

PLAYLOSER



ENTERTAINMENT FOR LOSERS

Sept 1998
Volume V Issue 6

**Elden's Teats and
Jennifer's Panties**

This ain't your Mama's
Rotisserie League

**Tom Witte
Reveals
Himself**

**Dr. Helene
Berates
the Editor**

**Mike Hammer and
Monica Lewinsky?**

**Stats, Paul Kondis Presents,
Lots of Naked Loser Pics,
and more...**

STILL LIFE AMONG THE NRARS

Special to Depravda by: Dr. of Anthropology Russ Beland

It has been two years since our original report detailing the life of the NRARS, a small, harmless, tribe living on the banks of the Potomac. Since that time much has happened to the NRARS social structure, and numerous field researchers have gained additional insights into NRARS life. The descriptions contained in the original report remain generally accurate (at least for that time period in NRARS social development) but additional findings, and recent changes to NRARS life, make this update crucial to a proper understanding of NRARS culture.

The NRARS (or *loo'-zars* in their native tongue) remain a simple tribe. Despite some contact with field observers, the primitive customs and dogma of the NRARS are largely unchanged. Much still remains unknown about the NRARS. There is, for example, relatively little information about the sex life of the NRARS; the best theory is that most of the NRARS simply have no sex life. This theory is also consistent with the almost complete lack of children observed at NRARS tribal functions.

The NRARS social structure has changed greatly during the past two years, but these changes were more rapid evolution than revolution. The NRARS alpha male (affectionately nicknamed "Mr. Smith" by field observers) remains secure in his place atop the social hierarchy. There has been considerable turmoil at the next stratum however. The traditional beta male, recently nicknamed "Thumper," who had long shouldered the group's organizational and policing functions, delegated many of those duties to lower-ranking tribe members. This required Thumper to retain his beta status based almost solely on the quality and quantity of his offerings to the NRARS god "Czar." Thumper's exact motivation remains unclear, the changes may, however, have been related to his nearing completion of some form of school enabling him to become a knight. Whatever the reasons, these actions open the door for two serious challenges to his beta status, one from another male, who had traditionally remained on the fringes of NRARS social life, and the other from the tribe's dominate female. The ultimate social ranking of these three remains unclear.

The god Czar also intervened in the NRARS hierarchy by, the NRARS believe, offering a great feast to his chosen twelve. The significance of the number twelve, matching the number of Christ's apostles and the number of Lee Marvin's convicts in *The Dirty Dozen*, cannot be ignored. The event did, however, create a great chasm between the chosen twelve and the lesser (or Grinathy) NRARS.

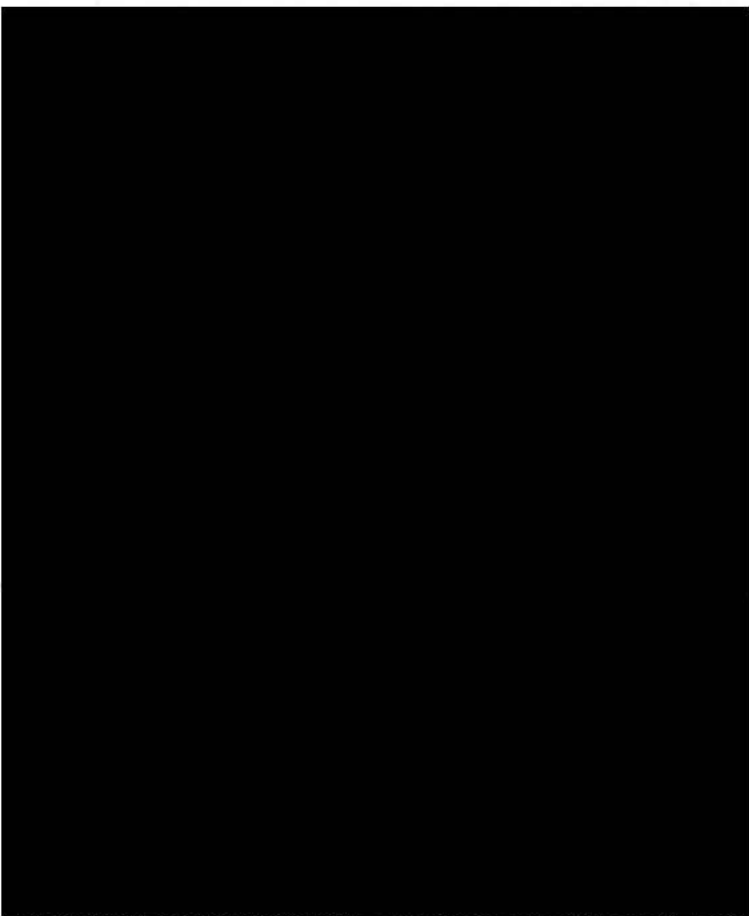
To most of the lesser NRARS, of course, the fight for beta status and the choosing of The Twelve is as beyond their daily concern as the comings and goings at Versailles were to the French peasantry. Their lives are filled with the simple, unending, weekly struggle for what the NRARS call "enck" (a form of recognition from the god Czar). Of far more importance to these tribe members was the sudden, brief, manifestation of the "Krattenmaker" a, presumably apocryphal, ghost of a one-time NRARS who was widely shunned for being too aloof from the tribe and too much a favorite of Czar. The brief resurrection of the Krattenmaker sent waves of despair through the lower NRARS castes.

