

Depraveda

Published by and for infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational

May, 1998 Volume V, Number 2

"Pillage first, burn second!"

Viagra Bursts Onto the Scene *What'll Pop Up Next?*

Viagra is not an amazing cure to help the unfortunate among us. It does not represent hope for millions. Viagra is the first critical error which brings about the decline, fall and apocalyptic end of humanity. The Viagra revolution is no minor foible, it's a complete *boner*.

Simply put, the impotent cannot be allowed to procreate. Although some may consider this position overly *rigid* there are *solid* arguments for it. Companies producing Viagra and similar drugs have *conceived* a plot to subjugate the entire human race. If the impotent are permitted to flood the gene pool following generations will be filled with the impotent. Out of necessity these descendents will be *unbending* in their support for Viagra. When corporate executives begin making demands the population will *stand up and salute*. That much power is certain to *swell heads*.

We cannot be *flaccid* in our response to this outrage! But rather than deal with the *hard reality* society is concerning itself with insignificant issues such as: 'will the insurance companies pay for this medication or are they going to *stiff* us?'

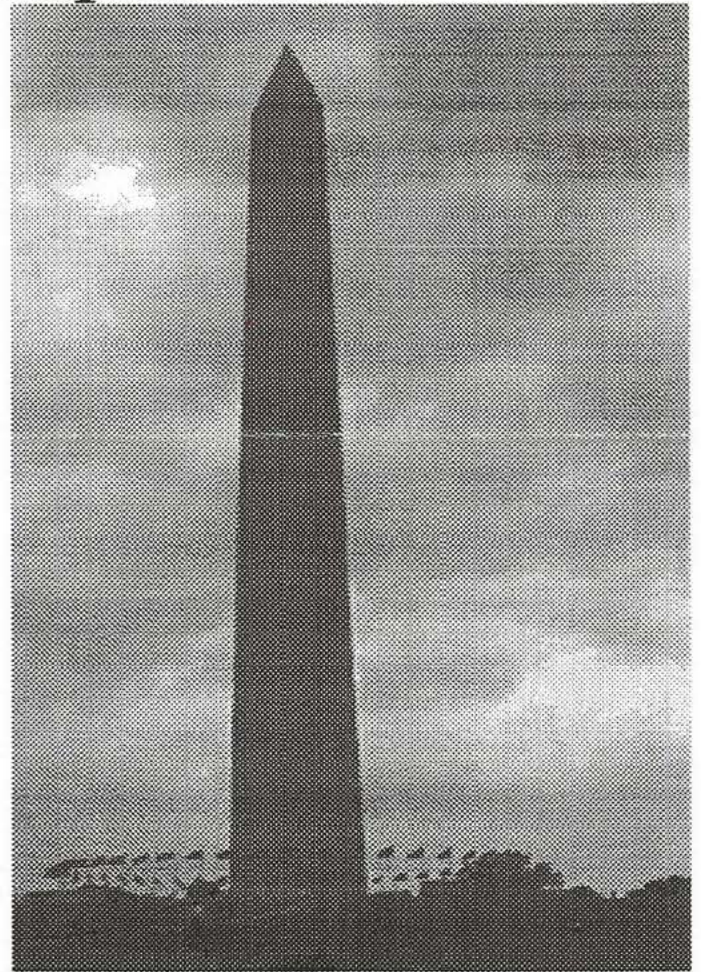
While I realize impotency can be *hard on* those who suffer from the condition, we must *rise to the occasion*, fight the drug conglomerates and be *firm* in our resolve.

Surprisingly there are those among us who are totally unaware of the danger. *Tslung Low*, a Falls Church businessman was interviewed outside a local polling facility: "This very nice day for erection. Howevah in hindsight it better to not take Viagra just before voting. Erection officials plobably think I enjoy voting very very much."

But was Mr. Low *up tight* about the conspiracy? "Who give big flying damn of conspiracy? You take good look,... I seem concern to you? I have more impotent thing to be concern with. I not marry. I not even have date line up tonight. What I suppose to do with this?"

Meanwhile interviewing every Tom, *Dick* and Harry in front of *Woodies* gave us no cause for hope. While these people were *rigid* in their denial of needing Viagra, a couple of *Dicks* did finally admit they had tried the drug. "As you can see it's fantastic. And no, I am not happy to see you."

When asked about his concern for the conspiracy however, *Dick* simply replied "*Screw it*"
Alright already I surrender. Perhaps I should just buy stock in pharmaceuticals.



CONGRESS TO ASSEMBLE IN QUAD-CITIES

From the Depravda Midwest Bureau Sports Desk

by: Joel Knanishu

45,000 participants in the Women's International Bowling Congress are expected to leave four million dollars in these quaint river towns, which are rolling out the red carpet...no, wait, they want to paint new stripes on the roads as per an admonition printed in the Rock Island Argus' letters to the editor. I see no evidence this has been done, but there are colorful banners hanging from the light poles which say "BOWLIN' ON THE RIVER" Top notch entertainment has been booked for the riverboat casinos, including Gary Pucket.

Consider these facts, quoting from Joe Collins' "City Shorts" column in "The River City Reader": "There will be 321 games bowled per hour, 5,143 games per day, with 486,000 total games bowled during the tournament, which runs from April 2 through June 30. At sixteen hours of bowling per day, that's 2,112 hours of bowling in all!"

