

DEPRAVDA

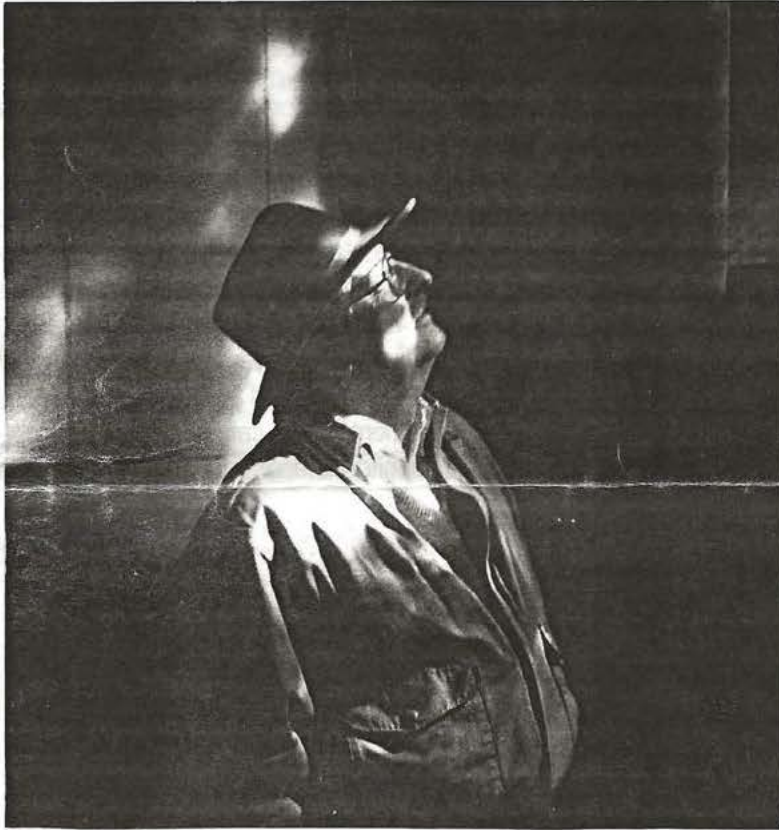
Published By and For Infectees of *The Washington Post's* Style Invitational

May 1996

Volume III, Number 2

"Satius est supervacua scire quam nihil."

"ALIEN BEIN'S" TAKE BLAME FOR COYNER DISAPPEARANCE



Photograph released by the sheriff's office clearly reveals Mr. Coyner about to be grabbed by the aliens' tractor beam. "Fortunately, we just happened to have a couple of patrol cars at the intersection when he came through about 10:45 that evening, otherwise we wouldn't have this here valuable evidence," asserts Sheriff Talmadge. "For some reason, Peyton exited his vehicle, perhaps thinking them flashing lights was us. Damnedest thing. He was gone *just like that*."

"That's a right scary piece of road in through there," remarked Nelson County (Va.) Sheriff Blanders Talmadge III. "Never can tell who, or in this case I guess what, is gonna jump out at ya. Mr. Coyner was lucky to escape with a simple abduction and a few digital probes. Fella really shouldn't go driving through there at night by himself."

Although federal investigators remain skeptical, local law authorities consider the two-month absence of Mr. Peyton Coyner a closed case, and will make no further inquiries, inasmuch as the official report concludes that the alleged abduction was carried out by a "little green person or little green persons unknown."

After Mr. Coyner failed to return to his Afton home after attending the Society breakfast at the Sheraton Washington on March 3, his whereabouts were unknown until the evening of May 8, when his unconscious body was dumped at the end of his driveway on Greenfield Rd.

Mr. Coyner uncharacteristically had little to say himself, although sheriff's deputies, after asking around a bit, concluded that he had run afoul of "rogue zoologists from Alpha Centauri or, what's that other one, Beetlejuice, yeah."

"You know, old Peyton, he's sort of a alien hisself down here, with his big-city ideas and all," the sheriff remarked. "I think them boys just was looking for one of their own, and glommed onto Peyton by mistake. No harm done, right, Peyton? I said, 'Right, Peyton?'"

A HIGHLIGHT FROM MAY 5 AT HART TOWERS

As performed by Dave Ferry in honor of Invitational striver Bob O'Sullivan

On Sunday morning, anticipating, flipping through the *Post*, investigating.
He's looking for his name, in the Style section--if he doesn't win this time, he'll never fit in.

Chorus: What if Bob was one of us? Just a slob like one of us?
Just a bozo on this bus, tried to win some moose poop ...

If Bob had a plan, what would it be? He would want to go to brunch with you and me.
He's tried every week (he's not a sissy), dreaming to be chosen for Loser Rotisserie [*Chorus*]

Lives in a great big chicken coop--dressed up like Betty Boop--
Plays with his brand-new hula hoop--eats Campbell's creamy mushroom soup--
Wants to be more like me and you(p).



