

# DEPRAVDA

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*"Satius est supervacua scire quam nihil."*

## HART JUGGERNAUT FELLS YEAR-4 POINTS LEADER

Russell Beland, 38, collapsed and died on September 15 at the 26th non-consecutive Society breakfast in Georgetown when it became apparent that Jennifer Hart, also 38, would assume the #1 ranking for Year 4 when the Results from Week 180 were tallied.

Mr. Beland, a competitor since near the mid-point of Year 2, was not known to suffer from any life-threatening condition, according to an Anonymous source, who also remarked that "it is unlikely that the fact that it was a woman who was kicking his butt had much to do with it, since all of us are getting our butts kicked right now."

Mr. Beland later remarked from beyond the grave that he would continue to enter the contest from time to time under his earthly name, but that even if his further submissions failed he was not concerned about his legacy. "Look at Tom Gearty," he explained, "who got out before I got in, and he's still in the Top 25 lifetime on your stupid list."

Contributions to Bob Levey's Children's Hospital campaign may be made in lieu of sending flowers.



*Left: Breakfast attendees attempt to revive the stricken man while Acting DORK and sometime collaborator Jerry Pannullo places an emergency phone call for more film.*



*Right: As the ambulance roars away, surviving Losers reflect on the fragility of life and how glad they were that it wasn't them.*

*From our Rocky Gorge Bureau*

### Clinton Deploys Vowels to Bosnia Cities of Sjlbdnzv, Grzny to be first recipients

Before an emergency joint session of Congress yesterday, President Clinton announced US plans to deploy over 75,000 vowels to the war-torn region of Bosnia. The

deployment, the largest of its kind in American history, will provide the region with critically-needed letters A, E, I, O, and U, and is hoped to render countless Bosnian names more pronounceable.

"For six years we have stood by while names like Ygrjvslhv and Tzlynhr and Gzrm have been horribly butchered by millions around the world," Clinton said. "Today the United States must finally ..... (Continued on Page 3)



## LETTERS TO THE CONNOISSEUR

Read, with some amusement, your so-called column "The Reliable Scrounge" [sic] in the so-called *Depravda*, where you thanked a so-called Paul Alter for telling you where to read in the so-called *Post* for cool SI stuff. Did Mr. Alter get a call from our Ward 2 council member, a so-called Lisa Walker, wondering if he had something to do with flushing Hyattsville into the cesspool of F2? Well, *this* cowboy did. For the record, my (unprinted) entry addressed the issue of freight trains that don't slow down for our fair city. Somehow, I connected this to Marion Barry's Brain. I pointed out to Ms. Walker that I have been doing most of the heavy lifting for Hyattsville for a while OK, not for a while), while Mr. Alter has apparently retired on his "Learn-About-Puberty Chia Pet" winner.

*Joel Knanishu, Romantic Downtown Hyattsville*

I am pausing in my rambles through far-off West Virginia to write this note. Last Thursday when I got home from work, I found a long rambling indignant message on my answering machine from a fellow named Pete who was most annoyed with my *Washington Times* parody (contest 176). He said I couldn't be a regular reader of the *Times* if I thought that's how they wrote. He said not even their editorials were that vicious about the Clintons, let alone their news stories. He added that he was on the staff of the *Times* and considered himself a professional journalist and took exception to my submission (though he wasn't calling in an official capacity). He allowed that perhaps I was being satirical (hey, anything's possible) but that I should call him to discuss the matter (yeah, right). First of all, since when do newspapers call readers to complain? I thought it was supposed to be the other way 'round. Second, I never called Clinton an insect. That was the Czar's invention. I said he sucked the life force out of barnyard animals and that if you jabbed him with a stick he would explode into a festering mound of pus. Third, if the Czar had used my Bram Stoker or P.G. Wodehouse parodies, none of this would have happened. Which all goes to prove that I can ramble pointlessly just as much as you can, "Pete," if that's your so-called name.

