

DEPRAVDA

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Volume III, Number 3

"Satiis est supervacua scire quam nihil."

SOCIETY SPLITS ON DECENCY ACT FIASCO LAUREL/LEESBURG AXIS VOWS TO TRY AGAIN



BY MARGARET THOMAS—THE WASHINGTON POST

Members of the Herndon Loser Vortex in traditional garb greet news of federal court ruling. From left, Bob Sorensen, Dave Zarrow, John Kammer, and Greg Arnold. "The nation has been made safe for deviancy again," remarked one celebrant. Photo courtesy of Mary Olson.

The Threat from "SI"berspace

by Jonathan Paul

This will be the last installment in a series of one article about Losers on the World Wide Web. I've decided to aban-

don this project so that I can spend more time in the basement trying to trap the wood rat who is running around on the heat ducts at night making an annoying racket. Anyway, the results of three government-funded lunch hours follow.

If you are one of the fortunate people who have a Web browser such as Netscape installed on your computer, you have the ability to "surf" the Web and have the world at your fingertips. Even Luddites like myself love this technology--and there's nothing I like better than a nice bowl of Ludd. What's on the Web? Everything from Wallace to Gromit and then some. Like *The Oxford English Dictionary* for that 'mot juste,' or *Bartlett's Quotations* for that pithy allusion. There are anagram generators and a Shakespearean insult generator ("you crack your cheeks at me, sir?") But, for some reason, no palindrome generator--go figure.

Even the Style Invitational itself is on the Web as Losers are now discovering. No, not in any official capacity. It seems that certain SI fans have laboriously transcribed their favorite contests into their computers and made them available on the Web. These documents get picked up and passed around to different sites so that now there is a definite Loser-presence out there.

I've found contests spanning Weeks 80 to 130. Many of these were apparently transcribed by an enthusiast named Klotz, who notes, "One of the best things about moving to Washington is getting to read the Style Invitational in the *Post* every Sunday." Why he or she stopped after Week 130 ought to be a subject for scholarly debate. This is a great loss to humanity since it means that none of my material is out on the Web. Klotz! thou should'st be living at this hour.

Now let's do the numbers. The most reproduced contest by far is Week 120, the bad analogies. This one is absolutely everywhere. If you had a submission in only this one contest you are world famous. In some cases this contest is misrepresented as being the work of actual high school students. Well, you all went to high school, so stop whining. Week 110, warning labels, is a well-represented but distant second. Curiously, this contest was posted by someone with the address, Brian_Gross@GRAMM.SENATE.GOV. ("Mah opponent claims to be for family values, but he's got a pervert on his staff who puts the Style Invitational on the Internet...") The inappropriate Christmas gift contest placed third.

I've counted about 18 different contests, but the Web is a big place, and there is no one all-encompassing search you can do to find every reference. The site with the most SI material in one spot that I've found is <http://www.cs.washington.edu/~homes/kepart/humor/>, with links to about 17 different contests. If you want to see the art from the bizarre Peanuts contest (but no attributions!), look at <http://unix.nacubo.nche.edu/staff-dmumford/peanuts.html>.

Losers themselves can be found on the Web. I did an Alta Vista search for SI entries on a number of our more prominent Losers and found Smith, Romm, Beland, and Krattenmaker on top with over 40 hits, then Hart(Continued on Page 7)

LETTERS TO THE COMMODORE



Querría decirte que estás la pelota de légamo mas odioso que todo el mundo. ¡Tú y tu libertad de imprenta! ¡Me repugnas! ¡Ustedes Americanos se crisan mi pompis! Ayer, cuando buscaba copias de 95 *Tesis* para quemarlas, descubrió una copia de la bazofia que ustedes llaman un periódico. En el "periódico" descubrió las palabras "poopy," "colostomy bag" y "cinquain." Estas palabras son una ofensa a mí a mis compadres. ¿Quién son estos—como se dice—Losers—quien escribir basura como ese? Se son las nariz a ti, tu necio puerco-perro inglés! Si esta situación no está remedido, estaré forcido a fundar una tienda de comodidad en tu bendita América para hacer mas competición para obra en su país.

Ferdinand Marcos, Manila

Recently submitted a one-joke puzzle to Depravda (Find-a-Felon #1) which was ruined when the ENIAC-200 blew a tube during the re-type. Clue "AB TYPE BLOOD" became transposed when the words "BLOOD" and "TYPE" were juxtapositioned, and I have always wanted to use the word "juxtapositioned" in a sentence. Next time, we'll use the HAL-9000.

Oh, you couldn't find the "BLOODY TEN INCH KNIFE"? *Neither could the police!* *Tommy Litz, Bowie*

Padded barefoot and robe flowing at 6:45 last Sunday morning [Week 167, Crapsey] for the Post at the foot of my driveway. What a wasted effort. Sadly, I can't even quit the goddamned contest. My kids presented me with a rhyming dictionary, a thesaurus and a synonym finder for Father's Day. Oh well, on to smiling feces and Week Whatever The Hell It Is.

Charlie Myers, Rocky Gorge

It has come to my attention that the Loser Rotisserie playoff system, as it now stands, is woefully lacking in a major category—there's no subtitle for the event. Therefore, I open up a contest to all interested parties: whoever submits the best subtitle for Loser Bowl I, as chosen by a blue-ribbon panel of experts in the League offices (i.e., me), will have the distinction of having the League trophy named for them. That way generations of Loser fans will remember their name for all time, in the tradition of past honorees, such as Mr. Davis, or Lady Bing, or Miss America. Entries are due in whenever you

send them in (bjlea@hamlet.uncg.edu), and the contest ends when I decide it does, but Loser Bowl I is set for September 2 so you have some time to think on it.

*Ben Lea, Loser Rotisserie Commissa
Lexington, N.C.*

THE RELIABLE SCOURGE

by The GossipMonger

Author's Note: The following rumors go back many a month as Grace Fuller has spent too much time with the Fuller Brush Man and not enough time lauding the otherworldly accomplishments of her Losers ("otherworldly" meaning that the SI is Grace's world).