SO LONG, BARRY

LETTERS TO THE PARAMOUR



I regret not being present for my award [at the Flushies Awards Breakfast], and even more so that I did not send a member of any Native American group to accept on my behalf but explaining my absence as a protest against the globe's wanton destruction of the Earth and the need for more casino gambling. As for the remarks I would have made: "To paraphrase Grantland Rice: When the One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, he writes not whether you won or lost, but how many *And Lasits* you had."

Joseph Romm, Washington

I just wanted to formally object to your recent decision to take the negative streak numbers out of the overall statistics. I found the negative streak numbers extremely useful, particularly for those who large rather large negative streak numbers. If someone was, say, two points ahead of me, but had a negative streak number of -77, I could assume rather strongly that I would pass them with my third printed entry from then. It was a way of gauging how far I could move up in a particular week without having to look at who got how many besides me. And now you're taking that away from me. Please, at least put negative streak numbers over, oh, twenty back in, so there can be someone to shoot for when trying to move up a place or two in the rankings.

Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax

OH MY GOD WE'RE BEING QUOTED ON THE INTERNET!!!! Ahem. Details next month.

Jessica Steinhice, Washington

After the Phil Plait scandal, I am now left in doubt about all those times I have appeared in the paper. Did I write them? Am I as guilty as the next guy? Do I fit the aggressive white male driver profile? With this nose? Luckily, I have one of those chunky peanut butter ceilings, so I can spend my nights counting the bumps.

Paul Kondis, Alexandria

The new "Bad Song Lyrics" contest is a disgrace to all creative humorists/Losers. Why not just have a contest where the idea is to go out and buy joke books and send them to the Czar? I urge all of you to boycott this contest on moral grounds. I probably will, too. Also, what's wrong with Bob Sorensen? Has he lost it completely?

Dave Zarrow, Herndon

[According to Jennifer Hart, the current New York Magazine Competition is] "Cine Qua Fun--Competitors are invited to

invent ONE random line typical of a movie comedy of the less, uh, sophisticated sort. Example: 'But wait, I am not King Claus, I am but a humble ... no, wait, please, oh please, you don't understand, oh laaaaaaaady ...'" Obviously Her Hartiness is attempting to scare all the men from ever entering the New Jerk Magazine's so-called "contests" with these totally stupid examples. I, for one, will never participate in this, and I hope none of the rest of you equipped with the Chromosome of Good Sense will either. (Heh heh! Now's my chance to win this contest while the others stay away! I am so damn smart! I just hope I am only thinking this and not writing it.)

Mike Connaghan, Gaithersburg

What exactly is a Prostatron, anyway?

G.W., Bethesda

According to our source at Georgetown University's Lombardi Cancer Clinic, it's essentially a computer console that monitors the microwaves that are emitted within the body. It's called TUMT--transurethral microwave therapy. The patient has a catheter inserted into the prostate through the urethra. The catheter is connected to a computer which delivers microwaves through the catheter and heats up the prostate tissue. The catheter has a tiny water circuit which prevents the urethra from being heated. There's also an ultrasound probe inserted into the rectum to check the placement of the catheter; then a smaller probe replaces that to monitor temperature during treatment. More than you probably wanted to know but hey! there's no anesthesia involved, only numbing jelly, and it's supposed to be painless.

Loser Rotisserie? Are you kidding? We players don't recall you owners settling our collective-bargaining agreement yet! I say we strike, unless we get two-thirds of the poop and at least half of the plastic vomit! (By the way, what is my rookie card worth?) Union! Union! Union! Union!

Tommy Litz, Bowie

Self-Appointed President, Major League Losers Union

Re standings: That's right! This tiger still has some teeth. Damn! I left them in the glass at home. That's all right. I can still gum you to death. I've started out slow but it will be the death of a thousand paper cuts for you unbelievers.

Chuck Smith, Woodbridge

ALL PLEASE NOTE: CONTRIBUTORS' DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE ISSUE IS WEDNESDAY THE 12TH. E-MAIL NOW ACCEPTABLE--ADDRESS TO OUR CORPORATE BOZOFILTER, KORGGROK1@AOL.COM. ANTICIPATED SERVICE BY DISGRUNTLED POSTAL WORKER IS SOMETIME AROUND TUESSDAY, JUNE 18.

OUR 2nd-EVER SERIOUS REVIEW

by Mike Connaghan

Joe Romm recently penned an article which was the cover story in the April issue of *The Atlantic*. There was insight, intelligence, compassion, and yes, great dry humor. But enough about me, I am supposed to be writing about Joe's article, "[article name -- Hey, I'm a busy guy]."

In case you haven't read it, I am blatantly making up whatever I feel like, because his article was *waaaay* too long to read. How long? Well, let me put it this way: if Chuck Smith were to suddenly drop dead from an acute case of a COMPLETELY NATURAL reaction to the cyanide which will be in his coffee at the next breakfast as Elden has suggested, then it could take you as long to read the article as it would take Joe to catch Chuck in the standings.

