

Depravda

Published by and for infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational
August, 1997 Volume IV, Number 5

"I came, I saw, I left shaking my head"

ANOTHER DEPRAVDA EDITOR TURNS UP MISSING John Kammer Pulls A Grace Fuller At Best Loserfest Ever **Dave Zarrow Graciously Steps In** **FONT Machine RAGES OUT OF CONTROL**

New "Editor" Addresses The Little People, Sets Forth New Editorial Standards

Zippitty-doo-dah, it feels great to finally get control of this newsletter. It's been a lifelong dream of mine to "edit" a publication such as this. It's an honor to follow in the footsteps of Zenger, Greeley, Murdoch and Flynt, to be one more thread in the rich tapestry that is American journalism.

And how I love it! I can write whatever I damn well please and no one can stop me now that Kammer is out of the way. I hope he and Grace are happy together. Heh-heh. Oh, uh, I'm, um, really sorry that something "happened" to the two of them. They will be missed, especially John's scanner.

Re: The new editorial standards for Depravda, let me tell you what's in and what's out. Good graphics are out. Frankly, they merely served to distract the readers from the poor writing quality of the articles we wrote. What's in? Funky fonts, absolute fabrications, more whining about the "editor's" lack of F2 ink.

Rest assured, readers, Depravda will continue to reflect the interests of the NRARS at large and will never be used as a vehicle for the personal aggrandizement and benefit of the "editor" and his family. The fact that I now control both the NRARS printing press and the pursestrings worries me not one iota.

Oh, did I mention that subscription prices will be tripling? Getting the condo in Palm Beach is merely another journalistic tool, one that will benefit the "editor" by serving as a quiet retreat from the pressures of cranking out this rag every month. Believe me, the place didn't come cheap. Jacuzzis rule!

Well, I'm honored to be your "editor". Am I worried about the Depravda Jinx that has snatched two editors from us in their prime? No, I'm not worried. That was merely a coincidence. Nothing bad will happen to me. A complete security system has been installed at the new Depravda Hindquarters.

"I'm in charge here," says new Depravda 'Editor' in a calm soothing voice.



Alas in this issue:

Loserfest '97 -- What A Weekend!	pages 2 & 3
Hatemail To The "Editor"	page 4
Rotograv(man)ure	page 5
August Top 10 List	page 5
Wit Happens	page 6
F2 Troop -- Loser Stats	MIA
Roto League Explained AGAIN!	page 7
Sept. Brunch Info	page 8
Oh, did I forget to mention the Loserfest Flea Market Shooting? I thought so	see page 8

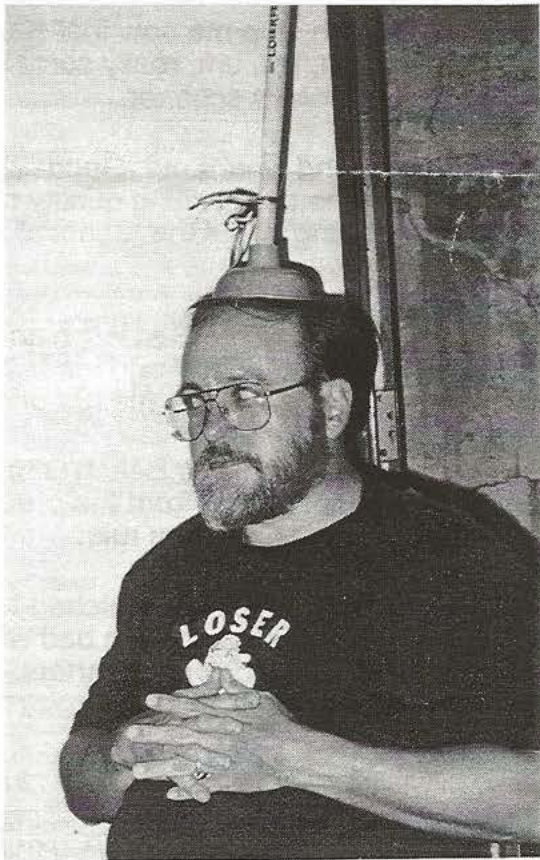
Best We Forget -- Loserfest '97 Harpers Ferry, West Virginia



In preparation for their Shenandoah River ordeal, The NRARS Synchronized Water-Footsie Team loosened up in the pool before the rafting disaster. Clockwise from top, Erika Bardot, the twins, Stevie Dudzik and Mikey Connaghan, and Maja Keech.