*Jonathan Paul, Petersburg, W. Va.*

*We notice a disturbing trend. First Mr. Dudzik reports a stalking by an irate West Virginian, although we were prepared to dismiss his report as he has become something of a crank since he started to win big. Come now you and*

*Mr. Knanishu, with parallel tales. Before something really bad happens, we have to ask ourselves: Where is our stalker? Are we yet chopped liver since we believed? OK, there was the cashier at Best Buy who recognized our name on our check, and we did get buttonholed by a fan in the jury assembly room for heaven's sake, but where is the encounter to make our throat go dry and our palms to sweat? Surely we must have pissed someone off in all this time—but they never phone, they never write.*

### TOP SIX WAYS THE STYLE INVITATIONAL COULD EARN AN APPRECIATIVE READERSHIP IN RUSSELL, KANSAS

Have a contest to complete the sentence: "A liberal is like a \_\_\_\_\_, it \_\_\_\_\_ too much." (Mike Connaghan)

Rush Limbaugh always gets to pick the winner.  
(Steve Dudzik)

Deck the Czar out in a gingham dress, pigtails, and ruby slippers; stuff Peter Hayes into a "Toto" costume; cut the tether of their hot-air balloon, and wave cheerfully as they sail away to Kansas. (Probably won't get us a readership, but I'm enjoying the image.)  
(Jennifer Hart)

Bob Dole's constituents don't get *The Washington Post* and Bob Dole thinks the SI is adolescent. Go sit on a tack. (Bob Dole)

Send a truck to collect the hardened cowpies lying in the street, improving the ambiance of downtown and the quality of the Winner's prizes simultaneously.  
(Grace Fuller)

Who cares, they're down to the last 15 seconds of their 15 minutes. (Kevin Mellema)

*For October, send us something for:*

### TOP TEN INVITATIONAL-INSPIRED IMPROVEMENTS ON HALLOWEEN

ALL PLEASE NOTE: CONTRIBUTORS' DEADLINE FOR THE OCTOBER ISSUE IS WEDNESDAY THE 16TH. E-MAIL NOW ACCEPTABLE—ADDRESS TO OUR CORPORATE BOZOFILTER, KORGGR0K1@AOL.COM OR DIRECTLY TO PUBLISHER'S UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS IF YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW IT. ANTICIPATED SERVICE BY DISGRUNTLED POSTAL WORKER IS SOMETIME AROUND THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

# PEYTON'S COYNER

"Taking risks is  
what this country  
is about."

**Steven F. Goldstone**

Chief executive  
RJR Nabisco

OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE.  
WHAT ARE YOU ON  
ABOUT NOW?

HEY, A MAN'S  
GOTTA DO WHAT  
A MAN'S GOTTA  
DO.

COO-EL!

GOD DAMN, I SAID GOD DAMN THE PUSHY-MAN!  
- STEPPENWOLF

Continued from Page 1:

finally stand up and say 'Enough.' It is time the people of Bosnia finally had some vowels in their incomprehensible words. The U.S. is proud to lead the crusade in this noble endeavor."

The deployment, dubbed "Operation Vowel Storm" by the State Department, is set for early next week, with the Adriatic port cities of Sjlbydnzv and Grzn slated to be the first recipients. Two C-130 transport planes, each carrying over 500 24count boxes of E's will fly from Andrews Air Force base across the Atlantic and airdrop the letters over the cities..... (Continued on Page 2)

## 2nd Annual NRARS Road Trip -- To Baltimore

# HamaHamaHamaCide: Losers On The Streets



It was a typical sweltering July day in Baltimore, the kind of day when you couldn't tell which stunk worse or maybe it's stank worse, the dead crabs or the tourists. That is, until the Losers hit town. They gathered like lemmings from all corners of the Metro area and beyond. Check-in at the Doubletree Inn at the Colonnade went smoothly until the promised warm chocolate chip cookies weren't delivered quickly enough. The sight of the concierge bound and gagged with lots of HM bumperstickers seemed to hasten the kitchen's production. Following a brief interlude of water polo (We WON!) and nude

sunbathing (We LOST!), a convoy of shuttle buses and taxis made its way to an unsuspecting Little Italy.

