

JH

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INTRODUCTION

I have no intention to be confusing or coy with JH. Just because it is in an alternative format doesn't mean it's some sort of test or game. My thoughts about the piece, I feel, should not be held in secret. I'm not a sphinx and this isn't a riddle.

The font used primarily through the piece is called Red Dragon: Francis Dolarhyde, created by FilmFonts. I found it on www.fontspace.com. This is a very deliberate choice, which seems obvious now. Thomas Harris' Francis Dolarhyde, I think, is a good contemporary version of Jekyll and Hyde, yet the good/evil split is between the killer and the FBI agent hunting him. The melodrama is toned down, but it's impossible to have a good/evil theme without melodrama.

I honestly don't mind melodrama; I only find it a boring structure with which to work.

I agree with most of what JH says in the play about Jekyll and Hyde and the unfairness of historical comparisons. JH butts head with it so much, the intensity of the force makes me suspicious. JH is the one making the comparisons, no one. It's such an obsession, too. But being a scholar requires a healthy load of obsession, accompanied by too much skill textual analysis. This applies to many people, not just scholars: the repetitive self-analysis and analysis of the world which fuels fantasies about the future.

I've never had a good relationship with history. I'm not a historian and I don't relish in historical study. When I have done, I did so only as a side-effect of other work. When working on cognitive theory, I found myself blasted in the face with theories about memory, knowledge, autobiographical memories and how this forms history and constructs our interaction with the world. Historians, I think, can be the most anal retentive of scholars; I found the hoarding of dates and names and locations repugnant. It irritates me that such value is given these facts; as if we cannot, as human beings, cannot live without the knowledge of Christopher Columbus or Nazi Germany. We also have the reshaping, remolding, reinterpreting of facts, presented as truth, lacking the disclaimer that this is only what one person thinks, and this interpretation won't survive fifty years, if that long.

Yes, I've experienced much force with history.

I love the novel *Jealousy* by Robbe-Grillet. It's a wonderful portrait of jealousy; jealousy becomes a fanatic action of analysis. To feel jealous is to analyze everything about the beloved. To analyze, in turn, is to be jealous---the desire to clutch and hoard and understand everything about the beloved and oneself. The first time I finished reading it, I started the novel all over again.

I've just noticed that there are only five characters in JH. There are dozens of avenues for performers, but only five named characters: JH, Father, The Chair, The Wife, and The Plume.

Father: he appears only in the buried drafts, always handwritten. I didn't want the story of his death due to cancer to overpower the play. I also felt that any "higher" presence within the script would be too loud. Father exists painfully and forcefully below the surface.

The Wife: the most instrumental, important figure in anyone's life. It isn't a figure dictated by sex;

anyone can be a Wife. The Wife is support, nurturing, unflinching acceptance, the haven in which one may collapse without fear. I've learned much about what a Wife is through my husband. It is difficult to be one, and be on the receiving end. As JH says, "I feel guilt. I feel it so strongly, it becomes metal in my mouth, choking me." I think the most interesting thing about JH's Wife is her (I believe she is a "her" in the text) asexuality. It's such a provocative choice. She has no desire for sex, but she feels sexual jealousy. It's not seen as an illness, but as a characteristic. I think the choice is very un-American.

The Plume: In some of the texts she is named as S. I have been The Plume, have known Plumes, work with Plumes, watch them gather and move in flocks through universities and bars. There will always be Plumes because we will always believe everything will work out how we fantasize about it. And that the person we worship feels the same worship in return. Later, when we have experience and begin forming the future with more jaded views, our Plume moments get rarer and we look on other Plumes with pity. We hope the pain they will endure won't be as agonizing as we think it will be.

The scanned pages of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde come from three different editions:

The Essential Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: The Definitive Annotated Edition. Leonard Wolf, Editor, published by ibooks.

The Dover Thrift Editions *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

The Barnes and Noble Classics edition, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Stories.*

The handwriting on the pages is my own.

I've been working on this play for over a year; this is the longest I've ever spent working on a play. I've written at least twice as many additional pages of texts as are contained in this version. Many of the pages I scanned, those from a spiral notebook, are my drafts which I assumed would never be seen by anyone. It was only through the process of putting JH together did I realize the treasure these pages are. We are always taught to dispose of drafts or put them aside, collect them together like plastic shopping bags we are sure we'll use one day. But drafts are to be something we hide in creative shame. They have Mistakes, Bad Choices, the Dead Ends of plot points. But JH is obsessed with such layers of projected future. There is no accuracy or consistency because, when looking at the historical future those things are unneeded.

I structured JH around the Force Image Scheme. Force is an extremely broad umbrella which is, for cognitive linguists such as Turner, et al., separated into kinds of Force: Compulsion, Attraction, etc. I found as I worked that all these forms of Force came into play, that JH isn't just about Compulsion, but about all forms of force. Perhaps Compulsion is the most utilized Force.

DEDICATION

Most especially, my Dad.

To compare me to such melodramatic
pulp as Jekyll and Hyde is offensive,
insulting and degrading. My life is not a
Victorian morality tale structured for
your entertainment. You should be
ashamed of yourself for assuming such a
comparison. I am not out of control.
As for Good vs. Evil: if you still believe
in that, you need to stop reading
fairy tales.

The facts we claim to have of Good and Evil in history are projections of the future, based only in terror of ourselves and what we are capable of doing.

There is no point at which to begin.
Nothing to indicate where I should
go. Therefore this is not a journey.

This is an unleashing.

Yes, I am afraid.

But not enough to remain suppressed.

JH with The Wife.

JH

I want to try to commit suicide. Don't look at me like that; I didn't say succeed.

THE WIFE

What?

JH

I need to be near the edge. I want the, I want the feel of my life right there, right in my hands, on the edge and mine and the control of the moment to know that I own the moment.

THE WIFE

This is a joke. You said you wanted to learn how to do practical jokes.

JH

No.

THE WIFE

But this isn't funny! What's the matter with you?

JH

I told you! I need to grip my life!

THE WIFE

Grip your life? What does that mean?

JH

I told you—

THE WIFE

I mean it, stop playing with me. It's not funny!

JH

You don't believe me.

(pulls out a knife; holds at wrist)

This isn't real, I know this isn't the moment, it's too soon—

THE WIFE

Give me the knife.

JH

I know I'm just trying to prove a point.

(tries to nick the wrist)

I can't even bring myself to cut the skin a little.

THE WIFE

If you don't give me that knife I'm leaving RIGHT NOW.

You'll never see me again.

Give it to me!

JH

(gives knife to THE WIFE)

Don't say you'll leave me.

THE WIFE

You know I wouldn't-

JH

DON'T EVER SAY YOU'LL LEAVE ME.

THE WIFE

Don't ever say you'll kill yourself!

I couldn't live if you left me.

JH

I'm trying to... You always complain that I never open up to you.

I'm opening up now! And all you do is threaten me!

THE WIFE

Have you been taking your meds?

JH

THAT'S ALWAYS THE KNEEJERK!

This isn't me really talking, it's the CRAZINESS in my fucked up head!

THE WIFE

What have you stopped taking?

JH

That's the prejudice in society against the so-called mentally ill.

Just write it all off to chemical imbalance. And don't talk to me like a stupid child.

THE WIFE

What did you stop taking?

JH

()

Those pills make me feel like a zombie.

THE WIFE

Then get your dosages changed. Or try something new.

JH

That's always the solution, get on something new!

One makes me not want sex so get one that will, but that one makes me gain weight and my hands shake constantly.

Look, I'm not attacking medicine or doctors. It's just where we are right now:

it's no one's fault that we have to change meds like this.

I just don't want it anymore.

I don't want it anymore.

This isn't a life: no rage, no lust, no passion. I go through life on a safely mapped out path. I don't even have to know what time it is: I read newspapers until I have coffee and shower until I leave for work and stay there til I come home and stay at home until we go to the movies or a barbecue or a dinner party.

I don't walk the path, I'm dragged.

I'm sick of it. I want to be let go.

THE WIFE

Okay, I understand what you're saying. Are you on any meds at all?

JH

I've been tapering off the past couple of months.

This is the last day.

(pulls out a bottle of pills; empties a large quantity into hand)

We could drink & toast as I take the last handful.

Will you?

THE WIFE

Promise me something.

JH

Anything?

THE WIFE

You do nothing without telling me first.

JH

I will.

THE WIFE

No matter what it is. Promise me!

JH

I promise.

(gives THE WIFE a bottle of something; they open the bottles; JH tosses the pills in mouth)

JH

(talking through pills)

To rising from the dead, and then approaching death with clear thinking and steady hands.

(they drink)

END OF SCENE

And Fanny Stevenson observes that in 1885, the productive year at Skerryvore, the house in which they lived in Bournemouth, Stevenson, ill though he was, spent a great deal of time with visiting friends. One of them was W.E. Henley, now known, if at all, as the poet who wrote "Invictus," the poem that asserts:

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Stevenson, who had no special feeling for theater, collaborated nevertheless with Henley on several clumsy plays. Henley was not always a friend of Fanny's, and on that account the atmosphere at Skerryvore was sometimes charged. As a result, the sickly Stevenson, one of whose talents was that he could usually drop into a deep sleep at a moment's notice, found himself having restless nights interspersed with horrid dreams. It was from one of these that, when Fanny woke him to still his cries, Stevenson complained that she had waked him just as he "was dreaming a fine bogey tale." That bogey tale, given to him by his unconscious, aspects of which he personalized by calling them his "Brownies," contained the elements of *Jekyll and Hyde*. Not long after that, Stevenson, on going back to his sick-room, announced that he was working on a story and "that he was not to be disturbed even if the house caught fire . . . At the end of three days the mysterious task was finished. . . ." (Ibid.).

Fanny Stevenson says that ". . . he was working with feverish activity on the new book. In three days the first draft, containing thirty thousand words was finished . . ." (Ibid., p. xix).

