



Scarlet Street

The Magazine of Mystery and Horror

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Hollywood's
REAR WINDOW!

A Tribute to
Jeremy Brett



DISPLAY UNTIL MAY 15, 1996



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COVER: Grace Kelly and James Stewart in REAR WINDOW (1954),
Jeremy Brett as Sherlock Holmes



PREVIOUS PAGE: Glenn finds it a little Strange that Marco Polo took so long to release the stunning new recording of *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944). **LEFT:** Werewolf on Ice! **RIGHT:** Thanks to Boris Karloff and J. Carrol Naish, George Zucco is not going to Reigelberg!

while limiting the repetition which is usually present in horror scores. The hearts of these scores has been captured in 75 minutes of playing time, close to the limit for a compact disc.

In *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*, two beautiful cues have been included which were never repeated in any other films: the reading of his father's letter by Wolf Von Frankenstein, and Inspector Krogh's tale explaining the horrific events leading to the loss of his right arm. Both pieces are practically buried beneath dialogue in the film itself, so that much of the orchestration can be heard here for the first time.

THE WOLF MAN contains music omitted from the film's final cut in the cue "Bela's Funeral," the sorrowful lament which culminates in the familiar viola strains behind Maleva's prayer over her son's coffin. Enthusiasts may spot some reused music from *MAN MADE*

MONSTER (1941) in "The Telescope," and advanced Universal musicologists will even recognize a theme written by Frank Skinner for *HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES* (1940).

Music missing from the release version is also present in *INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS*, making every suite (like a good cast at Universal) worth repeating. While it is difficult to forecast the future for such a bold endeavor, it seems safe to assume that more rare horror scores will be forthcoming if recordings such as these are supported by fandom and (hopefully) the public at large. Whatever follows, with the release of these two discs the major genre music of 1940s Universal finds itself amply represented.



Richard Scrivani is a regular contributor to Scarlet Street and played the monster in the Scarlet Street TV ad.

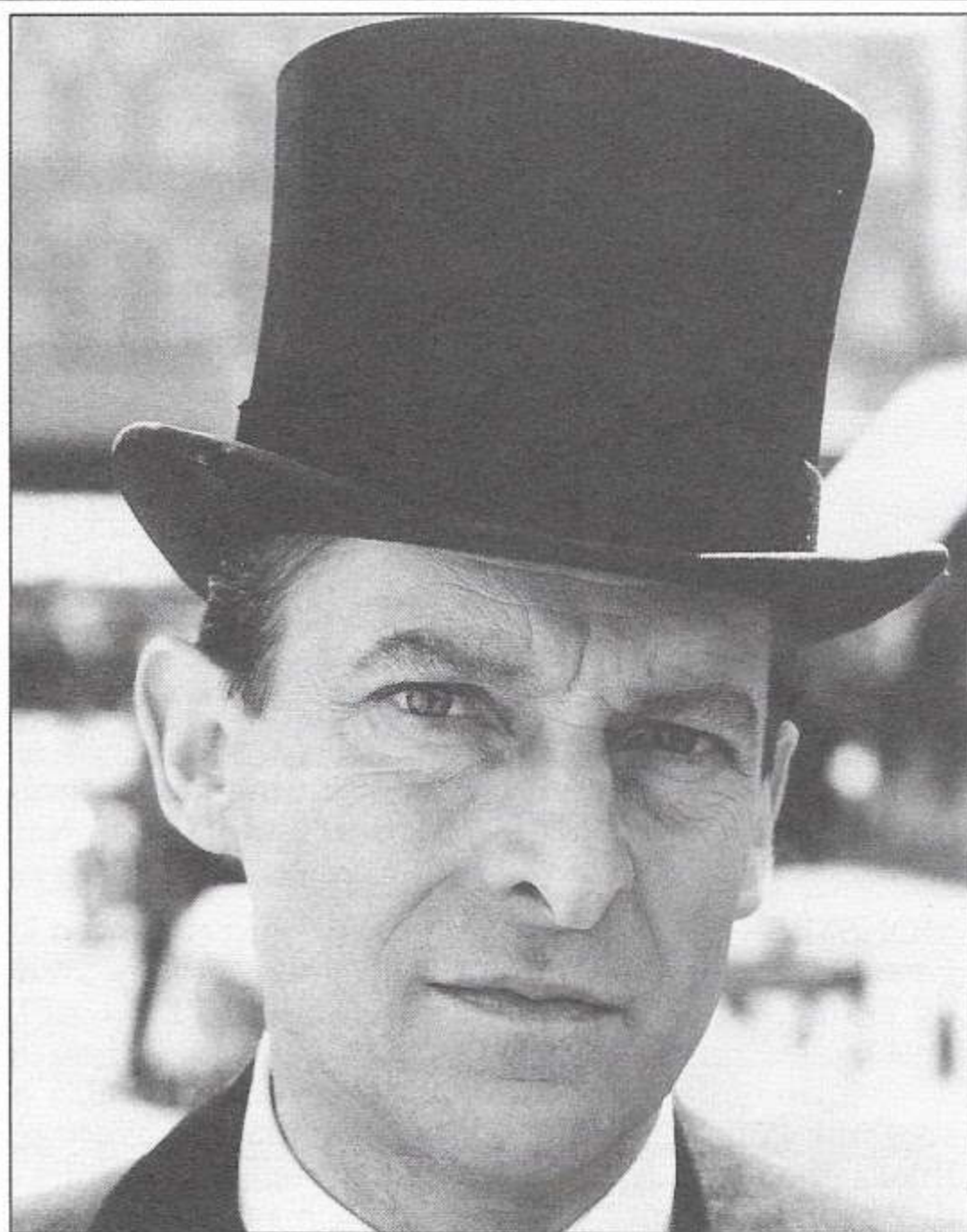


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Attention, Jeremy Brett fans!

Last issue, we ran the first installment of what sadly turned out to be Jeremy Brett's final interview. Mr. Brett, who had kept the name of Sherlock Holmes alive for more than a decade on televisions the world over, had phoned *Scarlet Street's* publisher, Jessie Lilley, to add a few choice comments to an interview conducted earlier in 1995 by David Stuart Davies.

"Anyhow, my love, thanks for all your help and encouragement," Jeremy Brett had said as that last conversation with Jessie drew to a close. "Much love to everyone at *Scarlet Street*, and take care of yourself and all your endeavors."

It had been our intention to run the final part of *DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT: A LAST TALK WITH JEREMY BRETT* in this issue, along with the special tribute beginning on page 41, but we hadn't counted on the enormous outpouring of affection from Mr. Brett's friends and coworkers. Nor had we foreseen the anger of many over Mr. Brett's treatment by the British media and, indeed, the Crown.

Next issue will see the conclusion of *DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT*, but it will hardly be Jeremy Brett's farewell to these pages. Meanwhile, we hope you enjoy the following accolades paid to "an actor, and a rare one."

—Richard Valley

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His Last Bow

The Jeremy Brett Memorial Service

November 29th 1995

by David Stuart Davies

"... the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known."

—*"The Final Problem"*

Friends, colleagues, family, and loved ones came out in force to pay their last respects to Jeremy Brett at his memorial service on the 29th November at St. Martin in the Fields Church, Trafalgar Square. On that dark winter's day, as the afternoon was sliding into evening, we gathered in this "actor's church" to remember a remarkable man and actor. Stalwarts of the British theater world were very well represented: amongst that notable gathering were Diana Rigg, Frank Finlay, David Burke, Anna Massey, Charles Kay, Clive Morrison, Patricia Hodge, Judy Parfitt, and John Stride. The atmosphere inside the church was a strange mixture of the solemn and the frivolous, a strangely suitable concoction for a man who brought us joy and yet suffered the torture of manic depression.

Brett was a larger than life character who inspired love and affection from those he met and this was well documented by the many speakers at the service. Denis Quilley (Leon Sterndale in *THE DEVIL'S FOOT*) recounted an hilarious evening in the location hotel after a long day's shoot, where the irrepressible Brett became determined to serenade the crew and other diners—and did so magnificently. Penelope Keith told of a crazy Christmas with Brett as guest, when he organized a treasure hunt around the house, insisting that the game was not over until the location of the lavatory brush had been discovered!