Through these changes, however, the NRARS remain a largely jovial group. Their simple and childlike tricks and jokes rarely change, and the NRARS favorite pastime remains self-deprecation. One new NRARS legend tells of an upstart member of the tribe attacked by one (in some accounts two) of the female tribe members at a monthly feast. The attack, however, amounted to nothing more than the covering of the upstart's face with an unidentified, sweet, viscous fluid. In ways such as these the NRARS retain their sense of humor despite their god's mood swings and apparent indifference.

NRARS ANNUAL CONVENTION and/or Oct. Headquarters Brunch

By Elden Carnahan

I and my family are perfectly willing to host a NRARS Brunch on Sunday, October 2, as advertised in the August Depravda. However, please be advised that that date does not fall on a Sunday until the year 2005. For those planning to attend in 1998, you may find us as follows:



turn right; [REDACTED] **PLEASE ALSO BE ADVISED** that Montgomery St. may appear to be blocked by construction. You should be able to get through on a Sunday, and if the street appears unfinished you may park among the backhoes and piles of reeking asphalt. You may also park in my driveway, unless it has fresh concrete on it. I will try to remember to post a sign in that case.

Bring stuff like you did last year; that worked pretty well. An e-mail should already be in circulation about that. You may call [REDACTED] (work). E-mail is [REDACTED] or my work account, if you happen to know it.

PAUL KONDIS PRESENTS... Rotisserie League '98

Exactly the same group congregated on board the boat in Annapolis, except for those that weren't there the last time and those that couldn't make it this time, and wondered how they had been talked into doing this again. But afterwards, they had to admit it was fun, with the giant inflatable cruise ship running the rapids of the Chesapeake Bay, bouncing off of rocks, flipping over, and spilling everyone into the water.

They laughed and laughed, until they realized how deep the water was. Later, they pestered shop keepers with questions and dripped water all over the kazoo display as they tromped back and forth through the city trying to find a good 5 cent cigar, America, the restaurant for dinner, and all the other items for the scavenger hunt.

Once it was over and the participants had returned to their home states (Viet Nam, New Hampshire and/or Hawaii, euphoria), the Loser Rotisserie League and Advice Column games were allowed to continue, but the results were kept a closely guarded secret by storing them in a hermetically sealed internet home page. The various owners then buckled down to the task of picking what they considered the best English language books of the first 97 and a half years of the 20th century from a list submitted to them from Joe Romm. The winner (almost unanimously chosen - only Mike Connaghan dissenting) was "Lean and Clean Management".

"I would have picked the book on global warming," Grace Fuller was quoted as saying, "only he hasn't finished writing it yet." Rounding out what ended up as a surprisingly short Top 100 was "The Best of Drs. Style." The Top 100 list has suffered a setback recently, though, as Monica Lewinsky has agreed to cooperate with Special Prosecutor Elden Carnahan, who must read all the books on the list.

"I believe I can get both those books thrown out of the top 100," Elden would have said had we asked him. "I voted for those books, and I know my state of mind when I did. I was delirious, and I defy anyone to prove otherwise, as I am still delirious.

Call me in October and tell me I passed."

Next Month's Featured Team: The Losers

Hotmail to the Editor

Editor Guy,

Last month I wrote you a letter and you printed it, but you didn't correct any of the mistakes. There were typos, misspellings, grammatical errors, and the topic wasn't even the one I really wanted to write about. Yet you let them all pass through your so-called "review process" without so much as a red line. What the hell are we paying you for anyway?

-- Dr. H²

Dear Editor,

You may be surprised to hear from us after all those precautions you took, but you seem to be lagging in repaying your college loan.

Sincerely - Guido's Collection Agency

Editor Guy,

It occurs to me that some people are motivated by love rather than money. If you're in this category, you'll be interested to know that 2,343,344,596,618,870,000,000 is 2.3 sextillion.

-- Bill Strider.

Editors,

At considerable personal expense, I have retained the services of the fine folks at the United States Postal Service (Motto: "We Da Liver!") to transport a flimsy scrap of paper with a purported value of US\$18.00 to one D. Zarrow of Herndon. I feel compelled to inform you that I have learned, through extensive time travel, that the signature on said flimsy scrap of paper will appreciate over time at a rate more than seven times that of inflation. What does this mean to you? In twenty-five years, the purported US\$18.00, assuming a six percent inflation rate, will grow to a measly \$72.88. The signature, on the other hand, will be worth a whopping 2,343,344,596,618,870,000,000 times its current value.

Being the visionaries that I'm sure you are, you may want to consider preserving said flimsy scrap of paper in a museum-quality, acid-free archival folio. I know an office products dealer who I'm sure would be happy to assist you in acquiring same.

If, on the other hand, you choose the route of instant gratification, your short-sightedness is an outrage. You may attempt to redeem yourselves by including me in the masthead under the heading, "Additional funding provided by ...".

-- Bill Strider

Dear (pr)editor,

I noticed a conspicuous lack of hypertext in your articles. C'mon, get with the 21st century and the

Internet revolution and modernize your equipment! I want to be able to read the drivel in your rag then zoom off on a tangent if I so desire. Why do you impede my quest for trivial detail? I need links man! If Madamned Xandra can do it on her web site so can you. If the subscription rate has to increase to support this brilliant idea, then so be it. Please respond.

-- Bill Browser, Herndon

Dear Editor,

Whatever became of Sexylaff69, the lovely and exciting temptress who left one brief message on the Official Loser website? Did you say something to scare her away? Did she ever send you her photo and personal data (e.g. measurements and phone number)?

-- Waiting with abated breath in MD

Dead Editor,

It is my belief that you did willfully and with malice aforeskin erroneously identify me in the August Lamelight as being from Alexandria for the sole purpose of goading me into writing a letter to the editor to complain about it. Accordingly, I am writing to inform you that I'm not falling for it. Better luck next time,

-- Sandra Hull, Annapolis

Dude,

I am sitting here reading the Food section, specifically the Crummy But Good restaurant review column, and it hits me. Why is this guy being so coy about who is with him while he's eating out? I go to ask my wife. And it hits me. She's not there! This guy is taking MY wife out to eat on an EXPENSE ACCOUNT, and then writing all about it in the NEWSPAPER. I am getting STEAMED. Wait a minute. I may not be married. They have records on stuff like that down at City Hall, don't they?

-- Paul Kondis

Dear Readers,

Wow you all have been prolific in your complaints this month. I almost, but not quite, feel a responsibility to respond to them. Instead I shall wax philosophic on the recently released Ken Starr report. Now several members of Congress are concerned that by posting the report on the web they may have released pornography over the internet. Well if they think that's pornography they simply don't know good pornography. Second, if it were pornography, then President Clinton would be the first (known) porn star to serve as US President. I think that's cool and it's been a long time coming - if you'll pardon the obvious pun. - Ed.

