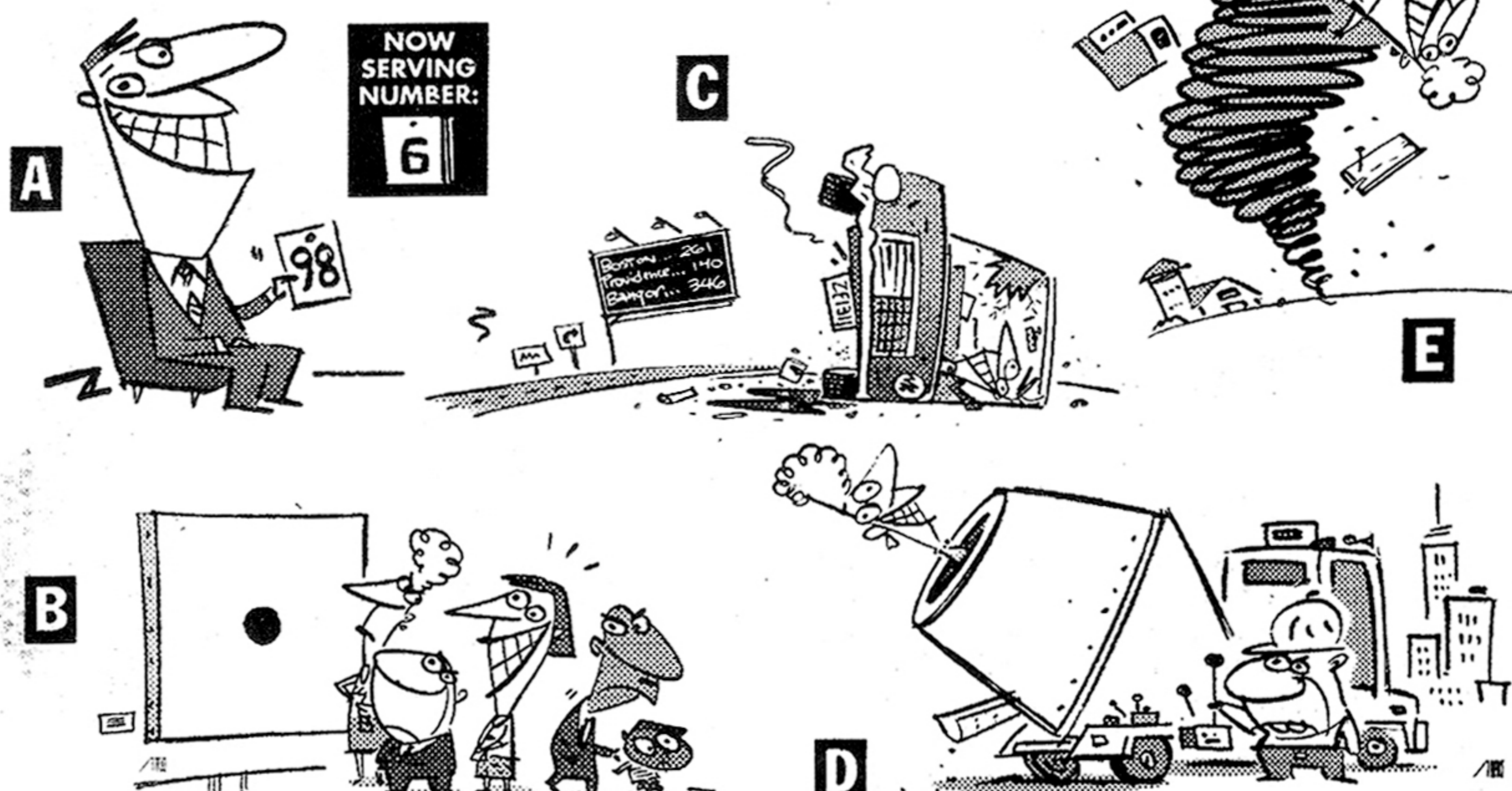


# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 170: THE ELEMENTS OF SMILE



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**This Week's Contest:** Why are these people smiling? Choose one, or more than one. First-prize winner gets a "Remote-Controlled Electronic Fart Machine," a fine product of the People's

