Robert Louis Stevenson

THE STRANGE CASE OF
Dr Jekyll AND Mr Hyde

Read by Roy McMillan
Mr Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street...

From this he was recalled by Mr Utterson asking rather suddenly...

Search for Mr Hyde

‘Indeed?’ said Utterson. ‘I thought you had a bond…’

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder...

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient...

Doctor Jekyll was quite at ease

The carew murder case

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog...

Incident of the letter

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with...

Remarkable incident of Doctor Lanyon

‘Tut-tut,’ said Mr Utterson; and then after a considerable pause...

Incident at the window

The last night

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted…
‘This is a strange note,’ said Mr Utterson; and then sharply...

‘I own I felt something of what you describe,’ said Mr Utterson.

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building...

‘That is the same drug that I was always bringing him,’ said Poole...

Dr Lanyon’s narrative

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane...

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance...) 

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims...

Henry Jekyll’s full statement of the case

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side light...

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know...

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes...

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out...

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure...

When I came to myself at Lanyon’s, the horror of my old friend...

The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a different order...
The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd…
The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another…
At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door…
He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these…
On that first story the doors stood ajar, three of them like…
Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes.
‘All this is very feelingly expressed,’ was the reply…
‘I will lay my heart open to you,’ answered Markheim.
But the visitant raised his finger. ‘For six-and-thirty years…’
At this moment, the sharp note of the door-bell rang through
the house…

Total time: 3:21:33
Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850. His father was an engineer, his mother from a family of lawyers and ministers – all professions and callings that Robert would eventually renounce in favour of a vocation far less secure: that of a storyteller. It is just plausible, if hardly provable, that he was from early childhood aware of the very delicate hold he had on life; he yearned profoundly for romance and adventure and wanted to make the very most of what little there might be, rather than swathe himself in secure and solid respectability.

Physically, emotionally, intellectually and constitutionally he was in any case unsuited to such professional restraints. He suffered from a tubercular disorder which, if it did not directly kill him, wore him down throughout his life. He could not start school until he was seven, and even then could attend only for a limited time because of his weakness. A career dealing with the lighthouses around the northern coasts of Scotland was never likely, although he wrote with some pride of the work which his forebears had done (and which their descendants would continue to do). Similarly the law, for all its intellectual appeal and the fact that
many a lawyer had been a writer, did not suit. He was too inventive (or fanciful), too restless, too intrigued by human nature. He was keen to travel, to taste life in a freer fashion, to step away from the sedate, possibly smug, establishment of conformable Edinburgh. Convinced of his atheism by the time he was 22, he was also a world away from observing the established beliefs, a matter which wounded his parents deeply.

But for all his avowedly Bohemian ways, his anti-establishment leanings and his non-conformist attitudes, he was generous, dutiful, caring, faithful and funny; and even if he did fall into somewhat dangerous company while at university, it was as much a part of his research (into himself as well as others) as youthful rebellion. He started off studying engineering before he switched to a law degree, but even as he was studying, he knew that he wanted to live as a writer, and he had already cultivated the company of other artists when he began to travel in France during the holidays. He had also changed his middle name from the traditional ‘Lewis’ to the more cosmopolitan ‘Louis’, though he kept the original pronunciation. He dropped the ‘Balfour’ a few years later. All these acts suggest the shedding of skins, peeling back layers of impositions until he felt capable of freeing himself; but one cannot remove the past entirely, and he did not necessarily wish to. He felt a great and genuine affection for his parents, and they eventually promised him £250 a year once he was definitely set on his career. However, the conflict between what was expected of a dutiful son and what the son himself preferred was to be a feature of many of his later writings, as was the issue of doubles, or second selves.

