

RUDE BITCH, a dykey little fanzine in the small-but-dangerous tradition, is published by man-hating killer shark-women Lucy Huntzinger and Avedon Carol at 4409 Woodfield Road, Kensington, MD 20895 USA, Coast-to-Coast Castrator Conspiracy, to terrorize fandom and prove that all the nasty things They say about us are True; and of course to mention Rich Coad because the poor dear thing thrives on it so. Quacking Foreigner #10, Silver Dagger Publication #112, October 1983. QWERTYUIOPress, natch. Produced in honor of Diana & Kev's wedding, no doubt occurring at this very moment. Copyright (c) 1983 by Avedon Carol and Lucy Huntzinger. Available by editorial whim only. God Save The Kinks.

"Well, Lucy, now's our big chance. We know what they all think about us. They think we're a couple of ball-breakers who really hate men. Right now, Ted White is sitting in Falls Church, knowing that you and I are out here together, and *he's worried*. He just knows we're up here *man-hating*."

"Right, Avedon. How would they know that we really like men? They just don't understand that we sit around discussing complimentary things about men like, you know, *penis size*. Certainly that's a subject I'm vitally interested in."

"Yeah. Like that guy I pointed out to you at Worldcon. He's got a really *thick* cock."

"But according to the chart, he's only got a 69% rating. He may look good, but maybe he doesn't know what to do with it."

"Well, I dunno. The chart is just based on averages and all that. Maybe he had a bad night or two and it lowered his rating. I mean, I've heard some good stuff about him, too."

"Look, Avedon, we established the chart so we could do away with that word-of-mouth shit. We want a totally reliable system of knowing before the fact whether it's gonna be worth the effort."

"Speaking of ratings, have you seen the latest list? I've got it right here. I can think of one or two guys who'd really be embarrassed... Did you see this? I mean, look who thinks he's the toast of fandom and gets only a 32. A *thirty-two*!"

"Sure. And that guy in the Midwest--did you see the comments on his rating cards? Can't get it up if there's only one other person there? Can you believe it? That's the kind of thing I want to know about before I waste a precious night of my convention with a twerp like that."

"Yeah. And look at this card here. Somebody really loved *this* guy. Look... 'his cock is so bent that it still hurts the next day.' I think I'll skip *him*."

"I'm glad we added the special Foreign Fandom section. Certainly, if we're gonna spend all that money to go to a foreign con, we want to know there's gonna be someone there worth chatting up. Thank god for the Women's Periodical."

"Sure, it worked for me. The whole Women's Periodical made a point of filling out their cards and sending them to me just before my TAFF trip so I'd be ready. Here, look at this one--'Bigger than Rob Holdstock...and he's *no* virgin.'"

"I can't wait to meet number 375--he's got the highest rating in all of British fandom. And look at some of these juicy comments: 'The Eiffel Tower' 'An all-night love machine.'"

"Oh wow, I hadn't noticed that. Gee, the only guy in America who has a higher rating than that lives on the West Coast. Speaking of whom--I notice you didn't give a rating for him. You haven't checked him out yet?"

"Mah, so many women have checked the charts that there's a waiting line.

"Shit, Lucy, you're an administrator of this fucking chart--you oughta get dibs on the good ones."

"No, c'mon Avedon. We wanted to be wholly democratic about this. This is a service for all of fandom. After all, fandom is a meritocracy."

"Right, that must be true--I read it in a fanzine."

"Charles Platt is living lightly on the Earth."

A PARTY AT DAN AND LYNN'S With Martin in the room, it was difficult to have an in-depth conversation, but Teresa made the universal women's sign for "How's your love life?" Lucy lit a cigarette and pretended to wave the smoke away, signalling, "Let me tell you about the last guy I fucked." Sitting back tiredly against the sofa ("He couldn't get it up..."), she inhaled deeply and tilted her cigarette upward before her mouth, blowing the smoke over the upraised lighted end ("...unless I was wearing a wimple."). Teresa smiled and flicked an imaginary ash off her knee. The women in the room nodded agreement. Chris toyed with her left earring ("Sounds like someone I know") and Lynn readjusted her wedding ring ("That's why I got married.").

Some of the men were in the next room killing something, and the masculine cries of the hunt would have drowned out an oral conversation. Teresa rolled her eyes in that direction and tugged at her nylons. Lucy laughed her coded agreement that men can't talk anyway.

