

Depravda

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"Agricola Fugit"

COMET HOPPITY-BOP UFO A SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM !!!

NIST Effort Takes Heaven's Gate Cultists for a Ride

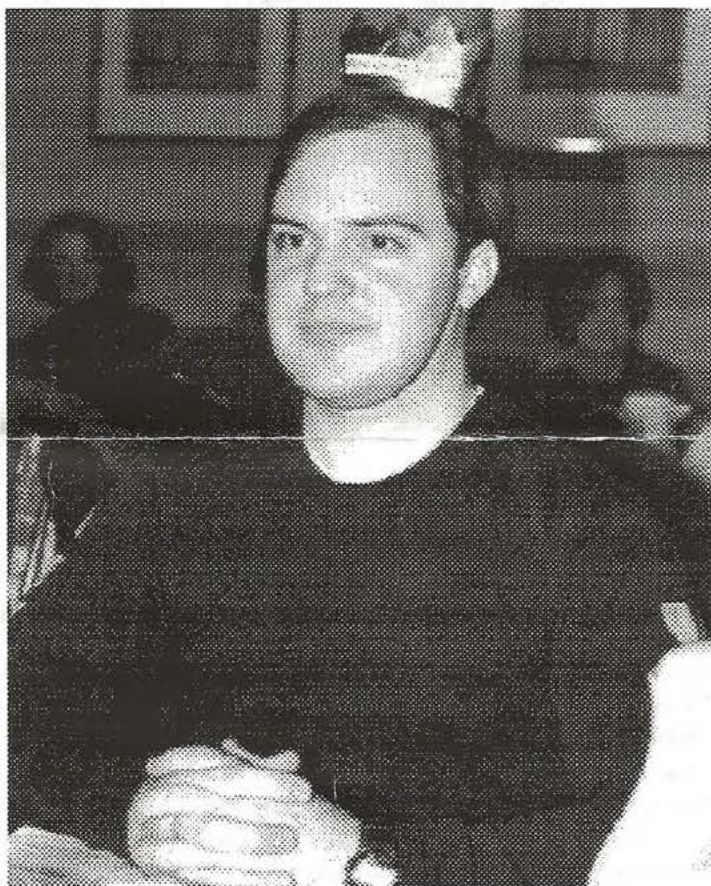
Washington DC. - The tragedy of the Heaven's Gate cult was not that they died in preparation of moving to a higher plane of existence, but rather that they were tricked into doing so before their real ride was here. Informed sources inform us that the UFO following comet Hoppity-Bop was not piloted by space aliens or Luciferians as the cultists expected, but that it was instead a project of the NIST secretly piloted by Capt. Mike Connaghan of Bethesda (or some other presumed Maryland suburb).

Mr. (and we use that term loosely) Connaghan denied these allegations completely, even in the face of overwhelming evidence (see photo at right). For the sake of fairness and equity, traits for which we at Depravda have a long standing reputation, we print Capt. Connaghan's absurd rebuttal below:

First of all, I can report without fear of contradiction, that no -- repeat, NO -- edible underpants are involved whatsoever. Any rumors that some agents have been distributing underpants among the general population as part of a data-acquisition or mind-control or morals-undermining effort is ENTIRELY without basis in fact.

Just because I happened to get new e-mail and web-browsing capabilities with my new computer only weeks before the Heaven's Gate incident does not mean that I, personally, had anything whatsoever to do with it. It would be the kind of shaky circumstantial evidence which couldn't even convict O.J., not that that is anyway connected with this other California incident.

Speaking of California, the strawberry incident does NOT indicate that aliens are sending infectious diseases throughout the population, much less administering mind-control drugs to our nation's children. There is no evidence that the Russians are aliens, or that they have been using the Mir space station to sprinkle alien seeds down through Earth's atmosphere, nor that NASA has now joined them in



The Hoppity-Bop UFO pilot is none other than Mike "King D'Oh" Connaghan, project manager for the NIST's comet-tail measurement effort. "We believe the comet's tail to be twelve million miles long, but the women in our office simply laugh at that estimate."

Alas, in this issue:

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Con't Connaghan Denial on P6

Year Four (4) Flushie Awards

by: Anonymous

(Editor's Note: A Depravda staff member was supposed to e-mail a story about the Year 4 Flushie Awards. Apparently, either the solar flare or the comet messed up the transmission. At the last minute, we received the following transcript of some poor guy's visit to his therapist. Is it ethical for us to print this gutwrenching, intensely personal information? Of course not, but we have a paper to put out. Deadlines are brutal. Screw ethics. Sorry, space considerations forced us to leave out all the drivel about potty-training and sex.)

Dr. Sigmoid Floyd: Zo, vat's on your mind ZISS time?

Dysfunctionalguy Z: Well, to start with, why do I have to be called Dysfunctionalguy Z?

Doc: Beeeeeecause zee uzzer letters vere taken and you had last choice. Zo now, can you point to vatever it vuz dat turned zee Year 4 Flushie Awards into zuch a traumatic egggggzppeeerience?

DZ: Well, the food was exquisite, Doc, don't get me wrong, but it cost more to eat one brunch at Mrs. Simpson's than to feed a Herndon family of three for a week.

Doc: I zeee, but zat vouldn't cause anuzzer of your zychoitic breaks, vould it? Vat reeeeeeecealy happened?

DZ: Doc, can't I tell you about my sexual and potty-training problems again?

Doc: Ab-zolutely NOT! Didn't you reeeead zee editor's note? Pleease, zee awards!

DZ: Well, there were all these awards and trophies and I felt like I deserved every single one of them. For instance, there was the Earboy Award that was won by that nice David Genser for having the most Ears No One Reads. I ought to have won that award.

Doc: And how many Ears did eeeeeeach of you have, Patient X?

DZ: Uh, he had 8 and I had.....ummm...none.

Doc: I zee. Vat uzzer awards did you think you should win?

