

# DEPRAVED

Published By and For Infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational

June 1995

Vol. II, Number 4

Mellema posts first Win with Stalinist portrait in Week 112; then Witte again, who joins Kondis and Romm as only contestants to win twice in 3 Weeks

Record 25 pack out the joint at June breakfast: Beland, Pannullo, both Sorensens, Robbins, and Son of the Mongoose Lady are

## first-time attendees

Czar cover compromised temporarily as "mailbag contention" bounces e-mail submissions on May 22

Disney looking to cash in on Invitational notoriety--reports filter back of new film's working title: "F2F"; early line on casting: Robert Shaw as The

Czar, Dafoe as The Krattenmaker, Gilbert Gottfried as Romm, C. Smith in cameo as Himself, and the voice of Wayland Smithers as Michael Farquhar

Arnold wins second consecutive Pyrrhic victory, nailing down another Win in a tough Week for everybody else (details, page 6)

## NRARS FIELD TRIP TO WEST BY GOD VIRGINIA JULY 15-16, 1995



To commemorate the first anniversary of the institution of the NRARS Breakfasts, a special trip is being planned. Where? West Virginia, of course [we are indebted to Meg Sullivan, Potomac, for this audacious idea--Ed.]. Martinsburg, West Virginia, on I-81 about 15 miles south of Hagerstown, Md., to be exact. This trip replaces the customary first-Sunday breakfast meeting for the month of July.

NRARS Losers who decide to spend the night in the belly of the beast will be meeting for dinner and

drinks on Saturday evening. Sunday afternoon we will be joined by more Losers for a fabulous buffet lunch, assuming we haven't been discovered and run out of town by that time.

So mark your calendars and make your reservations. Sarah Worcester, Bowie, will be coordinating the events, so please let her know if you'll be there. Dave Zarrow, Herndon, is back-up coordinator, so you can tell him your plans, too. Reservations have already been made for the Sunday lunch, and we have to give them a pretty firm number several days ahead of time. If you're planning on joining us Saturday night, please let Sarah or Dave know that, too, so we can let you know our plans as they develop.

Sarah Worcester:

Dave Zarrow:

RECOMMENDED LODGING FOR SATURDAY, July 15: Comfort Inn, Martinsburg, a half-mile east from I-81, exit 16 East, on S.R. 9, 2800 Aikens Center (800-622-3416 or 304-263-6200). The AAA rate is \$59 per night plus tax; the non-discounted rate is \$65 plus tax. There is an outdoor pool, and a "full" continental breakfast is included. Check-in time is 4:00 p.m.

As of June 1 they had lots of rooms available for July 15, BUT we are warned that July is a big month for them and rooms would probably go fast. MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS ASAP. (If the Comfort Inn runs out of rooms, the AAA guide also lists a Days Inn and an Econo-Lodge in Martinsburg, as well as several other motels.)

SATURDAY NIGHT: Meet at 5:30 in the lobby of the Comfort Inn. Go to dinner (uncertain where yet). After dinner, adjourn to the cocktail lounge at the Stone Anchor Inn (stays open until 2:00 a.m.).

SUNDAY LUNCH will be at the Stone Anchor Inn (formerly Stone Crab Inn) at 1:00 p.m. (opening time on Sunday). There is reported to be a fabulous all-you-can-eat buffet, with over 75 items and featuring seafood specialties, for \$16.95. We are being given the banquet room, and reservations are under "Worcester." They DO NOT know who we are. Directions: I-81 to exit 16 East (N. Queen St.) Get in the left lane coming off the exit, turn left at the Exxon fillin station, and then take your first immediate left onto Mid-Atlantic Blvd, press on to restaurant.

-- Sarah Worcester, Bowie





## LETTERS TO THE JANITOR

I was touched to see my name in the May 1995 issue, until the bag-boy at Safeway explained to me what "ad hominem" means. I take great

umbrage at the mere suggestion that I would engage in such a practice. And anyone who says I would is a no-good ratfink.

I feel it is incumbent upon me to explain why I have not been submitting entries to TSI lately: I have learned that people are *laughing* at them. I am sorry if learning that occasions in you the humiliation I endured.

What this world needs in gravity, not frivolity. Remember the motto: NIP--Nowledge Is Power.

-- Paul A. Alter, Hyattsville

Mr. Alter is a founding member of NRARS and until approximately October of 1994 represented 50% of the total attendance at the monthly breakfasts.

