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Bridges: A Jewish Feminist Journal, Volume 11, Number 1, Spring 2006,
pp. 69-70 (Article)

Published by Bridges Association

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1353/brd.2006.0001>

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Dr. Jekyll forced himself to follow a strict rule:
He never spoke of his private research
on human subjects. He never deigned
to read commission guidelines, no longer
saw his colleagues socially; he did not smoke
cigars or swirl warm brandy in glass bowls
while their arguments—their ignorance—
pushed him, their questions pressed him
(if they only knew!). He could *not* lose control.

Dr. Frankenstein always kept his sources
secret, but he was attacked and harassed
anyway—a constant nattering on *ethics*!
Sometimes he faltered, wondered
if he should get a government grant—
but the protocols stopped him of course.
People would come, examine the lab;
he'd have to write reports, he'd have to
tell them where, and how, he got everything.

Such a thought never entered Dr. Moreau's
head; he refused to consider it, his island
laboratory would not hold inspections;
the idea was absurd! He knew if even *once*
he shook hands with government,
if even once he appeared as a footnote
in their files, the boats would come,
to snoop and then complain; he knew
their queasy spirits, their narrow minds.

Dr. Mengele was a reader; he smiled, indulged
his fabled colleagues. But, occasionally,
he sneered. They were petty thinkers, their issues,
he thought, trivial. Where was the argument?
What, after all, were these problems they wrestled?
If they were real, they might have answered him:
*It was easy for you, Josef; everything you needed
was given without question.* He could say then,
Yes! In the real world, we have pure science.