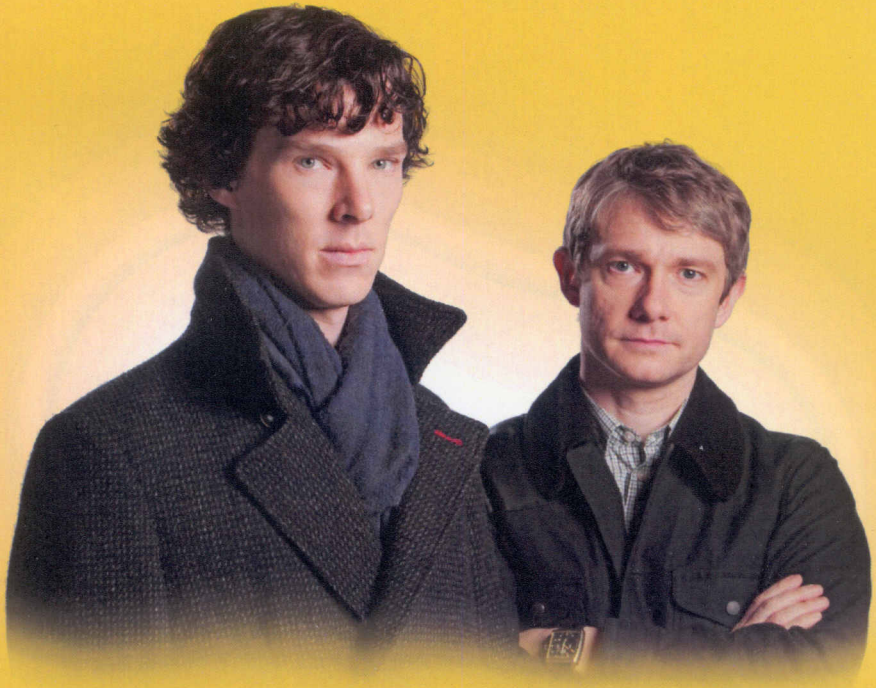


THE
BAKER STREET
JOURNAL

An Irregular Quarterly
of Sherlockiana

STEVEN ROTHMAN ~ EDITOR



VOL. 6I, No. 4



WINTER 2011

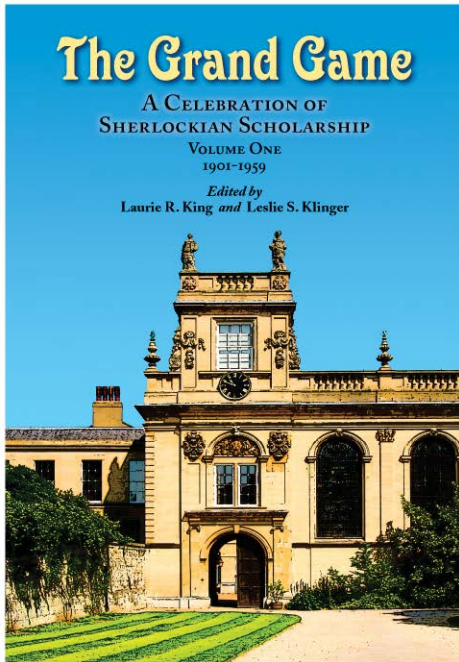
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Winter 2011

THE
BAKER STREET
JOURNAL

An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana

Founded by EDGAR W. SMITH
Continued by JULIAN WOLFF, M.D.

“Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice”

Editor: STEVEN ROTHMAN



Published by
THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

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“Far away from the cold night air”

WHEN THE WORLD seems too much with us, Sherlockians are fortunate to have Baker Street as a retreat. Financial markets may gyrate, war drums sound, domestic politics stagnate in heated deadlock, but we have the ability to escape it all simply by cracking open a book. Sometimes Watson tells us the weather, cozily insinuating us into Holmes’s world. Other times he offers a bit of Baker Street conversation. Take, for example, the opening of *The Valley of Fear* where we immediately discover ourselves *in media res* as Holmes and Watson bicker familiarly: “I am inclined to think—” said I. ‘I should do so,’ Sherlock Holmes remarked, impatiently.” Not, perhaps, the most classic opening in the Canon, still it grabs the reader.

No matter what our daily woes, inside the pages of the Holmes saga, we are cosseted, safe in our knowledge that these two friends will save the day. No matter that the sun sets in midafternoon. Our world is a bit brighter from the light of pure intelligence shining forth from Holmes’s eyes. The familiar rhythms of the Watsonian prose lulls us into a peaceful mood. We know within sentences that a worried petitioner will draw Holmes’s attention to some wrong that urgently needs righting. Christopher Morley summed up these same feelings over sixty years ago when he sent out as his Christmas greetings this brief poem, “*Te Deum Laudanum*”:

What opiate can best abate
Anxiety and toil?
Not aspirins, nor treble gins,
Nor love, nor mineral oil—
My only drug is a good long slug
Of Tincture of Conan Doyle.

A Re-Enquiry into the Nature of a Certain Nineteenth Century *Beeton's Christmas Annual*: Determination of the True First Issue

by CONSTANTINE ROSSAKIS

“You don’t happen to have . . . a First Folio Shakespeare without knowing it?”
—“The Three Gables”

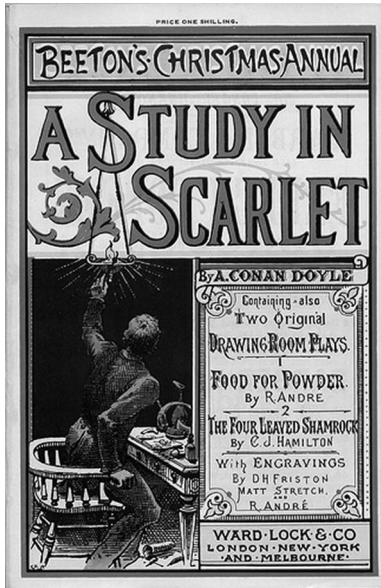
Introduction

IN *THE SIGN OF THE FOUR*, Sherlock Holmes tells Watson, “How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?” This advice would seem to apply as well to bibliography as it does to the detection of crime. For there are mysteries about books, about authors, about publishing and printing—not to forget book-related theft, even murder. Indeed, in the recent past I have seen several cases that would have interested, perhaps tested, but by no means perplexed our friends of 221B Baker Street. One recalls the First Folio, stolen from Durham University, which turned up at the Folger Shakespeare Library in the hands of the curious Raymond Scott. There is also the singular matter, still unsolved, of Gutenberg’s type, which the physicist Blaise Agüera y Arcas and Princeton librarian Paul Needham believe may have been produced with a method different from traditional metal punch-cutting. What about all those dust jackets, not only the early ones dating (apparently) prior to Holmes’s and Watson’s own era, but also the examples almost routinely found on first editions of Hemingway and Fitzgerald? (Recall that the presence of a jacket on *The Great Gatsby* increases the book’s value twenty-fold.) And while speaking of the market let us not forget the sudden increase several years ago in the trade of signed copies of books by Yeats, Pound, and Frost, eventually identified as the work of the “New England Forger.” Of thefts I need only mention the valuable items pilfered from the National Archives in Washington, from the private library of Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, and from Drew University of New Jersey—cases solved by intrepid sleuths both amateur and professional.

Now, Constantine Rossakis has fittingly applied the great detective's methods—bibliographically—to a subject no less vexing, but certainly closer to Holmes. He has, in a word, researched, deduced, and found the precedence of variants in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887, the issue containing *A Study in Scarlet*. Where previous bibliographers, including Vincent Starrett and Richard Lancelyn Green, gave opinions based on surmise as much as in complete study, Rossakis has carefully, minutely examined most of the surviving copies, comparing nuances of typesetting and advertisements. He has not, as Holmes might say, theorized before having the data and has overlooked no facts, obvious or obscure. To this endeavor Rossakis brought the passion of a collector (after all, this started when he acquired his own copy of *Beeton's*) allied to the training and skills of a great doctor who knows that a small detail can make all the difference—a combination few of us can match. I marvel at his perseverance, which not only involved long and incredibly arcane correspondence with librarians and private collectors but also considerable travel to personally see the majority of known copies. Rossakis also made use of the scant archival records regarding Conan Doyle and Ward, Lock, successors to S. O. Beeton, placing this information in line with, but secondary to, the clues found in the physical books themselves. He also researched Victorian publishing and printing practice and the literature about annuals—subjects just now maturing in the academic world—and consulted experts. The result is, I believe, an accurate reconstruction and codification of the true publishing history of *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887 as far as can be determined. As a bibliographer myself who works on late Victorian material, I know that Rossakis knows what he is talking about. The article that follows is no small achievement, one that will be appreciated by all students of Sherlock Holmes, Arthur Conan Doyle, and the Victorian book.

—Mark Samuels Lasner

THE VENUE COULD SCARCELY HAVE BEEN MORE MODEST for an event that ultimately proved to be so monumental: No. 1, Bush Villas, Elm Grove, Southsea. It was here, during the bleak months of March and April of 1886, that Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle wrote *A Study in Scarlet* “waiting for the patients who never came,” in the immortal words of Christopher Morley (although Morley wrote about a different address). It was a true phenomenon, ushering in a new literary and historical era, which has lasted until this day. The ripples of the belletristic tidal wave begun at Southsea continue to lap over us, and I suffuse ourselves willingly.



The delivery of Holmes from the figurative womb of Conan Doyle proved to be, however, a breach birth, awkward and painful. Publishers proved to be pugnacious midwives; the story was turned down by *Cornhill Magazine*, returned (unread!) by *Arrowsmith's*, and swiftly rejected by Warne. Finally, in November 1886, Ward, Lock and Company agreed to accept the book with certain stipulations. It would be held over until the following year, and the full copyright had to be sold to them for £25; they would not even consider author's royalties. The beleaguered Dr. Doyle acquiesced, and the contract was signed on 20 November 1886.

Almost exactly a year later, on or about 22 November 1887, labor was over and genesis was realized. *A Study in Scarlet* appeared in that year's *Beeton's Christmas Annual*. The fledgling Sherlock became a messiah for a new genre of detective fiction (and non-fiction!), although his apotheosis did not truly come about until July 1891 with the advent of *The Adventures in the Strand Magazine*. The story was a success: the annual sold out well before Christmas.¹ Interestingly, an interview with Conan Doyle in *The Portsmouth Crescent* in September 1888 announced: "Last Christmas Dr. Doyle wrote 'Beeton's Annual', the whole edition of which was sold right out in a fortnight. . . ."²

Was there more than one issue of the 1887 *Beeton's Christmas Annual* to quell the unexpected demand? If so, how can the *true first issue* be ascertained with a reasonable degree of certainty? Almost 50 years ago, William S. Hall began his landmark article in the JOURNAL:

In 1918 The Atlantic Monthly Press published *The Amenities of Book Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton. For many years it has enjoyed an American, if not a European vogue, and has been successful in embarking numerous readers on a new hobby and likewise in depleting their monthly bank balances. My copy . . . reads in part, "This is a first edition with all the points." The points, ha! That is the primary point of this little story.³

Hall describes how his original, bound copy of the 1887 *Beeton's Christmas Annual* differed from the recently released (1960) BSI facsim-

ile edition (based on Edgar W. Smith’s copy). His copy contained only eight pages of advertisements before the title page, versus thirteen in the facsimile, and that the “I” of “I fancy,” on the fourth line of the second paragraph on page 90 was present in his copy, but clearly absent in the facsimile. Hall was, quite understandably, vexed and disheartened, stating: “There could easily be two positive opinions as to which of these two editions or issues went through the presses first.” Further on he writes, “It’s a pity that we cannot apply to Mrs. Beeton or Mr. Ward or Mr. Lock for help—it’s a bit too late for that. And the author himself might be of help were he available, but I doubt it.”

Twenty-four years later, in an article containing various *Beeton’s* anecdotes and a cursory census by Peter E. Blau,⁴ he mentions Hall’s discovery and states: “No bibliographer has as yet identified which of the printings has precedence, providing an area for further research as well as frustrating doubt on the part of fortunate owners of *Beeton’s* as to whether their copies are first or second issues.”

was-how Enoch Drebbler came to his end. All I do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's new that he was staying at Halliday's Private Hotel all day, but he never came out. I fancy that he when Drebbler failed to put in an appearance was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he came off by staying indoors he was very much mistaken out which was the window of his bedroom, and took advantage of some ladders which were lying by the hotel, and so made my way into his room in the night. I woke him up and told him that the hour had come as to answer for the life he had taken so long ago. Drebbler's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of pills. Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which sprang from his bed and flew at my throat, I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same

PAGE 90, 1960 BSI facsimile.

och Drebbler came to his end. All I had to do for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's was staying at Halliday's Private Hotel, and I he never came out. I fancy that he suspected ber failed to put in an appearance. He was on, and always on his guard. If he thought he taying indoors he was very much mistaken. I was the window of his bedroom, and early next age of some ladders which were lying in the and so made my way into his room in the grey him up and told him that the hour had come r for the life he had taken so long before. I ath to him, and I gave him the same choice of stead of grasping at the chance of safety which rang from his bed and flew at my throat. In im to the heart. It would have been the same

PAGE 90, 1987 Centenary facsimile.

**“What one man can invent another can discover.”
—“The Dancing Men”**

In the winter of 2002 I decided to pick up this gauntlet, as my unabashed passion for canonical bibliographic primacy, especially for the historic first appearance of Holmes, overrode any common sense I may have possessed at that time.

My first steps were simple enough. I plucked the two published facsimiles of the 1887 *Beeton’s* off my shelf: the 1960 BSI edition⁵ mentioned earlier and the 1987 centenary facsimile edition produced by John Michael Gibson,⁶ using the Oxford Bodleian copy as the template. I compared them side by side, examining advertisements, text, and the type settings for any variations. They both had thirteen pages of ads before the title page, the

1960 facsimile did *not* have the “I” of “I fancy . . .” while the 1987 facsimile had the “I” present. While I stared on page 90, however, I noticed another subtle aberration: the “9” character of “90” in the upper left-hand corner of the page was clearly different between the two facsimile copies. The 1960 copy has the “9” virtually complete, whereas in the 1987 copy, the “9” is clearly defective (with a space or gap in the character between 30 and 120 degrees). In the editor’s note to Hall’s article,⁷ Lord Donegall supplied some information not only on the “I” issue on four other *Beeton*’s copies, but also mentions that the “9” of page “90” is defective in James Holroyd’s copy (also true of the Hall copy). Interestingly, Hall never mentions this in his article, and to my knowledge, neither Hall nor Donegall (or any other researcher, for that matter) ever delved any further into this matter. At this juncture, I decided it was critical to do just that. I began to collate, in a systematic fashion, the bibliographic points described above (number and types of ads, missing or present “I” of “I fancy,” “9” of page “90” defective or nearly complete, and any other clues I could uncover) on all the known copies.