By this time you are probably thinking to yourself, "My God, I pay fifteen bucks a year for THIS?!" Don't worry. The fifteen bucks doesn't even go for this, it goes for Elden's Law School Educational Fund (ELSE F). This thing you get in the mail (unless the illustrious publisher is so cheap--I mean, wise--to just give it to you at the breakfasts) is junk Elden found in law books and other boring things he's come across in school. He just ripped them out and dropped them in your mailbox. Take a look at the stamps: they're fake. They're just April's (Elden's daughter, not the month) childhood drawings that Elden has taken off the refrigerator and cut into little pieces. I can't believe some of the nasty things that Elden does. Another mean thing he does is steal Joe's S.I. entries at the breakfasts.

But that brings me back to the original point: don't you think it's a crime how the makers of the breakfast cereal Captain Crunch try to portray their(continued on Page 9)

PEYTON'S COYNER

THIS CARTOON IS LIBELOUS!
YOUR WARHOLIAN 15
MINUTES ARE OVER,
COYNER!



WAIT A
MINUTE!
SOME OF THEM
WANT TO BE *
ABUSED!

"SWEET DREAMS
ARE MADE OF
THIS, INDEED.
THANK YOU,
RHYTHMICS.



Loser

So. WHAT DO YOU THINK THE CZAR LOOKS LIKE?

CONCEPT - CAROL

HE WHINE GARDEN

Dr. Style

Dear Dr. Style,

Are you superstitious? I use a particular pen to write rough draft entries. Do any other writers have "lucky charms" (clothing, faxing entries at a certain time, etc.)? If so, what are they? JSH

Dear JSH: I believe Chuck Smith has a lucky colostomy bag in which he stores his best ideas; Elden Carnahan has a lucky bloody glove, probably from picking his nose too damn much; Joe Romm has a lucky condom and several illegitimate children to show for it; Russ Beland has a lucky ear that he sent to a woman along with a love letter, but she returned it unopened, and, of course, unread; Jennifer Hart has a lucky husband, and, interestingly enough, an unlucky one, too, but the matter is still before the courts; and Tom Witte has a lucky pod from outer space that he keeps under his bed.

Dear Dr. Style,

Is it okay to take about 30 items through the express checkout line at the supermarket if I can prove I suffer from a multiple-personality disorder? *Anonymi in Herndon*

Dear Anonymi: Why try a complicated ploy when a simple one will do? Just tell them you're from Herndon, and you've counted your items twice and you only have 9. If anyone objects, just start counting Herndon-style, "1, 2, c, e, f, 5, 12, 8, 1, 6, 4...." really slowly, and if anyone interrupts, just be patient with them and start over again. I'm sure everyone in line will quickly insist the cashier check you out post haste. As for your multiple personality disorder, I suggest taking the standard dose of melatonin multiplied by the number of personalities you have. That should do the trick.

Dear Dr. Style,

My friend has this problem, but is too embarrassed to ask you about it himself. So please don't mention Steve Dudzik by name. Often, there are jokes in the Style section which he doesn't get, such as that "BANANA" in the Ear. If one tries to ask the Czar for an explanation, then one is simply opening oneself up for ridicule. So where can a confused Loser such as Steve turn to have jokes explained to him?

Some-cerely, Steve's former friend

Dear Steve's former friend: Tell Steve that the Czar cleverly hides the explanation to every joke in the obituaries. It is a complicated cypher, but if he studies them long enough, all will become clear. And next time, could you be a little more



specific than "Steve's former friend."? That could be almost anyone. Wait a minute, it's you, Steve, isn't it, feeling a little down in the dumps about yourself? Repeat after me, "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and dammit, people like me." If that doesn't work, try melatonin.

TOP TEN CAREER MOVES FOR THE CZAR AFTER THE INVITATIONAL IS CANCELLED

Mascot for the Wizards (Jean Sorensen)

Security guard at the Kooks Museum
(<http://www.teleport.com/~dskossy/>) (Fred Dawson)



(Peyton Coyner)

Open a sperm-donor clinic called "Gene's Genes" with copies of Bob Levey's raciest columns available in cubicles. (Mary Olson)

Demonstrating the home version of the Prostatron door-to-door and at county fairs. (Sue Lin Chong)

Helen Thomas' makeup artist (see inset).
(Charlie Myers)



Don Imus' call screener. (Joel Knanishu)

I said "Career moves!" Not a rehash of "Employment Lines"! Now come on! (Grace Fuller)

He will squander his children's college funds on worm farms and spend all day naked in a darkened room, shrieking, "Squirm, you pathetic, useless WORMS! I, the Great and All-Powerful Czar, COMMAND YOU !!!" (Jennifer Hart)

More important: what will we do? (Tommy Litz)

For June, send us something for:
**TOP TEN SIGNS YOUR KID MAY BECOME AN INVITATIONAL
FREAK SOME DAY**

SURE HE CAN DRAW, BUT CAN HE DO ANAGRAMS?

by "Hi-C Aid Cured Pvt. Kinky"

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. Last time we looked at his life before the Invitational. Today we look at his career interacting with the Czar.

