

## PRIMARY COLORS AUTHOR FOUND AMONG F2 LOSERS

Putting to rest persistent uninformed theories as to why Herndon resident Jean Sorensen, while a constant presence on Page F2 and frequent contributor to this publication, has nevertheless failed to attend any NRARS Breakfast but one, the Senate Select Committee for Honking and Wheezing announced last weekend that its search for the author of the quirky behind-the-scenes look at President Clinton's 1992 campaign was over.

"We never thought of looking for him or her in Herndon," Committee chair Joe Ertavi (R-Estonia) remarked, "although in retrospect I don't know why we were looking anywhere else." The chairman also remarked that, in addition to the investigation of *Colors* authorship, Mrs. Sorensen was also the target of inquiries into the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa in 1975, the ill-advised attempt to introduce New Coke in 1985, the real reason for the

retirement of Supreme Court Justice William Brennan in 1990, and the more recent emptying of the Senator's petty cash fund during summer recess.



H. R. "Bob" Sorensen attempts to shush his wife and client as she begins to explain to the Senate her duties with the SAVAK in 1977, and earlier assignments in Angola and as an adviser to the Vichy French government in 1942. Not one to be easily dissuaded from letting it all hang out, Mrs. Sorensen lectured the spellbound lawmakers for 45 minutes on their reluctance to see some good in everyone. "Nobody in this room is Mother Theresa," she scolded, "and neither is anyone Idi Amin. I knew Idi Amin. Idi Amin was a friend of mine. And you guys aren't him."

## PLAN TO FURTHER FRITTER AWAY CONTESTANTS' LIVES REVEALED

*Special to Depravda by Paul Kondis, in hiding near Lexington, N.C.*

A flurry of activity brought about the first-ever Losers Rotisserie League (official name under construction), with prospective owners being sought in the usual dives. Suffice it to say that bushes were beaten, reminiscent of the 1992 election. Several suspicious-looking characters were rounded up, who grudgingly admitted they might be interested. The total number may approach 12 if they would ever hold still long enough to be counted.

Meanwhile, in the League offices, amid the ivy growing out of the bedroom window, a nice clean spot on the desk was set aside for more statistics than will be needed, and several law books were piled there just to make sure it wouldn't be going anyplace soon. A Commissar has been volunteered, being too far away too put up much effective resistance. Construction of the Hall of Fame could technically be called under way, as the grave we were planning to dig for our recently-departed canary could be expanded into a slightly bigger hole. I. M. Pei has yet to return any phone calls.

Please see Page 8 for legitimate details.



# LETTERS TO THE CARNIVORE

[Thanks, T.P.C., that was just the word we were looking for.]

I am a newcomer to the world of SI (debut Week 136) and would be interested in learning a bit of SI history. For example, what was the entry submitted by Mr. Cole Arendt of Washington in Week 84 that was described by the Czar as so profoundly revolting as to be not only unpublishable but could not be uttered in the presence of houseplants? Would you please print this piece of Slana, preferably in bold type on Page 1. Thank you. *Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park*



Our Membership Search Committee has so far failed to locate Mr. Arendt, by which we mean that he hasn't walked into The Sportsman's Lounge in Laurel where we write most of this stuff. Would you accept in its place John Kammer's submission for Week 150, the caption for the cartoon of the woman holding the leaky envelope, that was deemed by the Czar to be too revolting to print? Yes, we thought so.

OK, we can't just blurt it out, since we don't know that someone's maiden aunt, visiting for the week, hasn't just finished TV Guide and has picked this up. Also, taking our cue from the Czar's recent manipulative behavior, we are inserting the famed bon mots elsewhere in this issue, and you are just going to have to look for it.

The Breathalyzer tests administered to the revelers on the front page of the January issue suggested that one of them needed a lift home; however, he arrogantly refused all offers. And I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight, "Up your kazoo--unless it's too tight." Incidentally, one merry-maker insisted on submitting a urine sample and was taken into custody when he bit one of the officers. *Mary Olson, Springfield*

I had a dream that I picked up the Sunday Style section to see the results on F2 and all they printed were one- and two-word entries with no explanation as to the nature of the contest. The results were divided up into two categories, Awards and Miscellaneous. The only person given any credit by name was Margaret Settee (or maybe Margaret Senter--hey! I was asleep!), of Arlington, Va. I woke up screaming--well, not really screaming, but with a feeling of anxiety the like of which I'm certain none of you have ever experienced. I'm frightened now. I might need to take a little mental break. *Dave Zarrow, Herndon*

I want to add here that [Phil Plait's] "Luciano Buttafuoco" joke [in the February *Depravda*] was the most disgusting, reprehensible thing I've seen in nearly two weeks. I urge Mr. Plait to keep up the good work. *Chuck Smith, Woodbridge*

Well, against my better judgment I finally attended an NRARS breakfast. Although it involved several unnatural acts (shaving on Sunday, forgoing food for 140 miles and 5 waking hours, etc.), The Voices were insistent, so I made the trek.

