

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 soF 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 a 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

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pulp as Jekyll and Hyde is offensive,
insulting and degrading. My life is not a
The Strange Case of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Victorian morality tale structured for

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
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

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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 went 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 went there, I went 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 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 a 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; JT tosses the pills in mouth)

JT

(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 those 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 sickroom, 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; had missed the allegory, had made it merely a story—a magnificent bit of sensationalism—when it should have been a masterpiece" (Ibid., p. xiii).

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 pain is 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 breath 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 removes (exapro))

JH watches you - don't need to see but hear sound - forward through scenes (finally finds scene like -

When a person dies - is it important. Next week from now, I will JH - make at - fondles

now, & back from now, ten years from now - it #2 wants more - happens again

will happen. Fighting for one's life is undignified again

and pathetic. To struggle in attempts to ward

(JH: at a table cooking. No food necessary off the inevitable - off, for what? Possibly one wants to create a sensory experience anya meddly month? What could possibly happen in a month? They said the steak should be

medium & its medium well. JH: No problem - I'll just pop it in my

microwave time machine

oneself in order to delay the inevitable.

JH: You're in a good mood today.

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,

mad, 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 your shelf life: eccentric teaching methods? This is a history department, not a theater

department. (Yicks; JH2 has been nailing boards

or nails on the floor—or counting whatever has been chopping. He continues chopping & she counts every knife cut. I walk out of the office and can't breathe. I fall down and the secretaries have to help me off the floor.

I: fuck her. JH: (picks up handles of what has been chopped & puts in pan to sauté)

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 ~~drop~~ 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. Uterson the lawyer was a man of a ~~large~~ ^{large} 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 ~~handsome~~ ^{handsome} beaomed from his eye; something ~~indeed~~ ^{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 a ~~man~~ ^{man} with ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~judgment~~ ^{judgment}, when he was above ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~use~~ ^{use} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~purpose~~ ^{purpose}, taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved ~~reliance~~ ^{reliance} for others; sometimes ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~reliance~~ ^{reliance} ~~most~~ ^{most} with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~harm~~ ^{harm} to say ~~quaintly~~ ^{quaintly} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~reproach~~ ^{reproach} ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~way~~ ^{way}." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to ~~be~~ ^{be} the last reputable acquaintance and the ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~influence~~ ^{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. Uterson; for he was undemonstrative of the best and even his friendship seemed to be founded on a ~~sum~~ ^{sum} ~~mark~~ ^{mark} of ~~good~~ ^{good} nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made.

Reference to the Bible, Genesis 4:9, and Cain's famous question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" (New King James Version; thenceforth, NKJV)

And now I know I
Came down

The Wife approaches JT.

THE WIFE

How's it going?

JT

It's going.

THE WIFE

But how? Bumpy, smooth, scary?

Crazy?

JT

Come on.

THE WIFE

Possibly lose your job crazy?

JT

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 said for two reasons.
They went there for Mr. Hyde
psychic, in search of a
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 his usual appetite. It was his custom to have dinner at his house, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry dryad on his reading-desk, until the sleek* of the neighbouring church hung out the door of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the clock was ten o'clock, 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 his head bowed to study its contents. The will was a codicil, for Mr. Utterson, though he took no new wife, if it remained, he proposed 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.C., &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 unexpected 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 fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance that gave to the said document a kind of life. I had reached the cold and dark place & she was

I had reached the cold and dark place & she was
awake in the middle of the night
Once of many times —

With that he blew out his candle, turned a few steps and sat down in the red armchair in the corner of a small square room, a studio of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his office. "If anyone knows, Dr. Lanyon," he said, "of going to die."

The sole butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered directly from the dining-room, where the butler was overawed by the size of the man, into the drawing-room. This was a neatly, healthily, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a short crop of hair, a ruddy white face, and a vivacious, frank, and genial smile. Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality was as the way of the man, a son of the soil, a man of the world, it repaid the gentle feeling. For the two old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough representatives of their respective classes, he was a man who could be relied upon, in any emergency, to be a true friend.

After a little rambling talk, the subject turned upon the old man's recent absence. "I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has."

"I suppose we are, or I it."

*Square in London's West End and the heart of the doctors' quarter.