Edward Hardwicke gave a brilliant address. It was both moving and at times hilarious. His genuine affec-

tion for and his deep friendship with Jeremy was clear to see. One point that he made, however, touched on the raw nerve that many of Brett's admirers in Britain feel. Jeremy Brett's brilliant portrayal of Sherlock Holmes, beloved and admired by the fans, has never been fully recognized by the television establishment and given its due accolade. No flashy awards were ever placed in Brett's hand. Hardwicke quoted from a newspaper article by Kevin Jackson entitled "Underrated—

The Case of Jeremy Brett's Sherlock Holmes" to make this point.

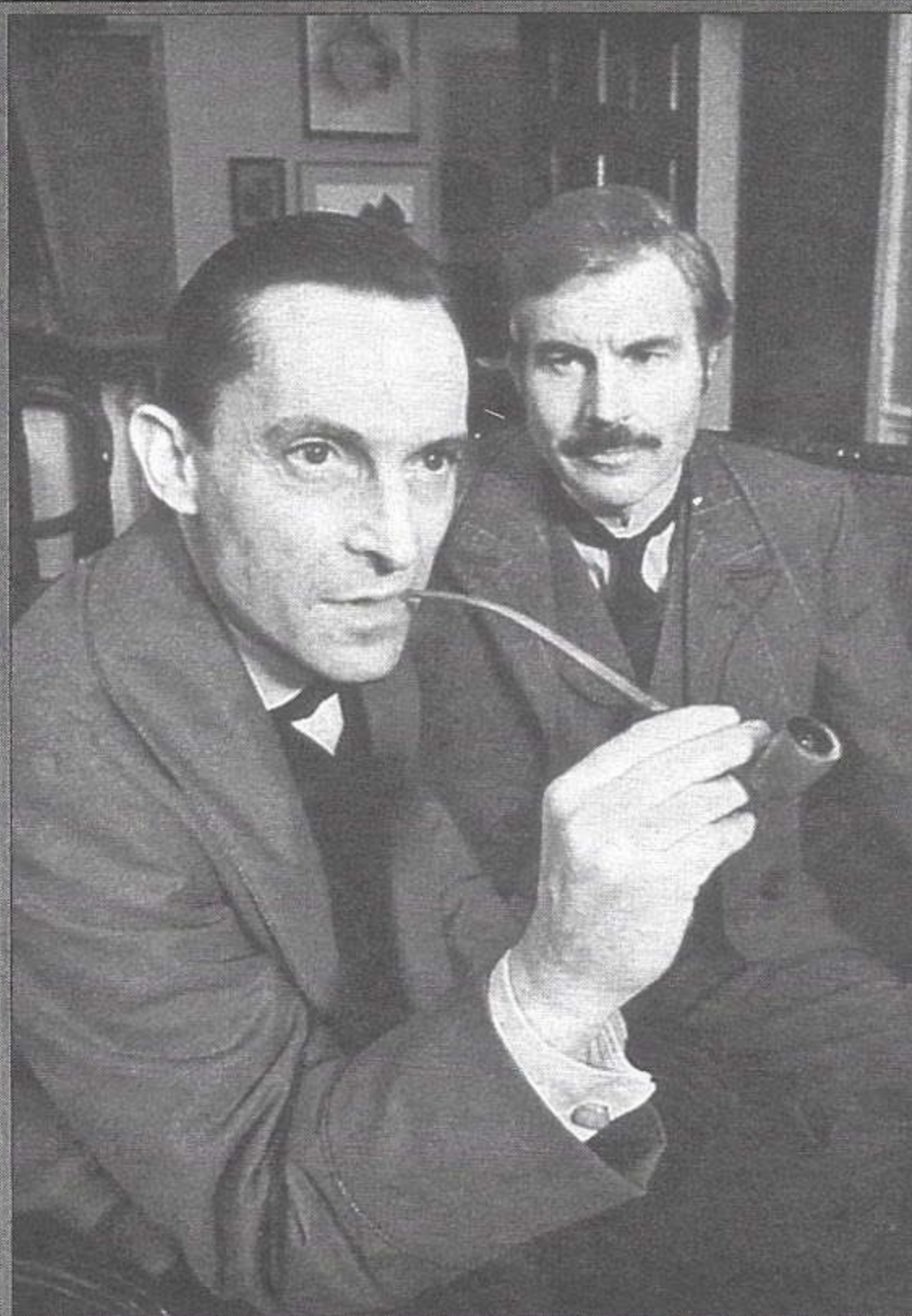
It is a sad fact that this headline is true. There has not even been a Brett tribute on British television since his death, showing perhaps an old episode of the Granada series. (In the States, a short tribute was broadcast between episodes of the PBS series *MYSTERY!*) Now that the gallant fellow has gone to that great bar in the sky, where he is, no doubt, as you read this, cradling a glass of good wine and exchanging anecdotes with his friend Sir Robert Stephens, we can only hope that the television moguls slowly start to realize what the rest of us have known for quite some time: Jeremy Brett was exceptional as Sherlock Holmes and he is irreplaceable.

The Northern Musgraves Sherlock Holmes Society of whom Jeremy was an Honorary Member is holding a Jeremy Brett Celebration Lunch in

London at the Cafe Royal on Saturday March 16th, 1996. David Burke and Edward Hardwicke have agreed to attend, work schedules permitting. Any readers of *Scarlet Street* who wish to attend should contact: David Stuart Davies, Overdale, 69 Greenhead Road, Huddersfield West Yorkshire HD14ER England.



Jeremy Brett Tribute photos © Granada Television Ltd. unless otherwise noted



Jeremy Brett and David Burke

DAME JEAN CONAN DOYLE

He was charming. He was the only actor who has played Sherlock Holmes who took the trouble to get in touch with me and to come and see me. All along, he would ring me up and ask my opinion. He took criticisms extremely well. In fact, I was surprised that he didn't try and justify himself with one or two criticisms I made.

Jeremy was trying to do his very best to be faithful to my father's stories. He really tried to do that, and in rather difficult circumstances. In his performance, he was so varied because of his medical problems. He put on weight and, really, it wasn't a very good representation of Holmes. But Jeremy had such an interesting character and personality of his own that one forgave all that and realized he was still worth watching.

He was over-emotional at times, but so much more interesting than other actors who have played the part of Sherlock Holmes. He was a brave man to carry through such a very exacting part, because manic depression is a terrible illness. I think it was a great kindness in a way, that he should die at a time when he was at the height of fame and had achieved so much. His friends will miss him very much.



Dame Jean Conan Doyle



The first of Jeremy Brett's two motion pictures with Audrey Hepburn was the 1956 production of **WAR AND PEACE**.

REBECCA EATON

Executive Producer, MYSTERY!