All this reporter can say is WHEW!, THAT'S a lot of BOWLIN'. I will be there with stopwatch, calendar, calculator, pad and pencil to see if can really be true. These four river towns are not unaccustomed to being in the national spotlight. Cary Grant died in Davenport just 11 short years ago, Bettendorf was lifed in Week 147 (by this reporter), Moline was referred to as "sleepy" in Kerouac's "On The Road", And Rock Island is where I am writing this from. I will promptly send the results of the Congress at its adjournment, unless a gruesome sports accident or huge slots jackpot necessitate a bulletin.

LOSERPALOOZA '98

Information

Make Your Reservations Now

Loserpalooza has officially been scheduled for Saturday, July 11 through Sunday July 12 1998 (Sorry to those who preferred Friday. You were in the minority. So sue us¹.)

Current plans are to wander about aimlessly until a critical mass of Losers has gathered early in the afternoon. Exact times are still TBD but the rough estimate we are using is 1:00 pm. Then we will set ourselves loose upon the town and God help anyone who gets in our way.

We will be staying at the Comfort Inn - 76 Old Mill Bottom Road, Annapolis MD. It isn't exactly cheap at \$119 + tax, but then you all are the ones who picked Annapolis. Again we urge you to send your complaints and direct any legal action toward Sandra Hull.

There are 20 rooms set aside for the time being, but locking your reservation down in time is critical. Each room has two queen-sized beds which are reportedly perfect for sharing. It wasn't clear whether sharing referred to the bed or the room and we'll neither ask nor tell.

CRITICAL INFORMATION: To reserve your room, call (410) 280-0900 or (800) 715-1000 **BEFORE JUNE 11**. Tell them you are with NRARS. ***NOTE: these are NOT the numbers for the actual hotel.

DO NOT CALL THE ACTUAL HOTEL. ***You will need to guarantee with a credit card. They accept: Visa/MC/AmEx.

1.The Royal "us" in this case refers exclusively to Sandra Hull and not to any other member of the Depravda staff, NRARS, North America, nor humanity.

HORRIBLESCOPE

Ford Taurus April 20-May 20

The Sun is in Aquarius, the Moon is in Libra, Io and Ganymede are orbiting Jupiter meanwhile Halley's Comet has left the solar system. This combination frequently means that you're screwed - which may not be a bad thing. Many Tauruses are frequently trying to get screwed but find it difficult due to their poor attitudes, grating personalities and general lack of personal hygiene. It may be time for that annual shower. Meanwhile this month you'll get some of your best ideas from people who live nearby. Both neighbors and relatives are excellent sources of information. It's best to enter their homes shortly after you've seen them leave for work, but give them a few minutes to make sure they aren't coming back for something they forgot. And remember the lesson you learned the last time - they hide the key beneath the welcome mat so there's no need to put a brick through the window setting off the burglar alarm. One of your neighbors has run into a problem very similar to the situation you're facing. Take this opportunity to laugh uproariously at their misfortune. It's also a good idea to call the rest of the neighborhood and clue them in. No one wants to be the last to know. You could even profit from this by securing the movie rights and contacting Jerry Springer before those nosy neighbors of yours beat you to the trick. A Pisces plays critical role.

Patemail to the Editor

Editor,

even tho i promised to write something, i haven't. my excuse is long hours doing other stuff. would you settle for an internet search tip?

Tired of endlessly surfing the ever-changing Washington Post web site looking for the current location of "The Style Invitational"? Try this handy tip: just do a search on keyword "Jennifer Hart." Works every time!

-- Greg Arnold, Herndon

Dear Editor,

I was very apprehensive about the low-flow toilet problem when I was replacing the fixtures in my master bathroom. But I did my research and found a satisfactory model. My cat likes it because it is much easier to drink out of now that he can rest his front paws on the inside of the bowl without getting them wet. And now I find out that this is all due to Joe Romm! Thanks, Joe! I thank you, and my cat thanks you. (My water bill hasn't gone down, though.) -- Sarah Worcester

Dear Editor,

After the August '97 issue of Depravda you swore that any reference to Dave Zarrow would be stricken from print in future issues. No mention of the name Dave Zarrow, no Dave Zarrow photos, no Dave Zarrow entries in Wit Happens, well you get the idea. Nevertheless since that time we have seen more and more Dave Zarrow. Last month's Depravda however crossed the line. Not only was he featured in the front page article, not only did he win two editor's choice awards, not only was his picture featured thrice (a lovely shot on page two followed by two more in Bits & Pieces), not only did he have a letter published in this crappy column, not only did his name appear in Sarah Worcester's Lamelight, not only does his name appear in the masthead, not only... oh wait. yes, that's it. Well you see my point. Are you going to exclude him from Depravda from now on or aren't you?

Sincerely, Dave Zarrow, Herndon

Dear Dave,

I've gone back to check the plates and when I send them to you to take to the printing plant your name and likeness does not appear anywhere on them. I can only assume there is a problem at the plant. Since you are the one who interacts with those guys I suggest you take the matter up with them. Meanwhile it is still our policy that the name Dave Zarrow not be spoken in Depravda just as the name Moses was verboten in Egypt. So let it be printed, so let it be done.

Carnahan suggests grants to help set up preschools

Depravda, Apr. 1998

PAUL KONDIS PRESENTS...

