

The Bilge Pump

Vol. 06, No. 12 - December, 2018
*The Irregular Publication of the Crew of the
Barque Lone Star*



PLEASE NOTE:

January 6 Meeting NOTICE

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, January 6th, at 1:00 pm. at LA MADELEINE COUNTRY FRENCH CAFE, in Addison.

The restaurant is at 5290 Belt Line Rd #112, just east of the Tollway.

We will be reading "The Adventure of the Three Gables." The quiz will cover this tale.

Each monthly meeting will also include toasts as well as general business, introductions, and general fellowship.

December 2nd Summary

There were 17 people in attendance. Steve Mason provided the opening toast, an homage by Michael Harrison (see page 3).

The quiz for the month was on the short story, The Adventure of the Blanched Soldier."

Steve exhibited both a tantalus and gasogene/seltzogene and discussed their purpose and operation.

Both symposiums held by the Crew in November went extremely well - at the Dallas Public Library and the Allen Public Library. Thanks so much for all the members who participated by giving presentations. And of course, an extra special shout-out to Allen Osborne, who coordinated the symposium for us at the Allen Library.

The Olson's hosted a Christmas Tea on December 8, which was wonderful. Teas, scones, presents and a wonderful Sherlockian Christmas tree helped get everyone attending in the Christmas spirit.

There are a number of Sherlock Holmes conferences coming up in the first half of next year, including BSI, the Dayton conference, the St. Louis conference, and the Baltimore conference, as well as the Minnesota conference in August.

Steve gave the closing talk, based on the BSJ (see page 4).



For more information concerning our society, visit: <http://www.dfw-sherlock.org/>

You can follow us on Twitter at: [@barquelonestar](https://twitter.com/barquelonestar)

You can friend us on Facebook at: <http://www.facebook.com/BarqueLoneStar>

Who dunnit:



Third Mate
Helmsman
Spiritual Advisors

Secretaries
Historian
Webmaster

Steve Mason
Walter Pieper
Don Hobbs, BSI
Jim Webb
Cindy Brown, Brenda Hutchison
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Our Website: www.dfw-sherlock.org

Our Facebook Page:

The image is a composite of two screenshots. The top screenshot shows a website for 'THE CREW OF THE BARQUE LONE STAR'. The website has a navigation menu with links: Home Page, About, Crew Investitures and Awards, Newsletters, Crew Meeting Logs, & Society Pastiches, Papers, Many Faces of Sherlock Holmes, and Ephemera -- General. A search bar is visible in the top right. The main content area features an illustration of a building labeled 'Baker Street Elementary' with a spiderweb. The bottom screenshot shows a Facebook page for 'The Crew of the Barque Lone Star' (@BarqueLoneStar). The page has a cover photo of a building and a post that reads: 'A SHERLOCK HOLMES LITERARY SOCIETY Monthly meetings every 1st Sunday @ 1pm La Madeleine Country French Café'. The page also shows a notification for unread messages and a 'Page Tips' section.

<https://www.facebook.com/BarqueLoneStar/>

IN PRAISE OF THE BAKER STREET GASOGENE

Written by Michael Harrison, BSJ, December, 1968, Vol 18, No. 4

To our fine rooms in Baker Street,
no disrespect, I'm sure, I mean;
they're handy, comfortable and neat;
and, Goodness knows, they're new—pin clean!

Yet would they quite as nice have been
without our faithful Gasogene?

I wonder if you realise
quite what a boon that object's been?—
the cynosure of callers' eyes—
reflected in the sideboard's sheen!

No object do I hold more dear
than stands upon the chiffonier!

When oft, from some exhausting trek,
we stagger, weary, back;
the rogue with still unthreatened
neck—
and Holmes cast down, alack!

how welcome at such moments is
the Gasogene's inspiring fizz!

A Scottish friend, in Whisky's plea,
cries out, in groan that melts a
far harder heart than mine that he
weeps deep that we, with Seltzer,



will spoil the taste of Whisky clean,
with what comes from the Gasogene.

As Scotland did, let Scotland do!—
and Scotsmen drink as cheers 'em!
their reverence of their native brew—
for that, one just reveres 'ein!

But Scotch to me tastes like quinine
without the splash of Gasogene!

Besides its usefulness, it lends
distinction to the room;
as with its gentle hiss it mends
our inspissated gloom.

And could we loyally toast "The
Queen!,"
without our faithful Gasogene?

And now that Yuletide's here again,
and Waits on doorsteps sing—
to hymn the days when Peace shall reign,
beneath our Heavenly King—

may every blessing you pursue,
and yours he joy serene—
as endlessly as CO
flows from our Gasogene!



"THE EDITOR'S GAS-LAMP" -- BAKER STREET JOURNAL -- "PUT YOUR MIND TO USE"

SUMMER, 2006, STEVEN ROTHMAN

We revere Sherlock Holmes. We try to emulate his thoughts and actions and regard him, in Dr. Watson's words, as "the best and wisest man [we] have ever known."

We study his cases; we memorize his words; we quiz each other on our Holmesian knowledge.

We all know the first lines of every story; some of us—and they're proud of it—even know the last lines. We pride ourselves on carrying these minutiae about with us.

But have we ever stopped to consider whether this is the best way to pay him tribute? Holmes is famous for his ability to focus on what he needs to be who he is.

Watson tells us in *A Study in Scarlet* that Holmes's "ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge."

Holmes dismisses the working of the solar system as not making a "pennyworth of difference" to him or his work. Of course, he's right.

It is as if he understands that he is an archetype. Holmes needs only to know what is necessary to be a consulting detective. Yes, at times Holmes's studies seem to allow a rather elastic definition of what that knowledge need be.

The Holmes who cares little for literature in *A Study in Scarlet* shows himself quite capable of dropping tags from the Bible, the classics, and Shakespeare in later cases.

He develops an interest in ancient Cornish in "The Devil's Foot"—a knowledge that seems unlikely to be useful in doing his work. But this is late Holmes, heading into the twilight of his career.

No doubt he felt it necessary to begin to pursue hobbies that would keep his mind finely tuned once he no longer had the challenge of crime to engage it. Classic Holmes—the Sherlock Holmes before the Falls—would never have felt such a need.

Nor would he have understood why the very people who profess to honor him and the example he set should engage themselves in quizzes of the trivia of his cases. Mental vegetation is bad; cluttering our brain-attics with trivialized learning is worse.

Surely, though, he would understand the need for papers and publications like the JOURNAL that add to our knowledge of Holmes and our understanding of his world—a world that is forever receding from us.

SEVENTEEN STEPS TO "Three Gables"

Brad Keefauver, Sherlock Peoria

Seventeen thoughts for further ponderance of "The Three Gables" by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

LET'S DIAGRAM THIS PLAY...

Watson writes that Holmes "had just settled me into the well-worn low armchair on one side of the fire, while he had curled down with his pipe in his mouth upon the opposite chair, when our visitor arrived."

Steve Dixie then bursts in, looks the two men over, identifies Holmes, then starts "coming with an unpleasant, stealthy step round the angle of the table."

Has this table been between visitors and the fireplace chairs in any previous adventures? With all the entrances Watson has recorded at the 221B sitting room, why haven't more people had to walk around that table?

THE ETYMOLOGY OF AN OFFENSIVE PORTRAYAL

One of the hot buttons surrounding Steve Dixie's offensive caricature is his constant use of the title "Masser" in referring to Holmes.

The reader's immediate reaction seems to be that it's a sloppy version of "Master," and that Dixie is an ex-slave from America whose life has been spent referring to white people with that title.

Is there any hope for a different interpretation of "Masser Holmes"? Wouldn't an immigrant bruiser like Dixie choose to threaten people with a less subservient title, having given up that life?



Or was Dixie actually referring to Holmes with a title that couldn't be printed in Strand Magazine, and Watson was cleaning up Dixie's language with his own prejudicial version?

(Try reading Dixie's lines substituting "m***** f*****" for "masser," if you're indelicate enough to try it, and you'll find him much more the "terrific" Dixie, as Watson describes him.) Why could Dixie say "Mr. Holmes" perfectly well when quoting Barney Stockdale?

SEVEN DEGREES TO STEVE DIXIE

If this tale didn't have enough hot buttons in it already, certain lines have been interpreted in ways that may not have been aligned with the original intention. Watson writes that Dixie "swung a huge knotted lump of a fist under my friend's nose" and that "Holmes examined it closely with an air of great interest."

When Holmes then coolly asks, "Were you born so? Or did it come by degrees?" many modern readers take this to be a racial slur. Sure, Holmes says it while looking at the fist under his nose. But while Watson writes that the fist is "huge" and the fist is "knotted," but never that the fist is "black." The fact the fist is under Holmes's nose also implies one more condition not directly mentioned: Dixie is a violent jerk.

So, what was it that Holmes thinks Steve Dixie came to by degrees? Size? Knottiness? Or being a rude, door-busting jerk? *****

JUST ANOTHER MURDER IN THE BACKLOG

"I've wanted to meet you for some time," Holmes tells Dixie, and after an exchange of threats and insults, continues with, "But it was the killing of young Perkins outside the Holborn Bar--"

Later, Holmes states, "He is one of the Spencer John gang and has taken part in some dirty work of late which I may clear up when I have time."

Couldn't Holmes put Lestrade or someone on the trails he couldn't get to immediately, especially the ones involving murder?

Where was Holmes hearing of these non-client crimes and did he only bother with them, regardless of their severity, when he didn't have a paying client?

MAKING A CAREER OF BEING FABULOUS

How much do we know about Douglas Maberly?

All London knew him, including Sherlock Holmes. He was a "magnificent creature," "vitaly alive," and "lived intensely--every fibre of him!" In fact, Holmes speaks about him with such out-of-character passion that we start to wonder about the detective's heterosexuality.

We know Maberly was a junior member of the embassy

staff in Rome, as well as a writer, when he died, but what was he in London that he impressed Sherlock Holmes so much with his vitality?

CALLING DR. HENRY HIGGINS! CALLING DR. HENRY HIGGINS!

Here's a pretty little puzzle -- listen to Susan's accent for a moment: "Leave me alone! What are you a-doin' of?"

"I was comin' in to ask if the visitors was stayin' for lunch . . ."

"Who be you, anyhow, and what right have you a-pullin' me about like this?"

Where does this wheezy woman hail from, based upon this goofy accent of hers? Ireland? America? Australia? Or somewhere else entirely?

VICTORIAN CONSUMER CONFIDENCE: DOWN, SERIOUSLY DOWN

"Now, Mrs. Maberley, has any object just arrived?" Holmes asks his client.

"No, I have bought nothing new this year," Mrs. Maberly replies. In today's consumer culture, the thought that Mrs. Maberly has bought nothing in a year is a feat that belongs in the record books, especially as she has not been in her house all that long. Is Mrs. Maberly referring to a certain level of purchase, or has she not even had a new dress in this year?

THAT AMAZING VICTORIAN POSTAL SERVICE ONCE MORE

"Your letter to me had the 10 P. M. postmark," Holmes tells Mrs. Maberly, and the modern reader gapes in wonder. Just how much information did the Victorian postmark carry? Was said info

rubber stamped or marked by hand? Did postmarking go on around the clock?

THE EVER-BUSY HOLMES FAILS TO ACT, AGAIN

First, we learn of Holmes failing to look into the young Perkins murder, then he makes the pronouncement, "But you said--why, surely this might be the missing link," as he sees Douglas Maberly's trunks.

He then tells his client to examine them, and he will call tomorrow to find out if she's found anything. Has Holmes gone the route of self-serve gas stations, letting clients do his observation for him? How could Holmes "not" be curious enough to help Mrs. Maberly look through her son's things in pursuit of hidden treasure?

HOLMES VEERS OFF TOWARD THE PIKE

"Now, Watson, this is a case for Langdale Pike," Holmes announces. Watson explains to us that "Langdale Pike was his human book of reference upon all matters of social scandal.

This strange, languid creature spent his waking hours in the bow window of a St. James's Street club and was the receiving-station as well as the transmitter for all the gossip of the metropolis."

What made Holmes so quick to turn to Langdale Pike in this matter? The detective knows that he's looking for an object that makes the Maberly house more valuable than it really is.

Why would he think that object had something to do with social scandal?

AND THE TIMES *DIDN'T* GET THROWN OUT?

Of Langdale Pike, Watson says, "He made, it was said, a four-figure income by the paragraphs which he contributed every week to the garbage papers which cater to an inquisitive public."

What were the "garbage" papers of Victorian London and what garbage filled their pages? Might Watson have had his own celebrity mishap with such scandal sheets, explaining why he seems down on them?

MARY MABERLY VERSUS THE BURGLARS

"Before he could get away I sprang up and seized him," the elderly Mary Maberly explains. "I clung to him, but he shook me off, and the other may have struck me, for I can remember no more."

Not that this fiesty old lady needs it, but would a Victorian woman living alone with two maids have a weapon in her house for just such occasions as this?

THE END OF A QUEER NOVEL

". . . face bled considerably from the cuts and blows, but it was nothing to the bleeding of his heart as he saw that lovely face, the face for which he had been prepared to sacrifice his very life, looking out at his agony and humiliation.

She smiled--yes, by Heaven! she smiled, like the heartless fiend she was, as he looked up at her. It was at that moment that love died and hate was born. Man must live for something. If it is not for your embrace, my lady, then it shall surely be for your undoing and my complete revenge."

This passage, we are told, looks like the end of a 245 page

novel. From what we are later told, we know this is Douglas Maberly's fictionalized account of his romance with Isadora Klein.

What must those first 244 pages have been, considering that Maberly expected to get it published? What kind of plot might it have had, ending as it did? Was it a simple tragic romance, or something smuttier, to be published under the name "Anonymous"? Couldn't he have come up with a better ending, or was it unfinished?

THE CHANCES OF ISADORA'S MARRIAGE HAPPENING

"I hear that she is about to marry the young Duke of Lomond, who might almost be her son. His Grace's ma might overlook the age, but a big scandal would be a different matter . . ."

A big scandal, eh? What about "Then there was an interval of adventure when she pleased her own tastes.

She had several lovers . . ."

Would the Duke of Lomond hear about Isadora's many lovers,

or were their circles different enough that such rumors didn't reach her? Wouldn't Klein's "adventuress" reputation alone kill the wedding?

SEND THE CHILDREN OUT OF THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT

Isadora Klein explains, "He wanted marriage--marriage, Mr. Holmes-- with a penniless commoner.

Nothing less would serve him. Then he became pertinacious. Because I had given he seemed to think that I still must give, and to him only."

Wow, could Ms. Klein actually be talking about sex here? If so, is this the only real reference to that biological act in the Canon? (No puns, double entendres, or other Shavian humor allowed in the answering of this question.)

NOT A NICE NEIGHBORHOOD AFTER ALL

Isadora Klein lived in "one of the finest corner-houses of the West End," a prominent house in a prominent neighborhood. And Ms. Klein hired a gang of thugs to beat the most popular man in London in front of this same house.

How is it that Maberly's beating wasn't the talk of all London? Couldn't the police pull in hired louts like Stockdale and Dixie? Why would it take a novel to bring this to the fore?

THE FUTURE OF THE WIDOW IN QUESTION

"What else could I do with my whole future at stake?" Isadora protests.

If Isadora is the richest, best-looking widow on Earth, how could her whole future be ruined by a book that may or may not have been about her, as far as readers were concerned? What would marriage to the Duke of Lomond have gained her that her life would be ruined without?

SHEDDING SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

Liese Sherwood-Fabre, PhD

In numerous stories in the Canon, gaslight and gaslamps provide illumination on darkened streets and houses. In “The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle,” tallow stains indicate Henry Baker has no gas in his house and still uses candles. By the time Sir Henry Baskerville inherits his title in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, he proposes installing electric lights to brighten his inheritance, with a special Swan and Edison bulb at the front.

This shift from gaslights to electric ones reflects an historical competition between two forms of illumination, complete with patent wars and races to spread into new markets. While coal gas had been known to provide both heat and light, William Murdoch was the first to install pipes to carry the gas and light lamps throughout his house in 1792 in Cornwall. (1) A natural gas, coal gas was manufactured by heating coal in a sealed oven to keep out the oxygen, filtering it for purification, pressurizing it, and piping to a fixture where it was ignited. (2) Additional experimentation and pipe-laying led to the first industrial use of gaslights inside the Soho Foundry where he worked in 1798 and the outside of the building in 1802. (3)

Prior to these efforts, street lighting came into London (and from there to other cities) in the 1600s when certain householders (those in more fashionable areas and, later, shopkeepers) were required to hang a lantern outside their house, usually an oil lamp, to allow pedestrians some light after dusk. The roadways, however, remained dark. (4) The brighter and more efficient gaslight, however, made great headway in 1807 when Pall Mall in London received the first streetlamps. Paris followed in 1820. These lamps were on posts and had to be lit by hand each night by a lamplighter

who opened a valve to let out just enough gas to be ignited and avoid an explosion. With pipes laid for street lighting, they could easily be extended to residences and businesses, ending the reliance on candles and oil lamps, and often becoming the first utility to be contracted (with water and sewers often arriving much later). (5)

Despite the improvement over candles and oil lamps, the invention of incandescent electric lamp proved a powerful competitor to gaslights. A number of inventors, including St. George Lane-Fox and Joseph Swan in England; Moses Farmer, William Sawyer, Albon Man, Hiram Maxim, and Thomas Edison in the US; and Carl Auer von Welsbach in Austria all worked on better and more brilliant light bulbs. Swan patented several of his lamps, resulting in a lawsuit against Edison and ending in a merger (the Edison and Swan United Company referred to in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*).

While gaslights had a head start, electric lighting offered some advantages to consumers: gas pressure was not always reliable and explosions and fires did occur. In addition, each light had to be separately lit by hand. Another drawback with gaslights was spotty quality pressure, making it a more dangerous and less reliable service.

Edison was quick to exploit any news of problems or dangers as he worked to promote his own electrical power grid and lights (6). For about twenty years, many buildings had dual-fuel fixtures (gas and electric) until electricity finally won out because when William Coolidge developed a much brighter tungsten-filament lamp, far superior to gaslight. (7)



Gaslights have been identified as an instrument of both economic development and social control. Streetlamps reduced the darkness needed for criminal activity, allowing for more commerce during the evening hours. (8)

While reducing one illegal pursuit, gaslights became associated with another malicious endeavor. The term "gaslighting" refers to an abuser who manipulates the truth, making the victim question his/her own sanity. It originated from a play, and later a movie, where a husband lowered and raised the gaslights in his house to make his wife believe she was seeing things. (9)



Despite the rise of electric lights, gaslights have not been completely eliminated. London still has 1500 work gaslamps, although they no longer require a lamp lighter, having switched to electric timers. (10)

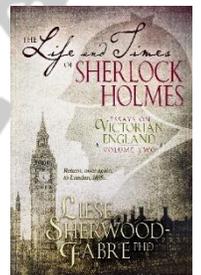
Other places, including some historic homes, have also continued to light areas with gas because of its nostalgic effect. (11) Such lamps provided opportunities to cast light on crimes and criminals, such as the ruffians that attacked Henry Baker, that might have not have been discovered until the perpetrators had long vanished.

- (1) <http://www.historyoflamps.com/lamp-history/history-of-gas-lamps/>;
- (2) <https://www.thespruce.com/the-gaslight-era-21750>
- (3) <http://www.historyoflamps.com/lamp-history/history-of-gas-lamps/>;
- (4) <http://www.buildingconservation.com/articles/street-lighting/street-lighting.htm>
- (5) <http://www.historyoflamps.com/lamp-history/history-of-gas-lamps/>;
- (6) <http://www.kstc.co.uk/josephswan/compare.html>
- (7) <http://americanhistory.si.edu/lighting/19thcent/comp19.htm>
- (8) <https://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2009/oct/31/life-before-artificial-light>
- (9) <https://www.pri.org/stories/2016-10-14/heres-where-gaslighting-got-its-name>
- (10) <https://www.guidelondon.org.uk/blog/around-london/11-interesting-facts-about-london-gas-lamps/>
- (11) https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gas_lighting

All of Liese Sherwood-Fabre's eBooks are priced at 99 cents during December. You can pick up a copy wherever eBooks are sold. Paperback copies are also at all major online bookstores, including Walmart.com.

You can check out more of Liese Sherwood-Fabre's writings at www.liesesherwoodfabre.com.

Dr. Sherwood-Fabre's book "The Life and Times of Sherlock Holmes" includes this and other essays on Victorian England and is now available on Amazon.



You can read more about this award-winning author's writing (as well as her previous articles in the Bilge Pump) and sign up for her newsletter at www.liesesherwoodfabre.com. A non-Sherlockian adventure can be downloaded at: <http://www.liesesherwoodfabre.com/extras.html>

CANON QUEERIES - THE THREE GABLES

RALPH EDWARDS, BSI 2s

Ralph Edwards was secretary of The Six Napoleons of Baltimore, responsible for sending meeting notices. In 1972, he began attaching a set of questions to serve as stimulus for discussion at the meetings. This practice was continued by the other Baltimore scion society, The Carlton Club, which Ralph formed in 1976.

Thanks to Les Moskowitz Les221b@comcast.net, for making these available to us.

1. How does this entrance compare with others (PRIO, SPEC)?
2. How had Holmes's consulting practice developed over the years?
3. Does "curled down" differ from "curled up"?
4. Where was Billy?
5. What identifies a boxer? (See GLOR)
6. Do we read into this case more racial prejudice than fully justified?
7. Is Dixie's speech separable into American and British?
8. Is it pure coincidence that boxers appear in two consecutive adventures?
9. What does "you'll get put through it" mean?
10. Are differences in the salutations and complimentary closes of letters throughout the Canon significant?
11. Why a shorter drive for a short walk?
12. Other than as a writer, why was Douglas prominent?
13. Had Douglas been spoiled as a child?
14. What does "be my own mistress" imply?
15. Did Susan's revelations get Holmes away from Harrow?
16. Why didn't Holmes learn Susan's last name; or was it an alias?
17. Should Holmes have deduced an unpublished novel?
18. Would Watson have prescribed paregoric?
19. Did the Post Office have deposit boxes?
20. Did Holmes say "Dr. Watson agrees...." for emphasis or for sarcasm?
21. In what country is Lucerne?
22. What did Holmes have in his pocket?
23. Should Holmes have foreseen inaction by Mrs. Maberley?
24. Do reputable newspapers today have garbage pages?
25. Was Harrow built up enough that screams would bring the police, or that idlers would gather?
26. Was the piece of paper being guarded to preserve finger prints?
27. Should Holmes have suspected Douglas of mostly wanting a wealthy wife?
28. Wasn't copying the manuscript a tremendous task?
29. Will Isadora be harmed by the outcome of the Perkins case?
30. Should Holmes have raised the amount to cover his fee?

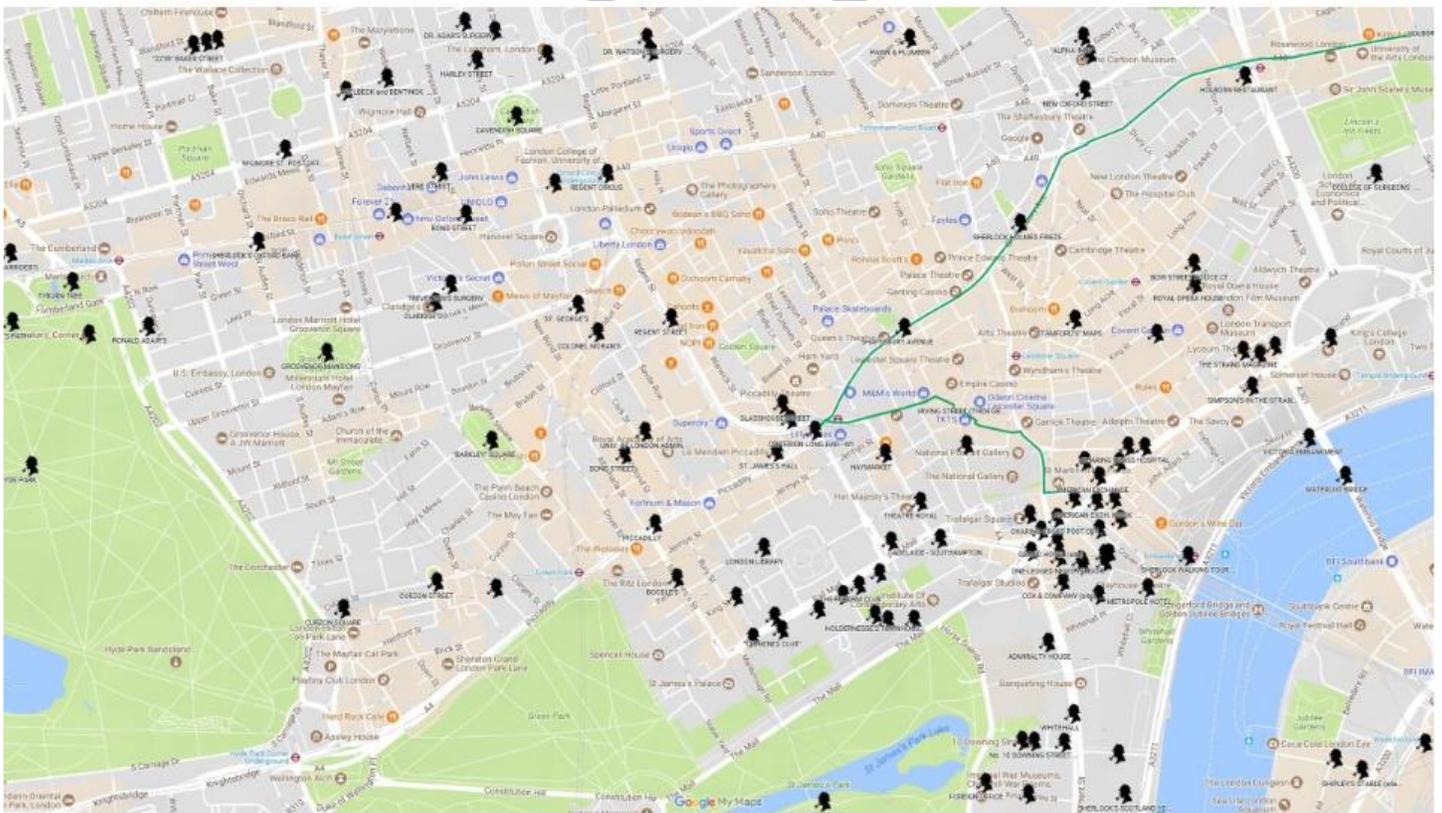
SHERLOCK'S LONDON

Thomas Bruce Wheeler

A map showing all of the Sherlock Holmes sites in London is located at www.sherlockslondon.com

It attracts over one thousand visitors a week, and to date has been visited over 330,000 times. As you may know, the map is from Wheeler's book, *The Mapped London of Sherlock Holmes*, of which the Sherlock Holmes Society of London said, "As a step-by-step guide to the London of the Canon, its unbeatable".

If you have not visited the web site recently, please do so. You may enjoy the new slide show.



How I Learned to Create an Effective Sherlock Holmes Pastiche Lyndsay Faye on the Lessons She Learned From Acting (And A Lifelong Passion)

March 13, 2017 By Lyndsay Faye, reprinted with Permission from the Literary Hub



Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes wasn't the first of his kind—Edgar Allan Poe's *C. Auguste Dupin* arguably owns that distinction—but *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* was revolutionary nevertheless.

Placing beautifully drawn characters in a series of self-contained episodic conundrums was groundbreaking, anticipating the blockbuster movie franchises and TV series to come.

Add in Sherlock Holmes' knowledge of the literary killing John Watson was making off his crime-solving career—and well, there you have a living, breathing, self-

aware horse of an entirely different color.

Arguably no pop culture heroes have been more beloved

than the Great Detective and the Good Doctor; their influence spans so many cultures and forms of media a UFO-shaped hat and magnifying glass have become a symbolic replacement for the very word "detective." They were better than merely original—they've also been proven to be timeless.

This timelessness is certainly one of the reasons why interlopers like myself keep inflicting further Sherlockian adventures on the world.

When one finds such marvelous, giddy, adoring, ridiculous imitations on the shelf of a bookstore, he calls them pastiche; when one finds equally splendid, worshipful, outrageous tributes on free

websites, he calls them fanfiction.

A rose by any other name, I'd argue, and what's the point in distinguishing? None of these new exploits are Sherlock's first rodeo. There are 60 "canonical" rodeos, and you'd have to be a fool to argue any of ours compare to them.

I've read some stories that brought me to joyful tears and others that made me want to bleach my corneas. But when a pastiche does succeed, it's like viewing a previously "undiscovered" forgery of an Old Master's work. It might not be exactly what it purports to be, but that doesn't make it any less thrilling to look at.

The thriving cottage industry of banging out Sherlock Holmes-inspired yarns filled with romance, intrigue, red leeches, vampires, space aliens, and Transylvanian Satanists began during Sir

Arthur's time, before he even finished penning the originals, and continues today.

I'm honored to have published ten Sherlock Holmes stories in the *American Strand Magazine* (the UK version is where Holmes gained an international reputation), and 15 of my pastiches are appearing in a collection titled *The Whole Art of Detection: Lost Mysteries of Sherlock Holmes*.

It's thrilling, jubilant work—but how can a writer channel a deceased fellow author in a way that satisfies an audience only longing for more of the real thing?

The absolute requirement involved in crafting an effective pastiche is a passionate love of the original work. I've been reading the 60 Sherlock Holmes mysteries without cease since age ten and am considered skilled at aping them, but I'd never be able to write a *Professor Challenger* novel, despite their also being Doyle's creations. Why?

Because I read them once and went instantly back to contemplating just what made Watson's war wound vanish and reappear on different parts of his body.

I do have one additional trick up my sleeve, however: I was trained as an actor. I'm a mimic, somebody coached to don another human being the way one might shrug on a coat. In the canon, Sherlock Holmes is complimented "he would have made an actor, and a rare one," and "what the law had gained, the stage had lost."

The reader knows this to be true, having seen him gleefully disguise himself as an old woman, a nonconformist clergyman, a groom, a sea captain, an opium addict, and doubtless still more ridiculous personae Watson never recorded.

