

## SMITH FILLS PANTS ON KENNEDY CENTER STAGE

Veteran Invitational contestant Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, after years\* of toiling in the vineyards of community theatre (and thus indirectly instigating the formation of the Not Ready for the Algonquin Roundtable Society in 1994), a stint in *The Night of the Rolling Dead* on "Homicide: Life on the Street," and holding the torch for *Luisa Miller*, returns to the stage in Boito's opera *Mefistofele* on February 29.

Glomming onto a LoserNet e-mail conversation having only the most attenuated reference to the arts, Mr. Smith reported on January 23: "I am under consideration for one of the supernumerary parts for *Mefistofele* at the Kennedy Center. The holdup is that they have to survey the costumes that they will rent to see who fits what pants. Do my years\*\* of community theatre count for nothing? Don't answer that."

Subsequent negotiations between Mr. Smith's agent and the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts nailed down a role as a beggar in a carnival scene, conditional on the locally-famed playwright's compatibility with the Trousers Selection Subcommittee's final cut.

As Mr. Smith's agent related it our reporter: "It came down to a choice between one other individual and our guy, but our guy wisely heeded my advice to double up on the Thursday-night basketball and lay off the buffet breakfasts. Still, it was close, but I believe the Center agreed with my assessment that the high color and fixed stare induced by the pants are poignantly relevant to the role of beggar, as traditionally performed."

Rehearsals began on February 5, and performances will conclude on March 19, which by an extremely odd coincidence is the birthday of William Jennings Bryan, Bruce Willis, Jan Verrey, and that guy who carved Mt. Rushmore.

\* Two years.

\*\* Two years.



In this candid photo taken by fellow *Luisa Miller* scenery-chewer Yvonne Easter Driggers, Mr. Smith fights the Opening-Night willies, knowing from first-hand experience that even mild hysteria while holding a flaming torch can be a liability while on stage with a dozen other actors in costumes essentially made out of tissue paper and spit.

### WEEK 144

J. Sorensen's "This Con Test Sucks" sums up many a disappointed contestant's opinion of the first rebus contest; Jean herself is likely first to get simultaneous "Ear" and "And Last"

### WEEK 145

Dudzik's +7 streak washed out

by flood of literal bathroom jokes; 99 Weeks after "Stupid" debut, Worcester finally learns bittersweetitude of sharing credit

### WEEK 146

S. Cohen gets first shirt in exchange for "telephone sex;" is now hovering just under radar horizon at 3.00 hits since debut

Winner Evans is first to pull in merchandise and take top H.M.

Kocak and Martin break through 5.00 floor, join the list on Page 7

### WEEK 147

C. Smith hits 212, commences off-gassing; near-record half-

(continued on Page 7)



# LETTERS TO THE MONITOR

Which brings up an interesting point. Has any NRARSian ever e-mailed naked, or have I done something new yet again?



*Phil "Jaybird" Plait, Silver Spring*

You can be seen with the naked eye? What's your magnitude? What's the frequency, Phil?

*Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring*

After reading Mr. Kondis's Letter to the Realtor in the November *Depravda*, I contacted him privately to suggest that it was time for him to stop listening to Those Voices. I also think that Mr. Coyner could benefit from the same advice. You hear that, Peyton? *Sarah Worcester, Bowie*

The difference between a serial killer and an SI Loser is that the serial killer would not think to send a severed body part to the Czar in hopes that he will give it away as a prize, get a mention, and earn a point.

That was very sick. I am so embarrassed.

*Buckwheat Farrakhan, Olney*

In the January 17 "Reliable Source" part of the Style section there was an interesting snippet about a Roy Rogers in Tenleytown. They talked about a rat scurrying about behind the counter, and a cashier stomping on it. I wouldn't have paid it any mind, but the listed source was none other than [former Czar factotum] Michael Farquhar! One has to wonder if he's still working on prize acquisition for the Czar. If we see a prize of a stomped rat, we'll know he is.

*Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax*

To Boris Paternak, Herndon: Your letter in the January issue intrigued me (aside from your name). You say you saw a woman (of which I am one--I have three gory miracle-of-birth stories to prove it) from Herndon (yes, a disturbing number of Losers reside here) wearing a Loser T-shirt (on occasion, I do wear one in public, usually to fend off witless neighbors) who was jogging? Was it me? Please answer, as Dr. Style appears not to be intending to answer the questions put to him by me or about me this month.

*JSH, Herndon*

"Ted" Paul Styrene "Weitzman" told me he thought things had gotten too far out of hand when this group sat around playing kazoos. I wasn't ready to agree with him at that point, but now I think he was on to something. An NRARS pin-up calendar? Are you crazy??? Where do I sign??

*Dave Zarrow, Herndon*

A fax came in to the broadcast desk of Associated Press the other day from a newspaper in Iran called *Akhbar*. It read in relevant part: "Send us detailed information and about the activities of your body." Is this Iran's answer to *Depravda*? Or someone's belated entry for Week 109, Send Us Your Mail Parts? Maybe we should add these guys to the mailing list for a couple of months!

*Michael J. "Sgt. Preston of the Yukon" Hammer, Washington*

Yesterday was one of those days. I wasted my lunch hour trying to use "insipid" in a palindrome. I sat through an opera that didn't feature Chuck Smith. When I got home, the plexiglass legs that I had won in the rebus contest had arrived--broken. So I went to bed with my new copy of *Depravda* and discovered that Dave Zarrow had submitted the exact same Top-10 entry that I had! (Either that, or in one of my less lucid moments I thought that I actually was Dave Zarrow--usually I think I'm a giant cockroach. But I'm not bitter, just placidly suicidal.)

*Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park*

Listen, buddy, I know Dave Zarrow. He's a friend of mine. And believe me, you're no Dave Zarrow. So count your blessings. And nobody goes to bed with Dave Zarrow without my knowing about it. And I know he was delighted to see his name credited in *Depravda*, even if he, for the life of him, cannot recall sending that one. But he feels he's been cheated so many times by the Czar and myself that he will bask in the glory of "his" entry. He requests that you keep up the good work on his behalf.

Now wait just a minute, I made it to [the January breakfast] also. Granted, my car wouldn't get through the snow and I had to walk from Herndon, and also granted that it took a few extra days to actually arrive, cold and nearly starved to death. But I made it! The bitter irony was that no one waited for me. I guess that should tell me something.

*John Kammer, Herndon*

[Editor's note: Foreign correspondent John Kammer's long-awaited and seriously-overdue article on European travel does not appear this month due to his failure to meet the press deadline. If he were being paid for it, we would by now have invoked the penalty clause. Mr. Kammer's European travel article **will appear without fail** in next month's issue.]



Kindly address your concerns to the Publisher by letter, fax, e-mail, telephone, courier, or personal visit.



# SPRING HAS SPRUNG, THE GRASS HAS RIZ. I WONDER WHERE THE HAMMER IS.

Well, no, we *don't* wonder, we've just been trying to use that bit of doggerel in this absurd publication for a long time.

The fact of the matter is that the contract of *Depravda* Circulation Manager Mike Hammer expires with the distribution of the March issue, and we are definitely in need of someone to take his place.

Getting out the good work to approximately 60 monthly subscribers is not an unusually daunting task, although it is one that can no longer be done by headquarters staff. No special skills beyond good organizational sense are required, nor is any special equipment, although use of an e-mail connection would be convenient. The Circulation Manager is *not* responsible for printing and folding, although a minor amount of

lifting, stapling, and licking should be anticipated. Other cardiovascular benefits include long periods of tedium punctuated by moments of stark terror.

All clowning around aside: if you can take on this important function, kindly notify the Publisher or anyone else on the masthead (box, Page 10) through any convenient instrumentality, and as always we thank you for your support.

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## DEPRAVDA EMPIRE DIVERSIFIES

Plan to put aside approximately \$14 for each as-yet unalienated friend, co-worker, and family member that you may still have. Planned for delivery later this year: the first NRARS Pin-Up Calendar, featuring original art, candid out-of-focus under-color-saturated photos, and instructions for folding each sheet into disposable underwear so that the appropriate month shows conveniently on the waistband. Details later!

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## PEYTON'S COYNER

HERE IS ONE  
I STUMBLED UPON.

LAUGHTER

-by ROBERT SERVICE

I LAUGH at Life: its antics make for me a giddy game,  
Where only foolish fellows take themselves with solemn aim.  
I laugh at pomp and vanity, at riches, rank and pride;  
At social inanity, at swagger, swank and side.  
At poets, pastry-cooks and kings, at folk sublime and small,  
Who fuss about a thousand things that matter not at all;  
At those who dream of name and fame, at those who scheme for  
pelf. . . .

But best of all the laughing game—is laughing at myself.

Some poet chap has labelled man the noblest work of God:  
I see myself a charlatan, a humbug and a fraud.  
Yea, 'spite of show and shallow wit, and sentimental drool,  
I know myself a hypocrite, a coward and a fool.  
And though I kick myself with glee profoundly on the pants,  
I'm little worse, it seems to me, than other human ants.  
For if you probe your private mind, impervious to shame,  
Oh, Gentle Reader, you may find you're much about the same.

Then let us mock with ancient mirth this comic, cosmic plan;  
The stars are laughing at the earth; God's greatest joke is man.  
For laughter is a buckler bright, and scorn a shining spear;  
So let us laugh with all our might at folly, fraud and fear.  
Yet on our sorry selves be spent our most sardonic glee.  
Oh don't pay life the compliment to take it *seriously*.  
For he who can himself despise, be surgeon to the bone,  
May win to worth in others' eyes, to wisdom in his own.

MAY WIN A SHIRT THAT'S THE WRONG SIZE, OR DROOL TO GRACE HIS HOME.

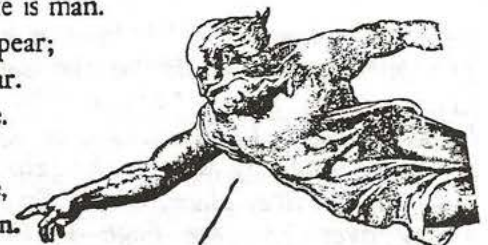
A THOUSAND  
THINGS...

LIKE JEFFERSON  
DAVIS POSTAGE  
STAMPS.



WAIT A MINUTE.  
SERVICE...SERVICE...  
WASN'T HE THAT  
YUKON CHEECHAKO?

AND A  
LOT MORE.





# THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style

Dear Dr. Style:

Please tell me if I have a legitimate whine. After months of effort I finally won a First Prize, an anatomical foot. For weeks I waited in anticipation of what it would look like. Then I got a phone call, maybe from the Czar himself. The caller announced that my foot had disappeared from the lockup at The Washington Post. Would I like a Walter Keane print instead? Or a new T-shirt? Or both? So now I sit with my authentic 1961 Keane on the wall where the dartboard used to be, wondering whether to caption it "Little Sister Is Watching You." And I wonder, am I ahead?

