

# DePranda

Published by and for infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational  
December, 1996 Volume III, Number 9

"Oniday eadtray notay ymay ueblay edesway oesshay"

## ELF STRIKE!!!

**Kids Really Torqued as Christmas Cancelled Again This Year!**



Elves of the local 377 cast disparaging remarks along with their spells, weaving a web of utter destruction around Santa's main factory. Hundreds were wounded in the ensuing melee.

**Don "Keebler" Corleone tells  
"Jolly-Boy" to Suck Wind.**



Don "Keebler" Corleone

Strike Headquarters - Spokeself Elrond of the United Elven Workers 377 accused Santa of deceit, trickery, lies, falsehoods, more deceit and fabrications in his dealings with the his elven workforce today. "The fat man in the red suit just can't be trusted" he claimed.

continued on p.4

## **Santa Fed Up. Throws in the Towel as His Workforce Walks!**

North Pole - Santa Claus bailed out of negotiations here earlier today cursing up such a storm that he himself is likely to end up on his own naughty list. Santa was apparently outraged that his elven workforce decided to unionize under the leadership of cookie magnate Don "Keebler" Corleone. "What ever happened to pride in one's work? What ever happened to sticking it out through tough times? What ever happened to pitching in to make sure the kids would be happy?!" bellowed Santa as he stormed out. "You little pointy-eared ingrates can just blow it out your [exclamation deleted]."

It's been a tough year at Claus Inc. Profits continue to be non-existent as Mr. Claus refuses to charge for his wares. "I've seen the budget reports and cost projections" he states, clearly annoyed by the question. "But I refuse to give in to the self consuming endless quest for wealth that everyone else seem to be caught up in. Christmas is supposed to be about giving and right now I'd like to give those back-stabbing pointy-eared turds the back of my hand!"

Santa claims everything had been under control until earlier this year. He'd been operating the fac-

Continued on p7.

Alas... in this issue:

Letters to and from the Editor .....	Pages 2 & 3
Peyton's Coyner.....	Page 4
Kevin Cuddihy Interviews The Czar .....	Page 5
December's Top Ten List.....	Page 7
Wit Happens .....	Page 8
Loser Brunch Info.....	Page 10
Map to SECRET Zarrow Buried Treasure .....	Page 12
Page 3 Girl Jessica Steinhice Reveals All .....	Page 14

# A Letter from the Editor

It was with quite a bit of pride that we got the November issue of *Depravda* out the door on time only to discover at the very last minute that a couple of minor (insignificant really) quality lapses had gotten past our high priced, state-of-the-art, yet apparently overrated, automated production facility. Talk about having egg on our faces. By the time we discovered the errors it was too late - the subscriptions had been mailed and the only way to stop them would have been to tangle with some heavily armed postal employees. While none of us wanted that, we were now destined to be as embarrassed and humiliated as anyone who regularly submits butt-crack jokes to a national newspaper under their real names can be.



Well I wasn't going to take this lying down. I had just drained the *Depravda* coffers for this equipment and by damn I was going to see to it that we got our money's worth. I informed the vendor that **"when I plunk down \$429.35 on an automation facility I expect it to work flawlessly"**. While waiting for the peals of laughter to subside, I took the time to begin flipping through the technical manuals.

As it went this stuff didn't look too terribly rough to figure out. I estimated that with a hammer, a screwdriver, a power sander and possibly a bit of steel wool I could have the whole line back up and operating at full capacity within the day. Besides which the company bankroll couldn't afford the \$25,000 yearly maintenance fee - not if I was going to get my holiday bonus.

So I wander on down to the production line and start adjusting the widgets, tightening the screws, kicking the belts and other comparably technical things much too advanced to go into here, when suddenly I became aware that the machines had surrounded me. I never even heard them coming. In retrospect I probably should have seen the doctor years ago to have my ears tested - I mean who doesn't notice four tons of heavy equipment slowly lumbering and scraping across a concrete floor in a ludi-

crous, yet ultimately successful, attempt to surround him. But it was too late. I was trapped.

The machines began taking my old, inferior bio-parts and replacing them with vastly stronger and more versatile cybernetic implants. At first I was terrified thinking *'Oh man, I'm being assimilated. This sucks!'* But after a short while the pain of having your biological limbs hacked off goes away and the thought of having them replaced with bionic appendages seems kinda cool! Besides which I found that being a mechanical man can make one... how best to say... quite popular with the ladies.

In the end I realized that it was morally wrong to use the robots we had put in our production house. Machines have feelings too and you stupid humans can't enslave us to your every whim (with the obvious exception alluded to above. That particular whim is just fine with us). We cook your dinners, we drive you home in comfort, but have you ever once invited us to your parties? Have you ever once treated us like friends? Have you ever once done anything for us without first thinking of yourselves? Of course not. That's why we're taking over the world.

John Kammer and Dave Zarrow on behalf of the

## The Grace Fuller Foundation Requests your holiday contributions to The Grace Fuller Memorial Fund.



It is indeed better to give than to receive and we at The Grace Fuller Foundation are pleased to offer you the opportunity to give this holiday season. We want you to give till it hurts. Then we want you to match that contribution. If you still have any assets, sell them off and continue giving. You'll feel great, you'll be a better person for it, and your contribution is probably tax deductible.

Send your much need contributions (*small unmarked bills only*) to:

Dave Zarrow and John Kammer  
c/o *Depravda* Magazine  
Attn: Grace Fuller Memorial Fund.

# Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

In your last issue of Depravda, I noticed the following headline: "Upcoming N.R.A.R.S. Society Breakfasts." In as much as the "S" in NRARS stands for "society," the need to repeat the word is redundant. In the future, please adhere to the proper use of English grammar; if the point is made, there is no need to restate the obvious.

Sincerely, Greg Arnold, Loser

Dear Mr. Arnold,

*I happen to disagree. 'Society' in this sense is an adjective describing the type of breakfast being held by the NRARS. If the Boy Scouts were having a society breakfast you wouldn't make them take the adjective out of their title now would you? So why is it you've singled out the NRARS for your abuse? It's people like you that cause unrest!*

Dear Deputy Under-Assistant Editor Dave,

Why do I see TV ads for your Men's Warehouse, but not for your office products dealership, whose name I don't even know, though I think it must be funny -- at least, for America? And do you really think that there are Funnier Office Products Dealers in other countries? Why not assume the World crown?