Depravda is absolutely fabulous and I hereby fling a challenge at the other NRARS members. Enclosed is my check for \$45.00 (#45 being my standing as of Depravda #1). Since those of us who have toiled in the field know paper, printing and postage do not come cheap, I think it is only fair that if we play, we pay. For a year of Depravda, my cost is \$45.00, Chuck Smith's is \$1.00, Sarah Worcester's is \$8.00, etc. As of June 1, 1996, I'm hoping my Depravda subscription is no more than \$20.00 and shall endeavor to work towards that goal--and hope I am joined by similar lamebrains including the reclusive Widowmaker. I close with warmest regards to the finest bunch of people I've never met.

-- Mary Lee Fox Roe, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

An interesting concept you have there, sort of a regressive tax scheme with a vengeance. However, we will probably not be introducing such a scheme any time soon, as it would exacerbate (which is word that has always rubbed us the wrong way) the deep divisions that already plague the Society as a result of this mania for rankings and consistency measures. We don't need divisions, we need something that will bring us together!

We can't believe we just said that. That's the corniest thing we ever said. We're going to go right over there and be sick.

(continued on page 3)

## HIT 'EM WHERE THEY AIN'T

Why should you enter the Style Invitational every week, no matter how tough the contest?

The first reason is Ken Krattenmaker. You can be sure he is entering every week, whoever the hell he is.

The second reason is you don't want to be a sinner. Jesus said, "Love your enemies . . . Even sinners love those who love them. And if you do good to those who do good to you, what thanks can you expect? For even sinners do that much." By analogy, anybody can enter the contests that are fun and easy, like the one about the carnal horses. But what thanks can you expect for that? Love your punchlines and mnemonics.

The third reason is The Widowmaker. 'Nuff said.

Fourth, what about all those depressed Democratic wonks out there whose only joy in life since November is a few minutes Sunday morning reading the Style Invitational? Who the hell are you to deprive them of that meager pleasure, to force them to read paragraphs and paragraphs of the Czar whining about how everyone bombed this Week because he can't admit he had yet another dorky contest idea (note to Czar: the previous sentence has no basis in truth. It was meant only to trick gullible readers into sending you more good entries)?

Fifth, did I mention Ken Krattenmaker?

Sixth, the purpose of the Style Invitational is not to have fun but to stretch your mind, to stave off old age, to boldly connect neurons that no one has connected before. Fun should be work, and not vice-versa. This is Washington, after all, not EuroDisney. Remember, "wonk" backwards is "know."

The seventh and eighth reasons are the person right below you in the rankings (who I personally know enters every Week, with gobs and gobs of faux-clever answers), and Week200. Consistency is destiny!

Ninth and last (hey, this is no Letterman rip-off), the tough Weeks are the best ones to pick up points, since the field is wide open as both the NRARSers and the weekend warriors do laundry and watch their old X-Files tapes.

Oh, I could try to convince you to wimp out on the tough contests, so there would be more cheap Honorable Mentions for me and Elden, but how would that be any different from my taking a baseball bat and smashing, oh, say, Ken Krattenmaker's typing hand? True, the restraining order should have put an end to that dream, but what are you driving at? No, I'm not obsessed?

Are you talking to me?



# THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style

[WARNING: Dr. Style is not a real Doctor, but does like to *play doctor* occasionally.]

Dear Dr. Style:

How do I respond to people that say to me, upon hearing I'm an SI contestant, "Gee, I wish I had that much time!"? As if to say, "Gee, your life must be AWFULLY empty to waste on something as stupid as that!" Or the clods who say, "Hey, I could do that! I bet I'll get in next time!" Translation: "If you can do it, then by golly a dolt like me can! You know I'm funny as hell! Didn't I tell you about when my bowling ball went down the alley next to mine? What a story. I should send that one in! Do they have a contest about funny things happening in bowling alleys?" -- JSH

*Dear J: How Dr. Style continues to be amazed that people without manners don't just shut up. Anyway, etiquette is designed to subtly make people feel guilty for their words and behavior, so the proper reply to "Gee, I wish I had that much time" is "How sad it is that you're a joyless workaholic who has the time to read about fun things but no time to participate in them." Similarly, the appropriate response to "Hey, I could do that! I bet I'll get in next time!" is to give the person a friendly but firm handshake while saying, "One hundred dollars--it's a bet!" (You need not explain it's too late to get in the next contest. Etiquette allows you to take advantage of clods as long as you do so politely.)*

Dear Dr. Style:

Now see here, you just told JSH that somebody was an workaholic, and in so doing you are contributing to the further decline of the Queen's English. Don't get me wrong--I'm no linguistic Luddite. Make up all the damned new words you want, but for heaven's sake do it consistently. A person who drinks to excess is an "alcoholic," but there is no such thing as "workahol." A person who works to excess is therefore by extension a "workic." Got it? (We'll talk about "telecommuting" later.) -- Alfred Sprechsgut, Mrs.

