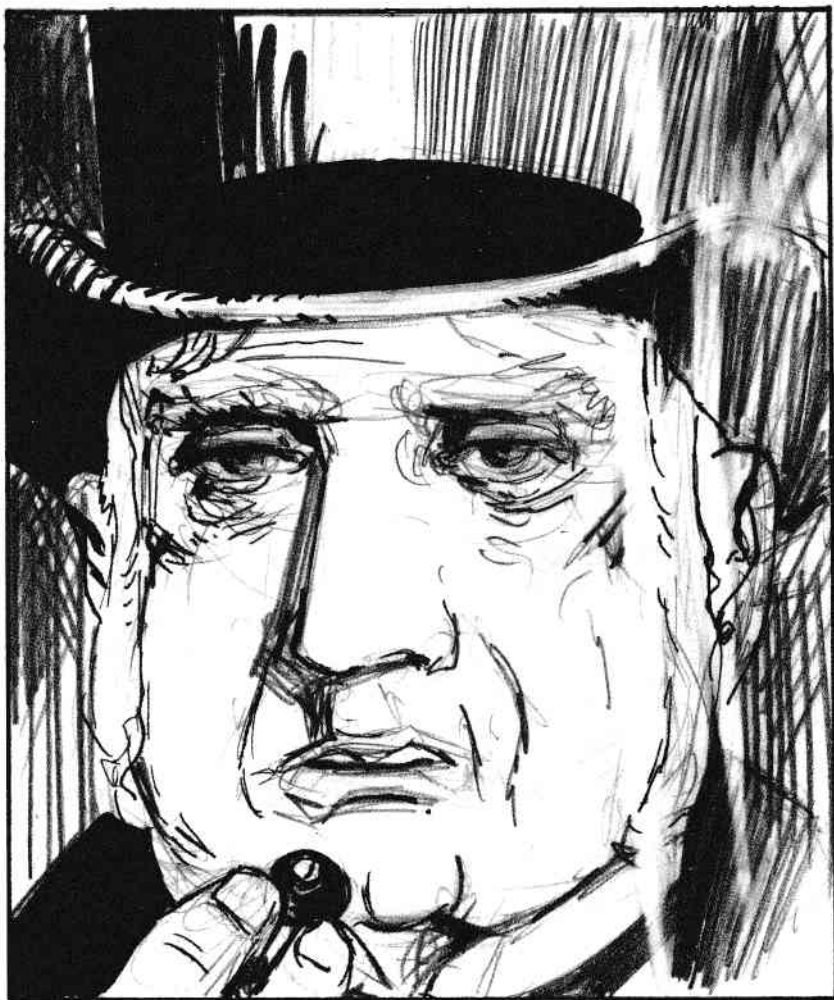


LIBRIS

We know
books

THE **FROM HELL** COMPANION



Eddie Campbell presents Alan Moore's scripts, sketches, notes and other miscellanies as well as contributions, artistic, anecdotal and scholarly, of his own.

With a foreword by Charles Hatfield and Craig Fischer.

- 1- PROLOGUE - OLD MAN ON THE SHORE
- 2- AFFAIRS OF YOUNG MR. S.
- 3- ~~THE AFFAIRS OF YOUNG MR. S.~~
AND THE OLD MAN ON THE SHORE?
- 4- ELACAMAL, OR MR. CHARTER.
- 5- WITH THE OLD MAN ON THE SHORE.
- 6- GRAND VOY.
- 7- PROLOGUE
- 8- ANNE CHAPMAN.
- 9- THE AFFAIRS OF YOUNG MR. S. AND THE OLD MAN ON THE SHORE.
- 10- DOUBLE BEAT.
- 11- FROM HELL.
- 12- THE BEST OF ALL THINGS.
- 13- THE AFFAIRS OF MR. LEE.
- 14- THE RETURN TO CLARKE STREET.
- 15- THE AFFAIRS OF MR. LEE.
- 16- THE EPILOGUE: THE OLD MAN ON THE SHORE.

APPENDIX I: THE NOTE AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

APPENDIX II: DANCE OF THE GULL - CHAPTER.

The contents as Alan had them worked out in mid-1992, around the time of Chapter 5, deducing from the neighbouring material in the notebook from which this came. Four chapters (6,7,8,10 above) don't yet have their final titles, but the great debunking that is *The Dance of the Gull Catchers* is already in place. Dramatic accounts of the Ripper story usually manoeuvre the Kelly murder into the climactic moment, as indeed was the case with the movie adaptation of *FROM HELL*. Alan is avoiding that position but later moves even further from the formula. The numbering above is of the 'sixteen installments' as declared on the first page of the prologue, rather than the chapters (i.e. 14 chapters plus prologue and epilogue), but essentially Druitt's story is between the second and third murders but will later be moved to after the final, the fifth, displacing Marie Kelly's demise to earlier, in the third quarter of the book. Overleaf, we see Alan looking back at the shape of the book from five years after the above, with the epilogue done but *The Gull Catchers* still a year away.

LBRIS | We know Chapter I, page I.



In which the machinery of our story is sparked into motion. This page is shown in two states. Alan was still thinking cinematically, with large blocked title lettering superimposed on the opening scene (or “shot”). I thought it would be more in keeping with the ambience of the work to do it in the style of the title page of a book, and had my pal Des Roden calligraph a series of chapter-headings for the original appearances. When I collected the work together in 1999, Michael Evans, graphic designer, replaced those with a typeset version. These are in a more funereal white-on-black, with a suggestion of the title cards of old silent movies.