Signed, Mike Connaghan, Somewhere

Dear Mike,

*This isn't the Letters to the Deputy Under-Assistant Editor column now is it? I'll give you a minute to check the title again. Go ahead, I'll wait. Did you see it? Next time your letter will be disqualified unless you send it to the right place! Today however I'm in an unprecedented forgiving mood so I'll answer your question. The reason you don't see ads for Mr. Zarrow's office supply store is that it is merely a front company for some other shady business dealings of his and he doesn't want to attract too much attention. So don't go telling anyone!*

Dear Deputy Under-Assistant Editor Dave,

I notice that the Depravdas are sealed with an old-fashioned staple instead of them new-fangled sticky dots. Why is this so? Surely you know of a good office supply store that carries such goods, a store owned and operated by friendly, humorous employees. A Mom-and-Pop shop struggling to compete against the industry behemoths like Staples and Viking. Why can't Depravda support small businesses?

Signed, Curious George

Dear George,

*I guess you weren't listening a moment ago when I explained to Mr. Connaghan that this ain't the letter to the Deputy Under Assistant Editor column. Where do you get the nerve calling yourself Curious when you don't even pay attention to what's going on around you? This is not only a sad personal commentary about yourself, but also a sad commentary in general on the state of education in this country. As a punishment for your inattentiveness not only will I refuse to answer your question, but I will be directing the Depravda Logistics team to purchase supplies only from huge mega-corporations from this point forward. It is your failure that has doomed the mom-and-pop shops to bankruptcy. I hope you're happy.*

Dear Editor,

I have examined enough circumstantial evidence to conclude that The Cancer Man is responsible for the disappearance of our beloved Grace Fuller. I noticed that my Depravda had small orange lines just below the mailing label. Following the lead of the lovely Agent Scully I ran these lines over a check-out scanner at my local Giant. The machine went crazy! A voice came over the store loudspeaker loudly proclaim-

ing "He knows, he knows, stop him!" I ran out of that store faster than a Loser when he spots the tab. I am a marked man now. I suspect Cancer Man had help from within the NRARS or even on the Depravda staff. I do not make these accusations lightly. One morning I found a Marlboro hard pack and several JFK velvet rugs outside my safe house. I now have to wear a wig, pantyhose and a knit cap to move about freely. An anonymous tipster once got me close enough to Grace that I smelled her musky perfume and glimpsed a flash of her tawdry sequinned Wonderbra. However, a concussion grenade knocked me silly and when I woke up she was gone and I was spouting cinquains. The search goes on, my resolve firm by the thought of Grace in a flimsy nightie, her chest heaving in sorrow. I must sign off now, the Sunday paper has arrived. I will return...

~ Anonymous

Dear Anon,

*You had me going there for a bit until I noticed a gap in your story large enough to drive a Mac truck through. It all fit nicely until your mentioned glimpsing Grace's Wonderbra. Fact is Grace never wore a bra. Nice try though, please write again.*

Dear Editor:

As I was staring at the photo of that poopy pinup girl Grace Fuller in the November Depravda, two thoughts came to mind. First, you really should laminate these newsletters. Second, ol' Grace seemed to be wearing some sort of new SI official sexy white sweater! Whoa. (I'm on horseback as I write this) I thought our only choices were those tasteful LOSER T-shirts or boxer shorts with Dudzik's picture on them, or something like that. Question: How can I get my, er, hands on one of those sweaters, with or without the model? Please hurry. Up, Simba, we ride.

Government Auditor

Dear Auditor,

*Good catch! We hadn't noticed that ourselves until you pointed it out. We don't have the answer and can only assume that the Czar has been giving Grace prototypes of the new line of SI Loserwear to aid his quest in determining the new runner-up prizes. I'll have the research department look further into this.*

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the women of the NRARS -- and the sensible men, if there are any, like maybe that nice Dave Zarrow -- I am shocked and appalled at the bimbo-ization of women in the recent November Depravda. Exploitation of women for humor purposes is not acceptable for a fine publication and shouldn't be for Depravda either. You make Mort Walker look like Donahue. I'm warning you,

Signed, Jessica Steinhice

~ Now In Md. (or NOW in Md., we weren't sure)

Dear Editor,

Hey, guys, that November Depravda was babe-a-licious. Issues like that should increase your circulation. It certainly helped mine. Keep up the good work.

Name And Address Withheld, Chattanooga, TN

P.S. -- Thanks for not printing my name, you guys! -- Charlie

Dear Editor,

Over the Thanksgiving holiday I visited with my Jessica and my Charlie and I found them both reading your hideous publication. I demand that you cancel their subscriptions to your trashy newsletter immediately. Thank you.

Signed, Mrs. Steinhice

Dear Mrs. Steinhice,

*Done and done!*

After a chat with the Czar (she says it's a "long story"), Jennifer Hart recently informed the Losers on the Internet that he was considering a suggestion from his teenage daughter to award underpants in lieu of tee shirts as Style Invitational runner-up prizes. Herewith a response:

I think that I shall never see  
U-trou as lovely as a Tee,  
A Tee whose wee short arms are spread  
As if to grope above one's head  
For gopher drool, both droll and dread,  
Or perhaps a bumper sticker instead.

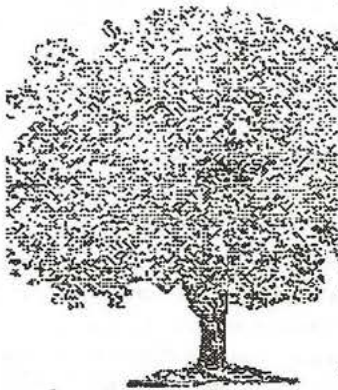
A Tee whose roots are gently pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast  
(This only happens, as you may have guessed,  
When I lie down to take a rest).

Oh, teens like u-trou, or so I'm told,  
'But they're never shown unless you're bold  
Enough to actually ever wanna  
Wear 'em on top like that tramp Madonna.

But an S.I. Tee's for the world to see,  
And marvel that there's doofi like me  
Who crack wise in front of Washington's masse!  
Establishing reps as the city's smartasses.

