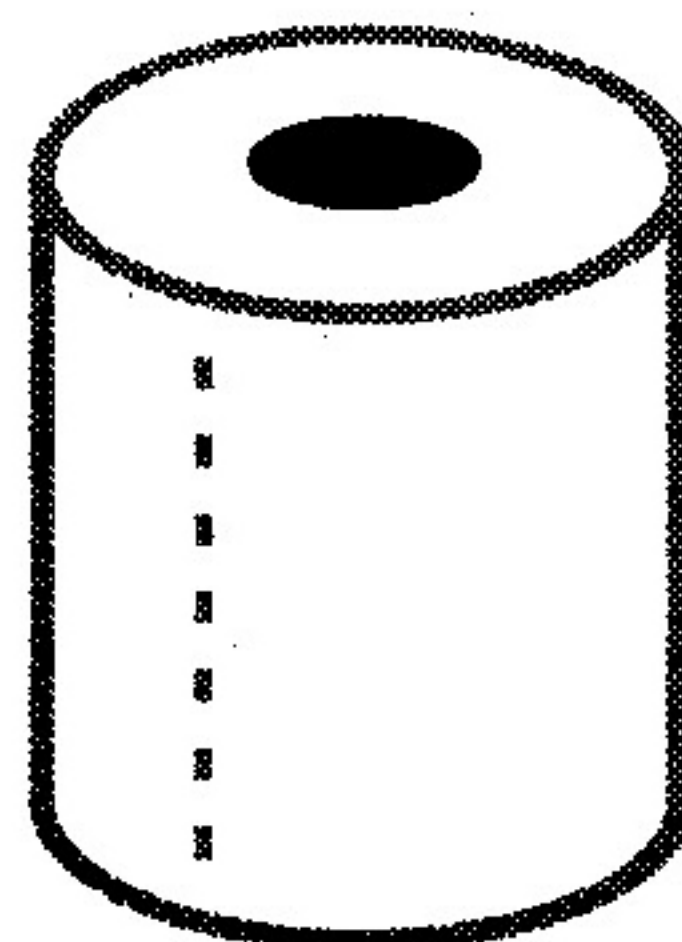