Here I’m earnestly trying to get all the information in. I “zoomed” in for the first panel’s label details. Those pasted on xeroxes of period sweets/candy designs helped to establish place and time, giving me enough credit in the bank, I hoped, so that I could concentrate on the people for the rest of the page. Still, in ’99 when I looked over the pages before publishing the collected edition, I was unhappy with Eddy’s faces, and they are all altered in the second version, with the whole figure in the final panel being replaced. This is a standard problem with the first appearances of characters. Like real people, the artist can’t know them fully until they’ve been around for a while. Later he or she gets comfortable with them and knows exactly how they look and move.



PAGE 1. (1758 words) PANEL 1.

THERE ARE SEVEN PANELS ON THIS FIRST PAGE, PROBABLY WITH A BIG WIDE ONE AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE HERE, SPANNING ITS FULL WIDTH. THE DATE, AS WE SHALL SEE, IS JULY 1884, AND THE PLACE IS CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON, ONE OF THE MORE FASHIONABLE AND UP-MARKET AREAS OF THAT PERIOD, AS FAR AS THE METROPOLIS WENT. WE ARE INSIDE A CONFECTIONERS-CUM-TOBACCONIST SITUATED AT NO. 22 CLEVELAND STREET, AND IN THIS FIRST WIDE, HORIZONTAL PANEL, STRETCHING FROM ONE SIDE OF THE PAGE TO THE

OTHER. UPON THE SHELF THERE ARE OLD-FASHIONED SWEET JARS CONTAINING OLD-FASHIONED SWEETS: ANISEED BALLS, WINTER MIXTURE, MINT IMPERIALS, SUGARED ALMONDS, ACID DROPS, BON BONS AND SO FORTH, ALONG WITH SOME EVIDENCE TO SHOW THAT THE SHOP IS ALSO A TOBACCONIST'S. PERHAPS A BOX OF CIGARS, OR PARTITIONED TRAY OF DIFFERENT TOBACCOS. MAYBE WE CAN SEE A HINT OF THE TOPS OF THE JARS ON THE SHELF BELOW THIS ONE HERE, BUT ONLY IF THERE'S ROOM. OVER ON THE RIGHT OF THE WIDE PANEL, WE CAN SEE THE ARMS OF A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SHOP-GIRL NAMED ANNIE CROOK, A STURDILY BUILT AND TIDILY DRESSED YOUNG WOMAN, AS SHE REACHES UP FROM OFF PANEL BELOW TO TAKE A FEW MORE PIECES OF BARLEY SUGAR FROM A JAR ON THE TOP SHELF. ONE OF HER HANDS MANAGES TO HOLD THE JAR'S LID AND ALSO TO TILT THE OPEN JAR OVER TOWARDS HER. HER OTHER HAND DIPS IN TO RETRIEVE A COUPLE OF SINGLE PIECES OF DEEP ORANGE BARLEY SUGAR. WE CANNOT SEE ANY MORE OF HER THAN HER ARMS, ENTERING THE PICTURE FROM BELOW. THE REST OF THE PANEL IS JUST TOBACCO AND DIFFERENT SORTS OF SWEETS: I WANT THIS TO BE A PANEL THAT YOU CAN ALMOST SMELL, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. THE TITLE LETTERING IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE LEFT OF THE PANEL SOMEWHERE, DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM.

TITLE: Chapter one. The Affections of Young Mr. S.

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE BEHIND THE COUNTER OF THE SHOP, WITH THE SHOP-GIRL, LOOKING OUT OVER IT. ON THE SHOP'S COUNTER THERE IS AN OLD-FASHIONED WEIGHING SCALE OR BALANCE, INTO ONE OF THE PANS OF WHICH WE SEE ANNIE CROOK DROPPING THE COUPLE OF PIECES OF BARLEY SUGAR THAT SHE'S JUST TAKEN FROM THE JAR, AS IF TO MAKE UP THE WEIGHT. WE CAN STILL SEE NO MORE OF HER THAN HER HANDS AND CUFFS, ENTERING FROM THE LEFT OF THE FOREGROUND HERE. LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE COUNTER AND INTO THE SHADY REMAINDER OF THE SHOP WE SEE TWO YOUNG MEN STANDING, WAITING FOR THE WOMAN TO FINISH DELIVERING THE SWEETS THAT THEY ARE PURCHASING. ONE OF THESE, DRESSED IN A MUSTARD COLOUR CHECK SUIT OF SOMEWHAT QUESTIONABLE TASTE AND LOUDNESS, IS YOUNG WALTER SICKERT, AGED 24 YEARS OLD. THE OTHER YOUNG MAN IS MUCH MORE SOMBERLY AND ELEGANTLY DRESSED IN A GENTLEMAN'S BLACK COAT, AND ALTHOUGH HE WILL BE INTRODUCED TO US AS SICKERT'S YOUNG BROTHER ALBERT, HE IS IN FACT THE YOUNG DUKE OF CLARENCE, PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR CHRISTIAN EDWARD... OR PRINCE EDDY FOR SHORT. AT THE TIME OF THIS FIRST SCENE, IN 1884, HE IS ONLY TWENTY YEARS OLD. HE'S QUITE GOOD-LOOKING, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING RATHER BOVINE ABOUT HIS EXPRESSION. HE ISN'T TERRIBLY BRIGHT, KNOWS IT, AND FEELS WRETCHEDLY SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT IT. HE'S NAÏVE TO THE POINT OF BEING INFANTILE, AND HAVING LED A RELATIVELY LOVELESS EXISTENCE IS INCLINED TO FALL PASSIONATELY IN LOVE WITH ANYONE HE MEETS. COUPLED WITH THIS, HIS INFANTILE NEEDS FOR GRATIFICATION MANIFEST THEMSELVES IN HIS SEX LIFE TO MAKE HIM FAIRLY PROMISCUOUS... ALTHOUGH THAT'S SOMEWHAT TOO KNOWING A TERM TO CONVEY THE CHILDISHNESS, ALMOST INNOCENCE, OF HIS EMOTIONAL AND SEXUAL EXPERIENCE. HE HAS HAD SYPHILIS SINCE THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, ALTHOUGH THIS WILL NOT MANIFEST ITS WORSE EFFECTS UNTIL LATE IN EDDY'S LIFE. AS HE STANDS WITH SICKERT HERE HE HOLDS A TOP HAT NERVOUSLY AND AWKWARDLY BENEATH HIS ARM, AND IS STARING ALMOST SLACK-JAWED AT THE OFF-PANEL WOMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER, FAR TOO GAUCHE TO CONCEAL HIS WIDE-EYED INTEREST, OR EVEN TO BE AWARE THAT HE IS SHOWING IT. SICKERT, ON THE OTHER HAND,

