

# The Style Invitational

## WEEK 165: WHEEL OF TORTURE

1. A way one might address Satan:

----- - A -

2. Common recreational activity in Hell:

- A - - - - S - - - - G - - - - -

3. Today's menu in Hell's cafeteria:

B - - - - , - - - - - , - - - - ,  
and - U - - - - .

4. Celebrity often seen in Hell:

R - - - - - - - - - -

5. A serious faux pas in Hell:

- - - - - ING - - - - -  
- - - - - - - - - -



This Week's Contest was proposed by our own Bob Staake, who recently switched on the TV at an odd hour to find a rerun of "Wheel of Fortune," and watched it, in slack-jawed fascination, for what seemed like 600 hours. Bob decided that Hell would be TV programming featuring 24-hour-a-day "Wheel of Fortune." This week's contest is to complete any of the above phrases. You may reuse a

letter already in the phrase, but your solution must otherwise conform to the partial answers given. Bob wins "The Complete Book of Humorous Art," by Bob Staake, North Light Books, a value of \$24.95. First-prize winner gets an unopened 1950s-era Chefmaster® backyard barbecue shirt and matching chef's hat, a value of \$30.

Runners-up, as always, receive the coveted Style Invitational Loser's T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Winners will be selected on the basis of humor and originality. Mail your entries to The Style Invitational, Week 165, c/o The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C., 20071, fax them to 202-334-4312 or submit them via Internet to this address: losers@access.digex.net. Internet users: Please indicate the week number in the "subject" field. Entries must be received on or before Monday, May 20. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, humor or appropriateness. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print & the Ear No One Reads wishes to thank Russ Beland, of Springfield, for today's Ear No One Reads, and to note a slight error from last week. It is almost too trivial to mention, but we, um, awarded first prize to the wrong person. Suffering the indignity of being credited for an entry he did not submit was Phil Plait, who wins this second humiliation, free of charge. The actual winner was M. Schmidtman, whose e-mail entry was perfect except for mentioning 1) who he is, 2) where he lives, 3) whether he is a girl or a boy, 4) what his or her phone number is or 5) how we can reach him or her to send the prize. We await further communication. Washington Post employees and their families are not eligible for prizes.

### REPORT FROM WEEK 162,

in which you were invited to produce the most pretentious possible sentence. Several people submitted real quotes, including this from Patrick Swayze, as reported in GQ: "Good-looking people turn me off, myself included." But the best of the real ones was submitted by Ingrid Newkirk, of Rockville, quoting from an article by Christopher Prendergast in the London Review of Books: "If we are not energised by the surrealistic ambition, this stems in large measure from the peculiar and paradoxical fatigue of a culture simultaneously Post-Modern and fin-de-siecle, in which, by virtue of the former, even the ennui of the latter appears as a simulacrum of the real thing, a belated coming to belatedness itself." Wow. Ingrid wins a 1930s-era fur stole made from baby martens, little legs flopping, each biting the tail of the one in front of it.

- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: "The family next door is so pretentious that my husband and I have forbidden our little Brontë to play with their children." (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: "O.J. whom?" (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: "I solemnly pledge to execute the office of president of the United States, OBviously." (David Genser, Vienna)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: "As Jesus Christ once said, and rightly so . . ." (Mike McKeown, Reston)
- ◆ And the winner of the commemorative plate from Intercourse, Pa. "Well, my rehab program had thirteen steps." (Thomas John Litz, Bowie)

#### ◆ Honorable Mentions:

- "The girl who does my nails is foreign, I think." (Jean Sorensen, Herndon)
- "Manipulating this grotesque class hatred of theirs is the only way to keep the staff in line these days." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)
- "Lovely people, but their tour of the house had the feeling of O.J. leading the jury around his mansion—an 'I'm hiding my crassness and I dare you to find it' feel to it." (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)
- "I find walking so . . . pedestrian." (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- "I won't buy a desk unless a nuclear test ban treaty has been signed on it." (Scott Aukema, Alexandria)
- "The Serengeti just isn't the same ever since they stopped letting you shoot things." (Ellen Lamb, Washington)
- "I went to the Jackie auction but was appalled to discover that all they had were used items." (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- "That is exactly the sort of fashion statement I would expect from 'new' money." (Bob Sorensen, Herndon)
- "With a high-performance vehicle of this sort, you can't just put regular old air in the tires." (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- "Frankly, we find the cafes on the Left Bank to be so gauche, if you'll excuse the pun." (Bob Sorensen, Herndon)
- "A '64 Chateau Margeaux? Well, perhaps with some of those ... what do you call them, luncheon meats?" (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- "I could never be agnostic because, honestly, I

would know." (Patrick Coleman, Falls Church)

"Bob Dole doesn't know the meaning of the word pretentious." (Bob Dole, Russell, Kan.; Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

"I simply cannot bring myself to imagine a world without Mahler's 'Kindertotenlieder.'" (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

"I think I'll just put up a stadium right here." (J.K. Cooke, Washington; John Kammer, Herndon)

"It is perfectly proper to address President Mandela in English, but I generally speak Xhosa when he's in my home." (Donald de Kieffer, Washington)

"Eh bien, I just flew in from Cap d'Antibes, and zut alors, are my arms tired." (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

"Just having a Great Falls Zip code doesn't make you 'Great Falls.'" (Bob Sorensen, Herndon)

"It is I." (Sarah Worcester, Bowie)

"Mark my words, you let in a public library and before you know it you'll have U-Haul lots and bus stops on every corner." (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

"Why confront the onerous challenge of submitting quips to a humour column when you can simply pay Charles Smith, of Woodbridge, to perform the service for you?" (Thomas John Litz, Bowie)

- ◆ And Last: "New York magazine Competition No. 852—Submit wry, jaded observations on New York life in iambic pentameter or haiku form; extra points awarded for subsurface irony, oblique cultural witticisms and insider tips on rent-controlled apartments." (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

Next Week: What Kind of Foal Am I?