Before the Style Invitational even came about, Staake worked at the *Post* doing illustrations for a variety of sections. When the first Invitational illustrator asked for a vacation, the Czar asked Staake to fill in. According to Staake, the Czar was minorly displeased with the first illustrator, and, when he saw the quality of his work, decided to make a switch. "I was doing lots of work for the *Post*," Staake said, "and the Czar asked me to do a few weeks of illustrations. He liked it, I liked it, and it just stuck. Now the Invitational is the only thing I do for the *Post*."

Most weeks, Staake gets something from the Czar on Wednesday or Thursday and gets it back to him before the weekend. The Czar gives him the contest premise, and Staake crunches ideas for it. "If you look at it, I'm always the first entrant each week," Staake claims. "The Czar throws it to me to see what he's got, and I've gotta do something with it." "Something" includes coming up with almost all the examples you see on Page F2, in addition to the illustrations.

The thing Staake likes most about working for the contest is the deadline pressure. "The Invitational gives me a good chance to write and be creative under deadline pressure," he said.

While originally communicating via fax, Staake and the Czar go completely through e-mail now, with Staake scanning in his illustrations and sending computer graphics along. This makes it a lot easier, especially when Staake is out of town. "With the *Peanuts* contest, I was in Cape Cod," he explained, so it was easier for him to e-mail it. "Luckily I got a call before I left, saying 'Take your *Peanuts* books with you,' or else it would have been real rough. I always loved *Peanuts*, though, so I was glad to do it."

He also said he'd be the illustrator for as long as the Czar wanted him to be. "So much stuff is week-to-week with freelancing," Staake pointed out, "that, while I like the variety, it's good to have something standard. I know every Thursday or Friday I get to do the Invitational."

The two people have met, but just once and then as a surprise to the Czar. "I was in New York for the weekend and I figured that since the Invitational was this big part of my work I had to come down since I was so close." Even after introducing himself, the Czar didn't believe it was him. "He told me later he pictured me as this big, huge, 400-pound fat guy," Staake said. "I guess I looked thin by comparison to that, which is good."

While mostly only known for his drawings, Staake says that with the Invitational, "I view myself as a writer and editor as well as an illustrator." Along with writing most of the examples, his illustrations need to be broad enough for a number of interpretations (or misinterpretations) in order for the contest to succeed. "That type of drawing might not be as funny," he said, "but it might get a broader range of responses that, coupled with the drawing, would make it funny."

Even if he filled none of those three roles, Staake said he's still the type of person who would enter, especially since he's technically the first entrant each week.

Who else does he think enters? Staake has a generalization of the type of person he's drawing for, in addition to the adjacent sketch he made of what he thinks the average contestant looks like. "I haven't really thought about it much," he prefaced, "but I imagine the typical contestant is a Trekkie, but with a brain. They still read *Mad* Magazine, they like Trivial Pursuit, charades and Pictionary, and they like to read. They're the type of person who I could ask 'How many perfect squares are in the Ralston-Purina logo,' and they'd try to figure it out. I wish everything I did was as intellectually stimulating."

While he wasn't able to come up with an anagram of his name off the top of his head (although he said "there has to be some sort of computer program to do it"), he was able to come up with a very interesting idea for a *Twilight Zone* episode. "What if," he suggested, "after all this time it turns out that Chuck Smith is really Bob Staake?" Now wouldn't that be eerie?

Oh, and the Ralston-Purina logo has 14 boxes in it. But you figured that out already, didn't you?



F2 TROOP

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 6 times, as of the Report from Week 164.

LEGEND

- +/-: Change in rank since April issue.
- Dbu: Week of first print appearance.
- Credits: Printed entries. Shared win yields partial credit.
- Consstncy: Credits divided by total Weeks since debut (no Week 64).
- Note: Slugging and Purity values may return next month, if we are able to repair or regenerate the main database.

Rk	+/-	Name	Dbu	Credits	Conss
1		Smith, C.	6	233.66	1.479
2		Carnahan	22	144.83	1.020
3	+1	Witte	7	103.50	0.659
4	-1	Romm	58	96.33	0.909
5		Beland	73	86.83	0.944
6		Hart	11	75.17	0.491
7		Worcester	46	57.50	0.487
8		Dudzik	7	56.25	0.358
9		Krattenmaker	80	50.83	0.598
10		Kondis	14	46.00	0.307
11		Kammer	71	43.25	0.460
12	+2	Sorensen, J.	75	42.00	0.467
13	-1	Grove	6	38.50	0.244
14	-1	Thring	23	36.50	0.259
15	-1	Mellema	10	36.50	0.237
16	+5	Litz	125	35.83	0.896
17	-1	Styrene	17	35.41	0.241
18		Cuddihy	13	33.66	0.223
19	-2	Malcolm	18	33.00	0.226
20		Zarrow	30	32.83	0.245
21	-2	Sullivan	14	31.00	0.207
22		Smith, J.C.	60	28.50	0.274
23		Chong	35	28.50	0.221
24		Gearty	16	26.50	0.179
25		King	16	23.50	0.159
26		Caron	11	22.50	0.147
27	+6	Pannullo	84	21.00	0.259
28	+3	Arnold	72	21.00	0.226
29	+9	Steinhice	74	20.83	0.229
30	-3	Patishnock	26	20.50	0.149