IRDIS

We know

IS COMPARATIVELY EASY AND RELAXED, A CONFIDENT YOUNG BOHEMIAN ABOUT TOWN. HE HAS A SMART DERBY HAT TUCKED JAUNTILY UNDER HIS ARM, OR IS HOLDING IT IN ONE HAND. HIS GAZE IS DIRECTED AT THE LAST PIECES OF BARLEY SUGAR BEING DROPPED INTO THE SCALE, RATHER THAN AT THE YOUNG WOMAN DOING THE DROPPING, AS IS THE CASE WITH HIS COMPANION. HE SMILES FAINTLY, RELAXEDLY, UTTERLY AT EASE. THE SHOP HAS A LARGE FRONT WINDOW, AND THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE FALLS IN FROM OUTSIDE IN SHAFTS, A SOLID-EDGED RHOMBOID OF WHITE-GOLD LIGHT AGAINST THE MUSTY UMBER DARKNESS OF THE SWEETSHOP, WITH ITS JARS AND TRAYS AND SELECTIONS OF BRIAR PIPES. FALLEN FROM THE OFF-PANEL WOMAN'S FINGERS, THE LAST PIECE OF BARLEY SUGAR HANGS SUSPENDED AND MAGICALLY IN MIDAIR, CAUGHT FROZEN BETWEEN HAND AND WEIGHING SCALE. THE CAPTION CAN BE AT THE TOP OR BOTTOM. UP TO YOU.

CAP: LONDON, JULY 1884.

PANEL 3.

NOW A SIDE-ON SHOT, LOOKING DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE COUNTER TOWARDS THE SHOP'S FRONT WINDOW, SO THAT WE CAN SEE ALL THE THREE PARTICIPANTS CLEARLY. ANNIE STANDS, FULLY VISIBLE FOR THE FIRST TIME, BEHIND THE COUNTER, OVER TO THE LEFT OF PANEL HERE. SHE'S POURING THE BARLEY SUGAR FROM THE PAN OF THE SCALES INTO A LITTLE TRIANGULAR BAG MADE OF WHITE PAPER. THE BARLEY SUGAR LUMPS ARE SOMEWHAT MELTED AND STUCK TOGETHER, ON ACCOUNT OF THE FEROCIOUS AND SWELTERING JULY HEAT. ANNIE IS A LARGE AND STURDILY BUILT WOMAN WITH BROAD FEATURES. SHE ISN'T FAT, YOU UNDERSTAND, JUST BIG; ONLY A LITTLE SHORTER THAN PRINCE EDDY. SHE ISN'T IMMEDIATELY PRETTY OR BEAUTIFUL, BUT HER CHARACTER AND WARMTH ARE EVIDENT, AND DO MUCH TO COMPENSATE FOR THIS BY LENDING HER A UNIQUE AIR OF ANIMATION AND CHARM. SHE SMILES QUIETLY AS SHE POURS THE BARLEY SUGAR INTO THE WHITE PAPER BAG, EYES TWINKLY WITH FRIENDLY AMUSEMENT AS SHE SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO SICKERT. PRINCE EDDY, IN THE BACKGROUND, HOLDS HIS TOP HAT WRETCHEDLY IN BOTH HANDS AND STARES AT THE WOMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER WITH A MOONSTRUCK EXPRESSION THAT BORDERS UPON THE IMBECILIC. SICKERT GRINS AT ANNIE AS HE SPEAKS TO HER. SHE'S MODELED FOR HIM IN THE PAST, AND THE TWO ARE QUITE FRIENDLY AND RELAXED AROUND EACH OTHER. ANNIE COMES FROM SCOTLAND ORIGINALLY, BY THE WAY.

