



Helicon Keeps Taking the Tabloids

69 • Er, What?

The Famous Unfunny Issue

Chris O'Shea II Horror!

It is reported that the chairman of this convention is in fact the notorious Chris "Punslinger" O'Shea II. In a mighty slip by this larger than life fan, he allowed the real Tim Illingworth to reveal himself (oo-er!) during the "If I ruled the Universe..." panel.

He is reported as saying "and I would have got away with it too, if it wasn't for you pesky kids and that nose dog...!"

Ben Yalow's Evil Twin!

In a reporting scoop we can exclusively reveal that Tim Illingworth is in fact Ben Yalow's evil twin. Evidence for this is quite obvious. 1) Both "enjoy" an activity that can best be described as "SMOFing". 2) Both have beautiful flame haired women young enough to be their granddaughters with them (but old enough to buy a round at the bar). 3) They wear exactly opposite clothing (Ben is smartly dressed, wears a tie, possesses a pair of shiny shoes, has a clean shirt and dresses to impress. Tim on the other hand...) 4) Tim wants to run conventions in the US....(think about it)

Who Is This Illingworth Anyway?

Anthropologists revealed today that the "Tim Illingworth" (*Timus Smofficus*) excavated from the ruins of some sort of temple dedicated to the chocolate goddess (*Milka Cadbria* from the pantheon "*Seleksion Bocks*") from a hill fort in St. Helier is an ancient ancestor of our modern tree sloth.

When cornered he would exhibit a rare attack of *Davidicus Langfnord* and become deaf to the phrase "No Tim".

Sex, Lies and Duper Ink.

(We lied about the sex...)

"Oh you horrible little man, don't be nasty to him while he's feeling triumphant." - Notorious female.

"Tim's job is not to predict the next UK Worldcon but to prevent it..."

"Today the universe, tomorrow Milton Keynes... <evil cackle>."

"Steve Green: I'm going to kill the bastard" - well known Mexicon registration desk.

"You'll have to get there first" - well known compiler of SF encyclopaedias.

"Has anyone seen today's Independent, apparently I'm in it, oh, here I am, under Obituaries."

"If we can't think of anything funny, we just mention Tim Illingworth and it gets a laugh" - John Clute

Toady in History

One hundred years ago today, Sgt Pepper taught the band to play.

50 years ago today Tim Illingworth bought a round (apocryphal). Tim Illingworth is 95.

6 months ago today, Octarine come up with original title for convention. 5 months, 30 days, 23 hours, 59.9 minutes ago, they give it up and steal "Inconceivable" instead.

5 minutes ago today, anonymous European fan picked up a copy of *Heligraf von Illingworth* and thought that it had more serious news in it than the daily HELLO!graph.

Obituaries

Steve Green (1937-1993). Well-known libelist and sheep-molester Steve (Mr. Green to his friend) was today killed by a freak accident. A freak dropped a copy of the SF encyclopaedia (£45 from Little, Brown, Jug. Available in all good bookstores) on his head 27 times.

Fortunately it missed his brain by 4 feet, unfortunately it hit him in the mating apparatus and killed him instantly. Terry Pratchett said it was million-to-one odds, so he never stood a chance.

Programme Update

Tomorrow's item on *How to Get Out of Running a WorldCon* has been cancelled.

Art auction, 13 people named Arthur will be sold to raise money for Fans Across The World.

The **Enemies of Foundation** AGM will be held in the Minstrel bar at 6pm (outdoors if wet).

Dave Langford: Justifiably Hungover will be in the bar from 10am today until either he finishes it or it finishes him.

VIVISECTION

The 53rd World NASFiC

a.k.a. GorbalsCon

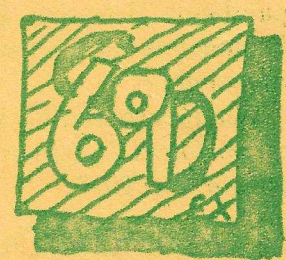
"Putting the Yank back in WorldCon"

Now that Con Francisco have "Built Bridges"
It is time to don your kilt, stroke your sporan
throw your caber over your shoulder
and prepare to repel boarders.