What happened next tells us a great deal about the kind of artist Stevenson was . . . and about Fanny's loyalty and courage. When his three days of driving activity were done, Stevenson came downstairs and, passionately, intensely, read what he had written to Fanny and Lloyd. Lloyd, still a boy, loved what he heard, but Fanny responded only haltingly to the performance. Finally, says Lloyd, "She broke out with criticism. He had missed the point, she said, and missed the allegory, had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece." (Ibid., p. xix).

Not surprisingly, Stevenson was furious. "Never," says Lloyd, "had I seen him so impassioned, so outraged . . ." (Ibid.). There followed a long

A sudden, abrupt end is a tactic of the afraid. People who throw themselves from bridges: they just want it over. They aren't thinking clearly or are incapable of thinking at all. I, however, have never had such a strong sense of clarity. The approach of death must be lengthy: I must create a long corridor and see Death coming toward me so I might examine every detail.

Note

Perhaps this is what my father was thinking. Illness. Let the body take itself. Let it change almost irreversibly. I've heard you a brutal professor.

Since its first publication in 1886, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," one of the masterpieces of the Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894), has never ceased to fascinate readers. In fact, the names of its hero/antihero have become part of the language.

To some extent the tale reflects the Victorian era's repressive polarization of "virtue" and "vice." But it also looks backward to *Frankenstein* (another scientific experiment "tampering with the unknown"—containing potential for good, but unerringly headed for disaster) and forward to our present knowledge of the influence of body chemistry on psychology and personality.

Perhaps syphilis. The Giant of Illnesses through history. Let me feel the death of Kings and Writers and our best dictators and thinkers.

How does one contract syphilis?

All fear is a fear of death.

To grip my death and release it with calm, like a dove letting it flutter away—that will remove all

(JH: Warning accepted. JH removes (exapio) JH watches porn—don't need to see but hear source. Forward through scenes) (finally finds scene likes—

When a person dies isn't important. A week from now, a year from now, ten years from now it will happen. Fighting for one's life is undignified

(JH: at a table cack. No food necessary. JH: No problem—I'll just pop it in my microwave time machine. Y: You're in a good mood today. JH: Everything has already been done.

and pathetic. To struggle in attempts to ward off the inevitable—oh, for what? Possibly one

medsly month. What could possibly happen in a month that would be so important to humiliate oneself in order to delay the inevitable.

Y: They said the steak shld be medium. JH: No problem—I'll just pop it in my microwave time machine. Y: You're in a good mood today. JH: Everything has already been done.

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Y: You're in a good mood today. JH: Everything has already been done.

The chair of the History department summons me forth into the office. The Chair sits in the throne of the department.

The one person I really liked and admired in this department for all its brilliant work. Now The Chair only seems like a vibrating tuning fork. The agitation, manic, paranoid, frantic energy it feels: it pinches my skin.

We're approaching the time of year when we consider our adjuncts, deciding whether or not to keep them another year. Are you working on any research projects? There's also the matter of you, shall we say, eccentric teaching methods? This is a history department, not a theater department.

I walk out of the office and can't breathe. I fall down and the secretaries have to help me off the floor.

JH in a lecture hall. Students are loudly talking and laughing.

JH

I have your papers—

Settle down, everyone. I have your papers to give back.

Hey, quiet down.

Hey,—

I SAID SHUT THE FUCK UP.

(silence)

Thank you. Welcome to class, Scholars. It's time to thank your parents for paying for this academic experience. Those lovely, deluded people.

I have your papers.

()

Your book reviews for *The Italian Boy*

To say the least, I'm disappointed with your work.

To say the most,

()

this is the worst fucking work I've ever seen. All of you did graduate high school, right? Lab rats on LSD could've written better papers than this.

(throws papers on the ground)

I have too much dignity to hand these back. With work of this quality, all of you will be garbage collectors. So begin your training and pick up the garbage you gave me.

Actually, they are worth just one thing: you could use them to line the cage of a stupid, primitive sloth—a creature incapable of human language, thought, intelligence or

empathy. That MUST be what you think of me. You obviously didn't think I'd understand what you wrote. That I would appreciate brilliant observations such as "The Italian Boy was boring because it was dumb" or "Italian boy wasn't really history because of it didn't have any real facts that could be proven with certainty." I memorized that one to tell the Dean when the more arrogant of you go to her with complaints about me.

I'm not taking questions or comments right now: have some dignity and accept your pathetic work.

Let me show my appreciation for the gift of cage lining by putting it to use.

(pisses on the papers)

All of you receive an F on this assignment.

Don't even consider coming to my office to fight over this.

Now get out.

(END OF SCENE)

Work as well I suppose;
after all our bodies are
Containers — our skin and
muscles hold inside organs
and blood. So why shouldn't
the brain?

Will I split? Will I
scatter? Perhaps without
a dam of drugs I will
flood. I might spin out
like a tornado and crush,
toss and wreck.

Or perhaps, like a
painting or photograph I
will change colors in a bright
light. Or, maybe, I will
simply look different in

a nonphysical way —
that subtle change most
recognizable when a cat
is put to sleep — the entity
simply ebbs away.

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in

sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face,

but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; stern and unbending when he was alone; morose and fastidious in his tastes; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I feel for him," he used to say faintly; "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way."

In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded on a similitude of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made

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The Wife approaches JH.

THE WIFE

How's it going?

JH

It's going.

THE WIFE

But how? Bumpy, smooth, scary?

Crazy?

JH

Come on.

THE WIFE

Possibly lose your job crazy?

JH

You heard. How?

THE WIFE

My friends are your co-workers.

JH

It's over. I apologized and the class can do the paper over.

It's like it never happened.

THE WIFE

Your hands shake a lot.

I thought going off the meds would stop the trembling.

JH

Too much caffeine.

It's not possible to go completely drugless, I'm afraid.

THE WIFE

How is your suicide planning going?

JH

It's going. I've been too busy with grading to give it much thought.

THE WIFE

Good.

You will keep talking to me, right? You won't let go and sink, right?

RIGHT?

JH

I'm fine.

Really.

I'm fine. I'm so fine I've taken up embroidery. Look: a sampler for the kitchen.

I have so much time not taking pills, I had to do something.

Embroidery. Tell me it's lovely.

THE WIFE

It's lovely.

(kisses JH's head)

If you don't stop lying to me, I'll kick your ass.

(END OF SCENE)

JH office. S (THE PLUME) knocks.

JH

If you're not my 3:30 go away.

S

(entering)

I am.

JH

Sit. You're failing and you're panicked over your grade. I'll bet Mommy and Daddy are angry.

S

They're always angry at me for something.

I was disappointed when you apologized. Why did you do it?

JH

My wife likes it when I'm employed. I spoil her too much.

S

Every professor here is a pathetic pushover. They swallow our bullshit and we shovel it in their mouths. They don't teach us and we don't learn. Our world is

one where we get handed everything we want. And we can party and fuck and get fucked up as much as we want.

JH

How delightfully sad and insightful.

S

You called us out. You made us smell our own bullshit. Pissing on our work, that was so brilliant. You know you're a hero now. There's a Facebook group called, "My Paper Got Pissed On in History **3300** and Now I'm Into Golden Showers."

JH

Fantastic: I'm the bomb.

S

You're right: I am a pathetic student and I don't want to be anymore. I want to work again, not be in this academic resort. I want to learn until it hurts. I want it to hurt.

JH

You're so adorable. Get out of my office.

S

I'm totally serious.

JH

And I'm totally having a totally fucked up migraine.

I have to puke and I'd rather not do it in front of you.

I don't want anymore Facebook groups about my bodily functions.

S

I'm totally serious about this pain learning thing.

JH

Totally out.

(S leaves; JH vomits)

(END OF SCENE)

-Students fail for two reasons:
They aren't HERE in any
psychic, intellectual or
physical state. Or I'm
not doing my job correctly.

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without a word to his landlady. It was his custom of a Sunday, when the day was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading-desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rung out the hour of twelve, when he would soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the clock was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed, on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's will, and sat down with a blurred brow to study its contents. The will was a long paper, for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now, had made it long, and he refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., &c., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his friend and benefactor, Edward Hyde, but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer (and as a friend) the substance and custom of life to which the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of the law that had protected him. Now, however, he was a Doctor of Laws, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; the list emphasizes the excellence of his character.

Mr. Hyde then swallowed in a single gulp a sudden turn of knowledge that was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was a horse when it began to be clothed upon with details and intricacies and other things that a mortal man had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend. "The night is made of evil," as he once said, "and the fiend is the only thing that can begin to begin his grace." With that he blew out his candle, and on a table and set forth in the fire the book of the great Dr. Lanyon, had his going to die. The sole butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to a stage of delay, but uttered no word from the to the dinner table, where he sat on a sofa, over a window. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair of a manurely white and a pair of eyes of a bright blue. A sign of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality was the same as always, a something that the doctor had never it repeated a genuine feeling. For the doctor had been friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and which he had followed, man with man, through the joys and sorrows of a company.

After a little rambling talk, the doctor began to direct him to his study, which occupied a small room at the end of the house. "I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?" "I wish he were your uncle," said the doctor. "I suppose you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?" "I wish he were your uncle," said the doctor. "I suppose you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

Heard me, or I it.

I had reached the

Last chapter of a
 book I felt the sadness
 it was over. Also, I
 felt the relief - it had
 gone on for hundreds of
 pages, was heavy &
 cumbersome to carry,
 the pages thin, the text
 sometimes too small
 to read comfortably.
 Then those long spans
 of blank pages. I
 couldn't merely skip
 forward - I had to turn
 through each & look for

something, any speck
of communication.

This is what the
meds had been doing —
they had been keeping
me alive.

friend of Mr. Utterson's — Mr. Utterson of Mount Street — you must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll in his room to me," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall I do?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden resolution, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds.

"Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "it is as well we have met; and *à propos*, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.*

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

"Common friends?" retorted Mr. Hyde a little hoarsely.

"Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you?" cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger.

"I did not think you would have lied."

"Lied?" said Mr. Utterson, in a stinging language.

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

me, as well as open
my eyes. Not opening my

*London's shabby red-light district, also the home of many immigrants.

lids, but open & expand my vision so vastly that I feel her color in my fingertips.