ANNIE: There. Two pennorth on the nail. I'd not want to jew you now, would I?

ANNIE: I'm sorry they're all of a lump. It's this weather.

SICKERT: Nonsense, Annie. They look mouth-watering.



PANEL 4.

SAME SHOT EXACTLY. ALL OF THE SWEETS ARE NOW IN THE BAG, AND ANNIE IS PLACING THE BAG (WITH A TWIST AT THE TOP CORNERS) ONTO THE COUNTER. SICKERT IS IN THE ACT OF TAKING A COUPLE OF COPPER PENNIES FROM HIS COAT POCKET. BOTH ANNIE AND SICKERT SORT OF PAUSE IN MID-MOVEMENT AND TURN THEIR HEADS TO LOOK SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US TOWARDS EDDY, WHO STANDS FACING US IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND HERE, IN MORE OR LESS THE SAME POSITION AS LAST PANEL. HE LOOKS DREADFULLY EMBARRASSED, AND, AS IS USUAL AT SUCH TIMES, STARTS TO EVIDENCE A FAINT STAMMER, A MERE ECHO OF HIS FATHER'S FAR MORE SERIOUS SPEECH DIFFICULTY. HE GAZES AT ANNIE WITH CHILDISH, AWESTRUCK ADORATION. YOU CAN SEE HOW PEOPLE MIGHT BE TOUCHED BY THE NAKED SINCERITY OF A YOUNG MAN OF EDDY'S YEARS AND

LIBRIS | We know books

STATION. SICKERT AND ANNIE LOOK SURPRISED.

EDDY: A-as do you...i-if I may say so.

EDDY: That is, ah...

PANEL 5.

REVERSE ANGLE NOW, SO THAT EDDY FACES SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US, HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE FOREGROUND AS HE GAZES TOWARDS SICKERT AND ANNIE IN THE CENTRE OF THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, STANDING TO EITHER SIDE OF THE SHOP'S COUNTER. EDDY LOOKS WRETCHEDLY AGITATED AND ANXIOUS AND WORRIED IN THE WAKE OF HIS OUTBURST, FEARFUL THAT ANNIE HAS TAKEN OFFENCE. ANNIE, STANDING BEHIND THE COUNTER, TURNS AND GAZES AT EDDY WHILE SHE SPEAKS TO SICKERT. HER EYES ARE WIDE WITH SURPRISE, AND SHE HAS A FAINT SMILE THAT IS SLIGHTLY MOCKING, BUT KINDLY. SICKERT, LAYING HIS TWO PENNIES DOWN ON THE COUNTERTOP, TURNS ALSO TO LOOK AT EDDY, GRINNING BROADLY WITH AMUSEMENT AT THE YOUNG CHAP'S OBVIOUS DISCOMFORT. WITH HIS OTHER HAND HE IS PICKING UP THE SMALL WHITE BAG OF BARLEY SUGAR.

ANNIE: Why, Mr.S. You do entertain the most IMPERTINENT companions.

EDDY: I...please, I apologize. I only meant...

PANEL 6.

NOW BACK TO AN ANGLE SIMILAR TO THAT EMPLOYED IN THE PANELS THREE AND FOUR, WITH THE COUNTER RUNNING AWAY FROM US, ANNIE ON ONE SIDE AND THE TWO GENTLEMEN ON THE OTHER. TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, ANNIE IS PLACING THE MONEY IN THE DRAWER OF AN OLD-FASHIONED VICTORIAN TILL. IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND, AGAINST THE LIGHT OF THE SHOP WINDOW, SICKERT HAS TAKEN A STEP ACROSS SO THAT HE'S BEHIND EDDY WITH HIS HANDS CLASPED FATHERLY UPON EACH OF EDDY'S SHOULDERS FROM BEHIND AS HE STEERS THE RELUCTANT AND LOVE-STRUCK YOUNG MAN TOWARDS THE COUNTER, IN ORDER TO PROPERLY INTRODUCE HIM TO ANNIE. ANNIE LOOKS AT THE FRIGHTENED AND UNCOMFORTABLE-LOOKING EDDY WITH AMUSEMENT IN HER EYES. SHE THINKS HE'S CUTE. EDDY SHUFFLES FORWARD UNDER SICKERT'S GENTLE PRESSURE FROM BEHIND, HIS TOP HAT IN HIS HANDS.

SICKERT: Oh, come on, old chap. She's just having you on.

SICKERT: Annie, this... this is my younger brother, ALBERT.

SICKERT: Uh, Albert, this is Miss Annie Crook.

PANEL 7.

SIMILAR SHOT NOW. IN THE FOREGROUND, ANNIE SMILES AND REACHES ONE HAND ACROSS THE COUNTERTOP TOWARDS EDDY, AS IF TO SHAKE HANDS. EDDY STARES DOWN STUPIDLY AT THE HAND AS IF NOT SURE WHAT TO DO WITH IT, HIS OWN HAND RISING HESITANTLY TO MEET IT. IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND, SICKERT IS IN THE ACT OF SETTING HIS DERBY ATOP HIS HEAD IN PREPARATION FOR GOING OUTSIDE. PERHAPS HE'S CHECKING HIS REFLECTION IN A GLASS-FRONTED CABINET OR SOMETHING WHILE HE DOES SO. IN ANY EVENT, HE IS NO LONGER LOOKING TOWARDS US, OR TOWARDS EDDY AND ANNIE. ANNIE ALMOST LOOKS AS IF SHE'S GOING TO LAUGH AT THE AWKWARDNESS OF THE HANDSOME YOUNG EDDY AS HE GAWPS AT HER OFFERED HAND.