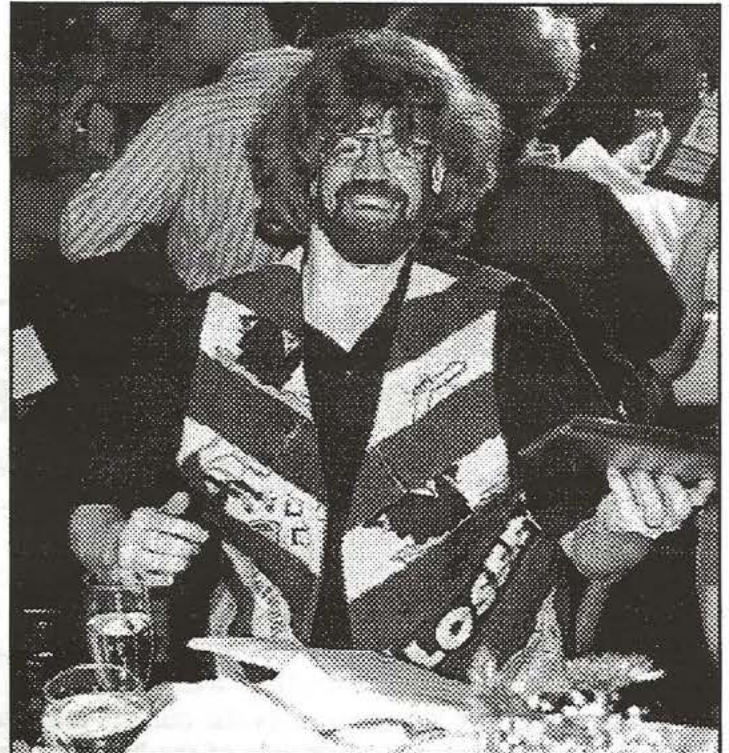
DZ: Let's see. Most Imporved Loser. Stephen Dudzik won that, but I suspect even he thinks that should have been me. He's my biggest fan. Rookie of the Year? Genser again. Now, why does he get TWO awards. Why should I be punished simply because his score was nearly triple mine and I wasn't a rookie this year anyway?

Doc: Ach! Vat else?

DZ: Rotisserie League. That trophy should have been mine instead of that Paul Kondis and his color-coordinated Psychotic Petunias team. And, to anticipate your question, Doc, no, I didn't have a team. I couldn't afford it on top of these therapy bills

Doc: Is zat eet?

DZ: No, zat's NOT eet! Doc, in my mind, I believe I should have been Loser of the Year. Just because I was outscored by Jennifer Hart by 78 to 23, SHE gets the Loser Vest, SHE gets the Trophy, SHE gets the adulation, SHE gets the extra champagne. Just because her entries are funny, SHE gets all the glory? She even has the Dueling Loser Band play a song in her honor! Enough of SHE, SHE, SHE! What about ME, ME, ME???? I'm not even going to mention the fact that Chuck Smith was honored for passing 250 career hits, Elden Carnahan for passing 150, and Russ Beland, Joe Romm, Tom Witte and Ms. Hart for passing 100, and Dudzik, Genser, John Kammer, Kondis, Jonathan Paul, Jean Sorensen, Ken Krattenmaker and, ahem, Dave Zarrow, for passing 50. I'm so distraught. The



In some strange alternate universe, Dysfunctionalguy Z was the season four Loser of the Year. It's just kind of sad really.

only thing that's keeping me going is knowing I'm going to win the Week 211 T-Shirt design contest.

Doc: I zee. Now, vee are coming to zee end of our zession. Anyzing else you vant to get off your chest?

DZ: Actually, yeah. What's with that accent, Doc? You were born and raised in Morgantown.

DR. STYLE

Dear Dr. Style:

Who the hell are you? You're so witty yet cruel. You must be a woman. I want you. It's time to come out of the closet. - Signed Ellen D.

Dear Ellen:

I am disgusting, yet mildly amusing, self-absorbed, yet anal-retentive, and still you do not accuse me of being Elden Carnahan? I am arrogant, yet past my prime, I lack spontaneity, yet am a below-average plagiarist, and still you do not accuse me of being Joe Romm. I am repetitious, yet boring, fatuous, yet simple-minded, and still you do not accuse me of being from Herndon? I am fundamentally humorless, with an infantile delight in insult, and an eagerness to please that would be embarrassing to most lap dogs, and still you do not accuse me of being Mike Con-naghan. Just what planet did you say you are from?

Well, I cannot come out of the closet in this issue because May is sweeps month, and my agent says that all profoundly personal and genuinely spontaneous acts of self-revelation must be put off until then. But I promise you, in May, I will reveal myself in a Depravda exclusive, following a 20/20 Interview with Barbara Walters and a couple of appearances on David Letterman and "The Larry Sanders Show." Hey! Big-money advertisers are you paying attention (Phillip Morris, this means you!)? In May, the coast is toast, and my ass is grass. Oh, and Ellen, you need to downshift your libido a couple of gears. I suggest a gram of melatonin and one of those photos of Zarrow in a wig.

Is There No Dog?

by The Right-On Reverend S. L. Hull

Editor's note: This article is in response to a recent AP item that outlined the St. Stupid's Day parade in San Francisco.

Friends, Romm, and Losers: Lend me your ears! Thanks, I can use the points. Now, how much longer are we going to let those loonies on the West Coast show us up? "San Francisco knows how to do stupid right", indeed! This St. Stupid's Day Parade sounds suspiciously similar to the Gross National Parade that used to take place every spring in Georgetown. Maybe it still does, I don't know. I don't get out much since my raccoon's had hepatitis.

