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ANNIVERSAIRE



Doc Watson

C'est le 3 mars 1923 qu'est né Arthel Lane « Doc » Watson, un guitariste, compositeur et chanteur américain de musique bluegrass, folk, country, blues et gospel. Comme il l'explique sur le triple CD biographique *Legacy*, il obtint le surnom de *Doc* pendant un enregistrement en public à la radio lorsque le présentateur remarqua que son prénom Arthel était bizarre et qu'il aurait préféré un surnom plus facile. Un des fans s'écria « Appelez-le Doc ! », certainement en référence au compagnon de Sherlock Holmes, notre docteur Watson. Le surnom est resté. Et il a même servi à baptiser une guitare. *Doc* jouait lors de ses premiers enregistrements sur une *Martin modèle D-18*. En 1968, il change pour *Gallagher Guitars* et le modèle *G-50*. En 1974, *Gallagher* crée une ligne personnalisée de la *G-50* basée sur les spécifications préférées de *Doc*. Cette *Gallagher* porte le nom de *Doc Watson*. En 1972, il a enregistré un disque intitulé *The Elementary Doctor Watson!*

C'est aussi un 3 mars (1959) qu'est décédé Lou Costello, comédien américain qui a parodié Sherlock Holmes dans *Who Done It?* (1943) et *Abbott and Costello Meet the Invisible Man* (1951).

C'est encore un 3 mars (1881) que Stangerson est vu à la gare d'Euston avec Drebber dans le récit de l'affaire du *Signe des quatre*. **TSJ**

CE SOIR SUR FRANCE 4 SHERLOCK SAISON 1 ÉPISODE 3

À 20h35, CE SOIR SUR France 4, la rediffusion de l'épisode 3 de la saison 1 de la série *BBC Sherlock*, intitulé *Le Grand jeu*.

Désespérant de trouver une once d'ingéniosité chez les criminels londoniens, Sherlock se penche sur un crime assez ordinaire, du moins en apparence : un jeune fonctionnaire retrouvé mort sur une voie de chemin de fer. Mais rapidement, d'autres événements l'interpellent : une bombe, un meurtre vieux de vingt ans qui refait surface, une voiture ensanglantée par le souffle d'une explosion, ainsi que d'étranges appels téléphoniques de détresse. Autant de pièces d'un puzzle macabre à assembler pour Sherlock et John. À moins que quelqu'un ne s'acharne à le provoquer.

Trivia - Dans la série, le *Strand magazine* où Watson publie les comptes rendus des affaires menées par Holmes, est remplacé par un blog que vous pouvez réellement consulter sur internet à cette adresse : www.johnwatsonblog.co.uk. Comme dans le *Canon*, Holmes joue du violon. Les enfants des rues (les *Baker Street irregulars*), qui aident le détective dans le *Canon*, deviennent les « sans domicile fixe » de Londres. Quand Sherlock demande à son frère Mycroft des nouvelles de son régime (alimentaire), il s'agit d'un clin d'œil au *Canon* où le frère de Sherlock est présenté comme une personne en surpoids. Ici, Mark Gattiss, le comédien qui l'interprète, est maigre. Donc on doit comprendre que le personnage vient de faire un régime amaigrissant.

BRUC - Le scénario s'inspire librement de *The Bruce-Partington Plans*. Ici, il s'agit du crime d'Andrew West alors que dans le *Canon* la victime s'appelle Arthur Cadogan West.

MUSG - On sait que Sherlock Holmes aime tirer au revolver dans son salon quand il s'ennuie. Dans *The Musgrave Ritual*,



Watson nous apprend qu'il a ainsi tracé les lettres V(ictoria) et R(egina), en hommage à la reine Victoria, sur un des murs de la pièce. Dans la série, le VR est remplacé par un smiley dont les yeux sont percés d'impacts de balle.

STUD - Quand Holmes et Watson parlent d'astronomie et des connaissances « limitées » du détective, il s'agit d'une référence à *Une étude en rouge*.

RETI - Dans la scène d'ouverture, un criminel espère que Sherlock va l'innocenter. Cela fait penser à *The Adventure of the Retired Colourman*.

