

Depravda

Published by and for infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational
May, 1997 Volume IV, Number 2

"If Arlington and Herndon were wiped off the face of the earth there would be no Invitational"

TAKE MY MOTHERBOARD.....PLEASE!

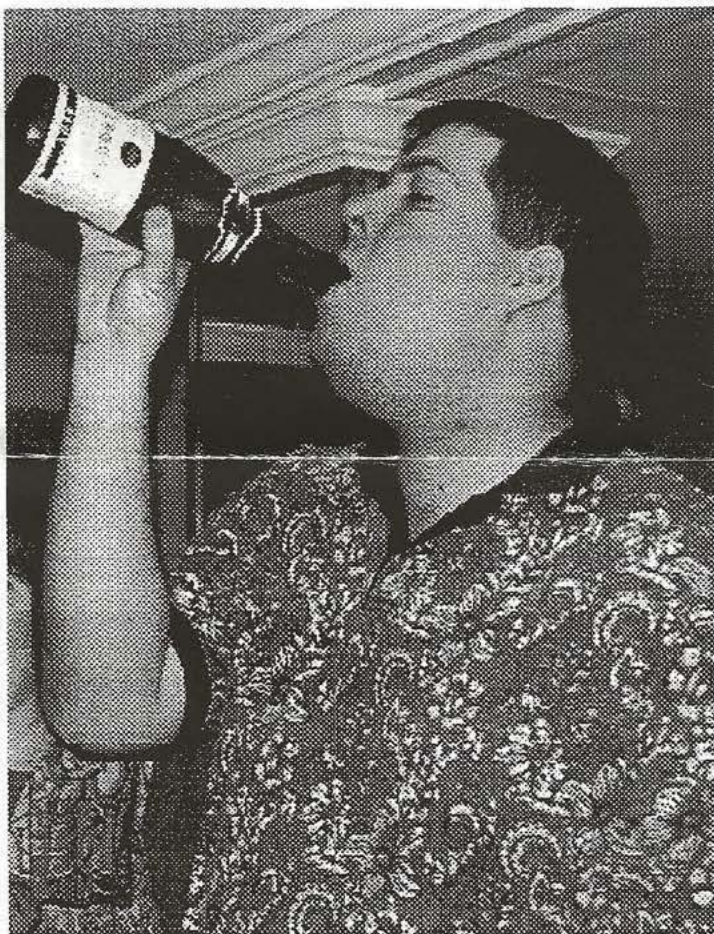
"Deep Lose" Supercomputer Bytes NRARS Team

Washington, DC -- The humor world was stunned today when a team of crack NRARS funnypersons was defeated in a head-to-machine battle with a supercomputer. The riotous machine was dubbed "Deep Lose" by its creator, Billy-Bob Gates of Harpers Ferry, West Virginia. Gates is the chairman of IBM. That's not International Business Machines -- it's In-Breeding Mutants -- but no matter, their machine kicked Loser butt. Said Gates, "We jes' fed the electronic brain the finest humor we could come up with fer 24 hours a day fer a couple o' weeks -- you know, quality stuff like 'The Lockhorns', 'Wings' reruns and Bob Levey columns. Afore'n ya knowed it, we had one helluva funny machine on our hands. It can do anything: Knock-knock jokes, celebrity impressions, double dactyls, Crapseys -- even 'How many Washington Post employees does it take' jokes. Afore long, we knew we were ready to take on the humor elite, the members of the NRARS. Besides, we were a-fixin' fer a fight 'cause we're still ticked about that 'Almost Heaven' crack from that guy from East Virginia."

Anyway, to make a long story even longer -- and sadder for that matter--Gates loaded the machine onto the family vee-hikkle and drove to DC to challenge a crack squad of Losers which had been assembled at the posh NRARS offices downtown. Well, the fact is, Gates' truck broke down on Route 50 near Fairfax, where the only Loser for miles around was Kevin Cuddihy. Now, we all know that some other Losers have more points, but I think we can all agree that Kevin is the biggest Loser of them all. He's never been one to back down from a challenge, so he became "the NRARS team." He and Gates pushed the truck to the Cuddihy estate and plugged in the cyber-wisecracker and they commenced to joke-a-fyin'.

Well, then.....ummmm, let's see.....then what happened.....well, I don't really have much more to say, so just look at the pictures and give us here at Depravda a break. We're not machines, able to crank out humor at the touch of a button like "Deep Lose". We need to be enticed by deluxe prizes or, possibly, Weaselbrau Beer. All we can say is, it was a sorry day for human humorists, made all the worse, we're quite certain, by this article in your expensive newsletter.

Con't on Page 2



Kevin Cuddihy shown here in training for his match with 'Deep Lose' takes a small sip of 'Ma Hari's Secret Funnin' Elixir' to sharpen his wit for battle.