I had reached the

darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of golden pictures. He would be aware of the great roar of lamp of a nocturnal city, then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then those met, and that human figure snatched up the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom no power was given, and even at a dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more steadily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, in a labyrinth of lamp-lighted cities and at every street corner crush a child and leave her, screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams that face, so pale that it effaced him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up an awe-inspiring in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, and most inexpressible, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought, the mystery would vanish and he could all together away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference for holidays (a fact which you will see) and even the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which did but too shov'rs itself raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward Mr. Enfield began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty, and time scarce, at night and in the face of the fogged-up moon by all light,

Then those big spans of blank pages. I couldn't merely skip forward - I had to jum through each & look for

something, any spick
of communication.

friend of Mr. Hyde's—Mr. Utterson, of Broad 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; he is from home," 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 is it?"

"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 me?" 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?" echoed Mr. Hyde a little hoarsely.

"Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the other.

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

"I did not think you would have lied."

"Look!" said Mr. Utterson, "that's too fitting language."

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

*I should call her
The Plume for that's
how I now experienced.
her—her seemingly
relaxed feathers
ticked and fainted
me, as well as open
my eyes. Not opening*

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

him, the mount the end to his in he was it is rarely impression he had a ter with a s, and he ten voice; together and fear be some- is some- me, the shall we the mere nd trans- my poor n a face,

square of decayed rs to all s, shady house, entire; ilth and ept; for A well-

■ Brown:
■ I know,
body of a

lids, but open & expand my vision so vastly that I feel her color in my finger tips
She played in a band.
- Sexual Jazz type music.

"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."

"Your master still reposes 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."

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

"I do not think he ever dined here," replied the butler. "Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the law of God."

"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 old when he was young? But 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

- I don't go to bars.

- It's not a drink or

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)

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 25

**I found myself
assassinated on a daily
basis. Not just people,
but Light, buildings,
smells. If a room was
too dark I felt trapped -
too light, spied upon,
exposed, judged. I had
never experienced the
world like this - as if
atmospheric itself was
a fence with a purpose.**

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till I have seen the body," said he, "this may be very serious. Save the lifeless to wait while I die's." With the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he indeed.

"Yes," said he, "I recognise him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And

**A purpose creates a
goal - a goal requires**

low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny num-
bered a little and showed him a dimly street, a grim palace, a
cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog
assail the most honest.

terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times
pamion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that
were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the com-
some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides,
of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of
had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvansion
gates, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or
craggy houses, which made a slatey passage,
ing wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these
a glassy sheet of daylight would scarce in between the swift-
her for a moment the fog would divide and
lured brooks, like the light of some strange conflagration; and
the dark and sombre; and where would a row of a chil-
dearers and houses of twilight; for here in winter the dark little
street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvellous number of
the glassy sheeted houses; so that, as the cab swerved from
over heaven, but the wind was continually whirling and rout-
was of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered
It was by this time about one in the morning, and the first
to his house."

"Well come with me to my place," he said, "I think I can take you
Mr. Utterson reflected; and then rising his head,
the maid calls him," said the officer
"Peculiarly tall and peculiarly wrinkled he is; what
"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.
he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jeckyll.
brother and sister as it was, he recognized it for one of his
when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer;
Mr. Utterson had already quitted at the hotel of Hyde Park
the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick
you can help us, to the man." And he briefly narrated what
tion, this will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps
the next moment his eye lit up with professional ambi-
Robert Louis Stevenson

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

(JH at FATHER's house)

JH: Has'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 some work.

F: W/ all these kids out of college
w/ their Masters 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 hr 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 came 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 forever.

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 ~~can~~ lasted
35 years, I can last 2 more.

JHB: But you're so miserable &
unhappy.

THE PALME — 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 PALME smoking; JT approaches)

THE PALME

Aren't you cold?

JT

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

JT: 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 somewhere.

THE PALME

F: At my age? No.

Blue? Do you really see a color change when it's cold?
JT: Why not? I'll quit and go up yes.

F: What about the mortgage, & [redacted]
Cars, and your brother still in
college.

JT: You do that very well.

JT: He'd understand.

F: No. Maybe one day. But no.

THE PALME

What?

JT

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

THE PLUME

The Plume: Onstage

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.

Had the Victorian ideal been less hypocritically ideal or had Dr. Jekyll been content with a less perfect public reputation his tragedy would not have occurred.

