while he told me this he kept working in names and dates and places that didn't make any sense to me, and I just couldn't be expected to pay too much attention.

Finally he saw I wasn't listening and he shut up. That suited me, except that I wondered what he'd meant about him dying, like he said.

A couple of nights later that came up again. I was reading about some doctors out west, keeping somebody alive massaging the heart during an operation—you know. They did it over at Sinai a few months ago, didn't they?

Anyhow, he said, "Doctors! Call themselves medical authorities and they don't know the first thing about life. If I'd listened to them, I'd be dead and buried these sixty-odd years past."

Well, it just happened that I was pretty tired, and I guess I must have dozed off right in the middle of what he was saying. But I remember him starting out with this story about how he got tangled up with the police and some detective was out to get him, only he got him first. After they had a big fight somewhere, I forget the name, he was left for dead. Only he wasn't dead, he was just paralyzed.

This was over in Europe someplace, and he decided to stay there when he got patched up. He had plenty of money put away in a dozen different banks, and nobody was looking for him; being crippled up, he was glad to get out.

Besides, this detective was supposed to be dead and he was wanted for killing him if he ever showed up. So it was a good idea to retire. After that he just moved around from place to place all over Europe. Once he thought he'd go back home, but the funniest thing happened, to hear him tell it—the man he was supposed to have killed wasn't dead after all, but still alive. And if he went back it would start all over again.

So he stayed dead, as far as anyone knew. I guess he came over to this country from where he lived in Germany, when the Nazis got started there.

"It's a strange experience, being dead for so many years," he said. "But I see I'm boring you, Miss Hawes..."

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That's when I knew I must have dozed off. I apologized all over the place, but he just chuckled. Didn't bother him a bit.

No, that's not all. Wait a minute, there's one thing more I want to tell you about. That's this crazy business about the asteroid. You know what an asteroid is? Neither do I. Some kind of a planet, I guess—only he wasn't even talking about a real one, but just a fake one. Called it a man-made sat-something. Oh yes, a satellite, that was it. A man-made satellite.

It was the newspaper that started him off. Remember, last week, when they ran this story about how at last, the government is going to build a space-platform for launching rockets to the moon? Did you ever hear anything so crazy in all your life? But I guess they're going to do it.

Well, I was reading him this story—he was pretty weak, you know, and Doctor Cooper said it wouldn't be long—and I was just reading alone, when all at once I noticed he was sitting up. He hadn't sat up for nearly a week, and he wasn't eating very much or anything any more, but here he was, sitting up straight. And he said, "Would you mind reading that over again, Miss Hawes? Slowly, please?" He was always very polite like that, I will say that for him.

So I read it over, and he began to chuckle again, and he got the funniest look on his face. It wasn't exactly a smile, but you know, like that. His cheeks were all sunk in the way they get before the end, but for a minute I'd swear he looked positively young again.

"I knew it!" he said. "I knew they'd do it! That's the news I've been waiting for."

Then he began to talk a blue streak. I said, "Please, you know Doctor Cooper said you mustn't exert yourself. You must rest."

And he said, "I'll have a long time for resting now. And in peace, I trust." And he kept right on talking.

Now I don't know how much of this he was making up, because it sounds so utterly ridiculous, but of course he did send those letters out and he'd get answers, too. They all knew him, all those scientists.

But the way he told it, after the time he fell and nearly died, he decided to reform. He wanted to do something for the world, I guess, and he got to studying his mathematics again. He said he'd written this book with the crazy title—I remember that part all right—it was called The Dynamics of an Asteroid. And it was about these space-platforms.

"Yes, that's right, Miss Hawes," he told me. "Over sixty years ago. No wonder nobody took it seriously; I was ahead of my time. And I spent years of pioneering work, simply trying to get a hearing from the proper authorities in the field. Bit by bit, I managed."

The point is, I guess he kept working out these theories of his and writing to scientists and feeding them ideas, like this Einstein and a whole lot of others. He didn't want any credit, just so long as they would work on his notions. And after a long time, they did. He said he had this idea for building a space-platform or an artificial whatchamacallit all these years, and he pounded away and pounded away and even sent diagrams.

In Germany he made experimental models or whatever they do and donated them to universities and the government—but he never let them use his name. All he wanted was to do some good for humanity.

"It was the least I could do to atone, Miss Hawes," he said. "I wanted, in my small way, to help man reach the stars. And now, I see, the work has borne fruit. What more reward could I ask?"

Of course I knew enough to humor him, it was the least I could do for the poor old fella, the way he was. So I told him how wonderful I thought it was and how he ought to be getting his name in the newspapers, too, along with these other big-shot scientists.

"That can never be," he said. "And it no longer matters. My name will live only as a symbol of infamy." Whatever that is.

Well, I don't know how we ended up, but it was the same night, quite late, that the crisis came. I'd been sleeping on the sofa in the other room when I heard him sort of gasping and I went into the bedroom quick and took one look and then called Doctor Cooper.

By the time he got there, though, it was all over. It wasn't what you call a painful death. He just got delirious and then went right off with just a short coma. Heart gave out, Doctor Cooper said.

But for a few minutes, there, while he was delirious, he came out with some of the most awful stuff. It was as if he was another person—probably the way he'd been when he was a criminal back in the 'nineties or whenever, if he'd told me the truth.

