

The Style Invitational

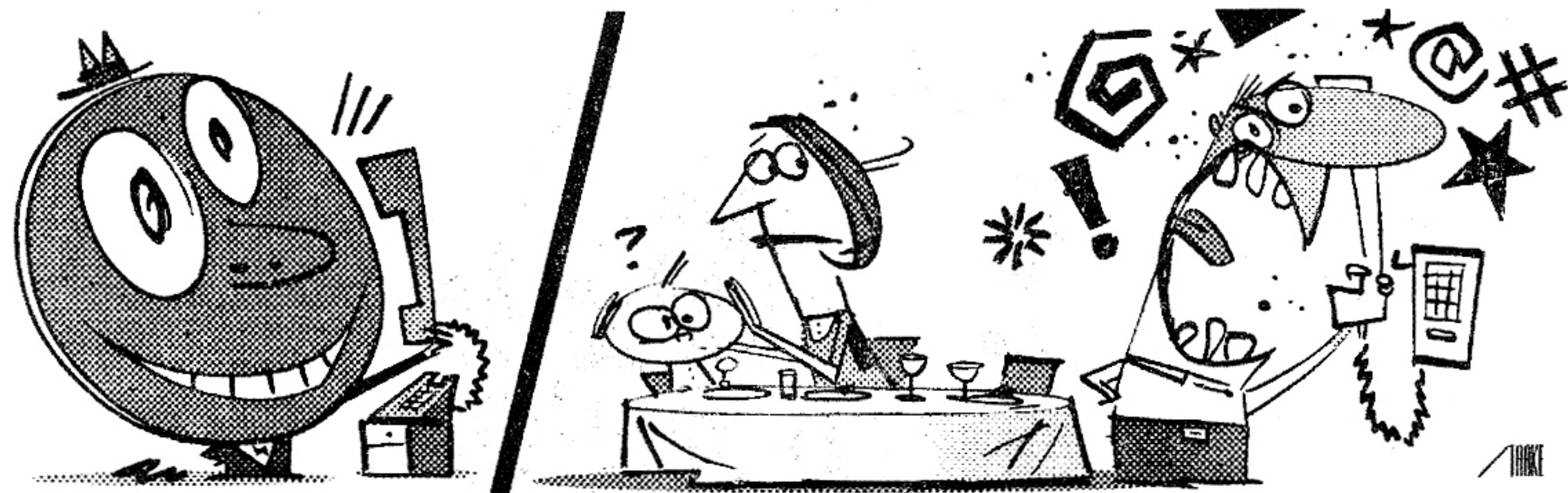
WEEK 227: WILD PITCHES

'Buttman,' for Victoria's Secret—A lizard in sunglasses who prowls the aisles of the famed lingerie store, pawing through undergarments and leering at the clientele.

'Drippy,' for Pringles with Olestra—Drippy is part potato, part leek.

'Gummo'—A pair of toothless jaws, he talks like Gabby Hayes. He seems to be saying, "Buy Polident."

'Phone-y Baloney,' for AT&T — A smiling, ingratiating wad of sandwich meat who calls you on the phone during dinner to try to get you to switch to AT&T.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's contest is based upon the recent demise of Joe Camel, one of the lousiest cartoon pitchmen ever devised for any product. ("Hey, let's create a character who frequents pool halls, dresses like a pimp, looks vaguely like male genitalia, and encourages preschoolers to smoke cigarettes!") Your job is to come up with worthy successors to Joe:

Name the real product, and describe the totally inappropriate cartoon character that would be created to represent it. (With Joe Camel's death, by the way, the mantel has passed to Elmer the Bull, who, in some bizarre twist of marketing, advertises glue.) First-prize winner gets an original, signed copy of a Bob Staake drawing of your character.

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 227, 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, July 28. 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. Today's Ear No One Reads was submitted by Mr. Russell Beland of Springfield, and is published through the auspices of The Faerie of the Fine Print and the Ear No One Reads Productions, Inc., featuring the zany antics of The Dwarf of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads Ltd., a wholly-owned subsidiary of DwarfEnterprises International. Visit us on the World Wide Web. Bring cash. Employees of the Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 224,

in which you were asked to tell us what was wrong with any of five cartoons.

