

# The Style Invitational

Week 617: Best the Best



**"Well, I was, like, a woman, y'know. William was, y'know, like, a man. So I'm, like, so lonely. Willie is, like, well, Willie. Anyway, a wink, some skin, 'lookie lookie,' we make some nookie . . ."**

BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**This week's contest:** On April 16, 2000, the Czar of The Style Invitational, may he rest in "retirement," printed what he would later declare the best Invitational winner ever: The example above is only a fraction of the tour-de-force submission by Richard Grossman of McLean of a passage consisting entirely of the letters of the subject's name, in this case one Monica Lewinsky. Actually, all of that week's results were excellent, but only 16 entries were printed, and several of them focused on Clinton-era notables. The Empress decrees that it's time to give it another go: **Write something about any famous personage that uses only the letters in his or her name.** It can be short or long; it does not have to use all the letters, and it can use a letter more than once. The more natural the syntax, the better. Winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives the complete seven-volume *Chronicles of The Style Invitational*, compiled and donated by Truly Has-No-Life-Loser Russell Beland of Springfield. This amazing work comprises the first 500 printed entries from Invitational Hall of Famers Chuck Smith, Jennifer Hart, Tom Witte, Chris Doyle and Russ himself, plus a collection of miscellany and an index of Weeks 1 through 599.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or, if you really have to, by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, July 11. Put "Week 617" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Entries are judged on the basis of humor and

originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published Aug. 7. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's contest is based on an idea by Francis Heaney, whom we didn't credit last time until he complained. The revised title for next week's contest is by Joseph Romm of Washington.

**Report from Week 613,** in which we asked you to coin words containing the letters E, R, A and N, consecutively but in any order you liked. Saul Singer of Silver Spring sent in "Neararena" (property within walking distance of MCI Center), which he proudly noted contained *doubles* of E, R, A and N — and no other letters — but didn't note that the answer wasn't particularly funny.

- ◆ **Third runner-up: Stalloneranger:** Yo, Silver! (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- ◆ **Second runner-up: Supranecessity:** The mother of all mothers of invention. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)
- ◆ **First runner-up, the winner of the dinner plate from the American Dietetic Association: Hootermanny:** The au pair you thought was especially promising, but your wife sent back to the agency. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
- ◆ **And the winner of the Inker: Dane-rot:** What Hamlet discovered when he came home from college. (Danny Bravman, St. Louis)