Rotisserie League '98

Lately, the feedback that we've been getting seems to be of the "Perhaps there are not as many games going on right now as you may think" variety. We just don't see how that can be true. After all, we personally witnessed the presentation of the Championship Trophy at the gala ceremony several short weeks ago. (A short week is the same concept as a short ton, though not nearly the same size.) And owner Ellen Carnalamb certainly deserved the prestigious trophy, which has come to be called "the Trophy", because that's what it most closely resembles. We should point out that it is possible we got the owner's name wrong, as our notes were pretty worn by the end of the evening, and seemed to have had some coffee spilled on them; and they got a bit too close to the coronation of the Loser of the Year - Reddi-Whip can be pretty hard to read through; and we may have been a bit unsteady by then by the amount of champagne drunk. But, we think this proves that there were still games going on. There had to be. Didn't there?

And now the league is getting ready for the new season, jettisoning the old commissioner and inaugurating a new one after a long, arduous search in which the best candidate was weeded out by the process of who volunteered first. A wise choice it was, too, as several prospective owners have lined up for expansion franchises upon the announcement, though the league has expressed an initial reluctance to pay Jennifer Hart and Sue Lin Chong the expansion franchise fees they have requested. The league has also made sure there will be no repeat champion this year, ditching the Joint Tortfeasors by repeatedly moving the league offices and not leaving a forwarding address. The new expansion franchises bring the total league teams to 30, tentatively to be split evenly into conferences of 23 and 7. This will be voted down at the Annual Winter Meetings as soon as the owners stop laughing and winter rolls around again.

Next week's featured autopsy: the Losers!

Post Script: Days after writing this, an attempt was made on the author's life, unfortunately unsuccessful. Due to extreme perseverance, he was even able to recover his glasses. Apparently, he is getting close to the truth behind the Rotisserie league games.

Next Month's Featured Team: The Losers

Frank 'n' Weenies ... The TRUE Story

A Completely Objective Third-Person Account by Jennifer Hart

Pale and flaccid, the cream-colored party invitations lay in 12 Losers' mailboxes. Obviously a great deal of thought and care had gone into each, as shown by the smeared words: "You pathetic Loser, if you dare show up at the Post on Saturday, you'll be photographed, interrogated, tortured, humiliated, and served cold gloppy Chinese food."

"Food" plus "humiliation"? No Style Invitationist could resist! And so, one morning last February, the excited Losers clustered outside the Washington Post, tummies rumbling and chopsticks poised. They had waited for no more than three hours when up bounded a young man with a shaggy crest of hazel curls, twinkling eyes, and a type of pouty look -- intellectual yet sensual -- that silently begged, "Please, bathe me in melted provolone and read Billy Joel lyrics to me."

"Hellooo, I'm Frank Ahrens, and I ..."

"Hello yourself, COCKROACH BOY!" screamed Chuck Smith, committing a "Spewell" on the luckless reporter's soft, white throat.

Frank kicked and struggled, but was no match for the iron-pumping Sage of Woodbridge. Fortunately, a sleek black limousine suddenly purred up to the curb, providing a distraction. "Urk ... photographer ... is here ..." Frank wheezed.

Photographer! After half-a-decade of faceless heroics on F2, it was about damned time! Chuck dropped Frank like a burlap bag of goo and helped the other Losers to slap together a catwalk. By the time celebrity photographer

"Tomasso" made his flamboyant entrance, the Invitationists were strutting their stuff to a pounding klezmer beat. See the saucily cocked hip of Jonathan Paul, the sleek coltish legs of Kammer, the beestung lips of Genser, the inspired belly dance of Romm! Photo ops to die for, right?

And yet Tomasso surveyed the jiggy scene with disgruntlement. "Yesterday I immortalize Leo DiCaprio, today I get stuck with Losers. Life sucks." He lifted a disposable cardboard camera. "Everybody close your eyes." (click) "Yeah, okay." And he leaped into the limousine and roared off down L Street.

As the Losers gaily crowned Witte "Miss Photogenic," Frank squeezed off a few bursts of an AK-47 for attention. "Okay, we can go inside the building now," the Scribe of Suburbia said. "But first, you (to Carnahan) must stop distributing those 'Elden's Rent-a-Backhoe' leaflets, and you (to Worcester) must leave that inflatable gator here because it will make the sportswriters horny, and you (to Hart) should probably take your hand out of my back pocket."

Up, up, they went, into the world of the cultural elite, where the air was thin and rarefied. And suddenly they were gazing out upon the cavernous cube-farm grandeur of the legendary Washington Post Style Section. There was awed silence until The Historian summed up the moment.

"Feh, this place is a DUMP," Carnahan allowed, thereby demonstrating why a good anagram of his name would be "anal hen dancer."

"No, *this* is a dump," Dudzik pointed out.

"Stephen, stop squatting on Bob Levey's keyboard! Pull up your Underoos! What must Uncle Frank think of us?" Kammer cried, close to tears.

But Uncle Frank merely smiled mysteriously and unclipped everyone's leashes.

The Losers instantly scampered free, romping and frolicking, at play in the fields of the Post. They had a rockin' good time, deleting hard drives on randomly selected computers, pocketing Bob Woodward's personal stationery, firing off erotic e-mails to Katharine Graham (signed "Your Toe-Sucking Slave, Gene W."), and sending bogus stories to the composing room ("Lewinsky Buys Vacuum Cleaner Franchise").

Sorensen had found a crayon and a photo of Robin Givhan and was drawing her a big blue baboon butt, when she noticed something in the middle of the room.