“Data! Data! Data! I can make no bricks without clay!”
—“The Copper Beeches”

This stage of the journey, while providing the thrill of discovery on many occasions, was also the most tedious. I did not want to rely on information from card catalogues or online searches or surveys for the data I was seeking; it had to be first-hand evidence. If I could not get to examine a *Beeton*’s issue personally, I had the owner or archivist discuss it with me while the issue was under their nose. Most institutions and some private owners provided me with scans and images. I felt this was critical so as to get exact bibliographic points information and, secondarily, census information.

Some of my probing unearthed disturbing news. In March 2003, I discovered that one of Yale’s purported four copies was missing. One may have been a “ghost” copy, subsequently moved to Beinecke from the Sterling Library (see appendix). Worse still, I found that Yale’s most valuable copy was vandalized. It was an inscribed copy “With the author’s compliments” on the first of two pages of text. These two pages of text including the inscription were torn out and probably stolen. Their whereabouts remain unknown to this day.

Without boring the patient reader with excessive bibliographic trifles, as I pored through each successive issue, cover to cover, a rather clear pattern was emerging. The copies that had the “I” missing of “I fancy” (page 90) were also the copies that had a complete, or more nearly complete, “9” character at the upper left-hand corner on the same page. Conversely, all of the copies examined that exhibited large or larger defects in the “9”

character type *also* had the “I” (of “I fancy”) *present*. I would encourage any reader with even the faintest interest in the 1887 *Beeton’s Christmas Annual* to examine his or her copies of the 1960 and 1987 facsimile editions side by side.

“Each fact is suggestive in itself. Together they have a cumulative force.”

—“The Bruce-Partington Plans”

Having now acquired the necessary data, I contend and firmly believe that copies of *Beeton’s* that lack the “I” of “I fancy . . .” and have a complete or nearly complete “9” character on page 90, are the *true* first edition, *first issue* run. The publisher or typesetter saw the missing “I” and had it inserted in later, additional issues. Furthermore, this would also account for the progressive worsening of the defect noted in the “9” character type, becoming more defective in *later* issues as more were run. Although it is exceedingly unlikely, but not impossible, that the “I” was suddenly dropped in later run issues, this would still not explain the clear, progressive deterioration of the type defect noted in the “9” in issues that have the “I” present.

I also examined all the advertisements, front and rear, from both issues in question. These can often be critically useful in delineating the publishing date and determining true first appearances and/or first editions.⁸ The ads are identical in both issues.

To lend further credence to my theory, and hopefully quell any residual doubts raised by the casual or even more critical reader, I am impelled to involve Vincent Starrett. Starrett was undeniably one of the greatest Sherlockians who ever lived (he has the most citations in the name index of *The Universal Sherlock Holmes*) and almost certainly the greatest Sherlockian bookman.

I am fortunate enough to own an 1887 *Beeton’s* (see copy CR₃, appendix), and more fortunate still that it once belonged to “Barnaby Ross/Ellery Queen” and to Vincent Starrett. The “I” is lacking and the “9” is complete. What was not public knowledge, until now, is the inscription on the second page (first leaf) of advertisements, just after the front cover, which reads: “First issue, First Edition, of this *Impossibly rare* book. VS.”

As consummate a bookman and literary figure as Vincent Starrett would *not* ascribe the status of “First issue, First Edition” without *knowing* it to be so. In the interest of sharing and full disclosure, there are also three signatures (in full) on the title page: “Vincent Starrett,” and below “Barnaby Ross”/“Ellery Queen.”

To continue even further regarding the above parallel lines of reasoning, one should consider examining Starrett’s second copy of *Beeton’s* (copy CR₂₀). There is a wonderful story behind why Starrett was forced to sell his first copy and how he came to acquire his second

copy; but I will focus on the more mundane but bibliographically germane. Starrett's second copy, by our analysis and theory, is the second issue, not the first (with the "I" on page 90, and a defective "9"). This particular copy *is* signed by Starrett and also has his bookplate, but there is *no inscription or indication* that this one is a "First issue, First Edition."

The British Library had a copy of the 1887 *Beeton's* as a copyright depository in 1887. In theory, this copy should be a first edition, first issue. Although the book is listed in one of their online catalogues, the copy no longer exists, probably destroyed during the German bombing raids in World War II. There are two other copyright depositories in the United Kingdom, which do possess an 1887 *Beeton's*—the Royal Library of Scotland and the Bodleian Library at Oxford (copies CR25 and CR23). Analysis of these issues, however, did not help in differentiating bibliographic precedence; the copy in Scotland is a first issue, but the copy in Oxford is a second issue.

**"Eliminate all other factors, and the one
which remains must be the truth."**

—The Sign of the Four

We now know which copies are first issues, and which are second issues. I include as an appendix a classification system of known, extant 1887 *Beeton's*. I did not start out wanting to do a census, but backed into it, organizing it more for librarians and collectors. For additional information on the copies I describe and catalogue here, I recommend Randall Stock's excellent checklist and census.⁹

Beeton's 1887 Christmas Annual: Tidbits

As of May 2011, 32 copies are confirmed to exist.

- Of the 32 copies, 30 were studied in detail: thirteen are first issues, 17 are second issues, and two are as yet unclassified. (I could not get access to copies CR28 and CR31.)
- There are seven complete, original (unrestored) copies. Of these, three are first issues, and four are second issues.
- There are five original copies that are unbound but had restoration or facsimile work done.
- There are two unbound but incomplete copies that are missing wrappers and advertisements.
- There are 18 bound incomplete copies.
- Private collectors hold twelve copies; libraries and institutions hold 20.

- There are two known copies signed or inscribed by Conan Doyle (CR13 and CR14). However, one of these (CR14) was vandalized and the inscribed page remains missing (since March 2003).
- One copy (CR24) has an inscription by Conan Doyle tipped into the binding on an extra blank leaf.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: None of this work could have been possible without the assistance of many friends, associates, and institutions almost too numerous to mention, but I will try: Phillip Bergem, Ray Betzner, Peter E. Blau, John H. Brady (Newberry Library), Becky Cape (Lilly Library), Pat Clark (Woodruff Library, Emory University), Stephen Ferguson (Princeton University Library), Charles Foley (estates of Arthur Conan Doyle and Dame Jean Conan Doyle), Mickey Fromkin, Elizabeth Garver (Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin), John Michael Gibson, Tod Gilman (Sterling Library, Yale University), the late Richard Lancelyn Green, Barry Hinman (Green Library, Stanford University), Rachel Howarth (Houghton Library, Harvard University), Timothy Johnson (Andersen Library, University of Minnesota), Steven Jones (Beinecke Library, Yale University), C. Frederick Kittle, Mark Samuels Lasner, Jon Lellenberg, Glen Miranker, James L. Mitchell (National Library of Scotland), Nancy Pond (estate of Walter Pond), Dan Posnansky, Susan Rice, Peter Stern, Randall Stock, and Michael Sutherland (Occidental College Library). I am grateful to my wife, Jennifer Rossakis, for her patience during data collection and for technical assistance.

NOTES

1. Richard Lancelyn Green and John Michael Gibson, *A Bibliography of A. Conan Doyle*, revised and expanded ed., New York: Hudson House, 2000, pp. 10–11.
2. Green and Gibson, pp. 10–11.
3. William S. Hall, “An Enquiry into the Nature of a Certain Nineteenth Century *Beeton’s Christmas Annual*,” *BAKER STREET JOURNAL*, Vol. 13, No. 2 (June 1963), pp. 112–114.
4. Peter E. Blau, “Prolegomenon of a Census of *Beeton’s Christmas Annual*,” *Baker Street Miscellanea*, No. 52 (Winter 1987), pp. 16–19.
5. BSI *Beeton’s Christmas Annual*, Facsimile edition, Morristown, NJ: The Baker Street Irregulars, Inc. and London: The Sherlock Holmes Society of London, 1960.
6. *Beeton’s Christmas Annual*, Centenary Facsimile edition. Pagham, West Sussex: Conan Doyle Books, 1987.
7. [Julian Wolff], “Editor’s Note” to Hall, p. 114.

8. Constantine Rossakis, "The First Colonial *Hound*: A Centenary Discovery," *BAKER STREET JOURNAL*, Vol. 53, No. 3 (Autumn 2003), pp. 17–21.
9. Randall Stock, "*Beeton's Christmas Annual* 1887: An Annotated Checklist and Census," www.bestofsherlock.com.

APPENDIX

The 1887 *Beeton's Christmas Annual*: A Systematic Classification

"There is nothing like first-hand evidence, as a matter of fact. . . ."

—*A Study in Scarlet*

I. Complete, Original (Unrestored) Copies

COPY	LOCATION	PROVENANCE	NOTES/DATA	ISSUE
CR1	Portsmouth Library	Richard Lancelyn Green	Fine copy	2
CR2	Occidental College	Guymon Collection	Clean, near fine	2
CR3	Constantine Rossakis	Ellery Queen, Vincent Starrett	Near fine. Inscribed (VS) & signed (Barnaby Ross, EQ, VS)	1
CR4	Lilly Library	J. K. Lilly, Jr.	Fairly clean	2
CR5	Toronto Public Library	Edgar Smith	Good. Missing left lower front. Used for 1960 BSI facsimile	1
CR6	Princeton U Library	Howard Behrman	Fair to good	2
CR7	Private collector	<u>Inslay</u> Blair	Fair copy	1

II. Restored, Unbound Copies

COPY	LOCATION	PROVENANCE	NOTES/DATA	ISSUE
CR8	U of Texas at Austin	Carroll Wilson	Cover, back, pages, and spine restored. No title on spine	2
CR9	Harvard, Houghton	Harold W. Bell	Spine and right lower panel missing	1
CR10	Newberry Library	C. Frederick Kittle	Back cover in facsimile	1
CR11	Pond Estate	Walter Pond	Wrappers restored, spine in facsimile	1
CR12	Private collector	Marvin P. Epstein	Wrappers, first and last ads in facsimile	2

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— continued on next page

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COPY	LOCATION	PROVENANCE	NOTES/DATA	ISSUE
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“It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence.”
—A Study in Scarlet

Why

would I spend my money to tell you that someone has written another Sherlock Homes story?

I wouldn't.

I am investing money by telling you that there is a new story that you may love, or you may hate. It stars Dr Watson and Mr. Sherlock Homes, as well as old favorites from other parts of fictitious Victorian England.

It also stars Kidnappers, Prostitutes, Japanese Scholars, African Nobility, Spies, Government Officials, Americans and many others. The action ranges from The Carlton Club to Baker Street, a morgue, the worst parts of London, the high seas, Africa, a bordello and more. Adventure Gunplay Sex (Just a bit.) Characters include Watson, Holmes, the familiar Sherlockian cast (even Mycroft Holmes,) surprise guests from another famous story, a son of former slaves, a strong, independent heroine and a host of others.

This is not a pastiche or a tale for punists. It was written from love of Doyle's creations and a novel idea. Have a look at it here: www.jimwearne.com/old_campaigners. There you will find links to sales sites.

The title is: “The Adventure of the Old Campaigners.” It might become your favorite book (Or the one you rant about indignantly)

You won't know which until you read it.

The Authorship of the Earliest Known Sherlockian Parody

by CHARLES PRESS

THE HISTORY OF SHERLOCKIAN parodies is a long and rich one dating back almost to Holmes's first appearance in *The Strand*. John Michael Gibson and Richard Lancelyn Green, in compiling the standard bibliography of Arthur Conan Doyle, unearthed 18 pieces, most of which appeared before 1914, written by others about Sherlock Holmes and Conan Doyle. They published this collection as *My Evening with Sherlock Holmes*.¹

Most of the items were parodies, including the earliest one we know, "My Evening with Sherlock Holmes," from which the Gibson and Green collection takes its title.² Sherlockians may have wondered who the clever but anonymous author of this early parody was, since it seems to have been the spark that set off an explosion of close to 400 Sherlockian parodies published during Conan Doyle's lifetime, with many more coming thereafter.³ But the identity of the first parodist remained elusive, until now.

A parody of about 1200 words, "My Evening with Sherlock Holmes" was published anonymously in *The Speaker* of 28 November 1891, just four months after "A Scandal in Bohemia," the first short story about Sherlock Holmes, appeared in the July 1891 issue of *The Strand Magazine*. The parody claims to be an interview with Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Conan Doyle. Some Sherlockians may take pleasure in that the writer treats Sherlock Holmes as a living person mingling with other living persons such as the interviewer and Arthur Conan Doyle.

Mr. Anon, the narrator, says he sought the interview because "To my annoyance . . . Holmes's cleverness in, for instance, knowing by glancing at you what you had for dinner last Thursday, has delighted press and public, and so I felt that it was time to take him down a peg."

The interviewer describes Sherlock Holmes's opening gambit:

[H]e began, with well-affected carelessness, "I perceive, Mr Anon, from the condition of your cigar-cutter, that you are not fond of music," I replied blandly—

"Yes, that is obvious."

Mr Holmes, who had been in his favourite attitude in an easy

chair (curled up in it), started violently and looked with indignation at our host, who was also much put out.

“How on earth can you tell from looking at his cigar-cutter that Mr Anon is not fond of music?” asked Mr Conan Doyle with well-simulated astonishment.

“It is very simple,” said Mr Holmes, still eyeing me sharply.

“The easiest thing in the world,” I agreed.

“Then I need not explain?” said Mr Holmes haughtily.

“Quite unnecessary,” said I.

This byplay back and forth led to Mr. Anon making a series of deductions about the detective that begins to unnerve Holmes. With rising fury on the part of Sherlock Holmes and studied nonchalance on the part of Mr. Anon, the conversation continues until the anticipated eruption finally occurs:

“Good-night,” said Mr Holmes, seizing his hat. (He is not so tall as I thought him at first.) “Good-night, I have an appointment at ten with a banker who—”

“So I have been observing,” I said; “I knew it from the way you—”

But he was gone.

The recent publication of many hitherto unknown letters of Conan Doyle gives us the answer to the question of who wrote this first parody. On 6 January 1892, Conan Doyle wrote a letter to his mother, a little over a month after the parody appeared in print. Among other bits of news Conan Doyle announces, “I finished my last Sherlock Holmes tale ‘The Adventure of the Copper Beeches’ in which I used your lock of hair, so now farewell to Sherlock. He still lives however, thanks to your entreaties.” He then continues with some social news:

. . . I went to the “Idlers” dinner and met J M Barrie, Jerome K Jerome, Barry Pain, Zangwill, Barr (“Luke Sharp”), Robertson, and others. It was very jolly & we all chummed nicely. I dine again with some of them on Friday, and I hope that Jerome & Barrie may dine with me next week. It was Barrie who wrote the skit on Holmes in the *Speaker*.⁴ . . .

