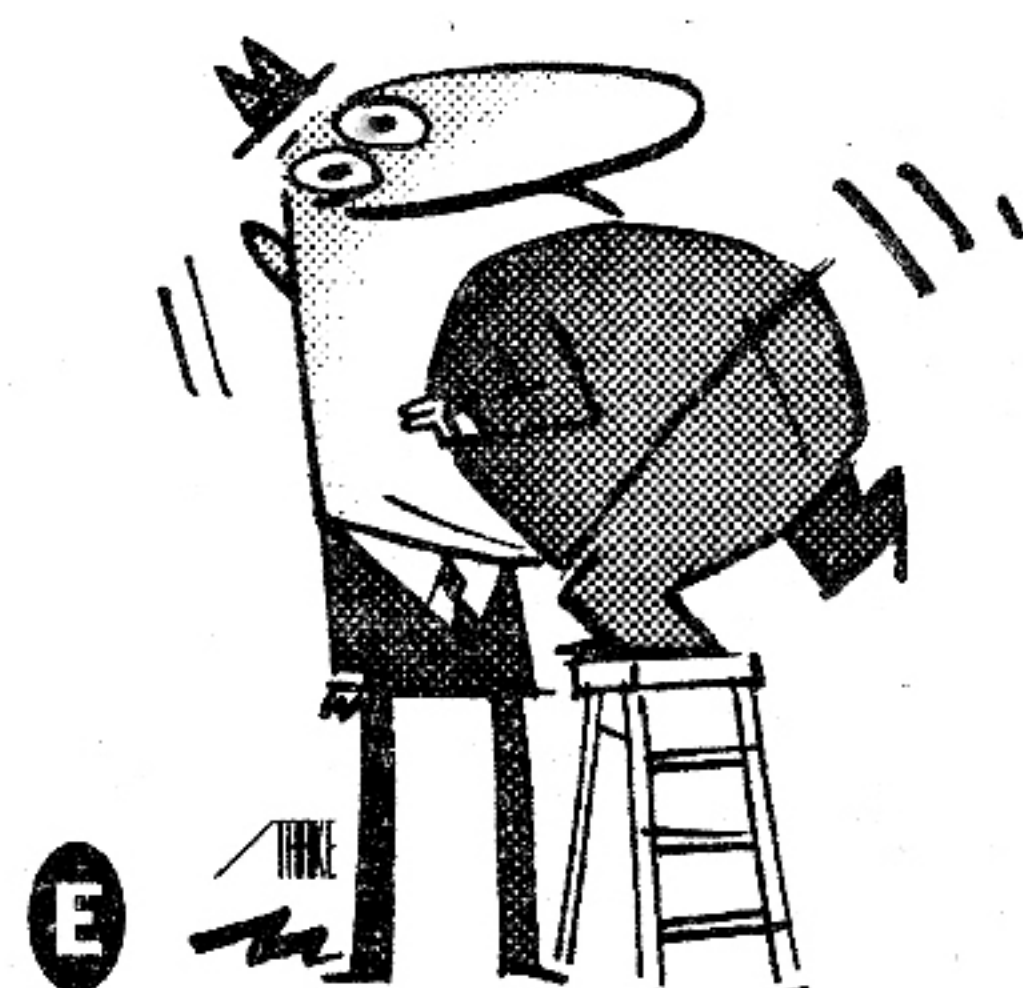
