

ARGASSY

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MANY FIFTHS AT THE FIFTH (oklacon)

BY WALT BOWART

*AUTHORS NOTE: This con report has been written very loosely in a style which can be interpreted in many ways. Like CONFIDENTIAL magazine you can read into it many derogatory things. Please do, because that's probably the way they were enacted. (I say probably because I'm not sure myself) However if something herein is written about you, who attended the oklacon V, in a disparaging, untrue way, please stop and count to ten. You were drunk so how do you know what went on? Herein runs a tale of truth. The challenge to you is... find it!

FOURTY FIRST SAPS MAILING

Many fifths at th' **FIFTH** (OKLA CON)!



Publius

by Walt Bowart

Once upon a time: 6:30 P.M., August 30, 1957; there was a cling of metal and a clashing of gears as a '51 Studebaker tudor Champion came tintinabulating to a stop six miles south of Enid, Oklahoma, site of the 1957 OKLA CON5. The first crusaders from afar (Houston, Texas) Ted Wagner (Gafia BNF) and Norman Terry (Neofan extraordinaire wiss pack rats license) humbly came on like Shorty Rogers improvising to a bombastic beginning of what may unofficially be called the

OklahomainebriatesdedicatedtothecauseofSF number 5.

Dispensing with all preliminaries of formal introduction, Kent Corey and myself formally inaugurated the "5" by strongly linking friendships and cars via steel tow chain and dragging their car into port.

While entertaining Ted and Norman, especially Norman who found out how much Coors on tap he COULDN'T drink out of a large schooner, Lynn Hickman (Editor of JD, Scurvy and Argassy from Mt. Vernon, Ill.) Ron Ellick (Crudzine editor from Long Beach, Calif. and hereafter referred to as Eel-ich, as it is pronounced phonetically), Ron Parker, (rising fan from Tulsa, Okla. and editor of Concept), Bobby Lee (of Tulsa, prominent SAPS member), and Doug Hickman (youngest TRUEFAN at the con) rolled in at the convention headquarters in the Youngblood Hotel, where they proceeded to set the pace for the evening and the remainder of the convention, with the help of the strong Dallas contingent.

From Dallas: Randy Brown (Editor of Hark), Tom Reamy (Crifanac), Richard Koogler(big name NEOphan and life of party), Robert De Jongh (shelf sitter), Dale Hart (Pro and long time fan), Pat Edmonds (Art editor of WotInTheHill), and Mike ????? (who was converted to fandom at the convention).

The two factions, split up the night before by the time element and a few cases of bheer on one side, and JD, the right arm of Hickman, entertaining the fen at the Youngblood on the other side, met and made reacquaintances at the registration desk the next morning. Shirley Smith, convention secretary (who was broken up by the accusation that she "came with the room") greedily collected \$1.50 per head. It has been rumored that one fan had to pay \$3.00.

From that time on nothing official happened at the fifth but many things happened to many fifths. Everyone went merrily conventioneer- ing in true form, skipping the planned programs and speeches, and doing little else except popping down intoxicating beverages...Bay Rum.... Canned Heat...and Jack Daniels. (Lynn, I hate to compare Jack with Bay Rum and Canned Heat, but you know as well as I do that you were the only one there who could afford real fire-water and the best at that)

Everyone got drunk and lived happily ever after, some with Kim, some with other women, but happily. The "ever after" part was not so happy when they realized how much money they had spent. Kim nicknamed one of the boys, Rabbit.

During this mess (the Oklacon)...sometime...(and this report is not in chronological order)...ol' Joe Christoff, editor of Sphere, blew in from Florida way. He came on like Basie and entertained us with such things as wood carvings and a very attractive bottle of amber liquid. Joe made a wonderful impression on everyone with his sparkling personality, especially a waitress by the name of Laona (the only way I can remember her name is to think of lay-on-ya,

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THE ELICK INCIDENT

We were all sitting around Sam Martinez's room making a few snide remarks regarding the abilities of the bellboys to provide entertainment of almost any sort, and why fen like Rabbit would want to spend so much money in such a short time, all of which went down on Sam's tape. However, the tape did not come out. Ron Ellick had unplugged the mike cable as he fell through the ninth story window. Luckily for Ron, the window had glass which broke, but kept his body within the building. That is with the exception of his posterior which stuck neatly through the hole broken in the glass. People looking up from the street started shouting things about people who were to cheap to rent a room with bath.

The con flowed on and the tide carried Lynn, Kent, Pat, Ron, Ron, Dale and myself to KGEO-TV Channel 5 where we bored the television audience with hungover grumblings for twenty minutes. We were well acustomed to public appearances by this time as we'd killed 17 minutes of radio time over KGWA the night before. To quote a few inane remarks:

"We're from Mars, we voted wet!"
Ron Ellick

"Sure, everybody's invited. It's a blast!"--Kent Corey.

"I'm very glad to be in Oklahoma and attend this, the fifth science fi....."
--a fifteen minute prepared speech by Lynn Hickman which was heard three times; via radio, television, and as guest of honor at the convention.



