



HANSEN '84---



DEAR RUDE BITCH is published by the Coast-to-Coast-to-Coast Castrator Conspiracy and Consciousness Crashing Road Show, a.k.a. Lucy "I'm so white" Huntzinger and Avedon "Embezzle Funds" Carol from all over London or LH.c/o Floyd at 2739 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA, 94110 or AC at 4409 Woodfield Rd., Kensington MD, 20895, U.S.A. as a continuing one-shot to publicly expose the shocking ball-grabbing response of all those sensitive men in fandom. Cover by Rob Hansen, Back Cover by Jeanne Bowman, blood, sweat, and tears by Pickersgills, Langfords, Hansen, and members of the Women's Periodical. Typed to the never-ending strains of Relax by Frankie Goes To Hollywood which Avedon is sick of already. Summer of 1984 (the Plutonium Age of Fandom). Copyright (c) 1984 by Avedon Carol and Lucy Huntzinger. All rights revert to the contributors. Silver Dagger/ Skullfuck.. God Save The Kinks.

LOOK, WE'RE ONLY DOING THIS TO PRINT THE LETTERS SO IF YOU EXPECT AN INTRO, FORGET IT

ALAN RB made her appearance in my mailbox yesterday. I was quite pleased. It
BOSTICK ought to drive crazy those people who can't stand reading things about
The Good Old Days of Yore. It read so much like one of those fanzines
from the golden age that it brought a tear of nostalgia to my eye. No, I'm not
thinking about Sixth Fandom, or even Towner Hall. I'm thinking of those fabulous,
halcyon years of 1977 and 1978. Do you remember those days? Do you remember when
Seattle was the fannish mecca of the Seventies? When A WOMEN'S APA had men in it?
When East Lansing was such a tumultuous source of apazines? When DNQ was the focal
point of fandom? Do you remember the glorious climax to that Time Of Legend, the
I*G*U*A*N*A*C*O*N? RB evoked in me a little of the flavor of those days now gone
forever. Fandom just isn't the same anymore, and the youngsters of today just don't
seem to understand. It's wonderful to see a newcomer like Lucy being exposed to the
Grand Old Traditions and doing them justice. P.S. "The toast of fandom"? Who is he?

ERIC Thanks for Impolite Female Dog. Any relation to Small Friendly? At cer-
MAYER tain points, where you discussed the lack of endowment of certain male
fans, I was reminded of Ted White softening up a reviewee and half expect-
ed you to continue on with - "And in addition to his sexual inadequacy, he cannot
even meet the minimum standards that apply to all writing." Aside from that I laughed
a lot, as well I might, secure in the knowledge that I have never met either of you,
nor anyone else in fandom for that matter so as to have made the list.

I thought I
ought to write because I got a charge out of your fanzine, which has the same initials
as rich brown and Richard Bergeron, in case that means anything. But I'm kind of at a
loss as to what to say. I tend to be of the Harry Warner 'I am reminded' school, and
since I can't add anything to your list, have never had breasts, etc, I'm hard pressed
for comments. I can't wait to see what Harry does come up with. Probably there was a
bra factory in Hagerstown in the 1800s.

HARRY RB was an exciting fanzine. I'm not sure if I should have waited until
WARNER I was older before reading it. But people tell me that it's wrong to
JR deprive anyone of knowledge, no matter if it's too advanced for the
reader, so I enjoyed it to the end.

I'm sorry to learn about the problems
that women endure with large breasts. Of course, my family has long tried to help
keep the situation under control with Warner Bras. We're bringing out next season a
new model which bids fair to be popular, the 23rd Psalm Bra subtitled My Cup Runneth

Over. We also plan to reintroduce the discontinued Birddog Bra (comes to a point in the right direction). You didn't think I financed all these trips to worldcons and my huge comic book collection from journalism, did you?

PASCAL One thing, though: men do not feel attracted to all women. We all have
THOMAS in mind the sad cases of numbers 35 and 76. And I only got in bed with
number 41 because she was so pushy, dammit! Lack of sleep does strange
things to you at cons. Nor do we automatically feel attracted to all women endowed
with overly large mammary attributes. Need I name numbers?