ANNIE: Oh, a YOUNG Mr. S, eh? I didn't KNOW there was a young Mr. S.

ANNIE: Well...

ANNIE: Pleased to make your acquaintance, I'm sure.

LBRIS | We know Chapter 1, page 2.



This shop
on the corner
of Cleveland
Street made
a useful
fixed point,
(panel 9)



For this page, Alan Moore ruminates on what London should look like in *FROM HELL*. For my part I wanted it to be as matter-of-fact as possible, both the whole of London and the East End, as it would be to the people living in it. It's 40 years since I first went to London. The Houses of Parliament were sooty black. When I visited it again recently, it felt like the same place, ignoring a few new landmarks and everything being a lot cleaner. The Whitechapel murders happened only 80 years before my first visit, so even imagining a double amount of change, I'm certain I could feel a familiarity with the old place. In preparation for drawing Cleveland Street my good friend, Londoner Ed Hillyer, who was working with me on *Bacchus* at the time, shot a reel of film there, including the interior of what used to be the sweetshop (exterior photo on page 100). Looking at the prints I saw a street that could not have been much changed in 100 years.

The thing I particularly wanted to avoid was drawing an environment that looked stage-designed for mayhem, a problem addressed in *Jack the Ripper — A Legacy in Pictures*, by Clive Bloom. He noted, in reference to Jack the Ripper films in general: “*The East End is both a*

geographical location and a location for filmic fantasy. It has to be recreated in filmland as a set, so that it is airless, claustrophobic and without escape... Jack finally strikes and the set, constructed around his absence reveals the reason for its construction.” Tim Burton's Gotham City worked the same way (in the same year I was drawing this — 1989), and something about that bothered me.

PAGE 2. (2084 words) PANEL 1.

A NINE-PANEL PAGE HERE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE MORE OR LESS LOOKING THROUGH ANNIE'S EYES, SO THAT ALL WE SEE OF HER IS HER OUTSTRETCHED HAND, ENTERING INTO THE PICTURE FROM OFF PANEL BELOW. WE ARE LOOKING AT EDDY AS HE TAKES HER HAND AND BENDS OVER TO PLANT A GENTLE KISS UPON ITS BACK, HIS EYES UPTURNED TO GAZE AT US

UBRIS

We know
books

AND AT ANNIE. THERE IS A SADNESS AND VULNERABILITY IN HIS WIDELY SPACED EYES THAT IS TOUCHING. IN THE BACKGROUND, SICKERT FINISHES ADJUSTING HIS DERBY AND GLANCES OVER AT THE PAIR WITH A NON-COMMITTAL EXPRESSION, UNLESS YOU WANT TO LEAVE HIM OUT ALTOGETHER AND JUST CONCENTRATE ON EDDY KISSING ANNIE'S HAND.

EDDY: The...

EDDY: The honour is all mine, dear Lady. I ...

EDDY: I hope we may become better acquainted.



PANEL 2.

BACK TO A SHOT LOOKING DOWN THE COUNTER FROM THE END WITH ANNIE ON ONE SIDE AND EDDY ON THE OTHER. HE IS STILL HOLDING HER HAND, ALTHOUGH THE HANDS ARE LOWERED NOW AND HIS IS ABOUT TO RELEASE IT, HAVING STRAIGHTENED UP AFTER STOOPING TO KISS IT. HE STARES DIRECTLY INTO ANNIE'S EYES. SHE STARES BACK INTO HIS EYES AND SHE IS NO LONGER MOCKING OR AMUSED. HER EYES HAVE A WONDERING AND ALMOST STARTLED LOOK AS SHE STARES INTO EDDY'S EYES. SEEMINGLY OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE EMPTY SPACE BETWEEN THEIR EYES, SICKERT CALLS OUT CHEERILY FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND, GESTURING WITH HIS THUMB TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR OF THE SHOP THAT WE CAN SEE IN THE RIGHT OF THE BACKGROUND BEHIND HIM. IT HAS A GLASS PANEL SET INTO ITS TOP HALF, THOUGH NOT A TERRIBLY BIG ONE.

SICKERT: Albert, I hate to be a bore, but Netley's waiting outside.

SICKERT: We really must dash, Annie. No doubt we'll call again shortly.

SICKERT: Come along, youngster!

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. ANNIE STANDS MOTIONLESS BEHIND THE COUNTER, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE SHOP. THE TWO MEN HAVE JUST GONE OUTSIDE. EDDY, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, LOOKS BACK INTO THE SHOP THROUGH THE GLASS PANE SET INTO THE TOP HALF OF THE DOOR, HIS LOVESTRUCK GAZE SERIOUS AND MEANINGFUL. ANNIE, UNCONSCIOUSLY, TOUCHES ONE HAND TO HER BREAST AS SHE GAZES AFTER HIM. THE LITTLE BELL THAT'S RIGGED TO THE SHOP DOOR TINKLES IN THE OTHERWISE DEAD SILENCE FOLLOWING THE GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTURE.

