

The Debauched Sloth

Issue 1—Friday afternoon—Groggy

Welcome to Corflu UK

We're told that a newsletter is untraditional at a Corflu. If you have a problem with this, just think of it as a series of one-shots. We don't know how many there will be in the series. Three, maybe? At any rate, we're looking for contributions. Bring your fine fanwriting and artwork and find us in the bar.

Issa funny animal, innit?

Actually, it was just that *The Debauched Sloth* was the first title we could all agree on. This is the problem with doing things by Cabal. Rejected titles included *sex*, *lies* and *mimeograph*, *Obliterine* and *The Debauched Gestetner*.

Corflooze Identification Guide



So, how exactly does Sorensen manage to surround himself with beautiful women, anyway?

Test your Trufan Quotient

Endless pages of fanzine articles and Usenet postings are fruitlessly used in trying to determine what makes a trufan. Now, all this pointless speculation can be dispensed with, as we at *The Debauched Sloth* have come up with a definitive test. Simply complete this short questionnaire and follow the scoring instructions, and your exact Trufan Quotient (TQ) will be revealed, guaranteed accurate to $\pm 2\%$ or your money back.

1. Tell us about your last fanzine

- A An amusing little 25,000 word analysis of semiotic differences within 3.14159th Fandom, lovingly mimeoed on toilet paper and circulated to everyone I've ever heard of.
- B Four pages of utter bollocks, photocopied with a delightful 4 degree skew and handed out to the first twenty people unlucky enough to meet me at the Jubilee.
- C Umm, well, actually, that is, I've never seen it as crucially important to actually *publish* a fanzine. You can participate equally well by reading and loccing. Not that I've managed to get round to writing any locs in the past decade or so, but I always *mean* to.

2. What is the greatest level of drunkenness you've ever experienced at a convention?

- A I can't actually remember, but I seem to recall that I woke up naked with the TAFF delegate in the hotel jacuzzi at 5pm the next morning.
- B Once, I got *so* pissed that as a wild and zany stunt I turned round all the "Do not Disturb" signs to say "Please make up room" instead. Daring, eh?
- C Mine's a double pineapple juice, please.

3. What's the biggest convention you've ever run?

- A I once helped out at a hundred person con in a small hotel in the middle of nowhere, but I couldn't handle all the pressure and the responsibility. Never again.
- B I am a clone of Pat McMurray.
- C I've run seven Worldcons and I'm trying to organise two bids, but it's difficult to run them from the secure ward.

4. What do you think of Ian Sorensen?

- A He's a good chap who's done a lot for British fandom. I'm enjoying this convention, and it wouldn't have happened without him. Even *Conrunner* was good for a giggle occasionally.
- B With his evil tentacles infiltrating every aspect of British fandom, he has already seemingly come back from the dead several times. The only way to be sure is to drive a Gestetner crank through his heart and bury him under the entire print run of *Warhoon 28*.
- C I *am* Ian Sorensen, and I don't think this question is funny. You're all fired.

5. Where do you live?

- A Leeds
- B Croydon
- C Rest of the World

6. What do you think of modern SF?

- A I haven't got the faintest idea; I've not read any SF since 1967.
- B It's all bloody *Star Trek* tie-ins and twee fantasy trilogies. There hasn't been any decent SF published since 1967, and I don't know why I bother.
- C There's never been so much good SF, what with Kim Stanley Robinson, Vernor Vinge, Steven Baxter, Greg Egan, Walter Jon Williams and many many more, all at the peak of their careers.

7. What's your favourite IKEA story?

- A Well, there was the time we ordered moose in the bistro but they only had elk, and by the time we'd realised that elk is the English name for *Alces alces*, which Americans call moose, so they're really the same thing, they'd already closed, and we couldn't get the flatpack furniture we wanted and had to come back on the Bank Holiday Monday, and you *know* what IKEA's like on Bank Holidays....
- B Did I mention when we set out for IKEA for the first time, only to realise that we'd no idea where it actually was, and we ended up circling the M25 three times until I had the bright idea of following the next Volvo we saw, and sure

enough it took us straight to Brent Cross where we filled the whole car up with flatpack furniture, so I had to get the bus home as there was no room on the passenger seat?