- ◆ **Honorable Mentions:**
- Maccabeanery:** A kosher diner. (Deborah Guy, Columbus, Ohio)
- Inanery:** A comedy club. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- Planertia:** When you stick with a bad idea long after it's clear you have no exit strategy. (Mike Cisneros, Centreville)
- Sosa-nervosa:** The midseason anxiety suffered by Orioles fans as they sense they've just obtained another over-the-hill slugger. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)
- Arenotdetwo:** R2D2's argumentative twin. (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)
- Bewarenik:** A conspiracy theorist. (Marjorie Streeter, Reston)
- Rearendearment:** A loving pat on the tush. (Chris Doyle)
- Searenade:** A torch song. (Chris Doyle)
- Sahararendevous:** Midnight at the oasis. (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)
- Squaren't:** A fundamental property of walls that becomes screamingly apparent when you try to hang patterned wallpaper. (Walt Johnston, Woodstock, Md.)
- Earnigma:** An IRS form. (Herb Greene, Catonsville)
- Earnosethroater:** A plain-speaker's otorhinolaryngologist. (Danny Bravman; Mary Harlow, Alexandria)
- Yearner's-permit:** A credit card. (Jesse Frankovich, Los Angeles)
- Heathenarc:** An Air Force Academy cadet who rats out all the non-Christians. (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)
- Menart:** Writing your name in the snow. (Kyle Hendrickson)
- Menarchy:** The view that the male is always in charge, period. (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Kenarbie:** Mattel's new hermaphroditic doll. (Dan Seidman, Watertown, Mass.)
- Sevenarse:** Standard minivan capacity. (Walt Johnston)
- Enran:** Skipped the country to avoid prosecution for corporate crime: "The CFO enran to his estate in Aruba just before the audit." (John Mering, East Stroudsburg, Pa.)
- Fenrapture:** Boston, Oct. 27, 2004. (Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)
- Chickenracing:** Poultry in motion. (Chris Doyle)
- Heavenradio:** The Corporation for Public Broadcasting's planned second NPR channel: all religion, all the time. (Peter Metrinko)
- Ye Olde NRA:** If crossbows are outlawed, only criminals will have crossbows. (Brian Cohen, Vienna)
- Deerantics:** Reindeer games. (Kyle Hendrickson)
- Brotheranorexia:** He ain't heavy. (Chris Doyle)
- Pomeraniac:** Someone with six yappy little dogs. (Lawrence Dusold, New Market, Md.)
- Serpentolerance:** Sympathy for the Devil. (Chris Doyle)
- Eaternity:** Dinner with the in-laws. (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)
- Jabbernaut:** A two-hour sermon. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)
- Internapping:** Web browsing with a dial-up. (Mike Cisneros)
- Losernator:** Cyborg designed to destroy all competition in humor contests; earliest version was named "Chuck"; latest version is named "Brendan." (Fred S. Souk, Reston)
- Juggernaut:** Flat-chested. (Chris Doyle)
- Slackernavel:** A bellybutton in a beer gut. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)
- Near:** Opposite of fart. (Josh Milner, Washington)
- NEA-recipe:** Karen Finley's tips for using leftover chocolate. (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Boneraser:** 1. Osteoporosis. 2. Saltpeter. (Chris Doyle)
- UnReagan:** Quiet revocation of special naming tributes a couple of decades after the honoree's death (see UnKennedy, Cape Canaveral). (Pam Sweeney)
- Brane:** What I think with, of course. — D. Qualey, Phoenix (Dan Seidman; Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Greenarse:** A quarterback who is often sacked. Patrick Ramsey is the latest in a long line of greenarses. (Tom Witte)
- Koran-eliminators:** A toilet (considered an incorrect usage by some). (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Remora-neighbor:** The lady next door who stops you on trash day and says, "You aren't going to throw *that* out, are you?" (Lawrence McGuire)
- Subterraneanunderthal:** A creep who ogles you on the Metro. (Chris Doyle)
- Urethranet:** The all-potty-humor Web site. (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- Areanapkin:** The throw rug in your efficiency apartment. (Peter Reppert, Silver Spring)
- Re-antler:** To put the wall decorations back up in your congressional office after a photo op with a PETA activist. (Ned Bent)
- Preanvil:** The look on Wile E. Coyote's face right before being hit by a falling object. (Wayne Rodgers, Satellite Beach, Fla.)
- Wackorean:** Kim Jong Il. (Chris Doyle)
- Arenal-failure:** Inability to get into the stadium bathroom at halftime. (Edward Roeder, Washington)
- Eurenal:** A plumbing fixture designed by a committee of 25 nations. (Dennis Lindsay, Seabrook)
- Carenage:** Killing with kindness. (Brendan Beary)
- Corneacopia:** A feast for the eyes. (Danny Bravman)
- Expornate:** To remove offensive items from your apartment just in case you bring home a lady tonight. It *could* happen! (Ned Bent)
- Sterneau:** What keeps the food warm at the toniest buffet lines. (Brendan Beary)

**Next Week: In-Stock Characters, or And the Brand Played On**

**MISS MANNERS**

Judith Martin

## Don't Leave Home With Them

"N"ot another museum!"

"Are you going to waste another day hanging around the pool?"

"Shopping? You went shopping yesterday. If that's all you're going to do, why didn't you stay home and vacation at the mall?"

"Why do you have to go to every restaurant in the guidebook? Can't you just grab a sandwich once in a while? You're spending all your time eating."

"If you're going to waste half the day sleeping, what was the point of coming here?"

"Can't you think of something to do that's not so damn educational? This was supposed to be a vacation."

"All you do is take pictures — who do you think is going to look at them?"

"It's stupid to spend all that time writing postcards when half the people don't even know we're away and the other half we'll probably see before the cards arrive."

"Can't you leave something to see next time?"

Such are the joys of the shared vacation. A great many people have the identical idea of holiday fun, Miss Manners has noticed. It is in ragging other people about what they consider to be holiday fun.

This is bad enough when friends get together after their vacations to exchange stories about the adventures they have had. That is the opportunity for them to characterize one another's choices as foolish: "Really — you still go there? But it's so spoiled now. We used to go years ago, before it was discovered." (So how did you find it? With a compass?)

"You shouldn't go there. You're just encouraging their rich to oppress the poor." (Would it help if we tried to starve them out?)

"Your children are too young to appreciate that kind of vacation. You should have left them at home. They'll never remember it."

"You should have taken your children. When they're a little older, they won't want to be seen with you."

And so on. But when the criticism comes from those who are also on the trip, it sort of defeats the idea of having a holiday.

Even those who like to utilize their time off from work to schedule self-improvement routines are amazingly ungrateful for suggestions on how to do this. It seems that the "self" they had in mind was to be not only the subject for improvement, but the deci-

sion-maker about what improvement was necessary. Yet people insist upon bringing critics along on their vacations, just because they happen to be in love with them or related to them — or fond enough to make the notion of splitting costs seem appealing. And sometimes those who seemed perfectly satisfied with them at home unexpectedly blossom into critics when they travel.