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

I hate Alanis Morissette.
Her songs sing like she

wrote them in like 15

minutes over a joint

in a room with 13 other people

presenting himself to the reader as a congenital "double dealer" who has

nonetheless "an almost malevolent sense of shame."

In typical

Victorian middle-class fashion, man act to dissociate "himself" (i.e., his

reputation as a highly regarded physician) from his baser instincts. He can

no longer bear to suppress them and it is impossible to eradicate them.

His discovery that "Man is not truly one, but two" is seen to be a

scientific fact, not a cause for despair.

Thus Dr. Jekyll's uncivilized self, to which he gives the symbolic name

Hyde, is at once the consequence of a scientific experiment and a shameless

indulgence of appetites that cannot be assimilated into the propriety of

everyday Victorian life. There is a sense in which Hyde, for all his

monstrosity, is but an addiction like alcohol, nicotine, drugs.

"The moment

I choose," Dr. Jekyll says, "I can be rid of him." Hyde must be hidden

not simply because he is wicked but because Dr. Jekyll is a willfully good

man—an example to others. Like the much-admired lawyer Mr. Utterson

who is lean, long, dusty, drearily and yet somehow [improbably] adorable.

Had the Victorian ideal been less hypocritically ideal or had Dr. Jekyll

been content with a less perfect public reputation his tragedy would not

have occurred.

And that you want to kill

yourself. I guess the Doctor

thought I could talk to you

And yes, he's in shock

THE PIANO

Have you lied to us in class?

JH

How many times have you thought about killing yourself?

THE PIANO

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)

On the ninth of January, how four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my college 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; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration.

THE PIANO The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

I'm not intelligent.

10th December, 18—³

JH

You have potential.

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

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

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.

THE PIANO

Ouch.

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

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If we are our bodies
If we are our fighters
If we are our defenses
If we are our joiners
If we are our souls
If we are our criminals
If we are our abnormals

JH

Stop fishing. It's ugly.

I'll be joining you

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 PIANO

Isn't everyone in love with death? It's the death wish or something. Sex and death, it's all we want. You said I have less than nothing. You asked "How often have you thought of

JH

They do come together.

Upon 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

THE PIANO

Zing

JH

I did just say that, didn't I?

set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got 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

two hours' work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked;

THE PIANO

How often do you think about suicide?

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

¹⁰ I was convinced

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 should have been the occasion of 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 bare door, he does not mention the clever locksmith who, on the earlier occasion, opened the door for them without violence.

¹¹ 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

JH

As much as I think about sex.

107

About a hundred times an hour.

If we are our mistakes

If we are our successes

THE PIANO

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

JH

Me, too. It's been a ~~cool~~^{cougar} age struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on

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

THE PIANO

When did you get laid last?

JH

Probably before you were born. This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, I can only describe 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

THE PIANO

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

JH

When was it for you?

THE PIANO

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.

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 hinge than the principle of hatred.¹⁹

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, I can only describe 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 ridiculous 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 shun it.

JH

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

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 turn in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the water turned 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.

JH

I'll be joining you.
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 my house without further delay? or has the spell 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

I've had a really good
night.
THE PIANO
THE PIANO
mental 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

I'm a Martini
in American Culture that's the same as having sex. So
you can tell me anything.

Feel free to text me
Sir, said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing,

'you speak English, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with

to my strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of

inexplicable services to pause before I see the end.'

when the plans are
ready.
THE PIANO
JH
very small amount
what follows is under the seal of our profession.
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
I've never had sex.
subj...ehold!

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

THE PIANO
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

JH

I'm being totally serious, dude.

THE PAMME

You're married!

JH

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

THE PAMME

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 PAMME

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 ^{Note} you go off your meds you'll—I don't know what you'll do.

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.

Neither to I. 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 Boa. 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]

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On stage, you were too much. This Dover edition, first published in 1991, is an unabridged republication of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

[That much is true.] as published in *The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson in One Volume* by Black's Readers Service Company, Roslyn, N.Y., n.d.

new Note has been prepared specially for the present edition.

I didn't like the way I felt. Manufactured in the United States of America

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

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[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 & massive force. It's the force, the threat of collision, the violence my mind suddenly understood.

dawn. It ~~had~~ ^{had} gheles.

No emptiness or a thing that hangs no body. Does what hangs and the fall. men would have to like and stay him.