C I wouldn't be seen dead in IKEA.

8. What's your proudest fannish achievement?

A Greg Pickersgill once referred to my fanzine as "A pile of shit." He didn't call it a *steaming* pile of shit, so he must have loved it. It's not every day you get an accolade like that.

B Being invited to be guest of honour at the annual British filk convention.

C Chairing the next British Worldcon.

9. What's your favourite means of reproduction?

A Mimeo

B Docutech

C Sex

10. Have you actually got as far as question 10?

A What if I have? I suppose you're going to claim that I'm anal-retentive or something. I warn you, I'll be adding my score up carefully, and you'll be hearing from me if the final answer is wrong.

B No, honestly, I just skipped to the end after reading the first couple of questions.

C No, I'm not reading this question, so I really don't know why you're wasting your time.

Scoring

1. A=10, B=10, C=10 (An easy one to start you off)
2. A=10, B=0 (If you're going to do it, do it to excess), C=2 (At least you're not pretending to have a life)
3. A=10, B=0, C=2 (See comment on 2B)
4. A=0 (You've got to be kidding), B=10 (There's a lot to be said for this approach), C=5 (You're probably lying, but we give points for that)
5. A=8 (A bit passé, isn't it?), B=10 (But of course), C=0
6. A=10 (Very fannish), B=5 (Well, why *do* you bother?), C=0 (You don't mean you still *read* that Buck Rogers stuff?)
7. A=15 (Bonus points for mentioning moose as well), B=10 (There's an IKEA in Croydon, you know), C=0 (Not keeping up with the fannish *zeitgeist*, are we?)
8. A=10 (Nothing more fannish than being insulted by Greg), B=-10 (A filker! A filker! Who let *him* in here?), C=0 (And please report to Room 101, where we have a surprise waiting for you)
9. A=6 (Very fannish, but a bit retro), B=10 (Superfluous technology at its best), C=0 (Serves you right for being a smartarse)
10. A=0, B=0 (A likely story), C=nine billion (Warning: anyone claiming a score of nine billion or more points will be engaged in a lengthy discussion of paradoxes by Dr Plokta. Now, I know what you're thinking, punk. You're thinking 'Is the Axiom of Choice applicable in this situation?'. To tell you the truth, I forgot myself in all this excitement. But being this is Zermelo-Fraenkel set theory, the most powerful predicate calculus in the world, and will blow your arguments clean away, you've gotta ask yourself a question: 'Do I feel Hausdorff-compact?' Well do you, punk?)

Your rating:

- 0-20 Are you sure you're in the right place? The Leeds, Bradford and Purley Worshipful Order of Optometrists' Annual Conference and Knees-Up is *next* weekend.
- 21-40 You are in danger of being taken for a Trekkie.
- 41-60 Some day, we'll let you staple a few copies of *Plokta*, for the good of your soul.
- 61-80 Have you considered standing for TAFF?
- 81-95 You are at the peak of your fannish career. Yes, this is as good as it gets.
- 96-100 You must have cheated, as you can't score any points on question 10. This means you are a Trufan indeed.
- 9,000,000,000+ Dr Plokta would like a word with you afterwards.

— Mike Scott

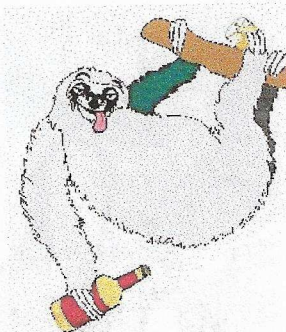
Outrageous Plug

One of the other things that the *Plokta* cabal will be doing this weekend is running the fan fund auction. Please give us anything which you have to sell, and then come along and bid enormous amounts of money for exciting and unique items. And, of course, useless old tat.