In this possibly recurring feature, we will try to catch you up to the present on noteworthy achievements of your fellow contestants. For now, these will be presented in categories, but eventually they will simply be recent happenings.

Mary Olson was seen at lunch recently glowing about her Honorable Mention in *New York Magazine's* Competition #853. Asked to come up with biographical notes from a playbill, Mary responded with "Buffy-Teeter-Smith (Peter)—Ready to test her wings after suffering a broken collarbone in last season's production of *A Salute to Mary Martin*, Buffy's back. Bravissima, Buffy—break a leg!" Asked to comment, she simply demurs: "I'm just following in **Jennifer Hart's** footsteps, here. She's the one who made it fashionable to moonlight, if you will, with the *NY* competition, and I just carried on the female tradition."

This next group should form an archery team, they're hitting the bull's-eye so often. Not content with being regulars at the SI table, **Tom Witte, Hank Wallace, Jean Sorensen**, and **Robin Grove** all feast at the Buffet of Bob as well—Bob Levey, that is, and his monthly neologisms.

And speaking of Mr. Grove, **S.L. Chong** points out that he's completed a humor hat-trick (perfect usage of the sports analogy, Ms. Chong! Good work!). In addition to the SI and the aforementioned Neologisms, Robin also sponsored a recent column by Steve "I'm A White Man But Don't Hold It Against Me" Twomey in the Post's Metro section. Robin surmised that sport utility vehicles exist because "the Eddie Bauer signature edition of the Geo Prizm is not a big seller." Good job, Mr. Grove.

Good job to all the Losers who froze in the bright light of our spotlight today. And if you know somebody who has been flagged in this underwear of life, let The GossipMonger know, at 4114 Port Rae Lane, Fairfax, Va. 22033, or send it through any convenient instrumentality to the Publisher. We'll do our best to show their scrawny, half-naked body to the world!



Once again, Chuck Smith takes a carving knife to the woolly lambkin of good taste in his new play, *Ob*, which was presented in June at the Marco Polo dinner theater in parade-prone downtown Vienna, Virginia.

Ob is a comedy about a husband and wife whose bitter quarrel is interrupted by an alien observer. (On the alien's planet, the first letters of names are silent—so instead of "Bob," the alien is "Ob." Get it?) (Good thing he wasn't named "Elden," huh?)

Any Style Invitational Loser would enjoy *Ob*. In the first five minutes alone, gags about "Squirrel—The Other White Meat," "street pizza," and "Meals Under Wheels" flew thick and fast. Penis jokes reared their ugly heads. Pratfalls were taken. Pants were yanked down. "Oh, yeah," those of us at the Loser table were thinking. "This is what we came for." Or, as the playwright himself summed it up: "They changed my jokes!"

For science fiction buffs, there were sly references to "Dr. Who," "The X-Files," "Soylent Green," "A Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy," and many others that sailed right over the heads of the audience and splatted against the back wall. (Excuse me, but are all dinner-theater audiences that prim and frozen? Think of Queen Elizabeth reacting to a Chippendales Strip-o-Gram. Brrrr.)

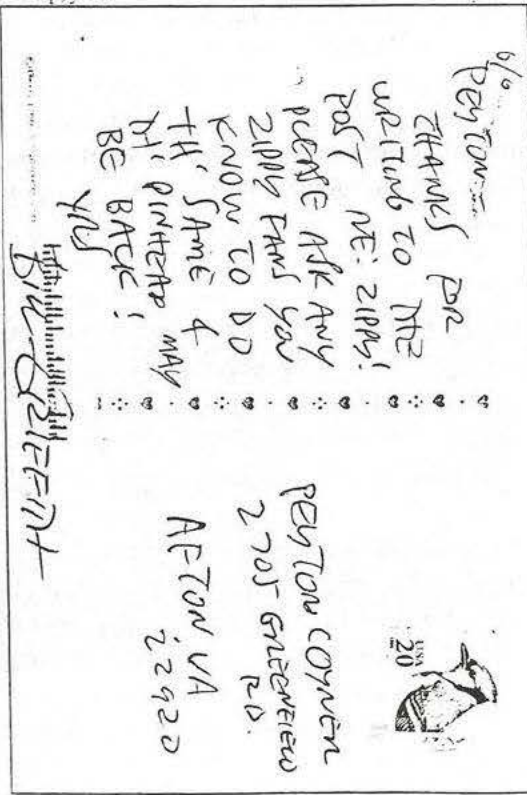
Other highlights of the evening—the play's director was a no-show, due to a "bad back" (uh-huh); Chuck is so incredibly shy that he ran away and hid before he could be introduced to the audience by C. Everett Koop's long-lost twin brother; two spectacular apple tosses were performed flawlessly; and a certain office-products dealer tried to bribe a newspaper reviewer with cheap dinner rolls. And we think it worked.

By the way, one line—"Toto, I don't think we're in Ken's ass any more"—was spoken during an *onstage* rectal probe. Surely this was a first in the annals, I mean annals, of performance art. Way to go, Chuck!

Editor's Note: Mr. Smith advises on the revival of his play "Lifetime Contract," one of two works that had the completely unanticipated side-effect of spawning the Not Ready for the Algonquin Roundtable Society in July of 1994: "It will be done at the Cedar Lane Unitarian Church at 8:00 on 7/14, 7/15, 7/21 and 7/22. It will be the first of several original plays and will last approximately 50 minutes. It looks like a good cast, but they will rehearse only about 6 times. This will be a staged reading, script in hand with minimal set. The room holds maybe 50 people. Probably no cost. Directions: Beltway. Exit Connecticut Ave. North. Go through first street, Beach Drive. Take the next left, Culver. The Church is on the left but is somewhat hidden away. Look for the gravel drive."