"I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you light in the dining-room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the mantelpiece. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor's; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But tonight there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a misgiving and a taste of fear; and in the glow of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief, when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting-room door, Poole," he said. "Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is from home?"

"Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key."

"Do you have a CD?"

"Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other musingly.

"Yes, sir, he does indeed," said Poole. "We have no orders to obey him."

"No. It's too expensive to record. We're playing at Neuros tomorrow night."

"I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson.

"Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the back door."

"You go good-night, Poole."

"Good night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep water. How wild when he was young a boy, while ago to be sure, but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ay, it must be that the ghost of some old sin, the

- Sexual Jazz type music.

- Do you have a CD?

- No. It's too expensive to record. We're playing at Neuros tomorrow night.

- I don't go to bars.

- It's not a div or

Our marriage has never been consummated. The Wife said I had sex once well, it wasn't really. Some would say it was sex and in other circles we'd be laughed at. The subject never came up before the incident and after. After the wedding, it didn't occur to either of us for days that we should have had sex. I suddenly

realized we had forgotten to consummate our marriage 5 days into our honeymoon. We were in London, in a cab going to the theatre and we passed two prostitutes on the corner. High skirts, holes in their stockings, make-up that had been traveled on their faces. I thought how absurd

anyone would pay for sex with that. Then I laughed. I laughed and turned to The Wife and said, "Guess what we forgot to do?"

"Bring the tickets?! I'll murder you if they're back in the hotel. Those were goddamn expensive."

"No, my darling, we forgot to fuck."

We laughed for most of the night, bursting into giggles whenever there was a double entendre in the play.

We continued to forget. That night and months of nights that followed. Neither of us mentioned it to anyone. I'm sure there must have been some stigma we felt as we were oddballs of the times. But, honestly, we never thought to discuss it.

JH and The Wife.

JH

I think it's important.

THE WIFE

What is?

JH

To confront one's death.

THE WIFE

Agreed.

JH

How does one catch syphilis?

It was easy a hundred years ago; it was on the street corner in the form of a rat, a whore or a little girl selling oranges. I've read statistics that syphilis is on the rise again, but where exactly is it?

THE WIFE

What. Are you talking about?

JH

If you were going to catch syphilis, where would you go?

THE WIFE

I thought you were talking of confronting your death.

JH

Are you listening to me at all?

THE WIFE

Yes, Darling

JH

Don't give me your Automated Operator Voice. I'm trying to have a conversation with you.

THE WIFE

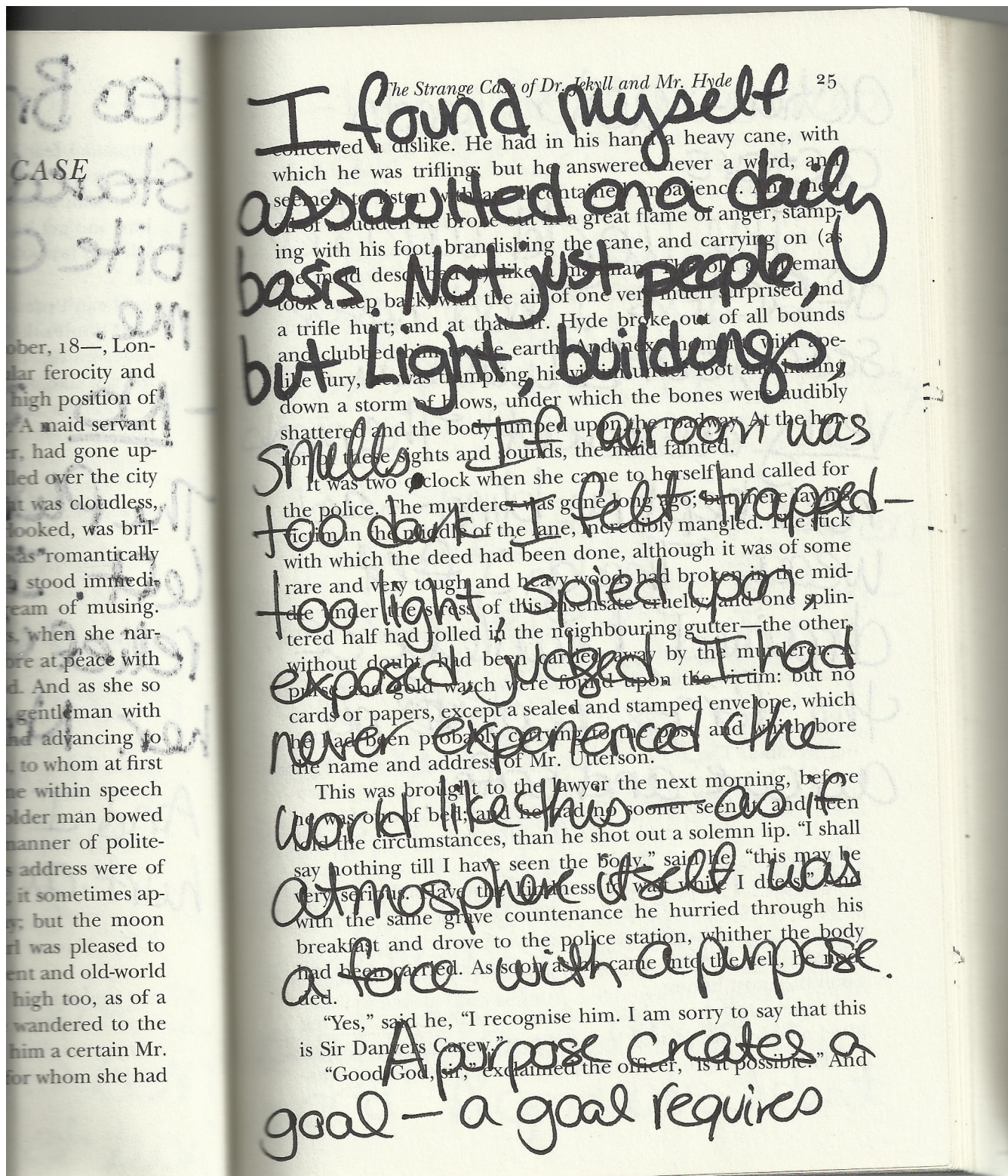
I'm listening, Darling

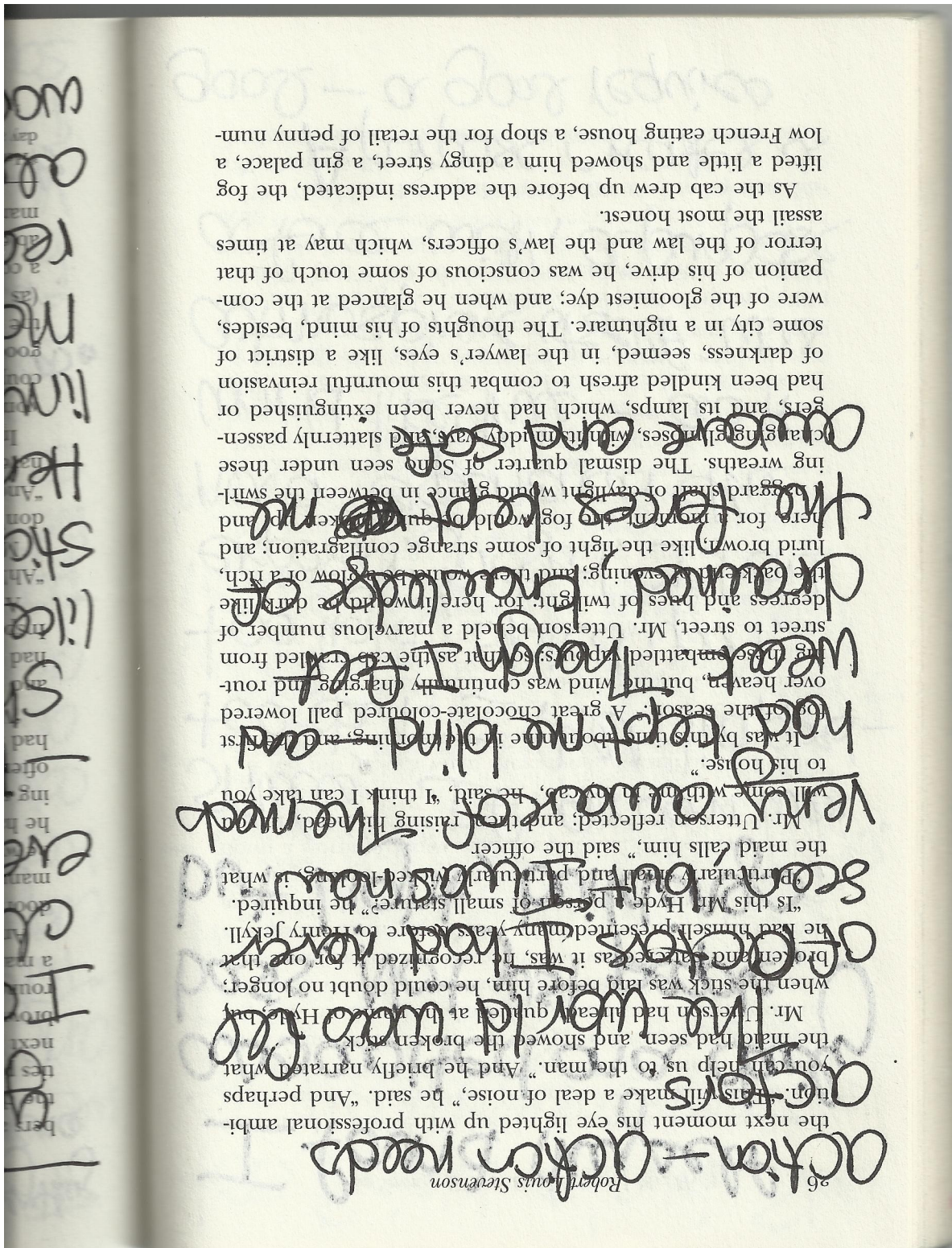
JH

I SAID STOP USING THAT VOICE! I'M RIGHT HERE!