F.X. Ti-ting

PANEL 4.

WE ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE SHOP. (FOR THE BASIC LOOK OF THE PLACE, SEE THE ENCLOSED REFERENCE PHOTOGRAPH. I FIGURE THAT THE SIGN ABOVE THE WINDOW READS "MORGAN'S TOBACCONIST & QUALITY CONFECTIONER." THE SHOP HAS NEVER BEEN NAMED, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, BUT THE PROPRIETRESS WAS A MRS. MORGAN, SO THE SIGN OUTSIDE SEEMS FEASIBLE.) THE SHOP WAS AT NUMBER 22 CLEVELAND STREET, ONLY A LITTLE WAY DOWN FROM ONE OF THE STREET'S ENDS. CLOSER TO THE END WAS NUMBER 6 CLEVELAND STREET, WHERE ANNIE THE SHOP-GIRL LIVED IN A BASEMENT FLAT. WALTER SICKERT'S STUDIO WAS DIRECTLY OVER THE ROAD FROM THE FLAT, AND THE SHOP AND THE FLAT WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TOGETHER FOR ONE TO SEE BOTH OF THEM FROM THE WINDOW OF SICKERT'S STUDIO. I FIGURE THE HOUSES WERE SMALLER AND THE STREETS WERE SHORTER THEN... EVERYTHING WAS MORE CRAMPED AND ECCENTRIC LOOKING. I FIGURE THAT THE COACH THAT IS WAITING FOR SICKERT AND EDDY OUTSIDE IS NOT ACTUALLY OUTSIDE THE SHOP SO MUCH AS A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE STREET,

LIBRIS

We know
books

TOWARDS THE CORNER, FACING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM THE CORNER TOWARDS THE OTHER END OF THE STREET. IN THIS PANEL HERE, WE HAVE THE BLINKERED HEAD OF ONE OF THE COACH HORSES AS IT STANDS STEAMING IN THE SUNSHINE AT THE MERCY OF THE NUMEROUS FLIES EVIDENT DURING THAT PARTICULARLY HOT SUMMER. WE ARE AT A SLIGHT ANGLE, SO THAT WE'RE LOOKING UP THE STREET SOMEWHAT TOWARDS THE FRONT OF THE SWEETSHOP. WE SEE SICKERT STROLLING ALONG THE PAVEMENT TOWARDS US, SMILING INDULGENTLY AS EDDY HURRIES TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, SETTING HIS TOP HAT ON HIS HEAD AS HE DOES SO. HE IS GRINNING FOOLISHLY AND EXCITEDLY, BABBLING LIKE A SCHOOLBOY AS HE HURRIES TO CATCH UP WITH SICKERT, WHO IS WALKING TOWARDS THE COACH THAT IS WAITING OFF PANEL TO THE LEFT OF THE F/G, BEHIND THE HORSE WHOSE HEAD WE CAN SEE. AS A GENERAL NOTE ABOUT THE STREETS, EVEN THOUGH CLEVELAND STREET WAS IN ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE AREAS OF TOWN, RUNNING PARALLEL TO THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, IT WOULD STILL HAVE LOOKED FAIRLY CRUMBLY AND DIRTY. NOTHING NEAR AS BAD AS WHAT WE'LL LATER SEE IN WHITECHAPEL, OF COURSE, BUT AS A GENERAL RULE OF THUMB, EVERYTHING WAS DIRTIER THEN; THE STREETS, THE BUILDINGS, THE PEOPLE AND IN PARTICULAR THE SKIES. THERE WERE TONS OF FACTORIES IN LONDON BELCHING OUT BLACK SMOKE DAY AND NIGHT, ACCOUNTING FOR THE "LONDON PARTICULAR" FOGS AND AT LEAST PART OF THE ILL HEALTH SUFFERED BY THE AVERAGE INHABITANT. I'M NOT SURE WHAT WE WANT EXACTLY HERE, REGARDING THE VISUAL TREATMENT OF LONDON. IT DOESN'T WANT TO BE QUITE SO STYLISHLY SINISTER AS THE LONDON DAVID LYNCH PORTRAYED IN THE ELEPHANT MAN, NOR YET SO HEART-TUGGINGLY SORDID AND MELODRAMATIC AS DORÉ'S ENGRAVINGS OF THE PERIOD, BUT WE DEFINITELY WANT TO GIVE THE WORLD A FEEL THAT IS SUBTLY DIFFERENT TO THE WORLD OF TODAY. MAYBE THIS IS SOMETHING MORE TO DO WITH PSYCHOLOGICAL AMBIENCE THAN VISUAL TREATMENT, BUT IF YOU TRY TO CONSCIOUSLY THINK YOUR WAY INTO THE LONDON OF 1888 WHILE YOU'RE DRAWING THIS STUFF I THINK IT'LL HELP. EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE PERMANENT THEN, WOULDN'T IT, AND LESS SUSCEPTIBLE TO CHANGE. THE EIGHTIES WERE AROUND THE TURNING POINT OF THE EMPIRE, AND I FIGURE THINGS WERE ALREADY STARTING TO LOOK OLD, THEIR TEXTURES ABRADED BY THE RIGORS OF THE URBAN ENVIRONMENT AT ITS MOST SQUALID. I FIGURE EVERYTHING WAS STARTING TO LOOK A BIT MELANCHOLY AND SAD, LIKE BEER CANS AND DECORATIONS DO WHEN THE PARTY'S WINDING DOWN, WHEREAS THEY'D LOOKED SOMEHOW FESTIVE A MOMENT BEFORE. ALBERT'S DEAD AND VICTORIA HAS TAKEN THE WHOLE EMPIRE INTO HER OBSESSIVE MOURNING WITH HER. SOMEHOW IT SHOWS IN THE DEFEATED LANES, IN THE LITTER, IN THE DIRTY LIGHT.