The point is this: When it comes to lunacy, Washington is a world-class contender. Marion Barry. Raljon, MD. The Style Invitational. Need I say more? Yet you ask a third grader to name a city filled with wacky people and 9 out of 10 will say "San Francisco". The 10th will say "Mommy told me never to accept Larvets from strangers and besides I only like the cheddar ones" and go back to picking his nose. Fifteen years from now this child will be living in Woodbridge and submitting colostomy jokes to the Post. What specifically does San Francisco have that eclipses The Ellipse in recognized wackiness? Two words: Cool religions. Come on; the First Church of the Last Laugh just cries out for a chapel on 15th Street, doesn't it? My own ordination in the Universal Life Church coincided with my becoming a Loser. Well, ok, I became a woman of the cloth mainly so I could marry my brother, er, that is...I mean, so I could perform the ceremony when my brother married his girl-friend (shut up, Dudzik), but the fact that my ordination certificate is affixed to the wall with SI bumper stickers speaks volumes. Well, I took it down after John Bobbitt became ordained in the ULC and gave mail-order religions a bad name, but you get the idea.

Many of you Losers probably attend some sort of religious services on some sort of a regular basis. This is very upstanding of you yet admit it: every week you struggle to refrain from dropping stale Filipino chocolates in the collection plate, don't you? You mentally re-write hymns so they extol the virtues of gopher drool, right? You can't listen to "Amazing Grace" without giggling, can you? You need a house of worship where that type of behavior is not only condoned, it's required!

Now you don't have to move to California to find it! As a member of the Order of the Losercrucians you can worship the deity/demon of your choice while engaging in such puerile antics as dressing statues in t-shirts, signing autographs for wait staff and photographing produce, all right here in Our Nation's Capitol! No formal sermon is given during services. Instead, members are encouraged to counsel each other on finding the path to salvation/damnation as well as how to word a leprosy joke for maximum yucks.

If membership reaches sufficient numbers, a St. Gene's Day Parade will be held next March 7, featuring floats constructed from braided nose hair and a drinking duck drill team. The world press will sit up and take notice, fer shure. No more will DC be second banana when it comes to being bananas! Join the Losercrucians today! Informational meetings are held on the first Sunday of every month. Bonus: The first 39 attendees will receive copies of a killer applesauce recipe.

The Reliable Scourge

by The GossipMonger

Hello, and welcome back to the world of innuendo and scuttlebutt. The GossipMonger trusts you had a happy Easter, and hopes that no one is still sick from quaffing champagne at Mrs. Simpson's (yes, we actually showed up there, and had to shake our head repeatedly at Ms. Hart).

It's been a busy few months of mongering gossip, so let's get right to it, starting with Losers shining brightly in other humor contests. Going first to the Top Five contest, both Chuck Smith and Jennifer Hart put their names forward grandly, each garnering **TWO** number ones in the past two months. Interestingly enough, both of Chuck's number ones came on the 20th of the respective month, and Jennifer followed shortly thereafter with hers on the 26th of each month. Coincidence?

A larger number of Losers showed their skills in the New York Magazine contest, including first-timer Kevin Cuddihy, who proposed a film-noir line of "It was a dark day, but that could be just because it was night by the time I finally woke up." Kudos also go to fellow entrants Jennifer Hart and Jean "Yes, Me Again" Sorensen with that contest, along with Tickle Me Elmo model Sandra Hull (twice!), Sorensen again, Chuck Smith and Mary Olsen.

The contest itself, again, gained in notoriety recently. Entries from the contest on new elements found their way onto something called "The Daily Briefing on American Politics," and entries from the tourist tips for DC have shown up on spam being circulated around the world. Additionally, the recent contest regarding signs of spring in DC was featured on a segment on the G. Gordon Liddy show. Mr. Liddy read each of the entries with much laughter -- especially one submitted by Jennifer Hart stating a sign of spring as "G. Gordon Liddy sees his shadow, grabs his pistol and blasts the hell out of it." We suggest that Ms. Hart, um, not go in many shadows for the next few ... years.

Losers have also made their mark elsewhere in the Post lately, writing letters to the editor and articles, as well as being mentioned IN articles. Bob Sarecky weighed in with a letter regarding the Capitals, and Kitty Thuermer received publication for another of her vignettes, this time describing how she used www.switchboard.com to find old friends via the Internet. Lastly, Paul Sabourin MADE news rather than write it, receiving mention in an article about a cappella singing.

In the rest of the world, Sue Lin Chong was a runner-up in a Miramax sweepstakes, winning a lovely Miramax Cafe sweatshirt. While this requires no talent, the GossipMonger has to include Ms. Chong in each article due to provisions of an old lawsuit.

Lastly, Joe Zarrow, sole heir to the heaping mound of t-shirts owned by Dave Zarrow and a Loser in his own right, was awarded the lead for the Jefferson High School production of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." While Joe claims that the Style Invitational had no effect on his budding drama career, the GossipMonger feels that, as a past participant at brunches, Joe knows exactly what it's like to overstay your welcome by making your hosts feel uncomfortable. Congratulations, Joe, and we're glad we could help.

That's it for the GossipMonger this month, kiddies, but keep putting your privates in public, and we'll be back soon to record them!



Hatemail to the Editor



Dear Much-Hated Editor guy, Not the nice Dave Zarrow one that we like, but you - the other, the one we despise,

A reliable source has notified me that G. Gordon Liddy, famous Wash. Post despoiser, read several of the Springtime entries over the air. He took special note of Ms. Hart's entry, read it AND her name, and told his producer to file that one away. Whatever you do, DON'T TELL JENNIFER THIS HAPPENED. If my source finds out I squealed they'll hold my hand over a candle until I cry. They don't even have to light the candle.

- Anonymous in Herndon

An open letter to Bob Levy

Dear Bob

Can I call you Bob? It's just that 'Dear Mr. Levey' sounds too much like 'Levy Pants', from 'A Confederacy of Dunces.' And you probably don't want to be associated with Miss Trixie.

Anyway. Why is it that, when I leave the yellow line train at L'Enfant Plaza (heading north), I hear the train conductor saying 'Next station Archives?' Shouldn't it be: Next station Ischives? I know chives is plural, but doesn't the tense of the verb depend on the singular subject, in this case 'station', just as in this sentence I have stated 'is plural' rather than 'are plural'? Or have I made a mess of things again? Perhaps I should stick to e-prime.