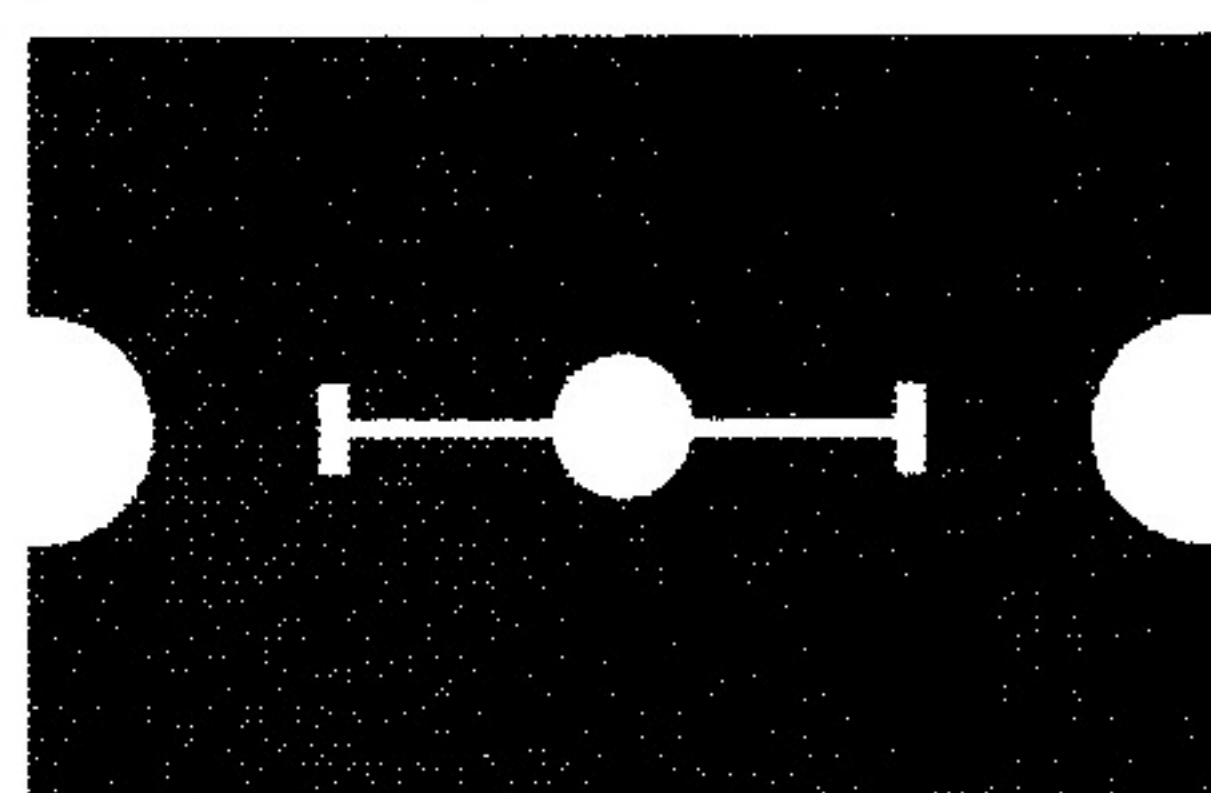
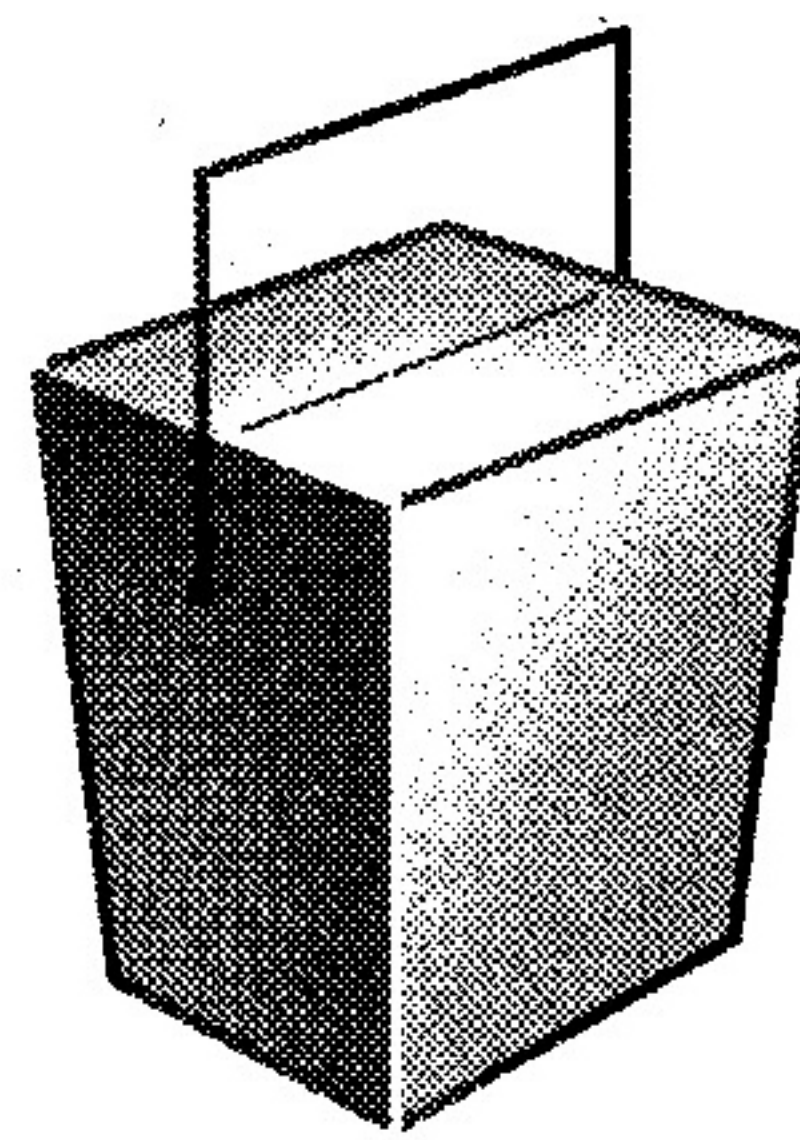