TONY Just the other day several of us Detroit non-fans were discussing, among
CVETKO other things, argyle sweaters as they relate to man-hating killer shark-
women, and what happens to show up but RB! What a coincidence. It was
pretty good, for a fanzine. Diane Drutowski desperately, agonisingly requests a copy.
She has this thing about tits, particularly huge lactating jugs.

DAVID I thought I would break away from a busy masculine Saturday afternoon of
STEVE watching college football games to tell you girls that I really love the
cute little feminist fanzine you sent me, and tell you that the mere men-
tion of my name in a sexual context with yourselves and Teresa was enough to give me
a tremendous hard-on. But enough of this man-talk. Hey, pretty good. On at least a
semi-serious note, I really enjoyed it, even when you weren't talking about me.

Carmody
was supposed to give me a xerox of the stuff in Holier Than Thou about who "invented"
Wesson because even Wesson hasn't seen it, and his thrills are few and far between
when he and Deb Stopa aren't together making the rest of us ill. I'm glad to see the
responsibility for him is getting spread around now. At one time, the Rune Boys had
figured that our claim to fame might be having Greg Ketter declared the Sex Symbol of
the Eighties, but that's never spread much past the Midwest. Now it seems that we
have made the former Zen Buddhist Monk a household word. Someday he'll thank us for
it, but not this week, I suspect.

CY I really think you two published the funniest fanzine of 1983. You have
CHAUVIN no idea of how many people have read and laughed over that one copy you
sent me. My mundane housemate, Chris, read it and then took it to the
record store he works at and the people there read it and liked it (although they
asked him what 'fandom' meant and he didn't know, since I never explained it to him).
After that, I took the zine to a party at Dana Siegel's and she and Leah Zeldes, etc,
laughed over it. And then I loaned it to my best friend, Bill Waldroop.

It's sort of
interesting that Diane Drutowski and Marge Parmenter wrote a similar zine in the
middle seventies for Mishap, called T.H.I.S. It's by no means as good but I believe
they were only 16 or 17 when they wrote it. They took an "ass quotient" of all the
guys in the Wayne 3rd Foundation, the local school club. It really shook us (the men)
up, although I was lucky enough to get a high, er, rating. Harlan Ellison got a ten.

GEORGE Thanks for RB (to use the same prudent abbreviation you put on the outside
FLYNN page). It certainly was, ah, interesting. However, I was unable to find
any insults referring to me specifically. Was it something I didn't do?

DAVID
CLEMENTS I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!!!!

ALLYN
CADOGAN You two are not only rude, you're elitist. How come I wasn't invited to participate in your little survey? I could've provided some truly interesting, if not valuable, insights for your chart. Is RB a one-shot or what? Hope not - it gave me the best laff I've had all week.

JOYCE
SCRIVNER Started off in a Kurt Vonnegut style (the only chapter I remember from Breakfast of Champions is where he tells the size of everyone's cocks), runs through hose and clothes, tits, and ends in England. You should be careful about England, though. The only place where I went braless and got embarrassed from all the stares was Brighton. The bouncing bosom is more of an eye-gatherer there than anywhere else.

RB sounds like an ace in the hole for a Fouler-type reincarnation in US fandom. Just wait..the bitchiness has barely begun.

JEANNE
BOWMAN I think you did a rather tasteful job on the subject of castration - so useful to be semantically correct. What truly impressed me was how you managed to carefully hedge the subject with "Western society" and thereby avoid ever mentioning clitorrectomy.

I have, as Terry Carr would say, a letterary nit-pit. I gotta say, RB may be dykey in intent but come now, girls, we have missed the mark in reality. The editors never once spelled "woman" womyn, wymmyn, wimmin, womin, wombyn, womb-man, etc. Surely one cannot have pretensions to "dyke" in a rag which contains "feminist" and "humor" in the same sentence. Rude, yes, Bitch, but of course, Dyke, oh come now! Yours in the Shark-infested water, JB.

