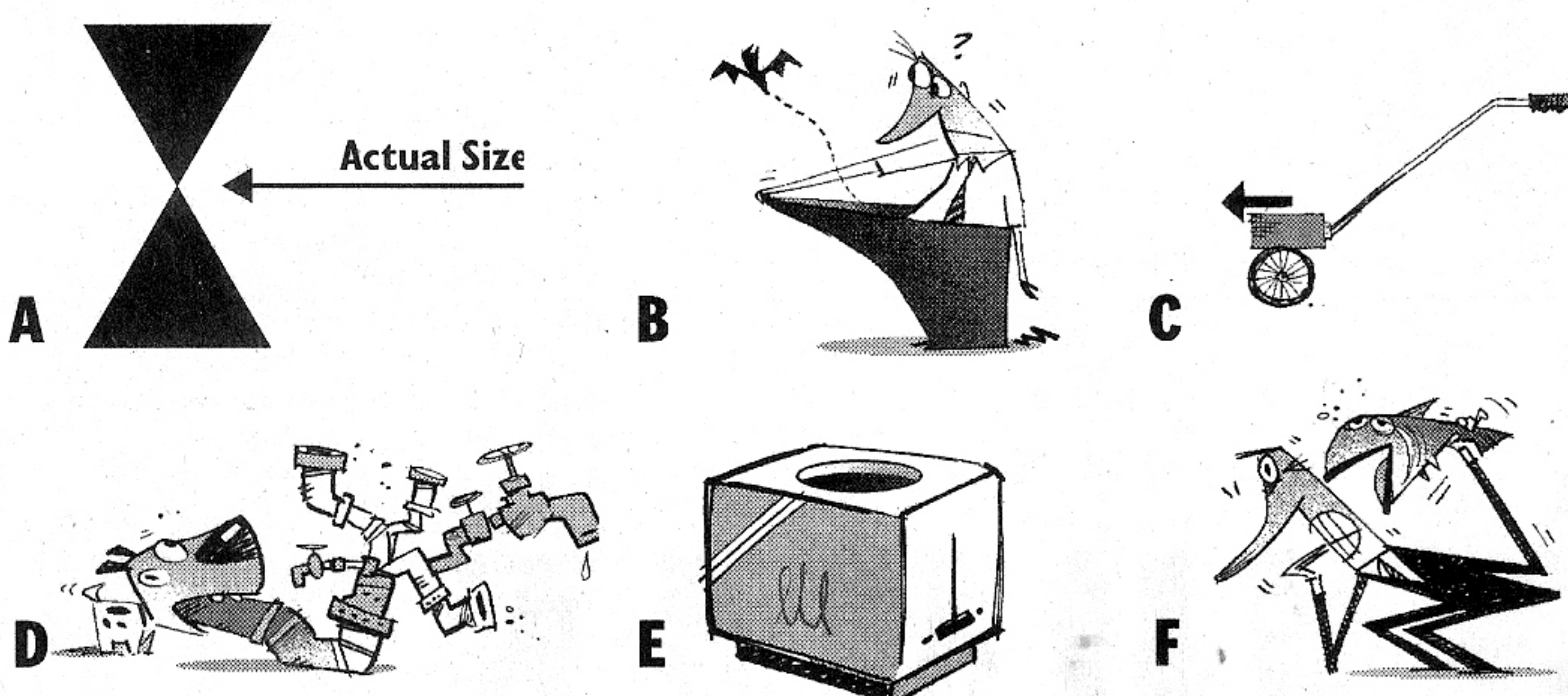


The Style Invitational

Week XII: Picture This



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest:

What is going on in these cartoons? Choose one or more. First-prize winner gets a rare copy of the 530-page, lavishly illustrated, gold-leaf hardcover book "Automatic Sprinkler Performance in Australia and New Zealand, 1886-1968." It's worth \$20.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-Shirt. The Uncle's Pick wins the yet-to-be-designed but soon-to-be-coveted "The Uncle Loves Me" T-shirt. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week XII, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, April 24. All entries must include the contest's

week number and your name, postal address and a daytime or evening telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the message field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Editors reserve the right to edit entries for taste or content. Results will be published in four weeks. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK VIII,

in which we asked you to emulate a recent magazine story about David Gergen that used only the letters in David Gergen's name. We received the following communication from one Francis Heaney, the author of the magazine story, who complained that we should have given him credit. He made this complaint in an e-mail employing only the letters in the name Francis Heaney: "*His anarchic, fancy-free farce earns Francis nary a reference? Fishy!*"

◆ Third Runner-Up:

**I, James Carville, am clear:
I rave, I slam as I smear.
I revile, I am vile,
I release slime as I smile.
I serve evil as a career.**
(Earle M. Crum, Seabrook, Tex.)