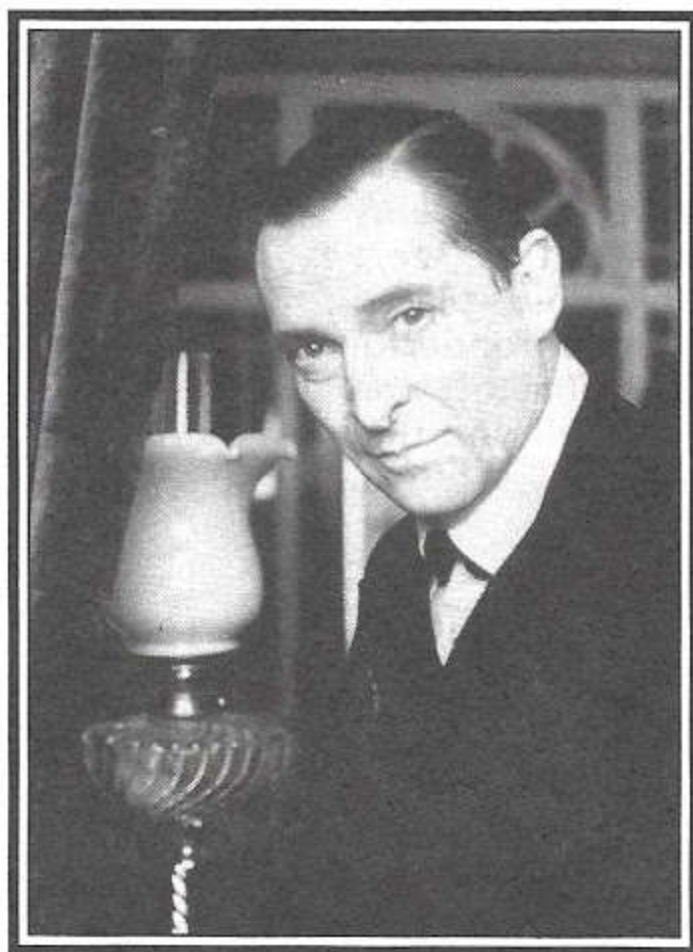
Jeremy was a gentle, loving man, an actor gifted with a keen intelligence, superb instincts, and a classic handsome face. He found a way to reinvent Sherlock Holmes, perfectly adapting a 19th-century gentleman to charm a 20th-century television audience.

The Adventure of the Two Watsons

David Burke and Edward Hardwicke

David Burke, as the *Detroit Free Press* put it "rescued Doctor Watson from his long purgatory as Colonel Blimp." Tall, dashing, and parade-ground correct, Burke's Dr. John H. Watson was as much a revelation as Jeremy Brett's Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Here, the actor relates a story that illustrates Mr. Brett's fidelity to the Canon and the era that produced it

David Burke: He was a delightful man. He was a great perfectionist. I mean, he carried his book of Sherlock Holmes stories around with him, almost like a Bible, and woe betide anybody who tried to alter the stories unless it was absolutely necessary for translation from the page into film. Not merely did he keep a very close eye on the dialogue remaining faithful, but also, when we were actually filming, he would concern himself, in the nicest



possible way, with making sure everybody was dressed correctly and that the action mirrored what it said in the book.

There was one occasion when we were about to do a take, and it involved quite a few extras. Just before the director was about to say, "Action," Jeremy suddenly said, "Stop! Wait a minute!" And he went over and adjusted the dress belonging to one of the extras. I mean, it was something like—he had two buttons of his waistcoat undone at the bottom whereas it should be only one. (Laughs) Then Jeremy came back and we were about to start again, "Stop!" he said, just as the director was about to start again, and off he went and adjusted somebody else. Eventually, after several false starts like this, we actually did the take and the director shouted, "Cut!" And as he did so, Jeremy said to me, "Oh! My God! I had my hat on the wrong way 'round!"

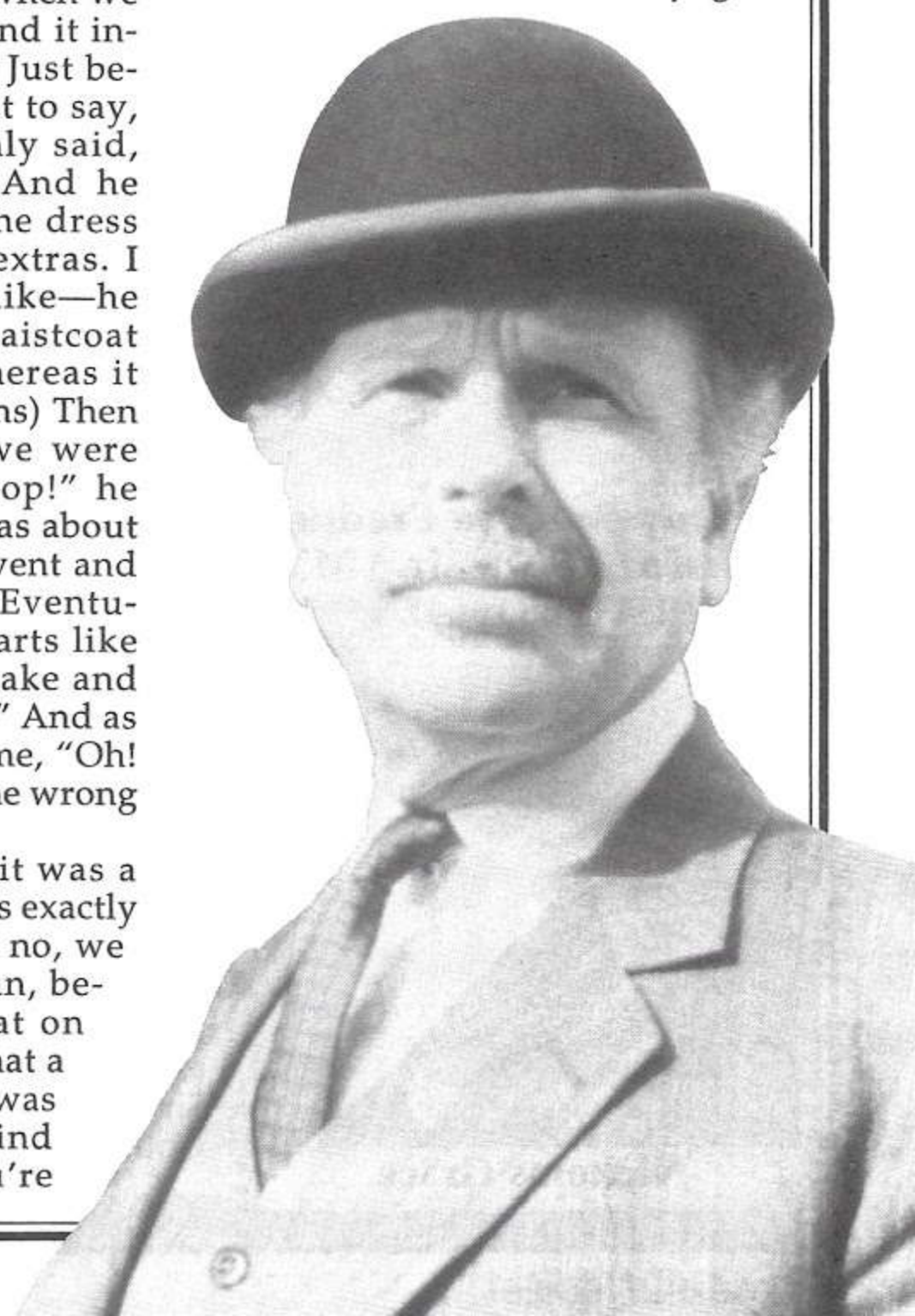
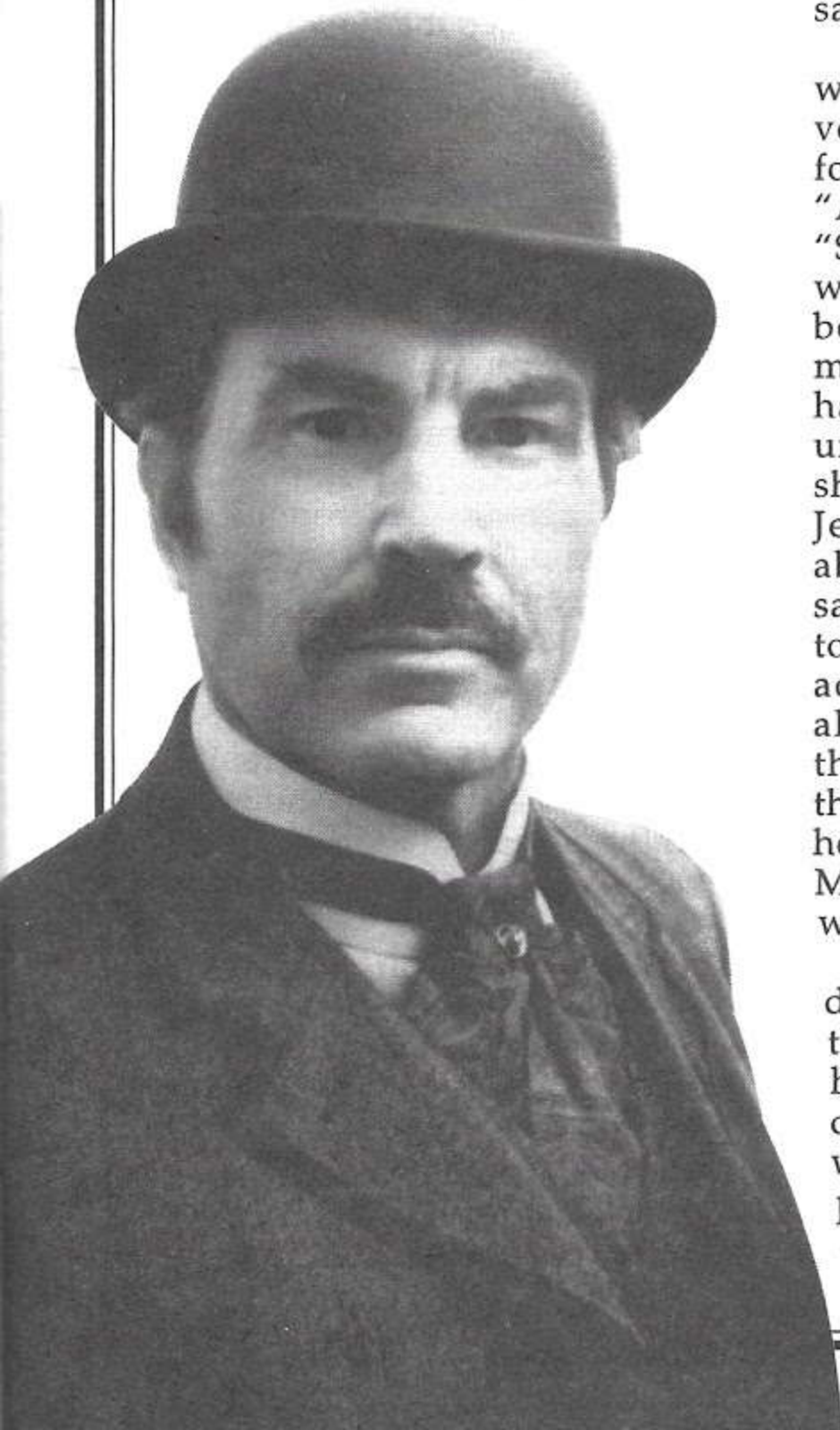
Now, considering that it was a deerstalker hat, and it looks exactly the same both ways—but no, we had to do it all over again, because Jeremy had his hat on wrong. That illustrates what a perfectionist he was. He was also a very sweet and kind and helpful man. If you're

