## The Style Invitational **WEEK 65: DESPERATELY SEEKING HUMOR**

From Jeffrey Dahmer:

"SWM seeks a relationship to really sink his teeth into..."

From a leper:

"I'm a homebody, but a part of me likes to slip away from time to time..."

From a Siamese twin:

"...SWF, very close to her family..."

From a bulimic:

"...Easy to please, enjoys pretty much whatever comes up..."



This week's contest was suggested by the fact that Sunday Style today begins running personal classified ads, those earnest little tidbits of creative falsehood where people try to paint themselves in as favorable a light as possible without actually lying. So, in 40 words or fewer write a personal ad. It may be for a celebrity or for anyone in need of adroit euphemism. Winner gets an atrociously cute 30-pound cement lawn sculpture of two kittycats in a bedroom slipper, a value of \$50. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper stickers. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 65, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet at this address: losers@access.digex.net, Entries must be received on or before Monday, May 30. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

## REPORT FROM WEEK 61,

## in which we asked you to fill in the balloons for Marc Rosenthal's farewell cartoons.

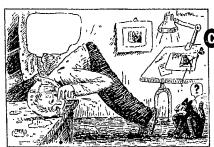
Sigh. We knew this would happen eventually. As we have said before, The Style Invitational does not seek or practice diversity. The Style Invitational is America's last remaining pure meritocracy. We choose winners based entirely on humor. We do not try for balance—not on the basis of ethnicity, geography, socioeconomics, or gender. We are objective, but we are not fair.

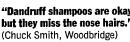
Sue us. Mary Ann The Lawyer eats sniveling, mewling whiners like you for breakfast.

There were 1,400 entries this week, submitted by 445 individuals. These were the winners:

- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "I couldn't afford the little castle, so I let the fish swim in and out of my nose." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- ▶ Third Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "A one-piranha suicide is going to take some time." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Second Runner-Up (Cartoon C): "I still think this is too much ether, but tell the proctologist I'm ready now." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- ◆ First Runner-Up (Cartoon D): "Yippee! With my new Hackey-Cat toy, I'll make millions!" (Tom Gearty, Arlington)
  - ◆ And the winner of the escapable magician's leg shackles (Cartoon C):

"Dandruff shampoos are okay, but they miss the nose hairs











Honorable Mentions:

Cartoon A "Look, the headline says there's some guy running around strangling cats! I hope they catch him." (Mike White, Alexandria)

Cartoon B: "Lessee, I've carefully packaged the bomb with untraceable explosive, cleaned all fingerprints, and done a pretty good imitation of a real postmark. They'll never figure out who...hey, where the hell is my toupee?" (Chuck Harman, District Heights)

"If they get it, they GET it." (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

Cartoon C:

"Yay, it does look bigger this way!" (Rod Reynolds, Bowie) "By God, you're right. From inside the fishbowl, my cat does look a poorly drawn knockoff of Krazy Kat!"

(Bill Ade. Burke) "Who's the wise guy who said it was easier to stand on your head in

water?" (Chuck Harman, District Heights) "You mean, you don't think The Post literally meant for me to go

soak my head, do you?" (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

And Last (Cartoon B): " 'By removing my scalp and mailing my imagination directly to the Style Invitational editors, I can let them pick a winner for me every week and save time for really important stuff,' Chuck Smith said to his dog, Woodbridge." (Matt Wagner, Chantilly)

Next Week: Bad News Bearers.