SCAN - Quand Sherlock lance à Watson « *I'd be lost without my blogger* », c'est une référence à *A Scandal in Bohemia* où Holmes déclare : « *I am lost without my Boswell.* » Quand Sherlock estime que Molly a grossi d'un kilo et 300 grammes, elle proteste et rectifie : « *Seulement un kilo et 100 grammes.* » Dans *A Scandal in Bohemia*, Holmes fait le même type de remarque à Watson et affirme qu'il pris près de 3,5 kg depuis son mariage, ce à quoi son ami répond qu'il n'a grossi que de 3,2 kg.

FIVE - Le portable qui reçoit des messages avec cinq bips d'horloge parlante (*Greenwich Pips* en anglais ; *pip* = pépins) est une allusion aux *Five Orange Pips*.

NAVA - Sur la scène de crime au bord de la Tamise, Lestrade demande à Sherlock s'il a déjà un indice et Holmes répond « *Seven so far* ». Dans *The Naval Treaty*, en les mêmes circonstances, il répond : « *You have furnished me with seven...* » Dans l'épisode, le nom du coupable est Joe Harrison. Dans *The Naval Treaty*, il s'appelle Joseph Harrison.

FINA - Quand Holmes rencontre Moriarty dans cet épisode, il affirme avoir un revolver dans sa poche comme dans *The Final Problem*.

Holmésologie - Enfin, le titre de l'épisode, *The Great Game*,

fait référence à l'holmésologie, justement baptisée *The Great Game* ou *The Grand Game* (le grand jeu). Le postulat de départ en est que Sherlock Holmes a vraiment existé et qu'il est encore vivant (sa nécrologie n'a pas encore été publiée dans le *Times* de Londres). Des soixante aventures éditées de Sherlock Holmes (désignées sous le nom de *Canon* ou textes sacrés), toutes, sauf quatre, ont été écrites par son ami et collègue le Dr. John H. Watson (deux sont de la main de Holmes, lui-même, et deux d'une main inconnue). Ceci, tout logiquement, élimine Sir Arthur Conan Doyle d'une quelconque création et son seul rôle serait celui d'agent littéraire du docteur Watson.

Dans la série *Sherlock*, qu'est devenu Sir Arthur ? Dans cet univers parallèle au nôtre, a-t-il existé ? Et si oui, il n'est donc pas l'auteur des aventures de Sherlock Holmes, ce qui n'aurait pas été pour lui déplaire. Mais son œuvre, désormais privée de sa partie holmésienne, a-t-elle suffi à le rendre célèbre ? Guettons avec attention la suite des aventures de Sherlock et Watson au XXI^e siècle pour découvrir si, un jour, le nom de Conan Doyle sera cité et à quel titre. **TSJ**

REDIFFUSION DE L'ÉPISODE 2
À 22h10, rediffusion de l'épisode 2 intitulé *Le Banquier aveugle*. De mystérieux signes apparaissent sur les murs de Londres, provoquant la mort des individus qui les ont vus. Quel point commun entre la salle de marché d'une prestigieuse banque d'affaires, le musée national des antiquités, et un cirque itinérant chinois, le *Dragon Circus* ?

REDIFFUSION DU PILOTE
À 23h40, rediffusion de l'épisode pilote (1/3) intitulé *Une étude en rose*. Watson, de retour d'Afghanistan, fait la connaissance de Sherlock Holmes, qui est à la recherche d'un colocataire. La police, embourbée dans une affaire de suicides impossibles à démêler, fait appel aux services de Sherlock Holmes.

A Study in Emerald



Neil Gaiman

Still, he seemed interested in a small patch of mud he found behind the door.

Beside the fireplace he found what appeared to be some ash or dirt.

"Did you see this?" he asked Lestrade.

"Her majesty's police," replied Lestrade, "tend not to be excited by ash in a fireplace. It's where ash tends to be found." And he chuckled at that.

My friend took a pinch of the ash and rubbed between his fingers, then sniffed the remains. Finally, he scooped up what was left of the material and tipped it into a glass vial, which he stoppered and placed in an inner pocket of his coat.

He stood up. "And the body?"

Lestrade said, "The palace will send their own people."

