

Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti
Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska
#6



Sya-Dasti's main contributor, dreaming up new ideas.

...The winds blew softly across the plains, lifting up little puffs of dust here and there. Most had already gone home, giving up all hope, but a few die-hards remained, refusing to leave until the last possible chance had passed them by.

A dull rumble began, softly at first, then growing until it overwhelmed all of the other senses. Cracks began forming in the earth, and smoke filled the air. Slowly, a shape began rising from one of these cracks, enveloped in steam and smoke so that his identity remained unknown. Sometime during this, the rumbling had stopped, and the smoke now began to settle. His form slowly began to unveil, and the people were too spellbound to speak. And so he broke the silence with these two short sentences: "Lo, I have returned! Wugga, Wugga, Wugga! ... "

Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti-

Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska

6

June, 1978

Volume 1, #6

UNITED MUTATIONS

Good Evening, and welcome to the return of the zine with the unpronounceable name, Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti-Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska. This farce is now undergoing a massive overhaul, and the format of this will change drastically within this issue. Stay tuned for further details.

First of all, this is published by John Mirassou, Rt. 2, Box 623AC, Morgan Hill, Calif. 95037. Frequency is irregular, hopefully someday this will be remedied. Subscriptions are available at the price of 12 issues/\$3.00, despite the fact that there was a postal increase a little while ago. I have decided to see how much money I can lose on this, hence the classy reproduction you see before you.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER ONE

There is now a large change in the way of game openings, etc. First of all, all those who had signed up for a game should be getting a refund in a short period (read that as within a month or so, It's hard to give up money.) Second, the two orphans I picked up have been returned to the orphan director for placement in another zine, due to the way I was running them (or not running them, as the case was.) That means there are no games running in the pages of this' zine at the present time, except for intimate anarchy, and there are no people signed up for any of them. So here is the announcement, or rather, on the next page is the announcement.

So here it is, the big announcement. There are now two games open in the pages of this zine. There is no game fee for either one of them. Black press will be allowed, and, in fact, encouraged. For those of you who don't like black press because you are never sure of who wrote them, there is an easy solution. If there is a press release that you want to have printed, and you want to make sure that everyone knows that you wrote it, simply use one of your moves as the dateline. Supposedly, you should be the only person that knew the move, and the people can tell if it was your move or not by looking in the listing of the moves. This is not a guarantee, but it might help. For those of you wondering why I have switched to no game fee, it is because my regularity has not been the greatest in the past, and so this way if I go back to my old habits, at least there is ~~no~~ money lost. I think I got the regularity problem solved, but I have said that before, so this is just one more try.

ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER TWO

This is not so much an announcement as a thanks to many people. I'd like to thank all of the people who wished me luck with the band I'm in, which was the main reason for the lack of publishing going on in this general area (read "general area" as "my room") For those of you who are interested, we are still going strong, and are starting to get away with doing some original material. We are also starting to shift from playing different types of dances, which would usually include some wedding receptions, graduations, and of course, real dances, to playing things where the people are listening, not dancing.

Also, thanks to the patience shown by many of you during my long break from publishing. The threatening letters stopped coming in months ago, and my parents have started answering the door again.

END OF ANNOUNCEMENTS, RESUMING TRIVIAL DRIVAL

For those of you who are out to get revenge upon my poor, humble, little self, I will be attending the GLASCON this year, and will be entering the diplomacy tournament. Thus ends all my chances for doing very good this year. I knew I should have changed my name before entering.

QUICKIE PLUG

Subscribe to Brutus Bulletin! Published by John Michalski, 913 NE 6 St, Moore, Oklahoma, 73160. Subs are \$2 for all the issues from now until December 1, 1978. Published bi-weekly, and extremely regular. No game openings, but lots of things to read. Highly Recommended! It's my favourite zine (Shh! I do too get other zines.)

I'm tired of all the silly nonsense that goes at the beginning of the zines. Lets go on and have some fun.

After the postal service increased its rates, I immediately went to the local paper to see if I could find some information as to why the rates went up. After I finished reading the comics page, I happened to glance at the page directly opposite, and found this highly informative article.

