



Communication

#190

New Series

Mad March 1999 Special Issue

Volume 3 Issue 2

There's *Mad Magazine*, *Mad as a Hatter*, *Mad about You*, "I'm Mad as hell—and I'm not going to take it anymore." There's *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*, and a Mad Tea Party. There's Mad as a March Hare, Mutually Assured Destruction and Madeline Kahn. Madeline Kahn?

And then there's Holmes. Holmes rarely got mad, but he did get even. But when he got even, even his opponents got mad. Even that cool-under-pressure John Clay. He was probably seething inside—cooking up some fiendishly clever plot. Or maybe he was thinking about the cooking classes that he would miss the next week. He had placed his deposit and was looking forward to the lessons—particularly the desserts.



Mr. Clay did have his softer side—a side he really wanted no one to see because he was sure no one understood him. And that made him even madder than he was at Holmes.

Another maddening thing is stream of consciousness introductions that seem to go nowhere.

Enjoy.

Maddeningly yours,

The Papers on the Sundial

The Adventure of the Post Card

Holmes sat back in his chair and stared at the man. I too was stunned by this information.

"I would presume that you are jesting with me, except that your countenance tells me otherwise."

"Indeed, Mr. Holmes, I am deadly serious."

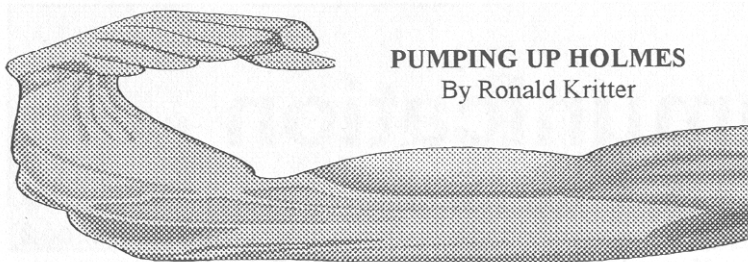
"Then we must visit this place."

We took the train to Horsham, and then rode in Mr. Brumby's wagon to his house. It was quite late by that time and we retired for the night.

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PUMPING UP HOLMES

By Ronald Kritter

"...the whale-boat pushes off from the ship...the harpooner... pulling the foremost oar....Now it needs a strong, nervous arm to strike the first iron into the fish; for often, in what is called a long dart, the heavy implement has to be flung to the distance of twenty or thirty feet."

-Moby Dick

Hans & Franz: "We're going to--PUMP you up!"

Hans: "Yee-ah! We're going to make your muscles hard all over your body, not like that sissy man Sherlock Holmes."

Franz: "Yee-ah, Hans. Skinny Arms Holmes can't stick a pig at three feet. And look here, Hans, in this big fat Doubleday it says, 'I have never known my friend to be in better form, both mental and physical, than in the year '95.' What was stick-man like before '95? He would cry, yee-ah, he would cry if he lifted this big fat Doubleday."

Hans: "Yee-ah, in this big fat Moby Dick, Queequeg is standing in a teeny boat that's rolling from side to side, pitching up and down, and he harpoons whales, and cheese-arm Sherlock, yee-ah, he's got his flat feet on the flat floor of Allardyce's and he can't pin a little piggy to the wall. Landlubber Holmes blubbers cause he's a sissy man. Yee-ah, Queequeg and Patrick Cairns bring home the blubber, but Sherlock Holmes, the spear carrier, stamps his feet and blubbers all over the butcher shop floor!"

Hans & Franz: "Sherlock Holmes, we're going to--PUMP you up!"

Franz: "Yee-ah, Patty Cairns beats up Scrawnybody Holmes even with handcuffs on! Yee-ah, Scrawnybody is sobbing 'Uncle! Uncle! this isn't a fair fight because Patty Cairns doesn't have leg-irons and handcuffs on. Help me, Hopkins, help me, Watson before I hurt my head!"

Hans: "Yee-ah, in Black Peter Sherlock Holmes is Weak Sister. He needs the weights, he needs the training, he needs the Real Men, he needs US!"

Hans & Franz: "Sherlock Holmes, we're going to PUMP you up!"

★ Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson went on a camping trip. After a good meal and a bottle of wine, they lay down for the night and went to sleep. Some hours later, Holmes awoke and nudged his faithful ★ friend.

"Watson, look up at the sky and tell me what you see."

Watson replied, "I see ★ millions and millions of stars."

"What does that tell you?" inquired Holmes.

Watson pondered for a minute. ★ "Astronomically, it ★ tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, I observe that Saturn is in Leo. Horologically, I deduce that the time is approximately a quarter past three. Theologically, I can see that ★ God is all powerful and ★ that we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, I suspect that we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you?"