Finally the fans drifted off in many directions. Nothing was accomplished except: The Oklacon will be held July 4th in Dallas, next year. Tom Reamy is heading the Dallas group. Sam Martinez is heading the OSFC with Dan McPhail as veep. And we're all going to charter a bus from Dallas to the So'GateCon in '58. And,..... everybody had a wonderful time.

Things died down officially, the Youngblood still stood, Bellboys still huckstering, and Kim still living luxuriously.

Authors note: Herein lies the story behind the Oklacon that didn't die officially. Here are the thoughts that come flowing back garbling the official three days set aside for the con described before. There will be many more accurate accounts of the Con, but there may be just one, or possibly two accounts of the post-con that followed.

(The cast consists of Ron Ellick, Ron Parker, Ted Wagner, Sam Martinez, Bobby Martinez, Norman Terry, Kent Corey, and myself.)

As the curtain rises on act two, we see six broken and bleeding fen huddled amidst the rubble in the main convention room of the Youngblood. The time is 4:30 P.M. Martinez speaks..

MARTINEZ: Well, what the hell are we all sitting around here for? Let's go get something to eat! (The last word is usually drink, but Sam's wife may be reading this.)

THE GROUP: YeahHoHoGreatideaGoodforyouetc!!!!!!*\$\$\$??

Exit the group to the coffe shop where a demonstration is put on by Ellick of proper tomato waving techniques as taught by Dick Koogle.. Bowart eats a large green salad to live up to his nickname.....




AS LYNN ADDRESSED THE RADIO AUDIENCE, THE MIKE QUIVERED AND FELL INTO A PIL OF RUST...

Martinez tells jokes....There is laughter....there is nausea.....
usual dinner talk...then someone comes up with idea!

COREY: Let's go see the movie across the street. It's featuring the
new-Frankenstein and X the Unknown. Gosh O Wow Oh Boy Oh Boy!

THE GROUP: Naahhh...Boo...SSSSS.....!!!

The group proceeds across the street to theatre where con chairman
produces seven free passes he has been holding out on...movie is
miserable...sleep...eek...a monster...creeping shadows...creeping
sheep dip...(X the Unknown)...group leaves after movie...back to
youngblood...bid farewell to Sam and Bobby Lee Martinez who are
driving back to Tulsa...foursome to Phillipian office where Kent
Corey is editor of the Phillips University annual...party continues
without incident...door is kicked down...Corey breaks window...was
not to be outdone by ellick...sooner or later everyone dies on the
floor.



SUDDENLY, SAM
BECAME AWARE
OF THE FACT THAT
THERE WERE 6
FEN ASLEEP ON
HIS PORCH...

(Back to my Hemmingway style) As
the dawn creeps through a crater in the
side of the Phillipian office, the boys
busy themselves fixing breakfast. A few
cold beers, a Pepsi for Ellick, and they
are on their way to the Studebaker gar-
age to get Ted Wagner's car fixed for
their planned journey to Tulsa that even-
ing in order to pick up Ellick's things left
with Ron Parker, and so that Corey, Bowart,
and Martinez can get together to work on
their fanzines.

Unfortunately Ted's car can't be fixed
for a few days so the group starts kill-
ing time in a typical fannish way. Corey
and Ellick throwing it back and forth
practicing their sarcasm. Tuesday evening
rolls around and after some misadventures
with a borrowed automobile it is decided
that all would hitch-hike to Tulsa.

The race was on! Terry and Bowart vs
Ellick and Corey in a breath-taking race,
via thumb and poor-desolate-look, to Tulsa
and Ron Parkers house.

The departing time was 9:00 PM with
the arrival time at 2:15 AM. Five hours
and 15 minutes for 150 miles. A new
record had been set! The invasion of
Parkers followed.

Picture it: A brownstone apartment
house in a very conservative section of
Tulsa, imagine the neighbors, Home loving
Christian people with families and dogs
who are usually in bed by ten oclock. In
the early morning everyone is awakened by

resounding thumpings made by Walt Bowart and Norman Terry in quest of Ron Parker.

With bleary eyes, young Tulsa big name Foo-Paa waiting lister, Ron Parker answered his unhinged door, did a double take and fainted dead away as our two journeying fen walked in and threw themselves on the divan to remain until they were joined by Corey and Ellick where the party resumed until three ayem.

The next step was to Sam Martinez's front porch where our group sacked out till approximately eight o'clock (A.M.). A beautifully executed double-take was enacted by Sam as he opened the front door enroute to work. Needless to say he was late. (After a short conversation this writer fell asleep and I assume nothing happened). Upon awakening we found that Ron Ellick and Norman Terry had left for Dallas.

That evening, Sam, a true fan host in all respects, broke out his bottle of bourbon and seated his guest in plush chairs (behind typewriters), and to complete the fannish atmosphere played a tape from Charles Burbee's birthday party, featuring Burbee himself very inebriated on a stuff called Champale Bheer.