F2 Troop

The New and Improved Loser Stats Page As of week 284

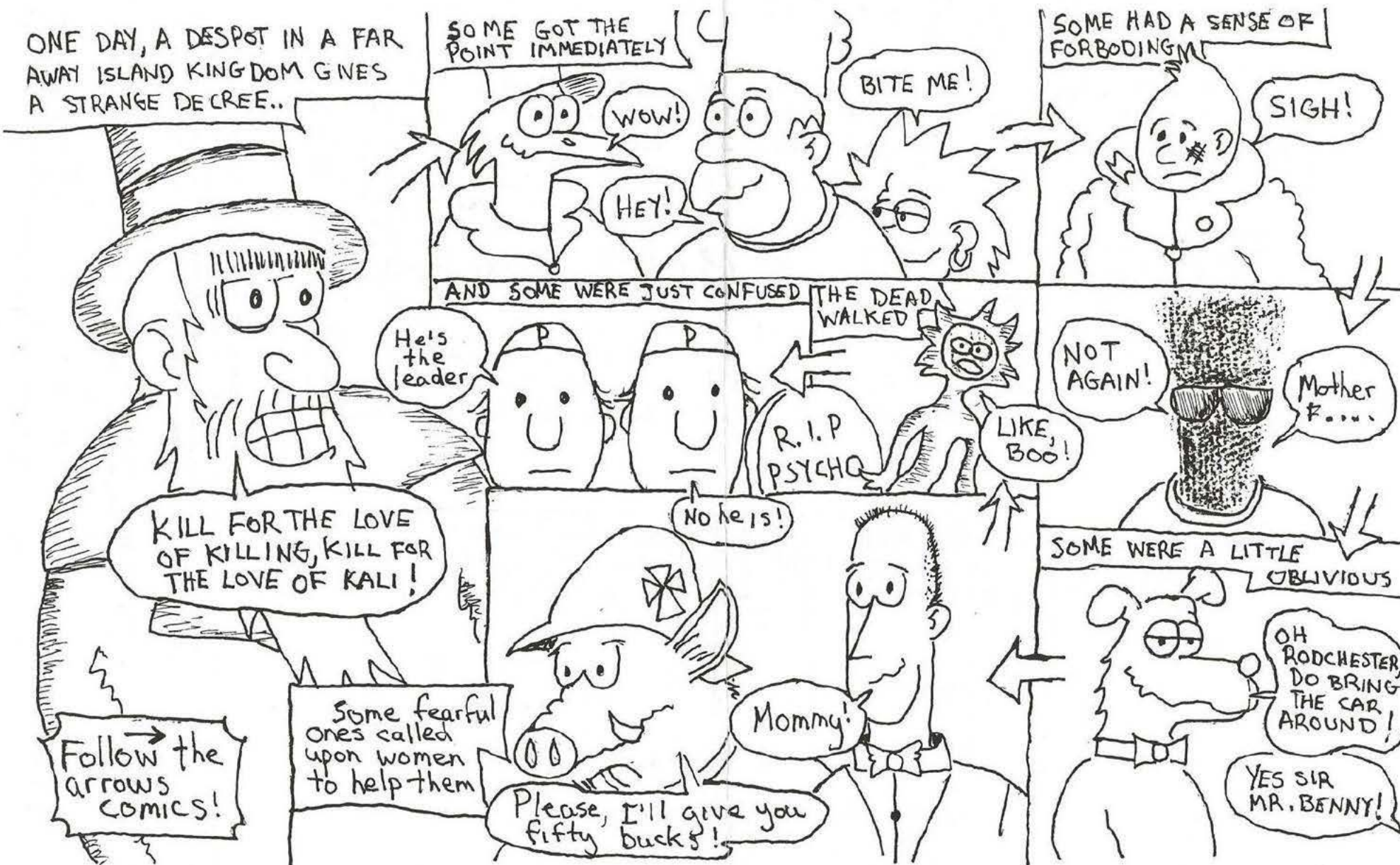
Courtesy of NRARS Statistician Elden Carnahan

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.