Holmes was silent for a ★ minute, then spoke. ★ "Watson, you idiot! Some bastard has stolen our tent!"

submitted by Judy Buddle
discovered on the internet

Ed. note: If you've never seen a Hans & Franz skit on SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE!, just read this as if it's a poor-man's Arnold Schwarzenegger doing an infomercial.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

by Paul Singleton

HOLMES (dreamily): My dear fellow, life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent.

WATSON: What do you mean, Holmes?

HOLMES: If we could fly out of that window—

WATSON: Fly?

HOLMES: —hand in hand—

WATSON: What?

HOLMES: —hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs and peep in at—

WATSON: Holmes! Which is it today, morphine or cocaine?

HOLMES: Watson, you know that I only turn to the drug as a protest against the monotony of existence when cases are scanty and the press uninteresting and your latest story in the *Strand* comes out.

WATSON: And have you any case on hand just now?

HOLMES: Some ten or twelve, but none which present any features of interest. It is possible, however, that I may have something better before very many minutes are over, for this is one of my clients, or I am much mistaken. Look out of this window at the pavement opposite.

WATSON: You mean the large woman with the heavy fur boa

around her neck?

HOLMES: Standing next to the organ grinder, yes.

WATSON: Look—the wind has blown her broad-brimmed hat to the pavement. She's bending down to get it. Good lord! Her fur boa has caught in the organ grinder's machine! He can't stop it! She's spinning around with the music!

HOLMES: She *is* here to see me!

WATSON: How do you know, Holmes?

HOLMES: I have seen these symptoms before. Oscillation upon the pavement always means an *affaire de coeur*.

continued from page 1

The next morning we were up early with our host, trudging across one of his fields. We climbed over a low fence and found ourselves in a slight valley.

Holmes spotted it first — pieces of metal glinting in the low-slanting sunlight. We approached slowly, and our host, quite reticent to begin with, grew even more subdued. Large fragments of some type of steel were strewn about the grass. A shallow depression was grown over with grass and weeds. I hefted one of the

metal pieces and noted how light it felt.

Holmes spent the better part of an hour on his stomach examining the site. When he stood up, our host extracted what appeared to be a photograph — except that it was in color and on a thick piece of glossy paper. Two bulbous heads stared out at us, each with two large tear-shaped black eyes.

"Found it over there," he said gesturing toward some weeds.

Holmes looked at it with his glass, all the time speechless.

He handed the photograph

back to Mr. Brumby and began looking through the surrounding vegetation. We assisted him.

With a cry of excitement, Holmes announced that he had discovered what appeared to be a post card. This also had a color photograph—but of a desert. Holmes examined the back, which contained writing.

"Watson," he said looking up at me, "I'm afraid my geography eludes me."

"I don't understand, Holmes."

"Do you have any idea where Roswell, New Mexico is?"

License Plates We

Florida

2KRUL4U

Jephro Rucastle

Georgia

FUTRMRS

Mary Morstan

Nevada

POKRMAN

Grimseby Roylott

New York

CON FZD

Jabez Wilson

Alabama

TYRDCOOK

Mrs. Hudson

Delaware

IVGOTU

Charles Augustus
Milverton

Oregon

22 WHITE

Godfrey Emsworth

Illinois

TUFSTUF

John McMurdo

North Dakota

HOT10TOT

Dr. Mortimer

Kansas

FALN4U

Professor Moriarty

Washington

STUDMUFN

Professor Presbury

Tennessee

GOODSHOT

Maria Pinto

Would Like to See

Rhode Island

BIKRGRL

Violet Smith

New Hampshire

DBLTIMED

Lord St. Simon

California

MNY TNGS

Mr. Melas

New Jersey

RED O

Giorgiano

Wyoming

DBL XED

Von Bork

Maine

GREK 2ME

Mr. Gilchrist

Vermont

DENTIST

Mathews

Indiana

OPYUM

Isa Whitney

New Mexico

RM R LG?

Dr. Watson

Arkansas

LOST LOCKS

Violet Hunter

Michigan

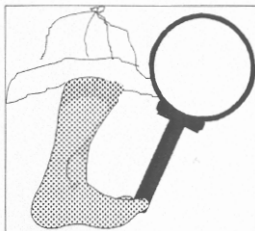
NR TMPL

Godfrey Norton

Minnesota

GOOSE CLB

Mr. Windigate



ACD's Flying Circus

Dave Scott
In a dis-
cussion
with friends of

the case of *Black Peter*, it was decided that Doyle's took definite poetic license in his description of Peter Cairn's cabin in the aftermath of his death. Indeed, with the "floor and walls like a slaughterhouse," images of *Monty Python's Flying Circus* and the superfluous gore of a battle between a certain two knights in their film *The Search for the Holy Grail* was brought to mind. The mind boggles.

