

The Style Invitational

WEEK 74: SHIRT HAPPENS

This week's contest was prompted by our profound respect for women. Alas, in the last few months, the Style Invitational has been a debacle for the fillies. Male winners have been seriously outnumbering female winners, and here is why: The leading numero-uno Big Kahuna smartypants woman contestant has stopped submitting entries. What happened to "Linda K. Malcolm, Silver Spring"? Why has she abandoned her sisters to the foul odiousness of Chuck Smith of Woodbridge? At first we thought it might be because we were a teensy bit late in mailing out Linda's first-prize award of a complete boxed set of Barry Manilow CDs, which she won in 1993 but which was not shipped until, er, last Tuesday. But then we remembered that Linda once wrote in that she does not even own a CD player and planned to use the \$90 set of high-resolution CDs as "coasters." So that couldn't be it. Desperate for a clue, we rifled through old entries to find Linda's last one. It was in April. With it was appended a little note, politely observing that our blue "Year 2" T-shirts were just a bit tacky, inasmuch as they are the color of cheap gum balls, the sweaty, sticky kind you get in machines raising money for Taiwanese softball leagues. Also, the shirts appeared to feature an image of a person pooping. IS THAT ALL, LINDA? YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR GENDER BECAUSE OF FASHION CONSCIOUSNESS? Fine. Splendid, then. Just for you we have redesigned the T-shirt, featuring the elegant artwork of the official Style Invitational designer, Mr. Robert Staake, of the St. Louis, Mo., Staakes. We think you will find Mr. Robert's stylings much more tasteful. Okay? You back in the fold? Anyway, in 10 words or fewer, what should the back of the T-shirt say? We are looking for a slogan that befits the prestige and dignity of this contest. Winner gets a huge burlap sack filled with barley goo and yeast, which allegedly you can brew at home into 2 1/2 gallons of beer, a value of \$40. 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 74, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Entries must be received by Monday, July 31. 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. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

REPORT FROM WEEK 71, in which we asked you to submit new captions for any photo or illustration appearing anywhere in The Washington Post on July 3.

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:



Before the invention of the color copier, the Army spent millions perfecting the high-resolution Silly Putty print. (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

◆ Third Runner-Up:



The newest chic dish in trendy Washington restaurants is deep-fried rat in a light tomato puree. (Earl F. Gilbert, La Plata; also, Kathleen Penderacky, Avella, Pa.)

◆ First Runner-Up:



Sen. Donald Riegle Jr., left, goes the distance in beating nine-time champion Martina Navratilova in the 1994 Dristan nose-pick challenge. Sen. David Pryor, center, failed to qualify. (Richard Gilchrist, Rockville)

◆ Second Runner-Up:



Terminally ill with cancer, Colombian defender Andres Escobar knocks the ball into his own goal on the advice of his doctor, Jack Kevorkian. (Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ And The Winners of the cheap Coca-Cola clocks:



A brazenly unrepentant Marion Barry campaigns in D.C. with a misspelled T-shirt plainly advertising that he is "Buying Powder." (Richard E. Brock, Adelphi; also, Ellen Meyerson, Bethesda)

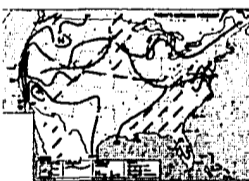
◆ Honorable Mentions:



"I've got your health care package right here." (John Kammer, Herndon)



In a debate with former surgeon general C. Everett Koop, the president of the American Tobacco Institute maintains that cigarettes do not cause health problems. (Joseph Romm, Washington)



Dark lines indicate the routes traveled by O.J. during live TV coverage of the chase. (John Wallington, Silver Spring)



Yes, Mr. Hoffa. All we need is your footprints in this box of cement, and you can have this free painting. (Gary Cornelison, Monroth, Md.)



Many naive consumers in the early 1950s purchased floor model radios with still photographs mounted on top, believing that these were "those television sets everybody's talking about." (Earl F. Gilbert, La Plata)



Teacher recertification standards hit an all-time low. (Seraj Ali, Silver Spring)



One imaginative but ultimately unsuccessful experiment used a live killer whale instead of an internal combustion engine. (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)



Maryland Lt. Gov. Melvin Steinberg attacks the doctor responsible for replacing his left arm with several microphones. (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)



Ape is caught smuggling naughides out of Africa. (Larry A. Gordon, Potomac)



Uh-oh! Foul! In soccer, only the goalkeeper is allowed to touch the ball with his hands. (Judy Premer, Baker, W.Va.)



Luis Martinez performs the traditional Mexican Testicle Dance celebrating a goal against Switzerland. (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Next Week: **Visions of Hell.**