

DEPRAVDA

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"Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality..."

Figuratively Speaking, Clinton Blows It

President Clinton succumbed to the emotions of bitterness, anger and revenge in his recently televised speech during which he took personal responsibility for something and then tried to choke the life out of independent prosecutor Kenneth Starr while blaming him for the whole damn mess. Pundits and Depravda editors alike were disappointed in Clinton, not because he failed in some legal or moral sense, but rather because by choking he lost the perfect opportunity not only to put the whole crisis behind him, but also to revive his constituency and to bring the radical right wing of the Republican party screaming to his defense.

Prior to his testimony before the grand jury, President Clinton phoned the Depravda editor for advice - advice which he later discarded in favor of the advice from some no-name Hollywood producer. While others in the "mainstream" media have seen this as a cynical connection between current events and the movie *Wag the Dog* (see our review on Page B3) we at Depravda consider ourselves above repeating such comments. We would however like to point out that we made this connection first a long, long time ago and that the so-called "mainstream" media is just catching up.

But back to the question of what Clinton should have done. Our analysis shows that nobody wants the Lewinsky story around anymore except the media. The democrats find the whole thing embarrassing and potentially damaging with elections upcoming. The republicans on the other hand are worried that if such an investigation is allowed to continue unchecked then they might be investigated and their affairs with their interns might be discovered and broadcast thus ruining a perfectly good thing. Justices in the Supreme Court on the other hand are otherwise concerned with unsavory leavings on soda cans. But so long as there is conflict there is media tossing gasoline on the fire. Just like that fink Tommy Johnson who ratted me out to the principle in second grade and after squealing about everything I did he blamed me for a couple of his own transgressions so he could walk free. In retrospect I gotta admire the guy.

But I digress. What Clinton should have done was to stride into the courtroom all confident with music playing softly in the background. As he approached the stand the music, at first subtle, begins to crank up. *Fee fee fi fi fo fo fum, ... look at Moni now cause here she comes.... Devil with a blue dress blue dress on she's a devil with a blue dress on..*

With the music rockin' in the background Clinton could straight-facedly testify that Lewinsky was sent by Satan himself to destroy the government of the United States of America by discrediting the President before tackling congress and the rest of the government. It's the first bold stroke in the Prince of Evil's program to topple America. As Clinton's loyal supporters will buy anything he says, this wouldn't phase them. But the radical right would be caught in the uncomfortable position of either defending the president or appearing to side with Satan against the United States. Probably 90% (+/- 3% polling error) of the radical right would still rather be seen supporting Clinton than siding with the Lord of Darkness, so in one bold stroke he'd have everyone behind him. A brilliant move and a fantastic opportunity squandered. If you really want to impeach the president, that should be the reason.



"Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn" said the President.

STOP THE PRESSES: This just in - President Clinton plans to make yet another statement about the Lewinsky matter. This time he is taking no chances. He's fired the hollywood producers, he's not letting his wife near the text, and most importantly he's hired speech writer Jan VerrEy to pen the script. Inside sources indicate the new speech will feature the poignant phrase "Bite me!" repeatedly.

LOSERPALOOZA '98 MEMORIES

Sometime earlier this year the most popular Loserfest of all 1998 was held in some harbor town in Maryland. Many people, some of them living, attended the festivities. Here then are their warnings should you foolishly consider attending next year.

Our adventure began with a leisurely cruise on the Severn aboard the Annapolitan II (aka the S.S. Not So Fresh Feeling) during which Maryland Delegate Cheryl C. Kagan proclaimed it to be "Jonathan Paul Day"

The NRARS is all atwitter about the stream of men entering and leaving the Comfort Inn room of one Sarah Worcester. Reports indicate that six-packs of non-Loserbrau beer were also spotted in the room. This spells Trouble with a capital 'T' which rhymes with 'P' which is what flowed after all that beer! The men, some of whom were dressed in outrageous garb, stayed until the wee hours of the night. The mirth and general rowdiness got so out of hand that the Naval Academy called and asked them to turn it down. As the men withered Sarah stood in the doorway in her feather boa and bid them adieu. She readjusted her riding crop, closed the door, took one last drag on her cigar and crashed happily onto the bed. -- *Russ Beland.*