The skit in *The Speaker* could only be “My Evening with Sherlock Holmes.” James M. Barrie was the author of sentimental Scottish novels, such as *The Little Minister* and *A Window in Thrums*, the writer of two novels about *Sentimental Tommy*, and the dramatist of *Peter Pan* and *Wendy in Neverland* and other less fanciful plays including *The Admirable Crichton*, *Quality Street*, and *Dear Brutus*. Barrie became a close friend of

Conan Doyle. Conan Doyle played on Barrie's cricket team, the Allahakberries, and in 1893 collaborated with him on an operetta, *Jane Annie; or, the Good Conduct Prize*. Barrie wrote two other parodies, one of which Conan Doyle declared was his favorite and gave its first publication in his autobiography. Barrie was also one of the friends Conan Doyle invited to his wedding to Jean Leckie in 1907. He is now also revealed as the author of the earliest known Sherlockian parody.

NOTES

1. John Gibson and Richard Lancelyn Green, comps., *My Evening with Sherlock Holmes*, London: Ferret Fantasy, 1981.
2. Anonymous, "My Evening with Sherlock Holmes," *The Speaker* (28 Nov. 1891), pp. 643-644; Gibson and Green, pp. 15-17.
3. Charles Press, *Parodies and Pastiches, Buzzing 'Round Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*, Shelburne ON: Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, 2006, pp. 135-152. Contains a listing of the Sherlockian parodies published in Conan Doyle's lifetime.
4. Jon L. Lellenberg, Daniel Stashower, and Charles Foley, eds., *Arthur Conan Doyle, A Life in Letters*, New York: Penguin Press, 2007, p. 305. Though the editors understandably missed this obscure reference, they do note that Robert Barr, *The Idler's* editor, was to contribute "a fine Sherlock Holmes parody, 'Detective Stories Gone Wrong: The Adventures of Sherlaw Kombs' for that May's issue."

Arthur and Oscar

by CYNTHIA C. POINDEXTER

SHERLOCKIAN SCHOLARS AND AVID FANS will know that Arthur Conan Doyle and Oscar Wilde met at the Langham Hotel in London during a dinner with a literary agent from *Lippincott's Magazine* on 30 August 1889. Conan Doyle's autobiography reports that this event resulted in his decision to resurrect Holmes (the first time) through *The Sign of the Four* and Wilde's first novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.¹

At the time of this meeting, Wilde had not yet written his novels and plays, but was known for essays, wit, personality, and his appearance.² Maddeningly, Conan Doyle left only a few words about this meeting with Wilde. Conan Doyle said that he "was already famous as the champion of aestheticism."³ (Aestheticism was the 19th century's word for devotion to and pursuit of the beautiful and artistic; it emphasized artistic values more than socio-political themes in literature—art for art's sake.) Conan Doyle was also impressed with Wilde as a conversationalist. He noted:

His conversation left an indelible impression upon my mind. He towered above us all, and yet had the art of seeming to be interested in all that we could say. . . . He took as well as gave, but what he gave was unique. He had a curious precision of statement, a delicate flavour of humour, and a trick of small gestures to illustrate his meaning, which were peculiar to himself. The effect cannot be reproduced. . . .⁴

Given the "indelible impression" that Wilde left upon Conan Doyle, the tantalizing question is: Did Wilde's unusual appearance, artistic philosophy, or striking personality influence the novelette that Conan Doyle immediately set out to write for *Lippincott's Magazine*?

It seems likely that Conan Doyle drew upon Wilde's appearance in his description of the eccentric character of Thaddeus Sholto. In many aspects, Sholto—short, balding, redheaded—did not look like Wilde, who was tall and had plenty of hair. But in a couple of distinctive features, Conan Doyle seems to have been influenced by observing Wilde. Both Sholto and Wilde wore a coat trimmed in fur. In *The Sign of the Four*, Thaddeus Sholto put on "a very long, befrogged top-coat with astrakhan [fur fabric made from the curly dark fleece of lambs from Astrakhan] collar and cuffs." *The New York Times* describes in this way Wilde meeting Lillie Langtry in 1882: "He was dressed as probably no

grown man in the world was ever dressed before. His hat was of brown cloth no less than six inches high; his coat was of black velvet; his overcoat was of green cloth, heavily trimmed with fur. . . ." In addition, perhaps a bit unkindly, Conan Doyle used Wilde's distinctive mouth and teeth. Sholto is presented to the reader with "a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face." Wilde is documented as having thick lips; long, crowded, uneven, stained teeth; and a habit of crooking his finger over his mouth.⁵

Both Vincent Starrett⁶ and Samuel Rosenberg⁷ attribute the artistic extravagance of Sholto's apartment to Conan Doyle having recently met Wilde and remembering his tendency to opulence. Sholto's magnificent apartment is reached after walking "down a sordid and common passage, ill-lit and worse furnished" in the only occupied house on a desolate street. Conan Doyle writes that the apartment "[i]n that sorry house looked as out-of-place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass." Sholto as a person—unusual-looking and arty—is also like Wilde. Sholto describes himself as elegant and interested in the arts: "I live . . . with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness." Sholto also refers directly to æstheticism, by implication and by name, when he apologizes for the deceptive and circuitous route for bringing in his visitors: "You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unaesthetic than a policeman."

Although there are artistic and bohemian references in *The Sign of the Four*, Conan Doyle's interest in the artistic or bohemian life did not begin with meeting Wilde. In *A Study in Scarlet*, Watson picks up and reads through Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème*, a collection of stories romanticizing bohemian life.⁸ The story title is an artistic reference; describing a murder that included a word written in blood on a wall, Holmes says, "[T]he finest study I ever came across: a study in scarlet, eh? Why shouldn't we use a little art jargon." There is also a touch of theater, even though Holmes does not employ it: a young male accomplice of Jefferson Hope is so well disguised as an old woman that he fools Holmes. In *The Sign of the Four*, the story written after the Langham meeting, Holmes himself turns to acting and fools Jones and Watson when he performs in an old male sailor disguise, and Jones says he would have made a rare actor. Probably Conan Doyle does not turn to theater only because of Wilde; after all, their mutual friend Bram Stoker was the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, where Holmes, Watson, and Morstan were to meet Sholto's driver.

Rosenberg offers strong evidence that some of Wilde's aphorisms may have found their way into Sholto's phrasing. When Sholto says to Morstan, "Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, Miss, but fur-

nished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London,” he not only resembles Wilde as an aesthete and intellectual snob, but is paraphrasing a well-known quote of Wilde’s about an oasis in the desert. During his 1882 U.S. lecture tour, Rosenberg reports that Wilde famously said, “The American woman? She is a charming oasis in the bewildering desert of commonsense.”⁹ Websites with Oscar Wilde quotations list this version: “American women are pretty and charming: little oases of elegant unreasonableness in a vast desert of practical common sense.”¹⁰ Both versions contain the pairing of “oasis” with “desert,” as does Sholto’s statement to Morstan. (However, what Sholto lacks in his straightforward and petulant statement is Wilde’s twist of humor and irony.) Conan Doyle is on record in his autobiography as having greatly admired Wilde’s way with words and conversation and could very well have been consciously or unconsciously recreating in Sholto the only other aesthete he had ever met—had recently met, in fact.

While we will never know for sure whether the meeting with the memorable personality and notable aesthete Oscar Wilde was on Conan Doyle’s mind as he wrote *The Sign of the Four*, it is reasonable to conclude that there was some influence. Conversely, since *The Picture of Dorian Gray* contains violence, murder, and drug use, could the subtle influence have gone in both directions?

NOTES

1. Arthur Conan Doyle, *Memories and Adventures*, Boston: Little, Brown, 1924, p. 73.
2. Daniel Stashower, *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle*, New York: Henry Holt, 1999.
3. Conan Doyle, p. 73.
4. Conan Doyle, p. 73.
5. Hesketh Pearson, *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, London: MacDonald and Jane’s, 1946, p. 162.
6. William S. Baring-Gould, *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1967, p. 625.
7. Samuel Rosenberg, *Naked Is the Best Disguise: The Death and Resurrection of Sherlock Holmes*, Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1974.
8. Baring-Gould, p. 182.
9. Rosenberg.
10. <http://quotesandsayingscollection.com/goscarwilde.htm>; www.quote-sandsayings.com/quotes/oscar-wilde/.

Some Trifling Observations on “The Dancing Men”

by LESLIE S. KLINGER

RECENTLY I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXAMINE one of the treasures of Sherlockiana, a Conan Doyle manuscript. This one held special interest for me: owned by Brian Perkins of Dallas, Texas, a retired book dealer, the manuscript of “The Dancing Men” has never been scrutinized by scholars; at least none have reported on it.¹

Like most of the Conan Doyle manuscripts that I have examined, the handwritten text is primarily remarkable for being so unremarkable. It is a tribute to the story-telling genius of ACD that the carefully handwritten text shows so few changes, additions, or corrections. However, there are a few noteworthy points.

First and perhaps most interesting, the client to whom Holmes has been listening so closely, whose name is announced to Watson by Holmes before we hear his tale, is Mr. Hilton Jones, not Cubitt. The name “Jones” has been crossed out and replaced with “Cubitt.”

This is a curious incident, for elsewhere in the story, everywhere the client’s name appears (and it appears 24 times) there is no hesitation in naming him Cubitt. Is this change evidence that, contrary to what some (including myself) believe, the manuscript preserved by Conan Doyle was in fact the first draft of the story? That only the first appearance is corrected suggests that ACD was composing the story as he wrote and changed his mind about the character’s name. Of course, it may also be that Conan Doyle was copying over his own first draft and, rushing to write the sentence, forgot the name he had chosen. The change also suggests that perhaps Conan Doyle was copying over Watson’s first notes of the story in which the doctor had carelessly left the true name of Holmes’s client.²

Second, early in the story (about a third of the way through it, shortly after the interview with Cubitt), Holmes mentions Mrs. Hudson. She is only named once in this story, the name inserted as a correction. This suggests that she may not have been there at all but was added merely as a bit of atmosphere. Mrs. Hudson is named in only fourteen stories, and this may well have been a case that occurred during an absence.

Third, when Holmes is discussing the capture of Abe Slaney with Inspector Martin of the Norwich Constabulary, the following dialogue

has been added to the tale in precise, minute handwriting:

“You need not be uneasy. He will not try to escape.”

“How do you know?”

“To fly would be a confession of guilt.”

“Then let us go to arrest him.”

This masterly assertion by Holmes may well not have actually taken place, we must conclude, but was the suggestion of Conan Doyle or an editor to bring out Holmes’s natural character.

Finally, I spent some effort to compare the “stick figures” that appear in the manuscript against those in the published version of the story. I can report that they match exactly. I have noted elsewhere³ that William S. Baring-Gould observed that the symbol used for “V” in message #4 in “The Dancing Men” is the same as that used for “P” in message #5 in virtually every published text. In addition, in some texts the symbol used for “C” in message #6 is the same as that used for “M” throughout, and different from that used for “C” in message #3. There I stated, “Whether these mistakes resulted from Watson’s careless copying or the printer’s errors cannot be determined at this time.” We can now definitely state that the errors were Watson’s, not some nameless editor’s or printer’s.

There are many other minor changes or corrections to the manuscript, but none as interesting as these. The study of these documents—the closest that we may ever hope to come to Watson’s original notes—continues to fascinate.

NOTES

1. Leslie S. Klinger, “A Study in Manuscripts,” *Canadian Holmes*, Vol. 30, No. 3 (Spring 2007), pp. 15–31.
2. As I noted in my *New Annotated Sherlock Holmes: The Complete Short Stories*, Vol. 2, New York: W. W. Norton, 2004, p. 866, note 7:
“In searching out the geographical locations mentioned in the case, numerous writers identify various residences belonging to various members of the Cubitt family in Norfolk, where the last name is quite prevalent. Philip Weller, however, points out in ‘The Norfolk Dance Hall and Other Locations: The Geography of “The Dancing Men,”’ [*The Dancing Men Contract*, Fareham, Hants, England: Franco-Midland Hardware Company 1997, pp. 29–42] that it is illogical to accept (as almost all scholars do) that while Watson routinely changed the names of Holmes’s clients, Watson did not do so here. ‘It is more logical to accept that Watson, or his agent, used the name of Cubitt as a means of disguise precisely because it was, and still is, so common in Norfolk.’”
3. Klinger, *The New Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, p. 898, note 29.

“Great Heavens, Is It You?”: Women in “Charles Augustus Milverton”

by NICHOLAS UTECHIN

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE CANON is Watson as circumspect and protective as he is in “Charles Augustus Milverton.” At the outset, although he feels he can lay the basic details of the story before his public “now the principal person concerned is beyond the reach of human law . . . ,” he nevertheless remains worried that someone—sometime—might just be able to identify the main protagonist. Thus he gives us the ultimate disclaimer, “The reader will excuse me if I conceal the date or any other fact by which he might trace the actual occurrence.” We are thus left to face the possibility that absolutely every fact—name, place, whatever—in the adventure is false. I take this a step further: we must assume that this is the case, making it just a touch difficult to make any scholarly pronouncements with any degree of certainty.

“The principal person concerned” is, of course, the woman who shoots Milverton—she of the “dark, handsome, clear-cut face,” the lady of such celebrity and beauty that her photograph adorned a shop window in Oxford Street. Such was the fame of her dead husband (that “great nobleman and statesman”) and the indelicacy of her conduct with another man that even after her death, Watson still sought to protect her.

More importantly, Sherlock Holmes protected her immediately, only a day after she murdered Milverton. What Inspector Lestrade must have thought, if he was still alive in April 1904 when the story was published in *The Strand*, hardly bears thinking about in the light of what Holmes had said to him (in 1882, '84, '86, '88, '89, or '99—the chronologists are all over the place on this one), “My sympathies are with the criminals rather than with the victim, and I will not handle this case.” Just because she was the widow of a famous politician and Milverton was a total swine cannot justify Holmes’s action—or, rather, inaction—in the case. This is but the most obvious example of what urgently needs examination in “Charles Augustus Milverton”; the varying approaches Holmes adopts towards the women in the case and his reasons for so behaving.

Class snobbery and alignment with the Establishment is evident within a few paragraphs of the start of the tale. Revisiting the story for the first time in a long while, I am struck and appalled by Watson’s

report of how Holmes had first become involved in the case. “[W]hy is he here?” asks Watson, when he knows Milverton is about to arrive at 221B. Holmes’s reply is stomach-churning:

Because an illustrious client has placed her piteous case in my hands. It is the Lady Eva Brackwell, the most beautiful *débutante* of last season. She is to be married in a fortnight to the Earl of Dovercourt. This fiend has several imprudent letters—imprudent, Watson, nothing worse—which were written to an impecunious young squire in the country. They would suffice to break off the match.

In a moment, we shall examine a few examples of Holmes’s precise use of words in this paragraph, but let me deviate for a moment. Sherlock Holmes naturally prided himself on being the country’s only “consulting detective,” the last port of call when Scotland Yard was out of its depth. He investigated matters of capital crime; he dealt with the highest in the land; he saw what others could not see. As far as Lady Eva Brackwell (too many other commentators have already pointed out his solecism in using the phrase “*the* Lady Eva Brackwell”—my emphasis—for me to make much of it here) is concerned, in a rather pathetic way Holmes has accepted a commission merely to negotiate the return of those “imprudent” letters. This is one of the various indicators that this story must have occurred relatively early on in his career: Sherlock Holmes in his pomp would never have taken on—or have been expected to take on—so tedious and menial a task.