FSD, Beltsville

Dear FSD: Well, you must be ahead since you aren't a foot. I think you should insist on the foot since after we switch over to the metric system it will become a rare and valuable item. But seriously, I recall an episode of "The Simpsons" where Bart was supposed to win an elephant from a radio show, but they said it was a joke gag, but he had everyone complain about it and eventually got the elephant, which destroyed his house and bankrupted his family. In that spirit, I'd be delighted to lead a campaign to help you get your anatomical foot. Just send me the Keane and the T-shirt to fund the campaign, and I'll get started. And you can send me the foot when that shows up, too.

Dear Dr. Style:

I'm really confused about something. A few years ago there was this real old black guy down in Louisiana or someplace who was born as a slave in 1842. His name was Charles Smith and he died in 1979. Now I keep seeing this "Chuck Smith" fellow all over the place again, and he seems to have a working knowledge of old-age paraphernalia--colostomy bags, walkers, ear-hair, and so forth. Could this be the same man?

ZIV, Laurel

Dear ZIV: Now just what kind of a loonie are you? The only way it could be the same guy is if 1) Chuck Smith is a 154-year-old black man who faked his death 17 years ago, or 2) Chuck Smith is a 17-year-old boy who is the reincarnation of that guy. In the first place, Chuck Smith does not look a day over 73 [see Page 1--Ed.], and in the second place, no rational person would believe in

reincarnation. The one logical explanation is that Chuck Smith has for the past 17 years been demonically possessed by the soul of that former slave. Duh! I recommend you start watching "The X-Files" so you can start thinking straight again. Failing that, try melatonin.

Dear Dr. Style:

Why do we say "ay-ged" parents but not "ay-jed" cheese?  
Nick Freeman

Dear Nick: I think you should be much less worried about trivial pronunciation matters than about why you feel a need to refer to your parents as if they were somehow ancient relics, and even more worried about why you refer to yourself in the first person plural. The need to put others down and build yourself up is a sure sign either that you suffer from an insecurity complex or, as in my case, that everyone around you is an imbecile. I suggest counseling, unless you live in Herndon, where the latter exception is more likely.

Dear Dr. Style:

I am engaged to the sweetest of men, who is, I sad to report, missing a leg. He has a permanently-attached prosthesis that is a severe trial to me when we are, umm, how can I put this, "spending time together." I am covered in bruises, and even though he tries to be careful, he claims there is nothing he can really do.

I am not sure I can go through life like this. Should I take matters into my own hands and break it off?  
Stumped in Herndon

Dear Stumpy: Making jokes at the expense of the differently-abled is pathetic. Also, I know all of our readers in Herndon are men. Actually, since so few people in Herndon can actually read, I should rephrase that: all of the people in Herndon who have someone read Depravda to them are men. So I do wonder whether you are in fact engaged to the sweetest of men--not that there's anything wrong with that--or whether you are in fact engaged to a woman pretending to be a man, and what she is missing is not in fact a leg, but something else. And you want to break it off. This is very Freudian. I'm afraid melatonin won't help. You will need 30 years of triweekly sessions with a psychoanalyst, or you can mail \$25 to me care of Grace Fuller for my new book: How To Tell If You Are Dating A Man Or A Woman. (By the way, the pop-up centerfold is working properly in the copies that are in the stores now.)

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



# S\*N\*O\*W\*F\*L\*A\*K\*E

Or: Stopping By Papa's on a Snowy Winter Morning  
by Jennifer Hart

The day started badly. First, I opened the Sunday paper and realized that my rebuses had sucked.

The Czar hadn't used any of my Secret Headline Challenges, even after he phoned me and said, "Hey, I liked your headlines, but I lost them, could you send me another copy?"--which I graciously did. Evidently, on further reflection, he decided that wordplay such as "The Panthers, My Friend, Are Chowin' Down on Gwen," "Gentlemen, Start Your Enzymes," and "When You Piss Upon a Czar" (among others) had no place in a newspaper as high-toned as *The Washington Post*.

Oh, and there was also this blizzard outside.

But what the heck! Today was the January 1996 NRARS breakfast! I had spoken to Stephen Dudzik [*kindly see Page X for further information on this person--Ed.*] the day before and we both swore that we would be there. Snow? Ha ha! Who cares about a little white stuff?

At the moment (shortly before 8 a.m.), it was snowing lightly and the Metro trains were running. So, bundled up like the Michelin Babe, I floundered through unplowed drifts to the Ballston station.

Twenty minutes later, a train arrived, creeping along--I've seen grandmothers in walkers move faster. By the time we reached Metro Center, it was 8:45. Should I turn back? Cut my losses?

It was tempting. But part of me envisioned a small, loyal band of Losers who had somehow made it to Papa's Café in Rockville. Yes, I could picture them clustered around the steaming buffet tables, at *that very moment*, laughing and chattering.

"Kitty, save some pancakes for the rest of us!" "Chuck, that velvet smoking jacket is to die for, just to die!" "So, as I was saying to Edward Teller just the other day . . ." "Stephen, dear, perhaps you could improve the color saturation with the lens cap off this time." "Jerry, have some more guava. Well, not that much." "That hangman's puzzle on 'Homicide' was just too easy . . ."

It was a beautiful scenario. I jumped on board the next Red Line train.

The trip was slow but uneventful, until we pulled into the Grosvenor station--two measly stops from my destination of Twinbrook. The train died for no apparent reason and stayed dead for upwards of 20 minutes. I was stuck and, shall we say, peeved?

Finally, a Metro repairman came tromping through the car, tools a-jingling. "It's the brakes!" he yelled into a walkie-talkie. "He's got NO BRAKES AT ALL!" He left the train.

"Bing-bong," added the Metro doors helpfully, and slapped shut.

Frozen now with fear as well as cold, I curled up in a fetal position on the Priority Seating bench as the train lurched and began to move again. It bucked and squealed, but somehow made it to Twinbrook.

