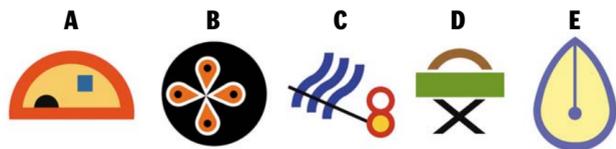


THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

## Week 663: Worth at Least a Dozen Words



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

It's the same question we ask Style Invitational cartoonist Bob Staake every week: "What is THIS supposed to be?" This time, though, we actually asked him to make his pictures as ambiguous as possible. Interpret any of them as you see fit in a caption. Winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up gets a sort of Inker-to-Be, given to the Empress long ago by intrepid Loser Michelle Stupak: a fake-marble statuette, below, of a chimpanzee sitting atop a pile of books, one of them labeled "Darwin." The chimp is scratching its head and pondering a human skull.

**Other runners-up** win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called this week) get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [Losers@washpost.com](mailto:Losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Tuesday, May 30. Put "Week 663" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Contests are judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published June 18. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo. The Honorable Mentions name is by Deborah Guy of Columbus, Ohio.



PHOTO BY JULIA EWAN — THE WASHINGTON POST

REPORT FROM WEEK 659

In which we asked for Fibs, six-line poems whose number of syllables per line echoes the mathematical Fibonacci sequence: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8. In addition, we required that any two successive lines had to rhyme, and that the subject matter be in the news.

**4** Where's That Receipt, Claude Allen? We clerks get nervous When you're near Customer Service. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

**3** Duke Lax Scandal Has the whole Campus in a fix, Because boys can't control their sticks. (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)

**2** The winner of the Divorce Dark beer and Gap martini shaker: White House Shows us: Tony's in, John may take a hike: Proves no two Snow flacks are alike. (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

When The Chinese PM comes, You meekly kowtow. 'Cause Dubya, Hu's your daddy now. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**To Joe Lieberman:** It Ain't Brave, your Behavior. Please kiss a tiny Bit less presidential hiney. (David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.)

**Whenn That Aprill Wyth showsres Hath made hys drizzle, Thenn wander pilgryms, fo' shizzle.** — K. Viswanathan, Cambridge, Mass. (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

**I'll Sign The next Immigrant Bill that is offered: Gotta clear brush down in Crawford.** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**It's At Three bucks A gallon And rising so fast, The public's not pumped, but a-gassed.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

**Oh Keith, Now please: Climbing trees? Why don't you grow up? You aren't 55 anymore.** (Eric Murphy, Ann Arbor, Mich.)

**Yes, Bonds Will be Inducted. But still, by and by, I bet they'll change that "u" to "i."** (Roy Ashley, Washington)

**With Tom DeLay Gone away, House Speaker Hastert Can't say he misses the bastert.** (Brendan Beary)

**We Sent Home Scott McClellan. Our ship ran aground! We'd better move deck chairs around.** (Jay Shuck)

**Bush Moves To change Palace guards. The fault, dear Brutus, Lies in ourselves, not in the Cards.** (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

**Oh My Papa, To me he Was so wonderful. But to others, so blunderful.** — Chelsea Clinton (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**Down With All these Big boxes! Mom-and-pops for all! (But dirt cheap, please, and in a mall.)** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

**Drats! Stats Told Karl His BS Just wasn't sellin' — So he dumped poor Scott McClellan.** (Nick Curtis, Gaithersburg)

**When Dick Cheney Shot Harry While hunting for quail, He hid and kept dragging his tale.** (Chris Doyle)

**O My People! Paisanos! Please go north in flocks.** — Love, your leader, Vicente Fox. (Troy Siemers, Staunton, Va.)

**Why Lie, Tehran, About your Big nuclear toil? You need fuel? With all of your oil?** (Mark Organeke, Tempe, Ariz.)

NOT QUITE SO WELL VERSED

**Poor Tom DeLay Once held sway, The fearsome Hammer. Will his next House be the slammer?** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Let's Leave Iran And not fight. And when they nuke us We can say, "Guess what? We were right!"** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**Filled With Despair, Tony Blair Has cause to feel blue: Approval ratings down the loo.** (Brendan Beary)

**Tom And Katie Had Suri. Timed the birth, you see, To get big press for "M:i:ill."** (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

**Off Drives Britney With her kid. Folks want to shoot her: She has a laptop commuter.** (Jay Shuck)

**Bless Those Downloads! Even when Her body's wiltin', We'll always have Paris Hilton.** (Roy Ashley)

**Buy. Sell. Flip it. Gentrify. Oops, I'm in trouble. The market just popped my bubble.** (Bruce Alter, Fairfax Station)

**East Coast, West Coast, A story You'll read every year: "Drugs' Impact on Barry's Career"** (Kevin Dopart)

**Oh, Dear! LaVar Arrington, The noncompliant, Will now haunt us as a Giant.** (Walt Johnston, Woodstock, Md.)

**To Save On gas I must take A Yugo in trade For my Cadillac Escalade.** (Elden Carnahan)

**I Called My place "Signatures": I wish I knew then I'd soon be heading to the pen.** — J. Abramoff, Washington (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Why John Can't add Or subtract: Is it because we Gave him a TI-83?** (Janet O'Donnell Lacey, Arlington)