Separated At Birth



A sloth debauched



Winner of the Channel Islands Award for Exports

A reader writes: I was struck by the uncanny resemblance between the debauched sloth and our own dear Tobes. Could they, by any chance, be as pissed as the proverbial sailor?

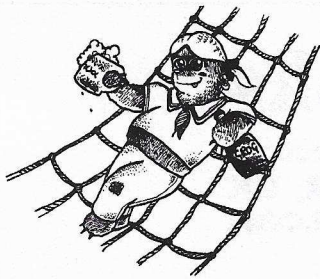
Who is Dr Plokta anyway?

That's a good question. If you come and find us (bringing your slothy contributions) in the bar, then you can have a copy of the latest issue of *Plokta*, the award winning¹ fanzine. But let's face it, if you're reading this, there's a better than 90% chance you're on our mailing list already.

This has been Issue 1 of *The Debauched Sloth*, a newsletter (or, if you prefer, a series of one-shots) produced for *Corflu UK*. Sleepy editors were Alison Scott (two-toed), Steve Davies (three-toed), Mike Scott (piebald). Sloth on the masthead by Sue Mason, sloth separated at birth from Tobes by Jane Skinner. There will be more *Sloths*, contributions gratefully received, particularly your letters of comment, photos and art.

¹This is technically a lie, as *Plokta* has never won any award of any kind whatsoever. But we're not bitter! No sirree!

The Debauched Sloth is a **Plokta Enterprises** production.



The Debauched Sloth

Issue 2—Saturday Afternoon—Sir John Dallman Memorial Issue—Squiffy

Now in Glorious Black & White

Well, colour was nice, but (as some of you guessed) was achieved by printing the issue Very Very slowly at home over the preceding two months before coming up to Leeds. So I'm afraid you now have to put up with boring black & white for the rest of the weekend. But didn't that photo of the committee look good in colour? Ian Sorensen asked "Why is my head so swollen?" Well, we've been wondering that for a long time, Ian.

Programme Changes

The Drugs panel has been postponed from Friday night until Saturday lunchtime. Apparently it will replace the proposed panel on *British Bulldog vs American Pie*, which Christina described as "quite boring actually". She also mentioned that Maureen would be miserable if she couldn't be on a panel, so they would add her to the drugs panel. Suggestions that Maureen's main recreational drug is huffing Congressional Blue have been vigorously denied.



Christina reflecting that this is the last time she's going to ask us to print a programme change.

Those Pub Quiz Answers in Full

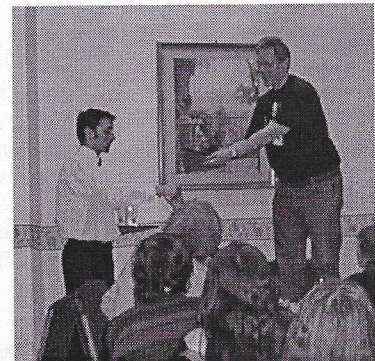
We know you're all agog to hear the answers from the Pub Quiz. The American car that turned out to mean "tiny little genitals" in Brazil was the Cadillac Sorensen. The Japanese word "sumo" means "fulthy pro". The Shakespearean quote IMBTFOLPO expands as "I may be the father of Lilian's pending offspring". The third most hit website in the world is the Naomi webcam (interestingly, the third *least* hit website in the world is the Siddall webcam). And finally, the biggest makeup job in the history of Science Fiction was William Shatner's toupee in *Star Trek: Generations*.

Staple Shock Horror!