It was now after 10 a.m. Should I turn back? But no! From the platform, I could actually SEE the Doubletree Tree, that Holy Grail, that Blessed Snake-and-Mongoose. Maybe . . . just maybe . . . one or two Losers were still in the cozy restaurant, lingering over cappuccino . . . "Happy New Year!" "A toast, to good friends and Losers everywhere!" "Huzzah, huzzah!"

Beautiful.

So, shielding my face from stinging ice particles, I bounded through the thigh-high drifts like a monstrous fat malamute. It took maybe 10 minutes to cover one block. But there it was! Papa's Café!

My glasses immediately fogged over. Blind and frozen, I staggered up to Osvaldo Ramirez, the busboy who was standing in for the missing hostess that morning.

"Dudzik party?" I croaked hopefully.

"Dudzik, Dudzik," he repeated, his eyes crinkling warmly with recognition. He smiled. I smiled, too. "Yes, one gentleman was here, but he left. Now you are here. But we are losing hope for Mr. Kondis."

A beautiful peace descended upon my soul. Of course. As a Loser, this was the perfect and fitting end to my quest. I shrugged, put my snow-encrusted hat back on, and trudged back outside. (Later, it occurred to me that I could have eaten breakfast by myself, but that would have been just too weird.) It was now snowing like hell.

The ride back was smoother--only one 20-minute stop. I returned home around noon.

"I got there too late," I informed my husband.

"Yeah, some real Loser named Dudzik called," he replied absently, eyes focused on the TV. "He said, 'Did Jennifer actually go out in a blizzard? What is she, crazy?'"





## YEAR 3 ONLY WEEKS 105-149

Here we list all persons who have reached 4 credits so far in Year 3, Weeks 105 through 149.

Year 3, Crdts: total print appearances in Year 3.

Year 3, Conss: total credits divided by the 45

Weeks so far of Year 3.

Year 1, Crdts: total print appearances in Year 1,

Weeks 1 through 52.

Year 1, Rk: where you finished Year 1.

Year 2, Crdts and Rk: as above, for Weeks 53 through 104.

Top Yer Best: amount of credits you must earn

Week to improve on your best Year so far. A negative value means you must lose credits each Week; therefore, this is already your best Year.

Take Title: amount of credits you must earn each Week to finish with #1 ranking for Year 3.

Rk	Name	Year 3		Year 1		Year 2		Top Yer Best	Take Title
		Crdts	Conss	Crdts	Rk	Crdts	Rk		
1	Smith, C.	56.00	1.244	75.33	1	83.33	1	3.904	1.244
2	Beland	44.83	.996			15.50	11	-4.190	2.873
3	Romm	44.00	.978			42.33	3	-.239	2.991
4	Carnahan	43.33	.963	19.00	3	69.00	2	3.667	3.087
5	Witte	37.50	.833	13.00	11	29.00	5	-1.214	3.920
6	Hart	35.50	.789	3.33		18.00	8	-2.500	4.205
7	Litz	26.00	1.040						5.563
8	Worcester	24.50	.544	3.00		22.00	6	-.367	5.777
9	Sorensen	21.50	.478			11.50	17	-1.429	6.205
10	Dudzik	20.25	.450	12.00	14	12.00	15	-1.033	6.384
11	Kammer	18.25	.406			11.00	18	-1.036	6.670
12	Zarrow	16.50	.367	1.33		10.00	20	-.929	6.960
13	Krattenmkr	16.33	.419			31.50	4	2.167	6.944
14	Pannullo	14.50	.322			3.50		-1.561	7.205
15	Chong	14.00	.311	4.00	36	7.50	27	-.929	7.277
16	Connaghan	13.00	.310						7.420
17	Cuddihy	12.83	.285	3.00		7.83	26	-.714	7.444
18	Styrene	12.67	.281	6.00	25	13.25	14	.084	7.468
19	Grinath	12.00	.273						7.563
20	Arnold	12.00	.267			5.00	33	-1.000	7.563
	Sullivan	12.00	.267	14.00	8	4.00	47	.286	7.563
22	Grove	10.50	.233	13.00	12	12.00	16	.357	7.777
23	Plait	10.00	.294						7.848
24	Kondis	9.50	.211	15.00	6	17.50	9	1.143	7.920
25	Paul	9.33	.667						7.944
26	Mellema	8.50	.189	8.00	21	16.00	10	1.071	8.063
	Smith, J.C.	8.50	.189			20.00	7	1.643	8.063
	Thuermer	8.50	.189	3.50		1.00		-.714	8.063
29	Patishnock	8.00	.178	7.50	22	2.00		-.071	8.134
30	Steinhice	7.83	.174			6.00	30	-.261	8.158
31	Knanishu	7.00	.167						8.277
32	Smith, D.	7.00	.156			1.00		-.857	8.277
33	Malcolm	6.50	.144	14.50	7	10.00	19	1.143	8.348
34	Kocak	6.00	.143						8.420
35	Offutt	6.00	.140						8.420
36	Dawson, F.	6.00	.133	1.00		4.00	46	-.286	8.420
	Thring	6.00	.133	17.00	4	13.50	13	1.571	8.420
38	Caron	5.50	.122	10.00	16	7.00	28	.643	8.491
39	Fox Roe	5.00	.111	5.50	28	2.00		.071	8.563
40	Sabourin	4.50	.100	13.00	10	0.75		1.214	8.634
41	Jeantheau	4.00	.190						8.705
42	Lamb	4.00	.148						8.705
43	Vanatter	4.00	.111						8.705
44	Bross	4.00	.089	1.00		3.00		-.077	3.917
	Hammer	4.00	.089					.000	8.705
	Weinstein	4.00	.089	1.00		3.00		-.143	8.705