STANDINGS BY YEAR														
				YEAR 6					Prior Yearly Rankings					
LID	Name	Dbu	Rk	+	Wins	Rus	HMS	Pis	Cons	1	2	3	4	5
152	Hart, J.	11	1			5	40	47	1.679	44	10	5	1	3
1673	Blyveis, B.	202	2	5		3	32	35	1.250				74	9
1297	Paul, J.	136	2		1	6	24	35	1.250			19	7	5
1400	Genser, D.	157	4	-1		3	26	33	1.179				4	1
110	Witte, T.	7	5	1	1	5	26	32	1.143	12	5	5	2	2
83	Smith, C.	6	6	-3		7	22	29	1.036	1	1	1	5	
777	Beland, R.	73	7	-4	1	4	19	28	1.000		9	2	3	4
273	Carahan, E.	22	7	1	1	5	18	28	1.000	3	2	4	8	7
752	Kammer, J.	71	9			4	21	27	0.964		18	9	12	15
1684	Broadus, B.	204	10	1		2	23	26	0.929				151	51
1431	Hull, S.	161	11	-2	1	2	20	25	0.893				11	10
367	Zarrow, D.	30	12			2	16	20	0.714	99	32	10	15	16
98	Dudzik, S.	7	13	-1		2	11	18	0.643	9	12	10	6	8
788	Sorensen, J.	75	14	1		3	12	17	0.607		17	12	9	11
1701	Hoven, N.	208	15	6	1	2	10	16	0.571					17
1055	Grinath, A.	106	16	-1		3	10	13	0.464			16	10	12
1399	Strider, B.	156	16	-1			12	13	0.464				40	45
655	Romm, J.	58	18	-6		1	11	12	0.429		3	3	13	13
184	Sullivan, M.	14	18	-3		2	10	12	0.429	8	48	21	63	317
1576	Murphy, T.	191	20	-9	1	1	9	11	0.393				227	62
1772	Cortina, J.	225	21	-11			10	10	0.357					22
1065	Kocak, P.	108	22			1	7	8	0.286			36	37	32
2022	Scott, R.	277	23	26	1	5	6	6	0.545					
1742	Genz, M.	219	24	3		1	5	6	0.214					20
1481	Kleinbard, D.	169	24	-1			6	6	0.214				109	27
139	Mellema, K.	10	24	-1		1	5	6	0.214	20	10	26	63	111
233	Styrene, P.	17	24	3		2	3	6	0.214	28	12	14	22	51
301	Weinstein, J.	24	24	-1	1		5	6	0.214	400	38	47		32
2021	Schott, J.	277	29	65	1		3	5	0.455					
1970	Lombard, J.	266	30	-4		1	4	5	0.227					
1777	Allen, J.	227	31	-4	1		3	5	0.179					73
760	Arnold, G.	72	31	-4			4	5	0.179		31	21	46	32
1377	Bent, N.	153	31	-4		2	3	5	0.179			155	31	44
1563	Frankenfeld, P.	188	31	-4	1		4	5	0.179				58	37
85	Grove, R.	6	31	4		3	2	5	0.179	13	16	26	37	32
878	Pannullo, J.	84	31	13			5	5	0.179		27	21	22	37
1938	Leiby, R.	263	37	-4				4	0.160					
1952	Scheinberg, M.	263	37	-4			4	4	0.160					
417	Chong, S.	35	39	20	2		2	4	0.143	55	23	17	28	25
175	Cuddihy, K.	13	39	20		1	2	4	0.143	66	19	13	18	27
1712	Dalton, B.	211	39	-4			4	4	0.143					14
1037	Fahey, S.	104	39	-4		1	3	4	0.143			430	372	39
894	Garratt, D.	86	39	-4			4	4	0.143		264	430		
1577	Powell, W.	191	39	-4		2	2	4	0.143				227	
536	Worcester, S.	46	39	-4			3	4	0.143	51	6	8	14	18
2026	Oetjen, G.	278	46	-5		1	2	3	0.300					
2000	Keutel, M.	273	47	-5			3	3	0.200					
1999	Hughes, P.	272	48	4		1	2	3	0.188					
1975	Lloyd, E.	266	49	-6	1		2	3	0.136					
203	Delduke, P.	14	50	110			3	3	0.107	136	38	64	46	39
1759	Kaufman, B.	222	50	110		1	2	3	0.107					61
222	King, S.	16	50	9			3	3	0.107	14	26	120	63	
841	Krattenmaker, K.	80	50	-6		1	2	3	0.107		4	14	63	
551	Smith, D.	48	50	-6		1	2	3	0.107	82		29	34	
1487	Thompson, D.	171	50	-6		1	2	3	0.107				59	111
1515	Vitale, P.	178	50	110	1		2	3	0.107				33	79
1713	Walderman, H.	212	50	-6		1	2	3	0.107					77