TERRY
CARR Yeah, I got RB, for which I thank you. Enjoyed it. I see nothing therein that strikes me as beyond the pale, given the premise. Nothing awful about me, anyway, that I recognized, and nothing awful about anyone else that would've pissed me off too much even if it had been about me, by name. In that connection, I do think you missed a bet by not including the interlineation

You're so vain, you probably think this fanzine's about you.

but what the hell. Fans always look for their own names in fanzines, and even for references to them that don't include their names, in however lousy a context. In that sense, I guess I didn't get any egoboo. Or maybe I just didn't recognise it.

MICHAEL
ASHLEY Thanks for the copy of RB. Dead good. I like a fanzine with balls.

DAVE
LANGFORD Of course I meant to comment on RB. My angry denials of this accusation that I wear a leisure suit were only forestalled by my uncertainty as to what, exactly, a leisure suit is. Those tatty jackets I always wear are merely the cheapest things I can find which provide 128K of pocket space to store the sundry wallets, notebooks, pencils, pens, keys, small change, chequebooks, spare hearing aids, batteries and such which I usually carry round... But if the ensemble should prove to be A Leisure Suit, and thus Socially Unacceptable to Lucy, I see I'll have to change my style now I've been rumble. A kaftan? Evening dress? Drag? Leather thongs and simulated rippling muscles a la R. Holdstock? Somewhere in a drawer I still have this MA hood, gown and mortarboard...

RB was funny, very funny. It was the sort of fanzine which you read in a kind-of-vicarious way: 'Gosh, that's going to annoy her...She will really go up the wall when she reads what you said there...Wow, I can hardly wait for their irate LoCs...' Yep, the way you wittily pushed a whole bank of

fans' kneejerk reaction buttons was great fun to read. Only in one place did you go over the top and write something so universally offensive that no decent fan could read it without losing all sympathy for the editors of RB. I refer, of course, to this absurd story of a leisure suit.

ALEX It's a long time since I enjoyed a zine so much I found myself locking it
STEWART the day it arrived, so you may consider yourselves entitled to feel smug.
 People keep telling me I've got a warped sense of humour, and it's nice to have somebody come along and prove it. Vaguely reminiscent of the 'head to head' routines on Alas Smith and Jones, which I've just realised is pointless me mentioning because you can't get BBC2 over there. Serves me right for starting to type before kicking my brain into gear. Good to know the Kinks are still remembered in the colonies but what about the Yardbirds, the Small Faces, Manfred Mann, the Tremeloes...? The late sixties were the golden years of popular music, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

DAVE I was laughing before I finished the first page. I can't believe anyone
ROWLEY would take this seriously, would they? The comment concerning the Women's Periodical had me in stitches. No, Joy doesn't do that sort of thing to me (I won't let her!).

 I find the secret sign conversations almost believable (said he in the manner of scratching his left earlobe then picking his nose with the same finger). Gosh wow, fame for Joy at last! Naughty, naughty, putting the wind up poor John Alderson he said holding his sides. Unfortunately, the zine goes downhill after this. The actually factual article about castration doesn't really fit in with the rest of the joking and leg pulling (or should that be ball pulling). The same applies to "A few words about tits". Aren't you destroying your credibility by showing an interest in those vile members of the opposite sex?

JOY You missed a basic statement out of your fanzine, or perhaps you didn't
HIBBERT since you're attempting to prove the opposite: "Of course I like men.
 I fuck them, don't I?"

 Who is Rich Coad, anyway?

 I can't help thinking this chart would be quite a good idea. Tell me honestly - does the amount of screwing that takes place in American fandom according to American fanzines bear any resemblance to the truth? I sometimes think British fandom is a very undersexed place. I'm glad you thought to add comments on men's preferences to your list. I can think of a bloke over here, for example, who is very good (though somewhat small) but only if he's got clothes pegs or crocodile clips fastened to his nipples.

 Don't be silly. John Alderson would have been grabbing his balls before he got out of the colophon, if he even got that far. I find Alderson very useful to remind me of the diversity of human prejudice.

Anything called a 'Hootenanny' ought to be shot on sight - TIME, 1962

Okay, Lucy, it looks like we're together again - terrorizing a whole new country, too. How does it meet with your expectations so far?

Why, it more than fulfills them. It looks like the U.K. contingent of the Castrator Conspiracy has done its job. I'd like to stay in this country.

So have you decided who you're going to marry? That's the only way you can afford to stay.

