

SON OF THE SUN

By ALEXANDER BLADE

(SEE BACK COVER)

★

WE ARE already here, among you. Some of us have always been here, with you, yet apart from you, watching, and occasionally guiding you whenever the opportunity arose. Now, however, our numbers have been increased in preparation for a further step in the development of your planet: a step of which you are not yet aware, although it has been hinted at frequently enough in the parables of your prophets, who have garbled whatever inspiration they have been able to receive. Sometimes they were ignorant. Sometimes they were unable to translate clearly the concepts implanted in their minds. Sometimes they were cautious, and to insure the preservation of the information they wished to place upon record in the world, they spoke in metaphors and symbols.

We have been confused with the gods of many world-religions, although we are not gods, but your own fellow creatures; as you will learn directly before many more years have passed. You will find records of our presence in the mysterious symbols of ancient Egypt, where we made ourselves known in order to accomplish certain ends. Our principal symbol appears in the religious art of your present civilization and occupies a position of importance upon the great seal of your country. It has been preserved in certain secret societies founded originally to keep alive the knowledge of our existence and our intentions toward mankind.

We have left you certain landmarks, placed carefully in different parts of the globe, but most prominently in Egypt where we established our headquarters upon the occasion of our last overt, or as you would say, public, appearance. At that time the foundations of your present civilization were "laid in the earth," and the most ancient of your known landmarks established by means that would appear as miraculous to you now as they did to the pre-Egyptians, so many thousands of years ago. Since that time the whole art of building in stone has become symbolic, to many of you, of the work in hand—the building of the human race toward its perfection.

Your ancestors knew us in those days as preceptors and as friends. Now, through your own efforts, you have almost reached, in your majority, a new step on the long ladder of your liberation. You have been constantly aided by our watchful "inspiration," and hindered only by the difficulties natural to your processes of physical and moral development, for the so-called "forces of evil and darkness" have always been recruited from among the ranks of your own humanity—a circumstance for which you would be exceedingly grateful if you possessed full knowledge of conditions in the

universe.

You have lately achieved the means of destroying yourselves. Do not be hasty in your self-congratulation. Yours is not the first civilization to have achieved—and used—such means. Yours will not be the first civilization to be offered the means of preventing that destruction and proceeding, in the full glory of its accumulated knowledge, to establish an era of enlightenment upon the earth.

However, if you do accept the means offered you, and if you do establish such a "millennium" upon the basis of your present accomplishments, yours will be the first civilization to do so. Always, before, the knowledge, the techniques, the instructions, have become the possessions of a chosen few: a few who chose themselves by their own open-minded and clear-sighted realization of "the shapes of things to come." They endeavored to pass on their knowledge in the best possible form, and by the most enduring means at their command. In a sense they succeeded, but in another sense their failure equalled their success. Human acceptance is, to a very large extent, measurable by human experience. Succeeding generations, who never knew our actual presence, translated the teachings of their elders in the terms of their own experience. For instance, a cross-sectional drawing, much simplified and stylized by many copyings, of one of our traveling machines, became the "Eye of Horus," and then other eyes of other gods. Finally, the ancient symbol that was once an accurate representation of an important mechanical device, has been given surprising connotations by the modern priesthood of psychology.

The important fact is, however, that we are here, among you, and that you, as a world-race, will know it before very much longer! The time is almost ripe, but as with all ripening things, the process may not be hurried artificially without danger of damaging the fruit. There is a right time for every action, and the right time for our revelation of ourselves to your era is approaching.

SOME of you have seen our "advance guard" already. You have met us often in the streets of your cities, and you have not noticed us. But when we flash through your skies in the ancient, traditional vehicles, you are amazed and those of you who open your mouths and tell of what you have seen are accounted dupes and fools. Actually you are prophets, seers in the true sense of the word. You in Kansas and Oklahoma, you in Oregon and in California, and Idaho, who know what you have seen: do not be dismayed by meteorologists. Their business is the weather. One of you

says "I saw a torpedo-shaped object." Others report "disk-like objects," some of you say "spherical objects," or "platter-like objects." You are all reporting correctly and accurately what you saw, and in most cases you are describing the same sort of vehicle.

