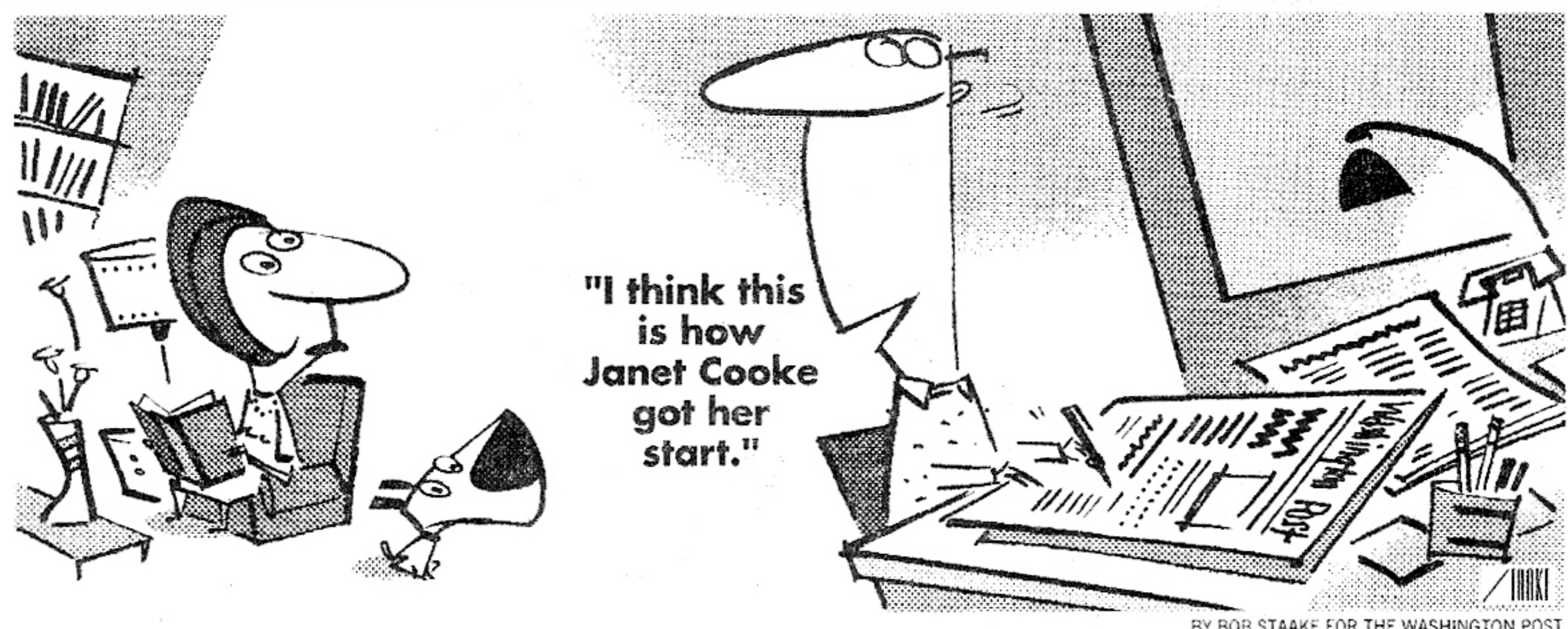


# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 200: CAPTION CRUNCH IV



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**For this week's contest,** supply a new caption to any photograph appearing anywhere in today's Post, to make it funnier. Make sure

you indicate what page the photograph was on. First-prize winner gets a trophy from the 1993 Fellowship House bowling tournament.

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 and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 200, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071; fax them to 202-334-4312; or submit them via 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, Jan. 20. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. 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 Stephen Dudzik of Silver Spring for today's Ear No One Reads, and to solicit new, more appropriate names for the days of the week. The best seven win prizes. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 197,

in which you were asked to come up with witticisms to make David Twenhafel laugh. David, you may recall, is the certified financial planner from Silver Spring who wrote in to complain that our humor is not urbane enough.