ANYWAY... HERE THE HORSE CHOMPS ITS BIT AND TOSSES ITS HEAD TO CLEAR THE FLIES IN THE FOREGROUND WHILE SICKERT STRIDES TOWARDS US ALONG THE STREET FROM THE BACKGROUND WITH THE MOONSTRUCK YOUNG PRINCE AT HIS HEELS LIKE A GREAT STUPID OVER-EAGER DOG.

EDDY: I Say, Sickert! Isn't she the most enchanting creature? Have you known her 'long?

SICKERT: Eddy, you've been too long in captivity and you're mooning after the first shop-girl you meet.

SICKERT: What would your mother say?

PANEL 5.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW BEHIND SICKERT AND EDDY AS THEY PREPARE TO BOARD THE COACH. THE COACH DOORS AND WINDOWS FILL MUCH OF THE BACKGROUND HERE AS IT STANDS BESIDE THE

CURB, WITH THE HORSES OFF PANEL SOMEWHERE ON THE LEFT. IN THE TOP LEFT CORNER WE CAN SEE THE LOWER HALF OF THE COACHMAN AS HE SITS ATOP THE COACH, HOLDING THE REINS IN HIS HAND. HE WEARS A LONG AND DIRTY COAT THAT HANGS DOWN OVER THE BOX SEAT HERE. EDDY IS OPENING THE COACH DOOR AND PREPARING TO CLIMB INTO ITS INTERIOR. (THE OUTSIDE OF THE COACH IS BLACK, BY THE WAY, BUT THERE IS NO ROYAL CREST ON THE SIDE.) AS HE DOES SO HE PAUSES AND LOOKS WITH ALMOST COMICAL EARNESTNESS AT SICKERT, WHO LAUGHS AND TURNS HIS HEAD TO SPEAK TO THE OFF-PANEL COACH DRIVER, WHOSE NAME IS JOHN NETLEY.

EDDY: She rather RESEMBLES mother, doesn't she?

SICKERT: Oh, Eddy! What are we to do with you?

SICKERT: Netley? Take us to Claridges. I intend to render this young pup incapably drunk before he gets us ALL into trouble.

PANEL 6.

CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE'RE UP IN FRONT OF THE COACHMAN, AND HE SITS FACING US HEAD AND SHOULDERS TO THE LEFT OF THE PANEL HERE. LOOKING DOWN BEYOND HIM WE CAN SEE SICKERT LOOKING UP AT NETLEY AND LAUGHING GOOD-NATUREDLY AS HE HIMSELF PREPARES TO CLIMB INTO THE COACH AFTER PRINCE EDDY. NETLEY DOESN'T LOOK ROUND AT SICKERT AS HE SPEAKS TO HIM, BUT CONTINUES TO SURVEY THE OFF-PANEL ROAD AHEAD OF HIM WITH WARY AND WATCHFUL EYES THAT ALWAYS SEEM TO BE LOOKING FOR THE MAIN CHANCE IN A CRAFTY AND CALCULATED WAY. NETLEY IS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD, AND 5'5" TALL. HE HAS A FAIR COMPLEXION, DARK HAIR, A SMALL DARK MOUSTACHE... HARDLY MORE THAN A DIRTY GROWTH ON HIS UPPER LIP REALLY, OF NO GREAT IMPORTANCE. IT MAKES HIM LOOK A BIT UNWASHED AND SMELLY, WHICH OF COURSE HE IS. HE HAS A FULL, WIDE FACE WITH A WIDE MOUTH AND QUITE THICK LIPS. HE'S A WOMANIZER AND A BIT OF A JACK-THE-LAD, AND THERE IS SOMETHING CRUEL AND STUPID ABOUT THE GRIN THAT HE CUSTOMARILY WEARS SPREAD ACROSS HIS WIDE MOUTH. HIS SHOULDERS ARE BROAD, AND HE HAS A BUILD LIKE A PIT-BULL. ATOP HIS DIRTY, DARK HAIR HE WEARS A BLACK LEATHER PEAKED CAP. WE DON'T SEE NETLEY AGAIN FOR A COUPLE MORE EPISODES, BUT I WANT TO FIX HIS FACE IN READERS' MINDS SINCE HE PLAYS QUITE A LARGE PART LATER. BEAR IN MIND WHEN GIVING HIM A FACE THAT THIS IS THE MAN WHO WROTE THE 'FROM HELL' LETTER: HE'S A COCKY AND EGOTISTICAL LITTLE SOD WHO'S RUTHLESSLY AMBITIOUS AND WANTS TO GET TO THE TOP BY THE SHORTEST ROUTE POSSIBLE.

NETLEY: Ah, insobriety's no proof against trouble, Mr.Sickert. I got a cousin o' mine in FEARFUL trouble, an' she were as tiddly as I were!