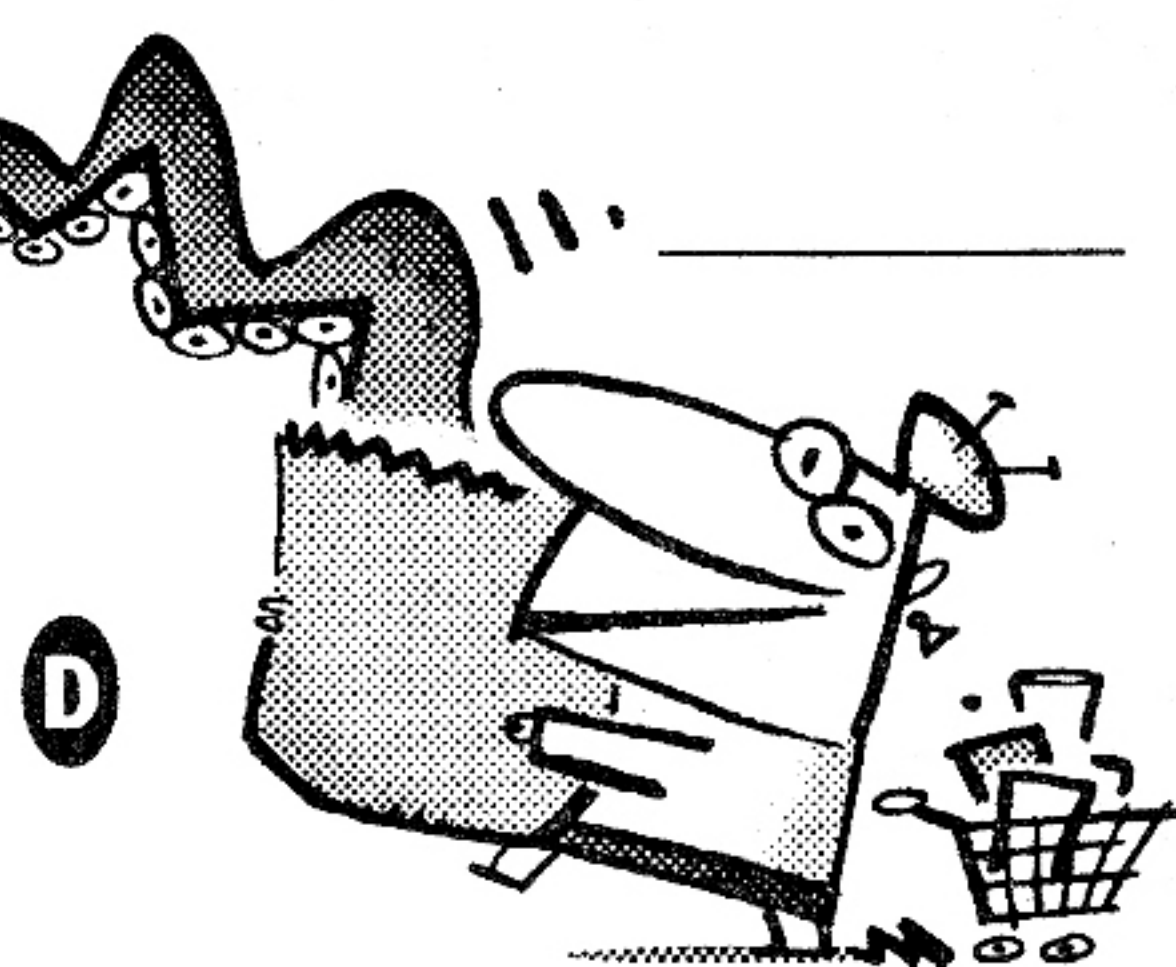
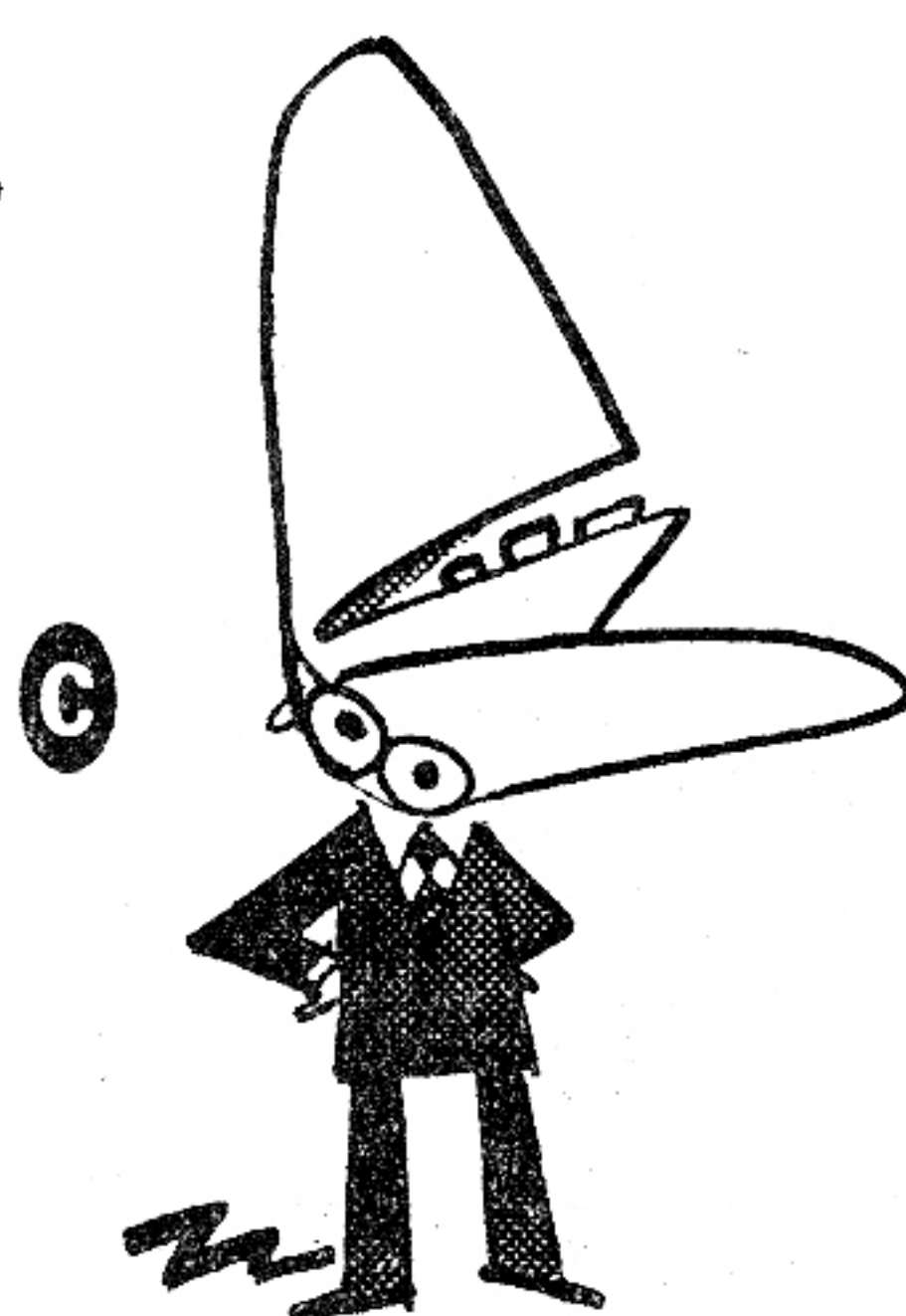