So to the terms in which Holmes speaks to Watson. I pass comment in parentheses:

1. “An illustrious client . . .” (instantly crawling)
2. “her piteous case” (cringe-making)
3. “the most beautiful *débutante* of last season” (so what? Added, it seems, merely to impress Watson.)
4. “this fiend” (well really! The antithesis of 2 and just as cringe-making.)
5. “imprudent . . . nothing worse” (Holmes will obviously have heard directly from Lady Eva what exactly she had written in these letters, and clearly knew that their publication would be disastrous so far as her impending nuptials were concerned. She must have written these missives after she had become engaged to be married, otherwise Milverton would have had no possible use for them; and they must have implied at least some degree of love for the “impecunious young squire in the country” (see below). Thus, by any moral stan-

dards, she was behaving disgracefully. While not condoning for a moment Milverton's malevolent blackmailing, it is hard to see how Holmes, in serious conversation with Watson, could dismiss the contents of these letters in so airy a fashion.)

6. "an impecunious young squire in the country" (sheer snobbish arrogance oozes from every word)

This is all fairly tawdry stuff. Unless Holmes had himself fallen under Lady Eva's spell—and I suppose that this possibility cannot be totally eliminated and leads to hypotheses beyond the thrust of this article—these can surely only be the words of a very young and naïve professional, overly proud at having received work from a beautiful aristocrat and prepared to close his mind to rational thought. On a chronological note, this again militates in favor of placing the case quite early on in his career, a fact backed up by Milverton's obvious ignorance of Watson's existence ("This gentleman. . . . Is it discreet? Is it right?")

Then there is Agatha. Poor Agatha! Nowhere else in the Canon is there such a person—someone who is not even a walk-on character but merely a passing mention—who has attracted so much comment. Scholars have roundly abused Holmes over the years for toying with the poor girl's affections, for his callousness; also, his clear success in the matters of courtship (at such speed) has been highlighted on a number of occasions in countering accusations of alleged misogyny.

The latter is by the by: I find myself in the "callousness" corner. With brutal disregard for the girl's feelings—and for her to have agreed to an engagement within only a few days, she must have been of relatively simple mind, which makes the whole episode reek the worse—Holmes exploited her disgracefully, and joking about a "hated rival" is no mitigation. Holmes could easily have found out about the layout of Appledore Towers and its owner's evening habits by other means. Sherlock Holmes was certainly no gentleman on this occasion.

Leaping off at a chronological tangent once again, this episode provides two further indicators that the case occurred early on. However good his prowess at disguises, a "plumber with a rising business" must surely be a young man; and I have shown elsewhere that the unusual name of "Escott" adopted by Holmes in his role will have occurred to him because of a recent college acquaintance of his at Oxford.¹

And so we return to the third woman in this excellent tale: she who must be protected, the killer. Holmes's behavior towards her—Watson's also—was extraordinary. By every criterion, she was a murderess. Her shooting of Milverton was quite calculated—yes, born out of despair at her great husband's death from a broken heart, but, as with Lady Eva,

she had been the original guilty party; it was she who had written love letters to another man.

On the evening of the killing, she arrives at exactly the time when Milverton was expecting someone else (“[Y]ou’ve made me lose a good night’s rest, my dear,” says the blackmailer, who clearly thinks he is talking to a maid doing the dirty on her employer, the Countess d’Albert). How on earth could she so have arranged matters? Only with detailed planning and arranging with the maid (goodness knows how, given the extreme social distance between them) to take her place at the appointed time. Although her “lithe figure was quivering with strong emotion,” she was quite calm enough to wait and listen as Milverton uttered his few last words before she drew her pistol.

She was, of course, under tremendous strain: not enough notice has been taken of the fact that her statesman husband had collapsed and died that very day—remember, she had come to Milverton only on the previous evening to beg and pray for mercy—something she would not have done had the letters already been sent to her husband. Thus Milverton must have had the letters passed on to him in the morning.

Now a *crime passionnel* can be understood and occasionally justified: there are several examples in the Canon of Holmes letting apparently guilty parties off under similar circumstances. The Appledore Towers murder does not fall into that category, and there is absolutely no doubt that Holmes should have informed Lestrade of the true facts of the matter and enabled justice to take its course. There is no doubt that he withheld vital evidence, which would also have thrown essential light on the reason for the death of the “great nobleman and statesman.” Why? It is clear that, again, the young Holmes was in thrall to the aristocracy, to the political establishment and its hangers-on, and was not prepared to do the right thing for fear of losing more work from these circles. He was not being gallant in his treatment of the statesman’s widow; he cravenly tried to convince himself that there was some form of divine retribution in Milverton’s death at the hands of the lady.

It would be nice to think that Watson did not merely change names and details, but actually made the whole story up. I almost prefer to believe that, rather than that Holmes indeed behaved in the manner I have suggested!

NOTE

1. Nicholas Utechin, *Sherlock Holmes at Oxford*, Oxford: Robert Dugdale, 1977. *The Oxford University Calendar for 1873* shows that a John Howard Sweet Escott had come up to St. John’s College the previous year on an Open Scholarship where Holmes—inexplicably under the guise of one Edmund Gore Alexander Holmes—had been since 1869.

How Did 221 Come to B?

by MARK LEVY

IT MAY SURPRISE READERS that one of the world's most famous addresses, 221 Baker Street, is mentioned in the Canon only six times,¹ although the street name itself appears some 62 times.² Over the years, Sherlockians have speculated on or deduced the actual location of 221 Baker Street,³ pre-supposing Baker is the actual street name, but assuming the street address or building number was intentionally or inadvertently concealed. Published speculations include house numbers 19 to 35, 49, 59, 61, 63, 66, 109, and 111 Baker Street.⁴

Most everyone agrees that the number 221 for the rooms is fictitious. In 1881, when Holmes and Watson first met, the last existing house number on Baker Street was 85, as it was in 1887 when *A Study in Scarlet* was published. It is understandable that Watson wished to obfuscate the actual location of his and Holmes's rooms from the public, for much the same reasons that many present-day celebrities wish to maintain some degree of privacy.

Look to the Agent

The number 221 is therefore a red herring. Of all the house numbers that Conan Doyle might have chosen, why 221? Accordingly, an investigation into this matter should start with Conan Doyle.

A survey of likely sources for the origin of number 221 yields less than satisfactory results. The number itself is not expressly mentioned or symbolic of anything in the Canon other than the address. It does not refer to orange pips, stains, gables, students, Napoleonic busts, Christmas geese, or redheaded league members. None of the biblical verses in the Christian or Jewish bibles⁵ sheds light on the mystery. The number has no particular significance in mathematics, chemistry, astrology, numerology, or any other field of the occult.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born on 22 May 1859, not 22 January nor February 21st. He was not married, the first or second time, on either of those dates. Nor did Conan Doyle ever live at an address that included the number 221 or any variation thereof.

Only two scholars have speculated on the origin of the number 221, itself.⁶ Frankly, neither of their conclusions is especially persuasive on the origin of number 221.

Conan Doyle admitted, "Classics I like, and I shall always try to keep

up my knowledge of them, but mathematics of every sort I detest and abhor.”⁷ This prompted the compilers of Conan Doyle’s letters to observe, “It’s no surprise that he frequently makes errors with numbers in his Holmes tales, or that Professor Moriarty, his most famous villain, is a mathematician.”⁸ Note, however, that the Canon is replete with numbers representing times, dates, addresses, events, and more. The titles of the adventures themselves include $\frac{3}{4}$ (missing three-quarter), 1 (solitary cyclist), 2 (second stain), 3 (gables, Garridebs, and students), 4 (signs of the), 5 (orange pips), and 6 (Napoleons).

The magic of 221

Although Conan Doyle claimed to have no affinity for mathematics, he could still have had a subconscious ability or an innate mathematical intuition. This is evidenced by the fact that, although he could have used a more common designation or one derived from a meaningful date, for example, he chose instead to select what appears to be an arbitrary number. Paraphrasing a wise man, once the impossible has been eliminated, one must turn to number theory and abstract mathematics—more abstract, perhaps, even than the binomial theory. It is time to examine the number.

221 is not only the sum of two squares: $5^2 + 14^2 = 25 + 196 = 221$; but also the sum of two other squares: $10^2 + 11^2 = 100 + 121 = 221$. So far, the calculation is a simple one. Let us now enter the realm of number theory.⁹

Although exceptional as the sum of two different sets of two squares, number 221 is far from unique. In the first 1,000 numbers, 72 others—including number 1,000¹⁰—are also the sum of two squares two different ways. In fact, ten numbers¹¹ have this characteristic before number 221.

But moving forward, these are much deeper waters than one had thought. Number 221 happens to be not only the sum of five consecutive prime numbers ($37 + 41 + 43 + 47 + 53 = 221$), but also the sum of nine consecutive prime numbers ($11 + 13 + 17 + 19 + 23 + 29 + 31 + 37 + 41 = 221$).

Number 221 has another place of honor, being the number that, when acted upon by the admittedly obscure Mertens function (Franz Mertens, 1840–1927) based on prime factors, results in a return value of number 5, a record high value that is not surpassed until 554.

Back from these arcane and stratospheric heights, the number 221 has two factors, 13 and 17, both prime numbers,¹² making it a square-free semi-prime number, useful in the field of cryptography. This is not unique, either. Four other semi-prime numbers before 221 are also the sums of two squares two different ways.¹³

Consider the prime factors themselves. The four previously mentioned earlier numbers each include, at most, only one double-digit

prime, whereas the factors of 221 are *both* two-digit consecutive primes: $13 \times 17 = 221$. In other words, number 221 is the first number that is the sum of two sets of squares and whose factors are both two-digit primes. And what two-digit prime factors they are! The number 17, of course, represents the number of steps at 221 Baker Street to Holmes's and Watson's first-floor rooms, as Holmes rather churlishly pointed out to Watson in "A Scandal in Bohemia."¹⁴ Coincidentally, the number 17 is also the number of years that Watson accompanied Holmes on his adventures.¹⁵

As for the number 13, that is history's most infamous unlucky number. It also happens to be the number of players on a team playing rugby, a sport Conan Doyle engaged in during his years at Stonyhurst College. It is the number of Apostles plus Jesus who attended the Last Supper, and the number of Knights of the Round Table plus King Arthur. The thirteenth card in a tarot deck is the Death card. Number 13 is also a Fibonacci number.

The elementary solution

As a final observation, consider the numbers of syllables in Arthur Conan Doyle's name. They are, respectively, 2, 2, and 1. In fact, the letter missing from the series that makes up Conan Doyle's initials, A, . . . , C, D is, of course, the very letter appended to the street address under consideration. But Conan Doyle, especially at the beginning of Holmes's career, was a modest man, not given to embed personal clues in his work. Instead, it would not be unlikely that he decided to use the same numerically coded shorthand for nominative syllables as homage to a friend and mentor of his whose full name and title had the same meter: Dr. Joseph Bell (2 - 2 - 1 syllables). A superior mind selected a number with the forgoing unique and complex characteristics of 221. Conan Doyle's protestations to the contrary, he clearly possessed the acumen to choose a memorable number.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: I thank correspondents Donald Redmond, Victoria Gill, Katherine Karlson, Christopher Schuck, Albert Weiner, and Cheryl Card; all helped to inspire this thesis.

NOTES

1. The full address, 221B Baker Street, appears three times in *A Study in Scarlet*, and once each in *The Sign of the Four*, "The Blue Carbuncle," and "The Naval Treaty." The letter B is printed in upper case in those editions of *A Study in Scarlet* that include the letter, although a number of writings referring to the Canon use a lower case b.
2. Again, Baker Street without a number is mentioned a number of times in each of *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Sign of the Four*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *The Valley of Fear*, "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Red-

- Headed League,” “A Case of Identity,” “The Boscombe Valley Mystery,” “The Five Orange Pips,” “The Man with the Twisted Lip,” and “The Blue Carbuncle.”
3. A partial list of commentators includes Michael Harrison, *Letters to Baker Street*, BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 23, No. 4 (Dec. 1973), p. 251; Vincent Starrett, “How I Got That Way,” BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 24, No. 1 (Mar. 1974), p. 7; Paul O. Iacono, “The True Location of 221B,” BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 31, No. 3 (Sept. 1981), p. 161; Edward A. Merrill, *Letters to Baker Street*, BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 32, No. 1 (Mar. 1982), p. 51; Léo Sauvage, “Eliminating the Impossible,” BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 33, No. 1 (Mar. 1983), p. 24; and Catherine Cooke, “Here Never Dwelt Together,” *Letters to Baker Street*, BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 41, No. 1 (Mar. 1991), p. 48.
 4. David Hammer, *Yonder in the Gaslight*, Shelburne, ON: The Battered Silicon Dispatch Box, 2000, pp. 35–37; James Holroyd, *Baker Street By-Ways*, London: George Allen & Unwin, 1959, pp. 53–67.
 5. No appropriate biblical chapter and verse (e.g., 2:21, 22:1) in the King James Version appears relevant to Sherlockian places or events.
 6. Michael Harrison, “Why ‘221B’?” BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Vol. 14, No. 4 (Dec. 1964), pp. 219–222. Harrison’s speculation is rather fanciful, involving a manipulation of Baker Street addresses existing at that time, simple mathematical functions and questionable interpretations, resulting in the number $22\frac{1}{2}$, manipulated yet again to become 2(21B). George Cleve Haynes, “Of B’s, Baker Streets and Irregular Speculations,” *Sherlock Holmes Journal*, Vol. 19, No. 1 (Winter 1988), pp. 20–21. A number of Baker Street addresses flooding Conan Doyle during a trip to Baker Street “might have registered a lasting impression on his brain.
 7. Jon Lellenberg, Daniel Stashower, and Charles Foley, eds., *Arthur Conan Doyle: A Life in Letters*, New York: Penguin Press, 2007.
 8. Lellenberg et al.
 9. The French scientist and mathematician Leonard Euler (1707–1783) analyzed and factored numbers that are the sum of two squares based on the work of Pierre de Fermat (1601–1665).
 10. $1,000 = 10^2 + 30^2 = 100 + 900$; $1,000 = 18^2 + 26^2 = 324 + 676$
 11.

$50 = 1^2 + 7^2 = 5^2 + 5^2$
$65 = 1^2 + 8^2 = 4^2 + 7^2$
$85 = 2^2 + 9^2 = 6^2 + 7^2$
$125 = 2^2 + 11^2 = 5^2 + 10^2$
$130 = 3^2 + 11^2 = 7^2 + 9^2$
$145 = 1^2 + 12^2 = 8^2 + 9^2$
$170 = 1^2 + 13^2 = 7^2 + 11^2$
$185 = 4^2 + 13^2 = 8^2 + 11^2$
$200 = 2^2 + 14^2 = 10^2 + 10^2$
$205 = 3^2 + 14^2 = 6^2 + 13^2$

12. Leonardo Fibonacci (1175–1250) discovered that a number must be the sum of two squares if both of its factors are the sum of two squares. Number 221 obeys this rule, as the factors 13 and 17 are themselves the sum of two squares:

$$\begin{aligned}13 &= 2^2 + 3^2 = 4 + 9 \\17 &= 4^2 + 1^2 = 16 + 1\end{aligned}$$

13.
$$\begin{aligned}65 &= 5 \times 13 = 1^2 + 8^2 = 4^2 + 7^2 \\85 &= 5 \times 17 = 2^2 + 9^2 = 6^2 + 7^2 \\145 &= 5 \times 29 = 8^2 + 9^2 = 1^2 + 12^2 \\205 &= 5 \times 41 = 6^2 + 13^2 = 3^2 + 14^2\end{aligned}$$
14. “You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed” (“A Scandal in Bohemia”).
15. “When one considers that Mr. Sherlock Holmes was in active practice for twenty-three years, and that during seventeen of these I was allowed to co-operate with him and to keep notes of his doings, it will be clear that I have a mass of material at my command” (“The Veiled Lodger”).



“You must act man, or you are lost.” (FIVE)

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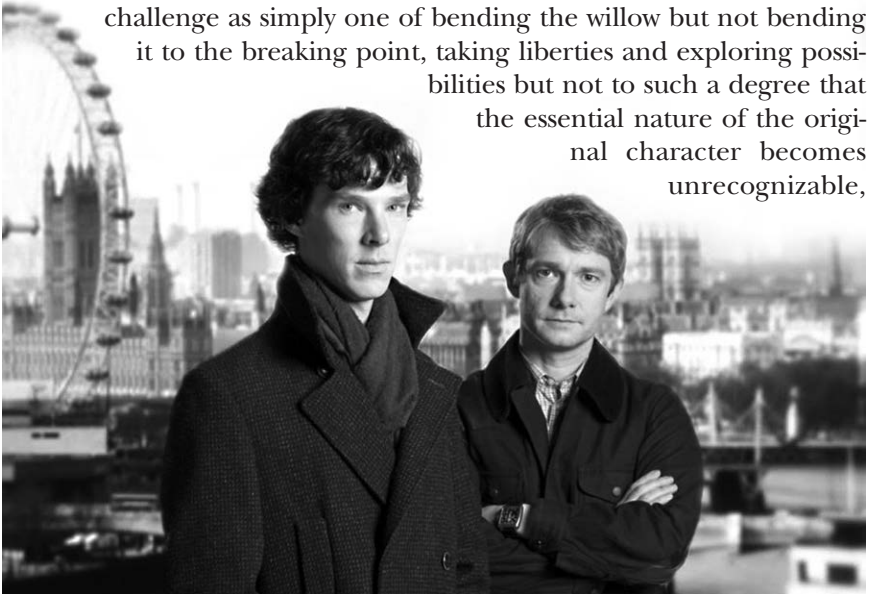
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Sherlock, the Series

by JOSEPH A. SHANNON

AFTER READING SOME PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL regarding the new BBC series *Sherlock*, my immediate response was one of anxious resistance. This anticipatory anxiety may have been brought about, at least partially, by my disappointment with the film *Sherlock Holmes* starring Robert Downey, Jr. My uneasy opposition lifted ten minutes or so into the first episode, when I realized that I was becoming interested both in the story line and in how the characters were being defined. Needless to say, a pleasant feeling of relief wafted over me as I hit the pause button on my Sherlockian purist principles and decided to dig in and enjoy this dark but promising presentation.

What was it about this interpretation that I found so enjoyable and thought provoking? In asking myself that question, I recalled David Stuart Davies's wonderful *Bending the Willow*—part Jeremy Brett biography, part history of the making and marketing of the Granada series *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* of the late 1980s and early '90s. The title of the book was based on a metaphor that Brett used to assist him in solving the riddle of how an actor can bring new life and new energy to a character as iconic, prestigious, and universally celebrated as Sherlock Holmes. This task was made doubly difficult by the fact that Holmes's persona has been cemented in the public mind for well over a century. Brett saw the challenge as simply one of bending the willow but not bending it to the breaking point, taking liberties and exploring possibilities but not to such a degree that the essential nature of the original character becomes unrecognizable,



going to the edge but never falling off the precipice, to use another metaphor.

Even though this new *Sherlock* series is both twisted and inverted, the core elements—the masterful deductive abilities, the showman-like personality, the peculiarities of temperament—are all abundantly present in this updated, upbeat version, and isn't that the formula that led to the success of the original Sherlock Holmes series in the first place?

Sherlock not only modernizes *A Study in Scarlet* and several other stories, but also in the process manages to turn much of the story line and many of the characters completely on their heads. This *Through the Looking-Glass* 180-degree upending is not only ingenious and thought-provoking but most importantly is done with a deep appreciation for the original material. The BBC team never allows the project to capsize like the Downey film, which lumbered from one computer graphic escapade to another.

“A Study in Pink”—an auspicious beginning

Lestrade, played by Rupert Graves, is no longer an ambitious and oversensitive spotlight seeker but actually turns out to be an admirer and, on more than one occasion, a defender of Holmes. Unlike the original Lestrade, the new reincarnation clearly concedes the consulting detective's first-class intellect and superior deductive abilities. Also a nice touch is the addition of Vinette Robinson as Sgt. Sally Donovan, whose fiery hostility towards Holmes is not only based on her belief that he is a “freak” and a “psychopath” but also that he is (the unkindest cut) an “amateur” as well. This malice squares very well with Watson's comment in the Canon that if Holmes had lived in the Middle Ages a superstitious community would have burned him at the stake for his remarkable abilities.

Is it Mycroft, or is it Moriarty? It was noteworthy that they dealt fast and loose with Mycroft's character, played to stuffy bureaucratic perfection by co-creator Mark Gatiss, leaving us in a state of uncertainty until the very end of the first show when the character's true identity is revealed. The stout Mycroft of the Canon is replaced with a thinner, stiffer personage; and the original fond (if not overly warm) relationship between the Holmes brothers is supplanted on Sherlock's part with one of suspicion and overt hostility. We should also notice that enmeshed in this sibling discord is the project's not-so-veiled protest against current British Middle Eastern military adventures.

The rooms at 221B Baker Street resemble the ones that we have all come to know and feel a strong attachment to, except there is now a kitchen alongside the sitting room and the new Mrs. Hudson, played with convincing flightiness by Una Stubbs, has made it very clear to



Sherlock and John on the case.

both Sherlock and John that maid service and cooking are not duties included in the rent. The modern age has descended and it will be amusing to see how this plays out in future, because it seems from the first series that neither Sherlock nor John take seriously Mrs. Hudson's pronouncements regarding her limited custodial responsibilities.

Among other turnabouts we have John's brother's watch being replaced by a mobile; "Rache" really standing for a name rather than revenge as in *A Study in Scarlet*; Watson and Stanford, prior to Stanford introducing Watson to Sherlock, having coffee in Hyde Park instead of lunching at the Holborn; the cabbie being the villain rather than the heroic Jefferson Hope of the original; Sherlock's magnifying glass replaced by a Barnes and Noble zoom magnifier; the street urchins who made up the original Irregulars being replaced by London's homeless, and on and on. Also, let's not overlook the fact that *fin-de-siècle* sexual mores are replaced with more contemporary amorous activity when our new Watson, finally in the third installment, "gets it on" with fellow medical clinic staffer Sarah played by Zoe Telford. But what would certainly win the prize for the best modern adjustment of all is Sherlock exchanging his pipe for nicotine patches. "This is a three patch problem." Only the most rigid Sherlockian traditionalist could resist such a delightful environmentally/politically correct innovation.

Benedict Cumberbatch, with frenetic and riveting intensity, succeeds beyond all expectations in capturing the sociopathic nature of this 21st-century Sherlock Holmes. Cumberbatch's high-energy performance makes the character's desperation to escape the mundane of life so tangible that at the end of the first installment we believe the cabbie when he tells Sherlock that it is his obsessive and addictive nature that will be his undoing.

Martin Freeman deserves to be commended for playing Sherlock Holmes's second fiddle with loyal and stiff resignation, which is exactly what we expect and want from a Watson. Phillip Davis gives a chilling portrayal of Jeff, the brilliant but maniacal cabbie, in his brief but memorable confrontation with Cumberbatch at the end of the episode. The cabbie's rich and detail reading of Sherlock even for a time unsettles the master.

“The Blind Banker”—an interim illness

“The Blind Banker” starts out quite well, but after the first half hour it sadly allows itself to fall prey to Chinese acrobats, circus tricks, and swordplay. On the whole it is strikingly non-impressive and certainly not on par with “A Study in Pink.”

“The Great Game”—a full recovery

“The Great Game” is an ingenious amalgamation of “The Five Orange Pips,” “The Bruce-Partington Plans,” and “The Final Problem,” with occasional references to *A Study in Scarlet*. It is obvious after the first few minutes that the Baker Street duo has recuperated and has returned with a vengeance. One reason for this miraculous recovery is the project’s handlers wisely deciding to bring back Rupert Graves as Detective Lestrade and Vinette Robinson as the acidic Sergeant Donovan, both of whom had such a positive effect on the first installment and were sorely missed in the second.

The third installment predictably gives us some new contemporary techno-innovative references as well including an updated view of Sherlock’s lack of knowledge of the solar system, a topic that is discussed at length in *A Study in Scarlet*. This version decides not to portray Sherlock as being unaware of the solar system; rather, it takes the position that he has made the conscious decision to delete all such useless information because irrelevant material takes up needed space on his superior, but finite, intellectual hard-drive. The original proposition that Sherlock was completely unaware of the Copernican heliocentric model was always too much to swallow. Another agreeable modernization is Sherlock’s updated comment that he would be lost without his “blogger.” We should also take note of the fact that, in this episode, Sherlock’s emotional façade begins to crack when he is struck almost speechless (a rare thing for Cumberbatch’s Sherlock) by John’s willingness to give his life for his friend.

However, the most important supplement in this third chapter is the introduction of Andrew Scott as Sherlock’s archnemesis James Moriarty. Scott portrays the mephistophelian Moriarty with snarling (he really does snarl at one point) precision and leaves us with an indelibly nasty impression even though his screen time is limited to a brief exchange in the beginning and a five-minute confrontation at the end of this installment. The finale gives us a cliffhanging (Reichenbachian) experience *par excellence*. Hopefully our heroes’ current predicament will be resolved in the next group of stories, which is scheduled for early 2012.

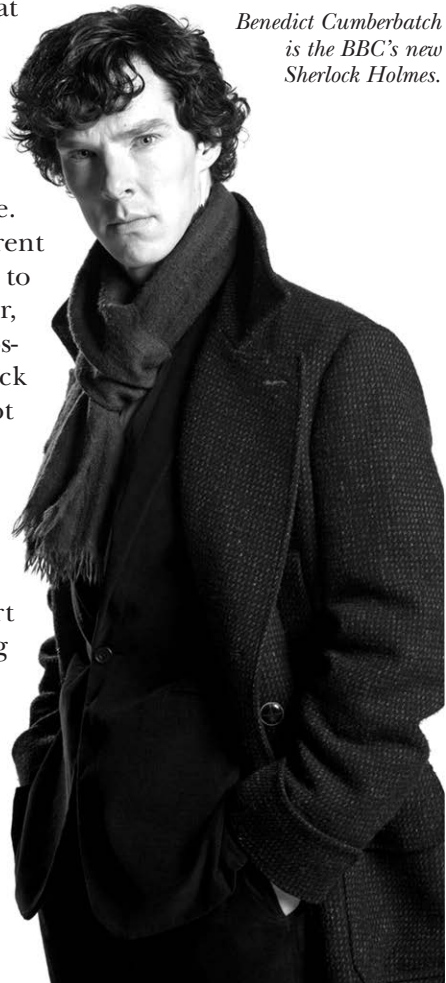
A Study in *Sherlock*

by PAT WARD

PEOPLE LIVING IN A GREAT HISTORICAL AGE may not recognize it. Ancient Rome's residents were likely blissfully unaware that they were part of a great empire. The citizens of Renaissance Italy may have been too busy worrying about the plague to recognize the great art produced around them. Queen Elizabeth I's subjects were probably ignorant that they lived in a remarkable period of exploration, scientific achievement, and literary success. It's quite possible that Sherlockians and Holmesians are unaware that we're now living in a Golden Age. There are dark clouds—the apparent decline of reading, what appears to be an attack on the book by other, usually electronic, forms, the closing of bookstores—but Sherlock Holmes is alive and thriving not only as a literary hero but also as a great presence in the worlds of film and television. There's the big budget, not entirely uncanonical sequel to the film *Sherlock Holmes*, starring Robert Downey, Jr., and Jude Law, arriving this Christmas season. And there's the BBC TV series *Sherlock* that's brought Sherlock Holmes into the 21st century while remaining faithful to the characters of Holmes and Watson and their friendship.

Sherlock ranks among the best screen adaptations of Conan Doyle's stories, something recog-

Benedict Cumberbatch is the BBC's new Sherlock Holmes.



nized outside the Sherlockian world. Honors rained down on the first series, including a British Association of Film and Television Award for Best Drama Series and one to Martin Freeman for his performance as Watson, while the series' Holmes, Benedict Cumberbatch, was nominated for Best Actor. The series has been syndicated throughout the world, and while *Sherlock* premiered in the United Kingdom in the middle of the summer, traditionally a time of low viewership, it was a huge ratings hit. The series proved equally popular when it debuted on PBS's *Masterpiece Mystery!* in October 2010. The first series was more than successful enough to spawn a second trio of 90-minute episodes, which are filming at this writing and are set to appear on British TV screens in early 2012. Following in the footsteps of the first series, the second will feature the updating of three Holmes adventures, and their announced titles—"A Scandal in Belgravia," "The Hound of Baskervilles," and "The Reichenbach Fall"—should cause any self-respecting Holmes fan to recognize their sources. The show's creators promise the appearance of Irene Adler, a certain spectral hound, the continued threat of Moriarty, and possibly even the appearance of the deerstalker.

This success wasn't assured when the first story, "A Study in Pink," premiered on BBC2 in the summer of 2010. Attempt to update Sherlock Holmes to contemporary times—most of them by Americans and on flimsy budget—had been notably unsuccessful and frequently awful. Television characters based on Holmes were all over the channels, with *Adrian Monk* and *Gregory House* two of the most popular. With so many pseudo-Sherlocks about, was there room for the real thing? Rumors of trouble surrounded *Sherlock*'s production, especially when the BBC asked for the pilot to be re-shot. There were whispers that the BBC had a major disaster on its hands.