Losers! May I safely assume that, like me, you all were appalled by the recent bone-headed decision by the Post's comics editor to drop Zippy from the paper? A steaming load of Coynerian venom was immediately dispatched, and copied to the artist (Bill Griffith, P.O. Box 460154, San Francisco, Cal. 94146). I received the below in reply. Help, y'all! -- Peyton



THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style

Dear Dr. Style:

If venereal disease is the clap, then my girlfriend gave me a standing ovation. She claims she got it from a chain-mail letter. My question is: what is dioxicycline, and is it safe to enter the SI?



Sore and slightly swollen outside the Beltway but not Herndon

Dear Not from Herndon: You shouldn't be so smug about not being from Herndon since very few Herndon men get venereal disease. As even a cursory glance at the Herndon men would demonstrate, there ain't much sex happenin' there. In any case, just as you can't get VD from a toilet seat unless you make love to the toilet, you can't get VD from entering the SI, unless you were foolish enough to make love to an SI groupie, which, uhh, well, we don't have to talk about because the court records are sealed. As for dioxicycline, it is much less effective than melatonin, which is guaranteed to ward off VD if taken in high dosage about one hour before you plan to have sex.

Dear Dr. Style:

Know any good words that rhyme with "orange"?

GPL

Dear GPL: Hello!! Are there any original questions out there? Dr. Style now understands why Achenbach quit. Is this the best the NRARS can do? Anyway, contrary to what apparently continues to be a widespread misconception, "orange" has many perfectly fine rhymes, such as "door hinge" and various combinations with "binge," "cringe," "singe," and "tinge." Have you considered melatoninge?

Dear Dr. Style:

I keep seeing "F2F" in my e-mail. I can make the page-number connection ("what connection?"—ha, ha, you're hilarious) and I can make up stuff for it to stand for, but is there some commonly-accepted meaning that I'm missing here, or am I just being too picky? Help me!

Puzzled in Purgatory

Dear Puzzled in Purgatory (or should I say "Herndon"?): After putting in years studying organic chemistry, anatomy, and pharmacology, I could be answering questions about reducing stress, taking melatonin, and how to get the court record from a malpractice suit permanently sealed, but no! I'm asked what "F2F" means by someone who is apparently so painfully shy they can't even hit the "Reply" key on their computer and ask

the sender what it means. You clearly need F2F counseling, assuming you even have a face. Ooops. I spilled the beans.

TOP TEN SIGNS YOUR KID MAY BECOME AN INVITATIONAL FREAK SOME DAY

She complains to the other nursery school kids about Bob Levey missing the obvious point again. (Kevin Mellema)

The incubus is dyslexic and good at anagrams. (Tommy Litz)

His imaginary playmate is Boom-Boom Kaczynski. (Mary Olson)



(Peyton Coyner)

He pitches a kicking, whining, screaming tantrum when asked to recite rock lyrics. (Jennifer Hart)

She asks out that guy who mashes all his uneaten lunch into his chocolate-milk carton. (Kevin Cuddihy)

Keeps asking, "Could you toilet-train me again?" (Joe Romm)

She tries to sneak out of restaurants without paying. (Greg Arnold)

Screams and clutches your leg when you pass a newsstand that carries *New York Magazine*. (Mike Connaghan)

It calls itself "Steinhice." (Ben Lea)

For July, send us something for:

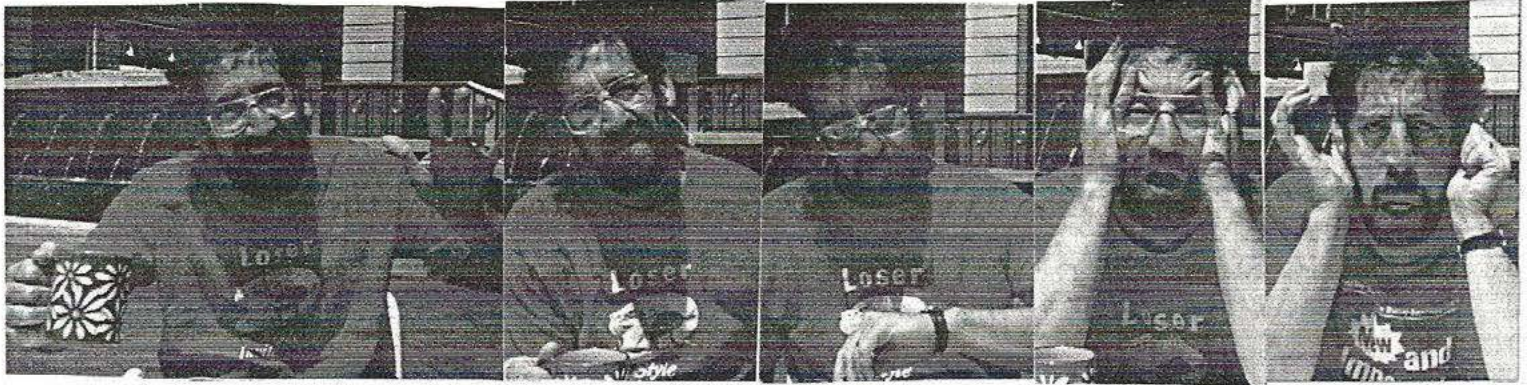
TOP TEN THINGS TO BE OVERHEARD AT THE FIRST INTRA-SOCIETY WEDDING

ALL PLEASE NOTE: CONTRIBUTORS' DEADLINE FOR THE JULY ISSUE IS WEDNESDAY THE 17TH. E-MAIL NOW ACCEPTABLE—ADDRESS TO OUR CORPORATE BOZOFILTER, KORGGROK1@AOL.COM OR DIRECTLY TO PUBLISHER'S UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS IF YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW IT. ANTICIPATED SERVICE BY DISGRUNTLED POSTAL WORKER IS SOMETIME AROUND WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.

My Coffee With Chuck (or Mr. Smith Goes Almost to Herndon)

Written independently by Dave Zarrow, Herndon, and by Louise Zarrow, Herndon, and then surgically joined at the humerus by Dr. C. Everett Kook, Herndon. Photography and critical humor concepts by Louise Zarrow, Herndon.