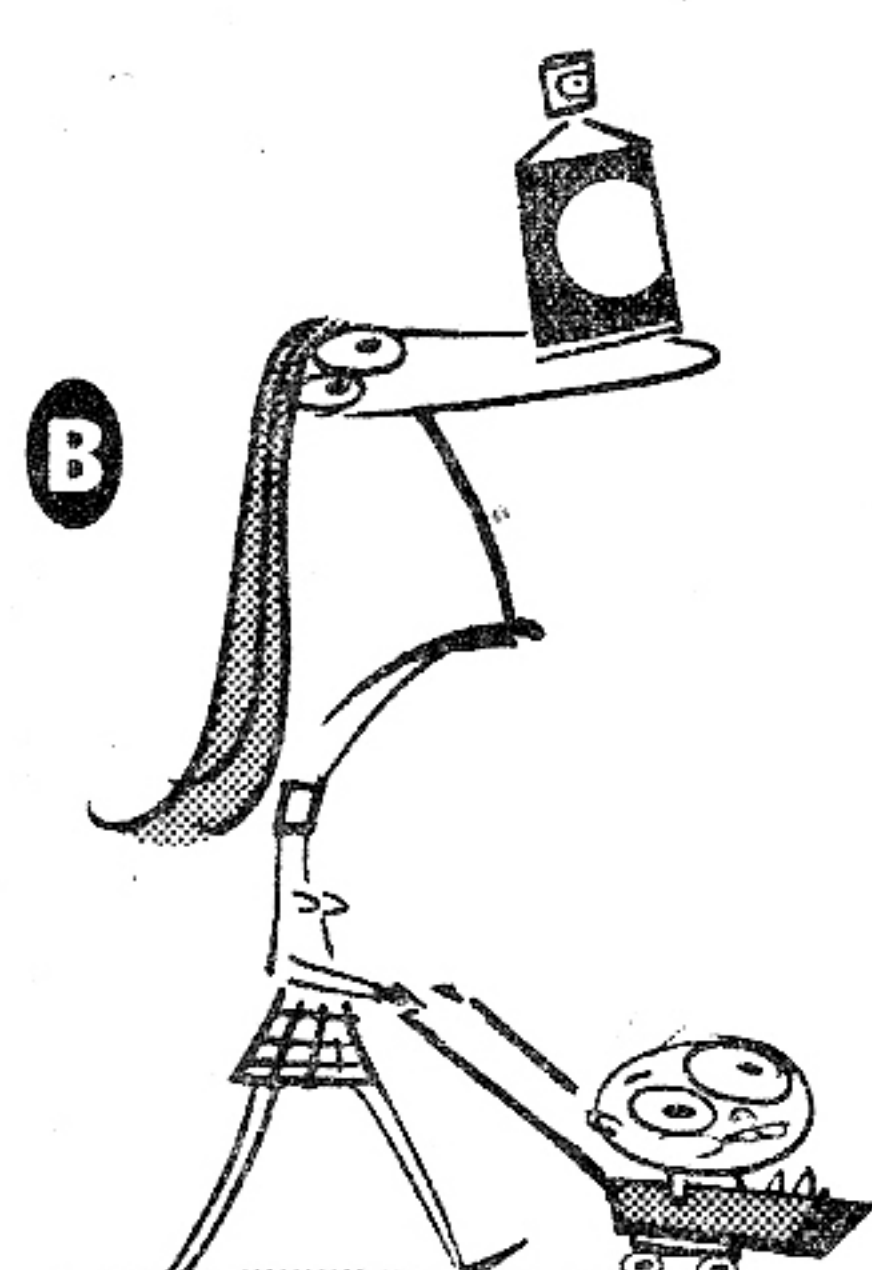
