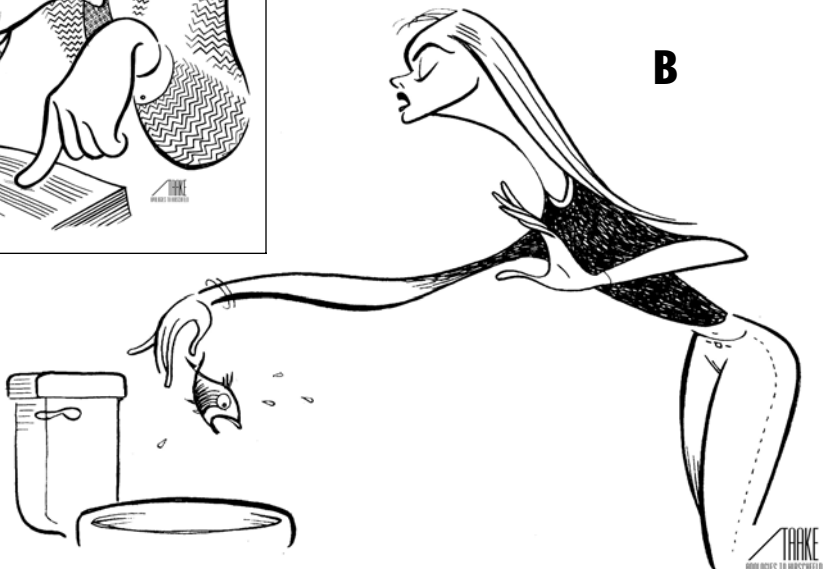


The Style Invitational

Week CLVIII: Hirschfeld Follies



This Week's Contest was suggested by Bob Staake in memory of Al Hirschfeld, the brilliant caricaturist who died two weeks ago. Bob knew and admired Al, and in his honor has drawn us four Hirschfeld-type caricatures. Alas, Bob is nowhere near as good an artist as Al, and these drawings look nothing like the celebrities they are supposed to be. Your challenge is to try to figure out which celebrities Bob is ineptly trying to draw. (Maybe what they are doing will help.) Explain your entries. First-prize winner gets a figurine of Jesus Christ playing ice hockey with two kids.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST



First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com. U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, April 1. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include the week number in the

subject field. Contests will be 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 will be published in four weeks. 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 contest is by Seth Brown of Williamstown, Mass.

Report from Week CLIV, in which you were asked to write lines from a very, very bad sex scene in a novel. A special Blind T-Shirt award to Stephen Dudzik of Olney, for an entry that would have won first prize, had we printed it immediately prior to filing for unemployment insurance.

- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Matt and Veronica melted into a jumble of hands, arms, backs and prosthetic devices.** (Bobby Welsh, Annandale)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **"Oh, Chad, Chad, rip my bodice!" implored the middle-aged librarian who had let down her bun and removed her glasses.** (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **They glanced out the window to see the surf crashing against the shore, as the train entered the tunnel. As it emerged on the other side, they spied a nearby volcano erupting . . .** (Toby Hansen, Lyndhurst, Ohio)
- ◆ And the winner of the handbag that looks and smells like chewed bubble gum: **Quivering with desire, Bea Arthur removed Tommy Lasorda's shirt . . .** (Marc Leibert, New York)
- ◆ Honorable Mentions:
 - Lisa felt the Earth move. It started at 1.5 on the Richter scale, but rose in waves to a 7.3, equivalent in size to the 1989 Bay Area quake. Aftershocks ranged from 3.1 to 5.4.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
 - To Samantha, his slow, steady rhythm was like the gentle rocking of a boat, except in this case she did not have to lean over the side to vomit.** (Sam Bruce, Williamsburg)
 - They writhed like rutting amoebas, formless and wild, though maybe not exactly like amoebas, which don't actually rut, but reproduce asexually. Perhaps it was more like the common water flea, *Daphnia pulex*. Either way, there were probably germs involved.** (Jeff Brechlin, Potomac Falls; Noah Meyerson, Washington)
 - She moaned. It was a low, yearning moan. Not a moan that Chomsky would describe as a dental fricative, but more as an alveolar nasal followed by a velar stop.** (Toby Hansen, Lyndhurst, Ohio)
 - She was like a wonderful drug that he did not have to frantically try to flush down the toilet while the DEA pounded on his door.** (Sam Bruce, Williamsburg)
 - Clem led the way to the haystack, and soon Bobbie Sue forgot all about that half-eaten possum-and-tomato sandwich . . .** (Roy Ashley, Washington)
 - She gazed upward with the avid, impudent glare of a Keynesian at budget time. Despite myself, I felt my surplus growing. She cried out, "Yes, yes, oh, spend it, spend it all!"** (George Gowen, Austin)
- Wrapping his arms around her, he gently stroked her face . . .** (Cindi Rae Caron, Lenoir, N.C.)
- Celeste majored in astronomy, Rock in geology. Each night in the park they studied assiduously, he the earth and she the sky, until in an intense interdisciplinary explosion, Celeste felt the earth move and Rock saw stars.** (Tom Greening, North Bethesda)
- Her womanhood throbbed. His manhood throbbed. Oh, the throbbing. Then her bosom joined in and began throbbing. It spread upward until their eyeballs started throbbing . . .** (Max Sudol, Richmond, Australia)
- On Thursday, Aug. 27, between 9:42 and 9:58 p.m., Janice and Carl Burgess copulated for the 62nd time in their 28-year marriage. The results were satisfactory.** (Brian Barrett, Bethesda)
- Richard said nothing as he ate his cherry doughnut. Fallopia continued to eat her hot dog as she perused his collection of Georgia O'Keeffe paintings.** (Toby Hansen, Lyndhurst, Ohio)
- He touched her there, and gently manipulated her, the way one adjusts the power side-view mirrors in a rental car one is unfamiliar with.** (Toby Hansen, Lyndhurst, Ohio)
- Their lips fastened like a magnet to a refrigerator, except they were wet, and slurping, and there was not a child's drawing stuck between them, though that probably would not have slowed them much.** (Toby Hansen, Lyndhurst, Ohio)