But the series premiered to shouts of praise. Dan Martin wrote in *The Guardian*, "Purists will take umbrage, as purists always do. But *Sherlock* has already done something quite remarkable; it's taken television's Sunday night and made it sexy."¹ In *The Independent* Tom Sutcliffe praised:

Sherlock is a triumph, witty and knowing, without undercutting the flair and dazzle of the original. It understands that Holmes isn't really about plot but about charisma. . . . Flagrantly unfaithful to the original in some respects, *Sherlock* is wonderfully loyal to it in every way that matters.²

As word of mouth and bootleg DVDs crossed the Atlantic, American television viewers and Sherlockians became aware something

special was on its way. When *Sherlock* debuted in the United States in October 2010, North American critics joined British in praising it. Patricia Treble, TV critic for the Canadian newsmagazine *Maclean's*, called *Sherlock* a “charming and luxuriously complex reimagining,”³ while *The Philadelphia Inquirer* gushed, “five minutes into the BBC miniseries *Sherlock* . . . and the whole household was weeping with joy. Even the cat was moved.”⁴

Sherlock's success is not so surprising after an examination of the interests and careers of its creators, Steven Moffat and Mark Gatiss. The two men might have been preparing all of their lives to write an updated Sherlock Holmes. They share a background in comedy writing—Moffat as a writer of situation comedies, including one based on the breakup of his first marriage, and Gatiss as a member of the comedy troupe The League of Gentlemen—which may explain why *Sherlock* is frequently funny and witty. The pair shared an interest in Victorian literature and popular culture, and had already produced an inspired television production of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Their reworking of *Dr. Who* rescued the Time Lord from a world of cheesy special effects and hammy acting and raised the series to remarkable science fiction. While the two writers traveled by train to Cardiff where *Dr. Who* was filmed, they discovered a shared interest in Sherlock Holmes. In several interviews and their commentary on the DVDs of *Sherlock's* first season, Gatiss and Moffat noted that their conversations were a Holmes-like moment that mirrored one of Sidney Paget's illustrations of Holmes and Watson discussing a case on a train. Moffat confessed, “The very words ‘Baker Street’ send a thrill through me.”⁵ In an interview Gatiss revealed, “I'm drawn to eccentric characters because they're more fun. . . . Also, eccentric characters can surprise you. Something I was very keen to push in our version of Sherlock, which I don't think has ever been done before, was to combat this idea that Holmes is a complete know-it-all.”⁶

As Gatiss and Moffat discussed their mutual interest in Holmes, they discovered they also shared a love of the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce films. Both felt that these films, especially the ones that updated Holmes to World War II England, were truer to the spirit of Conan Doyle's characters than many, supposedly more faithful adaptations. The two writers began wondering why there hadn't been a successful attempt to update Holmes since those films. The two concluded someone would eventually try to create a contemporary Holmes, and it might as well be them. Unlike past efforts, which treated Holmes as a 19th-century figure lost in the 20th century, Gatiss and Moffat presented Holmes as a man for all times, one whose intelligence and gifts

allowed him to work as comfortably in 2010 London as he did in 1895 London. Technology didn't baffle this Holmes; he used it to his advantage. The 19th-century detective used the telegraph and the railroad; the 20th-century detective text messaged on a cell phone and used the Internet. Instead of a journal, Dr. Watson keeps a blog, and, sadly, there's another war in Afghanistan where Watson is wounded physically and emotionally. Moffat observed in an interview on National Public Radio:

Well, to be honest, if you map the original stories onto the modern world, the parallels are so exact and so simple that it tells its own story. It's fairly unusual for anyone to keep a journal now. No one would keep a diary the way Dr. Watson used to in the stories. But of course you do a blog.⁷

Moffat and Gatiss get it. They are Holmesians. Interviews reveal that they know and love Sherlock Holmes. Listening to their commentary on the first-season DVD of *Sherlock* is similar to attending a particularly lively and intelligent scion meeting. (Moffat's wife Sue Vertue, the series' executive producer, plays the part of the cool girl the guys have let up into the treehouse during these commentaries.) This commentary and many interviews demonstrated that Gatiss and Moffat know not only the Canon, but also the many films, television programs, and other media that have contributed as much to the world's image of Holmes and Watson as Sidney Paget or Frederic Dorr Steele. (One of the best moments in the DVD commentary comes when the two writers spend several minutes discussing their admiration for Billy Wilder's *The*



*Martin Freeman is
Dr. John H. Watson.*

Private Life of Sherlock Holmes.) Moffat and Gatiss felt free to pick and choose from the best parts of the best Holmes screen adventures. At the same time, the two writers sought to return to what they believed was the central appeal of the stories, Holmes and Watson and their friendship, elements the two thought had been lost in other films and TV programs. Gatiss and Moffat believed that the trappings surrounding Holmes—deerstalker, hansom cabs, foggy London streets—had come to obscure and imprison the characters. Gatiss commented:

What appealed to us about doing *Sherlock* in the present day is that the characters have become literally lost in the fog. . . . And while I am second to no one in my enjoyment of that sort of Victoriana, we wanted to get back to the characters and to why they became the most wonderful partnership in literature.⁸

Two rising young actors were selected to portray that partnership. Benedict Cumberbatch was the first and only choice for Holmes. *The Guardian* noted, “Cumberbatch has a reputation for playing odd, brilliant men very well. . . .”⁹ In common with other fine Holmes actors, Cumberbatch has played more than a few villains, and characters ranging from Stephen Hawking to William Pitt the Younger. There’s an aristocratic touch about his background. Cumberbatch attended Harrow, one of the great English public schools. But his parents are the actors Timothy Carlton and Wanda Ventham, and he spent a year after his graduation from Harrow teaching English in a Tibetan monastery.¹⁰ After attending the University of Manchester, Cumberbatch studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. The actor has worked steadily since leaving that institution, and his striking, unconventional good looks have undoubtedly played some part in that. But he also appears to be an especially disciplined and intelligent actor. During *Sherlock*’s production, he worked so hard that he developed pneumonia, but he insisted playing Holmes was fun. Cumberbatch was very aware of the actors he followed as Holmes, especially Jeremy Brett. Brett was a frequent visitor to Cumberbatch’s home when the younger actor was a boy. “He casts a towering shadow,” Cumberbatch said. “He was a friend of my mom’s, and he was around our family a lot. He and the part collided, and he let it take him over.”¹¹

There are modern touches to this Holmes. The detective wears nicotine patches—a lot of them—instead of smoking a pipe or cigarettes, and he uses a modern forensic laboratory, but, like Jeremy Brett, Cumberbatch used the stories for the base of his performance:

Well, the book, as Jeremy, I'm sure if he was alive would also say, was the template for any actor playing Holmes. And whether it's a raised eyebrow or whether it's the clasped hands under the chin in the prayer position, whether it's him sitting on his haunches, all of that is documented in the books. The books are the guidelines for that.¹²

It may be a sign of the recognition of Watson's importance to the stories and as part of this great partnership, but Watson was the more difficult role to cast. Several actors received serious consideration, including Matt Smith, who would later play Dr. Who. Martin Freeman, an actor best known for his comic performance in the British production of *The Office* and as Arthur Dent in the film of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, was finally cast. Like Cumberbatch, Freeman had worked steadily since his graduation from acting school, in his case the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. The series' producers weren't entirely sure they had found their Watson until they saw Cumberbatch and Freeman read a script together. Moffat commented, "When you saw them standing together, well, that's a television series right there."¹³ Moffat also noted, "Martin finds a poetry in the everyday man,"¹⁴ and there certainly is more than a touch of the poet in both Conan Doyle and Freeman's Watson. Freeman, like Cumberbatch, felt the weight of his predecessors:

I think you can get into a lot of trouble if you try to hang your hat too much on what other people have done. It's just not your job. These



Rupert Graves as Detective Inspector Lestrade.

people haven't done this script. We're not playing the novels, we're not playing the films, we're doing the scripts by Stephen [*sic*] Moffat and Mark Gatiss. To know about the other stuff is interesting and helpful, but we can't play that. All we can do is this. I'm just treating it like it's a new script and no one's ever heard of it before. That's hard, because you have to say, 'Mr Holmes' and things, and when that comes out of your mouth, you hear 120 years of history right there.¹⁵

Cumberbatch and Freeman had admired each other's work, but had never worked together. Like Holmes and Watson, after their first meeting they quickly became good friends. Cumberbatch noted, "And Martin is great to work with. He can be funny at the drop of a hat but he's also a very detailed, nuanced actor and a great sounding board."¹⁶

Other recurring roles were cast with an equal blend of canonical fidelity and an eye on the new. Gatiss played a surprisingly slender, slightly menacing Mycroft Holmes, a performance that seemed somewhat inspired by Christopher Lee's take on the role in *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. Moffat and Gatiss defended their take on Mycroft by explaining that the older Holmes brother would take advantage of modern diet and fitness programs. A familiar face to viewers of British television, Rupert Graves, was a remarkably sympathetic Detective Inspector Lestrade, who was both vexed by and admiring of Holmes. Moffat noted that Graves played Lestrade with such an appealing gravity that the Scotland Yard detective could be the center of his own series.¹⁷

Gatiss and Moffat wanted 21st-century London to be as much of a character in their Sherlock's world as the 19th-century city was for Conan Doyle's. Of course, that 19th-century London exists as part of the 21st-century one. The series' signature shot of the huge London Eye, the towering Ferris wheel that's become a central point in the London skyline, sharing the screen with Big Ben, set the visual theme for the series. The 21st-century Sherlock knows his London as well as the 19th-century Holmes knew his. He rushes headlong through the streets and jumps in and out of cabs, but in a more sterile, colder, and more hostile world than the one Conan Doyle's Holmes occupied. This modern London is so cold that even while watching the DVD on a hot, muggy day, a viewer shivers. The spare, isolated, empty room Watson occupies before he meets Holmes is a sharp contrast to the organized chaos of 221B. And it's clear that this Baker Street environment is far better for Watson's emotional health.

Sherlock wasn't complete perfection. "A Study in Pink," perhaps because it was reshot and the last of the three episodes to be filmed, was clearly the strongest of the trio. But even it suffers from several plot holes, although perhaps none worse than those in its source *A Study in*



Scarlet. While Moffat stated that the series wanted to establish Moriarty as a truly terrifying, psychotic villain, both the writing of the character and Andrew Scott's performance have yet to carry much weight.

There will be future episodes in which Moriarty can develop. Even as the first episodes aired in England, Gatiss and Moffat were considering what stories they could update next. The writers' musings became more important when the series became a hit. *Sherlock*'s success had a great effect on its creators and stars. The BBC granted Gatiss and Moffat *carte blanche*. Cumberbatch's and Freeman's rising stars exploded. Cumberbatch returned to the stage to alternate between the roles of Dr. Frankenstein and his creation in a highly acclaimed production of *Frankenstein* at the Royal National Theatre and will star in Steven Spielberg's film of the hit play *War Horse*. Martin Freeman concluded filming of *The Hobbit* before starting work on the second season of *Sherlock*. The Academy Award-winning director Peter Jackson had wanted Freeman so badly for the part of Bilbo Baggins that he was willing to adjust the film's shooting schedule to Freeman's.

The series has had as great if not greater effect on Sherlock Holmes. *Sherlock* may be the most influential event in the world of Sherlock Holmes since the appearance of the Granada television series

starring Jeremy Brett in the 1980s. *Sherlock* has not just updated the detective; the series has updated how the world views Holmes. It isn't just that Holmes had a web page and Watson a blog. Viewers could actually visit the website, *The Science of Deduction* (<http://thescienceofdeduction.co.uk>), and the blog www.johnwatsonblog.co.uk, to get more information about the cases and to interact with Holmes and Watson. Moffat and Gatiss used the Internet and social networking sites like Facebook to publicize the series and to communicate with what they affectionately referred to as the "Sherlockian fan-boys," something the two writers themselves clearly considered. (My only objection to Sherlockian fan-boy, which is clearly a term of honor from Gatiss and Moffat, is that it ignores the other gender of Holmes fans. We fan-girls like Sherlock too.) The Facebook page *Sherlockology*, where Gatiss frequently posts, has become one of the most reliable sources of news on the series. These publicity efforts appear to have made Holmes cool beyond the Sherlockian world, so cool that he became a fashion icon, with the long scarves and coats and tailored suits worn by Cumberbatch becoming must-haves for young men and women in England. There were developments in more traditional areas as well. Bookstores in the UK reported a run on the original stories.

But it isn't London and the clothes, blogs, and text messages that ultimately made *Sherlock* a hit. Gatiss and Moffat got it right. By updating Holmes, they freed Sherlock and Watson from the cobbled streets and manor houses and fogs that threatened to smother the characters. The Granada series returned to the source to discover the enduring friendship and the characters of Holmes and Watson. *Sherlock* discovered the same truth by updating the source. The Robert Downey, Jr., film is a great deal of fun. Downey's Holmes has more than a touch of the Canon about it, and, for those of us who are admirers of Watson, Jude Law's performance as an attractive, brave, and smart man is very welcome. And the second film promises to have a splendid Mycroft in Stephen Fry and a sinister Moriarty in Jared Harris. But for all of the banter between Downey and Law, *Sherlock Holmes* was more about style in its depiction of a dark, gray world than the substance of Holmes and Watson's friendship.