"Hey, what's that?" The Losers put their mayhem on hold and curiously clustered 'round.

to be continued... on page 6



F2 Troop

The New and Improved Loser Stats Page As of week 269

Courtesy of NRARS Statistician Elden Carnahan

The "Yearly" chart at left lists the top 50 Losers appearing so far during Year 6, as of Week 269. Also listed are those Losers' final Yearly rankings (non-cumulative) for each previous Year. The "Career" chart at right chart lists the top 50 Losers scorers over all Years, cumulative. Also listed are those Losers' Career rankings at the end of each previous Year. Year 1, Weeks 1-52; Year 2, Weeks 53-103 (no Week 64); Year 3, Weeks 104-155; Year 4, Weeks 156-207; Year 5, Weeks 208-259; Year 6, Weeks 260-311.

LID: Loser ID--the order in which the various Losers made their first print appearances. Dbu: Debut--Week in which you made your first appearance. Rk: Rank. Year-6 rank is position among 104 Losers so far in Year 6. Career rank is position among 1,976 Losers appearing since Week 1. "New" indicates first appearance with Year-6 ranking. Ws: Wins. RUs: Runner-Ups. HMs: Honorable Mentions. +/-: Change in rank since April issue, Year 6 or Career. Pts: Points--print appearances, Year 6 or Career. Includes points for Czar abuse, idea contribution, and Ears that are not listed separately. Cons: Consistency--average points per Week since your Debut, Year 6 or Career.

As always, each Loser's enlightened self-interest is our best quality check, and we are proud to receive your complaints at carms@erols.com.

Yearly														
LID	Name	Debut	Year 6						Prior Year Rankings					
			Rank	+/-	Wins	Runner Ups	HMs	Points	Cons	1	2	3	4	5
1673	Blyweis, B.	202	1	3			14	14	1.400				74	9
1297	Paul, J.	136	1		1	3	8	14	1.400				19	7
752	Kammer, J.	71	3	1		1	10	13	1.300			18	9	12
273	Carnahan, E.	22	4	2		3	8	12	1.200	3	2	4	8	7
152	Hart, J.	11	4	9		1	10	12	1.200	44	10	5	1	3
83	Smith, C.	6	6	-4		3	8	11	1.100	1	1	1	5	6
777	Beland, R.	73	7	-1		1	6	8	0.800		9	2	3	4
1400	Genser, D.	157	7	6			7	8	0.800				4	1
110	Witte, T.	7	7	6		1	7	8	0.800	12	5	5	2	2
1055	Grinath, A.	106	10	-4		1	6	7	0.700			16	10	12
1684	Broadus, B.	204	11	-6			6	6	0.600				151	51
1772	Cortina, J.	225	11	-6			6	6	0.600					22
98	Dudzick, S.	7	11	15		1	5	6	0.600	9	12	10	6	8
1399	Strider, B.	156	11	2			5	6	0.600				40	46
1065	Kocak, P.	108	15	new		1	4	5	0.500			36	37	32
139	Mellema, K.	10	15	new		1	4	5	0.500	20	10	26	63	111
1576	Murphy, T.	191	15	11	1		4	5	0.500				227	62
1952	Scheinberg, N	263	18	new			4	4	0.571					
1712	Dalton, B.	211	19	-6			4	4	0.400					14
1431	Hull, S.	161	19	new		2	2	4	0.400				11	10
655	Romm, J.	58	19	7			4	4	0.400		3	3	13	13
1970	Lombard, J.	266	22	new		1	2	3	0.750					
1777	Allen, J.	227	23	-10			2	3	0.300					73
85	Grove, R.	6	23	-17		1	2	3	0.300	13	16	26	37	32
1701	Hoven, N.	208	23	-17		1	1	3	0.300					17
788	Sorensen, J.	75	23	-17			3	3	0.300		17	12	9	11
233	Styrene, P.	17	23	3		2	1	3	0.300	28	12	14	22	51
184	Sullivan, M.	14	23	3			3	3	0.300	8	48	21	63	317
301	Weinstein, J.	24	23	new	1		2	3	0.300	400	38	47		32
1965	Clark, J.	264	30	new			2	2	0.333					
1955	Early, M.	263	31	new			2	2	0.286					
1958	Hapner, C.	263	31	new			2	2	0.286					
1946	Jenkins, C.	261	33	-10			2	2	0.222					
1377	Bent, N.	153	34	-8		1	1	2	0.200			155	31	44
417	Chong, S.	35	34	-8	2			2	0.200	55	23	17	28	25
20	Dierman, N.	2	34	new			2	2	0.200	26	128	120	372	317
1037	Fahey, S.	104	34	-8		1	1	2	0.200			430	372	39
1563	Frankenfeld, F	188	34	-8			2	2	0.200				58	37
1742	Genz, M.	219	34	new		1	1	2	0.200					20
222	King, S.	16	34	new			2	2	0.200	14	26	120	63	
1481	Kleinbard, D.	169	34	new			2	2	0.200				109	27
1066	Knanishu, J.	108	34	new			2	2	0.200			24	34	51
878	Pannullo, J.	84	34	-8			2	2	0.200		27	21	22	37
536	Worcester, S.	46	34	-8			1	2	0.200	51	6	8	14	18
367	Zarrow, D.	30	34	new			2	2	0.200	99	32	10	15	16
1969	Goldman, M.	269	46	new				1	1.000					
1962	Martin, J.	267	47	new				1	0.333					
1963	Smithee, A.	267	47	new				1	0.333					
1973	Bonney, K.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					
1949	Fogg, S.	266	49	new				1	0.250					
1972	Harrison, B.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					
1971	Hoffman, D.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					
1976	Kunz, G.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					
1975	Lloyd, E.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					
1974	Monte, E.	266	49	new			1	1	0.250					

