

DEPRAVDA

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"*Satius est supervacua scire quam nihil.*"

AGNEW DEATH MOURNED: "OUR LOSS CANNOT BE WEIGHED"

Due to the bright sunshine and temperatures hovering in the 50s, attendance was sparse at the 27th Non-Consecutive Society breakfast at Rockville on October 6. Attendees felt that this was an appropriate way, however, to observe the passing of former Vice-President Spiro Agnew, a man daily in the thoughts of fewer and fewer people in recent years.

"A giant has been taken from us," remarked Peyton Coyner, who again made the three-hour trip from his home in Nelson County, Virginia, for the occasion. "The real tragedy here is that he pretty much withdrew from public life before we could do much with him. Walt Kelly got in a few licks before he himself died in 1973—you may remember the hyena in the Prussian military uniform; then Agnew left office and turned us over to an astonishing parade of stiff. The only funny Veep in the last 20 years was Quayle, and we've about worn that fella out."



Sarah Worcester tries to cheer up a glum Peyton Coyner, still reeling from the news of Agnew's untimely death a few days before. "This is worse than losing Chernenko in '85," Mr. Coyner was heard later to remark. "It's going to be a bitch trying to be funny with the sorry material we have left."

"Spiro Agnew became my main man the day he tried to send State Police patrol boats out to board a Russian trawler that was inside Maryland's colonial-era 38-mile territorial limit," added Grace Fuller. "I'm afraid I was something of an Agnew shill in college, mostly because everyone else was so down on the guy. I got better."

From our Zaire bureau:

In a move IBM offices are hailing as a major step in the company's ongoing worldwide telecommunications revolution, M'wana Ndeti, a member of Zaire's Bantu tribe, used an IBM global uplink network modem recently to crush a nut.

Ndeti, who had spent 20 minutes trying to open the nut by hand, easily cracked it open by smashing it repeatedly with the powerful modem.

..... (Continued on Page 3)

LETTERS TO THE PISCATOR

As others have spoken up about phone calls complaining about their entries, I feel it is time I joined in. Ever since my Richard Nixon jokes, I have been receiving a series of phone calls, encompassing the past two years. When I answer the phone, there is only an ethereal sigh of air, and perhaps a click or two. I have concluded that this is RICHARD NIXON himself, calling to COMPLAIN ABOUT HOW UNFAIR I AM BEING, witty though the jokes are. It's spooky. But I can now explain, the next time he calls, that perhaps it IS unfair of me, but he brought it all on himself by dying like that. I would NEVER have made those jokes were he still alive, what with his reputation for getting even and all. I just hope he stops rearranging my furniture while I'm sleeping. It scares the cat.

Paul Kondis, Alexandria



The BIG HEAD gives his cronies the Klingon command:



Yes, o' encephalic one!

Don McCardell, Baltimore

THE RELIABLE SCOURGE:

Tales from The GossipMonger:

The GossipMonger welcomes you back to the World of the Rumor. We trust you missed us last month, and can understand that the effort that goes into mongering gossip precludes a monthly article; therefore, the decision has been made to go bimonthly.

First up on today's agenda is to wonder about the security surrounding **The Czar's** "Bruce Wayne" identity. He has appeared—under *his* real name—in a number of publications in the past few months. Both *Time* and *New York Magazine* had short articles about The Ear No One Reads, quoting The Czar as being the genius behind them. Disturbingly, *New York* even claims that The Czar giggles!! Congratulations, however, to **Steve Dudzik** on having one of his Ears printed.

That wasn't it for The Czar, however. Not only was a memo of his featured in the Ombudsman column regarding puns in headlines (The GossipMonger especially liked the reasoning that *The Post* was insulting readers by assuming they couldn't decipher puns, and, as some readers were priests, *The Post* was therefore insulting God), but The Czar made yet another appearance in Dave Barry's column, being identified as "a hypochondriac." Perhaps the perfect bribe to get printed—cough drops!

A number of people made *New York Magazine's* lesser contest yet again. Perhaps most impressively, **Jean Sorensen** hit the list *four* consecutive times, from Competition 854 to 857. **Dave Zarrow** also impressed in this area, gaining seventh place for his television spinoff idea of "STACKS!—Despite budget cuts, avenging librarians valiantly crusade against loud chatting." Others receiving mentions in other contests include **Mary Olsen**, **Charlie Myers**, **Jonathan Paul** (twice!), **Helene Haduch**, **Dave Ferry**, and **Paul Kondis**. Congrats to all, and keep up the infiltration!

In other contests, both **Chuck Smith** and **Jennifer Hart** took Number 1s in recent Top Five List contests. Chuck took the honors by suggesting "Hootie" as a good overlooked name for a hurricane, and Jennifer suggested that a good punishment for spitting on an umpire would be: "Player is forced to get to third base with Marge Schott." Kudos also go to Mr. Dudzik again, as he was one of the select few to be printed in the Top Five Open, an all-comers submission that netted 1400 entries.

Mr. Smith has been popular in other areas also, having cartoon submissions accepted and printed in both "Frank and Ernest" and "Mother Goose and Grimm."

