SH-SF Fanthology



The SHsf Fanthology #3 is a collection of writing on Sherlock Holmes printed in science fiction fanzines, edited by Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417, for the Professor Challenger Society, and others interested in Sherlockian or stfnal matters. February 1972. 50¢/copy. Contents cover: Sir Hugo Baskerville by Rosalind Oberdieck The Adventure of the Second Anonymous Narrator, or, The Case of the Doctor Who Had No Business...... by Dick Lupoff (Pok-Pik '66 Souvenir Booklet) Annotations in Afghanistan, a discussion by members of Apa-L...16 by Bill Warren, Len & June Moffatt, Don Fitch, Ted Johnstone, Joyce O'Dell, and Dan Goodman (Apa-L #258-264, April 23 June 5, 1970) Holmes was a Vulcan, or; "Mr. Holmes, where have you lived?"...19 (shorter version: "Was Sherlock Holmes a Vulcan," Son of a Beach #1, 1970), by Priscilla Pollner a limerick by Mary Ellen Rabogliatti (Despatch, August 1971)...24 Sherlock Holmes in Oz by Ruth Berman (Oziana #1, 1971)......25 The drawing by Mary Ellen Rabogliatti first appeared in the August 1971 Despatch; the drawings by Damon Ralph first appeared in Oziana #1. Thanks for permission to reprint to: Dick Lupoff, Bill Warren, Len & June Moffatt, Don Fitch, Ted Johnstone, Joyce O'Dell, Dan Goodman, Mary Ellen Rabogliatti, Priscilla Pollner, and Gary Ralph (ed. Oziana). Copyright Februar 1972 by Ruth Berman. All rights assigned to the individual authors and artists.

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This essay was originally distributed privately by the author as a "Pok-Pik '66" Souvenir Booklet, June 5, 1966, and was later published in Startling Mystery Stories, Winter 1969 (Vol 3, No.)

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND ANONYMOUS NARRATOR by Richard A. Lupoff

The London sky was lowering and a near-black gray on a certain night in mid-November of 1911. A stocky, balding man of thirty-odd years made his way down Pall Mall from the St. James's end, his greatcoat lapels turned up against the precipitation-tainted wind, his hamlike fists buried deep in huge pockets stretched to sacklike proportions by those same strong hands.

The big man paused at a door some little distance from the Carlton, bringing forth from one of those pockets a crumpled telegram which had brought him out of his respectable but somewhat shabby hotel on a night reminiscent of those he had grown used to in his native Chicago, some four thousand miles to the west. Again, his somewhat tired eyes straining against the dim London gaslamps, he read:

If you would learn something of probable interest and possible profit to you, be so kind as to call upon me this evening at my club. It is the Diogenes -- the deskman at your hotel will surely provide directions.

Probable interest and possible profit, mused the American as he entered the hall, possible profit meant certain interest to him with a growing family at home in America, a string of unsuccessful business ventures and unhappily terminated jobs behind him, and only that \$400 check from Thomas Newell Metcalf for one of his interplanetary daydreams to show for endless hours spent trying to earn food-money with his pen!

Through the glass panelling the American caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own small nook. The American entered a small chamber which looked out into Pall Mall, and for the first time beheld the man whose astonishing revelations would change the life of his guest and to a truly unbelievable degree the culture of the entire western world.

This second man, dressed in the formal evening clothes of the proper Briton, was surprisingly like his guest in physical makeup. Not quite as tall as the American, he was equally stocky in figure, powerfully constructed with the hands of one who had spent years working on the torn or ill bodies of his fellow man. A thatch of iron colored hair surmounted his craggy face, which was marked also by steely eyebrows and a moustache of the same metallic tint. As he stepped forward to greet his guest it was obvious that an old wound, long since healed but never forgotten, was tinging him once again.

"Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs of Chicago," the gray-haired man said, "I am so very pleased that you could come. I trust that you have not found our London weather too damp and chilly for one more used to the sunny plains of America. I fear that even an habitual Londoner like myself finds himself reminded of a certain Jezail bullet on a night such as this one."

The Chicagoan stepped forward to exchange a hearty handshake with his host. "Chicago in November is hardly a place that I would call the sunny plains, Dr. Watson." He paused as a humorous rumble emerged from deep in his massive frame. "But thank you anyway for your thought. This cold wind makes me feel almost at home, but frankly I'm just as happy to be here in your club. I must admit, though, after a glance at the reading room and your club rules here in the Stranger's Room, that it seems like a pretty odd club."

"The Diogenes Club, to quote an esteemed friend of mine, contains the most unsociable and unclubable men in London," returned the doctor, a slight Scottish burr becoming audible as he spoke. "My friend introduced me to the Diogenes Club over twenty years ago. He called it then the queerest club in London, and he was then correct, as he usually is.

"But come, Mr. Burroughs, I am forgetting my manners. Will you take off your greatcoat and make yourself comfortable, or would you rather we make our way to a nearby restaurant or to my home. It is a bit out of the way -- that is why I suggested our meeting here -- but I am certain that Mrs. Watson would not object to an American visitor on so unpleasant a night."

The big American stirred uncomfortably, still in his damp and heavy outer garment. "I don't want to seem ungracious, doctor, but as you may know I'm only in London for a few days. It was supposed to be a business deal that didn't work out. The trip alone cost me most of the ready cash I could drum up and I'll be heading for home very soon. Now your telegram mentioned something of interest and possible profit, and if you'll pardon my blunchess, would you please tell me what it is."

"My dear Mr. Burroughts," replied Vatson, "I assure you that I am not leading you down any blind path. I perhaps failed to mention that I have of late become addicted to your American pulp magazines through an old interest in sea stories, and have even entered into some correspondence with several editors. One of them, Mr. Metcalf of the Munsey concern, recently sent me a letter describing most enthusiastically a tale of your own authorship, which he promises for the February number. It is he who mentioned that you would shortly be visiting our country.

"In honesty, Mr. Burroughs, I regard myself as a colleague of yours. If you read our British periodicals you may have noticed a number of stories in which I claim the pride of authorship, placed over a period of years by my friend Dr. Doyle with such magazines as Beeton's and The Strand. I have recently become acquainted with a most remarkable narrative, brought to my attention by the elder brother of my very good friend. Unfortunately, my agent informs me that he cannot place the tale for me; he claims that it is too much like the works of another of his clients, a Mr. Malone, whom he does not wish to offend.

"The story is yours, Mr. Burroughs, if you would care to place it in America; I would rather not see it in a British magazine, at least in its initial appearance. It is a fantastic and perhaps somewhat lurid tale, but I can vouch for its truth. I ask only that my name not be associated with its publication."

The American, who had listened intently to his host's offer, held his chin characteristically in one brawny hand. The offer indeed interested him, and promised profit if it came up to Munsey's standards. If not -- it would cost him nothing to let the old Scotsman spin a yarn. London was a cold and lonesome city for a visitor who had to count every penny, the Diogenes was warm and comfortable. And, he noticed, a well-stocked bar stood unobtrusively in one corner of the room. Still...

"What's in it for you?"

"Eh, I don't understand the idiom, Mr. Burroughs. What's in what?" asked Watson.

"I mean, doctor, what do you get out of giving me this story? A percentage if I sell it? You certainly didn't come down here tonight just to meet me and tell me a tall tale!"

"Very well, Mr. Burroughs. I can see that you have had some unpleasant experiences with life to date."

"Indeed I have, doctor. I won't try to fool you. I come from a pretty good family in America but things haven't gone so well the past few years. You can tell that. Lock at my clothes. I've had to raise my family in some pretty tough neighborhoods. On one occasion my wife had to pawn her wedding ring to put bread on the table.

"I'm not used to getting something for nothing and I don't think I'm getting it now. What's in it for you?" he asked again.

"Ah, I see," said Watson. "And that is the very thing that interests me in you. All I want is information about America, particularly your city of Chicago and most particularly its, did you say, pretty tough neighborhoods."

"Why?"

"Well," Watson smiled, "let us say that I was planning to write a story with its setting in America. I should not like to commit errors in my background. Such information as the schedules of your street railways can be obtained from guidebooks or the American Almanac, but authentic information on American, err, American criminal organizations is not readily available."

"Is that all," Burroughs laughed, settling back in his easy chair. "Fair enough. A story for the background for a story. Well, who goes first?"

And a story it was indeed! For the story told by John H. Watson is one that the visiting American gave to the world under the title Tarzan of the Apes. One may be certain that the beverage service of the Diogenes Club was kept busy that evening. And did Mr. Burroughs honor the plea of Dr. Watson, that the latter's name remain unattached to the tale? He did, and yet he managed to provide sufficient clucs in the opening paragraphs of his recounting of the Fuwalda tragedy and its fantastic sequelae to provide his benefactor, at least, with an assurance that he was remembered, and that the favor was appreciated.

For Burroughs tells us in the opening words of chapter 1, "Out to Sea," that "I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other. I may credit the seductive influence of an old vintage upon the narrator for the teginning of it, and my own skeptical incredulity during the days that followed for the balance of the strange tale." One sees Burroughs giving back to Watson almost his precise words, and one detects a tongue-in-cheek reminder of the liquid refreshments shared by the two in the Stranger's Room of the Diogenes Club (for one recalls, or at least can find in Watson's "The Greek Interpreter," that talking was strictly forbidden elsewhere in the club).

Burroughs also tells us that the story is based upon "the yellow mildewed pages of the diary of a man long dead, and the records of the Colonial Office [which] dovetail perfectly with the narrative of my convivial host." And this raises the question of what either Watson or Burroughs was doing examining the unquestionably confidential records of the British Foreign Office.

The answer is obvious. Watson was himself not a member of the Diogenes Club, nor even was his good friend and sometime fellow lodger Sherlock Holmes. No, Watson's access to the Diogenes Club, although directly provided by Sherlock Holmes, was actually dependent upon Sherlock's elder brother Mycroft Holmes. About Mycroft, in Watson's "The Adventure of the Bruce-Partington Plans," Sherlock says "His Pall Mall lodgings, the Diogenes Club, Whitehall -- that is his cycle." Whitehall is of course the home of the British Foreign Office, the equivalent of our own State Department's Foggy Bottom. And again, in the same story, Watson quotes the following conversation between himself and the great sleuth:

"...By the way, do you know what Mycroft is?"

I had some vague recollection of an explanation
at the time of the Adventure of the Greek Interpreter.

"You told me that he had some small office under
the British government."

Holmes chuckled.

"I did not know you quite so well in those days.
One has to be discreet when one talks of high
matters of state. You are right in thinking that
he is under the British government. You would also
be right in a sense if you said that occasionally
he is the British government."

And yet again, Watson quotes Sherlock concerning Mycroft: "All other men are specialists, but his specialism is omniscience. We will suppose that a minister needs information as to a point which involves the Navy, India, Canada and the bimetallic question; he could get his separate advices from the various departments upon each, but only Mycroft can focus them all, and say offhand how each factor would affect the other."

Access to Foreign Office Records? For Mycroft, the veriest child's play!

But one wonders why Watson made it a point to lure Burroughs -- and one can hardly use any other word than lure -- to the Diogones Club, and why he made such a point of permitting himself to reveal the facts of the case of the barkentine Fuwelda as he did. His seeking information about the American underworld seems to be a somewhat farfetched explanation. Watson did, of course, set two of his stories largely in the United

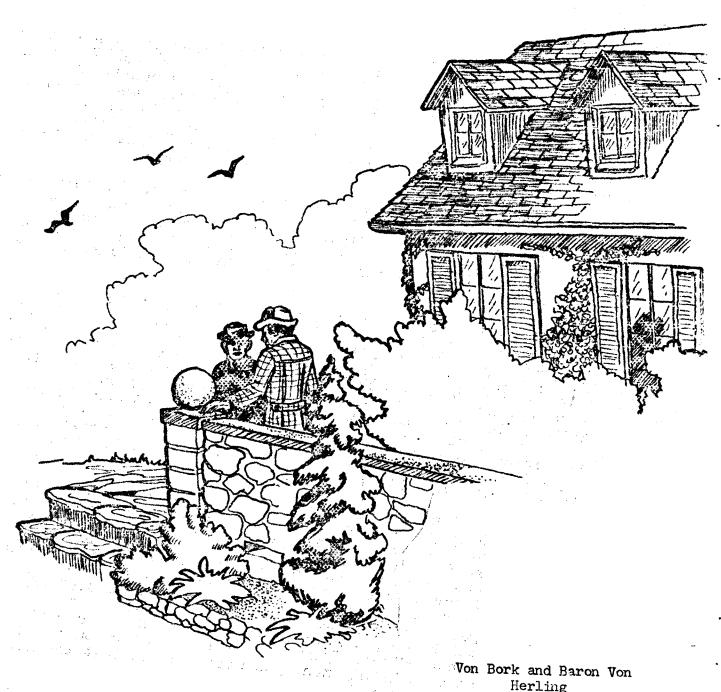
States: both A Study in Scarlet and The Valley of Fear contain lengthy retrospective sections set in America, although neither takes place in Chicago. A Study in Scarlet was published twenty-four years before the until-now unrevealed meeting with Burroughs. But The Valley of Fear was first published late in 1914, it does contain major sections concerning the American underworld, and the information used by Watson might well have been provided partially or completely by Burroughs.

Still, one seeks some greater motivation for Watson's actions, and especially so in view of the initially perplexing -- but ultimately revealing -- complicity of Mycroft Holmes in an incident that must in ordinary circumstances be considered one which would hardly interest the corpulent elder sibling of the great deducer.

For in the Holmes-and-Watson tale "His Last Bow," we find the vital clues! One of the few stories in the Canon not written by Watson, this one is attributed by William S. Baring-Gould in his Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street to Mycroft himself. In the tale Sherlock Holmes tells Watson of his adventures under the pseudonym of Altamont in demolishing a German spy ring in England, the final capture of the master spy Von Bork taking place in August of 1914. Holmes had long been in retirement practicing bee culture and working at literary projects in a small farm upon the South Downs, and in reply to Watson's question regarding his return to work, he says:

"Ah, I have often marvelled at it myself. The Foreign Minister alone I could have withstood, but when the Premier also deigned to visit my humble roof --!...It has cost me two years, Watson, but they have not been devoid of excitement. When I say that I started my pilgrimage at Chicago, graduated in an Irish secret society at Buffalo, gave serious trouble to the constabulary at Skibbareen, and so eventually caught the eye of a subcrdinate agent of Von Bork, who recommended me as a likely man, you will realize that the matter was complex."

How complex it was even "His Last Bow" does not reveal. Two years culminating in 1914 bring Holmes's pilgrimage, beginning in Chicago, back to 1912. Watson's meeting with Burroughs took place late in 1911. Holmes acted at the entreaty of the Foreign Minister and the Premier; Mycroft on that occasion very likely "was" the British government. Edgar Rice Burroughs was in London in pursuit of "a business deal which promptly fell through"; in all likelihood the entire "deal" was arranged by one Holmes or the other specifically to bring Eurroughs to



England. And although the deal "promptly fell through,"
Burroughs' receipt of Tarzan of the Apes must be rated as the grandest consolation prize in all the history of literature.

Continuing to examine motives, one notes that Sherlock Holmes was preparing himself for a perilous masquerade beginning



"Altamont" and his "chauffeur"

in the Chicago underworld. He desperately needed advance information. It is known that Edgar Rice Burroughs knew the Chicago underworld well -- one need only examine The Efficiency Expert or The Girl from Farris's to see as much. And Burroughs was obviously a man capable of keen observation and graphic description. What better source of data! Yet Sherlock was reluctant to question Burroughs personally. Perhaps his motive was an unwillingness to leave his beloved bees any sooner than necessary, or more likely, despite his mastery of the art of disguise, Sherlock did not wish to risk meeting in London a man he might later encounter, in another identity, in America. And so the faithful Watson was called upon once more to enact the role of the unknowing but invaluable cat's-paw.

