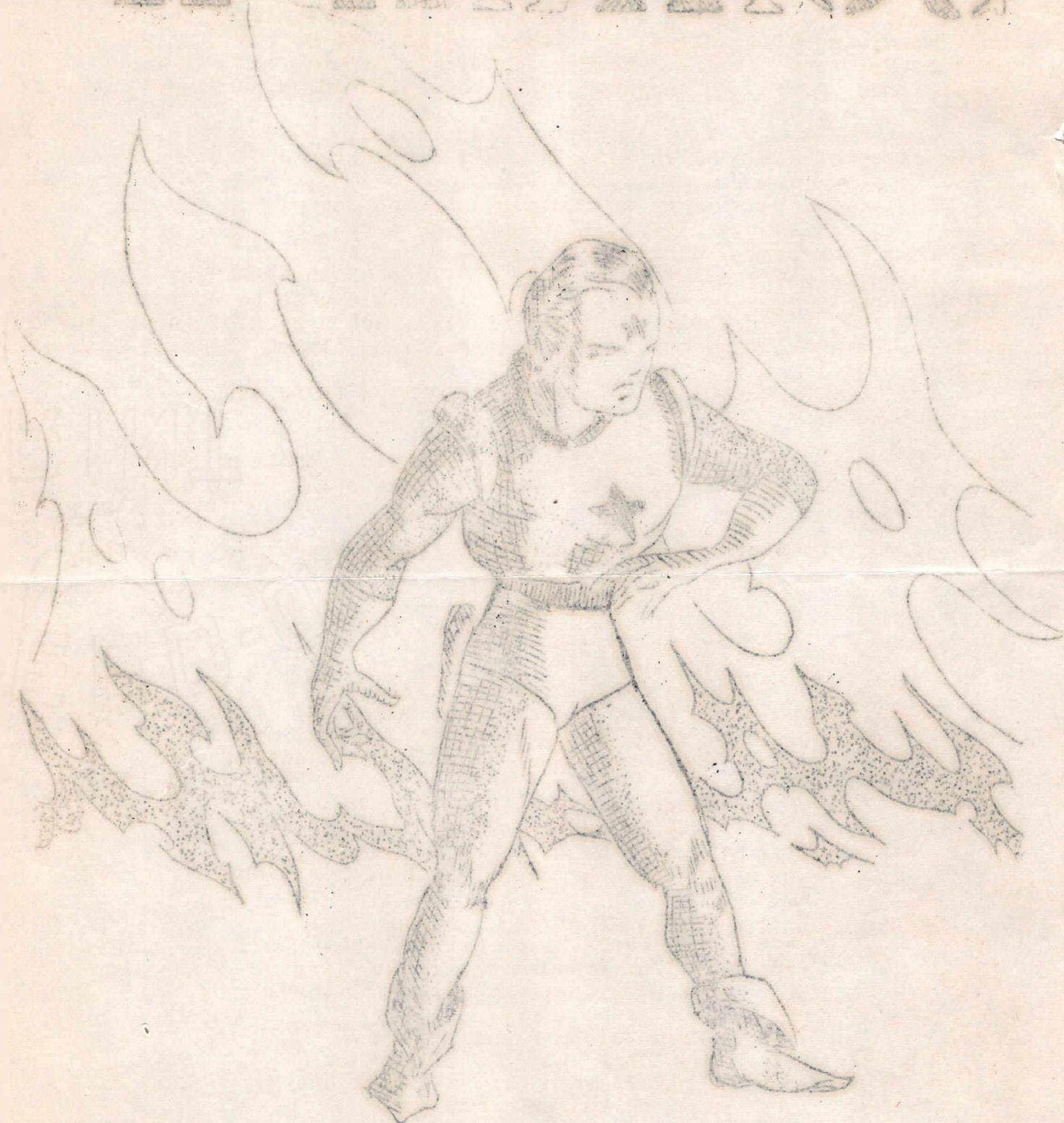


SCARAB II



SCARAB II



Once there was a fan. Nobody special; just an ordinary, everyday fan. Given to neglecting homework for sf, a little queer around the outer fringes, but a human being, none the less. And then one day, IT happened! The writing bug esconced ((?)) itself firmly on the top of his head, and BIT! Hard! From that day on, our hero was a changed person. He went around mumbling under his breath. He was known to burst into gales of laughter in his sleep. Spaceships fought epic battles in his skull.