## TOP TEN WAYS TO EXPLAIN YOUR STYLE INVITATIONAL CEUVRE TO YOUR AGED PARENTS

"It's secret code! You see, 'bladder' has seven letters, 'condom' has six, 'poop' has four, 'venereal' has . . ." (Jonathan Paul)

"So you see, Zantwark and Arbam, on THIS planet certain parts of one's body are considered more humorous than others."  
(Tom Witte)

"Dad, take a look at this newspaper, I--aw, man, for cryin' out loud--and that's the last Depends™ in the house! Here, sit on this newspaper while I clean up."  
(Peyton Coyner)

"I didn't do it. Jonathan Paul sent it in. The little bastard has been using my name for years!" (Dave Zarrow)

"You know, I would THINK that ONCE IN A WHILE you would supPORT me in the ONE thing that I'm good at inSTEAD of CONstantly CRITICIZING me like my BOSS does down at the POST OFFICE!" (Elden Carnahan)

You don't explain. Every week, you cut your name out, paste it on top of Miss Manners' column, and mail them a photocopy. (My parents are SO proud of their polite daughter.) (Jennifer Hart)

"I did not write that crap. Dave Zarrow sends it in to frame me." (Stephen Dudzik)

First ask them if they have been keeping up their life insurance policy. (Joseph Romm)

"What do you care? All your friends are dead or in Florida." (Kevin Mellema)

"Remember how hard you laughed when the Hindenburg exploded? Well . . ." (Mary Olson)

For March, send us something for:  
**"Top Ten Ways To Fill  
Your Empty Hours If  
There's Another  
Sabbatical This Summer"**

NEXT MONTH IN DEPRAVDA  
Kevin Cuddihy interviews Bob Staake  
Russ Beland on Mars and Venus

Tired of this silly chase? Well, it may soon get a lot worse--stand by for Loser Rotisserie!



# F2 TROOP

This list includes all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 5 times, as of the Report from Week 149.

**Rnk Chg:** Change in rank since January issue. Asterisk indicates recent addition.

**Dbu Wk:** Week of first print appearance.

**Total Credits:** Printed entries. Shared win yields partial credit.

**W/L Strk:** If positive, consecutive Weeks of print appearances. If negative, consecutive Weeks shut out.

**Consstncy:** Credits divided by total Weeks since debut (no Week 64). **& Rank:** Order of names if sorted by Consistency value.

**Slugging:** Weighted Credits: 4 points for Win, 3 for Contest Idea, 2 for Runner-Up, 1 for Honorable Mention. **& Rank:** Order of names if sorted by Slugging value.

**Purity:** Percentage of Total Credits not attributed to Honorable Mentions. **& Rank:** Order of names if sorted by Purity value.

## NEW READERS THIS ISSUE

**Michael Heney, Silver Spring, Md.** Debuted with Honorable Mention, Week 135, Jerry-Built Solutions: "Why do they call it a 'building'? It looks like they're finished. Why isn't it a 'built'?"

**Steven King, Alexandria, Va.** Debuted with Win, Week 17, Reductio Ad Absurdum. Latest--Honorable Mention, Week 138, List But Not Least: Lessons to be learned from the O.J. trial: Tonya wasn't so bad.

**Ben Lea, Lexington, N.C.** Debuted with Win, Week 85, Play Myhty For Me. Latest--Honorable Mention, Week 125, Ask Backward VI: Q: Sally Struthers and Homer the Blind Poet. A: Who are Mike Tyson's next two opponents?

**Tim Westmoreland, Washington.** Debuted with Honorable Mention, Week 142, Exhibiting Bad Tendencies: "... 12 rooms containing a total of 365 used litter boxes ... "