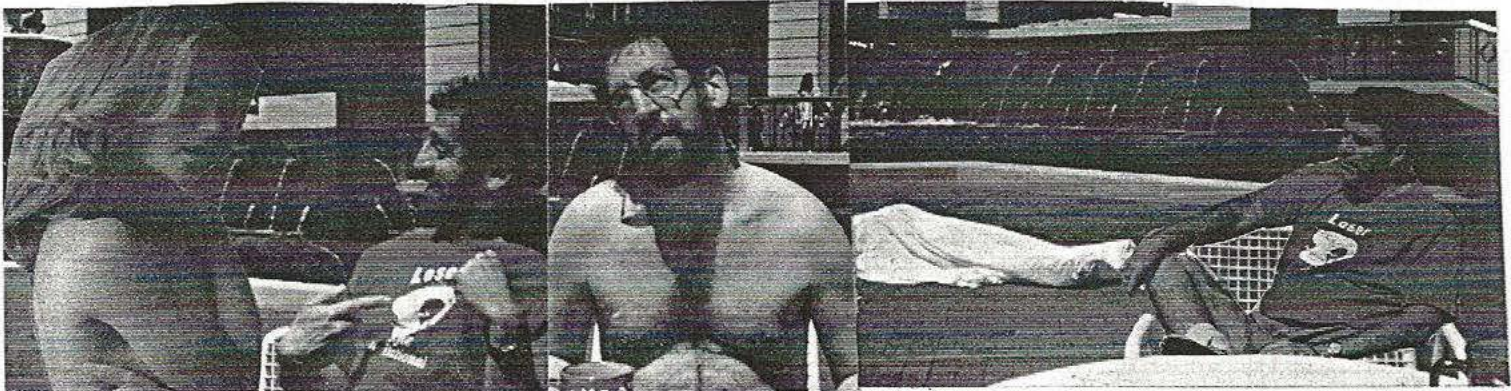
Imagine my surprise when, one early spring day, I received an e-mail at work from Chuck Smith, Woodbridge. He wrote that he'd be in my neck of the woods in a few days to attend a conference. He asked if we might get together after the conference ended. I eagerly said yes, and we agreed to meet for coffee at the tony Reston Town Center. Dumbfounded, my mind raced. All my thoughts revolved around one, simple question: Who was Tony Reston and why'd they name the Town Center after him? Well, that was a palindrome that I just couldn't solve, so I began to consider another question: Why would Chuck Smith want to meet with me, a mid-grade Invitational shlub, your basic journeyman, low-level Loser, when he is, well, the biggest Loser of ALLLLL TIME. Did he have some ulterior motive? Did he want a discount on the pencils he uses by the gross when creating his gross Invitational entries? Did he just want a way to justify not going back to work if the conference ended early? Hours seemed like hours as I contemplated this conundrum until it hit me like the ground impacts a man with a defective bungee cord: Maybe Chuck was going to clue me in about his secret for success, to help bring my humor skills to the next level, in short: To help me become a bigger Loser. I was so excited I opened another case of Depends and waited for the big day to arrive.



CAN YOU TELL THAT DAVE FORGOT TO WEAR UNDERWEAR? WE THINK NOT. DID ANYONE CHECK THIS PHOTO SEQUENCE FOR CONTINUITY? WE THINK NOT.

At last the fateful day came, a bright, sunshiney day at that. I couldn't decide whether I should wear that chiffon number I knew Chuck liked so much or the cute little gymnast's leotard I'd stolen from that cute little gymnast. Finally, in keeping with the situation, I decided to go with a Loser t-shirt. As I headed out the door my family, ever vigilant, suggested I wear something on the lower part of my body, too. It was then that I swore that some day I would invent Loser pants. I drove over to the Town Center as fast as I could and, arriving at the plaza next to the fountain seven hours early, waited patiently for Mr. Smith, Woodbridge. Finally, Chuck arrived and we greeted each other warmly. We sat down to coffee and Chuck began to tell me, panel by panel, gag by gag, about his recent efforts in the cartooning and comic strip realm. He related to me, scene by bloody scene, his experiences as an extra in movies and television. Then he proceeded to explain how it was he came to write plays, how he'd acted in plays, how he'd gone to see plays, how he'd like to see some other plays. Plays, plays, and more plays.

As the sun wheeled across the sky toward its rendezvous with the western horizon, I began to wonder if Chuck was ever going to impart to me the secret of his Style Invitational success. When he then started to recount, song by unintelligible song, costume by outlandish costume, his opera hijinks, a sense of dread came over me. I knew that we must both be leaving soon, so I boldly interrupted him. Throwing caution to the winds, I told Chuck that all of his activities were very interesting and much to be admired, but I told him how I'd hoped his real reason for summoning me here was to share with me the secret of Style Invitational domination. Chuck studied me carefully. He looked around to make sure no one else was within earshot, leaned across the table and said, "Dave, I could tell you the secret. Oh, yes, I could tell you . . . but if I told you . . . I would have to kill you." I looked deep into his eyes. I thought about how this silly humor contest had come to mean so much to me, how so many Sunday mornings were filled with disappointment and despair when my entries weren't printed, and how, despite my efforts to improve, I continued to tread water in the middle of the Loser pack. I knew then that there was only one thing I could say, one way out of this living nightmare of mediocrity. I met his steely gaze, took a deep breath, and said, "OK, Chuck. Please. Tell me."



**DAVE GIVES SHIRT OFF HIS BACK
TO HELP DESTITUTE FAN**

**CHUCK DENIES ROLE IN COVERUP,
PLANS OFFICE-SUPPLY STORE TAKEOVER**

F2 TROOP

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 6 times, as of the Report from Week 168.

LEGEND

+/-: Change in rank since May issue.

Dbu: Week of first print appearance.

Credits: Printed entries. Shared win yields partial credit.