While The Ear made *Time* and *New York*, the contest itself was making its way in the world today as well. As told to The GossipMonger by **M. K. Phillips**, *Playboy's* October issue excerpted sections of Week 160, Seeking Wise Guys (the contest for new Mafia lingo). M. K. additionally informed us that the infamous "high school.....(Continued on Page 3)

SCOURGE, continued from Page 2

analogies" contest was received in Boston—from someone in Hong Kong! It has now circumnavigated the globe! Congrats to all on that popular list.

Zaire bureau, continued from Page 1

"I could not crush the nut by myself," said the 47-year-old Ndeti, who added the savory nut to a thick, peanut-based soup minutes later. "With IBM's help, I was able to break it." Ndeti discovered the nut-breaking 28.8 V.34 modem the day before, when IBM was shooting a commercial in his southwestern Zaire village. During a break in shooting, which showed African villagers eagerly teleconferencing via computer with Japanese schoolchildren, Ndeti sneaked onto the set and took the modem, which he believed would serve well as a "smashing utensil."

IBM officials were not surprised the longtime computer giant was able to provide Ndeti with practical solutions to his everyday problems. "Our telecommunications systems offer people all over the world global networking solutions that fit their specific needs," said Herbert Ross, IBM's director of marketing. "Whether you're a nun cloistered in an Italian abbey or an Aborigine in Australia's Great Sandy Desert, IBM has the ideas to get you where you want to go today."

According to Ndeti, of the modem's many powerful features the most impressive was its hard plastic casing, which easily sustained several minutes of vigorous pounding against a large stone. "I put the nut on a rock, and I hit it with the modem," Ndeti said. "The modem did not break. It is a good modem."

Ndeti was so impressed with the modem that he purchased a new, state-of-the-art IBM workstation, complete with a PowerPC 601 microprocessor, a quad-speed internal CD-ROM drive, and three 16-bit Ethernet networking connectors. The tribesman has already made good use of the computer system, fashioning a gazelle trap out of its wires, a boat anchor out of the monitor, and a crude but effective weapon from its mouse.

"This is a good computer," said Ndeti, carving up a just-captured gazelle with the computer's flat, sharp internal processing device. "I am using every part of it. I will cook this gazelle on the keyboard." Hours later, Ndeti capped off his delicious gazelle dinner by smoking the computer's 200-page owner's manual.

IBM spokespeople praised Ndeti's choice of computers. "We are pleased that the Bantu people are turning to IBM for their business needs," said company CEO William Allaire. "From Kansas City to Kinshasa, IBM is bring the world closer together. Our cutting-edge technology is truly creating a global village."

ALL PLEASE NOTE: CONTRIBUTORS' DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER ISSUE IS SUNDAY THE 10TH. E-MAIL NOW ACCEPTABLE—ADDRESS TO OUR CORPORATE BOZOFILTER, KORGROK1@AOL.COM OR DIRECTLY TO PUBLISHER'S UNPUBLISHED ADDRESS IF YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW IT.

TOP TEN INVITATIONAL-INSPIRED IMPROVEMENTS ON HALLOWEEN

Greg Arnold will hollow out his skull and insert several lit road flares.
(Steve Dudzik)

Instead of Jack o' Lanterns, Fred o' Lanterns.
(Jennifer Hart, heavily edited by Grace Fuller)

The column is equipped with a tiny sound-chip, then hidden on page 2 of the Business Section. When you open that section it hollers something in an unknown language and scares the crap out of you.
(Dave Zarrow)

Demi Moore Silly G-String. (Jean Sorensen)

Reflective HM bumper stickers pasted on kids' butts.
(Steve Dudzik)

The Loser House of Horrors, featuring the Wolf Men (Kammer, Hammer, Zarrow, Paul, Ferry), the Creatures From the Crystal-Clear Lagoon Thanks to the EPA (Linda K. Malcolm and Chuck Smith), the Mummies (Jean Sorensen, Judy Daniel, M. K. Phillips), the Zombie (Carnahan, during exam week), Houdini Back From the Grave (Zarrow), the Stone-Faced Man (Witte), the Alien Those X-Files People Are Looking For (Romm), the Incredible Ear Boy (Dudzik), King of the Cats (Kondis), and the Dreadless Horsewoman (Worcester). Special non-appearance by the Invisible Man (Krattenmaker) and the Grim Reaper (Weingarten).
(Jennifer Hart)

Bobbing for prune danishes. (Jean Sorensen)

Trick-or-treaters visiting the Chong home must try out the Prostatron.(Steve Dudzik)

During the week of Halloween, we all submit *real* Ears.
(Jennifer Hart)

Oh, wait, I just thought of a cool one: it has something to do with flaming bags of dog poop, but that's as far as I got.
(Mike Connaghan)

For January, send us something for:

TOP TEN THINGS OVERHEARD AT CHUCK SMITH'S 50TH-BIRTHDAY PARTY ON OCTOBER 29TH

DIARY OF A PSYCHIATRIST

By Dr. Joke Line

I have heard of an interesting case involving a group of subjects who are hard-working and responsible adults 99% of the time. However, one morning each month, they revert to childhood, indulge in bizarre wordplay, fondle kazooes, and obsess about a mysterious entity known as "The Czar." If this is mass hysteria with dark underpinnings of a father-figure obsession, it is the first I have encountered. I will attend their meetings, take careful notes, and publish my analysis in a scholarly journal.

Sunday, 9:00 a.m.



