

"Praise Ghu from whom all fanzines
flow..."

OLD HUNDREDTH #100

And So Forth. Well, here I am at
the 100th issue of the World's Oldest
~~And Tiredest~~ Weekly Fanzine.

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(For those of you who give a faint
hoot in hell about such exotic trivia,
and lest you be puzzled by the fact
that Andy Porter's DEGLER! is up to,
hm, #111, let me point out that FIRST DRAFT was, is, and ever shall be
16 weeks ahead of DEGLER! -- just as DEGLER! for that matter will stay
forever 16 weeks ahead of all the Apa L weekly fmz. Ah, me, it is nice
to see the universe still in balance...)

I realize it is cheating a bit to talk about this fanzine in this fanzine,
thus filling up valuable space that cd otherwise be filled with
all sorts interesting stuff about politics and Dick Eney and reminiscen-
ces about Mr. Kitzel and all, but I like this fanzine, and even more,
I like talking about it. For instance, I note by my publication num-
bers that I have or will have published almost precisely the same num-
ber of fanzines in my second year of moderate hyperactivity as in my
first year -- possibly more. And the second year included quite a few
more pages, considering my 50-page TAPSzine as the high-water-mark.
Too bad I can't count the 12 stencils I sent swell ol' Len Bailes for
his TAPSzine, TT/14, which, by the way, if it doesn't arrive with no
later than a 7 Feb postmark, is gonna get him kicked out of the White
Knights of Fandom. Tch, Len...

☐☐ There are those who might be interested in the fact that I seemed
to have inherited Ted's age-old #5 slot in the Cult complete with all
accessories -- in the instant case I'm thinking of, Dick Eney. I had,
I admit, been firing an occasional round of small arms fire at him over
the past year or so, concerning his Fan Poll blast at Mike McInerney
which he finally apologized about. Recently he added all these up and
dropped a couple of rounds of mortar fire into my position. I answered
with small arms fire and an offer of truce, instantly receiving for my
pains more mortar fire and several machinegun bursts. I let loose with
a bazooka and took a coffee break.

Now Dick has unleashed a barrage of siege guns, and it looks like we've
definitely escalated from guerrilla warfare to open land conflict.

And I'm tempted to bring in the atomic weapons... Ahh, butcher knives
and bombs -- it certainly will be a wonderful thing. Why, the Cult'll
never realize Ted is gone...

☐☐ Anybody got a copy of KIPPLE #1 for trade or sale?

☐☐ I was going to use this issue to celebrate my first hundred Undeci-
ded Publications in a Piser-type listing, but I guess I'm not going to
do that just yet, or Just Yet.

In fact, I don't really think I'm going to do much of anything more
this issue, especially in view of the fact that I'm feeling sick and
have a strong temptation to throw up on my typewriter. Hoping you are
the sane (and don't feel tempted to throw up on this fanzine...)

Null-Q Press
Undecided Publication #180

-- dgv