Rnk	Chg	Name	City	St	Wk	Credit	Strk	W/L	Consstncy	Slugging	Purity
1		Se Li, C.	Woodbridge	VA	6	214.66	-11.501	17288.99	11.26731		
2		Gormanhan	Laurel	MD	22	131.33	+21.031	31773.33	21.18757		
3		Wonne	Washington	DC	58	86.33	-21.849	41121.83	31.24335		
4		Witte	Gaithersburg	MD	7	79.50	-21.560	8101.00	61.20848		
5		Beland	Springfield	VA	73	60.33	+11.784	5176.83	51.15766		
6		Hart	Arlington	VA	11	56.63	-11.412	11172.82	61.19455		
7		Worcester	Bowie	MD	46	49.50	-21.481	9172.00	71.28327		
8		Krattenmaker	Landover Hills	MD	80	47.83	-21.681	6154.33	101.13669		
9		Dudzik	Silver Spring	MD	7	45.25	-21.319	14158.50	81.22744		
10		Kondis	Alexandria	VA	14	42.00	-21.311	15157.50	91.22646		
11		Thring	Leesburg	VA	23	36.50	-21.290	18148.50	111.27430		
12		Grove	Washington	DC	6	35.50	-41.246	21141.50	161.16960		
13		Sorensen	Herndon	VA	75	33.00	-31.440	10146.00	121.30326		
14		Mellema	Falls Church	VA	10	32.50	-41.234	24141.50	171.21547		
15		Styrene	Olney	MD	17	31.91	-21.242	22149.14	191.19156		
16		McIntire	Silver Spring	MD	1	31.00	-91.237	23142.50	151.30624		
17		Sullivan	Potomac	MD	11	30.00	-81.222	27137.00	201.23343		
18		Kammer	Herndon	VA	71	29.25	-91.370	12132.50	211.11171		
19		Smith, J. C.	Laurel	MD	60	28.50	-21.320	13136.50	211.28129		
20		Zarrow	Herndon	VA	30	27.83	+21.234	25139.16	161.22745		
21		Gearty	Washington	DC	16	26.50	-85.199	29145.50	131.37718		
22		Litz	Bowie	MD	125	26.00	+11.040	2132.00	261.15458		
23		Chong	Washington	DC	35	25.50	-41.224	28129.50	151.16767		
24		Cuddihy	Fairfax	VA	17	23.67	-171.174	32135.00	491.20049		
25		King	Alexandria	VA	16	23.00	-11.177	31137.50	191.34021		
26		Caron	Lenoir	NC	11	22.50	-201.163	35133.50	221.35619		
27		Segal	Vienna	VA	4	20.50	-11.141	40133.50	231.43913		
28		Coyner	Alton	IL	19	19.75	-61.161	36133.50	241.34220		
29		Sabourin	Silver Spring	MD	17	18.25	-251.138	42138.42	251.33131		
30		Pannullo	Chevy Chase	MD	64	18.00	-61.273	19123.50	351.30225		
31		Shaney	Ratons/Bicksburg	VA	16	17.83	-71.134	43123.83	161.16861		
32		Atishnock	Laurel	MD	26	17.50	-71.142	39126.50	311.45711		
33		Arnold	Herndon	VA	72	17.00	-71.218	28126.00	321.23542		
34		Zane	Woodbridge	VA	3	17.00	-114.116	45122.00	371.17658		
35		Alter, P.	Hyattsville	MD	41	16.50	-47.153	37122.50	361.24240		
36		Weiss	Spokeville	MD	6	14.00	-181.098	48115.00	451.07175		
37		Steinhilber	Washington	DC	74	13.00	-181.182	30116.00	511.16154		
38		Connaghan	Gaithersburg	MD	108	13.00	-11.310	16116.00	391.07774		
39		Thuermer	Washington	DC	14	13.00	-161.096	49131.50	1271.6921		
40		Joe, Roe	Mt. Kisko	MD	13	12.00	-361.092	50115.50	121.24041		
41		Grinath	Takoma Park	MD	16	12.00	-61.213	50115.00	1461.25036		
42		Richardson	Laurel	MD	14	12.00	-191.089	52114.50	1671.16762		
43		McClean	Burke	VA	44	11.50	-421.110	46113.50	1551.17459		
44		Smith, J. P.	Washington	DC	60	11.33	-241.127	44113.48	1081.08873		
45		Dawson, F.	Bethesda	MD	47	11.00	-71.108	47118.00	381.27332		
46		Olson, D.	Laurel	MD	14	10.67	-851.079	54113.01	1561.12670		
47		Hammer	Washington	DC	5	10.50	-21.073	58115.50	431.38117		
48		Plait	Silver Spring	MD	16	10.00	-161.294	17114.00	511.20050		
49		Wahl	Greenbelt Park	MD	136	9.33	-61.273	62114.00	181.32223		
50		Walker, J.	Arlington	VA	5	9.17	-41.066	62114.67	141.67131		
51		Olson, K.	Springfield	VA	38	9.00	-581.081	53110.00	601.11172		
52		Robbins	Bethesda	MD	5	9.00	-321.063	65116.00	401.44112		
53		Gilbert	La Plata	MD	57	8.50	-841.092	51111.00	651.05976		
54		Rabin	Fredericksburg	VA	29	8.50	-41.071	59114.00	601.64712		
55		Dierman	Potomac	MD	2	8.33	-311.057	69115.33	441.18010		
56		Smith, D.	Greenbelt	MD	104	8.00	-51.174	33116.00	411.62513		
57		Walsh	Rockville	MD	13	7.67	-681.078	65111.00	601.20061		
58		Weinstein	McLean	VA	24	8.00	-341.064	66114.00	541.18010		
59		Bross	Chevy Chase	MD	24	8.00	-241.064	64114.00	541.18010		
60		Miller	Rockville	MD	13	8.00	-1031.059	67111.00	691.00077		
61		Williams	Alexandria	VA	51	7.50	-261.056	71111.00	621.20135		
62		Belduke	Bethesda	MD	14	7.50	-261.056	71111.00	621.20135		
63		Verrey	Arlington	VA	15	7.50	-301.056	70111.00	661.20052		
64		Khanishu	Hyattsville	MD	108	7.00	-21.167	34110.00	621.42915		
65		Cushing	Washington	DC	33	7.00	-741.062	56111.00	651.20078		
66		Day	Gaithersburg	MD	16	7.00	-661.048	74112.00	571.42914		
67		Wenger	Montgomery	MD	2	7.00	-661.048	74112.00	571.42914		
68		Kocak	Syracuse	NY	108	6.00	-21.143	38111.00	751.16765		
69		Offutt	Arlington	VA	107	6.00	-81.140	41111.00	771.16763		
70		Meyer	Alexandria	VA	82	6.00	-41.074	67111.00	681.20053		
71		Reagan, J.	Herndon	VA	3	6.00	-171.041	75111.00	761.16761		
72		Layman	Silver Sprng	MD	1	6.00	-651.041	76111.00	701.33322		
73		Adams	Laurel	MD	84	5.00	-471.076	56111.00	591.60016		
74		Podlask	Arlington	VA	82	5.00	-41.074	67111.00	681.20053		
75		Martin	Falls Church	VA	74	5.00	-31.067	61111.00	721.20054		
76		Gordon	Potomac	MD	65	5.00	-721.059	68111.00	791.00079		
77		Perry	Leesburg	VA	18	5.00	-41.038	77110.00	631.60015		
78		Kovach	Springfield	VA	9	5.00	-1081.036	78111.00	781.40016		
79		Svon Behren	Washington	DC	5	5.00	-381.035	79111.00	731.60017		

## F2 FODDER by Steve Dudzik

As a service to NRARS members, this feature presents current and past Media Wonders whose feats, antics, and shenanigans have earned them lasting infamy as fodder for the Style Invitational. This is a valuable reference which may improve your entries.

