

# Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

## Report from Week 950

In which we asked for examples of the Yiddish term “chutzpah” — basically astonishingly nerdy gall — to match Leo Rosten’s classic example of a man who murders his parents and then asks the court for mercy because he’s an orphan. A number of people submitted incidents from their own lives; while we’re sure they made the entrants’ jaws drop at the time, our own mandible stayed fairly horizontal during the judging.



Chutzpah is criticizing a part of the first lady’s anatomy despite having — no, being — a far bigger one yourself.  
(Nan Reiner, Alexandria)



### 2 Winner of the music box that plays “If I Only Had a Brain” (and, remember, “da noiv”):

“Chutzpah” is the word Barack Obama wanted to use instead of “audacity” in the title of his book, but he didn’t have the chutzpah. (Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

3 Saying to the police officer, “Okay, I’ll count backward by sevens drunk if you can do it sober.” (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

4 A true one: When your neighbors down the street invite you to an open-house party and the pictures on the wall all have price tags. (I don’t think they read the Invitational.) (Roy Ashley, Washington)

◀ Rep. Jim Sensenbrenner (posterior not pictured, but you can imagine).

MARK WILSON/GETTY IMAGES

## Brazenets: Honorable mentions

Chutzpah is thinking that you’re as smart as Newt Gingrich . . . thinks he is. (John Glenn, Tyler, Tex.)

“Jesus, I’m grateful you raptured me and I wasn’t left behind. But, you know, I had a hat. . . .” (David Genser, Poway, Calif.)

Claiming that God was on your side in a bowl game when you don’t even know what college God went to. (Neal Starkman, Seattle)

Before starting a pyramid investment scheme, legally changing your name to Ponzi. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

“Tonight, in the fourth of my eight State of the Union addresses. . . .” (David Genser)



Driving to a NASCAR race in Darlington, S.C., in a truck with this on the bumper. (Elden Carnahan)

On a first date, I always bring a set of luxury sheets, since whatever thread count she has is not likely to suit my skin. (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)

Telling Your Mama jokes to your kid. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

When you give someone the shirt off your back and he asks you for the cuff links. (Robert Schechter)

The guy who won’t use a condom with his mistress because he’s Catholic. (Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.)

Another true one: Martin Stoner, 60, entered a Young Concert Artists music competition in New York but was rejected as too old. He sued for age discrimination, but then requested a new judge because the one he got, age 88, was “too old.” (Jon Spell, Orem, Utah)

Chutzpah is writing “See you in September!” at the bottom of your Harvard application. (Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

One more true one: Chutzpah is telling a bunch of 6-foot-5 dudes who bench-press 500 pounds to wear skintight outfits with yellow and black zigzaggy patches on one side and red and white key thingies on the other. Plus matching hats and shoes. (Nan Reiner)

Pronouncing “chutzpah” with a ch- as in “chair,” as Michele Bachmann famously did a few months ago, then insisting that’s the proper American way to say it. (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

And Last: Murdering your parents, throwing yourself on the mercy of the court because you’re an orphan, and then telling about it as an entry to the Style Invitational. (Gregory Koch, Storrs, Conn.)

Next week: Say That Again, or Two Sense Worth



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

## THIS WEEK’S CONTEST

# Week 954: Fight call

A woman frowned into the bedroom mirror. “Ugh,” she said despondently to her husband, “I look so old, so fat, so ugly. Honey, I really need you to tell me something good about me.” “Well,” he answered agreeably, “your eyesight’s darn near perfect.”

And then the fight started . . .

It’s an old joke, notes occasional Loser Bill Verkuilen of Minnesota. And jokes with the same tag line — basically, the genre incorporates dialogue featuring a cleverly cutting remark — are all over the Web. Your job, of course, is to top them with your own. **This week: Tell us an original joke ending with “And then the fight started.”** Stealing will prompt a very nasty fight. And keep them concise while still telling the joke entertainingly. (The example above is 43 words without the tag line.)

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives two fine volumes: “Go to Hell,” which is a lighthearted book about various cultures’ concepts of the underworld, but more notably a gift (now regifted) to Loser Tom Witte from his devoted son-in-law; and the fine volume “Fart Proudly: Writings of Benjamin Franklin You Never Read in School,” courtesy of Cheryl Davis. The book demonstrates why Ben was such an early champion of free speech.

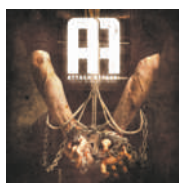
**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders get a tree-shaped air “freshener” (FirStink for their first ink). E-mail entries to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Jan. 23; results published Feb. 12 (Feb. 10 online). No more than 25 entries per entrant per week. Include “Week 953” in your e-mail subject line or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at [washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational). The revised title for next week is by Kathy El-Assal; the subhead for this week’s honorable mentions is by Judy Blanchard. Join the Style Invitational Devotees on Facebook at [on.fb.me/invdev](http://on.fb.me/invdev).



**STYLE CONVERSATIONAL** Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at [washingtonpost.com/stylconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/stylconversational).

## POP CD REVIEW

### Attack Attack! THIS MEANS WAR



Ohio-based Attack Attack!’s main claim to fame is its alleged authorship of crabcore, a terrible, horrible, no-good metal subgenre in which band members squat-walk like crabs. Afraid of neither melody nor synths, Attack Attack! has traditionally served up both clean (read: sung) and unclean (read: screamo-style) vocals, copious electro beats and T.I. levels of Auto-Tune.

Viewed as insufficiently ferocious scenesters by hard-rock purists, Attack Attack! used to be the Cobra Starship of metal, seemingly happy to exist in the grievously uncool no man’s land where metalcore and mall punk overlap. But the group (now on its third vocalist, Caleb Shomo) has changed things up slightly on its latest outing, a pop-metal concept album that places most of its emphasis on metal.

The band’s usual almost-danceable grooves are buried under an avalanche of screamo riffs and sludgy breakdowns. Although Attack Attack! has never sounded tighter or smarter, this latest effort will never find an audience on the dance floor.

— Allison Stewart



STEVEN TAYLOR/RISE RECORDS

**CONCEPT ALBUM:** Attack Attack! members John Holgado, left, Andrew Whiting, Caleb Shomo and Andrew Wetzel.

## MOVIES

# For Bond fans, big news abounds

The 23rd James Bond movie — “Skyfall” — will hit movie theaters Nov. 9, and MGM and Fox Home Entertainment are further marking the golden anniversary of 007 with “Bond 50,” a 23-disc Blu-ray box set containing every James Bond movie.

The set, which marks the first time all 22 movies will be available on Blu-ray, begins with “Dr. No” and ends with “Quantum of Solace.” Amazon.com is offering the discs for \$199.99 (\$299.99 retail).  
— TheWrap.com