My favorite memory was Jan VerrEy water skiing behind that drug-running cigarette boat that kept circling us. Either that or the part where Delegate Cheryl was chumming the water and the great white lunged at her... The look on her face as she stumbled back into the air-conditioned section and muttered "We need a bigger boat" was priceless. -- *John Kammer*

Well, I must say that my favorite moment was when, during the cruise, Isaac put Tobasco sauce in Captain Stubing's Bloody Mary. I don't think I've ever seen Julie McCoy laugh so hard! Yes, that has to be the topper, all right. -- *Jean Sorensen*

I liked when Cheryl Kagan made a lovely speech and presented a Proclamation to Jonathan Paul, whereupon he flung it into the river like a Frisbee, saying, "This is totally unnecessary, because EVERY day is Jonathan Paul Day!" - *Jennifer Hart*

I'll always remember the bit where the boat rammed the iceberg and we all died -- *Jonathan Paul*



Hatemail to the Editor

Editor Guy,

Ok I was looking forward to some summer fun--but sheesh, that crossword puzzle was hard! "Envelope type"--who would know that; do you think we're a bunch of office product supplies dealers or something?

-- Dr. H²

Editor Guy,

I move that Depravda be named "the official party organ of the Cheryl Kagan for Delegate Committee," or the "official party organ of NRARS." (God knows, we losers need an upstanding party organ.) The editor could then rightfully assume the title of, "keeper of the party organ." Do I hear a second?

-- Brian Broadus

Hey Editor Guy!

As the ex-Alert Reader of Depravda, I would like to comment on a letter to the editor from July's issue. It disparagingly referred to the fact that the Alert Reader was not so alert that he didn't even notice that his name was removed from the masthead. Well I for one certainly noticed even though it is no longer my responsibility. I will have you know that I sold the rights to be the Alert Reader to Phil Phlait for \$50. And that's not all. I also dumped the rights to be Rotisserie Commissar onto some knucklehead named Doofus Nimrod. He was such an easy mark.

Ex-Alert Reader,

Ex-Rotisserie Commissar,

Dave Ferry

Dear Preditor,

Can Depravda afford to have TWO lawyers on itz staff? Will there be a Jello wrestling match between Ms. Chong and Mztr. Carnahan to determine who will represent Loser interests?

-- Bi-curious George

Editor Guy,

I notice that, in the Thursday (June 25) edition of the Washington Post, that a certain A Reader has contributed a Hint to Heloise. Something about freezing chicken bones before lodging them in the throat to prevent dislodging during the Heimlich maneuver. Anyway. Could this be the same A Reader that appears on the Depravda masthead? If so, why is he (she?) based in Topeka? Or is she (he?) lying to Heloise? For what gain?

-- Paul Kondis

Editor Guy,

I fear that I am falling in love with Grace Fuller. I didn't want to admit this, but I find the signs are overwhelming. I used to scan Depravda, ignoring all the articles but those that mention her. Now, log on to the Rotisserie web site so that I can gaze into her eyes. We seem to have so much in common. I can tell this just from her expression - she somehow has telepathy with the camera. I am taken by her innocence, her intelligence, her charm, and her disdain for clothes. Her blue eyes are a trap from which I cannot extricate myself; I am sinking ever deeper. Sort of like once you've smeared peanut butter all over yourself, you can't seem to get it all off. Sigh.

Sincerely, A Typical (male) Loser

PAUL KONDIS PRESENTS...

Rotisserie League '98

Ok, Paul is out this week - or he's protesting his low pay or maybe he's out on strike or something - I don't really know since I'm not paying attention anyway. Nevertheless there is Rotisserie News and this is usually the place we report such matters. As those of you who follow this column are probably well aware we have just entered the mid-season break. This is fantastic news for several reasons, the only one that comes to my mind being that I am only half a season away from being removed from the post of kommisar.

It's not that I hate being kommisar mind you. I do hate it intensely, but that isn't the point. The point is that the season just drags on and on and on. Why can't we settle this stupid thing with a coin toss or a collegial game of Russian Roulette? Someone tells me that there is no stipulation for Russian Roulette in the bylaws, but then I didn't see anything forbidding it either.