Today was my first session with the 25 or so subjects, who insist on calling themselves "losers." My gentle attempts to boost their self-confidence are met with obscene puns, droppings of trou, and exclamations of "Hey, F2 to you, too, pal!"

They seem *proud* to be losers. This is a desperate situation, indeed.

As they swarm like cicadas around the buffet table, both male and female subjects goad each other about not having "scored" or "gotten ink" [sic] that morning. I am surprised by this frank acknowledgment of sexuality, especially when one subject boldly announces, "Nothing in the male lately—what's wrong with that peter?" and no one even blinks. I jot this down in my notes.

9:15 a.m.

They are vocalizing amongst themselves in code. Some speak about "double dactyls," "crapsey cinquains," "roisserie," "freaking ears," and "freaking weaselbrau." One bearded male subject is holding forth on "usufruct" and "frolic-by-detour."

I pretend to understand, so as to gain their confidence. Unfortunately, someone challenges me to make an anagram of "Kaczynski," and I choke. I retire to a corner to watch.

9:17 a.m.

I identify the Alpha male of the group, to whom the others defer. I approach (sinking to one knee first and tugging on my forelock in imitation of the others) and request an audience. "Not now!" the Alpha male yells. "I'm writing three new one-act plays and gags for two major strips, and studying my lines for Stanley in *Streetcar*! Then I have to go be a corpse again on NBC!"

I genuflect hastily and back away. The "corpse" reference is particularly worrisome.

9:20 a.m.

A bright light suddenly explodes in my face. A dark-haired male subject has taken my photograph with what appears to be a Playskool "My First Camera." None of the other subjects seems to think that this is odd.



9:25 a.m.

I repeatedly try to address the group (they refuse to sit still—it is like corraling butterflies). "Tell me about your ... ah ... Czar?"

Hisses, groans, and gagging noises greet the simple question. The air is thick with obscene gestures. I write in my notes: "Danger! Universal trauma and frustration here. Tread carefully."

I try to find a safe topic. "What are your everyday occupations?"

They stare at me blankly, as if they have forgotten.

I am feeling somewhat ill and I do not think it is from the hash browns.

9:30 a.m.

I administer a simple Rorschach inkblot test. Their interpretations range from the hideously twisted to the impenetrably arcane. When we finish (I am shaking and drenched in sweat), they look at me brightly, expectantly. "Who won?" they inquire. "Where are our bumperstickers?"

I do not understand. I try to distract them with shiny beads and trinkets. They paw them eagerly, then pretend to frisk me. Playfully, several of the males pick me up by the ankles and shake vigorously until my wallet, keys, and loose change fall out. Is this some sort of welcoming rite?

9:45 a.m.

Every scrap of food has vanished, along with the silverware, the sculpted ice centerpiece, and the chef's underpants. I exchange glances with the waiter, who shrugs as if to say, "I would toss them out in two seconds, but since that unfortunate banana-slug-in-the-waffle-batter incident, we need the business."

One large blond male subject seems to be studying me gravely. Although the others refer to him as "witty," I have not heard him speak a single word. His level gaze is somewhat ... unsettling. I wonder if he knows that I keep one of Madonna's old sanitary napkins under my pillow at home ... oh, surely not. How could he? I'm hallucinating.



9:55 a.m.

The keys to my BMW seem to be missing. Also, someone has scribbled Doodles all over my notes. I am dizzy and feverish.

10:00 a.m.

I make one last effort to understand, by administering a simple word-association test, but they torment me by gleefully shouting out nonsensical answers *as a group*.

"Mother." "YO' MAMA!"

"Dad." "PALINDROME!"

"Heaven." "WEST VIRGINIA! [raucous laughter]"

"Hell." "WEEK 165!"

I only have strength enough to whimper one more.

"Snake?" "MONGOOSE!!!"

I am beaten. This is hopeless. As Papa Sigmund always said, "Sometimes a lunatic is just a freakin' lunatic." I do not know what planet these people are from, I only know that I must leave quickly, before I am infected with their sickness. Also, the large blond "witty" subject is looking at me again ... he *must* know!! I lunge for the door.

The male subject known as "Rome" calls after me. "Was it something we said, I hope?"

But I am gone. Oh, blessed escape from the asylum!

Addendum: The experience may not be a total loss. Later, one of the female subjects contacted me and mentioned a sacred relic that was not present during my visit. This female spoke pleasantly and intelligently and deplored some of the antisocial characters traits exhibited by the others. I feel I can learn much from her and this relic, the "Prostatron." I have made an appointment to examine this amusing contraption, and will report my findings at a later date.

LIVING IN STYLE

Russ Beland *Unplugged*

In the *Unplugged* tradition, this article is being written with no electronic, or even electric, equipment. This work will eventually be transcribed and stored in a medium suitable for mass [sic] distribution, but during the creative [sic] phase there will be no word processor, no electric typewriter, just one pen, one stack of ruled paper, and one artist. Well, two pens, the first one just ran dry and I had to switch.

Going unplugged is not just a fad, it's part of my Style catharsis, my transition to traditional humor. This is an acknowledgment of our roots, when a stand-up comic, propless, would entertain using nothing more than his wits. I have gone as far as considering writing my Style entries in longhand and actu-

ally mailing (not e-mail, the kind with a stamp) them to the Czar.

