

The Style Invitational

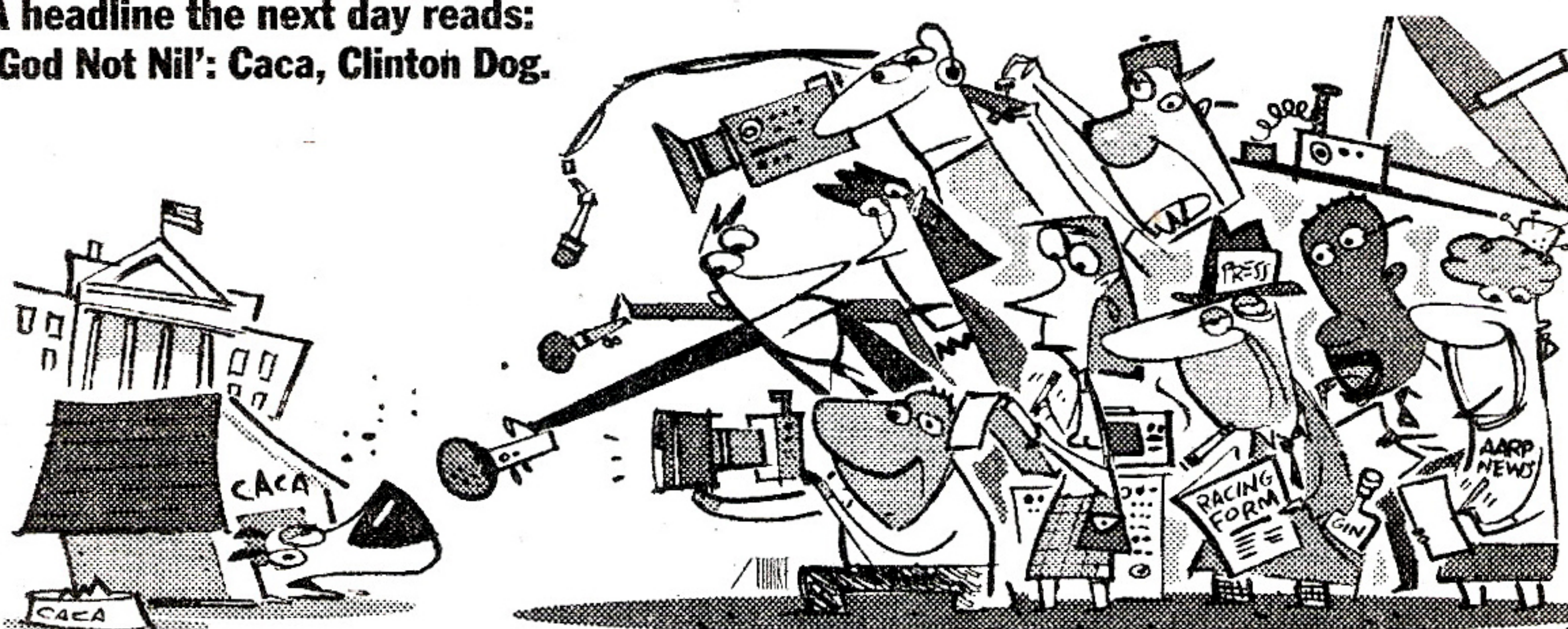
WEEK 149: O, NO!

A British visitor to Washington sees crumbling roads, burned-out buildings and shell casings in the street and asks a passing kid, "Who is to blame for this? Do you have the IRA here?" And the kid answers: "No IRA, Mr.—Marion!"

Lamar Alexander arrives at the Republican National Convention, but the security guard does not recognize him. As proof, he furnishes his picture in The Washington Post. The guard is dubious, and e-mails his supervisor: "Post is ID. Is it SOP?"

A foreign head of state gives the president of the United States a talking schnauzer. The dog's name, which means "peace" in its country's native language, is, unfortunately, "Caca." The dog gives a news conference in which he affirms the existence of the deity.

A headline the next day reads: 'God Not Nil': Caca, Clinton Dog.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest was suggested by Jacob Solomon Weinstein of Los Angeles, who wins a can of fish anuses from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. We acknowledge that this is the hardest contest we've ever run. When the history of the Style Invitational is written—probably by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—this may go down as the week no entries were received, no winners were announced, and the Czar was forced to take his

own life via toaster. Anyway, the contest is to come up with a palindrome: a line that reads the same backward and forward, and then use it as a punchline to a joke. Only original palindromes, please, of seven letters or more. First-prize winner gets a Richard M. Nixon commemorative plate, stamped with the date of his resignation. A \$50 value, this is one of the finest prizes we have ever offered. Not that anyone will win it.

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 149, 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, Jan. 29. 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 wishes to thank Jonathan Paul of Garrett Park for today's Ear No One Reads. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 146,

in which we asked you to come up with statements following the formula "A makes about as much sense as B."

◆ **Third Runner-Up: Actually reading the Congressional Record makes about as much sense as actually reading what those proverbial million monkeys at typewriters have produced so far.** (Jessica Steinhice, Washington)

◆ **Second Runner-Up: Entering the Style Invitational to win the prizes makes about as much sense as drying your clothes only to add to your lint collection.** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ **First Runner-Up: Telephone sex makes about as much sense as eating a menu.** (Steve Cohen, Reston)

◆ *And the winner of the plastic cheesecake:*

Furloughing workers to save money, and then paying them for work they did not do, makes about as much sense as a wertzl without the appropriate schmenky.

(Alan Evans, Arlington)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

Paying Andy Rooney a million bucks for what he does makes about as much sense as those cute little return address labels you get sent in the mail. Boy are they ever convenient. You just lick the back and it saves you writing your entire name and address. They can be licked but for my money they can't be beat! (Alan Evans, Arlington)

A teenager growing a mustache to look older makes about as much sense as painting a racing stripe on a garbage truck to make it look more like a sports car. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Ordering a salad from McDonald's makes about as much sense as going to a health club and just running up and down the stairs to the entrance to work out. (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

Hiring male waiters at Hooters makes about as much sense as installing urinals in the ladies' room. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Trying to stop your multiple personalities from arguing makes about as much sense as trying to stare down your mother's preserved cadaver. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Trying to keep up with the Joneses makes about as much sense as trying to get down with the Waltons. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Getting a promise from Bill Clinton makes about

as much sense as getting a gift certificate from Woodies. (J. F. Martin, Falls Church)

Reading the Victoria's Secret catalogue for the sales makes about as much sense as eating Swedish meatballs for the toothpicks. (Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)

Mailing in a 40-cent rebate offer makes about as much sense as driving around the block for 20 minutes looking for a parking meter with time left on it. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Smoking cigarettes to lose weight makes about as much sense as donating your organs for the tax deduction. (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)

Hoping to see my name on Page F2 makes about as much sense as hoping to see my name on the obituary page, which makes about as much sense as hoping to see my name in the list of baseball free-agent signings.

(Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

Trying to win a slice of plastic cheesecake makes about as much sense as alphabetizing the numerals zero through nine. 8549176320. See what I mean? (Ralph E. Adams, Fredericksburg)

◆ **And Last:**

Faxing in Style Invitational entries at your workplace makes about as much sense as advertising the fact in a major metropolitan newspaper... Uh oh. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Next Week: **Just For Liffs**