I'd make a wretched detective, but I vividly recall lessons in shamelessly borrowing the quirks of strangers without their permission. "Go to coffee shops and parks and shopping malls," our acting coaches would tell us. "Write everything down about the people you see. Is he habitual to the point of neurotic about blowing on his coffee? When does she subconsciously pull her hair over one shoulder?"

Why does he press his thumb into his opposite wrist?" Details like this don't apply to my acting career any longer, but they are exactly the type

of minutiae through which Sherlock Holmes might glean a clue—and the type through which I was better able to embody him.

Pastiche writers often insist on spinning Holmes's lines of dialogue into elaborate Victorian word tapestries that continue on for decades, simply because to our ears, 19th-century syntax is complicated. I see this as jarringly inauthentic; in Doyle's work, Holmes is perfectly capable of calling out, "I'll be back some time, Watson," and vanishing out the door dressed as a rakish young workman with a goatee. "Hum," he'll grunt laconically. Or best of all, his sly, twinkling, "Dear me!"

I've been trained in replicating accents, which makes it much easier for me to write a Cockney character speaking with a Northern Irish one, despite having been born among the taquerias of sunny San Jose.

As any actor (or detective) knows, one should never simply listen to what a character says about himself; what the other characters say about him is much more revelatory. Many writers, when crafting their versions of Holmes, take him at face value. But Sherlock Holmes

(and Dr. Watson too, for that matter) is extremely unreliable when it comes to the subject of himself.

"I never guess," declares Sherlock Holmes. (He does—frequently.) "I am a brain, Watson. The rest of me is a mere appendix." (Yes, of course, Holmes, which is why Watson records you driving yourself so hard you've fainted no less than four times.) "Cut out the poetry, Watson." (Holmes waxes rhapsodically poetic about everything from roses to weather.)

He claims to be drawn only to abstruse intellectual puzzles but burgles the house of a blackmailer to save a lady's honor. He claims to be unsociable but others are magnetically drawn to him. And through it all, he claims to be immune to the softer emotions, which many—in light of his courage and kindness—

find the most outrageous prevarication of all.

Crafting a pastiche, for me, is ultimately much less about imitating a style than it is about embodying a person I know as well as any character I've ever played. It's about putting myself in the shoes of literary heroes I've come to love and, for a little while, living as them in my imagination.

While style is one component of theatre—especially in the case of the distinctive language employed by Beckett or Ionesco, for example—every theatrical production of merit is about exploring the relationships between human beings, and my tales follow this principle absolutely, primarily regarding the staunch friendship Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson share.

The most unstudied Sherlockian could tell you

these men are intensely loyal to one another and share an unbreakable bond. By inhabiting both of them on so many occasions, I've been able to explore grayer areas of their psyches, where all is not precisely as it seems.

John Watson, seemingly unquestioning of Holmes's commands, steers his friend far more than one might suppose.

Sherlock Holmes, for all his seeming arrogance, is occasionally deeply melancholy and self-critical. It is these sort of contradictory grace notes that make any adaptation—from Basil Rathbone's smooth operator to Robert Downey Jr's frenetic prankster—successful, and the means of exploring them are as limitless as the pastiche author's imagination.



Lyndsay Faye is the author of five critically acclaimed books: *Dust and Shadow*; *The Gods of Gotham*, which was nominated for the Edgar Award for Best Novel; *Seven for a Secret*; *The Fatal Flame*; and *Jane Steele*. Faye, a true New Yorker in the sense that she was born elsewhere, lives in New York City with her husband, Gabriel.

Lyndsay has just published her newest mystery novel, *The Dragon Hotel*, which will be available in January, 2019.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

David Richardson, *Holmes and Watson Report*, November, 2001

Among the many monographs which Sherlock Holmes is known to have written, "On the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus" must surely be among the most famous. However, it has often been remarked (about every time the monograph is discussed) that "polyphonic motet" is a solecism, since motets are, by definition, polyphonic.

Accounting for this lapse has always been something of a problem, at least one commentator suggesting that the true subject was the mysteries surrounding Lassus's life, others suggesting that Watson's understanding of music was somewhat deficient, and one going so far as to suggest that the monograph was never published!

A more intriguing possibility has recently suggested itself, based on Watson's character, Holmes's interests, and Lassus' actual music.

From a review of a recently released recording of a sampling of Lassus's music:

While it was his masterly sacred music that made Orlando de Lassus the last and greatest exponent

of the Flemish contrapuntal school, it is his delightfully risqué secular music that keeps his name alive. From the famous, uproarious "Matona mia cara" - a parody of a German trying to sing an Italian serenade, with many embarrassing mispronunciations - to the zany "Zanui-piasi, patro?", a heated exchange between a master and his drunken servant, Lassus was a virtuoso of the salacious wink and sexually charged innuendo neither as vulgar nor overt as Janequin... but every bit as funny.

While Lassos (Orlando de Lassos, to give him his full Latinized name) did write "polyphonic motets" - indeed, he wrote something over 2000 of them (and wrote them during the time normally referred to as the Renaissance) -- he wrote a great deal of more secular music and had it performed while visiting both the Catholic and Protestant courts of Europe.

Indeed, one commentator has gone so far as to credit to this dual acceptance the fact that we do not now have separate "Catholic" and "Protestant" musics. (The time

in which Lassus composed was a time when music was developing its modern form... it would not have been impossible for the two traditions to have gone their separate ways.)

Holmes was a born pattern-studier, someone seeking to find order where others see only chaos – how else to explain a monograph on 140 different types of tobacco ash, or one of the intricacies of ears? He was also alert to the manifold possibilities of cyphers – finding some 160 examples to include in his monograph on that subject. And, as we know from the Canon, these were not always of the "simple" letter-substitution type so brilliantly decoded in "The Dancing Men."

We do not know what turned Holmes's attention to Lassus; it may well have begun with a desire to study Medieval music (and hence Watson's seeming misunderstanding of Lassus's time).

Music offers many patterns to study, from the earliest Greek pentatonic scales, through the "modes" embodied in Gregorian chant, and on to the development of our

modern schemes of keys and scales (major and minor). What started Holmes on his study, we do not know; we only know the point at which Watson took note of it, and I would suggest - based on the record review quoted above - that there was a bit more to it than Watson let on.