He kept cursing away at somebody or other; this detective fella, I guess. He wasn't so much mad at the fella as he was jealous because the detective was famous and he wasn't. You see, like I told you before, he was supposed to have killed him only he revived and got away. And now the poor old guy acted as though he was right there in the room—and did he swear!

Then he started to wrestle with him; you know how it is when they go out of their head. Only I figured it out that he thought he was back fighting with him at the time when he was left for dead.

They were fighting on some cliff, and there was a waterfall or something—this was in Germany or the Alps or around there, I guess—and this detective was using jiu-jitsu and he threw the old guy off into the water and he hit his head and bounced and swam away. But the detective didn't notice because he was climbing up the cliff himself in order not to leave any footprints, so people would think he was dead. Oh, it doesn't make any sense, but that's the way it came out.

Then, just before the coma, he was sitting up in bed after all this wrestling around, and I was trying to hold him down. But he didn't even know I was in the room, you see—he just saw the detective.

And he said, "Keep your glory! Keep your cheap notoriety, and your fame! I'll die unhonoured, unmourned and unsung, but in the end I triumph. My deeds will bring men to the stars! One thing you must admit—there's nothing elementary about my deductions!"

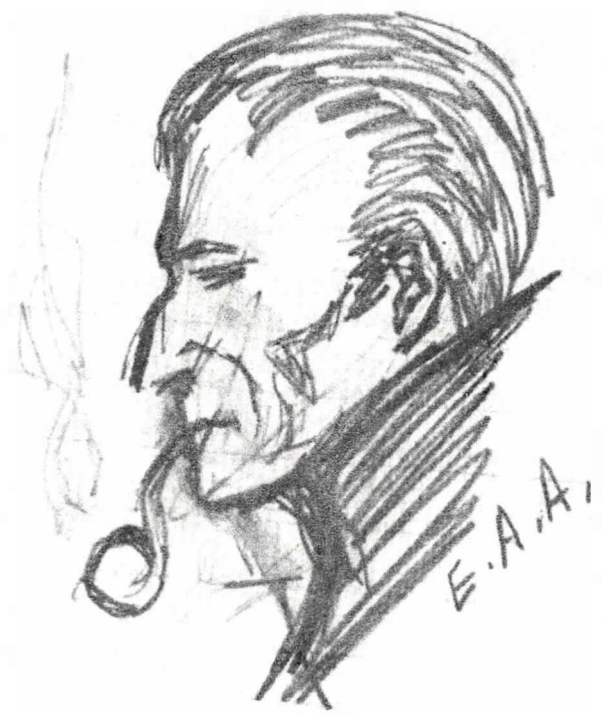
Real crazy stuff, I tell you!

And then he went off into the coma and died. Just like that. But can you imagine, such a mixed-up business?

I wonder how much of it was really true? I mean, about him being a master-criminal and reforming and then helping scientists invent these space-platforms. I never heard of that book, The Dynamics of an Asteroid, or whatever.

Maybe I'll look it up sometime. I wish I knew the name of that detective he hated so much; that would help.

But I've got his name, anyway. Irish. Moriarity, I think it was—Professor Moriarity.



Matter in Motion
by JOHN BOARDMAN

[a column from Kipple 105, by Ted Pauls, pp. 11-13, August 1, 1966.]

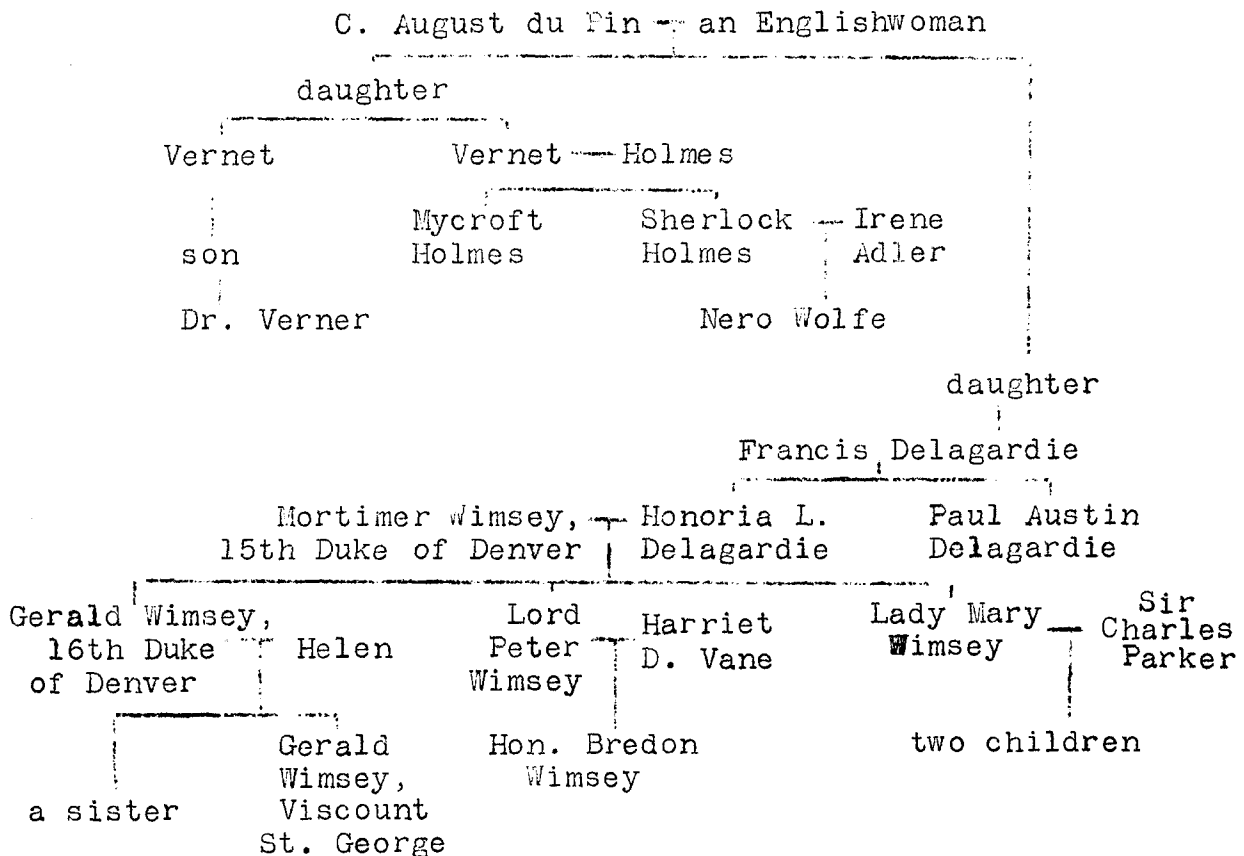
"Art in the blood takes strange forms," said Sherlock Holmes to Dr. Watson once, as he discussed his family with his medical amanuensis. Holmes, we learn, came of mixed Anglo-French background, his mother being related to the artist Vernet. His older brother, Mycroft Holmes, had the same keen analytic mind as the detective, but was stout and sedentary rather than lean and active.