(END OF SCENE)

(JH and THE WIFE sitting, reading quietly)





(JH and THE WIFE sitting; THE WIFE reads and JH types furiously on a laptop)

(JH at FATHER's house)

JH: How's work?

F: The same.

Ppl get laid off around me
& I get their work.

We figured at I'm doing the
work of 9 people.

JH: They won't lay you off if they're
giving you so much work.

F: W/ all these kids out of college
w/ their master's degrees in
Aerospace -- I only did 2 yrs
of community college.

JH: But people like you invented
the space program.

F: We just hired a kid, younger than
you -- to help me work on the
clamping clamp for the spc stn.

We hv to adapt + shuttle to the
Russian station. That kid, younger
than you, w/ a Masters in
Aerospace, knows nothing.

I have to teach her everything.
Teach her & get everyone else's
work & get pressure from above
to hurry up ~~so~~ so the shuttle

can launch again even though
a January launch is dangerous.
All the shuttles that come down
had winter launches. They don't
care - they just want it up.

But if another goes down, we're
all out of a job. They'll cancel
the program for sure.

And more astronauts will die.
The Apollos & Challenger -

It's unconscionable that we
let the shuttle launch w/o an
escape system for the astronauts.

It's a death trap.

If one tile falls off cause of
freezing, the shuttle is doomed.

There's nothing we could do.

JHB (Crying; almost hysterical)

F. What's wrong?

JHB: Quit, Dad, please, why are
you doing this to yourself?

F: I'll retire in 2 years. I've lasted
35 years, I can last 2 more.

JHB: But you're so miserable &
unhappy.

THE PRIME — wrapped in a leopard coat with a high fur collar. Seeing her standing outside the History Building, smoking, made me think of my mother and grandmother. Their elegant, carefully manicured look.

F: I'm fine. Don't worry about

(THE PRIME smoking; JH approaches)

THE PRIME
Aren't you cold?

JH3: Why don't you get a divorce?
I know you and Mom are miserable. I saw it. I feel it. I can feel it. Please, don't live like this anymore. Quit and go away somewhere.

JH

Extremely. I like it. It makes the world all blue.

JH3: You always said you wanted to go to Italy.

THE PRIME

F: At my age? No.

Blue? Do you really see a color change when it's cold?

JH3: Why not? I'll quit and go with you.

F: What about the mortgage, cars, and your brother still in college.

JH

You do that very well.

JH3: He'd understand.

F: No. Maybe one day. But no.

THE PRIME

What?

JH

Make smoking look sexy. Phillip Morris should make you their poster girl.

THE PLUME

I look sexy smoking? No one's ever told me that before.

JH

The era of the sexy smoker is over.

My mother made it a ritual. The hand reclining back, cigarette between forefinger and middle finger, held right at the filter line. Bring it to your lips, raising your face upward as if for a kiss. Purse the lips while dragging, blow the smoke upward without following it with your eyes. Holding eye contact while blowing upwards is a gesture, an invitation to come inside.

These days smoking is suicide. That sells just as well. It's probably more persuasive. It's why you smoke, isn't it?

THE PLUME

Yes, it is. I never thought of it like that before. I could listen to you talk all day.

JH

I could talk all day. It's my most irritating vice.

I talk even if I don't know what I'm talking about. You haven't learned to appreciate the act of speaking until you've taught a class. When you say something, and see people less educated than you write it down, that goes to your head. It's too easy to make shit up just to keep everyone writing.

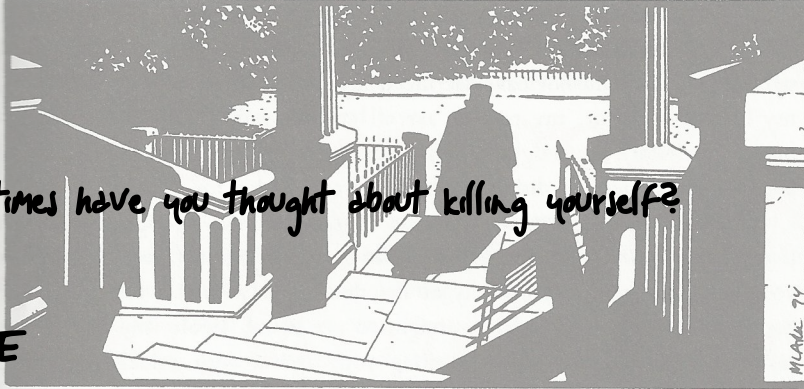
—Joyce Carol Oates

THE PRIME

Have you led to us in class?

JH

How many times have you thought about killing yourself?



THE PRIME

How did you know?

Chapter IX

JH

Every intelligent person has at some point. Only the stupid live forever.

(takes the cigarette from her and takes a drag)

Tastes like a skeleton.

THE PRIME

I'm not intelligent.

JH

You have potential.

THE PRIME

Ouch.

On the ninth of January, 'how four days ago,' I received by the evening delivery, a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school-companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before;² and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

'10th December, 18—³

'Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at

¹ The date of this letter, then, is January 13.

² Jekyll was on the eighth of January (see page 80).

³ The date of this letter must be wrong. Lanyon says that he received Jekyll's letter on January 9, a day after having dined with him. But the urgency of the letter ('If you fail me tonight, I am lost') make the December 10 date, more than three weeks ago, impossible.

We have further evidence that the date is wrong because we know Jekyll withdrew abruptly from contact with his friends immediately after his dinner on January 8. The date of Lanyon's document, January 9, must be the day on which Jekyll's catastrophic reversion to Hyde took place.

JH

Stop fishing. It's ugly.

of me at this hour, in a strange place,⁹ laboring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told.

Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

Your friend, H.J.

THE PRIME

Isn't everyone in love with death? It's the death wish or something. Sex and death, it's all we want.

It is possible that the post office may fail me, and this letter not come into your hands until tomorrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.

JH

They do come together.

On the reading of this letter, I made sure¹⁰ my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got

THE PRIME

Zing

into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter.¹¹ The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware)¹² Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble, and have to do much damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hours' work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked;

JH

I did just say that, didn't I?

⁹ From a hotel in Portland Street (see page 131).

¹⁰ I was convinced.

¹¹ Here again, we have an instance of an oversight in the development of Stevenson's plot. The events described here took place on January 9. Surely the drama of a mysterious letter addressed to Poole, the hiring of a carpenter and a locksmith, and the presence of Dr. Lanyon on a mysterious errand must have been an event for Poole as it was for Lanyon. And yet, in the previous chapter, "The Last Night," in which Poole involves Utterson in the drama of his master's life, he never mentions this episode. Stranger still, since Poole, in that chapter, is required to break down the red door, he does not mention the clever locksmith who, on the earlier occasion, opened the door for them without violence.

¹² Here is more evidence that Utterson, though he gave no indication of it when he was listening to Enfield's story at the beginning of this fiction, was thoroughly familiar with the layout of Jekyll's house.

THE PRIME

How often do you think about suicide?

JH

As much as I think about sex.

About a hundred times an hour.

THE PALME

I know what you mean. It's been forever since I last got laid.

JH

Me, too. It's been a ~~coon~~ ^{coon} ~~age~~ ^{age}.

Is that a racist statement or is it a raccoon reference?

THE PALME

When did you get laid last?

JH

Probably before you were born.

THE PALME

You're not THAT old. Come on, I'm serious.

JH

When was it for you?

THE PALME

Six weeks.

He told me 'yes' by a constrained gesture, and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's eye open,¹⁸ and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

The particularly struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my dagger. He, it is true, had no chance of using it. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution,¹⁹ and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighborhood. This bore some resemblance to incipient horror, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse.²⁰

At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler than the principle of hatred.²¹

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck me as a disgusting curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it, so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

¹⁸ See note 18, page 45.

¹⁹ Though physically weak, his muscles were twitching.

²⁰ Lanyon turns from describing Hyde's physical symptoms to an account of his own. Lanyon is feeling "incipient rigor" accompanied by a "marked sinking of the pulse."

²¹ Throughout this novel, Stevenson has been consistently vague about the source of the strange uneasiness and feelings of repulsion people feel in the presence of Hyde. Lanyon believes that deep in the nature of man there is an instinctive and noble capacity to recognize evil and shrink from it.

JH

And that's torture for you? Six weeks is nothing. This country's obsessed with sex.

THE PAINE

What about you? Seriously.

JH

I shouldn't talk about this with you. You're my student.

THE PAINE

We've shared a cigarette. In American Culture that's the same as having sex. So you can tell me anything.

And nothing goes on Facebook.

JH

I've never had sex.

THE PAINE

Shut up!

JH

I'm being totally serious, dude.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims²³ of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the colour changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

'And now,' said he, 'to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from this house without further parley? or has the thirst of curiosity²⁴ too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in great distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan.'

Mr. Utterson, said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, 'you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with a very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end.'

'It is well,' replied my visitor. 'Lanyon, you remember your vows: what follows is under the seal of our profession.'²⁵ And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your brethren, behold!

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected

²³ very small amount

²⁴ On page 109, Lanyon confessed to having a "disgustful curiosity." Here, Hyde names the temptation to which Lanyon will succumb. Note, too, that Utterson's original motivation for pursuing the Hyde matter was "a singularly strong, an almost inordinate curiosity" (page 47).

²⁵ Something out of the ordinary

²⁶ If we remember that Lanyon, as long as ten years ago, disapproved of the direction Jekyll's researches were taking, then these paragraphs sound more like Jekyll talking to a medical colleague over whom he means to triumph than anything we might expect from Hyde. Note particularly "Lanyon, what follows is under the seal of our profession." Lanyon is a fellow physician of Jekyll's. We never have any indication that Hyde has a profession

THE PRIME

You're married!

JH

You don't have to fuck in front of a judge to be legally married.

THE PRIME

What? I don't get it. Are you like a eunuch or something?

JH

I'm in complete working order, I assure you. Now, especially.