31	-3	Segal	4	20.50	0.128
32	-3	Grinath	106	20.00	0.339
33	-3	Coyner	26	19.75	0.143
34	+10	Paul	136	19.33	0.667
35	-3	Sabourin	17	18.25	0.124
36	-2	Rooney	16	17.83	0.120
37	-2	Zane	3	17.00	0.106
38	-2	Alter, P.	41	16.50	0.134
39	-2	Dawson, F.	47	16.00	0.137
40	+1	Hammer	5	15.50	0.097
41	-2	Connaghan	108	15.00	0.263
42		Thuermer	14	14.00	0.093
43	-3	Weisse	6	14.00	0.089
44	+2	Plait	116	13.50	0.276
45	-2	Fox Roe	13	12.50	0.083
46	-1	Richardson	14	12.00	0.080
47		Maclean	44	11.50	0.096
48	+5	Delduke	14	11.50	0.077
49	-1	Smith, J.P.	60	11.33	0.109
50	-1	Olson, D.	14	10.67	0.071
51	-1	Knanishu	108	10.50	0.184
52	+3	Miller	13	10.00	0.066
53	-2	Gilbert	57	9.50	0.089
54	-1	Drucker, J.	5	9.17	0.058
55	+4	Smith, D.	104	9.00	0.148
56	-2	Olson, M.	38	9.00	0.071
57	-1	Robbins	5	9.00	0.057
58	-1	Rabin	29	8.50	0.063
59	-3	Dierman	2	8.33	0.051
60	+6	Martin	74	8.00	0.088
61	-1	Walsh	37	8.00	0.063
62	-1	Bross	24	8.00	0.057
		-1 Weinstein	24	8.00	0.057
64	+4	Day	16	8.00	0.054
65	-2	Williams	51	7.67	0.068
66	-2	Verrey	15	7.50	0.050
67	new	Hammond	119	7.00	0.152
68	-3	Kocak	108	7.00	0.123
69	-2	Cushing	36	7.00	0.055
70	-1	Wenger	2	7.00	0.043
71	new	Genser	157	6.50	0.813
72	new	Sorensen, B.	145	6.50	0.325
73	-3	Kamat	124	6.00	0.146
74	new	Lamb	123	6.00	0.143
75	-4	Vanatter	114	6.00	0.118
76	-4	Offutt	107	6.00	0.103
77	-4	Meyer	38	6.00	0.048
78	-4	Reagan, J.	3	6.00	0.037
79	-4	Layman	1	6.00	0.037

YEAR 4: HUMORGEDDEN

Here we list all persons who have at least 2 print appearances in Year 4, Weeks 156 through 164.

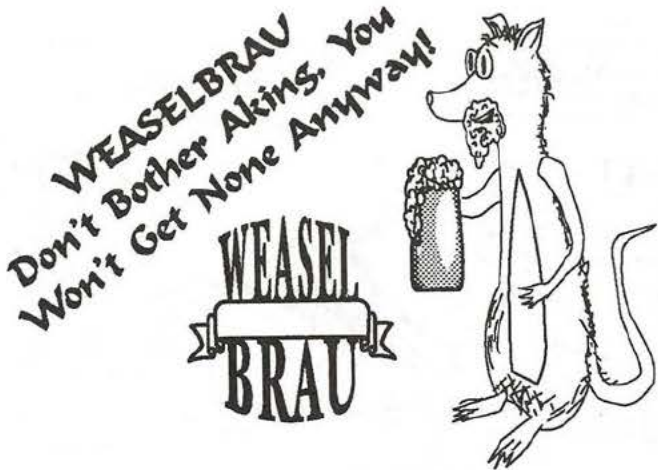
LEGEND

- Y4 Rk: Ranking in Year 4.
- +/-: Change in Year 4 Rank since April issue
- H Rk: Highest ranking you have reached in Year 4.
- Cr St (current streak): Consecutive Weeks of appearances on Page F2, minimum 2 Weeks.
- L St (longest streak): Longest winning streak you have achieved in Year 4.
- Dbu (debut): Week you first appeared on Page F2.
- Cred (credits): Total appearances in Year 4. Shared credit on Page F2 yields partial credit here.
- Conss (consistency): rate of appearances per Week since Debut. If Debut was before Year 4, all Weeks since beginning of Year 4 count toward Consistency figure.