**"Lord, In '08 If it's "Frist" Or "Hillary" to check, I'll vote for Sharpton from Quebec.** (Elden Carnahan)

**Ten Long Decades Since the Quake Struck without warning. FEMA just arrived this morning.** (Jay Shuck)

**Don't You Mess with Our anthem: "Jose can you see" Includes enough Spanish for me.** (Kevin Dopart)

**Dude. Whoa, Let's go. Pot's legal Down in Mexico. (Dude, I totally lost this line.)** (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

**Not really "in the news," but so what: Oh Good Golly Miss Molly, You sure like to ball.** And when you're rocking and rolling

... — L. Richard, West Hollywood, Calif. (Russell Beland)

**And Last: My Drug Of choice Is really Recreational: The Style Invitational.** (Russell Beland)

**And very last: No Ink. I stink. Humor gone Since last election: It's your fault, Mr. President.** (Michelle Stupak, Ellicott City)

Next Week: Foaling Down, or Rerun for the Roses



Her Majesty would pass: Vivienne Westwood's provocative queen ensconces herself in faux ermine and burgundy cotton velvet.

## At the Met, Britain's Fashion Mavericks

FASHION, From D1

quintessential British brand, presents its most fashion-forward collection, Prorsum, in Milan.

The few who still make the trip to London go to witness the impeccable traditions of Savile Row and chronicle its quest to remain relevant. Retailers are inspired by the quirky innovations of London department stores. Editors applaud the careers of stalwarts such as Zandra Rhodes, Paul Smith and Nicole Farhi (all the while knowing that these designers won't be breaking any new ground). Only the coolest of cool hunters go to London to poke around in garrets and galleries hoping to spot the next new thing before it moves to Paris or Milan or New York. They scour the graduating class of the famed Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design in search of the next generation of stars. They need to find them fast, because they will not linger in London long.

British fashion has been subsumed into a global marketplace. And London seemed to have become irrelevant. But "Anglomaniac: Tradition and Transgression in British Fashion" proves that assumption wrong.

The exhibition, which runs through Sept. 4 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, looks at the history of British fashion and makes a convincing argument that London has a future as a fashion capital. London is influential, it is necessary and it is unique. The catwalk clothes may have moved elsewhere, but the essence of British fashion can be glimpsed during an amble through a royal garden, from a corner booth in a working-class pub, in the dignified restraint of a bespoke suit, in the queen's dutiful wave and in the bravado of a soccer hooligan.

"Anglomaniac" examines the ways in which contemporary British designers subvert expectations, cross boundaries and defy authority. It underscores the notion that British fashion is not wedded to static ideas about craftsmanship, commercial viability, elegance or artfulness. British designers bob and weave as they fight against tradition. They capture the liveliness of cultural debates — not the intellectual nattering, but the down-and-dirty reality — in a few yards of satin.

This exhibition is not a survey of British fashion, so those seeking a glimpse of the output from famous



BY CHRIS MOORE VIA THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

names such as Ossie Clark, Jean Muir and Mary Quant may be disappointed. It is narrowly focused and ruthlessly edited. That is to its credit.

"Anglomaniac" previewed this month with the annual benefit gala for the Costume Institute. The party is notable for its guest list, which draws from the fashion industry, Hollywood, Wall Street, various royal family trees, politics and the gossip columns. It is an expensive ticket, with a seat at one of the dinner tables costing, at minimum, \$5,000. The evening is overseen by Vogue editor Anna Wintour and this year raised \$4.5 million for the museum. The setting — this year an English garden with live trees — and the guests do their best to reflect the theme of the show. And so the quality of fashion at the gala is often an indication of the clarity of the exhibi-

tion's premise. In 2003, for example, the dramatic "Goddess" exhibition was met with sure-footed choices of elegant evening gowns with Grecian draping. In contrast, 2004's cumbersome "Dangerous Liaisons: Fashion and Furniture in the Eighteenth Century" generated confusion, bustles, panniers and the sight of actress Anne Heche with her hair teased into a cotton-candy thicket.

"Anglomaniac," with its embrace of aristocratic pomp and cheeky tomfoolery, is easy to understand. But it is not simple. The scene at the gala opening was set with two stoical Befeaters standing guard at the base of the museum's broad, imposing staircase. Some guests made the long walk through the gantlet of roiling, snapping photographers, trailing yards of exquisite organza and errant Austrian crystals. Others made their en-



FIRSTVIEW.COM VIA THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Philip Treacy's Venetian mourning hat, above, and Hussein Chalayan's synthetic tulle dress exemplify British designers' inventiveness.

trance in post-punk Mohawks — polished and perfect and crafted in Fifth Avenue salons, underscoring the hairstyle's estrangement from the anger and disaffection it once signified. There were Union Jack ball skirts and tiny patriotic hats cocked to the side that looked as though they had been plucked from an organ grinder's monkey. There were kilts and tartans, cacophonous pairings of prints, spangled trousers and masks. In short, the party brought the exhibition to life as tradition collided with transgressions.

"Anglomaniac" has been raised from the Costume Institute's subterranean galleries and installed in the museum's richly appointed English period rooms. Against that backdrop, the exhibition's curator, Andrew Bolton, explores the obsession in Europe for all things English during the mid- to late-18th century. Bolton toys with the clichés that the British themselves perpetuate: the manicured gardens, the aristocratic hunt, the class structure and the dignified pageantry.

An elaborate court gown with an 11-foot train is daunting and grandiose on the Cassiobery Park Staircase, as the mistress of the residence heads upstairs. Downstairs, her household help scrubs the floors, their tattered clothes recalling the practice of the staff wearing the hand-me-downs of their employers. The servants are dressed by Cha-

See FASHION, D3, Col. 1