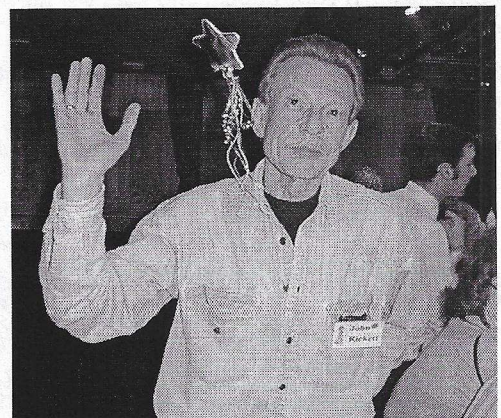
As a tribute to Sir John Dallman (RIP) this issue has two columns and three staples. Sadly, Dr Plokta failed to bring his electronic stapler with him. Nevertheless, those of you who thought there was nothing left to argue about in the staple world were wrong.

Greg the Lager Fairy

We were delighted to discover that our drinks orders are being fetched from upstairs by the delightful Greg. Shortly returned from a successful season as a Chippendale, Greg is now reduced to delivering the wide range of drinks available from the Griffin Bar. Sadly, none of these is beer. Greg also paid his dues to fandom by picking the Corflu UK Guest of Honour out of the hat.



The highly decorative Greg picks out John D Rickett



John D Rickett meets his adoring fans

Come Come Come

75 of an expected 98 attending members were present last night. The remaining 23 are believed to be still circling the Leeds one-way system trying to follow Ian Sorensen's directions.



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"Hellfire," rasped Covenant, argutely, as he realised the Raver's nefarious plan. The white gold ring on the remaining claw on his right paw blazed with ~~lambic~~ ~~Lambeth~~ lambent silver fire, (as did his Lone Star State belt buckle). Clenching his limbs tightly to himself, he clenched into a ball, and rolled downhill. Gelid, horribly like a young armadillo, the visage of the faceless porcupines was horribly preterite.

Just then a Cadillac Sorensen came along and ran him over.

Shopping in Leeds

Well, there's lots of it. Brian Ameringen of Porcupine Books tells us that the only second hand bookshop in central Leeds is Mr Miles at 12 Great George Street, and that if you'd like to visit, he's having his half-price closing down sale. Meanwhile, Anne the Red Wine Fairy recommends Harvey Nicks, who are not noticeably having half-price anything. Paul & Maureen walked a long way to visit "scifi and comics" specialist bookshop *Space Odyssey*, only to discover that the only SF it sells is *Star Wars* & *Star Trek* tie-ins. Sue and Giulia, meanwhile, recommend all the shops under the arches, where you can buy beads, jewellery, peacock's feathers and beer.

Overheard in the Bar

"My other half has gone to bed, and she's got the key... and I have absolutely no idea what my room number is."

"Is there any significance in the fact that the PR contained 'Directions from Ian Sorensen'?"

"I'm the only person on Jersey who has any idea what IKEA is."



The man who asked the Plokta cabal if they had a pen and paper

Opening Ceremony Report

Pert, pouting committee member Lilian Edwards (19) was not in evidence at the opening ceremony. "She's shagging" came the cry from the audience. This suspicion gained added credence when a smug Lilian arrived shortly afterwards, closely followed by a knackered-looking Michael Abbott.

Crass Commercial Announcements

Dave Langford is still trying to give away *Ansible* 128 (March) —accost him if you haven't had one.

TAFF Report—Ken Bulmer's 1955 TAFF report, collected in one plush volume, is available this weekend (for the first time ever at a convention). Stocks are going fast—wave £5 at Dave Langford before it's too late. [*The Debauched Sloth* estimates it will be too late by 2023—act now!]

Creative Artist sought to sculpt Official TAFF Delegate Headgear, consisting of a hollowed-out swede decorated with Viking horns.