Alas, in this issue:

Looserpalooza '97 Update.....	Page 3
Page 5 Girl - Joe Romm!!	Page 5
Hatemail to the Editor	Page 4
Peyton's Coyner	Page 7
May's Top Ten List.....	Page 7
Wit Happens	Page 8
June Brunch Info	Page 10

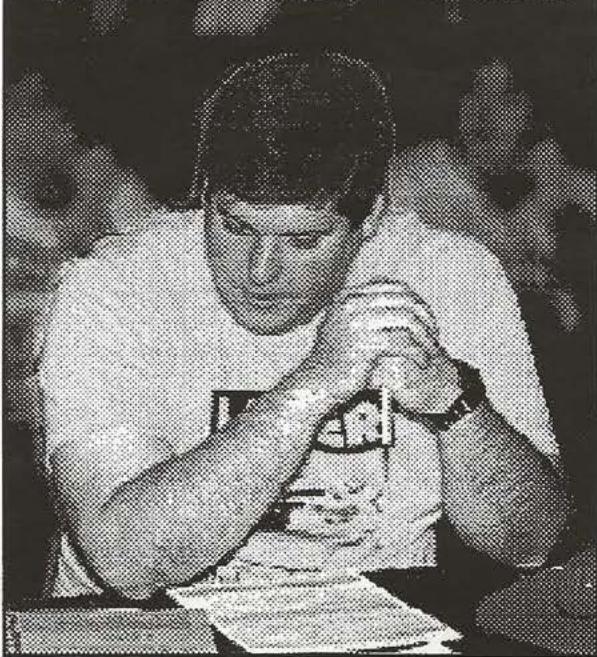
Cuddihy Replacable by Cybernetic Humorist?

Cuddihy-Lose Rematch '98

The Kick-asses
In Manassas

Only on Pay-per-View

A confident Cuddihy gets down to business.



On July 20th, 1969, a ghostly 35th President declared, "Well, when I announced that we would land a man on the moon in this deh-KAID, I was sure you guys could never do it. So, let us go forth from this day, and challenge America to develop a computer that can win a humor contest before the end of the millenium. Now don't make me have to come down there again!"



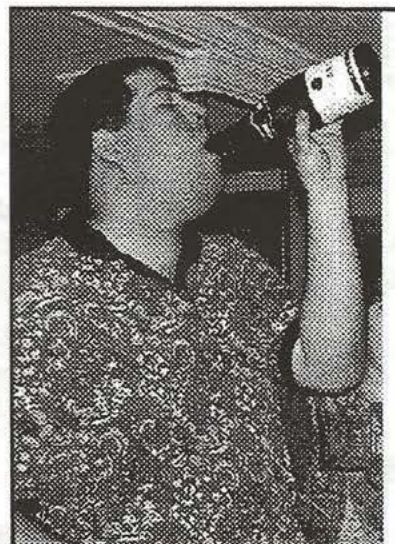
Another "impartial" judge, Art Grinath, can barely contain himself after reading Kevin's near-triumphant Priest, Minister, Rabbi Joke



Impartial judges? BALONEY! Deep Lose's hilarious poopypoke entry has Paul Kondis', Sarah Worcester's and, to lesser extent, Mike Connaghan's, drinks coming out their Loser noses.



It's a sorry day for humanity as a grim Ellen Lamb tallies the final result.



A destroyed Kevin Cuddihy, having let down the entire human race, slugs down a whole bottle of "VerrEy's Worry Sherry" in a hurry.

LOSERPALOOZA '97 UPDATE!!!!

Loserfest '97 will take place at the quaint (read "bring your own Lysol") Cliffside Inn in Harpers Ferry, WV. They have an 800 number. Do they have a phone? Hmmm. Well, try calling 800-782-9437 and see what happens. Fifteen rooms have been reserved under "Dudzik". These rooms have two double beds in them, one for you and one for "Dudzik". They will try to get us all in one general area, i.e., isolated from others. The standard rate is \$76/night but we will be charged a mere \$70/night if we fill 15 rooms. The rooms have Cable TV, beds, doors. There is an indoor pool, an outdoor pool, and a path (very steep, perhaps clifflike?) to one of two area rivers. They have a Sunday breakfast buffet for about \$6.50; eat from 730 a.m. - 1130 a.m.. There is a tavern on the grounds, too.

NOTE: YOU MUST MAKE YOUR OWN RESERVATIONS BY JUNE 1, 1997. The rooms will be released after that date. Call the above 800 number.

WHITEWATER, THE RAFTING TRIP - RAIN OR SHINE!!!

Our Whitewater Rafting Adventure has been scheduled for 1:45 p.m. on July 26. We must be AT BLUE RIDGE OUTFITTERS in Harpers Ferry at 12:45, however, in order to eat lunch (which is included in the fee) and to get "suited up" (wooooo!).

We will also want to check in at the Cliffside Inn BEFORE going to Blue Ridge Outfitters, because we'll finish rafting around 5 p.m. (Check-in time at the Cliffside is 3 p.m., so you wouldn't be able to get into the rooms before then, anyway.)

A 5 p.m. finish is later than I would've liked, but the only other time they offer is 9 a.m., which means some people would have to start driving before dawn. DETAILS The cost will be between \$40 and \$45 per person, depending on how many we end up with. A deposit of \$20 per person MUST be paid in advance. Please bring your \$20 to the June 1 brunch or get it to me somehow, soon.

Our final numbers and remaining payment will be due 2 weeks before the rafting trip (July 11). After July 11, whatever money we've put down will be nonrefundable.

The End of the Raven

by Edgar Allen Poe's Cat

On a night quite unenchanted, when the rain was downward slanting,
I awakened to the ranting of the man I catch mice for.
Tipsy and a bit unshaven, in a tone I found quite craven,
Poe was talking to a Raven perched above the chamber door.

"Raven's very tasty," thought I, as I tiptoed o'er the floor,
"There is nothing I like more."