A fervent discussion ensued of the relative merits of respective boyfriends. Chris brushed her hair out of her eyes in a circular motion. Lynn licked her lips and crossed her arms slowly. Avedon tapped the filter of a fresh cigarette on the table ("I'm looking for some fresh meat."). Lucy suggested #375 or #27, knowing Avedon's tastes. Lynn smoothed her skirt three times ("I thought you liked the one I found for you."). Avedon pulled her jacket tighter around her shoulders and scratched her right knee with her left hand ("Nice body, too mundane"). Teresa adjusted the strap of her dress, asking Lucy if she was still with what's-his-name. Lucy pushed her glasses up ("No, he's gone Gafia...") and smoothed back her hair twice ("...I'm going to try #27 if Avedon doesn't grab him."), just as the bee-killing party returned and Ted began showing off his battle scars.

We rejoined their conversation. Martin had never noticed a thing.

"I just assumed he was white because you kept calling him Spade."

"So Lucy, how do you think Joy Hibbert is going to take this fanzine?"

"She's gonna love it. She really goes for this feminist stuff. And we're more More-Feminist-Than-Thou than almost anyone. I wonder how Rich Coad will take it."

"You just said that as an excuse to mention Rich Coad, I know *you*."

"Of course. We *said* we were going to mention him, didn't we? Anyway, do you think he'll mind being mentioned a lot in a dyke fanzine like this?"

"He'll love it. He loves to be mentioned. But do you think we're worrying everyone else enough? I mean, is Mike Glicksohn grabbing his balls as he reads this?"

"No, but I'll bet John Alderson is."

"Oh god, I hope so. But he's *easy*. I want us to be the American equivalent of Roy Kettle. After all, I have a nasty reputation to uphold, and you're trying to build one."

"Let's go after Larry Carmody. He's a Man's man. He's a *sports* reporter. And he's the token male in the Gang of Four."

"Yeah, and what about Bill Gibson? We ought to tell people that he just writes urban science fiction for people who don't go out much. What a wimp. Here he's got this reputation as Mr. Future, and then he shows up at Constellation in plaid polyester pants. Gross!"

"How about those violent orange-and-purple Hawaiian shirts Dan Steffan wears? What a clothes horse--Halston, move over!"

"Ooh, and Moshe Feder. Such a macho dude. He's so busy showing off his rippling muscles that he can't get his column out for *Raffles*."

"You think he'll review *our* fanzine?"

"Sure. This is just the stimulus he needs to get to the typer."

"Maybe he should move to Seattle and give Gary Farber some competition."

"It's too bad there aren't more gay men in fandom. You know, someone we can really *talk* to."

"Yeah, they're more like *us*. Except for David Gerrold, who isn't like *anybody*."

"You never know, maybe he's like Richard Bergeron. Maybe he *is* Richard Bergeron. After all, have you ever seen them together?"

"I've never seen David Gerrold together. Anyway, who cares about *him*. What I want to know is, is Jerry Kaufman gonna be insulted by this fanzine?"

"Haven't we insulted everyone yet? Gee, I wish Suzle was here. Not many people know it, but Suzle is the person behind all those "Joe Wesson" articles. Boy, she can really get her licks in, can't she?"

"Sure, she's my idol. I want to grow up to be Big and Mean like Suzanne Tompkins."

"I thought you wanted to grow up to be Alina Chu, Lucy."

"I don't think it's possible for anyone from the West Coast to be truly vicious. They feed us Mellow Pills, you know."

"That explains John Berry. I got a letter from him that was so mellow I had to take three bong hits before I could understand it."

"I had to take three hits of *speed* before I could understand the letter I got from Steve Bieler."

"That's just an excuse you use to get cranked up. I know what a *doper* you are. You have nice teeth *now*, but just keep that shit up and see what happens."

"I wanna see *your* teeth after the 800th gallon of Coke you drink."

"Boy, you *are* a rude bitch."

How many Polish popes does it take to unscrew a pregnant woman?

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CASTRATION We're staying home to watch Game Four of the World Series and finish the second half of this fanzine.

In the middle of the sixth inning with Baltimore leading (dammit) we stopped to discuss castration. We thought it would be an appropriate subject for this fanzine because men worry about it a lot. Many men, for example, have been writing to Jean Weber to tell her how frightened they are of it. We think this is pretty funny, at least partly because men are in little danger of being castrated (look, just don't wave it around in my face, and I'll hardly even think about it)--but mostly because when men say "castration" they're talking about something else entirely. They're speaking, of course, about having their (gasp) penis hacked off.