Imagine my delight in spending a lesiurely few hours surrounded by wittily urbane gentlemen and attractive, friendly women. Heck, even the people at our table weren't too offensive--a bit Graceless, perhaps, but that's just sniveling whining. As in West Virginia, there was a scandal involving insufficient funding--is this becoming a standard restaurant scheme to discourage large, obnoxious parties?--which was resolved with a Kick-a-Buck directive from Mr. Zarrow. Mr. Dudzik joined me later to gawk at the glazing at the local doxology works, and he managed to garner a few Mouthbreathing-Rube-in-the-City pics.

Any local Losers who have not yet attended really should make the effort. At least at that hour of the day you know you won't lose your lunch if the caca talk gets rough.

*Peyton Coyner, Afton, Va.*

Yes, we heard you were there, and we can't help but notice that this is the second Society function you have attended and also the second time someone tried to stiff the rest of us for his or her check. Suspicion actually did focus on you for a couple of days on the LoserNet, until cooler heads (ours) prevailed. Two scenarios now occur to us: 1) it could indeed be an effort to discourage large, obnoxious parties, in which case you were partly to blame by being there; or 2) the waitstaff (who were probably the wittily urbane gentlemen you noted), despairing to assess the size of the crowd since no three persons ever arrive or leave at the same time, simply left one check at each place at the table that looked as if it had been slept in for a week--given the amount of promiscuous table-hopping that we know occurs, you were all were lucky someone didn't have to stay to do the washing up.

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

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**ALL PLEASE NOTE:**  
**CONTRIBUTORS' DEADLINE FOR THE APRIL ISSUE**  
**IS WEDNESDAY THE 10TH. ANTICIPATED**  
**SERVICE BY DISGRUNTLED POSTAL WORKER IS**  
**SOMETIME ON TUESDAY, APRIL 16.**

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# THE MARCH OF SOPHISTRY

## WEEK 150: Trial Balloons

Somebody alert Levey: "Ned Bent, Herndon" a Perfect Fit Last Name for Page F2, if real; may also be first time anyone has debuted on Page F1

Noah Meyerson returns after 106 Weeks; last seen casting doubt on VP Quayle's analysis of Nietzsche on Heidegger via Plato

Kammer joins Arendt and Mangin in fraternity of Losers too twisted even for the Czar

## WEEK 151: Strip Mining

J. Romm calls 6th Win on e-mail in advance; we note, however, his recent trend toward jeremiads against politically-incorrect speech, like it was some kind of bad thing

And that ain't all: Worcester exceeds 50 career hits with bold and unapologetic ripoff of her own "Unkindest Cuts" Drool-Winner; Czar must have a thing for Marathon Man

J. Paul's 3 hits his personal 1-day high

## WEEK 152: We Are Curious (Yellow)

Newest Ear-Boy Forbes joins Farrakhan in fraternity of F2 freaks

Newcomer and shirt-winner Small, Rod: traces success to gym-class roll-call trauma?

C. Smith Consistency recedes back under 1.500

Phil John yet another PFLN for Levey, worthy successor to Phil Plait; either could be all-you-can-eat breakfast mascots

M. Hammer's Quest for Drool finally ends, nearly three years after shirt-winning "Long-Boren-Stump" debut

F. Dawson takes shirts on consecutive Weeks after 2-Year wait

Zarrow scoffs at his own entry on e-mail, then gets first shirt with it since first week of Year 3

Kammer shirt-winner his high-water mark so far

## WEEK 153: Stump Us

Czar outsmarts us again, launching Year 4 a full Week before some of us thought it should start; but it does make some kind of sense, being the first Sunday after the anniversary of Founding Day, March 7, 1993

We are convinced: "Hyphen the Terrible" is a none-too-subtle attempt to get us to read more of the paper than Page F2 and the Help-Wanted; compare to "We Are Curious (Yellow)," "Strip Mining," and "Just Rebus Alone," all since mid-December

We thought we'd seen that one before--our new pal Lance's stickerwinner is actually #194 of his "Personality and Nervous Twitch Inventory," the True/False exam that many Losers failed at the last Key Bridge breakfast; nice going, Lance, but let's just see you use one of those in a Clerihew

Malaise spreads further through the next generation as young Master Knanishu takes his place among derivative Losers Sorensen, Smith, Zarrow, and both Daniels

## PEYTON'S COYNER



A FEW UNANSWERED QUESTIONS



# THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style



Dear Dr. Style:

Hey, I am looking at the front page of the October *Depravda*. Is Joe Romm Stanley Tucci in real life, you know, that guy who plays the rich scumbag suspect on "Murder One," 10 p.m. Mondays on ABC?

*Star-struck in Herndon*

Dear Herndon: I have no idea who Stanley Tucci is or what he looks like. In any case, everyone knows that Joe Romm is really Paul Shafer of the David Letterman show. As one of the dwindling number of people watching "Murder One," you are probably one of those Herndon loner types just waiting to explode. I suggest counseling and a subscription to *Entertainment Weekly*.

Dear Dr. Style:

Have you considered jumping on the talk-show bandwagon? Someone of your obvious good taste and intelligence would really clean up the filth--like that one the other day with a she-man transsexual who surprised a random audience member with a marriage proposal--not that I actually watch those insipid shows, although that one really had me going!