Consistency: 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 | Cons |
|----|-----|---------------|-----|---------|-------|
| 1 | | Smith, C. | 6 | 233.66 | 1.442 |
| 2 | | Carnahan | 22 | 147.83 | 1.013 |
| 3 | | Witte | 7 | 106.50 | 0.661 |
| 4 | | Romm | 58 | 100.33 | 0.912 |
| 5 | | Beland | 73 | 91.83 | 0.957 |
| 6 | | Hart | 11 | 78.17 | 0.498 |
| 7 | +1 | Dudzik | 7 | 62.25 | 0.387 |
| 8 | -1 | Worcester | 46 | 60.50 | 0.496 |
| 9 | | Krattenmaker | 80 | 50.83 | 0.571 |
| 10 | | Kondis | 14 | 48.00 | 0.312 |
| 11 | | Kammer | 71 | 44.25 | 0.452 |
| 12 | | Sorensen, J. | 75 | 43.00 | 0.457 |
| 13 | | Grove | 6 | 38.50 | 0.238 |
| 14 | +2 | Litz | 125 | 37.33 | 0.848 |
| 15 | -1 | Thring | 23 | 36.50 | 0.252 |
| 16 | -1 | Meilema | 10 | 36.50 | 0.231 |
| 17 | | Styrene | 17 | 35.41 | 0.235 |
| 18 | +2 | Zarrow | 30 | 34.83 | 0.252 |
| 19 | -1 | Cuddihy | 13 | 34.66 | 0.224 |
| 20 | -1 | Malcolm | 18 | 33.00 | 0.220 |
| 21 | | Sullivan | 14 | 31.00 | 0.201 |
| 22 | | Smith, J.C. | 60 | 28.50 | 0.264 |
| 23 | | Chong | 35 | 28.50 | 0.214 |
| 24 | | Gearty | 16 | 26.50 | 0.174 |
| 25 | +9 | Paul | 136 | 26.33 | 0.798 |
| 26 | +3 | Steinhice, J. | 74 | 26.33 | 0.277 |
| 27 | -2 | King | 16 | 23.50 | 0.155 |
| 28 | -2 | Caron | 11 | 22.50 | 0.143 |
| 29 | -2 | Pannullo | 84 | 21.00 | 0.247 |
| 30 | -2 | Arnold | 72 | 21.00 | 0.216 |
| 31 | -1 | Patishnock | 26 | 20.50 | 0.144 |
| 32 | -1 | Segal | 4 | 20.50 | 0.125 |
| 33 | -1 | Grinath | 106 | 20.00 | 0.317 |
| 34 | -1 | Coyner | 26 | 19.75 | 0.139 |
| 35 | | Sabourin | 17 | 18.25 | 0.121 |
| 36 | | Rooney | 16 | 17.83 | 0.117 |
| 37 | | Zane | 3 | 17.00 | 0.103 |
| 38 | | Alter, P. | 41 | 16.50 | 0.130 |
| 39 | | Dawson, F. | 47 | 16.00 | 0.132 |
| 40 | | Hammer | 5 | 15.50 | 0.095 |
| 41 | | Connaghan | 108 | 15.00 | 0.246 |
| 42 | | Thuermer | 14 | 14.00 | 0.091 |
| 43 | | Weisse | 6 | 14.00 | 0.086 |
| 44 | | Plait | 116 | 13.50 | 0.255 |
| 45 | | Fox Roe | 13 | 12.50 | 0.081 |
| 46 | | Richardson | 14 | 12.00 | 0.078 |
| 47 | +4 | Knanishu | 108 | 11.50 | 0.189 |
| 48 | -1 | Maclean | 44 | 11.50 | 0.093 |
| 49 | -1 | Delduke | 14 | 11.50 | 0.075 |

| | | | | | |
|----|-----|--------------|-----|-------|-------|
| 50 | -1 | Smith, J.P. | 60 | 11.33 | 0.105 |
| 51 | -1 | Olson, D. | 14 | 10.67 | 0.069 |
| 52 | | Miller | 13 | 10.00 | 0.065 |
| 53 | | Gilbert | 57 | 9.50 | 0.086 |
| 54 | | Drucker, J. | 5 | 9.17 | 0.056 |
| 55 | | Smith, D. | 104 | 9.00 | 0.138 |
| 56 | | Olson, M. | 38 | 9.00 | 0.069 |
| 57 | | Robbins | 5 | 9.00 | 0.055 |
| 58 | | Rabin | 29 | 8.50 | 0.061 |
| 59 | | Dierman | 2 | 8.33 | 0.050 |
| 60 | | Martin | 74 | 8.00 | 0.084 |
| 61 | | Walsh | 37 | 8.00 | 0.061 |
| 62 | | Bross | 24 | 8.00 | 0.056 |
| | | Weinstein | 24 | 8.00 | 0.056 |
| 64 | | Day | 16 | 8.00 | 0.053 |
| 65 | | Williams | 51 | 7.67 | 0.066 |
| 66 | +5 | Genser | 157 | 7.50 | 0.625 |
| 67 | -1 | Verrey | 15 | 7.50 | 0.049 |
| 68 | -1 | Hammond | 119 | 7.00 | 0.140 |
| 69 | -1 | Kocak | 108 | 7.00 | 0.115 |
| 70 | -1 | Cushing | 36 | 7.00 | 0.053 |
| 71 | -1 | Wenger | 2 | 7.00 | 0.042 |
| 72 | | Sorensen, B. | 145 | 6.50 | 0.271 |
| 73 | new | Ferry | 18 | 6.50 | 0.043 |
| 74 | new | Hull, S. | 160 | 6.33 | 0.703 |
| 75 | -2 | Kamat | 124 | 6.00 | 0.133 |
| 76 | -2 | Lamb | 123 | 6.00 | 0.130 |
| 77 | -2 | Vanatter | 114 | 6.00 | 0.109 |
| 78 | -2 | Offutt | 107 | 6.00 | 0.097 |
| 79 | -2 | Meyer | 38 | 6.00 | 0.046 |
| 80 | -2 | Reagan, J. | 3 | 6.00 | 0.036 |
| 81 | -2 | Layman | 1 | 6.00 | 0.036 |

by John Kammer



YEAR 4: HUMORGEDDEN

Here we list all persons who have appeared so far in Year 4, Weeks 156 through 168.

