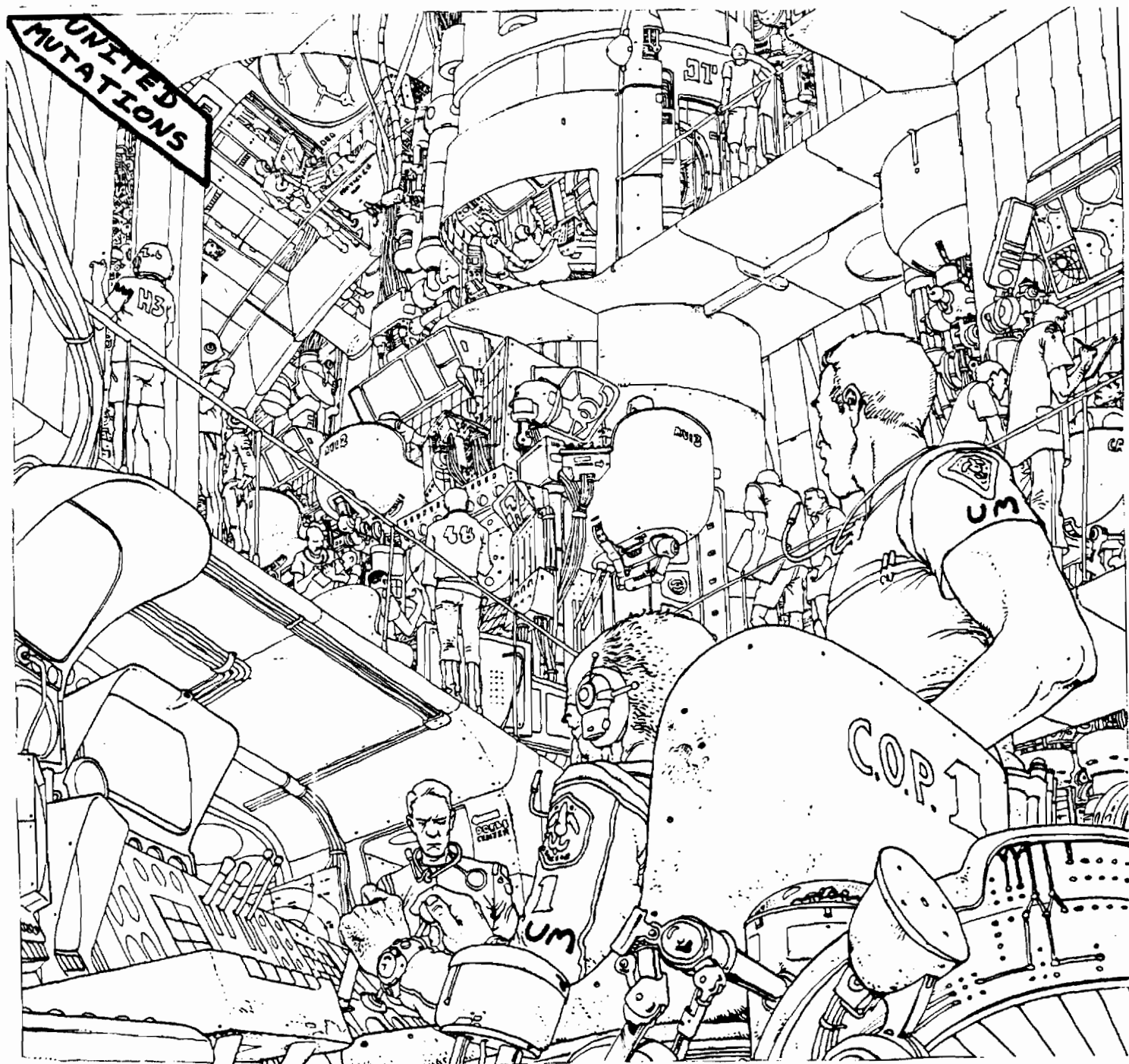


Sya-Desti-Sya-Nasti- Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska # 5



"All right, men! We'll print this issue as soon as
some one can find the button to start this thing!"