I have abandoned jokes about Bill Gates, the Internet, and Pentium computers. For now it's traditional humor and traditional subjects.

Q: How many Druids does it take to change a light bulb?

A: What's a light bulb?

One weakness with this approach is that traditional humor applied to traditional topics has largely been done. Henny Youngman beat me to lots of good jokes. Hey, Czar, take my wife—please. What then, you are probably not asking, motivated this catharsis? No, it's more than a catharsis, it's an holistic catharsis. Even more, it's a pan-holistic catharsis. Well, it had something to do with aging.

I realized recently that I have become middle-aged. Not middle-aged in real life, I'm only 39 and that's not middle-aged (unless you only live to be 78). No, I'm middle-aged as a Style entrant. It seems like just yesterday I was printed for the first time. I didn't care about ratings. I didn't even know there were ratings. Then, one day, I got the call from Elden, then a copy of the newsletter.

For the benefit of the new generation of Style-goers I should point out that, in those dim, dark days the newsletter was one sheet (summary of the weeks' events on one side, standings on the back), it came out on time, it was free, and it was much better than it is now. Then again, in those days, we did have to walk through thirty-five miles of snow just to submit entries.

Several things happened recently to cause me to feel middle-aged. First I broke the 100-appearance mark, then I hit my second anniversary entering the contest, but the big realization came when I studied Elden's statistics closely for the first time in a few months. (Having been stuck in fifth place about as long as the Libertarian party, the stats have lost some of their charm for me.) My debut Week, 73, no longer looks remarkable. Litz is in the top 15 and he started on Week 125. Jonathan Paul is in the top 20 and started even later. Then there's Genser who has only been appearing since Week 157 and is already passing people I once thought of as unreachable. Week 157! I'm still waiting for prizes from longer ago than that.

The point of all this is that I am not one of the new kids anymore. I wasn't even eligible for Rookie of the Year last year, that went to Litz. Of course I was eligible the year before, but lost that honor to (must I rub salt in my own wounds?) Krattenmaker, who also started after I did, and he's beyond middle-aged, he's retired. Now I feel *really* old.



F2 TROOP

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 4 times, as of the Report from Week 186.

LEGEND

+/-: Change in rank since September 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 in January, if we are able to repair or regenerate the main database.

| Rk | +/- | Name | Dbu | Credits | Conss |
|----|-----|---------------|-----|---------|-------|
| 1 | | Smith, C. | 6 | 251.66 | 1.398 |
| 2 | | Carnahan | 22 | 160.33 | 0.978 |
| 3 | | Witte | 7 | 123.50 | 0.690 |
| 4 | | Romm | 58 | 109.83 | 0.858 |
| 5 | | Beland | 73 | 107.33 | 0.941 |
| 6 | | Hart | 11 | 106.00 | 0.606 |
| 7 | | Dudzik | 7 | 81.25 | 0.454 |
| 8 | | Worcester | 46 | 66.50 | 0.475 |
| 9 | | Sorensen, J. | 75 | 58.50 | 0.522 |
| 10 | | Kondis | 14 | 52.33 | 0.304 |
| 11 | | Krattenmaker | 80 | 50.83 | 0.475 |
| 12 | | Kammer | 71 | 48.75 | 0.420 |
| 13 | +1 | Paul | 136 | 44.33 | 0.869 |
| 14 | -1 | Litz | 125 | 44.33 | 0.715 |
| 15 | | Cuddihy | 13 | 40.99 | 0.237 |
| 16 | | Grove | 6 | 40.50 | 0.225 |
| 17 | | Zarrow | 30 | 40.33 | 0.259 |
| 18 | +1 | Thring | 23 | 38.50 | 0.236 |
| 19 | -1 | Styrene | 17 | 38.41 | 0.227 |
| 20 | | Mellema | 10 | 36.50 | 0.207 |
| 21 | | Grinath | 106 | 35.00 | 0.432 |
| 22 | | Malcolm | 18 | 33.00 | 0.196 |
| 23 | | Chong | 35 | 32.50 | 0.215 |
| 24 | | Sullivan | 14 | 32.00 | 0.186 |
| 25 | | Smith, J.C. | 60 | 28.50 | 0.226 |
| 26 | | Steinhice, J. | 74 | 28.33 | 0.251 |
| 27 | | King | 16 | 27.50 | 0.162 |
| 28 | -1 | Gearty | 16 | 26.50 | 0.156 |
| 29 | | Pannullo | 84 | 24.00 | 0.233 |
| 30 | +2 | Patishnock | 26 | 22.50 | 0.141 |
| 31 | -1 | Caron | 11 | 22.50 | 0.129 |
| 32 | -1 | Coyner | 26 | 21.75 | 0.136 |
| 33 | +7 | Genser | 157 | 21.00 | 0.700 |
| 34 | -1 | Arnold | 72 | 21.00 | 0.183 |
| 35 | -1 | Segal | 4 | 20.50 | 0.113 |
| 36 | -1 | Sabourin | 17 | 18.25 | 0.108 |
| 37 | -1 | Rooney | 16 | 17.83 | 0.105 |
| 38 | +3 | Connaghan | 108 | 17.00 | 0.215 |
| 39 | +3 | Dawson | 47 | 17.00 | 0.122 |
| 40 | -3 | Zane | 3 | 17.00 | 0.093 |
| 41 | -3 | Alter | 41 | 16.50 | 0.114 |
| 42 | -3 | Hammer | 5 | 16.50 | 0.091 |
| 43 | | Gilbert | 57 | 15.50 | 0.120 |
| 44 | | Thuermer | 14 | 15.00 | 0.087 |
| 45 | | Weisse | 6 | 14.00 | 0.078 |
| 46 | | Plait | 116 | 13.50 | 0.190 |
| 47 | | Knanishu | 108 | 13.50 | 0.171 |
| 48 | +3 | Maclean | 44 | 13.50 | 0.095 |
| 49 | -1 | Delduke | 14 | 13.50 | 0.078 |
| 50 | -1 | Smith, J.P. | 60 | 13.33 | 0.106 |