◆ **Third Runner-Up: When is it acceptable to drink red wine with fish? When he is Harrington G. Fish Jr., noted oenologist.** (Dave Curtis, Ijamsville)

◆ **Second Runner-Up: This entry is humorous because it slyly pokes fun at the incestuous and self-referential nature of the contest itself.** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ **First Runner-Up: An accountant was picking up a financial report he had dropped on the floor. "Oh, dear, what happened?" said his colleague. "I lost my balance," retorted the first man. Both accountants were greatly amused and smiled briefly.** (Ned Bent, Herndon)

◆ **And the Winner of the cat sculpture made from cow poop:**

**How many of us have resisted an impish urge to stand in front of a Georges Seurat painting and exclaim, "Frankly, I just do not get the point."** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

**I just flew in from seeing the London Philharmonic perform Brahms Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Opus 98, and boy are my arms tired!** (David Genser, Vienna)

**What did Caesar say to spread confusion among the Gauls? "Enivay, idivay, icivay."** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

**Oh, you're left-handed. How gauche!** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**If Mozart had studied under Little Richard, would he have written "Cosi fan Tutte Frutte"?** (Jan Verrey, Alexandria)

**Jean-Paul Sartre repairs to a cafe on the Left Bank to revise his draft of "Being and Nothingness." Somewhat nauseated due to a lactose intolerance, he says to the waitress, "I'll have a cup of coffee, please, with no cream." To which the waitress replies, "I'm sorry, monsieur, we're out of cream. How about with no milk?" Sartre slaps his forehead.** (G. Waldmann, Washington)

**What is the age twixt twelve and twenty? Halftween. Halftween, you see, is an anagram of Twenhafel.** (Carol Fauth, Largo, Fla.)

**A man entered the Style Invitational pun contest. He submitted ten different puns, in the hopes that at least one of the puns would win. Unfortunately, no pun in ten did!** (Dave Ferry, Leesburg)

**Why did the chicken cross the road? To pair with a Domaine Joblot Givry Clos de la Servoisine 1994, hopefully.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

**Hey, Dave! Dave Twenhafel! We have the same first name! Isn't that Rich? No, it's Dave! Bwah ha ha ha.** (David Genser, Vienna)

**A man clearing his throat prior to quoting a famous French philosopher is attempting to avoid putting the hoarse before Descartes.** (Frank and Cindy Curry, Richmond)

**If Marcel Proust had written an evocative novel about his favorite 19th-century French chemist, what might he have titled it? "Remembrance of Things Pasteur." Oh, my.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Voltaire, Maimonides and Pliny the Elder walk into a bar. Then they realize they all speak different languages, so they cannot split the check.** (David Genser, Vienna)

**I analyze the origins of names of insects, and so, you see, I am an etymology entomologist.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**When their baby began wearing a satin dressing gown, replaced his pacifier with a cigarette holder and began spouting amusing drawing room anecdotes, the mother and father realized he was born to be Wilde.** (Susan Reese, Arlington)

**What is a Twenhafel? A droll witticism so clever it makes one laugh until chardonnay comes out of one's nose.** (Susan Reese, Arlington)

**What sort of repast would be suitable for highbrow persons who complain about Style Invitational humor? "Boeuf" and "grouse," accompanied by a bottle of "whine."** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**You want sophisticated humor? I can do that. A philosopher, a Keynesian economist and an impressionist painter go into a two-holer outhouse, and ... No, wait. I can do this. I, um ....** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ **And Last:**

**This is true. I was sitting a few rows behind George Will at an Orioles game last summer when another fan leaned over to him and said, "I know you. Who are you? Wait, don't tell me, I know! You're Tom Clancy!" "No," said George Will. "I am George Will." The fan looked nonplused, shrugged and turned back to the game. Now *that* made David Twenhafel laugh.** (David Twenhafel, Silver Spring)

Next Week: You Must Be Mad II