Maybe if we run into each other at a bar some night, you can buy me shots and I'll explain it.

I have class.

THE PRIME

What bar? When? Tonight?

JH

Go work on your paper. Your rough draft was a mess.

(END OF SCENE)

(JH and THE WIFE, sitting quietly; THE WIFE reads and JH works intensely on a laptop)

JH

I want to go off my meds.

DOVER · THRIFT · EDITIONS

THE WIFE

I would rather not have arthritis. But there it is.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

JH

I'm serious.

I want to go off my meds.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE WIFE

You can't.

JH

Yes, I can.

THE WIFE

No, you can't. You're addicted.

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

New York

JH

I'm not an addict—

THE WIFE

You've been on them for, how many years, since high school at least.
Your body is addicted to them. You can't just go off them.

DOVER · THRIFT · EDITIONS

JH

I've been tapering off.

THE WIFE

You're going off them now? **The Strange Case of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde**

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JH

I have been.

THE WIFE

So when you said you want to, it wasn't a statement about future actions—

JH

It was an unclear attempt to inform you as to my present-chemical state.

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

New York

THE WIFE

You bastard.

JH

I don't see why.

THE WIFE

You can't make a decision about this on your own.

JH

I can't believe you said that.

THE WIFE

I'm your wife. I live with you. If you go off your meds you'll—I don't know what you'll do.

JH

Neither do I.

Please, support me.

SINCE its first publication in 1886, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," one of the masterpieces of the Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894), has never ceased to fascinate readers. In fact, the names of its hero/antihero have become part of the language.

To some extent the tale reflects the Victorian era's repressive polarization of "virtue" and "vice." But it also looks backward to *Frankenstein* (another scientific experiment "tampering with the unknown"—containing potential for good, but unerringly headed for disaster) and forward to our present knowledge of the influence of body chemistry on psychology and personality.

THE WIFE

You must have some idea what will happen to you. What you'll become.

JH

I don't. I've never been off them. That's the point: I don't have history. I can't prepare for the future because I have nothing from the past to guide me. It's exciting.

THE WIFE

How do you feel? What have you been going through?

JH

Headaches, vomiting, trouble focusing, I can't sleep anymore. I get angry easily. I'm completely off the Seroquel. That's why I can't sleep. I have too much energy.

THE WIFE

You're going to keep the Xanax at least.

JH

No. I want nothing.

THE WIFE

Why?

JH

I don't know.

THE WIFE

That's no answer. You just don't wake up and say, No more antidepressants and anti-anxiety pills, and no more sleeping pills and no more pills to control my compulsions and mania-

JH

I don't know why.

I don't know.

I DON'T KNOW WHY.

Why isn't that good enough for you. I don't know. You know what, fuck you if you

can't support me. You didn't marry me, you married these fucking pills!
(throws pills at her)

(END OF SCENE)

DOVER THRIFT EDITIONS

EDITOR: STANLEY APPELBAUM

The Plume wearing the Boz. She wrapped herself around me, a hug that didn't squeeze but choked. I picked stray feathers off my clothes, even from my mouth. I told her something I shouldn't: something not entirely true:

I can't see your shows anymore.

[Using the word Can't implies that I want to but something forces me away, such as a spasm of morality]

On stage, you were too much.

[That much is true]

I didn't like the way I felt.

[Not true.]

You're my student. I feel that relationship has been compromised.

[A sexier word than "Ruin" which would imply destruction. She wasn't leaving my life]

It took only a few seconds for her to fill in the gaps and her eyes glimmered, wet with desire.

Walk me to my car, I ordered her.

She followed me out.

What is it—sex and the brain and the body? The body responds, the components work; like a car it can be driven. Unlike a car it doesn't require training to drive; we all have that training within us.

What we need to learn, what we need to need is drag racing.

Life with The Wife was like watching a documentary about the theory of automobiles. Occasionally, we discussed the phenomenon and technology but had no desire to take a test drive. Or, like bumper cars, we had no desire ram into each other.

Suddenly, I had the need to drag race. Watching others race only made me angry. I especially wanted to run someone off the road, watch them twist upside down and crash into a wall. I thought The Plume, in such an accident, would burn beautifully.

Sexual desire is the need to speed. The desperate need to feel motion and control a massive force. It's the force, the threat of collision, the violence my mind suddenly understood.

created in me something
Robert Louis Stevenson
I hadn't experienced before.
slip from me, and had not of course forgotten the ap-
palling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at
home, in my house and close to my drugs; and gratitude
for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled
the brightness of hope.

I was stepping hesitantly across the court and drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that surrounded the change, and I fell, but I found I gained the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of life. I took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the danger returned, and the drug had to be readministered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort, as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate supervision of the drug that I was able to wear the tunic of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, as even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became in my own person, a creature creaking and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the medicine wore off, I would leap amidst without transition (for the images of transition grew daily less marked) into the possession of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with false desires and passions that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickness of Jekyll. And certainly I hate that I divided them was equal on both sides.

With Jekyll, it was a thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full of my offhand creature that shared with him of the phenomena of consciousness, and was co-heir with him to the same, and beyond these limits of community, I had no more, and I had trouble breathing.

Luckily the bar had a
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
77
themselves made the most potent part of his distress, the thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the shocking thing that we spoke of the pit seemed to have sides and forces, that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the office of life, and this agitated that urgent horror was kind to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay ragged in his flesh, where my heart it gutter and felt it struggle to be born and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order. It was not the gallows drove him continually to commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of a part instead of a person; but he hated the necessity of leaving the despondency into which Jekyll was now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, straining in my own hand bloodstained the pages of my books, burning the letters and destroying the portrait of my father, and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to give me in the ruin that his love of life is wonderful. I go further: I, who sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, when I recall the attraction and passion of the attachment, and when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless, and the thing awfully tells me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought no, not alleviation, but a certain calmness of soul, a certain acceptance of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has truly severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sought for a fresh supply, and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the second, took place, and nothing more happened.

Everything else. She
 moves in a calender now have
 London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now per-
 suaded that my supply was impure, and that it was that
 unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.
 She had killed the powder. This
 About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this state-
 ment under the influence of the last of the powder. This,
 then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can
 think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly
 altered in the glass). Nor must I delay too long to bring my
 writing to an end; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped
 destruction, it has been by a combination of care and prudence
 and great good luck. Should the chances of change take me in
 the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces; but if some
 time shall have elapsed after I have finished it, my wonderful
 selflessness and circumscription to the moment will probably
 save it once again from the action of his ape-like spite. And
 indeed the moon that is closing on us now has already
 changed and changed him. Half an hour from now, when I
 shall again and forever reindue that hated personality, I know
 how I shall sit shivering and weeping in my chair, or con-
 tinue, with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listen-
 ing, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge)
 and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon
 the scaffold? or will he find courage to release himself at the
 last moment? God knows; I am careless; this is my true hour
 of death, and I shall follow concerns no other myself.
 Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my
 confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an
 end.

A drunk girl ~~seized~~
 feet away came over
 and asked if I was okay.
 I shook my head No.
 "My father's dying of
 Cancer."

"Is it your fault" she
 asked.

A ludicrous question,
 at all. ~~standing~~ ~~for~~ the night
 and crying. ~~like~~ she
~~never~~ found the same
 of again I never knew
 existed — and ~~the~~ ~~made~~
 everything made sense.

Crying & crying, graving
 hysterical, I began
 hyperventilating. She took
 me outside, took me to her

car.
 Mental stimulation —

that's what I had been
missing sexually. My
body responds fine, but my
mind had wandered. Now
dizzy, sweating, my head
aching, I felt it: I
wasn't just a sexual
attraction—I wanted to
fick her—I wanted to
eat her—rip her apart.
I fucked her so hard w/
my fingers, my nails
came back bloody. She
threw me out of her car
onto the ground and drove
off. I tasted the blood

and thought of her—the snow
on the Grand West beach,
A STORY OF FRANCIS VILON
me. I thought about it, felt
it over and over. I didn't
become "Alphie." The snow fell over Paris
with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind
made a salt and scatter of it in flying volleys; sometimes
it was a soft, and flake after flake descended out of the
black night air, silent, circumpus, interminable. To poor peo-
ple, looking up under a moist sky, it seemed a popular
where it all came from. Master Francis Vilon had propounded
an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: "was it only
Hagen after picking grease upon a window or were there
angels mouthing? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went
on, and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he
didn't stop to conclude. A silly old priest from Montar-
gis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to
a bottle of wine in honour of the jest and grimaces with which
it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that
he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was
Vilon's age. She was
The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing;
and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city
was shivered up. And any angel that might have come from
heaven and not a football given the alarm. If there were any be-
lated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white
pigeon and the bridges like strings of white spurs, or the flakes
ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled
among the tracery of the cathedral towers, many a chimney
drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its
grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been trans-
formed into great false noses, drooping towards the point
the crows were like upright pillows swollen on one side.

I shouldn't — something

(JH is masturbating; THE WIFE enters)

THE WIFE

What are you doing?!

JH

I think I'm masturbating I'm not sure I'm doing it right because nothing's happening

THE WIFE

You don't masturbate!

JH

Not effectively, apparently

THE WIFE

This must be a side effect of being off your meds.

JH

Excuse me?

THE WIFE

This sexual desire! Please take a Xanax. Just this once

JH

That's absurd!

THE WIFE

It'll calm you down.

JH

Masturbation isn't wrong. It's normal sexual behavior.

THE WIFE

But it isn't you.

(JH grabs THE WIFE)

JH

You see everything I do as an absence of medication. This is who I am. Don't dismiss me—

THE WIFE

Let me go!

JH

You feel so soft and your body, I could have an orgasm just touching you all over. Why don't you want me? You're not on meds. Are you afraid?

THE WIFE

No! I just don't want it! I've never wanted it and you've never wanted it either.
Please take your meds again.
You're turning into a monster.

JH

Fuck you. You're smarter than that. You know better than to lump me into that
melodramatic mush.