LOSER ROTISSERIE LEAGUE DRAWING? COULD BE.

Bits and Pieces

COMING SOON!

LOSER-TAG: What is it? It's a lot like Laser-Tag only it's played by Losers and that's us! Do you have what it takes to burn down your fellow Losers with surplus SDI Laser weapons left over from the Reagan administration? Where: Bailey's Crossroads Area When: TBD - Happy Hour and/or party to follow.



HORRIBLESCOPE Virgo: Aug 31 +/-

The Sun is in Virgo and the Moon is in Leo. You know that little prickly feeling you get sometimes when you think there's something that needs to be taken care of? It's a venereal disease. You have a pretty good sensitivity for that sort of thing. You're kind of like the princess in the story about the princess and the pea and the 150 sailors. If there's one little tiny lump in the mattress, you're bound to feel it. It looks like there is something like that going on today as the fleet is in town. Something is nagging at you, demanding to be completed. It's such a small little detail that nobody else would even notice. But you notice, and you care, and you had better get it done so you can move on to other things by tomorrow. Perhaps it has something to do with renewing your prescription for birth control.

NEW LOSERBABY COMPETES FOR CASH

Competition is heating up for the charitable dollars of Losers. A new Loserbaby was left outside the Depravda office of Editor John Kammer during the Fourth of July weekend.

According to the name tag hand-stitched to the child's head, her name is Annie Costia. An etched note stated that the baby was born in Prozacstan to ne'er-do-well owners of a failing micro-brewery, who perished in a freak yeast explosion.

The poor orphan's plight brought tears to the eyes of the Depravda staff. They immediately adopted her and established a fund for her food, college, and future humor needs.

When asked about the potential conflict with the so-called "Official" Loserbaby (sponsored by one Chuck Smith), they noted that this is America and competition is good for all.

"Bargain Loo-Baby," as Annie Costia is now affectionately called, will cost the donor a mere 50 cents per month instead of the outrageous \$1.00 per month charged by Chuck.

"Our baby doesn't eat as much and most of its food is donated anyway," klaimed Kammer.

Rent is also not costly, since K. Thuermer said the infant's room at Depravda HQ redefines the word "squalor."

We anticipate a major campaign for Bargain Loo-Baby; in fact, Bargain's spokesperson tells us that Sally Struthers is very close to signing a contract. Won't you help please?

Greg Arnold Presents...

WARNING: The following relates another exposition by Greg Arnold into the various federal facilities in the Washington metropolitan area. Some portions may not be suitable for young children.

So, another day, another visit to yet another super-secret government organization that most of the time doesn't even exist at least on road signs and stuff. It was a bright and sunny day as I drove through the gates of the DJB* complex in bucolic Northern Virginia. I flashed my badge and the guard eagerly waived me into the visitor parking lot for special visitors and pizza deliveries and stuff. I said that the purpose of my visit was to see my good friend John K- - ("Please," the guard implored, "no last names." OK . . .). Anyway, I was here to see a John.