Y4	+/-	H	Cr	L	Dbu		Cred	Conss
Rk		Rk	St	St				
1		1	2	6	7	Witte, T.	16.50	1.833
2		2	3	3	73	Beland, R.	14.00	1.556
3		3		5	11	Hart, J.	12.00	1.333
4	+1	3	9	9	22	Carnahan, E.	11.50	1.278
5	-1	2		3	7	Dudzik, S.	10.00	1.111
	+2	2		2	6	Smith, C.	10.00	1.111
7	-1	4	3	3	75	Sorensen, J.	9.00	1.000
8	+2	3	3	3	71	Kammer, J.	8.50	0.944
9	-2	7	4	4	125	Litz, T.	8.00	0.889
	+5	9		3	136	Paul, J.	8.00	0.889
11	-4	4		3	74	Steinhice, J.	7.00	0.778
12	+1	12	4	4	157	Genser, D.	6.50	0.813
13	-2	7		3	145	Sorensen, B.	6.00	0.667
	-2	7		3	46	Worcester, S.	6.00	0.667
15	-1	5	3	3	13	Cuddihy, K.	5.00	0.556
16	-2	4		2	106	Grinath, A.	4.00	0.444
	+3	16	2	2	14	Kondis, P.	4.00	0.444
	-2	12		2	84	Pannullo, J.	4.00	0.444
	+3	2			58	Romm, J.	4.00	0.444
20	-2	16		2	160	Hull, S.	3.33	0.666
21	-2	11		2	72	Arnold, G.	3.00	0.333
	-2	1			156	Chaney, D.	3.00	0.333
	-2	8		2	119	Hammond, M.	3.00	0.333
	-2	11			80	Krattenmaker, K.	3.00	0.333
	-2	12			116	Plait, P.	3.00	0.333
	-2	8			30	Zarrow, D.	3.00	0.333
27		23			161	Donnalley, R.	2.00	0.500
28		17			153	Bent, N.	2.00	0.222
	+47	8			156	Bruno, F.	2.00	0.222
		24			35	Chong, S.	2.00	0.222
		1		2	47	Dawson, F.	2.00	0.222
	n/a	28			60	Delduke, P.	2.00	0.222
		17			103	Greer, V.	2.00	0.222
		8			6	Grove, R.	2.00	0.222
		8			124	Kamat, A.	2.00	0.222
		24			123	Lamb, E.	2.00	0.222
		8			13	Miller, F.	2.00	0.222
		1			89	Staake, B.	2.00	0.222
		8			156	Strider, B.	2.00	0.222
		24			17	Styrene, P.	2.00	0.222

NEW READERS THIS ISSUE

- Phil Jacobson, Vienna, Va.
- Charlie Myers, "Rocky Gorge," Md.
- Mary K. Phillips, Falls Church, Va.
- Mark Sublette, Falls Church, Va.



The Weaselbrau Brewing Company is a reluctant, embarrassed, and humiliated sponsor of the *Depravda* publication.

Weaselbrau Brewing Company
Herndon, Va.

LOSER ROTISSERIE '96: Draft Complete, Play Begins

Sixty-two fingers typed at seven keyboards in a veil of smoke, flesh melting from their fingers: wanting, yearning, aching to draft Losers. The first draft pick came through the wires, glowing eerily. It was: *Lakshmanan Sathyavagiswaran, MD.*

It was deemed necessary to add some structure to the draft. An order was restored to the world, decrees were evoked, epithets were invoked, and everyone retreated to their refrigerators for sustenance.

Once again, the wires carried the tidings, and it was, appropriately enough, Tom Witte. It was also early, before the rules were properly scoured, having become a bit muddy during transit. So, a day later, the first pick came through the wires. It was Tom Witte. Those Sea Dogs certainly were persistent.

The draft complete (see rosters below), the owners hunkered down in their foxholes for Week 1, bailing water as best they could, and reading Bill Mauldin comics. It was momentous, transcending mere athletic competition, rising to heights of the greatest accomplishments of man, only to ebb back out, leaving a sort of goopy muck in its place. The wreckage created by the opening ceremonies was strewn over an area bigger than a breadbox, rubble covering five states and a state wannabe. Over the course of the next fourteen weeks, several questions will be answered. Can one of the Week 1 Losers mount a record-setting comeback? Will any of the three co-leaders turn into a choking dog? Will the Sea Dogs turn into the Choking Sea Dogs? And what of the Losers? Don't turn around. The Commissar's in town.

— Paul Kondis

Team rosters as of May 26, Week 3 of the Season. Reflects purging of some players after positive test for codeine.
Owners names italicized; players' names in order of acquisition.

Leesburg <u>Sea Dogs</u>	Disposable <u>Heroes</u>	Dysfunctional <u>Harmony</u>	Psychotic <u>Petunias</u>	Long & Wind- <u>ing Toads</u>	<u>Losers</u>	<u>Wheeze Kids</u>
<i>Dave Ferry</i>	<i>Charlie Steinhice</i>	<i>Jessica Steinhice</i>	<i>Paul Kondis</i>	<i>Mike Connaghan</i>	<i>John Kammer</i>	<i>Elden Carnahan</i>
Tom Witte	Stephen Dudzik	Tommy Litz	Sarah Worcester	Ken Krattenmaker	Phil Plait	Jean Sorensen
Bob Sorensen	Scott Vanatter	Kevin Cuddihy	Greg Arnold	Dave Zarrow	Jennifer Hart	Jonathan Paul
Sue Lin Chong	Allison Kamat	Jerry Pannullo	KittyThuermer	Robin Grove	Mike Hammer	Ellen Lamb
Paul J. Kocak	Brian Baker	Bob Staake	Cindi Rae Caron	Lydia Kaplan	Todd Moore	Douglas Bailey
Fred Dawson	Ned Bent	Paul Styrene	Art Grinath	Meg Sullivan	Kevin Mellema	David Genser
J. F. Martin	Joseph Romm	Gary Patishnock	Steve Offutt	Joel Knanishu	Thomas Sudbrink	Charlie Myers