*No emptiness or anything that
hinders or destroys that
instant and the hand of God can't
stay him.*

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I made up my mind to do it. The resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others and that a hundred passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I feared of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily entered more completely into it, was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for license. Not that I dreamed of resurrecting Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy; but it was in my own person that I was in danger of trifling with conscience; and as an ordinary temptation to a trifling sinner, I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

I do not know what to do.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is finite; and the first condescension to my evil finally destroys the source of my soul. And yet it was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before the mate and God. I was a free man, I had a good day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but drowsy overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet bird-sounds. I sat in the sun, and the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not remitted sin. After all detected, I was with my neighbours, and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comprising my mate and myself with the majority of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vagabondous thought, a qualm came over me; a horrid pause and the most deadly suspense. The past passed away, and me with it. Men as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a clearer concept of danger, a strong and bold control of my mind.

*No emptiness or anything that
hinders or destroys that
instant and the hand of God can't
stay him.*

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I made up my mind to do it. The resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others and that a hundred passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I feared of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily entered more completely into it, was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for license. Not that I dreamed of resurrecting Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy; but it was in my own person that I was in danger of trifling with conscience; and as an ordinary temptation to a trifling sinner, I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

I do not know what to do.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is finite; and the first condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet it was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before the mate and God were separated; like a frosty winter day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet bird-songs. I sat in the sun, and the animal within me licking the chops of memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent penitence, but not remitted sin. After all detected, I was with my neighbours, and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comprising my mate gone with the lightness of their neglect. And at the very moment of that vagabondous thought, a qualm came over me; a horrid pause and the most deadly suspense. The past passed away, and me with it. Men as in its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a clearer concept of danger, a strong hold on me, and a

controlling the mind.

• "Is it your fault," she asked.

A ludicrous question,
but ~~all~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~nothing~~ nothing
and crying. ~~like~~ She
~~had~~ found the source
of a pain I never knew
existed — and ~~nothing~~
everything made sense.
Crying & crying, grasping
wistfully, I began
hyperventilating. She took
no outside, took neither
cor. 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: It wasn't just a sexual attraction — I wanted to fuck her — I wanted to eat her — rip her apart. I fucked her so hard all my fingers, my nails came back bloody. She threw me out of her car onto the ground and drat. I tasted the blood.

and thought of her—the snow
on the Grand ~~Island~~ ^{berg} beneath
A STORY OF FRANCIS VILLON
Mr. — I thought ~~about~~ it, felt
it deserved over. I didn't
become "alive" —

November 146. The snow fell over Paris
with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind
made a sally and scattered flying flakes; sometimes
there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the
black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor peo-
ple looking up from noiseless ~~silence~~ ^{silence} it seemed ^{that} ~~where~~ ^{the} Hall came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded
an alternative that afternoon, a tavern widow was in only
a coat of ~~fur~~ ^{fur} to protect her from the cold, and she had
angel mounting? He was only a poor Master of Arts; he went
on and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he
dodged his ~~answer~~ ^{answer} 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
Villon's age. ~~Boo~~ ^{Boo} ~~Shh~~ ^{Shh} ~~Wapped~~ ^{Wapped}
The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing,
and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city
was sheered up. A man might have ~~run~~ ^{run} from end to
end and not a footprint given the alarm. If there were any be-
lated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white
~~pirated~~ ^{pirated} ~~honeycomb~~ ^{honeycomb} ~~honeycomb~~ ^{honeycomb} ~~honeycomb~~
ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled
among the tracery of the cathedral towers, many a niche was
diluted full, many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its
grotesque or stained head. The gargoyles had been trans-
formed into great false ~~toes~~ ^{toes} drooping towards the point
the crockets ~~were~~ ^{were} like upright pillows swollen on one side.

I Shouldn't ⁸¹ — 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 feed me. I know 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 to 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.

According to that person called up there, ~~I~~ 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

class. + material
spat.

own fiction. It does what it wants.
3 You know why these papers exist?
All you're doing is vomiting info you took
from me or, God help us, your fake
opponents. 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 + following:

1. Open your textbooks to chapter 8.
If you don't have a book ~~spat~~ use your
social skills as see if you can ~~get~~ beg for
charity from someone else. And let
them ~~beg for it~~. Because if you help them
it ~~will~~ stay you down.