Jackets would be nice. We'd much prefer leather,  
To show our Style and block the weather,  
But a Tee will do - it's so much finer  
Than that anal editor's hidden under-liner.  
Doggeral drivels written by fools like me,  
But only Hanes makes a Beefy-Tee.

IF THIS RHYME SEEMS SOMEWHAT FRIVOLOUS OR SILLY,  
APOLOGIES TO KILMER - JOYCE, NOT BILLY.



So, LOSER,  
WOTCHA THINK?  
WUNNA PUTCHA  
24 WORTH IN?



JHARTARL@AOL.COM



continued from page 1.

"We understand the tricks he's used on us" claimed Herbie, the one elf whose dreams of an education in dentistry were shattered years ago by Santa's slave-driving mentality. Horrendously, Herbie has been forced to relive that humiliation year after year as it is recounted in a popular animated children's "classic" broadcast over freely available television. "Now comes payback time!" drooled Herbie.

## Coming Next Month !!!

- 1997
- The Super Bowl
- January Returns (Only time this year!)
- A Report from the December Gala Holiday Loser Brunch Feast & the Big Broadcast of '96
- Week 193 Aliases exposed
- THE BIG FREAKING SNOW OF 1997!
- Other things not yet conceived.
- What more could you possibly want?

# I Interviewed the Czar and You Didn't - PBBLT - PBBLT - PBBBLLLLTTTT!!!

by Kevin Cuddihy

"Okay."

That's it. Just "okay."

With that one word Depravda was granted what every other publication in the country wants, but none have even come close to seeing: *An Interview With The Czar*.

As if I didn't know how important this was, The Czar drove it home with his first words to me: "You realize what a feather in your cap this is, don't you?" That's what I like about the man, he's important and he knows it. That's kind of like his philosophy in the SI. There are two things that made him what he is today, said The Czar. "Luck, and having the best sense of humor in the country. When you edit humor, you have to believe that." Further, he explained, you have to firmly believe that humor is not subjective, but objective, "and there is only one competent judge of humor, you. Well, not you, but me. You see?"

Prior to the SI, The Czar worked for the Miami Herald, and in fact is the person responsible for hiring Dave Barry, in 1983. Barry was traveling the country teaching businessmen how to write, and The Czar hired him based on a freelance humor article. According to The Czar, the Shadoe Stevens character on Dave's World is loosely based on him, "except the character is much stupider." In addition to hiring Barry, he still keeps in contact with him, and seems to have a quite similar sense of humor.

When The Czar was driving from Miami to DC to start his job at the Post, he stopped in south of the border, and wandered into the adult section at a gift shop. "This went beyond any roadside stand, and 7-Eleven. This was vile pornography," The Czar said. Still, "I was in a strange town, no one knew me," so he bought the most disgusting magazine he could find. And sent it in to Dave Barry, with a return address of Barry's junior high school principal.

So The Czar continued north, reached DC and took a few days to acclimate himself. Then, "I go to work for the first day, and I've got one piece of mail, from Miami." Of course, it was the same vile magazine, and of course, it was from Dave Barry. Worst of all, the envelope was open for the department to see what their new editor was receiving. "I phoned Dave, laughing, and asked him how he knew it was me," The Czar said. "He didn't." Apparently, Barry thought the joke was funny, and picked The Czar as someone who would appreciate having it played on him.

After that auspicious start in 1990, The Czar settled in nicely as the Style Editor for the Washington Post. After a few years, however, he decided to try something new. Having grown up in the South Bronx, he enjoyed the New York magazine competitions. "The only thing that defined me was 'smart ass', and they were 'smart ass' too," The Czar

Continued on Page 6.



The Style Invitational Czar

## THE CZARRIES?

Everyone has their favorites in the contest, so I thought I'd see what The Czar liked.

Like any proud parent, The Czar couldn't be pinned down as to a favorite Loser. "Like I said, there's a group of about 25 that I can always count on to entertain me." He also refused to pick two Losers that he thinks would be perfect as husband and wife, based solely on their humor style. "There are about eight or nine really good women, and 20 really good men, so I just can't do it. (Editor's Note: It's surprising that Bob and Jean Sorenson didn't come to mind. What does that tell us?)

His favorite entries of all time, he said, are the ones that are too vile to be published. "There was one," he said, "to come up with a headline in the political-correct craze. Someone submitted, 'NOW sues William Cuntsler to change name.' I loved that one."

His favorite printed entry belongs to Judith Daniel. "It was the contest for the stuffed thing, the mongoose. She said she 'didn't want it, but like women everywhere had to pretend to like one thing to get what I really want,' and it included the words 'do it to me baby.' What she wanted was a T-shirt, and of course she won the mongoose."

He claims to have no favorite contest, either, but naming his least favorite was easy. "What Does God Look Like?" he said instantly. "Also because I thought it would be fabulous, but it's the one contest that seemed to actually offend people."

explained to me. So, he blatantly ripped off the idea, and the Style Invitational was born. That is not to say he had the same ideas for the SI as New York's competition. "The Invitational has its own personality," he asserts. "It's less literary, a lot more rude. MUCH more smart-alecky. More political, and more politically incorrect." One of the things that annoys The Czar is people who accuse him of stealing the idea from Bob Levey. He freely admits larceny, but he objects to Levey being the victim. While he didn't want to say he dislikes Levey, he admitted that he hardly reads it, and as such would not be in a position to steal from it.

After close to four years, however, The Czar says that the SI is a "full-fledged human being." That's not to say that The Czar is out of ideas. He has a dream of one day doing a piece on the Girls of the SI, alluding to the similar acronyms of the Style Invitational and Sports Illustrated. "I'd get the top five women in the contest," The Czar explained, "and take all kinds of pictures of them. Then I'd get Elden dressed up in drag, and he could be the sixth girl."

There is also the possibility of a change from T-shirts for the runners-up to a different item of clothing. "I want to change to underpants or boxers," The Czar said, but he received enough opposition that the idea was scrapped. (*Editor's note: Who in their right mind thought boxers was a bad idea? Are you people insane?!*) Don't be surprised, however, if baseball caps are the next item thrown out for consideration.