SICKERT: Ha ha ha.

SICKERT: Carry on, Netley.

PANEL 7.

WE ARE NOW STANDING IN THE ROAD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COACH FROM THE PAVEMENT SIDE THAT SICKERT JUST ENTERED BY. NETLEY IS NOW VISIBLE SITTING TO THE TOP RIGHT CORNER ATOP HIS BOX... OR RATHER, HIS LOWER HALF IS VISIBLE. PERHAPS WE CAN SEE THE WHIP IN HIS HAND AS HE GATHERS UP THE REINS. LOOKING THROUGH THE CARRIAGE WINDOW WE CAN SEE PRINCE EDDY LEANING FORWARDS EARNESTLY TO TALK TO SICKERT, WHO SITS OPPOSITE HIM. SICKERT LAUGHS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF AT HIS YOUNG CHARGE'S INFATUATION. BEHIND THE COACH WE SEE THE FAÇADE OF THE HOUSES DOWN TOWARDS THE CORNER OF CLEVELAND

UBRIS

We know
books

STREET. (THE CORNER ITSELF IS JUST OFF PANEL LEFT IN THE BACKGROUND HERE, IF THAT HELPS YOU GET YOUR BEARINGS.) THE HORSES ARE OFF PANEL RIGHT. NETLEY'S FACE IS NOT VISIBLE HERE BUT HIS BALLOONS ISSUE INTO THE PANEL FROM ABOVE.

NETLEY(off): GYAP! GYAP, ya bugger! YAA!

EDDY: No, but seriously, Sickert... she DOES look like my mother, doesn't she?

PANEL 8.

SAME SHOT. THE COACH IS NOW PULLING AWAY OUT OF THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL, SO THAT ONLY HALF OF IT IS VISIBLE NOW. PERHAPS WE JUST CATCH A BLURRED GLIMPSE OF EDDY THROUGH THE REAR SIDE WINDOW AS THE COACH PULLS AWAY OVER THE COBBLES, STILL TALKING EARNESTLY TO HIS CHUM. AS THE COACH MOVES AWAY WE CAN OF COURSE SEE MORE OF THE HOUSES BEHIND IT, WHICH WERE PREVIOUSLY OBSCURED BY IT. NETLEY'S BALLOONS TRAIL BACK INTO THE PANEL FROM OFF-PIC RIGHT, WHILE EDDY'S ISSUE FROM THE COACH.

NETLEY (off): YAA! YAAA!

EDDY (in coach): She has mother's eyes.

PANEL 9.

SAME SHOT. THE COACH HAS GONE AND WE CAN NOW SEE THE HOUSES THAT WERE BEHIND IT, DOWN ON THE CORNER OF CLEVELAND STREET, STANDING FULLY REVEALED. IF YOU CAN MANAGE IT, GIVEN THE LOGISTICS OF THE SHOT, WE CAN SEE THE CORNER OF CLEVELAND STREET, AT LEAST TO THE POINT WHERE THE STREET SIGN IS VISIBLE BOLTED UP ON THE WALL, EVEN IF WE CAN'T SEE THE ACTUAL CORNER ITSELF. THE SIGN HAS THE WORDS "CLEVELAND STREET" IN STARK BLACK LETTERING. IF IT'S POSSIBLE, WE CAN ALSO SEE THE FRONT DOOR OF NUMBER 6, THREE DOORS DOWN FROM THE CORNER, WITH STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM THE STREET LEVEL TO ITS BASEMENT. IF YOU CAN'T GET BOTH THESE THINGS IN THEN JUST MAKE SURE THAT WE CAN SEE THE "CLEVELAND STREET" SIGN AS THE COACH PULLS AWAY AND FORGET ABOUT THE SHOT OF NUMBER 6 AND ITS BASEMENT. THE STREET SIGN IS THE MAIN THING, STRIKING AND SOMEHOW OMINOUS AS IT HANGS THERE ON THE WALL, GIVING THE NAME OF THE PLACE WHERE ALL THAT FOLLOWED WAS TO HAVE ITS ORIGINS.

No dialogue

Prince Eddy: *I used to feel a twinge of guilt about some of our depictions of people who are not around to defend their reputations. But lately I have come to the conclusion that the sheer daftness of the accumulation of baloney cancels itself out. Quite apart from his connection to the Ripper murders, as posited in 1970 by Thomas Stowell, who half-disguised him as 'Mr. S', Eddy has this in his account: a pair of alternative history novels, written by Peter Dickinson, set in a world where Albert Victor survives and reigns as Victor I. In Gary Lovisi's parallel universe Sherlock Holmes short story, "The Adventure of the Missing Detective", he is a tyrannical king, who rules after the suspicious deaths of both his grandmother and father. The Prince also appears as the murder victim in the first of the Lord Francis Powerscourt crime novels Goodnight Sweet Prince, as a vampire in the novel I, Vampire by Michael Remkey, and as a murder suspect in the novel Death at Glamis Castle by Robin Paige. (I'm lifting this from his Wikipedia entry.) In 1964 Philip Magnus called his death a "merciful act of providence", supporting the theory that his death removed an unsuitable heir to the throne, but the real relief in being 120 years dead is that he doesn't have to know about any of this crap. Next up, we picture him with his pants off...*