Career											
LID	Name	Debut	Career				Prior Career Rankings				
			Rank	+/-	Points	Cons	End of Year				
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
83	Smith	6	1		355	1.350	1	1	1	1	1
110	Witte	7	2		245	0.935	12	4	4	3	2
273	Carnahan	22	3		239	0.968	3	2	2	2	3
152	Hart	11	4		230	0.891	44	18	6	4	4
777	Beland	73	5		204	1.036		22	5	5	5
1400	Genser	157	6	1	160	1.416				13	7
655	Romm	58	7	-1	158	0.749		3	3	6	6
98	Dudzik	7	8		151	0.576	9	8	8	7	8
1297	Paul	136	9		140	1.045			45	11	9
788	Sorensen	75	10		106	0.544		29	16	9	10
752	Kammer	71	11		103	0.518		32	12	10	12
536	Worcester	46	12		97	0.435	51	12	7	8	11
1055	Grinath	106	13		87	0.530			36	19	13
367	Zarrow	30	14		77	0.322	99	46	21	14	14
1431	Hull	161	15		70	0.642				29	15
204	Kondis	14	16		66	0.259	11	6	10	12	16
175	Cuddihy	13	17		62	0.242	66	27	18	17	17
233	Styrene	17	18	1	58	0.230	28	15	11	16	19
1240	Litz	125	19	-1	55	0.386			19	18	18
85	Grove	6	20		55	0.213	13	11	14	20	20
1673	Blyveis	202	21	3	54	0.794				257	26
841	Krattenmaker	80	22	-1	52	0.274		5	9	15	21
417	Chong	35	23		51	0.218	55	30	23	24	23
781	Mathews	74	24	-2	50	0.255		51	37	21	22
139	Mellema	10	25	1	46	0.178	20	13	15	23	25
878	Pannullo	84	26	-1	43	0.231		50	30	27	24
1340	Reese	145	27		41	0.328			127	34	27
287	Thring	23	28		39	0.159	5	7	13	22	28
184	Sullivan	14	29		38	0.149	8	21	22	26	30
241	Malcolm	18	30		35	0.139	6	9	17	25	29
760	Arnold	72	31		34	0.172		57	32	35	31
243	Ferry	18	32	1	33	0.131	62	86	77	49	33
1070	Connaghan	108	33	-1	32	0.198			42	38	32
676	Smith	60	34		31	0.148		14	20	28	34
1712	Dalton	211	35	1	29	0.492					39
65	Hammer	5	36	-1	29	0.110	37	49	41	50	35
1065	Kocak	108	37	10	27	0.167			73	59	46
327	Coyner	26	38	-1	27	0.111	21	24	29	33	36
321	Patishnock	26	38	-1	27	0.111	18	37	26	31	36
226	Gearly	16	40	-1	27	0.107	2	10	24	30	38
222	King	16	40	-1	27	0.107	14	17	27	32	41
1066	Knanishu	108	42	2	26	0.160			48	41	44
496	Alter	41	43	-2	25	0.110	53	23	35	48	40
174	Fox Roe	13	44	-2	25	0.098	29	47	43	56	42
1301	Steinhice	136	45	-2	24	0.179			128	58	43
301	Weinstein	24	46	7	23	0.094	400	59	55	67	52
148	Caron	11	47	-2	23	0.089	16	25	25	36	45
1701	Hoven	208	48	-2	22	0.355					54
203	Delduke	14	49	-1	22	0.086	136	53	56	55	47
35	Segal	4	50	-1	22	0.083	7	16	28	37	48

The New Imporved Truth about Losers' Visit to the Washington Post

con't from p4.

"That" was a stinking, rickety wooden shack, surrounded by buzzing flies and stained corncobs. Genser gingerly opened the door, which had a half-moon carved in it, and they all peeked in ... and gasped.

It was a three-holer, overflowing with mountains of paper, taxidermized piranhas, women's panties, chopped liver sandwiches, moth-eaten fake mustaches, lewd photographs, foot-long cigars, and Viagra-in-a-Drum. On the wall was a dartboard labeled "This Week's Crappiest Entries," toward which a couple of blind monkeys were making feeble throwing motions, just for practice.

The desk of the Czar!

The fiend who assigned near-impossible tasks, week after week. The crazed genius who danced the two-step on their funniest, most inspired work before drop-kicking into the dumpster. And here, HERE, was where he lounged on his mangy but spankable tuchus and plotted the torture of innocents!

The little group stood mute, overcome by raw emotion and raw sewage. Then, in a spontaneous gesture of adoration, they set the whole schmear on fire and pushed it over. Above the whoosh of the sprinkler system and the confused chattering of the monkeys (blind AND homeless), they heard applause.

"I have often wanted to do that myself," Frank said approvingly. "The man is a tyrant. Now, come along."

He ushered everyone into a glass-walled conference room that was remarkably like a 30-gallon aquarium (complete with little blurping clamshell) and, almost as an afterthought, inquired, "Would you youngsters like some lunch?"

"No thank you, Uncle Frank," the Losers chorused, mindful of their manners. Chuck curtsied prettily, crippling both knees and ruining a promising career in pro basketball. "We are starving but still conscious, so we would like to wait, if you don't mind."

Frank waved graciously -- "So be it" -- and took refuge in his Post hammock, to swing lazily and sip a Virgin Murrow while nubile Tahitian maidens fanned him with palm fronds and scribbled feature stories for him in the pearl-white sands.

Meanwhile, after the Losers had happily trashed their new surroundings, they noticed that the conference room door was locked and nailed shut from the outside.