Soft upon the rug I treaded, calm and careful as I headed
Towards his roost atop that dreaded bust of Pallas I deplore.
While the bard and birdie chattered, I made sure that nothing clattered,
Creaked, or snapped, or fell, or shattered, as I crossed the corridor;
For his house is crammed with trinkets, curios and weird decor - Bric-a-brac
and junk galore.

Still the Raven never fluttered, standing stock-still as he fluttered,
In a voice that shrieked and sputtered, his two cents' worth -
"Nevermore."

While this dirge the birdbrain kept up, oh, so silently I crept up,
Then I crouched and quickly lept up, pouncing on the feathered bore.
Soon he was a heap of plumage, and a little blood and gore -
Only this and not much more.

"Ooooh!" my pickled poet cried out, "Pussycat, it's time I died out!
Never sat I in my hideout talking to a bird before;
How I've wallowed in self-pity, while my gallant, valiant kitty
Put an end to that damned dirty" - then I heard him start to snore.
Back atop the door I clambered, eyed that statue I abhor,
Jumped - and smashed it on the floor.

The Reliable League **Rotisserie League**

by The Gossipmonger Paul Kondis

Rotisserie League '97,

Good God, Y'all, What is it GOOD FOR??? --

Baseball has its "hot stove league" in the winter, and Loser Rotisserie retaliated with its "loud stereo league", the clear winner being the Wheeze Kids with their "WILL YOU TURN THOSE THINGS DOWN SO I CAN STUDY" maneuver. After ordered was restored, it was discovered that several owners had relocated their franchises, but several others never did turn up, though a slightly deformed green jelly bean was discovered amongst the dust bunnies when the couch was moved.

We had a list of the franchises, up until the cleaning people came in and obviously mistook official bar stationery for a used bevnep, so we'll have to make do with a list of people who leave the toilet seat up:

1. Men

We have now reached the part of the write-up where we tell you what part of the write-up you are in. Fortunately, it's brief.

And that brings us to the regular season. Apparently, there were games played on May 4. We'd tell you the results, but the cleaning crew is very thorough. That furniture polish they use takes pencil marks right off the desk.

Wait. There was also a draft, which may or may not have happened before the first round of games. The draft, using the latest technology, took a quick 5 days to finish, with electrons doing most of the work, and the team owners drinking most of the beer. The deadline was met, barely, with the last pick coming just as the pizzas arrived, the commissar cleverly distinguishing between the two, and didn't note 'pepperoni with extra cheese' as the final selection.

Several differing strategies were trotted out by the owners during the draft, each taking a turn on the runway as the audience applauded politely. Half of the teams have opted to enter the season with less than a full roster, perhaps picking up help along the way as the salary cap rises. This is the extent to which we understood what happened, which coincides with the point that Elden grew tired of explaining things to us. Hey, Lord, don't ask me questions. Ain't no answer in me.

May's Depravda is dedicated to the memory of
Loser Bob Sarecky



Hatemail to the Editor



Dear Editor,

It is with great regret that I must relinquish my appointed position of Alert Reader for the Depravda newsletter in order to accept my new position of Rotisserie Kommisar. The demands of both positions at the same time would just be too great a pressure plus I have to earn a living at my real job. So, as of today, I am taking selling my position of Alert Reader to the highest bidder. Please send offers to dferry@phillips.com.

Dave Ferry - Das Kommisar II

PS. Please adjust your masthead accordingly.

Whoa ho ho! Not so fast there Reader-boy. If you want to moonlight as the almighty Kommisar that's just fine by me, but I don't think you're getting out of the alert reader position quite that easy. Alert Reader is a very important and prestigious position not to be entered into lightly, and once entered into (lightly or otherwise) very difficult from which to get out. The responsibilities are great and perhaps you should have thought of that before you demanded the position in the first place! Your resignation is hereby rejected. Now get back to alert reading and don't let me catch you sleeping at your desk! - ed.

I would like to clear up some confusion the public seems to have about my sense of decency. When I tell people my winning entry [way back in Week 133, and what a glorious week that was --ed.], "A good joke is to its explanation as sex is to trying to have a baby. Get it? It takes all the fun out of it!" they often ask me how would I know? Well, I don't have to be Polish to tell Polack jokes, now do I?

- Mike Connaghan

Who put in that comment by - ed.? Was that supposed to be Mr. Ed? It certainly wasn't I and I am pretty ticked off by this whole outrage! That's another example of glitches getting by that damn Alert Reader of ours. What the hell is he doing in there anyway? - ed.

I was wasting my time in the Losers' Home Page and I came across the following sentence: "Depravda Publications ~Inc. is always looking for some good material." Does this indicate a change in policy?

Signed,

Someone who has formerly been granted print in Depravda

No, it's more of an inside joke. But now that you bring it up we are celebrating the 1st anniversary of the Losers' Home Page. Send your cash donations (small unmarked bills only) to Webmaster, Losers' Home Page c/o Depravda. - Webmaster, Losers' Home Page.

Man o' Man, that Greg Arnold was right! I visited the hallowed halls of the newly restored and reopened Library of Congress May 4th and experienced the restrooms firsthand. I was at a white marble urinal which had a fresh deodorant cake. The

valve had a clean, crisp sound as it let loose the torrent of cleansing water. I was almost hypnotized by the swirls. Talk about a high-class joint! Another surprise; REAL paper towels to wipe your hands, not the damn blowers you find in the Mall museums. Heavenly!