My friend nodded at me, and together we walked to the door. My friend sighed. "Inspector. Your quest for Miss Rachel may prove fruitless. Among other things, Rache is a German word. It means revenge. Check your dictionary. There are other meanings."

We reached the bottom of the stair, and walked out onto the street. "You have never seen royalty before this morning, have you?" he asked. I shook my head. "Well, the sight can be unnerving, if you're unprepared. Why my good fellow – you are trembling!"

"Forgive me. I shall be fine in moments."

"Would it do you good to walk?" he asked, and I assented, certain that if I did not walk then I would begin to scream.

"West, then," said my friend, pointing to the dark tower of the Palace. And we commenced to walk.

"So," said my friend, after some time. "You have never had any personal encounters with any of the crowned heads of Europe?"

"No," I said.

"I believe I can confidently state that you shall," he told me. "And not with a corpse this time. Very soon."

"My dear fellow, whatever makes you believe –?"

In reply he pointed to a carriage, black-painted, that had pulled up fifty yards ahead of us. A man in a black top-hat and a greatcoat stood by the door, holding it open, waiting, silently. A coat of arms familiar to every child in Albion was painted in gold upon the carriage door.

"There are invitations one does not refuse," said my friend. He doffed his own hat to the footman, and I do believe that he was smiling as he climbed into the box-like space, and relaxed back into the soft leathery cushions.

When I attempted to speak with him during the journey to the Palace, he placed his finger over his lips. Then he closed his eyes and seemed sunk deep in thought. I, for my part, tried to remember what I knew of German royalty,

but, apart from the Queen's consort, Prince Albert, being German, I knew little enough.

I put a hand in my pocket, pulled out a handful of coins – brown and silver, black and copper-green. I stared at the portrait stamped on each of them of our Queen, and felt both patriotic pride and stark dread. I told myself I had once been a military man, and a stranger to fear, and I could remember a time when this had been the plain truth. For a moment I remembered a time when I had been a crack-shot – even, I liked to think, something of a marksman – but my right hand shook as if it were palsied, and the coins jingled and chinked, and I felt only regret.

3. The Palace.

<p>before</p>	<p>At Long Last Doctor Henry Jekyll is proud to announce the general release of the world-renowned "Jekyll's Powders" for popular consumption. No longer the province of the privileged few. Release the Inner You! For Inner and Outer Cleanliness! TOO MANY PEOPLE, both men and women, suffer from CONSTIPATION OF THE SOUL! Relief is immediate and cheap – with Jekyll's powders! (Available in Vanilla and Original Mentholatum Formulations.)</p>	<p>after</p>
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The Queen's consort, Prince Albert, was a big man, with an impressive handlebar moustache and a receding hairline, and he was undeniably and entirely human. He met us in the corridor, nodded to my friend and to me, did not ask us for our names or offer to shake hands.

"The Queen is most upset," he said. He had an accent. He pronounced his S's as Z's: Mozt. Upzet. "Franz was one of her favourites. She has so many nephews. But he made her laugh so. You will find the ones who did this to him."

"I will do my best," said my friend.

"I have read your monographs," said Prince Albert. "It was I who told them that you should be consulted. I hope I did right."

"As do I," said my friend.

And then the great door was opened, and we were ushered into the darkness and the presence of the Queen.

She was called Victoria, because she had beaten us in battle, seven hundred years before, and she was called Gloriana, because she was glorious, and she was called the Queen, because the human mouth was not shaped to say her true name. She was huge, huger than I had imagined possible, and she squatted in the shadows staring down at us, without moving.

Thizzz muzzst be zsolved. The words came from the shadows.

A Study in Emerald



Neil Gaiman

"Indeed, ma'am," said my friend.

A limb squirmed and pointed at me. *Zstepp forward.* I wanted to walk. My legs would not move.

My friend came to my rescue then. He took me by the elbow and walked me toward her majesty.

Isz not to be afraid. Isz to be worthy. Isz to be a companion. That was what she said to me. Her voice was a very sweet contralto, with a distant buzz. Then the limb uncoiled and extended, and she touched my shoulder. There was a moment, but only a moment, of a pain deeper and more profound than anything I have ever experienced, and then it was replaced by a pervasive sense of well-being. I could feel the muscles in my shoulder relax, and, for the first time since Afghanistan, I was free from pain.