"We are doomed! It is our *Kobayashi Maru*!" Romm shrieked obscurely, hurling his water bottle against the wall in desperation. And yet the others were too busy making "Mick Jagger lips" against the glass to much care.

Eons passed. Glaciers formed and melted. Suddenly there was a loud whirring noise outside, and tiny figures dressed in camouflage crashed through the windows. "Mommy, Mommy, we rappelled down the building to rescue you!" Sorensen's children screamed, tossing her a line. "C'mon, Daddy is hovering outside in a Comanche RAH-66 chopper!"

"My dear little pumpkins," Sorensen cooed fondly, swinging out the window. "So long, suckers!"

Sorensen was the lucky one. As night fell and the presses rumbled below, the remaining Losers were overcome with hunger. They were finally forced to weave a primitive barbecue grill from Kammer's wiry beard hair, kindle a fire, and roast the succulent flesh of Witte --- whose biceps alone, with a tub of cole slaw, could feed a family of four for a week. When thirst overcame them, they sipped glittery water from Worcester's snow domes (#1 and #2 in the "Pardner" series). Thus did they survive the dark hours of desperate need.

Suddenly, a figure loomed outside the glass walls. Dear old Frank, what a welcome sight! And how startled he was! "Good Lord, you're still HERE?"

"Yes, Uncle Frank, and we would like our fabulous luncheon now, if you please."

Unfortunately, all Uncle Frank had were some snot-flavored Tic Tacs. The Losers crunched them ravenously and loudly belched their satisfaction. "Sir, don't you need some funny quotes for your story?" little Beland offered timidly.

"Nah, we'll just make up some crap," Frank said. "Now go away, I am sick of you people."

The Post security guards rushed in eagerly and hurled the Losers out onto the pavement, where they landed with a "SPLAT." Those still living picked themselves up and stood for a moment, wobbling like Weebles.

"I must begin composing our group thank-you note," Hart said quietly. "I will need 10 tons of fertilizer and a rental truck. Also, an envelope."

"What an incredible day," mused Jonathan Paul. "Will we ever forget it?"

"Forget what?" said Dudzik.

Bits and Pieces

The Raving: by Bill Strider Poe

Once upon a Sunday morning,
While I dreamt of Czarly scorning,
Tiny beads of sweat were forming
On my pale and furrowed brow.
Suddenly there came a plopping,
Soft and steady, never stopping,
As of Sunday papers dropping,
Swiftly dropping, door to door;
S-O-C-K-S, alors.

All at once I sprang from slumber,
Wrapped myself in faded umber,
And across the driveway lumbered
To retrieve the treasured tome.
Shunning comics, sports and job leads,
Racing past the Ear No One Reads,
There to reap my meager proceeds,
Words unwritten, as before:
Quoth the Czar, "You lose!", once more.

AP Headline:

Hull Scoring Less, Enjoying It More

Paris, April 5 Bob Staake was unceremoniously accosted at the Hotel Buci Latin on Sunday by Stu Solomon and his wife. Buci Latin thugs wrestled Solomon to the ground, thereby saving Staake (a cash paying customer) the indignity of being proclaimed (in French no less) the illustrator of the Style Invitational. Solomon was banished to the Bastille while Staake and Family fled Paris by way of Nice



Paul Kondis kicks back to relax once primary filming on his new movie *Godzilla* wrapped. This is the fourth time Kondis has played the role of the giant reptile.

There was a world famous painter who, in the prime of her career, started losing her eyesight. Fearful that she might lose her life as a painter, she went to see the best eye surgeon in the world.

After several weeks of delicate surgery and therapy, her eyesight was restored. The painter was so grateful that she decided to show her gratitude by repainting the doctor's office. Part of her work included painting a gigantic eye on one wall. When she had finished her work, she held a press conference to unveil her latest work of art: the doctor's office.

During the press conference, one reporter noticed the eye on the wall, and asked the doctor, "What was your first reaction upon seeing your newly painted office, especially that large eye on the wall?"

To this, the eye doctor responded, "I said to myself 'Thank the Lord, I'm not a gynecologist.'"

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE

Depravda -Inc. is looking for a responsible person or persons to edit and publish the July edition of Depravda. The actual quantity of responsibility is negotiable. The pay sucks, but the long hard hours of work and coordination more than make up for it. Interested? Contact the publisher at the address on the masthead.

Extreme(ly Easy) Travel Trivia

by: Doggy Wormer

A Laff a Minute: Week 3

Today's LoserTrain finds us onboard the Siberian Express bound for glory, apples and The School of the Awful Smell. Any good Roman, however, would go West, just past the Lake of Flatware to get there. It certainly ain't Herndon my friend but a globetrottin' Loser calls it home.

Help the Depravda Circulation Goddess figure out what city should be on the label.

Got the answer? Email it along with your name, sex, used underwear and a Year 5 bumper sticker to the address on your screen. Entries must be received before Depravda ceases publication or the end of this century. Candidates for office at Montgomery Blair High School, Military Industrial Complex employees or militant vegetarians are ineligible to win the free Joe Marley cd. Any similarity to a certain Washington Post contest is purely intentional and does not impugn the integrity of our beloved Kitty. A prize will be awarded BUT you DO have to submit something to the publisher, even if it is your resignation. For a transcript of this offer email janscripts@biteme.com or deposit one pound of enriched uranium in the publisher's mailbox by noon.