JSH

Dear JSH: I was scheduled to do "Dateline," but most of my attorneys, although by no means all, advised against it, given the remarkable amount of litigation pending against me. I suppose the paternity suit should not have been a surprise, but who would have guessed that pretending to be a doctor can net you a malpractice suit for real? And then, following my recent sex-change operation, I was really thrown for a loop by the maternity suit. Of course, the real reason is that I didn't want to jeopardize my secret identity by appearing on TV, although that may all be moot if Grace reveals who I am in order to kill the growing consensus that she is writing this stuff in some smoky redneck dive in Laurel.

Dear Dr. Style:

A number of weeks ago my wife and I were at a restaurant in Fairfax. Since I had been reading *The Washington Post* I needed to wash my hands before the meal, so I went into the men's room. While I was at the basin, an older gentleman entered, followed by a young man. I assumed that both were restaurant employees. The young man had a stainless steel pail filled with ice cubes. The older man directed that ice be poured into the

urinals. Being in my usual dumbfoundedness, I did not ask what was transpiring.

Back at our table I asked our waiter Osvaldo if he could learn what was happening. He was of no help, and I let the matter drop for fear of the reputation I could be acquiring.

What is going on? Would I find the urinals at The Palm or The French Gold Door filled with ice? Is this a way to add a cool damp foggy misty atmosphere to the men's room?

By the way, I decided to pass on the lemon sorbet.

JFC

Dear JFC: A full two-thirds of men cannot get it all in the urinal if they don't have something to aim at--hence, the ice cubes. Also, Grace wants me to ask you what "matter" did you drop back at the table? Didn't you say you only went into the men's room to wash your hands? You are either a compulsive dissembler or pathologically unhygienic or both. I'm voting for "both." Either way, you need counseling or melatonin, or both.

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.

## CRITICS CANNOT WRITE ENOUGH GOOD THINGS ABOUT MEFISTOFELE OPENER

From *The Washington Post*, March 1: "... a strange opera ... What It All Means ... limited musical talent ... ostrich ... flash of buttocks ... antisocial views ..." Our brother Chuck Smith will follow this up with another star turn on "Homicide: Life on the Street," playing a dead guy in a fast-food restaurant. He writes: "I plan to shave my beard so people may recognize me as I lay in a pool of blood."

## MALE AND FEMALE SOCIETY MEMBERS HIT ON BOB LEVEY SIMULTANEOUSLY

For the March Neologism for "the growing disdain for voice mail and all its trappings:" *Rangcor* by Tom Witte, Gaithersburg, and *Yakoplexy* by Mary Olson, Springfield.

## REALLY PISSED-OFF EDITORIAL NOTE

The editor and publisher would like to take this opportunity to note once again the failure of Mr. John Kammer to turn in the long-awaited European travel article. We are not of the opinion that his claim that his neighbor's dog ate it is much of an improvement on the well-known conceit. We apologize to those who may have purchased tickets to Europe in anticipation of this comprehensive travel guide, but we cannot make restitution for tickets, travel expenses, forgone drug-smuggling profits, and the like. Mr. Kammer assures us the article will be ready for next month's edition.



# BOB STAAKE: Except for the cherry yogurt, entirely normal

by Kevin Cuddihy

For the past couple years, we've been treated to the illustrations of one of the best. From large-nosed men to women with no hands, Bob Staake is the genius behind the illustrations in the Style Invitational. This month we look at how he got to where he is now; next time we'll focus on his work for the Invitational.

Born in 1957, Staake now resides in St. Louis, Missouri, with his wife and two children. He has his own studio there as well, putting in long hours all days of the week. It was at his studio that I finally got in touch with him, at 10 p.m. on a day on which he'd been working since nine in the morning (which he wanted me to emphasize, in case he comes out "sounding like a dork").

He started doing illustrations for his high school paper and other local papers, and at the age of 16 got his first job in cartooning. The NFL saw some of his artwork in the local paper and called him to do a four-color illustration for its league-wide program, with a fee of \$400.

"They got my name, and this guy calls to talk to me about it," Staake said. "He's expecting a pro, and this 16-year-old answers the phone. At first he asked to talk to my dad, but then he was cool about it. He could have been like, 'Forget this kid, I'll get someone else,' but they stuck with me."

From there he went on to USC, majoring in Journalism and International Relations. The obvious angle was to go into political cartooning, and he studied under Paul Conrad, a three-time Pulitzer-winning cartoonist for *The Los Angeles Times*. This connection enabled him to get a foothold in newspapers, meeting reporters across the country, including a breakfast with the *Post's* own Bob Woodward.

In 1980 he decided to focus on humorous freelance, in which he has continued to this day. "I enjoy freelancing," Staake contended. "Every day is fun. I go to work in the morning, walk down to the market for lunch and have the same lunch each day--an orange, a pear, Doritos and cherry yogurt--then I go back to the studio for the rest of the day." He estimates he freelances on 150 to 200 projects a year, and while the Style Invitational provides him with a sense of continuity, he enjoys the randomness of his job.