| Rk | +/- | Name | Dbu | Credits | Conss |
|-----|-----|---------------|-----|---------|-------|
| 51 | -1 | Smith, D. | 104 | 13.00 | 0.157 |
| 52 | +3 | Hull | 161 | 12.66 | 0.487 |
| 53 | -1 | Fox Roe | 13 | 12.50 | 0.072 |
| 54 | -1 | Sorensen, B. | 145 | 12.00 | 0.286 |
| 55 | -1 | Richardson | 14 | 12.00 | 0.070 |
| 56 | | Olson, D. | 14 | 10.67 | 0.062 |
| 57 | | Miller | 13 | 10.50 | 0.061 |
| 58 | +16 | Reese | 164 | 10.00 | 0.435 |
| 59 | -1 | Ferry | 18 | 9.50 | 0.057 |
| 60 | -1 | Drucker, J. | 5 | 9.17 | 0.051 |
| 61 | +5 | Curtis | 168 | 9.00 | 0.474 |
| 62 | -3 | Scanlon | 165 | 9.00 | 0.409 |
| 63 | -3 | Martin | 74 | 9.00 | 0.080 |
| 64 | -3 | Olson, M. | 38 | 9.00 | 0.061 |
| 65 | -3 | Robbins | 5 | 9.00 | 0.050 |
| 66 | -3 | Dierman | 2 | 8.83 | 0.048 |
| 67 | -3 | Rabin | 29 | 8.50 | 0.054 |
| 68 | -3 | Verrey | 15 | 8.50 | 0.050 |
| 69 | -2 | Hammond | 119 | 8.00 | 0.118 |
| 70 | -2 | Walsh | 37 | 8.00 | 0.054 |
| 71 | -2 | Bross | 24 | 8.00 | 0.049 |
| | -2 | Weinstein | 24 | 8.00 | 0.049 |
| 73 | -2 | Day | 16 | 8.00 | 0.047 |
| 74 | -2 | Williams | 51 | 7.67 | 0.057 |
| 75 | -2 | Simha | 113 | 7.33 | 0.099 |
| 76 | -1 | Bent | 153 | 7.00 | 0.206 |
| 77 | +4 | Lamb | 123 | 7.00 | 0.109 |
| 78 | -2 | Kocak | 108 | 7.00 | 0.089 |
| 79 | -2 | Cushing | 36 | 7.00 | 0.047 |
| 80 | -2 | Wenger | 2 | 7.00 | 0.038 |
| 81 | -2 | Morgen | 78 | 6.50 | 0.060 |
| 82 | -2 | Kamat | 124 | 6.00 | 0.095 |
| 83 | -1 | Vanatter | 114 | 6.00 | 0.082 |
| 84 | -1 | Offutt | 107 | 6.00 | 0.075 |
| 85 | -1 | Meyer | 38 | 6.00 | 0.041 |
| 86 | -1 | Reagan | 3 | 6.00 | 0.033 |
| 87 | -1 | Layman | 1 | 6.00 | 0.032 |
| 88 | -1 | Adams | 84 | 5.50 | 0.053 |
| 89 | -1 | Kaufman | 70 | 5.50 | 0.047 |
| 90 | -1 | Sisk | 60 | 5.50 | 0.044 |
| 91 | new | Vitale | 178 | 5.00 | 0.556 |
| 92 | -2 | Podlesak | 82 | 5.00 | 0.048 |
| 93 | -2 | Gordon | 65 | 5.00 | 0.041 |
| 94 | -2 | Kovalak | 9 | 5.00 | 0.028 |
| 95 | -3 | von Behren | 5 | 5.00 | 0.028 |
| 96 | -2 | Steinhice, C. | 136 | 4.50 | 0.088 |
| 97 | -2 | Breon | 86 | 4.50 | 0.045 |
| 98 | -2 | Hinders | 55 | 4.50 | 0.034 |
| 99 | -2 | Stack | 44 | 4.50 | 0.032 |
| 100 | -2 | Drucker, G. | 7 | 4.17 | 0.023 |

YEAR 4: HUMORGEDDEN

Three times in print, Weeks 156 through 186.

LEGEND

Y4R: Ranking in Year 4.