◆ **Second Runner-Up (Cartoon A) Suicide by dynamite is extremely rare.**

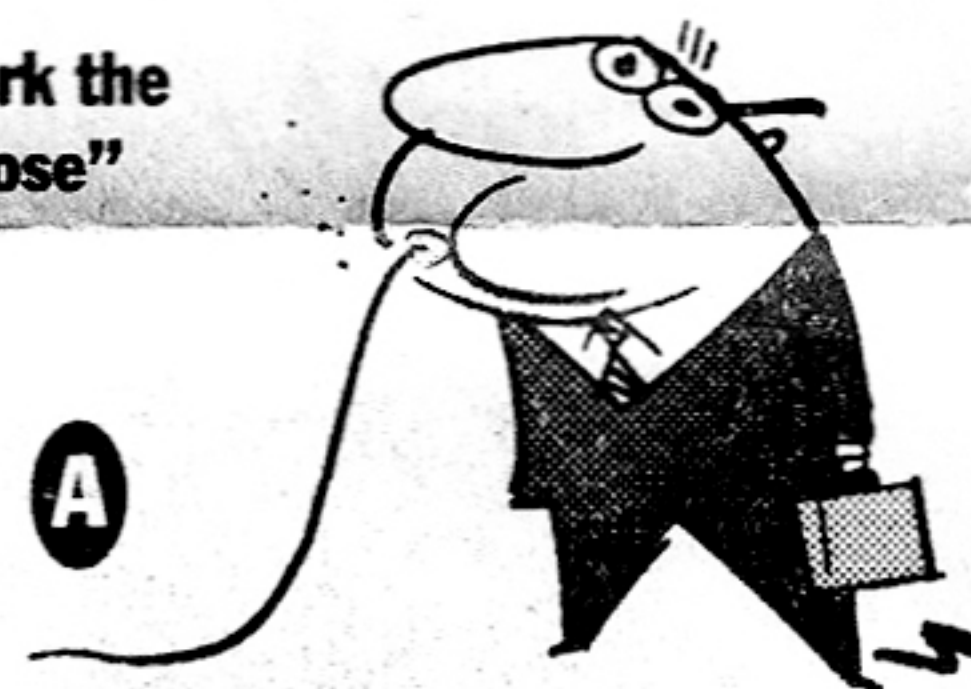
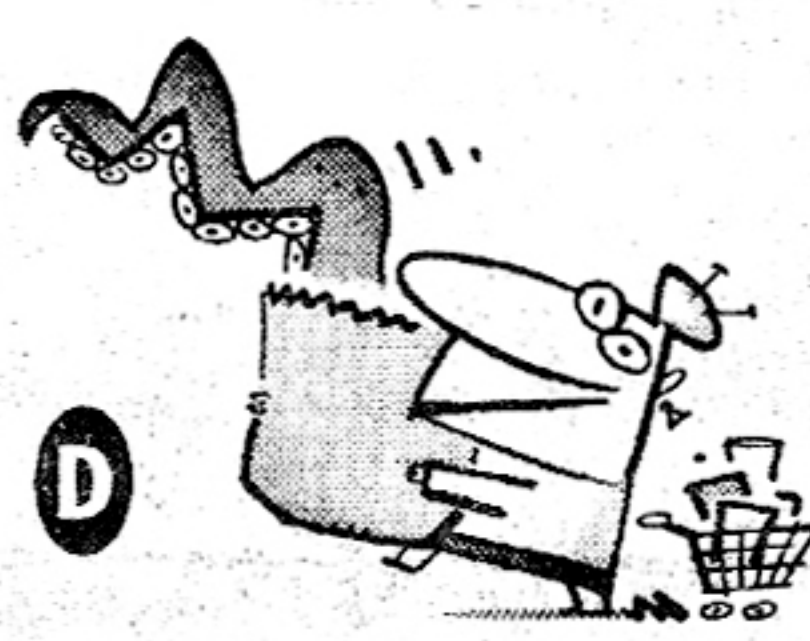
(Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

◆ **First Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) Even though it clearly did not work the last time, this woman is stupidly still using the old "bottle on the nose" contraceptive method.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ **And the winner of the Pat Nixon photograph:**

(Cartoon A) **Lobbyists' tails are in the back.**

(Dan Kaplan, Arlington)



◆ **Honorable Mentions:**

Cartoon A:

First of all, it is way too early to be blowing up the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade floats. And second, a lawyer float is just wrong, wrong, wrong. (Susan Reese, Arlington; Don Chernoff, Great Falls)

Damn fool's trying to blow up a balloon from the wrong end. (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

Yes, the deadly Policy Wonk Cobra can puff out its head to resemble, and attract, its prey. But where would a snake get a briefcase? (John Verba, Washington)

The gas station's air hose is intended for the convenience of the customers, not their entertainment. (Niels Hoven, Silver Spring)

You cannot operate a computer mouse with your tongue. I've tried. (David Genser, Arlington)

This man is still wrestling with the intricacies of phone sex. (John Verba, Washington)

Tapeworms don't usually escape, and when they do, it is seldom from that orifice. (Bob Fowler, Greenbelt)

Cartoon B:

Edna misunderstood her pediatrician's advice. She was supposed to protect her baby from the sun with a parasol, not an aerosol. (Bobbie Miller, Laytonsville)

Observe first the size of the woman's pelvis, and then the size of the baby's head. This woman should still be screaming. (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

Being from the Netherlands, this woman misunderstood advice to put suntan lotion on her nose. Later she would leave the baby outside the restaurant while she went in and ate. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

The child's eyes are bigger than his source of milk. (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

This woman is clearly shopping, but the child is not screaming and fidgeting and howling at the top of his lungs. Get real. (John Kammer, Herndon)

What wrong with picture? Mother nose not best for carrying things. Father nose best. Haha. (Susan Reese, Arlington)

Cartoon C:

The guy is not surrounded by personal injury lawyers. (David Genser, Arlington)

This is NOT what the doctor means when he says "turn your head and cough." (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

Cartoon D:

These are not the "all-day suckers" her grandchildren asked for. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

This woman has a chess pawn falling out of her ear. It should be a mah-jongg tile. (John Pruessner, Gaithersburg)

Cartoon E:

Everyone knows that short, fat men go best on a sourdough roll with mayonnaise. (Bob Fowler, Greenbelt)

Under World Boxing Federation rules, a fighter may bite off the ears of his opponent only one at a time. (Hank Wallace, Washington)

What is wrong with this picture is that it will spawn many jokes at the expense of the dental profession, a profession working hard to preserve the oral health of your nation, a proud and serious calling deserving only praise and thanks, not ridicule and derision. There is nothing funny about a root canal. (Henry J. Herrmann, DMD, Falls Church)

Next Week: **We Respect**—fully decline to publish any dumb entries by **You**