So much we learn from Sir Arthur's Conanical writings, whether they be langue Doc or langue Doyle. However, further speculation about the kindred of Sherlock Holmes has not been wanting. W. S. Baring-Gould, in his "Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street," goes beyond the bounds of any reasonable inferences from the Holmes stories when he hypothecates a third Holmes brother, or relates the coldly intellectual Holmes to the tempestuous Edward Challenger. But he seems on sound ground when he takes over from Ellery Queen the theory that Nero Wolfe is the illegitimate son of Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler.

To this speculation may be added the observation that another noted amateur detective is of Anglo-French stock. Like Sherlock Holmes, he comes of English landed gentry on his father's side, and sensitive, part-French stock on his mother's. And we know something more about the family of Lord Peter Wimsey than we do of Holmes'—enough so that a common ancestor on the French side of the family might be supposed. Lord Peter's mother, and his cynical, observant uncle, Paul Delagardie, are one-eighth French. Can this French influence be traced back to an ancestor of the Vernets, and if so, to whom?

Randall Garrett has answered this question, by linking Holmes and Wimsey with the first of all the great deductive detectives—C. August du Pin, the hero of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Purloined Letter." Du Pin could have been the great-grandfather of Lord Peter's mother, if we assume that Du Pin had an English wife. This seems a reasonable supposition, and may account for his ability to speak English—a rare accomplishment among Frenchmen of his time.

The following family tree, then, which incorporates the Holmes-Adler connection, might be hypothesized:



"Dr. Verner" is a young physician who succeeded Watson in his practice, and is an English member of Holmes' mother's family.

Presumably other notable English and French detectives, including Merrivale, Maigret and Poirot, might be plaited into this genealogy. However, one has claims above the rest to be considered. This is, of course, James Bond. We have some genealogical detail on the Holmes family, and a great deal on the Wimseys, but Bond's background is a total blank. Still, Fleming's silence is itself most eloquent. Bond is urbane, well-educated, witty, and a great connoisseur of the arts, including the gastronome's art. But, since a discreet silence is maintained over his origins and his acquisition of these tastes, we might reasonably assume that, like the chess master Howard Staunton or the chemist James Smithson, Bond is an illegitimate sprig of a British noble house.

Which noble house? Obviously, the Wimseys. The first suggestion would be that he is one of Lord Peter's by-blows, but this will not bear further examination. Lord Peter sowed his wild oats in Paris with Frenchwomen; Bond is the right age to be a son of his, but some other Wimsey must be sought out as the father of Fleming's hero.

Suspicion lights on Lord Peter's stodgy but handsome brother, Gerald, 16th Duke of Denver. The Duke, married to a prudish snob, was a known philanderer. When his brother rescued him from a murder rap in "Clouds of Witness," Denver was having an affair with a Mrs. Grimethorpe, an exotically beautiful Cornishwoman wed to a brute of a Yorkshire peasant. If we assume that James Bond was the offspring of this union, it would place his birthdate around 1922—just right for the apparent age of Bond in most of his adventures. Presumably his mother resumed her maiden name of Bond when she returned to Cornwall after her husband's death. Uncle Peter, who despite himself had a strong sense of family obligation, probably looked after young James' education as his own Uncle Paul had looked after his.

Bond is a true Wimsey in many respects—his handsomeness, his many affairs with women, his good taste, and his aptitude for intelligence work. Moreover, his blunter approach to his work shows that he is more Wimsey than Delagardie. Where Lord Peter would use the rapier, James Bond bludgeons his way ahead.