Castration, as one or two of you may remember, refers to the removal of the testes. The balls. As in, "He's really got *balls*." You've probably heard about those guys in the Vienna Boys choir who got cut so they could be sopranos forever. If you have even a vague understanding of anatomy, it has probably already occurred to you that you don't need to cut more than the gonads to get these vocal "benefits". You might also know about eunuchs, who were often known as great lovers. No one cared if eunuchs could fuck. Whose baby it was--that's what they worried about. So castration--which does not necessarily impair sexual function--isn't that much of a big deal. It better *not* be--because millions of women have experienced the corresponding (that is, the equivalent) operation in modern western society. Radical hysterectomy, which includes the removal of the ovaries (ovarectomy), is performed with appalling frequency in western hospitals (often when it is unnecessary). Penectomy, on the other hand--which is no doubt what you *thought* you were referring to when you last said "castration"--is very rarely performed at all, and then only when the physician feels the patient will die otherwise. As someone else once said, "There is no hyster or ovary important enough to save; no penis or testicle unimportant enough to sacrifice." Men in other words, may have the *anxiety* over castration, but women are the ones who actually *get* castrated.

Are you boys through playing doctor now?

Have you ever noticed that non-feminists have no sense of humor?

PC LINGERIE "The party is only two weeks away and I don't have a *thing* to wear, Avedon. I'll be so embarrassed if I have to wear that tatty little camisole again. *Everyone's* seen it."

"You're such a slut, Lucy. Who cares if Falls Church fandom has seen that old thing? Anyways, if you want you can borrow my purple babydoll PJs. Only five guys have seen them and none of those people will be at the party."

"Oh, gosh, Avedon...you're a dream! It's really important to me to look my best at this party. Who knows, maybe Lou Stathis will come down and sweep me off my feet and carry me back to New York with him."

"Fat chance. What do you want with Lou, anyhow? Those New York boys are too tough for you. I'd have thought you'd be more interested in someone like Taral. You know, a fellow sensitive artist and all that."

"Avedon! How can you even *mention* him to me?! You *know* I don't go for anyone who wears a larger dress size than I do. And anyhow, Taral's very sweet but I prefer the *butch* type. Maybe Teresa Nielsen Hayden will run off with David Stever and I can steal Patrick at last."

"Why don't you steal David Stever?"

"Oh, please. I don't even *know* him. Besides, if I'm going to go after anyone in MnStPf, I'd prefer Joe Wesson. He's such a hunky beast."

"What difference does it make? None of those people will be at the party, Lucy. You're just going to have to content yourself with captivating Charles Sheffield. Unless Terry Hughes actually comes out of his cave for this bash."

"Well, I want to know what you're going to wear. After all, it'd be dreadfully *gauche* to show up wearing the same thing. I would *die*."

"I daresay you would, yes. Let's see, I could wear my black lace peignoir with the crotchless panties. Lord knows that's more than I wear at home. Or maybe I could go all the way and wear the black garter belt and my seamed black stockings...it went over big at the WSFA meeting."

"Ooh, yes, do wear the stockings. They're so *you*. And maybe the little hat with the veil. I just know Princess *Di* has one like it."

"I dunno, those spots really affect my vision after a while. Anyway, I may wear my lavender satin gown instead. I love the slinky way it clings to my body. And it goes all the way to the floor so I won't need to wear underwear."

"Gee, I sure wish I'd thought to bring some of my own collection with me from California. I didn't think I'd need it out here, so I left it all with Rich Coad. I figured *somebody* ought to get some use out of it."

"It just goes to show, Lucy, you never can tell when you'll need a negligee or two. Rich *Coad*? You left your lingerie with that...that...that Ratfan? He'll probably wear his Melly Boots with the silk nightie and rip the shit out of it."

"He wouldn't dare! And in any case, Stacy wouldn't let him. *She* has excellent fashion sense. That's why he married her."

"I thought it was because she had all the monster movie posters that he'd been looking for."

"Ah, that too."

"Well, one thing you can say for Rich...you can mention him in almost *any* context. I wonder why people don't do it more often..."

"Watch out, Judith Hanna will get on our cases for having 114 significant references to the past."

"No, no. 114 significant references to Rich Coad."

"Same thing, innit?"

I only do violence with my tongue.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TITS It's such a drag to have big tits. If the magazines are to be believed, being stacked is your ticket to health, happiness, and husband. In reality, it mostly means that dresses don't fit, creeps yell at you in the streets, and it's damned near impossible to exercise strenuously without hurting yourself. It's really repulsive to find that your body evokes maternal imagery for men of all ages, when those feelings don't exist for you. Taking an overgrown two-year-old as a lover has zero erotic appeal, yet an overabundance of chest fat seems to bring out the child in otherwise "mature" American males. It's awfully hard to live with the fact that for the rest of your adult life men will talk to you without looking you in the eye. People tend to treat a woman with large breasts as though she were less intelligent than a less *saftig* person. American tv reinforces this imagery with every new sitcom and soap opera. Female executives are advised to wear strictly tailored clothes because, as everyone knows, the male executives will lose all control at the sight of all those feminine curves.