Well, actually I've compiled a list of eligible males...

Oh yeah? I don't suppose Rob Holdstock is on that list by any chance?

Good Lord, no. What a closet wimp. He apologised to everyone but me for the horrible sexist things he didn't say about my body at Mexican.

Yeah, he looks like the kind of guy who'd whimper in bed. Besides, he has all those fantasies of getting the Six-Year-Old Twins giggling under the covers with him.

That's almost as bad as Joy Hibbert's fantasy of winding electrician's tape around Paul Vincent's crotch. It must hurt a lot when she peels it off, eh?

God, that's sick! Well, have you found anyone normal, then?

Sure. Paul Kincaid proposed to me. So did Phil Palmer but I won't vouch for his normalcy. Still, anyone who reads the Leatherman's Handbook is okay by me.

Well, I guess that blows it for Ted White. Unless you look elsewhere. What about Chris Evans? Keep you up nights laughing.

Naw, I had another Welshman in mind.

Not (gasp!) Alun Harries?

Of course. I think he's the one who's into alligator clips. If he's not, though, forget it.

Really. I'm more into leather, myself. That reminds me, what did you think of the fabulous D. West?

I think he lost TAFF when he publicly denied being into leather in WLZ.

Yeah, that's what I told him. But then he spent the rest of Mexican claiming he was into it and insisting that his ass is better than Rob Hansen's.

Well, I'm not going to marry him, anyway. I mean, if we're going on cute asses then John Jarrold should be in the running. Unfortunately, he racks up minus points for playing golf. And his Michael Caine impression stinks.

He is, however, the Alan Bostick of British fandom.

So true. Well, at least I have a choice here, unlike America. There's a shortage of available women in Britfandom right now.

That's why they have to import their wives. These guys do incredible things to try to increase the number of women here. Look at Cath Easthope.

And Ashley Watkins got road-tested at Seacon this year. Steve Green spent half an hour chatting him up before he realized who it was!

But Ashley needs a more realistic bra size. Actually, I kinda like him as is.

Me too. Hmm, Alex Stewart - now there's a guy who's in trouble if I catch him alone at the next party.

That's only because Ian Maule is already married. I heard you talking about what a hunk he is.

Ooh, that's not fair, the beer is much stronger over here. Anyway, I think I was talking about Kincaid. I can't tell the difference between them.

I don't understand you, Lucy. You're so weird. Like when half of London fandom went all the way over to Denbigh Street to shun Joe Nicholas and you let him kiss you!

He was just assessing my political correctness. Death to the bloated running-dog lackies of the warmongering fascist Thatcherite Junta!

Wow, did you catch John Harvey? I can just see him on a streetcorner in Alabama wearing a hardhat and yelling "Go back to Russia! Love it or leave it!"

Yep. I sure wish I hadn't been hung over the day of the CND rally. I would have

loved to have seen you and Hansen and Martin Tudor marching with the "Embarrassed Americans Against Reagan". I guess I missed the fannish event of the season.

You did. You should have seen Judith Hanna out there fighting the good fight. Chris Atkinson even tried to get herself arrested. Didn't work, though.

Well, all this gossip isn't getting me married, Avedon. I need to go over this list to make sure I haven't included any ineligible men. It'd be terrible to pick one out and then discover he's on a ship six months out of each year.

I guess that lets Mike Hamilton off the hook, doesn't it?

Too bad. But I want someone who'll be around to do the housework and shopping. I was never any good at that wifey stuff.

Well, what makes you think you're gonna find a guy like that over here if you couldn't do it at home?

For one thing, not enough American men have read the SCUM Manifesto. I have to admit, I lie awake in bed some nights thinking of a line-up of fannish men chanting "I am a turd. I am a lowly, abject turd."

Yeah, gee, I'm sorry I missed that. It would do my heart good to have seen Greg Pickersgill and Paul and Martin debasing themselves like that. Now if we could just get the Benfords to do it - knock some sense into 'em.

Forget it. They're hopeless. They probably believe in Cesar Ramos. Maybe Dave Rike or Wally Mind can explain it to them. Send these fuckers to Indiana! U.S. guys are so square. I want a man who loves me for my fanac.

