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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Number 2

THE SPACE-EATERS	<i>Frank Belknap Long</i>	7
THE FACELESS THING	<i>Edward D. Hoch</i>	34
THE RED ROOM	<i>H. G. Wells</i>	39
HUNGARY'S FEMALE VAMPIRE	<i>Dean Lipton</i>	49
A TOUGH TUSSELE	<i>Ambrose Bierce</i>	57
DOORSLAMMER	<i>Donald A. Wollheim</i>	65
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR	<i>George Waight</i>	70
THE OTHER ONE	<i>Jerryl L. Keane</i>	82
THE CHARMER	<i>Archie Binns</i>	86
CLARISSA	<i>Robert A. W. Lowndes</i>	103
THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES		
	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	107

Robert A. W. Lowndes, Editor

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The Other One

by Jerryl L. Keane

Prior to the advent of science fiction magazines, various phases of occultism were often encountered in stories of flights to other planets. John Carter, for example, did not get to Mars via rocket ship. Jerryl L. Keane is well-known for articles on scientific and psychical subjects; in this story, the phenomena is based upon that which occultists maintain is (a) real (b) not in any way supernatural.

IN A FEW minutes I shall have to call the police, but I know that they will not believe me. It is better, perhaps, that I write it down now while the details are still clear in my mind. But they won't believe it anyhow, and the writing is not easy in view of the fact that the evidence, the body of my landlord, lies a few feet away, blocking the door.

His face is turned away from me, but I am aware of the bulging staring eyes, and the protruding blackened tongue, even though I cannot see them from where I am sitting in my bed.

I went to bed early tonight. The day had been long and difficult, and I needed the rest. The cat came into the bed with me, as usual, and we must have gone to sleep fairly quickly, for

it seemed as if nearly the entire night had past, and yet my clock tells me that it is only just past three in the morning.

I never did know what it was about the man that I did not like. He bought the house after I had been living there for over two years, and from the first day that I saw him, there arose within me a feeling of loathing such as I had never known before and hope never to experience again. The cat felt the same way about him, and each time that he saw the man, would arch his back and spit at him, and if Mr. G. approached, would lash out with his claws. Now this was strange, for Mr G. was fond of cats and had three of his own. Maybe mine picked up what was to occur tonight; I have no way to tell.

Until tonight, however, aside from an assortment of unpleasantries of a minor nature, I had no reason to feel the way that I did, and the things that happened that were unpleasant, were no more than minor irritations that occur when any landlord is unduly greedy.

Maybe it was his appearance that did it. He was a tall man, nearly six feet, and heavy, probably well over two hundred pounds. He could, perhaps, have been handsome in a superficial sort of way, when he was younger, but more than fifty years, and habits spoken of only in whispers that he was known

to have . . . indeed, flaunted in the public eye . . . made him obviously what people said he was. His eyes protruded slightly anyhow, and were of a pale, china blue. His lips were wet and red and slobbery as he spoke, and his skin was a flabby, pasty white. Indeed, what must have been a fine build, was running to flabbiness all over, and what repelled me the most were his fat, pudgy hands, with fingers like snarled stumps.

Yes, he was a thoroughly unpleasant character in appearance, and by reputation, and experience of him proved that the reputation was not only deserved, but earned.

But this is beside the point. What actually happened; the reason that he is now lying dead inside the door of my apartment, is unbelievable. I can't believe it myself, although I know it happened. How can I expect the police to believe what I, knowing what happened, find unbelievable?

BUT TO GET ON with it. As I said, the cat and I went to bed early, and promptly went to sleep. It was probably a bare ten minutes ago that I was awakened by the sound of a key turning in the lock of the door of my one-room apartment. There is no inside hallway. I sat up in bed abruptly, wide awake at once, and was

about to reach for the light and ask who it was, when the cat jumped to his feet, arched his back, and began to spit. I knew then who was slowly opening the door.

I was so terrified with fear that I could neither call out, turn on the light, nor reach for the telephone at the head of my couch. I just sat there, sweating with fear.

Slowly the door opened and Mr. G.'s face leered in at me through the opening. He saw my fear, and his leer turned to a vicious grin of anticipation, and he licked his already wet lips as he came in and closed the door behind him. There was light enough from the streetlight outside for us to see each other clearly.

He took one step forward, reaching out his arms as he did so, his pudgy hands ready to grasp. That was when it happened.

First the cat went for him, and went for his throat; but even as he did so, the really queer, unbelievable thing happened.

I swear I did *not* move from the position I was in. I was too terrified to do so, even though I wanted desperately to hide and to run away. But then, as I said, the unbelievable happened. As I sat up in the bed clutching the bedclothes to me, I saw myself cross the room swiftly, pull the cat away and

with my own hands, reach up to the man's throat and throttle him.

I was sitting in the bed, I tell you, and yet, I watched myself cross the room and with my bare hands strangle a man more than twice my size.

I saw the look of horror on his face as the other me, the one who approached him, came near, and I saw the scream rise to his lips as he twisted and turned, trying to tear himself free from the hands of the woman, who was shutting off his life.

It was I and it wasn't I. I saw it from the bed where I sat, too petrified with fear to move, and I saw it as the hands of the other me sank deep into the flesh of his throat.

I saw it from the me that sat terrified in the bed, and I saw his eyes bulge out of their sockets and his face turn black as the fury of the other I, hands tightening relentlessly to shut off his breath, pressed the other I's face close to his.

The other I heard the last faint gurgle and felt the sudden relaxation of the man's body as his life, unable to support itself in the body longer, left, and he slumped to the floor.

The I in the bed was conscious half of one and half of the other, and then as the other I made sure that the corpse at

her feet was lifeless, that I returned instantaneously to my body which was still sitting as if frozen in the bed. The cat sniffed the corpse briefly, and with a final spit, jumped back into the bed with me. The other I had disappeared.

It was probably a minute or two before I recovered enough to put on the light. I realized then that I would have to call the police. Yet, I did not move from the bed, and the man's body lies fifteen feet away, as

he dropped just inside the door. He did not manage to get across the floor to me.

The lawyer, I know, will want me to plead "self-defense", and I think, under the circumstances, that such a plea would be reasonable.

The only witness was the cat.

But what really will puzzle the police is how a frail woman, weighing less than a hundred pounds, could strangle, with her bare hands, a man more than twice her size.



Jerryl L. Keane is a psychic and sensitive, whose father and paternal grandmother were both mediums. She says that she "didn't pay much attention until in England in 1955", but she has investigated intensely ever since. Her varied career on both sides of the Atlantic has included printing and magazine editing, and she is a design draftsman in electronics by trade. She is author of numerous articles and pamphlets on psychical research and the relationships between psychics and physics, etc. Her book, "The Unity Of Is-ness" is a study of the reality of psychic phenomena throughout history, and its meaning.

Miss Keane is a regular contributor to our sister publication, **Exploring The Unknown**, and the October issue contains her article, "Thirteen Witnesses", which is a list of suggested basic books on both scientific and psychic subjects, for those interested in finding out what it is all about.