Meanwhile he had to get on with travelling and writing. His health was a good enough excuse to send him south while he was still studying law (and publishing his first professional piece of writing) but once he graduated in 1875 he was rarely still: he visited Holland, Scotland, London, Paris and many different areas of France. In France, only a year or so after he graduated, he met Fanny Osbourne, an American who was separated from her husband and had two
children. A tortuous, transcontinental romance ensued, one that very nearly killed Stevenson as he travelled across America in poor health and with no money. But they married in 1880, and her strength of character, wit and devotion upheld him and helped reconcile him to his family.

Most of the next decade was spent partly searching for somewhere to live (Scotland, England, America) but also producing some of the most enchanting, thrilling and haunting fiction ever written: Treasure Island, Kidnapped, A Child’s Garden of Verses, The Body Snatcher, The Wrong Box, The Master of Ballantrae. Both The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde and Markheim belong to this period, and both are concerned with the notion of the duality of human nature. The conflict between the imperative to do good and the temptation of evil is common enough (Lucifer, after all, was an angel) but in mid-Victorian Britain there was a powerful tension between the need to be seen as morally upstanding and the unacceptable desires that had therefore to be repressed. The external equivalents of this were, for example, in the slums and poorhouses of the wealthiest cities; and the psychological ones were just as stark and all the more intriguing.

Successive schools of critics have argued over the precise allegory in Jekyll and Hyde, some believing that the story refers to repressed homosexuality specifically, sexual desire generally, Edinburgh’s genteel New Town in contrast to its seamy old one, the Scottish character as a whole, and much more besides. Stevenson was more than aware of the allegory but he comprehensively eschewed any single reading, and that is why the story is so good. It is clearly about the conflict between good and evil, and the danger of conscienceless action, but it is so mesmerising because it is not limited to one area of this conflict. We are not excused our own possible culpability by deciding that it’s not about us: it could be.

Markheim was written a year or so earlier. It is concerned more specifically with a choice between right and wrong action but it presents the choice through a conversation with a troubled Everyman and an unnamed stranger. He is calm,
knowing and persuasive – but who is he? His conscience? The Devil? It is a less complex fable, but told with typical and absorbing ease.

Stevenson ended his life in the South Pacific. He finally settled on a Samoan island where, although the climate seemed to aid his general health, he died suddenly of a cerebral haemorrhage at just 44. The range of his writings is huge – novels, fantasies, short stories, fables, travel, anthropological studies, verse, letters, journalism, memoirs – but they seem to be extensions of his broad, inclusive, gregarious and adventurous personality rather than professional obligations. He had a heart as wide as the open seas he loved, and in his escape from the grey confinements of respectable professionalism he takes his readers as joyful passengers.

**Notes by Roy McMillan**
Roy McMillan is a director, writer, actor and abridger. For Naxos Audiobooks he has read The Body Snatcher and Other Stories, Bulldog Drummond, A Dog’s Heart, Cathedrals – In a Nutshell and the introductions to works by Nietzsche and the Ancient Greeks. He has directed readings of Hardy, Hopkins, Kipling, Milton and Blake; Austen, Murakami, Conrad and Bulgakov, among many others; and has written podcasts and sleeve notes, as well as biographies of Milton and Poe. He has also directed plays for BBC Radio 3 and 4.

Credits

Recorded at Motivation Sound Studios, London
Edited and mastered by Malcolm Blackmoor

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Late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, and drank off the potion… I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be tenfold more wicked…

In a fog-wreathed London, the respected Dr Jekyll’s experiments on the dual nature of man unleash a brute that feels no moral restraint or remorse. Although excited by this freedom, Jekyll discovers that he is unable to control the power of his vicious alter ego and is faced with shameful discovery or ignominious death.

Haunting and thrilling, this atmospheric fable is one of the world’s greatest short stories. It is twinned here with Markheim, an earlier tale of second selves, conscience and the struggle between good and evil.

Roy McMillan is a director, writer, actor and abridger. For Naxos AudioBooks he has directed many readings, written podcasts and sleevenotes, and read titles such as The Body Snatcher and Other Stories, Bulldog Drummond and A Dog’s Heart.