We know of the success of the bargain. "A story for the background for a story." Tarzan of the Apes for The Valley of Fear...and the destruction of the critically dangerous Von Bork spy ring in England three years later.

All of this ratiocination may seem somewhat farfetched to the reader unfamiliar with Holmesian scholarship, and so a further examination of the two Canons involved may, by providing the corroborative evidence which is so plentiful, prove valuable in supporting the clear and firm identification of the second anonymous narrator of Tarzan of the Apes as none other than John H. Watson, MD. (For the first anonymous narrator is obviously Edgar Rice Burroughs himself.)

Let us, then, first of all consider the question of Tarzan's identity. As was pointed out both in Pastor Heins's introduction to the first edition of Edgar Rice Burroughs:

Master of Adventure* and in the main text of that volume,

Tarzan's "real" name is not John Clayton at all. In Tarzan of the Apes Burroughs refers to "a certain young Englishman, whom we shall call John Clayton, Lord Greystoke." This is obviously not his real name, which is never revealed, although we are told that "Political ambition had caused him to seek transference from the army to the Colonial Office..." ...and into the province of Mycroft Holmes!

Tarzan of the Apes clearly begins on a bright May morning in 1888, at which time "Clayton" had been married a scarce three months to the Hon. Alice Rutherford."

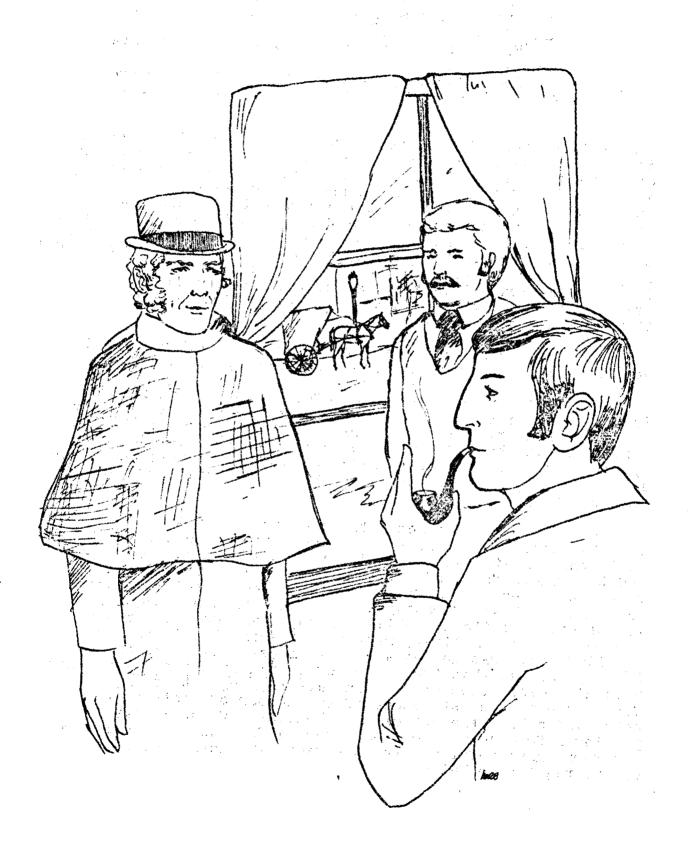
Not very long before this occurrence another encounter involving John Clayton had taken place. Sherockian scholars generally agree on dating this other incident late in September, but do not agree on the year... September 26, 1887 seems the most likely date. Watson -- who, after all, first gave Burroughs the saga of John Clayton -- describes the earlier incident in The Hound of the Baskervilles, Chapter 5, "Three Broken Threads." To quote a portion of Watson's narration:

The ring at the bell proved to be something even more satisfactory than an answer, however, for the door opened and a rough looking fellow entered who was evidently the man himself.

"I got a message from the head office that a gent at this address had been inquiring for No. 2704," said he. "I've driven straight from the Yard to ask you to your face what you had against

"I have nothing in the world against you, my good man," said Holmes. "On the contrary, I have half a sovereign for you if you will give me a clear answer to my questions."

* Richard A. Lupoff, Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure (New York: Canaveral Press, 1965). -- RB's note



"Well, I've had a good day and no mistake," said the cabman with a grin. What was it you wanted to ask, sir?"

"First of all your name and address, in case I

want you again."

"John Clayton, 3 Turpey Street, the Borough.
My cab is out of Shipley's Yard, near Waterloo
Street."

Notice, then, how cleverly Mycroft presents his agent to Sherlock, providing in the presence of the trusting Watson a complete dossier for Holmes's information, on the undercover agent's assumed identity, appearance, occupation, home and business addresses! What mysterious case the "young English nobleman" was working on in behalf of Mycroft -- and Whitehall -- we do not know. That it was connected with the Baskerville case (which involved Canada and was hence of concern to Mycroft) is possible but by no means certain. At any rate, by the following February "Clayton" was married; by May he and his bride were aboard the barkentine Fuwalda, "which was to bear them to their final destination.

"And here John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife, vanished from the eyes and from the knowledge of men."

Consider now the following reference by Watson in "The Problem of Thor Bridge," first published in 1922, long after Burroughs had chronicled the tragedy of the Fuwalda: "No less remarkable is that of the cutter Alicia, which sailed one spring morning into a small patch of mist from where she never again emerged, nor was anything further ever heard of herself and her crew."

A cutter is not exactly the same sort of sailing ship as is a barkentine. The latter, a common reference book states, is "a three-masted vessel having the fore-mast square-rigged and the others fore-and aft rigged." While a cutter, the same volume tells us, is "a fore-and aft rigged vessel with one mast and a jib and forestaysail." Since Watson was quite a fan of nautical fiction while Burroughs was more interested in horsemanship and military matters, it seems likely that the Fuwalda/Alicia was indeed a cutter rather than a barkentine. One may surmise that the author of Tarzan of the Apes recalled Watson's description of fore-and-aft rigging but strangely forgot the simpler statement of the number of masts on the ship, and called the cutter a barkentine. Watson's later passing reference may well have been a friendly dig in return for Burroughs' reference to "the seductive influence of an old vintage" upon Watson.

As for the names of the ship in the two stories, one can only wonder whether Watson was deliberately "coding" the identification, or whether his memory was playing tricks upon the doctor some thirty-two years after the event of the cutter's disappearance and eleven years after Watson had first mentioned the event to Burroughs. At any event, we have the cutter - not barkentine -- Fuwalda, carrying John, Lord Greystoke, and Lady Alice, his wife...transformed into the cutter Alicia. The reference is obvious.

And if it was merely a quirk of memory, let us not deride the doctor too unkindly, for as early as 1913 in The Return of Tarzan, Edgar Rice Burroughs gave the name of Lord Tennington's ocean going yacht as the Lady Alice. Heaven knows what the real name of that vessel could have been! The Friesland?

And so it went, over the years, Burroughs chronicling the saga of Tarzan, Watson recording the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, and the two impinging upon one another only in ways too subtle for the casual observer to detect. There was, of course, the appearance of Tarzan's father in Watson's Hound of the Baskervilles, and Burroughs' passing reference to Sherlock Holmes in The Son of Tarzan, but except for these two namings of names one must learn to observe and deduce, as in the case of the Fuwalda, the Lady Alice, and the Alicia, the visits of Tarzan to England and America over the years, his adoption of formal detection techniques in Tarzan and the Jungle Murders, and other references yet to be brought to light.