The Case for Stamping Out Stamps

-Gerald Nachman

So many people find it hard to grasp the reason for the new 15-cent price of a first-class stamp that I want to break down the cost in easy-to-understand terms.

Of that 15 cents, 2.8 cents goes to delivering the mail late. Years ago, when mail was simply delivered on time, it cost the post office almost nothing. Today, however, with the high price of detaining a letter, the cost has skyrocketed.

In 1975, the Postal Service installed expensive modern equipment that can delay a letter up to six times as long as old-fashioned hand delayed mail. Each letter goes into a mail-dawdling machine that holds it motionless for several days. Three years ago, it took 10 men the same amount of time to daley a letter.

About 2.2 cents of this 15-cent rate goes into crushing envelopes, magazines and packages. Efficient magazine manglers, run by computers, can now wrinkle, twist and rip 750 pieces of mail every minute, including all letters marked "hand cancel".

Lyle C. Understaff, chief of the Postal Service special mail-mangling division, explains: "In the old days, we had to hire experts to cruch letters, other specialists to crumple magazines, and yet a third group of people to jump up and down on packages. Now, one \$2 million machine can do it all!"

I told Understaff I always thought my letters and magazines were crushed by postmen wedging them into tiny mail boxes and narrow slowt, but he shook his head: "We've come quite a ways since those horse-and-buggy days. That took the carriers too long and left them with rough, red hands. These automatic crushers are real timesavers."

He pointed out that 3.7 cents of the 15-cent stamp goes for complex letter-losing equipment, which has replaced the occasional lazy, or crazy postman who used to dump all the mail in a garage until it was found 11 years leter by neighborhood children playing hide and seek.

Of the 15 cents, said Understaff, 1.6 cents goes into fewer mail box pickups per day. It's very costly, he emphasized, to print up new signs for mail boxes telling you that pickup

times have been reduced, not to mention the expense of hiring a man to install all the new little signs.

Two cents of the higher cost of stamps will go toward slowing down so-called special delivery service. In the past, special delivery meant next-day delivery, but now all such mail arrives at the same time as rug-cleaning circulars.

"Converting to slower special delivery was quite expensive," said Understaff, explaining that the purpose is to get more people to use "air express," which costs \$8 but gets your letter there as quickly as special delivery used to.

I asked him how he managed to slow down special delivery so efficiently, and he said it had meant buying a lot of old World War I biplanes, but even that didn't do it at first, so lately they've had to start using banana boats, bicycles and horseback. "Those ponies don't come cheap anymore," he added.

Understaff told me that 1.3 cents of every new stamp will be used to improve junk-mail service, which supports the entire postal system.

"Junk-mail always arrives on time, crisp and neat, because it's bundled before hand by companies. We'd like to get more people to send their letters in bulks of 500 or 1000. It's cheaper and faster for everyone."

The postal official continued: "We're trying to phase out all first-class delivery, which has become a real pain in the neck to the post office, by making it so poky and exorbitant that the public will be discouraged from writing letters. If people persist in sending letters individually, we may have to start penalizing them even further."

Finally, the last 1.4 cents of the increase in first-class service has been ear-marked for designing and printing new 15-cent stamps. "If we didn't have to keep designing more costly stamps," Understaff concluded, "we could probably hold the price down."

Taken from the San Jose Mercury 6/15/1978.

WARNING! COLD MEAT JOKE COMING

This is a warning that a cold meat joke will be coming along shortly.

Look! That girl is wearing nothing but cold meats, and she's dropping them off one by one!

Yes! She's doing the dance of the seven veals.
Quite a ham, don't you think?

WANTED:



Artists and writers for Diplomacy
Zine. Apply to address on page 1.
Only those excellent to totally incompetent
Need apply.



Stories from the casebook of Elmo Kleinschmidt:
As Transcribed by Michael Bowler.

Dentures are Forever



The little old lady stood at the photo counter of Payless Drug Store purchasing some pictures she had sent away for developing. The blonde-haired girl behind the counter tried to smile and be pleasant, but the lady's looks were most unsettling. She must have been about seventy, was short and slightly stocky, had grey-white hair done up in a bun and frizzed out at the sides, a thin, mean mouth that never quite closed over the small teeth, a hooked beak that might pass for a nose, arched eyebrows, beady brown eyes, a few wrinkles on her forehead, and a little rouge on her cheeks. Just looking at her caused the girl to shudder, and she quickly set about finding the requested picture packet.