+/-: Change in rank since September 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 | 4 | 5 | 11 | Hart, J. | 44.83 | 1.446 | 75 |
| 2 | -1 | 1 | | 6 | 7 | Witte, T. | 36.50 | 1.177 | 61 |
| 3 | | 2 | | 6 | 7 | Dudzik, S. | 35.00 | 1.129 | 59 |
| 4 | | 1 | 2 | 7 | 73 | Beland, R. | 34.50 | 1.113 | 58 |
| 5 | | 4 | | 5 | 136 | Paul, J. | 31.00 | 1.000 | 52 |
| 6 | | 2 | | 3 | 6 | Smith, C. | 28.00 | 0.903 | 47 |
| 7 | +1 | 3 | | 10 | 22 | Carnahan, E. | 27.00 | 0.871 | 45 |
| 8 | -1 | 4 | | 3 | 75 | Sorensen, J. | 25.50 | 0.823 | 43 |
| 9 | +2 | 9 | | 4 | 157 | Genser, D. | 21.00 | 0.700 | 35 |
| 10 | -1 | 4 | | 4 | 106 | Grinath, A. | 19.00 | 0.613 | 32 |
| 11 | -1 | 2 | | 2 | 58 | Romm, J. | 17.50 | 0.565 | 29 |
| 12 | -2 | 7 | | 5 | 125 | Litz, T. | 16.50 | 0.532 | 28 |
| 13 | +1 | 4 | | 3 | 74 | Steinhice, J. | 15.50 | 0.500 | 26 |
| 14 | -2 | 7 | | 4 | 46 | Worcester, S. | 15.00 | 0.484 | 25 |
| 15 | | 3 | | 3 | 71 | Kammer, J. | 14.00 | 0.452 | 23 |
| 16 | +1 | 14 | | 2 | 160 | Hull, S. | 12.66 | 0.469 | 22 |
| 17 | -1 | 5 | | 3 | 13 | Cuddihy, K. | 12.00 | 0.387 | 20 |
| 18 | | 7 | | 3 | 145 | Sorensen, B. | 11.50 | 0.371 | 19 |
| | +1 | 8 | | 2 | 30 | Zarrow, D. | 11.50 | 0.371 | 19 |
| 20 | -1 | 16 | | 2 | 14 | Kondis, P. | 10.33 | 0.333 | 17 |
| 21 | +1 | 21 | | 2 | 164 | Reese, S. | 10.00 | 0.435 | 19 |
| 22 | -1 | 20 | | | 168 | Curtis, D. | 9.00 | 0.474 | 18 |
| 23 | | 12 | | 2 | 84 | Pannullo, J. | 7.00 | 0.226 | 12 |
| 24 | -1 | 17 | | | 153 | Bent, N. | 6.00 | 0.194 | 10 |
| | -1 | 23 | | | 35 | Chong, S. | 6.00 | 0.194 | 10 |
| | -1 | 23 | | | 44 | Gilbert, E. | 6.00 | 0.194 | 10 |
| 27 | +5 | 27 | | | 178 | Vitale, P. | 5.00 | 0.556 | 16 |
| 28 | +6 | 24 | | | 165 | Scanlan, M. | 5.00 | 0.227 | 10 |
| 29 | -2 | 23 | | | 73 | Smith, D. | 5.00 | 0.161 | 8 |
| 30 | -2 | 28 | | 2 | 18 | Ferry, D. | 4.50 | 0.145 | 8 |
| 31 | -2 | 23 | | | 60 | Delduke, P. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| | +6 | 8 | | | 6 | Grove, R. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| | -2 | 8 | | 2 | 119 | Hammond, M. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| | +6 | 31 | | | 16 | King, S. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| | -2 | 8 | | | 156 | Strider, B. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| | +6 | 23 | | | 17 | Styrene, P. | 4.00 | 0.129 | 7 |
| 37 | new | 37 | | 2 | 183 | Baird, M. | 3.00 | 0.750 | 18 |
| 38 | -5 | 23 | | | 170 | O'Leary, M. | 3.00 | 0.176 | 7 |
| 39 | -4 | 27 | | | 162 | Aukema, S. | 3.00 | 0.120 | 5 |
| 40 | -4 | 11 | | 2 | 72 | Arnold, G. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 1 | | | 156 | Chaney, D. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | +23 | 8 | | | 108 | Connghn, M. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | +23 | 1 | | 2 | 47 | Dawson, F. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 36 | | | 100 | Haduch, H. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 30 | | | 70 | Kaufman, K. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 36 | | | 108 | Knanishu, J. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 11 | | | 80 | Krattmkr, K. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | +23 | 24 | | | 123 | Lamb, E. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | +23 | 37 | | | 26 | Patshnck, G. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 12 | | | 116 | Plait, P. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |
| | -3 | 30 | | | 113 | Simha, R. | 3.00 | 0.097 | 5 |

NRARS HOME PAGE now at

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

Loser Pet Peeves, Part II

Compiled by Jean Sorensen herself alone

Steve Dudzik: "Women who can't take a punch. Married couples who steal ideas from their kids. People who switch Internet providers every other month. Not getting my drinking duck in a timely manner. Tons of bumperstickers and nowhere to put them. Not knowing if Jean or Bob is reading this—the insidious Herndon Clique!"

John Kammer: "My pet peeve is name Pokey. He's actually more of a pet cat, but if you want to call him a peeve for the article's sake, then that is fine by me. I can probably come up with a photo if you need."

Jennifer Hart: "Some Losers aren't on e-mail, so we can only make fun of them once a month, IF they even bother to attend the occasional breakfast. Why, if that sweet Russ Beland (for example) were on e-mail, all of his friends could fill his mailbox with daily, even hourly, messages ... 'NO MORE EARS OR ELSE' ... Wouldn't he feel loved?"

