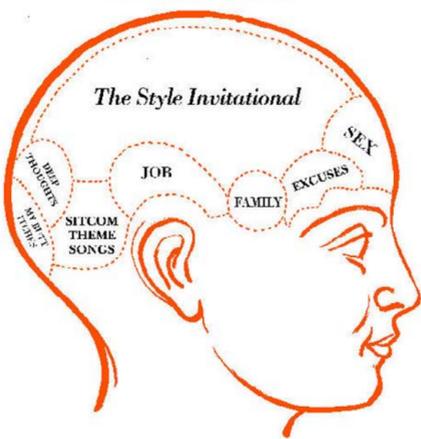


# The Style Invitational

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

## Week 715: Your Mug Here

## Loser



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

We present today a new runner-up prize: the soon-to-be-desperately-yearned-for Style Invitational Coffee Mug. Beginning with this week's contest, runners-up may opt for one of these mugs instead of the Loser T-Shirt. It seems that some Losers have been discouraged from wearing their Loser shirts to the office, and some of the more "successful" Invitational entrants long ago ran out of friends to give them to.



Of course, we refuse to send anyone the pristinely elegant piece of stoneware pictured here: We first must deface it with some words and perhaps a simple picture. **This week: Send us an idea for what to put on the Style Invitational coffee mug.** The usable space is about three inches square and can be in only one or two colors, so it can't be meticulously detailed. You don't have to draw a picture; just describe it. Whatever you do, don't send attachments with your e-mail. We hate attachments. But we're not stopping there! After about three years, we've finally mailed out the last of our latest model of Loser T-Shirt, the one that said "Under New Mismanagement" on the back. (A couple of boxes of the previous model mysteriously appeared during a recent office move, so they'll do the job for the next few weeks or so.) But now that the Empress's mismanagement is far from new, it's time for another slogan to go on the back of the new shirt, whose front will display the medical

diagram at left designed by Intimidatingly Illustrious Style Invitational Cartoonist Bob Staake. **So also this week: Send us an idea for a slogan for the back of the new Loser T-shirt.** It does not necessarily have to relate to Bob's picture on the front. Depending on how things work out, a slogan suggested for the T-shirt might end up on the mug, and vice versa. What's it to you, anyway?

The writer of the winning T-shirt slogan wins the first new T-shirt from the box, whenever it arrives, and same for the mug writer and the mug. Runners-up get their choice of mug or shirt.

**Honorable Mentions** (or whatever they're called that week) get one of the listed-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax (if you must) to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 4. Put "Week 715" 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. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Results will be published June 24. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. Next week's revised title is by Stephen Dudzik. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Tom Witte.

**REPORT FROM WEEK 711**  
In which we asked you to combine the beginning and end of two words in the Style and Arts sections of Sunday's Post to create a new word. Lots of entries this week, some way better than others. (Example of Others: "Roof-us: A doofus who's a roofer.")

- 4 Gal-anon:** The 12-step program Bill Clinton entered in 1999. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- 3 Bog-ress:** What the United States continues to make in Iraq. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)
- 2 The winner of the giant Styrofoam letter L:** Sid-Friendly: The name of the famous punk rocker when he played with his first band, the Water Pistols. (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

**AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER**  
Mon-ovation: The sound of one hand clapping especially enthusiastically. (Dennis Lindsay, Seabrook)

### A DICTIONARY OF DASHED HOPES

- Ass-peration:** The wet spot on the back of gym shorts after a workout on the exercise bike. (Rick Haynes, Potomac)
- Aus-tentatious:** Proudful and prejudicial. (Chris Doyle)
- Bar-phonies:** People at drinking establishments whose lips are moving. (Michael Mason, Fairfax)
- Caca-ding:** The sound made by a chamber pot at the moment of its use. (Ned Andrews, Danville, Va.)
- Choreo-culator:** Someone who counts each step while he dances. (Pie Snelson, Silver Spring)
- Comp-amplis:** Free implants given to celebrities who agree to mention the surgeon's name. (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)
- Disproportion-ician:** Dolly Parton's cosmetic surgeon. (Ben Aronin, Washington)
- Educa-ca:** When I look back on all the . . . silly stuff I learned in high school . . . (Kevin Dopart)
- Enviro-hearse:** A Hummer. (Kevin Dopart)
- Enviro-phony:** Someone who flies a private plane around the country to give green speeches. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)
- Flu-nundrum:** "Feed a cold, starve a fever" or "Starve a cold, feed a fever"? (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)
- Glute-sumption:** Ideally, no more than one sheet for the