Women are not sympathetic to big-breasted women, either. They complain about their comparatively small size and sigh "you're so lucky..." Is it luck to have a part of your body so objectified that your personality, needs, and interests are secondary (if they're important at all)?

Men are attracted to virtually every kind of woman so big breasts shouldn't seem to be any advantage. The disadvantages, on the other hand, are many. Clothing designed for other women looks ridiculous on you, stretching in places that weren't meant to stretch. The clothing designed for the "larger" woman falls into two categories: Frederick's of Hollywood and Circus Tent. If it's tailored to fit it draws the eye to your chest; if it's designed to minimize it billows out at the waist, giving the impression of advanced pregnancy. You have a choice between looking like a tramp and looking like a slob.

In hot weather dressing for comfort is a dangerous, if not impossible, proposition. Do you wear that halter top out of the house, leaving yourself vulnerable to the men on the street who behave as though you wore it for their benefit, or do you cover up in unseasonable outfits and curse the creeps who won't let you walk by in a normal manner? Either choice is unsatisfactory and tends to leave you feeling unhappy about your body.

Now, ask us again why we have such an attitude about men.

THUMBING THROUGH THE TAFF PHOTOS "D. West looks like an emaciated Rutger Hauer. And Rob Hansen seems to be drinking in all these pictures. *Everybody* seems to be drinking in all these pictures."

"And just think, Lucy, you'll be the first American in years to go over there and drink *with* them. Did you notice how pretty Joe Nicholas is? Even D. West agrees."

"I don't know, those sideburns have to go. So, you say Jimmy Robertson's a really nice guy, huh? I like his pictures--he's got *short* hair."

"Yeah, he's a sweetheart. Even though I prefer longer hair. But wasn't it great of him to remember to send me tapes of that fanzine article?"

"Absolutely. Those tapes saved my life. Thank god we didn't have to listen to *your* record collection while we typed this fanzine."

"You leave my record collection alone. It's the music of my lost youth. I like that stuff."

"You know, for a guy who gave you a hard time about your ancient musical tastes, Pete Lyon sure dresses like an aging hippie."

"You mean the striped sweater over the plaid shirt? Yeah, he's a real snappy dresser. I think he'd look alright in some real clothes, though."

"He could take lessons from Graham Charnock. That hat with the deely-bobbers is so *eighties*, man. All the Valleygirls have one. Actually, I'm a little concerned with the way everyone in here is dressed. Why does everyone but Malcolm Edwards wear two or three sweaters?"

"Because everyone else in Britain keeps their home at 12 degrees. It's fucking *cold* there. I had to sleep in my socks."

"Mmm. Dave Langford appears to be wearing a *leisure suit*. Is this normal?"

"Hey, Dave Langford is a tasteful guy. Look at the suave way he has his hand cupped behind his ear in every picture. Makes him look distinguished, no?"

"No. It makes him look like a spy. Ah, here's the fabulous Linda Pickersgill! She's the only woman not wearing a dress."

"Besides me. We're so *American*. Graham James is cute, see? I thought he was the best looking guy I saw in Britain."

"Looks like he's toying with D. West's hair in this picture. Was he?"

"Ah, but don't we all toy with D. West? Actually, we mustn't cast such aspersions. He's just a nice, straight guy, Don is. Graham I don't know about..."

"Who are these two people under the giant hats? They look interesting."

"Oh yes, Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake. I didn't have much chance to talk to them but they seemed pretty likable. There was some amusing stuff in the fanzine they gave me."

"You know, Avedon, I kind of expected Phil Palmer to look radical, but he looks just like everyone else."

"Don't worry, Lucy, his fanzine isn't like everyone else's. You think he likes older men? I know a guy who really *relates* to the Youth Culture."

"Yeah, he's been trying to relate to *me*. And I didn't even *know* I was the Youth Culture. When do you suppose Chris Evans' youth occurred?"

"Hey, c'mon, Chris is a nice healthy-looking guy. You think everyone with a receding hairline is ancient. Darroll Pardoe isn't any younger."

"At least Darroll has long hair."

"I thought you liked *short* hair."

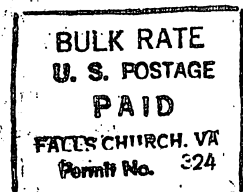
"I make an exception for him. It makes him look terribly leonine. What's this?"

"Here, Judith Hanna is wearing pants. She must be one of *us*. A killer shark-woman. Actually, even though Hazel Langford and Cuddly Eve Harvey are wearing dresses they can be real killer shark-women, too. Just quieter about it. Sometimes. And remember, Anne-Laurie Logan wears a skirt."

"Don't care. You'll never get me into a dress, especially in *that* weather. Even so, I'm convinced. I want to go to England and meet these people."

"Hey, wait for me!"

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