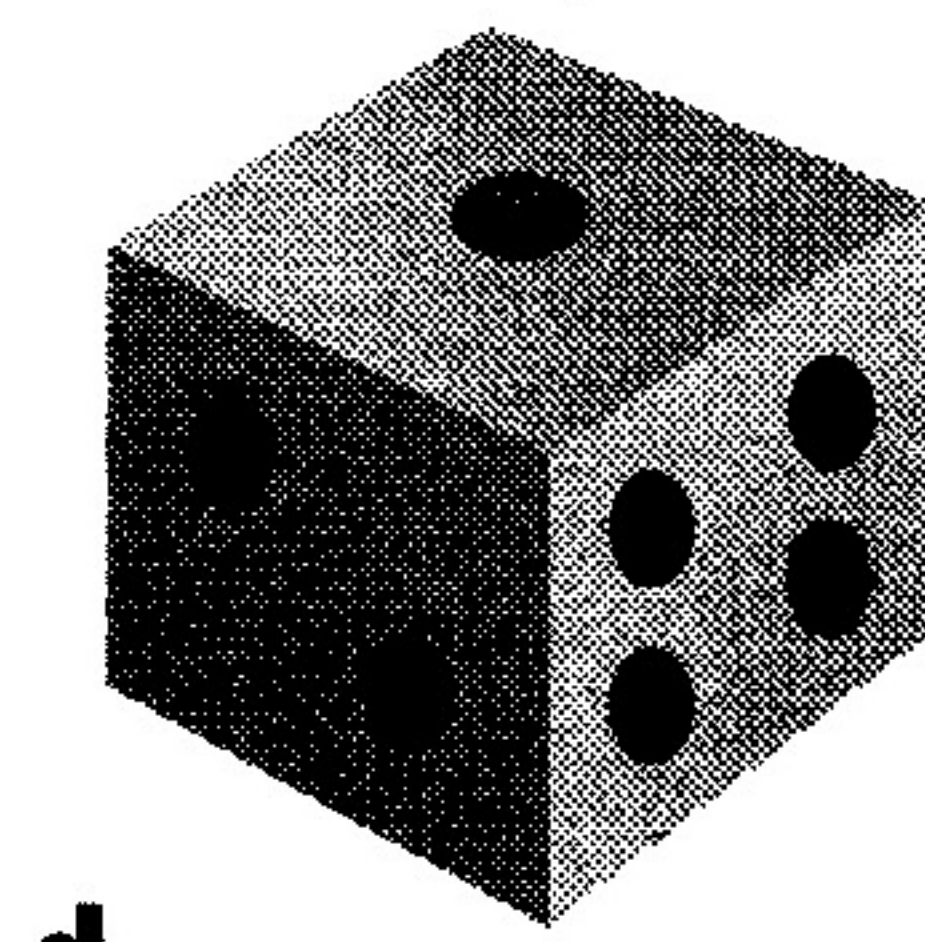
