

The Style Invitational

WEEK 95: HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

Allen to End Sex Therapy In Va. Prisons

Gov. George Allen announced today that he is cured and thanked the prisoners at the Bland and Haynesville correctional centers for helping him overcome his sexual problems...

CLINTON AGREES TO SLASH ART

BOWING TO REPUBLICAN PRESSURE, PRESIDENT CLINTON SUDDENLY TOOK AN 8" STILETTO TO THE GEORGES SEURAT PAINTING SUNDAY IN THE PARK.



This week's contest was suggested by Joseph Romm of Washington, who wins a drinking duck. Joseph suggests that you take any headline appearing anywhere in The Post this week (today through Saturday) and completely rewrite the first lines of the story to put a different, unintended spin on it. (The headline above was taken from The Post of Dec. 29.) Compose your new story carefully; in the event of similar ideas, the best-written one will win. Make sure you clip out the headline, or at least indicate which page it appeared on. On this weekend that Elvis turns 60, first-prize winner gets a clock made from an electric guitar featuring Elvis's face, a spectacular prize with a value of \$50. 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 95, 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, Jan. 16. Please include your address and phone number. Winners will be announced in three weeks. Editors reserve the right to alter entries for taste, appropriateness or humor. No purchase necessary. The Faerie of the Fine Print urgently requests an explanation of how the drinking duck works. First correct entry wins a drinking duck. Funniest incorrect entry wins another drinking duck. We have drinking ducks up the gazoo. Thank you. Employees of The Washington Post and their immediate families are not eligible for prizes.

REPORT FROM WEEK 92,

in which we asked you to come up with passages from novels that might have been written by celebrities.

◆ **Fourth Runner-Up:** Fred met a girl at a bar. They went to a hotel and had sex. On the way out of the hotel, he had sex with the coat-check girl. Then he had sex with the meter maid in the back of her little truck. On the way home, he had sex with six or seven other women. He was not exaggerating about the number of women he had sex with. It was really possible to sleep with that many. On the way up to his apartment, he had sex with the elevator operator ... **From "Score!" by Wilt Chamberlain** (Ken Krattenmaker, Landover Hills)

◆ **Third Runner-Up:** "Do you want a bonbon?" asked J.J., as he put on the Yo Yo Ma tape. "I'm gaga about them," replied Gigi, in her black chichi dress. Bang! Bang! Two dum-dum bullets smashed through the double-paned window. J.J. and Gigi were both dead before their bodies hit the wall-to-wall carpeting. **From "Bang Bang, You're Dead, Dead!" by Boutros Boutros Ghali** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

◆ **Second Runner-Up:** By the time she woke up, the kids were all out of the house. It was just as well; she had a lot to do today. She had to call to see if the Caddy was ready to be picked up. She had to go down to the welfare office to pick up her check. And, she thought, on the way back she better stop by the saloon and pick up a potent stud—her accountant had warned her that unless she got another dependent pretty soon her cash flow was going to suffer.... **From "Slut" by Jesse Helms** (Paul Alter, Hyattsville)

◆ **First Runner-Up:** She pushed herself away from the throbbing insistence of his firmness. "Everything, everything," she said. "What's wrong?" He tugged at the frayed waistband of the cheap boxer shorts. "He's my husband, Frank. He owns half the town and he'd love nothing better than to ruin you." "Who the hell is Clyde Manning and why should I be afraid of him?" he said. She reached and stroked the pale shadow of his jaw. "My children, my home, my reputation," she said. "What have you got to lose?" he asked. "Oh, Frank ... you make it all sound so easy." **From "A Questionable Affair," by Alex Trebek** (W. Tyler Estler, Adamsville)

◆ **And the winner of the flying-elephant oil and vinegar dispenser:** He awoke with a world-class hangover and simply couldn't face the prospect of going to work. So he called the office and said he would be out sick again. "Let whatszface take over for me, like he always does when I'm not feeling well." Stumbling into the kitchen, he took out his biggest tumbler and filled it half to the top with milk, which he mixed with an equal amount of gin... **From "Maybe Manana," by Cal Ripken Jr.** (Robert Pack, Bethesda)

◆ **Honorable Mentions:** "Detective Jones," said the district attorney, "I've got some bad news. In 2.0000667 days, the 3.99456 killers you put away 13.999958 years ago will be released from prison." The news hit Jones like 1,999.854 pounds of bricks. **From "The Clock Struck 11.998432" by Andrew Grove, CEO of Intel** (Joseph Romm, Washington)

I was born in a small log cabin—well, actually the cabin was made of dead trees struck down by a storm, probably the result of upper-atmospheric disturbances exacerbated by a decreasing ozone layer. No endangered or threatened deciduous species were cut, and some were left to provide a micro-habitat for mold, and for small invertebrates and crustacea to rebuild the forest. The cabin was made with implements that cost only a fraction of those our Defense Department now currently procures through a bureaucratic system now being reformed through on-line computerized ordering, not, of course, available to me as a child. **From "Saved," by Al Gore** (Robin D. Grove, Washington)

Ramifying the causalities, he expedited a concomitance of coincidi, predestinating her quiescently to his carnalities. **From "Sesquipedian" by Al Haig** (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)



From "Heart" by (Joseph Romm, Washington)

It may or may not have been a dark and/or stormy night ... **From "Straight Talk," by Mario Cuomo** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