Hey, speaking of johns, did I ever tell you about the rest stop just south of Jacksonville, FL? WOW ! They got a blow dryer you wouldn't believe! 360 degree rotating nozzle; chest-high mount for maximum body coverage (it's the little things). But just as I'm having my way with "Monica," I hear a familiar sound emanating from the handicap stall . . . it's running water as if from a spigot, and then that press, press, press on the liquid soap dispenser, and finally the savage ripping of perforationless brown paper and stuff. So, I peeked under, no wait, INTO the recently vacated enclosure and found . . .

TO BE CONTINUED!

* not the real acronym

WEEK 281: CALCULATE THE ODDS

I am looking forward to the opportunity to give a full accounting of the nature of my relationship with these three items, but, unfortunately, it is obviously inappropriate for me to comment further at this time.
(Russ Beland and Maureen Flaherty)

Fish, ham, hammer: The hammer doesn't belong. Someone named 'Fish' or 'Ham' might actually win a T-shirt from the Style Invitational. (Mike Hammer)

WEEK 282: TAKING SNIDES

"Eskimos Warm to the Digital Age": Put their old people out to die on data floes now, do they? (Joe Ertavi)

"Riverdale Voters Approve Name Change": Residents found the former name "Shithole" carried negative connotations. (John Kammer)

"McGuire and Sosa Both Go Deep": It's bad enough to have details of the president's sex-life in the paper, can't we just keep the sports page clean? (T. J. Murphy)

"Eskimos Warm to the Digital Age": Yes, I'm sure www.rancid-blubber.com is a very popular site. (Eulalio Villanueva)

WEEK 283: UH-OH

From a Metro train operator: "This is a Green Line train to Farragut North." (Niels Hoven)

WEEK 284: ASK BACKWARDS MCLXVII

A: Salvatore "The Glazed Ham" Fondolini

Q: Who bragged about having "basted" Jimmy Hoffa? (Brian Broadus)

A: The Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy's Underpants

Q: What has been blamed for *un*covering an ass? (Grace Fuller)

Q: What keeps coming back around every spin cycle? (David Genser)

A: The Ford Phlegm

Q: What failed the wind-tunnel test? (Chuck Smith)

A: Ecclesiastes, Deuteronomy, and Chlamydia

Q: What would be better names for a new baby these days than Osama, Dow, and Monica? (Sarah Worcester)

A: Yet Another Relationship That Is "Not Appropriate"

Q: What is the Christian Coalition's opinion of luge doubles? (Howard Walderman)

In the Lamelight ➔ *Tom Witte, Gaithersburg*

Editor's Note: In September of this year Depravda staff writer and circulation goddess Jan VerrEy obtained this exclusive interview with Tom Witte at considerable risk to her own personal safety.

Recently, the desk clerk in the lobby of my apartment building handed me a plain brown envelope. He said my deaf/mute friend left it for me.

JV: My deaf/mute friend?

CLERK: A big blonde guy. He just stared at me when I asked him his name.

It was a note from Witte: "Will talk." Suddenly, I knew how Bob Woodward felt when he heard from Deep Throat. Directions to the Lolita Lounge near Fort Belvoir were enclosed. There I met up with the Phoc brothers, Dum and Phat, who blindfolded me and drove the rest of the way.

I was taken to a farm owned by a Vietnamese family, the Phakhengs. When I arrived, Witte was seated at a picnic table ladling fish heads from a cauldron on to a platter of rice. Also on the table was a bucket of kimchi and a giant dried squid.

TW: I thought we could have a snack.

[There were two teenaged girls hovering around Witte, giggling and poking each other.]

JV: Are they your daughters?

TW: No, they're the Phakheng twins, Ho Tsi and To Tsi. [They were speaking in Vietnamese, but I did hear "Phakheng Witte" quite a few times.]

JV: They look awfully hot in that spandex.

TW: They sure do. Want a martini? [he threw a handful of olives into a mason jar and filled it to the top with gin.]

JV: So, are you married?

TW: Maybe. There are a lot of Phakheng women around here.

JV: Do you have children?

TW: There are a lot of Phakheng kids around here too...

JV: How old are they? What are their names?

TW: Phakheng Levey...Phakheng Czar...Phakheng Losers...Phakheng Email...

JV: Those are odd names.

TW: Huh?