LEGEND

Y4R: Ranking in Year 4.

+/-: Change in rank since May issue.

HRK: Highest ranking you have reached in Year 4.

CW (Current Win streak): Consecutive Weeks of appearances on Page F2, minimum 2 Weeks.

HW (High Win streak): Longest winning streak you have achieved in Year 4.

Dbu (debut): Week you first appeared on Page F2.

Credits: Total appearances in Year 4. Shared credit on Page F2 yields partial credit here.

Consis (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.

| Y4R | +/- | HRK | CW | HW | Dbu | Name | Credits | Cons |
|-----|-----|-----|----|----|-----|---------------|---------|-------|
| 1 | | 1 | | 6 | 7 | Witte, T. | 19.50 | 1.500 |
| 2 | | 1 | 7 | 7 | 73 | Beland, R. | 19.00 | 1.462 |
| 3 | +2 | 2 | | 3 | 7 | Dudzik, S. | 16.00 | 1.231 |
| 4 | -1 | 3 | | 5 | 11 | Hart, J. | 15.00 | 1.154 |
| 5 | -1 | 3 | | 10 | 22 | Carnahan, E. | 14.50 | 1.115 |
| 6 | +3 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 136 | Paul, J. | 14.00 | 1.077 |
| 7 | +4 | 4 | | 3 | 74 | Steinhice, J. | 13.50 | 1.038 |
| 8 | -3 | 2 | | 2 | 6 | Smith, C. | 10.00 | 0.769 |
| | -1 | 4 | | 3 | 75 | Sorensen, J. | 10.00 | 0.769 |
| 10 | -2 | 3 | | 3 | 71 | Kammer, J. | 9.50 | 0.731 |
| | -1 | 7 | | 5 | 125 | Litz, T. | 9.50 | 0.731 |
| 12 | +1 | 7 | | 3 | 46 | Worcester, S. | 9.00 | 0.692 |
| 13 | +3 | 2 | | | 58 | Romm, J. | 8.00 | 0.615 |
| 14 | -2 | 12 | | 4 | 157 | Genser, D. | 7.50 | 0.625 |
| 15 | +5 | 14 | | 2 | 160 | Hull, S. | 6.33 | 0.703 |
| 16 | -1 | 5 | | 3 | 13 | Cuddihy, K. | 6.00 | 0.462 |
| | | 16 | 2 | 2 | 14 | Kondis, P. | 6.00 | 0.462 |
| | -3 | 7 | | 3 | 145 | Sorensen, B. | 6.00 | 0.462 |
| | +5 | 8 | | 2 | 30 | Zarrow, D. | 6.00 | 0.462 |
| 20 | -4 | 4 | | 2 | 106 | Grinath, A. | 4.00 | 0.308 |
| | -4 | 12 | | 2 | 84 | Pannullo, J. | 4.00 | 0.308 |
| 22 | -1 | 11 | | 2 | 72 | Arnold, G. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | +6 | 17 | | | 153 | Bent, N. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | -1 | 1 | | | 156 | Chaney, D. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | -1 | 8 | | 2 | 119 | Hammond, M. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | -1 | 11 | | | 80 | Krattnmkr, K. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | -1 | 12 | | | 116 | Plait, P. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| | +6 | 8 | | | 156 | Strider, B. | 3.00 | 0.231 |
| 29 | new | 29 | | | 164 | Reese, S. | 2.00 | 0.400 |
| 30 | new | 27 | | | 162 | Aukema, S. | 2.00 | 0.286 |
| 31 | new | 23 | | | 161 | Donnalley, R. | 2.00 | 0.250 |
| 32 | new | 29 | | | 160 | Stevens, D. | 2.00 | 0.222 |
| 33 | -5 | 8 | | | 156 | Bruno, F. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 24 | | | 35 | Chong, S. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 1 | | 2 | 47 | Dawson, F. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 28 | | | 60 | Delduke, P. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 17 | | | 103 | Greer, V. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 8 | | | 6 | Grove, R. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 8 | | | 124 | Kamat, A. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | new | 30 | | | 70 | Kaufman, K. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 24 | | | 123 | Lamb, E. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 8 | | | 13 | Miller, F. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 1 | | | 89 | Staake, B. | 2.00 | 0.154 |
| | -5 | 24 | | | 17 | Styrene, P. | 2.00 | 0.154 |

NRARS HOME PAGE

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A Report from the Land Down Under

by foreign correspondent John "Stashing The Bucks Away" Kammer

My recent *Depravda*-sponsored trip to the outback of Australia for the purposes of writing this article was well worth the investment of my time and *Depravda*'s money. Australia is a wonderful land and I highly recommend it to anyone interested in foreign travel. For one thing the folks (or blokes as they call 'em) almost speak regular English, which is what I find important when traveling the globe. Unlike France, for example, where they speak in some unfathomable tongue that for lack of a better word I'll call French. Oh sure, they have the Eiffel Tower, but you can see that for all intents and purposes at King's Dominion and still communicate with the doof standing next to you or order a hot dog at an ungodly price and be fairly certain you won't be getting snails on that bun. You even try to order a meal in France and nine times out of ten you'll end up with a slug on your plate. What good is there being at the top of the real Eiffel Tower when all you're going to do is hurl your lunch off the side? Well, it seems I'm getting a bit off the topic, so let me just clarify. Ranking in priority order Australia and France, on a scale of one to two for foreign places to visit, the results from most desirable to least desirable are: 1. Australia; and 2. France.

