

The Style Invitational

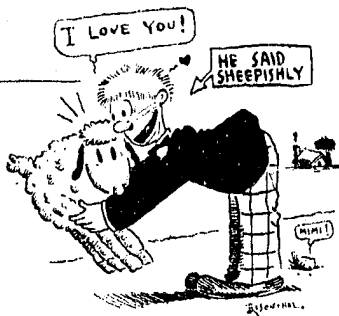
WEEK 44: ADVERB PUBLICITY

"I am an innocent man,"
Bob Packwood said touchingly.

"Thank you, Dr. Kevorkian,"
the new patient said breathlessly.

"I still love my wife,"
John Bobbitt said gushingly.

"I'm sorry, we do not accept walk-in clientele,"
Duke Zeibert sniffed unreservedly.



BY ISAAC ROSENTHAL FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This week's contest was proposed by Jim Metzger of Arnold, Md., or possibly by Jim Arnold of Metzger, Md. We cannot read our handwriting. Jim proposed resurrecting the Tom Swifty joke, perhaps the only form of humor lower than the knock-knock joke. For his efforts, Jim receives a rubber severed finger. So. Write us a Tom Swifty or two, updated for the '90s. Each must include a reference to a famous person or institution. First-prize winner receives a twitching rubber rat caught in a trap, a value of \$35. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 44, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to (202) 334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Jan. 10. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from Week 41,

In which you were asked to come up with a bumper sticker to be awarded to all Style Invitational Honorable Mention winners. But first, a digression. It is astonishing how the promise of free merchandise, however crappy, provokes paroxysms of greed in otherwise reasonable and mature individuals. More than a dozen persons who received Honorable Mentions in the past year have sent letters importuning us to award these bumper stickers retroactively. *Are you people lacking even a shred of dignity? Are there no limits to your capacity for degradation?* Tell you what. Let's find out: To the first 15 people who mail us some of their navel lint, we will send ABSOLUTELY FREE an item so stupid only a complete idiot would want it. Mail your lint to "Special Idiot's Offer," The Style Invitational, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington D.C. 20071. Allow two weeks for delivery.

Ahem. Now, for the bumper stickers. We will be printing and distributing The Winner and First Runner-Up, starting this week:

Close, But No Gopher Drool

◆ Fifth Runner-Up:
(Frederick T. DeKuyper, Baltimore; also, Lori C. Fraind, Reston)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:
(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

ATTACH HOSE TO PIPE BELOW

◆ Third Runner-Up:
(Shana Waggoner, Washington)

THAT SUCKING SOUND WAS MY ENTRY

◆ Second Runner-Up:
(Linda K. Malcolm, Silver Spring)

"To Try Is Good Enough"

—MEDIOCRITES

◆ First Runner-Up:
(Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

SHIRT HAPPENS

◆ *And the Winner of the 10 Bumper Stickers and the Flimsy Chinese Accordion:*

How's My Drivel?

FAX 202-334-4312

(Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Often an Usher, Never a Bridesmaid (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Keep It Stupid, Stupid (Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

The Style Invitational! (Steven King, Alexandria)

Coveted Bumper Sticker (Lisa Zucker, Bethesda; also, Bob Hodges, Manassas)

Yes, I Can't (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

I'm a Loser. Ask Me How. (Lisa Zucker, Bethesda)

Brevity Is the Soul of Wit, Which Is Why I Got This Bumper Sticker Instead of the Big Prize or One of Them T-Shirts. (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)

Puns Don't Kill People, People Kill People. (Chris Lynt, Alexandria)

They Ran Out of Porpoise Poop (Jim Reagan, Reston)

It's the Bumper, Stupid (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

I and My Immediate Family Are Not Employed by The Washington Post (R.D. Chaney, Frederick)

Willing to Not Vote for Money (Kevin Maher, Washington)

Woke Up. Got Stupid. Entered Style Invitational. Lost. (Kathy Eanes, Burke)

I Never Win Anything Good (Dan Kaufman, Washington)

Ianoitatinvl elytS. (Paul A. Alter, Hyattsville)

Brevity Is the Soul of (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

◆ And Last:

I Don't Know Chuck Smith, But Apparently I'm No Chuck Smith. (Pai Rosenthal, Sterling)

Next Week: **Hey, It Could Be Worse.**

THE WASHINGTON POST