The "golden disk"—now confused with the solar disk and made a part and parcel of religion—even in your own times. The "discus," hurled sunward by the Grecian—and your own—athletes. The "eye of Horus," and the other eyes of symbolism, alchemical and otherwise. Our mechanical means of transportation.

Now that the art of manufacturing plastic materials has reached a certain perfection among you, perhaps you can imagine a material, almost transparent to the rays of ordinary visible light, yet strong enough to endure the stresses of extremely rapid flight. Look again at the great nebulae, and think of the construction of your own galaxy, and behold the universal examples of what we have found to be the perfect shape for an object which is to travel through what you still fondly refer to as "empty" space.

In the center of the discus, gyroscopically controlled within a central sphere of the same transparent material, our control rooms revolve freely, accommodating themselves and us to flat or edge-wise flight. Both methods are suited to your atmosphere, and when we convert abruptly from one to the other, as we are sometimes obliged to do, and you are watching, our machines seem suddenly to appear—or to disappear. At our possible speeds your eyes, untrained and unprepared for the maneuver, do make mistakes—but not the mistakes your scientists so often accuse them of making.

We pass over your hilltops in horizontal flight. You see and report a torpedo-shaped object. We pass over, in formation, flying vertically "edge-on," and you report a series of disk-shaped, platter-like objects, or perhaps a sphere. Or we go over at night, jet-slits glowing, and you see an orange disk. In any event, you see us, and in any event, we do not care. If we chose to remain invisible, we could do so, easily, and, in fact, we have done so almost without exception for hundreds of years. But you must become accustomed to our shapes in your skies, for one day they will be familiar, friendly, and reassuring sights.

This time, it is to be hoped that the memory of them, passed on to your children and their children, will be clear and precise. That you will not cause them to forget, as your ancestors forgot, the meaning of the diagrams and the instructions we will leave with you. If you do fail, as other civilizations have failed, we will see your descendants wearing wiring-diagrams for simple machines as amulets, expecting the diagrams to do what their forefathers were taught the completed article would accomplish. Then their children, forgetting even that much—or little—would preserve the amulet as a general protective device—or as an intellectual curiosity—or perhaps as a religious symbol. Such is the cycle of forgetfulness!

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READER'S PAGE

(Continued from page 173)

*right now! And the back cover? Well, just take a look at this issue. How's that for quick service!*Ed.

HE DIDN'T LIKE "ELENA"

Sirs:

As a fantasy fan of over twenty years standing I must break a pet rule of mine—that of not panning any story I don't like, as others may like it. But "The Secret of Elena's Tomb" is forcing me to break that rule.

Gentlemen, that type of story belongs in either a True Romance, or some other pulp magazine of that type—not as an insult to the intelligence of Fantasy Fans. The standard of FA has always been of a very high calibre, but von Cosel's story had no merit and was strictly not the type that I have come to expect from your publication.

Hyman M. Sachs,
597 Stone Ave.,
Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

*Thanks very much for your criticism, and all we'll say is that FA will try to keep up the high standard that all our readers expect.....*Ed.

THE STARTLING MR. JONES

Sirs:

Despite the fact that it is not the type of story for which FA is chiefly known, I think that "The Children's Room" by the startling Mr. Jones should receive some sort of an award for excellence and I wish that more of your writers would "do as the Joneses"—at least this Jones. The story was terrific.

Although that novelette made the issue as far as I was concerned, "The Shroud-Sewers" was also a highly enjoyable yarn. Bloch's tale was good 'too, but hit me a little off center and left me with a feeling of incompleteness. "Come Along With Me" was a surprisingly good story, considering the rapidity of its birth, as mentioned in your editorial. . . . I'm trying hard, however, to forget the novel in that issue.

Monthly publication—three cheers!

Ralph Glisson,
542 Prescott Rd.,
Merion, Pa.