◆ Second Runner-Up:

Diana, the Princess of Wales:
**A car careens: I die, in Paris,
France. Crowds near a palace and
pile flowers. In a slow parade,
princes and lower classes pass a
pained slew of Windsors. An
earl's screed assails a flawed
clan (inside, no one claps).
Sadness increases sales of
"Candle in the Wind" and old
dresses. Laid cold on an isle, I
fade as roses do. A world cares,
cries, and, wearied, presses on.**
(Paul McClure, Washington)

◆ First Runner-Up:

Cher: **Echhh.**
(Malcolm Visser, Clifton)

◆ And the winner of the Y2K Apocalypse book:

Monica Lewinsky: **Well, I was, like, a woman,
y'know. William was, y'know, like, a man.
So I'm, like, so lonely. Willie is, like, well,
Willie. Anyway, a wink, some skin, "lookie
lookie," we make some nookie. Willie says,
"Nice melons." I mean, like, wow! Willie
was mine, I was Willie's. No one knew! So
I'm, like, seein' Willie, only slyly. Anyways,
I'm, like, callin' Lin. So we yak 'n' yak. I'm
like, well, me 'n' Willie, y'know? Lin's like,
"Wow, Willie?" So I say, "Yes, Willie."
Anyway, now Lin knows. Once I was, like,
"Lin, is a click on my line?" Lin says, "A
click? No." Well, as we all know now, a click
WAS on my line. Now, Ken comes in. Now
I'm, like, NEWS! Monica mania! I'm, like, a
mess. Ken is, like, so asinine. Ken was on a
mission. Ken is, like, soooooo my enemy!
Lin was so sneaky. Lin is a swine. Oink oink.
Willie? Well, I say Slick Willie will owe
someone some alimony. Me? Well, now I'm,
like, a well-known woman. Now I can make
me some money. Way cool. Awesome.**
(Richard Grossman, McLean)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Jennifer Lopez: **Jeez, no zipper!**
(Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Augusto Pinochet: **Once again I cheat
the noose. Nothing: no accusations,
no sentence, no opinion, no
conscience, no constitution, no such
passing hopes can push us to
account.**
(Frank Kenesson, Waterford, Va.)

Alexander Hamilton: **Dad and Mom are
not married. It tainted him (he hated
men, not man). Later, he made,
examined, then mailed, a detailed
note to The Main Man (the real
mentor and hero to the landed) to tell
him that Tom meant the Elite to lead
the nation. He hated Tom. Did Tom
hate him? No one had an idea. Tom,
not Alex, landed a home near the
National Mall. Then Alex met Aaron, a
deadlier threat to him, and died. The
end.**
(Reid Williamson, Annandale)

Martha Stewart: **What taste, what
ease! She stews meat, warms wheat
tarts, steams tea water, sews
threads, hems, hammers. She's a
star. She starts mass stress. We hate
her.**
(Phyllis Kepner, Columbia)

Orenthal James Simpson: **Part Heisman,
part hit man. A slasher; he hit, he ran.
Months later, he's still on the loose.
Asserts he's on the "real" assassin's
trail. Hmm. Perhaps he has a point—a
SHARP point.**
(Lori Ducharme, Gaithersburg)

Monica Lewinsky: **I was once a lonely,
lowly lass. I look like a moose (I like
cannoli, cannelloni, clams, wine,
lemon ice . . .). I was also one easy
woman. (I only say "yes.") I call my
"ally." I say, "My new man is a slimy
weasel." My sly ally sells my news.
We make news kinky. Now I am an
icon in a comical, classless way. I
make millions, so I cancel any claims
on clemency.**
(Annette Florence, Ithaca, N.Y.)

William Shatner: **His hair isn't real. His
lines are lame. Retire.**
(David Genser, Arlington)

Stephen Hawking: **Wise genie, he sees
the night skies with keen insight.
Despite a twist in his spine, he takes
steps that we gape at. His painstaking
peeks negate the past and it shines,
anew. He instigates an awakening.**
(Martin Bredeck, Community, Va.)

Linda Tripp: **I, a darn rat and a liar, did
trap a pal in a plan I laid. And a pal
paid.**
(Richard Grossman, McLean)

William Jefferson Clinton: **As I steer America's state
In office I now toil late
No interns. Alone!
I sit and atone
A canine as a sole roommate.**
(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

James P. Rubin: **I name names as I
suppress numbers. I snub empresses;
I abuse empires; U.S. airmen, seamen,
armies, Marines impress me. Namibia
impresses me. Armani impresses me.
Burma represses masses. Iran
surprises us. I am Serbia's nemesis. I
reassure members as Brunei
reimburses us. Jabber, jabber, jabber
. . . Mrs. A. pampers me. I am Mrs. A's
brains. I am superman. I am
smarminess.**
(Daniel Horner, Washington)

◆ The Uncle's Pick:

Eric Timothy Mathews:
**O sweet, wee tot!
Eric was to come to Earth at May,
Rather, he came at March
With aches, stitches to mommy's
waist, With eerie remorse to her
heart.
We three at home—Mr., Mrs., sister
Amy— How we wait, wish, watch
The time that Eric comes home, too.**
(Jessica Lynn Mathews, Arlington)

*(The Uncle cannot explain just now. He
needs a quiet moment.)*

Next Week: Plainly Ridiculous