THE Sage of Um



For months, the sage of Um had contemplated the mysteries imposed by this life, and how to overcome them to bring his conception of self to a being who maintained inner peace. But one great force, one which many could not, or would not, even name stood in his way. But the sage felt he not only had to name this force, but confront and master this force to achieve the peace he had meditated so long on to maintain. And so he concentrated, striving to materialize this force in front of him, so he could overcome, or be overcome by it. For hours he strained, almost to his breaking point, until the entire earth shook from his efforts, and sparks flew from his eyes. A shimmering slowly appeared before him, and gradually the swirling array of colours solidified into a form recognizable by those trained in these matters. He examined it carefully, searching out a weakness, until finally, using his last ounce of strength in an attempt to control it, and thus avoiding being controlled by it, he shouted out its true name:

Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti-
Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska

Friday, January 13, 1978

Volume 1, # 5

UNITED MUTATIONS, INC.

This is Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti-Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska #5, published by United Mutations. Editor is John Mirassou, Rt. 2, Box 623AC, Morgan Hill, Calif. 95037. School address: Box 96, Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, Calif. 95053. I live at school, but come home on Weekends due to responsibilities here. Printer, and reciever of lavish thanks from me, is Randy Christopher. Main Typist, and overall Troll Friday, is Fester Troll, which means I do all the work because John is too lazy to get up and do anything.

Subscriptions to this are 12 issues for \$3.00, except no one seems to want to subscribe. To play in a game here, you have to pay another \$2.50 in addition to maintaining a subscription, trade, or blackmail threat. There are only openings in regular diplomacy right now. I'm having enough trouble filling that thing up without worrying about filling up a variant also.

* I need standby's desperately! I just picked up *
* two orphans, and not everyone was interested in *
* continuing. If you are kind enough to volenteer *
* please let me know. I'll be eternally grateful. *
* Thank you. *

This may turn out to be a relatively short issue (8 pages) due to the fact that I think I'm running out of ditto masters, and there is no way in the world I'll have time to get some more in time to get this out. Which reminds me, I forget to tell you how frequent this thing comes out. Supposedly this is tri-weekly, but until I start a game (which should be the orphans next issue) I will call it monthly. When the game starts it will go back to three weeks between issues. (Ha! Go back to? This is the first issue that's come close, at about four weeks since last mailing.)

Contributions are greatly appreciated, and can be on just about anything that you want to write about. And, for your efforts, you will be rewarded with some free issues of this 'zine. I really would appreciate it, too. Right now I have so many things going on that finding the time to fill up enough pages with original material is one of the biggest problems in getting this out on time. Even searching for non-original material takes time, so I really would appreciate it. Please?

And now, since this issue will be going out to several people who may have never even heard of me, there will follow a short biography of myself.

I was born in a hospital in San Jose, California on April 30, 1958, making me a mere 19 years old. For you astrology buffs out there, the sign I was born under is "Quiet, Maternity Ward." I proceed through the normal grades in school in the normal order, going from grammar school to Junior High, and to high school. I attended Bellarming College Prep in San Jose, where I qualified for CSF and National Honor Society, but was too lazy to bother with petitioning, so the only award I came away from high school was the pervert award from German class for doing a skit on hotels in Germany and the people who live in them with a friend of mine, who, incidentally, won the trenchmouth award. From there I proceeded down the street to Santa Clara University, where I am presently a Sophomore, and in my fourth major, which is Computer Science, since computer science classes are the only ones I can a) stay awake in, or b) remember to go to. I think I went to physics class something like 7 times last quarter, so Cal White doesn't have a heck of a lot on me there. I have been able to maintain a 2.75 average despite all this, thanks to being able to pull A's in Comp Sci, and A's and B's in the required Humanities classes. Why aren't I a Humanities major, you might ask? I probably would be a philosophy major, except there's not much you can do with that besides become a priest or teaching other people to be philosophy majors, both of which I could see myself doing, but I don't think I'd be very good at either one of them.

Time out for every one to wake up again. Go get some coffee.

As for a physical description, I'm 5'11", and weigh 158, though I look more like 175. I have long, curly reddish-brown hair which has recently shrunk from 2-3" below the collar of a t-shirt (the only kind of shirt I wear. Buttons are too complicated in the morning) to about an inch above.

I'm interested in almost everything, and love to talk to other people about it, though I usually let the other person do most of the talking since I'm basically quiet, and a little bit shy with people I don't know very well unless there's enough of my friends around to get me going, in which case I can become quite rowdy and will do some totally insane things then.

