

# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 137: VELVIS LIVES

*The Style Invitational  
Proudly Announces  
Acquisition of The  
Annie Groer Collection, Some  
of the Finest Items of Crap  
Ever Assembled in One Place  
by One Human Being.*

The centrepiece of Ms. Groer's collection is this gangrenous objet d'art, a velvet Elvis of breathtaking artistic incompetence. Adding to its value is its size, a robust 3 feet by 2 feet. The contest is to come up with a title and/or art gallery blurb for this painting; best entry wins it. It is worth \$6 million.

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 137, 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.

Internet users: Please indicate the appropriate Week Number in the 'subject' field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Nov. 6. 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. The Faerie of the Fine Print & The Ear No One Reads thanks Jean Sorensen of Herndon for today's Ear No One Reads. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.



### REPORT FROM WEEK 134,

in which we asked you to write clerihews, biographical four-line rhyming poems characterized by odious rhyme and meter, as pioneered by mystery writer E. Clerihew Bentley. Awfully good entries, and we mean that literally. Clerihews are a rather disreputable poetic form. (Or, as Richard Stromberg of Fairfax Station wrote, "E. Clerihew Bentley/ Had not much to do, evidently.")

#### ◆ Fourth Runner-Up:

**Ross Perot, jeez,**

**His ears look like boiled pirogies.**

**His voice is as cacophonous as a barking Chihuahua.**

**It makes me want to turn on "20/20" and listen to Barbara Walters.** (Joel Knanishu, Hyattsville)

#### ◆ Third Runner-Up:

**Socrates**

**Considered drinking anti-freeze**

**But decided on another poison, which he sucked up like a Greek-philosopher-Hoover,**

**Which today, of course, we call the Hemlock Maneuver.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Heath Shuler, the multi-million-dollar quarterback, was a high draft pick,  
His greedy holdout made me sick.  
Then Gus's star arose,  
And megabucks is on the bench, picking splinters and his nose.** (Jack Shreve, Kensington)

◆ **First Runner-Up:**

**Anyone who has heard the rock-and-roll singing of action star Bruce Willis  
Knows what shrill is.  
His whole notes howl, his half-notes warp and waver,  
But he's been known to make a lovely Demi semi-quaver.** (David Smith, Greenbelt)

◆ *And the winner of the Newfoundland lobster trap:*

**If the presidential race were to be enlivened by the candidacy of retired Gen. Colin Powell,  
He would run real hard and never throw in the towel,  
But what if his platform is rudely challenged as vague and overly elastic?  
Would Colin go spastic?**

(Jerry Belenker, Silver Spring)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

**Assistant District Attorney Marcia Clark,  
of variable coif,  
Tried her case but couldn't pull it off.  
While defender Johnnie Cochran  
"played the card" and "talked the talk,"  
A silent O.J. "walked the walk."**

(Joseph A. Pappano, Washington)

**Caspar Weinberger was Ronald Reagan's  
secretary of defense.  
Did you ever get one of those ideas in your  
head that don't make any sense?  
For example, when I see Cap on TV, I get  
this mental picture that I just can't ignore,  
no matter what I do.**

**I think: Dustin Hoffman at 72.**

(Greg Arnold, Herndon)

**Christopher Columbus thought he'd met  
his acid test:  
To find the East Indies he sailed far out into  
the west.  
"I've found them!" he cried at last,  
his confidence unshaken,  
He was mistaken.**

(William Bradford, Washington)

**When you've a name like John F. Kennedy Jr.  
The expectations could be enough to ruin ya  
Especially if folks expected to hear between yer  
Lines the voice of John F. Kennedy Sr.**

(David Smith, Greenbelt)

**Detective Mark Fuhrman  
Displayed sentiments which one would  
normally expect from a 1930s German...**

(Paul Briggs, Chestertown)

**It's a shame that Packy got the boot.  
Although if he'd asked me I could have told  
the dumb galoot  
That it's foolish enough to screw the girls and  
write about it in your diary,  
But to screw the good ol' boys instead is  
sheer suiciary.**

(Mimi Herman, Baltimore)

**...Would I be worried if I were Paula Barbieri?  
Very.** (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

**Napoleon Bonaparte, in his final  
St. Helena days,  
Was beset with cliches.  
Imagine some wag saying, "Face it, Nappie,  
you're through"**

**At last you've met your Waterloo.**

(William Bradford, Washington)

**Verily, the parking of Stephanopoulos,  
Doth parallel the laws of Darwin articulated  
after years of study in the Galapagos:  
When naturally selected, thou has a right to  
ignore the cars thou hittest,  
It's survival of the fittest.** (Phyllis Fung,  
Bruce Feiler, Andy Cowan, Washington)

**Colin Powell,  
Is an entrant's dream because his  
last name rhymes with bowel,  
And his first name  
Is a homonym for the same.**

(Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ **And last:  
Chuck Smith and poop  
Go together like sandwich and soup...**

(Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)