JUNE HAPPY HOURS - 18 JUNE @ 5pm

The June HH will be Thursday, June 18, starting at 5pm in the rooftop restaurant at the Hotel Washington in D.C. There should be plenty of free street parking (BAHHHAHAHA) and hopefully the weather will cooperate. The Hotel Washington is at 15th and Pennsylvania (515 15th St. N.W.; Metro Center). Phone: (202) 638-5900. They don't take reservations, so the first ones there grab some chairs.



Literally millions of Losers descend upon the April happy hour held at the Capitol City Brewing Company.

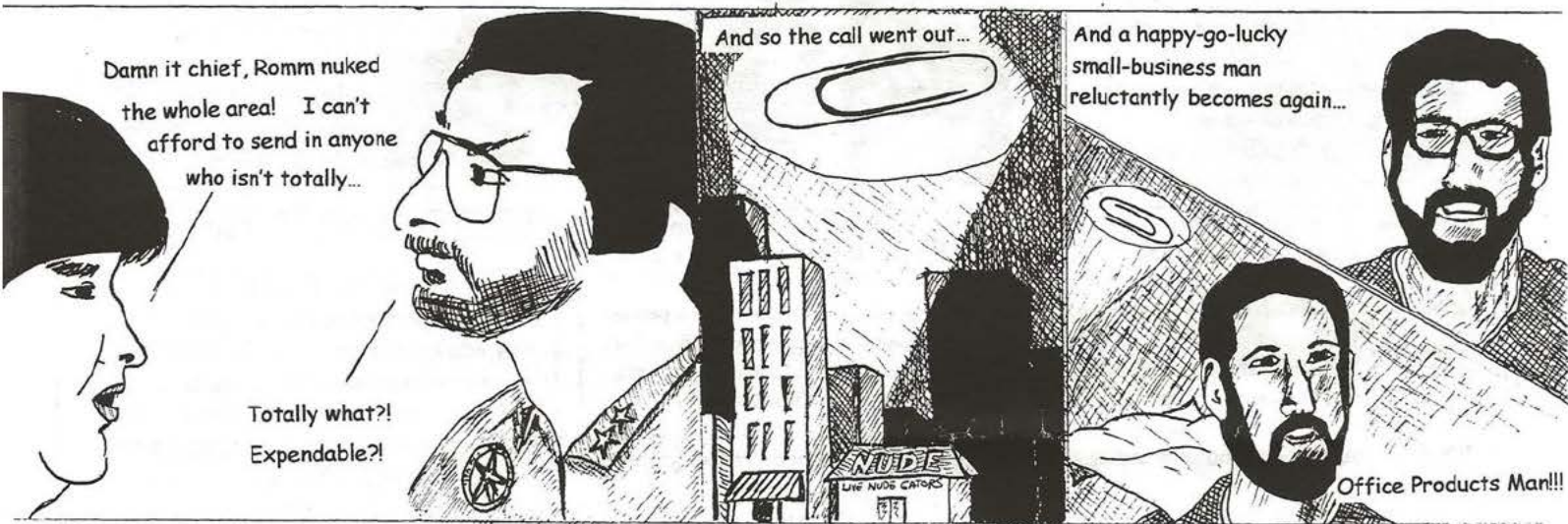
THE not quite AMAZING but still fairly impressive OFFICE PRODUCTS MAN

EPISODE #3 ABANDONED HOPE

In the last, poorly-drawn episode of Office Products Man we left with the NRARS broken into several splinter groups: The Herndon Area Humor Association (HAHA); The Arlington Ribald Authors' Ranks (ARAR); The Washington Artists of Whimsey And Wit Appreciation (WAWAWA); The Femme Fatales'; The Maryland Funny Conglomerate; and The OUTlayers HumorOUSly Seeking Equity (OUTHOUSE).

Meanwhile nothing has been accomplished in determining who killed Chuck Smith. In the ensuing riots Depravda headquarters was sacked and burned resulting in the untimely deaths of the publisher and the statistician.

Thus General Skywalker directed the Arlington Police Force to begin at least the facade of an investigation into these grizzly murders.



Wit Happens *posthumously by: Grace Fuller*

WEEK 258: IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PAIN

With the power to fly I'd really mess up some windshields. (Barry Blyveis)

WEEK 263: THE GAME OF THE NAME

A bad name for a newly incorporated city: Grassy Knoll (Sue Lin Chong)

A bad name for a battleship: P.M.S. Attitude (Paul Kondis)

A bad name for a new deodorant: Scent of My Lai (Jan Verrey)

Week 264: ASK BACKWARDS

A: Sunshine, Lollipops, and Cancer

Q: What's the working title of the Barney "farewell" episode? (Brian Broadus)

A: Bwa, ha, ha, ha, ha, oink

Q: What was Sally Struthers' response when accused of embezzling food from the poor? (T. J. Murphy)

WEEK 265: A SPORK OF GENIUS

Jerkstrap: beef-jerky-flavored edible underwear for men (Russ Beland)

Suppositoggles: a combination of suppositories and night-vision goggles, this device allows you to place objects where the sun does not shine (Jennifer Hart)

Pornovocain: the result of combining porno and Novocain, this drug's main side-effect is uncontrollable drooling (Neils Hoven)

Denvlar: A combination of denim and Kevlar. This light-weight, fashionable and durable body armor is just right for children, at home and at school (Greg Pryor)

The Masterbrator: a combination master key and vibrator, this device takes you wherever you want to go (Joseph Romm)

WEEK 266: DEFINITELY WEIRD

Salami: the first three notes of the Islamic scale (Steve Dudzik)