The group's hysterical puns and kinky cinquains nearly got them kicked out of the fine seafood restaurant Chiapparelli's, the tacky dive Pepino's, a calorific ice cream shop and other Fell's Point attractions. Fred Dawson commandeered a water taxi for the return trip to the hotel but the Losers were thwarted by Baltimore resident Sen. Barbara "Babs" Mikulski and some boys from the 'Hood, and by the fact that the hotel was located four miles from the water. A SWAT Team brought the situation under control. An interview with one of Bawlmer's finest brought this response to the ugly episode: "Wild, absolutely wild," detective Munch complained, shaking his head in disgust. "If they weren't mooning the water taxis at Fell's Point, they were stealing electric eels from the Aquarium and sticking 'em down their pants. Nothing about human nature surprises ME anymore. To top it off some guy named Smith (chortle, snicker...) tries to make bail with a Nixon bust and hideous yellow t-shirts. He acted as if I was supposed to know him. It wasn't until I shot him and stuffed him into a body bag that he began to look familiar."

Back at the hotel the shenanigans continued. Brewmeister John Kammer attracted quite a following to his room with complimentary Loserbrau. Suspicions that Loserbrau was really repackaged Weaselbrau were confirmed when labels started peeling off. Even the appearance of the Dueling Loser Band couldn't scare this crowd away from the opportunity to get free beer. A crude version of "What's My Line" broke the ice followed by Sue Lin Chong's chilling demonstration of the new Prostatron. But the evening was topped off by Tom Witte's bold announcement that he'd quit his day job and joined the Lunchfrey Ballet de Gaithersburg.



Stephen F2 Dudzik discovers that the latest batch of Weaselbrau may not have reached maturity in time for Loserfest '96.



The promise of free food was enough to get Paul Kocak and John Kammer to sing to the grand jury while their gleeful spouses, Kathy and Beth, not respectively, looked on.

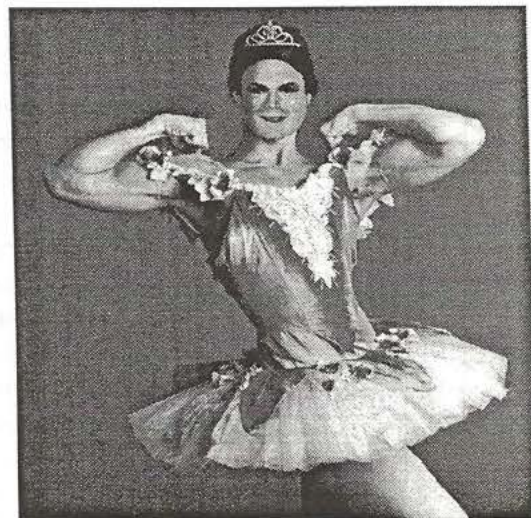
This article was prepared by Stephen Dudzik, Jennifer Hart, and Dave Zarrow as part of their plea bargain agreement. Photos on this page were graciously stolen from Helene "Matthew Brady" Haduch's house while her back was turned. The photos on the opposite page were provided by M. K. "My Kamera!" Phillips, except for the Tom Witte glamour shot, which was provided by Michael "I Am No Relation To Steve, I Swear It!" Dudzik.

# Baltimore, Maryland Loserfest '96



## ARMED WITH PUNS AND DANGEROUS

Authorities assembled the Losers into the largest police lineup in the annals of the Baltimore Police Department, according to the man in charge of said annals, Hector "Annal Retentive" Libido. Shown above, left to right....wait, which one is my left again....ok, yeah, okay, okay....left to right, more or less, with a little up and down thrown in....God this is nervewracking! Well, let's try it this way.... **Standing to left of statue are:** Bonnie "Loserfest? I Thought You Said We Were Going To Budapest!" Arnold, Beth "I Hope That's Her First Name" Kocak, Kathy "Don't Ask Me About My Job" Kammer, Mary Lou "I'm With Funny!" Smith, Chuck "OB Wan" Smith, Larry "Honey, These People Are Weird" Phillips, Helene "Czar's Pinup" Haduch, and Joel "Unpronounceable" Knanishu. **Seated, front row, are:** "Good Time" Charlie Arnold, Sara "College Kid, Eh?" Arnold, Greg "Two First Names" Arnold, Louise "The Saint" Zarrow, and Dave "The Bluesman" Zarrow. **Seated, above the front row, are:** Jennifer "Ma" Hart, Cameron "Loser In Training" Phillips, Stephen "Ear Boy" Dudzik, Ellen "Sacrificial" Lamb. **Standing to right of statue are:** John "I Told You, They're Not Twist-Offs!" Kammer, Paul "Who Loves Ya, Baby?" Kocak, Hank "Hamamahama Hammerin' Henry" Wallace, and Sue Lin "Next Year Someone Else Will Organize This Mess" Chong. **Not pictured for reasons of taste, humor or appropriateness, foodpoisoning or general absenteeism are:** M.K. "M.K" Phillips, Tom "Elsewhere On This Page" Witte, Fred "Phred" Dawson, Dave "Staten Island" Ferry, Marybeth "Sugarplum" Ferry, Preston "Sturges" Boyd.