Other members of this notable family have their deeds unchronicled as yet. Bond's legitimate cousins, Bredon Wimsey and Peter Parker, are in their early thirties, and might be expected to be as efficient a team as were their fathers. There are some interesting opportunities here for an aspiring writer of detective stories.

[from a letter from John Boardman: "I wish you would point out that the original suggestion—that Holmes and Wimsey are related through their part-French mothers—was made by Randall Garrett. And Nero Wolfe's relationship to Holmes is hinted by Rex Stout himself. My own contribution to the family tree is James Bond's provenance."]

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Three

by DEAN T. ICKENSHEET

Sherlock Holmes at Camelot

[from Neolithic 11, by Ruth Berman, pp. 7-8, October, 1960.]

"Holmes, if you'd lived a few centuries ago, they'd have burned you alive!"

—Dr. John H. Watson
in William Gillette's
Sherlock Holmes

Since the foundation of Sherlockian scholarship, a topic second only to the study of Dr. Watson's wounds and wives has been the consideration of the genealogical origins of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Birth registers have been combed in all parts of England, from Sussex to Northumberland, as well as in Ireland, America, and France. Searches have been made back to the 17th century, and proponents have linked him not only to the Vernets but to the Gerards and the Clarks. One theory has not, however, been adequately considered. It is a strange possibility indeed, but for all its strangeness, it possesses the faint gleam of truth, however improbable it may be.

In "The Sword in the Stone," written by British historian T. H. White and published in 1939, one of the central figures is Merlyn the magician, a personage made famous in the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory. At one point in "The Sword in the Stone" Merlyn requests a familiar spirit to produce his hat. At this there appear in succession a beaver hat, a smoking cap, a sailor's hat whose lettering suspiciously suggests "H. M. S. Pinafore," and a deerstalker. Merlyn then calls the familiar to task, stating that he wants the hat he was wearing now, not "a hat I was wearing in 1890. Have you no sense of time at all?" The magician's owl, Archimedes, then suggests that Merlyn ask for the hat by name: "Say, 'I want my magician's hat,' not 'I want the hat I was wearing.' Perhaps the poor chap [the familiar] finds it as difficult to live backwards in time as you do."

"Deerstalker," "hat I was wearing in 1890," "live backwards in time"!!!!??? "Ask for the hat by name"? If one is a magician's hat what is the other? A detective's hat of course!

An improbable theory, yes. But who are we to doubt the possibility of the abilities of one of the greatest of the White Magicians. And how much it would explain! Miraculous escapes at Reichenbach and elsewhere, flashes of insight not really properly explainable to Dr. Watson, feats of almost superhuman strength. Is it then the truth?

One obvious solution would be to ask the historian involved, Mr. T. H. White; but I fear such an inquiry would be of little value, for in the adaptation of "The Sword in the Stone" published in 1958 as part of "The Once and Future King" the episode is expunged and suppressed. Is this the work of that "gentil knight" Sir Mordr.. pardon, Mr. Adrian Conan Doyle? Or is the connection between Merlyn and Sherlock Holmes akin to the true history of the Giant Rat of Sumatra, a revelation for which the World is not yet prepared?

The Case of the Incomplete Concept

A misadventure of Sherlock Holmes in Oz.....

[from Ankus 1, by Bruce Pelz, p. 9, in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailing 96, August, 1961.]

It all began with an argument between the Scarecrow and Jack Pumpkinhead regarding the exact nature of the immortality of visitors to Oz. Professor Wogglebug suggested that they merely consult the Great Book of Oz. They did so, only to discover that the pages of the Book were now written in a language unintelligible even to Professor Wogglebug. A messenger was sent to examine Ozma's Magic Picture, but it was found that the Picture was now only a mass of twisted shapes.

All Oz was in confusion.

"If we could only detect..." began the Wizard.

"Detect!" exclaimed Dorothy, "That's what we need, a Detective!"

"I believe you're right," replied the Wizard, "but where... why of course! He is the only man!"

Thus it was that Sherlock Holmes and his colleague Dr. Watson were transported to Oz. Ozma outlined the problem to Holmes, filling in a background of the nature of the magic articles—thus completely confusing Holmes's medical friend.

"This is scarcely the sort of facts to which I am accustomed," Said Holmes. "They are more in the realm of my cousin, Dr. Verner. But I believe I now possess all the necessary data," he said at last. "Now I need only apply my basic principles, and..." He furrowed his brow in thought.

Suddenly there was a noise like a monstrous thunderclap, and the Emerald City vanished, as did Ozma, Glinda, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Tik-Tok, the Saw Horse, and most of the others. Only Dorothy, the Wizard, Captain Bill, Trot, Betsy Bobbin, Button Bright, Peter, Speedy, Lucky Bucky, Uncle Harry and Aunt Em were left, and they stood on a grey, formless plain.

"What happened?" sobbed Dorothy.

"I, I don't know," quavered the Wizard.

"I fear it was I," said Sherlock Holmes. "Oz is not a place for me. You see, when I begin my investigations, I eliminate the impossible. Come, Watson."

Design Proposal:

Sherlockian Playing Cards:

Preliminary

[from Roquat 8, by Ruth Berman, pp. 1-2, in APA-L 61, December 16, 1965.]

