

# VICTOR

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and MATRON  
TAMPAX

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The Journal of The Boys Own Science Fiction Association

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The Androgynes' Dreams

A few changes this time, regrettable but necessary in view of the fact that with only 600 members the BOSFA has to exercise strict economy until we've recovered from my predecessor. So at the moment we can't really afford the extra staple. Also most of the articles I promised two or three issues ago have had to be held over. However as you can see, we do take notice of what our readers want; several people have complained about the art in VICTOR and this problem has been solved by leaving it off and devoting the front cover to advertising, thus bringing in much needed revenue. One or two people have also been complainign about the reviews, so we've cut these down. To avoid duplication with PAPERBACK POOP we'll keep it down to the reallt good ones by Tom Vice-Jones, Phil Paperback-Poop and myself. However, one or two people have also been complaining about my editorials so I'll just say that next issue will also contain another superb story by Brian, an interview with Brian and a review of Brian's latest book. For economy reasons this issue isn't as good as I'd hoped but as soon as the committee allow I hope to return to the use of the micro-reduced thermostencil format which will permit much more material. Finally, several people have been complaining about my using long words. I'm very sorry and this won't happen again, as I really must agree that such words are out of place in a publication of this nature and offensive to many readers.

David Winegum

\* \* \* \* \*

Found in the tub - Letters

TOM VICE-JONES This is all vefy well, but I hope you will be able to stop using such dictinnary-ese as "metaphysically picturesque". This is the kind of thing writers do to show how clever they are and a true critic will avoid this kind of thing. Take a leaf out of ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAG where in his editorial he points out that pretentious titles such as "speculative fiction" should be avoided because they are hard to say.

\*\* Well Tom there is a lot of truth in what you say and I admit I may have used too many long words in the past but I'm sure you'll see a difference from now on.

WAHF lots of people whose letters have been filed away.

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MATRON - The BOSFA Newsletter

Editor: Andy Soya  
 Vice-Chairman: Tom Vice-Jones  
 Members: Dave Crippleduck  
 Duplication: Keith Fractions

This issue is for Vi, Tiddles, Ducky, and Poopsie, for love and you know what.

Well, here we are with this special combined issue which includes not only MATRON the BOSFA Newsletter but also VICTOR the BOSFA Journal and TAMPAX our very own ficzine as well. We are following the policy of TAMPAX and making VICTOR and MATRON optional for those who want them so if you want them in addition to everything else the BOSFA has to offer write and let us know. We are also arranging for this mailing to be distributed with various other publications, which saves a great deal as BOSFA only has to pay for the printing and postage and envelopes and everything else is free. This is a temporary measure taking advantage of the generosity of some of our members but the committee feel it would be an imposition to



carry it too far so from the next issue the burden will fall on Tom Vice-Jones and Phil Paperback-Poop who have generously agreed to send out all BOSFA material with their own fanzines.

As you can see this issue is mainly taken up with letters and AGM minutes but we hope to be back next time with a full run down on such things as the latest in TV SF advertisements, a review of the new bubble-gum substitute Space Dust and a full listing of Perry Rhodan for you to get really involved in the BOSFA affairs. The BOSFA is a non profitmaking organisation which depends on the effort of people who do it for no financial reward and we are always looking for volunteers. So lets hear from you. Dont be shy - several people have complained about being sent disgusting and offensive material, socalled "fanzines" through the post produced by people who are evidently hostile to the BOSFA but from now on we are safeguarding privacy by not publishing any addresses so this wont happen again.

And now the MEMBERS....

PHIL PAPERBACK-POOP: Fill MATRON with material of this quality, and even I will find it hard to complain.

DAVID WINEGUM: We have a good year ahead of us to make the BOSFA strong and vital again.

DAVE CRIPPLEDUCK: I feel my meaning has been misunderstood by some of your readers. What I was saying about violence is that it is more socially acceptable than messing about with the other sex and talking about it in the language of the gutter. This is what SF is all about. I have no use at all for the kind of disgusting choice of words which betrays lack of vocabulary and inability to say what they mean without just attracting attention to themselves. This has no place in MATRON, which should be for reasoned arguements and set the tone for all SF discussion. As for this proposal to let girls into the BOSFA Iam not sure t is is a good idea. Violence is a lot more basic an impulse which is more healthy and not so offensive as sex and I think we should let girls in if we can bash them.

WAHF: A number of people who's letters were unfortunately lost.

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MATRON KWIK KWIZ

1. What is an "episteme" ?
2. Does Philip Paperback-Poop ever read any of the books he reviews ?
3. What is the difference between the Winegum Angst, the Paperback-Poop Weltanschauung, the Vice-Jones Gesundheit and everybody else ?
4. What well know writer use the pseudonym "Brian" ?
5. "We object to the use of words like \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ in BOSFA publications" ( R,Gibbet and D.Packer ) Fill in the missing words, several times if necessary.

