

# Style InvitAational

BY PAT MYERS

## Report from Week 900

in which we asked for brief “Dear Blank” notes like those submitted anonymously to DearBlankPleaseBlank.com:

THE  
WINNER  
OF THE  
INKER

Dear Leonardo: Your fly is open.  
— Sincerely, Mona Lisa (*Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.*)

**2** Winner of the steel musical-washboard necktie: Dear President Lincoln: Please note change to “87” for conciseness.  
— Sincerely, Copy Editor (*Beverley Sharp, Washington*)

**3** Dear Rap: Who’s your agent? — Sincerely, Poetry (*Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.*)

**4** Dear Andy Rooney: It’s painful to watch your stale act every Sunday. A man should know when it is time to retire. Please make this season your last. — Sincerely, Brett Favre (*Bill Dornier, Indianapolis*)

## Near misses: Honorable mentions

Dear Lindsay: Hold me, please! — Sincerely, Your Liquor (*Kevin Dopart, Washington*)

Dear God: When I said, “What else could go wrong?” it was not an invitation to demonstrate Your creativity and sense of humor. — Murphy (*Tony Arancibia, Vienna*)

Dear Vegas: Sure wish it really did stay in you. — Paternity Suit Defendant (*Randy Lee, Burke*)

Dear Gecko: Your 15 minutes are up. — Caveman (*Ira Allen, Bethesda*)

Dear Mars: Hahaha, your name almost rhymes with “arse”! — Uranus (*Dave Komornik, Danville, Va.*)

Dear Gov. Schwarzenegger: As your term winds down, I hope you consider resuming your career with us in the personal-security field. Remember, you said you’d be back. — John Connor (*Michael Greene, Alexandria, a First Offender*)

Dear Abe Vigoda: You’re still down there, huh? I have GOT to get more organized. — God (*Christopher Lamora, Guatemala City*)

Dear Mr. Hayward: Can I get my life back now? — Dead Pelican (*Harry Glazer, Highland Park, N.J.; Becky Prosky, Rockville, both First Offenders*)

Dear Colonel Sanders: I don’t care if you’re more popular; I still outrank you. — General Tso (*Brendan Beary, Great Mills*)

Dear People Who Got Married to “I Will Always Love You”: You do know it’s a breakup song, don’t you? — A Killjoy (*Elise Jacobs, Silver Spring*)

Dear sirs: Your business practices are unethical, your billing practices immoral, your customer service rude. Are you hiring? — Jack Abramoff (*Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf*)

Dear Janet: So, now that we’re down to the rest of us, which one of us kids do you think is the most screwed up? — Latoya (*Russell Beland, Fairfax*)

Dear Flag Committee: It’s too hard to make swastikas; I think I’ll use stars instead, if that’s okay. — Betsy (*Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.*)

Dear Mr. Haynesworth: You win. No one gets more money and attention for less effort than you. — Kim Kardashian (*Jeff Hazle, Woodbridge*)

Dear National Trust for Historic Preservation: Very funny. — Joan Rivers (*Roy Ashley, Washington*)

Dear Virginia: Yes, we lied. Get over it. — The New York Sun (*Mark Asquino, Washington, a First Offender*)

Dear Commissioner Goodell: I am sorry I brought shame to the league. Nobody loves football more than I do. Especially the foot part. — Rex Ryan (*Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.*)

Dear Brain: Hope you enjoyed your nap. We were really busy while you were off duty! — Nether Parts (*Beverley Sharp*)

Dear Fast-Food Customer: Maybe I’m just insecure, but I just always want you to want me. — Cheese on That (*Brendan Beary*)

Dear Todd: Please get her to stop staring at me. — Russia (*Randy Lee*)

Dear Bo Peep: Call me if you want some tips. — Mary (*Kevin Dopart*)

Dear Empress: Please print my “Dear Empress: Please print my ‘Dear Empress: Please print my entry. — Sincerely, Danny Bravman, Chicago’ ” entry. — Sincerely, Danny Bravman, Chicago (*Danny Bravman, Chicago*)

**Next week: Dead letters, or Sick feats under**



**ONLINE DISCUSSION** Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational at [washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).

## This week’s contest

# Week 904: We move on back



**Arduiness: The state of being crowded into a small space.**  
**Elved: Dug a North Pole hole.**

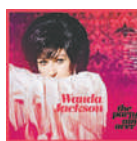
After a 2½-year residence in the Saturday paper, during which we could desecrate the Jewish Sabbath instead of the Christian one, the Style Invitational happily returns this week to Sundays with one more variation of our stock in trade: the neologism contest. This one, suggested by Malcolm Fleschner of Palo Alto, Calif., is pretty challenging, but the Empress trusts in the Powers of Loserdom to deliver. This week, as we move from one end of the week to the other: **Move the first letter in a word or name to the end of that word and define the resulting word**, as in Malcolm’s own examples above. You may use it in a sentence if the sentence is drool-generatively hilarious.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins a set of “The Axis of Evil II” finger puppets from 2002, featuring not-bad-to-poor likenesses of John Ashcroft, George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld; donated by Inge Ashley. Yes, we know, we know. And we are happy to accept the donation of the Steny Hoyer voodoo doll or whatever.

**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Loser magnets. First offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air “freshener” (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Jan. 31. Put “Week 904” 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. Contests 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 to be published Feb. 20 (Feb. 18 online). No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. The revised title for next week’s results is by Christopher Lamora. The honorable-mentions subhead was submitted separately by Kevin Dopart, Jeff Contompasis and Beverley Sharp.

## POP MUSIC REVIEWS

**Wanda Jackson**  
**THE PARTY AIN’T OVER**



Such a nice young man, that Jack White, always helping old ladies cross the street and guiding them into his recording studio, where he coaches them through crossover albums that introduce them to an entirely new generation of young fans.

Such was the case in 2004 when the White Stripes maestro partnered with then-70-year-old

Loretta Lynn to produce her Grammy-winning disc “Van Lear Rose.” Seven years later, White has scooped up 73-year-old rockabilly matriarch Wanda Jackson for a much rowdier go-round.

Where White encouraged Lynn to pen her own tunes, here he and Jackson romp through 11 covers, all expertly produced. There’s a roadhouse-ready take on Bob Dylan’s “Thunder on the Mountain,” a slinkier version of Amy Winehouse’s “You Know I’m

No Good,” and a dusky read of Jimmie Rodgers’s “Blue Yodel No. 6.”

But it’s the buzzy, brassy “Shakin’ All Over” that reveals the duo’s trans-generational chemistry: White brings the noise, Jackson brings the septuagenarian sass. It may not pack the same triumphal punch that wins little, gold gramophone statuettes, but it’s still wild fun.

— Chris Richards  
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COURTESY THIRD MAN RECORDS

**REBIRTH: Rockabilly legend Wanda Jackson is going mainstream.**