- glutes per visit.** — Sheryl Crow, Nashville (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)
- Get-a-rooms:** Couples displaying excessive public affection. "Ugh, I just rode up the elevator with a pair of get-a-rooms going at it the whole way." (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Hor-gy:** A party with an entrance fee. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- Incapa-stival:** A multi-disease telethon. (Jay Shuck)
- Joy-vey:** The special delight that some mothers get from worrying. (Chris Doyle)
- My-doll:** Toy pills sold as an accessory for the new Screaming PMS Barbie. (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Naveilty:** A bellybutton ring that plays "Yummy, yummy yummy, I've got love in my tummy." (Chris Doyle)
- Nether-mental:** Pertaining to the psychological state of a teenage male. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)
- Prudi-cut:** A snippet of film censored from an old movie, like a married couple reading together in the same bed. (Fred Dawson, Beltsville)
- Revers-sary:** The date you celebrate your annulment. (Russell Beland)
- Safe-teria:** A dining establishment that doesn't serve food. (Kevin Dopart)
- Scat-mospheric:** Describing the aroma of the bus station restroom. (Pam Sweeney)

- Schaden-fraud:** A softie who only pretends to be sadistic. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis; Chris Doyle)
  - Schwarze-dated:** Groped. (Mark Eckenwiler)
  - Smu-cky:** As in "That Beland sure is smucky." Well, I guess they meant both smart and lucky. Yeah. (Russell Beland)
  - Solo-national:** Post-multinational: "The president remains confident of his solo-national support." (Robert Kirkpatrick, Potomac)
  - Stir-nacular:** Prison lingo. In stirnacular, a suitcase is a rectal cavity. (Chris Doyle)
  - Temper-cycle:** I will provide the definition to an unbiased male editor. (Roy Ashley, Washington)
  - Un-trina:** Especially calm weather. (Tom Witte)
  - Utopi-olanus:** A really good colonoscopy report. (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)
  - Water-hello:** A kinder, gentler form of torture. (Randy Lee, Burke)
  - Zeppel-bra:** A 44EEE. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
- And Last:* Junk-retary: What the Empress needs to weed out entries like this one. (Ross Elliffe, Picton, New Zealand)
- Next Week:** Another Time Around the Track, or Race Relations

### BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

South dealer  
N-S vulnerable

**NORTH**  
♠ A  
♥ K 7  
♦ 7 6 4 3  
♣ A 10 9 8 7 3

**WEST**  
♠ K J 9 5  
♥ Q 8 5  
♦ J 10 9 8  
♣ 6 5

**EAST**  
♠ 7 6 3  
♥ J 9 6 4 3  
♦ Q  
♣ Q J 4 2

**SOUTH**  
♠ Q 10 8 4 2  
♥ A 10 2  
♦ A K 5 2  
♣ K

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♣ Pass  
2 ♦ Pass 3 ♦ Pass  
3 NT All Pass

Opening lead: ♦ J

When I watched today's deal at the club, North and South were a dentist and a manicurist we call "Tooth and Nail". That's how they argue.

To be sure, they had something to argue about. As declarer at 3NT, Nail took the ace of diamonds and the king of clubs, led a heart to dummy's king, and tried the ace and another club. Alas, East took the jack and West discarded, and Nail couldn't use the long clubs and went down.

Let's listen to the argument.

Tooth: "We should be at six diamonds. Your hand had too much potential to settle for 3NT."

Nail: "Well, your hand was too shapely to pass 3NT. If you bid four clubs, I'll cue-bid four hearts. My bid of 3NT was fine. As the cards lie, six diamonds fails."

Tooth: "You didn't make 3NT. Maybe you should have bid five diamonds."

And so on.

Arguments wouldn't last so long if only one side were at fault. Either North or South might have bid differently. North might have acted again over 3NT, but his weak diamonds were discouraging. South's bid of 3NT was normal. I'd fault nobody: Six diamonds was hard to reach and not certain to make.

Nail should have been more concerned about her dummy play at 3NT. After South wins the first diamond, she should overtake the king of clubs with the ace and return the ten. East wins and leads a spade to the ace, and South then forces out the queen of clubs. The defenders take two spades, but South later reaches dummy with the king of hearts to run the clubs.