*Dear Mrs. Alf: First of all, I refer to excess drinkers as "alcoholaholics"--so there! Second, this is America and the only powerful queen we ever had was J. Edgar Hoover, and he's dead, so leave your nitnosepicking about new words to William Safire and other ex-Nixonite monarchists. Third, complaining about a letter that hadn't even been written yet violates the laws of Nature, so I am placing you under citizen's arrest. I suggest you plead insanity and seek professional counseling.*

*Jerkaholic.*

Dear Dr. Style:

I and a good many other alert readers have noticed a recent trend toward civility and good taste on page F2, and we remain hopeful that many of the truly twisted and perverse things that Mr. Stephen Dudzik has thought up for the Ear No One Reads get all the attention they deserve.

However, the malaise has simply moved off-page. I direct your attention to page F5 of last Sunday's paper: in Ann Landers' column (and are you the same as her, by the way, or is that your sister?) one L. A. Wilson identifies himself as "A Buffalo Bagel Lover." Now *that* is a new one on me. While mildly amusing at first, and possibly an improvement on "road apple" or "meadow muffin," "buffalo bagel" is *really pushing the envelope* on what I expect to read in what used to be a family newspaper.

Should I cancel my subscription? Is this what Sen. Dole is talking about? I think it is. -- ECL

*Dear Mr. Doleful: The problem is not in my ex-lover's column, err, uhh, I mean, Ann Landers' column, but in your obsession with finding scatology where it isn't (are you any relation to Chuck Smith?) As the Bible says, look not for the mote in your neighbor's eye when you have a toxic waste dump in your own. A Buffalo Bagel Lover does not refer to one who loves "meadow muffins"--that would be a Buffalo Bagel Chip Lover. A Buffalo Bagel Lover refers to someone who has a very kinky sexual fetish. And that's what Sen. Dole has, I mean, that's what he is talking about. I hope you will consider professional counseling.*

Got a personal problem? Oh, wait, we know, you have this "friend" who has a problem. Or maybe you have a question that Achenbach, Levey, and Miss Manners bungled in a most comical way. Well, then, just send it in to Dr. Style, c/o The Publisher, and we'll see that it's sorted right out for you.

Continued from "Letters," page 2

I regret to report that my effort to get The Widowmaker to appear for the June breakfast was a complete and utter failure. As a result of that failure, I am in a snit you wouldn't believe. A couple of days after the breakfast, I printed

OK. Be that way.

in smallish type in the middle of an 8½x11 piece of paper and sent it to him. I do not plan to attempt to contact him again for at least several months.

If, somehow, The Widowmaker should read this letter, I have one thing to say to him: Bite me.

-- Sarah Worcester, Bowie

But you didn't say please, and you didn't say where.



# PROMISE DEFERRED

A Review of Washington Wit, Première Issue

EES GOOT,  
BOT STEENK!



I have in my hands the first copy of *Washington Wit*. Well, obviously, I do not have it in my hands, since I am able to type these words. But I just had it in my hands, scanned it with my eyes, and fed the resultant optical neurostimuli into an ill-defined black box in my brain labeled "Laff-O-Meter."

My dear, dear friends, I must confess that the black box scarcely beeped. I did not laugh once. Eccentric though my tastes in humor are (do "Firesign Theatre" and "Frank Zappa" give you any indication?), I think this is not a good sign for the *Wit* publishers.

It's cute. I'll give it that. There are plenty of cute ideas, and plenty of premises brimming with humorous potential. But they mostly seem to fall short of the glory of guffaw. The writers and editors were aiming at humor's mainstream, too, the people who go for Dave Barry rather than S. J. Perelman. I am one of those people, so I appreciated that perspective. There's nothing worse, in my opinion, than reading something that is supposed to be funny, and not understanding 60 percent of the references. This is why I follow the *Style Invitational* and not the *New York Magazine* competition.

I dunno. Why do I grab these humor publications expecting to achieve some sort of wit sartori, some state of laughter-enlightenment? Certainly, I have set myself up for disappointment with such expectations. In any case, what I saw was Yet Another Humor Magazine; yet another journalistic vehicle to try to convince the buying public that you are promulgating hilarity, when your chief comedic content consists, to an annoyingly large extent, of reproductions of editorial cartoons and comics-page oddities taken from other sources.

There is the usual assortment of features in this magazine: an editorial welcome, a Letters-to-the-Editor page, a WitQuiz, a collection of quoted malapropisms from The Hill and elsewhere, and a classified ads page. There's even a page devoted to those annoying one-line statistical factoids that make me run screaming from *USA Today*. Oh, and the editors' own creation, "L'Enfant Plaza," which is supposed to be a soap-opera/romance-novel story in the tradition of "Melrose Place." My flesh crawls. I follow it into a dark corner and sulk. Where is the originality here?

This magazine should have been my cup of tea. It was written by average Joes who don't like to deal with politics in any depth (like me), and who know how to come up with a cute line every once in a while (I like to think I can do this as well). But somehow it fell short. And, falling short, when one has set one's sights, not to the depths or the heights, but to the average reader's eye-level, produces in the end a product that is regrettably lame.

— S. Calvin Smith

## FINE-PRINT LEGAL NOTICE FROM THE GENERAL COUNSEL: LISTEN UP, YOU PINHEADS

*Depravda* is a privately-distributed not-for-profit publication that is issued on a monthly basis. The newsletter has no tangible assets, so stop looking at us like that--we have no money if you try to sue for libel or slander. If you insist on filing a complex civil lawsuit, General Counsel will be forced to seek second opinions from other attorneys, so that she can determine her proper legal fee.

Notwithstanding the aforesaid, if any reader can prove that the following loss(es) occurred while actually reading *Depravda*, the following description of coverage applies:

For Loss\* of:

One hand or one foot . . . . .	One free NRARS breakfast
Both hands and both feet . . . . .	Two free NRARS breakfasts
One hand or one foot and the entire sight in one eye . .	One of Chuck Smith's first prizes

(exclusive of Nixon bust)

\*"Loss" means, with regard to hand or foot, actual severance through or above the wrist or ankle joints (in West Virginia, "loss of hand" means loss of five or more fingers entire).

## Next Month in *Depravda*, Maybe

Chong & Dudzik Pick The Wrong Aisle In The Ed Sullivan Theatre & Fresh Fields Débauche  
The Auntie Czar & What To Do If The Sabbatical Comes Back & Name-That-Kitty  
Academia Nuts: What We Are Revealing About Ourselves In Public



# DELIVERANCE

## The N.R.A.R.S. Hits the Road

### The Beltway Hillbillies by Dave Zarrow, Herndon (sung to the tune of, well, you know)

Come 'n listen to my story 'bout our West Virginia hike,  
With Dave 'n Susan, Joel 'n, of course, brother Mike,  
A tale so durned outrageous that you won't be a believer,  
In fact, it's true, ask Marley, he's my Labrador Retriever.  
(Dog, that is. Swimmin' pooch, movie star.)



Now we stopped for directions at a rundown country shack,  
There wuz no one out front so we went lookin' round the back,  
And there we met a man who was so utterly bizarre,  
That everybody else ran back and jumped into the car.  
('Ceptin me, that is. What a fool I was!)

He wuz a little cretin with a Style loser shirt,  
He wuz sittin' on a rocker on his West Virginia dirt,  
His nose and his guitar wuz two things he wuz good at pickin',  
The latter sounds like country 'n the former tastes like chicken.  
(That's what HE told me! No, I didn't.....oh, never mind!)

Well, I pulled my ol' guitar 'n amp from out my ol' pack,  
'N me 'n him were pickin' till we really shook that shack,  
But then I had to get back in the car to join the others,  
Hikin' in the forest with my sister and my brothers.  
(And brother-in-law, and his brother, ak-shul-lee.)



Well, we hiked all afternoon out in the Forest Monongahela,  
Dinner was three hunks of Spam and four shots of tequila,  
Some chips 'n bean dip, pickles, Twinkies, Milk Duds 'n S'Mores,  
You heard our burps, you heard our farts, 'n then you heard our snores.  
(Oy! What a night! I kept hearing noises outside the tent..... 'n inside the tent!)

They say the mountain folk are not so much well-bred as in,  
And I believe "Do as the Romans when it's Rome you're in,"  
But I'm a cultured city boy, does that your mem'ry jog,  
Of course I spent the whole night sleepin' with my labra-dog.  
(Marley! No.....no.....please don't!)

What happened next, I'll tell ya, nearly scared me half to death,  
And, no, I am not talkin' 'bout the other hikers' breath,  
That little country guitar guy, he wasn't very nice,  
He followed us into the woods and tried to kill me twice.  
(Well, at least once, anyways!)

I felt myself a-fallin' till I crashed down on my head,  
When I came to, the guitar guy wuz right there and he said,  
"You're one o' them Invitashun boys that's in that Warsht'n Post,"  
"And makin' fun of West Virginia ticks me off the most."  
("By the way, I'm also sick of hearin' 'bout the artist formerly known as Prince!")

He said, "My first name's Earl and, yep, my middle name is Vernon,  
My last name's Feller and your sense o' humor's got me burnin',  
How tastelessly you bash our state, so mean, so rude, so cocky,  
And, city boy, you need to know my friends all call me Rocky."  
(Rocky Feller, that is.)

"Now you go back to DC and you tell your little friends,"  
"That if they ridicule us more we'll kick their fat rear ends,"  
Then as he leered right at me everything was going black,  
And I just passed out right there with my doggie and my pack.  
(Out cold, that is.)

