

Look, up in the sky. It's a bird; it's a plane; it's a bird; it's an old joke. No, well, yes, it's a bird. It's THE ROGUE RAVEN 2 swooping out of the sky and into your hearts. From Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166. Subs are 10 for a lousy dollar or stamps of an equal amount (in 10¢ denominations, please.) This is the issue for February 15, 1975. England's Fine in '79.

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Hmmmm. I just finished listening to "Mama Rita in Hollywood and to its fading strains I'll talk about something entirely different. More about Mama Rita later, perhaps. Recently I had the opportunity to listen to a lecture by Major Wayne Aho. What? You don't know the name? He's one of the fore-



most lecturers on the subject of UFOs in the entire country. He'll tell you so. He will casually drop the names of places like Western Michigan, Southern Illinois University and other places where he has appeared. He happened to be lecturing at noon at North Seattle Community College where I hide out during most of the daytime. I was cautioning myself not to be snide when I wrote this, but I see from the above that I've trespassed twice already. Oh, well.

Actually the guy was a Major in Army Intelligence, or so I've heard from sources other than his own mouth. I've known of him for quite a few years. After all, Washington sometimes lays claim to being the first place for a sighting, somewhere over Mount Rainier. Long time ago, it was. Well, this Major Aho's name comes up every once in a while around here, either in the press or on the radio. He was born not too far from here, somewhere out in the tules, of ~~ppptt/tyt/tytppp~~ Finnish parents.

I had heard that he had had experiences with flying saucers, that is, with talking to the aliens who flew them. And since the lecture at the college was billed as being about UFOs, I thought it might be worth while giving up a lunch hour to hear what he had to say. Well, that was my first mistake. It certainly was not worth it. I've never heard such a disjointed lecture. Not even ones I've given myself (on unrelated topics, I assure you) have been so unstructured. Granted that he was talking without notes, still I thought that he ought to proceed in some sort of rational progression. Jumping from topic to topic, he seemed to cover the whole spectrum of all the wackiest stuff that is floating around these days. The whole spectrum of parapsychology, telepathy, teleportation, astral projection, Von Daniken, the Bermuda and other triangles (which, incidentally, are gates to other dimensions just like we read in some of the sf and fantasy works of our favorite authors), the use of Alpha and Beta waves for learning and communication, the suppression of inventions by the government and big business. Did you know, for instance, that there have been carburetor inventions that would allow a car to travel 200-300 miles per gallon? Betcha didn't know that there are not six senses (if you count what we call ESP) but eighty-four.

several different references to a new game that is being played by some people in fandom. It's called "Dragons and Dungeons." I don't know a great deal about it, so I'm going to quote from a couple of letters I've received. These are from people who have played the game and obviously are deriving a great deal of fun from it. Let me just get on with the quotes. The first one is from Sean Summers.

"And for face to face play there is Dragons and Dungeons, a fascinating adventure with lots of excitement and a great chance for death for your character. It involves entering a giant underground labyrinth of a castle built by generations of mad scientists and wizards. The group going down has a choice of character: hero, wizard, cleric, thief, etc. and human, elf, dwarf, gnome, etc. There are monsters traps, rooms full of treasure, magic weapons and spells and many dangers to one's well being. The deeper you go the more dangerous it gets, but the more valuable the treasure you may find. And as you go into the castle and survive to see the light of day, the more experienced and powerful you get. Not to mention more likely to survive. Some extant castles have gone over eighteen levels down with more to the sides. Just what you need on a rainy afternoon (or a snowy one)."