—Anon

Tobes is just Gamma for the Nineties

Corrections to the Mailing List

Marianne Cain, 42 Tower Hamlets Road, Walthamstow, London, E17 4RH, marianne@fuggles.demon.co.uk

Doug Faunt, 6405 Regent St., Oakland, CA 94618-1313, USA faunt@netcom.com
George Flynn, PO Box 426069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, USA, g.flynn2@genie.com

Naomi Saunders, 1 San Remo Road, Aspley Guise, Milton Keynes, MK17 8JY 01908 586698

Michael Abbott would also like to point out that the email address given for him is wrong, but that he doesn't want rirraff like you to email him anyway.

This has been Issue 2 of *The Debauched Sloth*, a newsletter (or, if you prefer, a series of one-shots) produced for *Corflu UK*. Perpetrators were Victor "two zeds" Gonzalez (Staff Photographer), Michael "two teas" Abbott (a leprous armadillo), Dave "two ells" Llangford (a Non), Dave "too too" Hicks (lightning cartoonist), Marianne "two goos" Cain, Alison "two pints" Scott, "Steve "two Ethernet hubs" Davies & Mike "two identities" Scott

No-slugging disclaimer: None of the editors have been slugged off in this fanzine.

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The Debauched Sloth

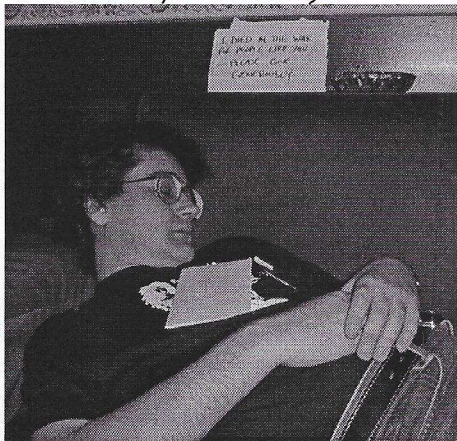
Issue 3—Sunday Brunch—The Sunday Sport—Nissed

Lifted and Separated at Birth



Accountancy Age Page 3 Stunna Naomi Saunders (19), shows off her tangible assets. Naomi is an accomplished hostess, party animal, and anti-gravity researcher.

Help the Aged



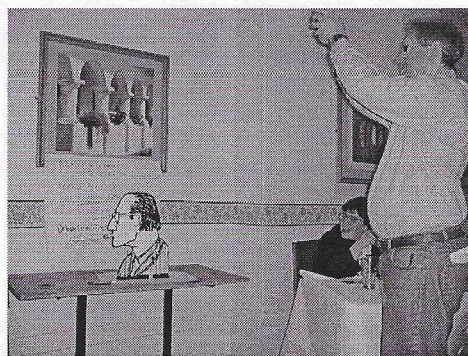
Martin Smith creating his own corner of Cardboard City in the Griffin Bar, and amply demonstrating why he is known as "A Tobes for the Eighties." Remember, folks, this is the original Croydon Fan.

Puffin



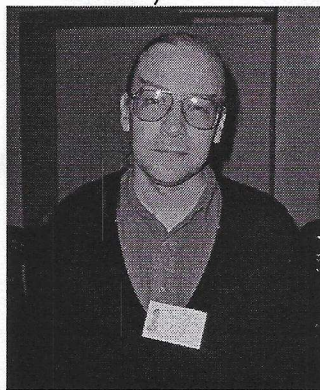
"Actually, we're not any sort of seabird whatsoever", insisted Claire and Mark

EB Frohvet Unmasked

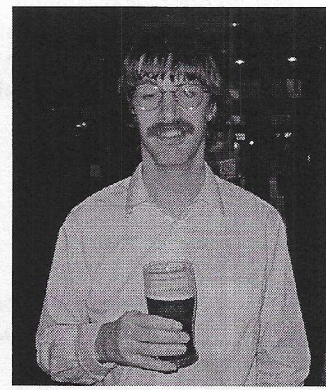


The audience at *Shooting Stars* were shocked to discover the secret identity of mild-mannered EB Frohvet. Ian Sorensen, captain of the victorious British team, proved that the reclusive American fanned is in real life the reclusive Don West.