One can only wonder whether Burroughs and Watson kept up a correspondence, ever again exchanged visits. One can wonder whether Sherlock ever made it a point to meet the son of his old acquaintance John Clayton. One may wonder, but I fear that one will never know.



NOTE:

The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance and encouragement of such Sherlockian scholars as Vincent Starrett, P. Christian Steinbrunner, Roger Lancelyn Green, David G. Van Arnam, and Professor H.W. Starr, whose guidance in an unfamiliar Canon has proved indispensible. Special note should be made of Professor Starr's essay in The Baker Street Journal for January, 1960, the first published work on the relationship of two brilliant Canons. Although certain of Professor Starr's conclusions are at variance with those of the present work, his achievement as a pioneer is beyond dispute.

NNOTATIONS IN FGHANISTAN a discussion by members of Apa-L

((APA stands for "amateur press association"; i.e., a group in which the members send their individual magazines to a central mailer who, on certain specified deadlines, sends a "mailing," containing one copy of each zine, out to the members. Because such a group is close-kmit, "mailing comments," a kind of conversation-in-print, are the main ingredient in apazines. Apa-L, the apa of LASFS (the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society) is unusual in that it has distributions instead of mailings. The individual zines (which are usually only a few pages each in length) are brought to the weekly meetings of the club, collated during the meeting, and handed out to the attendees.))

Apa-L 258, April 23, 1970

What's New at the Wombat Works #4, by Bill Warren:
Have you ever read The Annotated Sherlock Holmes by the
late W.S. Baring-Gould? In one of my classes, the teacher showed
up lugging this massive two-volume boxed set, and I fell in love
with it. Even though I've never been a true Sherlockian, I
bought the damned thing last week (\$25.00 gasp) and I recommend
it highly, even for those who only have a mild interest in the
Sacred Writings (a term used several times), because the book is
such a glorious piece of scholarship.

Apa-L 260, May 7, 1970

De Jueves 71, by Len & June Moffatt: I never heard of The Annotated Sherlock Holmes at (gasp! cringe!) \$25, but I have read Sherlock Holmes of Baker Street by the same author. It is unquestionably a tour-do-force, but also eminently nitpick-able. Between that and the Nero Wolfe book, I get the impression that every-once-in-a-while Mr. Baring-Gould jumps to conclusions on Very Flimsy Evidence.

Apa-L 261, May 14, 1970

From Sunday to Saturday, by Don Fitch:
Baring-Gould follows the tradition begun by Monsignor Knox and carried on by the Baker Street Irregulars -- a sort of parody of literary scholarship and Criticism involving (as you say) coming to a strong conclusion on the flimsiest of evidence, but with impeccable logic.

B-Roll Negative #38, by Ted Johnstone:
Baring-Gould's Holmes Biography has a few ghastly lapses,
but on the whole is reasonably acceptable -- largely because
B G was drawing heavily on the works of preceding generations
of Sherlockian scholars. His own additions, such as the ending,
are patently fantasies.

Apa-L 262, May 21, 1970

De Jueves #73, by Len & June Moffatt:

I don't know enough about Sherlockian scholarship to spot any "ghastly lapses" in the Holmes biography, but there are a few small things that do not compute. Such as Baring-Gould's confusing Japan and China in the pink tinting of a tattoo. Also, I have often wondered -- particularly since reading Sherlock Holmes of Eaker Street -- about Holmes' deduction that Watson had been in Afghanistan. By both Doyle's and Baring-Gould's accounts, Watson had been wounded (never mind where), hospitalized for some time, came down with enteric fever, hospitalized some more, and invalided home. This covered several months. How come he was still tanned?

Apa-L 263, May 28, 1970

B-Roll Negative #40, by Ted Johnstone:
Watson spent all his hospital time in Afghanistan as well;
presumably he spent enough time outdoors between convalescene
and taking ship for home to touch up the tan. But the tanning
effect of two years is deep enough to take four or five months
to fade entirely.

The Mad Messenger Returns, by Joyce O'Dell: Maybe Watson regained his tan on the voyage home to England. Which would make Helmes' deduction -- in the context he made it -- incorrect, and rather presumptuous.

Apa-L 264, June 5, 1970

Everyone at Poly Has Mono, by Dan Goodman:
I'd suspect that Watson's tan was built in; that he had
Mediterranean, Hindu or Negro ancestry. Having reached a
correct conclusion partly on inadequate evidence, Holmes found
it expedient to not notice when Watson's tan failed to fade.

((personal letter from June Moffatt to RB, July 24, 1970))

I did point out to Dan Goodman (in person) that his conclusions re Watson's tan were faulty: "that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair."



OLMES WAS A JULCAN

"Mr. Holmes, where have you lived?" by Priscilla Pollner

((A shorter version of this article, "Was Sherlock Holmes a Vulcan?" appeared in Son of a Beach #1, spring 1970, and was copyright by the Terminal Beach Club, ed. Les Schachter.))

The critical studies of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes have ranged from an examination of the great detective's musical taste2 to his "real" relationship with Dr. Watson.3 Yet little has been written examining the possibility of Sherlock Holmes' being a Vulcan.4

That this obvious fact has been ignored for so many years is astounding in itself. For, while almost all critics have noticed that Holmes is not an ordinary man, few have actually questioned if he is, in fact, a man at all. This oversight may possibly have been caused by the fact that, until recently, few people knew of the planet Vulcan's existence.

The most obvious indication of Holmes' Vulcan origin is his physical appearance. He is very tall and thin, being "rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller." His "clear-cut, hawk like features of and his "deep set and inscrutable" eyes, "as bright and keen as

- 1. Cyril Overton to Sherlock Holmes. Arthur Conan Doyle, "The Missing Three-Quarter," in The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, ed. William S. Baring-Gould (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., 1967), vol. II, p. 476.
- 2. For example, Harvey Officer, "Sherlock Holmes and Music," in 221B: Studies in Sherlock Holmes, ed. Vincent Starrett (New York: Macmillan, 1940), pp. 71-73; Guy Werrack, Sherlock Holmes and Music (London: Faber & Faber, 1947); William Braid White, "Sherlock Holmes and the Equal Temperament," Baker Street Journal, I (1946), 39-43.
- 3. For example, Rex Stout, "Watson Was a Woman," in Profile by Gaslight, ed. Edgar W. Smith (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1944), pp. 156-165; Julian Wolff, "That Was No Lady," ibid., pp. 166-172.
- 4. However, the subject has been discussed occasionally: Barbara Goldfield, "Did Sherlock Holmes Have Pointed Ears?" Baker Street Pages, December 1967, pp. 3-4; Kate G. Baker offered a refutation of the Goldfield article, "Gandalf Through Spock," Baker Street Pages, May 1968, p. 4; Poul Anderson discussed the resemblance between Spock and Sherlock in "The Archtypical Holmes," Baker Street Journal, n.s., XVIII (1968), 139-143.
 - 5. A Study in Scarlet, in The Annotated Sherlock Holmes, op cit., I, p. 153.
 - 6. The Sign of the Four, op cit., p. 616.
 - 7. @The Missing Three-Quarter," op cit., II, p. 475.

rapiers"8 are set into a narrow "austere face,"9 so pale that it appears to have "been carved out of old ivory."10 His "long, thin fingers"11 and "thin hands"12 are "discoloured with strong acids"13 and "invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals"14; these "discolorations" are probably caused by the sleuth's slightly greenish skin occasionally showing through his make up.