So back to Australia: One thing you quickly learn in the Land Down Under is that there are only two names here: Bruce and Sheila. I haven't a clue why, but everyone is named the same. There was once a guy named Mick but he got kicked out of the country and had to move to New York. I'll deal with New York in a future foreign piece. Suffice it to say that New York, grim as it is, is still a hell of a lot better than France. In New York when the people are rude to you, which is always, you at least know what they're saying. In France you know they're insulting you, but they're so smug since they speak that foreign language of theirs that you'd never know, except of course that you do know, and they know you know, and they don't care. To recap: 1. Australia; 2. New York; and 3. France.

One remarkable thing about Australia—they have these onions that bloom. Unlike Pittsburgh, where onions merely grow in the ground and have to be dug up and washed off, these Australian onions bloom out and have a delicious fried batter all around them. In the center of the bloom is a spicy dipping sauce so you can eat the onion right there in the field. Not to imply that Pittsburgh onions aren't OK—they're fine so far as they go. At least you won't find any slugs crawling through them like you might in say, oh, I don't know, France!

A couple other attractions in Australia—there is this legendary Alice Springs Chicken, which must be enormous to be so famous although I didn't try it. And in the rainy season there is apparently a chocolate thunder. We can only surmise that it follows peppermint lightning. So, in summary, let me just say that France really bites. Give EuroDisney a miss, as it's in France. Don't eat French bread, and a good Weaselbrau is

better than a French wine any day of the week. [Grace: I'll need \$10,000 for the Japan article. I hear Japan is expensive and I'll be researching the article for at least a week there.]

Continued from Page 1

at 25, Kammer 20, Carnahan 17, [J.] Sorensen 13, and Witte 12. These numbers are highly skewed, however, by the "bad analogy" factor. For example, Roy "Below the Floor" Ashley has 28 hits because he has an Honorable Mention in Week 120. But the only hit for Robin "Future Hall of Famer" Grove was for being on the Maryland Waste Management Administration's Mission Statement. Results can also get inflated when Losers put documents on the Web that they have written but that have nothing to do with the SI. Those by Romm and Witte make for particularly dreary reading.

Some of the hits that you get with search engines can be surprising or perplexing. One search turned up "Bed Romm Golf." This turned out to be a long set of vulgar jokes about bedroom golf. Something called "The Quote Gallery," was a list of someone's favorite quotations in which I found Joseph Romm and Jennifer Hart sandwiched in between Galileo and G.B. Shaw. Finding that this image was overtaking my imagination, I went on to the home page of Jiunwei Chen, 16, a junior at Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology who lists her likes as her car, *WiReD*, Cafe Eblana, the Style Invitational, football...

Did I say "home page?" Do individual Losers have home pages? Yes, they do. Phil Plait has a nifty home page at <http://www.astro.virginia.edu/~pcp2g>. He has thoughtfully included a picture of his sperm. The count seems a little low. Phil. I also read some spoonerisms on SteveMusik's Home Page at <http://members.aol.com/stevemusik/index.html>.

One unsolved mystery: on many searches, one hit that keeps coming up is "The Stock Farmer" home page. This is some sort of Wall Street firm whose slogan is "We Grow Stocks!" Aside from the bad-analogy (OK, metaphor) aspects of this slogan, I have no idea why this site keeps popping up.

That's it for the WWW survey. As a great sage once said, "I'm out of ammunition on this."

[Editorial Note: A few days before going to press, we had this e-mail from Mr. Paul: "I heard an interesting story from Roy Ashley the other day. He said there was a message on his answering machine at home from a reporter with *The Philadelphia Inquirer* asking him to call her collect. He phoned and it turned out that she was doing a follow-up on the Bad Analogy contest, thinking that these were written by real high school students. He explained to her that it was a humor contest. He said she had already contacted a number of the other entrants, so this probably wasn't a news flash to her. Anyway, I thought you'd be interested by this in case you hadn't heard about it already via the LoserNet."]

LOSER ROTISSERIE '96:

Harmony and Wheeze Take Early Lead

Somewhere near Week 4, the season hit the quarter-pole, caromed off to the right, slid down a small embankment, and came to rest in a patch of briars. *I'm* certainly not going in there after it. Years from now, archaeologists will dig at the site, marvelling at the irregularity, and analyzing the strata. "See, here," they will say, "the softer, more flexible material rose to the top, while this stuff at the bottom is like concrete. This Meg Sullivan is wedged in permanently. What do you think 'Toad for Life' means? And over here, you'd think this could come off, but it won't, even though it's Bent. While this up here, hey, is this a David Genser? Wow, I've never seen one of these before!"

Play continues despite protests, mainly from the Wheeze, complaining that they're too old to stay on the road that long. Meanwhile, in a disturbing development, a widely-read monthly publication printed the rosters of the teams. The owners admit they have a bit of explaining to do. At a hastily-called meeting, the League historian and the League statistician were sent out for a tin of sardines and a six-pack, but were unable to find a topic for any further meanderings, though they brought back something from the magazine rack, which may be enough to tie this all together into an international conspiracy.

Next month: Our research team will try to answer key questions, like:

- Has the season actually started?
 - Are the Harmony in first place?
 - Is everybody but the Toads in middle place?
 - And the Heroes, too?
 - Are you going to finish those fries?
- and, of course:
- How many LSD jokes can you cram into three paragraphs?

Standings through Week 6 of Season, June 23

| | W | L | Pts. |
|------------------------|---|---|------|
| Wheeze Kids | 6 | 1 | 328 |
| Dysfunctional Harmony | 5 | 1 | 280 |
| Leesburg Sea Dogs | 4 | 3 | 163 |
| Disposable Heroes | 3 | 3 | 123 |
| Psychotic Petunias | 2 | 4 | 105 |
| Losers | 1 | 4 | 176 |
| Long and Winding Toads | 0 | 5 | 77 |

--Paul Kondis



LOSER ROTISSERIE HOME PAGE: <http://www.uncg/~bjlea/losers.html>

WIT HAPPENS

WEEK 105: WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

Good Idea: Raspberry-jelly donuts.