Next Week: Wise-Ask Remarks



TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, *From F1*

dating pool while you are at it, I would appreciate it. —Dan

Done—but what you really need is a dating service for people with opposable thumbs. There is no excuse for the wall of ignorance you hit when you tried to be honest. Wow. With the exception of virgins who managed to find other virgins and live faithfully ever after (show of hands, please), everyone with access to modern medicine who has ever had sex has a responsibility to know about HPV—that it's both ridiculously common and, with the ridiculously basic precaution of regular medical treatment, completely harmless. They should know this because the vast majority of these people have HPV, whether they know it or not.

Come to think of it, since this little fact is on the American Social Health Association's Web site (www.ashastd.org/hpvccrc/patient-faq.html), opposable thumbs are convenient but optional. Ahem: HPV "is an extremely common STD, with an estimated 80 percent of sexually active people contracting it at some point" (italicized "yoo-hoo" added) and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention's estimate is 50 to 75 percent. The computerless can call the CDC, 800-227-8922. These sources can tell you that most HPV infections "go away on their own" (per CDC). Women in the semi-informed ranks might

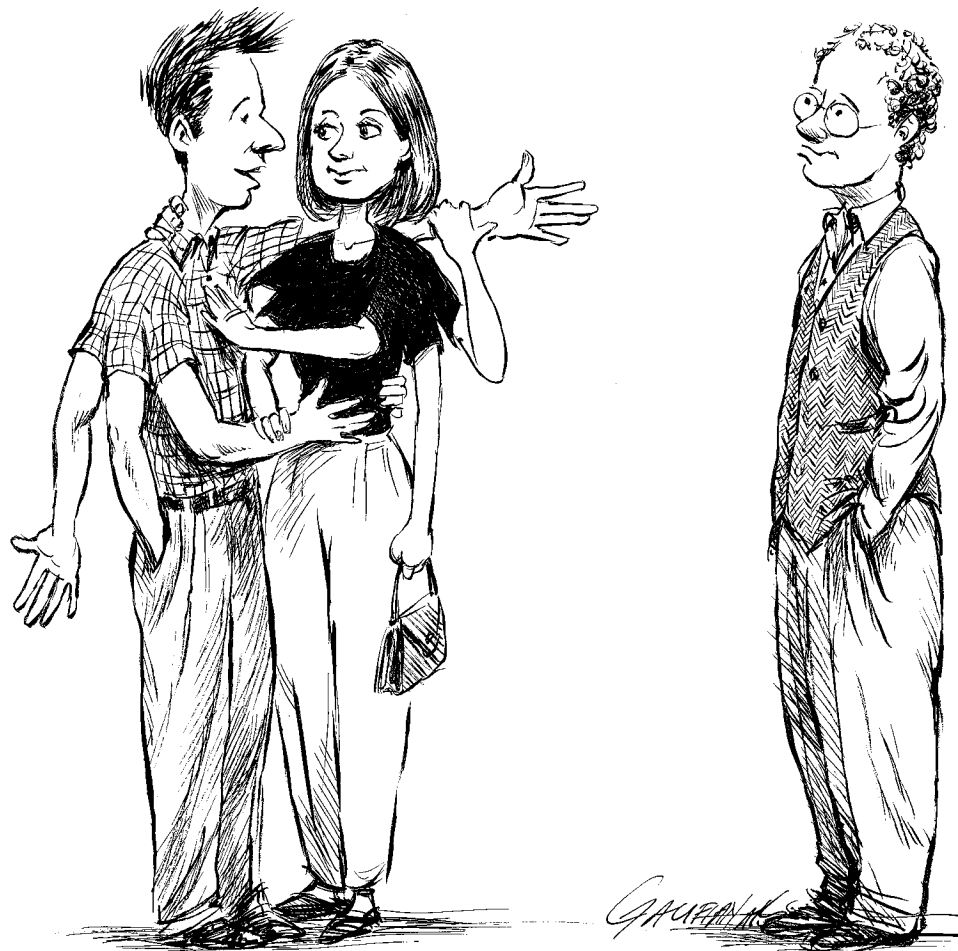
flee HPV-infected men out of fear of cervical cancer, but the full information exposes that as hysteria, too. Only some of the many HPV strains have been linked to cancer, for one, and cervical cancer is "completely preventable" (per ASHA) when its precursor is detected through regular Pap smears and treated.

Granted, no one says, "Great, sign me up for the virus!" No one wants "get precanc. cerv. cells rmvd" on her to-do list. No one leaps at the chance to have "the talk" become her fact of life.

But still. How healthy is it to allow a nuisance ailment to elbow aside a real shot at love? When you consider that HPV is common and honesty is not—and that the side effects of a dishonest partner are usually far more dire than anything HPV has to offer—choosing to have an open mind about a guy who discloses he has HPV is anything but a dangerous leap.

Please trust that some people out there will either get this or care enough to learn it; these are the only keepers. Holding out for one is something all of us should do anyway, virally challenged or not. That, and being less freaked yourself, will help you much more than some site.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com, and join Carolyn's live discussion at noon Fridays at washingtonpost.com/liveonline



WE MET AT WWW.THEBETTERTO HugYOUWITH.COM

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST