

# Helicon

Helicon's Newspaper

7 • Sunday Evening

## The Lunatic Fringe

**DISCRETION.** We are not allowed to reveal the number of the room in which GoH Karel Thole and Jean Owen broke the bed.

**MALCOLM EDWARDS** leaps to our defence! 'I can't imagine why Brian Aldiss thinks he's the *only* person you print misinformation about...' He also mysteriously asserts that he will not pay (see #6) but 'will ensure that those who owe will. It's all Richard Evans's and Jo Thomas's fault anyway. KvT professes himself happy.'

**BRIAN BURGESS HURLS BACK.** 'As from now [Sunday], Brian Aldiss will no longer get free pork pies or milk from me!' Brian Aldiss, in tones of rising hope: 'You mean if I insult him enough he'll never talk to me again?'

**CHRIS BELL SPLUTTERS:** 'You know, you really are a grade-A 22-carat first-class ning-nong sometimes, Langford!'

**QUESTION.** Why exactly did Lawrence Watt-Evans think that he was Brian Aldiss and that John Brunner should go to bed?

**BLOODY HELL.** Alex Stewart's nose exploded after yesterday's Millennium party—but not, said fascinated bystanders, sanguinously enough.

**WELL, MALCOLM THINKS IT'S FUNNY:** Timmy Edwards (3) at breakfast: 'Soft white bums are my favourite.'

## A Noun: 'Cement'

**EXPOTEL/ TRAVELLERS PLEASE NOTE!!!** Pick-up times for transportation to the airport/harbour are displayed on the board next to the Expotel Desk in the lobby. It is *imperative* you check here the day before departure.

**ASTONISHING BARGAINS!** The *Confabulation* flyer tells it like it is: 'Children born on or before 13/4/81 pay the supporting rate, and small children (born on or before 13/4/87) pay nothing.' • 'Confabulation would like to announce that their child rate is actually for—oh, you guessed...'

**IAN SORENSEN** wishes to apologize. No, not for that, just for having no issue of *Conrunner* out.

**LOST & FOUND.** The Ops Room currently holds a bottle of 'pils—sorry—pills' (ho ho), a Ferrari 348 (yes), a Casio watch, a sum of money (state amount/currency when claiming, or it goes to

TAFF), some pb novels *and more*. Call in if you're missing any possessions or vital bodily parts.

**FAITH UNZIPS.** Faith Brooker has lost her leather coat in or near the Mainsail Bar. 'It's got zips.'

**STREWTH!** There are 3 bloody Kiwis (NZ persons) at bloody Helicon. This should be recorded in the bloody newsletter as we have bloody travelled a bloody long way. Colonials bloody rule!

**HOARY.** In the interests of programming efficiency, Brian Ameringen suggests combining his next Erotic SF panel with the massage workshop.

**XENO BIOLOGY** quiz correction: 'A score of 75%+ will earn the undergraduate a degree certificate, and the HIGHEST scores will also earn valuable Xenobiology research books, including [etc, etc].'

**LIFTS WANTED.** Four Russians seek lifts, singly or together, to London from Weymouth ferry arriving 2250 Monday or Tuesday (drivers' choice) or Poole ferry arriving 1800 Tuesday. Volunteer driver(s) to Russian desk in Dealers' Room, or contact Yuri Savchenko via Voodoo Board.

**AWARDS.** Ask Joe Haldeman for a look at 'the funniest trophy given at Helicon' (in fact the Futuro Remoto prize for best SF novel published in Italy, 1991: Joe's *The Hemingway Hoax* won).

**RESTAURANT PLUG:** *Bamboo Garden*, Cantonese cuisine, Burrard Street. 'Looks like a café, but the food's good.' Phone 71301 (maybe). Dave Ellis

**LONELY HEARTS:** 'To the Finnish Zombies—I like you! Zombies make wonderful game pie; but only if well hung. (See Woad Warrior for details.)'

**EUROCON 1994:** £12 registration at the Romanian desk (Dealers' Room) will make you friends for life—'We love your Western currency.'

## Chopping & Changing

**UNLIMITED LUNICON THEATRE Co:** Cabaret, silly games and worse—Golden Lounge, 2000 Sunday.

**Disco** (2200 Madisons Nightclub): astonishing concessions have been made! Rather than 'smart dress', you are allowed to come in anything you like (*Martin Hoare*: 'Oh good, I'll come in the Land-Rover.'). In a massive policy reversal, pints of Mary Ann will be served and will cost no more than in mere bars.

**DEALERS' ROOM CLOSES** at 1600 on Monday!

*But What Can Replace a Fanzine?* (Monday 1100 Regency) Lilián Edwards, listed as chair, is

not here; panellists now include **Pam Wells**.

*Cybergamesmaze* (Monday 2000) ran into black ice and is now replaced by *Multilingual Charades*.

## Election Special!

IF I RULED THE UNIVERSE... • Winner: First Tiger Hobbes, a late entry (65 votes). Genghis Khan scored 23 or 1 (one horde, one vote), Boadicea 20, Tim Illingworth 10 (plus 539 disallowed proxy votes from Atlanta fandom), Stupendous Man ('I only need one vote—and this duplicator!') 6, Sir Edmund Blackadder 3, Ming the Merciless 0. Thog the Mighty spells universe 'gllb'. • Campaign run-down: *Sir Edmund Blackadder* thanked everyone who came to his pre-victory party last night in the basement • *Boadicea* wanted to know who this upstart was. *Boadicea*: she has the experience! Unlike Genghis Khan. • *Tim Illingworth* acknowledged *Blackadder's* party and pointed out that under the hotel contract he owes the HdF £1000 corkage plus 50p for delousing *Baldrick*. • *Ming the Merciless*: 'Whoever wins the debate gets to run the 1996 Eastercon.' • *Stupendous Man's* amazing mental strength, he said, will help him defeat the whites (sic) of short person!! • *Alison Scott* says: 'Mittenshaw-Hodge has got a cheek campaigning as *Blackadder* when the fan who most resembles *Sir EB* just happens to be married to *Ming the Merciless*!' • *Rog Peyton* soothed: 'What's all this Ming-fucking?' • *Thog the Mighty* took the hint and went to bed...