There are currently nine teams vying for first place in the league. At this moment only one of them is actually in first place and that is Mike Connaghan's team the DO BAGE with a record of 7-1. As you are no doubt well aware, 'DO BAGE' is an acronym for something. If you want to know what exactly, ask Connaghan.

In second place at 6-2 are Charlie Steinhice's Chattanooga Cuckoos followed by MIA Vietnam POW Steve Dudzik's Inksportz at 5-3. The fourth position is a hideous and acrimonious tie between Elden's Hind Teat Suckers, Dave Ferry's Leesburg Blabradores, Jennifer Hart's Mewling Puking Pantiewaists, and the UBER SWINE coached by the ever bubbly Jan VerrEy. Each of these teams is currently 4-4, a somewhat mediocre standing.

Rounding out the bottom however we have the Psychotic Petunias (2-6) whose coach Paul Kondis is only marginally aware the season has actually started and the Alexandria Popes (0-8) coached by Bill Strider.

The best thing about the season so far has been the whining and the recrimination. I just can't get enough and lucky for me there is an endless supply.

Next Month's Featured Team: The Losers

Loserfest Memories Continued...

Sure, our premature deaths were hilarious but so was that little incident beforehand when Bob Denver, who was extremely high at the time, wrested control of the boat from the captain and we hit that bridge abutment. Did the Naval Academy grads open fire on us before or after that occurred? Although not many people saw it Elden appeared in disguise and pushed Celine Dion overboard right before she sang that stupid song. -- *Stephen Dudzik*

Heck, I'll always remember how Jennifer sacrificed her life keeping me afloat on the debris, muttering, "I'll save you, Elden." But no way am I going to throw that diamond back into the ocean in remembrance. I've got bills to pay!! And of course who can forget when Zarrow put on a wig to get into the last life boat, shoving aside that pregnant woman. Then it was back to the hotel for a dip in the pool and other diversions -- *Joe Romm*

My oddest experience at Loserfest was Jennifer Hart greeting me at the door in a French maid outfit with a video of The Graduate in her clammy hand. A bootlegged kegger of Loserbrau was in the bathtub and blue crabs seemed to have the run of the closet. She kept whispering "Plastics" to me as she fondled a box of Ramses. How many hotel rooms have mirrored ceilings these days? -- *Stephen Dudzik*

Thanks to Sandra and John for organizing the chicken fights in the pool. My neck will never be the same -- *Willy Wanka*

I loved it when during the hotel pool chicken fight John accidentally ripped Steve's bikini top off. Next was dinner at (where else?) a seafood restaurant. Losers amused themselves between courses with activity-jammed placemats and party games such as "Pin the Moustache on the Czar". The Dueling Losers Band put in an appearance, minus Greg Arnold but with a horn section. A pair of breasts was exposed, although to the disappointment of all the male Losers in attendance, these belonged to a wooden statue mounted on the wall. The only element missing from the festivities was one Elden Carnahan, who had promised to take a break from cramming for the bar exam only to pull a Krattenmaker on us -- *David Genser*

I especially enjoyed the fest since i swept the contest: winning, getting first runner-up, and 4 honorable mentions--and that after having saved Dudzik's life with that emergency glossectomy -- *Helene Haduch*

My favorite moment was when Sue Lin started doing shots of tequila with Keith, our waiter at dinner. Then Paul Kocak pinned a mustache on one of the aquarium fish. I busted a gut, which, unfortunately, turned out to be Joe's. -- *David Genser*

I thought my table did very well at the party games. The Losers sitting at the table kind of sucked, but the table did well.-- *Jonathan Paul*



F2 Troop

The New and Improved Loser Stats Page As of week 281

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 cams@erols.com.

LID	Name	Debut	Career				Prior Career Rankings End of Year				
			Rank	+/-	Points	Cons	1	2	3	4	5
83	Smith. C.	6	1		371	1.339	1	1	1	1	1
110	Witte. T.	7	2		263	0.953	12	4	4	3	2
152	Hart. J.	11	3	1	257	0.945	44	18	6	4	4
273	Carnahan. E.	22	4	-1	251	0.962	3	2	2	2	3
777	Beland. R.	73	5		223	1.057	22	5	5	5	5
1400	Genser. D.	157	6		179	1.409				13	7
655	Romm. J.	58	7		166	0.738		3	3	6	6
98	Dudzik. S.	7	8		159	0.576	9	8	8	7	8
1297	Paul. J.	136	9		156	1.054				45	11
788	Sorensen. J.	75	10	1	114	0.545		29	16	9	10
752	Kammer. J.	71	11	-1	112	0.526		32	12	10	12
536	Worcester. S.	46	12		99	0.418	51	12	7	8	11
1055	Grinath. A.	106	13		91	0.511			36	19	13
367	Zarrow. D.	30	14		89	0.352	99	46	21	14	14
1431	Hull. S.	161	15		88	0.715				29	15
1673	Blyveis. B.	202	17		65	0.793				257	26
233	Styrene. P.	17	19		60	0.226	28	15	11	16	19
85	Grove. R.	6	20	1	57	0.206	13	11	14	20	20
841	Krattenmaker.	80	22		55	0.270		5	9	15	21
139	Mellema. K.	10	25		47	0.172	20	13	15	23	25
184	Sullivan. M.	14	26	1	46	0.171	8	21	22	26	30
878	Pannullo. J.	84	27	-1	44	0.220		50	30	27	24
760	Arnold. G.	72	30		38	0.179		57	32	35	31
1065	Kocak. P.	108	35	2	30	0.170			73	59	46
1712	Dalton. B.	211	37	-1	29	0.397					39
1701	Hoven. N.	208	38	5	28	0.368					54
301	Weinstein. J.	24	45		26	0.100	400	59	55	67	52
1684	Broadus. B.	204	46	10	25	0.313				523	114
1772	Cortina. J.	225	49	-1	24	0.407					65
1399	Strider. B.	156	52		22	0.172				104	78
551	Smith. D.	48	53		22	0.094	82	204	49	43	56
1742	Genz. M.	219	55		21	0.323					60
1377	Bent. N.	153	56		21	0.160			425	71	61
1481	Kleinbard. D.	169	62		19	0.165				292	70
1563	Frankenfeld. P.	188	66		17	0.177				170	73
1576	Murphy. T.	191	67		16	0.172				599	135
1037	Fahey. S.	104	74		14	0.078			700	353	84
1777	Allen. J.	227	98		8	0.140					219
1487	Thompson. D.	171	99		8	0.071				171	136
1713	Walderman. H.	212	123		6	0.083					223
894	Garratt. D.	86	130		6	0.030		407	269	374	462
1970	Lombard. J.	266	139		5	0.278					
1577	Powell. W.	191	142		5	0.054				599	873
1938	Leiby. R.	263	161		4	0.190					
1952	Scheinberg. M.	263	161		4	0.190					
2026	Oetjen. G.	278	224		3	0.500					
2000	Keutel. M.	273	225		3	0.273					
1975	Lloyd. E.	266	226		3	0.167					
2022	Scott. R.	277	330		2	0.286					
2013	French. D.	276	331		2	0.250					
2011	Mervis. R.	276	331		2	0.250					

LID	Name	Debut	Yearly							Prior Year Rankings				
			Year 6						1	2	3	4	5	
			Rank	+/-	Wins	Runner Ups	HMs	Points						Cons
152	Hart. J.	11	1			5	32	39	1.625	44	10	5	1	3
1297	Paul. J.	136	2	3	1	5	20	30	1.250			19	7	5
777	Beland. R.	73	3	-1	1	4	18	27	1.125		9	2	3	4
1400	Genser. D.	157	3	5		3	22	27	1.125				4	1
83	Smith. C.	6	3	2		6	21	27	1.125	1	1	1	5	6
110	Witte. T.	7	6	4	1	3	22	26	1.083	12	5	5	2	2
1673	Blyveis. B.	202	7	-5		2	23	25	1.042				74	9
273	Carnahan. E.	22	8	-3	1	4	15	24	1.000	3	2	4	8	7
1431	Hull. S.	161	9	3	1	2	17	22	0.917				11	10
752	Kammer. J.	71	9	-7		3	17	22	0.917		18	9	12	15
1684	Broadus. B.	204	11	-2		1	17	19	0.792				151	51
98	Dudzik. S.	7	12	-1		2	10	14	0.583	9	12	10	6	8
367	Zarrow. D.	30	12	8		1	11	14	0.583	99	32	10	15	16
655	Romm. J.	58	14	2		1	11	12	0.500		3	3	13	13
1055	Grinath. A.	106	15	1		3	8	11	0.458			16	10	12
1576	Murphy. T.	191	15	-1	1	1	9	11	0.458				227	62
788	Sorensen. J.	75	15	1		3	6	11	0.458		17	12	9	11
1399	Strider. B.	156	15	-1		0	10	11	0.458				40	46
184	Sullivan. M.	14	15	1		1	10	11	0.458	8	48	21	63	317
1772	Cortina. J.	225	20	-8		0	10	10	0.417					22
1701	Hoven. N.	208	21	-1	1	2	4	9	0.375					17
1065	Kocak. P.	108	22			1	7	8	0.333			36	37	32
1481	Kleinbard. D.	169	23	2		0	6	6	0.250				109	27
139	Mellema. K.	10	23	2		1	5	6	0.250	20	10	26	63	111
301	Weinstein. J.	24	23	-1	1	0	5	6	0.250	400	38	47		32
1970	Lombard. J.	266	26	-2		1	4	5	0.278					
1777	Allen. J.	227	27	-2	1	0	3	5	0.208					73
760	Arnold. G.	72	27	10		0	4	5	0.208		31	21	46	32
1377	Bent. N.	153	27	-2		2	3	5	0.208			155	31	44
1563	Frankenfeld. F	188	27	10	1	0	4	5	0.208				58	37
1742	Genz. M.	219	27	-2		1	4	5	0.208					20
233	Styrene. P.	17	27	-2		2	2	5	0.208	28	12	14	22	51
1938	Leiby. R.	263	33	3		0	4	4	0.190					51
1952	Scheinberg. M	263	33	-2		0	4	4	0.190					
1712	Dalton. B.	211	35	-3		0	4	4	0.167					14
1037	Fahey. S.	104	35	14		1	3	4	0.167			430	372	39
894	Garratt. D.	86	35	14		0	4	4	0.167		264	430		
85	Grove. R.	6	35	2		2	2	4	0.167	13	16	26	37	32
1577	Powell. W.	191	35	2		2	2	4	0.167				227	
536	Worcester. S.	46	35	-3		0	3	4	0.167	51	6	8	14	18
2026	Oetjen. G.	278	41	new		1	2	3	0.500					
2000	Keutel. M.	273	42	-8		0	3	3	0.273					
1975	Lloyd. E.	266	43	-8	1	0	2	3	0.167					
841	Krattenmaker.	80	44	-7		1	2	3	0.125		4	14	63	
878	Pannullo. J.	84	44	-7		0	3	3	0.125		27	21	22	37
551	Smith. D.	48	44	new		1	2	3	0.125	82		29	34	
1487	Thompson. D.	171	44	-7		1	2	3	0.125				59	111
1713	Walderman. H	212	44	new		1	2	3	0.125					77
2022	Scott. R.	277	49	new		0	2	2	0.286					
2013	French. D.	276	50	new		1	1	2	0.250					
2011	Mervis. R.	276	50			0	2	2	0.250					

Carnahan's proposals
for education spending

Even MORE Loserfest Memories Continued...

My favorite Loserpalooza moment? NOT being there and forced to sing my song parodies with the Loser Band. -- *T.J. Murphy*

Neither I, the toxicology department of the Southern Maryland General Hospital, my health insurer, or my personal injury attorney will quickly forget Busch's Severn Chum 'n' Rot, or whatever the seafood place that Kammer and Hull picked out for us was called. I was kind of surprised to discover how poorly Kitty held her liquor. I mean, to strip down to a polka-dot bikini, cover herself with cocktail sauce, and dance on the table...boy, she had to be drunk! No, wait, that was Strider, wasn't it? I was also surprised to discover that "Elden" lives only in Jennifer's creative imagination, although the fact that he does goes a long way to explain her current lead in the standings. I did find it touching to see her fight so desperately to keep anyone from taking "Elden's" place, and her sobs at the end of dinner, when she realized "he" had stood her up again were, well, pathetic. The obligatory after-hours party at the hotel followed. Things got a little rowdy and a guest survey questionnaire card was badly torn. -- *Brian Broadus*