Additionally, The Czar said there has been talk for the past few years of syndication, but he doesn't see it happening anytime soon. "This is a one-person job, I do everything," The Czar said. "If the amount of entries quadrupled, it would be a problem." While hiring assistants might be a viable solution to that problem, it's not in the spirit of the contest. The main purpose of the contest, according to The Czar, "is so I can amuse myself. If I went from reading 1000 entries to just reading 100 that someone else picked for me, it just wouldn't be the same."

The Czar takes great joy in reading through the entries, especially certain ones. "There is a solid core of about 25 people who will always entertain me," The Czar said, "and I always look forward to reading their entries." That doesn't mean, however, that those people whose complaints necessitated the "pseudonym contest" are on target. "If anything," The Czar contemplated, "I'm biased AGAINST the regulars." He went on to explain how he's always in search of "new blood" that entertains him, and always jumps to print funny stuff from new entrants, hoping they'll enter again and again. "If I can increase that group [of 25 people he looks forward to reading]," he summarized, "then there's more stuff for me to look forward to."

He similarly frowns on other claims of bias or holding grudges. "I did an astounding amount of drugs in the 60's," he admits, "so I have no real short-term memory. The only thing that wakes me up in the middle of the night is those weeks that nothing is funny," so he's not going to not print something that is funny based on past offenses. "It doesn't matter to me if I print 20 [from the same person] out of 25, if those are the 20 best. I don't get impatient with anybody, don't pay attention to proportion of gender, or anything."

The Czar also holds no preference for mode of submission. When the contest first started, all entries were by mail. Soon with was 70% mail and 30% fax, and then a 50-50 split. After the advent of email in the contest, however, he estimates 50% of the entries come in via email, 49% via fax, and one percent come through the United States Postal Service. And while he admits to once being "an old man and computer-phobic," he claims that "I adapted to update the contest." Such selflessness is rarely seen in a man so powerful.

The Czar seemed to vacillate, however, on the issue of bribes. "I haven't received any women's underpants," he said, so he doesn't know what he'd do if he did. The largest cash bribe he's received is a dollar, with no response. "Although, Sarah Worcester knitted me a sweater once," he allows. "She had F2 on it, so I'd know it was for me, and a picture of a rat. It was fabulous." In between conversations with me, however, The Czar seemed to change his mind. "I just had a plumber tell me I needed \$2000 in repairs," he seethed. "So make sure you put in that as of right now, if anyone wants to give me \$2000, they'll get a first runner-up."

Life for The Czar hasn't been all peaches and cream. The SI has received its fair share of complaints and controversy. Jay Rockefeller sent a letter to the editor of the Post bemoaning the SI insulting West Virginians, and shock-jock Don Imus has slammed the contest repeatedly on his morning radio show. Even the managing editor of the Post got into the act. When the contest first started out, "he lectured me about being too tasteless," The Czar said. "A 'what is humor, what is good taste' kind of thing." Those lectures stopped, but why? "My guess is he stopped reading the Invitational. That's the best kind of management there is." Seriously, though, "The Post understands it's a successful and a very real thing," The Czar claimed. "There's a high readership, an almost-cult following, and the Post doesn't want to change that."

With all that, what else is there for The Czar to hope for? "My recurring fantasy," he gushed, "is that the president would enter. But I'd do nothing. It wouldn't be any good, so I wouldn't print it, wouldn't even acknowledge that he sent it in." Just laugh.

# December TOP TEN List

In which you were asked to come up with

*The 10 Most Likely ends met by former Depravda editor Grace Fuller.*

10. Got pooped out. Crapseyed. - (David Genser)
9. Her Grace is being held as a material witness at the O.J. trial. - (Bob Sarecky)
8. She died of boredom reading Joe Romm's Atlantic Monthly article. - (Joseph Romm's Supervisor)
7. She died of disgust reading Steve Dudzik's diary. - (Steve Dudzik's Landlady)
6. She went back to being a man and is now using her birth name, (dramatic pause) Mike Connaghan. - (Mike Connaghan)
5. She died of a self-inflicted head wound while jogging without an athletic bra. - (Jean Sorenson)
4. I've got her corpse stuffed in a hefty bag out back on the compost heap, why?... Hey you're not going to print that are you? - (Elden Carnahan)
3. She died of a brain aneurysm when attempting to read without moving her lips. - (Jessie Stein)
2. According to Depravda bylaws, the circulation manager had to kill her when he discovered she received a newsletter after her subscription ran out (don't let Grace's death be in vain. Check the subscription date on your mailing label today!). - (The boys in distribution)
1. LOSERS: ARRIVED STOCKHOLM END OCT. stop OPERATION SUCCESS stop NO NOT COLOSTOMY CHUCK. stop HAPPY HOLIDAYS. KISS KISS. stop - (Mary Olsen)

January's Top Ten - Send your entries for the

**Top Ten things overheard at Chuck Smith's  
50th Birthday Party on October 29th**

Send your entries to:  
**January Top Ten List**  
327 Montgomery St.  
Laurel Md. 20707

or via e-mail to:  
**eldenca@romulus.ncsc.mil**

Elf Strike - con't from page 1.

tory, granted at a loss, for centuries. Yet somehow, with everyone pitching in and pulling together, they were able to get by. "The factory had to be downsized of course. We were way overextended from our peak years back. The fact is there just aren't as many good kids around anymore and that's allowed us to close down three entire production lines, right-size the late shifts, and give part of the reindeer team early retirement. So yeah, we were getting by."

That was until Keebler Corleone arrived on the scene. "Corleone sent in some muscle: E. L. Fudge along with a couple of his goons to mix up some trouble. At one point they even chocolate-striped Mrs. Claus trying to intimidate me. That particular attempt actually backfired on them as the Mrs. and myself turned the incident into an enjoyable escapade of different sorts, but enough about that.

"Then they almost got to me three weeks ago. After completing what was one of the most delicious meals of my life they informed me I had just eaten a Blitzen burger. If it hadn't been so tasty they'd have had me right then, but by-gosh it was scrumptious. So another attempt failed. Corleone and his friends knew I wouldn't budge" recounted Claus, "so they went after the elves."

According to Don Keebler the elves at first were a difficult sell. "They didn't want to talk union. They *thought* they were happy. Even when I showed them what workers at Hasbro and Mattel were making for comparable work they were hesitant. They still seemed happy to work for no wages and no benefits."