## Islands in the Net

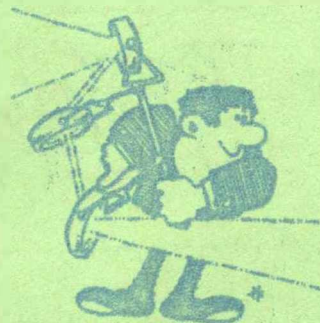
OVERHEARD: 'We had a theological problem at the charades—is Ghu more powerful than *Tim Illingworth*?' [*Thog the Mighty* says: 'Cannot settle order of precedence between louse and flea.'] • 'You spend all your time raking it out and poking things down it...' • 'That *Chris Bell*! Only fake-fans go to bed—the parties were still on at 0600.' • 'I'm coming to Colorado even if you are politically incorrect.' • 'When *Thog the Mighty* eat cheesecake, cheesecake know it been eaten.'

SIGHTING: a member of HdF hotel staff was seen putting up *Con Killer* posters! After hours of paranoia and bad taste yesterday, *Douglas Reay* won and became our Official Hannibal Lecter.

THE CORKAGE £500 MYSTERY. No, it wasn't *Martin Hoare*. Hawaii or Busted.

OVERHEARD AT THAT BIDDING SESSION: *Alison Scott*: 'We will run an escort service at night.' • *Sue Mason*: 'We will offer reindeer tasting and

stag parties' • *Steve Davies*, asked how much chocolate would be imported: 'Cubic feet or metric tonnes?' 'Yes.' • *Sue Mason*: 'We're willing to sacrifice the fat.' • *Steve Davies* again: 'It's a modern hotel with 18th-century railway décor.'



TRICENTENARY. In 1693, the world-famous actress and sf author *Eliza Haywood* was born: her 1738 *The Adventures of Eovaii, Princess of Ijavea: A Pre-Adamitical History* has been a strong favourite in sf con charades ever since. It was a good year for translations, with *Sir Thomas Urquhart* doing volume 3 of *François Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel*, and *Jacques Sadeur's* epic making it into English as *A New Discovery of Terra Incognita Australis, or the Southern World*. (*The Plain People of Fandom*: Really desperate to fill up the space, eh? *Heliograph*: So much for cultural uplift, you lowbrows.)

'REMEMBER HIS NAME, AND KEEP WATCHING,' *Roger Zelazny* tells *Antivty* readers re a book called *Warpath*, by, er, by ... we scanned the ad in vain.

WSFS BUSINESS MEETINGS will henceforth be conducted entirely in LOGJAM. Language-designer *Robert Sachs* said: 'Chthlh@ ft\$!gn Ryl\*h. Fth&gn fth©gn l% I+ Sh£b Nigg&®&th. And the shoggoth Tm lll&ngw©rth rode in on. By B\*gl'

THAT LIGHT NORWEGIAN TOUGH. The Eurocon in North America (combined with NASFIC) continues. Latest offer for Eurocon 1996: To be held on Norwegian territory with an extensive video programme—*Dave Lally* has so far paid for the only ticket sold. Venue: *Bouvet Island* (Nor.), South Atlantic, the most isolated island on the Earth. It appears unknown to *Lally*—but known to the Eurocon Committee—that his ticket is one way (and which TV series would he be forced to watch continuously?).

VOX POP (newsroom): 'We've already done this long bit you've just typed up.' 'Oh, well, yeah, uh, leave it there anyway.' • 'By George, *Watson*, sometimes you have flashes of insight! 'Illuminatory, my dear *Holmes*.' • 'Thank you for making me a virgin again!' • 'Are we still working on your neck and back, *Dave*?' • 'The good thing about talking about *Report on Probability A* is that no one's ever finished it.' 'Oh, did *Aldiss*?' • 'Don't these *Anne McCaffrey* jokes just drag on?'

# **Eurocon in North America**

Thanks to the changes in North American Worldcon politics because of the Boston hotel difficulties, there is a stronger chance that a non-North American bid might win the Worldcon in 1998. Should this happen, we feel that this offers a chance to present a truly unique offering for the Eurocon.

The island of St. Pierre lies in the North American Eastern zone, as defined by the World Science Fiction Society's Constitution, but is politically part of metropolitan France. As such, it is eligible to hold both a Eurocon and an Eastern zone NASFiC. We propose to combine the two to present a opportunity for both conventions to offer options that they've never had before — combining all the best of both the Eurocon and the NASFiC.

A convention this special needs a special kind of facility — and we have just the kind of place for it! The magnificent Hotel Robert is by far the largest hotel on the island, with over 10,000 beds, and the kind of convention space that only that many rooms could justify. We don't think that even the largest possible Eurocon/NASFiC could exceed the space offered by that hotel — and if it does, there are other facilities on the island which would let us expand the number of beds by at least an additional 30 percent.

In short, should a non-North American bid win the Worldcon in 1998, we would like to offer the choice of a Eurocon/NASFiC that would be a weekend that nobody could ever forget— a convention that would live on in fannish history as a truly memorable experience!

— The Committee for the St. Pierre Eurocon/NASFiC —

## **NASFiC in France**