*We're a wee bit curious, Ralph, about just what you mean when you say the "type of story for which FA is chiefly known." My word, we didn't know we had a type! We've always felt that the author should be able to write a story as he wants to—not necessarily as an editor wants him to. And we welcome stories like "The Children's Room" which you and the rest of our readers have praised so highly. We have no formula or "type." All we look for is a good fantasy story—and it can be as fantastic as the author wants it to be—as long as it is still a good story. And after all, that's what you readers want!....*Ed.

THORNE SMITH AND "TOFFEE"

Sirs:

I've just finished the September FA, and for the first time feel impelled to communicate with you. Foremost, in your reader's page for this issue, the letter from J. H. Clayton was quite bigoted, in my opinion. Thorne Smith was, and is, a favorite of mine. I've read most, if not all of his stories. "Toffee" has only the vaguest, superficial resemblance to the ectoplasmic spirits that haunted Topper. I believe that Thorne Smith himself would have been the first to acknowledge the originality and excellence of Charles F. Myers' stories, and I'm sure he wouldn't object to Mr. Myers' use of his "style" in some places—though I cannot say that I found that to be greatly true in the "Toffee" stories. I think Charles Myers' style is entirely his own.

As to von Cosel's story, I thought it was too morbid, and anyway, I cannot believe his theory that it is possible to bring the dead back to life. Stick to authors like Myers, Williams, Bloch, and all the other regulars.

Charles Sherrill Jr.,
625 W. 164th St.,
New York 32, N. Y.

Your comments on the "Toffee" stories were very interesting, and we might add that we think you've hit the nail on the head.....Ed.

SHAVER IS FINE, BUT—

Sirs:

For years I've read science-fiction and fantasy magazines. They have given me the most enjoyable reading hours of my life. FA in particular has satisfied my craving for the imaginative bizarre. I had imagined that most of your fans were of high mental calibre. Then came the Shaver stories.

The stories Shaver writes are fine—I like them. But what I don't like is the fact that both you and some readers seem to believe they contain factual truth. While his stories are good, his ideas are cock-eyed, and couldn't possibly be so. I read for enjoyment—only. If this keeps up I'll have to start a "Stop-Shaver-Club."

Paul W. Dyer,
2 Amory Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

Well, at any rate, Paul, you do like Shaver's stories. That's the main thing—to satisfy your reading tastes. And don't worry about whether they are true or not—if you think about it too much maybe you'll start hearing voices—and you wouldn't want that to happen, now would you?..... Ed.

P.S. But seriously, belief is a funny thing. There are many people who believe every word in the Bible, and just as many who think every word is false. This holds true too about the Shaver Mystery. A great many people feel that parts or all of the Shaver Mystery answer experiences that they have had themselves. So who is right?.. Ed.

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"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

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HELL IS A CIRCLE

By LEE FRANCIS

(Concluded from page 171)

before I took my thirty days off. I'd have pitied him less and enjoyed myself a lot more."

The Chief's eyelids raised slightly.

"You could have chosen your own time. You could have spent those thirty days on earth by the mortal calendar, and never known anything about James Forham's month of torture. Perhaps you'd rather live on earth for a while?"

"No, no," White Robe explained hastily. "This is okay for my money. It's tops. I wouldn't trade places with anyone. This is kinda new, though, this idea of punishing Forham. To me, a straight line is a straight line, and a circle—a circle."

"That depends on how you look at it," The Chief explained. "To a person as narrow-minded and self-centered as Forham, a circle is pure, undiluted. . . ."

The Chief buried his face in the Book, without finishing the sentence.