Then my friend walked forward. Victoria spoke to him, yet I could not hear her words; I wondered if they went, somehow, directly from her mind to his, if this was the Queen's Counsel I had read about in the histories. He replied aloud.

"Certainly, ma'am. I can tell you that there were two other men with your nephew in that room in Shoreditch, that night, the footprints were, although obscured, unmistakable." And then, "Yes. I understand.... I believe so..... Yes."

He was quiet when we left the palace, and said nothing to me as we rode back to Baker Street.

It was dark already. I wondered how long we had spent in the Palace.

Fingers of sooty fog twined across the road and the sky.

Upon our return to Baker Street, in the looking glass of my room, I observed that the frog-white skin across my shoulder had taken on a pinkish tinge. I hoped that I was not imagining it, that it was not merely the moonlight through the window.

4. The Performance.



LIVER COMPLAINTS?! BILIOUS ATTACKS?! NEURASTHENIC DISTURBANCES?! QUINSY?! ARTHRITIS?! These are just a handful of the *complaints* for which a professional **EXSANGUINATION** can be the *remedy*. In our offices we have sheaves of **TESTIMONIALS** which can be inspected by the public *at any time*. Do not put your health in the hands of *amateurs*!! We have been doing this for a very long time: **V. TEPES - PROFESSIONAL EXSANGUINATOR.** (Remember! It is pronounced *Tzsep-pesh!*) Romania, Paris, London, Whitby. **You've tried the rest - NOW TRY THE BEST!!**

That my friend was a master of disguise should have come as no surprise to me, yet surprise me it did. Over the next ten days a strange assortment of characters came in through our door in Baker Street – an elderly Chinese man, a young roué, a fat, red-haired woman of whose former profession there could be little doubt, and a venerable old buffer, his foot swollen and bandaged from gout. Each of them would walk into my friend's room, and, with a speed that would have done justice to a music-hall "quick change artist", my friend would walk out.

He would not talk about what he had been doing on these occasions, preferring to relax, staring off into space, occasionally making notations on any scrap of paper to hand, notations I found, frankly, incomprehensible. He seemed entirely preoccupied, so much so that I found myself worrying about his well-being. And then, late one afternoon, he came home dressed in his own clothes, with an easy grin upon his face, and he asked if I was interested in the theatre.

"As much as the next man," I told him.

"Then fetch your opera glasses," he told me. "We are off to Drury Lane."

I had expected a light opera, or something of the kind, but instead I found myself in what must have been the worst theatre in Drury Lane, for all that it had named itself after the royal court – and to be honest, it was barely in Drury Lane at all, being situated at the Shaftesbury Avenue end of the road, where the avenue approaches the Rookery of St. Giles. On my friend's advice I concealed my wallet, and, following his example, I carried a stout stick.

Once we were seated in the stalls (I had bought a threepenny orange from one of the lovely young women who sold them to the members of the audience, and I sucked it as we waited), my friend said, quietly, "You should only count yourself lucky that you did not need to accompany me to the gambling dens or the brothels. Or the madhouses – another place that Prince Franz delighted in visiting, as I have learned. But there was nowhere he went to more than once. Nowhere but –"

The orchestra struck up, and the curtain was raised. My friend was silent.

It was a fine enough show in its way: three one-act plays were performed. Comic songs were sung between the acts. The leading man was tall, languid, and had a fine singing voice; the leading lady was elegant, and her voice carried through all the theatre; the comedian had a fine touch for patter songs.

The first play was a broad comedy of mistaken identities: the leading man played a pair of identical twins who had never met, but had managed, by a set of comical misadventures, each to find himself engaged to be married to the same young lady – who, amusingly, thought herself

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engaged to only one man. Doors swung open and closed as the actor changed from identity to identity.

The second play was a heartbreaking tale of an orphan girl who starved in the snow selling hothouse violets – her grandmother recognised her at the last, and swore that she was the babe stolen ten years back by bandits, but it was too late, and the frozen little angel breathed her last. I must confess I found myself wiping my eyes with my linen handkerchief more than once.