"I can go to work one morning and work on something totally different from what I did the day before and what from I'll do tomorrow," he explained. This gives each day a new freshness for him, and keeps the job from getting boring.

His first high-profile job was most likely working with Jay Leno, whom he had been writing jokes for previously, on the first "Headlines" book. "Jack Davis of *Mad Magazine* was the runner-up for that first book, but he kept lessening Jay's jaw, so they chose me." Even with his tendency towards large noses, however, Staake said Jay's jaw would still have to be bigger. "Jay used to kid around about it, say 'gee, could you make the jaw any bigger?' His jaw was definitely bigger than the nose. It almost HAD to be."

Even though the first book was a success and Jay was happy with the illustrations, Staake has not been involved with "Headlines" since. "Warner Brothers lost my original art, which is worth some money," Staake said. "I was trying to resolve that, and all they wanted was a second book. 'Sign the contract, then we'll work on the lost art.'" To make matters worse, Jay's manager at that time started in on him to sign the book deal and worry about the art later. "Finally I just said to forget it, find someone else. Jay was fun, but, to put it politely, [his manager was] not a cool person to deal with."

Even after this he continued to write for Leno. One of his best moments came courtesy of O.J. "The O.J. chase was on a Friday. The next Monday Jay opened with one of my jokes. That was cool," Staake said.

Along with working with Leno, Staake has also done work for a large number of top comic strips, and while he's been approached about doing his own, he turns such offers down. "It's funny," he relates. "Back when I wanted to do a strip no one would let me. Now when everyone's asking me to, I don't want to." He points again to the variety of the work that freelance gives him as the reason. "When a comic-strip artist goes on vacation he comes back to the same thing. I go on vacation and can come back to something completely different."

In addition to comic-strip art he freelanced for a number of newspapers, including *The Washington Post*. "I did Metro, Business, Style, everything," Staake said. One day, the Czar took notice and the rest, while not quite history, is still the next article, and you'll just have to wait until then to read about it.

*Next time we look at the career of Bob Staake as it relates to the Style Invitational Contest, from wrenching the job from a fellow cartoonist to being "the very first contestant each week."*



# **YEAR 3 ONLY** **WEEKS 105-153**

Here we list all persons who have reached 4 credits so far in Year 3, Weeks 105 through 153.

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

Year 3, Conss: total credits divided by the 49

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 Crdts	Year 3 Conss	Year 1 Crdts	Year 1 Rk	Year 2 Crdts	Year 2 Rk	Top Yer Best	Take Title
1	Smith, C.	64.00	1.306	75.33	1	83.33	1	9.665	1.306
2	Beland	53.33	1.088			15.50	11	-18.915	5.460
3	Romm	46.00	.939			42.33	3	-1.835	8.875
4	Carnahan	45.33	.925	19.00	3	69.00	2	11.835	9.460
5	Witte	43.00	.878	13.00	11	29.00	5	-7.000	10.625
6	Hart	37.83	.772	3.33		18.00	8	-9.920	13.205
7	Litz	26.83	.684						18.710
8	Worcester	26.50	.541	3.00		22.00	6	-2.250	18.875
9	Kammer	22.75	.464			11.00	18	-5.875	20.750
10	Sorensen	21.50	.439			11.50	17	-5.000	21.375
11	Dudzik	21.25	.434	12.00	14	13.00	15	-4.125	21.500
12	Zarrow	18.50	.378	1.33		10.00	20	-4.250	22.875
13	Krattenmkr	16.33	.333			31.50	4	7.585	25.916
14	Grinath	16.00	.333						24.125
15	Cuddihy	15.83	.323	3.00		7.83	26	-4.000	24.210
16	Chong	15.00	.306	4.00	36	7.50	27	-3.750	24.625
17	Pannullo	14.50	.296			3.50		-5.500	24.875
18	Styrene	13.16	.269	6.00	25	13.25	14	.045	25.545
19	Connaghan	13.00	.283						25.625
20	Arnold	13.00	.265			5.00	33	-4.000	25.625
	Sullivan	13.00	.265	14.00	8	4.00	47	.500	25.625
22	Paul	12.33	.685						25.960
23	Grove	11.50	.235	13.00	12	12.00	16	.750	26.375
24	Plait	10.50	.276						26.875
25	Knanishu	10.50	.228						26.875
26	Mellema	10.50	.214	8.00	21	16.00	10	2.750	26.875
27	Patishnock	10.00	.204	7.50	22	2.00		-1.250	27.125
28	Kondis	9.50	.194	15.00	6	17.50	9	4.000	27.375
29	Dawson, F.	9.00	.154	1.00		4.00	46	-2.500	27.625
30	Smith, J.C.	8.50	.173			20.00	7	5.750	27.875
	Thuermer	8.50	.173	3.50		1.00		-2.500	27.875
32	Steinhice	7.83	.160			6.00	30	-.915	28.210
33	Malcolm	7.50	.153	14.50	7	10.00	19	3.500	28.375
34	Smith, D.	7.00	.143			1.00		-3.000	28.625
35	Vanatter	6.00	.150						29.125
36	Kocak	6.00	.130						29.125
37	Offutt	6.00	.128						29.125
38	Hammer	6.00	.122	4.00	38	2.50		-1.000	29.125
	Thring	6.00	.122	17.00	4	13.50	13	5.500	29.125
40	Caron	5.50	.112	10.00	16	7.00	28	2.250	29.375
41	Kamat	5.00	.167						29.625
42	Fox Roe	5.00	.102	5.50	28	2.00		.250	29.625
43	Sabourin	4.50	.092	13.00	10	0.75		4.250	29.875
44	Simha	4.33	.106						29.960
45	Jeantheau	4.00	.160						30.125
46	Lamb	4.00	.129						30.125
47	Hammond	4.00	.114						30.125
48	Bross	4.00	.082	1.00		3.00		-.500	30.125
	Weinstein	4.00	.082	1.00		3.00		-.500	30.125