That fan's name was Asnatzius Krasnelnuss. Cursed from birth by an unpronounceable first name, harried by mispronunciations of his last, he assumed a pen name. It was . . .

But wait. We will go on further into the dense jungle before we remove our pet Tsetse fly. A. K. thought up a fanzine. Knowing full well that five pages, single spaced, could not ALL bear his name, he paid three people a penny apiece for the use of their names. Still not willing to appear egotistical, he signed his name to none of the material. As a sideline, he wrote stories. Not very good ones, but stories, nevertheless. And to these stories, he signed the name of...
...KURT MIKALS!

The above confession is for YOUR astonished eyes only.
PULLEEZE!

*** The note that came with this thing, said, quote: Humor article. Unquote. After reading this article, we still don't understand the note. ***

The KEY

Tordalnar removed the Key,
He flung it far, into the dark;
And with it, as he threw the Key,
Went the gem of life, a vital spark.

* * *

Rodnagrath did search the Key,
He searched in the chemist's flask;
But still he never found the Key,
And thus he died, still at his task.

* * *

They from Mars did seek the Key,
They from Venus, Saturn, too.
They from Space did seek the Key,
But even Ancient skill fell thru.

* * *

He from Vulcan found the Key,
Gave it to his race, and then
The sun reached out, and took the Key,
Gave to Vulcan fiery end.

* * *

So, since time, we've searched e'erwhere.
But the atom blast is dead, fore'er.

Fraill Reginald



ON THE CHOICE OF A PEN NAME by Kurt Mikals ((?))

Once there was a fan. Nobody special; just an ordinary, everyday fan. Given to neglecting homework for sf, a little queer around the outer fringes, but a human being, none the less. And then one day, IT happened! The writing bug esconced ((?)) itself firmly on the top of his head, and BIT! Hard! From that day on, our hero was a changed person. He went around mumbling under his breath. He was known to burst into gales of laughter in his sleep. Spaceships fought epic battles in his skull.

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Gave it to his people, and they
The sun reached out, and took the Key,
Gave to Vulcan fire and life.

So, since time, we've searched everywhere,
But the atom blast is dead, forever.



Frank Reynolds

*** For who walks alone must die alone. . . . ***



This is the story of a being, last of his kind; man. He was a man of science and for that alone he lived.

Thus it was that when the Invaders came, he did not fight with the sons and daughters of man, but fled into the void in a spaceship, first of it's kind to be made by men. . . and last. He cared little for what became of his fellow man, for Knowledge was his god, and he was content to be alone in his worship.

Alone he cruised the void, happy in his worship. He delved into the secrets of the cosmos; the spiral nebulae, the flaming novae, the mute mysterious comet, and many were his discoveries, and great his store of wisdom.

But it had been said by another that, "It is not wise for a man to live alone.", and thus it was that his human heritage claimed him. He grew lonely, with only his god Knowledge, the cold, inhuman whirl of his machines, and the vast silences of space for his companions. He longed for the sight of the good earth; the rolling plains, the great forests, the snow capped mountains, and the turbulent sea, with the life-giving sun spreading it's blessing over all. And he longed for contact with people; people, with all their faults and frailties . . . but still, his people.

Sickness welled from within his soul, and he wept. Wept with the loneliness that had blanketed and isolated him. And he returned to the earth that had mothered him, not knowing what he would find.

He found the plains, the forests, the mountains, the sea, and the sun he longed for. But of man, his race, there was no trace except the ugly scars that marked where his cities had stood, and which were already becoming effaced by verdant nature.

The Invaders were there, and they had erected their cities. Towering cities of an alien architecture that had befouled the face of Earth. Rage overwhelmed the man. Rage at these foul, reptilian monstrosities that had done the terrible deed to him and his kind.

These alien cities felt the fury of the forces at the man's command. Forces whose nature was learned by him during his solitary worship. At the flaming violence of the forces released, the cities became but naked scars in the face of the earth, scars such as their builders had before inflicted.

He was merciless, as he had a right to be. As the Invaders had destroyed man, so man destroyed them, to the last writhing entity.

The man ceased his destruction, for there was nothing left on earth to destroy. But revenge brought no Lethean peace to his soul, he was lost, alone, for his god, Knowledge, had failed him, and he was the last of his kind.

WHO WALKS ALONE (Continued.)

He wandered the earth, drinking in it's splendors. He heard and saw the ear-splitting grabdeur of Angel Falls in its mile-long leap, the lesser grandeur of Niagara, where lovers, now gone forever, had lived in their paradises; the colorful majesty of the Grand Canyon; warm, sun-drenched Pacific atolls; the cold whiteness of the towering Himalayas; and the eternal sequoias of California. These he saw, but they saddened him, for the earth had lost it's master, it's conqueror.

The man wept again, this time in shame. Shame that he had deserted three billion of his race to pursue the false, elusive god, Knowledge. There grew in his mind the certainty that he could never again worship this god, and the realization that he had nothing to live for. His heritage had claimed him, irreperably, never to relax it's hold.

In sorrow, he returned to the vacuum of space in his spaceship, now but an empty, shining bauble to him. He made it assume an orbit around the earth, beyond the limits of the atmosphere.

Then the man died, by his own hand, and the vessel that had bourne him through the depths of space became his crypt, a crypt that will circle for eternity above the home that he had learned to love, too late.

Thus died man, a race whose potentialities were never realized.

Earth has returned to the primieval state. It's surface betrays no sign that two intelligent races met their end there.

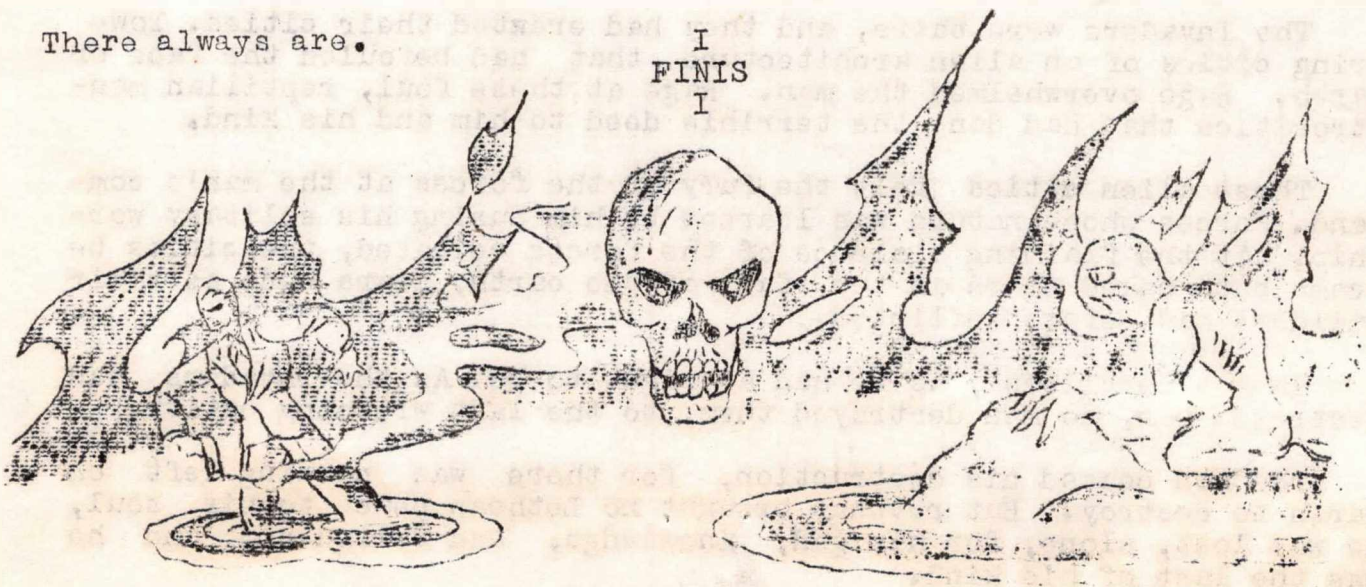
Brightly colored birds flit through forests of tremendous trees. In the branches paly animals, tiny, herbivorous, and quick. The ground below is the habitat of the larger animals, preyer and prey.

Earth is primieval, but there are already the first dim struggles of intelligence, thought.

Earth has lost it's ruler, but there will be others.

There always are.

