

Sherlock Holmes and mysterious case of the Jimmy Carr joke.

It was when a row was breaking out in the Americas over whether Whoopi Goldberg's comment that people should be nice to each other was anti-semitic that Scotland Yard were baffled by what to do about the corpse of the last dregs of anything remotely approximating to even a weak facsimile of some distant cousin of the credibility of Jimmy Carr.

"Nobody wants to touch it, Mr Holmes," said the exaggeratedly quaint and old-worldly police commissioner.

"A tricky puzzle?" Holmes ventured.

"Perhaps," said the commissioner, "but it's more a question of not being called anti-semitic. If we're seen to criticise Jimmy Carr for making what for all intents and purposes seems to be an obscenely xenophobic and idiotic apology for entertainment or humour, a wide variety of people will call us anti-semitic and I will lose my job and whether or not I can do my job properly won't matter any more because someone else will be doing it and I'll be living as a social exile in one or other form out of literally thousands of known varieties of victim of this process and similar processes."

"It strikes me," Holmes noted, somewhat perspicaciously, "that police commissioners are far more articulate and intelligent in this day and age. And as salaried workers it is understandable that you fall entirely in line with normalised discrimination and exclusion and act, even unhappily, in a fully discriminatory manner which alienates you from any sincerity, let alone sincerity in the course of being any kind of servant of the general public or of society, whatever you want to call it. And so naturally only I can solve this for you. And I shall."

I was glad that Holmes was going to solve the mystery, because what annoys me as much as it annoyed Columbo is when the person who did something bad puts pressure on everyone to not tell them off for doing it.

"We must attend a Gypsy Kings concert, Watson," my inexplicably miraculous associate informed me.

"Is it connected to the death of Carr's alleged credibility?"

"No, but it will help me think. My main idea on the Carr front is to question Rachel Riley."

After several hours of musical interlude we found ourselves in Stephen Fry's sitting room, courtesy of Holmes' brother Mycroft. Thus it was that Holmes was able to interview Riley about her whereabouts during the tragic events and in the run up to them. It turns out that Riley could not have been involved because she was busy reviving the third reich itself and doing her bit to put Boris Johnson in power.

"I am convinced," said Holmes, as we dined at Quag's that evening, "that Carr did it to himself. I think he was sick of being such an overtly talentless cretin. He seeks

enlightenment, Watson.”

“You really think so?”

“He made that joke in the vain hope that it would end his career but it didn’t work because his audience is so morally bankrupt and so cretinous. The road to enlightenment remains closed to him, my friend. We can but pity him. The commissioner didn’t appreciate that in the end the biggest victim of the centres of gravity of the racist smears are those who bow to them. Carr doesn’t even know what it’s really like to be able to think for yourself. I mean can you imagine that Watson?”

Naturally I can, and I told him so, and he agreed that that’s the difference between ourselves and Carr, that we can see a perspective other than some narrow one with few dimensions hammered into us from outside.

“We delve into the world ourselves,” Holmes explained, “and find truth in whatever form it presents itself. Not off a shelf or received from some alleged wisdom. To Carr a joke is just a way to be rude to someone. He cannot conceive of its being a constructive act.”

I agreed that we should let him go. The wretch had spirit.

“As I’ve said before, I am absolutely not some mere instrument provided by nature to make up for the deficiencies of society, and as for what nature and fate want to do with Carr, I leave it to them. For the police it was too high-powered to touch, for me it is too squalid.”

We listened to a performance of Las Palmeras by Alberto Cortez and gave no further thought to the matter of Jimmy Carr.



Matt Berry, as
Sherlock Holmes



Richard Ayoade,
as Doctor Watson



Adolf Hitler, as
Rachel Riley



Adolf Hitler, as
Jimmy Carr



Keir Starmer, as
police commissioner



David McCallum, as
Mycroft Holmes



Robert Vaughan, as
Stephen Fry's
sitting room