

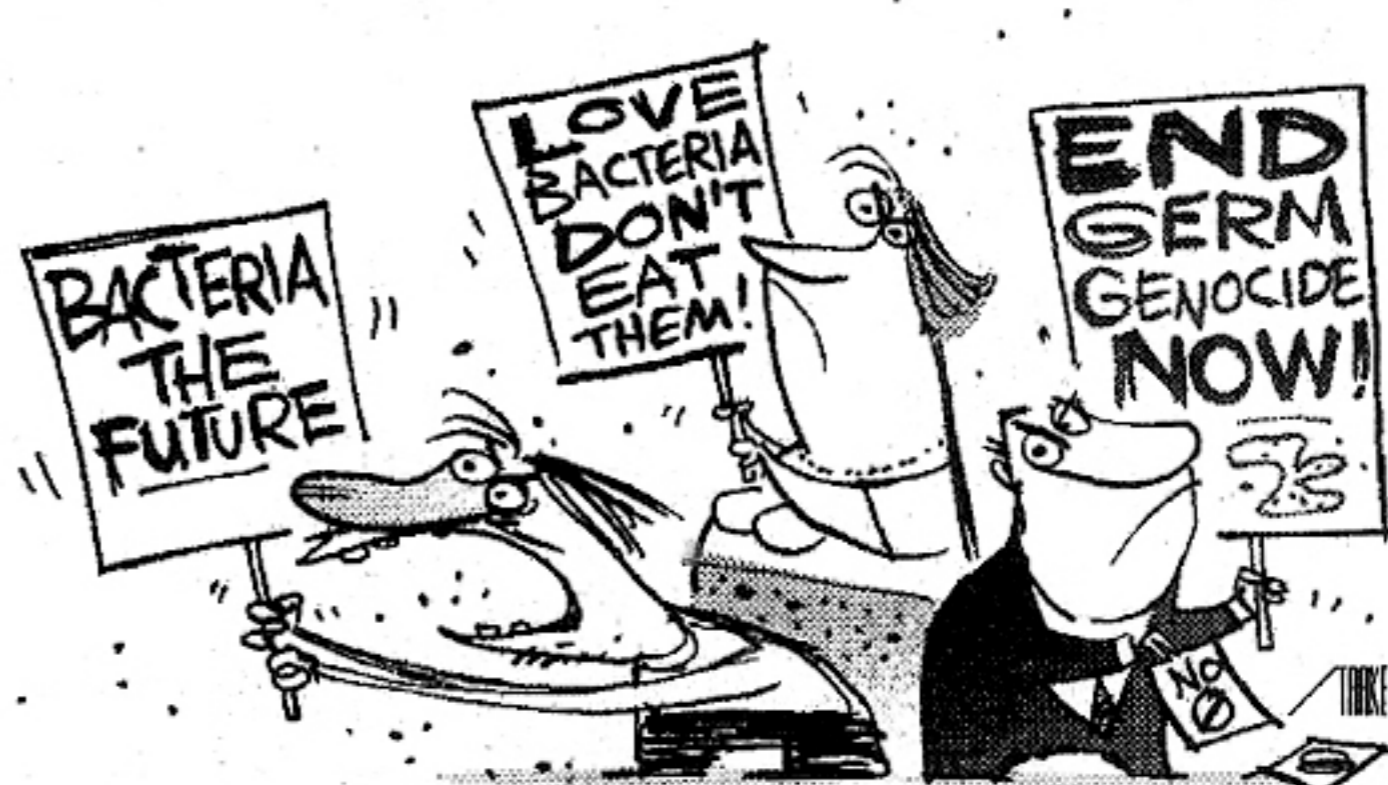
# The Style Invitational

## Week XXVI: It's No Party

**The Hunter-Greens:** *The party of tree-hugging gun nuts. A small but intense constituency.*

**Marthacrats:** *Under our administration, school lunch programs will provide doilies. As will the Air Force.*

**Republicans:** *The free-sex party.*



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**The E.colilogical Party:** *Super animal activists, protecting the rights of even the lowliest among us.*

**This Week's Contest** was proposed by J.J. Gertler of Arlington, who wants you to come up with a new political party and its main political tenet. First-prize winner gets a

vintage 1990 wine bottle filled with popcorn, relic of the mayoral campaign of Charlene Drew Jarvis—a name, the label proclaims, that "is popping up all over." 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 XXVI, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, July 31. All entries must include the week number of the contest 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 XXII,

in which we asked you for ways to encourage celebrities to enter The Style Invitational.