Terry Carr loves you for your fanac.

He's married, Avedon. The good ones are already taken.

What difference does that make? Chris Atkinson was telling me about Clare Coney climbing all over Malcolm. I said, "who's that?" and Malcolm reeled by and said "She's the woman Peter Nicholls married for her money. The woman John Brosnan is in love with." Anyway, Chris said she tried to sell Clare their room key so Malcolm wouldn't notice she wasn't in the room, but Clare wasn't buying.

That's all very well, but I need a marriage, not a sordid affair.

What's wrong with sordid affairs? I always enjoy the hell out of 'em.

Yeah, well, you got the last decent guy. All I have left to choose from is Brian Burgess.

Now that's sordid. Look, I thought we were supposed to be rude here, not totally repulsive.

Fair enough. God, Avedon, you're not much help editing this. Get off the floor. Put the Asti Spumanti away, willya?

Okay, okay. I told you it wouldn't help to get me drunk. Listen, if you want fannish perfection, why don't you go up to Scotland and propose to Jim Barker?

Are you crazy? Alyson Abramowitz would put a contract out on me. Maybe beat me over the head with a few suitcases or something. No way.

Hey, did you ever figure out exactly what went on between D. Langford and Lee Smoire?

Nope. Nor did Dave, but he says he doesn't kiss and tell. What a man! I wonder if any other human could've survived her assault.

You know what they say - Blessed are the deaf, for when they are lewdly propositioned they shall reply, "Oh yes please, mine's a pint of bitter."

My bullshit is worth most people's diamonds - LOU REED

BILL The suspicion and paranoia you strew across the landscape must be marvelous
ROTSLER to see. ("Yeah, yeah, sure she was kidding, but what if they really do
have a ratings system? Jesus, I..." And, "I knew women had their secret
highsigns. Know how they go off to the Little Girls' Room together? That's to get the
code right between them.

Lovely, oh lovely. What you need to do now is "accidentally"
leave a ratings card or a compilation, a xerox of a cumulative total or something around
where it will be found. Then, of course, deny it all, which will be perfect. They'll
ask other women who won't know of your dastardy deed and they'll deny it and...

Anyway,
it was a Good Thing (article, that is) about Boobs. With some rewriting you could sell
it commercially. I'm a t-man, and I refuse to be apologetic about it. There are leg-
men and ass-men, etc. Women are exactly the same, only different nomenclature is used.
I long ago stopped worrying about why I was a tit-man. To hell with it. Boobs are nice
and they certainly are a "differance" as the French say. But I don't think women should
get upset about that. Just being an A-man, L-man or T-man, that is. Behaving like an
ass, yes. Juvenile, yes. But we all have types which, given our druthers, we'd prefer,
all things being equal. Quick, what's your type? Did a 'type' not flash into your
awareness?

I think women are a touch more interested in the non-physical side than men,
but not really a LOT more. Am I right? Correct me, enlighten me!

ALEXIS You and Lucy sound spiritually very close to the loutish construction workers
GILLILAND who stand out of reach and make insulting, boorish, and insensitive remarks
to the pretty ladies passing by. The construction workers, of course, are
not talking to the ladies, they are talking to each other, and what they are doing is
bragging, showing off to their peers. The ladies, naturally, are insulted, and wouldn't
dream of responding to anyone so uncouth, but that isn't the point. Nobody was talking
to them, the construction workers were just having themselves a good time admiring the
view.

So with RB. It sounds like bits and pieces taken from some woman's apa, by women,
for women, totally unaccommodating of any masculine weakness, unforgiving of any masculine
vice, and very funny in a perverse sort of way.

As Lorenzo diMedici once said, "Those that
speak ill of us do not love us." I am inclined to agree with Miss Manners who says that
the world needs more hypocrisy and less honesty. RB entertains but does not amuse. As
you suggested on the phone, women will like it easier than men.

MIKE I finally got a copy of RB for which I thank you. I'd been wondering just
GLICKSOHN what the fuss was all about. So.. just what was all the fuss about? It
strikes me as a delightfully amusing fanzine with just the right blend of
the wickedly funny and the accurately serious. The bit about the secret sign language
you wicked women use to circumvent male presence was as clever as anything I've read
in a fanzine all year.