I
FINIS
I



Chapter 1

Bullseye", Om yelled as the mild ray charge burned the seat of De's pants.
"Yipe", De yiped and rolled over and over on the sands of Mars.
"That was a dirty trick", Nos stood up, "and I should reprimand you for it."
"No kidding?", Om reached for his sword.
"Yea verily", Nos pulled his out and charged forth.
"Let him have it --OUCH", De cursed as the sand irritated his burn.
"What'cha waving your other hand for?", Nos asked as he closed in.
"I'm putting a curse on your sword", Om delightedly informed him.
"Gad, you cad!", Nos spat out.
"Kill him!", De screamed as he rolled in the liniment.
"I can't touch his sword!", Nos puffed away.
"Have at you!", Om sprang forward waving his sword like a windmill.
"Have at you!", Nos gritted out and thrust forward. In a flash broke. "Gad", Nos muttered looking at his sword and the place where it had met Om's sword.
"Kill him", De groaned less enthusiastically, as he rolled on the liniment.
"Touche", Om stuck out his chin and bowed at a small audience.
While in such a position, De could not resist using his anti-ray at low power.
"Touche", De screamed triumphantly as Om leaped into the air. Unfortunately, Nos had substituted his own sword for Om's and the latter pulled forth only a ragged hilt.
"Kill me", De shouted gleefully and regretted it a moment later as he ducked the split blade.
"Gad, you cad!", Nek grinned and ducked Om.
"You couldn't have ducked so fast" Om muttered, "If it had been for the way you trained yourself in your driving!"
"This is gettin us nowhere fast", Nos observed. "Now, go!"
"What did we come out here for, in the first place?"
"I dunno", De shrugged, "who's got the sealed orders?"
"Om", Nos answered.
"Not me!", Om answered, "he gave them to Nek."
"The heck he did", Nek grunted, "De's got 'em."
"Since when?", De retorted, "Nilpop gave 'em to Nos."
"Now we're back where we started", Nos sat down, "No one's them."
"Could be messy", Nek observed.
"Yeh", Nos said. "Guess we have to radio them at headquarters."
"Check", Om went to the radio. "Calling Commander Nilpop."
"Howdy, fellers", Nilpop came in immediately, "what could I do for you?"
"Er. . .", Om stuttered around, "that is, we. . . er. . ."
"We lost the orders", De shouted.
"What?"

To be continued next time. (EAT!)

PROZINE
PARADE .2

Books

The three best stories
in each mag are here
but there are more
each. Take it away.

Amazing Stories, Nov.
1st. Atala Rim
2nd. Command Performance.
3rd. Sathanas
Astounding SCIENCEFICTION.
1st. Chronicler
2nd. Chaos, Co-ordinated
3rd. False Dawn
Startling Stories, Fall
1st. Absalom
2nd. Solar Invasion
3rd. Afraid

Dime Mystery, Nov.
1st. Small Assassin
2nd. Tower of Stinging Death.
3rd. Between Two Worlds
Weird Tales.

1st. Spawn of the Green Abyss
2nd. Lizzie Borden took an axe...
3rd. Mayaya's Green Men
Thrilling Wonder Stories
1st. Call Him Demon
2nd. Pocket Universes
3rd. The Good Egg
Fantastic Adventures
1st. Rocket to Limbo
2nd. The Red Door
3rd. Shadow of the Sphinx

A lot of Fanzinia ((?))

#9 Ember.	*****
Apollo.	*****
Slantasy.	*****
Vampire	*****
TNEF.	*****
NORCON.	*****

Now, here in some
other corner, are a
couple of REAL books.

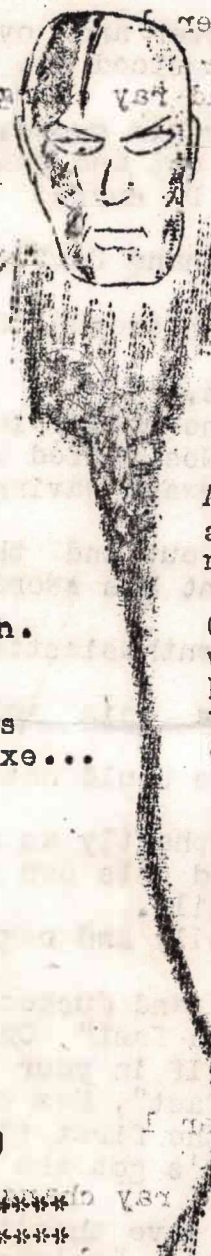
The Hound of Culain:
by Allan M. Buck

A very good story of
Cuchulain, the Irish,
or Celtic here. This
will be enjoyed by a-
nyone who liked "Lost
Elysium" in Weird.

