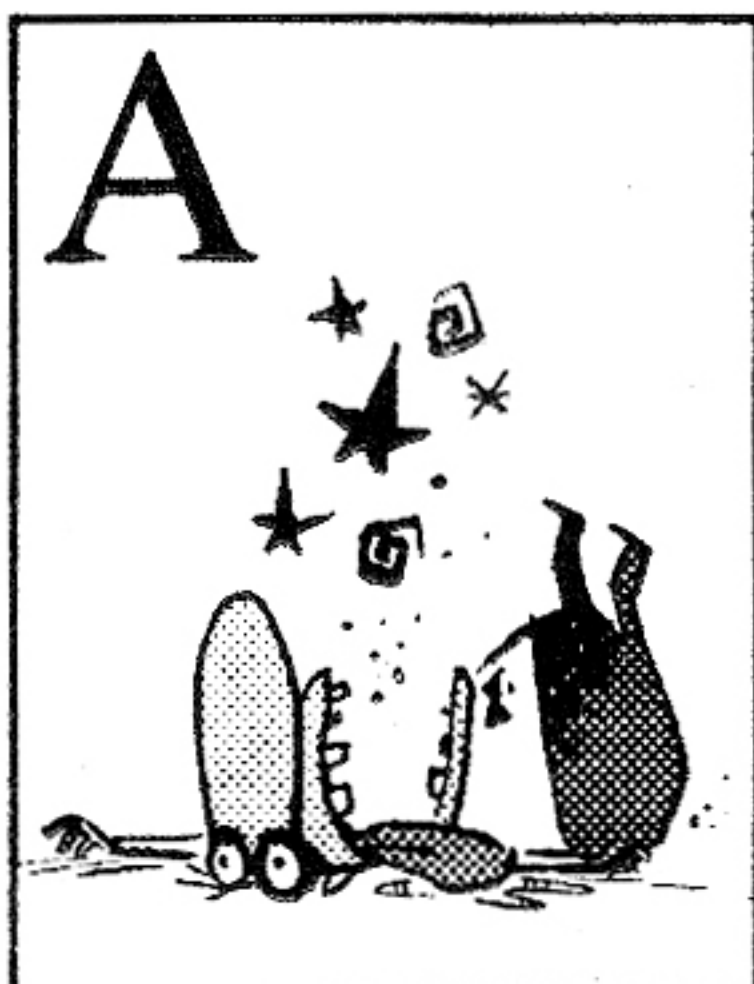
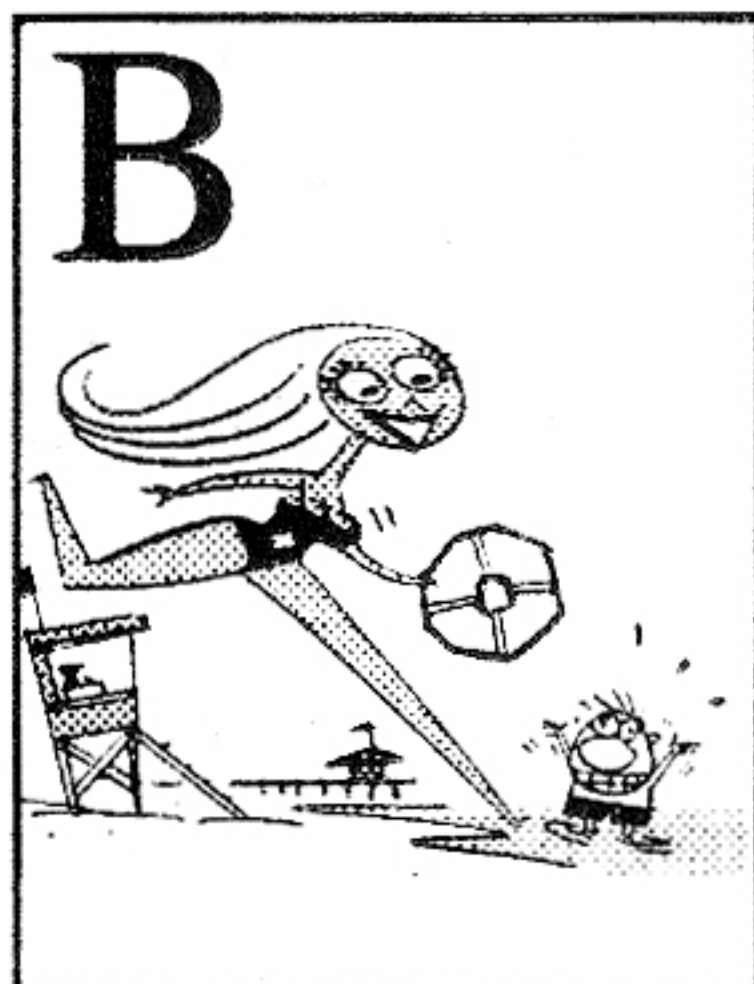