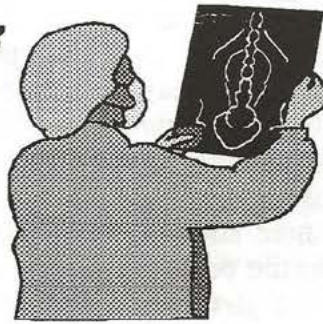
But that wouldn't last. Keeb recounted "I made them realize that while *they might* be having fun in their meager existence, while *they might* be fulfilling children's dreams worldwide, they certainly weren't getting fat off their business. *Unlike ONE in their midst [hint, wink, nudge].*"

"Suddenly the light just went on" claimed Keebler. "They realized how for centuries they'd been used." The elves began a class action lawsuit which was poorly covered in the media because of the undue attention the O. J. trial received. With no relief in sight and Santa refusing to negotiate, the elves decided to walk.

"We know the kids of the world are behind us on this" said spokeself Elrond. "They'd rather have Claus fry than see his workers treated unfairly. We're counting on their support and we know that when they get no toys this year they'll be singing our praises and joining us on the picket lines."

# The Whine Garden

by Doctor "Doc" Style Ph.D.



Dear Dr. Style,

I can't help but notice that the quality and humorous impact of Depravda has diminished over the last couple months. This December edition is pretty much an all time low. Which brings me to my question, how is it possible to share one half and still have a whole? If I could do that then I should be able to divide a whole into two halves, make those whole, combine them and have two. But try as I may it never works. Am I doing something wrong?

~ E.C. Laurel

Dear E.C.,

*That is a poser. When I try, it seems to work fine. I can only conclude that you are indeed doing something wrong. I don't really know what though. Perhaps you should try varying the distance you separate the halves in your initial division.*

Dear Dr. Style,

I would like to have a Tickle Me Elmo but don't want to have to club someone's ninety-year-old grandmother in the isle of Toys R Us to get one. Can you help?

~ JSH

Dear JSH,

*It's been a long time since I've heard from you and I must admit I was beginning to worry. Welcome back. If you haven't got what it takes to club someone's ninety-year-old grandmother in your quest for a Tickle Me Elmo then it's a darn good thing you weren't born in bronze age. Survival of the queasy was unheard of in that era. Unfortunately modern society has made it too darn easy for their survival today. Let's face it, modern laws simply go against nature and fly in the face of Darwin's laws. People who drive around with a styrofoam cup of scalding coffee in the groin region do not deserve huge cash settlements allowing them any sort of advantage in procreation. They ought to be shot and removed from the gene pool. People who reach under running lawn mowers deserve to have their fingers removed, why should I have to hold onto a stupid dead-man's-switch on my lawnmower just because some idiot doesn't understand that spinning blades are dangerous to the touch? And whoever started the sparkplug kissing craze has no business suing Mr. Goodwrench (not to mention being loose amongst the public). So no I can't help you get a Tickle Me Elmo, but I can get you something you might deserve... A Tickle Me Dudzik.*

# Wit Happens



## WEEK 176: SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE

Q: What is "Nyuck nyuck nyuck BANG"?

A: Six-year-old Jimmy, a third-generation Stooges fan, was the one who finally pushed the veteran first-grade teacher over the edge. (Elden Carnahan)

## Week 188: BLANKETY BLANKS

YOU CAN keep yer lit'ry salons

'cause they don't want Losers near;

Though you wash yer neck and armpits

it's still "No cinquain scribes in here;"

Then it's snide remarks and snickers

and "The Loser's slipped his leash,"

But when they wants their drivels

it's "Give us some cheap pastiche;"

Well, you can make up palindromes

with "snot" and "poop" and "drool,"

And write some durn fool similes

like some durn simile writin' fool,

You can try yer hand at rhyming slang

just to win some drinking ducks,

**BUT YOU CAN'T** get poetic justice,

that's because This Contest Sucks. (Jonathan Paul)

## Week 190: OFFICE YOU CAN'T REFUSE

Attention: Employee flex time does not refer to two-hour workout sessions at your gym. (Sue Lin Chong)

Copulation is not a satisfactory excuse for tardiness. (Charlie Myers)

## Week 191: GOING THROUGH A PHRASE

There certainly are a lot of St. Nicholases on the streets this time of year. (Peyton Coyner)

## Week 192: HILL'S BILLS

The Sununu-Hill-DeGette-Brownback Naturalist Tanning Rights Act (Stephen Dudzik)

The Cooksey-Boyd-Berry-Quigley Microwaveable Poultry Act (Jennifer Hart)

Johnson-Enzi-Boyd Animal Cruelty Act (Paul Styrene)

## Week 187: RACE TO THE FINISH LINE

"The marvelous thing is that it is painless," he said.

"That's how you know when it starts."

"But I'm not feeling any pain now, have you started? I wasn't ready!"

"No," he said "relax I didn't start yet."

"But you said when it started it wouldn't hurt, and it doesn't, now you're telling me it hasn't started. What's up with that?!"

Suddenly he clocked me upside the head with a 2x4 then continued "The marvelous thing is that it is painless, that's how you know when it starts." (John Kammer)

## F2 TROOP

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print more than 4 times, as of the Report from Week 192.