Bad Idea: Petroleum jelly donuts. (Elden Carnahan)

WEEK 111: ASK BACKWARDS V

A: Joseph Romm's Underpants

Q: What has a band, two legs, and flies? (Sue Lin Chong)

WEEK 120: SIMILE OUTRAGEOUS

The slug left a trail as slimy as a group of personal-injury lawyers in a sauna. (Meg Sullivan)

WEEK 142: EXHIBITING BAD TENDENCIES

"Adolescence". In a recreation of his seminal 1958 entry into the world of performance art, Christo wraps his neighbor's oak tree with 17 rolls of toilet paper. (Peyton Coyner)

WEEK 149: O NO!

Better than Nixon's plate would be something from Joe Romm. I'm waiting to enter the contest when they announce: "Drawers is S.I.'s reward." (Mike Connaghan)

WEEK 157: WARNING SIGNS

You might be getting too fat ... if you have been given a name by the Royal Astronomical Society. (Greg Arnold)

WEEK 161: CAPITOL MISTAKES

Most musicians at the Dupont Circle Metro stop keep baskets of change on hand for tourists who are running a little short of cash. (John Cushing)

The first car on a Metro train is reserved for picnickers. (Stephen Dudzik)

WEEK 163: WHAT KIND OF FOAL AM I?

Breed Classified Facts with Super Squall and name the foal "Colby's Canoe." (Jessica Steinhice)

Breed Special Moments with Fast Departure and name the foal "Just Like A Man." (Sarah Worcester)

WEEK 164: MEAN MEANINGS

What they say: "I yield to the honorable Senator from the great state of Massachusetts." What they mean: "Just hurry it up, fat boy, I tee off at 11." (Bob Sorensen)

WEEK 165: WHEEL OF TORTURE

Today's menu in Hell: BYRDS, QUAYLE, NEWT, AND BURGER (Doug Bailey)

WEEK 167: CRAPSEY

SUDDEN

Inspiration!!!!!!!

Write the Czar! Fax the Czar!

D'oh! I'm not funny! I'm just a

LOSER! (Paul Styrene)

These be

Three icky things:

A bra full of Jell-O,

A week-long dead rat, and worst,

Cinquain. (Dave Zarrow)

SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER LOSERFEST

July 27-28, 1996

The Double Tree Inn at the Colonnade

4 West University Parkway, Baltimore, MD. 21218

(410) 235-5400

Well, the votes are in, the statistics tallied, the final results tweaked and fudged until Sue Lin Chong and I could get them to come out the way we wanted. This involved the stamping of feet (we're making cheap rotgut wine to be ready by July), the gnashing of teeth (my dog's on several of the questionnaires you all filled out at Rockville on March 31), and the shredding of our self-esteem and dignity.

Here is what we know so far: Steve Dudzik is having the Czar's baby, the Yanks are in first place, and the Summer LoserFest will take place in Baltimore, the legendary city that has all the efficiency of the South and the charm of the North. No, things have improved over the years, we're assured, so we've arranged for a block of rooms for Saturday night at the above location, right across the street from Johns Hopkins University and bordering upscale Roland Park. It's a 10-minute walk to the Baltimore Museum of Art, which features a lovely courtyard restaurant and some pictures and statues and stuff. The hotel has a shuttle bus to the Inner Harbor that runs four times a day. We believe it runs back to the hotel, too.

The overnight rate will be \$99 a room, apparently regardless of the number of persons in the room, based on our renting a bunch of rooms. The hotel offers many opportunities to relax with your fellow Losers, so don't blame us if you're still feeling tense at the end of the weekend. There is a nightly turndown service (management requests you not be in your bed when this occurs) and chocolate chip Cookies [*sic: that I gotta see--Ed.*] upon arrival. There is an indoor pool, two Jacuzzis, an exercise room, and access to the tennis courts at Hopkins. For anyone who wishes to upgrade, the Presidential Suite rents for \$500 a night and features a black marble bathroom, a Jacuzzi, and a personal visit from Gennifer Flowers. For those who'd prefer a male visitor, we're talking to one of the guys from *Homicide*, but Chuck might have to bring his wife, so our second choice is Bob Saggett.

The main activities of the weekend will be low-key, by our standards, and may include some favorites from last year: nailing the concierge's shoes to the floor, calling up the front desk and hollering something in an unknown language, checking all the fire extinguishers for proper nighttime functioning, and checking the concierge for proper nighttime functioning. Attendees are advised that while there will be fewer colorful locals this year than we had in Martinsburg of which to make good-natured sport, a sidetrip to Glen "Martinsburg East" Burnie could certainly be arranged.

Those wishing to attend who have not already done so should contact one of us immediately, and as always we thank you for your support.

Sue Lin Chong, (202) 986-6493, chongsl@gunet.georgetown.edu

Dave Zarrow, (703) 435-1779, korggrok1@aol.com

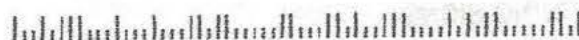
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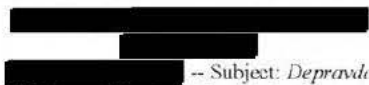


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DEPRAVDA

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



-- Subject: *Depravda*

This is a publication of satire, buffoonery, juvenile humor and whatever else we can scrape together at the last minute. It is not distributed to the public at large.

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Head Gaffer.....Steve Dudzik
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Specializing in Produce.....Kevin Mellema
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24th & 25th NON-CONSECUTIVE N.R.A.R.S. BREAKFASTS

| July 7 9 a.m. | August 4 |
|---|---|
| Papa's Cafe | Jan Verrey's |
| Double Tree Hotel | [Redacted] |
| 1750 Rockville Pike, Rockville | [Redacted] |
| Closest Metro Stop: Twinbrook | [Redacted] |
| Reservation under "Dudzik" | Please RSVP by July 28 at (703) 820-6804 |
| Order from menu or do breakfast buffet for \$10.95 | \$10.00 per Loser at the door |
| Free parking everywhere | Contact Jan to arrange for free and convenient parking |

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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