Thank you Greg and Sarah for telling us about the grand opening. I grabbed a few rare books on the way out too. They should bring a pretty penny. All in all, a wonderful afternoon of culture.

- A dedicated Maryland Depravda Reader

This does indeed sound fascinating. Perhaps after we complete the run of Talking w/ Lady Luck columns we could run another series on toilet facilities around the Washington area. Someone could come up with a rating scale by which these restrooms could be judged and the results would be tallied right here in Depravda. So as of now we're looking for an expert on restrooms to volunteer their time to create this rating sheet. Any takers? Chuck? - ed.

How do I keep Roving Reporter Greg Arnold away from my place of business? Much as I chuckle at his antics and field reports I can't help but think that he would scare away my clients. He reminds me of a tall Ross Perot with an attitude and a hankering to blow stuff up real good. Our guards no longer carry guns so that option is out. Can you talk to the guy and persuade him that our company is boring? Maybe yank his credit card and expense account? Sic him on those people at the EPA, they need a thrill.

Name withheld by request

Steve, this really shouldn't be a problem. I happen to know that Greg only goes where he isn't invited. So to keep him at bay simply invite him over to the Dudzik place of work. Just to be safe you might want to invite him on a Saturday so that in case he does show up your clients won't be around anyway. - ed.

The fact is I was listening to WTOP this evening at 7:20 and heard a report on a protest at ABC studios in Washington over the Ellen show tonight. The reporter was Mike Hammer, Washington. The story... what was Mike Hammer doing attending a lesbian (or, if'n yer billy bob thomton, a les-been) protest?

- Greg Arnold

The answer to this isn't real clear. That's because the question isn't clear. Was the protest against lesbians? Was it a protest by lesbians? Was it a protest against the Ellen show because it's a lame show and you just assumed it had something to do with lesbians? Or was perhaps Mike Hammer just using his media connections to rouse some rabble whipping people up into a protest frenzy over some non-event just so he'd have a story to cover? If that's the case then we should salute Mr. Hammer for his creativity and perhaps offer him a position here on the Depravda staff. We need good reporters like that. -ed.

In the Lamelight

Joe Romm, Washington

My first recorded instance of plagiarism was around 22 months, when I was reported to have said, "Ma-ma," and my older brother immediately slapped me with a restraining order. At least that's what he says it was. I still bear the welts. Some apparently unoriginal gurgles at nine months may have predated this incident, but the court records remain sealed.

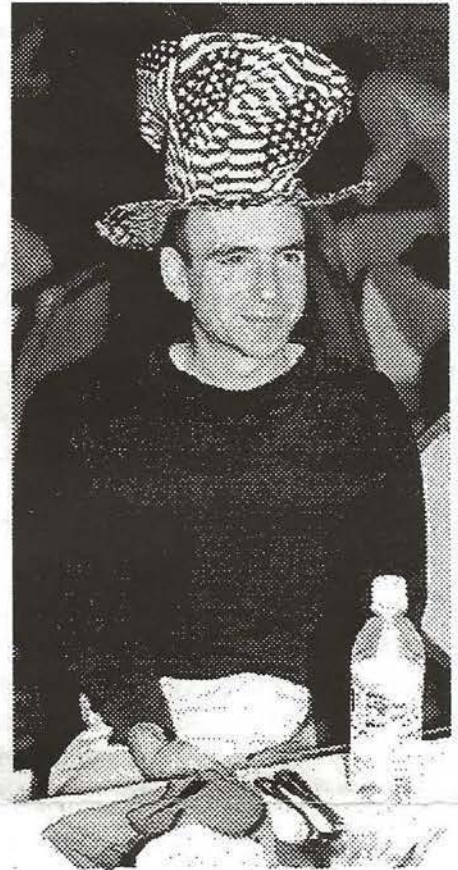
I distinctly remember in third grade not being able to make heads or tails out of the complex characterizations and plotting of Charlotte's Web and being forced to turn to the "Cliff Notes" version (and, no, that is not an attempt to retroactively win the pig with a wry but forced Dennis Milleresque reference, although this parenthetical comment is).

During the final exams of my undergraduate philosophy course, I was caught peering into the soul of the woman next to me, who, interestingly enough, was herself also plagiarizing Woody Allen. An expulsion resulted. And after I cleaned it up and changed my underpants, I was thrown out of school. So I tried being original until -- true story -- I took the qualifying exam for Jeopardy! at age 25 and failed honestly, although I was sitting right next to a five-time winner of the Who, What or Where Game. Since then, I have left the straight and narrow for good and gone over to the crooked and broad, or at least to crooked broads or -- false story -- Brooke Shields.

Which is why I came to Washington, where plagiarism is commonly referred to as "speechwriting," and, less often, "winning the Style Invitational." If I ever had an original joke, I hereby renounce it forever as bad sushi. In the spirit of confession that "In the Lamelight" demands, I think it is time I owned up to the least well-kept secret since the revelation that the Cancer Man killed JFK or Nixon himself was Deep Throat (the clever bastard was covering all his bases): I am Dr. Style. I'm glad I got that off my chest (to plagiarize Julia Robert's only comment on her breakup with Lyle Lovett). I can admit this now that I have a long-term contract that guarantees I get paid exactly the same whether or not any Loser actually asks me for advice or melatonin. Suckers! Also, I'd like to start offering prescriptions to any Loser who needs marijuana for medicinal purposes, which, according to the Physicians Desk Reference, includes Sunday Washington Post-partum depression.