## Losers Actively Participate In The Arts

(Left) Jennifer Hart and Paul Kocak did not find this statue offensive enough so they gave it a dorky T-shirt. (Above) The gathering was thrilled to witness a solo performance of "Yeah, I Got Your Nutcracker Right Here" by the prima ballerina of the Lunchfey Ballet de Gaithersburg, Thomas "Nijinski" Witte.

F2 TROOP

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 7 times, as of the Report from Week 182.

LEGEND

+/-: Change in rank since August issue.  
Dbu: Week of first print appearance.  
Credits: Printed entries. Shared win yields partial credit.  
Conss: 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	251.66	1.430
2		Carnahan	22	154.83	0.968
3		Witte	7	122.50	0.700
4		Romm	58	107.33	0.866
5		Beland	73	103.83	0.944
6		Hart	11	95.67	0.559
7		Dudzik	7	79.25	0.453
8		Worcester	46	66.50	0.489
9		Sorensen, J.	75	57.50	0.532
10	+1	Kondis	14	51.00	0.304
11	-1	Krattenmaker	80	50.83	0.493
12		Kammer	71	47.75	0.426
13		Litz	125	44.33	0.764
14	+6	Paul	136	42.33	0.901
15	+1	Cuddihy	13	40.66	0.241
16	-2	Grove	6	39.50	0.224
17	-2	Zarrow	30	37.83	0.249
18	+1	Styrene	17	37.41	0.227
19	-2	Thring	23	36.50	0.230
20	-2	Meilema	10	36.50	0.212
21	+6	Grinath	106	33.00	0.429
22	-1	Malcolm	18	33.00	0.201
23	-1	Chong	35	32.50	0.221
24	-1	Sullivan	14	32.00	0.190
25	-1	Smith, J.C.	60	28.50	0.234
26		Steinhice, J.	74	27.33	0.251
27	-2	Gearly	16	26.50	0.160
	+1	King	16	26.50	0.160
29	+1	Pannullo	84	23.00	0.232
30	-1	Caron	11	22.50	0.132
31	+1	Coyner	26	21.75	0.139
32	+1	Patishnock	26	21.50	0.138
33	-2	Arnold	72	21.00	0.189
34		Segal	4	20.50	0.115
35		Sabourin	17	18.25	0.111
36		Rooney	16	17.83	0.107
37		Zane	3	17.00	0.095
38		Alter, P.	41	16.50	0.117
39	+2	Hammer	5	16.50	0.093
40	+3	Genser	157	16.00	0.615
41	-2	Connaghan	108	16.00	0.213
42	-2	Dawson, F.	47	16.00	0.119
43	+2	Gilbert	57	15.50	0.124
44	-2	Thuermer	14	15.00	0.089
45	-1	Weisse	6	14.00	0.080
46	-1	Plait	116	13.50	0.201
47	+6	Knanishu	108	13.50	0.180
48	-1	Delduke	14	13.50	0.080
49		Smith, J.P.	60	13.33	0.109
50		Smith, D.	104	13.00	0.165