Adam Korengold: "People who don't return phone calls. People who don't stand to the left on escalators. Polyester. Media people (i.e., sportscasters) who cannot speak English. Geographic illiteracy."

Doug Bailey: "My pet peeve is being pimped by other Losers and getting no credit from the Czar. Such as sending in a response that is exactly the same as one that does get in ... and to make it worse, it would be an answer that was definitely not my best for the week."

Chuck Smith: "The dearth of endorsement money. Tunnel dorkal syndrome (hey, you type your way and I'll type mine!) The constant calling and hanging up. (Well, I do it, but it really bugs Dave Zarrow). The constant carrying around of xeroxed SI contests."

Charlie Myers: "The liberties taken by the press with the spelling of the names 'Antoine' and 'Dante.' Aarr-rggghhh—it really frosts me. Check the newspapers yourself. For 'Antoine' they spell it 'Antwan' or 'Antuan' or 'Anton' and sometimes even 'Ant-Wan.' There are other variations too stupid to list. For the name 'Dante' you find 'Dontey' or 'Donntae' or even 'Don-Tay.' It's absurd. To ruin such classy names by sheer carelessness is criminal. Somebody ought to do something about it."

Steve Dudzik: "I don't feed her enough. I don't stroke her fur enough. I don't supply live mice to kill. I fixed her. Can't get her own web page. There is no Heimlich Maneuver for hair balls. Uncooperative sheep. Smelly corpses. The lack of on-line erotica from The People's Republic of China. Being smeared on-line by hermaphrodites. Springing for Elden's many traffic tickets. Breakfast buffet bars that don't give you a doggy bag."

Jessica Steinhice: "Having to type *all* those Loser e-addresses. Can't someone get this NRARS onto a netserver somewhere and save us some bandwidth? When the Czar mispronounces my name. Having a brother whose entries are funnier than mine. Having to be funny *all* the time now and getting flak when my name isn't attached to a losing entry. ("Hey, funny girl, losing your touch?")

Now let us take a peek into the tormented sole of one **Bob Sorensen** of Herndon: "E-mail messages that consist entirely of the line 'me too.' Women who feel it is their moral obligation to inform me that they have PMS right now, dammit! Knowing that all the SI Losers call me 'Mr. Erma Bombeck' behind my back. Old men + hats + Cadillacs + left lane of beltway. Two words: Pauly Shore."

Jean Sorensen: "The pronunciation of 't' in the word 'often.' Excessively perky people. Receiving meaningless banter from Losers because I'm on their ego-serving cc: list. Internet services that cannot change an embarrassingly cutesy address. When my children complain about having to do the ironing and cooking. Losing my New York accent."

Dave Zarrow: "Questionnaires."

Mike Connaghan: "Getting awakened (awoken? awooken? aweekend? that's my other pet peeve: communicating) in the middle of the night by an e-mail from some inconsiderate dolt." [Note to Mike: do you sleep with your computer often?]

```
From KorgGrok1@aol.com Sun Oct 27
07:37:35 1996
To: peytonc@hbi-net.com,
JOSEPH.ROMM@hq.doe.gov
cc: twitte@houdini.tec.army.mil,
chongsl@gunet.georgetown.edu,
weitzman@capaccess.org,
jeanandbob@worldnet.att.net,
worceste@mail.loc.gov,
pkondis@eia.doe.gov,
mdc@enh.nist.gov,
cuddihy@enteractive.com,
skykam@erols.com, Jhartarl@aol.com,
steinhice@cua.edu, elamb@csbsdc.org,
jedil@med1.vitro.com, dferry@phillips
.com, SMITH.CHUCK@epamail.epa.gov,
arnoldG@nima.mil
Subject: Joseph Romm, Genius
```

```
Yankees Win! Yankees Win! So I note,
Tho' Romm's pick -- Yanks in 6 -- seemed
remote,
They lost two, then won four,
Swept the Braves out the door,
As for limericks? Well, folks, that's all
she wrote.
```


CHEAP SHOTS

You all make up for your squalid failure in Cockney Rhyming Slang with an unusual precociousness in the captioning of photos and cartoons, so try your hands at these. We'll try to think of or steal one for each photo to get you started. Winners will get a break when we select photographs in future issues. Our thanks to Kitty Thuermer, Jennifer Hart, Dave Zarrow, John Kammer, and Jan Verrey for being such good sports this time without even being asked.

#1

Example: Jennifer still wasn't getting it, so Kitty asked Osvaldo Ramírez to demonstrate one of the items from her samples case. [Photo courtesy of Steve Dudzik.]

Now you try:



#2

Example: Dave Zarrow gives a demonstration of the benefits of Beano. [Photo and caption courtesy of Chuck Smith.]

Now you try:





WIT HAPPENS

WEEK 135: JERRY-BUILT SOLUTIONS

Why is it that when you see a wedding in a TV show or a movie, the minister always asks if anyone knows any reason why the couple shouldn't be married? Do you ever see that happen at a real wedding? What exactly would happen in real life if someone did speak up? The minister then says, "I'm sorry, folks, we have an objection, you can't get married?"

(Zori G. Ferkin)

WEEK 155: COMPARISON SHOPPING

Q: What's the difference between a white Ford Bronco and Pringles with olestra?