Finally, in the spirit of plagiarizing from myself, I'd like to end with a poem I like to call "The Boss's Daughter":

I can't stop thinking about you, my Chelsea darling.
I've dreamt of you ere you were a yearling.
Now you're in the House so White
Oh how I wish we were together tonight.
If this were a sonnet of the great Bard
Expressing my feelings wouldn't be so hard,
And there would be fourteen lines, too,
But I can't hold back that long my feelings for you:
With the passion that young girls used to have for Bobby Vinton,
I love you, only child of President and Hillary Rodham Clinton.



O.J. SYMPTOMS

by: Orenthal Jimmy Olsen

Brentwood, MD. -With the OJ trials tied at 1-1, this cub reporter carped diem for a place in history, a raise, and a boost in Depravda circulation by trying to smoke out the real killer(s). Since Brentwood is only a few blocks from the journalist's cubicle I built in my house, I figured this assignment would at least be convenient, and I could come home for lunch if I hadn't found the real killer(s) by then.

Plan A: A re-enactment would put me in his/her/their mind(s), so I would begin with Happy Meals with Kato in the Bentley. I called the Kato Institute, but they said he wasn't there. The ab-cramping laughter I heard on the line sounded a little nervous, so I began to think I was on to something. Plus, I wouldn't have to find a Bentley for the Drive-Thru segment.

Phase 2: Recreate the crime scene. I borrowed a Bronco, and went to the store (name: The Store) for supplies. I grabbed what I needed, but was strangely attracted to the cashier with the blue fingernails, and I decided to actually pay for my stuff. She rang up the ugly ass Bruno Magli knock-offs (all the kids in California are wearing them now), the red food coloring, the corn syrup, and the pig iron Rambo knife with a compass in the handle. "Didn't you forget something?" she asked. I began to sweat like an undercover journalist in a rat hole grocery/variety store. Hey, wait. That's what I am doing! "Your 30 pack of Miller High Life?" She knew something was wrong, but I remembered this wasn't a plot point, and was able to regain my composure. I stopped doing that jaw muscle wiggle like OJ too. I paid for the "evidence", depleting the entire black budget of Depravda. I was nearly out when I stopped to read the front page of the Depravda competition (they have their own stands, blue as a LeAnn Rimes cover, and as I was about to start yodeling, I remembered this wasn't a plot point either, and left out the door, forgetting to close parentheses.

I crossed the Northwest Branch of the Anacostia, where 38th Avenue becomes 38th Street, and I was in Brentwood. It didn't look as extravagant as it did from the chopper cam, but its plenty sinister. After driving around a while, I began to think "Bundy Drive" is a local nickname for Bunker Hill Road, so a cruised up and down "Bundy" listening for plaintive whales, but all I heard were some barking dogs. If only I spoke dog! I knew they were trying to tell me something. They aren't like cats. Cats can keep a secret.

Stage III: I knew I was close, so I mixed the food color and syrup, and slipped on the Maglis (or is it Brunos?) and.....

LUNCH!!!

(to be continued)

Next:Mr. Mustard, in the kitchen, with the knife.



Young Jimmy Olsen is no relation to Mary Olson. He is an underaged worker we picked up cheap on a tip from Kathy Lee Gifford.

An Article We Couldn't Find an Appropriate Title For. by Paul Kondis

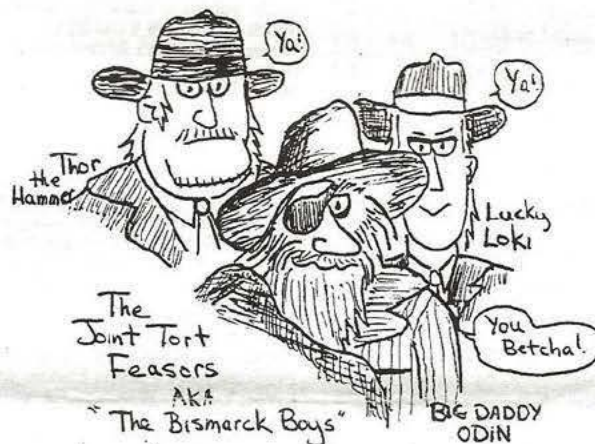
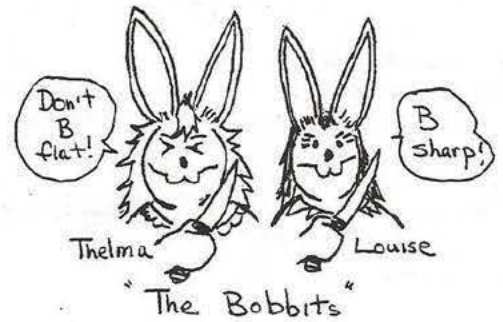
So I show up at the field (I had a softball game), and I spot a friend, who I hadn't seen in what could have been months.

