LAURENCE C. SMITA



A HOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

In late 1765, a group of SF fans under the leadership of Mr. Brian L. Burley determined to organize a club to serve as a co-ordinating body for activities of interest to fans in the central Ohio area. After an extensive publicity campaign, carried out in co-operation with the OSU Science Fiction Club and centered on the libraries and bookstores in the Columbus area, the first meeting of the new Society was held in February of this year in the Columbus Public Library. With Mr. Burley as first president the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society (COSFS) took shape and now has over thirty active members. At the May meeting of the Society these permanent officers were elected:

Society

Robert L. Hillis, president, Laurence C. Smith, vice-president,

Gracie Liebhaber, secretary, and
Roderick D. Goman, comptroller.
At the same meeting the following appointments were made: Robert B. Gaines, editor of COSIGN, and

Richard Byers, sergeant-at-arms.

All of these officers will serve until next year.

Today, the Central Ohio Society functions both in small spec-ial interest groups and monthly general meetings. The small groups discuss certain books or authors, or various aspects of fantasy and science fiction. The general meetings continue the discussion groups and present various club activities. The Society also sponsors special events from time to time, such as free movies as part of their membership drive, and makes arrangements for members to attend various SF conventions.

-- Robert L. Hillis, president

SHORT SHORT STORY: Time Isn't the Simplest Thing by Robert Gaines

Dr. Grimshaw looked up from the control panel of his time machine. A man of about thirty lay on the brown leather couch nearby, breathing heavily. "Well, young man," the doctor began, "you should be very proud. You have performed a great service for science."

The young man's clothes placed him in a time period of several hundred years ago-about the 1850's, Dr. Grimshaw guessed. Such clothing would cause a great deal of laughter in the twenty-seventh

No matter, thought the doctor, my colleagues will forget the opposition they gave me when they see that I have invented the

(continued on page 3)

OUR FIRST ISSUE

This is the very first issue of COSIGN, the newsletter of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. But so it will not be the last, we invite the cooperation of all the members of COSFS. Contributions in the form of stories, poetry, reviews (of books, short stories, movies, etc.), and articles of interest to SF readers will be welcome. All contributions should be sent to

Robert B. Gaines 336 Olentangy St. Columbus: Ohio 43202

The COSIGN editorial board reserves the right to edit any manuscripts submitted to suit the needs of this periodical. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

COSIGN Editor: Robert B. Gaines STAFF Copy editor: Roderick D. Goman

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE: Brian L. Burley and Robert L. Hillis.

SHORT SHORT STORY: Comparison

by Rod Goman

The man flipped through the book quickly, scanning the pages paragraph by paragraph to get the general meaning. The name of the book was North American Wildlife and it was very interesting. Actually, the man wanted to sit down and read the book through but he didn't have the time. He promised himself he would pick up a copy of it someday. As for now, he could only glance through it and pick up what information he needed. He was about to close the book and leave when he noticed one more item which he regarded as fascinating—even awe—inspiring.

"A whitetail deer," the book said, "is born in a particular section of a forest. It grows up and lives out its entire life without ever venturing beyond the square-mile area where it was born."

The man thought about this amazing fact, felt it seemed impossible. He clicked his tongue and smiled humbly at such a miracle and returned the book to the shelf and left.

The great machine, which was more commonly referred to as UC-809, clicked busily for a while, then came to a halt. It had been a tough evaluating and calculating job for UC-809 because the actual calculation had endured for an unheard of ten seconds. The calculation was, in fact, the most difficult that the machine had been assigned for over 240 years. UC-809 hummed happily as the technician removed the results from its output console. The machine had a naive sense of humor. Its mind—that is to say, its nomory banks and electronic relays—was full of sadistic and ironic data.

The technician reached for the results sheet. Wrapping (continued on page 3)

world's first successful time machine. The praise that is due me will come at last: Smirking, Grimshaw remembered his predecessors who had all failed in what he had succeeded in doing. He remembered that poor idiot Hillis that blew himself to pieces in his ridiculous time contraption. How he, Grimshaw, had triumphed! Even now his miraculous machine carried him and his frock-coated companion back to the twenty-seventh century.

