



MR.  
&  
DR.



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&  
DR.

a book by  
Mariela Sancari and Adolfo Córdova

Even in my dreams, it had no face.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March,  
with a pale moon.

All at once, I saw two figures: one man who was walking  
swiftly and a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running  
as hard as she was able down a cross street.

The two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner;  
and then came the horrible part of the thing,

for the man trampled calmly over the child's body  
and left her screaming on the ground.

The screaming child.

It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see.

The man gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out  
the sweat on me like running.

A really damnable man.

There is something wrong with his appearance;  
something displeasing, something downright detestable.  
I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why.  
He gives a strong feeling of deformity,

although I couldn't specify the point.  
He's an extraordinary-looking man, and yet I really can name  
nothing out of the way. No, I can make no hand of it;  
I can't describe him.

It wasn't like a man,  
and yet I really can name nothing out of the way.

It was a man of the name of Hyde.

It was a night of little ease to my toiling mind,  
toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

The figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running  
and then these met, the man trod the child down and passed  
on regardless of her screams.

They haunted me all night, through endless labyrinths of  
lamplighted city, and at every street-corner crush a child  
and leave her screaming.

And still the figure had no face by which I might know it,  
even in my dreams, it had no face.

A shudder in my blood,  
a menace in the flickering of the firelight.

The wind was continually charging,  
the light of some strange conflagration.

A distasteful sense of strangeness.



Nearly a year later, in the month of December,  
there was a crime of singular ferocity.

The details were few and startling.

A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river,  
had gone up-stairs to bed about eleven.  
Her window overlooked a lane brilliantly lit by the full moon.  
She became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with  
white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to  
meet him, another gentleman, to whom at first she paid less  
attention.

When they had come within speech,

the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way.

The other man had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience.

And then all of a sudden

he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman.

The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth.

And next moment,

with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway.

At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled.

The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles.

Of Mr. Hyde's present whereabouts, not a whisper.  
He was simply blotted out.

The disappearance of Mr. Hyde.

On the ninth of February I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope.

Darkly mysterious.

Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as “not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll.”

So I read the letter.

I could not think that this earth contained a place for  
sufferings and terrors so unmanning.  
Black secrets. I can bear it no more.

Because I fear, I must share his horrid testimony.

Read below:











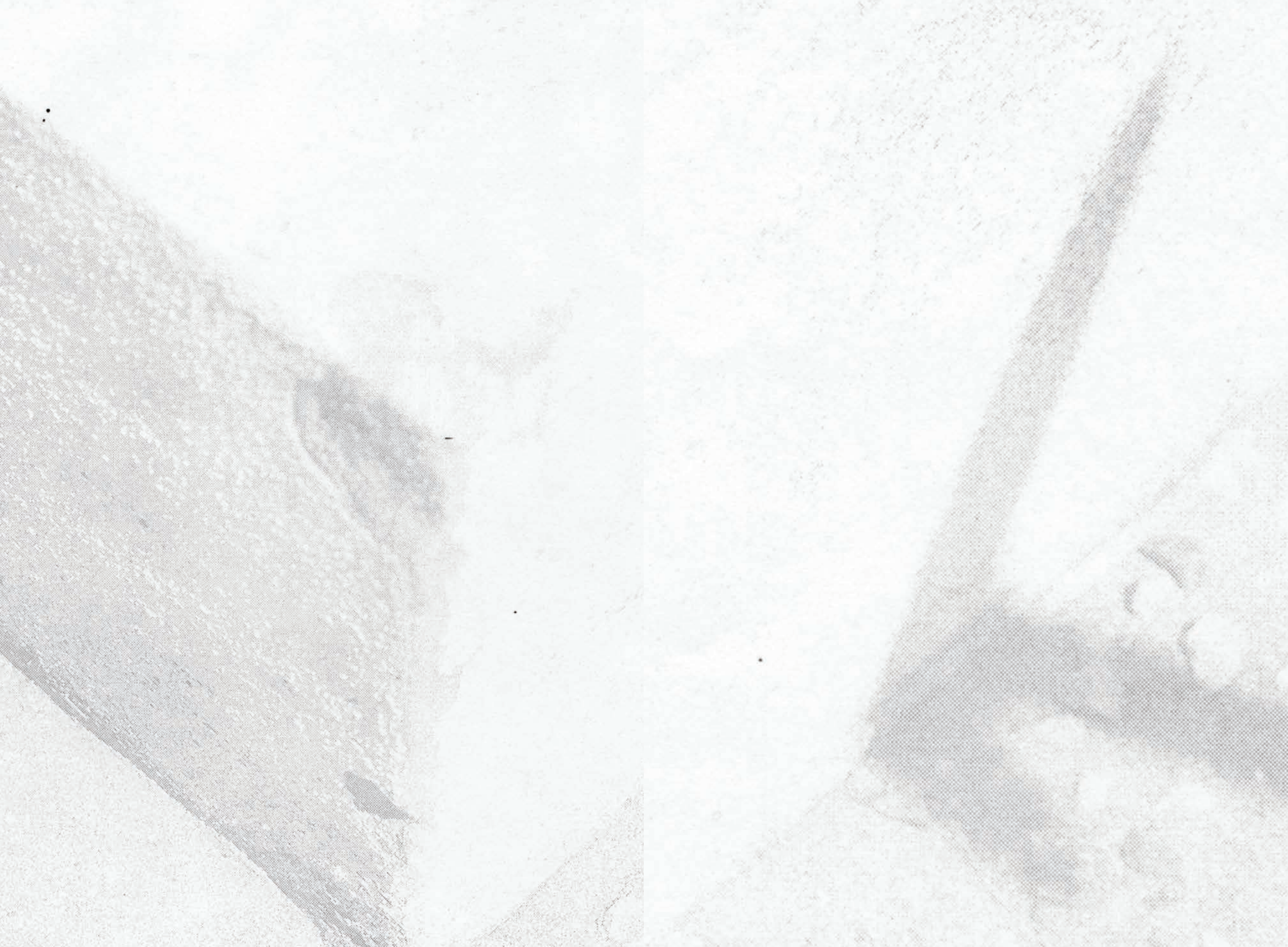


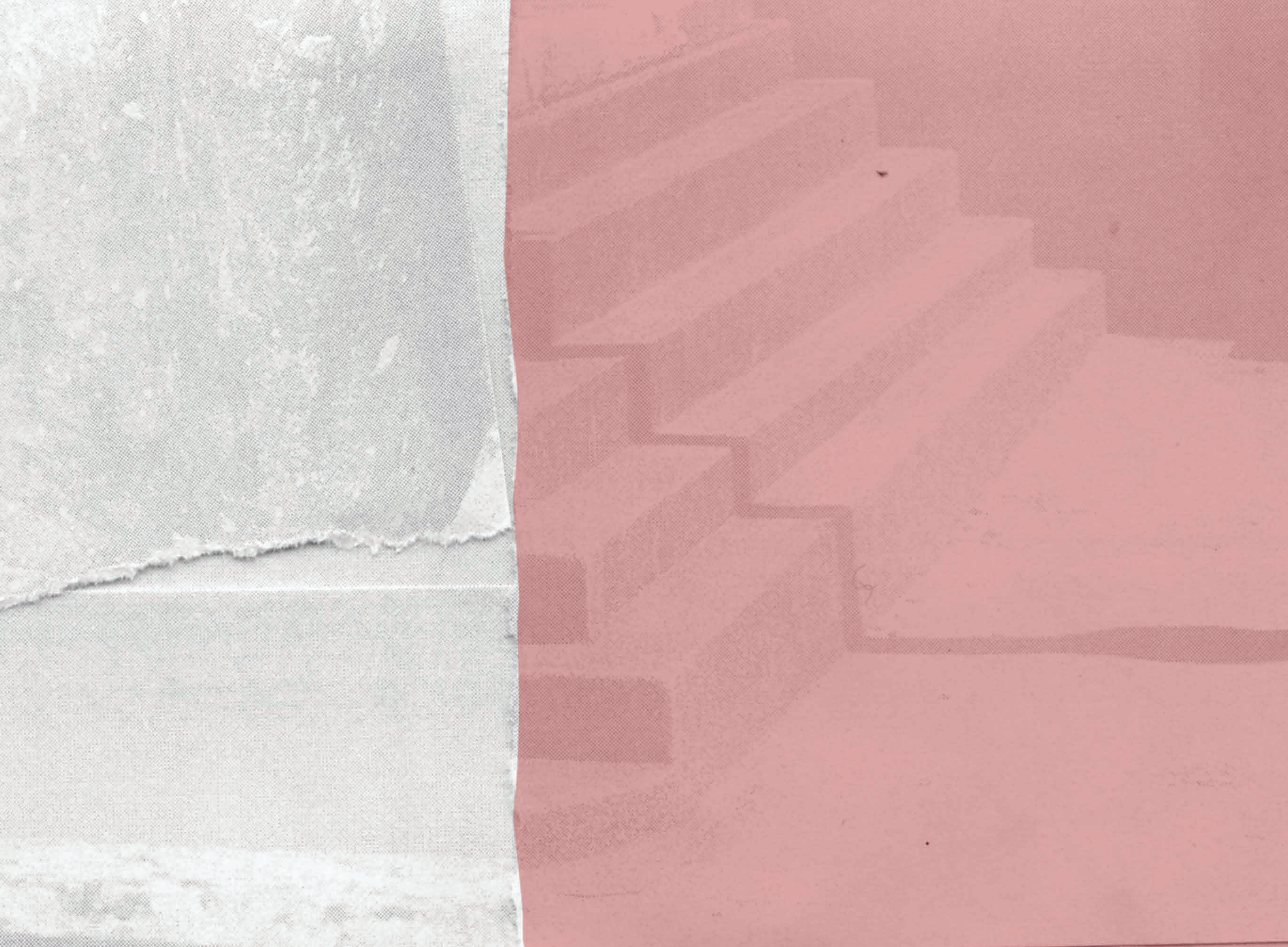
































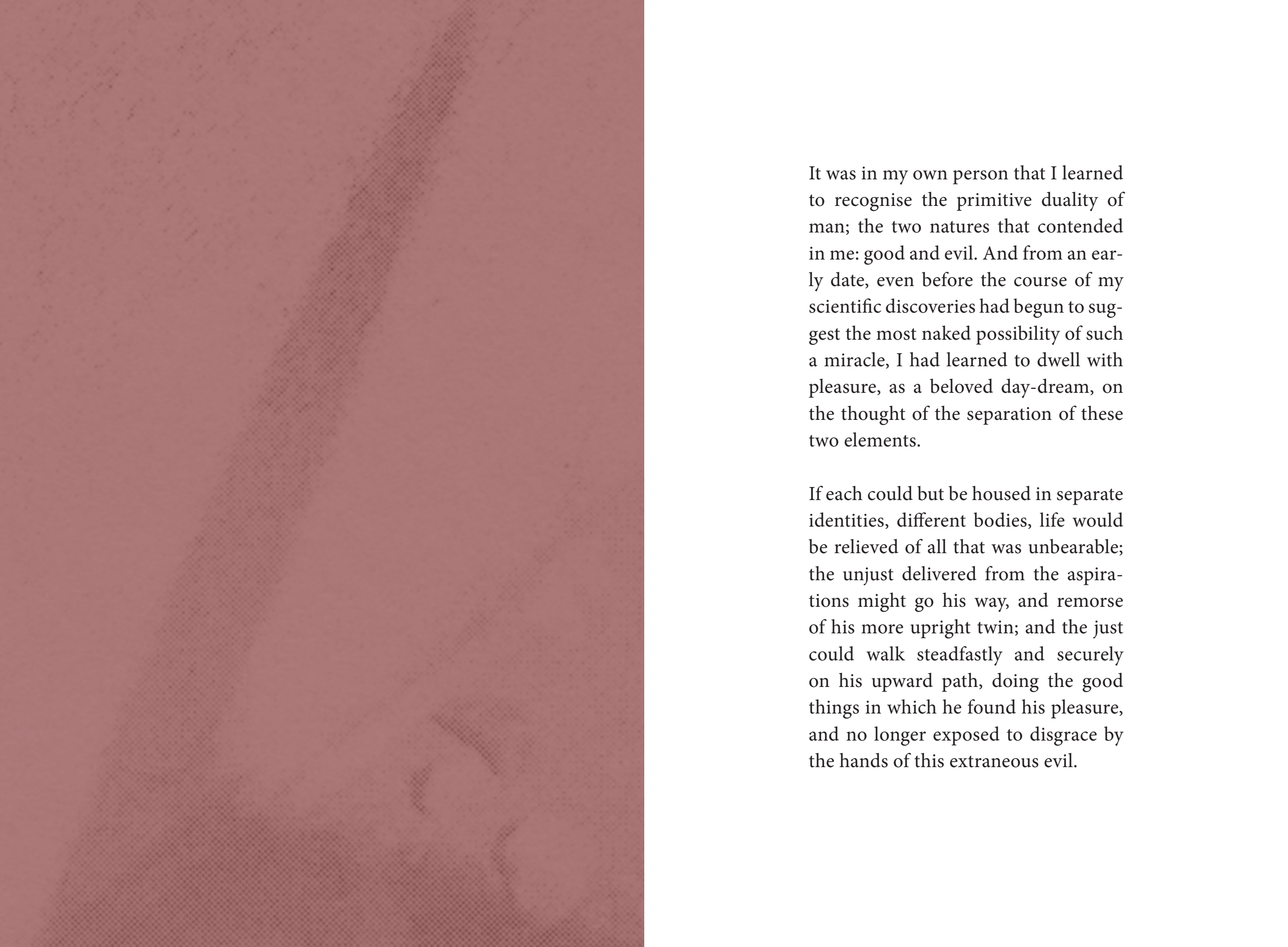


DR. HENRY JEKYLL'S  
FULL STATEMENT  
OF THE CASE

I was born in the year 18-- to a large fortune, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellow-men, and thus, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future.

But when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life.

And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly toward the mystic and the transcendental, re-acted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my two members. With every day I drew steadily nearer to that truth: that man is not truly one, but truly two.



It was in my own person that I learned to recognise the primitive duality of man; the two natures that contended in me: good and evil. And from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved day-dream, on the thought of the separation of these two elements.

If each could but be housed in separate identities, different bodies, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust delivered from the aspirations might go his way, and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace by the hands of this extraneous evil.

It was the curse of mankind that these polar twins should be continuously struggling.

I was so far in my reflections when a side-light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion.

I had long since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched

them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit.

There was something indescribably new in my sensations, and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body.

I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought braced and delighted me.

I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature. I looked in the mirror and I

saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