So I sleaze on over and start chatting. And in the middle of my monologue, I notice her giving the lady she was talking to strange looks. I think, "How odd," but I manage to keep up my end of the whole conversation. And then wander away. Well. The next day, I find out that the lady she was talking to was MY WIFE! And I HADN'T RECOGNIZED HER!! I made little excuses to myself; she had her hair up, I hadn't really looked at her, we hadn't yet met. Luckily, when we were finally introduced several months later, she never mentioned the incident. Such understanding! No wonder I fell in love! But don't think she hasn't let me forget it. Because she has.

True story. Well, almost.

ROTO LEAGUE LOGOS

ARE YOU READY TO RRRUMBLE!!?



May TOP TEN List

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



10. My Fantasy Date with Joel Khanishu. - Joel Khanishu
9. Underwear of the Sad and Lonely. - Dave Ferry
8. My Fantasy Date with Dave Zarrow. - Dave Zarrow
7. Why the Other Women in This Contest Aren't As Funny as Me. - Grace Fuller
6. My Fantasy Date with John Kammer. - John Kammer
5. What REALLY Happened on My Drunken Metro Ride With Kevin Cuddihy - Kevin Cuddihy
4. My Fantasy Date with Sarah Worcester - Sarah Worcester
3. Chuck Smith: My colleague, my stalker. - Jean Sorenson
2. My Fantasy Date with Bob Sorenson - Bob Sorenson
1. ...ght Part 2: My Radi TV, Stage, and... - Mary Olson¹

JUNE TOP TEN CONTEST

Top Ten Comments overheard during the June Loser brunch at Casa de Jan VerrEy.

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.

1- Mary Olson's entry this month was inexplicably destroyed in transit by the US Postal Service. Nevertheless we find her much funnier than the rest of you and have awarded her first place again with full confidence that her entry, had it been received in its entirety, would have won anyway. -ed.

Talking w/ Lady Luck

by Style Invitational Losers .

Date: 05/10/97

To: ladyluck@valottery.state.va.us

Dear Ms. Luck,

I am a computer technician, so naturally I keep a magic wand at my desk for emergencies. Some mornings when I arrive I find that the wand has been moved from its accustomed place next to my PC. I fear that the cleaning staff might be playing with it after hours. (If so, that would explain the chicken feathers I keep finding in my desk drawers.) How can I keep my wand out of the hands of amateurs while still keeping it handy for legitimate purposes?

Sandra "Madame Xandra" Hull,

Arlington VA

Date: 97-05-12 19:31:54 EDT

From: LADYLUCK@valottery.state.va.us (Lady Luck)

To: F2Sandra@aol.com

Did you just win that big jackpot?

LL

The Long Awaited Return of The March of Sophistry

The Long-Awaited return of The March of Sophistry

Week 208: SEND IN THE CLONES

Mr. and Mrs. Beland are first out of the gate as the real data starts coming in for Year 5, and this time Russ lets Maureen keep her points. Newly-crowned Rookie of the Year should understand he can't win it twice in a row, despite 4 hits on first Sunday of the Year, and Jennifer may try to hold on to her plaque, too.

Czar's picks an echo of the old days, as 7 new Losers appear for the first time today. Year-1 average of 11.52 new Losers per Week has now slipped to 8.19.

Winner Joan Schloo back for first time since suggesting you might have a bad doctor if his diploma is from Starfleet Academy in Week 174.

Grace Fuller gets cheap yuks with colostomy joke and then gets an earful from an afflicted neighbor; resolves to do more ileostomy gags in the future.

WEEK 209: WE NEED SOME SEASONING

We think this is Tommy Litz's fourth Win, but don't hold us to that, because the pre-Year-5 data is little dense compared to the New Improved Loser Performance Database.

Will Waters, with 2 hits in Debut, surges into early lead for Year-5 Rookie of the Year, although it is way too early to start worrying about *that*.

David Genser adds 2 to be first to break into double digits for the Year. "Uneasy lies the head," yadda yadda yadda.

WEEK 210: RANDOM MEMO

Joe Romm's 4 hits his highest personally in quite some time; we don't really want to say how long it's been, but it may have had something to do with "Crapsey," whatever that means. Art Grinath's Win is his fifth, although we still say that The People's Republic of Takoma Park is sorely underrepresented among the ranks of the wise-asses, given their reading skills and civic outlook down there.

Chuck Smith's drive across bridge to his third century stalled at 299; Grace Fuller pleased to be creeping to within 100 points of his mark again, but is mindful of last Year's 10-Week opening tear that led to an 8th-place finish, for crine out loud.

Wit Happens



Week 95: HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

"Clinton Meets With Backers From Military": President Clinton was reportedly "very surprised" yesterday to be found in the same room with uniformed military officers who had arrived at the White House to advise him on various matters, expecting instead to be meeting with declared homosexual military men. "I thought my schedule said 'Military packers,'" the President explained. "Man, what a screw-up." (Grace Fuller)

Week 108: NEAR MISSES

NO ONE expects the Battle of Britain! We have nothing to offer but blood. And sweat. We have two things to offer: blood and sweat. And toil. There are THREE things we have to offer: blood, toil, and sweat. And tears! AMONGST our offerings are such diverse elements as blood, tears, toil, and sweat. Um, I'll come in again... (Jessica Steinhice)

Week 178: DEEP THROATS

When we're young we feel like we'll live forever but sometimes reality gives us a hard slap in the face. I'm only in my mid-forties, but last week my doctor told me I have an incurable disease. Luckily, it's not life-threatening at all, but it really got me to thinking. (DaveZarrow)

Week 182: CAN YOU STOP THIS?

