

# The Style Invitational

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

### Week 692: Reinkarnation



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**Breed Blazing Rate to New Joysey Jeff and name the foal Toid Degree Boin**

This week marks the third anniversary of the Empress's imperium (the "Under New Mismanagement" slogan on the back of the Loser T-shirts might be getting a bit out of date), which is as good an excuse as any to look back at the past year's contests and do them all over again. **This week: Enter any Style Invitational contest from Week 640 through Week 688. There is only one restriction: Every entry must include the word "three" or "third" or a creative variation,** as in the example above from Week 656. You may refer to events that have occurred since the contest was printed; for contests that ask you to use The Post from a certain day or week, use today's or this week's. You can find all 49 contests (and about six months more) online at [www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational), where the index has been greatly enlarged courtesy of Style Invitational Post.com Superflunky Treena Simington.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives a clear plastic coffin promoting "CSI" (pictured, far right) and forked over by Post TV writer John Maynard. This sizable tchotchke would make a nice candy dish — and a tipped-over Inker would fit right in there. We'll also throw in some plastic bugs.

**Other runners-up** win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called that 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 Monday, Dec. 18. Put "Week 692" 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 Jan. 7. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by John O'Byrne of Dublin. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Ponder, Tex. The idea for this week's contest is pretty much by Russell Beland of Springfield; the headline is by Jay Shuck of Minneapolis. The Empress is learning to delegate.

Two weeks ago, we awarded the World's Ugliest Painting — given back to us by Loser Art Grinath of Takoma Park — to Art himself, who had proved himself literally too funny for his own good. Now he has re-re-gifted the Fred Dawson oil, this time to Michael Canty of Yorktown, Va. Michael was the one who sent in a photo of a painting he'd done himself — a mirror image of Fred's, but executed with even less flair — and said he should have Fred's painting so he'd have a matched set for his fireplace.

We hope Michael plans to decorate his fireplace with the paintings, not feed it.

## REPORT FROM WEEK 688

In which we sought six-word stories, in the tradition of Hemingway's "For sale: baby shoes, never worn," but funnier: This contest drew thousands of entries, which isn't surprising given that it doesn't take too long to write six words. But lots of them weren't stories, in any sense of the word, but just epigrams. The best of these included "Virginia Is for Lovers (restrictions apply)" by Bruce Carlson of Alexandria; "Fantasy is Dior. Reality is Depends," by Duchess Swift of California, Md.; and "Liberty University's geology program: 4004 B.C.," from J.F. Martin of Naples, Fla. Still, we interpreted the word "story" pretty broadly — as one would have to to admit the Hemingway example — allowing not only the entries that told a whole little tale in six words, but also those that implied an intriguing back-story (or future-story).

**4** She lied. He lied. They lay. (Liz Fuller, Silver Spring)

**3** Words failed him. So did she. (Doug Pinkham, Oakton)

**2** The winner of the flimsy Living Dead Dolls lunch box: **My wife's suicide note: ungrammatical, naturally.** (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

## AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

**They suck, Pete Best consoled himself.** (Michael Levy, Silver Spring)

## MORE'S THE PITHY

**For sale: Pine coffin, lightly used.** (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

**Bang! (Fourteen billion years later . . . ) Me!** (Paul VerNooy, Wilmington, Del.)

**Yet the rats never did surrender.** (Creigh Richert, Aldie)

**See, I told you watermelons talk.** (Elise Neuscheler, Washington)

**Bernie fell for Claire. Twelve stories.** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**"Hey, Billy — pull my finger."** **"GRANDmaaaaa . . ."** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**Last earthing dies . . . what's that laughter?** (John Shea, Lansdowne, Pa.)

**Found: Wedding ring on bar stool.** (Doug Watson, Arlington)

**Snack: Expand. Don't snack: Expand. Snack!** (Pie Snelson, Silver Spring)

**Gave my husband the wrong finger.** (D.M. Searson, Avon, Conn.)

**"To continue your life, press 1 . . ."** (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

**Went. Worked too long. Returned. (Repeated.)** (Julius Sanks, Ashburn)

**In the beginning I created Myself.** (Stephen Dudzik)

**"I ate just one."** **"Never mind."** (Tom Witte)

**A Memoir of My Last 16 Relationships: She liked me, then she didn't.** (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)