Standings through Week 3 of Season, May 26

	W	L	Pts.
Kids	3	0	200
Harmony	3	0	171
Sea Dogs	2	1	110
Losers	1	1	127
Petunias	0	2	35
Heroes	0	2	10
Toads	0	3	0

Under the watchful eyes of the Commissar of the Loser Rotisserie and the Czar of the Style Invitational, the new team owners choose carefully, looking for productive veterans and cheap rookies. (Illustration by Don McCardell, who is not necessarily replacing Peyton Coyner.)



LIVING IN STYLE: Write It Off

by Russ Beland

Now that this column is something of a regular feature, it's time to let you in on the secret of how writing these articles has changed my life. Are you ready? The secret is . . . approximately not at all. This profound and startling lack of effect on my life can best be explained by quoting some of the actual, true, precise, unsolicited comments I have received about these articles:

"Oh, I see . . . it's . . . funny."

"This is very true." (Said without any hint of a smile or other sign of enjoyment.)

"I was surprised it wasn't longer." (Said by a female reader, naturally.)

But, without question, the comment that best captures the total futility of my efforts is: "This is good. Have you ever thought of trying to write?" I'm sure this person meant well, but the only response I could think of was "I'm glad you enjoyed it. Have you ever thought of trying to read?"

A few people have attempted to be more encouraging; one or two even said my writing was kind of Dave Barryish. Personally, I prefer to think of Dave Barry's writing as kind of Russ Belandesque. To help demonstrate the similarities between Dave Barry and me, I've constructed this easy-to-use chart:

	Barry	Beland	As the careful reader will note, there is a full 80% correlation between us. In fact, if not for Barry being older, being clear-shaven, and being read by about 60 gazillion times as many people, we might be mistaken for one another. There is, however, one other difference. Dave Barry doesn't feel any obligation to work Jerry Pannullo's name into every column he writes. That extra literary freedom
is left-handed	Yes	Yes	
Last name starts with the letter B	Yes	Yes	
Plays guitar badly	Yes	Yes	
is funnier than Dave Barry	No	No	
Makes huge amounts of money from writing	Yes	No	

explains, no doubt, at least part of his success and my corresponding obscurity. Of course, his being much funnier than I am may also help. Then again, Proust's writing wasn't exactly stuffed full of belly-laughs and plenty of people read *him*. So, perhaps, Dave Barry's being really funny doesn't make such a big difference after all.

How, then, can I rationalize the difference in popularity between us? The only remaining difference that can possibly explain Barry's fame and my obscurity is editing. Let's see, Dave Barry is edited by professional journalists from the *Miami Herald*. I'm edited by a night-school law student who never talks about his day job. My quest is at an end. I have found the crucial distinction. I can now move on with my life. Lately I've been thinking of trying to write.

Oh, one last thing: Jerry Pannullo.

Find-A-Felon: "Neither Could The Police"

By Tommy Litz

The L.A.P.D. Needs Your Help in Solving This Hideous Double Homicide Case!

N O S P M I S N W O R B E L O C I N
O A N D E R O M L L I T S D N A S A
R T B L O O D Y W A L K W A Y T L I
T N L T S W A P Y D O O L B N S I S
H I U O Y J H S I R B E D I O R A A
D R E B E P R I S C B E R I A N W C
O P W A K I E E T L E P E R M G F U
R L A T A C L B A E E C R P N E F A
O E T H P D D C L O E E R I E K I C
T E C W N E K S H O F N R E E R T E
H H H A A J N S T E O B V Y A D N L
Y Y C T E K Y N T E M D R E I M I A
A D A E I D I I Y U R I Y D L T A M
V O P R O P H T H U N E M G I O L D
E O S O M W E T A G Y D O O L B P A
N L L S T N I R P R E G N I F O N E
U B L O O D Y P A W P R I N T S V D
E A T S O U T H B U N D Y D R I V E

1) Using a highlighter (or distilled water and sterile tweezers), "swatch" all of the hidden clues placed on the evidence list below from the crime scene on the left. Be careful not to contaminate evidence!

AT SOUTH BUNDY DRIVE	AB BLOOD TYPE	AKITA
BATHWATER	DNA	BEEPER
A BLOODY HEEL PRINT	BLACK JEEP	BLOODY GLOVE
BLOODY GATE	BLOODY TEN INCH KNIFE	DNA
BLOODY PAWS	BLOODY PAW PRINTS	DIME
BLOODY SHOE PRINTS	BLOODY WALKWAY	CANDLES
CD STEREO	BLUE WATCH CAP	DEBRIS
DNA	DEAD MALE CAUCASIAN	HAIRS
NOSPMIS NWORB ELOCIN	ICE CREAM	MORE DNA
KEY RING	NO FINGERPRINTS	KEYS
PLAINTIFF WAIL	STILL MORE DNA	MENU
WHITE ENVELOPE	NORTH DOROTHY AVENUE	THUMB RING
WHITE FERRARI	AND STILL MORE DNA	PENNY

2) Unscramble "un-swatched" letters in the crime scene to reveal who did it! 3) Arrest the perp!