playing Dr. Watson, you're very much second string to whoever's playing Sherlock Holmes, and it would be easy for that person to make you feel quite small. But he was always kindness himself with me. We never had a cross word the whole time we were doing it.

George Bernard Shaw once counseled the young actor Edward Hardwicke, "Don't go on the stage, Edward. You would only be Cedric Hardwicke's son at best; and it's a precarious profession anyhow." Fortunately for us, the otherwise wise playwright's advice went unheeded. Hardwicke's Dr. Watson, an older, worldlier man than David Burke's, was the perfect counterpoint to Jeremy Brett's mercurial, reckless Holmes.

Edward Hardwicke: Well, I remember a million things. Where does

Continued on page 44

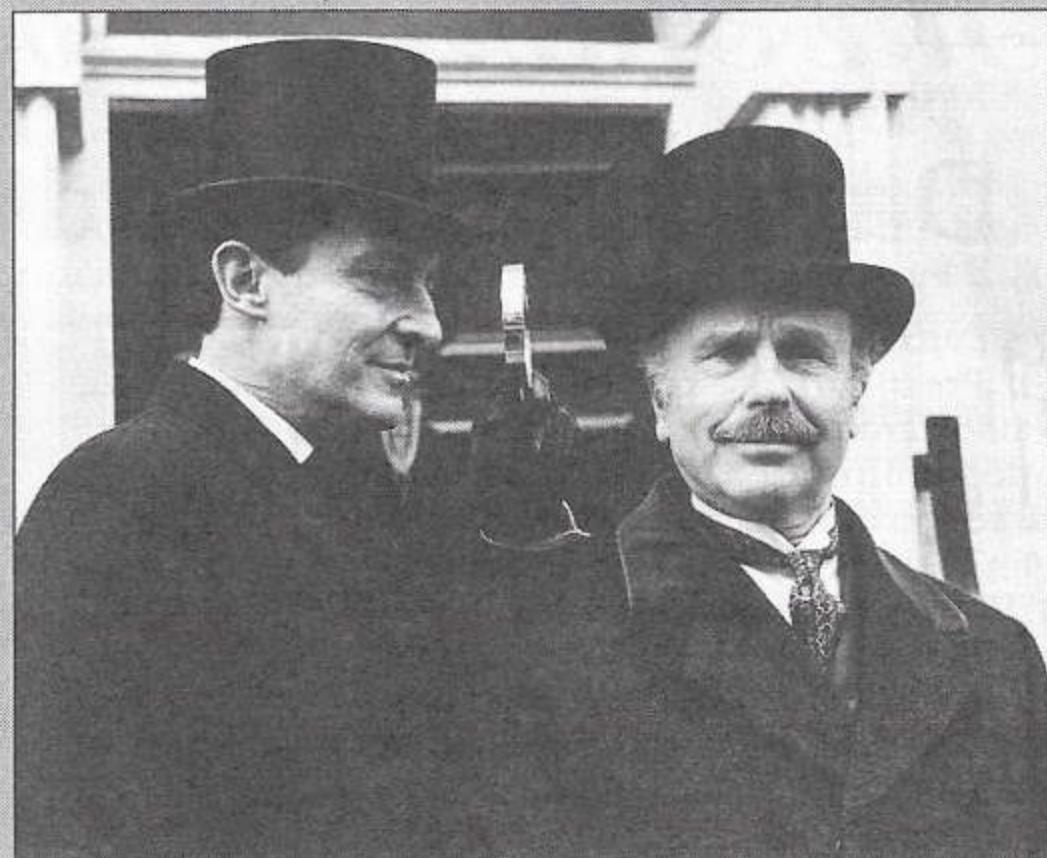


THE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO WATSONS

Continued from page 43

one start, really? He was a great friend and I shall miss him. Apart from any sort of friendship, I think he was a truly remarkable actor. His Holmes was unique and very much of its period. It says something about the 1980s and the 1990s. Every actor that plays the part brings something to it of his period and Jeremy actually caught, somehow, miraculously, very much our age.

We both believed that friendship between Holmes and Watson must be rooted in humor, and in reality Jeremy made sure there was always laughter when we were working. In spite of the enormous strain his illness placed on him, he never lost his sense of joy. He had a wonderful laugh; it was infectious. The enormous list of actors and technicians who worked on the series will tell you that they never had a happier job. That was Jeremy. This, of course, was the background to a great actor giving a great performance. I shall miss him.



Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke



Jeremy Brett as Freddy Eynsford-Hill in *MY FAIR LADY* (1964).



Nickolas Grace

NICKOLAS GRACE

Bertrand (THE MASTER BLACKMAILER)

Jeremy Brett had always been one of my heroes since I saw him, when I was a schoolboy in 1964, in Sir Michael Redgrave's production of *A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY*, with Redgrave and Ingrid Bergman. Just imagine that chemistry!

We both trained, more than a decade apart, at the Central School of Speech and Drama. Jeremy was always a great champion of young performers, and when I first met him in 1967 at a Central School gala, he was enthusiastic about my work and ambitions. He invited me to see the now legendary all-male *AS YOU LIKE IT* at the National Theatre, in which he played a strikingly handsome Orlando, alongside the then unknown Sir Anthony Hopkins, Sir Derek Jacobi, and Sir Robert Stephens!