As it happens, I don't necessarily agree with your views in the
serious parts but that's par for the fannish course (I like the look and feel and heft
of large breasts, so sue me). And even after my vasectomy many years ago I still don't
like to think about castration, in part, I expect, because the male genitals are so
damn vulnerable and so damn painful when mistreated that most men have an instinctive
fear of damaging them based on memories of athletic accidents of the past. Watch a movie
where some guy gets a real boot in the balls and you'll find a great many men watching
will automatically close their own legs to protect themselves. But I appreciate your
need to discuss your ideas and I certainly appreciate and enjoy the humorous material
that surrounds your thoughts.

ARTHUR HLAIVATY I did indeed receive a copy of RB. Are you familiar with the Rasta use of "rudeness" as a euphemism for sexual activity? The reason I didn't send you an amusing loc is that I find it impossible to type with both hands held protectively over my crotch. Hail Eris.

MARTIN TUDOR Quite fortunately, Paul Vincent was here recovering from a Novacon committee meeting when the dreaded zine arrived. I'm not sure that I could've handled it on my own and vice versa. Our manhood shaken to its roots, we staggered up the road to the pub. PV told me how he'd always known that was the way women behaved in private and I told him how I'd secretly cracked your code with ease but kept a straight face in order to tempt you into publishing just such a zine. Well, I had to tell him something, restore his faith in his male superiority. He quickly pulled himself together and told me to buy my round, with only the slightest quaver in his voice.

EGOSCAN 2. Seriously, though, I'm afraid I tend to agree with Wally Mind's review in There's a guy with his finger (?) on the pulse of the nation.

WILLIAM GIBSON There are two very good reasons why I wear plaid polyester pants at large conventions: (1) I want everyone to know that I am a hot new pro, which of course makes it so much easier to get laid, so I dress like one; (2) the plaid pattern, I'm convinced, makes my balls look much bigger, particularly if, as in Baltimore, I remember to "pack lunch".

MARC ORTLIEB While I am, of course, grateful for whatever charitable impulse it was that led to your sending a copy of your amateur magazine to me, I cannot help but be appalled by its contents.

Certainly I should have been warned by the disgusting appellation, but, giving you the benefit of the doubt, I assumed it to be some form of quotation from the works of William Shakespeare who, though noted for the quality of his literature, was wont to use language not in keeping with the highest of moral standards. It is terrible how, in attempting to give one's fellow beings the benefit of the doubt, one tends to compromise one's own intelligence, but, I was even willing to give your sub-title the best of all possible interpretations, assuming that your fan-zine would deal with the wonderful engineering feats of the Dutch. Alas, I was sorely mistaken, even attributing your blessing to a terrible typographical mistake. God Save The King would, after all, be a noble way in which to start an amateur magazine. True, Great Britain is currently guided by a monarch of the female persuasion but, considering how slowly news travels to those areas not under the blessed guidance of the British Empire, I was willing to forgive you even that minor factual error. However, having now forced myself to wade through the morasse of filth and degradation that you have managed to foist upon the good services of Her Majesty's Postal Officials, I can but wonder what impulse it was that led two young people to repudiate all that they must have been taught in home and in the church.

It is certainly not too late for you, though. Above all, you must rid yourselves of the bad company that led you to debase your very womanhood. I realise that yours is merely a case of good folk, easily led from the true path. I realised this in the very instant that I looked upon the name of Miss Huntzinger, for I knew that she had met that agent of darkness who, for so long, polluted the minds of young and innocent Australians. I speak on none other than Peter Toluzzi, who, his evil work done, moved on to the United States to further drag the good name of science fiction afflictionados into disrepute. Of course, as innocent females, I can fully understand how easily you were drawn under his influence and I assure you that I do not hold you personally responsible for your actions.

Yes. I believe that you can be saved, and, in order to facilitate your salvation, I have, as requested, forwarded a copy of your debased publication to that worthy bastion of morality and standards, Mr. John J. Alderson. I trust that, should my humble attempts to point out to you the errors of your ways fall on stoney ground, then his greater eloquence might just convince you of your terrible, but understandable, female shortcomings.