WIT HAPPENS

WEEK 119: MUZAK TO OUR EARS

Hugh Grant: "I Think We're Alone Now" (Mike Hammer)

WEEK 121: IT'S NO USE

A driver's-side douche bag (Tommy Litz)

WEEK 124: SPOON-FEED US

What is the difference between a joint entry from Beland & Pannullo and one from Chuck Smith? One is a twinning wit, and the other is a winning twit. (Helene Haduch)

WEEK 129: REMAKE US HAPPY

Death of a Salesman: Day after day, week after week, the phone rings just as you're sitting down to dinner. (John Kammer)

La Bamba: the UNABOMBER goes on a South American vacation (Nivek Amellem)

WEEK 136: NEW END IN SIGHT

The new ending to my VCR manual: "Setting up your VCR arms a bomb that will detonate when the 'Record' speed dips below SP..." (Paul Kondis)

WEEK 151: STRIP MINING

Replace "Non Sequitur" with "Non Secreter," the hijinks of a serial killer/rapist who escapes DNA detection and scoffs at the law. (Mary Olson)

WEEK 152: WE ARE SPURIOUS (YELLOW)

For story on closing of restaurants for health-code violations: "Would You Like Fries With Your Raw Sewage?" (Jennifer Hart)

WEEK 155: COMPARISON SHOPPING

What is the difference between that gap between Letterman's teeth and butt cleavage? The size of the ass. (Ben Lea)

WEEK 156: HYPHEN THE TERRIBLE

Misunder-mined: an attempt at destruction that backfires, as in trying to subvert the Style Invitational by sending in increasingly puerile and sophomoric drivel. (Jonathan Paul)

WEEK 157: WARNING SIGNS

You know your spouse is having an affair if each time she comes back from walking the dog, they're both smoking a cigarette. (Chuck Smith)

WEEK 158: SO SUE US

A lawsuit against Diet Coke because the construction workers behind my office building don't look like that. (Ellen :Lamb)

WEEK 163: WHAT KIND OF FOAL AM I?

Breed Ayton S. with Cleary Crypto and name the foal Could It Be Satan (Joseph Romm)

Breed Private Video with Gotcha and name the foal D.C. Nightmayor (Bob Sarecky)

First Up Next Inning: Sorensen, Steinhice, and Styrene

(Connaghan, continued from Page 3) ...product as able to stay crunchy in milk? I mean COME ON! That has got to be the soggiest cereal on the face of the Earth! Sure it starts out as crispy as that stuff that you've been successfully avoiding sweeping up from under your couch (congratulations, by the way, we're all proud of you), but it just dissolves when it get anywhere near a liquid. The stuff is 99.99% sugar and 0.01% food coloring--the food coloring doesn't help much. And sugar is quite unlike oil in its tendency to completely mix with water.

And this, my so-called "friends," is Joe's main point: oil and Captain Crunch just don't mix. I'm speaking metaphorically here. That is to say, I'm not really speaking, just writing. And writing is a metaphor for speaking, whereas, say, typing is a metaphor for saying. And Captain Crunch (notice the hat) is a metaphor for Napoleon, who is a metaphor for Newt (notice the "N") Gingrich (literally, a rich gringo--the "r" and "o" are lost in the translation from Spanish to French to English). Ergo, Joe is really a Mexican spy sent on a mission to subvert America and marry its women. So don't read Joe's article, the one which is the cover story of the April issue of *The Atlantic* and which can even be found on the World Wide Web, in spite of the fact that the distinguished Mr. Romm has given "teste money" to a Congressional Committee (at least, that's what I heard; then again, I heard that the Republicans have taken control of both Houses of Congress, so maybe I can't trust everything I think I heard). Film at 11, but it's not free. (Why haven't YOU ever given "teste money" to a Congressional Committee? You're such a disappointment.)

(The following is added in case Joe reads the last paragraph to make sure that I wrote something good.)

So I *highly* recommend that you read Joe's informative article. You'll learn the truth about the immense good the government programs have done in making the Earth habitable and preserving our precious, natural resources, for less than the cost (O.K., not the *true* cost) of this newsletter. You can see what would happen if we let these programs die in the slash-and-burn act that Congress has been performing on the federal government. What I mean is, by the time you've finished reading his article, you'd find out if Joe's predictions came about.

So, in summary: Earth good, Republicans bad; save energy, save whales; love government, hug trees; Joe is brilliant, important, and maybe even loved, {you're/I'm} not.

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DEPRAYDA



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DEPRAYDA

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

-- Subject: *Depravda*

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