The performance finished with a rousing historical narrative: the entire company played the men and women of a village on the shore of the ocean, seven hundred years before our modern times. They saw shapes rising from the sea, in the distance. The hero joyously proclaimed to the villagers that these were the Old Ones whose coming was foretold, returning to us from R'lych, and from dim Carcosa, and from the plains of Leng, where they had slept, or waited, or passed out the time of their death. The comedian opined that the other villagers had all been eating too many pies and drinking too much ale, and they were imagining the shapes. A portly gentleman playing a priest of the Roman God tells the villagers that the shapes in the sea were monsters and demons, and must be destroyed.

At the climax, the hero beat the priest to death with his own crucifer, and prepared to welcome Them as They came. The heroine sang a haunting aria, whilst, in an astonishing display of magic-lantern trickery, it seemed as if we saw Their shadows cross the sky at the back of the stage: the Queen of Albion herself, and the Black One of Egypt (in shape almost like a man), followed by the Ancient Goat, Parent to a Thousand, Emperor of all China, and the Czar Unanswerable, and He Who Presides over the New World, and the White Lady of the Antarctic Fastness, and the others. And as each shadow crossed the stage, or appeared to, from out of every throat in the gallery came, unbidden, a mighty "Huzzah!" until the air itself seemed to vibrate. The moon rose in the painted sky, and then, at its height, in one final moment of theatrical magic, it turned from a pallid yellow, as it was in the old tales, to the comforting crimson of the moon that shines down upon us all today.

The members of the cast took their bows and their curtain calls to cheers and laughter, and the curtain fell for the last time, and the show was done.

"There," said my friend. "What did you think?"

"Jolly, jolly good," I told him, my hands sore from applauding.

"Stout fellow," he said, with a smile. "Let us go backstage."

We walked outside and into an alley beside the theatre, to the stage door, where a thin woman with a wen on her cheek knitted busily. My friend showed her a visiting card,

and she directed us into the building and up some steps to a small communal dressing room.

Oil lamps and candles guttered in front of smeared looking-glasses, and men and women were taking off their make-up and costumes with no regard to the proprieties of gender. I averted my eyes. My friend seemed unperturbed. "Might I talk to Mr Vernet?" he asked, loudly.

A young woman who had played the heroine's best friend in the first play, and the saucy innkeeper's daughter in the last, pointed us to the end of the room. "Sherry! Sherry Vernet!" she called.

The young man who stood up in response was lean; less conventionally handsome than he had seemed from the other side of the footlights. He peered at us quizzically. "I do not believe I have had the pleasure...?"

"My name is Henry Camberley," said my friend, drawling his speech somewhat. "You may have heard of me."

"I must confess that I have not had that privilege," said Vernet.

My friend presented the actor with an engraved card.

The man looked at the card with unfeigned interest. "A theatrical promoter? From the New World? My, my. And this is...?" He looked at me.

"This is a friend of mine, Mister Sebastian. He is not of the profession."

I muttered something about having enjoyed the performance enormously, and shook hands with the actor.

My friend said, "Have you ever visited the New World?"

"I have not yet had that honour," admitted Vernet, "although it has always been my dearest wish."

"Well, my good man," said my friend, with the easy informality of a New Worlder. "Maybe you'll get your wish. That last play. I've never seen anything like it. Did you write it?"

"Alas, no. The playwright is a good friend of mine. Although I devised the mechanism of the magic lantern shadow show. You'll not see finer on the stage today."

"Would you give me the playwright's name? Perhaps I should speak to him directly, this friend of yours."

Vernet shook his head. "That will not be possible, I am afraid. He is a professional man, and does not wish his connection with the stage publically to be known."

"I see." My friend pulled a pipe from his pocket, and put it in his mouth. Then he patted his pockets. "I am sorry," he began. "I have forgotten to bring my tobacco pouch."

"I smoke a strong black shag," said the actor, "but if you have no objection –"

"None!" said my friend, heartily. "Why, I smoke a strong shag myself," and he filled his pipe with the actor's

À SUIVRE...