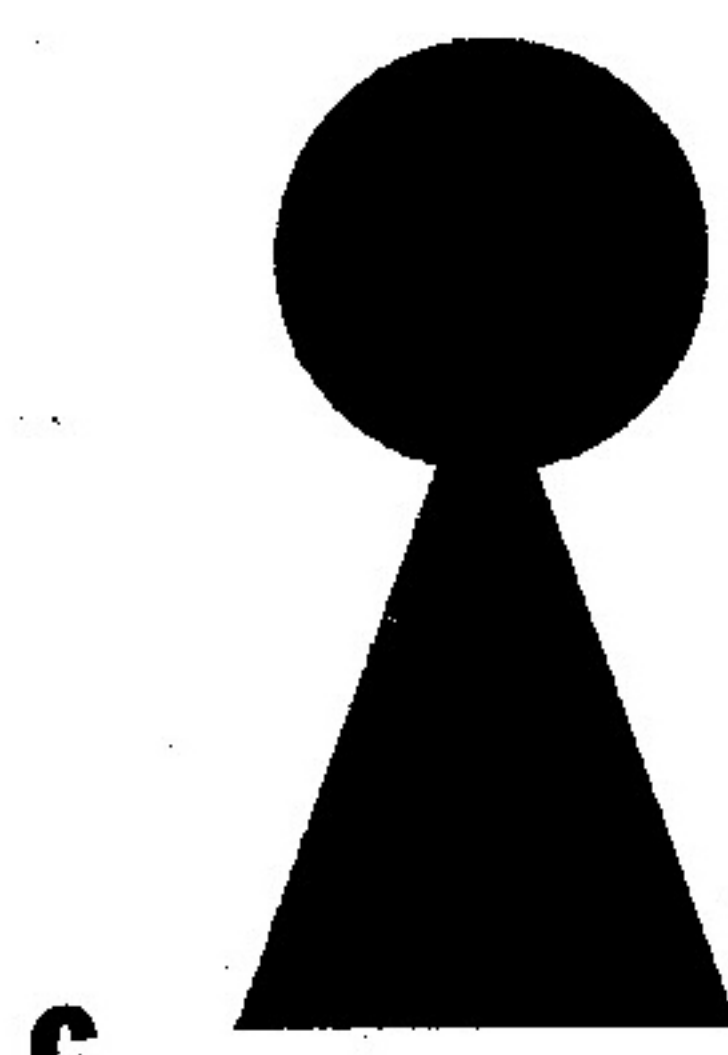
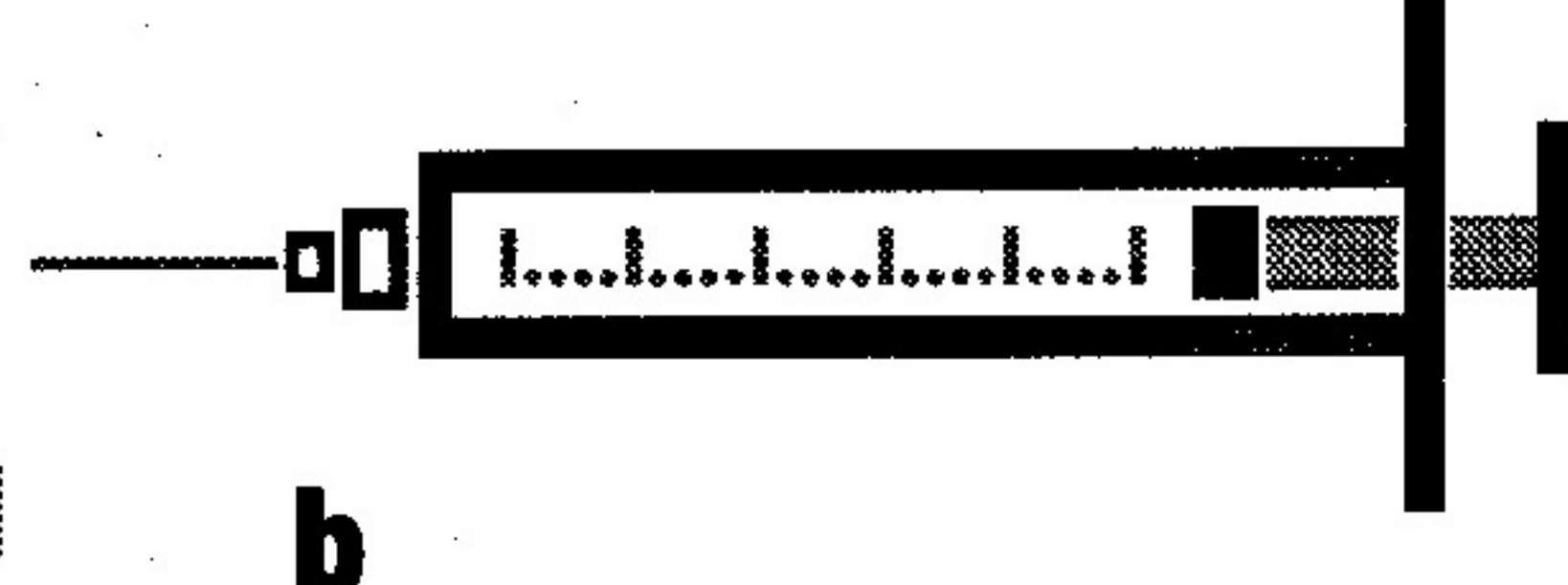