Chair: T. Illingworth

Table: AnyTime, AnyPlace, Martin E.

Unstable: The Worldcon committee



121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, W.Mids B66 4SH

HelioGrafVonIllingworth R101, 12/4/93. Chairman: Dive Longward. Finance: Ernest Saunders. Membership: Marie Celeste. Publicity: Fnord Publications. Admin: Ghengis "Nancy-boy" Khan. Creche, bang, wallop: Stupid-nous Man. Dismembership: Ming the Vase. Hotel Liaison: 1st Tiger Hobbes. Speaker to Mundanes: K'rolyne Mil@fi. Garlic: Press. Magician: The. Ops Shift: Paul, Alex, Chris, Carol, Dave + others to perfidious to mention.

Heliograph

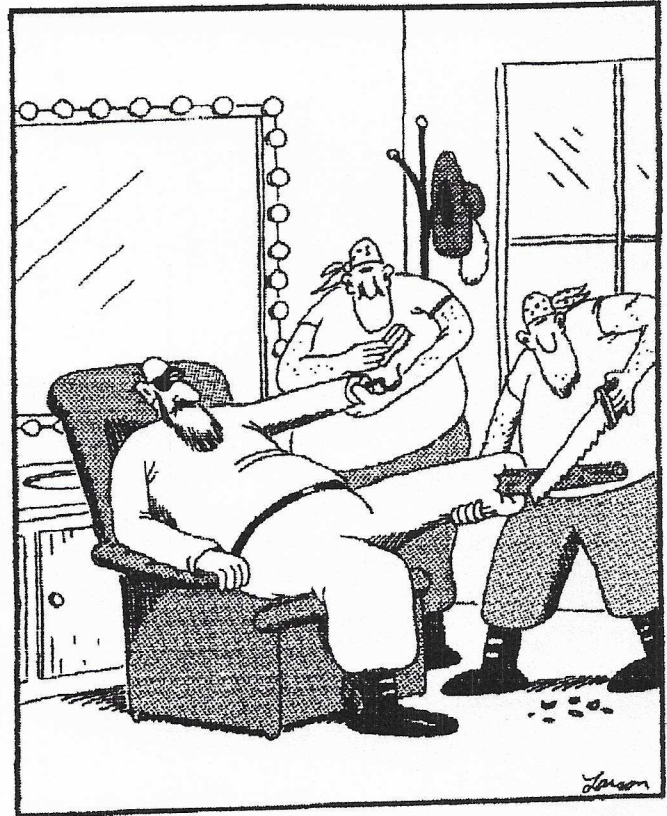
Helicon's Wrapping Paper Undead Dog Bulletin

It is Tuesday, the newsletter office is deserted and the equipment has been packed for its eventual return to the mainland. *Thog the Mighty* has discovered that his transportation (Horde, one, for the use of) has been mis-booked for the previous day and is sharpening his sword. Langford has departed for the mainland to avoid the likely bloodshed, pausing briefly to Blu-Tack™ 5,271,009 copies of the Heliograph Dead Dog Memorandum to various walls. 'Stop that man and nail his feet to the floor' screamed an enraged Martin Easterbrook, engaged in convention poster removal. Too late, the deed was done, and a carefully denuded corridor had been fetchingly redecorated.

Hotel Redecoration: Some fans have had to be moved from the old part of the hotel to the new bit, as it appears that the Hotel painters apply the stuff with hammers, commencing this at 07:00 (accompanied by loud sawing noises and the subsequent discovery of interesting piles of sawdust in the corridors).

A prowling round St. Helier revealed plenty of fans still around, on our return to the hotel, anxious Techies were examining the equipment transport with concern over its ground clearance. Loaded with umpteen pieces of scaffolding, several computers, et cetera, it was looking rather low at the back. 'Maybe it will straighten up when Rob (Meades) gets in' was one thought, but the eventual decision was that they needed to shift the chocolate further forward.