**Heidi Fleiss:** knows the difference between "lie" and "lay"

**Jessica Hahn:** Jimmy Swaggart's old bimbo

**Anna Nicole Smith:** Some like 'em old; Jack Kent Cooke in reverse

**Dr. Cecil Jacobson:** Maryland's Sperminator, has a fertile mind

**Gerard Finneran:** the correct spelling

## TOTAL INVITATIONAL VICTIMS: 1352

### Continued from Page 1

dozen Liffs pushes Consistency back above 1.500 for first time since we can't recall when, but we aren't going to look it up

Joyce Rains returns in glory; winner of "What Happened To Week 64?" collateral contest

## WEEK 148

Zarrow breaks 13-Week Loser streak with Elvis the Pelvis jape (well, do what ya gotta do, Dave)

29 turn out for breakfast on bridge, including first-timers Steve and Paula Cohen, Lance Saberhagen, and Pamela Dudzik

## WEEK 149

We see return of first Loser ever, Hank Wallace, whose "Washington Clout" was deemed too good to replace "Redskins" but which is now urgently advocated as new name for TBTFKA The Bullets

Hart sticks it to her boss, and the rest of us, with century-old gag in the "Bar"; all should know she is, outwardly at least, apologetic for this rank plagiarism

Tommy Litz, newly-selected although uncrowned King of Palindromes, ties King of Analogies for highest 1-day Maryland total



# IN THE LAMELIGHT

STEPHEN DUDZIK: A DEWEY-EYED PROFILE IN COURAGE



Born: November 1956 in Pawtucket, R.I.; switched at birth with Joe Romm before he was switched with Bruce Willis.

Vital Stats: not quite 6'0", not quite 175 lbs., graying brown hair (but it's all there, and real), Aqua Velva-blue eyes, AB+ normal blood and mole in the shape of a rat on his[censored].

Marital Status: single SINK (single income, no kids), ISO single woman with nice car or Metro connection for free/discount farecards.

Education: BSME, Worcester Polytechnic Institute (not affiliated with Sarah Worcester, Bowie) and assorted mail-order seminars and churches.

Now Residing In: Silver Spring, Gateway to Olney.

Where He Would Live If He Had A Car: "Herndon, of course, to be near my biggest fan and fence for stolen office supplies, Dave Zarrow."

Employer: Vitro Corporation. He is an engineer when not busy e-mailing fellow Losers, the Chong family, relatives, or complete strangers.

Luckily, he still finds time to work on the Style Invitational during his frequent breaks. He notes:

"While I do have access to critical nuclear weapons-design information, I would certainly not consider selling out my country for a few lousy bucks or the promise of Style T-shirts from the Czar."

Favorite Internet Site: recently condemned by Senator Exon, but "trust me, no adult pictures were ever downloaded onto my computer, nosirree."

Nickname: Earboy.

Poetic License: Revoked Spring 1993, case is under appeal.

Clubs and Associations: Loyal Order of the Exalted Mongoose, *Depravda* Gaffer and Staff Photographer, roadie for the Zarrow-Arnold Band.

Hobbies: Flash photography at NRARS breakfast events and in the produce section at Fresh Fields. "I am interested in producing a nice, glossy, tastefully-done, clothing-optional calendar of The Women of the Style Invitational."

Most Satisfying Style Invitational Accomplishment: "The Ear No One Reads"

Last Book Read: Joseph Romm's *Hazel and Me: The Inside Story of the D.O.E.*

Biggest Question As Yet Unanswered In Life: What happened to the freeze-dried mouse I donated to the Czar?

Favorite Quote From His Boss: "Ah, Steve, when you're done reading all your e-mail, there are some people here who'd like to use the computer for work."

Humorous Anecdote: "When I was growing up in Rhode Island, I, like all children, looked to my mother for guidance and praise. Many times I heard a phrase that singed my fragile psyche: 'Why can't you be more like Chuck Smith?' To which I replied, 'Mom, I don't even know a Chuck Smith.' She smiled in her mystically prescient way: 'You will, dear . . .'"

Personal Statement: "My many years of parochial school and early fascination with bodily fluids and excretions have prepared me well and propelled me into the top 10% of Style Invitational participants. I do not enter the contest for mere accolades or cheesy two-bit prizes--I do it, to paraphrase that guy who climbed Mt. Everest, because it's there and in my way."

(Editor's note: Mr. Dudzik debuted on Page F2 in Week 7, Beat the Bands, when he suggested that a good name for a new rock band might be "Xenophobic Strangers." One of the earliest founding members of the Society, Mr. Dudzik also gained fame, as newer members may be unaware, as the author of the original "How's My Drivel?" Honorable-Mention bumper-sticker, the Winner in Week 41. More recently he has turned his attention to harassing Ms. Meg Sullivan of Potomac via the United States Postal Service, an actionable offense, and actually brought a family member along to the last Society breakfast at the Key Bridge.)