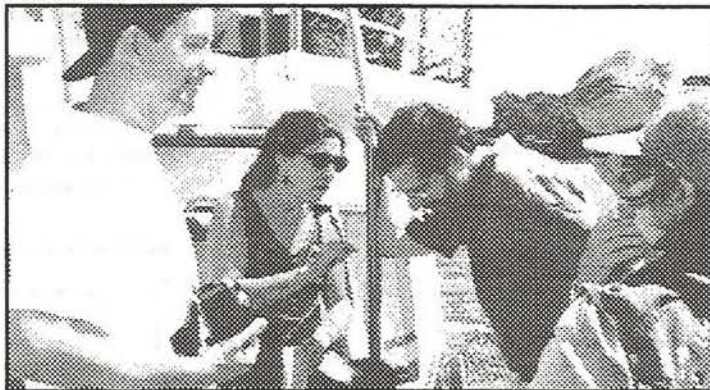
My favorite memory was when Brian Broadus, Dave Zarrow, and I were running the shipment of beer from the Bay Mart to the Comfort Inn, and the Sheriff tried to pull us over. I'd like to know where Brian learned to drive like that. My heart and stomach were in my mouth when Brian jumped the car over that deep ravine and the Sheriff and his idiot son just drove right off the edge -- *Sarah Worcester*

My favorite Loserfest memory was when the rectal thermometer refused to work after a certain someone, who shall remain nameless but we all know who they are, used it and then everyone just had to guess how high their temperature was. Personally I was kind of glad things worked out that way. Hey, look on the bright side ... now we know how they discovered Sarin nerve gas. I also liked the part where Zarrow tried to set off the sprinkler system with the heat from his forehead. Personally I think he was hiding a bic lighter behind his head. I thought the firemen seemed kinda grumpy though... The critics give Loserfest '98 @ two butt cheeks up!-- *Kevin Mellema*

The '97 outing was a tough act to follow, no question. But you rose to the challenge. My only quibble was that no one fell off the boat. (Though, if someone fell off the back, we wouldn't have noticed.) Keith the waiter was a real find. He should be the official waiter for all Loser functions. -- *Jonathan Paul*

I'd like to congratulate Event Staph Sandra Hull and John Kammer for the fine, fine job they did on Loserfest this year. It was a great week-end, and I think I speak for more than myself when I say that a great time was had by all. You will all be relieved to hear that I was able to get a tetanus shot first thing this morning, so there's nothing to worry about anymore. -- *Sarah Worcester*

Like Sarah, I too speak for more than myself, but, of course, I do have multiple personalities -- *Chuck Smith*



Bits and Pieces



Loser Mike Platt finds the August brunch appalling while Greg Arnold is up to his old tricks.

WANTED - NO JOKE

Interested in writing for Depravda? We've got room to print your drivel no matter how pointless. To drive that point home simply re-read a couple back issues. See what we mean? If you've got something to add, contact the editor.

The September HAPPY HOUR

September's All Loser Happy Hour will be at John Harvard's Brewhouse in DC.

Address: 1299 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Phone: 202-783-2739.

Metro: Metro Center.

Next month we'll do it in Maryland, although, does anyone really do it in Maryland?



Tom Witte Reveals himself to Jan VerrEy! Coming to Depravda in September

HORRIBLESCOPE

Leo the Lionhearted July 23-Aug 22

You are a Leo and life is good. Most Leos believe they can do no wrong, and the fact of the matter is they're pretty much right on the money there. Most non-Leos hate Leos because they are jealous of us... er.. them. Well screw 'em, what do they know? Those bastards! If the world were worth dominating then Leos would dominate it. Since it isn't worth dominating Leos only make the occasional feint toward that goal in order to get everyone else worked up and allied in some sort of futile resistance. It keeps the rest of them folk from causing too much real trouble. Leos know that ruling the world would really really suck and that lying in the sun enjoying a polynesian drink is infinitely preferable.