In the first 10 minutes using pages
10-18 you will write the first & best 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

Write down every word that has an A in it. Your Midterm.

This is ~~worth~~ 13 of your grade.

It will be graded on a curve - ~~the~~
~~best~~ ~~those~~ who get + most are
 A+ ~~As~~ As, ~~the~~ the least, Fs.

This places you in direct competition.

If you missed these ~~sections~~ information
 before owl 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.

11am - Assistant - "God look up yourself"

[REDACTED]

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

Third PR - Project - The Committee

[REDACTED]

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
 Plum the most, she is Vanilla
 Brown Sugar.



ibooks

new york

Then the foul 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

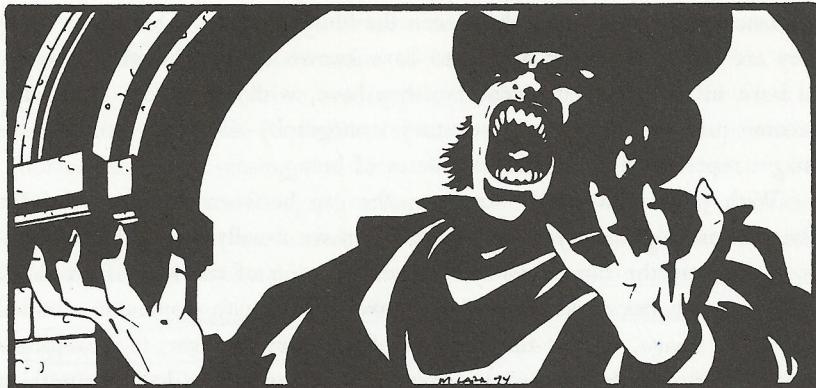
Shhh. Don't talk. Just breathe.

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 *freeing*! 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 consciousness that we can hardly conceive of it as being anything but familiar.

"All I'm thinking about when
 you but some is how much I
 want to taste you and smell ya
 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.

murder and finally repents, at which point he is absolved by the young Aurelia, whose brother he has stabbed and whose mother he poisoned.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg's *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* is an amazing fiction in which the themes of religious bigotry, the

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. I don't. I want to prevent violence after another tormented by the appearance, at the climactic moment, of another "William Wilson," who has features identical to himself but whose role is to play the incarnate good angel who nullifies the evil practiced by his wicked other self.

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 deposed 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 "Pulvis 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)

²⁷ Dark as that view is, "Pulvis et Umbra" goes on to express admiration for humanity which no matter how low it has fallen, makes some gestures toward honorable behavior.

²⁸ 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 *pure* (singular) evil.

²⁹ See Layton's observation on this matter on page 109.

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 through cravelling in their selves does innocent me. *Henry Jekyll is to Hyde not a fixture or dent - Jekyll and Hyde is to be the same person. One merely policies the crowd out of societal teachings*

of wonder at my vicarious depravity. *This familiar* that I called out in 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.

Multiple personalities are
 3 Faces of Eve—a rare yet
 spectacular case
 faults, that made me what I was and, with even a deeper trench than in
 the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which
 divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect
 deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life,² which lies at the root of
 religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so
 profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite;³ both sides of me
 were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and
 plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the further-
 ance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced
 that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the
 mystic and the transcendental,⁴ reacted and shed a strong light on this
 consciousness of the perennial war among my members.⁵ With every day,
 and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I
 thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have
 been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck:⁶ that man is not truly one, but
 truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not
 pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the
 same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for
 a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens.⁷ I for
 my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction
 and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person,

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 one.
 Just room for her to fuck herself,
 while I lifted her shirt and tasted
 her small breasts. They disappoint
 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
whores

first,
it she
the softest
ely in
cheeks
lashes.

re strangled
n for one.
herself,
nd tasted
disappaint
n and
a woman
e one.

ppointed
medately
after.

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

She had a futon rather than
a bed. ~~I~~ Immediately fell off
and ~~fall~~ and ~~alright~~. 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 ~~off~~ without ²⁹¹ killing
her. I went back to my office and
worked, repairing the situation —
eliminating it completely.