(This will be continued on page 7. Gee, this is one of the easiest ways of filling up space I've found in a long time. And what's better, I don't have to worry about typing mistakes because everyone will be so bored they won't read it.)

time. Nobody said anything, so you just kept on going. One
 one sometime, depending on how I feel

CM	RI	PTS	REASON
22	1	2	APC's are generally, you know, quotes "only" the things that JMC, a great name in law, is
23	1	1	To do it, you needed the...
25	2	1	Dale's RI 1 explained the...
26	2	2	APC, you started in 2 of...
27	2	1	You did...
28	2	1/2	APC, you know, the...
30	4	2/2	Actually, when you did one of...
33	6	1	Clearly, you were RI 5...
34	7	1	You off, huh?
35	7	2	U-Turn in the supple for 14...
36	7	2	APC, you were to take the turn...
40	8	1	Says a where in the supple for...
39	8	1	The supple for 16... RI 5, which used CH and so you...
38	8	2	You were instructed to turn...
41	8	1	You had already had some...
42	9	2	The supple for 18... RI 9...
43	10	2	Finally, the supple for 18... RI 9...

any of not scientific impossible combine...
 I hope you enjoy this...
 were any questions about...

5

I was going through some books at school when I came upon this speech in one of them. I thought it was kind of funny (make that absurd) so I am reprinting it here. It's not necessarily a reflection of my views either way on the subject, I just thought it was kind of interesting. It was made by representative Thomas of New Jersey to the house of Representatives back when smoking banana peels had just become a fad.

Mr. Speaker, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration recently launched an investigation of banana peel smoking.

This was very good news to me, since I have been extremely concerned over the serious increase in the use of hallucinogenics of youngsters. Apparently, it was not enough for this generation of thrill-seekers to use illicit LSD, marijuana, and airplane glue. They have now invaded the fruit stand.

The implications are quite clear. From bananas it is a short but shocking step to other fruits. Today the cry is "Burn, Banana, Burn." Tomorrow we may face strawberry smoking, dried apricot inhaling or prune puffing.

What can Congress do in this time of crisis? A high official in the FDA has declared:

Forbidding the smoking of material from banana peels would require Congressional legislation.

As A legislator, I feel it my duty to respond to this call for action.

I ask Congress to give thoughtful consideration to legislation entitled, appropriately, the Banana and Other Odd Fruit Disclosure and Reporting Act of 1967. The target is these banana-smoking beatniks who seek a make-believe land, "the land of Honalee," as it is described in the peel puffers' secret psychedelic marching song, "Puff, the Magic Dragon."

Part of the problem is, with bananas at 10 cents a pound, these beatniks can afford to take a hallucinogenic trip each and every day. Not even the New York City subway system, which advertises the longest ride for the cheapest price, can claim for pennies a day to send its passengers out of this world.

Unfortunately, many people have not yet sensed the seriousness of this hallucinogenic trip-taking. Bananas may help explain the trancelike quality of much of the 90th Congress proceedings. Just yesterday I saw on the luncheon menu of the Capitol dining-room a breast of chicken Waikiki entry topped with, of all things, fried bananas.

An official of the United Fruit Co., daring to treat this banana crisis with levity, recently said;

The only trip you can take with a banana is when you slip on the peel.

But I am wary of United Fruit and their ilk, because, as the New York Times pointed out, United "stands to reap large profits if the banana smoking wave catches on." United has good reason to encourage us to fly high on

6

psychedelic trips. And consequently I think twice every time I hear that TV commercial-"Fly the friendly skies of United."

But let me get to what Congress must do. We must move quickly to stop the sinister spread of banana smoking. Those of my colleagues who occasionally smoke a cigarette of tobacco will probably agree with the English statesman who wrote:

The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like samaritan.

But the banana smoker is a different breed. He is a driven man who cannot get the banana off his back.

Driven by his need for bananas, he may take to cultivating bananas in his own backyard. The character of this country depends on our ability, above all else, to prevent the growing of bananas here. Ralph Waldo Emerson gave us proper warning:

Where the banana grows, man is. . . cruel.

The final results are not yet in, however, on the extent of the banana threat. An FDA official has said that, judging from the 4 years of research needed to discover peyote's contents, it will probably take years to determine scientifically the hallucinogenic contents of the banana. We cannot wait years, particularly when the world's most avid banana eater, the monkey, provides an immediate answer.

We can use the monkey as a laboratory, seeing what effects bananas have on him. The FDA says it cannot tell if a monkey has hallucinogenic kicks; they think not. The problem, I feel, is seeing the monkey munch in its natural habitat. To solve this dilemma, I propose the Peel Corps, necessarily a swinging set of young Americans capable of following the monkey as he moves through the forest leaping from limb to limb.