Above all, I pray that the two of you come quickly to the realisation that true love has nothing to do with the gross physical attributes upon which your articles on pages one and six dwell. Abandon your fickle ways and you too will find true love - that love which comes from surrendering your foolish ego trips, and putting your security in the hands of a true and caring man.

MARTIN I don't get it. First Ted White hallucinates an entire conversation with
MORSE me. Then I saw a copy of RB where you two hallucinate my presence at the
WOOSTER Steffans' Halloween party. What drugs have you been taking lately?

Besides,
why pick on me? At least I read Cynthia Heimel. P.S. It's a shame you two choose to lead such bitter lives.

This is Middle America, man. They're sicker than we are - PETER CRISS

"Martin, you paranoid asshole," I said at the WSFA party, "do you think you're the only person in fandom named Martin?" Christ, we do a humorous fanzine, in fact we go to great lengths to make sure everyone knows it's just for fun, and what do we get? People writing in about the 'serious' articles. Feh!

I think next time we do a zine we'd better call it Totally Serious About Everything.

Yeah, maybe Alexis will get it this time. I never want to hear any more defensive bullshit about being a "tit-man" either. Where does Rotsler think he is? Doesn't he know that the only thing we women look for in a man is a nice pair of eyelashes and a cute little ass? What else is there? Do they cook? Do they clean? Do they have your child?

For sure. I guess ol' Joy Hibbert was pretty surprised to find out we're both virgins, eh? It's like they believe it's true because they read it in a fanzine.

Well, it's a good thing we sent RB to a few people who got the jokes. I'm pleased to see Abi Frost has formed the Leroy Kettle Fanclub.

With a membership of one. We even found the perfect replacement for Eve Harvey. It's a sure thing Pam Wells ain't no back-slider. Caroline Mullan is eligible, too.

How 'bout Lilian Edwards? God, I wonder if she knows she's the lust object of British fandom? She looks really great in black leather.

Of course she knows. I got bored listening to every other guy at the Tun telling me how wonderful she is. Poor kid spent most of her time dodging Tim Illingsworth, hand-kissing Fiend of Surrey.

Don't you think Faith Brooker looks sexy in her unzippable clothes?

Oui oui, d'accord, she is ooh la la. She and Chris Evans are really into Primal communication. Now if only she could get him to take those bottlecaps out of his eyes...

Lucy, that's the ultimate in Cool. It's Megatrendy.

Aaargh. Don't give me that. Besides, I think Allyn Cadogan should be here to decide who's really the Coolest. She and Patty Peters taught me everything I know.

Too bad you can't pass it on to Christina Lake. She's entirely too cute for her own good. It makes me sick.
No kidding. Barf out. Maybe a mohawk would help. Well, Christina's pretty cool. At least she didn't analyse D. West like Linda Blanchard did.
Neither did Gary Farber. Gary Farber hasn't done anything. Gary Farber is losing his fannish credentials.

Unlike the throbbing duo here at reverberating South Ealing where this rag is being typed. Let me tell you how hyperactive Greg Pickersgill is. For months he's been talking about telling certain people not to send their fanzine to him anymore, but he can't be bothered to find out what it costs to mail a postcard to Puerto Rico.

Linda Pickersgill's main fanac has been drawing up a Venn diagram of fannish relationships in Britain. She discovered that former hermit Harry Bell is actually the focal point, if you will, of this fandom.

She also discovered that Chris Atkinson attracts men whose last name begin with 'P'. Wait a minute, Edwards doesn't begin with a 'P'. Well, maybe he does...

You know, I wonder if Linda misses American fandom the way we do?

Let's ask her. Hey Linda, do you miss American fandom much?

io.

Yep, she misses 'em the same way we do.

RICHARD BERGERON A CONVICTED PAEDOPHILE? Surely it cannot be true, but at Mexicon I distinctly heard somebody saying that the reason Bergeron never appeared in public and did all his fan activity from a box number was that he was confined in a hospital for the criminally insane. This explains both his obsession with boys in fishnet stockings and his crazy delusion of having been John Lennon's next door neighbor in the ultra-expensive Dakota Building in New York.