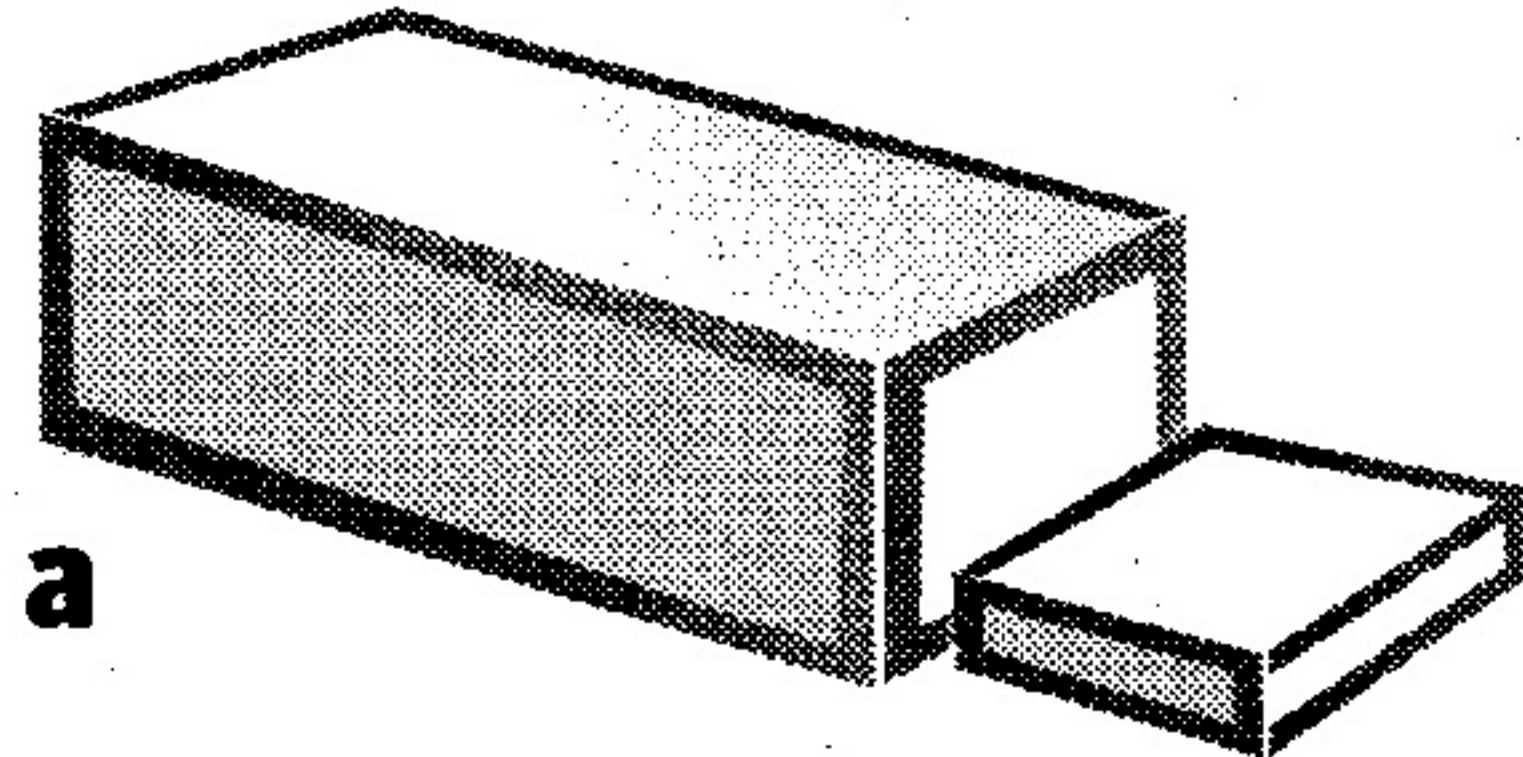


