

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

### Week 768: The Events Described Herein Are Entirely Fictitious

No fewer than 17 different animal species were beheaded for one small scene in "The Godfather" until Francis Ford Coppola said, "I know — a horse!"



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

It's time once again for some more outright lies: This time we'll focus the fictoids on that bastion of The Whole Truth, the silver screen. Loser Lawrence McGuiore suggests: **Come up with fictitious movie trivia**, as in Bob Staake's example above.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. For second place: You know those "stress balls" — those molded foam things, in various shapes, that you're supposed to squeeze for relaxation, when work is making you just a little bit crazy? They're often given out by organizations as promotional material, as this one was. It is from the U.S. Army. It has the U.S. Army logo and "WWW.ARMY.MIL." It is green. It is in the shape of . . . A hand grenade. (Donated by Russell Beland of Springfield, whose stress ball of choice is one of his 10 Inkers.)

**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions 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 or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 16. Put "Week 768" 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 July 5. 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 results is by Tom Witte. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Chris Doyle, who sent it while traveling in Quito, Ecuador. And you wonder why some people get so dang much ink.

## REPORT FROM WEEK 764

*in which we sought additions to the canon of Chuck Norris Facts, evidence of the tough-guyness, superhumanness and general divinity of the karate-kickin' actor: One frequently submitted entry: Chuck Norris already found and captured Osama bin Laden, but the government secretly made Chuck put him back. And numerous people took the opportunity to cleverly note that Chuck Norris can split an infinitive with his bare hands.*

**4** Chuck Norris does not buy hurricane insurance. Hurricanes buy Chuck Norris insurance. (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

**3** Chuck Norris sneezes with his eyes open. (Michele Uhler, Fort Washington)

**2** the winner of the set of Tattoos for the Elderly: Steel is made of Chuck Norris's bones. (Thomas Hansen, Rockville, a First Offender)

**AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER**  
Chuck Norris doesn't need to bathe. He just breaks your nose so you can't smell. (Robert Gallagher, Falls Church, a First Offender)

## BRAWN'S MEDALISTS: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Chuck Norris doesn't hit the snooze alarm — time stops until Chuck Norris is ready to get up. (Rick Haynes, Potomac)

Chuck Norris once killed a guy for interrupting his meditation. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Chuck Norris can make a 190-degree triangle. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

"Chuck Norris" spelled backwards is "Chuck Norris." (Marc Channick, San Diego)

Little Chuckie Norris didn't cry when Bambi's mom died — he got hungry. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Chuck Norris could win "Dancing With the Stars" with Ruth Bader Ginsburg as his partner. (Rick Haynes)

Chuck Norris doesn't surf the Internet — he walks on it. (Paul VerNooy, Hockessin, Del.)

If this entry doesn't get ink, Chuck Norris will destroy The Washington Post. (Greg Pearson, Arlington)

Chuck Norris can outdrink Hillary and out-wine-taste Obama. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

The aliens' probes broke on Chuck Norris. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Chuck Norris files his fingernails on chalkboards. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

When Chuck Norris orders Peking duck, 17.9 million Chinese people put their heads down. (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)

Chuck Norris does not obey the law of gravity. He humors it. (Jeff Brechlin)

Chuck Norris used to be the best logger in the Mojave Forest. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

Chuck Norris can eat an egg and poop out a live chicken. (Harry Wood, Andover, Mass., a First Offender)

Q: How many Chuck Norrises does it take to change a light bulb? A: Trick question — there is only one Chuck Norris. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Chuck Norris can clap with one finger. (Art Grinath)

Chuck Norris auditioned for the circus by stuffing a dozen Volkswagens into a clown. (Kevin Dopart)

If Chuck Norris had been in "The Terminator" instead of Arnold, no one would have believed it because Chuck can't play a wuss. (Keith Waites, Frederick, whose last Invitational ink was in 2002)

On a Metro escalator, Chuck Norris stands right, kills left. (Beth Baniszewski, Somerville, Mass.)

When Chuck Norris passes through a tollbooth, the cashiers throw money in his mouth. (Jon Spell, Orem, Utah)

What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas until Chuck Norris tells it to leave. (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

Chuck Norris makes diamonds by rolling boogers between his fingers. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

The American flag wears a Chuck Norris pin. (Dan Ramish, Vienna)

Chuck Norris solved Fermat's Last Theorem — by punching it. (Seth Brown)

Only three people have called Chuck Norris "Charlie" — and he turned them into angels. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

Chuck Norris has Sunday dinner at Chick-fil-A. (Michele Uhler)

Chuck Norris commutes from Stafford to the Pentagon in only 35 minutes. (Sam Ackerman, Clifton, a First Offender)

Chuck Norris eats toys made in China. (Tod Hale, Fredericksburg, a First Offender)

If Chuck Norris were French, then . . . oh, let's face it, Chuck Norris could never be French. (Paul VerNooy)

And Last: Chuck Norris gets to use a pseudonym in The Style Invitational. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Next Week: It's Doo-Dah Day, or Swane Ribbers



These White Rabbits were no Energizer bunnies Thursday night.