Sherlock Holmes has "an abnormally acute set of senses," 15 as do most Vulcans. He has an "iron constitution" 6 which enables him to survive for weeks without sufficient food or sleep for a normal Terran, a feat which produces "nothing formidable in his symptoms. 17 He himself states that "such a feat means less to me than most men." 18 He has an "iron strength" 19 (for which Watson "should hardly have given him credit" 20), and, in particular, he is "exceptionally strong in the fingers," 21 as any practitioner of the Vulcan nerve pinch should be. (Indeed, he apparently makes use of the nerve pinch itself, gripping an opponent "at the back of his neck by a grasp of iron." 22)

Sherlock Holmes wears unusual dress for two reasons. One is to hide his appearance, which could "strike the attention of the most casual observer" 23; he usually wears a "close-fitting cloth cap" 24 or an "ear-flapped travelling cap" 25 (both to hide

- 8. "The Retired Colourman," II, 547.
- 9. "The Solitary Cyclist," II, 389.
- 10. "The Sussex Vampire," II, 471.
- ll. The Valley of Fear, I, 516.
- 12. "The Morwood Builder," II, 424; "The Priory School," II, 625.
- 13. A Study in Scarlet, I, 151.
- 14. <u>Ibid.</u>, p. 153.
- 15. "The Blanched Soldier," II, 716.
- 16. "The Devil's Foot," II, 508; "The Reigate Squires," I, 331.
- 17. "The Reigate Squires," I, 331. 22. "His Last Bow," II, 799.
- 18. "The Dying Detective," I, 450. 23 A Study in Scarlet, I, 150.
- 19. "The Norwood Builder," II, 425. 24 "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," II, 134.
- 20. A Study in Scarlet, I, 150. 25 "Silver Blaze," II, 262.
- 21. "The Beryl Coronet," II, 293.

his "excellent ears,"26 of course; the pointed tips may have been surgically removed, but the procedure would probably leave tell tale scars). Even indoors Holmes generally wears a heavy dressing gown and has a blazing fire going, more often than not; outdoors Holmes is pictured in heavy overcoats. Unlike Watson, who enjoys fresh air, Holmes needs protection from London's cold, damp, "unhealthy weather,"27 so different from the hot, dry, desert-like climate of Vulcan.

Sherlock Holmes' special interests and skills also mark him as a Vulcan. He is an expert singlestick player, boxer, and swordsman, "28 and is proficient in baritsu29 as well. These techniques are similar to the ones Holmes must have learned in preparation for the ancient ritual of "kalifee," which includes fighting with lirpas (the lirpa is a shaft with a sharp blade at one end and a cudgel at the other). The mysterious baritsu may be related to "tal shaya," the Vulcan "mercy killing."29A His violin playing is perhaps a substitute for the Vulcan harp, and he apparently attempted to play Vulcan music on it: he would "scrape carelessly at the fiddle which was thrown across his Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful. "30 Holmes possesses a "wide range of exact knowledge, "31 in fact, a "vast store of out-of-the-way knowledge"32 (especially in organic chemistry; possibly to synthesize Vulcan vitamins for himself?). His pretense at a total ignorance of astronomy is an obvious overcompensation, on his part, to avoid letting out any advanced information which could expose him as an alien or violate the rule of not interfering with the development of other cultures (the Prime Directive of Spock's Federation, which probably existed on Vulcan in pre-Federation times). His acting is "an art which is often useful, "33 and Watson seems to hint at more when he refers to those "numerous disguises and names with

- 26. "The Man with the Twisted Lip," I, 371. 30. Study in Scarl
- 27. "The Resident Patient," I, 267.
- 28. A Study in Scarlet, I, 156.
- 29. "The Empty House," II, 334.

- 30. Study in Scarlet, I, 158.
- 31. Sign of Four, I, 613.
- 32. "The Lion's Mane," II, 784.
- 33. "Reigate Squires," I, 344.
- 29A. Ralph Judson has made the plausible suggestion that "Baritsu" is an error for E.W. Barton-Wright's "Bartitsu," a Western adaptation of Ju-Jutso ("The Mystery of Baritsu," BSJ Christmas Annual, 1958, pp. 10-16), and Richard Hughes has suggested that it is an error for bujitsu, the Japanese word for the martial arts in general (a letter in Sports Tilustrated, June 10, 1963, reprinted SSJ, n.s., XIV (1964), 36). The error may simply be Watson's -- or it may result from a Vulcan's imperfect knowledge of Terran names which could plausibly describe an unearthly fighting style. -- RB's note.

which he concealed his own formidable identity 34 (as a Vulcan?). Indeed, his greatest performance, as the "dramatist in real life, 35 is that of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Holmes' personality also indicates his alien origin. He has the "unemotional character" 36 and the "icy coolness" 37 typical of Vulcans; he is a "brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre eminent in intelligence." 38 He "approaches to cold-bloodedness, "39 has a "capacity for concealing his emotions," 40 and considers "all emotions... abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind." 41

Holmes' choice of a career allows him to use "these faculties of deduction and logical synthesis" resulting from his "own systematic training." As a detective, he can operate unsupervised, on his own, and so avoid being forced into human relationships, which might prove difficult for a Vulcan to cope with, since "emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning." However, as "his ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge," he probably found it expedient to room with one human being in order to begin his "explorations of human complexities" and to learn how to avoid being thought "a little queer in his ideas." As Stamford correctly tells Watson, Holmes "learns more about you than you about him." 48

Watson seems to have become gradually aware of Holmes! non-human origin. He says Holmes produced a "somewhat inuman effect" on him, and later tells the detective, "there is something positively inhuman in you at times. "50 He also declares that Holmes "has powers that are hardly human, "51 and that his "knowledge was not that of other mortals." Furthermore, Watson

- 34. "Black Peter," I, 398.
- 35. The Valley of Fear, I, 514.
- 36. "The Greek Interpreter," I, 590.
- 337. "The Three Gables," II, 722.
- 38. "The Greek Interpreter," I, 590.
- 39. Study in Scarlet, I, 149.
- 40. "The Crooked Man," II, 234.
- 41. "Scandal in Bohemia," I, 346.
- 42. "The Copper Beeches," II, 114.
- 43. "The Greek Interpreter," I, 590.

- 44. Sign of Four, I, 619.
- 45. Study in Scarlet, I, 154.
- 46. "The Three Garridebs," II, 643.
- 47. Study in Scarlet, I, 148.
- 48. Ibid., 152.
- 49. "The Greek Interpreter," I, 590.
- 50. Sign of Four, I, 619.
- 51. "The Priory School," II, 626.
- 52. "The Red-Headed League," I, 431.

appears to have been aware of some of his Vulcan room-mate's "mental peculiarities,"53 such as the Vulcan habit of meditating with finger-tips together, or Holmes' telepathic abilities. Indeed, Watson says it is habitual with Holmes to answer his thoughts rather than his words.54 Although Watson does not wholly comprehend these powers ("that sudden intrusion into my most intimate thoughts was utterly inexplicable"55), Watson must at last have discovered the truth. He considers himself "one of the most long-suffering of mortals"56 for getting saddled with such responsibility, but he has kept Holmes' secret. Probably, Holmes convinced the doctor that such a disclosure would do more harm than good.

Even Holmes' choice of a Terran name is revealing. "Sherlock" is an unusual name in England, but it would be a natural anglicization of such common Vulcan names as Surak and Sarek.

What, then, was "Sherlock Holmes" doing on Earth? and his "brother" Mycroft Holmes? (Mycroft does not resemble other Vulcans as much as Eherlock, because of his heavy build. However, the fact that he is Sherlock's "superior in observation and deduction"57 marks him as a fellow-Vulcan. He may have deliberately chosen to acquire a layer of fat as an additional protection against English weather. Mycroft, "one of the queerest men"50 in London, who avoids human relationships by retreating to the Diogenes Club where members are forbidden to speak, does not seem to be as fully acclimated to human society as Sherlock is.) It seems likely that Sherlock was a Vulcan exploring Earth (and particularly the then-world-power, England), and that Mycroft was his supervisor.