51	+3	Maclean	44	12.50	0.091
52	-4	Fox Roe	13	12.50	0.074
53	+5	Sorensen, B.	145	12.00	0.316
54	-3	Richardson	14	12.00	0.071
55	-3	Hull, S.	161	11.66	0.530
56	-1	Olson, D.	14	10.67	0.064
57	-1	Miller, B.	13	10.50	0.062
58	+5	Ferry	18	9.50	0.058
59	-2	Drucker, J.	5	9.17	0.052
60	+5	Martin	74	9.00	0.083
61	-2	Olson, M.	38	9.00	0.063
62	-2	Robbins	5	9.00	0.051
63	-2	Dierman	2	8.83	0.049
64	-2	Rabin	29	8.50	0.056
65	+6	Verrey	15	8.50	0.051
66	new	Curtis, D.	168	8.00	0.533
67	-3	Hammond	119	8.00	0.125
68	-2	Walsh	37	8.00	0.055
69	-2	Bross	24	8.00	0.051
	-2	Weinstein	24	8.00	0.051
71	-2	Day	16	8.00	0.048
72	-2	Williams	51	7.67	0.059
73	-1	Simha	113	7.33	0.105
74	new	Reese	164	7.00	0.368
75	new	Bent	153	7.00	0.233
76	-3	Kocak	108	7.00	0.093
77	-3	Cushing	36	7.00	0.048
78	-3	Wenger	2	7.00	0.039

NRARS HOME PAGE

now at

<http://www.erols.com/skykam/loser.html>

Continued from Page 8:

Said Sjlbdnzv resident Grg Hmprs, 67: "With just a few key letters, I could be George Humphries. This is my dream."

The air drop represents the largest deployment of any letter to a foreign country since 1984. During the summer of that year, the U.S. shipped 92,000 consonants to Ethiopia, providing cities like Ouauouaua, Eaoiuuae, and Aao with vital life-giving supplies of L's, S's and T's. The consonant relief effort failed, however, when vast quantities of the letters were intercepted and hoarded by violent, gun-toting warlords.

YEAR 4: HUMORGEDDEN

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 3 times so far in Year 4, Week 156 through Week 182.

LEGEND

Y4R: Ranking in Year 4.  
+/-: Change in rank since August 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.  
Pace: Credits you will have at end of Year at current Consis.

Y4R	+/-	HRk	CW	HW	Dbu	Name	Credits	Conss	Pace
1	+1	1	3	6	7	Witte, T.	35.50	1.315	68
2	+1	1		5	11	Hart, J.	34.50	1.278	66
3	+2	2	6	6	7	Dudzik, S.	33.00	1.222	64
4	-3	1		7	73	Beland, R.	31.00	1.148	60
5		4		5	136	Paul, J.	29.00	1.074	56
6	-2	2	2	3	6	Smith, C.	28.00	1.037	54
7		4	2	3	75	Sorensen, J.	22.50	0.833	43
8		3		10	22	Carnahan, E.	21.50	0.796	41
9	+7	4	3	3	106	Grinath, A.	17.00	0.630	33
10	-1	7		5	125	Litz, T.	16.50	0.611	32
11	-1	10		4	157	Genser, D.	16.00	0.615	31
12	-1	2		2	58	Romm, J.	15.00	0.556	29
	+3	7	4	4	46	Worcestr, S.	15.00	0.556	29
14	-2	4		3	74	Steinhice, J.	14.50	0.537	28
15	-2	3		3	71	Kammer, J.	13.00	0.481	25
16	+3	5		3	13	Cuddihy, K.	12.00	0.444	23
17	-3	14		2	160	Hull, S.	11.66	0.507	24
18		7	2	3	145	Sorensen, B.	11.50	0.426	22
19	-1	16		2	14	Kondis, P.	9.00	0.333	17
	-2	8		2	30	Zarrow, D.	9.00	0.333	17
21		20			168	Curtis, D.	8.00	0.533	21
22		21		2	164	Reese, S.	7.00	0.368	16
23		17			153	Bent, N.	6.00	0.222	12
		23			35	Chong, S.	6.00	0.222	12
	+2	23			44	Gilbert, E.	6.00	0.222	12
	+2	12		2	84	Pannullo, J.	6.00	0.222	12
27	-2	23			73	Smith, D.	5.00	0.185	10
28	+3	28		2	18	Ferry, D.	4.50	0.167	9
29	-4	23			60	Delduke, P.	4.00	0.148	8
	-4	8		2	119	Hammd, M.	4.00	0.148	8
	-4	8			156	Strider, B.	4.00	0.148	8
32	new	32			178	Vitale, P.	3.00	0.600	17
33	-1	23			170	O'Leary, M.	3.00	0.231	9
34	-1	24			165	Scanlan, M.	3.00	0.167	7
35	-1	27			162	Aukema, S.	3.00	0.143	6
36	-1	11			72	Arnold, G.	3.00	0.111	6
37	-2	1			156	Chaney, D.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	8			6	Grove, R.	3.00	0.111	6
	new	36			100	Haduch, H.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	30			70	Kaufman, K.	3.00	0.111	6
	new	36			16	King, S.	3.00	0.111	6
	new	36			108	Knanishu, J.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	11			80	Krattnmkr, K.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	12			116	Plait, P.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	30			113	Simha, R.	3.00	0.111	6
	-2	23			17	Styrene, P.	3.00	0.111	6

# THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style

**Dear Dr. Style:**

If the moon is always falling towards Earth, why doesn't it land on Al Sharpton's head? *Looner*



*Dear Looner: Because if the moon fell to Earth, it would hit Shaquille O'Neill's head long before it hit Al Sharpton's. Uh!*

**Dear Dr. Style:**

Why do we have to eat at Papa's Café so often? Does Mr. Dudzik own the place? Should we start calling him "Papa" Dudzik? Is the corned beef hash (at breakfast!) the secret to his wit? Am I going to have to start eating the stuff?

*Packing Carbo in Hyattsville*

*Dear Carbo Packer: Mr. Dudzik used to own the place, until he lost it in a paternity suit. Hence the name. And hence our constant return visits until he pays off his child support sometime in the next century. I find the food can be quite relaxing if you eat it with a few grams of melatonin.*

**Dear Dr. Style:**

I have noticed a precipitous drop in the quality of the letters you are responding to lately. To wit—or lack thereof: my letters have appeared at least three times (but no more than twice) in the last several issues. Either you get a better quality readership, or I'm going to start reading Bob Levey. I will now adopt an alias to protest the innocent. *JSH*

P.S. Dudzik is a dead man, and so is the person who accompanied him to see "Independence Day," who, unless the image was generated with mirrors, I will call Akhbar, or Jeff.

*Dear JSH: You are right. The quality of letters has declined dramatically, though as my mother would always say to me, "if you point a finger at someone, three are pointing back at you and one is pointing to God who is going to send you to burn in hell for all eternity you no-account sodomistic bum, and leave the damn goat alone, he's walking funny again!" As for Dudzik, he prefers to go by the term "undead," but it is a subtle distinction lost on people like yourself with no prefrontal lobe. And as for your belief that you can not only communicate with cartoon characters in the newspaper but hire them as contract killers, I say you are suffering from extreme delusions. Itchy and Scratchy, on the other hand, are always happy to take on another hit, and if you send me*

*\$10,000, I will forward it to them. In the meantime, seek counseling.*

## Loser Pet Peeves

Compiled by Jean Sorensen and Dave Zarrow

**Adam Korengold:** "People who fart or belch in public (I know this will not keep me in the good graces of the Losers). Sayings like 'There are many fishes in the sea,' 'She's probably right under your nose,' etc. It's all balderdash. There are many fishes in the sea, but in case anyone has not noticed, I DO NOT HAVE GILLS!"

We like **P. J. Kocak's** peeve for its simplicity and appeal to all Losers: "Not winning."

**Joseph Romm** and **Mike Connaghan** took this simple assignment and turned it into a slugfest. We loved it. Remember: the opposite of hate isn't love, but apathy.

Joseph Romm: "My pet peeve is Mike Connaghan. Well, he was my pet peeve, but then the leash snapped and he escaped, which was just fine with me since he wasn't house-trained (next time I'll have to remember to actually attach the leash to the collar). P.S. A peeve, I believe, is the new order of rodentia that the guinea pig is a member of."

Mike Connaghan: "My pet peeve is people whose throats I need to rip out with my fangs, because digging their graves is ruff on my paws."

**Chuck Smith:** "Multiple-personality cross-dressing entrants. e.g. jeanandbob. (Hasn't this been done to death? Witness "Dressed to Kill," etc.) The cult of personality that has sprung up around me. The lack of non-Witte groupies. The Crapsey contests. Repeated FOI denials by the Czar. People constantly driving by my house. (Actually, it's the neighborhood watch. Incidentally, I don't know anything about flaming bags of poop!)"

**Charlie "Your Company Name Here" Myers:** "All those people riding around in cars appearing to be talking on cellular phones. Listen to me! Those are not real phones! Repeat—they are not real phones. They are carefully crafted, hollow, virtually weightless imitations, that enable the user to actually pick his nose without being so damned obvious about it."

