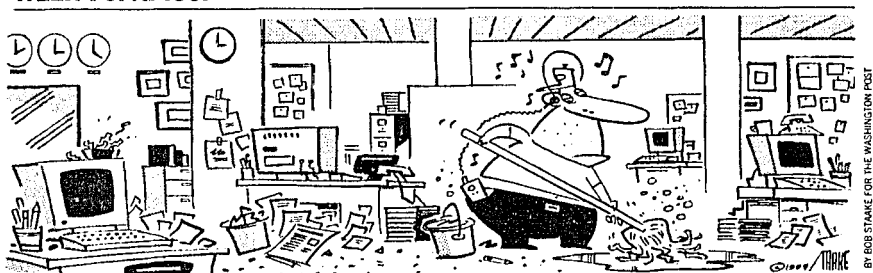


The Style Invitational

WEEK 76: ADIOS.



BY BOB STAMPE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

*Sorry—no examples this week.
It's August, and we're outta here!*

This week's contest was prompted by the fact that August gets no respect. Washington gets as empty as a dumpster full of anxieties. Public discourse gets as thin as a soup made from the shadow of a chicken that starved to death. People make like infinitives and split. This is an intolerable affront to a month with many fine qualities. Tell us: In 40 words or fewer, what is great about August in Washington. You'll have to wait six weeks for your answers, because the Invitational is on sabbatical. First-prize winner gets a fabulous giant-size 1975 calendar featuring the tortured likenesses of all the presidents of the United States and spotlighting, in a large portrait, President Gerald R. Ford, a value of \$30. 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 76, 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. Entries must be received by Monday, Aug. 22. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in six weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 73:

in which we asked you what Neil Armstrong *should* have said when he landed on the moon. Several disturbingly popular themes emerged: 1. Neil has to pee real bad, usually because of excessive consumption of Tang. 2. Neil steps in poo from the cow that jumped over the moon. 3. Neil "cuts the cheese." 4. Neil and/or Buzz drops trou and "earths" the moon. What is *wrong* with you people? This here is a classy contest. We would no sooner dignify this sort of crude humor than we would stick a subliminal toilet joke in our ear.

◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **"Is it my imagination, Buzz, or does the moon look really big tonight?"** (Jonathan M. Kaye, Washington)

◆ Third Runner-Up: **"Line!"** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge; also, Chuck Coleman, Oakton, and Bill McClatchie, Fairfax)

◆ Second Runner-Up: **"At last, a place where white men can jump."** (Christie Houser, Alexandria; also, Robert Lisle, Staunton, Va., and Austin Doyle, Silver Spring)

◆ First Runner-Up: **"Cool! Now the moon is flat and the Earth is round!"** (Mark P. Hurst, Germantown)

◆ *And the Winner of the bordello rag doll:*

"One hundred eighty-seven thousand six hundred forty-four bottles of beer on the wall..." (Stu Segal, Vienna)

◆ Honorable Mentions

"If we can do this, why can't we make a painless nose hair remover?" (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

"Help! I've risen and I can't get down!" (Mark P. Hurst, Germantown)

"Houston? Armstrong here... No, dammit, Neil Armstrong." (Angus MacLean Thuermer, Middleburg, Vt.)

"A man on the moon! Good God, what's next, the Mets winning the World Series?" (David Avagliano Treber, Silver Spring)

"Houston? I thought this would be a good time to ask for a raise." (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)

"Hey, Buzz. I bet ya 'Who is Michael Collins?' will be a great 'Jeopardy!' question...in, like, about two weeks! Hahahaha." (Gregory A. James, Fairmount Heights)

"Okay, Buzz. I'm throwing the key in. You can undo the cuffs and come out now." (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

"'Bein' as how there's no other place around the place, I reckon this must be the place." (Jim Barnes, Leesburg)

"That's one small step for an individual of male gender, one giant leap for non-gender-specific pan-ethnic chronologically diverse beings whose different methods of worshiping an omnipotent creator who/that meaningfully guides history and their lives, or not recognizing any such being at all, are equally meritorious." (Joan Koury, Washington)

"Wow! Deja vu!" (Russ Beland, Springfield; also, Waldo L. Jaquith, Free Union, Va.)

"Houston, I am picking up some kind of alien transmission. I hear a laugh track, and now someone, or something has just said, 'To the Earth, Alizorg! Do you hear me, to the Earth!'" (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

"Hello, Domino's? Let's get this straight. You guarantee delivery anywhere within 30 minutes or the pizza is free, right?" (Chris Rooney, Blacksburg, Va.)

"Hey guys, this plaque says 'Richard F. Nixon.'" (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

"Hey, look. There's a monkey hitting another monkey with a bone over there." (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

"Houston, this is Buzz. Armstrong told me to come out first. He, ah ... didn't want all the glory, and he was tired too. Also, um, his radio is broken, and he's decided not to go back to Earth." (Russ Beland, Springfield)

"I lost 180 pounds in three days, and I ate all the foods I really like!" (Geoff and Jacki Drucker, Arlington)

◆ And Last:

"I can't help wondering how this moment will be memorialized in the newspapers in 25 years—probably something real dignified, I am sure." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)