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. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the mirror, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome.

This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine. I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to my-

self once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll.

Although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old doctor Henry Jekyll.

I was not only well known and highly considered, but growing toward the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the body of the noted doctor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; and I made my preparations with the most studious care.

I engaged as housekeeper a creature whom I well knew to be silent and un-

scrupulous. I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house and laboratory (which had a second door that led to the street).

Think of it. I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was often plunged into a kind of wonder at my

vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centred on self; drinking pleasure with bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like a man of stone.

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; 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.

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.

My eyes fell upon my hand.

Now the hand of Henry Jekyll was professional in shape and size: it was large, firm, white, and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of the morning, lying half shut on the bed-clothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and

bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy.

Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde.

This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished. All things therefore seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

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

And it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it. Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde.

For two months I was true to my determination; for two months I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience.

But then I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde strug-

gling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything.

The spirit of hell awoke in me and raged.

With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror.

A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated.

I ran to the laboratory. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God.

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good.

But there comes an end to all things.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change;

and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my laboratory, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde.

It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself. Six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll.

At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually-impending doom and by the sleeplessness to

which I now condemned myself, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self.

The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. That insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born.

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt,

which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply, and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the second; I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement locked in my laboratory, under the influence of the last of the old powders.

This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face in the glass. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and for ever re-indue that

hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fear-struck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am careless; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.



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