I will venture to suggest that when Holmes reached Lassus following what was probably a somewhat chronological approach -- he encountered some of those "innuendo" texts, and having in mind Lassus's history as someone who traveled freely between what were basically two warring camps, began to wonder if this (sexual innuendo) might not be a hitherto-undiscovered form of cryptography. (Its great virtue, of course, would be that no one would suspect that it could be.)

(The use of "nonsense" verbal messages to convey information is hardly unheard of -- the BBC broadcast some execrable French poetry to announce the coming of D-Day.)

We do not know when Holmes shared this "discovery" -- assuming it to be that -- with Watson, but it is not difficult to imagine Watson's response. For all his claims of a "Bohemian soul" and "an experience of women extending over three continents," Watson has always -- at least to this author -- seemed to be pretty much what Holmes took him to be in "The Abbey Grange" ... eminently qualified to be "the" British jury, and a rather conservative member of that tribe to boot. Lassus's chansons are, as implied above, pretty darn risque, and I have no hesitation in suggesting that

Watson would have moved them (in his own mind) from "risque" to "pornographic."

However, when he came to mention Holmes's new hobby (in "The Bruce-Partington Plans") he couldn't quite bring himself to say that Holmes was studying the "pornographic music" of Lassus (not good for Holmes's image, I suppose), and so he substituted "polyphonic" for "pornographic," and remarked that Holmes's monograph was the "last word" on its subject - which he no doubt hoped it would be.

For those curious about the recording:



Concerto Italiano,
Alessandri, Opus 111, OPS 30-94.

56 STORIES IN 56 DAYS - "THE THREE GABLES"

Posted on October 28, 2011 by barefootonbakerstreet (Charlotte Anne Walters)

Mrs. Klein is the ultimate cougar, and much more interesting than Irene Adler in my opinion, writes Charlotte Anne Walters.

Here we return to the familiar narration of Watson and encounter a ruthless woman who hires a band of ruffians to protect her interests. This story also contains some great minor characters that feature in my own novel – the boxer Steve Dixie and the gossip Langdale Pike.



I particularly love Pike, who makes a hearty living out of collecting and passing on society gossip. I would love to have heard more about him

throughout the stories and really enjoyed the way Granada presented him in their dramatisation of this story.

The title of this story also features in Barefoot, though not in its entirety. I blended together the names 'Wisteria Lodge' and 'Three Gables' to create Wisteria Gables, the property in my story which becomes almost as significant as 221B. We have another Birmingham reference in this story too – Steve Dixie says that he has been training at the Bull Ring in Birmingham.

What a lovely reminder of what the Bull Ring was before it became a major shopping centre with shiny fittings and a luxury department store. Blimey, times have changed! The story is simple enough, though Granada did a brilliant job of embellishing it and made it into one of my favourite episodes. Isadora Klein is a great villainess, cunning, beautiful, with a preference for young men and enough money to call the shots.

The story starts with Holmes being threatened by Dixie, which only serves to whet his curiosity and prompt him to investigate the case of a sweet old lady who has had a generous but strange offer made on her property. An agent informs her his client wishes to purchase not only her house but also all the furniture. The money offered is very generous and enough for her to fulfil an ambition to travel around the world.

Only trouble is, she is not allowed to remove anything from the house except a few personal possessions under supervision. At this point, she contacts Holmes for help and the involvement of Dixie, and the gang leader Barney Stockdale, convinces him that the matter is serious. Turns out that the lady's handsome young son had died recently of a broken heart and his possessions are being stored in the house. He had

been seduced and then dumped by the heartless Klein because he was of common birth. As an act of revenge he had written a scandalous novel all about their affair. As she was about to marry a titled young man, a scandal would threaten this union and that's why she tried to buy the house and everything in it – to get her hands on the manuscript. When this failed a burglary was staged and the writings snatched.

Holmes visits her to get it back but it is too late, the papers have been burned. Holmes threatens to unleash the scandal unless she writes out a cheque for enough money to travel around the world. This she does and the sweet old lady gets to fulfil her ambition.

It's another example of Holmes genuinely caring about his client and going above and beyond to help them. Mrs. Klein still seems to get off lightly in my opinion though as a scandal is avoided and she probably does manage to ensnare the titled young man who she is clearly using for social advancement only. In the Granada episode Holmes forces her to break off the engagement and her plans are thwarted. I have to say that I do prefer that ending.

A good story with a surprisingly contemporary feel – 7 out of 10.

STORY INFO PAGES FOR "THE THREE GABLES"

McMurdo's Camp, <https://mcmurdoscamp.wordpress.com/>

- **First published in:** Liberty, September 18, 1926; The Strand Magazine, October 1926

- **Time frame of story (known/surmised):** No clue. Sometime around 1892 – 1904.

- **H&W living arrangements:** Not stated clearly, but it seems as if Waston was visiting, not residing at 221B. He is however, present in Holmes' quarters at the beginning of this story.

- **Opening scene:** The door flew open and a huge negro burst into the room. It was Steve Dixie, the bruiser. Dixie was blustery and threatening, and told Holmes he had a friend interested in things out Harrow way and didn't want Holmes butting in. Holmes seemed to know just what Dixie was talking about, and he told him "You'll tell the magistrate about it, Steve. I've been watching you and Barney Stockdale." Dixie then backed off from his threats.

Homes told Watson he had received a note from the eventual client, saying she had a succession of incidents in connection with her house, The Three Gables, of Harrow Weald, and would much value Holmes' advice.

- **Client:** Mrs. Mary Maberley, whose late husband, Mortimer Maberley, was one of Holmes' early clients whom he had served well. Mrs. Maberley was a most engaging elderly person, who bore every mark of refinement and culture.
- **Crime or concern:** Some very strange happenings at the Three Gables. An offer to buy her house, an unusual document. Mr. Sutro, the client's lawyer, advised her that if she signed it, she could not legally take anything out of the house. Mrs. Maberly did not accept the offer because of this odd provision.

Her son, Douglas had died in Italy. He had been debonair and splendid, but in a single month the gallant boy developed into a moody, morose, brooding creature. His heart was broken, and he became a worn-out cynical man, and then died.