Locating the pictures, the girl placed them before the lady and said, "That'll be \$3.99 please." She wasn't sure why, but the girl felt uneasy asking for the money, as if the woman would attack her with an emery board or something. The old lady reached into her navy-blue purse on the counter and removed a small, red wallet. Her fingers moved easily as she extracted a five-dollar bill and handed it over the counter to the nervous salesgirl, who quickly made the necessary change. Handing both the change and pictures to the lady, the girl said, "Thank you," but could not bring herself to repeat the standard "Come again." Nodding and smiling, the girl hurried off down the counter to help another customer, stealing one last glance at the strange little old lady who was now flipping through the pictures. Apparently satisfied, the old woman replaced the pictures in the packet and slipped them into her purse. She then hung the purse on her arm, picked up her blue flowered umbrella from where she'd set it on the counter, and hurried off down the nearest aisle, waddling slightly like a penguin. She turned once to look back at the girl, who was watching her but quickly turned away, and then continued on down the aisle.

The old lady stopped to examine a few items, continually glancing about suspiciously. Feeling certain no one was watching, she went to a nearby display, picked up a box of "Efferdent" tablets, and hurriedly retreated to the checkout stand. She waited impatiently in the Express Line, kicking the woman in front of her for having more than nine items. Finally paying for her "Efferdent", the old lady looked around one last time before hurrying from the store. She popped open her umbrella with ease and waddled out to the parking lot. Seating herself behind the wheel of a new red Toyota, she paused a moment before backing the car out of the lot, and then drove off down the street.

Meanwhile, at the Santa Clara City Police Department, Lieutenant Elmo Kleinschmidt of the "Tooth and Nail" Division and his assistant, Sergeant Barney Kettlewick, were discussing a most bizarre series of crimes.

"This is the strangest case I've ever seen in all my twenty-five years on the force, sergeant," Kleinschmidt was saying, leaning back in his small, oak chair and placing one foot on the edge of the desk. "And I've seen some pretty strange ones, let me tell you," he continued.

"But this has really got me stumped."

Kettlewick shifted his position on the corner of the desk and asked, "What exactly have we got so far?"

The lieutenant dropped his foot to the floor and reached for a file on the desk. "Not much, I'm afraid." Opening the folder, he glanced through it to confirm what he already knew by heart, and then looked up at Kettlewick. "Ten elderly people all claim that what appeared to be a little old lady in a "Bozo the Clown" mask approached them on the street in the early evening hours, pulled a chainsaw out of her purse, and threatened them with the words 'Your dentures or your life.' Naturally, the people didn't argue with her since she had the chainsaw. So, now we have ten toothless old folks and one very strange case."

He handed the file to Kettlewick, who scanned it briefly. "Maybe it's just a case of old age creeping up on the suspect," the sergeant speculated, looking up from the file. "She may be rebelling against her own advancing years by stealing the dentures from other old people, since dentures are sort of a symbol for old age." Setting the folder down on the desk, he looked questioningly at Kleinschmidt for a response.

"I think you've been watching too much television, sergeant," said the lieutenant with amusement. "What we have here is not necessarily the work of a nut."

Kettlewick looked doubtful. "Well, what else could it be?" he asked. "I mean, look at the facts. This old bat runs around in a "Bozo the Clown" mask with a chainsaw in her purse so she can steal people's dentures. She's either a nut or a deranged tooth fairy!"

An almost indistinguishable smile appeared on Kleinschmidt's face and he said, "Then why don't we call in Anita Bryant?"

Kettlewick looked surprised and answered, "You'd better be careful, Lieutenant. That was almost a joke."

Kleinschmidt again took on a serious expression and cleared his throat uneasily. "Sorry. It must be the pressure of this case. It's just that I can't find any possible motive."

Kettlewick shrugged and said, "Maybe she just hates false teeth, or dentists."

The lieutenant's face lit up and he turned to the sergeant. "Sergeant, I think you may have hit upon the answer."

Kettlewick looked confused. "I did? What is it?"

"I don't know why I didn't think of it before," continued Kleinschmidt. "It's so simple."