**Shhh. No talking in my head.** (Tiairra Jackson, Washington)

**Ed wasn't the same without bones.** (Jeff Brechlin)

**It appears Iraqis don't like liberators.** (Dave Rooney, Arlington)

**"You were magnificent."**

**"You were available."** (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

**Found real killer: It was me! — Orenthal J., Hollywood** (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

**The first defenestration was an accident.** (Daniel Bahls, Brighton, Mass.)

**Mark Foley! Paging Mark Foley! Wait . . .** (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

**Sis! Since when were we conjoined?** (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

**"Marry me, Ashley."**

**"I'm Mary-Kate."** (Katherine Duke, Amherst, Mass.)

**Giveaway: Labrador, 12 mos. House broken.** (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

**For sale: Sally Hemings, well used.** (Steve Norum, Charlottesville)

**Book one: Milk was expensive, bought the cow. The sequel: Milk went sour, sold the cow. Last in the trilogy: Bought the farm, cow got half.** (Art Grinath)

**Next Week: Busted Play, or Stinkertoys**

**The "CSI" bug-filled coffin prize. Note: Inker not included.**



BY JULIA EWAN FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

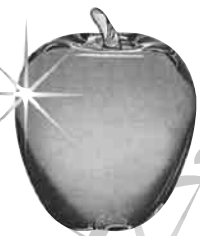
Somewhere in your life or the life of a child you love there is a teacher who is making a difference. Someone you'll remember with love and respect and gratitude all your life. The best teacher you've ever known. The one teacher you'll never forget.

We invite you to nominate that teacher for a

2007 Agnes Meyer Outstanding Teacher Award.

Everyone—parents, students, former students, teachers, administrators—is encouraged to participate in the nominating process.

For public school nomination information, please contact your local public school superintendent's office. For private school nomination information, call The Post's Public Relations Department at (202) 334-7969, or visit [www.washpost.com/education](http://www.washpost.com/education).



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## Environmentalist: Feed the People, Not the Automobile

ENERGY, From D1

A former farmer, he founded Worldwatch Institute in 1974 and the Earth Policy Institute in 2001. In addition to the MacArthur grant, he has received the U.N. Environment Prize and a recycling binful of honorary degrees. He has just revised the wonkishly titled "Plan B 2.0: Rescuing a Planet Under Stress and a Civilization in Trouble," one of the 50 books he has written or co-written.

"By the end of 2007," he writes in one of his newsletter updates, "the emerging competition between the 800 million automobile owners who want to maintain their mobility and the world's 2 billion poorest people who want simply to survive will be on center stage."

On a lovely late fall morning, Brown, 72, is drawing alarming word-pictures for about 700 people in a ballroom at the Marriott Wardman Park Hotel. This is a gathering of the Department of Defense folks responsible for reducing the impact of military bases on nature.

One answer to the world's energy lust, Brown says, is wind power. He envisions fields of windmills — in gusty states such as North Dakota, Kansas and Texas. He sings the glories of bicycling and recycling, of geothermal heating and solar rooftops. And he bad-mouths ethanol.

Sounding like a dramatic reading of an Al Gore movie script, Brown enumerates the threats: *Global warming. Shrinking forests. Expanding deserts. Falling water tables.* "There is a long list of things that suggest we are in trouble," he says.

It's so quiet in the room you can hear ice melt.

For a tomato farmer, Les Brown has come a far piece. His father was a sharecropper who scraped together enough money



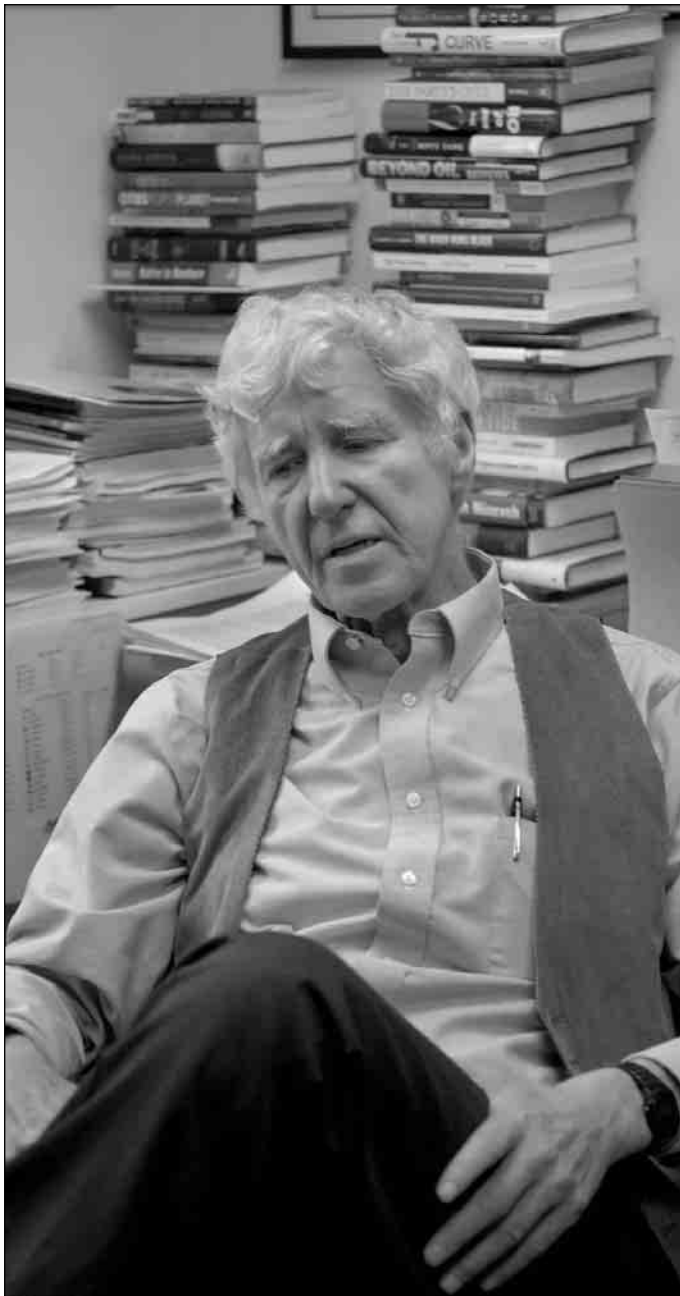
BY KICHIRO SATO — ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Brown says the United States uses about 7 percent of the world corn harvest for ethanol, which could increase with rising oil prices.**