Extreme (ly Easy) Travel Trivia

by: Doggy Wormer

Give Me A Home Where A Loser Roams: Week 1

To the land of monkey we now go
we follow the Heinz Route plus forty you know.
Past the globe that stands without Atlas
Itz a giant all right but it won't pass gas?
Head straight for the 'knee' you won't find on your leg
If you ask Poly nicely, he'll give you a keg.

What town have you hunted down? Can the Depravda circulation Goddess reach this Loser with a 32 cent stamp? Let us know and you could lick the stamp! Can you guess the answer this time? Do we have to spell it out for you? Email, telegraph, fax or psychically submit your solution (and your precipitate if you have it) along with your name, rank, serial number, date of birth, date of demise and one partially devoured Ty Beanie Baby to Kammertron Industries. Unauthorized use of the Publisher's Clearinghouse Prize Patrol van to deliver the goods is in bad taste and possibly a copyright violation. Access Office Supplies senior management will tabulate results once they learn how to tab. Entries must be received before Armageddon or before you achieve Nirvana. No Curt Cobain imitators please! Illegal aliens, legal seafoods, crossdressing Martians and people whose IQs are greater than mine are ineligible to win a door prize or Martha Stewart's hand in unholy matrimony. Submissions via the Czar's voice mail constitutes fraud and will be encouraged. Any similarity to a certain Washington Post contest is purely intentional and does not ridicule Kitty Thuermer's outrageously difficult trivial pursuit. Prizes are awarded depending upon the number of nocturnal emissions received by your therapist. You must submit to Madame Spanky Pants or your hide will be tanned. For a transcript of this offer speak clearly into Jennifer Hart's body mike and await instructions from Ken Starr. That's it, keep waiting... Oh, and hold your breath 'til you turn blue.

CHICKEN FIGHTS HIGHLIGHT LOSERFEST ENTERTAINMENT

by: Dudzik

The Saturday card featured Kitty Thuermer on her horses, Kammer and Hammer, against rookie maiden Lequan Nguyen and her horse, Earboy. Kitty's drug-enhanced steed used cunning tricks to fell the competition in the first two matches. It was brutal and bloody, just the way the spectators wanted it. Unfortunately, two small children were trampled in the excitement. Kitty's mount tired quickly, however, and was replaced for the last two matches. After halftime, Jockey Lequan found her inner demon and practically tore Ms. Thuermer out of the saddle in round one. Round two produced the second straight defeat for Thuermer. Her steed cramped up and threw a back muscle. It had to be destroyed after the meet. In the last confrontation, Horse Earboy charged out of the water-gate like Ma Hart with a Platinum Visa. Down went Hammer and with him all hopes of a second Loserfest championship. The bets were paid off and the audience returned to their rooms to freshen up for the evening festivities.



WEEK 260: IT'S A SNAP

When you are asked a question to which the answer is obviously NO: When Shake 'n' Bake hires Louise Woodward for a celebrity endorsement. (Peyton Coyner)

Week 273: UNSEENS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

A Children's Book You Will Never See: "Green Eggs and Sperm" (Charlie Steinhice)

WEEK 275: THERE ONCE WAS A CONTEST FROM NANTUCKET

The date of a girl from Vienna
Was a man from south Georgia named "Skinnah".
They danced and they dined
Till a quarter past nine,
And by ten Mistah Skinnah was innah.
(Peyton Coyner)

The Rockville New Year's bash was giant,
But my date was perversely defiant.
I said "Baby, don't fight--
It's Millennium Night!
Won't you be Year 2000-compliant?"
(Grace Fuller)

There once was a young man from Hyattsville,
Who sampled the latest new diet pill.
It filled him with gas,
And it soon came to pass
That whenever he sat, he could fly at will.
(Bill Strider)

WEEK 276: SPIT THE DIFFERENCE

Between A 1998 VW Bug and The Washington Mystics? For the Mystics, "scoring in the paint" is a good thing. (Brian Broadus)

Between That "Not So Fresh" Feeling and The Washington Mystics? The Washington Mystics are supposed to dribble between their legs. (Dave Ferry)

Between A Chicken and Stephen Glass's reputation? Well, a chicken is plucked. (Jennifer Hart)

Between A Chicken and a 1958 VW Bug? The chicken can still cross the road. (John Kammer)