And so, I present to you, *ACD's Flying Circus!* **(WARNING: IF YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN AN EPISODE OF MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS, THIS WILL PROBABLY NOT MAKE MUCH SENSE TO YOU.)**

Watson: "That Irene Adler, does she go? Eh? Does she go? Nudge nudge wink wink?"

Holmes: "Yes, Watson, she goes. She went. You know that. All she left was her photograph."

Watson: "Into photography, is she? Holiday snaps, he asked him knowingly...."

Holmes: "What are you getting at, Watson?"

Watson: "Well, Holmes, you're a man of the world, right? You've been around?"

Holmes: "Of course. I've been all the way to Tibet. What of it?"

Watson: "Well, I mean..... you've done it, right?"

Holmes: "Done WHAT?!?!?"

Watson: "You've slept... with a lady?"

Holmes: [dead silence]

Graham Chapman: "Well, that's the end of *this* bloody sketch! Can't the BBC afford some decent writers? I knew we should have hired that Doyle chap. Right! Now listen up! Cue the Pet Shop Sketch!"

Watson: "I say, Holmes, this parrot you gave me for Christmas...?"

Holmes: "Yes, Watson?"

Watson: "Well, it seems to be dead."

Holmes: "Indeed. Well, I have no other case to hand at the moment. I accept the commission. We'll track down the killer together, old chap!"

John Cleese: "Christ! Where's the damned re-write man? Meyer! Where are you, Nick? Oh, forget it. Cue the Lumberjack sketch!"

Watson: "I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK, I sleep all night and I work all day."

Holmes: "No time for that, Watson, the Scarlet Claw could strike at any moment!"

Eric Idle: "Cut! Oh, well, I'm off to the pub. Coming, lads?"

Cast of Monty Python: "Yeah, let's go. I could use a drink about now."

[They leave, lights go off except for one small spot at center stage.]

Watson: "Holmes, we're all alone in the dark!"

Holmes: "At last! Kiss me, you fool!"

[Giant foot descends on them.]

Old Bearded Man: "Its...."

[Colonel Bogey March plays.]

HAMHOCK HOLMES A HIT

a review by David McCallister

Those who attended the PPoF's 9th Florida Wessex Cup may have met Jennie Paton's guest, C. Bryan Gassner. Ms. Gassner is a prominent

Sherlockian from New Mexico, being the sparking plug of the renowned scion for "elementary" school Sherlockians, the Shadows of the Elm, and J.B. Shaw's own Brothers 3 of Moriarty. She was a gracious and welcome visitor to the event.

I would very much like to recommend a short series of pastiches by her and John Atkins that she had with her. Although from way out West, they have written canonical tales in a Southern idiom. If you want your Holmes without an accent, Hamhock Holmes and Bubba Watson are for you.

The Red-Necked League tells the story of Jay Dubya Wilson, bait store owner, and the thwarted ambitions of "Cautious" Clay against the fruitcakes stored in the Underground Railway tunnel beneath the Rev. Happyweather's "Freeway to Heaven" Ministry.

The Adventure of the Wild Turkey follows the Elvis-imaged "Blue Garfunkle" stolen from Tammy-Faye Whinette, through Windigate's Bar and Gun Club to Azalea's Garden Supply and Farmer's Market and back to Mabel Buckshott's on Brixton Bayou, and Jimmy "Red" Ryder. Join Hamhock and Bubba in a triple chaw of Redman down at lot 221B, the Baker Street Trailer Park for some mighty fine reading.

Not for those without a sense of humor about both pastiche and Dixie, I myself can't wait for more in this hilarious series - A Sandal in Birmingham, perhaps? To order, write c/o Wilson's Basement Dwellers,

AIR SHERLOCK?

