

# Sherlock Holmes and the case of the Real Mr Monk



Noam Chomsky as  
Sherlock Holmes



Alex Cockburn  
as Dr Watson



Dame Edna Everidge  
as Mrs Hudson



Konstantin Stanislavski  
as the real Adrian Monk

"I live in a country where, according to the LSE, forty five million people find me irritating without knowing anything about me, purely on the basis of my identity. My extended family with only one exception is a posse of virulent capitalists who perceive my academic skills as proof of what a retard I am because it appears to prove to them that I will never be a manual labourer or an insincere thieving bureaucrat. And all these people act on their real or perceived irritation, excluding me, policing me, talking down to me, shouting at me because they know there is nothing I can say or do back, and if I do they shout even louder and more violently, denying me, smearing me and mocking me - and yet if I were to do the same to them on the basis of how irritating I find them, should I end up with as much power over them as they have had over me, or more, they would sincerely believe I was immoral and that they would never do the same thing. For this reason I am taking over your planet and renaming it Dickheadworld, because no banker can stop me."

"Enough of this b-movie," said Holmes.

"But it's a documentary," I insisted. "These are real events in the world today."

"What is real? Take Monk."

"The TV show?"

"Yes. It's based on a make-believe version of a very real genius. The real Monk invented the TV character for very very dark reasons. Come, I shall take you to meet him."

The real Monk didn't live in San Francisco but in a town north of Glasgow, so we merely had to take a train.

"Greetings, Sherlock," said Adrian Monk as he let us into his mansion. He shook our hands and led us into the sitting room where we all sat down and had beverages. There was no sign of handy wipes or polythene zip lock bags.

"You see," said Monk to me, as we sipped our bevies, knowing exactly why we were here and what I needed to be told. "I wrote the screenplay about myself in order to make up for having first attempted to get other humans to be like me. You see I am meticulous and believe me I'm rational. I was never married and no wife of mine was killed in a car bomb. I'm just a highly intellectually active individual on a peak of human progress along the spacetime continuum. I don't waste time, for example doing mindless things in an anal way. People all around me in my life,

whether so-called opponents, or so-called students, or so-called friends or other allegedly innocent bystanders tend to feel fear when they see how brilliantly I do everything. The world has taught them to be fanatical narcissists who fear anything which may undermine their obedience which is itself rooted in laziness.

"So they make up slander about me as they mock me behind my back. If I very carefully extract the poison of a snake bite or defuse a bomb or negotiate with a western state terrorist or corporate goon people who realise they could never be as careful or thorough as me convince themselves that I succeed over them because I am what they want to claim is anal and tedious and weird and strange and wrong. I drink spring water because normal water is full of toxins - I choose brands with a ph above 7, because drinking acidic water is unpleasant for me.

"I am extremely sensitive to the smell of a thousand types of pollution - somehow almost everyone portrays that as irrational. Being normal is more important to them than breathing real air.

"So you see - it became obvious that organised human society almost doesn't deserve my brilliance. Whatever I do right it tries to claim credit for and the rest of the time it calls me names. The only room it has for me in its world is to take from me whatever it can whilst giving me nothing back ever.

"I see," I said to him, for I am not a moron even though numerous adaptations of Holmes' life story portray me as a bit of a Lizz Truss. "So

you decided to stop helping them, pretend you were a myth and write a story about yourself which fits their views."

"Exactly," said Monk. "I no longer help them, I no longer protect them or save their lives or world. Instead in this place as you can see I carry out many of the most important experiments and analyses in human history."

Sure enough his thoroughness and other capabilities were now all being directed at a vast array of tools and research materials concerning particle physics and the face of the known and unknown universes. Every second of his life was being spent engaging to the maximum with what mattered most of all to him in his life.

"So you see," said Holmes, "you cannot really be sure what is real and what is fiction in these times."

I agreed and we went home and listened to street music from Brixton which Holmes had picked up from Dub Vendor decades previously, before it had been closed down due to the way economies stagnate when they imagine the fake Monk is the real Monk and vice versa.