Continued from Wit Happens, Page 9

**WEEK 143: IT'S MY PARODY (& I'LL TRY IF I WANT TO)**

The Oscar Meyer wiener jingle, by Robert Burns

"O, wad I were a weenie,

A' snug in my wee bun;

Your lips would luv to eat me,

But I ha'e all the fun!" (Jonathan Paul)

**WEEK 145: LOOIE LOOIE**

At the Four Seasons Restaurant: Aut-him and Sum-her (Dave Ferry)

In an Indian restaurant: Himdoo and Herdoo (Kitty Thuermer)

**WEEK 146: JUST FOR LIFFS**

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlillantsilio-gogogoch (Wales): Fart noise (Dave Zarrow)

Baltimore: To initiate Brownian motion (i.e., the St. Louis Browns and the Cleveland Browns) (Paul Kondis)

Krakow: medical term for wedgie pain (Chuck Smith)



# WIT HAPPENS

*Some Good Ones That Got Away, Or Missed The Deadline, Or Curry Got On Them, Or Something*

## WEEK 95: HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

**Judge Says Election Suit 'Pointed Out Serious Problems in Baltimore City':** Circuit court judge Arthur Thieme expressed his opinion in open court today that "that red thing that [Ellen Sauerbrey] wore on Election Night and every day since is a reminder that there's still a lot of Communists committing voter fraud in the Charm City." (Elden Carnahan)

## WEEK 106: DRAWING CONCLUSIONS

Miss New York, in a candid moment before the talent competition. (Meg Sullivan)

## WEEK 108: NEAR MISSES

"We have nothing to fear but national destitution, massive starvation, and social collapse." (John Cushing)

## WEEK 111: ASK BACKWARDS V

A: Joseph Romm's Underpants  
Q: What can be found under The Bridges of East Brunswick, N.J.? ("Joseph Romm's Underpants" WAS underneath "The Bridges, etc." on Page F2 that day.) (Mary Olson)

## WEEK 112: POOP FICTION

From a conspiracy-theory book: "If you somehow have managed to get a copy of this manuscript, then they must already have altered its contents, so you will never know the truth." (Joseph Romm)

## WEEK 116: WRITE PURE POETRY

YO, T. WITTE--RETIRE YOUR REPERTOIRE. (Sue Lin Chong)

## WEEK 125: ASK BACKWARDS VI

A: Colon Powell.  
Q: What did the prudish Orioles fan shout when Boog struck out? (Peyton Coyner)

A: Mickey Mantle's liver

Q: When Eddie Layton wasn't playing "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," what was the busiest organ at Yankee Stadium? (Mike Hammer)

## WEEK 127: GADGET IF YOU CAN

Clive Barker's teething rattle. (Kevin Mellema)

## WEEK 129: REMAKE US HAPPY

"Attack of the Killer Tomatoes." Documentary. Defense attorney



Johnnie Cochran explains how the Goldman-Brown murders might really have occurred and how lead prosecutor Marcia Clark has been covering up crucial evidence. (John Kammer)

## WEEK 133: LIKE, WOW.

"Barney and Friends" is to the Wagner Ring Cycle as taking the Band-Aid off fast is to taking it off slow. (Sarah Worcester)

## WEEK 134: A SIMPLE CLERIHEW ERROR

If Woody Allen is 35 years older than Soon Yi Previn,  
And, four years from now, both of their ages will be divisible by seven,  
But the last part of this problem, as posed on the entrance exam to Liberty University (founder: Jerry Falwell),  
Is: Explain why Woody should burn forever in hell. (Greg Arnold)

Poor Orville Redenbacher, he'll pop no more.  
Each time I see his picture on a jar of his popcorn at the store,  
I think I'll refrain  
From buying buttered, since Orville should've known better and stuck to plain. (Jean Sorensen)

## WEEK 135: JERRY-BUILT SOLUTIONS

Ever notice that when two old guys argue in a supermarket checkout line they both bring up their military service in WWII? "Hey, this is an express lane and you have twelve items!" "Why you old coot, I flew bombing runs over Germany and I can whip your butt." (Stephen Dudzik)

## WEEK 136: NEW END IN SIGHT

"The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." Hitler's generals stage an intervention at a meeting of the Military High Command; Hitler realizes that he can no longer control his addiction to power and admits he needs help. After a stay in a Swiss clinic for recovering megalomaniacs, Hitler apologizes to the world's remaining Jews, gypsies, and Jehovah's Witnesses during an interview on Edward R. Murrow Live. (Ellen Lamb)

## WEEK 141: ASK BACKWARDS VII

A: The tenor Luciano Buttafuoco  
Q: Who changed his name because "Pavorotti" means "anal sex" in Italian? (Phil Plait)

(Continued on Page 8)



DEPRADA



1802 02/28/96 ISS#4 WGMF DC 200



DEPRADA

The Official Mail Organ of the Not Ready for the Algonquin Roundtable Society

## 20th & 21st NON-CONSECUTIVE N.R.A.R.S. BREAKFASTS

March 3 → 9 a.m. ← March 31

Americus Café  
(8th floor)

Sheraton Washington Hotel  
2660 Woodley Rd. NW  
Across from Zoo Metro stop

Reservation under "Carnahan"

Papa's Café  
Double Tree Hotel

1750 Rockville Pike, Rockville  
Closest Metro Stop: Twinbrook  
Across from Zoo Metro stop

Reservation under "Dudzik"

Order from menu or do our customary breakfast buffet  
Sorry, could not determine by presstime; it'll be reasonable

Order from menu or do buffet  
for \$10.95

Parking on Calvert, 29th, and  
Cleveland Aves. (be careful)

Free parking everywhere

First-timers kindly RSVP to Publisher

Open to all Style Invitational contestants, admirers, lurkers,  
skulkers, stalkers, support staff, mutually-dependent co-enablers,  
wannabes, free-loaders, critics, and guests

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-- Subject: Depravda

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Publisher and Editor	Grace Fuller
General Counsel	Sue Lin Chong
Circulation Manager	Mike Hammer
Comptroller	Dave Zarrow
Grip	Sarah Worcester
Head Gaffer	Steve Dudzik
Chief Photographer	Kevin Mellema
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