JV: For your children...

TW: Did I say I had children...

JV: You certainly have a lot of pepper plants.

TW: Do you know how many things you can make with peppers?

JV: Where were you born?

TW: Pepper steak, pepper omelettes, coconut pepper...

JV: How old are you?

TW: ...peppers with pineapple, pepper pot pie, lemon pepper...

JV: Who are you boinking?

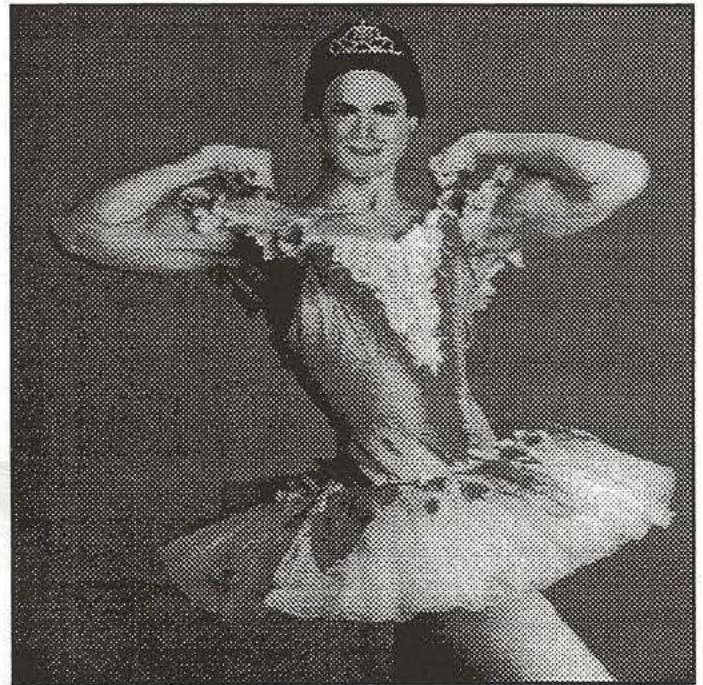
TW:pepper pizza, pepper gumbo, fried peppers...

JV: Is Joe Witte your brother?

TW: ...pepper fritters, pepper pasta, pepper vodka....

JV: Did you really walk out of brunch without paying?

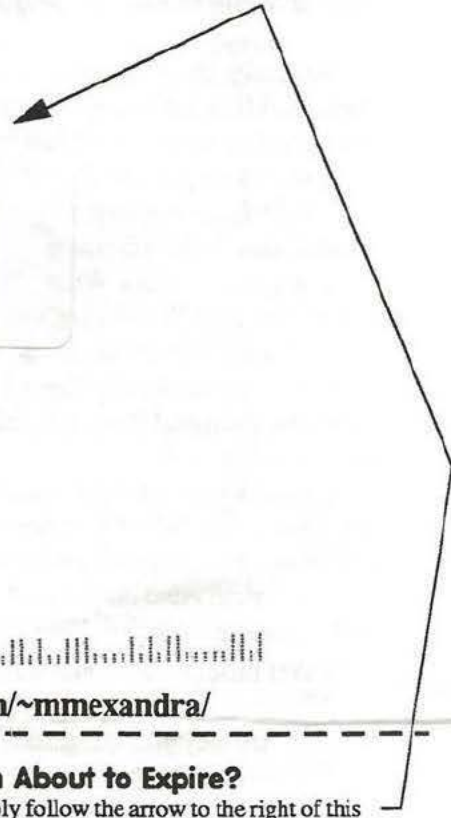
Suddenly, Witte just got up and wandered off...I never did get a Phakheng Martini.



DEPRAVDA

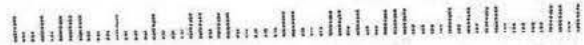


Status: PIF/EXP: Aug-99



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

DEPRAVDA

- Subject: DEPRAVDA

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

Sunday Oct 2nd

9:00 am

N.R.A.R.S. Headquarters
a.k.a. Chez' Eisenhower

DETAILS INSIDE

Sunday Nov Xth

morning

Washington DC
Details Pending