◆ **Second Runner-Up: Make the Style Invitational a contest in which an upstanding, moral, God-fearing Christian celebrity woman like Darva Conger would be proud to participate. Example: Jell-O wrestling. (Since Jell-O is such a respected, wholesome product.)** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

◆ **First Runner-Up: You might get Dan Quayle to enter the contest if you would just stop poking fun at him and making it seem like he is an idiot all the time.** (Anonymouse, Indianapolis; Russell Beland, Annandale)

◆ **And the winner of the poo-shaped pen: Have a contest for the best essay on "Why I Wish the Press Would Leave Me Alone and Respect My Privacy." First prize would be a huge photograph of the winner on Page 1 of The Washington Post.** (Jacob Weinstein, Los Angeles)

◆ **Honorable Mentions: Encourage the participation of professional golfers by announcing that everyone on Earth is eligible to win except Washington Post employees and Tiger Woods.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

◆ **Hire some prissy guy named Anton to go around to celebrities in Hollywood and tell them that the contest cannot possibly fit them in for weeks and weeks.** (Russ Beland, Annandale)

◆ **Offer a date with Darva. Then her ex-husband, Rick Whatsizname, will try to, um, enter.** (Charlie Myers, Laurel)

◆ **Have a contest called "Why My Election Opponent Is Unqualified."** (Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

◆ **Stop giving out lame, crappy prizes. Start giving out lame, crappy "awards." Present them in star-studded TV ceremonies.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

◆ **Allow entries to be sent in via Ouija board.**

(Benjamin Disraeli, London, as told to Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

◆ **Replace The Uncle with The Bitter Fan Turned Stalker, to give the contest a more familiar feel for celebrity types.** (Beth Baniszewski, Columbia)

◆ **Rename the contest "The Big-Budget Style Invitational Production."** (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

◆ **Change the rules of the contest so that Bill Gates judges the winners. Bill Gates will enter.** (Mike Genz, La Plata)

◆ **Guarantee that all entries will be personally opened by the Czar. That ought to attract Ted Kaczynski.** (Bob Sorensen, Herndon; David Genser, Arlington)

◆ **Leave the contest as is. Just drop the clause about judging on the basis of humor and originality. You ought to get entries from some big-time TV sitcom writers.** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

◆ **There is a limited supply of humor in the world. You waste this precious resource by asking for original jokes that will be laughed at once and then forgotten. Perfectly serviceable**

**humor can be easily recycled from old knee-slappers, and you can mix and match. If you agree to this, I and other concerned celebrities will enter all the time. Why is the chicken buried in Grant's Tomb? To keep his pants up!** (Ralph Nader, Washington; Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

◆ **You could get the "Survivor" contestants to enter if you offered as first prize a jar of big, fat, delicious bugs.** (David Genser, Arlington)

◆ **Rename the contest the "Regis Philbin Is a Blithering Idiot Invitational." Alex Trebek will enter.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

◆ **Let some French jerk judge the contest. Jerry Lewis will enter.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

◆ **Announce that the first prize is a bloody knife we found a few years ago in Brentwood. O.J. Simpson will enter 4,000 times.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ **Okay, stop your vague hints, your subtle pleas. I will enter your little contest.** (Susan Anton, Obscurity, Calif.; Russell Beland, Annandale)

◆ **You could have a contest that raises money for the celebrities who enter, only don't tell the celebrity you are doing this. Or tell him but don't do it in such a way that he would know if asked later. The original memos for the contest would need to be lost and any e-mails sent in for the contest would not actually exist. People could even phone in their submissions, just not from their place of business, or I guess they could since they wouldn't know cash money would be the prize.** (Al Gore, Washington; Tom Lundregan, Springfield)

◆ **The Uncle's Pick: I would advise continuing to run the contest exactly as you run it. It won't be long before Satan enters.** (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)

*The Uncle Explains: This is funny because it is an exaggeration of an unfair, though surprisingly widely held, perception that this contest is in the thrall of Evil.*