## **TOP TEN WAYS TO FILL YOUR EMPTY HOURS IF THERE'S ANOTHER SABBATICAL THIS SUMMER**

Finish writing my novel "Disgruntled Postal Workers In Love." (Dave Ferry)

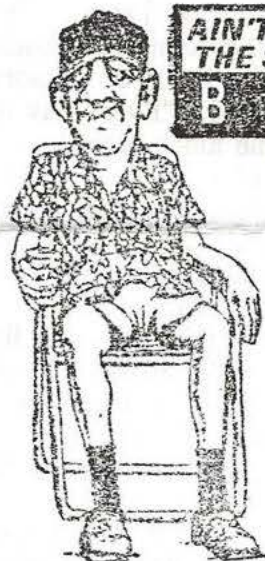
Sit slackjawed in the sun and wrinkle up like a raisin. (John Kammer)

Stalk Bob Levey. (Tom Witte)

Start harassment campaign for the benefit of Cindi Rae Caron. (Stephen Dudzik)

Vigorous exercise and civic activism.

Recommended: take a bus to 14th and U, go into alleys, and break up drug deals. (Elden Carnahan)



**AIN'T NO CURE FOR  
THE SUMMERTIME  
BLUES**

(Peyton Coyner)

Experience the Great Behind. (Lance Seberhagen, #171)

Practice making funny faces in the mirror, at Sears. (Jean Sorensen)

Lather, rinse, lather, rinse, lather, rinse, lather, rinse . . . (Kevin Mellema)

Alphabetize your bumper stickers. (Nick Freeman)

For April, send us something for:  
**"Top Ten New Feature  
Ideas Rejected Back In  
1993 In Favor Of The  
Style Invitational"**



# LIVING IN STYLE

*Bumper Stickers are from Mars, T-Shirts are from Venus.*

by Russ Beland

*Author's Note: I wrote this piece on October 13, 1995, during a brief dry spell. I have since rebounded somewhat, but failure always looms and glory is always fleeting.*

*Editor's Note: The above self-serving claptrap is completely inadequate as a disclaimer, in our opinion. Mr. Beland's work may truly have sucked eggs last October, but in recent Weeks he has really gotten on everyone else's nerves, particularly with respect to the Ear No One Reads, which we are really sorry that in a moment of weakness we decided to equate, for scoring purposes, with Honorable Mentions, but can't go back on now because it would make us look like weenies.*

I have been in a bit of a slump lately. In the last three weeks I've appeared with exactly one Honorable Mention. Now before I hear from the Jerry Pannulos and the Kevin Mellemas out there that one hit every three weeks is not really a slump, let me say that slumps (and streaks) are relative things. Wilt Chamberlain spending a weekend with a certain special someone is in a slump. Chuck Smith appearing a dozen times in ten weeks is slightly below average. For me, one Honorable Mention in three weeks counts as a slump.

This slump goes deeper than that, however. For three months I've appeared with nothing except Honorable Mentions and the occasional Ear No One Reads. The last time I was a Runner-up was way back on June 4th (which is also my birthday for those of you thoughtful enough to be planning a tasteful gift for next time). You'd need Peabody and Sherman to help you find my last really hot streak.

One of the more striking features of the Style Invitational is the different reactions I get for different types of appearances. Ear No One Reads are my favorite part of the contest, but they are strictly bottom-of-the-food-trough to everyone else. They get no recognition at all (except from other contestants, some of whom simply sneer at the thought). Honorable Mentions draw the occasional congratulations, but it's the sort of recognition you get for, say, successfully mowing your lawn or having the motor oil in your car changed. Winning one of those T-shirts is, however, serious glory. Style groupies throw their hotel keys at your feet; the Pope calls and congratulates you in seventeen languages; Coke machines spit out 12-ounce cans before you put in any money. The world is . . . nice.

My wife, who prefers not to be mentioned in this column, has predictable reactions to my appearances. She is always somewhat relieved if I get printed because, she thinks, I'll be mopey and depressed all day Sunday if "When I asked if the mail had come I was speaking figuratively" I don't appear. It is, of course, simply coincidental that I happen to be mopey and depressed only on Sundays that I'm not in the Style. When I get a T-shirt, or actually win, she is truly impressed, but bumper-stickers don't really draw much reaction anymore. I've had three, even four honorable mentions in one Week and all I got from my wife is, "Well, are YOU satisfied with how you did?"

What sort of a question is that? Am I satisfied with how I did? Of course not! I've been satisfied with how I did a total of about five times since I started entering and most of those were Weeks I bombed, but knew I deserved to.

It's hard to know which is more frustrating, having a really good entry not appear at all, or having it get only an Honorable Mention. If an entry doesn't appear at all, you can assume it got lost in the shuffle or that lots of other people had the same idea. When you get an Honorable Mention, however, you know the Czar looked at your entry, pulled it out of the pile, then didn't think it was worth a shirt.

Back on Week 84 we were asked to send in names for high school football teams. My weakest entry, The Kaaawa (HI) A's, was an Honorable Mention. The Czar passed over the best entry I have ever submitted, The Tampa (FL) Toxic Shockers. Go figure.

Ironically, complaining about the Czar is a right that comes only with getting printed. I could go on at length about this, but I'm spending the weekend with that certain special someone, who prefers not to be mentioned in this column.



**IN AN ENTIRELY UNRELATED DEVELOPMENT, WE ANNOUNCE THE DEBUT OF MISS ZOE ILEA PLAIT**, born to Phil and Marcella Plait, their first, at 7 lbs., 10½ ozs., 11:03 p.m. on March 5. Well-wishers may address comments to the tired couple at 521 Gilmore Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20901.



# F2 TROOP

This list includes all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 6 times, as of the Report from Week 153.

**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.

## LOSER

## ROTISSERIE

Starting in May, Loser Rotisserie, an idea hatched earlier this year, when life-sustaining sunlight was at its lowest ebb and the cold had slowed metabolic functions to a crawl.

But enough sweet talk! The idea sort of parallels Rotisserie Baseball for the first couple of concepts, and then veers completely off to one side. Team "owners" will draft team members from a pool of the approximately 500 Losers who will have appeared on Page F2 at any time during Year 3, which closes out with the

Report from Week 155 on March 24. Each team will face every other team in its division over approximately 20 Sunday "games," and each game will be decided by the team members' performances in the Invitational that day. Playoffs and a Loser Bowl in October are contemplated.

Ten prospective "owners," and you know who you are, have as of press-time volunteered to risk humiliation and abuse on top of that already being dished out by the Czar, and we will sign up others until April 5, when we will have to stop and make up the intra-divisional and playoff schedules in time for publication in the April issue of this preposterous undertaking.

New Loser and long-time Rotisserie nerd Ben Lea has graciously consented to act as Commissar in this first experimental season. All persons wishing to draw near and participate as owners may contact him at 704-352-2692 (leave a message) or [bjlea@hamlet.uncg.edu](mailto:bjlea@hamlet.uncg.edu), or Elden Carnahan at 301-317-6839 or 688-8036, for further details as to drafting procedures and the rules of play, as they are worked out.