Now the next thing I knew I was in my tent and screamin',  
I was gaspin', I was sweatin', but I'd guessed that I'd been dreamin',  
But though 'twas just a nightmare I decided in that tent,  
To never cracker-bash again, and that I really meant.  
(I was very relieved, you might say.)



And then when I sat up, I felt a pain upon my arm  
Somethin' there felt drippy and it felt, well, kinda warm,  
I looked at my poor forearm and I screamed out then anew,  
I saw a warning carved there and it meant "No More F2"  
(That Sunday humor contest, that is)



That was enough for me and I went scramblin' to the car,  
Puttin' pedal to the metal till I'd travelled very far,  
I think I've learned my lesson about makin' fun of folks,  
We're really all the same so I'll start makin' other jokes.  
(Insert crude, ethnic humor here.)

Well now it's time to say goodbye to Dave Z. and his kin,  
The got out and returned to Pennsy, Mass. and Ol' Vir-gin,  
Ya know their West Virginia hike was nothing but sensational,  
And now they're rushin' home to read the Style Invitational.

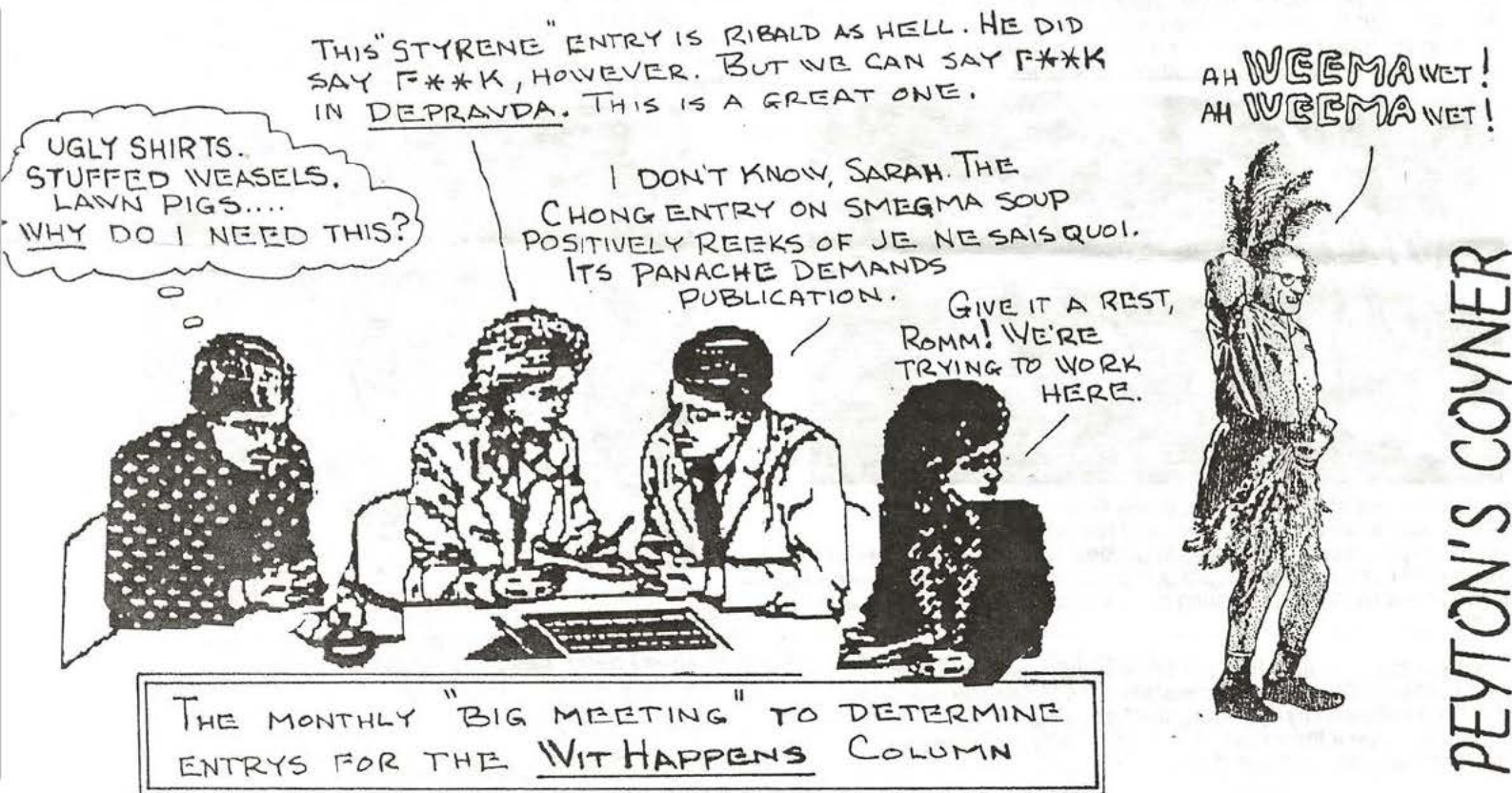


# CONSOLIDATED RESULTS, CONTESTS THAT REALLY BIT THE WEENIE

	Week 43 Good Lord!	Week 53 Cruel Fete	Week 97 Newtonian Philosophy	Week 114 The Joke's On You
Entries	200	?	?	182
As characterized by Czar	"Possibly the pre- mise of this con- test was so insult- ing that decent hu- man beings gave it a wide berth."	"Because your en- tries sucked."	"Your entries stank up the joint."	"Compared with the Himalayan heights of humor ordinarily a- chieved by this con- test, your entries filled a porta-potty in a bathysphere at the bottom of the Marianas Trench."
How Czar CHA	Dorkiest middle name contest	First Annual Style Invitational Quiz	Onomotapoeia, inscrutable cartoon, and drinking-duck contests	Don Imus contest
Column inches given to actual results <sup>1</sup>	33% (includes 2 cartoons)	7%	21%	14%
Winner	<i>Gearty</i>	<i>Kondis</i>	<i>Arnold</i>	<i>Arnold</i>
1st Runner-up	<i>Drewes</i>	<i>Riley</i>	<i>Yanchulis</i>	<i>Romm</i>
2nd Runner-up		<i>Thring</i>	<i>Briscoe</i>	
3rd Runner-up		<i>C. Smith (2)</i>		
Honorable Mentions	<i>Gearty</i> <i>C. Smith</i>		<i>Patterson</i> <i>Sasaki</i> <i>Breon</i>	

Names in italics denote N.R.A.R.S. members.

<sup>1</sup> Normally approximately 70%.