# The Style Invitational

WEEK 232: PRIMAL URGES



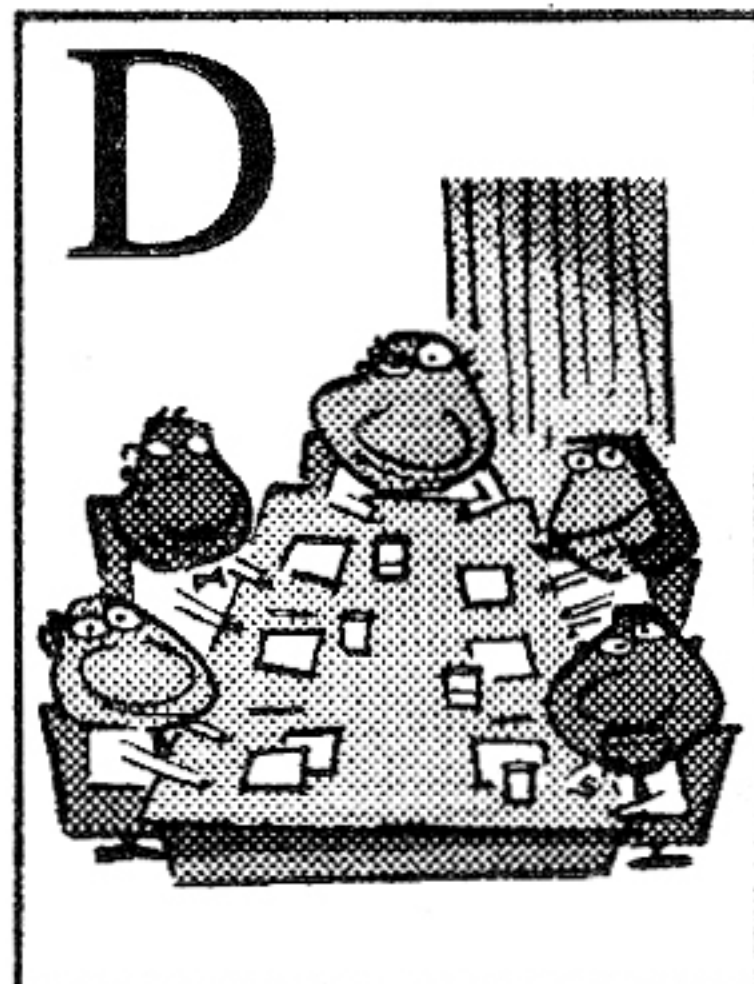
**A**  
is for  
**Arteriosclerosis,**  
the dreaded  
disease,



**B**  
is for  
**"Baywatch,"**  
the jiggling  
seize,



**C**  
is for **CDs,**  
with music  
by **Handel,**



**D**  
is for **D.C.,** whose  
control board is  
(choose one) either  
great or a scandal ...

**This Week's Contest** was suggested by Elden Carnahan of Laurel, who wins a monkey head made out of a coconut. Elden suggests that you update, for the millennium, the old "A is for Apple" reading primer. An entry must include the four letters in one of these blocks: A-D, E-H, I-L, M-P, Q-T, U-Z. The rhyme scheme should be as above, and, yes, the final six letters must be done as a unit. You figure it out. We will gather the winners together in an entire A-Z primer. First-prize winner gets "Fighting the Trade in Young Girls," a 1910 book by Mr. Ernest A. Bell, Secretary of the Illinois

Vigilance Association, about the alarming trade in female slavery in America. This book contains many shocking case studies of women ("white women!") who were wrested from virginal circumstances and sold into prostitution and worse; these stories are highly entertaining, scantily documented and palpably untrue, serving mostly to advance the career of Mr. Ernest A. Bell, Secretary of the Illinois Vigilance Association. (Photo caption: "The author and his band of noble workers, fighting The Evil in the very heart of the vice district.")