Rnk	Chg	Name	City	St	Dbu Wk	Total Credits	W/L Strk	Consstncy & Rank	Slugging & Rank	Purity & Rank
1		Smith, C. 229	Woodbridge	VA	6	222.66	+1	1.515	1	296.99
2		Carnahan 24.33	Laurel	MD	22	133.33	+1	1.018	2	175.33
3		Romm 95.33	Washington	DC	58	88.33	-1	.930	3	126.83
4		Witte 93.5	Gaithersburg	MD	7	85.00	+4	.582	8	107.50
5		Beland 75.53	Springfield	VA	73	68.83	+3	.850	5	88.33
6		Hart 66.17	Arlington	VA	11	59.17	+1	.417	11	75.17
7		Worcester	Bowie	MD	46	51.50	+1	.481	9	76.00
8		Krattenmaker 48.82	Landover Hls	MD	80	47.83	-28	.646	7	54.33
9		Dudzick 49.25	Silver Sprng	MD	7	46.25	-3	.317	14	59.50
10		Kondis 43	Alexandria	VA	14	42.00	-6	.302	16	57.50
11		Thring	Leesburg	VA	23	36.50	-25	.281	18	48.50
12		Grove 37.5	Washington	DC	6	36.50	-2	.248	21	42.50
13	+1	Mellema	Falls Church	VA	10	34.50	+1	.241	23	43.50
14	+4	Kammer 39.25	Herndon	VA	71	33.75	+3	.407	12	38.50
15	-2	Sorensen 35	Herndon	VA	75	33.00	-7	.418	10	46.00
16	-1	Styrene	Olney	MD	17	32.41	-2	.238	24	43.49
17	-1	Malcolm 33	Silver Sprng	MD	18	32.00	+1	.237	25	43.50
18	-1	Sullivan	Potomac	MD	14	31.00	-3	.223	28	38.00
19	+1	Zarrow 30.83	Herndon	VA	30	29.83	-1	.243	22	42.16
20	-1	Smith, J. C.	Laurel	MD	60	28.50	-28	.306	15	36.50
21	+1	Litz 28.83	Bowie	MD	125	26.83	-1	.925	4	32.83
22	+2	Cuddihy 31.66	Fairfax	VA	13	26.66	+1	.190	31	33.32
23		Chong	Washington	DC	35	26.50	-1	.225	27	30.50
24	-3	Gearty	Washington	DC	16	26.50	-89	.193	30	45.50
25		King	Alexandria	VA	16	23.50	-15	.172	33	37.50
26		Caron	Lenoir	NC	11	22.50	-24	.158	35	33.50
27		Segal	Vienna	VA	4	20.50	-15	.138	40	33.50
28		Coyner	Afton	VA	26	19.75	-9	.156	36	33.50
29	+3	Patishnock	Laurel 20.5	MD	26	19.50	+1	.154	37	30.50
30	-1	Sabourin	Silver Sprng	MD	17	18.25	-29	.134	41	25.25
31	-1	Pannullo	Chevy Chase	MD	84	18.00	-10	.257	20	23.50
32	+1	Arnold 14	Herndon	VA	72	18.00	+1	.220	29	27.00
33	-2	Rooney	Rstn/Blcksbg	VA	16	17.83	-75	.130	43	23.83
34		Zane	Woodbridge	VA	3	17.00	-118	.113	47	22.00
35		Alter, P.	Hyattsville	MD	41	16.50	-51	.147	39	22.50
36	+5	Grinath 20	Takoma Park	MD	106	16.00	+1	.333	13	19.00
37	+8	Dawson, F. 15	Beltsville	MD	47	14.00	-1	.132	42	23.00
38	-2	Weisse	Sykesville	MD	6	14.00	-22	.095	50	15.00
39	-2	Steinhice 15	Washington	DC	74	13.83	-5	.173	32	28.33
40	-2	Connaghan 15	Gaithersburg	MD	108	13.00	-5	.283	17	16.00
41	-2	Thuermer	Washington	DC	14	13.00	-20	.094	51	31.50
42	-2	Fox Roe	Mt. Kisko	NY	13	12.50	-40	.089	52	15.50
43	+4	Hammer 13.5	Washington	DC	5	12.50	-1	.084	54	20.50
44	+5	Paul	Garrett Park	MD	136	12.33	-2	.685	6	17.33
45	-3	Richardson	Laurel	MD	14	12.00	-23	.086	53	14.00
46	-3	Maclean	Burke	VA	44	11.50	-46	.106	48	13.50
47	-3	Smith, J. P.	Washington	DC	60	11.33	-23	.122	46	14.33
48	-2	Olson, D.	Laurel	MD	14	10.67	-89	.077	56	13.01
49	-1	Plait 11.5	Silver Sprng	MD	116	10.50	-3	.276	19	14.50
50	+14	Knanishu	Hyattsville	MD	108	10.50	+1	.228	26	13.50
51	+2	Gilbert	La Plata	MD	57	9.50	+1	.099	49	10.00
52	+10	Delduke	Bethesda	MD	14	9.50	-3	.068	61	11.00
53	-3	Drucker, J.	Arlington	VA	5	9.17	-8	.062	62	14.67
54	-3	Olson, M.	Springfield	VA	38	9.00	-62	.078	55	10.00
55	-3	Robbins	Bethesda	MD	5	9.00	-36	.061	65	16.00
56	-2	Rabin	Fredericksbg	VA	29	8.50	-8	.069	59	14.00
57	-2	Dierman	Potomac	MD	2	8.33	-35	.055	68	15.33
58	-2	Smith, D.	Greenbelt	MD	104	8.00	-9	.160	34	16.00
59	-2	Walsh	Rockville	MD	37	8.00	-89	.069	60	10.00
60	-1	Bross	Chevy Chase	MD	24	8.00	-28	.062	63	14.00
61	-3	Weinstein	McLean	VA	24	8.00	-38	.062	64	14.00
62	-2	Miller	Rockville	MD	13	8.00	-107	.057	67	8.00
63	-2	Williams	Alexandria	VA	51	7.67	-62	.075	57	9.67
64	-1	Verrey	Arlington	VA	15	7.50	-34	.054	69	9.00
65		Cushing	Washington	DC	36	7.00	-78	.060	66	7.00
66		Day	Gaithersburg	MD	16	7.00	-5	.051	71	9.00
67		Wenger	Montgry Vlg	MD	2	7.00	-70	.046	72	12.00
68	n/a	Vanatter	Fairfax	VA	114	6.00	-3	.150	38	6.00
69	-1	Kocak	Syracuse	NY	108	6.00	-6	.130	44	7.00
70	-1	Offutt	Arlington	VA	107	6.00	-12	.128	45	7.00
71	+4	Martin	Falls Church	VA	74	6.00	-3	.075	58	9.00
72	-2	Meyer	Alexandria	VA	38	6.00	-88	.052	70	11.00
73	-2	Reagan, J.	Herndon	VA	3	6.00	-21	.040	73	7.00
74	-2	Layman	Silver Sprng	MD	1	6.00	-69	.039	74	8.00