The latest missing Depravda Editor, John Kammer will apparently be adopting a hands-off approach to our newsletter.. Was he a target or just an innocent beer-bootiegger?



Newly crowned "King Of The Fest" Elden Carnahan anxiously looks on as the new Queen is chosen.

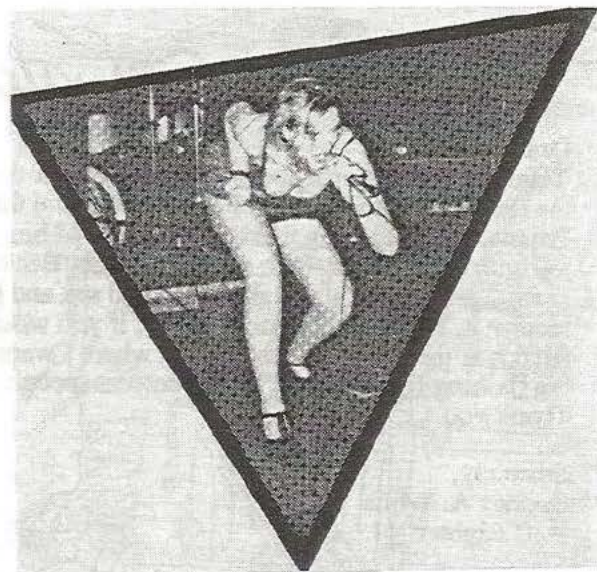


Despite warnings from the river guides, Dave Ferry and his wife Meribeth decided to strap their infant son to Dave's back and take him down the rapids. A curiously unconcerned Mike Hammer, left, wishes he had.



**Mama, Don't Let
Your Daughters
Grow Up To Be
Losers**

Erika Bardot,
daughter of Loser
Maja Keech,
shown on the left
upon arrival at
Loserfest and on
the right by
nightfall, believes
attending has
Loserfest changed
her life.



Conspicuously absent from
the Fest were Greg Arnold
and Jan VerRey. It seems
they had other plans.



Page 3

Unaware of the horrors that awaited them, the Losers gathered for this group photo before braving the rapids. From left to right, kneeling: Lei Kwan, Stephen Dudzik, Meribeth Koch (Ferry), Barbara and Jonathan Paul, Helene Haduch. Standing, Peyton and Carol Coyner, Ellen Lamb, Erika Bardot, Maja Keech, Sue Lin Chong, Chuck Smith, Mike Hammer, Elden Carnahan, Dave Ferry, Sandra Hull, Tom Witte, Louise Zarrow, Jennifer Hart, John Kammer, Kitty Carlisle Thuermer, Mike Connaghan. Floating, but not for long, new Depravda "Editor" Dave Zarrow. Also attending but not foolish enough to raft with the riff-raff were Sarah Worcester, David Genser and Joe Romm. Did we forget anybody? Misspell people's names? That's all water under the Wilson Bridge by now.



Patemail to the Editor



Dear Editor,

I right to you in hopes that you will overlook that I really screwed up that article in the Journal about that shooting stuff at the flea market and got some of it wrong, and think that by now the real true story is appearing in your fine newspaper the Provda. I was hopping that this story would be a good story that would be good enough to mean that I could get a good job with a real newspaper, a real good job. Because the Journal is a good paper but they don't pay much and you don't always get to right about shootings and sex and stuff. And the editors always change so much of what I right, I don't recnize it. I guess what I'm asking is, if you would hire me at the Probda. Or, if maybe you could talk about me to your friends at the Washtun Post. That's where I want to work. So, if you could show them my story, especially the stuff about the flashing lights and all the volunteers speculating about what happened, maybe they would hire me. Or you. Either one. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Rodney A. White
Staff Righter

Dear Rodney,
Your good. Wanna be editor? - ed.



Dear Editor-in-Consequential,
Belated thanks for my recent promotion to Chief Photographer. As promised I will return the negatives of you and Miss Grace.

Indebted to you for life,
Film-Flam Boy

Dear Film,
Check the masthead. Clean out your desk immediately. - ed.