Signs and Portents: Variation on the 'Do not disturb/ Please make up the room' sign. "DO NOT DISTURB Because I definitely do not have 14 people crashing on my floor." Sightings of this reported from the 6th floor of the new bit. (Inconceivable, naturally.)



Pirate Manicure

The cartoon above is dedicated to captain Neal Mittenshaw-Hodge and his ~~seurvy~~ trusty crew.

Still missing: A bunch of 3 locker keys which were taped to one of the duplicator cabinets. Tech have circumvented the problem using Gaffer tape (of course), but if anyone has found them I would like to be able to lock the cabinets up again.

Food Corner: There are no restaurant reports at this time because everyone is still in the restaurant of their choice. (Also, an absence of newsroom - the final wording on the door was 'go away in a huff and never return') so copy is not arriving and the alternative newsroom is operating from a secret location, with the odd bit of boilerplate and Editorial Invention.

Heliograph

Helicon Wrap Up Issue

Embalmed Dog Missive

Time, that non-spatial linear coordinate system, has marched on and it is now Wednesday.

The RSPCA is investigating a suspected case of shark abuse involving the hot tub in the swimming pool, the shark, and several fans.

Booze alert: we have now (Tuesday, 22:30) drunk the hotel out of bitter - it's Lowenbrau (Aaaargh!™) or bottled stuff from now on.

Tonight, 1/2R Cruttenden is throwing another party. It is 4 years since he last threw a party in the de France, and he wishes to commemorate the event. Therefore, at 21:30 in the Minstrel Bar, since we have already had the dead dog party, we will proceed to embalm the dear departed. The usual Government Health Warning has been issued regarding the alcoholic punch - **Beware The Mandarins.**

1/2R is probably one of the few non-Jersiaise legally entitled to sit on the islands Senate - or at least on one of its members, considering where Dereck Carter signed his T-shirt.

Thog Insanely Jealous! More glasses broken last night than in the whole of the convention. Most of the damage caused by a group of 'mundanes' who "dropped" in for a drink.

It is rumoured that there were more wild animals outside the enclosures than inside during today's visit to Jersey Zoo. The gorillas judged that no-one made a perfect score on the jungle gym.

Lonely Hearts Club: Dear Auntie Thog. Young lady with Gaffer Tape ardently seeks union with hairy armed male. (signed) *Exceedingly Weller.*

Further swimming pool fun: *Chris Cooper* borrowed the water pistol from the group in the hot tub and,

having emptied it during testing, refilled it from the cold swimming pool then opened fire on the group in the hot tub.

Food Corner: Central Park, an 'American Style' restaurant refused to serve desserts and coffee (only) to six of us tonight, insisting that we ordered a main course. As they were mostly empty at the time we thought this somewhat bizarre. (No American restaurant would do this.) We ended up at Manhattan (the restaurant, not the island), which looks very unprepossessing from the outside, but served good ice cream and excellent cappuchino. Main courses looked good too. (*Alison Scott*).

BLOAT WARNING: Mino's (Italian) restaurant recommended by 1/2R and Wendy, with a four course set meal for £11 per head; however, first ensure that you can slacken your belt by at least two notches. Also worth a look is Pizza Express, which has some interesting pizza's although having visited the zoo I personally would not have the one that's got the baby octopus listed in its ingredients.

DISCO HORROR: I specifically requested a room in a quiet area of the hotel, and have been given one directly above the Starlight room. This has a glass roof, and the World Book convention that has arrived is running a disco in there. The staff on the desk don't know when it will finish, and I wanted an early night (to go sightseeing early tomorrow). I may actually be going sightseeing back to Birmingham on the first available flight if they don't shut up soon. Complaints to the desk have had no effect, where is *Thog the Mighty* when the newsletter needs him?

That's All Folks. 23:55 Wednesday.

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