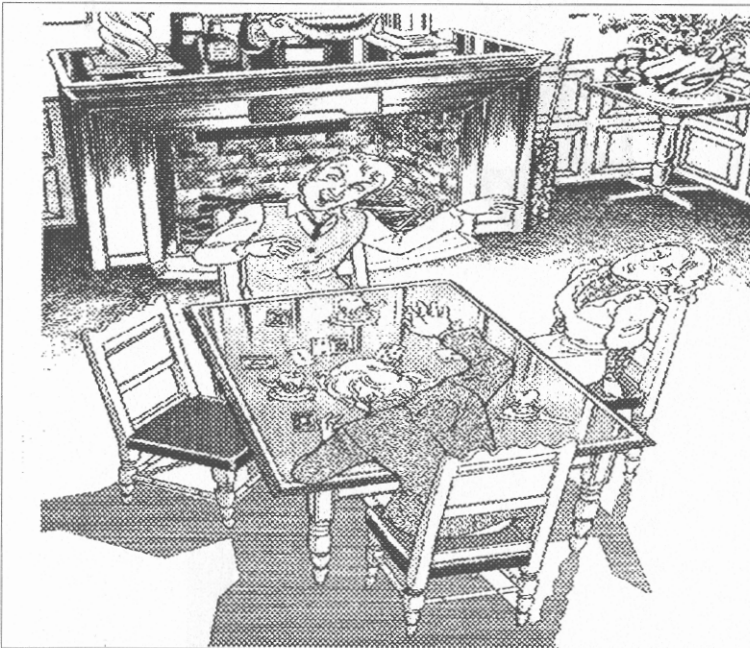
by Carl Heifetz

Well, it's March and with the upcoming NCAA basketball championship, we all know the question that's on everyone's minds - what position would canonical characters play on an all-canonical basketball team?

I see Sherlock Holmes as a shooting guard or small forward. After all, he was quick and nimble, could probably slash to the basket or shoot a 3-pointer with his sharp eyes. Also, at "well over 6 feet," he was quite tall for his time. The "Missing Three-Quarter Godfrey Stanton," with his multiple skills would likely make an excellent point guard, setting up plays, dishing off, driving to the hole, and hitting the long jumpers, as well as setting the offense. Who else but the King of Bohemia would one choose as power forward? He was a giant at 6 1/2 feet, and with his girth, would fill up the space around the basket. He would be an excellent rebounder, with his height and ability to block out other rebounders; he could block shots, and would be able to take a charge from a smaller man driving to the basket. Moriarty would be my candidate for starting center with his long arms reaching high to the basket and his perceptive mind finding the space in the other team's defense - a great guy for the back door play.

Additional players as subs - the mulatto cook in *Wisteria Lodge* as backup center or power forward. He's rough and tough and may be the biggest guy around. Another possible player is Gilchrist, the athlete from *Three Students*, who could probably play any position. However, we have to watch him, and keep him from making a deal with bookies to shade points. After all, he did steal the Greek exam.

It would be interesting to see what candidates for a Sherlockian basketball team others would suggest. Any takers?



What could be madder than sitting around the table discussing fatal emissions from strange plants? Tom Takach sends us this submission (which he received from Hirayama Yuichi) from a 1989 Japanese book of Sherlockian stories.

Come join us for the **24th Annual Spring Gathering** on May 8, 1999. At 11:00, we will meet at the **Pinellas County Sheriff's Office** near the St. Petersburg/Clearwater Airport to take a tour of the Forensics Lab! At 12:30, we will gather at *Primo's Pasta & Ribs*, and have our regular gathering fair of puzzles, presentations and plates to please our palates. The case this time is *The Norwood Builder*. "I am sure, sir, it was only my practical joke," claims Jonas Oldacre. Your mission is to make up a Sherlockian joke and bring it to the meeting.

Cost is \$2.00 per person - lunch is paid per person off menu.

Send payment and reservation form below to Wanda Dow,

Reservation deadline is

May 1, 1999.

✂

.....

___ Count me in! I'll meet you at 11:00.

___ I'll join you for lunch, but I don't have the stomach for forensics.

___ I'll be there for the tour, but I can't make lunch.

Enclosed is my \$ _____ to cover costs for _____ person(s).

___ Also enclosed is \$1.00 for the Marshall/Wood Fund. (optional)

Send directions to:

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone and/or E-mail _____

___ I have a presentation to make on _____

___ I will have items for display.

.....

✂

Notice: You may be contacted to perform a toast.
Send payments & reservations to: Wanda Dow

The Pleasant Places of Florida

*Founded: 1972
by Leslie Marshall (dec.)*

Recorder Emeritus: Dr. Benton Wood

For the record:

THE LAST COURT OF APPEALS

David McCallister, Master of the House,

Jeff & Wanda Dow, The Papers on the Sundial,

Carl L. Heifetz, Representative both with the Servants and with the Tradespeople,

IF YOU SEE A GREEN CHECK HERE. , HAPPY ST. PATTY'S DAY!

**PLEASE MAKE NOTE OF THE DATE AFTER YOUR NAME ON THE MAILING LABEL.
ADD TWO. MULTIPLY BY FOUR. DIVIDE BY SEVEN. SUBTRACT 6.349. WHO SAYS YOU
NEVER WERE ANY GOOD AT MATH?**

**PLEASANT PLACES OF FLORIDA
THE PAPERS ON THE SUNDIAL**