Answers upside down. First correct entry wins £5

ANSWERS

1. Ian Watson's favourite word.
2. Yes, but he usually reviews them under different titles.
3. Everybody else is waiting for the schadenfreude.
4. "My Buddy!" (D.Winegum)
5. \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\*

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BOYS OWN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION Ltd  
AGM Minutes and reports Compiled by Tom Vice-Jones

The following gives a complete picture of BOSFA activity for the last year and we think it is self explanatory so members should read it carefully. In the past people have complained about the difficulty of reading balance sheets and making sense out of where the money went. I have to admit this is a problem and the best solution seems to be to omit such material altogether particularly since the expenditure can not be broken down beyond a certain point anyway. The main point is there was an excess of expenditure over income and in order to put the BOSFA back on its feet in a healthy position the money will have to be spent on something else. For greater efficiency all publications are being merged into a single optional extra. This will be specially attractive to institutions and a special advertising campaign is planned to attract them. In addition we are making progress with the bookmark scheme and if our financial position permits consideration is being given to a special issue of VICTOR in this form. David Winegum states he has obtained estimates for this which are on third less than the printing cost of the old VICTOR. A question from the floor asked what was the expenditure on it and the Vice Chairman explained that this was not possible. The minutes were taken as read and after a vote of thanks to the committee the report was accepted and all other business deferred backwards for further consideration. Nom Con.

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TAMPAX

The BOSFA Magazine of Fiction Edited by Ian Grabbutt

One or two people have been saying that TAMPAX 'consists of prozine rejects'. In order not to offend people I will use the word 'misguided' to describe that statement. Why? Simply because the majority of pieces in the later TAMPAX projects have either been specially written or scheduled for prozines. I can't help feeling sorry for those fuggheads who haven't requested TAMPAX, because you don't get material like this in prozines. Our contents this time are a beautifully written mood piece which combines the true poetry of the spaceways with the sort of gripping action we always look for in good SF stories.

Death Star Ship Revengeance

Part 1

The silvery spaceship went very fast. Jets of flame spurted from the jets as it plunged across the vast black empyreum of space through the tapestry of stars. Its target was the secret lair of the enemies of the Starship Legion, its mission — revengeance.

Suddenly there was a sound like the snapping of a tightly stretched elastic band. A shudder ran through the frame of the ship and lights flashed as the alarm bells began ringing wildly.

"This means trouble!" rasped Arth Pudor through grim jaws as he leaned forward tensely. His fingers sped over the controls as with lightning speed he strove to bring back the ship under control.

A scream rent the air as beautiful eyed Conavigator Laya Doombust her eyes wide with terror was hurled forward by gravitic forces. Arth Pudor's lightning reflexes gathered to meet the challenge and as she bounced with a crunch of shattering bone and torn flesh off the controls he reacted instantly to the change in course.

"This means trouble!" rasped Arth Pudor grimly as his eyes flashed over the knobs and dials.

There was a sound like the snapping of a tightly stretched elastic band. Alarm bells rang and Arth Pudor watched grim jawed as the controls began to disintegrate before his very eyes. The silvery space ship went even faster but this time it was headed for destruction.

( To be continue)



THE FOREST KING

A ripping serial of adventure and mystery in Africa by Major Charles 'Afterburners' Gilson, B.S.O

Quickly the very smelly and badly built bark canoe sliced it's way over the mirror-smooth surface of the Umboko River. Above the regular splish-splash of the native paddles floated the discordant notes of a primitive native chant, sung in English:

"Freeman the wise, Freeman the strong,  
Do-er of good, righter of wrong."

In the prow of the boat sat Keith 'Stinky Freeman', otherwise known as Freeman of the river to the natives of the Zifisouds tribe or as "Freeman, the Bwana with the magical fractions" to the more degenerate Zfans tribe. Clutching his specimens in one hand and his revolver in the other he stared grimly at the approaching Steamer, the H.M.S "Vector", headquarters of the British Scientific Foundation of Africa.

Major Keith "Stinky" Freeman was a good, healthy sort of chap who was fond of soccer and rigger and other outdoor sports. He was generally a ripping sort of person, quite unlike the filthy tribesmen who paddled the boat. They were dirty and had no concept of personal hygiene, and their tribal rituals left even Kenneth "Pooty" Bulmer pale and shaking. Their initiation ceremonies, especially the one which involved the goat and water-melon, would have shocked even that totally noble Englishman who now gazed up the limpid waters of the river as the song gnated about his ears.