The basis for this proposal was formulated after study of a deck of cards commemorating the American Civil War. This deck showed that not only the face cards but the Aces and Fours as well (the latter having a sizable amount of blank space) could be used in the presentation of the motif. In the Civil

War deck mentioned, the Face Cards represented famous combatants, the Aces battles, and the Fours the Monitor and the Merrimac and the cannons which fired and returned the first attack of Fort Sumter. The Jokers showed stacked arms and crossed banners.

The backs of the proposed Sherlockian cards would be scarlet with the famous B. S. I. Steele profile and the letters B. S. I. as shown on the society's match-books.

Unlike the Civil War deck, which gave one red and one black suit each to the Union and the Confederacy, the Sherlockian deck would uncompromisingly assign both black suits to villainy, and both red suits to heroism. After much soul-searching, the following preliminary suggestions were reached:

Diamonds

King: Sherlock Holmes, Esq.
Queen: Irene Adler
Jack: G. Lestrade *
Four: Silver Blaze
Ace: 221B Baker Street

Hearts

King: John H. Watson, M. D.
Queen: Mary Morstan Watson
Jack: Tobias Gregson *
Four: Toby (the Lurcher)
Ace: New Scotland Yard

Spades

King: Professor James Moriarty
Queen: Isadore Klein
Jack: John Stapleton Baskerville *
Four: The Hound of the Baskervilles
Ace: Baskerville Hall

Clubs

King: Dr. Grimsby Roylott
Queen: Miss Sarah Cushing
Jack: John Clay *
Four: "The Speckled Band"
Ace: Birlstone Manor

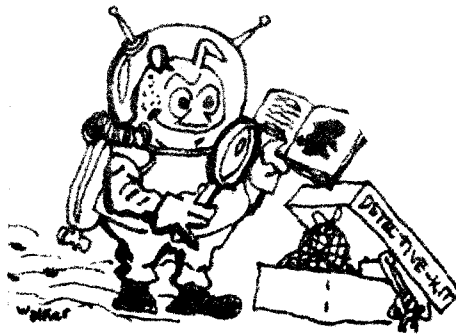
* Lestrade and Clay should be depicted full-face and Gregson and Stapleton in profile—thus preserving

the "one-eyed Jacks" tradition for such Sherlockian poker enthusiasts as Herman W. Mudgett. Regretably, the "mustached Kings" problem proved insurmountable.

Animals and Buildings seemed logical and suitable subjects for the Fours and Aces (the Four of Hearts is an admitted weak point). Other points open to controversy are the King of Clubs, the black queens, and the black Jacks. The Queens are a problem: the Canon is remarkably deficient in female villains who are the major criminals in the case. Misses Klein and Cushing, though relatively minor figures, are the major villainesses of 3GAB and CARD, and both monstrous in the nature of their crimes. Colonel Sebastian Moran is of course more properly the "King of Clubs" in the jocose sense, but even in EMPT he is still a minion of Moriarty rather than an independant force; thus, that "worst of criminals" Grimsby Roylott is elected to keep his pet company in the Club suit, narrowly nosing out Culverton Smith. Moran again is a candidate for Jack of Spades, but Stapleton seems necessary to accompany the Four and Ace, and it seems a shame to leave out Clay; and anyway, I could not resist two Jacks named Jack.

The only living artist capable of doing the cards is, of course, the masterful Danish illustrator and Sherlockian Henry Lauritzen, who illustrated many of the figures mentioned in a frieze in his book Min Kaer Watson ("My Dear Watson"). When I casually broached the matter in correspondance, he replied that he liked the idea, but considering production costs he concluded, more or less, "I doubt me and it be commercial." He is, naturally, probably quite correct.

Oh, yes! I have neglected one card, the Joker. Many possibilities presented themselves, a tar-barrel, a swooning Hilda Trelawney Hope, a "drunken" Jefferson Hope, Athelney Jones—then Adrienne Martine Hicks suggested the only correct illustration for a deck of Sherlockian playing cards: Reichenbach Falls.



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Fundamental, My Dear Watson
by DICK ENEY

[from Spy Ray, Operation Crifanac 229, by Dick Eney, pp. 1-4, in the Spectator Amateur Press Society mailing 64, July, 1963.]

The records of the exploits of Mr. Sherlock Holmes have yielded much information to exegetes and analysis of all degrees of erudition and fields of interest—as, I suppose, is only to be expected from a series of detailed records of life in Victorian-Edwardian times. There have been even a couple of hc collections of such Sherlockiana, and you all probably know of the recent biography by W. S. Baring-Gould which drew many data from such writings—Holmes' own The Whole Art of Detection being held up in press by those bunglers at Clarkson Potter. Indeed, just the other day SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (issue of 5 June) had a capital, tho brief, article on Holmes' accomplishments as a sportsman.

Most of this exegesis, however, has concerned details of period life, chronology, and biographical reconstruction. I think that it's also possible to reconstruct something that—to my skimpy knowledge—has not engaged the attention of the analysts; namely, his general theories of criminology.

Though Holmes did not enter practice as a detective until 1877, he read intensively in the field of theory & practice of crime for several years before this. Being proficient in both French and Italian, he could have become familiar with the early works—not translated into English for years—of Gabriel Tarde and Cesare Lombroso. Of course, the speculations of the so-called Classical School were open to him since this set of doctrines was largely of English origin and, indeed, was still the dominant theoretical basis for criminology in England. Available also was the work of Galt and of various other writers, not specifically oriented toward the problem of crime, like Darwin and Marx.