And another thing: Wouldn't it be great to name all the subway stations after seasons? Chives, garlic, parsley, sage, rosemary, thyme, pepper, salt, summer, autumn, spring cleaning. The list is endless, though it appears to have ended. Use Taylor expansion for additional examples. Are you going to Scarborough fair?

Please stand clear of the doors. Bing bong.

Sincerely, George Clooney

Hey You - Editor-guy,

I was wondering when this would make its way on to the X-Files. In the most recently concluded two-parter, for which, as usual, the first part was excellent and the second part rather ho-hum, the central item(s) being pursued by the aliens and the government conspiracy (who, this time, at least, it seems were not in cahoots with one another, although the issue is a bit cloudy) was/were most likely an alien energy source, which Mulder hypothesized as "cold-fusion or over-unity energy."

This is all the rage among conspiracy buffs, government is suppressing a limitless energy source, either cold-fusion or some other form of energy that apparently violates the first and second laws of thermodynamics by generating more energy than is put in (hence, over-unity). Let me be the first to say that the rumors are true. We have a form of limitless energy. And we're not going to let you have it. So nyah, nyah, nyah!

Confusingly, though, the show had these alien energy devices as being highly radioactive, which, of course, cold

fusion is not, or else, of course, it would be hot. It is interesting that even though there is no energy crisis, there has been a return to major plot lines about limitless energy sources (which apparently is what "The Saint" is about).

- Joe Romm

Sir,

I am pleased to see that Dave Ferry has been appointed to the post of Alert Reader. He is a vast improvement over that Position Open guy. Perhaps now he could train his laser-like alertness upon page one of the March issue. What's with this "grizzly murder of former Depravda editor Grace Fuller?" Was she murdered by a grizzly, or did she murder a grizzly?

Also, shouldn't the photo of the Chuck Smith clones have had a caption stating, "Mr. Smith is beside himself?"

- Jonathan Paul

Dear Editor,

In a Loser's version of "Gilligan's Island," which role would you like?

- Jennifer Hart

Jennifer - Thank God someone sent in a serious question that I can deal with. After giving it much thought I'd be the millionaire. Not because I'm greedy (I am, but that's not why) but rather because I think that Mr. Howl is the only man on the island getting any (if you know what I mean <wink wink>). Face it, Gilligan, Skipper, Professor, they ain't gettin none. But Howl has what women really want - cold hard cash. So he's got Ginger and Mary Ann as long as he can keep it secret from Lovey. Of course my theory falls to pieces if Ginger and Mary Ann are lesbians. If that's the case I'll be one of them.

Chief,

Why has it taken so long to include a fight card on the NRARS Breakfast Agenda? I'd like to book a match between Hank "nstein" Wallace and Kevin "The White Bomber" Cuddihy, so Hank can settle the score after being left out of Kevin's 'Week One' story.

This could lead to a new position of Boxing Commissioner and Charlie "The Coward" could fight someone for that title. I'm already trying to sign Greg "Arnold" Schwarzenegger or Chuck "Beau Buck" Smith for that bout.

"First Sunday Fisticuffs" would fit right in with the manly ambience (if such a thing is possible) of Depravda since Grace.....went away. And let's have more sexist, provocative graphics, and not so many words, please. Except of course, for my letter.

- Jimmy "The Greek" Olsen -Cub Reporter, bookie

P.S. If the NRARS is serious about fights, why wasn't there an all-out brawl at Mrs. Simpson's between Losers who thought her son did it and Losers who believe in our system of justice?

In the Lamelight



Birthplace: Atlanta, Georgia

Age: One year older than Dudzik, like he's ever gonna let me forget it.

Education: journalism major, music minor, Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, TX (*most famous alumnus -- Dan Rather ha ha ha ha YO what's the frequency???*)

Real-World Jobs: Worked at newspapers and magazines in Georgia, Texas, California, Delaware, West Virginia, and Virginia as typesetter, feature writer, reporter, paste-up artist, copy desk editor, bad photographer, etc. etc. ad newseum. Accidentally won some awards, I forget what.

Valuable Skills Learned: 1. How to survive on a small-town newspaper salary (*for example, if you have to cover either a Kiwanis or Jaycees meeting, choose **THE ONE THAT SERVES FOOD***); 2. how to pound out 30 inches of copy on deadline with a brain-splitting hangover; 3. how to curse like a %#\$%* longshoreperson; and 4. how to say with absolute sincerity, "Ma'am, that *IS* a lovely photo of your chihuahua in her wedding dress, but I'm afraid Page One is already filled up with news and stuff."



Urban Legend Disproved: Was working night shift at the Huntsville paper when the Texas Dept. of Corrections used its electric chair for the last time. Supposedly, when "Old Sparky's" switch was thrown, all the lights in town would flicker. Well, they didn't. What a crock.

Strangest Onstage Appearance: In Charles Town (WV), played the ghost Fruma Sarah in "Fiddler on the Roof." Wore corpse-white makeup and flowing robes, and screamed "Wooooo, TEVYE!" at the top of my lungs while riding around on the shoulders of some poor guy who probably has hernia pain to this very day. Retired from public performing shortly thereafter.

Spousal Unit: Married to Larry Hart, nephew of the late genius lyricist Lorenz Hart.

Benefits Accrued From This Celebrity Connection: jack.

My Own Favorite Ancestor: A Southern lady on my mom's side of the family, who tricked a Yankee into climbing into a barrel, then whacked him repeatedly with a poker. (*I assume this was during the Civil War, but ... just don't piss me off, okay?*)

Current Occupations: Desktop publisher and editor, punster, champagne taster.

Frequently Heard to Say: "Gimme 20 on the 3 horse to place."

Hobbies: worrying; fighting in the war against pretentiousness; francophobia; sloth; envy; and gluttony.

Favorite Game to Play While Riding Metro: Suppose civilization was suddenly destroyed and you had to choose one person on your train to be your mate. I said ONE, you sick puppies. Who would it be?