Syllogism: when you try to relieve yourself out the window after a hot first date but can't get the sash up in time (Grace Fuller)

Balderdash: an over-35 marathon (David Genser)

Homophone: a gay chat room (Paul Kocak)

Aphrodesiac: someone who cannot remember how they got a frizzy hairstyle (Jessica Matthews)

Seersucker: an avid reader of Sydney Omarr (Jonathan Paul)

Gubernatorial: of or pertaining to those living in West Virginia (Jean Sorensen)

NINCOMPOOP: the military command responsible for battlefield sanitation (Bill Strider)

Colonnade: any kind of foul smelling or tasting drink (Paul Styrene)

Maneuvers - testicles (Dave Ferry)



In the Lamelight ➡ ***Dave Ferry, Leesburg***

Name: Dave Ferry, Leesburg, VA

Born & Raised: Keyport, NJ (Exit 117 NJ Parkway)

Education: BS in Business Management and Marketing at Montclair State College, NJ. Went to college with Bruce Willis before he was famous. The BS stands for salesmanship.

Occupation: Mailing list salesman. I'm the guy responsible for all the junk mail you receive at home.

Employer: Phillips Publishing International. Potomac, MD. Yes, I commute there everyday from Leesburg.

Commuter car: 1948 Plymouth Business Coupe Street Rod. 327 cubic inch Corvette engine, Camaro subframe and automatic transmission, Keystone mag wheels, AM/FM cassette and cup holder. Odometer reading is 576,000+ miles.

Personal: Married 20 years to the same woman, Meri-Beth. Two children, Mike (18) & Katy (13). Editorial note: If your company is looking to hire anyone, I would strongly suggest that they hire teenagers because they know everything. Three cats and two dogs (Great Dane and Yorkshire Terrier).

Most famous relative: My mother's first cousin, Aunt Joan Ingram, is an inductee member of the Curling Hall Of Fame in Winnipeg Canada (I am not making this up.)

Hobbies: Classic car shows, playing guitar, plagiarizing email for entries, cartoons (watching and drawing), collecting Happy Meal Toys & basketball.

Favorite S. I. entries of mine: Offensive ad spokesman contest- Cheezits of Nazareth and palindrome contest winner - Yo banana boy.

Stats: Number 34 on the all time loser chart. Number 1 slugging percentage for Year 5 and possibly number 1 slugging percentage for career.

Other appearances: "Yo banana boy" was picked up and published in Playboy Magazine - Playboy After Dark Jokes. Thanks to Chuck Smith for spotting that one.

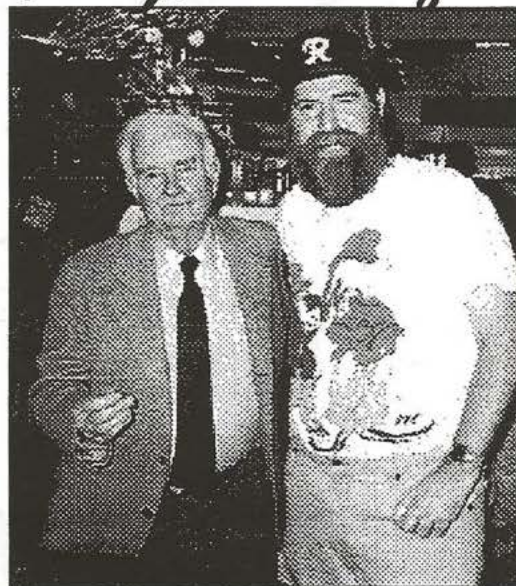
My quest: To visit all 50 states before I am 50 years old. Still need Alaska, Hawaii, Maine, Michigan, Oregon, Arizona and Oklahoma to complete my mission.

Famous people I have met: Bob Keeshan AKA Captain Kangaroo (see enclosed picture). Also had dinner with Willard Scott in February.

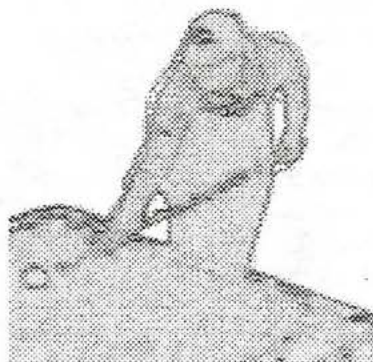
Personal credo: I promise to use my powers for good and not evil.

Roadrunner or Coyote: Coyote

Best S.I. stunt: Proving that you can actually win this contest without even entering by sending in an entry with Chuck's name on it for half credit in a week that Chuck didn't even enter. It won week 256.



Dave Ferry pictured with trusted life-long mentor Admiral Kangaroo. Although too young for the role of Mr. Green Jeans, Dave was an original Romper Room kid and played the recurring role of Greg Brady's bully friend Spike who got Marsha pregnant on The Brady Bunch.



DEPRAVDA

Status: PIF/EXP: Aug-98

May '98

Visit the Losers' Home Page at: <http://members.tripod.com/~mmexandra/>

DEPRAVDA

- 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.

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Subscriptions US \$18 yearly payable to:
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Understudy Dave Zarrow
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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 7th

The Clarendon Grill

10:00 am - ???

1101 N. Highland St. - Arlington, Va.

703.524-7455

Homepage www.cgrill.com

We've been here once before and with this second visit we'll bring our total to twice. The Clarendon Grill is located in the heart of Clarendon just a stone's throw from the Clarendon Metro.

Sunday July 5th

Papa's Cafe

at the Doubletree in Rockville

9:00 am - ???