# F2 BRUTES

This list includes all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least four times, as of the Report from Week 115.

## Key to Column Headings

Rk +/-: Change in rank since last issue.

Asterisk indicates new F2 Brute.

Credits: Printed entries. Shared credit yields partial credit.

DebuWk: Week of first print appearance.

Consis: Credits divided by total Weeks since debut (no Week 64). Note: once contestant has debuted, the meter is running.

Streak: If positive, consecutive Weeks of print appearances. If negative, consecutive Weeks shut out.

Last20: Total Credits, Weeks 96-115.

MoveWk: Week contestant should move up, based on Last20 trends.

Purity: Ranking if sorted by percentage of Credits not attributed to Honorable Mentions. This value does not degrade while you are on a losing streak.

## NRARS names on Page F2, compared to all names appearing

Week 112: 50% (6 of 12)

Week 113: 45% (20 of 44)

Week 114: 63% (10 of 16)

Week 115: 55% (11 of 20)

## New names on P. F2, compared to all names appearing

Week 112: 17% (2 of 12)

Week 113: 32% (14 of 44)

Week 114: 31% (5 of 16)

Week 115: 10% (2 of 20)

## Longest Streaks Broken

Week 112: Lieblisch, -27

Week 113: Mantle, -92

Week 114: Styrene, -3

Week 115: F. Dawson, -18

## Introducing:

#1090: Roger Gilkeson, Washington

#1091: Helene Haduch, Washington

#1092: Michael Freedman-Schnapp, Reston

#1093: Mary Matthews, Germantown

#1094: Peter Johnson, Alexandria

#1095: Buddy Baker, Silver Spring

#1096: C. Ramuglia, Lorton

#1097: David Buchholz, Silver Spring

#1098: Phil Forjan, Burke

#1099: Agata Newlaci, Derwood

#1100: Tara Strawderman, Mt. Jackson, Va.

#1101: Rahul Simha, Williamsburg

#1102: Melanie Zyck, Charlottesville

#1103: Michael Dunlap, Winchester

#1104: Thomas Bascom, Laurel

#1105: David Harrison, Fredericksburg

#1106: Don Imus, New York City

#1107: Scott Vanatter, Fairfax

#1108: Jim Brockton, Fairfax

#1109: Rick Hartman, Funkstown, Md.

#1110: J. Ponessa, Washington

#1111: Kelly McDonough, Waldorf

#1112: Susan Galbraith, Washington

## People to Possibly Start Worrying About

Art Grinath, Takoma Park: 2 H.M.s in

Week 106, one each in Weeks 110, 111, and 112; Mark Ross, Alexandria: debuted with 2nd Runner-Up, Week 104, 2 H.M.s, Week 113; Scott Vanatter, Fairfax: debuted with 2 H.M.s, Week 114; Kelly McDonough, Waldorf: debuted with 1st Runner-Up 2 H.M., Week 115.