"What is it?" persisted a still uncomprehending Kettlewick.

"Dentist!" answered Kleinschmidt excitedly. "I want you to get me the name of the dentist who supplied each of our victims with his or her dentures. Unless I miss my guess, we'll have something viable to work with, because it will be the same man."

"Or woman?" asked the now enlightened Kettlewick.

Kleinschmidt nodded, pinching his lip in thought.

"Or woman," he mumbled as Kettlewick hurried off to get the desired information.

While all of this was going on at the police station, the little old lady had arrived at her destination--a small, two-story house somewhere in the outskirts of Santa Clara, wherever that is. Parking the car in the driveway, she quickly surveyed the upper windows for any sign of movement. She once again noticed how much the old structure needed a new paint job, and thought back to the day she and her late husband had acquired this house. It had been given to them as a wedding present by one of their best friends--a mortician who was just recently run out of town on suspicion of being a vampire. Snapping back to the present, the old lady saw no movement in the windows and wondered what Billy was doing. Stepping out of the car, she surveyed the street for any sign that she had been followed, and seeing nothing, hurried into the house.

Entering the dark hallway, she passed a small umbrella stand containing two medium-sized chainsaws. Proceeding a little further into the hall, she called out, "Billy, I'm home!" She removed her coat and hung it up on the coat rack by the door, along with her umbrella and purse. A moment later, an elderly man appeared out of the shadows at the end of the hall and hurried over to meet the old lady. He had grey, thinning hair, a wrinkled face resembling a road map, large, monkey-like ears, and was dressed in a tattered brown suit that looked like it had just done battle with Mothra, and lost.

"Did you get it, Polly?" Billy asked anxiously.

"Yes," answered Polly, holding up the small bag she'd removed from her purse. "I got our pictures back, too. There are some really great ones of you poisoning my husband."

The old woman opened the packet to show Billy the pictures, but he waived a disinterested hand. "I'll look at them later," he said, obviously nervous. "Right now I want to get to work on those dentures."

"What's your hurry? We've got plenty of time."

"I'm not so sure," continued Billy. "Not after having looked through your late husband's files. Did you know that one of his regular patients was a lieutenant in the police force?"

Polly suddenly remembered, and a look of worry began to appear on her face. "That's right! I'd forgotten about Lieutenant Kleinschmidt, though with a name like Elmo Kleinschmidt I don't see how I could have. Maybe we had better get to work after all."

"Now you're talking," Billy said, smiling for the first time.

((What is in the dentures? Tune in next month and find out.
To be continued....))

I guess what they say about turnabout being fair play is true. This was taken from Issue #2 of the Brutus Bulletin.

TO: All PERSONNEL
 FROM: ADMINISTRATION
 SUBJECT: NEW SICK LEAVE POLICY

It has been brought to our attention that the attendance record of this school is a disgrace. Due to the lack of consideration of your job with so fine a school system, as shown by such frequent absenteeism, it has become necessary for us to revise some of our policies. The following changes are in effect as of this date (June 21, 1978)

SICKNESS.....NO EXCUSE.....We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof, as we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to work.

DEATH.....(OTHER THAN YOUR OWN).....This is no excuse. There is nothing you can do for them and we are sure that someone with a lesser position can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in the late afternoon, we will be glad to let you off one hour early, provided that your share of work is ahead enough to keep the job going in your absence.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.....(FOR AN OPERATION) We are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thought that you may have about needing an operation as we believe, as long as you are an employee here, you will need all of whatever you have and you should not consider having anything removed. We hired you as you are and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than what we bargained for.

DEATH.....(YOUR OWN). This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like a two week notice, as we feel it is your duty to have sufficient lesson plans.

ALSC.....Entirely too much time is being spent in the restroom. In the future, we will follow the practice of going to the restroom in alphabetical order. For example: Those whose names begin with "A" will go from 9:00 to 9:05, "B" will go from 9:05 to 9:10 and so on. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the day when your turn comes again.