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## '11th Hour': DiCaprio's Call to Clean Up Our Mess

LETTER, From D1

earth science specialists and eco-thinkers in the movie suggest it's more like 11:58 p.m. GMT.

The film, inspired in part by Al Gore and his Oscar-winning "An Inconvenient Truth," is one of those celebrity "call to arms" projects that are popular these days. DiCaprio credits Gore, especially, for raising his own environmental consciousness at a White House meeting soon after the release of "Titanic." But unlike the former vice president's movie, which dealt exclusively with global climate change, DiCaprio's film — which he co-wrote, co-produced and stars in as narrator — is Environmental Crisis 101. It opens in theaters in October.

And it's got everything: waste, consumerism, the Amazon, greed, TV, baby-seal killers, Exxon, species extinction, L.A. traffic, fossil fuels, disappearing ice caps, SUVs, deforestation, oil, pollution, overpopulation, Dick Cheney, soil evaporation, overfishing, Katrina and those poor polar bears stranded on their lonely ice floes; they just break your heart. Seriously, a world without polar bears?

The 91-minute movie is filled with stock footage, clips shown in rapid succession, and it opens (we're writing notes as fast as we can during the screening) with images of turtles, gas masks, flooding, red meat, dumps, wildfires, storms, lava, glaciers, all accompanied by angelic singing. Then Leo appears. We hear that the Earth is our "only home, our web of life," but the biosphere is sick and we are the germs. It is heavy-duty stuff, and at the beach cabana DiCaprio and his team — producer-director sisters Leila Conners Petersen and Nadia Conners — tell us they debated long into many nights how heavy to make it and whether to end the film on a nihilistic downer (we're toast) or an up note. They went with a Hollywood up. That we can fight our way to balance. Or, as Conners Petersen put it: "We can climb the mountain of sustainability." And that we have to start somewhere, and so we must recycle, mulch, compost, buy energy-efficient light bulbs, drive fuel-efficient vehicles, insulate our homes, buy locally made stuff — and demand some action from our leaders.

And who can really argue with the message that we should treat our lovely blue planet better? "I didn't want to make a political film," DiCaprio says. "It's such an amazingly large issue, and suddenly you feel like, what can I do? What can I



Responding to potential critics of his environmental activism, DiCaprio, above posing for photos at Cannes and below during filming of "11th Hour," says: "I'm completely aware that my mere attachment as being from Hollywood would raise suspicions among some people."

do? It's too big for me to deal with." DiCaprio says that in feature films, it is often said "that the director is God, but in a documentary like this, God is the director," by which we think he means that Mother Nature is telling us something, like, we're gonna get spanked.

How heavy-duty is it? The documentary features the conventional switching back and forth between images and talking (egg) heads. There are 50 of them, according to the film's Web site, including Stephen Hawking, Lester Brown, Sylvia Earle, Andrew Weil, Bill McKibben, Stephen Schneider and Mikhail Gorbachev (but no Goracle). The former head of the evil empire tells us that solving the Earth's environmental problems is the challenge of the century. There is talk of "a coming dark ages," the need for "planetary liposuction." Kenny Ausubel, founder of the nonprofit environmental group Bioneers, whom DiCaprio brought to Cannes, says in the movie, "The planet will survive; we're the ones that may not survive." Then another guy, the one who started the Whole Earth Catalogue, explains it's not an environmental crisis, "it's a harmony crisis."



If you're hip to environmental issues, the film might not have much new to offer — though we learned some things. Did you know that kids can identify 1,000 corporate brands but not 10 plants in their back yard? And trees? We knew they were cool, but each also soaks

an earlier news conference, he reported that he had flown to Cannes on a commercial airliner rather than a private jet and that his house in L.A. has solar panels and he drives a hybrid. He tells us, "I'm completely aware that my mere attachment as being from Hollywood would raise suspicions among some people." But Hollywood has often been active on social issues, like civil rights and military conflicts.

"If you want to deny this issue, you can always latch onto something. So Leo is a Hollywood actor," says Conners. "It's a cheap shot. A celebrity getting slammed because he's not completely green."

Who is the film's audience? DiCaprio is a young 32, so does he draw the kids to the film? Perhaps. The film's directors say they want "university students" and "thought leaders" to see the movie, but shouldn't they already know about this stuff?

Conners, who is wearing a flattering blouse made of recycled wood pulp, says a greener, sustainable future "doesn't mean wearing animal skins and sitting in a cave. . . . Environs like to party." She promises, "We can still have Cannes." We just have to be cool about it.