I first worked with him in 1983, playing Mordred to his King Arthur in *MORTE D'ARTHUR* for BBC TV. During the shooting of our mutual deaths, he told me that I wasn't striking his helmet hard enough to be convincing. When I hit him harder on the next take, he yelled in pain, saying that the strike had knocked his contact lens into his eye. He demanded a doctor be called, and paced up and down the set, protesting that if I had blinded him, it wasn't my fault, as he had asked me to hit him harder. A true drama-queen in the best sense!

When he hadn't finished all his scenes, with a three-day overrun, he ordered the director, Gillian Lynne, down onto the studio floor. He ranted and raved at her, shouting that it was her job to ensure that everything was filmed in the allotted time. After this attack, he did a complete *vôlte-face* and said in the sweetest of voices, that he had to explode to get the frustration out of his system!

He was an elegant man, always immaculately dressed in public life. We last worked together in 1992, when I was playing Cole Porter in the West End, and Jeremy suggested that I should take on the scheming French villain, Bertrand, in his *SHERLOCK HOLMES*. It was a tough schedule, as I had to commute to Manchester each day, but Jeremy was in his element, sparring intellectually with the director, Peter Hammond. One cold, clear, blue-skied morning outside Manchester Town Hall, Jeremy was reading his newspaper and was so delighted by what he read, that he stood on his chair, asked for quiet, and announced to the cast and crew that since the Gorbachev/Reagan Summit had been such a success, there was now a new world order and that all wars would cease! If only. That's how I shall always remember him—Sherlock Holmes in his great coat, standing on his chair, backed by the neo-Gothic Town Hall and a blue sky, proclaiming world peace!

The Memoirs of Mrs. Hudson

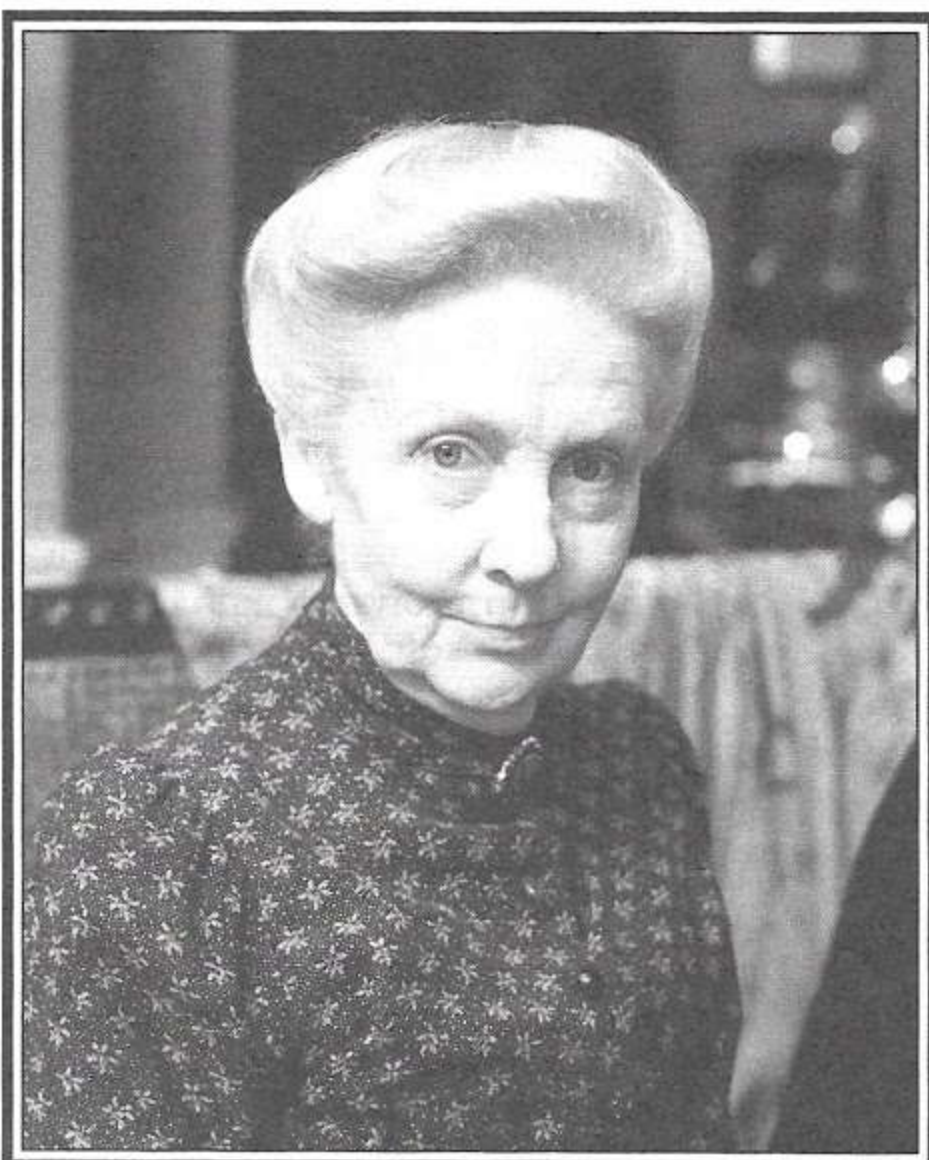
Rosalie Williams Remembers Jeremy Brett

East as 221B Baker Street's own Mrs. Hudson, Rosalie Williams spent 10 seasons picking up after, nursing, and occasionally facing down Jeremy Brett's Great Detective, beginning with *THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES* in 1984 and continuing until the final series, *THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, which recently completed its showing on the PBS series *MYSTERY!* (Her late costar had insisted that she appear in every one of the final six episodes.) First interviewed in *Scarlet Street* #8 (in which she expressed the hope that she would be able to film the complete Canon, finishing with "His Last Bow"), our favorite landlady recently shared a few fond thoughts with us on her warm professional and personal relationship with Mr. Brett.

Rosalie Williams: It was so unexpected, really, although he had been very ill when I last saw him, at the end of the series. He was definitely a sick man, but then he recovered somewhat, enough to do a little more work in film and so on. Ah, but what a loss. A terrible loss to the theatre! And a personal loss, because he was a very close, dear friend to me. Not just a working partner. You get to know somebody very, very closely when you're in a dressing room with them. (Laughs) *Scarlet Street: The Sherlock Holmes series wasn't the first time you worked together.*

RW: We had worked in the theatre together, when we were both much younger, and he was a lovely person. He had a wonderful voice and a very great stage presence. He was so generous with everybody. The least member of the crew would be included in everything. He was a sweet person, and in some ways a sad person. He switched between great gaiety and moods of depression—but never on the set. This was

the extraordinary thing. When he was working, he was bubbling with joy and enthusiasm and drive. And it's funny—I think Sherlock kept him alive in some ways. It was an alter ego in many ways, though he often said that he didn't really like Sherlock Holmes very much, be-



Rosalie Williams was a particular favorite of the late Jeremy Brett, who always felt that her appearances as 221B Baker Street's Mrs. Hudson enlivened an episode.

cause he was a cold character. Cold fish, he called him.

SS: He was especially happy when an episode included Mrs. Hudson.

RW: I used to call it embroidery. He used to embroider things for me in my part! There's very little in the actual writing for Mrs. Hudson, and he used to come up with lovely little inventions, little pieces, like when he gave me a flower in one episode. There were lots of moments like that, where Holmes revealed that Mrs. Hudson was so very close to him—which isn't in the stories, but is something that developed because it was Jeremy

and me! To a certain extent, we had to keep it in check, because the Sherlockians would have been critical if we stepped out of line. There was some criticism when he handed me the flower, but he always did it with proper Holmesian panache. With flair. With always a twinkle. I

was allowed to share a glance with him, always.

SS: His death was such a shock. Of course, we knew he was terribly ill, but . . .

RW: I just feel, really, that it should never have happened. We don't know what mistakes were made along the way or what happened, but he was an extraordinary character and a beautiful man! He was such a good-looking man. It's a shame he was very ill towards the end of the series. His face puffed up with some of the drugs that he was on, and it took away the lovely aquiline look that he had as Sherlock Holmes. But there was still the truth behind it! He never did anything that was wrong in the character, I felt. He sometimes overplayed a tiny bit when he was tired.