"Young man, are you awake? Although my machine was unable to stop in your time period, I was able to bring you into it with my time-teleportation device. No doubt, you feel pretty well shaken up but the unsteady feeling won't last. You may stand if you wish.

up but the unsteady feeling won't last. You may stand if you wish."

A look of horror shown in the eyes of the world's first time
traveller. His black frock coat and pants seemed to glow in the
light inside the time machine, and he scratched the heavy mustache
that made him appear older than he really was. He had fully regained consciousness and his words began to flow hysterically. At
first the doctor could not understand the man's archaic speech but
by bits and pieces the meaning came to him. "Why...stop me...tyrant...he must die...our defeat in the war...he must pay for our
defeat. The tyrant! He should have died years ago. You must let
me return...I must finish...it is my duty to God and man."

The young man stood quietly now and Grimshaw felt a cold chill

The young man stood quietly now and Grimshaw felt a cold chill fun up and down his back. The others had told him no to fool with time, but he had only laughed at their ideas about changing history.

time, but he had only laughed at their ideas about changing history.

The machine was coming to a slow, jerking stop. Like a madman, Grimshaw flew to the pressure-sealed door and flung it open.

The police were already there to apprehend him. As they led him off to his execution, he looked back at the man from the nineteenth century. "Young man, tell me your name. I must know it!"

The man responded slowly, his voice full of disgust, and this time his words were clear. "Booth, damn you, John Wilkes Booth," #

SHORT SHORT STORY: Comparison (continued from page 2)

the end of his tentacle around it, he brought it before his one large deep-set eye. He dragged two of his other tentacles across the greenish, chiminous skin of his high, leathery brow to wipe off the gummy white powder caused by tension.

His eye searched the sheet for one of UC-80)'s subtle jests.
Running true to form, the machine had tucked one such jest in
between two sets of planetary certainty data. It read: "On the
planet Sun 3, named Earth, there lives a race of creatures known
as Humans that are born on Earth, grow up and live out their entire lives without ever venturing beyond the upper reaches of their
planet's atmosphere."

The technician's single eye blinked uncertainly and he read the sentence again. Think of it! Creatures that had never stepped beyond the threshhold of outer space, that had never been across the swirling Galaxy to see what stars shine on its far side, that had never visited another galaxy, let alone travelled at four million times the speed of light!

The technician thumped his head ironically and fluttered his olfactory glands to donote a humble smile. #

A Martian looked down on the earth, you see,
For reasons unknown to you and me.
Said he to himself, while laughing with glee,
"Why, they've not enough arms, not even three!" #

NEW SF AND FANTASY PAPERBACKS

The following titles are listed in the June issue of BEST-SELLERS magazine:

THE AWARD SCIENCE FICTION READER, Alden Norton, ed. Award .60 DAWNMAN PLANET, Mack Reynolds, and INHERIT THE EARTH, Claude

Numes, Ace .50

DESTINATION: VOID, Frank Herbert, Berk .50

DIGITS AND DASTARDS, Frederik Pohl, Bal .50

EARTHMAN, COME HOME, James Blish, Avon .60

IMPACT-20, William F. Holan, PBL .50

ISLANDS OF SPACE, John W. Campbell, Ace .45

NIGHT OF LIGHT, Philip Jose Farmer, Berk .50

SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, Emil Petaja, Ace .40

THES IMMORTAL, Roger Zelazny, Ace .40

THREE TIMES INFINITY, Leo Margulies, ed. GM .50

TOMORROW HIDNIGHT, Ray Bradbury, Bal .50

TONGUES OF THE MOON, Philip Jose Farmer, Pyr .50

WARRIORS OF MARS, Edward P. Bradbury, Ian .50

The above books are listed first by title (in capital letters), then author, publishing house, and price. #