The Style Invitational Proudly Announces Its Acquisition of The Annie Groer Collection, Some of the Finest Items ofcrap Ever Assembled in One Place By One Human Being. The centrepiece of Ms. Groer’s collection is this gangrenous objet d’art, a velvet Elvis of breathtaking artistic incompetence. Adding to its value is its size, a robust 3 feet by 2 feet. The contest is to come up with a title and/or art gallery blurb for this painting; best entry wins it. It is worth $6 million. 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 137, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312, or submit them via the Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the appropriate Week Number in the subject’ field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Nov. 6. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & The Ear No One Reads thanks Jean Sorensen of Herndon for today’s Ear No One Reads. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

Report from Week 133, in which we asked you to write clerihews, biographical four-line rhyming poems characterized by odious rhyme and meter, as pioneered by mystery writer E. Clerihew Bentley. Awfully good entries, and we mean that literally. Clerihews are a rather disreputable poetic form. (Or, as Richard Stromberg of Fairfax Station wrote, “E. Clerihew Bentley/ Had not much to do, evidently.”) Fourth Runner-Up: Ross Perot, jeez,

His ears look like boiled pirogis.

His voice is as shrill as a barking Chihuahua.
It makes me want to turn on "20/20" and listen to Barbara Walters. (Joel Kananishu, Hyattsville) Third Runner-Up:

Socrates

Considered drinking anti-freeze

But decided on another poison, which he sucked up like a Greek-philosopher-Hoover,

Which today, of course, we call the Hemlock Maneuver. (Jennifer Hart, Arlington) Second Runner-Up:

Heath Shuler, the multi-million-dollar quarterback, was a high draft pick,

His greedy holdout made me sick.

Then Gus's star arose,

And megabucks is on the bench, picking splinters and his nose. (Jack Shreve, Kensington) First Runner-Up:

Anyone who has heard the rock-and-roll singing of action star Bruce Willis

Knows what shrill is.

His whole notes howl, his half-notes warp and waver,

But he's been...
I think: Dustin Hoffman at 72. (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

Christopher Columbus thought he’d met his acid test:

When you’ve a name like John F. Kennedy Jr.
The expectations could be enough to ruin ya
Especially if folks expected to hear between yer
Lines the voice of John F. Kennedy Sr. (David Smith, Greenbelt)
It’s a shame that Packy got the boot.
Although if he’d asked me I could have told the dumb galoot
That it’s foolish enough to screw the girls and write about it in your diary,
But to screw the good ol’ boys instead is sheer suicide. (Mimi Herman, Baltimore)

Napoleon Bonaparte, in his final St. Helena days,
Was beset with clichés.
Imagine some wag saying, "Face it, Nappie, you’re through"
At last you’ve met your Waterloo. (William Bradford, Washington)

Detective Mark Fuhrman
Displayed sentiments which one would normally expect from a 1930s German . . . (Paul Briggs, Chestertown)
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Verily, the parking of Stephanopoulos,
Doth parallel the laws of Darwin articulated after years of study in the Galapagos:
When naturally selected, thou has a right to ignore the cars thou hittest,
It’s survival of the fittest. (Phyllis Fung, Bruce Feiler, Andy Cowan, Washington)

Colin Powell,
Is an entrant’s dream because his last name rhymes with bowel,
And his first name
Is a homonym for the same. (Joseph Romm, Washington) And last:

Chuck Smith and poop

Go together like sandwich and soup ... (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg) Next Week: Jerry-Built Solutions