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 232, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via 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, Sept. 1. 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. Does there exist, now or ever before, an advertisement as dumb as the current Moto Photo radio spots that play upon the hilarious uniqueness of the name 'Moto Photo' ('Quasimodo?' 'Yoko Ono?')? If so, we'd like your nomination, with an explanation of why your ad is worse. Best offering wins a \$5 gift certificate to the Moto Photo of your choice. Speaking of dumb, what about Beland? Beland, out of Springfield. He was dumb as they come, as dumb as a guy who has to testify against the mob, as dumb as a giraffe with a speech impediment, as dumb as a guy with three ears and no kisser. Next week: Mime ear credit. Employees of The Washington Post, and members of their immediate families, are not eligible for prizes.

## REPORT FROM WEEK 229,

in which you were asked for lines you wouldn't want to hear on waking after surgery, or in any of four other circumstances.

### ◆ Fourth Runner-Up—Waking after surgery:

"Go toward the light." (Karen Wright and Gregory Dunn, Alexandria)

### ◆ Third Runner-Up—After surgery:

"She's almost awake! Quick, someone find her panties!" (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

### ◆ Second Runner-Up—At your child's parent-teacher conference:

"That young'un of yours sure can cipher!" (Drew Roberts, Germantown)

### ◆ First Runner-Up—At your child's parent-teacher conference:

"You mean Jody is a boy?" (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

### ◆ And the winner of the original, vintage 33 rpm original-cast soundtrack of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show"—

Something you don't want to hear after getting married:

"Now that's a coincidence. My birth mother's name was Clytemnestra de Nunkyhaven, too!"

(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

Things you don't want to hear as you awaken from surgery:

"Scalpel." (Russ Horner, Arlington)

"The power of Christ compels you! The power of Christ compels you! The power of Christ compels you!" (Robert J. McManus, Bethesda)

"Bo! Bo! Come back with that! Bad dog!"

(Judy Kopff, Washington)

"Blink once for yes ..." (Russ Smith, Alexandria)

"Hurry up with that yonazt infurbulator, Commander Xthepho! The earthling is returning to consciousness." (Tom Wilson, Washington)

"Anesthesia really makes you babble! So you're that famous Deep Throat, huh?" (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

"I always hate it when there are parts left over." (Mike Platt, Germantown)

Things you don't want to hear at your child's parent-teacher conference:

"It's so nice for grandparents to take an interest in a child's education!" (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

"Hi. I'm not wearing any underpants!"

(Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

"She's doing pretty good, for a girl."

(Paul Alter, Hyattsville)

"Pourquoi est-ce que votre enfant est dans une école française? (Andrew Brecher, Washington)

Things you don't want to hear in your place of worship:

"How long has it been since your last confession, baby?" (David Genser, Arlington)

"... and smite the devils at the ATF, amen."

(Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)

"Psst. That's him! That's her husband!"

(Charlie Steinhice, Chattanooga)

"We've replaced all the pews with futons."

(Joseph Method, Washington)

Things you don't want to hear after you buy a new house:

"So you must be The Outlanders."

(Charlie Steinhice, Chattanooga)

"The Federal Reserve lowered interest rates an unprecedented 1 percent today." (Arthur Methvin, Annandale; David Genser, Arlington)

"Good morning, sir, this is Pepco. Just wanted to let the homeowners around here know they may experience some temporary power dips over the next few days while we test the electric chair at the new correctional facility over by the playground." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

"The skunks are so tame they come right up to the house!" (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

"Good news! The kid next door is not going to be tried as an adult!" (Virginia Maggi, Falls Church)

"Hi, I'm your neighbor. I hope you don't mind if my poultry strays into your yard sometimes." (David Kleinbard, Silver Spring)

Things you don't want to hear after getting married:

"Ewww. What's that?" (Jim Selkregg, Woodbridge)

"I've cut you out of my will and I'm leaving the Redskins to my son." (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

Next Week: Tales From The Cryptogram