

COSIGN

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The Newsletter of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

In late 1965, 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:

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 special 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 century.

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

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SHORT SHORT STORY: Time Isn't the Simplest Thing (continued)

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."

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 run 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.

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, chitinous 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 threshold 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 denote a humble smile. #

POEM: Wrong Number

by Brian L. Burley

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
Nunes, 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. Nolan, 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
THE IMMORTAL, Roger Zelazny, Ace .40
THREE TIMES INFINITY, Leo Margulies, ed. GM .50
TOMORROW MIDNIGHT, 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. #