-- Malcolm Edwards, DRUNKARD'S TALK 12

TOTALLY SURROUNDED BY RUDE BITCHES: FIFTH COLUMN REPORT BY DAVE "LAVE" LANGFORD

"First we've got to get Avedon drunk," said Lucy, "she needs a whole bottle of Asti Spumanti inside her before we can get editing."

"All men with vasectomies are creeps!" explained Avedon loudly.

"She makes me so mad," Lucy said. "We come thousands of miles over here to edit RB in these really fannish surroundings, and she spends all her time playing these crappy little video games with Hansen, or just kissing, yeuch. Or both at the same time. What does she see in him, anyway?"

"I like him 'cos he's nice," cooed Avedon and bit Rob in the solar plexus.

"Owwwww!" he cried in tones of tender affection.

"Forget your boyfriend," Lucy snapped. "We don't want to talk about your stupid boyfriend. We don't need no steenkin' boyfriends. We want to get rude."

"I think the wine box is chilled now," I said in my famous conciliatory mutter.

"I've never seen wine in a box..we don't have wine in boxes at home," Avedon said.

"Yes we do," agreed Lucy.

"No we don't."

"Yes we do, you wimp."

"No we don't, you..white person."

"You're so fucking racist, Avedon!"

"Nah, I just pick up these phrases from hanging around with..kikes."

"The bond of coeditorship is a strong one," I murmured. "Have some wine. Have lots of downmarket wine out of a cardboard box. Have fun, fun, desperate fun."

Lucy pulled out a piece of paper about the size of a bus ticket, edited it furiously, and threw it away. "Teresa Nielsen Hayden likes to go to bed with famous authors," she said. "Ted White is a Pro-worshipper. Terry Hill fucks dead poodles. Hey, we're getting really rude now."

"I thought we were supposed to be rude, not totally repulsive," said Avedon.

"I need Asti Spumanti."

"You're so slothful," said Lucy. "So dilatory, so inert, so apathetic, so..."

"So what?" said Avedon irrefutably. The repartee, the cut and thrust of editorial interplay! I began to take notes.

"I need cheese," said Avedon.

"For god's sake, edit," Lucy moaned, as I procured huge slabs of cheese.

"I need some crackers," said Avedon.

"Yes ma'am, even as you wish," I said with obsequious deference and cringing male inadequacy.

"We need some French loaves and stuff," said Mr. Hansen and rushed out, pleased with this excuse to browse amid the local supermarket's baked bean shelves.

"I need some coffee or something..." said Avedon, staggering round and round the table.

"You're gonna throw up?" asked Lucy eagerly.

"Lucy's got no guts," snarled Avedon.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Lucy, looking bemused.

"Let's tell Lee Smoire stories," Avedon suggested.

We all told our Lee Smoire stories.

"On second thought, let's go outside and get some fresh air," said a shattered Avedon.

"You want a cigarette," Lucy diagnosed.

"Yep. Hey, what's Langford scribbling in his tiny, tiny handwriting?"

I smiled mysteriously, not wishing to divulge the truth - that I hoped to pick up the true secrets of co-editing for use in DRILKJIS, by assiduous study of the crack editorial team at RUDE BITCH.

Avedon fell over, lay giggling in a corner, and began playing a stupid little calculator game that kept going beep beep in curious phase with the upper register of the Hansen sphincter.

"For god's sake, be rude!" Lucy pleaded...

Well, one thing you can say for him - he may be deaf, but at least he gets things wrong. I wonder if he'll print a wedding announcement about you and Phil in ANSIBLE?

The wedding! Oh Christ, Avedon, have you gotten a white dress for Friday yet?

Friday? Oh, yeah, the double wedding. I forgot we're supposed to get married in that Steelworker's church or whatever it is. Is Phil wearing white, too?

Definitely. We won't tell anyone about the obligatory premarital sex, Ted would be so upset. Rob better not wear white; after all, you've been reading comics together at his place for two months now.

Don't remind me. Two months of bliss and now we have to go home to wimpy American fandom.

I think I'm gonna cry.

Thanks to John Harvey
for running the cover
and to Chris Atkinson
for transportation.

Sayonara, y'all.

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