A: You can control how fast you move a white Ford Bronco.

(Mike Hammer)

WEEK 164: MEAN MEANINGS

What they say: The committee has found no credible evidence.

What they mean: The committee has made a thorough visual inspection of their respective colons. (John Kammer)

WEEK 166: DOO WAH DOODY

"Give your ID card to the border guard

Yeah, your alias says you're captain

Jean-Luc Picard of the United Federation of Planets.

But he won't speak English anyway." (Ben Lea)

WEEK 167: CRAPSEY

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| Style. | To go |
| No Shakespeare. | Where no one has |
| Still, methinks to win last. | Enterprise goes boldly |
| S'blood! "Style" hath but one syllable. | Meets strange new life, Kirk |
| Ne'er mind. (David Genser) | phasers it |
| | He's dead. (Michael Heney) |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Singer | Summer |
| Prince, in a mood | Box office hit |
| Of pique, changed his name and | People line up in droves |
| Graphic'ly told us to jump off | Seven bucks for a quick blow job |
| A glyph. (Jessica Steinhice) | Twister! (Paul Styrene) |

WEEK 168: LICENSE TO CARRY A PUN

Q: Who composes classical jingles for car companies?

A: Ludwig Minivan Beethoven. (Joseph Romm)

WEEK 178: DEEP THROATS

When I was a little boy, my father gave me the stamp album he had when he was a boy. It was kind of funny—it said "Modern Stamp Album" on the front, and had a picture of a bi-plane flying over the Empire State Building. What was even funnier was that I found an old uncanceled German stamp worth 100 million Deutschmarks, which the almanac said was the same as 25 million dollars. But the man at the stamp shop wouldn't buy it. I cried when I realized we wouldn't be moving into a house with a bathroom after all.

(Elden Carnahan)

WEEK 182: CAN YOU STOP THIS?

"Life on Mars, who cares, but I bet there's life on Uranus, baby."

(Bob Sorensen)

"Lyndon—Lyndon LaRouche." (Jean Sorensen)

"Good-looking family you've got there. If you died tomorrow, wouldn't you want to spare them any financial worries?" (Sarah Worcester)

WEEK 183: COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG II

(Regardless of what is actually said or sold, this is the part of the jingle the hawker mumbles *softo voce*—the oral equivalent of small print):

"Sold by weight not volume. Minus title, tax, and fee.

Terms of sale are subject to availability.

Sold without expressed or written product guarantee.

Credit check may be required. Sorry, Tennessee." (Greg Arnold)

For a Republican Congressional candidate:

"Get your free money, just vote for me.

No more deficits, either, you wait and see.

It's all guaranteed. Absolutely no pains.

And no whiney lib'rals taking yer capital gains!" (Peyton Coyner)

For a diner breakfast cook:

"I'm a regular Matisse with a griddle full of grease,

My eggs are never runny and my ham's a masterpiece!

You'll want to eat my pancakes and my hash browns to excess ...

Your arteries may whimper, but your stomach will cry, "YESSSS!"

(Jennifer Hart)

For a small business owner who competes against giant superstores:

Many folks go to the warehouse stores where they think they'll be sav-

ers,

Who wants to come to my little family-run shop?

Now to compete with the big guys, this little mom-and-pop

With each fifty-buck order gives free sexual favors. (Dave Zarrow)

WEEK 184: ED ANGUISH

The Constitution will be amended to give animals the right to vote. All animals will be equally represented although some will be more equal than others. Farm states will be redistricted to ensure that black sheep are represented fairly in the new Animal Kingdom Party. Bestiality will be encouraged and man-beast marriages will be recognized by the state as a legitimate alternate lifestyle. (Steve Dudzik)

WEEK 185: WONDERLUST

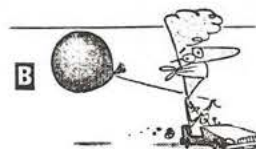
Eiffel Tower: Alexandre Gustav Eiffel's astonishing erection.

(Charlie Myers)

The Vanishing Snowplows of Washington, D.C. (Jonathan Paul)

WEEK 186: CALLING THE TOON

Miss Manners after giving New Year's Eve partygoers instructions on the proper way to kiss at the stroke of midnight. (Mike Connaghan)



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 ones and pitched the rest, and we are thinking specifically of you, Mike Thring, Leesburg. Please send us more.

E-mailed submissions preferred.

DEPRAVDA

MAIL DELAYED
Due to war in
Afghanistan



STATUS: PIF EXPIRES AUG-97



26718-1146 01



DEPRAVDA

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

28th & 29th NON-CONSECUTIVE N.R.A.R.S. BREAKFASTS

November 3, 10:30 a.m.

Holiday Inn, 480 King St.

Old Town Alexandria

7-min. walk fm King St. Sta. (Blue Line)

Reservation under "Zarrow"

Order from menu or
do breakfast buffet for \$15.95

2 hours free parking with validation

December 8, 9:00 a.m.

Community Room, Randolph Towers

4001 North 9th St., Arlington

Closest Metro Stop: Ballston

Hosts: Jennifer Hart and Dave Zarrow

Cooperative effort this time; further details
in November issue

Metered parking on N. Fairfax,
Randolph, and Quincy; most are free

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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and know you'll return some day.

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That's it, huh

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