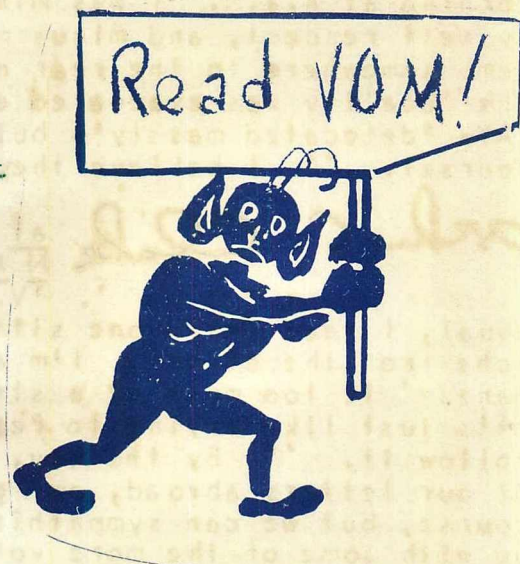


The Denventioneer
VOICE of the Imagi-nation
 Novaciously co-edited by
 4e & Morojo

#B/

In this ish:

Clarke
 Carnell
 Webster
 McIlwain
 Williams



British
 No.

15 Dec 40: So here I sit (4e) in Walt Daugherty's den, in Shangri-
 LA, typryter on ye Ackermanese (get it?) dummymg this
 ish, while a few ft in front of me Morojo & "LN-or" O'Brien crank
 the mimeo, Bruce Yerke's on the speedoscope putting in titles for
 his Denvention Damn Thing #2, & Walt's working on the 2d Shangri-LA.
 But to get on to the business at hand--

From England; 11 Clowders
 Rd, Catford, London SE6: "...I'd dearly love to spin you a tall
 yarn about hunting in the ruins of London for food, and rambling
 through a deserted British Museum helping myself to open exhibits,
 and being chased by howling packs of starving dogs through the still
 smouldering remnants of London, and cringing in dark corners as fer-
 ocious air battles wage a few hundred feet overhead, but it would be
 stretching imagination a bit too far, and I might get into trouble
 with somebody unknown and unseen. No, the truth is singularly dull
 as far as spectacle goes... Of course, fan-life is absolutely
 changed for most of us. Oh Boy! What a feast of stuff we'll
 have over here when all the back numbers of mags are released from
 U.S. It'll be an unforgotten treat just to read the letters. ECW."

David McIlwain of 14 Cotswold St, Kensington, Liverpool 7:
 "There is an air-raid on. The droning of planes
 overhead reminded me of the fact- We've had quiet nights during the
 last week; only a few raid-warnings, with little action, a paltry
 handful of Heinkels, and a negligible amount of bombs. But before
 that it was pretty warm. There was a time when all three of me--my
 physical body, my astral body & my mental body (not forgetting my
 ego, which, I understand, is not me at all, but the intersecting
 point of a multi-dimensional-serial observer with a substratum con-
 sisting of mathematical abstractions)--as I was saying, all three of
 me, plus this intersecting point somewhere within the aforementioned

Unholy Trinity, had to leave 14 Cotswold St mighty hurriedly one morning at 4.a.m. I was minus my collar & tie, minus my cash, minus my self respect, and minus my sleep. There was a delayed action bomb somewhere to the rear of the house, and so the entire fauna of the locality was evacuated en bloc (reminds me of Michel's poem in FAY- 'defecated massly'- but here the meaning is different, of course). " I believe they got the bomb out. " What fun we had!

Arthur C. Clarke at the time at 12 Erw Wzn Road, Colwyn Bay, N Wales: "Thanks for the August issue of 'TV of M', which I humbly acknowledge. As usual, I read it in one sitting and as usual my eyes & brains still ache from the effort. I'm afraid that a sustained flow of "Ackermanese" is too much of a strain for me- I just black out mentally. It's just like trying to read Morse sent twice as fast as you can follow it. " By the way, we have been asked to curtail the length of our letters abroad, owing to censor-shortage. We won't, of course, but we can sympathise with the poor censor who has to keep up with some of the more voluminous fans. And those with writing like this. Incidentally, your efforts at forgery in "VoM" come out well; how's it done? (Speedoscopically.) " 'White Paper' No. 2. appealed to me: I have often writhed at the antiscientific attitude nearly always adopted in films. The last one I saw, "Dr Cyclops", was as bad as any. 'Man must not learn these secrets!' 'Such power is for God alone'...etc. ad infin. I don't know the reason for this attitude, which is practically universal. (Not only Universal, it's Paramount!) Even 'Things to Come' had a bit of it, towards the end, when Passworthy kicked up a fuss about the Moon Gun. (So would I, but for purely technical reasons!) Perhaps Mary Wollenstonecraft Shelley is to blame. Or perhaps it's merely because producers & writers are too mentally lazy to get out of the Frankenstein rut, tho' I think there is a real fear of progress & science as well- a fear brought about by over-mechanization & scientific perversions such as flame-throwers & magnetic mines. " For the benefit of nervous U.S. friends who wonder what is happening to us, I might point out that air raids have so far proved about twice as dangerous as motor-cars... " I'm relieved to find that the infant prodigy Alan Roberts is human after all. Nevertheless I am still a little scared less he writes Greek verse in his spare time between intervals of studying Hebrew history and composing for pentatonic scales. " Bill Temple's suggestion that I used to read with my mouth full I reject with scorn. In any case, it usually demanded all my powers of concentration & endurance to eat the breakfasts he produced. " I wonder what has happened to your French contributor, whose typically Gallic letter gave me great entertainment."

Ted Carnell --17 Nov, Somewhere in England: "Strange how science fiction seems to cling round the camps. The first movie we had here was 'The Man Who Could Work Miracles'--the first book I picked up in the library was 'Not at Night'--very battered & dogeared. Since then we have had 'Dr. Cyclops'--& a letter from Les Johnson states that at the RAF camp he is at they have 'Flash Gordon' running serially." More from Carnell in Jan & Mar VOICES.

finalé, from Idlewild, Fountainhall Rd, Aberdeen, Scotland: "I have for long yearned for US fanmaggery, and since Michael Rosenblum recently sent me a couple of issues of VOM to gloat over, I see clearly that part of my destiny at least rests in Los A. " I am determined to satiate myself with LASFL effusions.

Douglas Webster