

The Style Invitational

WEEK 9, Vanity Unfair

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Mike Wallace

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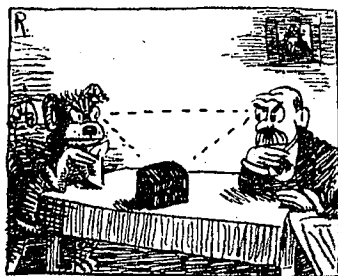
Jack Kevorkian

This Week's Contest: Create vanity license plates for famous people. Maximum number of characters is eight, with spaces counting as one character. You are limited to letters and numbers and common symbols found on a typewriter keyboard.

First-prize winner will receive several irresponsible how-to books published by Loompanics, Unlimited, including "The Complete Book of Razor Fighting," "Successful Armed Robbery," "Home Workshop Explosives," and "Physical Interrogation Techniques," a value of about \$50. Runners-up will get the coveted "Style Invitational" loser's T-shirt. As always, winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 9, 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, May 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 6

... In which we asked you to supply captions to these two cartoons.



CARTOON A



CARTOON B

But first, a few words about excellence. Although we received more than 500 entries to this contest, and have selected only 15 of them as winners, you will note that several people are represented more than once, including the highly mysterious "Oslo of Alexandria," the winner of Week 2 who darn near won again this week. You may reasonably wonder: Is this fair? Answer: Of course it is fair. The Style Invitational is the nation's last remaining pure meritocracy. The best is chosen, without regard to previous history, demographics, national origin, sexual orientation, dental anomalies, annoying personal habits, or cash inducements you may have included with your letters. In fact, our judging is done completely blindfolded, so we cannot see your name, or your address, or your entry. We hope this clears matters up. Thank you.

Fifth Runner-up: (Cartoon A) Pythagoras was training Rover to guard his lunch box when something occurred to him. (Ken Schwartz, Burke)

Fourth Runner-Up: (Cartoon A) "You scatter the ashes . . . I get the bones." (Melinda Blachfield, Damascus)

Third Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) "Okay, kid. They're all warmed up." (Oslo, Alexandria.)

Second Runner-Up: (Cartoon B) "Did you see that idiot back there carrying his packages in a shopping cart?" (Elliot Greene, Silver Spring)

First Runner Up: (Cartoon B) Identical twins separated at birth often lead identical lives without knowing it; tomorrow, on Geraldo. (Steven Schupak, Chevy Chase)

And the winner of the Big, Ugly Diamond: (Cartoon A) Near starvation, the Giant Rat of Sumatra and the lawyer begin to eye the cajun cheese . . . and each other. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Honorable mentions:

Cartoon A: • It was bad enough that his master had him neutered, Sparky felt, but to keep his cojones in a box on the kitchen table as a constant reminder of the man's power over him was just too much. (Charles Layman, Silver Spring)

- Marge Schott's dog could not relax until the will was read. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- In a split second before Bowser and Henry even had time to blink, that annoying bug shot out of its box, flew into Bowser's eye, careened off Henry's eye, then safely made it back, locking the lid from the inside. (Kathy Weisse, Sykesville)
- Each plotted to have the Maltese Brick all to himself. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- What do you do with a giant Folger's crystal? (Bob Zane, Woodbridge)

Cartoon B: • "How was I to know," said Zeke to his paramour Francis, "that when we made our lover's suicide pact, we'd end up in Hell, spending eternity doing old Carmen Miranda routines and slam dancing?" (Charles Layman, Silver Spring)

- Stephen and William had never really got the hang of "hide and go seek." (Robin D. Grove, Washington)
- In an effort to revive the heyday of The Coneheads, the cast of Saturday Night Live tried everything. (Oslo, Alexandria.)

And last: "No, I don't know what the hell that R. is doing up there, either." (Geary Johns, Columbia)

Next Week: Beat The Bands.