D*BOSS

INTIMATE ANARCHY

1977 Fhk
1977 Ahr2

Spring/Summer 1904

Christopher:

MONGO: A Vie-Tya, A Hol (S) PWE F ECh-Bel (dis, r-Ruhr)PWEEDAP: F ECh-Bel, F Bre-H(dis, r-Pic), A Ukr-Rum, A Sev-
(S) A Ukr-Rum.SQUEEDANGLE: A Edi-Lvp, A Ber-Kie, A Sil-Mun, F Helg (S) A Ber-Kie
A Con (S) A Ank (dis, ann), A Ank (S) A Con

Mirassou:

ETHIL: A Den (S) A Kie, F WMed-Glyo, F Gas-Bre

SPASTICA: F NAt (S) ANA F Wal-Lvp, F Mid (S) ETHIL F Gas-Bre,
A Mun (S) A Kie, A Bud (S) A Tri-Vie, A Rum-H (dis, r-Serb),
A Bul (S) ANA F Aeg-Con, A Tri-Vie, F Por-HANATHEMA: F Wal-Lvp, F Nth (S) A Bel-Hol, A Kie (S) A Bel-Hol,
A Rom-Ven, F Smy-Ank, F Aeg-Con, A Bel-Hol, F Nap-Tyn

Whereupon this game has been declared over, and a victory
awarded to Mirassou. For the heck of it, here's a supply
centre chart.

1977 Fhk (1977 Ahr2) SYA-DASTI-SYA-NASTI-SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKA,
Gamesmaster-John Mirassou, Randy Christopher,
Players:Randy Christopher (MONGO, PWEEDAP, SQUEEDSNGLE)
John Mirassou (ETHIL, SPASTICA, ANATHEMA) won Spring 1904

	<u>00</u>	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>
MONGO	3	3	2	2	
PWEEDAP	3	4	5	4	
SQUEEDANGLE	3	5	5	6	
ANATHEMA	3	5	6	8	
ETHIL	3	3	4	3	
SPASTICA	3	4	6	8	

THUSENDTHTHEFIRSTINTIMATEANARCHYGAME, THANKGOODNESSSODON'TSTARTAGAIN

FILLER

Hmmmm. Seems the filler headline took up all the room. Oh well...

If I remember right, this originally came out of Recreational Mathematics or some other similar magazine, but don't hold me to that as a friend gave me the copy of it that I have.

IMPURE MATHEMATICS

Once upon a time (1/t) pretty little Polly Nomial was strolling across a field of vectors when she came to the edge of a singularly large matrix. Now Polly was convergent and her mother had made it an absolute condition that she must never enter such an array without her brackets on. Polly, however, who had changed her variables that morning was feeling particularly badly behaved, ignored this condition on the grounds that it was insufficient and made her way in amongst the complex elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly, three branches of a hyperbola touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point she tripped over a square root which was protruding from the erf and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more she found herself, apparently alone, in a nonEuclidean space.

She was being watched, however. That smooth operator, Curly Pi, was lurking inner product. As his eyes devoured her curvilinear co-ordinates a singular expression crossed his face. Was she still convergent; he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned round and saw Curly Pi approaching with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once, by his degenerate conic and his dissipative terms that he was bent on no good.

"Eureka!" she gasped.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "What a symmetric little polynomial you are. I can see you're absolutely bubbling over with secs."

"O Sir." she protested, "keep away from me. I haven't got any brackets on."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said our suave operator, "your feats are purely imaginary."

"i,i." she thought. "Perhaps he's homogeneous then?"

"What order are you?" the brute demanded.

"Seventeen," replied Polly.

Curly leered. "I suppose you've never been operated on yet?" he said.

"Of course not," Polly said indignantly. "I'm absolutely convergent."

"Come, come," said Curly. "Let's off to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit."

"Never!" gasped Polly.

"EXCHLF!" he swore, using the vilest oath he knew. His patience was gone. Coshing her over the coefficients with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He stared at her significant places and begin smoothing her points of inflexion. Poor Polly. All was up. She felt his hand tending to her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever.

There was no mercy, for Curly was a Heavyside operator. He integrated by parts. He integrated by partial fractions. The complex beast even went all the way round and did a contour integration. What an indignity! To be multiply connected on her first integration. Curly went on operating until he was absolutely and completely orthogonal.

