

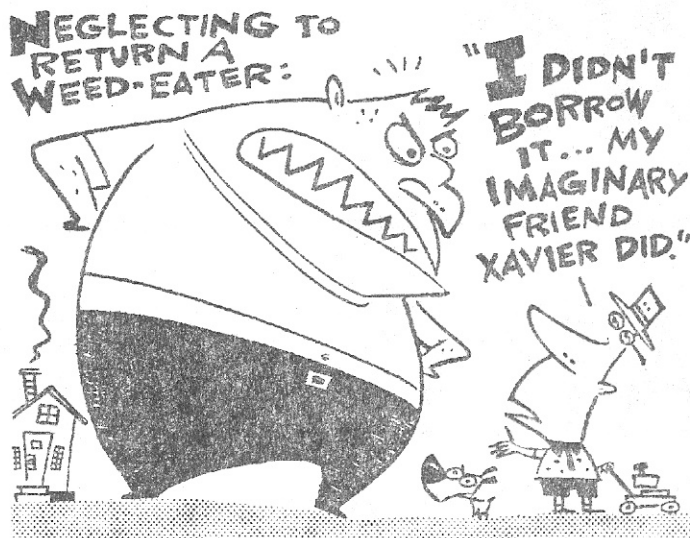
The Style Invitational

WEEK 86: EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Donald Beale of Arlington won Week 9. His promised prize was a set of books on committing murder and mayhem. We just mailed it out last week. Here are our excuses for stiffing him for so long:

1. We sent it to Donald Graham by mistake, and he won't give it back, and we can't very well demand it from him.
2. The mailman stole it for personal use.
3. Don's address got stuck to the back of a manuscript predicting the return of Marion Barry. The essay was so preposterous, we pitched it.

This Week's Contest was inspired by the fact that we have been a teensy bit tardy in dispatching some of our prizes. (At one point we considered amending the fine print to "allow 75 weeks for delivery.") Anyway, your challenge this week is to come up with funny excuses for various malfeasances. State the offense (for example, missing someone's birthday) and an excuse (for example, "I had been reliably assured that you were dead"). First-prize winner gets a life-size seated female mannequin from a clothing store, a value of \$75. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts.



BY BOB STANKIN FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 86, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Nov. 14. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

in which we asked you to come up with questions that should have been asked on the Great American Sex Survey. A couple of readers took us to task for insensitively presuming heterosexuality in the examples we gave. Guilty as charged. So for gay readers, in the entries below please substitute "same" for "opposite," "men" for "women," "women" for "men," and "partner" for "wife" or "husband." Hermaphrodite readers, please substitute for any gender reference the phrase "men, women or yourself." We hope this clears things up.

◆ Second Runner-Up: **For women: Whom would you rather have sex with?**

Al Gore. Bill Clinton, again. (Susan Wenger, Montgomery Village)

◆ First Runner-Up: **For men: Which would you prefer as a condition of living the rest of your life?**

Always wearing a condom during sex. Receiving all of your meals intravenously.

(Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ *And the winner of the Lou Costello statuette:*

All things being equal, would you rather have sex with:

a "10." two "5s." five "2s."

(Robb Mathews, Falls Church)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

For men: Whom would you rather spend the night with? Sharon Stone and her ice pick.

Lorena Bobbitt and her fillet knife.

Roseanne. (Bonnie Speary and Walt Devore IV, Rockville)

For men: If your wife is making soft-boiled eggs and can't find the timer, does she ask if you want to have sex? (Larry Covey, Columbia)

Do you believe your dog may have a more active sex life than you?

(Bob Damien, Baltimore)

I would describe a healthy sexual relationship as one between myself and:

A mature member of the opposite sex.

A mature member of the primate family.

A pulse-bearing inhabitant of the planet Earth.

(Greg Arnold, Herndon)

A recent study suggests that men think about sex every 9 minutes, women every 14. Does this mean that, once every 2 hours 6 minutes, we are all thinking about it at the same time?

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

For women: Would you rather pay the federal deficit out of your salary as a cocktail waitress, or go on a date with Bob Packwood?

1. Pay off the federal deficit.

(Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

For men: How would you describe your incidence of self-abuse when you were a teenager: Frequent. Compulsive.

Chronic. Obsessive.

(Bob Damien, Baltimore)

Do you face backward or forward while having sex on Metro trains? (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Do you still, at the age of 42, have to resist the impulse to put down some smartass answer when a form asks "Sex?"

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

My mate and I have sex:

Daily. Weekly. Monthly.

If he/she died, I could not identify the body.

(Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

When you and your paramour visit your illicit love nest, does the manager of the bowling alley on the ground floor keep pounding on the ceiling and hollering at you to keep it down?

(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

For men: On your wife, a garter belt and fishnet stockings look: Unbelievably sexy.

Like a cargo-restraining device.

(Earl Gilbert, La Plata)

How come women's jeans used to have the zipper on the side, but now they're on the front? Are women, ah, *changing* in some way they have not told us? (Joe Sisk, Arlington)

For married men: Have you ever thought your wife is too tired for sex because she takes care of three kids, works part time, keeps the house clean and all I want is some rest? She. All she wants is some rest? (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

If you were a bar of soap, what celebrity would you want to buy you? (Paul Styrene, Olney)

◆ And Last:

Have you ever had sex with someone because you won the Style Invitational? Could I have their phone number? (Joseph Romm, Washington)