THE WIFE

You know if you need this, you can get it somewhere else. Go to anyone else. I don't
care. Please, please let me go.

JH

No.

(END OF SCENE)

JH: I already told you that half-assed papers will NOT fool me. I knew that almost all of these were written w/in the last 20 hours.

(throws papers on floor)
A few years ago I would've pissed on them. But I get too many complaints — mostly from maintenance. And I'd get too many fans: pissing on college papers is an easy way to make yourself into a cult figure. I used abuse it. Sometimes. Only when I was bored.

The worst part of this is how you BORE me. I will not be bored.

That clock. That clock up there. That isn't time. It's a metaphor. A pathetic fictional character we created. We make reality in our own image.

Accordg to that person called T up there, ~~we~~ I have little time left. Years, but it's coming. Sometimes time gallops & sometimes it stands still. But our bodies don't respond. It's on

own fiction. It does what it wants.
 You know why these papers exist?
 All you're doing is vomiting info you took
 from me or, God help us, your ticks
 parents. It's discipline. This is a class
 in advanced Cultural Socialism. In this
 class you will learn how to survive
 using your mind — the one thing that
 has kept you alive as a species.

It will save you or destroy you.

So guess what: here's your
 assignment now. In the next 30 minutes
 you will do the following:

Open your textbooks to chapter 8.

If you don't have a book ~~you~~ use your
 social skills as see if you can ~~get~~ beg 4
 charity from someone else. And let
 them beg for it. Because if you help them
 it ~~will~~ slow you down.

In the first 10 minutes using pages
 10-18 you will write the first & last word
 on every sentence.

2nd 10 minutes: In Chapter 10, pages
 149-163, you write down every the.

3rd 10 minutes: Chapter 4, pages 28-35

This place you in the lowest class.
 Those who read a middle class w/ + material upper.

write down every word that has an
A in it. ^{your} Midterm.

This is ~~worth~~ $\frac{1}{3}$ of your grade.

It will be graded on a curve — ~~this~~
~~puts you~~ those who get + most are
at + ~~As~~ As, ~~at least~~ the least, FS.

This places you in direct competition.

If you missed these ~~situation~~ information
barter w/ your neighbors. Money is
a good place to begin; use sex only as
a last alternative.

Anyone who speaks to me Fails
at once.

Go: You're already lost 2 minutes.

~~Have a good night's sleep. "God bless you all!"~~
~~At the same time, the committee is a~~
~~terrible one.~~

JH — piles of papers on desk. Tears them
up in hysteria.

~~Wanted off — no school — The Committee~~
~~has been — for a while — the committee~~
~~is a very — very good one~~

Sex and Evil—sure if you believe
 if sex belongs in marriage alone,
 and it's for the purposes of procreation
 in a moral way.

THE ESSENTIAL DR. JEKYLL

& MR. HYDE

I thought of her more often than my
 work. She became my new history.

Written & Edited by

Leonard Wolf

History of the future written in the
 present: elucidated and analyzed.

Including the Complete Novel by

Robert Louis Stevenson

Feeling and smelling—relishing in the
 saltiness and fruit scented body
 wash she uses—sometimes

Illustrations by Michael Lark

Mango, Pomegranate, Tangerine,
 Passion Fruit. When I want The
 Plume the most, she is Vanilla
 Brown Sugar.

ibooks

new york

Then the few smells—sweat
 the dark reaches of her body,
 the deepness of her bellybutton.

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Is there anyone to thank for easing me through this?

THE WIFE

I want to tell you something about-about what happened last night?

I looked at The Wife. I wasn't sure what she meant.

THE WIFE

I'm not terrified of sex. I'm not hiding my body because of some past trauma. I'm simply asexual. You know that. You are, too. Or maybe you were on the medications. But I'm still this way and I don't want anyone, even you.

JH

What are you trying to tell me?

THE WIFE

I won't leave you. I'll never leave you. But I hate you for what you did. If you go to someone else for it, I'll hate you for that, too.

It was like the feeling of needing to vomit suddenly and violently. I hung my head, staring at the book open in my lap, the letters going fuzzy and bright. Flickering like a strobe light.

THE WIFE

I won't leave you. I understand. It's because of the medication. But I need you to do

something for me. Please take SOMETHING. I understand why you're doing this and I admire you so much for your strength and willpower. You're much stronger than I ever could be.

JH

You really think that of me?

THE WIFE

Are you crying?

I ran to the bathroom and vomited in the sink. The Wife followed, holding my hair and stroking my back. I had no idea if I was vomiting or crying or hyperventilating, or all three.

THE WIFE

Slow your breathing. Breathe with me, Baby. Feel the air going in and out of my lungs. Concentrate. Slowly. Breathe.

JH

I don't know I don't know I don't know what I was or what happened or what got into me. I hurt you and you hate me I hurt you and you hate me I hurt you and you hate me.

THE WIFE

No, no, no, I don't really. I'm scared and I don't know what you're capable of. I

don't really hate you. I'm sorry I said that.

JH

I'm a miserable horrible person who shouldn't exist what's the point. This is really me but I'm not a monster I'm not but this is me and I hurt you oh my god how can you love me and help me I don't deserve you.

THE WIFE

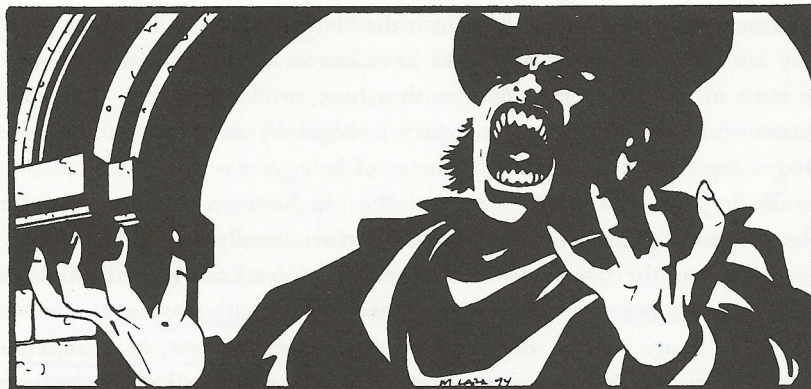
Shhh. Don't talk. Just breathe.

JH

I don't know how to control it I don't know what's in me am I a monster am I really a monster?

THE WIFE

No, there are no monsters, remember? That's what you said. There are no monsters in history; monsters are projections for the future of what we fear we're capable of doing. Judging others is assuring ourselves that our future actions will be different. Isn't that what you said?



"If and when we have sex, where will it take place?" I texted the plume. It was an hour before I got a reply:

Now, I deny that love is a strong passion. Fear is a strong passion; it is with fear that you must trifle, if you wish to taste the intensest joys of living . . . ("The Suicide Club," in *The New Arabian Nights*, in Stevenson, R.L., *The Works*, Vol. 3, p. 23).

Away with funeral music—
Set the pipe to powerful lips—
The cup of life's for him that drinks
And not for him that sips.

Fear is a strong passion. It is with fear that you must trifle, if you wish to taste the intensest joys of the

What fun we could have if we were all ~~living~~ What work we could do, what a happy place we could make it for each other! If I were able to do what I want; but then I am not, and may leave that vein.

"Are you fucking with me?"

Sooner or later, at a film festival, a TV rerun, or in the living room of a friend watching a VCR, we will see a film version of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Curiously enough, even if it is for the first time, the experience will not be new because the story of Jekyll and Hyde has, like those of Dracula and Frankenstein, entered so deeply into our con-

"All I can think about when you get to me is how much I want to taste you and smell you and learn every freckle, mole and scar on your body."

When The Wife bought The Gun, I thought nothing of it. When I found it in the closet, while looking for old research papers and articles I need for my new book, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I understand why now she bought the gun. It's so obvious. She expects violence. She expects us to have some sort of episode in which we undergo extreme bodily violence.

JH

Why do you expect something violent to happen?

THE WIFE

I don't. I want to prevent violence.

JH

Have you always been afraid of me? Do you really think I'm that violent? Have you always expected this of me, or did you realize what I am after we got married? That's when you bought the gun.

THE WIFE

It had nothing to do with you! The Gun isn't about you! I want to protect us and our home!

JH

Is this the best way to commit suicide? I can't imagine you'd want me to do it with a gun. Unless you have such macabre curiosity that you want to find me dead and my head

blown in half. What do you think it would be like cleaning up my blood and brains?

THE WIFE

I can't believe you just said that. That was truly horrifying

JH

Because it's true

THE WIFE

I can't be around you when you talk like this!

JH

There's nothing wrong with being curious! It's nothing to be ashamed of!

THE WIFE

Get away from me! You're sick and disgusting!

JH

I'm not sick and disgusting! This is how I am and I'm not afraid to face it.

THE WIFE

How dare you think that I want that! I love you. I couldn't bear to see you—

When you say things like that to me,

that makes you a twisted, sick monster.

JH

You're the one who bought a gun!

THE WIFE

TO PROTECT US! Not to help you plan your fucking suicide!

JH

I hope that when you do find me dead with my brains sprayed over the wall you can admit the truth to yourself.

THE WIFE

When I find you dead?

JH

Yes. You know it. I faced it: I'm not the kind to wait to die. I'm the kind that has to take control of the situation. Why is that so horrifying? Come back here!

Evil?! What the fuck
is this?

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy,²⁴ was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay.²⁵ And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself.²⁶ It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh.²⁸ This, as I take it, was because all human beings, (as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil; and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil. I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted;²⁹ it yet remained to be seen if I had

²⁴ This is a phrase difficult to understand. One reading, authorized by Stevenson's use of the word "deposed," is that Jekyll is employing a metaphor based on the royal right to coin money. Jekyll is telling us that he has dethroned his good self and turned power over to his evil nature.

²⁵ See page 41, note 46 on Lombroso's theories. Beyond Lombroso, Oscar Wilde extrapolated on the notion that evil leaves visible marks on the human countenance in his *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891). Wilde's book deserves close comparison with *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

²⁶ Here, if anywhere, is the thematic radium center of *Jekyll and Hyde*. Stevenson's recognition that the wholeness of humankind absolutely includes a Hyde. Several years after writing *Jekyll and Hyde*, Stevenson, in "Pulsis et Umbra," would elaborate a grim view of the world and the human condition.