"John 3:16? That's so cliché! Why, Paul's 2nd letter to the Corinthians is much more appropriate when he writes ..." (Doug Bailey)

Week 193: ASK BACKWARDS VIII

A: 101 Damnations.

Q: For every successful sale, what responses does the average telemarketer also hear? (Mike Hammer)

Week 195: THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES

December 1: Create holiday Zen rock garden: Sort rocks into igneous, metamorphic, and sedimentary categories. (Sue Lin Chong)

Week 198: YOU MUST BE MAD II

For the National Recycling Coalition: Styrofoam condoms are the rage among college students. (Jean Sorensen)

For the Tobacco Lobby: cigarette packages must contain voice chips that play warning message read by late Lucille Ball. (Bob Sorensen)

Week 199: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Pregnancy and a cell in Lorton: you can get out of the cell before term without having to run a gauntlet of protesters. (Sandra Hull)

Week 203: CAN IT GET MUCH VERSE?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou sure do maketh me hot and sweaty.

Ampits all clammy. I can't stay away.

Thy heat wilts me, like blanched spaghetti.

Oh, my love! I beg thee, on one knee bended.

Please have that restraining order rescinded. (David Genser)

Week 207: TIED TO BE FIT

It is an amusing coincidence that "Deng Xiaoping," translated literally into English, means "Bite the Soapy Duckie." (Jennifer Hart)

Aldrich Ames and The Noose: You wouldn't stick your neck out for either of them. (Jonathan Paul)

Week 208: SEND IN THE CLONES

If the Democrats are filibustering, can the Republicans clone themselves to get a quorum? (Kevin Cuddihy)

Could a basketball team made up of Michael Jordan clones be accused of playing with himself? (Stephen Dudzik)

Would the advent of cloning mean that the sperm bank wouldn't pay me in Ripple anymore? (Chuck Smith)

Week 209: WE NEED SOME SEASONING

Maryland loses in the first round of the NCAA tournament. (Dave Ferry)

Repairs finally completed, thousands of District children return to school only to be sent home for Spring vacation. (Charlie Myers)

The Ear No One Reads gets its annual cleaning. (Charlie Steinhice)

Week 210: RANDOM MEMO

Memo to Kathryn Graham: The Washington Star returned your call regarding home delivery. (Greg Arnold)

Memo to Albert Belle: Your shipment of cork went to Cleveland by mistake. Want it sent to Chicago? (Paul Kocak)

Memo to Chuck Smith: The Czar called. He hasn't received his check this week. (Greg Pryor)

Memo to Dan Quayle: Your ESL instructor called to remind you not to forget your homework this time. (Joseph Romm)

Memo to: Wilt Chamberlain

From: Monique

Message: "Don't worry about last night. It happens to all men occasionally, and it doesn't mean anything." (Sarah Worcester)

Week 211: GIVE US THE BACKS OFF YOUR SHIRTS

"Veni, vidi, viscassi" (I came, I saw, I smarted off) (Peyton Coyner)

F2 TROOP

New and Improved Stats Page, as of the Report from Week 214

The chart below lists all persons who have appeared at least twice in Year 5 so far. Career stats are added, for the benefit of newer Losers who do not yet appear on the Career list, at right. That chart lists the top 50 scorers over all Years.

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.

Rk: Rank, in Year 5 or overall.

+/-: Change in rank since April issue, Year 5 or overall.

Pts: Points—print appearances, Year 5 or overall.

Cons: Consistency—average points per Week since your Debut (no Week 64), Year 5 or overall.

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

As always, each Loser's enlightened self-interest is the best quality check, and we are proud to receive your complaints at [REDACTED].

Year 5										Career		
LID	Name	Dbu	Rk	+/-	Pts	Cons	Pace	Pts	Cons	Rk		
1400	David Genser	157	1		13	1.857	97	69	1.190	12		
1055	Art Grinath	106	2	+6	12	1.714	89	60	0.550	13		
1297	Jonathan Paul	136	2	+1	12	1.714	89	75	0.949	9		
273	Elden Carnahan	22	4	-2	10	1.429	74	194	1.010	2		
110	Tom Witte	7	5	+2	8	1.143	59	165	0.797	3		
98	Stephen Dudzik	7	6	+13	7	1.000	52	112	0.541	7		
152	Jennifer Hart	11	6	+1	7	1.000	52	155	0.764	4		
655	Joseph Romm	58	6	-3	7	1.000	52	132	0.846	6		
1070	Mike Connaghan	108	9	+5	6	0.857	45	27	0.252	30		
752	John Kammer	71	9	-2	6	0.857	45	73	0.507	11		
1673	Barry Blyveis	202	11	+3	5	0.714	37	7	0.538	87		
1431	Sandra Hull	161	11	+3	5	0.714	37	35	0.648	25		
1240	Tommy Litz	125	11	-5	5	0.714	37	54	0.600	16		
788	Jean Sorensen	75	11	-8	5	0.714	37	73	0.521	10		
777	Russell Beland	73	15	-8	4	0.571	30	135	0.951	5		
203	Philip Delduke	14	15	-8	4	0.571	30	18	0.090	47		
1720	Laurie Burdett	214	17	new	3	3.000	22	3	3.000	171		
1706	William Waters	209	18	-4	3	0.500	22	3	0.500	172		
243	Dave Ferry	18	19		3	0.429	22	20	0.102	41		
83	Chuck Smith	6	19	-12	3	0.429	22	299	1.438	1		
1707	Paul Laporte	209	21	-2	2	0.333	15	2	0.333	269		
1708	Lee Mayer	209	21	-2	2	0.333	15	2	0.333	269		
1684	Brian Broadus	204	23	-9	2	0.286	15	3	0.273	173		
417	Sue Lin Chong	35	23	new	2	0.286	15	38	0.212	24		
85	Robin Grove	6	23	-4	2	0.286	15	45	0.216	20		
878	Jerry Pannullo	84	23	-4	2	0.286	15	34	0.260	27		
781	Jessica Steinhice	74	23	-4	2	0.286	15	42	0.298	21		
536	Sarah Worcester	46	23	new	2	0.286	15	79	0.470	8		
367	Dave Zarrow	30	23	new	2	0.286	15	57	0.310	15		