Three reasons for their presence on Earth seem plausible. They may have come to Earth to track down renegade Vulcans (like Moriarty), as well as Romulans and Klingons (perhaps such men as Col. Moran, Charles Augustus Milverton, or Count Negretto Sylvius), who infested England at the turn of the century. They may have come to examine Earth to determine any future dangers that it could present to Vulcan. However, I believe that Sherlock's purpose on Earth was to satisfy his own craving "for mental exaltation."58 He was a Vulcan xeno-sociologist, who had made England his own field of study. His "magnum opus,"60 Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with some Observations upon the Segregation of the Queen probably did not deal literally with

- 53. "The Resident Patient," I, 267. 57. "The Greek Interpreter," I, 591.
- 54. "The Copper Beeches," II, 114. 58. Ibid.,
- 55. "The Dancing Men," II, 527. 59. Sign of Four, I, 611.
- 56. The Valley of Fear, I, 471. 60. "His Last Bow," II, 800.

bees, but rather with Terran culture, with his observations on the Terran male-female relationships.

In view of Sherlock's (or perhaps it should be: S'herok's) own admission that there are always "subtle forces at work of which we know little, "bl it would seem probable that, over the years, other Vulcans have infiltrated themselves into various Terran societies. Perhaps...Gene Roddenberry? Isaac Asimov? Mark Olson? Maureen Palanker? 62

61. "The Blanched Soldier," II, 721.

62. Mark Olson and Maureen Palanker are members of the Terminal Beach Club, which publishes Son of a Beach.

((from The Despatch, August 1971, #12, p. 4. The Despatch is the bulletin of the Mark Lenard International Fan Club; Lenard's roles have included Sarek, the father of Star Trek's logical Mr. Spock.))

LIMERICK: by Mary Ellen Rabogliatti

Said Watson to Holmes one fine day,
"There's something I've wanted to say.
Is it just a disguise
Deceiving my eyes
Or are your ears really pointed that way?"



((from Oziana #1, 1971, ed. by Gary Ralph & Fred Meyer for the International Wizard of Oz Club))

S herlock Holmes In



"But," said Dorothy, "why can't you find it in the Magic Picture?"

Ozma shook her head. "The Pearl's own magic works against it."

Inga fidgeted, hooking his feet around the legs of the chair and unhooking them again. "My parents won't like it if I've lost one of the talismans." He jumped up and began pacing the Throne Room, half hoping, against all logic, to find the missing gem on the floor. It was certainly not in the Banquet Hall.

"But it wasn't your fault, Inga," Dorothy argued.

"I have an idea!" the Scarecrow interrupted.

The Wizard put down the heavy volume he was consulting, Magic Gems: an illustrated guide with notes and pedigrees, keeping one finger inside the Pingaree section, and beetled his brows at the Scarecrow. He had been up all night, trying one spell after another to locate the pearl, and all he had found was a box of ruby hairpins belonging to Glinda the Good, the Soldier with the Green Whiskers' second-best, pearl-backed hairbrush, and Ojo the Lucky's favorite agate marble. He had run out of spells to try.

They all leaned expectantly toward the straw man.

"Sherlock Holmes," he said, and stopped, as if that was enough.

"I don't understand," said Ozma.

"The greatest of all detectives," said the Scarecrow. "Why not hime him?"

Inga looked blank. Ozma and the Wizard looked thoughtful. Dorothy looked puzzled. "When I lived in Kansas," she said, "I once read a story called 'A Study in Scarlet' about a detective named Sherlock Holmes. But he was just a character in a book. He wasn't real."

"But you were in the Great Outside World then, my dear," said Ozma. "Here in Oz we should be able to manage it -- at least, I hope so! Wizard --?"

The little man was counting out spells on his fingers. He took hold of the fingers of his left and shook them gently. "I think we can do it, Ozma. Of course, there's time-synchronization, and universe-parallelogistics, and - "

Dorothy winced at the long words. "But you can do it, Wiz?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said the Wizard, smiling. He shoved his hands in his pockets, and tilted the chair back. It slid and almost tipped on the smooth floor. The Wizard waved his feet wildly and brought the chair back down with a thump. "I think," he added. He stood up. "Let's meet again after lunch. I need to work on this."

After lunch (the Wizard had his sent into his laboratory on a tray), they reassembled, and found the Wizard carefully laying out strips of old calendars and strips of pages of Sherlock Holmes stories (magically photographed from a copy of The Comblete Sherlock Holmes -- the Wizard did not like to tear up real books) in a large bowl of shining lapis lazuli. On top of these he added some red powder, some yellow powder, a pipe, an oddly shaped cap, and a pinch of grey fog. He snapped his fingers, and



a spark fell into the bowl. The Scarecrow moved back, so as to keep his flammable self well away from the fire, but the others leaned forward in fascination. The contents of the bowl took fire, and a warm, tobacco smelling odor crept through the room. The Wizard took a deep sniff, sat perfectly still with his nose still crinkled, and then nodded. "Ready," he said.

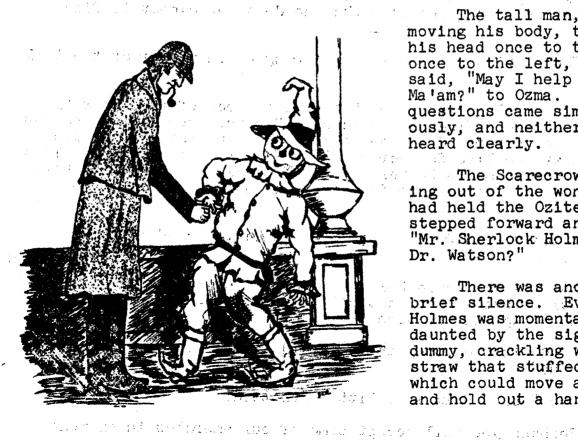
Ozma put her hands to the Magic Belt she wore and whispered a few words.

The flame in the bowl flashed up towards the ceiling, and went out.

Two men appeared in the room, a tall, lean, sharp-boned man in a tweed suit, and a shorter, rounder man, in a frock coat like the Wizard's.

"Good heavens!" said the second man, turning in a circle and staring at the emerald studded walls, the throne cut from a single slab of malachite, and the peculiar occupants of the room: a stuffed dummy, a boy dressed in doublet and hose, pacing back and forth with his eyes fixed on the ground, a pretty girl and a startlingly beautiful girl, a little older, both wearing crowns, and one blessedly ordinary-looking man. "Sir, what is this?" he said to the last.

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The tall man, without moving his body, turned his head once to the right, once to the left, and then said, "May I help you," Ma'am?" to Ozma. The two questions came simultaneously, and neither was heard clearly.

The Scarecrow, breaking out of the wonder that had held the Ozites silent, stepped forward and said, "Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Dr. Watson?"

There was another brief silence. Even Holmes was momentarily daunted by the sight of a dummy, crackling with the straw that stuffed it. which could move and speak and hold out a hand to

shake. However, Holmes recovered, and shook the hand. "You have the advantage of us, sir."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm the Scarecrow." The Scarecrow flung out his hand to point at the others, putting himself off balance in doing so. He swayed, but Holmes caught his shoulder. "Thank you." He pointed again, more cautiously. "Her Majesty, Princess Ozma of Oz, Princess Dorothy Gale, our guest, Prince Inga of Pingaree, and the Wizard of Oz."

Watson stared again, first at the live Scarecrow, and then at the dark-haired girl called "Her Majesty." Manners, he reflected, were manners, espcially with ladies present. He bowed to Ozma.

Holmes looked once more around the chamber, and then followed Watson's move and bowed to Ozma. "You wished my help in recovering a lost gem, Ma'am?" he said.

"Why, yes," she said. "But how -- "

"His Highness is clearly in search of some small object, although his manner suggests that he does not expect to find it -- "

"That's right," said Inga, staring up in wonder at the tall detective.

" -- and I observe a book on the subject of rare gems by your chair...Mr. Wizard," he said. "You know our names, and you do not seem surprised to see us here -- " Holmes paused, and glanced at the live Scarecrow. " - I must admit I am at a loss as to how we come to be here - but I conclude that we are here by your intention." He nodded at Inga and the Wizard's book, and stopped.