Leftist ideas, of course, were rejected by Holmes; only note how many of his cases involved attempts to maintain or defend social position. The Classical School is incompatible with the doctrines of so-called Criminal Anthropology; I believe that if we can establish Holmes' acceptance of the latter, his rejection of the former follows.

Now, the Classical School is a set of doctrines explaining and "dealing with" crime in the most extreme manner of Lockean

empiricism—which is about what one would expect of anything Jeremy Bentham had a hand in. Its solution is to make the pain of punishment just exceed the pleasure of successful crime, which will then cease to exist. (There is a certain amount of truth in this, mind you, if the punishment follows both promptly and inevitably.) The necessary premise is that criminal acts are arrived at by reasoning from information. Criminals, then are reasonable beings and just like other men, barring the temptations they're exposed to.

Criminal Anthropology—as it is now called; originally Lombroso wanted to call it Criminal Sociology (1) —is incompatible with the Classical School because it rejects this premise. Lombroso, studying physical characteristics of criminals, found data that led him to conclude that criminals were different from non-criminals in ways that included grossly evident variations in the physical makeup—the so-called "stigmata of crime." Persons possessing these stigmata are atavisms, and will commit crime when they have the chance, rather than being brought to it by circumstances. (Betcha didn't know why Gernsback-era stf so often showed futuremen referring to "atavists" where we'd say "criminals," hm?) Criminality is a primitive and bestial trait, and primitive and bestial men will commit crimes as naturally as breathing. Thus crime is not merely non-rational but isn't even voluntary; it's basically a consequence of hereditary defects. I may say that this notion has been pretty thoroughly exploded; Lombroso himself backed down on it eventually. The strongest influence of heredity most moderns will grant is that hereditary handicaps may be included in the various causes which lead to some crimes.

We can be sure that Holmes did subscribe to large parts of the theory of Criminal Anthropology. His interest in physical measurements is indicated by his contributions to the literature: Upon Tattoo Marks (tattooing is specifically cited by Lombroso as one of his stigmata, being a barbaric trait), The Influence of a Trade Upon the Form of the Hand, "On the Variability of Human Ears," and the various deductions from physical characteristics in "The Book of Life." He expressed "enthusiastic admiration" for Bertillon's system of recording physiques (2), and nearly lost his temper when Dr. James Mortimer suggested

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1. Walter Ereen thinks the way I teach Sociology is Criminal Sociology, but this isn't the same thing at all.

2. "The Naval Treaty"

that the French criminologist was a greater expert than Holmes himself (3). Indeed, Holmes more than once plainly stated an inheritance theory of criminal nature, even applying it to his most formidable antagonist, Professor James Moriarty:

"...had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood..." (4)

Curiously, Holmes expressed himself as rejecting the physical stigmata of crime on a certain occasion:

"The most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor." (5)

Nevertheless, internal evidence in the Canon shows a strong Lombrosian orientation. This, incidentally, suggests real research on Holmes' part, since Lombroso's theories were of limited appeal in England, despite Havelock Ellis' support for them. Almost the only criminal who does not betray himself by stigmata of some sort is John Clay, the bank robber—who, significantly, has "royal blood in his veins" and gamely sacrifices himself to let his partner escape (6). He has "a clean-cut, boyish face."

Stigmata are often not explicitly accounted for—we being left to draw conclusions from the criminal's role in the story. Sometimes, though, they are explained as the effect of "passions." (And you know what specific passion that euphemism referred to at the turn of the century, right?) For instance, Dr. Grimesby Roylott, whose pet swamp adder did away with inconvenient people for him, has:

3. The Hound of the Baskervilles
4. "The Final Problem"
5. The Sign of Four (NOT of the Four, mind you.)
6. "The Red-Headed League"

"A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion...while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, and his high, thin, fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey." (7)

More frequently, however, stigmata are the effect of "nature"—that is, signs of the inborn criminal character Lombroso associated with them. Colonel Sebastian Moran, the second in command to Professor Moriarty's criminal organization, caught in the act of trying to shoot Holmes with a pneumatic gun...

"...was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead, and a huge grizzled moustache...his face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines...it was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face...with the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose and the threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger signals."(8)

Still more manifest is the sensualist and wife-beater Ronder, of Ronder's Wild Beast Show—a description almost as quotable as Sax Rohmer's sketch of Fu Manchu, I think:

"It was a dreadful face—a human pig, or rather a human wild boar, for it was formidable in its bestiality. One could imagine that vile mouth champing and foaming in its rage, and one could conceive those small, vicious eyes darting pure malignancy as they looked forth upon the world. Ruffian, bully, beast—it was all written on that heavy-jowled face." (9)

7. "The Adventure of the Speckled Band"

8. "The Adventure of the Empty House"

9. "The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger"

Now, by good fortune it is possible to find confirmation that these characteristics are not strictly literary window-dressing, but are in good sooth associated with the Lombrosian causes: that is, atavism and bestiality. In The Sign of Four Holmes and Watson track down Tonga, an Andaman Islander. Now, Tonga is a complete alien—a pigmy from a group of islands in the Indian Ocean. Thus he can hardly be expected to show any cultural characteristics of the European-English criminal. As a primitive, however—pigmyes were at that time considered a more primitive type of humanity, biologically (1)—he does display the characteristics of his degraded evolutionary position. And Dr. Watson, perhaps prejudiced by circumstances (2), observes:

"Never have I seen features so deeply marked with all bestiality and cruelty. His small eyes glowed and burned with a sombre light, and his thick lips writhed back from his teeth, which grinned and chattered at us with half-animal fury."