We were going to put **Paul Kondis'** peeve in front, but all those other guys got in his way. Sorry, Paul—we didn't notice you. Paul's peeves: "I really hate it when people walk RIGHT WHERE I WANT TO WALK! Totally OBLIVIOUS to the fact that they might BE IN SOMEONE'S WAY! Or just sort of stand there in a clot BLOCKING the ENTIRE SIDEWALK! This happens more frequently than you might expect. I'll try to calm down now."

# LOSER ROTISSERIE '96: DORK VICTORY

It was all over but the shouting, or, more specifically, the complaining. The dangers inherent in inviting everyone to a party were demonstrated quite nicely in the Loser Rotisserie playoffs this season, as all teams decided to accept the invitations, and one team in particular made it a point to ruin the whole shindig.

The entire flock of 7-5 teams were bounced in the first week, as were their checks for league dues. The entire uprising required careful preparation, split-second timing, and synchronizing of the swimmers. It had an overall "Mission: Impossible" feel, minus the smoking tape recorder. And it left the field wide open for the regular season champs, as the only team they feared was the Leesburg Sea Dogs/Disposable Heroes/Dysfunctional Harmony/Fear Itself (pick one).

The second-round matchups were apparently made under the influence of a bottle of ouzo, cold fru-fru pizza, and the 1967-1968 NHL schedule, as they guaranteed a 3-9 team in the finals. It certainly didn't stop the lower seeds from ousting the favorites, causing the Kids to run home wheezing to their law books and the Toads to write letters to the editor about the differences between the various types of air transport.

And when it was all over, a Dork had been crowned, but someone was nice enough to drag his body into the bushes, after first verifying the presence of rash-inducing (rash, inducing?) vines, so the rest of the crowd could continue its celebration.

[Note to Grace: you can leave this next sentence out.] Would anyone like to come over and rub on some calamine lotion? Steve, how about you?

—Paul Kondis



As may not be entirely clear from Mr. Kondis' text, the single-elimination tournament format proved deadly for the Dysfunctional Harmony, the Leesburg Sea Dogs, and the Disposable Heroes at the hands, respectively, of the Psychotic Petunias, the Long and Winding Toads, and the Losers, in the first round. The fully-rested Wheeze Kids were then dispatched where they lay by the Losers in the second round, as the Petunias put an end to the Toads' improbable comeback. In the final, on the seventh anniversary of the death of A. Bartlett Giamatti, the Petunias cashed out the Losers for the final time.

Continued from Page 3:

Citizens of Grzy and Sjlvdnzv eagerly await the arrival of the vowels. "My God, I do not think we can last another day," Trszg Grzdnjklrr said. "I have six children and none of them has a name that is understandable to me or to anyone else. Mr. Clinton, please send my poor, wretched family just one 'E' please." (Continued on Page



# WIT HAPPENS

## WEEK 95: HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

"The Nation's New Owners": Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole, the energetic young men who bought the old American place at a distress sale last fall and who are still unpacking their moving crates, have been heard around town talking up the changes they intend to make in their new home. "The last owners were there, what, forty years?" young "Newty" remarked, "and, quite frankly, the place is a mess." Their plans reportedly include tearing out all of the wage floors, reducing or eliminating many permanent panels, replacing the doorkeeper, sealing gaps in the perimeter fence, restoring the gene pool, getting rid of the weeds that had surrounded the old white house, uprooting the pansies, taking out the trash a lot more often, and in general preserving lawn order. (Elden Carnahan)

## WEEK 129: REMAKE US HAPPY

"Gorillas in the Mist": Madonna, still searching for the perfect male, expands her search outside the species. (John Kammer)

## WEEK 136: NEW END IN SIGHT

Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday prepare for the final showdown, but realize they are within the five-day waiting period to buy guns and ammunition. Luckily, the Clanton gang fails to appear because they are too macho to ask directions. (Sue Lin Chong)

## WEEK 138: LIST BUT NOT LEAST

Reason Why The Cold War Should Be Started Up Again: So we could see some good old-fashioned shoe-pounding at the UN, dammit! (Paul Kocak)

## WEEK 141: ASK BACKWARDS VII

A: A toothbrush, a comb and a ball-peen hammer.