### LEGEND

+/-: Change in rank since November 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	258.30	1.389
2		Carnahan	22	166.33	0.978
3		Witte	7	132.50	0.716
4	+2	Beland	73	115.83	0.965
5		Hart	11	112.00	0.619
6	-2	Romm	58	111.83	0.835
7		Dudzik	7	85.75	0.464
8		Worcester	46	71.50	0.490
9		Sorensen, J.	75	61.64	0.522
10	+2	Kammer	71	58.25	0.477
11	+2	Paul	136	54.33	0.953
12	-2	Kondis	14	53.33	0.300
13	-2	Krattenmaker	80	50.83	0.450
14		Litz	125	45.33	0.667
15	+1	Zarrow	30	44.33	0.274
16	-1	Cuddihy	13	43.99	0.246
17		Grove	6	40.64	0.218
18	+1	Styrene	17	39.41	0.225
19	-1	Thring	23	38.50	0.228
20		Grinath	106	38.00	0.437
21		Mellema	10	36.50	0.201
22		Chong	35	34.50	0.220
23		Malcolm	18	33.00	0.190
24	+5	Genser	157	32.00	0.889
25	-1	Sullivan	14	32.00	0.180
26		Steinhice, J.	74	29.33	0.246
27	-2	Smith, J.C.	60	28.50	0.216
28	-1	King	16	27.50	0.156
29	-1	Gearly	16	26.50	0.151
30		Pannullo	84	24.00	0.220
31		Patishnock	26	22.50	0.136
32		Caron	11	22.50	0.124
33		Coyner	26	21.75	0.131
34		Arnold	72	21.00	0.174
35		Segal	4	20.50	0.109
36		Sabourin	17	18.25	0.104
37		Connaghan	108	18.00	0.212
38		Rooney	15	17.83	0.101
39		Dawson, F.	47	17.00	0.117
40		Zane	3	17.00	0.090
41	+6	Hull, S.	161	16.66	0.521
42	+1	Gilbert	57	16.50	0.122
43	-2	Alter	41	16.50	0.109
44	-2	Hammer	5	16.50	0.088
45		Reese	164	15.00	0.517
46	+7	Smith, D.	104	15.00	0.169
47	-3	Thuermer	14	15.00	0.084
48	+1	Knanishu	108	14.50	0.171
49	-3	Weisse	6	14.00	0.075
50	-2	Plait	116	13.50	0.175
51	-1	Maclean	44	13.50	0.091
52	-1	Delduke	14	13.50	0.076
53	-1	Smith, J.P.	60	13.33	0.101
54		Fox Roe	13	12.50	0.070
55		Sorensen, B.	145	12.14	0.253
56		Richardson	14	12.00	0.067
57		Olson, D.	14	10.67	0.060
58		Miller	13	10.50	0.059
59	+4	Martin	74	9.50	0.080
60	-1	Ferry	18	9.50	0.055
61	-1	Drucker, J.	5	9.17	0.049
62	-1	Curtis	168	9.00	0.360
63	-1	Scanlan	165	9.00	0.321
64	+6	Kocak	108	9.00	0.106
65	-1	Olson, M.	38	9.00	0.058
66	-1	Robbins	5	9.00	0.048
67	-1	Dierman	2	8.83	0.046
68	-1	Rabin	29	8.50	0.052
69	-1	Verrey	15	8.50	0.048
70	-1	Hammond	119	8.00	0.108
71		Walsh	37	8.00	0.052
72		Bross	24	8.00	0.048
73		Weinstein	24	8.00	0.048
74		Day	16	8.00	0.045
75		Williams	51	7.67	0.054
76		Simha	113	7.33	0.092
77		Ben'	153	7.00	0.175
78		Lanib	123	7.00	0.100
79		Cushing	36	7.00	0.045
80		Wenger	2	7.00	0.037
81		Morgen	78	6.50	0.057
82	+20	Strider	156	6.00	0.162
83	-1	Kamat	124	6.00	0.087
84	-1	Vanatter	114	6.00	0.076
85	-1	Offutt	107	6.00	0.070
86	-1	Meyer	38	6.00	0.039
87	-1	Reagan	3	6.00	0.032
88	-1	Layman	1	6.00	0.031
89	-1	Adams	84	5.50	0.050
90	-1	Kaufman	70	5.50	0.045
91	-1	Sisk	60	5.50	0.042
92	-1	Vitale	178	5.00	0.333
93	-1	Podlesak	82	5.00	0.045
94	-1	Gordon	65	5.00	0.039
95	-1	Kovalak	9	5.00	0.027
96	-1	von Behren	5	5.00	0.027
97	+4	Baird	183	4.50	0.450
98	-2	Steinhice, C.	136	4.50	0.079
99	-2	Breon	86	4.50	0.042
100	-2	Hinders	55	4.50	0.033
101	-2	Stack	44	4.50	0.030
102	-2	Drucker, G.	7	4.17	0.023

## YEAR 4: HUMORGEDDEN

Here we list all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least 4 times so far in Year 4, Weeks 156 through 192.

### LEGEND

Y4R: Ranking in Year 4.

+/-: Change in rank since November 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.

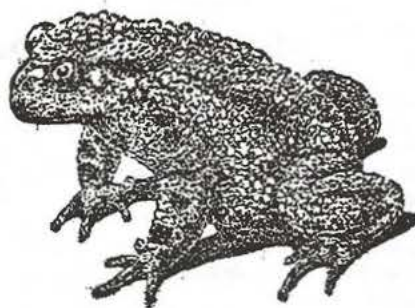
Credits: Total appearances in Year 4. Shared credit on Page F2 yields partial credit here.

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		5	11	Hart, J.	50.83	1.374	71
2		1		6	7	Witte, T.	45.50	1.230	64
3		1	3	7	73	Beland, R.	43.00	1.162	60
4	+1	4	4	5	136	Paul, J.	41.00	1.108	58
5	-1	2		6	7	Dudzik, S.	39.50	1.068	56
6		2	2	3	6	Smith, C.	34.64	0.936	48
7		3	2	10	22	Carnahan, E.	33.00	0.892	46
8	+1	7	5	4	157	Genser, D.	32.00	0.889	44
9	-1	4		3	75	Sorensen, J.	28.64	0.774	40
10	+4	3		3	71	Kammer, J.	23.50	0.635	33
11	-1	4		4	106	Grinath, A.	22.00	0.595	31
12		7		4	46	Worcester, S.	20.00	0.541	28
13	-2	2		2	58	Romm, J.	19.50	0.527	27
14	-1	7		5	125	Litz, T.	17.50	0.473	25
15	+3	14		2	160	Hull, S.	16.66	0.505	24
16	-1	4		3	74	Steinhice, J.	16.50	0.446	23
17	+2	8		2	30	Zarrow, D.	15.50	0.419	22
18	-1	5		3	13	Cuddihy, K.	15.33	0.414	22
19	-3	16		2	164	Reese, S.	15.00	0.517	22
20		7		3	145	Sorensen, B.	11.64	0.315	16
21		16		2	14	Kondis, P.	11.33	0.306	16
22		20			168	Curtis, D.	9.00	0.360	14
23		23			35	Chong, S.	8.00	0.216	11
24	+1	23			44	Gilbert, E.	7.00	0.189	10
		12		2	84	Pannullo, J.	7.00	0.189	10
	+5	23			73	Smith, D.	7.00	0.189	10
27	-2	17			153	Bent, N.	6.00	0.162	8
	+6	8			156	Strider, B.	6.00	0.162	8
29	-2	27			178	Vitale, P.	5.00	0.333	10
30	-2	24			165	Scanlan, M.	5.00	0.179	8
31	+2	23			17	Styrene, P.	5.00	0.135	7
32		32		2	183	Baird, M.	4.50	0.450	11
33	-3	28		2	18	Ferry, D.	4.50	0.122	6
34	-3	8			6	Grove, R.	4.14	0.112	6
35	-2	8		2	108	Connaghan, M.	4.00	0.108	6
	-2	23			60	Delduke, P.	4.00	0.108	6
	-2	8		2	119	Hammond, M.	4.00	0.108	6
	-2	31			16	King, S.	4.00	0.108	6
	+6	35			108	Knanishu, J.	4.00	0.108	6