Adventures in Time & Space.....
anthology of StF edited by Ray-
mond Healy & J. Francis McConas .

One of the finest StF anthologies
we've ever seen. Most of ASE men
have their stories in here. Pres-
ent for all, though. Random House

Other good ones, a little old, but
still good, are "Who Knocks?" by
Derleth, as well as "Sleep No Mo"
by the same guy. In the next ish,
just for fun, we'll include the
"Outsider".



An "Outsider" Looks at Fandom!!!!!!
An article by. . .Bernarr J. Strong

(9)

hey laughed at Sir Isaac Newton, at Pasteur, Marconi and at L. Davinci. Now I give you a most hearty laugh. These men had some claim to fame. They had some ideas and laws on which to base the claims. They had proof. They had logic. What does the "Fantasy Fan" have? He has imagination. He reads and dreams about Buck Rogers with his Zap gun, and Alley Oop and his time machine witchcraft and super-human men that can withstand all ordinary weapons that could kill the lowly human. Your favorite characters are weird men from Mars and other planets. ((What! No Bem's or babes?)) They always dress in skin tight clothes, with a fancy helmet, and always armed with a Zap gun or an atomic pistol. When your stories do center around us poor earthbound people, it MUST have a mad scientist or maniac for a leading character. These superhuman things ((deres.)) are usually part reptile, fish, or monkey, or a combo of all three, with a dash of Martian complex.

The stories are demoralizing, and NEVER ARE OF A CONSTRUCTIVE NATURE. ((Tch, tch, tch!)) It is a national disgrace for the citizens ((Who? US?)) ((Yes, dope...ed)) of our country, over 13 years of age, to clutter up their minds with such trash. ((Oh Great Ghu!)) It is natural for a child ((Who, us?)) to have a vivid imagination, but after thirteen or more years of life, he settles down to life as it is, not as it will be 10,000 years from now.

The writers of these monstrocities don't belong in the booby hatch because it is one way to make a living, but the reader of this stereotyped, infantile literature ((Ah!! He does call it literature.)) is condemned by me because he has not passed the child's mental stage. As our illustrious Dr. Pete Mullis of The University of North Carolina, would say, if he were asked his opinion of the fantasy fans: "They ain't got all their marbles!"