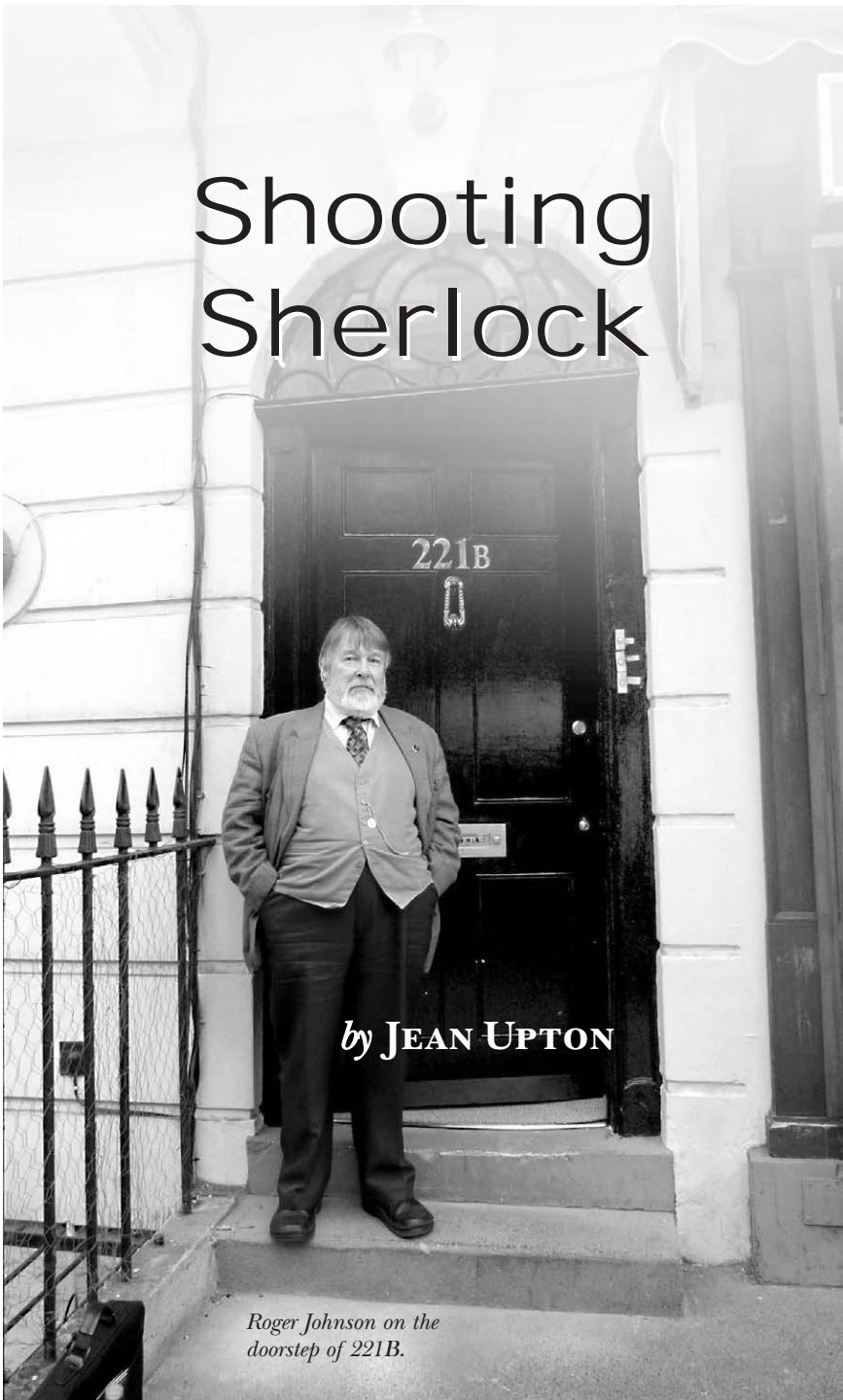
In "A Study in Pink," Lestrade comments to Watson, "I think Sherlock Holmes is a great man. I have hopes he will be a good man." *Sherlock's* updating of the Canon is witty, clever, and smart, but its greater achievement is its subtle study of how Watson gently pushes Holmes to be that good man, and Holmes saves Watson from a spare, lonely life. Gatiss, Moffat, and Cumberbatch all noted that Watson is Holmes's moral compass, and, as much as the audience can look forward to the appearances of Irene Adler and the hound

of the Baskerville and even the deerstalker, the greatest anticipation may be seeing how Watson becomes that moral compass. *Sherlock* proves that Sherlock Holmes has always lived in a Golden Age and that Holmes, Watson, and their friendship are characters and a story for all times.

NOTES

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Shooting Sherlock



by **JEAN UPTON**

*Roger Johnson on the
doorstep of 221B.*

IN 2006 WRITER AND ACTOR MARK GATISS was the guest speaker at the annual dinner of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London, with the writer and producer Steven Moffat as his guest. It was during his speech that Mark first made public their shared idea of updating Sherlock Holmes to modern times:

Through a fog of tobacco we began to discuss the question: could Holmes be brought alive for a whole new generation? It's only a thought. A beginning. But it's got us both very excited. If my young self—who dreamed of silver-topped canes and monkey glands and vitriol throwings—could hear me now he would thrill with horror. But to prove Holmes immortal it's essential he's not preserved in Victorian aspic but allowed to live again!

Several years passed, and enthusiastic discussion continued between Mark and Steven as they travelled between London and Cardiff for work on *Doctor Who*. Eventually, Steven Moffat's wife, producer Sue Vertue, administered the figurative kick in the pants, stating that they should stop talking about it and do it before someone else got there first. There's nothing like a whiff of competition to get things moving!

So it was in the summer of 2010 that all Sherlockians were interested, and very few individuals dismayed by the appearance of a 21st-century incarnation of Holmes and Watson. Roger Johnson (my husband and editor of the *Sherlock Holmes Journal*) and I were invited to attend the press preview of *Sherlock*, and were delighted with what we saw. Needless to say, it was pleasing to learn that a second series had been commissioned, and it was suggested that we could come along at some point in the future to observe a day's filming.

The start of production for the long-awaited second set of episodes was delayed from its original planned schedule, but with good reason. Benedict Cumberbatch was appearing in a new stage adaptation of *Frankenstein*, directed by Danny Boyle, at the National Theatre. Unusually, Benedict alternated the roles of Victor Frankenstein and the Creature with his co-star Jonny Lee Miller. Its phenomenal success resulted in an extended run, taking Benedict's commitments into May. In the meantime, Martin Freeman was halfway around the world in New Zealand for the initial filming of *The Hobbit* in the role of Bilbo Baggins. During a production break he returned to the UK especially to continue in his role as John Watson before returning to Hobbiton. *Sherlock* Series 2 eventually got under way in late May 2011.

Following up on the offer of a visit to the set, Sue Vertue arranged for us to observe a location shoot in London on 14 July for action occurring in “The Reichenbach Fall,” the final episode of the new series, but the second to be produced. Thoughtfully, she ensured that the location for our visit was at 221B Baker Street, where a series of transitional incidents were to be filmed.

Our day began by meeting up with second assistant director James DeHaviland and the production unit at their base in a designated car park in central London. It was 2 P.M., the start of a workday that would continue into the wee hours of the following morning. Much to Roger’s delight we were invited to join the crew and secondary actors for a hearty “breakfast” of eggs, bacon, and the works.

Minibuses transported everyone over to North Gower Street (which stands in for Baker Street), where we were introduced to the episode’s director, Toby Haynes. Equipment and crew were already in place for rehearsals, while final touches to dress the site were still being carried out.

Through a bit of sleight of hand (and big blokes climbing up extension ladders), North Gower Street is simply but effectively transformed by covering up the existing street signs with ones appropriate for the real Baker Street area (eagle-eyed viewers can try to spot a misspelling that occurs in all of them, except for the Baker Street signs). A few of the front doors of the properties along the street are replaced and re-numbered to reflect the fictional addresses, and outside 221B a blue



Martin Freeman, Mark Gatiss, Toby Haynes, Rupert Graves.



North Gower Street stands in for Baker Street.

heritage plaque for the Italian patriot Giuseppe Mazzini is covered over by a modern light fixture. The one property that requires no change is Speedy's sandwich shop, immediately next door to 221B. The interiors are filmed at the studio in Cardiff, but skillful editing makes the on-screen transition virtually seamless.

The multi-tasking Mark Gatiss met us on site, not in the persona of Mycroft Holmes nor as this particular episode's writer, but in his capacity as one of the executive producers of the series. He very kindly devoted much of his day to introducing us to members of the cast and crew, pointing out clues and details to watch for, and generally being his usual charming self. Some conversation revolved around "A Scandal in Belgravia," the first episode of the new series, but the last to be shot. As of that date, Irene Adler had not yet been cast (Lara Pulver eventually took the role), and there was considerable debate on how Irene's name should be pronounced. Martin Freeman and Rupert Graves soon joined us for a brief chat before their rehearsals began for the first take of the day.



Mark Gatiss

Surprisingly, North Gower Street isn't closed off for the duration of the shoot. Pedestrians and traffic pass through as normal during set-up and rehearsal, making life



Cameraman, Martin Freeman, Rupert Graves, Toby Haynes.

easier for residents and anyone travelling through the area. It does, however, occasionally make life interesting for the cast and crew. During one rehearsal in which Watson and Lestrade were to pull up in a car, jump out, and dash over to the door of 221B, Martin Freeman executed the action with no problem. However, to his consternation, Rupert Graves was hemmed in by traffic on his side and couldn't open the car door. Helplessly detained, once traffic eventually moved on he hopped out and sheepishly made his way over to a grinning Martin, who was biding his time by performing an amusing improvised dance at the curbside.

There is better control when time comes for the actual filming. A police officer temporarily prevents vehicles from entering the road, enabling the take to be carried out quickly and efficiently. This works well for motorized traffic, but pedestrians can still create complications. Filming was well under way with Sherlock about to spot a pivotal clue across the road, when a smartly dressed businessman strode inexorably into camera range, so intent on his very loud mobile phone conversation that he was oblivious to the crew members anxiously plucking at his sleeves to stop his progress. All action had to cease and the scene be completely re-set to start over. It's worth mentioning here that, despite the verisimilitude on screen, the people seen in the background and passing through scenes are hired actors who move when and where they are told. No one is ever shown on camera that shouldn't be there.

Between rehearsals and takes, Cumberbatch was kept particularly busy with a small group of visitors from the Prince's Trust, for which he

is an Ambassador. The Trust, established by the Prince of Wales, improves the lives of disadvantaged young people by providing practical and financial support to develop key skills for work, education, or training. Benedict ensured that he spent time talking with each individual, and one schoolboy seized the opportunity to demonstrate a few prodigious card tricks, which were very well received. Although the weather was extremely hot and humid, Benedict obligingly put on Sherlock's iconic overcoat to pose for photos, and every youngster received a personalized autograph.

Despite the day's pressures Benedict made a point of coming over to meet us. He was intrigued by Roger's SHSL lapel pin, mistaking it for Masonic regalia, and was greatly amused when he suddenly recognized the familiar deerstalker and pipe. We enjoyed a discussion regarding his recent dual roles in *Frankenstein* and the different approaches taken by the co-stars with the characters. All too soon duty called. He was summoned by a technician to be fitted with a wireless microphone for the next scene.



Producer Elaine Cameron, wardrobe designer and supervisor Sarah Arthur and Ceri Walford, assistant director Heddi-Joy Taylor-Welch, and the script supervisor also took us under their respective wings, explaining what was going on as the day progressed, and providing a wealth of technical and background information. Modern equipment now makes it possible to track rehearsals and final takes on monitors, providing immediate playback in order to double-check any details that



Benedict Cumberbatch and visitors from the Prince's Trust.



Vinette Robinson, Martin Freeman, director Toby Haynes, Benedict Cumberbatch.

might need tweaking. It was fascinating to be able to observe simultaneously the live action with all of the supporting technicians in sight, alongside the camera's point of view on the monitors, which we eventually will see in the final edit on television.

In my checkered past I often had to go onto numerous sets in Hollywood, where hissy fits were rife, obscenities prolific and imaginative, and fistfights not uncommon. The contrast with the *Sherlock* team was profound. The general impression was that of good-natured professionalism, with people who sincerely enjoy what they do and therefore do it extremely well. An incredible amount of work and planning goes into the organization of a production, and a location shoot, with its many variables, can often create a grueling workday and prickly environment. In this case, although everyone was exceptionally focused and businesslike, there was still a relaxed and benevolent atmosphere, with the actors and crew amiably interacting with visitors and fans. Residents of the street and the surrounding area gathered to watch the action; Speedy's carried on serving as usual; and the real inhabitants of 221B and its neighboring properties passed in and out unhindered on their normal daily business. Despite the various distractions and interruptions, production rolled along.

With approximately two-thirds of the day's scenes completed, "lunch" was declared shortly before 9 P.M. As filming was going to continue until around 1 or 2 A.M., Roger and I took the opportunity to thank everyone for making us so welcome, and began to wend our way homeward—wary, but very happy.

Extreme weather plagued the filming of last year's episodes, and a few days after our visit Mother Nature struck again at the worst conceiv-

able time. Torrential downpours added rather more drama than was required for a climactic showdown that was enacted on the exposed roof of Bart's Hospital. A few weeks later another unexpected complication arose; location shooting for *Scandal* had to be shut down when looters approached the crew during the London riots on 9 August. Happily, production was finished in late August, post-production was to be complete at the end of November, and the three new episodes are expected to air in early 2012.

As in the first series, there will be a number of sly canonical references in dialogue and details that the casual viewer will miss, but will doubtless amuse Sherlockians who are alert enough to spot them (remember the Criterion coffee cup?). Additionally, watch out for a few unexpected and familiar faces, including a veteran Sherlockian actor and three BSIs. And we can all shudder in unison when the dreaded deerstalker puts in an appearance.

The fact that the series is shot out of sequence has resulted in some hilariously misinformed reports in the press and on fan websites, from individuals obviously confused about how the action they observed from afar correlated with the episode they thought they were seeing shot. Some industrious bloggers thought they were sharing spoilers, but if any of them actually bothered to read the original stories they would rapidly discover that their efforts were pointless. It is gratifying to know that since the first series was aired, sales of Sherlock Holmes books have shot up; and libraries also reported a rise in borrowing. As for a third series, suffice to say that Mark Gatiss very pointedly directed our attention to the vacant property across the street from 221B. . . .



Benedict Cumberbatch



All photographs by author.

HiTech Dept. Rebooted

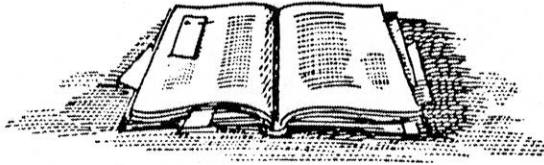
In our initial visit to the HiTech Department we considered how 21st-century technology could transform transportation and communication in some of our favorite Sherlock Holmes adventures. But what about surveillance, the gathering of those all-important *clues*?*



Wait 'til Moriarty sees this, Watson.

***Unfortunate Speculation:**

Could the ICU-221B surveillance drone mean obsolescence for the Baker Street Irregulars? Just wondering.



From the Editor's Commonplace Book

THE CANON SERVES AS A LENS that focuses our reading. Recently, we picked up “The Evil Clergyman,” a brief, posthumously published ghost story by H. P. Lovecraft. (Now that his works are in the *Library of America*, we need not apologize for our reading.) Not quite his usual fare of unspeakable Old Ones, but it offered a creepy *frisson*. Barely had we begun when we were struck by this passage:

“I hope you won’t stay till after dark. And I beg of you to let that thing on the table—the thing that looks like a match-box—alone. We don’t know what it is, but we suspect it has something to do with what he did. We even avoid looking at it very steadily.”

That matchbox-like thing does not, alas, contain a remarkable worm unknown to science, but does somehow summon a strange, otherworldly tableau that almost drives the nameless narrator as mad as “the well-known journalist and duelist Isadora Persano.”

ONE OF THE GREATEST DIFFICULTIES with reading the Canon, as its world recedes, is trying to picture just what it looked like. Therefore we were pleased to read *Zaida Ben-Yusuf: New York Portrait Photographer* by Frank H. Goodyear III (New York: Merrell, 2008). The monograph is devoted to one of the early women who commemorated the New York of Edith Wharton and Henry James. We hardly expected to see anything to share with JOURNAL readers. But among her subjects is James Burton Pond, who is represented by two striking platinum print portraits. Pond was the impresario who arranged Conan Doyle’s first American speaking tour. Based on these photographs, *circa* 1898, his was an intelligent, bespectacled face adorned with chin whiskers like a goat’s.