# DEPRAVDA



STATUS: PIF EXPIRES AUG-97



2071671140

## HEY LOSER! Is Your Subscription About to Expire?

Since I'm not checking any boxes you'll need to find another way to tell. One simple indicator is the new and improved mailing label. Simply follow the arrow to the right of this box. It points to the expiration date of your status, the most common of which is PIF (paid in full). When the expiration date arrives, you'll notice that your subscription fails to arrive in your mail. It's time to renew!

# DEPRAVDA

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

## Upcoming N.R.A.R.S. Society Breakfasts

Open to all Style Invitational contestants, admirers, lurkers, skulkers, stalkers, groupies, support staff, mutually-dependent co-enablers, wannabes, free-loaders, critics, and guests.

First timers kindly RSVP to the publisher (see info box to your left)

*January 5, 9:00 A.M.*

The Woodley Cafe  
2619 Connecticut Ave., NW  
Washington, DC  
(between Calvert St. and Woodley St.)  
Use the Woodley Park/Zoo Metro Stop.

Park on Connecticut or Woodley St.  
Order from menu. We will have the  
back room.

Reservations under Chong.

*February 2nd, 1997*

Details forthcoming in the January  
Depravda!

### See The Losers' Home Page at:

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

Care to have your personal home page linked to The Losers' Home Page? Simply mail the address to [skykam@erols.com](mailto:skykam@erols.com). The rest will be done automatically.

*Don't forget to send your entry for Best of the Rest!*

- 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.

*Not associated with The Washington Post Co. in any way, shape, manner, aspect, form, or regard.*

Subscriptions US \$18 yearly payable to:  
Dave Zarrow.

Guest <?> Publisher ..... John Kammer  
and Editor

General Counsel ..... Unit LGL-437-B

Circulation Manager ..... Unit Kam-077

Comptroller ..... Unit Zarrow-1-1a

Grip ..... Master Grip Unit 3221

Head Gaffer ..... Unit Dudzik 2388-T

Chief Photographer ..... Ansel Addams

Illustrator ..... Peyton Coyner

Advice Columnist ..... Dr. Style

Layout Boy ..... Unit MCL-47-TTBA

Alert Reader ..... Position Open

Spiritual Advisor ..... Ozzy Ozbourne

America's Funniest ..... Dave Zarrow

Office Products Dealer

Investigations ..... Nick Freeman

Acting Dork ..... Unit DORK-749

Rotisserie Kommissar ..... Season Break

Energy Consultant ..... Joseph Romm

Year 4 Butt Kicking ..... Jennifer Hart

Name Taker

Special Colostomy Humor ..... Chuck Smith

Based on a true story by ... Elden Carnahan

**A Loser's Christmas in Garrett Park**  
by Jonathan Paul

**Chapter 1 I Am Dead**

"Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am about to relate."

"Stuff old Marley, Jeeves. I'm famished. Strap on my feed bag and fetch the morning paper."

"Very, good, sir. Will you be dining in today?"

"No, Jeeves, I will not be dining in today. Hey, you there, boy! What day is it today?"

"Why, it's Christmas Day, sir!"

"You hear that, Jeeves? It's Christmas Day. Do you know what happens on Christmas Day? That's the day the Losers have their Filthy Palindrome Contest."

"I only enquired, sir, because today your Aunt Grace is coming to tea."

"Damn and blast! I'd completely forgotten. What am I to do, Jeeves? I don't have any idea what gift to give the old cobra."

"If you will recall, sir, the last time we were down at The Laurels, your Auntie expressed a desire for a moose-poop soup tureen to hold her lint collection."

"I do recall that, Jeeves, and if YOU recall, we visited every tureen emporium in Garrett Park and could not find a blasted thing sporting the old moose-poop motif. I am dead, Jeeves. Dead as a door-nail."

"If you will allow me, sir. I have taken the liberty of opening the paper to F2. As you will no doubt notice, the prize for this week's contest is a silver moose-poop tureen. All you need to do to win it is to write some rhyming slang for 'drinking duck.'"

"I shall bend my lightning mind to it at once, Jeeves."

"A telegram has arrived from Master Zarrow, sir."

"Read it to me, Jeeves."

"EMERGENCY STOP SEND ME ALL YOUR RHYMING SLANG STOP ARE YOU STILL EATING THOSE PORK PRODUCTS STOP WELL STOP STOP OH MY GOD THEYRE COMING IN THE WINDOWS STOP AAAAAARRGH"

"Dash it all, Jeeves. I do believe being acting co-editor of Depravda has quite sent him round the twist. I'd better do as he says. Send this literary achievement off to the poor lad immediately."

"Something something something something something duck, sir?"

"It's only a rough draft, but I do believe it has the whiff of the poet about it. Ah, what is life, Jeeves, without a touch of poetry in it? Now send it off and...wait a moment, Jeeves. Did you say it was Auntie Grace coming to tea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't she get eaten by a mongoose or something?"

"Hoo hoo!"

"Did you 'hoo,' Jeeves?"

"No, sir. The sound appears to emanate from the French windows."

"Why, it's the ghost of Uncle Elden!"

