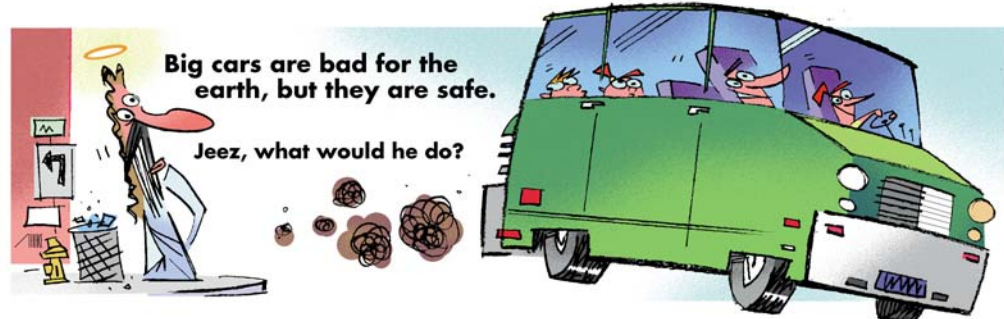


# The Style Invitational

## Week CLXII: Words of One Syl- . . . Um, Just Short Words



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

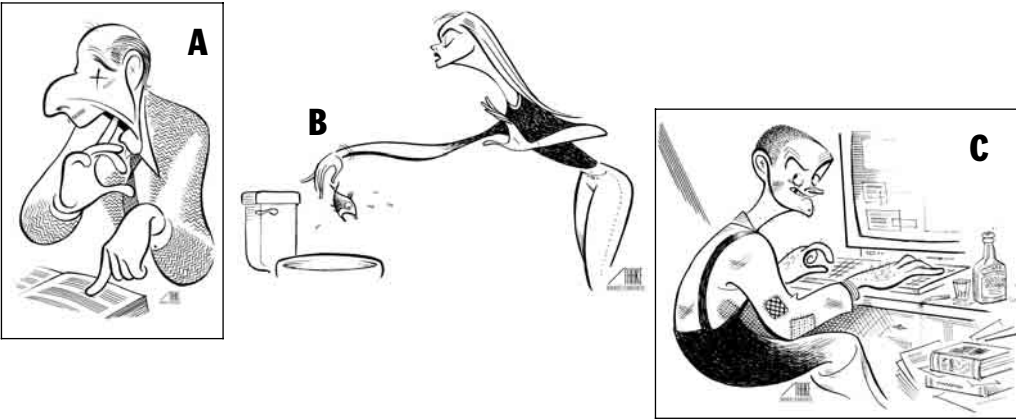
George Bush thinks the jerk who rules the rogue state in the Gulf has gas and germs, if not nukes. But so far, the Swede, Hans Blix, has failed to find them. "Mon dieu," said the French, in that nose-in-the-air way of theirs, and told the world that Bush is a bad man who must be stopped. This did not please Bush at all. "We will take the bad guys out," he said, "and we will act on our own if need be." God help us all, now.

**This Week's Contest** was proposed by Robert J. McManus of Washington. Robert notes that we live in complicated times; he suggests that you take some complex issue of any sort and explain it to all us morons entirely in words of one syllable. One hundred words max. First-prize winner gets a mouse pad celebrating 50 years of Swanson frozen dinners. It looks exactly like a rubber-chicken TV dinner with those cubed mixed vegetables and mashed potatoes the consistency of grout. 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](mailto:losers@washpost.com). U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, March 10. 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.

### Report from Week CLVIII:

We published four cartoons drawn by Bob Staake in the style of the great caricaturist Al Hirschfeld, who specialized in celebrity drawings that accompanied season premieres and opening nights. Bob, however, is an inferior caricaturist who has a little trouble with exact likenesses. Based on the circumstances in the drawing, you were to tell us which celebrities they were supposed to represent.