Role Models: Benjamin Franklin, Elden Carnahan, Ray Bolger, Jean Sorensen

Favorite Authors: Robert Benchley (we share a birthday), S.J. Perelman, Kitty Thuermer, and absolutely everybody in the Post Style section, smooch smooch!

When I Kick the Bucket: Would like to be cremated while wearing my black Year One Loser tee, then have my ashes put into a tacky plastic snowglobe, there to swirl for all eternity.

Why I Wrote All This: I just love to brag. (*Ok, Kammer, give me those negatives. You promised.*)

-- 30 -- 30 -- 30 --

Que Sera Sarah?

Another in our unending series of roving reports

by: Greg Arnold

Roving Reporter Greg Arnold Visits Another Loser.

It was a cold blustery day as I approached the Library of Congress¹ James Madison Building. I was on assignment for Depravda, visiting another noted loser, Sarah Worcester. The Madison Building sits adjacent to the main LOC edifice. Erected in 1980, it still sports its original modular cubicle furniture (I suppose "putty" was a hot color in 1980), and a computer system apparently on loan from the Smithsonian Institution down the street.

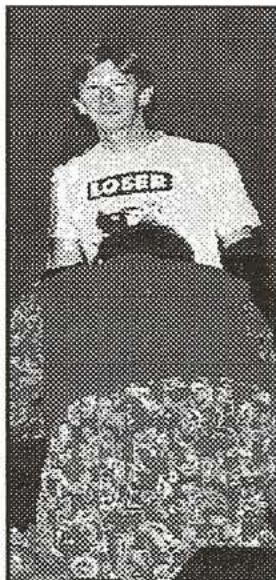
[Oh, before I go any further, I gotta tell you about the restrooms! The space is unassuming, a typical 4 x 3(1) x 5

configuration, with forest green stalls, green tone-on-tone tile flooring, and government issue marble wash basins. But the flush! the flush! It was the fastest, swirliest I've ever seen! (I confess, I flushed twice just to admire the view.) Counterclockwise! Just too, too much. Now, where was I?]

Security was loose today - a smile, a wink, and I was in. Sarah's office sits in a prime location - just a few feet off the main plaza (OK, the distance is measured vertically, but so what!). The first thing I noticed is that she had all of my winning weeks of the Style Invitational hanging by her doorway. I told her I appreciated the thought, and she quickly explained that **"ALL OF THE WEEKS WERE THERE, YOU BONEHEAD!"** I was still touched.

However, what I was not prepared for was Sarah the Auteur. Who would guess that she has four (at last count) films copyrighted in the LOC? I saw it with my own eyes: Sarah Worcester - director & screenwriter for "Dances with Whales," "Double Extremities" and ... OK, I forget the rest, gimme a break - it was all happening too fast. "Sarah," I said. "This is just like the Hair Club for Men: You're not only an employee; you a customer!"

Well, by now, I was running out of time and asked Sarah to show me out. To my surprise, she quickly agreed, and (in a manner reminiscent of my DOE encounter) showed me the secret exit out the back.



More reputable news organizations would have refrained from printing this embarrassing byline photo of Greg soliciting "donations" at WETA.

Connaghan Denial - con't from P1.

this valiant and noble effort. Why can't you just understand that there is no reason to be suspicious?

As further proof that NIST has nothing to do with this alleged business, I bring to your attention the fact that one of the astronauts on the current space shuttle mission is from NIST. He is from Demarest, N.J. [which, I may point out, is no where NEAR Roswell] Here is what the washingtonpost.com has to say about him:

Gregory Linteris specializes in fire. Linteris, 39, is a researcher at the National Institute of Standards and Technology, where he works on advanced fire suppressants. He is the chief investigator of one of Columbia's combustion experiments. Linteris is making his first spaceflight as a payload specialist. Even though he is not a career astronaut, he says he is accustomed to risk: "Working in dangerous environments is something that all people who do combustion research are very familiar with."

Would NIST send someone up into space if it were working with aliens? Why would NIST send one of its agents up into space? To specially heat-treat the alien seeds before they are dropped into our atmosphere? It's preposterous! No one would believe that information which is hidden in clear view would be part of a giant government/alien conspiracy. One might even say it would be the perfect hiding place.

I, myself, have engaged in flammability experiments at NIST for several months just after I arrived. As you may know but not care, I work in the Thermal Machinery Group, which basically means research in refrigeration, air-conditioning, and heat pump applications. My experiments have dealt only with the flammability of refrigerants, not at all with alien seeds. What, do you think that the government is secretly filling refrigerators and air-conditioners in millions and millions of homes all across the country with a specially formulated gas so that the machines really serve as alien incubators? In such a case, aliens would be able to grow and grow until an appropriate signal or date arrived, at which time they could simultaneously emerge and infect all red-blooded Americans with their alien DNA. I suppose the "hum hum hum" of the refrigerators and air-conditioners is really a hypnotic mind-control message sent by the aliens hiding within.

I further suppose that the Resident Aliens Taskforce (R.A.T.) use the 3rd plug for communication with the government agents working in conjunction with the alien home-world. Many, many government scientists have testified that there is a so-called "Ozone Layer Crisis," necessitating the rapid replacement of our refrigerants (which have worked wonderfully for decades) with unfamiliar refrigerants at ever-increasing rate -- almost as if they were desperately trying to beat some once-in-a-millennium deadline. No reason to be suspicious.

You have no proof whatsoever that the members of the Heaven's Gate were actually close to uncovering the giant plot, and that the aliens and government personnel with their computer know-how and expertise used their mind-control powers to subtly alter their perception of the situation, and then to, shall we say, "resolve the situation" and make it look like suicide.

After all, who else but the government could pull off such a giant hoax? I trust this will be the end of your pesky investigation. I'd hate to see you passing through Heaven's Gate.