to buy a 40-acre farm in southern New Jersey. Brown was the first person in his family to graduate from elementary school. While in high school he and his younger brother bought a tractor for \$200 and launched a successful tomato-growing venture. Eventually the company was sending out 1.5 million pounds of tomatoes a year.

In 1955 he graduated from Rutgers University with a degree in agricultural science. He planned to return to the tomato business, but a six-month exchange program in India changed his life. In 1959 he moved to Washington and became an international analyst for the Department of Agriculture. He got advanced degrees from the University of Maryland and Harvard University.

After nearly a half-century of urban living, there are almost no traces of the farmer left in



BY KATHERINE FREY — THE WASHINGTON POST

**Lester K. Brown, who has written or co-written 50 books, has raised concerns over the use of corn as a source of ethanol.**

Brown. By all appearances, he is a Washington creature through and through — a professorially dressed enviro-philosopher, a self-propelled machine that runs on oxygen, ideas and recognition.

Among environmentalists, Brown's fears over man-vs.-machine competition for corn make him something of an iconoclast. There are those who believe that his zeal is causing a far more serious problem.

"He's painting such a bleak picture of the future of biofuels based on an extrapolation from corn," says Reid Detchon, exec-

utive director of the Energy Future Coalition, "that it could damage the development of bio-fuels as alternatives to gasoline in general." The coalition is seeking change in the country's energy policy to address oil dependence and climate change.

"The production of food has never been a limiting factor in world hunger," Detchon says. The problem has always been surpluses and distribution.

Brown's fallacy, Detchon says, is fixating on corn. The future of organic fuels is not in the growing of crops such as corn that feed people or animals, but of

*"It's not that I'm right all the time, but I'm right most of the time."*

**Lester K. Brown, on whether he feels certain that the approach to crop-based fuels needs to be changed**

weeds and switch grasses that are inedible — and still make perfectly good fuel for machines.

"The energy market is so vast, it's not practical to expect that agriculture is going to supply all of the world's petroleum needs," Detchon says. "Wind is one possible solution. We need all kinds of renewable energy alternatives."

Brown says switch grass is nice. But he fears that by the time the research is done to bring such fuel to market, it will be too late.

The Worldwatch Institute, which Brown left in 2001, has become a champion of biofuels. The institute's president, Christopher Flavin, says his group has studied a variety of alternative energy possibilities and believes that rapidly developing technologies, new crops and innovative production methods will make organic fuel more appealing. "The biofuels industry," he says, "is moving away from corn."

Brown "has been a prolific and insightful observer of environmental stresses and a leader in the global environmental movement," Detchon says, "but I put him in the Malthusian camp . . . predicting that human demands will overwhelm the capacity of the Earth to supply them."

Says Detchon: "Lester has underestimated human ingenuity."

To Brown, there is not enough time to experiment with organic fuels. Because of national security concerns and potential profits, he says, grain-based ethanol production "is now driven largely by market forces." He says that large-scale commercialization of organic fuels is at least five years in the future.

He is certain he knows what changes need to be made.

"It's not that I'm right all the time, but I'm right most of the time," Brown says. "I wouldn't get the recognition I get if I wasn't right much of the time."