Appendix G
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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, testimonies 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: you are establishing guidelines

Appendix C
Architectural Renderings of the
Jekyll/Hyde House
Something like this fantasized
by Glen Montag

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

disappointing, outward and
not live up to your fantasies. The

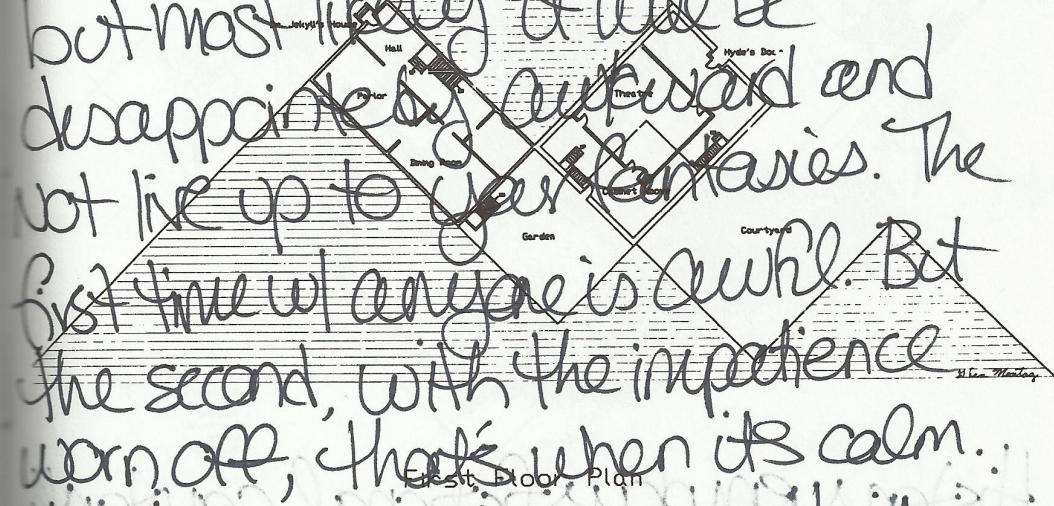
first time with anyone is awful. But
the second, with the impatience

worn off, that's when it's calm.

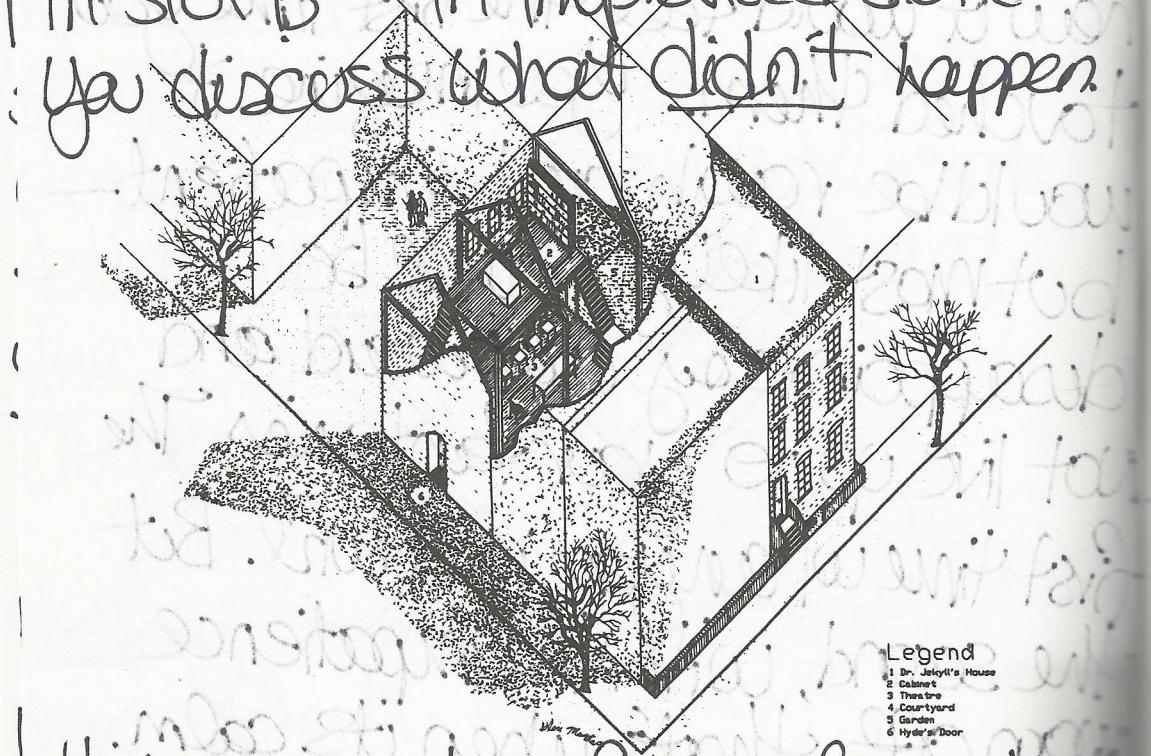
You take your time — you do it
somewhere safer, more privacy. You

can plan it

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



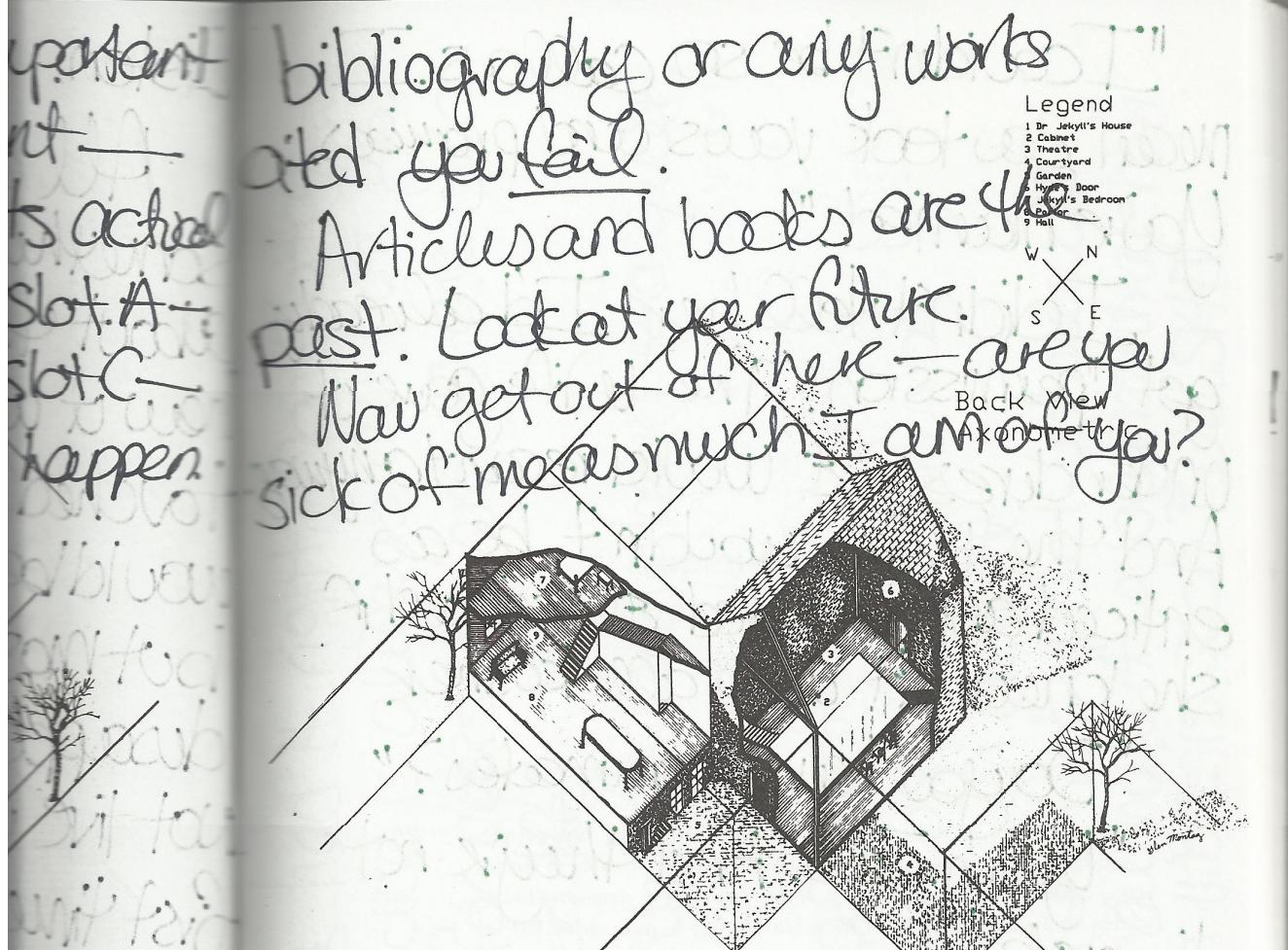
cobbling possibilities is important and so brief. After the event — rather than summing up its actual factual events — penis in slot A — in slot B — in improvised slot C — you discuss what didn't happen.