When Polly got home that evening her mother noticed that she had been truncated in several places. But it was too late to differentiate now. As the months went by, Polly increased monotonically. Finally she generated a small but pathological function which left surds all over the place until she was driven to distraction.

The moral of our sad story is this: if you want to keep your expressions convergent, never allow them a single degree of freedom.

HERE LIES ANOTHER LINEAR SEPARATOR WHOSE FUNCTION IS UNKNOWN TO ME OR YOU HAHA

Without further ado, who couldn't be here with us today, we shall now continue.

UNTITLED

Sirens screamed through what was otherwise a peaceful night. The stars seemed closer than usual, their twinkling almost like a winking, and they gave a soft glow to the field. It was a cool night, and a fine mist gave everything an unfocused look, adding to the feeling of unreality. There were crickets chirping, the sound of water splashing, and in the air was the smell of alfalfa and almonds. And, of course, smoke.

The car lay overturned by the side of the road, a thin wisp of smoke curling up from the front, the tires still spinning as if the car was meant to run that way. Garrett still sat behind the wheel, unconscious, the seat belt holding him in place. Blood flowed from his scalp, and his legs bent up, one twisted sideways and pointing out the window, the other on the steering wheel, as if that was his normal position for driving. A flashing light appeared in the rear view mirror, and the ambulance pulled alongside the wreck. Two men jumped out, forced open the door, and had Garrett on a stretcher and in the back with a bored, unaffected efficiency, and they resumed their discussion on who would win the pennant that year as they

drove back to the hospital.

The hospital room had the ever popular look of sterile efficiency to it. Two masked men and two masked women, their gloved hands raised in front of them, stood around the gurney holding Garrett. Tubes ran from his arms to bottles, and wires ran from various parts of his anatomy to machines displaying the jagged peaks and valleys that meant he was still alive. His mind had just brought itself to the realm of consciousness, and remained long enough for his surroundings to semi-register before he drifted back to unconsciousness on the raft of anesthetics administered to him. Just before everything went black, though, he thought he saw the glint of a smile in one of the masked men's eyes as the man reached for a knife...

...Althazar slowly opened his eyes as the sun shown through the window. He groaned and rolled over. There was a dull throbbing in his head, and his legs felt as if they were tied to the cot. The celebration of Gulcuivie had lasted long into the night, and it was now nearly midday. He considered pulling the blanket over his head and going back to sleep, but today was the reason for the previous nights fest. He pulled himself to his feet and wandered to the basin to splash cold water on his face, and then began to don his clothes for the day. A long simple green robe with a green rope tied about the middle, a blue cloak that fastened with a green cord about his neck, and the ring. As he slid the ring on his left index finger, the horn sounded signifying the beginning of the day's ceremony.

(To be continued . . .)

IFYOUDIDN'T TRYTOREADTHELINEARSEPARATORSYOUWOULDNTHAVEEYESTRAIN

Little miss muffet
sat on a tuffet
eating her curds and whey
along came a spider
who sat down beside her
so she ate that too.

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Most poems rhyme
But this one doesn't

BLANK VERSE

(Notice how it rhymes
perfectly)

And so comes to a close the latest issue of Sya-Dasti-Sya-et-cetera. This is a special DipCon XI issue, probably because I'm going to hand out a lot of free issues down there. What better way to go broke? Next issue will contain the conclusion to Dentures are Forever, more from Untitled, and whatever I can dig up between then and now. Contributions are appreciated, but if I'm going to continue printing this up like this, I can't afford to giveout many free issues. Next issue should be out on or about July 30th, lets say, and now maybe I can surprise everyone by getting an issue out early for a change.

It seems as if there was something that I forgot, but I can't remember what it was. Just a minute please. Here's something, but this wasn't what I was looking for. Frequency of game deadlines, once a game is started, will be every three weeks, and house rules will be printed (again) when a game starts.

I can't think what it was, so it couldn't have been to important. This issue's cover came from Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction #6, by Magazine Management co., Inc. Unless I change my mind between here and the printers.

THIS IS THE LAST LINEAR SEPARATOR OF THE ISSUE DONT LOOK FOR ANY MORE STUPID

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FIRST CLASS
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FIRST CLASS
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want to play, trade, or subscribe? _____

There is a note enclosed _____

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That's all