Carping at others for their leisure-time choices is not a polite habit. It is not even a useful one, because the most it can hope to achieve is to produce a conscripted companion who has surrendered choice in the interests of peace. And you know how surly they can be.

Miss Manners hopes it will help if she lets vacationers in on an apparently well-kept secret: There is nothing rude about deciding to spend the day differently from others with whom one is traveling.

**Dear Miss Manners:** I am a working woman who goes out to lunch just about every day. I also happen to be very well-endowed.

The restaurant booths and chairs in most restaurants are set up so you are extremely close to the table, so you have to sit completely upright and can't sit back from the table. No matter how careful I am, I always manage to get a drip on my blouse — nothing ever makes it to my lap, where my napkin is.

I know that it is bad etiquette to stuff a napkin down the front of your blouse (although I do see men flip their ties back over their shoulders so they don't fall into their soup), but I am not happy about walking around with spots on my clothing all day, either. Any ideas?

A washable scarf. Miss Manners suggests draping it decoratively over your endowment, and rinsing it out after lunch. It is amazing how easy it is to acquire respectability with a mere change of name.

*Feeling incorrect? E-mail your etiquette questions to Miss Manners (who is distraught that she cannot reply personally) at [MissManners@unitedmedia.com](mailto:MissManners@unitedmedia.com) or mail to United Media, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.*

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Sandra Day O'Connor and husband John attending an awards ceremony at Touro Law Center in New York last year.

## For O'Connor, a Unique Feminist Niche

O'CONNOR, *From D1*

iversity who has written about O'Connor. "This is why she's never been considered a feminist's feminist. A feminist would say: 'Well, why would she do that?'" O'Connor was the first woman appointed to the Supreme Court, and that alone seals her place in American feminist history. It makes her arguably the most powerful American woman, one rung short of the first female American president. She was third in her Stanford law school class at a time when a woman was lucky to get a job as a secretary at a law firm. That's the job she was offered upon graduation, so she invented her own career path.

Still, she never quite fit the image of a modern feminist. She was appointed by Ronald Reagan. Although she ended up in a critical tie-breaking role on the court, it seemed as if by accident; legal analysts often criticized her for lacking a coherent judicial philosophy, an aggressive Grand Unified Theory that characterizes, say, Antonin Scalia.

In her autobiography, "Lazy B," she wrote about growing up on a remote cattle ranch in Arizona, rounding up wild colts and witnessing drunken bar fights. But the Annie Oakley image never stuck. She is better known for delaying her career until her three sons were in school. Her public persona in Washington was maternal, nurturing, genteel, soft. She let her granddaughter write a book about her featuring a picture on the cover of the two of them holding a teddy bear. On her clerks' door she left a Xerox of her hand with a note that read "For a pat on the back, lean here."

Yesterday, during its convention, the National Organization for Women planned an impromptu march on the Tennessee state capitol in response to news of her retirement. "We are determined not to have an extremist who will roll back women's rights," Eleanor Smeal, president of the Feminist Majority, said in an interview from the rally, with the crowd in the background shouting, "Hell no, we won't go." The feminist movement kicked into action immediately when it lost O'Connor. She may not have been a reliable ally on her pet causes (she voted to invalidate the Violence Against Women Act, for example), but she came through as the critical vote on cases involving abortion and affirmative action. But there were no heartfelt personal reminiscences. No honoring of a fellow suffragette's guts and glory. Just the legal issues and the facts, with all the emotional warmth of a legal brief. It was understood that O'Connor herself wouldn't be caught dead at such a rally.

Smeal testified for O'Connor when she was first nominated and, Smeal says, "I never regretted my testimony." Smeal's highest compliment: "She's obviously a conservative woman, but she did not turn her back on women's rights. It was the best we could do under the circumstances."

In the mid-'80s, feminist legal theorists made an attempt at embracing O'Connor. Sherry wrote an article describing the jurist as the archetype of "difference feminism," a theory popularized by feminist Carol Gilligan and which holds that men and women reason differently and write in different styles.

O'Connor, she wrote, had a uniquely "feminine perspective"; she consistently valued communities over individuals, moderation over confrontation, wrote in a way that's more contextual, less "abstract" and more "caring."

But many feminists "balked at the idea that difference feminism could explain a conservative woman," says Sherry.

O'Connor herself rejected the thesis as well.

"This 'new feminism' is interest-

BY ZACK SECKLER — ASSOCIATED PRESS