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

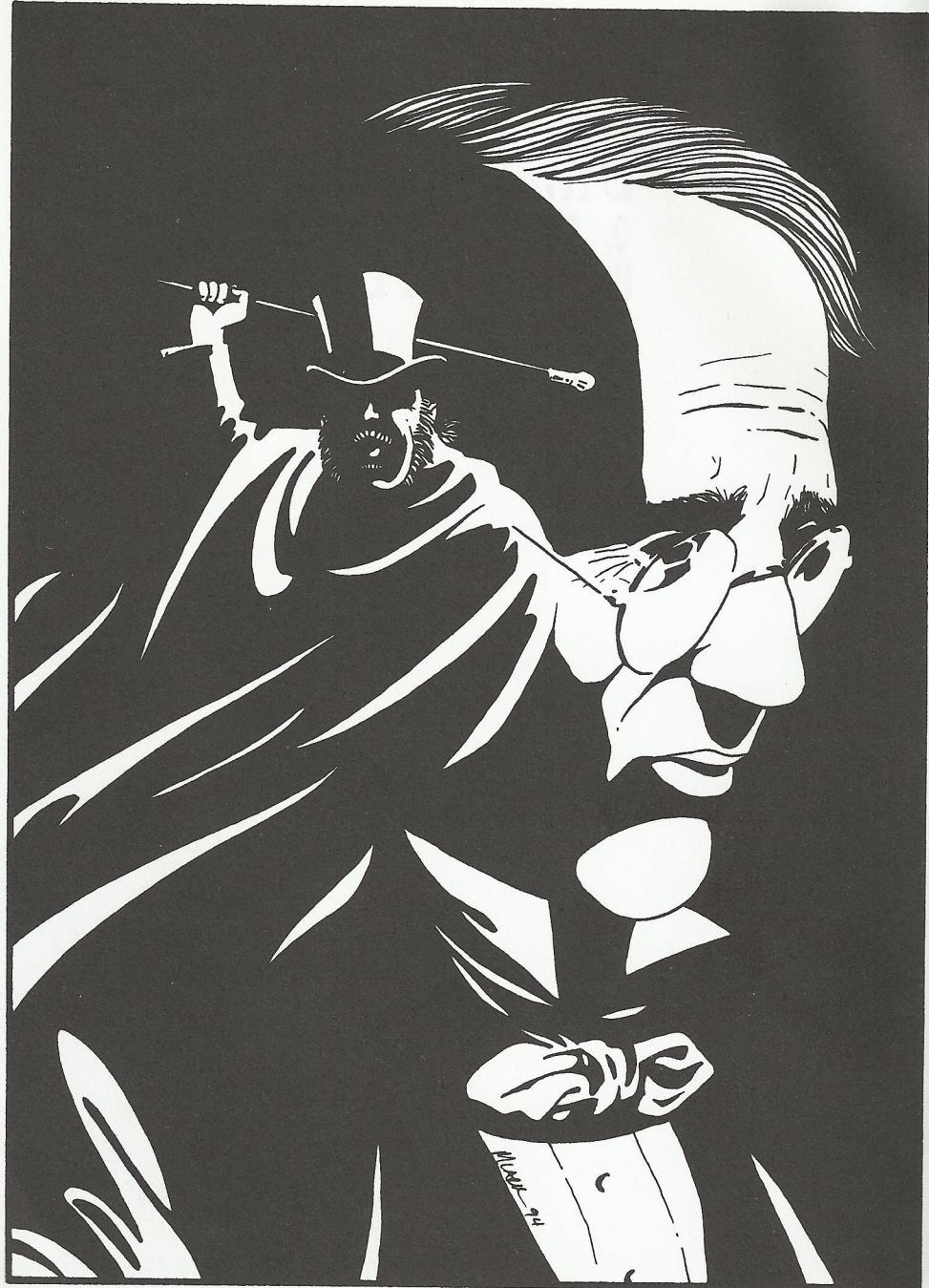
Your assignment: write a 5 page paper about something that could happen. If you have a

Street View
Axonometric



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.