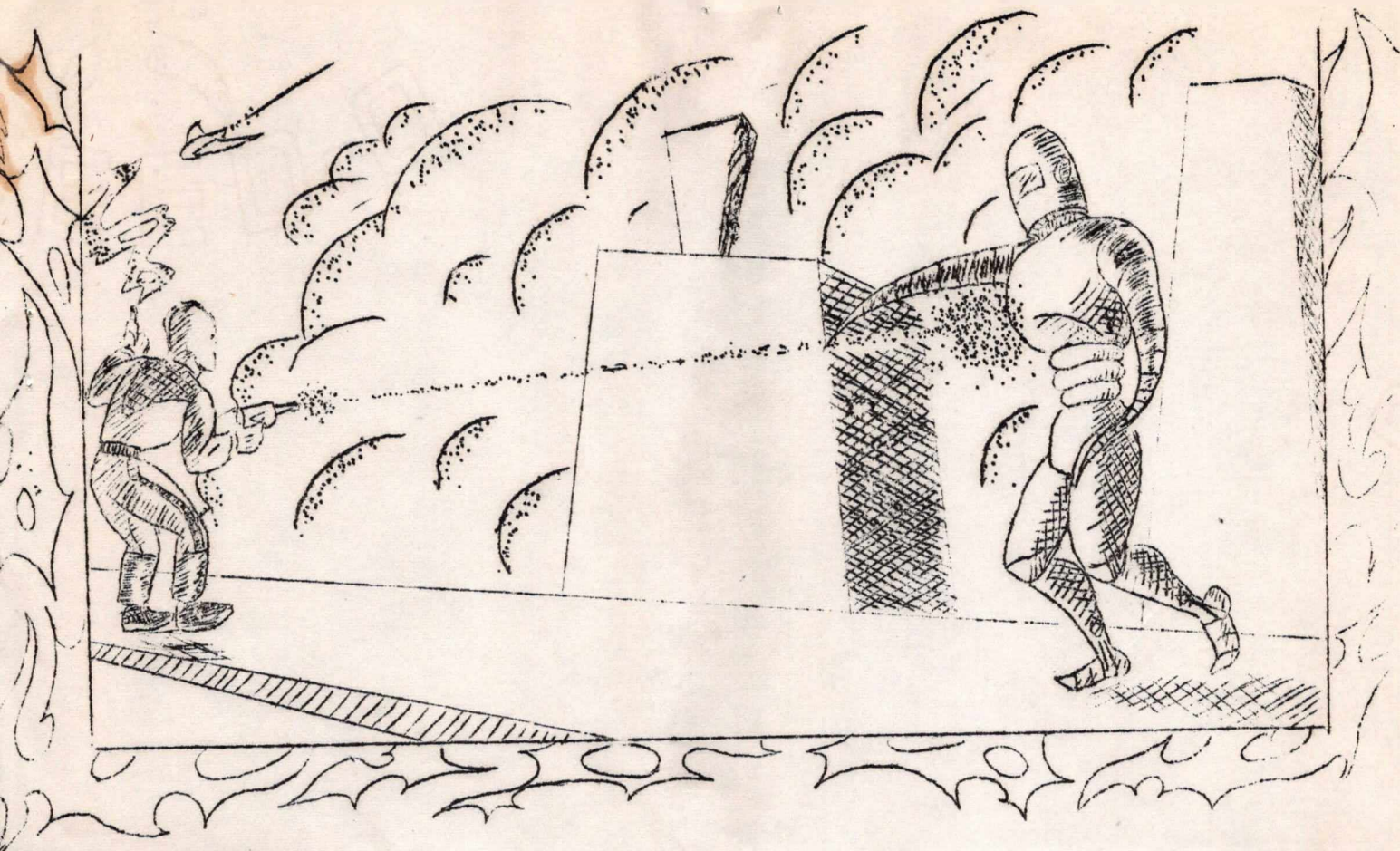


An "Outsider" looks at Random!!!!!!
An article by J. Bennett J. Strong

They laughed at Sir Isaac Newton, at Pasteur, Mendel and at L. Bavinet. Now I give you a most hearty laugh. These men had some claim to fame. They had some ideas and laws on which to base the claims. They had proof. They had logic. What does the "Peculiar Man" have? He has imagination. He reads and dreams about Buck Rogers with his Zap Gun, and Alfy Oop and his time machine wizardry and super-human men that can withstand all ordinary weapons that could kill the lowly human. Your favorite characters are weird men from Mars and other planets. ((What! No Ram's or babies?)) They always dress in skin tight clothes, with a fancy helmet, and always armed with a Zap gun or an atomic pistol. When your stories do center around a poor earthbound people, it MUST have a mad scientist or maniac for a leading character. These superhuman things ((babes.)) are usually pure reptiles, fish or monkey, or a combo of all three, with a dash of Arabian complex. The stories are demoralizing and NEVER ARE OF A CONSTRUCTIVE NATURE. ((Tch, tch, tch!)) It is a national disgrace for the citizens ((Who?)) ((Yes, babe...)) of our country, over 13 years of age, to clutter up their minds with such trash. ((Oh Great Gnu!)) It is natural for a child ((Who, babe?)) to have a vivid imagination, but after thirteen or more years of life, he settles down to life as it is, not as it will be 10,000 years from now. The writers of these monstrous lies don't belong in the body heaven because it is one way to make a living, but the reader of this stereotyped, infantile literature ((Who?)) He does call it literature.)) is condemned by me because he has not passed the child's mental stages. As our illustrious Dr. Peter Miller of The University of North Carolina would say, if he were asked his opinion of the fantasy lane, "they ain't got all their marbles!"



Curious



SCALARS

TO:

POSTMASTER:
 If address has moved,
 or if this paper is un-
 deliverable for any rea-
 son, return to:
 Fred Rose Burgess
 115 Avenue
 Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Return postage guaranteed.



SCARAB 2

POSTMASTER:

If Addressee has moved,
or if this paper is un-
deliverable for any rea-
-son, return to:

Fred Ross Burgess
115 Aycock
Chapel Hill, N. C.
Return postage guaranteed.

TO: _____