It went on for hours, Kent typing many pages for Sam's Fapazine, SAMBO, and Walt drawing illo's until his fingers bled alcohol, with Sam crying over spilled blood which was diluting his alcohol.

The party broke up around three ayem...everyone retired....Kent and myself hitch-hiking home the next day to walk in on a party, complete with women and drinks going on strong in the Phillipian office.

The Oklacon has not ended; I fear it never will. At the moment another fifth is being opened...the toast...a new fifth, to the FIFTH (Oklacon).



I won't attempt to comment on all the zines in this mailing since it has been two years since I've been represented in Saps and I've been out of touch with whats been going on in the organization. There are fifteen members in it now that weren't there when I left. So I'll get back into the swing of things as I go along. This issue I'll just pick a few that I especially enjoyed to comment on at any length and just give the others a passing nod as they flit past.

CONFIGURATION - Met Bill for the first time at this years Midwestcon, A very neat zine, even has my picture in it.

IGNATZ #14 - I've always liked Iggy and Nancy was nice enough to give me two pages of credit for using some Plato Jones cartoons I gave her a couple of years ago. Yoose is a nice gal Nancy - and I think June is a Beautiful name. Think of the great people born that month, Jefferson Davis ---- Lynn Hickman ---- you must really be a yankee.

ORGY #6 - Wonderful back cover cartoon. Those of you (Howard, George, Mary) that attended the cons at Beastleys will really appreciate it.

FOUT - noted.

THE SAPIAN STORY TELLER AND EXPLAINER - Not noted.

COLLECTED POEMS by G. M. Carr - Quite an effort and something I was very happy to see.

SAP ROLLER 12 - I've always enjoyed Jack's zines, especially his art work and this issue is no exception. The art work is terrific. Loved the one of George and Mary.

GHU SAPLEMENT #32 - Hoo - somebody remembered me. A special cartoon to you Jawa boy -

GEE ZEE - Also met G. M. for the first time at Cincy this year. I was quite pleasantly surprised. Wish we could have talked more but you know how it is at these cons. At any rate I saw - I liked.

MUD - Noted.

BOG - Noted.

R-F OVERSEAS EDITION - Noted.

THE VICAR - Noted.

BONFIRE - No Sale.

KEEBIRD - Noted.

CREEP - Enjoyed.

BEAVER-BORED - Noted and enjoyed.



THE SAPIAN COMMENTATOR - Gosh - I read it. And everyone told me you couldn't read anything put out by Wansborough.

THE OUTSIDERS #28 - There have also been several stf writers that have appeared on Tic-Tac-Doe Wrai. I happened to be home the day Nelson Bond was on and my wife tells me several other authors appeared also.

NANDU #17 - Ha - another Jack Daniels convert. Thanks so much for doing Argassy for me Nan.

ARGASSY#2 - Thanks Nan, if it weren't for you I couldn't be back in Saps. Heck I'll even vote for you for O. E. now that I know the beaver will sport a glass of J D.

THE WHITE GHODYSSEY - This ~~one~~ was a lot of fun, especially since Nan did ~~all the real work~~. Its fun doing something like this when you know someone will print it. I remember the morning when the Cleveland bunch led by Harlan Ellison knocked on our door at Napoleon, Ohio at 4:30 A M all set to put out a one shot. What a merry time that was. I was sure glad to meet Buz and El a real nice pair and lots of fun. I sure hope we meet again.

SAPATYPE - First met Racy back in 49 at the Cinvention. He always comes up with a neat zine. Haven't seen you at a Midwestcon for quite awhile Racy. As close as you are you oughta come.

GRIPES OF RAPP - Rapp got me interested in fanzines by showing me Spacewarp at the first Midwestcon. He and I and Don Duke were sitting in the coffee shop of the Logan Hotel in Bellefontaine. I'd been a fan of Stf for years but never a fan of fandom until the Cinvention and not a fan of fanzines until Art converted me. So in the long run Art, Its really you're fault I'm in Saps.

SPY RAY OF SAPS - Noted.

FENDENIZEN 5 - Noted.

PERIHELION - Nice covers for Concept.

RETRO #5 - Had to hunt all over hell for this Buz. The staples were out and the zine was all mixed up. Too, the mailing came in an envelope that was torn to hell and gone and was tied together with a piece of string. Sure enjoyed meeting you and El.

FLABBERGASTING 3 - Noted.

COLLECTOR - I heartly agree with you on your solution of the discrimination problem.

BRONC - Noted.

TAILGATE - The Spirit also appeared in Comic Books, in fact had one of his own. Will Eisner is a fine cartoonist and I used to follow his strips. They never went anywhere, but I followed them. Ha - so Teddy bear is down to a 29 inch waist. He's still got to lose 20 more to match me. I've cut down to 5 meals a day

and 2 5ths of JD so I've lost some more weight. Guess I'll have to up the JD. Real Nice Issue George, I enjoyed it cause I know how hard you worked to get someone else to put it out. You always was a hard worker, even when you drove midget racers.

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