Rank	Name	Rk +/-	Credits	DebuWk	Consis	Streak	Last20	MoveWk	Purity
1	Smith, C.		165.67	6	1.520	-4	21.00	----	34
2	Carnahan		99.50	22	1.070	-3	18.50		65
3	Romm		57.33	58	1.006	3	21.50	256	35
4	Witte		49.00	7	0.454	1	12.00		51
5	Krattenmaker		35.50	80	0.986	-3	22.00	129	79
6	Kondis		35.50	14	0.351	-2	3.00		55
7	Thring		32.50	23	0.353	-2	5.00	131	37
8	Worcester		29.00	46	0.420	-3	6.00	151	19
9	Mellema		29.00	10	0.276	-2	7.00	116	53
10	Grove	+1	27.50	6	0.252	1	6.00		70
11	Hart	+4	27.33	11	0.263	1	16.00	116	61
12	Gearly	-2	26.50	16	0.268	-51			23
13	Smith, J. C.	-1	26.00	60	0.473	-5	7.00	116	33
14	Dudzik	-1	26.00	7	0.241	-2	6.00		40
15	Malcolm	-1	24.50	18	0.253	-13	5.00		30
16	Styrene	+1	22.75	17	0.232	-1	7.50	123	62
17	Beland	+7	22.50	73	0.523	4	13.50	116	59
18	Sullivan	-2	22.00	14	0.218	-7	7.00		58
19	King	-1	20.50	16	0.207	-28			26
20	Caron	+2	20.00	11	0.192	-1	3.00	117	25
21	Segal	-2	19.50	4	0.176	-18	1.00		17
22	Sorensen	-1	18.00	75	0.439	-4	10.00	117	36
23	Rooney	-3	17.83	16	0.180	-37			69
24	Zane	-1	17.00	3	0.152	-80			67
25	Zarrow	+3	16.83	30	0.198	-1	11.50	116	31
26	Kammer	-1	16.50	71	0.367	-4	9.50		73
27	Alter, P.	-1	16.50	41	0.223	-13	2.00		52
28	Coyner	-1	16.25	26	0.183	-25			38
29	Sabourin		15.75	17	0.161	-3	1.00	121	32
30	Chong	+1	14.50	35	0.181	1	4.00	120	64
31	Weisse	-1	13.00	6	0.119	-8	1.50		80
32	Fox Roe	+13	12.50	13	0.123	-2	6.00	117	54
33	Maclean	-1	11.50	44	0.162	-8	3.50		68
34	Cuddihy	-1	10.83	13	0.106	-12	1.50		82
35	Olson, D.	-1	10.67	14	0.106	-51			72
36	Patishnock	-1	10.50	26	0.118	-7	3.00	116	16
37	Pannullo	+16	10.00	84	0.313	-1	7.00	117	20
38	Smith, J. P.	-2	10.00	60	0.182	-9	2.50		78
39	Steinhice	-2	9.50	74	0.226	-7	2.00		6
40	Arnold	+16	9.00	72	0.205	-1	5.00	117	27
41	Olson, M.	-3	9.00	38	0.117	-24			75
42	Weinstein	+16	9.00	24	0.099	2	5.00	116	60
43	Thuermer	+3	9.00	14	0.089	-2	2.50		2
44	Richardson	-5	9.00	14	0.089	-25			76
45	Gilbert	-5	8.50	57	0.147	-30			81
46	Hammer	+1	8.50	5	0.077	1	2.00	116	24
47	Walsh	-6	8.00	37	0.103	-51			40
48	Miller	-6	8.00	13	0.078	-69			83
49	Robbins	+1	8.00	5	0.073	-2	2.00	116	10
50	Dierman	-7	8.00	2	0.071	-31			11
51	Williams	-7	7.67	51	0.120	-24			39
52	Drucker, J.		7.17	5	0.065	-2	0.50	126	63
53	Dawson, F.	+25	7.00	47	0.103	1	3.00	116	71
54	Cushing	-6	7.00	36	0.089	-40			84
55	Rabin	-6	7.00	29	0.081	-13	2.00	116	9
56	Wenger	-5	7.00	2	0.062	-32			18
57	Verrey	-3	6.50	15	0.065	-9	1.00	121	56
58	Delduke	-3	6.50	14	0.064	-17	1.00		57
59	Meyer	-2	6.00	38	0.078	-50			12
60	Layman	-1	6.00	1	0.053	-31			28
61	Reagan	-1	5.50	3	0.049	-19	0.50	126	66
62	Grinath	+6	5.00	106	0.500	-3	5.00	117	86
63	Adams	-2	5.00	84	0.156	-13	2.00		8
64	Gordon	-2	5.00	65	0.098	-38			85
65	Day	-2	5.00	16	0.051	-41			21
66	Kovalak	-2	5.00	9	0.047	-74			22
67	von Behren	-2	5.00	5	0.045	-4	1.00	116	77
68	Breon	-2	4.50	86	0.150	-9	2.50	119	77
69	Hinders	-2	4.50	55	0.075	-13	2.50		29
70	Drucker, G.	*	4.17	7	0.039	-2	0.50		74
71	Dawson, G.	-2	4.00	104	0.333	-5	4.00	116	49
72	Mangin	*	4.00	101	0.267	-5	4.00		4
73	Pohl	-3	4.00	90	0.154	-10	1.00		3
74	Whittington	-3	4.00	80	0.111	-26			48
75	Holland	-3	4.00	79	0.108	-36			50
76	Martin	-3	4.00	74	0.095	-12	1.00	116	43
77	Hurst	-3	4.00	73	0.093	-33			13
78	Boyle	-3	4.00	69	0.085	-46			46
79	Riley	-2	4.00	48	0.060	-22			5
80	Alter, B.	-4	4.00	47	0.059	-41			90
81	Shettel	-2	4.00	46	0.058	-50			91
82	Stack	-2	4.00	44	0.056	-33			89
83	Smith, P.	-2	4.00	30	0.047	-35			42
84	Christopher	-2	4.00	25	0.044	-33			45
85	Bross	-2	4.00	24	0.044	-40			15
86	Mitchell	-1	4.00	5	0.036	-34			87
87	Mantle	*	4.00	5	0.036	-2	1.00	116	88
88	Star	-4	4.00	5	0.036	-109			44
89	Fisher	-1	4.00	1	0.035	-104			1
90	Ories	-3	4.00	2	0.035	-101			47
91	Oslo	-5	4.00	2	0.035	-108			14



