

# The Style Invitational

WEEK 36: SCAM ON WRY

1. Chisel onto stone tablets Bill Clinton's inaugural speech, translated into Sanskrit, and bury it at the site of a present archaeological dig.
2. Walk into an ethnic restaurant and saunter past diners into the kitchen, carrying a cat in a cage.
3. Tell Bob Packwood that there is an attractive woman out there who forgives him and wants to date him. When he gets all lathered up, send over Lorena Bobbitt.



**This week's contest:** Come up with a prank you can play, for fun, profit, or deliverance of a well-needed comeuppance. This was inspired by an entry to last week's contest submitted by Mike Merman, of College Park. Mike wins some "Snot Candy" in an attractive plastic nose. First-prize winner receives a plastic clock with a tasteful Last Supper motif, including plastic cherubs, a value of \$50. Runners-up, as always, get the coveted Style Invitational losers' T-shirts. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to the Style Invitational, Week 36, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or fax them to 202-334-4312. Entries must be received on or before Monday, Nov. 15. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. No purchase necessary. Hi. This is the Faerie of the Fine Print, again. Any more dorky middle names out there? Send us your middle name, with proof, and maybe win a loser's t-shirt. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

## Report from Week 33

In which you were asked to cover the moon landing, the Lincoln assassination or the stock market crash in the style of someone whose work regularly appears in the Washington Post.

One comment: You should all be lined up against a wall and shot.

### ◆ Fourth Runner-Up:

**BOB LEVEY'S WASHINGTON**

Mary Todd Lincoln has a suggestion for the folks at Ford's Theatre. Seems Mrs. Lincoln was attending a play at the theater last week when an assassin shot her husband. Mrs. Lincoln believes the whole thing could have been avoided if Ford's adopted a policy requiring assassins to check their weapons. How 'bout it, Ford's?

(Elizabeth C. Kelley, Silver Spring)

### ◆ Third Runner-Up:

**Free For All**

**Dissing Mary Todd**

In your report on President Lincoln's death, you describe Mary Todd Lincoln's attire as "light-bodied." I question whether a similar description of the snugness of President Lincoln's trousers would merit inclusion if the roles were reversed.

—Jane Smith  
(Mike Megargee, Arlington)

### ◆ Second Runner-Up:

**COLMAN MCCARTHY**

Mourn not for Lincoln. As a young man, the future dictator murdered rabbits for "food" and "clothes" rather than eat and Kentucky...

(John McMahon, Warrenton)

### ◆ First Runner-Up:

**CRITIC AT LARGE**  
BY RICHARD COHEN

**Moonlight Becomes Me**

As a boy growing up in New York, I felt a certain possessiveness concerning the moon. It shone more brightly not just on me, but on friends and neighborhood as well. I vividly remember an important occasion involving the moon. The eve of my bar mitzvah. That night, trying on my very first new suit, a shiny blue serge job, I recall the moonlight reflecting off the material. *I had become one with the cosmos.* Years later, when Man actually walked on my moon, as an American I felt proud. Yet, somehow, violated. This dichotomy...

(Peter Charles, Alexandria)

**THE FAR SIDE** GARY LARSON

Suddenly, Neil's day took a turn for the worse.

(Stephen Licht, Kensington)

### ◆ And the winner of Mickey's Clock Shop:

### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

**Gentiles Walk on Moon**  
By Richard Cohen

While on vacation in Berlin last week—where, I might add, the women's couture is less dowdy than that of Washington, but lacks that certain *gnädiges plützenheimersheit* of, say, Paris—I was reminded of the carefree days of my youth, some 25 years after Hitler invaded Poland...

(Kitty Thuermer, Washington)

**Bob Levey's Washington**

Hey, folks! Here's this month's neologism contest: You're a Wall Street stock broker, and you've just been ruined in the big crash. Bereft of hope, you leap off the roof of your downtown office building. As you plummet toward certain death, that funny little tickly feeling you get in your stomach is called...

The winner receives an all-expense-paid lunch for two with yours truly at the soup kitchen of his or her choice.

(Paul Sabourin, Greenbelt)

**Judy Mann**

As I was reading The Washington Post today, noticing yet again that all the meaty articles were written by men, my daughter rushed over to tell me the news she had just heard on the TV set in the den. (Den: Such a masculine word!) A man had walked on the moon. I shouldn't have been surprised that a man was doing the walking. Yes, men walk, leaving women to fend for themselves, while they go on to marry younger women...

(Barbara Rich, Charlottesville)

**The Federal Diary, by Mike Causey:**

Civil Servants Walk on Moon

(Dan Harbacevich, Stephens City)

◆ And Last:

**The Reliable Source, by Lois Romano**

April was a bad month for: Abraham Lincoln...

(Joyce Small, Herndon)

Next Week: **Inspect a Gadget.**