AS EVERY LIBRARY PATRON KNOWS, the true joy of looking for a book is the unexpected discovery. It is often the same of Google searches. Recently, searching for something quite other, we came across a reference to Sherlock's Daughter, a New York City-based band previously unknown to us. In an interview, lead singer Tanya Horo described how the group came by its name:

Arthur Conan Doyle wrote "Sherlock Holmes" and Arthur Conan Doyle is one of my favorite writers. I think I'm slightly obsessed with him in a really unhealthy way [laughs]. I was reading Sherlock Holmes while I was kind of deciding I want to perform songs live. For some reason I was doing my Myspace and needed a name and while I was reading I was just like, "Sherlock's Daughter! That'll be mad!"

The world of Baker Street has made many appearances in the world of popular music. The Baker Street Irregulars is an alternative band based in Seattle. It is amusing to see such worlds collide.

THE JOURNAL'S TWITTER ACCOUNT, @BakerStJournal, keeps a sporadic presence. We aren't quite sure what it all is about. Our growing number of followers amuses us. We read a sample of each one's tweets. The number devoted to Holmes—particularly in his Cumberbatchian guise—is jaw dropping. Since Robert Downey, Jr., the concept of Sherlock Homes as sexual icon has become common, strengthened by the BBC series. Of course one can find many blogs, particularly those on Tumblr, that hint—and more—about the nature of Holmes's relationship with Watson, as does both *Sherlock Holmes* and *Sherlock*. Still, we cannot quibble if a broader population is approaching Holmes. We imagine that more people met Holmes on the screen than on the page in the last 100 years. We hope that some of these fans will find their way to becoming Sherlockians.

BAKER STREET INVENTORY

conducted by STEVEN ROTHMAN

ON CONAN DOYLE OR, THE WHOLE ART OF STORYTELLING by Michael Dirda. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2012. 210 pp. \$19.95. Michael Dirda, longtime book columnist for the *Washington Post* and a BSI, takes a fond and perceptive gaze at Conan Doyle. He traces his relationship with all of Conan Doyle's works as a reader from the usual story of "boy finds book" to his continuing exploration of those works as a widely read adult. Along the way he tells his readers about ACD's life, enlightens them on the world of Sherlockian scholarship, and makes a case for Conan Doyle's inclusion in the literary canon from which he remains excluded as a "genre author." This might be the best, deepest, and most affectionate look at Conan Doyle since Starrett's *Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN SMITH by Arthur Conan Doyle. Edited and with an introduction by Jon Lellenberg, Daniel Stashower, and Rachel Foss. London: The British Library, 2011. 138 pp. \$35. Readers of Conan Doyle's *Memories and Adventures* have long been tantalized by the knowledge that he had written a novel no one living had ever, or would ever, read. ACD told of his 1883 attempt at a novel and how it had been lost in the post. He didn't seem too saddened by that loss, but his readers wept not knowing that Conan Doyle had reconstructed much of the work from memory. The manuscript turned up among his papers offered for auction by Christie's in 2004 and was part of the lots acquired by the British Library. It has now been transcribed and annotated by Jon Lellenberg and Dan Stashower, two of the leading Conan Doyle experts, and Rachel Foss, the Library's curator of modern manuscripts. They have done a superb job putting *John Smith* in the context of its day and Conan Doyle's *oeuvre*. It is the author himself who has failed to deliver. This is not a novel worth having waited 130 years for. The very thing about Conan Doyle's writing that never fails—his storytelling—is conspicuous by its absence. It makes his *Mystery of Cloomber* seem a good read, which is a difficult task. Still, we aren't going to get any more long fiction from that pen, so enjoy it for what it is: a wonderful curiosity chockfull of hints—to those who know how to look (the editors show the way)—of wonders that were yet to come.

DICKENS, DROOD, AND REDEMPTION: ESSAYS ABOUT CHARLES DICKENS' UNFINISHED NOVEL by Ray Dubberke. New York: Vantage Press, 2010. 169 pp. \$22.95. Dickens' unfinished *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has fascinated readers since the author's death. Drood studies are almost as active as Sherlockian ones and have attracted many of the same people. Indeed, this work's epigram is taken from Vincent Starrett. An unfinished mystery is both unsatisfying and tantalizing; countless solutions have been offered over time. Dubberke insists that Edwin Drood is dead and offers essays on many of the characters, including several on Dick Datchery, the detective.

PIRATE KING by Laurie R. King. New York: Bantam Books, 2011. 300 pp. \$25. Pirates and Sherlock Holmes! How the pulse begins to race. If, as Captain Hook suggested, life is better with a hook instead of a hand, certainly a book can be improved with pirates. This is an entertaining mystery involving the making of a silent film about a crew making a film based on Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*. Everyone and everything is playing two roles (both in and out of the film). Mary Russell and Sherlock Holmes (who is offstage until the second half) deal with film crew, pirates, and actresses, aboard a brigantine sailing from Lisbon to Morocco. Though the complications of the book's plot, which switches in the final third from almost slapstick to taut action, evade easy description, the joy of reading it does not.

SHERLOCK HOLMES & THE FABULOUS FACES: THE UNIVERSAL PICTURES REPERTORY COMPANY by Michael A. Hoey. Albany, GA: BearManor Media, 2011. 203 pp. \$19.95. Michael Hoey—son of Dennis Hoey, who played Lestrade in the Rathbone films—examines the twelve Rathbone films in the context of the other Universal pictures of that era. He offers the reader biographies of many of the rep players and fascinating details and anecdotes from behind the scenes. This is the book for those who treasure the character actors who made such films so memorable. Available from the publisher's website: bearmanormedia.com.

SUCCESS SECRETS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES: LIFE LESSONS FROM THE MASTER DETECTIVE by David Acord. New York: Penguin, 2011. 185 pp. \$14.95. It had to happen in a field as fertile as that of the how-to-succeed book. Acord has cleverly read through the Canon, selected quotations and plot details, and grafted them onto the apparatus of the modern "life lesson" book.

THE CARLETON HOBBS SHERLOCK HOLMES FURTHER COLLECTION. Bath, UK: AudioGo, 2011. 6 CDs. \$49.95. This collection offers twelve of the

BBC Radio adaptations of the Canon by the late Michael Hardwick. Hobbs's Sherlock is well matched by the slightly avuncular Watson played by Norman Shelley. Each play is introduced by Nicholas Utechin, who helps the listener appreciate the plays and the players, who are less known in the U.S. than they deserve. These are faithful and enjoyable adaptations. Available from the publisher's website: audio-go.com.

AUDIO ROUND-UP: The Sherlock Holmes Society of London through the dedicated players known as The Old Court Radio Theatre Company has been recording excellent adaptations of the Canon by M. J. Elliott for some time now. Recent CDs include "The *Gloria Scott*" and "Wisteria Lodge" (SHSL 05). They have branched out beyond the Canon to the Apocrypha, offering "The Man with the Watches" and "The Lost Special" (SHSL 06). Roger Johnson adapted the script of William Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes*, a work last broadcast on British radio in 1953, on two CDs as "The Napoleon of Crime" and "The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes" (SHSL 07a, 07b). The newest CD (SHSL 08) offers two pastiches: "The Long Man" by Rafe McGregor and "The Grace Chalice" by Roger Johnson. In all of these Jim Crozier and Dave Hawkes continue their engaging work as Holmes and Watson. All are available for purchase or free download at the Society's website: sherlock-holmes.org.

SHERLOCKIAN PERIODICALS RECEIVED 2011

THE BAKER STREET DISPATCH. Newsletter for Devotees. Vol. 20, N^o 6, Dec. 2010; Vol. 21, N^o 1, Jan. 2011; Vol. 21, N^o 2, Mar. 2011. Edited by Thomas & Janet Biblewski, 2663 Goddard Rd., Toledo, OH 43606.

THE BEGGAR'S CUP. Publication of the Amateur Mendicant Society of Detroit. Vol. 11, N^o 1, Apr. 2011. Edited by Chris & Richard Jeryan, 22129 Metamora Dr., Beverly Hills, MI 48025.

THE CAMDEN HOUSE JOURNAL. Publication of the Occupants of the Empty House. Vol. 33, N^o 1, Jan. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 2, Feb. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 3, Mar. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 4, Apr. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 5, May 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 6, June 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 7, July 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 8, Aug. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 9, Sept. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 10, Oct. 2011; Vol. 33, N^o 11, Nov. 2011. Edited by Janet Bensley, PO Box 21, Zeigler, IL 62999.

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Abiko, e-mail: h-abc@w6.dion.ne.jp. Available from the publisher Saburoh Hiraga, 3-6-24 Ueno-higashi, Toyonaka-shi, Osaka 560-0013, Japan. E-mail: J2Bo400@nifty.ne.jp.

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“STAND WITH ME HERE UPON THE TERRACE . . .”

BRYCE L. CRAWFORD, JR.

(“The Solitary Cyclist”)

Bryce L. Crawford, Jr., died on 16 September 2011 at the age of 96. One of the five extraordinary University of Minnesota professors who founded the Norwegian Explorers of Minnesota in 1948, he was a distinguished scientist and administrator who was honored by membership in the National Academy of Sciences, the American Philosophical Society, and the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Bryce was born in New Orleans on 27 November 1914. At fifteen he graduated from high school in El Paso, Texas. In 1931, he was awarded first place in the National Edison chemistry essay contest and received his award in Menlo Park, New Jersey, where he met Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. He earned three degrees from Stanford University including a PhD in 1937. After two years as a National Research Fellow at Harvard and one as a chemistry instructor at Yale, he came to the University of Minnesota in 1940. During World War II his research significantly contributed to the development of solid propellants for the post-war large rockets. He retired in 1985 after serving as professor of physical chemistry, chairman of the Chemistry Department, Dean of the Graduate School, and Regents Professor at the University of Minnesota. In 1982 he was awarded the Priestly Medal by the American Chemical Society and was both a Fulbright and Guggenheim Fellow. He loved molecular spectroscopy, model trains, single malt scotch, and Sherlock Holmes.

Bryce attended the Baker Street Irregulars Annual Dinner in 1953 and received his investiture in 1985. The commemorative plaque at Reichenbach Falls erected on 25 June 1957 by the Norwegian Explorers and the Sherlock Holmes Society of London bears Bryce’s inscription. He co-edited *Cultivating Sherlock Holmes* in 1978 and contributed to *Exploring Sherlock Holmes* and *The Baker Street Dozen*. He once told me that Sherlockian scholarship is the purist form of scholarship because there is no academic advancement or money, no incentive other than the pure love of the game. Bryce donated his Sherlockian books and papers to the Sherlock Holmes Collections at the University of Minnesota in 2003.

—Richard J. Sveum

JAMES H. BREADY

(“The Disappearance of Mr. James Phillimore”)

Jim Bready, Napoleon XXVII, had the good fortune to join the Six Napoleons of Baltimore in the early days, when all six founding members were still active. He served as the society’s fourth Gasogene and was invested in the BSI in 1955.

A native of Philadelphia, Bready graduated from Haverford College in 1939 and earned a master’s degree in history from Harvard. After graduate school, he wrote to the then-president of Haverford (former editor of the *Washington Post*) Felix Morley for help finding a job in journalism. Morley responded with a list of colleagues around the country. Bready found work on the copy desk of the *Des Moines Post*. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II and joined the staff of the Baltimore *Sun* the day after his discharge in 1945.

During his 40 years at the paper Bready worked as a general assignment reporter and feature writer, finally finding his true calling as editorial writer. In addition he wrote a “Books and Authors” column that featured works by Maryland authors. He continued to contribute this column to *The Sun* for 20 years after his retirement in 1985.

Bready wrote several books, notably *The Home Team*, an affectionate history of baseball in Baltimore. He died on 29 October 2011, at the age of 92.

—William Hyder

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Compiled by D. A. REDMOND

Individual items in editorial departments are not all noted; (ed.) indicates an editorial; (ill.) illustrations; (L) letters; (R) reviews. For abbreviations of story titles, see the list by J. F. Christ, back cover of Vol. 43 no. 4. Pagination of each issue begins from page 1. Entries show issue and page numbers thus: 2:34 (issue 2, page 34). Issue no. 1 is Spring, no. 2 Summer, no. 3 Autumn, no. 4 Winter. The CHRISTMAS ANNUAL is listed in this index only by author, title, and general topic.

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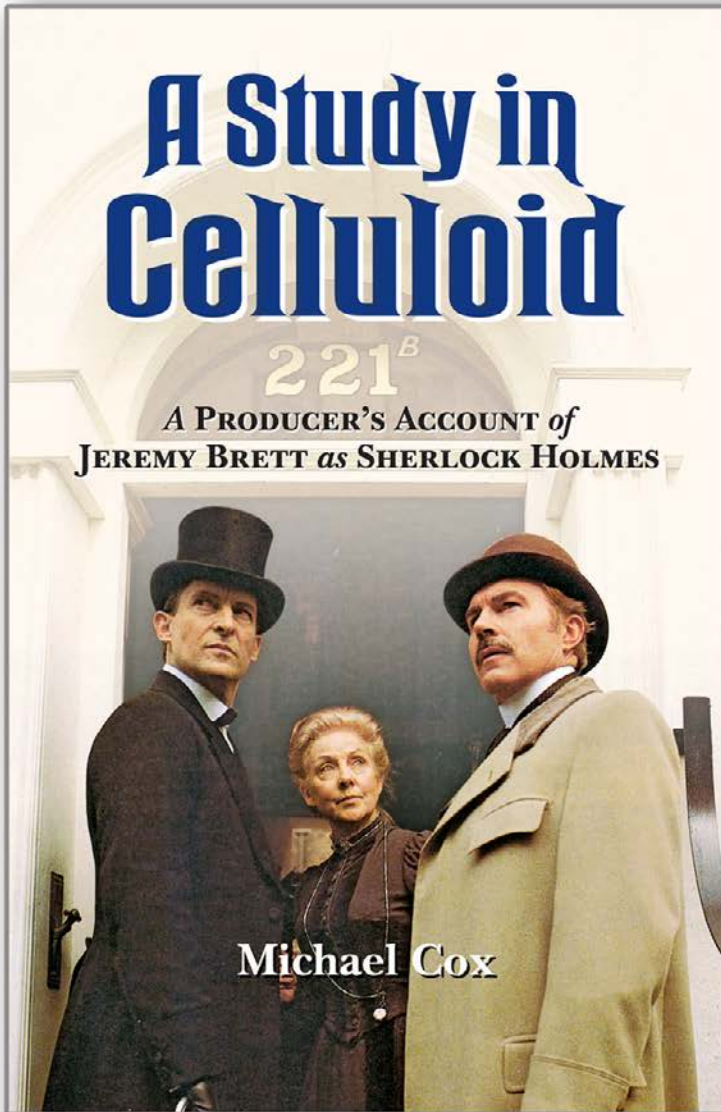
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