Q: For quick touch-ups on his appearance, what does Michael Jackson carry with him at all times? (Mike Hammer)

## WEEK 149: O NO!

Describe Lincoln's feelings during a long session of Congress after a big gyro lunch: "No sex, a wet Abe drool feta-ness as Senate floor debate waxes on." (Greg Arnold)

## WEEK 155: COMPARISON SHOPPING

Q: What the difference between a white Ford Bronco and the devoted followers of Pat Buchanan?

A: The Bronco has blood in it. (Ben Lea)

## WEEK 161: CAPITOL MISTAKES

Since they closed off Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House, it's become a popular and inexpensive place for skeet shooting. (Joseph Romm)

## WEEK 163: KIND OF FOAL AM I?

Action Ridge x Presidential Order = Porkchop Bill (Jennifer Hart)

Frisco View x Sway = 8.2 Richter Scale (Jessica Steinhice)

## WEEK 168: LICENSE TO CARRY A PUN

Q: What athlete loses his power after his wife's head is cut off?

A: O. J. Sampson

## WEEK 169: DIFF'RENT JOKES

Q: What's the difference between Directory Assistance and Marion Barry's Brain?

A: Directory Assistance knows when to hang it up. (Kevin Mellema)

## WEEK 170: THE ELEMENTS OF SMILE

At least the airbag in his underwear deployed.

(Chuck Smith)



## WEEK 171: ON SECOND THOUGHT

Useless invention: Perpetual motion detector (Doug Bailey)

## WEEK 173: DEAD RECKONING

Barbara Walters to Elvis: "Were you able to flush the toilet ... before ... er ... you know what I mean." (Charlie Myers)

Yoko Ono to John Lennon: "Who's bigger now, you or Jesus Christ?" (Gary Patishnock)

Marge Schott to Desi Arnaz: "As part of this community service crapola, I have to reconcile with all the ethnic groups I've insulted and you're the only Cuban I could think of. Now that you're here, I've been meaning to ask you—why is it that you Latin men never get enough sex? Something in those fat cigars or somethin'? Whaddya say you sing Ba-Ba-Loo." (Jean Sorensen)

Hurricane Bertha to Hurricane Hugo: "How did you feel about blowing Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms on the same day?" (Dave Zarrow)

## WEEK 174: THE EDGE OF MIGHT

You might have a bad doctor if ... his idea of fun is to run into the waiting room naked and yell: "Is there a doctor in the house?" (Joel Knanishu)

## WEEK 177: SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE

"E-I-E-I-Ow": Alfonse D'Amato singing on the floor of the Senate until Al Gore throws the gavel at his head. (John Cushing)

"Fa la la la la la la thud": Plague sweeps through the Renaissance Festival. (Jonathan Paul)

"Fa la la la la la la thud": The last performance of the Von Trapp Family Bungee Jumpers. (David Genser)

"Fizz Fizz Plop Plop": Alka-Lax (Paul Styrene)

## WEEK 178: DEEP THROATS

Mom once told me "if you're real hungry I'll bet you can eat almost anything." I just smiled and made her swallow the rest of my pet canary. (Steve Dudzik)

## WEEK 180: WHEN IN DOUBT, PUN

Clinton Announces Registry Of Nation's Sex Offenders, pg. A162. "Pedo-file In White House?" (Peyton Coyner)

Don't see your name on this page? Please be advised that we have *some* standards, and that if you sent us 10 thigh-slappers 6 months ago, we might have run the good one and pitched the rest. Please send us more.

# DEPRAVDA

-- 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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## DEPRAVDA

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

### 27th & 28th NON-CONSECUTIVE N.R.A.R.S. BREAKFASTS

October 6, 9 a.m.	November 3, 10:30 a.m.
Papa's Café, Double Tree Hotel	Holiday Inn
1750 Rockville Pike	480 King St.
Rockville	Old Town Alexandria
Closest Metro: Twinbrook	7-min. walk from King St. Station (Blue Line)
Reservation under "Dudzik"	Reservation under "Zarrow"
Order from menu or do breakfast buffet for \$10.95	Order from menu or do breakfast buffet for \$15.95
Free parking everywhere	2 hours free parking with validation

#### First-timers kindly RSVP to Publisher

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