

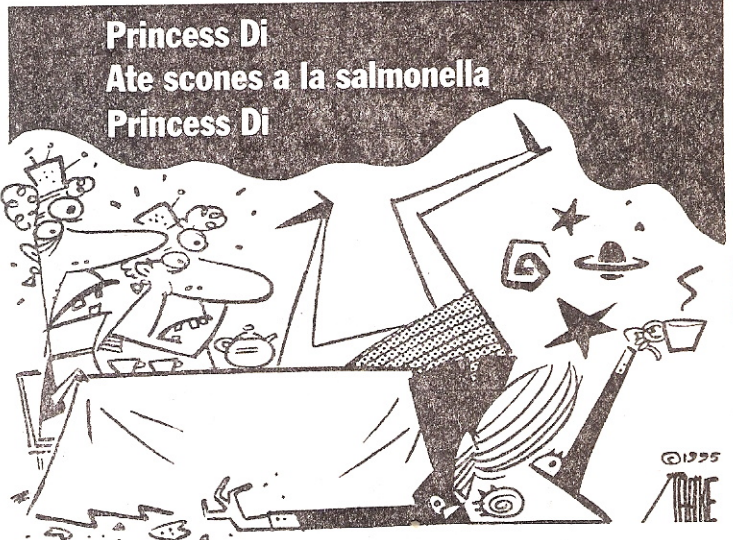
The Style Invitational

WEEK 104. HERE, DOGGEREL.

Pete Rose
Sat on a tack
Pete rose.

Gary Hart
Met Donna Rice
Gary ♥

Lorena Bobbitt,
Take this knife and
Lorena, bob it.



BY BOB STANKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This week, The Style Invitational enters its Terrible Twos. We confess that when we began this undignified little feature, we never anticipated it lasting this long. Three weeks, tops. Apparently, though, neither Donald nor Katharine Graham has discovered it yet. PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM. Thank you. On to This Week's Contest: Remember the double dactyl, the poetry form so sophisticated we said it was to the limerick what Thomas Jefferson was to a head louse? Well, today we propose a form of poetry so dumb that it is to the limerick what Nick-L-Nips are to Taittinger blanc de blancs. The contest was proposed by Jim Barnes of Leesburg in loving memory of his father, James A. Barnes Sr., the inventor of this poetry form. Jim Jr. wins some plastic snot. Jim Sr. may well have been a major intellectual, a Nobel laureate for all we know, holder of the modern Olympic record in the combined Nordic event, and the danged finest dad ever to walk the Earth, but from now on he will be publicly remembered only as the creator of poems so bad they thud. Here are the rules: There are

three lines. The first line must be a name and only a name. The second line can be as long or as short as you wish. The third line must sound the same as the first line, using the name as a verb or some other part of speech. First-prize winner gets a really ugly plaster statuette of Bill Clinton playing the sax, a value of \$65.

Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. 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 104, 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, March 20. 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. Bill LeWarne of Gaithersburg wins the T-shirt for being the first to correctly identify Forsyth P. Jones as Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 101,

in which we printed a blank space, with no contest directions at all. A little intimidating, no? Mary Z. Darne of Arlington wrote in to say it reminded her of the college philosophy class where the final exam essay question was, "What is courage?" and the only grade of A went to a student whose answer, in its entirety, was: "This is." Basically, there were two reasonable ways of interpreting this contest: Either we were inviting you to fill in the white space with something funny, or we were inviting you to caption the white space itself. Almost everyone chose option two, which was easier but far less creative. The best of these:

◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **A lack-of-imagination test to see how many entrants say, "A polar bear in a snowstorm."** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Two polar bears in a snowstorm.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington) and;

◆ Third Runner-Up: **Mayor Barry's "Contract With Ward 3."** (Mike Finigan, Crownsville)

But the better entries saw the contest as an open-ended challenge:

◆ Second Runner Up: I had to get up at 8:15 a.m., so to be sure I woke up, I set the alarm allowing for a seven-minute snooze period, so that the second time the alarm went off, it would be at precisely 8:15. I woke up very tired at the first buzz. When I am really tired, I sometimes wake up not knowing what the buzzing is, and I lie in bed wondering what that noise is. This was one such morning. So, I decided I should see what time it is. For some reason, instead of reading "8:08" on the clock's face, I saw the name Bob. I flopped back into bed. "Great," I thought. "There's a strange noise in my room, and my alarm clock says 'Bob.'" I watched the clock for a full minute (until it became Bo9), before it dawned on me. (Julie Mangin, Silver Spring; Julie wins a second t-shirt for a hilarious entry too revolting to be published on any planet inhabited by sentient beings.)

◆ First Runner-Up: Since the wide open white space reminds me of a close-up of a nurse's backside, I am assuming you wanted entrants to acknowledge that hospitals have boring names, and to come up with better ones. Here are my examples: the Bone and Moan, the Golden Bedpan, Doc Side, and Enema of the People. (Marty Madden, Prince Frederick)

◆ *And the Winner of the Oliver Hardy dummy:*

Lessee, Week 101, in which we were to both propose our own contest and then present what should be the winning entry. The Contest: "Prepare a Washington Post headline for any event or story in the Bible." The Winning Answer: Job Outlook Grim (Allan Grady, Alexandria)

◆ Honorable Mentions

The wit and wisdom of the Sage of Woodbridge, Vol. II, the Non-Potty Years. (Craig Conrath, Alexandria)

My entry, after being altered for reasons of taste, appropriateness or humor. (Don Maclean, Burke, also Mary Z. Darne, Arlington)

This must be a contest to guess how many people will enter the contest, right? Okay, I guess 600,000 people. And assuming there are no other entrants, I am the winner! (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

The Bill of Rights as amended by Strom Thurmond. (Levi Goldfarb, Temple Hills)

The proper pronunciation of ♀. (Kevin Mellema, Falls Church)

Shadow Senator Jesse Jackson, at high noon. (Bradford A. Jewett, Washington)

Rorschach didn't laugh when his colleagues filled the bottle with disappearing ink. (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

Gene Shalit loves Week 101! It's a winner! It's fabulous! Blanks for a great contest! (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

What if a tree falls in the forest and nobody hears it, and they use the pulp to make paper for the Style Invitational 101? (John Davey, Oakton)

What is the name of that spray? I would like to use it on some other columns. (Papan Devnani, Arlington)

This is obviously another one of those pictures of Sharon Stone tearing off my clothes. (David Siltman, Gaithersburg)

Nostradamus prediction No. 982: The release of "The Brady Bunch Movie" brings the Style Invitational to a grinding halt. (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

Occam's Hanky. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

While Bil Keane is on vacation, young Billy (age 7) depicts the brimming well from which his

daddy draws his "Family Circus" ideas. (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

My repressed memories of the week of the double dactyls. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

What is the opposite of ■? (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

I am glad The Post finally got my order right. One Sunday Post, hold the Invitational. (Eddie Sacks, Silver Spring)

The naughty Style Invitational is given a "timeout" by The Post. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

I find the blank Week 101 is the perfect hue and makes excellent wallpaper. Please send me another 10,000 copies. (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

The person formerly known as Michael Dukakis. (Denise Romano, Annandale)

If the Style section ever does a feature on me, what I hope it looks like. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

Did you know that Betty Rubble is not included in the Flintstones Vitamins? Really. It's an outrage. The company that manufactures them has gone on record that "when reduced to tablet size, Betty is indistinguishable from Wilma." Bullhockey. First of all, their hairstyles are quite different. Much more different than, say, Fred's and Barney's. Dino is a vitamin, even Fred's car is a vitamin. Where's Betty?

This is the feminist issue of the 1990s. (Julie Mangin, Silver Spring)

The white cells of the immune system of The Post finally begin to attack the Style Invitational. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ And Last:

One Sunday, I got a Style Invitational entry printed and (Elden Carnahan, Laurel) didn't. This is the resulting picture of Hell freezing over. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)