The Foundation's HQ, the HMS Vector, was a jolly sort of craft, with a very fine crew ( the salt of the Earth ), the head of whom was Captain Christopher 'Biffo' Fowler. As the canoe scraped against the side of the ship, Biffo helped Stinky aboard after throwing the natives a few dead ants as payment. Stinky entered the Mess. The first thing he noticed was the absence of Brigadier 'melons' Wingrove. It was now three weeks since this brave Englishman had left to discover the source of the Umboko with the aid of that peculiar whiteman, Dwesti of the Apes. There were only two tribes in that region, the 'Eeeds' and the 'Arigits' and as the latter only consisted of two members, who were both 'wohi' ( mad ) nobody had given 'Melons' safety another thought. Dwesti of the Apes ( illegitimate son of Jack the Ripper and Lizzie Borden and brother of the Canadian mass-murderer Mike the Loccer ) was a white man who'd been raised by the Gibbons ( to a height of six foot ) and who swung through the trees clutching his liana. He was rumoured to be the long lost Lord Damar of Bingley and as he was an excellent tracker, everyone felt sure that Brigadier Wingrove would come to no harm.

Back in the Mess, the tousled, jovial countenance of Captain Fowler peered round the door. "I say chaps, I've had this jolly good wheeze for the Vector. This guru-wallah from Unguwami says that for £300 he'll sell me a fail-safe method of protecting the steering house from flamingo droppings. Could you let me have some money from the kitty, 'Pooty'?"

"Certainly, sounds like a ripping sort of idea to me, the money's in my office." During his service as Captain of the HMS Vector, Biffo Fowler had had many thrilling ideas. He'd spent £250 fitting the stern out with pieces of knotted string to frighten away crocodiles, a further £143 had been spent in surrounding the anchor with frilly gold balls with which to impress the natives, but his most ambitious scheme had been to import, from Japan, for £2500, five hundred purple teddy-bears that went 'meep' when you pushed them.

'Stinky' Freeman had just settled down when the faithful negro servant of the BSFA, Uncle Walt, burst in. Uncle Walt was very faithful and trusting, he'd never saved the baby from a savage grizzly bear, he'd never run through a blizzard to fetch the doctor and he even drooled all over the paper when he brought it back from the newsagents, but he was honest.

"Massa, massa, Bwana Bulmer, dere's sum mahty sthrahnge person ohn de ghrinty ( verandah ) and e wanna phooty ( talk ) with the boss fellah"

"Why can't he wait until after tea, the damn wog. The blackguard! I ought to beat him soundly, whip him with a great big pole embedded with glass, the bounder. What he needs is a jolly good thrashing with an enormous....." But he had no time to finish, for suddenly the door burst open to reveal the form of...a half-breed. His name was Alonso Dori and he was half-Spanish, half Indian. He was the lowest of the low..he was the biggest scoundrel ever to ply his way to Umboko, why he was even worse than the dreaded Graypule of Tanganyika who had once killed an entire village because they forgot his birthday. He was indeed a total blackguard.

"I say, who d'you think you are you filthy nigger, bursting in here like this?" spluttered 'Pooty' Bulmer, "you know you should apply for an audience from the British Consul in Ampangi first."

"I care nothing for your silly Eenglish customs. I come to take the money promised to the tribes, for medicine and schools and the like"

"Errr, well, the money has been spent" he said uncomfortably.

"Spent, how dare you!! I have you know that these things are needed by the natives and if you don't give me the money I shall take it by force!!!"

"How dare you demand things! Who are you to come in here storming in here throwing your weight about and being disgusting in front of British Officers?" Pooty stormed. The half breed drew up to his full height,

"I, am the Forest King!"

There was a tense silence. No-one spoke. So this was the infamous man who controlled thousands of wogs who all looked up to him as their leader. This was the man who had fought during the war of Jenkin's toenail... this was the Forest King.

"How dare you make threats! I demand that you leave instantly you filthy blackguard We'll pay none of your money, it's all been spent on the HMS Vector, and a good thing too!

"Ahhh, you don't know me, but you know my brother Lopez Dori whom you killed because he refused to post a letter for you. You may have forgotten but I have not, and tonight I shall take my vengeance! While we have been talking, 40,000 natives have surrounded this ship and at nightfall, they shall attack. Lopez shall be avanged for none of you shall see the sun rise in the sky again!!!!"

And with a parting leer, Alonso Dori, the self styled Forest King, swept out of the room. Silence drifted throughout the mess, only the unearthly shrieks and wails of the natives as they beat their bongoes, disturbed the unearthly quiet of the jungle.

"We're British and no filthy black-man is going to defeat us. Remember 'Rourke's Drift', 'Woogo's Climb', 'Waterloo', General Gordon and above all, remember that one Englishman with a catapult is worth 47 foreigners!"

Everyone cheered and then 'Dusty' Jones spoke up, "And remember 'Melons' who'll probably be rustling up some support this minute so that we xan beat these filthy black-men." Everyone was wheered by this show of total English barverly, but their enjoyment was soo dispelled. Something round landed with a 'bonk' in the centre of the carpet, evidently thrown by the natives. 'Pooty' gave a cry of horror, for there on the floor was ( TO P.96 )

THIS WAS B.O.S.F.A, brought to you extravagantly by courtesy of the editor of Gross Encounters, who sent his fanzine out with this mailing absolutely free, and thus contributed to the drain on your subscriptions. Three cheers for the BOSFA council!