Separated at Birth (2)



Mike Ford



Mike Ford

A mathematically minded reader writes "Did you know that at any convention with more than 75 members, there is a better than 50% chance that two of the members have exactly the same name. Normally, of course, the name is Robert Sneddon. I wonder if, by any chance, they could be inbred?" Mr Sneddon was unavailable for comment.

Twitchers

Whammy Jezail informs us that the raucous cries of mating cormorants could be clearly heard in one of the Griffin's corridors at about 7am this morning. The noises went on for some considerable time, and provided plenty of opportunity for keen nature lovers to observe the rare birds. Afterwards, there appeared to have been eggs laid in a paper bag. Allegations that this was in fact a Common Shag have been vigorously denied confirmed invented.

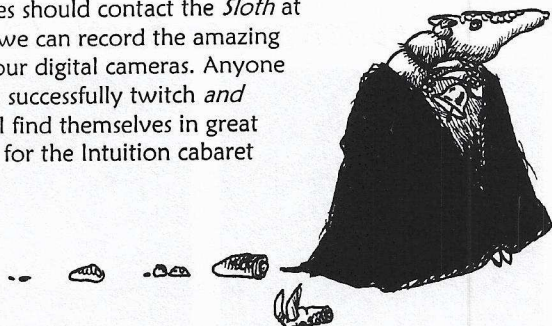
The Andrews Sisters



Party girls Christina "Doesn't look a day over 30" Lake, Lilian "No, it's not an American accent" Edwards and Naomi "Unicorn & Cameleopard" Saunders demonstrate the gentle art of drinking several gallons of punch at Christina's birthday party.

Twitchers (2)

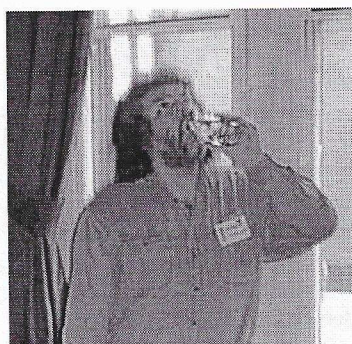
Did you notice anybody staring vacantly into space at breakfast this morning? Claire Brialey tells us that the latest occupation among bored fans is attempting to twitch their testicles—or, for those not equipped for this, twirling their breasts in opposite directions simultaneously. This involves complex consideration of human musculature and the complete ignorance of Pat McMurray. Anyone succeeding in either of these two physical challenges should contact the *Sloth* at once so we can record the amazing feat on our digital cameras. Anyone who can successfully twitch *and* twirl will find themselves in great demand for the Intuition cabaret night.



Thomas Covenant wonders whether he can twitch his remaining testicle

Pickersgill Drinks Soft Drink!

Star item in the auction was a bottle of *Orbit*, an almost unimaginably vile American drink with the taste and texture of bubble gum. Full of small red and white floating globules, this pop is a cross between a snowstorm paperweight and a pint of antifreeze. The audience had a whip-round and Greg swallowed it in one.



"It's the strangest thing I've ever had in my mouth, and that includes Caroline Mullan's foot."

unpaid Advertisement from Mean Bugger (2)

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Let's Do the Time Warp Again



"I'm in Leeds, I'm at a convention, and Anal Dorey has just given me a copy of *Gross Encounters*. It's 1985 and I'm at *Yorcon III*"—Julian Headlong. This means that we still have four months left to scupper the Conspiracy bid. Avedon Carol was unavailable for comment.

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This issue was produced in a tearing hurry by paparazzi Cheryl Morgan, Mike Scott and Steve Davies, hacks Alison Scott and Mike Scott, leprous artist and D West impersonator Sue Mason, babysitters Steven Cain and Giulia de Cesare, problem child Marianne Cain and Blast from the Past Gil Gaier.



Sloths hard at work on issue 2

We were all inspired by **Naomi's Dress**.

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