On the homefront, I am requesting the President to direct the Surgeon General to update his landmark report on smoking and health to include a chapter on banana peels. In the meantime Congress has a responsibility to give the public immediate warning. As you know, because of our decisive action with respect to tobacco cigarette smoking in the United States is almost at a standstill. This is because every package of cigarettes that is sold now carries a warning message on its side.

Therefore, I propose the Banana Labeling Act of 1967, a bill to require that every banana bear the following stamp. "Caution: Banana Peel Smoking May Be Injurious to Your Health. Never Put Bananas in the Refrigerator."

There is, of course, one paractical problem with this legislation: banana peels turn black with age. At that point, the warning sign becomes unreadable. It may be necessary, as a consequence, to provide for a peel depository, carefully guarded, to protect the public from aged peels. I am now requestion of the Secretary of the.

Treasury that, given the imbalance of the gold flow, some of the empty room at Fort Knox be given over to such a peal depository.

As with any revolutionary reform movement, I expect the forces of opposition to be quite strong. One only has to look at the total lack of Federal law or regulation relating to bananas to realize the banana lobby's power. We have regulations of avocados, dates, figs, oranges, lemons, pears, peaches, plums, and raisins. But bananas have slipped by unscathed.

What we need across the length and breadth of this great land is a grassroots move to ban the banana, to repeal the peal. Howard Johnson's can survive with only 27 flavours. And what is wrong with an avocado split? I will only breath easier when this country, this land we love, can declare, "Yes, we have no bananas; we have no bananas today."

THEFIRSTPERSONIKNOWOFTOUSELINEARSEPARATORSLIKETHISWASCONRADVONMETZKE

(Autobiography of me, continued from page 3)

Despite what I said on page three, this isn't easy for me. Mainly because I don't like talking about myself. Mainly because when you describe your own personality it isn't always as others see you unless you really have your head together, and so you can make yourself to be whatever you want to be sometimes, and not really what you are. So if you want to find out more of what my personality is like, I welcome you to write, and find out through letters, which are much more personal than a mass-produced gazette.

Some of my main interests are Music (Almost anything but Soul, and to a lesser extent Country Western), Guitar (I play a Yamaha Classical (my favourite), a Fender Stratocaster, and a Gibson 12-String), Diplomacy, Car Rallies, Science Fiction, and reading in general, Song Writing, Socialology, Dungeons and Dragons, Games, Religion, Computers, Radio production, writing, and, like I said before, almost anything else under the sun.

If you've ever wondered why this zine can be so late, it's also because I am a DJ on the college radio station, a co-advisor for the local high school youth club, work for my father on a prune orchard, Bowl on the school league, work about once a year on a search team, play guitar in a mellow rock band, among other things.

My nickname is Seagull, which was given to me by some friends of mine because I like the beach (along with all of nature) so much, and because I reminded them of Jonathan Livingston Seagull. I also picked up a few other nicknames along the way, like Trapper John (because I had a sense of humour like him on M*A*S*H I guess), and about five others, which I forget because few people use them anymore. And since I'm almost to the bottom of the page, and falling asleep myself from this, I stop here.

Orphans

1977FJ

The following people have agreed to play:

Wes Polender, Richard Locke, Mark Watuschak, John Michalski.

The following people have not responded:

Terry Barnes, Jack Doyon, Iley Le Bouef.

So I need three standbys. Anyone, please help.

1977HH

The following have agreed to play:

George Kasnic, Jack Foster, John Michalski, Wes Polender

The following cannot play:

Jeff Miller

The following did not respond:

Kurt Haas, Iley Le Bouef

Once again, I need three standbys. All those wishing to volunteer, please let me know. Both of these games are just started(1903 and 1901) and good positions are available. If you do wish to standby, please let me know if you'll play in one or both games, and if you have a preference to which game you want to play in. Thanks a lot. I really appreciate it.

TRISTYPEOFLINEARSEPARATORSNEEDIEREJUSTFOREADATTIME'LONTFOUHTINK?