Then, while interviewing the client at her house, Holmes detected Susan Stockdale, the maid, listening to the consultation through the door. Susan was the wife of Barney Stockdale, the small-time crook who sent Dixie to bully Holmes.

- **Villain:** Isadora Klein, the rich widow of the German sugar king, the beautiful woman who shows no pity, and formerly the mistress of Douglas, the son, before she dumped him in favor of a duke. She was the richest as well as the most lovely widow upon earth.

- **Motive:** Isadora wanted to marry the Duke of Lomand, who was of such an age he might almost be her son. Isadora had come to that time of life



when even the proudest beauty finds the half light more welcome. Douglas had written a novel describing his affair with Isadora, with such detail it would have ruined her. She needed to steal the manuscript before it was published to preserve her prospects.

- **Logic used to solve:** Holmes' reading of the situation regarding the unusual offer told him there was something which the client did not know she had, and which she would not give up if she did know. The urgency of the demands

indicated whatever was wanted had only just come into the house. Then they found the son's belongings, which had just arrived from Italy, and had not even been unpacked.

A page found torn from Douglas' manuscript had queer grammar, in which he changed to first person narrative, being so carried away by the story that he imagined himself at the supreme moment to be the hero.

Holmes suspected intrigue, and consulted Langdale Pike in London. Pike was a human book of reference upon all matters of social scandal. This strange, languid creature spent his waking hours in the bow window of a St. James's Street club and was the receiving station as well as the transmitter for all the gossip of the metropolis. Holmes sometimes helped Pike to knowledge, and on occasion was helped in turn. Pike furnished the information Holmes needed to complete his case.

- **Policemen:** A couple of constables and a bustling, rubicund inspector.
- **Holmes' fees:** No mention, but Holmes demanded and got £5000 from Isadora for his silence in the matter, so her marriage to the Duke could proceed. The money was to be paid to the client, although Holmes probably got his share.
- **Transport:** A short railway journey, and a shorter drive, brought H&W to the house of the client, The Three Gables. They made a return trip the next day after being wired that the house was burgled during the night.
- **Food & Drink:** no mention

- **Vices:** At the very beginning of this story, Holmes had curled down with his pipe in his mouth upon the chair opposite Watson, when Steve Dixie arrived. Holmes raised his pipe with a languid smile when confronted by Dixie. Then after the departure, Holmes knocked out the ashes of his pipe with a quiet chuckle.

- **Other cases mentioned:** none

- **Notable Quotables:** "Good-bye, Susan. Paregoric is the stuff." (Holmes' insult to the deceitful maid.)

Homes advice to Isadora: "Have a care, have a care! You can't play with edged tools forever without cutting those dainty hands."

SH – "Surely no man would take up my profession if it were not that danger attracts him."

SH to Watson: "I made a mistake, I fear, in not asking you to spend the night on guard." (after the burglary)

- **Other interestings:** Paregoric is camphorated tincture (solution in alcohol) of opium, used in Victorian times for relief of diarrhea and intestinal pain.

A scenic area in Cumbria County in Northwest England is the Great Langdale Valley, near the Langdale Pikes, a group of mountainous peaks on the northern side of the valley.

- **When all was said and done:** The son, Douglas, was attache' at Rome, and he died there of pneumonia, broken-hearted. Mrs. Maberly got the money she wanted to travel the world. Isadora got to marry the Duke. Holmes compounded a felony, "as usual".

REWORDED OLD SAYINGS

See if you can translate the following into the familiar sayings we've all heard. See answers below.

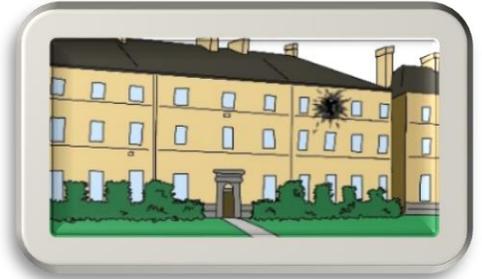
1. Scintillate, scintillate, exiguous luminous celestial object.
2. Members of an avian species of identical plumage congregate.
3. Cogitation should precede salutations.
4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid.
6. Freedom from incrustations of grime is contiguous to rectitude.
7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
8. It is fruitless to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
9. Eschew the implement of correction and vitiate the scion.
10. The temperature of the aqueous content of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not does reach 212 degrees Fahrenheit.
11. All articles that coruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
12. Where there are visible vapors in ignited carbonaceous material, there is conflagration.

Answers:

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
2. Birds of a feather, flock together.
3. Think before you speak.
4. Beauty is skin deep.
5. Don't cry over spilled milk.
6. Cleanliness is next to godliness.
7. The pen is mightier than the sword.
8. You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
9. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
10. A watched pot doesn't boil.
11. All that glitters is not gold.
12. Where there's smoke, there's fire.

Baker Street Elementary

Created by: Joe Fay, Rusty & Steve Mason
The First Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and John Watson



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Fay, Mason, & Mason

<< Pssst, HOLMES >>
WHAT IS 22×17 ??

A comic panel showing three characters sitting at a desk. The character on the left is wearing a hat and looking towards the other two. The character in the middle is wearing a cap and looking thoughtful. The character on the right is also wearing a cap and looking thoughtful.

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12 BILLION...

THANKS... I OWE YOU...

A comic panel showing three characters sitting at a desk. The character on the left is wearing a hat and looking towards the other two. The character in the middle is wearing a cap and looking thoughtful. The character on the right is also wearing a cap and looking thoughtful.

THAT'S INTERESTING... YOU TOLD ME THAT WAS THE ANSWER TO 19×15 ALSO...

A comic panel showing three characters sitting at a desk. The character on the left is wearing a hat and looking towards the other two. The character in the middle is wearing a cap and looking thoughtful. The character on the right is also wearing a cap and looking thoughtful.

IT'S ALSO THE ANSWER TO 9×24 ... MATH GETS MORE CONFUSING TO ME EVERY DAY...

HOW MANY ZERO'S ARE THERE IN 12 BILLION ??

A comic panel showing three characters sitting at a desk. The character on the left is wearing a hat and looking towards the other two. The character in the middle is wearing a cap and looking thoughtful. The character on the right is also wearing a cap and looking thoughtful.