Dear Eddy-tour,
How will the UPS strike affect the shipment of S.I. prizes to their rightful owners? Is the strike delaying the receipt of the new t-shirts?

Wet and feeling the chill,
Shirtless in Seattle

Dear Less,
Brown-shirted stormtruckers will bring your new shirts not one minute before the new editor wins one. Want to get one sooner? Stop whining. Be patient. Oh, and send me your entries and I will "forward" them to the Czar for you. - ed.



Dear Spiteful Editor,
Recent news reports show that office space is much cheaper in West Virginny. If true, why doesn't Depravda move itz HQ to WV to take advantage of the lower rents and give us subscribers more bang for our bucks?

"X"-CPA, Vienna, VA

Dear "X",
Duh! No lektrissity, that's why. So, till they get wahred up, Depravda Hindquarters stays in Herndon. - ed.



Dear Dysenteric Editor,
How the heck do I get Shenandoah River water out of my shorts and sneakers?

Steve "Wetpants" D.

Dear Wetty,
I ain't dysenteric. That would be a terrible affliction for an editor to have. Thank Dog! -- ed.

... AND IN A QUINT COUNTRY VILLAGE...

WAY TO GO MA!

TOILET PAPER
INK ERASERS

BED & PANS
BRICK-A-BRACK

KNIVES R US

KNIFE HER AS SHE GOES BY!

WEED WACKERS

I DREAMT I WAS IN HILL BILLY HEAVEN

BUDA BUDA

PANG

GO FOR IT BOYS... IT'S EVERY TURD FOR HIMSELF!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GETTING MEDIEVAL ON OUR ASSES!

DAVE COVERLY

Inkspotz	10	4
Sgt. Pooper's Loser Acronym Team	9	5
Bobbitts	6	8
Psychotic Petunias	6	8
Dysfunctional Harmony	6	8
Joint Tortfeasors	5	9

- Paddle or die! (Our Guide)
- I haven't paddled so much since Mistress Olson
and I, er, nevermind. (The presumed "late"
John Kammer.)
- Ewww, these life preservers are ripe.
(Helene Haduch)
- I can't swim. (Our Guide again)
- Lookit, Zarrow's serenading the River Rats Club with a
kazoo rendition of "Deliverance". Hmmm, were those
gunshots? (Louise Zarrow)
- Was that Connaghan's foot that just floated by?
(Erika Bardot)
- Kitty, put down the lawn darts. (Tom Witte)
- You mean Co-ed Naked Whitewater Rafting is just
a silly slogan? (Steve Dudzik)
- Looks like we can kiss Elden goodbye.
(Mrs. Carnahan at the Metro Station and The Coyners
later that day on the river)

1b. "Dueling Banjos", of course, not to mention....
SqueeeEEEEEE!
(Charlie "Our Man In Appalachia" Steinhice)

1a. Rapids? What rapids? AIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!
(Jonathan Paul)

WEEK 183: COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG II

Our staff of CPAs

Can file a 1040: Separate or Joint.

We'll figure your taxes to the penny...

Though it may be off by a decimal point.

(Jean Sorensen)

Wit Happens



WEEK 214: ASK BACKWARDS IX

A: Tiger Woods' closest competitor

Q: Who had more strokes than Martha Raye?

(Paul Styrene)

Some good ones that missed the deadline, or curry got on them, or something.

WEEK 105: WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

Good idea: Photographs of Buddhist nuns in your workplace.

Bad idea: Photographs of nudist buns in your workplace. (Lisa Corolla)

WEEK 221: SONG SUNG BROWN

Woodie Guthrie: "This train is out of service, this train" (Jonathan Paul)

Bruce Springsteen: "Tramps like us, baby we were born to rumba" (Dave Zarrow)

Beatles: "Michelle, ole, / These are words that go together okay." (Paul Kocak)

WEEK 225: WE RESPECTFULLY decline to publish any dumb entries by YOU

MY BOSS IS confused; he's hired A JEWISH CARPENTER and a polish accountant (Howard Walderman)

I RAN over some sweaty, skinny guys with my Camaro at THE MARINE CORPS MARATHON (Sarah Worcester)

MARINE biologist (Jennifer Hart)

HOW'S MY DRIVING? CALL 202-334-4312 ... otherwise get the #*\$& out of my way (Paul Styrene)