SS: Still, it always worked. Do you miss playing Mrs. Hudson?

RW: I miss it. I miss Mrs. Hudson very, very much. I got to love her very much. Once I was on the set, I was her and it was my room and everything had

to be just so. I flooded into her with great ease and great pleasure. And I was never a Sherlockian! I mean, I'm not a fan club member at all! But I certainly loved playing that part as an actress.

SS: Well, you've left a rich legacy for Sherlock Holmes fans. You and David Burke and Edward Hardwicke and, of course, Jeremy Brett . . .

RW: It's so kind of you to say so. I certainly was very, very sad about Jeremy. It comes over me every now and again and . . . tears well up, really.



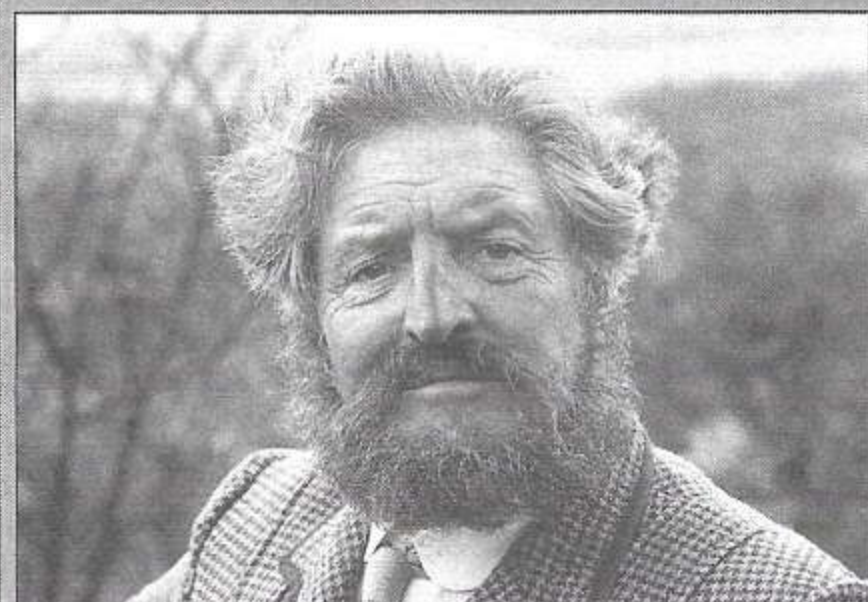


Daniel Massey and Jeremy Brett

DANIEL MASSEY
J. Neil Gibson (THE PROBLEM OF THOR BRIDGE)
 The best Holmes there ever was, or ever will be.



Courtesy of Meg Moler Martin



Denis Quilley

DENIS QUILLEY
Leon Sterndale (THE DEVIL'S FOOT)

He was a very dear man and an extraordinarily fine romantic actor—one of the few in the Barrymore mode, with the impossibly romantic profile and the technique to go with it.

The only time we actually worked together was in the Sherlock Holmes TV series. It was in the period after his wife had died and he was in a very fragile mental and physical state. What was very impressive to me was that, despite all this, he managed not merely to soldier on, but to give that extraordinary and electrifying performance of Sherlock Holmes under the most intense physical and emotional pressure. He could easily have packed it in and said, "I can't do this anymore. I'm too unhappy and too ill." Far from doing that, it even, it seems to me, deepened his interpretation of Sherlock Holmes.

When I was a teenager, Sherlock Holmes was Basil Rathbone, but Jeremy managed to bring an extra dimension to it. It was a Sherlock Holmes for the '80s and '90s, rather than for the '40s. It was the neurotic side of the character, the fact that he was a drug addict and a violin player and a very strange man. Jeremy brought this over with the most extraordinary sensitivity, and he did it with a very flamboyant style, which managed never quite to go over the top. Marvelous. And very rare nowadays, when realism is all the thing. To go that far and to be that romantic, that baroque, especially on television—that's something quite difficult to bring off. And he brought it off in spades, didn't he?



Photo: Kenna Duncan

Jeremy Brett as Count Dracula

MICHAEL COX
Producer

Success is celebrated in America more enthusiastically than it is in England, and Jeremy relished the fact that the Sherlock Holmes series worked so well there. Everywhere he went, people congratulated him and were very forthcoming about what they thought of the series. Usually it was complimentary, and he enjoyed that enormously.

I must say, I enjoyed it, too. I was with him in America during the launch of the second series on PBS, and it was tremendous to walk down a street in New York and see posters on all the bus stops. People would say hello to him in the street and so forth. Now that Jeremy's gone, it's great to think how vividly his work was appreciated in your country.

JEREMY PAUL Playwright

During the run of *THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*, there was one abiding memory. The star's dressing-room door was always left open. Jeremy called it the Green Room—and at any time you could wander in and find people—the mighty and the lowly—completely at their ease. He had time for everyone—to laugh with, to share a glass of champagne or simply to listen to their troubles over a cup of tea. Writing, as we know, is a solitary business, and one of my great pleasures at that time was to drop in at Wyndham's Theatre and share the warmth. It was always stimulating to be with Jeremy. His interests spread far and wide. He identified strongly with those moments when Conan Doyle allowed Holmes to speculate on the broader issues of life. The Board schools of Clapham, seen from the train. "Lighthouses, Watson. Beacons of the future . . . out of which will spring a wiser, better England." You could see these buildings, still standing today, from the roof of Jeremy's apartment. He was always concerned for the welfare of the children of his friends and ever ready to give them a helping hand with their dreams and ambitions.

He relished also the philosophical moments in the Canon. The "rose" speech from "The Naval Treaty" was a particular favourite—and he carried forward the notion with total conviction that Holmes was speaking for the end of our 20th century as well as his own. He

succeeded in making Holmes a hero for all times and often spoke of the actor who would next take on the mantle. Daniel Day Lewis was his quiet nomination. For an actor of such extraordinary charisma, he was completely without vanity. This may seem an odd observation, but I'm talking about vanity within his own life, not to be confused with his stage daring, which on some nights would simply take your breath away—and he never, ever lost sight of the truth.

He has been described as the last of a romantic breed of actor. I don't hold with this. I think he simply kept a torch for it burning while the style was briefly out of fashion. Now it is blazing back with actors such as Anthony Sher, Day Lewis, Ralph Fiennes, and others. Much has been written about the dark side of his soul and I have no inclination to dwell on that—except to say that he used it skillfully and intuitively to enrich the character of Holmes in a manner that, I believe, Conan Doyle

himself would have admired. At times it was a safety valve—a release of pressure, and we—his friends and his audience—reaped the benefit.

This last summer was a difficult time for him. The hot London weather increased his breathing difficulties and he was doubting whether he could work again. "I'm running out of puff," he said on the phone, just a few weeks before his death. Somewhere I am relieved that he was spared a long and debilitating retirement, but it doesn't make his loss any easier to bear. I'm missing a true friend and an inspiration in my life.



Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke congratulate Jeremy Paul on his Edgar Award.

JUNE WYNDHAM DAVIES Producer

Well, it's very hard to talk about Jeremy. We were so closely associated for such a long time. It's hard to believe that he's no longer here.

All of us knew that he was ill when we were doing the last series, and that it wouldn't take long. He needed a heart transplant, but it was an impossible operation because, with the emphysema, one couldn't operate.

Jeremy believed that an actor had to have the body of an athlete and the voice of an orchestra—and as his health deteriorated, and he had to take pills which made him put weight on, he became sad about himself, really. His voice also was losing its bright, hard, lovely quality and becoming very slight. It was very difficult for him.

He was a brilliant actor. Apart from the fact that Sherlock Holmes was a splendid characterization, he was a marvelous actor in other parts, too.

Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke during the filming of *THE LAST VAMPYRE*.