What a monstrous specter is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber, killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself, grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face, a thing to set children screaming. (*Memories and Portraits*, in Stevenson, R. L., *The Works*, Vol. 13, p. 162-163)

Dark—as that genius, "Pulsis et Umbra" goes on to express admiration for humanity which no matter how low it has fallen, makes some gestures toward honorable behavior.

²⁷ The point of the phrase is not that Hyde represents the wholeness of a human being but rather that, unlike Jekyll, who is an admixture of good and evil, Hyde is only (singly) evil. See Lanyon's observation on this matter on page 109.

²⁸ The first experiment was, of course, the transformation itself. It remained to be seen if he could transform back to Jekyll.

I feel guilt. I feel it so strongly, it becomes metal in my mouth, choking me. If anything, I am more conscious of people; I can empathize, though crawling in their selves does horrify me.

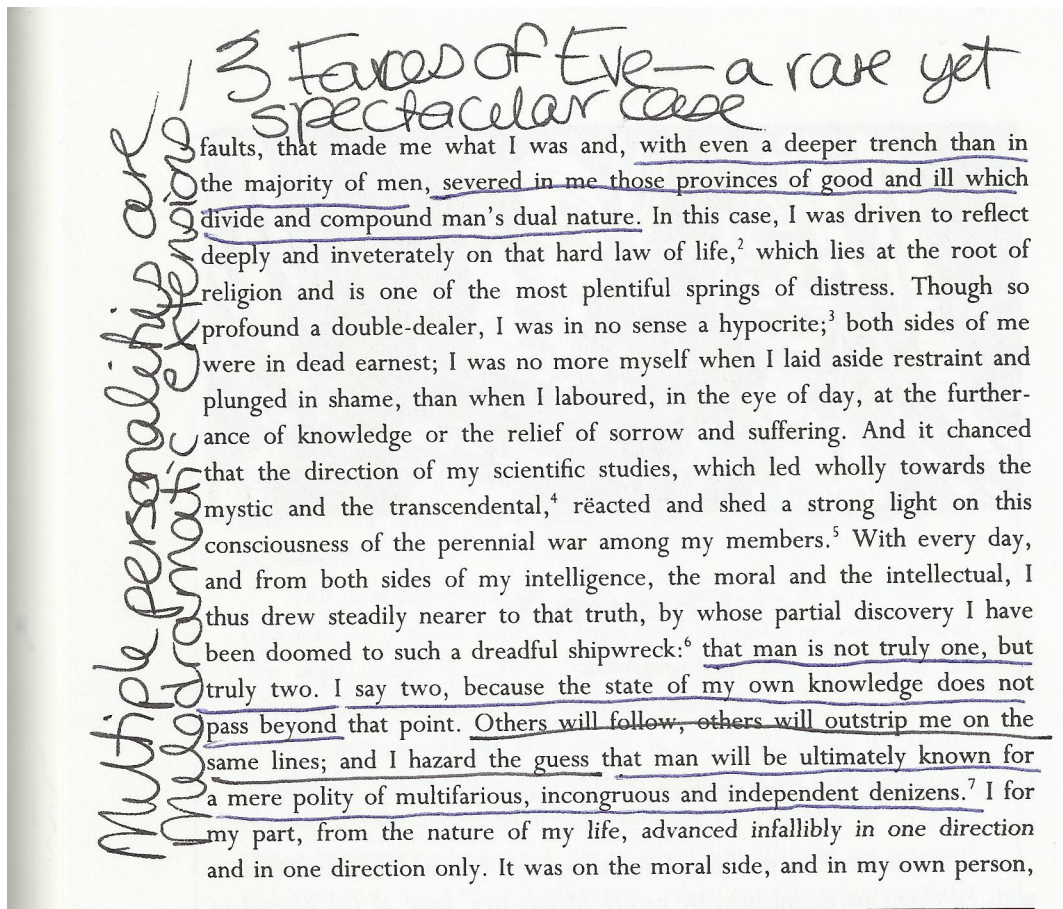
or wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I carried out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centered on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chastisement approached, I met with one accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer by, whom I recognised the other day in the person of your kinsman;⁴⁵ the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future, by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame, something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way, began

⁴⁴ Stevenson again connects Hyde with Satan in the folklore of witchcraft, a "familiar" was an animal—a dog, cat, raven, or other animal—that lived with a witch and was said to be a demonic guide or attendant. Women accused of witchcraft were often examined for the presence on their bodies of supernumerary nipples which, it was believed, were intended to give suck to their familiar.

⁴⁵ Enfield, who is Utterson's cousin. This childish ruse is unworthy of Stevenson and makes a farce of the consultation Utterson has with his chief clerk, Guest, who is described as a handwriting expert.



I withheld contact from The Plume. I canceled office hours; changed my routine so she couldn't find me. I answered only those text messages which I thought were important, giving just enough communication so she wouldn't think I wasn't interested.

It was time for her to pursue me. Pursuit would make her ferocious. I am making her ferocious.

I can't do it. Find another woman.

Why can't you—

You're married.

That didn't bother you before—

I know—

You said it was my problem. You said you don't care!

I know! It is your problem. But I can't do it! Find another woman.

I'm not looking for someone. Is that what you think of me? You think I'm hunting for someone so I can experiment with adultery? I don't want just anyone. Just anyone can't feed me. I want you. You've made me so hungry I feel like I'm starving to death. You teased me and now you're blueballing me. You're inflicting physical pain on me. You violent, two-faced bitch! You monster! You're the monster here, not me!

I hadn't expected to kiss her—
I thought it all should remain
formal. Kissing, like the whores
say, is intimacy.

The Plume kissed me first,
of course. Seizing my shirt she
pulled me in: her lips were the softest
I ever felt. I fell immediately in
love with her lips and soft cheeks
and kissing her fluttering eyelashes.

It was in my car. She straddled
me in the back seat. No room for oral.
Just room for her to fuck herself,
while I lifted her shirt and tasted
her small breasts. They disappointed
me—her body was so slim and
bony she didn't seem like a woman
at all. But she came like one.

And looked hurt & disappointed
like a woman when we immediately
returned to the history dept. after.

iss her—
remain
whoas

first,
it she
he softest
ely in
cheeks
elashes.

he straddle
n for oral.
verset,
nd tested
disappoint
n and

a woman
one.
appointed
mediately
after.

It's easy to escape from
~~home~~, claiming I have work in
my office. On the way to The
Pines I had a fierce desire to
work, but thinking what she would
finally feel like, after all these
months of speculation and teasing
were too itchy ~~not~~ to scratch.

Appendix G Bibliography

She had a futon rather than
a bed. I immediately felt old
and pathetic and alone. My life
had grown past the futon and
she had no comprehension of the
years before she was born, the
years I lived. I went down on her out of
obligation and left without kissing
her. I went back to my office and
worked, repairing the situation—
eliminating it completely.

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JH, before a class:

JH: I'm contemplating having an affair. Cheating on my wife. And, with my student. Does that make me evil: or do we need to wait 50-60 years, collect my journals, emails and texts, medical reports, testamonies from my Wife and the Student to make a Historical Judgement?

But there is such a thing as History of the future—it's much more difficult because you deal with statements of intent, contemplations, subjective judgements, possible scenarios. Is this a valid form of research?

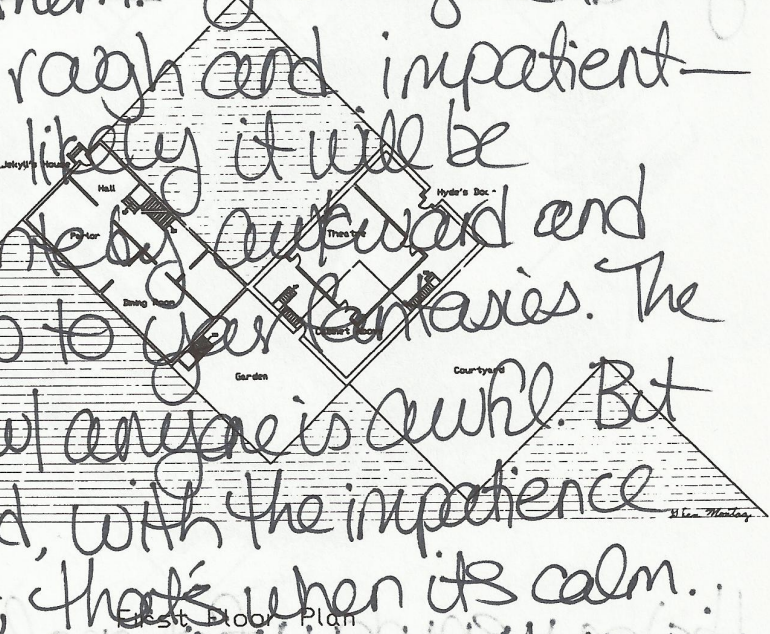
Don't answer. I don't want to discuss this with you. Just

Listen:

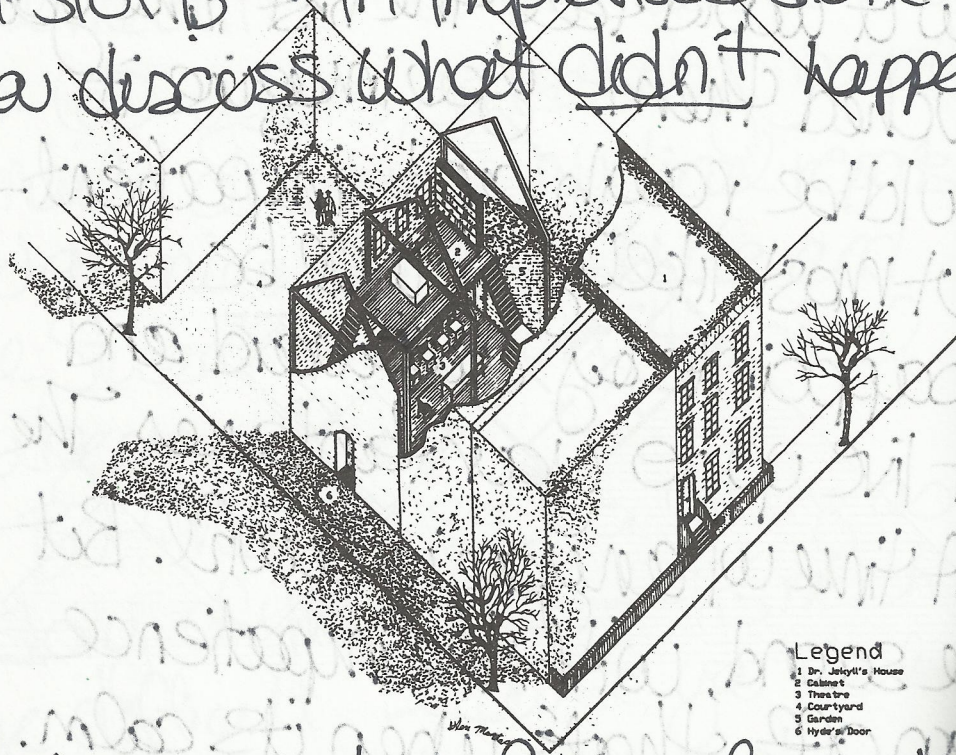
Appendix C
Architectural Renderings of the
Jekyll/Hyde House
by Glen Montag

Something like this fantasized about that one person, imagining how it would feel the first time you touched them. You imagine it would be rough and impatient—but most likely it will be disappointed by outward and not live up to your fantasies. The first time w/ anyone is awful. But the second, with the impatience worn off, that's when it's calm. You take your time—you do it somewhere safer, more privacy. You can plan it.

The Planning is the history!
Future history—the story created

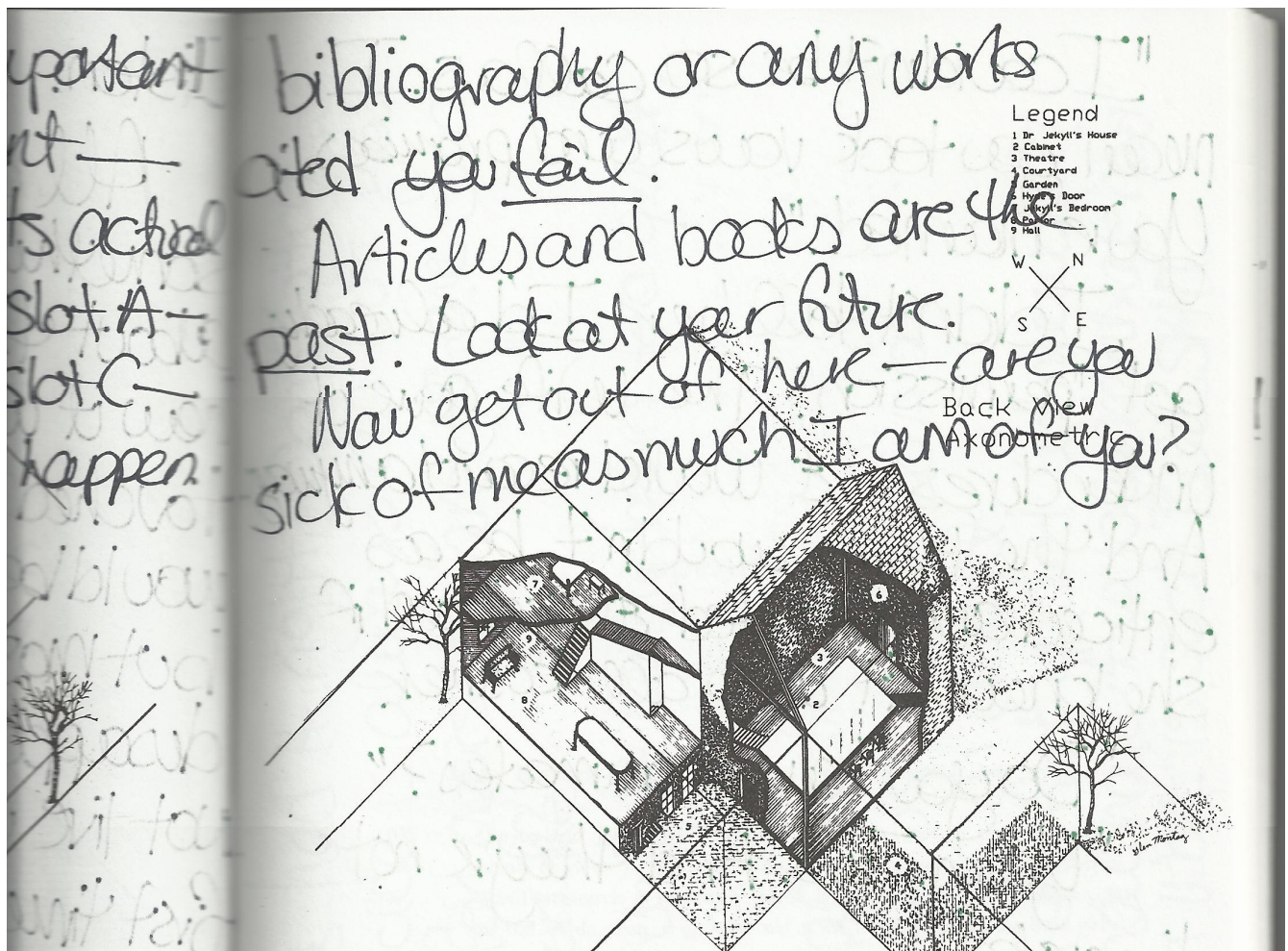


cobbling possibilities is important
and so brief. After the event —
rather than summing up its actual
factual events — penis in Slot A —
in Slot B — in improvised slot C —
You discuss what didn't happen.



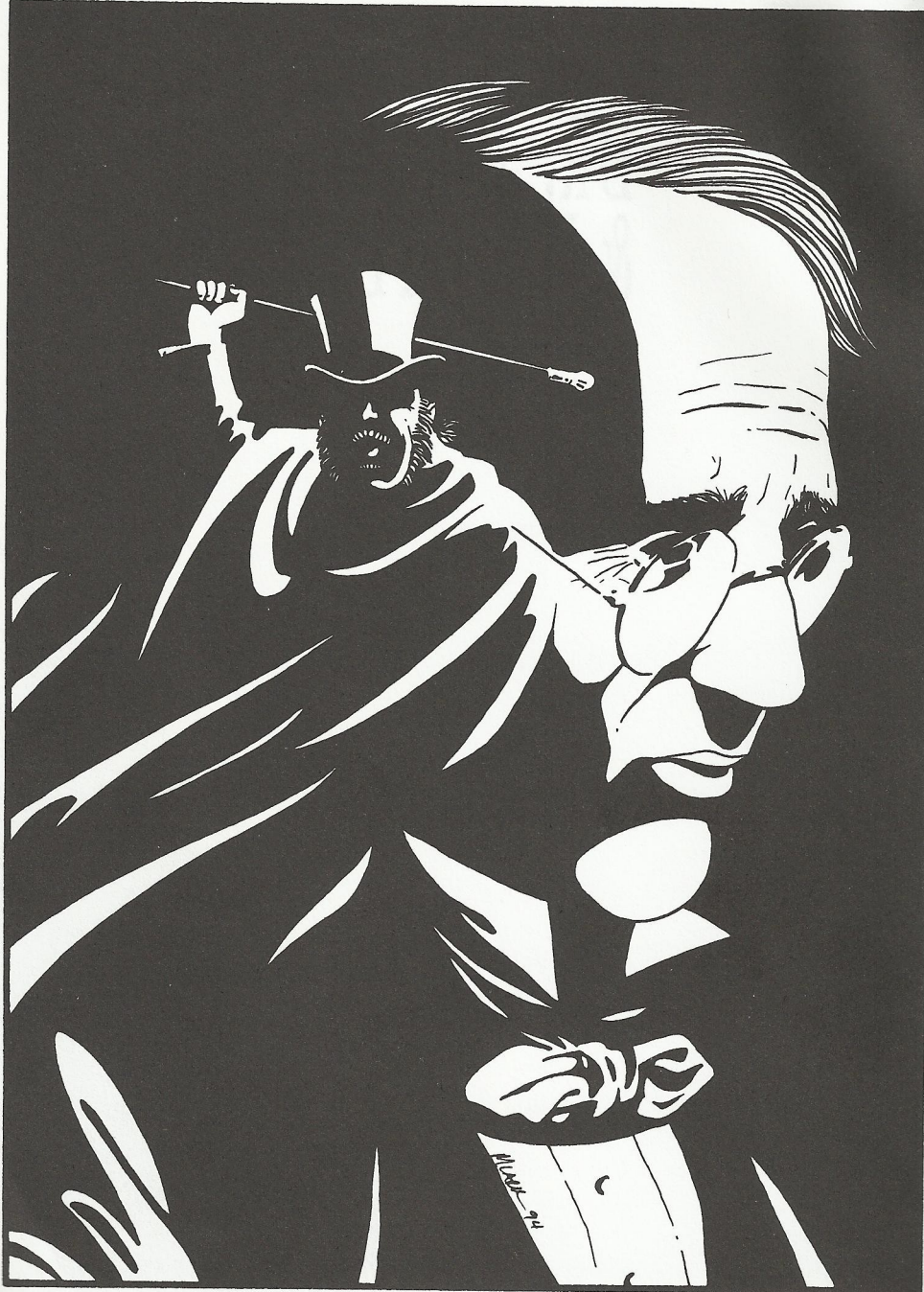
History employs fictional constantly
yet the history of possibility
is laughed at.

Your assignment: write a 5
page paper about something that
could happen. If you have a



Now get out of here — are you as
 sick of me as I am of you?

This is not the future.



I feel no terror.