## Music

### White Rabbits Go Down The Hole at the Black Cat

Presumably, a band featuring two drummers knows a thing or two about rhythm, or, at the very least, enjoys occasionally whacking its audience in the solar plexus. Brooklyn-via-Columbia, Mo., sextet White Rabbits employed a pair of drummers at the Black Cat on Thursday night, but they merely feigned an emphasis on rhythm. That was fitting, however, since the band's 50-minute set also featured fake calypso and ska. The Rabbits sounded like a group of genuinely mediocre frat-rockers, working a sound so uninspired that only the fog of a multiple kegger would make them seem interesting.

Rabbits tunes like "Navy Wives," "While We Go Dancing" and "Fort Nightly" were

mostly staid, lurching where they should have swung, a college DJ's idea for combining Madness and the Strokes. Pianist Stephen Patterson provided the band's only palpable spark, infusing "Kid on My Shoulders" with a barrel-house riff that was the set's high point. That relative peak only accentuated stuff like "The Plot," a dispassionately sung number lacking in melody, an affliction that hampered much of the set. Nothing topped the rearrangement of Dylan's "Maggie's Farm," however. It was an abomination of pseudo-Caribbean lites that — like the plaid strap used of the band's guitarists one — offered no trace of irony.

— Patrick Foster

## At Transformer, Deeper Meanings Unfold

ART, From C1

successful installation yet.

One side of the gallery is filled with work by Valerie Molnar, a 25-year-old artist from Richmond. She takes peculiar patches and panels of hand knitting, then nails them up across the wall to form a brightly colored abstract composition. Which means the piece isn't abstract at all: Molnar's knitting inevitably comes stuffed with evocations of Mom's acrylic potholders, of your first attempt to make a sweater and of abandoned summer projects discovered at a rummage sale. Every curve in this abstraction evokes an armhole, each pucker is a gusset, every straight line is selvage. Grandmom's mysterious injunction to "knit one, purl one" echoes through the gallery. The whole thing speaks of our handmade past.

Of course, Molnar's composition also speaks of the past of art, especially in Washington. Its mod stripes and almost psychedelic swoops — there are moments that come close to Peter Max and images from "Yellow Submarine" — mimic some of the more flamboyant moments in 1960s color field painting, a movement that this city briefly made its own. Molnar's bright acrylic yarn stands for the new acrylic paints that '60s artists used; the texture of her knitting evokes the all-over strokes of an abstractionist's brush, or a close-up on the weave of unprimed canvas.

The color field movement insisted on canvases that appealed only and directly to the eyes, and that avoided making any reference to things outside themselves. Molnar's hand-knit mural at Transformer is plenty visual, and plenty appealing. But it also makes clear that almost any visual effect, especially if it's notably appealing, is likely to have meaning that transcends what it looks like.

Back in the 1970s, my grandmother's apartment in Philadelphia was hung with her own needlepoint renditions of op art paintings. Molnar's knitting, installed among the ancient, paint-encrusted moldings and baseboards of Transformer's space, is a kind of Jackson Pollock version of such domestic decoration: It's grandly improvisational, mimicking the scale and ambition of great American abstraction, but it's got the one-stitch-at-a-time good manners of traditional "women's work."

Where Molnar's installation feels like great painting infected with domesticity, Mariah Johnson, who just turned 29 and is based in Los Angeles, makes "sculpture" that seems to have come directly from a linen cupboard. It seems less planned and composed than found out in the world, then transported to a context where it can function as art.

Johnson fills Transformer's bay window with tidy piles of secondhand sheeting, in softly faded greens and blues. She decorates a nearby Peppo meter and its electrical conduits with stacked pillowcases in slightly brighter tones. A closet's worth of flowered linens gets draped, maypole-like, around the gallery's main supporting column.

In her artist's statement, Johnson tells us that "the interactions among color combinations, printed patterns and folding systems become visually engrossing and reference abstract and minimalist paintings," and that is perfectly true. But



BY MARISSA LONG — TRANSFORMER

At home with abstraction: The installation of artist Mariah Johnson at Transformer gallery, including "Kudzu Queen," above, uses bedsheets and pillowcases to create "sculpture."

she also cites the influence of a mother who "wants her linen closet to be beautiful when she opens the door."

Stacked in Transformer's street-front window, Johnson's linens also reference retail display, and an almost sad-sack attempt to jazz up a big pile of used sheets. Her installation feels like something the volunteers at Goodwill might dream up to brighten their linen department. But because it

feels like that, it ends up meaning more, not less, than it would as pure abstraction.

Molnar and Johnson's show, which is the final installment in an exhibition titled "Here & Now," runs through June 14 at Transformer, 1404 P St. NW. It is open Wednesday-Saturday 1-7 p.m. Call 202-483-1102 or visit www.transformergallery.org.

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