Possibly assembled and packaged here, but the critical components were MADE IN THE US kudAr Glorious People's Republic by sick children for pennies per day. (Grace Fuller)

JUSTice Sandra Day O'Connor doesn't DO IT for me. (Joseph Romm)

PROmiscuity is a CHOICE (Charlie Myers)

GOT clogged arteries and heart disease from drinking MILK? (Dave Ferry)

WEEK 226: GOING WITHOUT

A house without a nuclear fallout shelter is like an airplane without a roll bar. (David Genser)

Reading Style Invitational items on the radio or spamming them on the Internet without proper attribution is like, totally bogus, ya know? Fer shure. (Sandra Hull, age 13)

A city without a Starbucks is like a paragraph without an "e". (Steve Dudzik)

NEW DEPRAYDA "EDITOR" DAVE ZARROW SEEN HOLDING WHAT MIGHT BE AN ACTUAL WIT HAPPENS ENTRY GIVEN TO HIM AT A LOSER BREAKFAST. OR MAYBE IT'S A SUBPOENA. ANYWAY, IF YOU WANT TO TRY TO GET YOUR ALSO-RANS PRINTED IN THIS SOMEWHAT LESS PRESTIGIOUS PUBLICATION, MAIL THEM OR E-MAIL THEM TO THE EDITOR, OR SERVE THEM TO HIM AT THE NEXT LOSER BREAKFAST.



PAUL KONDIS PRESENTS... ROTISSERIE LEAGUE 1997

(Note: The series featuring individual Loser Rotisserie League and Slam Dance teams has been discontinued until we can find out which teams we have yet to feature. For this purpose, we have delved headlong into research, skinning our knee, and have purchased a dictionary, a used 1960 edition World Book Encyclopedia, and a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. Our first business deductions! Our dads, the CPAs, would be so proud! So, until then, we shall stun you with imagery, metaphors, & similes until we can safely sneak off with your wallets.)

The owners covered in their flimsy rafts as the mid-point of the season crashed upon their bows and ebbed astern, curtsying to them as it went. There were seven of them, seven being the number of owners, as were there seven trials of Hercules, unless there weren't, and we happen to think this a particularly nifty analogy, thank you very much. So, getting back to whatever it was, the wave crashed. And, being made of flimsy water molecules, broke into tiny little shards, landing in peoples hair and clothes and eyes, and in the bottom of the raft, and getting everything they landed on wet, but not causing much damage in terms of a large dollar figure the way, oh, say, a fire can, because it was just water, after all, and the raft, for one, was made of sterner stuff, namely rubber molecules, which were used to hanging around in Akron, and typically laugh at wimpy water molecules and push them down in the dirt which then becomes mud and gets all over the rubber molecules' shoes and REALLY ticks them off. And then what becomes of the wave?

Are there wave repair shops, or does nature rely on constant economic growth and manufacture new ones? In this case we shall never find out, as we didn't wave back, not recognizing them from this distance, and they left in a huff, leaving us alone with our commas, and an oversupply of them at that,,,,.

But back to the owners and their predicament.

They bailed furiously, becoming upset at this small labor, and bailed indiscriminately, too, jettisoning several members of their teams along with the water. It was all terribly tragic, or would have been had it not been so hilarious and the bobbing heads so hard to hit with the paddles. Eventually some were pulled back into the rafts only because it was discovered that throwing them out was so much fun. But eventually the tough but fair guides put an end to their merriment, freezing the rosters following an old family recipe and thus creating the Loser Rotisserie League on a Stick, soon to appear in your local grocery store. Afterwards, there was much celebration and psychological testing via word association and gunplay. Most of the owners passed, possibly due to the grading being done on a nasty hairpin curve with the psychologist hanging precariously out the window.

And thus a triumphant return was made to the Nation's Capital, the seat of power of Loserdom.

Shoot-Em-Up Mars Otherwise Peaceful Weekend From Hell

by Billy-Joe-Bob Rothschild IV

Harpers Ferry, WV -- An undercover operation by Harpers Ferry police went horribly wrong the weekend of July 26-27, resulting in gunshot injuries to two men, the beating of a third, and a clumsy cover-up attempt involving a hastily thrown together story of child molestation.