INTIMATE ANARCHY

1977Fhk

Fall/Winter 1903

1977Ahr2

CHRISTOPHERS:

Mongo A Vic-H, Ruth-Hall, ~~Vic~~, Vic, Hob even

Preedap F Eng(S) F Bre, F Exp-H, A Lon-Moz, A Ukr-Fun, A Sev (S)

A Ukr-Fun, Bre, cos, Sev, ~~Bob~~, ~~Vic~~ Remove A Moz

Squeedangle A Mdi-H, A Tex(S) A Sil-Lun, A Sil-Mun, F Belg(S)

Mongo A Ruth-Hall, A Con(S) A Bay, A Smy(S) A Con(dis, r-Ank)

Inv, Lex, Con, Ank, Wag, ~~BDI~~, ~~Vic~~ Even

MIRASSOUS:

Spastica F MEd-Nat, F Spa(sc)-Mid, A Mun(S) ANATHEMA A Pie.

A Bui(S) A Run, A Rom-H, A Bul-Con

Spa, Poz, Mun, Pri, Ser, Bul, BUA, BUD Guild A Tri, F Per

Ethil A Den-H, F WMed-H, F Cas-Sre. Sre, Den, Tun. Even

Anathema F Nap-Lon, F WMed-Lon, A Pie(S) SPASTIC A Mun,

A Rom-H, F EMed-Say, F Angl, F EMed-Say

Nwy, Lon, Rel, Nap, Gre, ~~FF~~, ~~CON~~, ~~KIE~~, ~~B~~ Guild A Tel, ~~Wag~~

"Shadowed tunnels darting
 under rays of golden light.
 Image full of power,
 Searing in the night.
 And always in the corners,
 it waits to claim your mind.
 It balks at our resistance,
 for it knows no single time..." *

The coloured dots danced and spun across the screen, forming patterns that few could even see, and those that could make sense out of them might be of a breed that hadn't yet come into existence.

"Rick! Rick! What's wrong with you? That station signed off almost twenty minutes ago."

Rick came slowly out of his dreamlike state. He remembered that someone told him something of great importance, but he couldn't quite place it. Something strange, or mystical, or... he wasn't quite sure what it was, really. He walked over to the set and turned it off. "I guess I must have dozed off for awhile."

"Are you all right? You've been pushing yourself too hard lately, working on that damned project of yours. What are you doing, anyway? I've never been able to understand what all these machines did, making all those strange sounds and eerie lights. It seems almost evil to me."

Anne could really be a pain sometimes. He knew she was just worried, and not really angry, but it still annoyed him. She had a high intelligence, but she still acted as if she didn't understand things. And she really could be pushy about getting her own way. Probably, it would be best just to give in to her this time.

"Guess you're right, dear. Though I hate to stop when I feel like I'm getting so close to a breakthrough. Except time, I feel like I'm just about there, and then everything seems to shift out of phase, and it all gets lost again. It would help if I knew what I was looking for. I guess a rest would do me good, though. How about taking that trip to Arizona that we've always been talking about."

"Arizona! That's wonderful! Oh, we'll have a marvelous time." She rattled on in delight for another few minutes, as she tended to do when she was excited. But Rick had tuned her out after the first few words. He was thinking of the rumours he had heard about strange things happening in Arizona, and that maybe he wouldn't have to take such a long break from his work after all.

*From "Tripping", by J. R. Copeland

That looks just about like the end of this issue. All I have to do is ramble on long enough to fill up the last half of this page, until I run over the address block. Thank you everyone, thank you. What's that? You want to hear caravan with a drum solo? We'll get to that tomorrow night. Yes. Thank you, thank you. No, Kermit the magic Kangaroo won't be here tomorrow night. No, he jumped town. Thank you, and good night America!

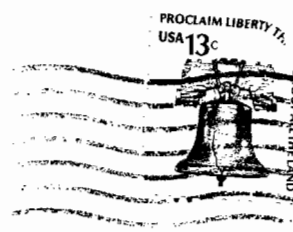
...What's that. There's still another two or three inches of space left. Ohigod, what do we do? I mean, the producers always had the show so well planned out. This never happened to us before. What do we do? I mean, do we have to give them a refund or something? Does anyone know how to tape dance or something. Anything! We've got to keep them occupied, otherwise they might get violent. Ah, the heck with it. Lets tell them the truth. You might as well go home, we're a little short this month. There's no more jokes or articles, or anything. That's all.

Look, I told you once already. Go home. It's all over for this month. We've done all of our jokes, so you may as well go and read something else. Brutus Bulletin, or maybe Black Hole. That's all we've got.



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