Republic of China. It is, according to the box, a "state of the art, high-tech electronic replacement for the now obsolete inflatable rubber Whoopie Cushion." This is a value of \$25.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 170, c/o 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 week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, June 24. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Russ Beland of Springfield for today's Ear No One Reads and to respond to certain quibbles arising from our rock-lyric contest. We heard from many ardent defenders of the Beatles who claimed that our quotations from "Sun King" and "Live and Let Die" were incorrect, heaping undeserved abuse upon the band and in particular upon the godlike person of Paul McCartney. We would like to say they are right, because although we think Paul something of a gigantic tushy, we revere the Beatles. Alas, we did not err. Want to bet \$20? Fine. The faux-Italian gibberish on "Sun King" was straight from the published sheet music. As for "Live and Let Die," Paul has indeed disingenuously claimed he was saying something a little less awful than "in this ever-changing world in which we live in." But a careful listening reveals only that he was saying, "IF this ever-changing world in which we live in." No better. Check it out. Listen with headphones. Next, mail your twenties to The Czar, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Thank you. Washington Post employees and their families are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 167,

in which you were asked to invent cinquains, revoltingly precious poems in successive lines of two, four, six, eight, and two syllables.

#### ◆ Third Runner-Up:

**Snowflakes,  
Faerie doilies,  
Angels' lace petticoats  
Drift and swirl like souls of kittens.  
Oh, barf.**  
(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

#### ◆ Second Runner-Up:

**Oh God,  
If Madonna  
Bears a boy, and wants  
A Spanish name, let it not be  
Jesus.**  
(Jessica Steinhice, Washington)

#### ◆ First Runner-Up:

**Bob Dole,  
Old but virile;  
Tyrannosaurus Sex,  
O, dark, rapacious veloci-  
Rapture!**  
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

#### ◆ And the winner of the shredded-currency pillow:

**Oh dear,  
Sylvia Plath,  
Down went your spirits, and  
Up went the gas, and now life you  
No hath.**  
(Christine Tabbert, Woodbridge)

#### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

**He goes,  
"The moon's way cool,  
Would you like to, you know . . ."  
And I'm like yuck, I mean, no way,  
As if.**  
(Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

#### Received:

**One submission  
From a T. Kaczynski.  
Though, please note, we would much prefer  
E-mail.**  
(Russ Horner, Alexandria)

#### Riding

**The Red Line is  
Splendiferous, but I  
Wish he knew the S is silent.  
Grosvenor.**  
(Doris Nachman, Springfield, Mo.)

**My muse,  
My cinquain muse,  
James Bond, I call to you.  
Give me your poetic license  
To kill!**  
(Joseph Romm, Washington)

**Swan, so  
Graceful, arches  
Its delicate neck and  
Wiggles its feathered rump as if  
To poop.**  
(Bonnie Speary Devore, Rockville)

**If a  
Tree falls in the  
Woods and no one's around,  
Does it make a sound? Listen close:  
"Oh [expletive]"**  
(Joseph Romm, Washington)

**The morgue,  
Buckets of brains,  
Seventy-four corpses,  
Crematorium on the fritz.  
Death stinks.**  
(Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

#### You want

**To have my child?  
What a lovely way to  
Say how much you love me. Where's the  
Condom?**  
(Joseph Romm, Washington)

#### Bite me

**Is a rebuke  
Useful with many guys  
But it wasn't good to say to  
Dahmer.**  
(Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

#### Sea Dogs.

**Unchosen name!  
But why? Who knows? I frown  
and keep on braiding my lover's  
Nose hair.**  
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**The me-  
ter of this cin-  
quain is off by a lou-  
sy syllable. Now it's ruint, son-  
of-a-**  
(John Kammer, Herndon)

#### Crapsey

**Wrote her cinquains  
Long ago; this Vassar  
Grad haunts us, her ghostly footfalls  
A thud.**  
(Christine Gallant, Bowie)

#### ◆ And Last:

**Winners  
Are selected  
On the basis of wit  
And originality. And  
I'm pope.**  
(Joseph Romm, Washington)

Next Week: License To Carry A Pun