Next from Joyce O'Dell - "My other new hobby horse is Dragons and Dungeons. Which is a very difficult-to-describe fantasy game. Roughly, it is handled by a referee (who designed whichever "dungeon" the "expedition" is to take place in) according to either a fall of dice or computer-generated random number tables. The people who are on the expedition are characters also generated by throw of dice (each player has two characters). A player makes decisions for his characters (and throws to determine their performance in combat). One player also maps on graph paper the parts of the dungeon the party has encountered so that they can get back again, and someone keeps a list of what enemies you've defeated (for experience points) and what treasures you've captured (for obvious reasons, as well as experience points). In short, the whole thing is apt to get very complicated. Each expedition last roughly from 2 to 6 hours, so it's getting to be a regular thing to go out to Caltech at 7:30 Sunday night and come home anywhen from 4:30 to 6:30 Monday morning."

In addition the latest issue of Xenophile arrived and in an ad of P.D.A. Enterprises of Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182 lists figures from Middle Earth in war game size (25 mm scale). I don't know if all of these figures are necessary for the game, but at any rate, appended to the list is the notice that a 3-volume set of rules for Dragons and Dungeons is available for a mere \$10 in a boxed set. I'm not a war-gamer, but I'm intrigued by the enthusiasm expressed in these letters. I may just blow \$10 and obtain a set of rules and tell you a bit more about the game later on.

If any of you know more about the game and perhaps have played the game, I'd be happy to hear from you. It sounds like fun and even if I never play the game, I'd like to know a bit more about it. I'll share whatever I find out. Interesting thought just occurred to me. Can it be played by mail? Like Diplomacy? Several things in the letters suggest that it cannot, but you never know.

WHAT OTHER THINGS DO YOU DO BESIDES A BI-WEEKLY FANZINE: I MEAN DUMB THINGS? Well, mostly I'm working on a bibliography of all the titles which have been mentioned in the first 25 mailings of Apanage, the children's books (kiddielit) apa. Plus there are some things that I want to play with statistically with the mailings. It's somewhat of a bigger job than I anticipated, however. I've only been able to do the first twelve mailings so far, and that means that I've got thirteen to go. And there's one whale of a lot of titles and authors in those first 12 mailings. I don't have a breakdown right now, only a composite total. That's every title counted for every mailing in which it is mentioned and by each person who mentions it. So far that total comes to 1170. Of course, the actual number will be far less, but it's beginning to fill one of those oversize 3 X 5 file boxes. I've been building an author and title list and hope I won't be overpowered when I get around to typing the darn thing.

It certainly is an interesting project and hopefully it will be useful to the members of the apa when I get finished with it. By the way, if you happen to like children's books, especially fantasy, and would like to participate in Apanage, there's always room for one more. Write to Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, TX 77566. She'll be glad to give you the details and more than likely will have an extra copy of the last mailing or so around that she'll send to you so you can see what it looks like.



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AW, C'MON, GUYS AND GALS One of the things that you learn early on in this game is that when you publish a science fiction fanzine the last thing you want to talk about is science fiction. You see, the problem is that you make an entirely innocent statement and then everybody jumps on you. On the other hand, it does get you a quick response from your readers, who suddenly have had their day made. They know something the editor is ignorant of. Well, I guess that just proves that I'm still a neo. Honest, I didn't know the Heinlein item over which I waxed eloquent last time had been published in hardcover back around 1967. That's just about a year before I got involved in this silly mess, er, stimulating hobby. The strange thing is that in all of the second-hand bookshop haunting I've done during those six or seven years, I've never seen a copy of the book. Someone wrote to say that they had picked up a used copy for a buck, when I was telling you what a bargain it was at \$1.95. Don Markstein accused me of trying to play cute, dropping it in all seriousness and letting it lay. Sorry, Don, I was being serious. Well, I hoped that the Rogue would be entertaining, and it's sure turning out that way.

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Hey, thanks for all the kind cards and letters. I'll catch you up on the mail next issue. I even have three subscribers already, plus some of you people who don't think you'd get it free anyway and sent a buck. I truly am grateful for the help with the postage. Thanks to Lex Reibestein and Jim McLeod for the art this ish; Lex on p. 1 and Jim on pp. 2 & 4. Celebrate Quivering Oddity Week; laugh like a bowl full of jelly.

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Is Praying Mantis really the Celestial Madonna?