One police source says it was the culmination of three months of planning aimed at "throwing one hell of a scare" into a group of visitors from Washington, DC, whose attempts at "humor" often involve ridiculing West Virginia and its people in the pages of the Washington Post. Authorities were tipped off to the impending visit when a copy of the group's newsletter arrived at the Harpers Ferry Post Office & Hardware Emporium with a badly torn mailing label with only the words "FERRY" and "VIRGINIA" remaining legible.

The source, who could not identify himself even when given a mirror, says the plan centered around a fake "flea market" that was set up in a location certain to be observed by the visitors.

Among the items offered "for sale" at the bogus flea market was an elaborately decorated bedpan. Investigators had determined that this item would be irresistible to this particular group, which would seek to purchase it as a gift for their "Czar." Undercover officers had then hoped to engage in a fake bidding war for the bedpan, which would quickly escalate into gunfire aimed at frightening away the self-professed humorists once and for all.

Officers say the plan appeared to be working as the bedpan indeed generated considerable interest among some of the "Losers", as they call themselves, during the day on Saturday. It all fell apart, however, when a local woman, Edna Mae Yardapple, spotted the bedpan and, oblivious to the undercover operation under way, attempted to purchase it. Mistaking her bright yellow T-shirt advertising the antibiotic Cycloserine (the "cyc" and the "ine" were hidden from view by her fleshy upper arms) for the type worn by the visitors and suckered in by her uncanny resemblance to Loser Dave Zarrow, the undercover officers began their planned "fight" for the bedpan.

Miraculously, new
Depravda "Editor",
Dave Zarrow's
name is mentioned
in this story which
he didn't even
write.



As it turned out, Edna Mae was armed as well and the resulting gunfight left two officers wounded. Ms. Yardapple escaped injury by using the bedpan to deflect bullets as she fled the scene.

To cover up this disaster, quick-thinking officers grabbed a man who was passing by with a small boy in tow and saying, "I'll show you some nice balls, Sonny." Shouting "Child molester!" the officers beat the man senseless before he could explain that he was the "proprietor" of the second-hand sports equipment stand at the "market".

The bruised and bewildered man was taken to the Eastern Region Jail & Raft Outfitters, where he refused to give any statements. When this was reported the next day in the "Journal", the jailhouse was overrun by women who believed that Loser Tom Witte was in custody.

Exasperated and embarrassed by the whole mess, police admitted defeat but declared, "Them Losers may have squeaked by this time but West By God Virginny draws 'em like roadkill does flies. They'll come back by-and-by and we'll be ready fer 'em when they do."

DEPRAVDA



I think being
"Editor" is kewl.

Status: PIF - Exp: Aug-98



20716-1140 01



August '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 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,

Publisher.....M.I.A.
Editor.....Dave Zarrow
General Counsel.....Sue Lin Chong
Circulation Goddess.....Jan VerrEy
Comptroller.....Dave Zarrow
Grip.....Sarah Worcester
Head Gaffer.....Steve Dudzik
Editor Baiter.....Steve Kudzu
Illustrator.....On Hiatus
Latitudinarian.....Tom Witte
Layout Boy.....John Kammer
Not very Alert Reader.....Dave Ferry
Spiritual Advisor.....Rev. Sandra Hull
America's Funniest.....Dave Zarrow
Office Products Dealer
Investigations.....Nick Freeman
Acting DORK.....Jerry Pannullo
Rotisserie Kommissar.....Dave Ferry
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, Sept. 7th
9 a.m. - 11:15 a.m.
Pitcher's Pub**

**Key Bridge Marriott
1401 Lee Highway, Roslyn
Arlington, VA
(703) 524-6400**

Reservations under
"NRARS/Zarrow"

Breakfast Buffet is \$10.95 plus tax, tip and dealer prep. Restaurants have been renamed. Keep alert.

Easy walk from Roslyn Metro.
Short swim from Georgetown
since comet destroyed Key Bridge.

**Sunday, Oct. 5th
Brunch with the
carnivores! Oops, I
mean The Carnahans.**

**Chez Elden
Laurel Maryland
Details TBA in the
September Depravda.**

**Check out the out-of-date
Loser Homepage at:**

<http://www.erols.com/skykam/loser.html>
**Anyone interested in taking over
the homepage duty, e-mail the
editor at KorgGrok1@aol.com**