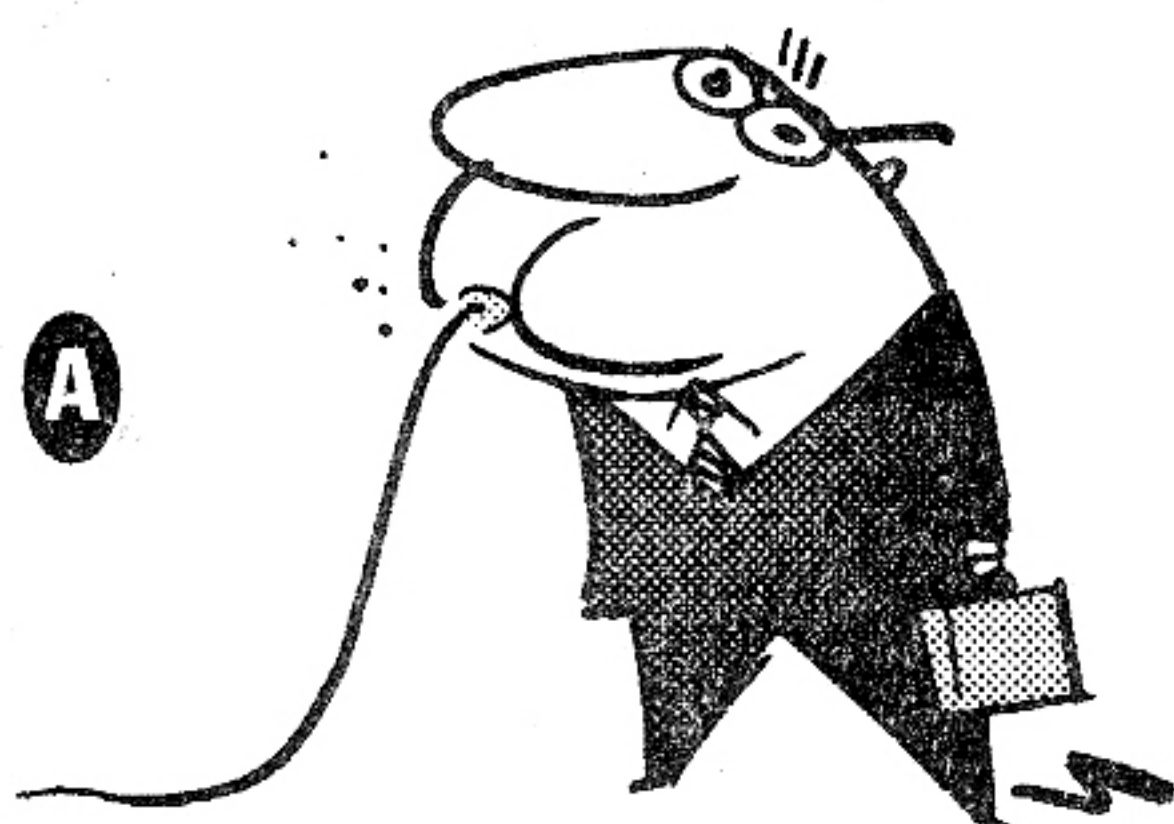