"I see, " said Ozma. "You came by magic. And will you help us?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Holmes, glancing again at the Scarecrow. "It should prove a most instructive case." He drew a chair into the group and sat down.

"We don't use money in Oz," said Ozma. "You do in England, don't you?"

"Yes," said Holmes, a little startled.

"Perhaps you will accept some of our emeralds in payment, then."

Holmes glanced at the great stones inset in the walls. "One will be more than I should accept," he said drily.

"But magic!" protested Watson. "There's no such thing."

"Not in England," the Wizard said. "But there is here."

Holmes smiled. "'When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be true'," he quoted himself. "But, as my cousin says, 'Discard the impossible; then, if nothing remains, some part of the impossible must be possible.' It is impossible that we should be here. Yet here we are."

Watson looked doubtfully at the Scarecrow, then shrugged and pulled up a chair. He drew a prescription-pad and a pencil out of his pockets and began scribbling notes.

"Now, if you will tell me all the circumstances regarding the gem, Ma'am?" said Holmes.

"Inga's parents gave a talisman to me to mark the friendship between our two countries," she said.

"They call it the Rainbow Pearl, because it shines of itself in all the colors of the rainbow. It has the power to turn waters aside - to bring rain that falls where it is not needed over to parched lands, or to drive a river into other channels. Inga presented it to me at a banquet last night. There is a long table at the end of the Banquet Hall. We placed it there, so that all could admire it."

"Guarded?" said Holmes.

"No -- we have very little crime in Oz, Mr. Holmes. Besides, there were so many people in the room looking at it... Once we heard someone banging at the main door to the hall, but, when Jellia Jamb went to look, there was no one there. I suppose we were all looking at that door then, and someone could have taken the pearl at that moment. At any rate, it was a few minutes after that when Jellia - she loves pretty things -- went to look at the pearl and found it gone. We searched for it for hours, but without success."

"Is Miss Jamb trustworthy?" asked Holmes.

"Jellia! She's been at the palace longer than I have myself!" exclaimed Ozma.

"Jellia's always been completely trustworthy," added the Wizard.

Holmes rose. "I should like to examine the Banquet Hall, Ma'am."

"Of course. We've left it juast as it was last night."

"I'd be glad to show you the way," the Scarecrow volunteered.
"Thank you."

Watson stuffed his writing materials back into his pocket, and the two men followed the Scarecrow out the back door of the Throne Room into the private little room behind it, and from there into a narrow corridor which led to the Banquet Hall.

Holmes asked the Scarecrow to tell him, so far as he could remember, who had sat where. He was surprised when the Scarecrow was able to name the occupant of every chair.

"It's my famous brains," the Scarecrow explained. "The Wizard himself gave them to me, and they're very sharp. Although," he added wistfully, "they don't seem to be very useful in detection."

"With training, you could most probably learn. You already have memory and observation."

The Scarecrow, feeling immensely flattered, went on with his list.

While the straw man spoke, Holmes paced methodically up and down the hall, covering every square inch.

After completing the list, the Scarecrow swung himself up on the table, next to where Watson had seated himself, and watched in fascination as Holmes criss-crossed the room.

"Interesting," the detective observed some minutes later, after examining the long table.

"What?" The Scarecrow hopped off the table, and he and Watson came to look over the detective's shoulder.

"A potted cactus plant," said Holmes, pointing at the far end of the sideboard. "And here — an empty saucer, somewhat stained with soil and the ring of a flower-pot."

"Ruggedo!" gasped the Scarecrow.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"That cactus used to be Wutz, an evil wizard. He and Ruggedo, the Nome King, tried to conquer Oz. But they were transformed into cacti -- a powerful spell that not even Ozma or the Wizard would be able to break. And the Ruggedo-cactus stood right here!"

"Was it here last night?"

The Scarecrow wrinkled his forehead so deeply that he even squeezed his eyes shut in concentration. "I don't remember," he said at last. "I spent most of the time talking to friends -- I don't eat, you know -- "

Holmes blinked, then nodded, accepting the information as a peculiarity consistent with what he had observed of this strange country, and filed the datum away in his mind.

The Scarecrow continued, " -- and then all our thoughts were so set on looking for the pearl, I don't think anyone would have noticed the cactus or if it was gone."

Holmes nodded. "Had this Ruggedo friends who would want to help him escape?"

The Scarecrow shrugged. "Some of the Nomes, perhaps. Or a being that meant to hurt Oz and wanted his help." He tapped at his forehead, feeling an idea on the way. "Nomes love jewels," he said excitedly, "and Ruggedo loves jewels most of all. If someone disenchanted him last night, I'm sure he stole the pearl!"

"Who would have the ability to disenchant him?"

"No one that I know. But you'd have to ask Wiz, or Ozma."

"How far did you search the palace?" asked Holmes.

The Scarecrow was a little taken aback at the sudden change of subject, but after a moment he answered, "This room, the main corridor, and all the rooms fronting it. There didn't seem to be time for anyone who could have taken it to get further than that. We have porters at the doors to guide people -- the palace is so large, I'm afraid visitors get lost in it -- and they didn't see anyone. Of course, there are the windows. We haven't searched the grounds entirely, yet. We wanted to wait till nightfall before going on with the search, because the light from the pearl would make it so conspicuous."

Holmes walked out into the main corridor, and paused to examine the entrance. There was a little debris collected just outside, where people had rushed out in search of the thief: a tumbler with a stain of evaporated Ozade spreading out on the floor beneath it, a length of thread with an iron nail tied to each end, someone's left shoe, and a tall, pointed hat with bells on it. Holmes went to the nearest window and peered out. He beheld a pleasant expanse of turf and garden. Inga, Princess Dorothy, and some other children were playing tag. Beyond them was a wall curving around the palace. "Does that extend completely around the building?" he asked, pointing at the wall.

"Yes. There are plenty of gates, of course, but Ozma has asked people not to leave until we've had a chance to search for the pearl some more. A few people have come in since then, but no one's gone out."

Holmes drew out his pipe and tobacco pouch and began tamping leaf into the bowl of the pipe.

The Scarecrow shrank back against the opposite wall.

"Forgive me," said Holmes, hastily taking the pipe out of his mouth. He opened the pouch, held the pipe over it, hesitated, then closed the pouch. "Forgive me," he repeated apologetically, "but I find tobacco an aid to concentration. And I can assure you that I shall be most careful with the fire."

"That's all right," said the Scarecrow, more cheerfully than he felt. He waited till Holmes had lit the pipe and blown out and crushed the match before coming closer.

Holmes, deep in thought, wandered back into the Banquet Hall, trailing clouds of blue smoke.

"Difficult problem, eh, Holmes?" commented Watson. "Not much like the blue carbuncle, is it?"

"The pearl is no problem, Watson," said Holmes irritably. "It's the thief that worries me. You do want to catch the thief?" he added. turning to the Scarecrow.

"Why...why...yes. But -- you don't mean you already know where the pearl is?"

"I know how to find it." Puffing away like a steam locomotive, Holmes wandered on out the back door, and back the way they had come.

Inside the Throne Room they found business in session. As Ozma had said, there was little crime in Oz, but where there are people with their own minds, there will be disputes. The usual process in Ozite quarrels was to go to one of the rulers for arbitration. There were not many cases for Ozma's court to go through that day, because people who entered the palace grounds would not be able to leave until the pearl was found or the search abandoned. There were enough disputants willing to accept the potential delay to give Ozma an hour's work that day, however.

When Holmes entered, Ozma was hearing a dispute between a Hopper and a Horner. As was usual with those two peoples, the problem sounded simple and wasn't. The Horner had made an ill timed joke, and the Hopper had taken offense. The one had to be persuaded to apologize, and the other had to be convinced that no real insult had been intended in the first place. Both were stubborn.