# WIT HAPPENS

What does the Czar know? Send us your best stuff, from any Week, and we'll try to run it here, or at least keep it on our desk within easy reach for a very long time indeed.

## Week 60, Ask Backwards III

Mike Hammer: Answer: If You Don't Get It, You Don't Get It

Question: Back when Roseanne was turning tricks in between comedy-club gigs, what was her motto?

## Week 95, How's That Again?

John Cushing: Barry Advisers Call for Privatizing D.C. General

"He'd fight better if he had some cojones," said Barry adviser . . .

## Week 97, Newtonian Philosophy

Mike Thring: "I don't mean to imply that men don't get infections; but if I'm in a foxhole next to some guy with an unidentified ooze, I just shoot him. No questions asked."

## Week 98, Your Thievin' Art

Jean Sorensen: "I Dumped My Carpenter, Now I'm Screwing Myself"

## Week 100, The Joke's On You

Meg Sullivan: Joke 3, as told by Dr. Jack Kevorkian:

"My dog has no nose."

"Really? Would you like me to kill him for you?"

## Week 108, Near Misses

Sue Lin Chong: Patrick Henry--"Hey, what are the other guys doing about this freedom/execution thing?"

Stephen Dudzik: King Richard--"An Ass! An Ass! My Kingdom For Some Ass!"

Jessica Steinhice: Churchill: "No one expects the Battle of Britain! We have nothing to offer but blood. Blood and tears. And sweat. THREE! We have THREE things-- AMONGST the things we have to offer are blood, toil, tears, and sweat -- uh, I'll come in again --"

## Week 111, Ask Backward V

Sarah Worcester: Joseph Romm's Underpants: What are now pink because of one because of one lousy, stinking red T-shirt?

## Week 115, The Mnemonic Plague

Ira Robbins: Seven major crimes covered by FBI's Uniform Crime Reports (Murder, Burglary, Robbery, Aggravated assault, Rape, Larceny, Auto theft)

Marion Barry Readies for Another Round of Legal Action

### DEPRAVDA

-- Subject: Depravda

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Two One-Act Plays by Chuck Smith, Woodbridge  
Performed by The Northern Virginia Theatre Alliance  
Reston Community Center, 2310 Colts Neck Rd., Reston, Va.

Friday, July 7

*"Just Remember This"*

A One-Act Drama

Second of three plays,  
begins around 8:40 p.m.

Saturday, July 8

*"Christmas Eve"*

A One-Act Comedy

Third of three plays,  
begins around 9:40 p.m.

Admission \$6, each play. 703-476-4500 for info, and  
703-476-1111 for reservations. Seated is limited.  
Dulles Access Toll Rd. to Reston Pkwy., Exit 3. Left to Pkwy,  
cross bridge, first left to Sunrise Valley Drive. Immediate right  
on Colts Neck Rd. Through light at South Lakes, left on Humt-  
ers Woods. Center on back left corner of H. W. Shopping Ctr.