CHAMPAGNE & N.R.A.R.S. LOSERS: A VOLATILE MIX!
 "IT WAS A WILD ONE, ALL RIGHT." - J. HART

April TOP TEN List

Top Ten New WETA Corporate Slogans



MAY TOP TEN CONTEST

Top Ten Depravda Columns Ms. Loser-of-the-Year Jennifer Hart Refuses to Write.

Send your entries to:

Top Ten List



or via e-mail to:



Prizes for this contest include and are limited to all the glory you can carry. Taxes, fees, and recovery from humiliation are the responsibility of the recipient.

10. With Ennui To All. - Joel Kannishu
9. We get you money the old fashion way. We beg. - Dave Ferry
8. Yes, that's Dave Zarrow from the Style Invitational. - Dave Zarrow
7. Show us your Visa, Mastercard, or Genitalia - Mary Olson's evil twin
6. FROM SPONTANEOUS HEALING TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION - Steve Dudzik
5. Keeping our volunteers off-camera since 1996. - Sarah Worcester
4. Your source for \$100 videos. - Sarah Worcester
3. That's Public Television, with an 'I'. - Bob Sorenson
2. We'll WETA our pants for you! - Jean Sorenson
1. Spank you for your support - Mary Olson

Talking w/ Lady Luck

by Style Invitational Losers .

Last month I pointed out that Lady Luck of Va. Lotto fame can now be e-mailed. We as Losers need to find out more about her and her magical powers. Toward that end send us your correspondence with her. She can be reached at: ladyluck@valottery.state.va.us - ed.

Dear Lady Luck,

I recently was on a vacation in Las Vegas to celebrate my 24th birthday (this past Saturday, April 5). While there with friends, we went casino-hopping. Imagine my surprise when I saw the Lady Luck Casino! - I thought, "wow! A Virginia Lottery casino! I wouldn't mind losing my money in there!"

When I went in there, however, I was told it was NOT a Virginia Lottery casino. Moreover, I met someone who CLAIMED to be Lady Luck, who tried to convince me to stay anyway. Embittered by what I thought was false advertising, I left to spend my money elsewhere, and even won \$1000 at the next casino we went to -- a sure sign that Lady Luck casino would have been bad luck.

What I want to know is, do you know about this imposter Lady Luck? She was blonde, just like you, but I may be so forward you are MUCH more attractive than she is. Like most things in Vegas, I found her rather slutty, if you'll excuse the language. I would hate to think that the VA Lottery has anything to do with this. Does it? Or is this, like, a relative of yours? Like I said there was a slight resemblance, but not more than that. Is this the "black sheep" of your family, gone to Sin City to spread evil and confusion to all that she encounters? Cause that's what she tried to spread to me ... among other things.

Anyway, she seems to be an imposter, someone trying to fudge off of YOUR good name. I find that abominable! Are you doing anything about this? A letter-writing campaign? Funny spells? I bet she'd look real funny with rabbit ears and whiskers. Or, if you want to fund a return trip for me, I can "take care" of her for you.

Anyway, as Alice in Wonderland said, this is getting curiouser and curiouser. If you can fill me in on what the story is with this other Lady Luck, it would be MOST appreciated. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Kevin Cuddihy

Dear Kevin,

She's of no kin to me. There are so many wannabe's it's just sad. Maybe she'll just bet the farm someday and lose. We can only hope.

LL

Ahhh, I get it! You want her to "bet the farm"! Although I think that phrase is "buy the farm," but oh well. I think I can handle that for you! Let's just talk compensation, though. As a public service to the Virginia Lottery, I'd be more than willing to do it for the cost of transportation and room and board, plus, oh, \$1000 in gambling money (roughly the same amount I spend each month on the Va Lottery). This imposter needs to be taught a lesson -- I'm glad you agree that someone needs to do something, and I await your instructions.

Kevin Cuddihy

Kevin,

Sorry I can't fund you dear. However I can send some energy from my cousin Bad Luck her way. That ought to take care of her.

LL

Wit Happens



WEEK 181: TAKE IT TO DEBUNK

If you don't stop it you'll go blind.

I can see perfectly fine, thank you very much. (John Kammer)

Week 198: YOU MUST BE MAD II

Interest Group: The Washington Diocese

Action to Enrage: Mayor Barry's proposed condom exchange program (Charlie Myers)

Week 199: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

What's the difference between a cell in Lorton and the medical uses of marijuana? The users of the marijuana always know what's escaping from the joint. (Michael Hammer)

What's the difference between pregnancy and a balanced budget? A pregnancy often takes more than one act of congress. (Chuck Smith)

Original: Financial Adviser's Followers Want Him To Pay

New: Some Are Fined, And The Givens Is Sleazy (And The "Fish" Are Jumping) (Peyton Coyner)

WEEK 201: ELEMENTARY MY DEAR STYLE ELEMENT: RENO

SYMBOL: NV

PHYS. PROPS: HAS A VERY TOUGH EXTERIOR SHELL AND IS COLD TO THE TOUCH. PLIABLE IN A FREE STATE BUT HARDENS IN THE PRESENCE OF CERTAIN ATF REAGENTS.

CHEM. PROPS: A KEY INGREDIENT IN MANY FLAMABLE COMPOUNDS
(Steve Dudzik)

WEEK 206: HYPHEN THE TERRIBLE

Gam-way: Home-sales company that specializes in leg prosthetics. (Jean Sorenson)

WEEK 208: SEND IN THE CLONES

If you cloned Bill Gates, would the '97 version be compatible with earlier versions? (Bob Sorenson)

WEEK 210: DUMB AS THE POST

Jaycrawling - (Charlie Steinice)

[Submissions for this feature are gladly received via e-mail, although this is not mandatory.]

F2 TROOP

New and Improved Stats Page ... like anyone was really asking for it. All data below conform to new scoring standard, which is one point per print appearance. This change is retroactive to the beginning, so everyone's career total should have received a small boost. As always, each Loser's enlightened self-interest is the best quality check, and we are proud to receive your complaints at carns@erols.com.