When the quarrel was finally cajoled into a reconciliation, Ozma turned her attention to the detective. "Yes, Mr. Holmes?"

"I want you to make an announcement,
Ma'am," he said.
"Say that the
pearl is found.
Spread the news
over the entire
palace."

"But -- "
she began. She
stopped and
inspected his
face. He clearly
did not mean that
he actually had
the pearl. It
was a trick of
some kind. And



if it failed, the disappointment would make matters worse than before. But he looked confident, and Dr. Watson looked puzzled but confident of his friend. She decided to trust Holmes's confidence, backed as it was by Watson's. She jumped off the throne, and ran out of the room, glad of the chance to move again after sitting still so long. She flung open a window in the corridor. "Dorothy! Inga!" she called. "It's found! Tell everyone!"

The court recorder ran out with the message, too, and in a few minutes there was a crowd of curious Ozites gathered in the room, eager for explanation. ("'Curious' in more ways than one!" said Watson to himself, gazing at a live sawhorse, a man with a pumpkin instead of a head, a dummy like the Scarecrow only female and dressed in bright patchwork, a short, fat, copper man, a tall, thin, tin man, and a variety of beasts, as well as a few ordinary individuals.)

When the room began to be crowded, Holmes stepped up on the platform which supported Ozma's throne, and called, "Silence, please!"

The chatter of the crowd died away.

"Will someone close the door?" he called.

The Patchwork Girl turned a cartwheel against it, knocking it shut.

There was silence. Holmes glanced over the assemblage, taking in the assorted figures. "I must thank you," he said, "for providing me with a most...unusual case. The discovery that the laws of logic hold even when those of science do not is, although not surprising to the abstract reasoner, nonetheless gratifying. To be sure, where evidence indicates the mode of operation to be, considered by itself, non-magical, the deductive process becomes simpler."

The crowd shuffled uneasily. Holmes' remarks, however abstractly reasonable, did not seem to be going anywhere.

Suddenly there came a violent knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" called Holmes.

The Pumpkinhead pulled it open, and a lion and a tiger bounded out into the corridor to see. "No one!" they roared, and Watson opened his eyes wide at hearing animals talk. Even Holmes looked startled.

Half a minute more passed. People milled forward and backward in the Throne Room, bored and puzzled.

"Aha!" cried Holmes, leaping in back of the throne.

Hub-bub broke out as each being asked his or her neighbor, "What's happening?"

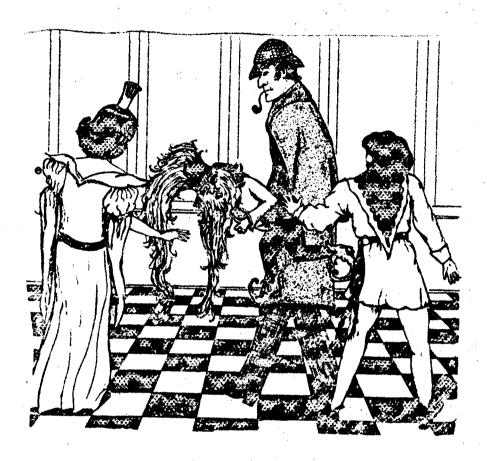
Holmes reappeared from behind the throne, bearing a kicking, scratching, biting Nome in his arms.

"Kaliko!" a dozen or more voices exclaimed in unison.

The Nome tried to reach Holmes's knee with one more kick, and subsided.

"Put him down, Mr. Holmes," said Ozma.

"Yes, Ma'am." Holmes stood close to the Nome, ready to grab him, if necessary, but Kaliko crossed his arms over his chest and stood still.



"Kaliko, what is this?" Ozma asked gently.

"I hate being king! I hate it!" he exclaimed.

"I don't understand."

"I used to be a good Nome." Kaliko complained. "as Nomes go. But now it's 'King, we need more iron, ' 'King, we're running out of rubies, ' 'King. I don't feel like digging today. No one ever asks me if I want to give orders today!"

He stamped his foot once, and went on more calmly, "My old master, Ruggedo, was a bad Nome, but he wasn't a bad king. I came to steal him home."

"But he's been turned into a cactus," said Ozma.

"I know," said Kaliko dolefully, "but I thought our magicians could try their luck at breaking the spell. You never can tell -- they might succeed. Or the Hearer may be able to hear his thoughts, and he could rule through the Hearer."

"I see. And the pearl?"

"Well, I was stealing Ruggedo anyway, and there it was, begging for a Nome to cherish it. Only Nomes really understand gems."

"Where did you hide it?"

"Won't tell." Kaliko sat down and sulked.

"That's not necessary, Ma'am. He's already shown us."
Holmes dropped back behind the throne again and fumbled at the back corner of the platform's risers. He came up again, holding

a large and, by now, somewhat battered cactus in a flowerpot. He rooted about in the dirt and pulled out something that glowed in his hand. He opened his hand, and a flood of color shone sparkling in the room. "Let me introduce to you the famous Rainbow Pearl!" he cried.

There was a hushed murmur of wonder from the crowd, except for Watson, who bit back a laugh, recognizing Holmes's incorrigible love of drama. He wondered if Holmes even realized that he was echoing himself.

"Mr. Holmes, this is marvelous!" exclaimed Ozma.

"Elementary, Ma'am," he answered.

Watson repressed an indulgent smile. He could tell when Holmes was proud of himself, but Holmes invariably tried to play down his own achievements. "How did you know the pearl was there?" he asked, to force his friend to enjoy the victory.

"By the scanty trail of soil which dropped out of the pot's drainhole," Holmes said. "I knew the cactus must be somewhere in this room, but the trail did not last long enough to show precisely where. The pearl was stolen at night; the thief could scarcely hope to escape with it then, while the whole palace was roused and searching. I must admit," he said regretfully, "I did not realize the cactus was the primary objective in the crime. I supposed that the thief grabbed the pot because it would be easy to stuff the pearl down inside the loose earth to prevent its light from betraying him. A few nights later, when the search was less intense, he could escape unseen."

"That's right," admitted Kaliko sadly. "When people started shouting that the pearl was found, I was afraid it might be a bluff, but I had to check. If it wasn't a bluff," he added defiantly, "I was going to steal it back while you were all watching the front door. But you were waiting for me at the back," he told Holmes, with a sigh.

"How did you make the noise?" asked Ozma.

"A knocker," said Holmes promptly. "A boyish prank -- a device with a nail set to fall rattling against a door or window. The prankster is safe, being far enough away to run out of sight -- or around to a back entrance -- before he can be found."

Holmes handed the pearl to Ozma, and the Ozites burst into cheers. Holmes, looking embarrassed, bowed to them.

"What about Ruggedo?" said Kaliko stubbornly, over the cheering.

Ozma hesitated, then said slowly, "I can't see what harm it would do -- and I suppose Ruggedo would rather be at home than in exile, even in the shape of a cactus plant." She glanced at the Scarecrow for advice. The straw man nodded. Ozma touched her Magic Belt and murmured a few words. The Nome and the cactus vanished.

Holmes blinked. "Don't you find life in a magic country... unsettling, Ma'am?"

"Not when you're used to it," she said laughing. "Can I persuade you and Dr. Watson to stay to dinner?"

"We have our own responsibilities in our world -- " he began.

"We'll return you to the second when you left, in any case."

"You are most kind."

The Scarecrow volunteered to show the two guests around the palace, if they felt like exploring, until dinnertime. Ozma heard him saying eagerly, as the three left the room, "Tell me, how do you train yourself to be a detective?"

She laughed, and then carefully surveyed the crowd, already diminishing rapidly. There was no one there seeking the ruler's aid. She was free. She rose, stepped down, strolled casually

over to Inga, and touched his "You're shoulder. it," she said, and ran out of the room, down the corridor, and out into the garden. The Rainbow Pearl threw bright lights over the flowers, and spread the sunlight in sparkles on the grass.