Photo: David Stuart Davies

PATRICIA HODGE

Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope (THE SECOND STAIN)

I considered it one of the great privileges of my career to have worked with Jeremy Brett and, most particularly, in his portrayal of Sherlock Holmes, which was his crowning glory and, as I think has been universally acknowledged, a definitive interpretation of such a great character.

Mr. Brett was well into his stride when I played my particular episode with him, and I shall never forget his complete absorption in the role, his meticulous attention to detail, his knowledge of every appropriate prop and artifact on the set and his acquaintance with each of these that he used as if he were living then and not now. He also had a stunning concentration, which was so electrifying on camera, and which spellbound audience and participants alike, as one could almost tangibly feel the mind of the Great Detective at work at twice the speed of lightning.

He was also, as it happens, the most enchanting man in real life and, for a short while, we romanced about playing a show together that I had already done, about the life of Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, in New York, where a producer very much wanted to put the two of us. Sadly, Jeremy's illness got in the way and it was never to be, but it was very exciting to do the initial work on it with him, and I am sure he would have been as brilliant at playing the Master as he was as Sherlock Holmes.



Jeremy Brett and Patricia Hodge

PATRICK ALLEN

Col. Sebastian Moran (THE EMPTY HOUSE)

Please add my name to the list of those remembering Jeremy. He was wonderful to work with and a very big talent! He was the consummate Sherlock Holmes. He will be deeply missed by us all.



Jeremy Brett and Patrick Allen

CHARLTON HESTON

Sherlock Holmes (THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD)

Jeremy Brett was not only a fine actor, but also a gentleman and a consummate professional. I had the great pleasure of working with him in Paul Giovanni's CRUCIFER OF BLOOD, in which he played a superb Watson to my Holmes. Watson has a unique function in that play; he falls in love with the woman who turns out to be the villain. Jeremy handled all this with wit, and exquisite taste. Later on, of course, he had a triumph as the Great Detective in the Granada series in which he starred so memorably. We'll all miss him as a man and an actor.

Jeremy Brett, Suzanne Lederer, and Charlton Heston in the Los Angeles stage production of THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD.



STEFANIE POWERS

I am happy to be counted as one of Jeremy's friends . . . for indeed I loved him, too!

He was a prince . . . sometimes a princess, but always among the crowned heads of theater and film!

Among his sterling performances was one of his best roles . . . that of friend . . . he was my cheerleader and I miss him more than I can say.

Good night . . . and goodbye, my prince!

Jeremy Brett returns in *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*

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Jeremy Brett and Edward Hardwicke on stage in Jeremy Paul's THE SECRET OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

PETER HAMMOND

Director

It takes me by surprise when somebody dies suddenly. It takes quite a while before you get to grips with it, doesn't it? I made about seven Sherlock Holmes films with Jeremy, and 30 years ago he played D'Artagnan for me in THE THREE MUSKETEERS. I remember, I was told by my bosses that I was to get somebody who was very physically attractive to play the leading roles in the classic serials, and Jeremy was then playing DORIAN GRAY. So I asked him to do THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

I worked with him, really, over the length of his career. It was very good to return to work with him after all those years, having worked with him when he was a very beautiful young man. Well, he played Dorian Gray! In the way that he was the best Sherlock Holmes, he was also the best Dorian Gray, which people are inclined to forget.

He brought deep feeling to the way he played Sherlock Holmes. He was the last of that sort of actor. He was a person who could overplay, what we call overacting, but he did it with feeling. You could say that there's no such thing as overfeeling, there's only overacting—but Jeremy, if anything, was overfeeling.

Now that he's not with us anymore, I hope they use THE MAZARIN STONE as the last episode. In that show, he actually says he's going on a journey to the high places. He may be gone for some time, he says. It would be good if that was the last one. It would be his way of saying goodbye . . .



ANNA CALDER MARSHALL

Helena Northcote

(THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR)

He was very generous; he wasn't just locked in his own psyche. He was always perceiving things in other people. His generosity, vision, his enthusiasm—he was a star. I was disappointed by the obituary, because it kept on saying what he wasn't. Maybe he didn't have the chances that he should have done, but every way, in working with him, he was a star. He wasn't well when I worked with him, but that didn't prevent him from giving his all. He couldn't even hold me in his arms very long. The director couldn't ask him to hold the take, because he just dropped down. But he always gave his best, however he was feeling.

My husband, David Burke, was his first Dr. Watson. Jeremy was such a very dear friend to David; they had a very special relationship.

I was talking to Edward Hardwicke, who was in France when he heard about the death, saying how sorely we'll miss him. He said, "He was a genius. Sometimes the director would say, 'Would you do so and so?'" And Edward would think, "How can you do that?" And Jeremy would do it in a gesture!

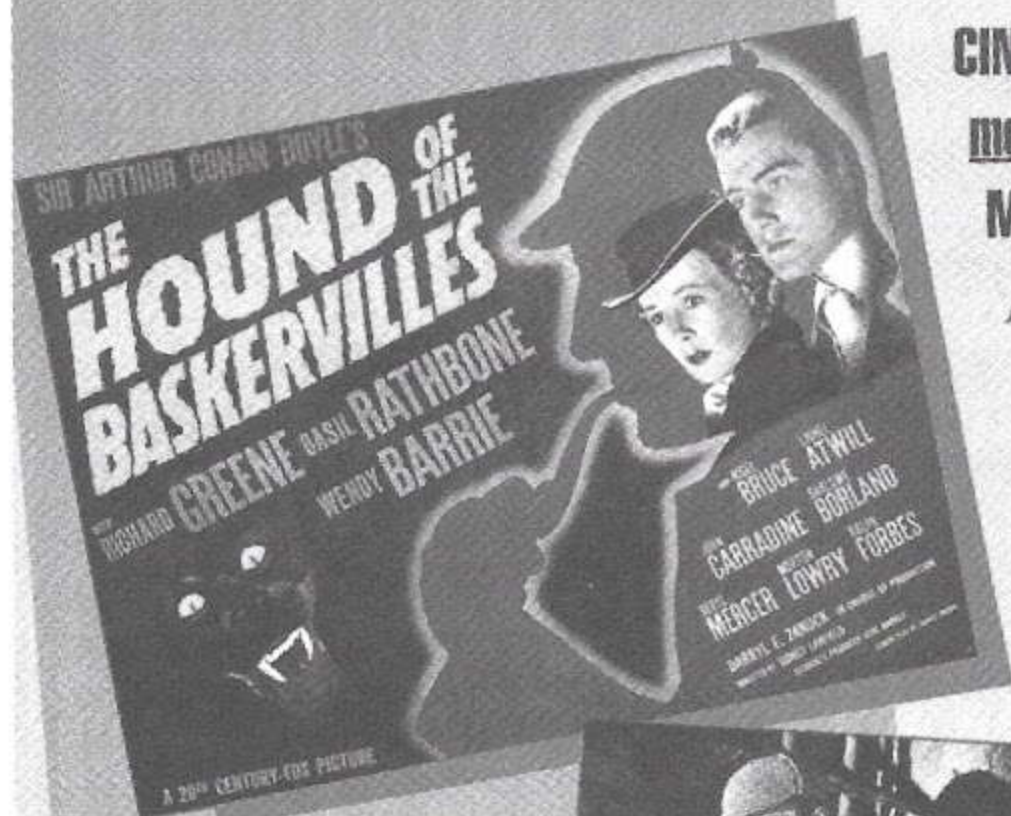
There was something like Garbo about him. Her face was never blank. So many thoughts would pass over her face, but subtly. It was packed in, it was rich—and that's what I thought about Jeremy.



Anna Calder Marshall

Jeremy Brett and Claudine Auger being directed by Peter Hammond for THE MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES episode "The Three Gables."

ELEMENTARY!