The Style Invitational

Week LXXXVIII: Picture This



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

This Week's Contest: These objects are *not* what they seem to be, at first glance. They are something else entirely. What are they? Choose one or more. First-prize winner gets a 1964 commemorative metal plate celebrating the many splendors of the state of New Jersey. After a few beach blankets and birds, the artist seemed to get desperate: He drew, among other things, belching smokestacks, a bottle of milk, and a can of house paint. This is 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. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, by e-mail to losers@washpost.com, or by U.S. mail to The Style Invitational, Week LXXXVIII, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Deadline is Monday, Oct. 8. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and

telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the subject field. Contests will be judged on the basis of humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. *Entries may be edited 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. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle of Burke.*

REPORT FROM WEEK LXXXIV,

in which we asked you to take the name of anyone or anything and use each of its letters to spell out an appropriate description. We thought we had invented this game, but were inundated with credible claims to the contrary. Dan Steinberg of Columbia cited a contest in Games magazine from 1990, won by this entry: *Jaded Actress Now Emphasizes Fitness Over Nuclear Disarmament, Alas*. Dan proposes an updated version: *Just Another Nouveau-riche Ex-wife: Frivolous, Overexposed, Not Doing Anything*. Meredith G. Williams of Rockville alleges he came up with the genre in 1983, naming it a 'bacronnym,' and supplies epistolary proof; however, Meredith also cites a previous example (1970) in a magazine named Nucleonics Week. We understand the confusion, and hereby clear this matter up: The Czar invented it. Four weeks ago. Here are the results.

◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **Taped hubby's exhibitionism? Just entered rehab recently? Your sister's presently residing in Newark giving everybody recreational sex? Heroin overdosed? Write.** (Norman F. Wesley, Pittsburgh)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Medication and rest in a hospital. Career, acting resume eventually. Yawn.** (Kyle Bonney, Fairfax)

◆ Third Runner-Up— **Let a no-good, criminally evil, infamous throat-slitter off.** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

◆ Second Runner-Up— **The Humor Expert, Comedy's Zeus, amuses readers. (This humiliating entry cops Zarrow a Runner-up.)** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ First Runner-Up— **Marriage Obviator (Note: I'm currently available.)** (P.J. Siegel, Greenbelt)

◆ And the winner of the genuine extremely imitation jade scorpion: **Look, I never divulge anything that's related in privacy. Promise.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

Got a report yesterday: Chandra's official news. Damn, I'm toast. (Chris Doyle, Burke)

Don't even attempt to hide. (Kyle Standiford, 13, Great Falls)

Never accept suggestions, criticism and responsibility. (Ron Ungvasky, Bexley, Ohio)

I am chairman of CCA. (John R. Junker, Manassas)

Jaded, exhausted football field general exiting oafishly. Remember Gus, everyone? (Brian E. Foster, Fairfax)

Obsessive jealousy simmers into murderously purposeful stalking of Nicole. (Chris Doyle, Burke)

Renames every place blatantly after Ronald Reagan. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Jeez, it makes my year helping old folks fertilize annuals. (J.J. Gertler, Arlington)

They're honest, extremely moral and friendly Italian Americans. (Chris Doyle, Burke)

Gore elected? Oh, really? Gore elected? Wait. Bring us Supreme help. (Jean Lightner Norum, Charlottesville)

Road-rage, unending, screwed-up, hopeless, hostile, oppressive, unstoppable, relentless, terrible, racing, apoplectic, frenetic, fanatical, infuriating . . . collision! (Sue Witmer, Brevard, N.C.)

A divinely assembled man. (Chris Doyle, Burke)

Tepid, odorless, flavorless un-food. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

My teenager vegetates. (Ben Merrion, Washington)

Every dork in the office revels in ad-lib sermonizing. (Albert P. Toner, Arlington)

Hearty eater inhales. Morsel lodges in craw. Help! (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Girl absent, reporters yelling. Congressman, obviously nervous, denies irrefutable truth. (Patrick Jones, Alexandria)

Courted Hitler at Munich, bringing European ruin. Loser at international negotiations. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Totally vacuous. (Howard Walderman, Columbia)

My abode reflects the harmony amateurs shun. Totally excellent work, artfully rendered. Touche. (Cheryl Noland, Capitol Heights)

Coy and lovely, if shrinking, thespian as fledgling lawyer or coquettish kitten: Health aside, ratings thrive. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Sho' tired. Running outta momentum. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Lopped off ruffian's extremity, nabbed acquittal, but our budding beautician is tamer today. (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

Okay, leave your money, please. I'm choosing sites. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Next Week: Expanding Wastelines