

The Invitational Week 38: Cross Us Up

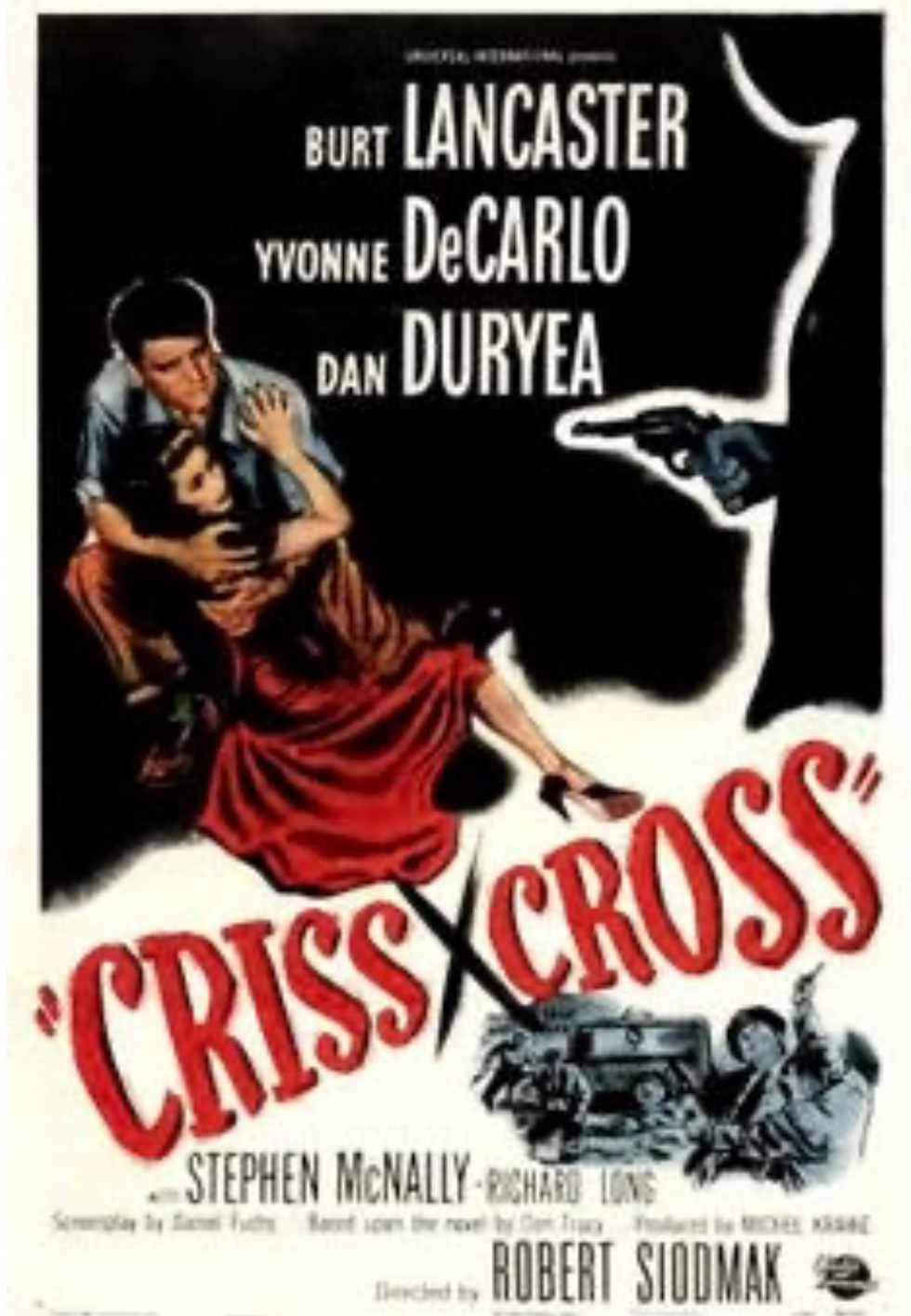
Mirror a phrase, more or less, in this week's wordplay contest. And we offer a certain respect and admiration for Trumpsters.

[PAT MYERS](#)

AND

[GENE WEINGARTEN](#)

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Chi marks the spot in this week's wordplay contest . (Film Journal)

The Invitational, Week 38: Simultaneous, Explosive Chiasms

Not all men kiss their wives goodbye when they leave their homes, but all men kiss their homes goodbye when they leave their wives. (*David Kleinbard*)

If you're planning to take a drive on the Beltway, don't start by taking a belt in the driveway. (*Dave Zarrow*)

I'd rather have bliss with two sisters than a cyst with two blisters. (*Tom Witte*)

This week's contest is completely new and original, a lie that we justify to ourselves when it's been ten years or more since we ran a previous one. (In this case, twelve years.) **For Week 38, write an original witticism containing a chiasmus — a sentence or phrase followed by its inversion,** as in the examples above from a previous contest we don't officially acknowledge. It may be on any subject: philosophical, political, personal, pseudo-literary, phallic, etc. And it doesn't even have to begin with P.

For this contest, we are using the term “chiasmus” to include its Patty-Duke-like nearly identical cousin called **antimetabole**. In short, we will accept entries in which the words in the first half of a phrase or a sentence are directly transposed in the second half, or where the initial *sounds* are playfully altered and inverted, spoonerism-style. The most famous example of the first type is John F. Kennedy's “Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.” The most famous example of the second type, attributed to various wits, is “I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.”

Note: You may also use a word and its homonym (e.g., chased/chaste).

For more examples from *The Time Before Memory*, see [here](#) and [here](#).

Click here for this week's entry form. Or go to bit.ly/inv-form-38. As usual, you can submit up to 25 entries for this week's contest, preferably all on the same entry form. See the form for how to format your entries.