CAREER STATS ONLY						
Rk	+/-	LID	Name	Dbu	Pts	Cons
1		83	Chuck Smith	6	299	1.438
2		273	Elden Carnahan	22	194	1.010
3		110	Tom Witte	7	165	0.797
4		152	Jennifer Hart	11	155	0.764
5		777	Russell Beland	73	135	0.951
6		655	Joseph Romm	58	132	0.846
7		98	Stephen Dudzik	7	112	0.541
8		536	Sarah Worcester	46	79	0.470
9	+2	1297	Jonathan Paul	136	75	0.949
10	-1	788	Jean Sorensen	75	73	0.521
11	-1	752	John Kammer	71	73	0.507
12		1400	David Genser	157	69	1.190
13	+4	1055	Art Grinath	106	60	0.550
14		204	Paul Kondis	14	60	0.300
15	-1	367	Dave Zarrow	30	57	0.310
16	-1	1240	Tommy Litz	125	54	0.600
17	-1	841	Ken Krattenmaker	80	52	0.385
18		175	Kevin Cuddihy	13	51	0.254
19		233	Paul Styrene	17	50	0.254
20		85	Robin Grove	6	45	0.216
21		781	Jessica Steinhice	74	42	0.298
22		287	Mike Thring	23	39	0.204
23		139	Kevin Mellema	10	39	0.191
24		417	Sue Lin Chong	35	38	0.212
25	+3	1431	Sandra Hull	161	35	0.648
26	-1	241	Linda Malcolm	18	35	0.179
27		878	Jerry Pannullo	84	34	0.260
28	-2	184	Meg Sullivan	14	34	0.170
29		676	J. Calvin Smith	60	31	0.201
30	+5	1070	Mike Connaghan	108	27	0.252
31	-1	226	Tom Gearty	16	27	0.136
32	-1	321	Gary Patishnock	26	25	0.133
33	-1	222	Steven King	16	25	0.126
34	-1	1340	Susan Reese	145	24	0.343
35	+1	760	Greg Arnold	72	24	0.168
36	-2	327	Peyton Coyner	26	24	0.128
37		148	Cindi Rae Caron	11	23	0.113
38		35	Stuart Segal	4	22	0.105
39		215	Chris Rooney	16	21	0.106
40	+1	1066	Joel Knanishu	108	20	0.187
41	+5	243	Dave Ferry	18	20	0.102
42	-2	235	Paul Sabourin	17	20	0.102
43	-1	651	Earl Gilbert	57	19	0.121
44	-1	551	David Smith	48	19	0.114
45	-1	548	Fred Dawson	47	19	0.114
46	-1	24	Bob Zane	3	19	0.090
47	+3	203	Philip Delduke	14	18	0.090
47		183	Kitty Thuermer	14	18	0.090
49		65	Michael Hammer	5	18	0.086
50		1339	Bob Sorensen	145	17	0.243

DEPRAVDA



Status: PIF - Exp: Aug-97



- 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 t 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.

Publisher.....John Kammer
Editors.....Dave Zarrow/John Kammer
General Counsel.....Sue Lin Chong
Circulation Goddess.....Jan VerrEy
Comptroller.....Dave Zarrow
Grip.....Sarah Worcester
Head Gaffer.....Steve Dudzik
Chief Photographer.....vacant
Illustrator.....Peyton Coyner
Advice Columnist.....Dr. Style
Layout Boy.....John Kammer
Alert Reader.....Dave Ferry
Spiritual Advisor.....Jim Bakker
America's Funniest.....Dave Zarrow
Office Products Dealer
Investigations.....Nick Freeman
Acting Dork.....Jerry Pannullo
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 Camahan

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)

*Sunday, June 1st
Jon Verrey's Cafe*

Time: Anywhere from 9AM on

4901 Seminary Road #1604, Alexandria, Va

[SOUTHERN TOWERS/STRAITFORD
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

From the Beltway: Take 395 North to Seminary Road Exit/West. At the first light after you cross over 395, turn right into the Southern Towers Complex. Go to stop sign, turn right and continue down to the last building on the left (just past 7-11).

From Washington: Take 395 South to Seminary Road Exit/West. There is an entrance to Southern Towers before you come to Seminary Road. If you go in there, my building is right in front of you. If you miss that, go on to Seminary Road, turn right at the first light. Go to stop sign, turn right and continue down to the last building on the left (just past 7-11).

Park anywhere, but sign in at the desk.