The left chart below lists the top 50 scorers in Year 5 (although there have been only 44 Loser appearances so far). Career stats are added, for the benefit of newer Losers who do not yet appear on the Career list, on the right below. That chart lists the top 50 scorers over all Years.

Rk: Rank.

LID: Loser ID--the order in which the various Losers made their first print appearance.

Dbu: Debut--Week in which you made your first appearance.

Pts: Points--print appearances.

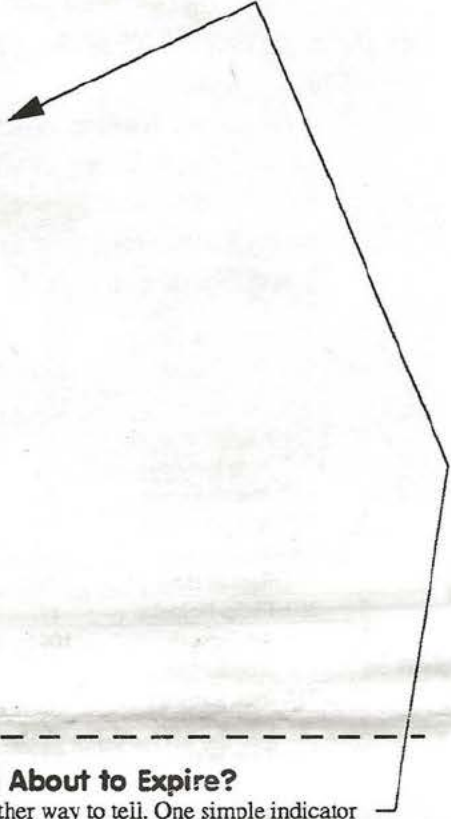
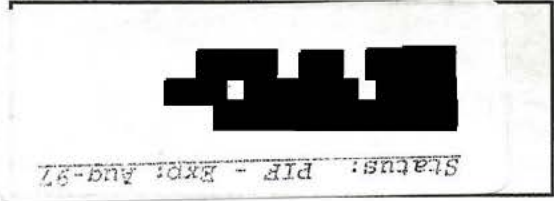
Cons: Consistency--average points per Week since your Debut (no Week 64).

Pace: Number of points you will have at the end of Year 5 if this keeps up.

| Year 5 | | | | | | | Career | | |
|--------|------|-------------------|-----|-----|-------|------|--------|-------|-----|
| Rk | LID | Name | Dbu | Pts | Cons | Pace | Pts | Cons | Rk |
| 1 | 1400 | David Genser | 157 | 10 | 3.333 | 173 | 66 | 1.222 | 12 |
| 2 | 273 | Elden Carnahan | 22 | 6 | 2.000 | 104 | 190 | 1.011 | 2 |
| 3 | 1297 | Jonathan Paul | 136 | 5 | 1.667 | 87 | 68 | 0.907 | 11 |
| 3 | 655 | Joseph Romm | 58 | 5 | 1.667 | 87 | 130 | 0.855 | 6 |
| 3 | 788 | Jean Sorensen | 75 | 5 | 1.667 | 87 | 73 | 0.537 | 9 |
| 6 | 1240 | Tommy Litz | 125 | 4 | 1.333 | 69 | 53 | 0.616 | 15 |
| 7 | 777 | Russell Beland | 73 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 134 | 0.971 | 5 |
| 7 | 203 | Philip Delduke | 14 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 17 | 0.087 | 50 |
| 7 | 1055 | Art Grinath | 106 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 51 | 0.486 | 17 |
| 7 | 152 | Jennifer Hart | 11 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 151 | 0.759 | 4 |
| 7 | 752 | John Kammer | 71 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 70 | 0.500 | 10 |
| 7 | 83 | Chuck Smith | 6 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 299 | 1.466 | 1 |
| 7 | 110 | Tom Witte | 7 | 3 | 1.000 | 52 | 160 | 0.788 | 3 |
| 14 | 1673 | Barry Blveis | 202 | 2 | 0.667 | 35 | 4 | 0.444 | 118 |
| 14 | 1684 | Brian Broadus | 204 | 2 | 0.667 | 35 | 3 | 0.429 | 167 |
| 14 | 1070 | Mike Connaghan | 108 | 2 | 0.667 | 35 | 23 | 0.223 | 35 |
| 14 | 1431 | Sandra Hull | 161 | 2 | 0.667 | 35 | 32 | 0.640 | 28 |
| 14 | 1706 | Will Waters | 209 | 2 | 0.667 | 35 | 2 | 1.000 | 262 |
| 19 | 175 | Kevin Cuddihy | 13 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 51 | 0.259 | 18 |
| 19 | 1705 | Nicci Daho | 209 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.500 | 520 |
| 19 | 98 | Stephen Dudzik | 7 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 106 | 0.522 | 7 |
| 19 | 1699 | Shep Evans | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 243 | Dave Ferry | 18 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 18 | 0.094 | 46 |
| 19 | 1697 | Maureen Flaherty | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 1202 | Dave George | 123 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 2 | 0.023 | 327 |
| 19 | 1702 | Chris Green | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 85 | Robin Grove | 6 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 44 | 0.216 | 20 |
| 19 | 1701 | Niels Hoven | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 512 | Michael Jahr | 44 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 4 | 0.024 | 154 |
| 19 | 1698 | Lisa Klisch | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 1707 | Paul Laport | 209 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.500 | 520 |
| 19 | 1391 | Marc Lipman | 155 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 2 | 0.036 | 307 |
| 19 | 1700 | Michael Mancini | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 1708 | Lee Mayer | 209 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.500 | 520 |
| 19 | 809 | Timothy Morgen | 78 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 8 | 0.060 | 81 |
| 19 | 1703 | Edward Moser | 208 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 523 |
| 19 | 1486 | Alex Neill | 170 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 3 | 0.073 | 175 |
| 19 | 878 | Jerry Pannullo | 84 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 33 | 0.260 | 27 |
| 19 | 1709 | Russell Pittman | 210 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 1 | 1.000 | 518 |
| 19 | 1340 | Susan Reese | 145 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 24 | 0.364 | 33 |
| 19 | 232 | Ken Sandler | 17 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 3 | 0.016 | 248 |
| 19 | 1476 | Joan Schloo | 168 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 3 | 0.070 | 177 |
| 19 | 781 | Jessica Steinhice | 74 | 1 | 0.333 | 17 | 41 | 0.299 | 21 |
| 44 | 1704 | Ann Gerhart | 212 | 1 | 0.250 | 17 | 1 | 1.000 | 518 |