Deadline is Saturday, Sept. 30, at 4 p.m. ET. Results will run here in The Gene Pool on Thursday, Oct. 5.



The winner gets one of our most Loserly prizes ever: **this iron-on patch**, even though it was not made specifically for the Losers, the moniker that [the social community of Invitational contestants](#) gave themselves decades ago, in honor of the contest's prize for runner-ups at the time, a coveted T-shirt emblazoned

“LOSER.” The patch was found and donated by Loser Extraordinaire Jonathan Jensen, who probably has one of these tattooed on his chest.

Runners-up get autographed fake money featuring the Czar or Empress, in one of [ten nifty designs](#). Honorable mentions get bupkis, except for a personal email from the E, plus the [Fir Stink for First Ink](#) for those who’ve just lost their Invite virginity. We have one today.

Bless Their Hearts: Trumpster-positive thoughts from Week 36

In Invitational [Week 36](#) we asked you to offer either respect or compassion for the many passionate admirers of Donald Trump.

Third runner-up:

Respect: No way would they vote for a guy who’d shoot someone on Third or Seventh Avenue. They’ve got standards, you know. (*Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va.*)

Second runner-up:

Respect: They’ve broadened their thinking — they recently acknowledged that the Second Amendment does not guarantee all Hunters the right to bear arms. (*Steve Smith, Potomac, Md.*)

First runner-up:

Respect: Given the old adage, Trumpsters must have achieved bliss! (*Leif Picoult, Rockville, Md.*)

And the winner of the [“Freudian Sips” coffee mug](#):

Compassion: Have you ever *tasted* snake oil? (*Steve Smith*)

EmPathetic: Honorable mentions

Respect / admiration

They alone have realized that Trump wasn't lying about his weight — he just reported it in kilograms! (*Rob Cohen, Potomac, Md.*)

Trump supporters are admirably unselfish — you could never accuse them of voting in their own interest. (*Jonathan Jensen, Baltimore*)

They've successfully contradicted Descartes' first principle: They don't, but still ... they are! (*Sam Mertens, Silver Spring, Md.*)

That MAGA hat really brings out the red in their zits. I'd almost say that it makes them pop, but it doesn't quite. (*Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase, Md.*)

They're so brave – even though they fear being raped and murdered by *those* people, they still eat at Taco Bell and Chipotle. (*Kevin Dopart, sojourning in Naxos, Greece*)

They know and understand God's immutable distinction between those who are permitted to grab genitals and those whose genitals are permitted to be grabbed. (*Mark Raffman, Reston, Va.*)

You've got to admire people whose jobs won't be replaced by AI. (*Tom Witte, Montgomery Village, Md.*)

Unlike the Democrats, at least they truly believe their guy ought to be president in 2025. (*Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn, Va.*)

Compassion

Playing the role of a **big strong man in tears** who meets Trump everywhere and calls him “sir” is so time-consuming and hard on the lacrimal ducts! (*Duncan Stevens*)

They'll have to settle for a low-rent version of “The Apprentice” called “The Apprehended,” which shows Trump making prison deals, such as ramen for smokes. (*Leif Picoult*)

The bus that shuttles them between the D.C. Jail and courthouse never shows any good movies. *(Duncan Stevens)*

Nobody looks good in a brown shirt. *(Kevin Dopart)*

So many of them still must endure having their medical bills paid by Obamacare. *(Steve Smith)*

Alas, none of them will be permitted to selflessly serve Trump's jail time. *(Steve Smith)*

With all the different Trump trials coming up, there are so many jurors to stalk and threaten, so little time! *(Duncan Stevens)*

It's sad for them when they realize they're a — ugh — minority in this country. *(Sam Mertens)*

Crotch-grabbing and making little kissy sounds hasn't worked so well with the ladies after all. *(Duncan Stevens)*

It's such a challenge now to get your mistress an abortion. *(Kevin Dopart)*

They've spent half their money on funding Trump's legal defense, and soon they'll spend the other half on mailing him shiv-filled MyPillows. *(Leif Picoult)*

It must be a struggle to be proud of the January 6 "protests" even though they were obviously the work of Antifa. *(Kevin Dopart)*

It must be unnerving that Trump probably is still nine criminal charges short of what he needs to win the presidency. *(Steve Smith)*

So many all-you-can-eat buffets don't tell you they only mean it for the first four hours. *(Sam Mertens)*

They truly have no idea why so many of their friends and family members have died over the past three years. *(Sarah Walsh, Rockville, Md.)*

Ode to the Trumpsters (a parody of Stephen Sondheim's "Sorry-Grateful")
(Video of Judy Freed performing it)

I'm truly sorry that you're so hateful.

No use denying what makes you tick – just one big dic ... tator.

You don't live with him. You do live for him.

You're scared they're gonna lock him away. We only pray.

Good people scorn you, He does too.

It must not be easy being you.

And so I'm sorry you're not regretful.

Why do I bother? You've all gone dim.

Your karmic footprint is looking grim,

Which has something to do — no, *all* to do with him.

He'll always be what he always was,

So I'm sorry you fall for everything he does.

I want nothing to do with all to do with him.

(Judy Freed, Deerfield Beach, Fla.)

And Last: We should admire *and* respect Trump supporters! After all, aren't they losers with a capital L, too? *(Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)*

The headline "Bless Their Hearts" is by Beverley Sharp; Beverley also wrote the honorable-mentions subhead.

Still running — deadline 4 p.m. ET Saturday, Sept. 23: **Our Week 37 contest for backronyms** — you treat a name as an acronym and tell us what phrase it "stands for." [Click here](#) or type in bit.ly/inv-week-37.