TOTAL INVITATIONAL VICTIMS TO DATE: 1373



# 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?

**Simpson Writes Jail Cell Book:** The importance of keeping one's back to the shower-room wall is reportedly the topic of the first chapter in O.J.'s autobiographical manuscript, tentatively entitled "Running Blood" . . . (Elden Carnahan)

**Ex-Actress Says Driver Gave Her AIDS Virus:** Diaries found among the late Jessica Tandy's effects reveal her co-star in "Driving Miss Daisy" passed the AIDS virus to her and she was dying of complications of the disease. Actor Morgan Freeman was unavailable for comment. (Mary Olson)

## WEEK 109: SEND US YOUR MAIL PARTS

From the Baghdad Post Style Invitational: "Editors reserve the right to castrate entrants for taste." (Joseph Romm)

## WEEK 117: GIVE 'EM HELOISE

A hint for quick thawing on Thanksgiving morning: run turkey through the dishwasher a few times, on pot-scrubbing cycle. Not only will thawed bird be squeaky clean and free of feathers, it will have a nice lemony tang! (Sue Lin Chong)

## WEEK 119: MUZAK TO OUR EARS

While on hold at U.S. Air's reservation line: "Airplane Parts" (Kevin Mellema)

## WEEK 120: SIMILE OUTRAGEOUS

He was as horny as the brass section of an all-rhinoceros orchestra. (Meg Sullivan)

## WEEK 121: IT'S NO USE

Water-gun silencer. (John Kammer)

## WEEK 124: SPOON-FEED US

What happens when law students pass the bar and become defense lawyers? They go from cracking the books to backing the crooks. (Mike Hammer, Georgetown Law, 1991)

## WEEK 125: ASK BACKWARDS VI

A: One. Definitely only one.

Q: What is the Florida hospital system's new motto concerning the maximum number of accidental amputations that will be allowed per patient per year? (Jean Sorensen)

## WEEK 129: REMAKE US HAPPY

G.I. Blues. Drama. Dustin Hoffman plays a doctor who discovers a gastrointestinal virus that produces harmonica-like flatulence. (Peyton Coyner)

RN: The Autobiography of Richard Nixon. Deeply depressed over his Presidential-election loss to John Kennedy, Nixon takes his own life on Christmas Eve, 1960. (Greg Arnold)

## WEEK 135: JERRY-BUILT SOLUTIONS

What is it with ant farms? Where do they bury their dead? Not in ant cemeteries. I think not, given the high price of ant farm real estate. I suspect that they coat their dead with chocolate and put them outside, trying to pass them off as Raisinettes. (Chuck Smith)

## WEEK 138: LIST BUT NOT LEAST

Question that should never be asked of a Presidential candidate: "If you weren't a candidate, would you ever willingly go to Iowa?" (Ellen Lamb)

## WEEK 139: EMPLOYMENT LINES

Chris Farley's personal masseuse (Stephen Dudzik)

## WEEK 145: LOOIE LOOIE

In an Indian restaurant: "Himdoo" and "Herdoo" (Angus Thuermer)

## WEEK 149: O NO!

Old McRosenberg had a farm,  
"Oi! E-I-E-I-O!" (Mike Connaghan)

A dog belonging to Emil and Otto was walking down the road when suddenly the heavens opened, and green goo fell from the sky. The newspaper headlines reported "God Slimes Otto's, Emil's Dog." (Steve Papier)

Secret Agent 007 and his immediate junior counterpart Agent 008 were on a mission, during which 007 slept with several lovely women. After the mission was completed, 008 thought they should make a report. Agent 007 told 008 that he now had his own private telephone number set up for this: "Dial now, 008: 1-800-WON-LAID." (Charlie Steinhice)

## WEEK 151: STRIP MINING

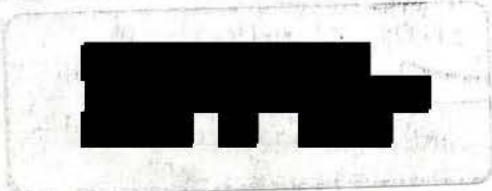
Replace "Family Circus" with "Family Circumcision," about the challenges facing a Somali clitorrectomist who attempts to practice in the U.S. (John Cushing)

## WEEK 152: WE ARE SPURIOUS (YELLOW)

"Lady Doc To Create Second Monkey-Man" (Paul Styrene)



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DEPRADA

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

21st & 22nd NON-CONSECUTIVE N.R.A.R.S. BREAKFASTS

[Redacted]  
 [Redacted]  
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March 31	→ 9 a.m. ←	May 5
Papa's Café Double Tree Hotel 1750 Rockville Pike, Rockville Closest Metro Stop: Twinbrook		Community Room Randolph Towers 4001 North 9th St., Arlington Closest Metro Stop: Ballston Hostess: Jennifer Snowflake Hart
Reservation under "Dudzik"		RSVP by Apr. 27, 703-276-1420 or to jhartarl@aol.com
Order from menu or do buffet for \$10.95		\$10.00 per Loser or other person at the door
Free parking everywhere		Metered parking on N. Fairfax, Randolph, and Quincy

First-timers kindly RSVP to Publisher

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