| Rk | +/- | LID | Name | Dbu | Pts | Cons |
|----|-----|------|-------------------|-----|-----|-------|
| 1 | | 83 | Chuck Smith | 6 | 299 | 1.466 |
| 2 | | 273 | Elden Carnahan | 22 | 190 | 1.011 |
| 3 | | 110 | Tom Witte | 7 | 160 | 0.788 |
| 4 | | 152 | Jennifer Hart | 11 | 151 | 0.759 |
| 5 | | 777 | Russell Beland | 73 | 134 | 0.971 |
| 6 | | 655 | Joseph Romm | 58 | 130 | 0.855 |
| 7 | | 98 | Stephen Dudzik | 7 | 106 | 0.522 |
| 8 | | 536 | Sarah Worcester | 46 | 77 | 0.470 |
| 9 | | 788 | Jean Sorensen | 75 | 73 | 0.537 |
| 10 | | 752 | John Kammer | 71 | 70 | 0.500 |
| 11 | | 1297 | Jonathan Paul | 136 | 68 | 0.907 |
| 12 | +1 | 1400 | David Genser | 157 | 66 | 1.222 |
| 13 | -1 | 204 | Paul Kondis | 14 | 59 | 0.301 |
| 14 | | 367 | Dave Zarrow | 30 | 55 | 0.306 |
| 15 | +2 | 1240 | Tommy Litz | 125 | 53 | 0.616 |
| 16 | -1 | 841 | Ken Krattenmaker | 80 | 52 | 0.397 |
| 17 | +1 | 1055 | Art Grinath | 106 | 51 | 0.486 |
| 18 | -2 | 175 | Kevin Cuddihy | 13 | 51 | 0.259 |
| 19 | | 233 | Paul Styrene | 17 | 50 | 0.259 |
| 20 | | 85 | Robin Grove | 6 | 44 | 0.216 |
| 21 | +2 | 781 | Jessica Steinhice | 74 | 41 | 0.299 |
| 22 | -1 | 287 | Mike Thring | 23 | 39 | 0.209 |
| 23 | -1 | 139 | Kevin Mellema | 10 | 39 | 0.195 |
| 24 | | 417 | Sue Lin Chong | 35 | 36 | 0.206 |
| 25 | +1 | 241 | Linda Malcolm | 18 | 35 | 0.182 |
| 26 | -1 | 184 | Meg Sullivan | 14 | 34 | 0.173 |
| 27 | +2 | 878 | Jerry Pannullo | 84 | 33 | 0.260 |
| 28 | | 1431 | Sandra Hull | 161 | 32 | 0.640 |
| 29 | -2 | 676 | J. Calvin Smith | 60 | 31 | 0.207 |
| 30 | +1 | 226 | Tom Gearty | 16 | 27 | 0.139 |
| 31 | +2 | 321 | Gary Patishnock | 26 | 25 | 0.136 |
| 32 | -2 | 222 | Steven King | 16 | 25 | 0.129 |
| 33 | +2 | 1340 | Susan Reese | 145 | 24 | 0.364 |
| 34 | -2 | 327 | Peyton Coyner | 26 | 24 | 0.130 |
| 35 | +2 | 1070 | Mike Connaghan | 108 | 23 | 0.223 |
| 36 | | 760 | Greg Arnold | 72 | 23 | 0.165 |
| 37 | -3 | 148 | Cindi Rae Caron | 11 | 23 | 0.116 |
| 38 | | 35 | Stuart Segal | 4 | 22 | 0.107 |
| 39 | | 215 | Chris Rooney | 16 | 21 | 0.108 |
| 40 | | 235 | Paul Sabourin | 17 | 20 | 0.104 |
| 41 | +1 | 1066 | Joel Knanishu | 108 | 19 | 0.184 |
| 42 | +1 | 651 | Earl Gilbert | 57 | 19 | 0.124 |
| 43 | +4 | 551 | David Smith | 48 | 19 | 0.117 |
| 44 | -3 | 548 | Fred Dawson | 47 | 19 | 0.117 |
| 45 | -1 | 24 | Bob Zane | 3 | 19 | 0.092 |
| 46 | +2 | 243 | Dave Ferry | 18 | 18 | 0.094 |
| 47 | +2 | 183 | Kitty Thuermer | 14 | 18 | 0.092 |
| 48 | +6 | 1339 | Bob Sorensen | 145 | 17 | 0.258 |
| 49 | -4 | 496 | Paul Alter | 41 | 17 | 0.101 |
| 50 | +3 | 203 | Philip Delduke | 14 | 17 | 0.087 |

DEPRAVDA



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Papa's Cafe
 Doubletree Hotel
 1756 Rockville Pike
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 Closest Metro: Twinbrook (Red Line)
 Reservations (presumed) under Dudzik
 Order from the menu or enjoy the breakfast buffet!
 Parking (presumed) free in the underground garage.

Sunday, June 1st
Jon Verrey's Cafe
 Time: Anywhere from 9AM on
 4901 Seminary Road #1604, Alexandria, Va.
 [SOUTHERN TOWERS/STRATFORD BUILDING - at the intersection of 395 and Seminary Road -- take Seminary Road West Exit.]
 Cost - Well, some of it is pot luck and I will be getting champagne. How about \$5 from champagne drinkers and/or people not bringing anything.
 Dress - Come as you are

- Subject: DEPRAVDA

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