The Style Invitational

WEEK 224: DRAWING CONCLUSIONS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This week's contest: What is wrong with these pictures? Choose one, or more than one. First-prize winner gets a magnificent, antique poster-size official White House photograph of Pat Nixon, taken during her initial trip to China in February 1972. Pat's hair is coiffed in a beehive the approximate dimensions and aerial

buoyancy of a Japanese paper lantern, and she is staring with ill-concealed revulsion at a plate of food that appears to consist of mouse fetuses in lobster sauce. This was donated to The Style Invitational by Shirley S. Duvall of Upper Marlboro, who wins a banana slicer.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 224, c/o 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 week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, July 7. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced three weeks from today. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print is pretty tired of thanking people for their Ears. What kind of a job is this? I might as well be emptying the porta-potties at construction sites. Jennifer Hart of Arlington, okay? Big honking deal. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 221,

in which you were asked to come up with justifiably discarded first drafts of lines from famous songs. We had more than 20,000 entries, fully half of which misconstrued the contest. You sent in song parodies—Buddy Holly singing about Paula Jones. Uh-uh. We were looking for plausible clunkers based on real lyrics. Fortunately, plenty of people got it. One note: Many tried to come up with worse lyrics for "MacArthur Park." No one succeeded.

◆ Fifth Runner-Up:

Shirley Ellis—
"Let's do Chuck!
Chuck Chuck, bo-buck ..."
 (Russell Beland, Springfield)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:

The Kinks—
"She walked up to me and she
asked me to dance
I asked her her name and in a
dark brown voice
She said, Mur-ray."
 (Tom Kreitzberg, Silver Spring)

◆ Third Runner-Up:

Aretha Franklin—
"R-O-L-A-I-D-S"
 (Mike Connaghan, Gaithersburg)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

Bob Dylan—
"Abe said where do you want this killin' done?
And God said, 'On the Outer Loop which is backed up
from the John Hanson Highway to Route 1 ..."
 (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ First Runner-Up:

George Harrison—
"He's so fine
do lang do lang do lang ..."
 (Sarah Worcester, Bowie; Dave Ferry, Leesburg)

◆ And the winner of the Church Lady doll:

Carly Simon—
"You're so vain
You probably think this song is about you!
Don't you, Warren Beatty
Don't you?"
 (Lily Fu Swenson, Washington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Steve Miller—
"Some people call me the Space Cowboy
Some people call me the Gangster of Love
Some people call me Steve Miller ..."
 (Dave Ferry, Leesburg)

Archie Bell—
"Hi everybody
This is Archie Bell and the Drells
We can hardly sing, and we can't dance
worth a lick, either ..."
 (Rod Johnson, Glen Arm, Md.)

Steppenwolf—
"Born as a chi-i-ild ..."
 (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

David Bowie—
"Ground control to Major Nelson. ..."
 (Tara Zwillman, Alexandria)

Francis Scott Key—
"Ohh, say what's that flag-looking thing
over there?"
 (Peter Cashwell, Woodberry Forest)

Jimi Hendrix—
"Hey, Joe, where you runnin with those
scissors in your hand?"
 (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

The Who—
"See me
Feel me
Touch me
Bite me ..."
 (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

Original backward message from Sgt. Pepper—
mubla siht retfa dnab eht fo pu-kaerb eht esuac
lliw seiw detnelatnu s'nhof dna luaP.
 (Brian Linnekin, Washington)

Neil Diamond—
"I'm not, I said, a big fat grouch
But no one heard at all
Not even the couch ..."
 (Bruce Shepard, Manassas)

Tommy Tutone—
"Three-oh-one-eight-six-seven-five-
three-oh-nine ..."
 (Nick Dierman, Potomac)

Lesley Gore—
"It's my bat mitzvah and I'll cry if I want to ..."
 (Chuck and Chris Smith, Woodbridge)

The Association—
"Tsouris is the word I use to describe ..."
 (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

Next Week: Trip Deuces