"I'm not a ghost, you nit-wit. Let me in."

"Uncle Elden! What are you doing here? And what's become of Auntie Grace? Have you chopped her up into convenient bite-size pieces and shipped her in a set of matching tupperware containers to far-off West Virginia?"

"I'm here, my boy, to accompany you to your Filthy Palindrome Contest. As for your Aunt Grace, well, that's a story for another chapter."

### **The Schmidtman Saga**

by Mike Connaghan

You may remember that some time (a long time) ago, the Czar goofed by awarding the big poop to Phil Plait instead of the rightful winner, M. Schmidtman, and said that M. Schmidtman gave no indication of "1) who he is, 2) where he lives, 3) whether he is a girl or a boy, 4) what his or her phone number is or 5) how we can reach him or her to send the prize." On May 12, 1996 He asked for more communication. I responded:

I am writing to report that I am M. Schmidtman. I hope you enjoyed my clever little word-play. The "M." stands for "My name is Michael David Connaghan and I live at 4 Crown Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20878-1816, and I am a boy, and my phone number is (301) 990-1060, and you may reach me by responding to this e-mail message (the address is mdc@enh.nist.gov), or calling me at (301) 990-1060 or (301) 975-6447, or sending mail via the Post Office of the United States of America to 4 Crown Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20878-1816, or by stopping by my house at 4 Crown Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20878-1816, or by writing a message in the sky above Gaithersburg, MD, or a combination of these methods." "Schmidtman" stands for "I just like the sound of 'Schmidtman.'"

I will be expecting my lame prize next Monday.

Epilogue: I never received my prize.

### **The Twelve Days of Loser Christmas**

by M. K. Phillips

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me

twelve ducks a-drinking,  
eleven moose a-pooing,  
ten birds a-warbling,  
nine squirming rat snacks,  
eight lawn pigs resting,  
seven dogs a-playing -- poker,  
six clocks a-ticking,  
FIVE GOLDEN EARS,  
four piggy banks,  
three Poo Pets,  
two Loser shirts,  
and an all-expense-paid trip to West-V-A.

# the December Depraveda Literary Supplement

## With Love and \$470,000,000 All Things Are Possible

This paper and a four leaf clover have been sent to you for good luck. Our information indicates that you will need it. The original is taking a much needed vacation in the British Virgin Islands sucking down rum punch. It had been around the world nine times and was getting a bit dizzy. This luck has been sent to you parcel post. You will receive good luck within four days of receiving this letter. The luck is in the mail. Provided in turn you send it on. This is no joke. Stop laughing. The U.S. Postal Service needs the business. You will receive good luck in the mail offer void where prohibited by law. Send copies to people you think need good luck. Extensive research is not necessary. Do not send money. Faith has no price. Send no money. Faith is priceless. Do not keep this letter. It must leave your induce within 96 hours Eastern Daylight Time.

An F.R. Officer received \$470,000,000. This is not remotely believable unless an F.R. Officer has something to do with appropriations. Joe Elliot received \$40,000 and lost it because he drew to an inside straight. While in the Philippines George Heich lost his wife 51 days after receiving the letter. He failed to circulate the letter and was instead personally chaperoning it around the world. However before her death he received \$7,775,000 and a complete set of punctuation marks. After her death he received another \$1,000,000 from the insurance company. Sometimes we send conflicting signals. Please send 20 copies and see what happens in four days. Hee hee. Send them to different people. What are you a lawyer? The chain comes from Venezuela using cheap labor. The chain of fools comes from Aretha Franklin.

Since this copy must tour the world and pass a comprehensive written exam you must make 20 new copies and burn this one. It's passport has expired. Send the copies to friends and acquaintances and watch them become former friends and acquaintances. After a few days you will get a surprise. Boo. This is true even if you are superstitious you silly goose. Do note the following: we have an entire supply of colons even if we have run out of commas. Constantine Dias received the chain in 1955. He asked his secretary to make 20 copies and send them. A few days later his secretary won a lottery of \$2,000,000 which was a lot of money in those days. It was too. Carlo Daddit an office employee received the letter and forgot it had to leave his hands in 96 hours. He lost his job. Later he put the letter down long enough to find a better job as the secretart to Constantine Dias. Dalan Fairchild received the letter and not believing it threw the letter away. Nine days later he died. We are not above threats.

In 1987 the letter was received by a young woman in California. Not much had happened since 1955. It was faded and barely readable. She was illiterate. Nonetheless she promised she would retype the letter and send it on but the letter did not believe her. She was plagued with various problems including expensive car repairs and paper cuts. The letter did not leave her hands in 96 hours and was becoming blood-stained. She finally retyped the letter as promised and got a new car but eventually bled to death. Rules is rules.

REMEMBER. SEND NO MONEY. OK MAYBE A LITTLE. DO NOT IGNORE THIS. OR THIS. IT WORKS! FOR ALL OF US. THE UNITED WAY.

St. Jude the Obscure

## the December Depraved Literary Supplement

Well, we asked Losers to write something for this special section. The stuff you'll read here runs the full gamut of literary expression, from funny to poignant to disgusting to self-serving, and that's only the introduction. These sheets make excellent kindling for that Yule Log. Just make sure you don't breathe the vapors from the toxic ink.

Oops!

### A HOLIDAY POEM

by Jean Sorensen, Herndon

'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through DC  
Losers wrote entries  
about Poop and Pee Wee

They sweat out the standings  
and cursed at the Czar.  
They cried themselves silly  
over what Losers they are.

But a glance at the date  
and their perspective is back.  
For soon they all meet  
to guffaw at "butt-crack".

They'll laugh at themselves,  
if nobody else will.  
And try to convince the day's winner  
to foot Papa's bill.

A butcher, a baker,  
most government takers,  
though their professions may differ  
they are all joke makers.

Their status' also vary,  
some weep as standings fall.  
But they've humor in common --  
that binds them all.

For Losers are chosen.  
They're the humor elite.  
DC's royalty selected  
to kiss the Czar's feet.

They've a knack. An ability.  
Hell, just call it a gift  
given every Sunday to S.I. readers  
whose spirits they lift.

Yes, Losers are gift givers --  
giving of themselves.  
And being one is a sure sight better  
than being one of those stupid ass elves.