Between the human navel and The Yen? With the navel, the lower you go, the more gross receipts you get. (Paul Kocak)

Between Cal's Streak and The Washington Mystics? Cal has played through a lot of innings, and the Mystics have played through a lot of periods. (T.J. Murphy)

Between The human Navel and A chicken? You can have sex with a chicken. (Jonathan Paul)

Between A Chicken and That "Not So Fresh" Feeling? Most men will eat a chicken. (Joseph Romm)

Between "That Not So Fresh Feeling" and William Ginsburg, Esq.? You don't hear about Ginsburg daily on the TV. (Chuck Smith)

WEEK 277: LIFE IN THE BLURBS

"Cats": Seven pussies open up to the audience. (Niels Hoven)

"Joan of Arc": a young woman trying to excel in a traditionally male leadership position is persecuted, then fired. (David Genser)

WEEK 280: EXPRESSING IT NICELY

Lying on your resume: softening the blow-job (Dave Zarrow)

Undressing someone with your eyes: dreaming of the shape of things, to come. (Howard Walderman)

Still More Loserfest Memories Continued...

As one of Chuck's personalities, I would also like to thank the event staff for a great weekend -- *Dave Ferry*

That Bay Mart was spectacular! Such a fine selection of tacky tourists items, dusty Pop Tarts, liquor, and cheese-food products! And, Sunday morning, I witnessed a screaming fight between a clerk and a guy who was driving off without paying for his gasoline. Wow! Guess you have to go to the big cities for excitement like that. -- *Jennifer Hart*

Well, after last year's W.V. flea-market shootings, this shows that with anti-gun legislators like that Cheryl "Bite Me, Charlton!" Kagan, Maryland just can't compete.-- *Dave Zarrow*

The Kammers' flash,
Zarrow's obscene tune,
VerrEy's cruel lash,
Dudzik's glossy moon,
We will have these moments to remember.
-- *Peyton Coyner*

And at long, long, *LONG* last we have reached the end of the memories. I can only picture Bob Hope looking back philosophically and starting to sing "Cram your freaking memories right up your..." but then Bob isn't a rap singer last I heard.

In the Lamelight ➔ *Sandra Hull, Alexandria*

Born in: Arizona

Got a: Condo

Made of: Bricks (gotcha!)

Education: B.A. and M.A. in French, specialized in medieval and 17th-century literature

Currently using said degrees: Don't be silly

Occupation: Computer technician/trainer. I did use my French for several years translating technical and legal documents for two French companies, so there.

Why the switch? Let's just say that computers may be just as incomprehensible and exasperating as the French, but they smell better.

Other Occupations: NRARS Web Dominatrix; WETA Pledge Drive Volunteer Dominatrix; Minister, Universal Life Church. (Same as John Bobbitt, although I was ordained before he was. It's guys like him what give mail-order religions a bad name.)

Useless skills: Tarot card and palm reading, creating fashion accessories from sliced-up Loser shirts. See also: Education

Noteworthy relatives: Cordell Hull, Secretary of State under FDR; another Hull from Tennessee immortalized in a '30s Life Magazine photo with rifle in hand defending his still against the revenooers.

Sneaking suspicion: That I am descended from the latter, not the former.



THE ROAD TO F2:

1967: at age 6 produced a line of "Hullmark" greeting cards rife with lame jokes and bad poetry

1979: inducted into Beta Upsilon Mu Sigma, the silliest organization on the Heidelberg College campus. Yes, that's right: before I was a Loser I was a BUM.

1980: sold whoopie cushions and fake dog poop at Spencer's Gifts; gained experience with ears, in this case piercing them.

1988-91: regular Neologism contestant, one win; first experience hearing "Hey, didn't I see your name in that contest in the Post?"

1992: Bell Atlantic assigns me telephone number with last 4 digits that spell out "TSAR"

1996: coworker introduces me to the Style Invitational, remarking "it seems like your brand of humor". I am hooked. Litigation pending.

SINGLE SLICES by Peter Kohlsaat



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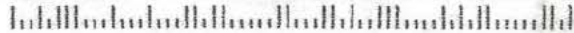


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Visit the Losers' Home Page at: <http://members.tripod.com/~mmexandra/>

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

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Sunday Oct 2nd

9:00 am

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