I have here been speaking as if Holmes' theories actually were derived from the writings of Lombroso. But, of course, Holmes was himself a practicing criminologist of wide experience and great intellectual powers. It is perfectly possible that his principles paralleled Lombroso's, being developed to the same conclusions from the same source, namely the concepts of Darwinian evolution. Holmes' knowledge of biology is curiously inconsistent; once he tried to kill a jellyfish by crushing it with a rock (3), but here we find him advancing an argument plainly referring to evolutionary doctrines as he discusses the career of Colonel Sebastian Moran:

"There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then develop some unsightly eccentricity, suddenly, You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the

1. They really aren't; see Papa Villy's "The Little People" on this point. ["Papa Villy": nickname for Willy Ley—RB]

2. Tonga was about to shoot a poisoned dart at him.

3. "The Adventure of The Lion's Mane"

line of his pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family." (4)

Holmes' concluding sentence here is an obvious paraphrase in colloquial language of Ernst Haeckel's famous Biogenetic Law, which that zoologist used to such effect in supporting Darwinism. "Ontogeny recapitulates Phylogeny"—the development of the individual retraces the evolutionary course of his ancestry.

Holmes was rather inclined to pull Watson's leg at times, but the evidences for his attitudes—of which I have cited only the most striking instances—seems to me to be indirect enough to rule this possibility out, and clear enough to hint that they do really give us an idea of the criminological theories of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

4. "The Adventure of The Empty House"



Review of Sherlock Holmes of Baker
Street by William S. Baring-Gould]
 by DEAN GRENNELL

[from Grue 30, by Dean Grennell, p. 3, in the Fantasy Amateur Press Association mailing 100, August, 1962.]

As some of you know, there is a hyperactive coterie of Holmes devotees who, for sheer fanatical absorption, make the most rabid sf fan seem pretty blasé by comparison. Mr. Baring-Gould, it would appear, must be at least an arch-beadle of the Holmesian hierarchy, and very likely several jots and a brace of tittles higher than that. At any rate the book at hand displays a degree of loving, scholarly erudition which is impressive indeed.

What the book purports to be—and who can say it isn't—is a biography of one William Sherlock Scott Holmes. There is a photo of Holmes ("The only one ever taken") on the dust-jacket which I am prepared to believe really is the celebrated sleuth himself. It has a marvelously authentic fin de siècle atmosphere to it, with its faded sepia tone and its Procrustean shallowness of field so characteristic of the painfully heavy exposures necessitated by the lethargic emulsions of that period. The subject manages to look exactly right for Holmes without the aid of such familiar clichés as the calabash pipe or the deerstalker hat, without even so much as a gasogene. Beyond the note, "Jacket Design by Richard Kool," there is no clue as to where the credit lies for this superb job but somebody did themselves real proud.

I am not a rabid Holmes fan although I've owned the complete, one-volume edition of the Holmes saga for upwards of a quarter-century and have read it many times. I like Holmes; it's just that I'm not a fanatic about it (as the actress said to the bishop).

So if you, too, have some interest in the intrepid duo of Holmes and Watson, by all means put this title down as one that should on no account be missed. It is very seldom that I borrow a book from the library and then wind up ordering a copy for my own shelves but this one makes the grade with room to spare.

Expect to find out all sorts of hitherto unrevealed gems that you little dreamed and scarce wotted...who really was Jack the Ripper...what celebrated detective of today may really be the natural son of the Baker Street Regular...what Professor Moriarty was really like...what actually took place there above the Reichenbach Fall. And a minor mystery is added on page 261 with the mention of "the untidy roon on Baker Street." Just as I was fairly certain what a tantalus was, this has to turn up. Exercise your imagination by trying to postulate how long it will be before someone channels this much loving devotion into a book about Mike Hammer.



Lupoff's Book Week
by DICK LUPOFF

[from Degler! 136, by Andy Porter, p. 1, in APA-L 92, July 21, 1966.]

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES by Arthur Conan Doyle, 1902. In the collected Sherlock Holmes stories, 115 pages.

My friend David Garfinkel has commented a number of times on the curious lacunae in my reading; led by a combination of special interest and whim, I may have read many odd and unusual books—yet missed many that "everyone has read." An example is The Wizard of Oz, which I finally got to last year (although when I mentioned it in fannish print a number of generally well read fans admitted that they had not read it either).

Another confession: I've never before read a Sherlock Holmes story. Oh, I know Holmes. As a child I doted on the Rathbone-Bruce movies that have so gratifyingly turned up on television lately, and Pat and I saw Baker Street last year, and unless my recollection is garbled I even played a bit part in a Holmes dramatization that Chris Steinbrunner wrote and directed for WFUV a few years ago.