My day was not starting well at all. The alarm clock went off at 7, but it was a wind-up model and didn't say a.m. or p.m. Then I wanted to have some yogurt for breakfast, but the freshness date on the carton was May 1, and it was still only early April ... **From "One Dam Thing After Another," by Dan Quayle** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Elmer could think of 100 reasons why he should seduce this mystery vixen, this pouting sex kitten. The top ten: 10. Her McGuffeys weren't no mystery. 9. Nothing on late shows, anyway. 8. Better than watching buddy Paul play his organ. 7. She reminded him of Big Ass ham. 6. Bager to try new Buttafuoco cologne. 5. Tired of dating Rosie Palmer. 4. His current dry spell made Bud Melman look promiscuous. 3. Wanted to prove he had degree from Ball State. 2. Didn't need no surgeon general to teach him how. 1. Sister just moved back to West Virginia. **From "Ten" by David Letterman** (Dan Royer, Alexandria)

The early morning light broke softly through the puffy clouds in a pale blue sky. PhDs, professional people and decent contented strong working men and women of all types walked briskly to begin their highly paid days in soaring gleaming towers and humming spotless air-conditioned ergonomically designed nonpolluting factories. Scrubbed and bright-eyed children of all races walked hand-in-hand to their neighborhood schools, there to feast on Proust, Aristotle, and Rousseau. Another typical day was beginning in West Virginia... **From "Heaven" by Sen. Jay Rockefeller** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Next Week: I Want the Mongoose

MISS MANNERS

Have Your Steak and Eat It Too

By Judith Martin

Meat and potatoes people—Miss Manners trusts that such sensible folk will never stoop to calling their fare Meat 'n' Potatoes—do not consider that they need bother about etiquette.

This is not necessarily the opinion of the people who eat opposite them.

Good, plain, simple fare does call for good, plain manners. But the simple is not always obvious, and steak sauce seems to be at least as fond of T-shirts as it is of steak.

Gravies and other sauces may properly be slathered over a slab of meat, provided the proportion of plate to sauce remains in favor of the plate. With the right knife, the steak may be cut into one-at-a-time bites without a wrestling match that sends things flying.

Steak, therefore, ought to be Miss Manners's greatest ally in the argument that the proper tools for subduing the food on the table should also be placed on the table. So why do the same people who reasonably insist on steak knives for eating steak sneer at the idea that fish knives should be provided for eating fish? (Never mind—Miss Manners doesn't want to hear what steak lovers think of people who adore sole amandine.)

Miss Manners also firmly believes that all ready-made sauces must be decanted from their commercial bottles before appearing on even the most informal tables. But she is less firm when faced with the prospect of arguing this with people who are bigger than she is.

In contrast, lamb chops are the sissies of the otherwise big tough (in attitude only, one hopes) meat gang. Secretly, they yearn to be torn off by the teeth, but they are timid about being roughly handled. So they go in for silliness, such as little paper frills, which are supposed to protect the diner's hands.

Miss Manners declares herself too shocked by the sight of lamb chops in underpants to countenance such a thing. In any but the most informal family meals, chops should not be picked up anyway; for family meals, a more sensible fancy touch would be finger bowls or hot, damp towels.

Baked potatoes confound those etiquetteers who like everything to make sense (Miss Manners, who revels in philosophic chaos, is not one of these) and claim that there is a logical reason (as opposed to tradition, which is always interesting but seldom logical) for all table manners.

One of their prime examples is the ban against using one's meat knife on fish or salad—the explanation being that meat knives had steel blades that would corrode from lemon or vinegar. Okay, but one is also banned from using one's meat or any other knife on potatoes.

Why? Because so many people eat potatoes with lemon juice?

One is just not supposed to, that's all; one is supposed to use one's fingers to split the potato (yow! it's hot!) and fork to mash in the butter or sour cream.

And what, pray, is one supposed to do with the foil that careless people and restaurants leave on the potato? Eat around it. Or just throw it away.

Food is not supposed to be served wrapped in storage materials, so there is no trash receptacle on a proper table (as unfortunately appears on cheap European hotel breakfast tables) because there shouldn't be any trash. So condiments, crackers, cream, non-cream or other items that come in paper, plastic or foil should merely be opened and the crumpled trash deposited as neatly and as much out of the way as possible.

Bridge

By Alfred Sheinwold and Frank Stewart

You're declarer at today's slam, and dummy's ace of hearts wins the first trick. The question is: What card should win the second trick?

No doubt you're unhappy to be in six spades when seven spades depends on little more than a 3-2 trump break. Seven diamonds is an even better spot (although North might not make it if East led a trump) and would reap 100 honors besides.

The actual bidding derailed with North's cue bid of three hearts; it's wrong to cue-bid before you're sure of the best trump suit. North should bid three diamonds, South will raise, and North can then cue-bid the ace of hearts.

At six spades, South won the first heart and took the queen and ace of trumps. When West discarded, South ruffed a club, returned a diamond to the king and led the king and a low trump, hoping East would try to cash a heart. Instead, East led a club, and South went down two.

South makes the slam if he keeps control of trumps and runs the diamonds. To guard against a 4-1 trump break, South must lead a low trump at Trick Two and play low from his hand.

If East returns a heart, South ruffs, ruffs a club, cashes the queen of trumps, leads to the king of diamonds, draws trumps and runs the diamonds. He takes four trumps in his hand, six diamonds, the ace of hearts and a ruff in dummy.

If you said the seven of trumps should win the second trick, you found the answer.

North-South vulnerable

NORTH
♦ Q 10 4
♥ A 8 5 3
♦ A Q J 10 5 4
♣ None

WEST
♦ K 3
♥ K Q J 10 9 4
♦ 9 6 2
♣ A Q 6

EAST
♦ J 9 8 7
♥ 7 2
♦ 8
♣ J 10 9 5 3 2

SOUTH (D)

♦ A K 6 5 2
♥ A 6
♦ K 7 3
♣ K 8 7 4

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♣	2♥	3♥	Pass
3♣	Pass	6♣	All Pass

Opening lead: ♥ K

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