

# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 119: MUZAK TO OUR EAR

While on hold at a bungee-jumping concession: "Hit the Road, Jack."

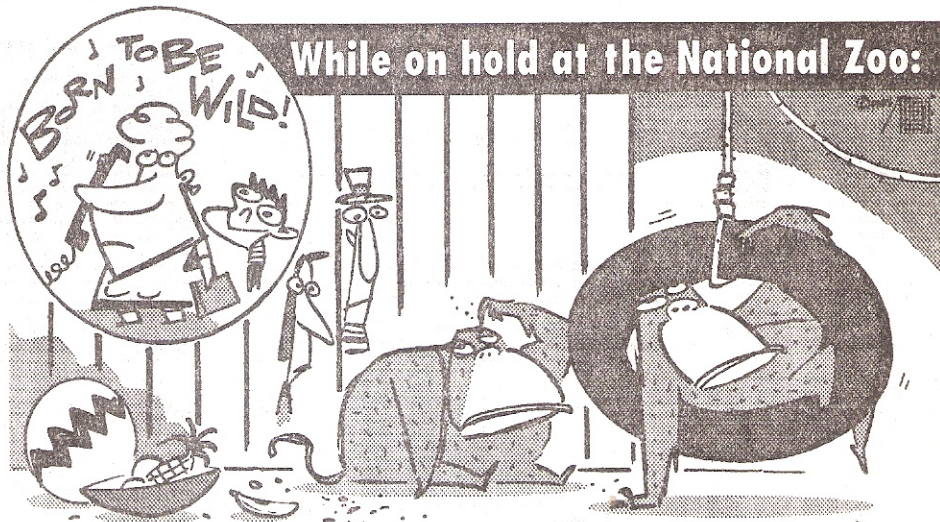
While on hold at a lawyer's office: "Oh, bill, I love you so, I always will."

While on hold at Michael Jackson's Neverland Productions: "Baby I'm-a Want You."

While on hold at the office of Rep. Sonny Bono: "Fool on the Hill."

**This week's contest** was suggested by Elden Carnahan of Laurel, who wins a tub of bovine udder ointment. Elden suggests that you come up with unfortunate Muzak songs to hear on the phone while on hold. You can use either a song title or a lyric. First prize winner gets an 11-volume hardcover set of the complete works of Kahlil Gibran, a value of \$50, as deep and ruminant as the camel's breath nurturing a willow sprig beneath a talcum moon. 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 119, The Washington Post, 1150

15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071; fax them to 202-334-4312; or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the appropriate Week Number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, July 3. 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. The Faerie of the Fine Print & The Ear No One Reads is still soliciting nominations for The Ear No One Reads, such as today's, written by Lori C. Fraind of Reston. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

### REPORT FROM WEEK 116,

in which we asked you to compose a sentence using only the letters of the top row of the typewriter (QWERTYUIOP) or the top four rows of an eye chart (EFPTOZLD), plus punctuation as needed. Two observations: We chose the top typewriter row because we thought no other row was feasible, but Jim Ward of McLean humbled us by using the home row to produce this unforgettable line: "As a gag, Kafka had alfalfa salad." Also, we need to issue a warning to those of delicate sensibilities. It turns out that the top row of the typewriter is the repository of many, many words relating to bodily functions. If you are a mature human being this column may not be your particular cup of pee. We tried to cut down on toilet jokes, but many were so funny they could not be, um, eliminated.



◆ Fifth  
 Runner-Up:  
**You wore trout  
 tie, you tour  
 Europe, you  
 quote poetry—  
 you yuppie!**  
 (Jean Sorensen,  
 Herndon)

◆ Fourth  
 Runner-Up:  
**Peter, Peter  
 power pooper/  
 You require  
 Roto-Rooter.**  
 (Ted Spencer,  
 Washington)

◆ Third  
 Runner-Up:  
**We put our query  
 to Perot: Were you  
 piper, puppeteer  
 or power tripper?**  
 (Harry Richardson,  
 Laurel)

◆ Second  
 Runner-Up:  
**You retire,  
 I retire too;  
 quit pro quo.**  
 (Phil Plait,  
 Silver Spring)

◆ First  
 Runner-Up:  
**you were two,  
 i your pop.**  
 i  
**your potty wiper,  
 your power pureer,  
 your worrier;**

**you  
 wry pointer,  
 eye ptocey-er,  
 pretty tot;**  
**i utter to you,  
 "i owe you."**  
 (Aaron Goldschmidt,  
 Fairfax)

◆ *And the Winner of the costume of a  
 huge-breasted, hippo-hipped woman:*  
**Poe + rye + terror + woe = eerie poetry.**  
 (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

**Dole Doodle:**



(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Poor?—we were too poor to poop or pee!**  
 (Brent Weaver, District Heights)

U U E R O Y P Q W E I U U I O U I O O P I O Y R T W E T O I G P H  
 W Y I U T W S T U O Y R O Y R T R U U Y W U D F Y Q A U Y Y Y  
 I T O U W E M O T P Q W F R M F Y R R O P W E O P Y R O

(Paul Styrene, Olney; Russell Beland, Springfield;  
 Jon Patrick Smith, Washington)

**To Do: Feed toffee to pet; doodle dot-to-dot;  
 peddle dope, pot; lol.**

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Woe to lto—retry!**  
 (Andrea Bakewell Lowery, Washington)

**Poor Pee-wee, you tried to pull out your wee-  
 wee purely to pet, yet our reporter wrote you  
 up.** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**Pretty "Eye to Eye" reporter was put out.**  
 (Ariele Revots, Bethesda)

**I opt to quit your top-row torture ere I puque.**  
 (David Swerdloff, Washington)

**PROPER POTTY ETIQUETTE: We trot to our itty**

**tot potty; we prop our pretty potty top up; we  
 pry out our wee peter, we pee; tut tut, too wet;  
 tip your potty up; pour out; oy, wipe up wee  
 wee; quiet, tiptoe out.**

(Edith Lund, Alexandria)

**Yo, lto, we wipe up Type O!**

(Gary Patishnock, Laurel)

**RO-RIO, -EEP T-E O-EY; I -O-E YOU, -UT I -O-E  
 -O-EY -ORE.** (By Aldrich Ames, via Kitty

Thuermer, Washington)

**e.p.t. told Zoe: Tot!** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**ul poop dip qwbq uobqob (nond)** (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

**I poop, pyoo; Pope poop, pew.**

(Phil Plait, Silver Spring)

**Left-footed people feel left-toed too.**

(David Smith, Greenbelt)

**Wet putty + torque = pottery.**

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Were we too pretty, or were we too pure;  
 our wit our tutor, or our piety truer?**

(David Smith, Greenbelt)

◆ This one hurts us:

**We pour out our typewriter wit, yet you rip it  
 up, rewrite it, report "potty" tripe or trot out  
 your petty "peter" repertoire.**

(Harry Richardson, Laurel)

◆ But this one scares us:

**I opt to retire; i rue potty wit.**

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)