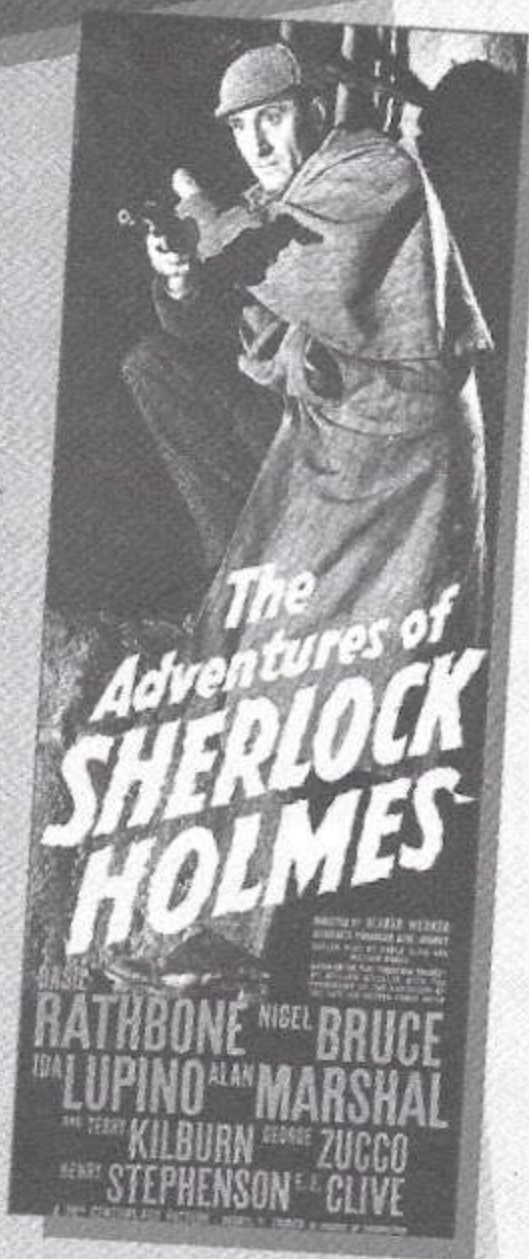
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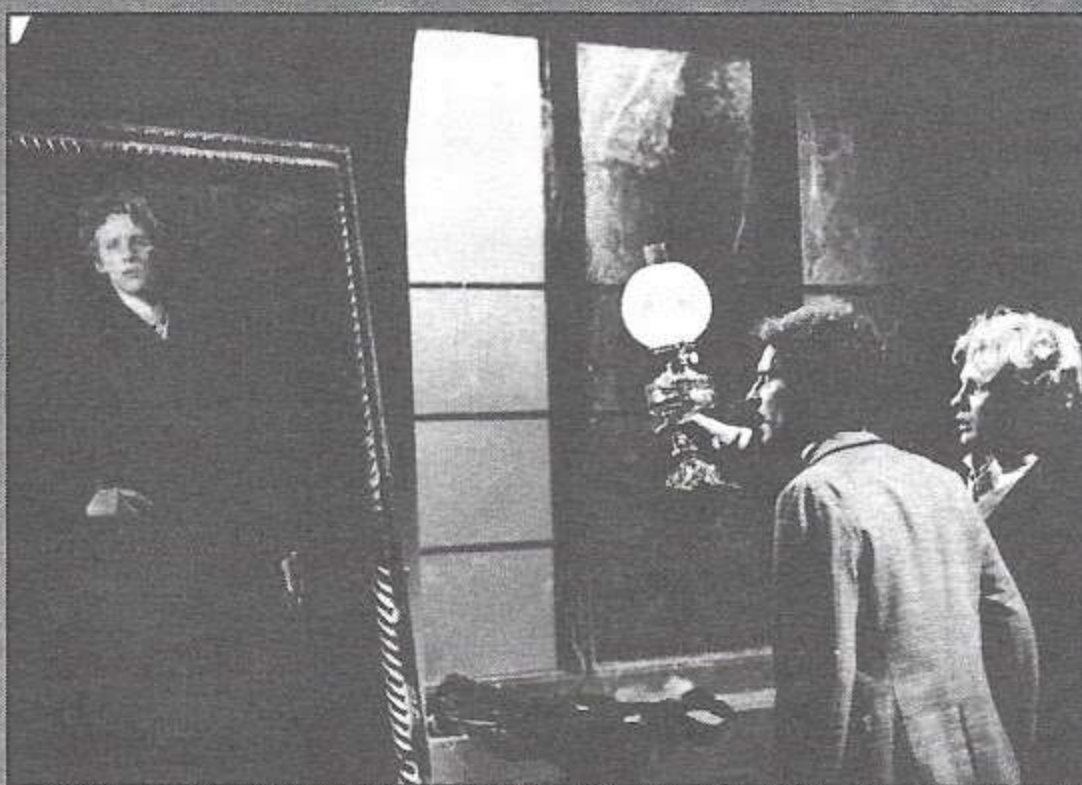
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Jeremy Brett (as Lord Henry Wotton) and Peter Firth (as Dorian Gray) in a 1976 BBC production of Oscar Wilde's THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY.

SIMON WILLIAMS

Lord St. Simon (THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR)

The last time I saw Jeremy was when they recorded Edward Hardwicke on *THIS IS YOUR LIFE*. It was after a very tiring day of filming and we all flew up to spring the surprise on Ted. Jeremy was obviously tired at the end of a long schedule, but he came on and was just so wonderful. The love he had for Ted was very, very special. He recognized, I think, the way every great star performer realizes, that he could only be that great backed up by someone as dear and diligent as Edward Hardwicke. It was very touching, indeed. He was just so full of love for Ted.

It's difficult, when you've been playing a part for 10 years, to summon up the energy to make all the guest artists feel welcome. And he always did. I think he knew that Sherlock Holmes was a role that actors like him would want; he recognized that I would really rather like the role. He told me how good he thought I would be at it. I said, "I don't think anyone wants to play it after you." He said, "But you'd like to have a go at it." And I said, "Yes, I would!"

He was an object lesson in how a part gets under one's skin. It did affect his life, and conversely, he gave Sherlock Holmes a new life. They gave each other life.

It's disgraceful that this shining performance, this definitive Sherlock Holmes of Jeremy Brett's, went without any acknowledgment at all in the honor system. It makes the whole thing meaningless to me. Here was a performance that was the biggest program that Granada ever had. A huge exporter for England. An actor who'd worked in all the major companies and done major films and had this 10-year triumph—and he never got rewarded. It is a disgrace.

Peter Wyngarde in THE THREE GABLES

PETER WYNGARDE

Langdale Pike (THE THREE GABLES)

I'm terribly upset, because I just think it's so sad when people with talent go. Apart from Jeremy being a friend, I just think it's so ghastly.

I knew Jeremy for a very long time, but I'd never worked with him until I was asked to do a guest appearance in this particular episode. What I found absolutely fascinating was his hold on the whole production. He'd become Sherlock Holmes—totally and utterly, he'd become this man. It was quite extraordinary. He had this wonderful ability to know what was good for the series and what wasn't, and he always hit the nail on the head.

The character I played was this critic and gossip monger, who wrote a newspaper column. Jeremy evolved this character. He said, "Look, Holmes and Pike obviously went to the same school, and we were both contemporaries, and I was the one who was the intellectual and the scholar. We also went to the same University, so we've that kind of friendship." It was wonderful, because you immediately got a three-dimensional character going. And this was entirely due to Jeremy.

Sherlock Holmes is a character written by a famous author, and Jeremy stuck to it in a most extraordinary way, although he made him quirky. He became the part, which sometimes happens. I'll never forget Larry Olivier and Vivien Leigh. They did *RICHARD III* and *OEDIPUS REX* on stage, and he was doing the film of *HAMLET* at the same time. I remember Vivien saying, "I always knew which part Larry was playing that day by the way he behaved at breakfast!" And it's true! This is absolutely true of actors. It's quite extraordinary, because you become that person. No matter what you do, your whole day is devoted to that person, and it's quite frightening. If it's a boulevard play, there's no problem, but if you're playing Hamlet you're looking around for your dad all day.

Jeremy's absolute dedication was phenomenal. It was not selfish. It wasn't for him, it wasn't for Jeremy Brett—it was for Sherlock Holmes. Nothing to do with him at all.



Photo: David Stuart Davies