And I have read Doyle. Pat and I were both enrolled as charter members of Ruth Berman's abortive Professor Challenger Society...and right now I'm on the prowl for a copy of Doyle's The Doings of Raffles Haw among other antiquarian volumes.

But never Holmes. Why not? I don't know. Certainly not for lack of availability. Partly, I suppose, because detective stories, however famous, were simply not My Field, and partly, maybe, for simple perversity. If everybody read Holmes, I wouldn't. It took me 8 years to read LotR, at least partly for that reason, which is a poor reason but a human one.

Okay, The Hound of the Baskervilles, because of all the Holmes stories Pat recommends it, and Holmes now because after reading Born in a Book Shop I cannot hold out any longer.

The Hound is probably the most famous of the Holmes stories. It deals with a family curse, a supposedly spectral hound that haunts the Baskerville Baronets because of the wickedness of an

ancestor, that has recently literally frightened old Lord Baskerville to death and that menaces young Lord Henry Baskerville. The book is full of marshes and fogs, mysterious figures appearing and disappearing into the shadows, all the elements dear to that particular kind of aficionado.

Yet I found the book unsatisfying. The traditional scenes in Baker Street are indeed charming, and Holmes, when not in the middle of a lengthy ratiocination, is a character of hypnotic force. But most of the book takes place at and about the Baskerville country seat, with Holmes annoyingly offstage and Watson carrying the burden of narration largely through his reports to Holmes and through his diary. Too many too long arid stretches are present.

Still, when Holmes is on stage the story picks up tremendously, and if for him I see the Basil Rathbone of a quarter century ago, and hear his clipped, slightly nasal delivery of Holmes' lines, I find it not at all to the detriment of the character or the story. Indeed, I would prefer the hearty bumbling Watson of Nigel Bruce to the dust-dry Watson of The Hound.

This book was the Holmes revival tale, nine years after Doyle had killed off his detective in The Final Problem. (Well, only in a sense. In terms of the narrative, Holmes was revived in The Return of Sherlock Holmes, but Return did not appear, in book form at least, until two years AFTER The Hound of the Baskervilles.) At any rate, if I were a dedicated Holmesian (which I emphatically ain't) I suppose I might divide the canon into two great bodies, the pre-Reichenbach tales and the post-Reichenbach. Hound is post-, and I suppose I really ought to read a pre- book, and maybe I will. Or maybe Not.

[from a letter from Dick Lupoff giving permission to reprint the above: "My only reservation is that it represents my feelings and situation as of a given moment, but that these don't stay unchanged. Specifically, once having read The Hound I went on to read the rest of the SH material. And I have obtained and read The Doings of Raffles Haw."]

Petrie Letter
by BRUCE FELZ

[from Nyet Vremia 68, by Bruce Felz, p. 1, in APA-L 68,
February 3, 1966.]

Harley Street
London, 1 April 1898

My dear Smith,

I was delighted to hear from you again, and I regret the press of business that has prevented me from replying to your letter sooner.

Early last year I was able to purchase a well-established practice for a very reasonable amount, and since then I have been kept quite busy with my professional duties. The practice, I regret to say, had been allowed to deteriorate quite badly, and it has taken some hard work to bring it up to its previous high position of integrity. But from the unceasing flow of patients to my door, I think I can say with all modesty that I have succeeded fairly well. I am now able to command a very handsome income, and to attract to my doors the better classes of people who once before called here for medical advice. Of course, I still do my fair share of charity work in the wards; it is expected. But I confess I take a proper pride indeed in having members of the peerage among my patients.

The former resident was a brilliant physician who built the practice up almost from scratch, but in later years he appears to have treated his professional duties with shameful disinterest. His patients were forced to schedule their consultations to fit his strange hours in residence—hours which became gradually less frequent as time wore on, until at last he was hardly available for more than two hours a week.

As I am sure you will realize, this is a very unprofessional attitude for a physician. To make matters worse, the while he was away from his duties he was running up the close and down the stair with—of all people—a detective! He could be seen in almost any part of England—and occasionally on the Continent—in this strange company. The only place he could

not be seen was in his consulting rooms! Eventually, of course, his patients began to consult other physicians, and, as I remarked, the practice deteriorated until it must perforce be sold or abandoned entirely. At this stage I happened on the scene, and after my purchase of the practice a few of the former patients began to return.

I fear I am rather incensed at my predecessor's neglect of his duties. The Hippocratic Oath and what is to me—though you may laugh—an innate sense of what is right and decent both dictate that a doctor of human ills should stick to his calling and not go hareing about consorting with the police and common criminals! He should leave the "adventuring" to the soldiers of fortune and others with few responsibilities to humanity.

I suppose I am being too harsh on my predecessor. It may be that he found, ultimately, that medicine was not his true calling. Indeed, I believe I saw, just the other day, at the book shop, that he has written a volume or two about his experiences with the detective; perhaps he will find his true calling in writing.

In any case, I expect his former patients will soon forget the inconvenience—and, in some cases, hardships--he caused them, under my ministrations. His name has almost faded out on the door—luckily, "Watson" being six letters long, our names were the same length, and the gilt letters almost cover the old spaces exactly.

But enough of my rather humdrum existence—though I would not seek to change it. I should, however, be glad to hear of your exploits in the Orient when you can find time to write.

Sincerely,

Petrie