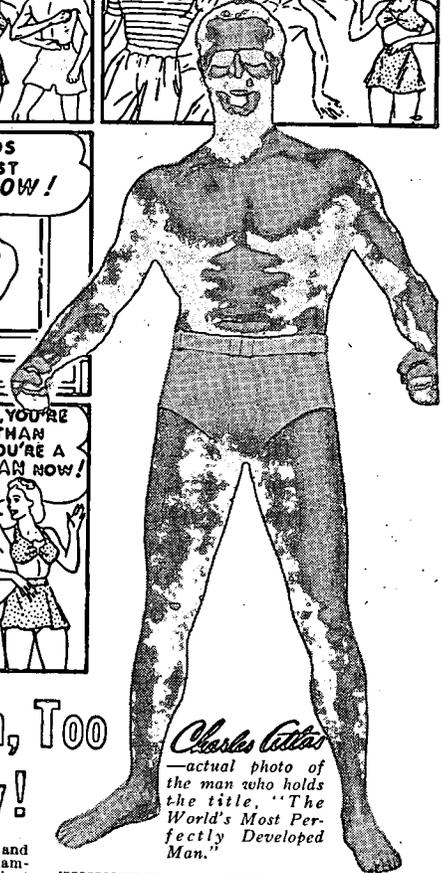
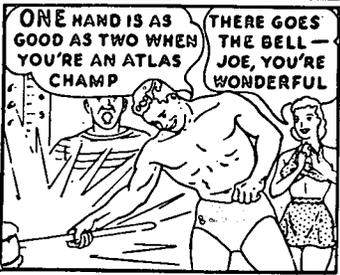
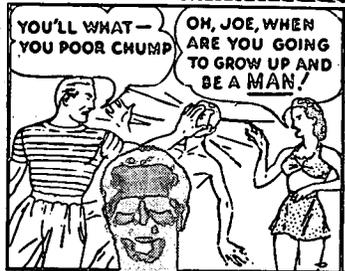
"That word," White Robe muttered. "It's always popping up."

He left the room quietly. He had to open the ivory gate himself, because the golden page boy was asleep in the shade of the ivory wall. Business was pretty slow, White Robe mused. Maybe he'd take a few days off and visit James Forham, if things stayed slack for a while. He wondered idly, how many thousands of years of torture James Forham could live, before he escaped that tiny, tightly wound circle of hell he had fallen into. That, he decided grimly, would be entirely up to the mathematics professor.

THE END

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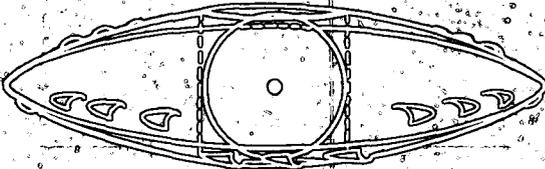
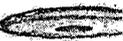
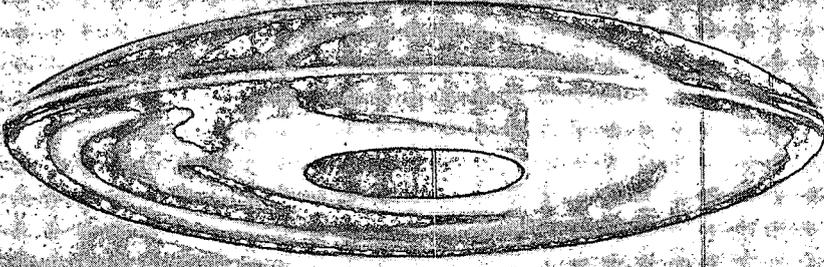
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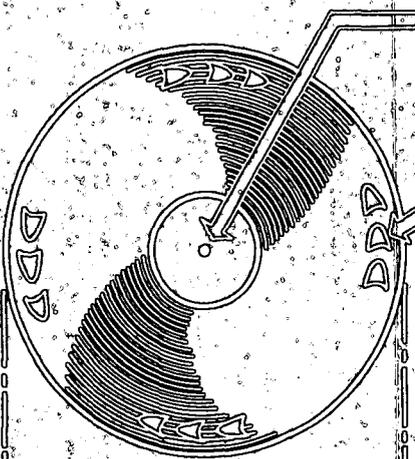
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SON OF THE SUN

Will the ancient gods of Egypt and other lost civilizations come back to Earth in time to avert an atom war? Is the "Eye of Horus" still watching us? See page 174 for story.



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