- ◆ Third Runner-Up: (Cartoon C) Bobby Fischer secretly feeds moves to Deep Blue. (Danny Bravman, Potomac)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: (Cartoon A) Louis Braille reads The Style Invitational for the first time. (Steve Ahart, Sterling)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: (Cartoon D) Mrs. Puck was most irritated that Wolfgang had mortgaged their home for one stinking black truffle. (Judith Cottrill, New York)



◆ And the winner of the figurine of Jesus Christ playing hockey with two kids: (Cartoon D) Mr. Staake's pen captures the pilot episode of the old "Bob Newhart Show" in 1972. It starred Robert Vaughn as the grimly complex Chicago psychologist Bob Hartley, opposite Suzanne Pleshette as the brooding, distant, periodically suicidal Emily. The show's producers smelled failure and decided instead to cast Bob Newhart as a comedic lead, since he would better suit the show's title. (Ben Pitkin, Rockville)

- ◆ Honorable Mentions: Cartoon A: Many years ago Strom Thurmond found that the secret to a long life was to eat a large meal and then read the Civil Rights Act. (Bob Fowler, Greenbelt)
- Even after all this time, Kenneth Starr is still trying to fully comprehend details of the transcript of Monica's testimony. (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)
- In retrospect, the editor of Great Books had to concede it was probably a bad idea to get Yogi Berra to supply a dust jacket quote. (Mike Genz, La Plata)
- Arthur Treacher reads that he has to, yet again, play a butler. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Cartoon B: Lisa Kudrow follows the instructions: "Place your new goldfish in a bowl . . ." (Mike Genz, La Plata)
- Calista Flockhart Diet Tip No. 8: Go through house, systematically eliminate temptations . . . (Milo Sauer, Fairfax; Judith Cottrill, New York; Spencer Lu, Gaithersburg)
- This sketch of Mariel Hemingway was to accompany a 1987 Parade magazine interview. Startled to learn that the actress was unfamiliar with the plot lines of any of her grandfather's novels, the interviewer briefly synopsisized "The Old Man and the Sea" for her. "It made me, like, really mad at fish," the actress said. (Ben Pitkin, Rockville)
- Ms. Shelley Long introduces Mr. Hamilton Fish to Miss Edith Head. (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- Michael Jackson undergoes his court-ordered therapy sessions to control his urge to dangle babies. (Greg Krakower, New York)
- Tina Louise desperately tries to flush all memories of the Minnow out of her life. (Howard Harrell, North Potomac)

- Gloria Steinem, who needs a man like a fish needs the toilet seat up. (Danny Bravman, Potomac)
- Cartoon C: Pete Townshend's one-man war against child pornography continues. (Mark Young, Washington)
- Dan Quayle's tech support guy told him that to get his computer to work better, he needed to get several patches. (Mike Genz, La Plata)
- Cartoon D: Chuck Smith of Woodbridge lounges at home with his lovely wife and the rhinoceros booger he recently won. (Dave Ferry, Purvis, Miss.)
- Manic-depressive philosopher Michel Foucault often experienced dark periods in his life. (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)
- Early in his career, Bob Guccione believed that a huge market existed for people who wanted to look at tittles, the dots on the top of lower-case i's. (Dan Steinberg, Falls Church)
- Martha Burk finally has the proof she needed that Hootie Johnson is totally determined to blackball women from the Augusta National Golf Club. (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)
- Peter Jennings, considering whether Barbara Walters would shut up if a paperweight were shoved down her throat. (Danny Bravman, Potomac)
- Christopher Columbus concluding that the world is round and that a few months away from the wife wouldn't hurt either. (G.T. Bowman, Falls Church)
- Bayard Rustin tries to decide whether to give up the contemplative life for one of a professional hockey player. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- The inventor of connect-the-dots seeks inspiration. (J.D. Berry, Springfield)

Next Week: Something Different



### TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, From F1

part); should I try to pull myself out of the pool of bitterness in which I am drowning, and move on; or is there a better option?

Atlanta

Almost always, when you're this angry. But I'm more interested at the moment in a different perspective.

Your story reads to me as one of the more *im-personal* dumpings I've come across. It's not about your intellect or sense of humor, your warmth, your sensitivity, your worthiness as a person, your goofy laugh/ snoring issues/ complete ineptitude with chopsticks. It's a lifestyle thing. He's ready for one that you're not.

If I were reading the same tea leaves, I don't think I'd see the same message your boyfriend did, that you don't want kids or even "should" know anything yet. Wrong and presumptuous. You are undecided, I believe you, and that means you could want kids in a year, or five, or 10. Or never, of course.

However, I applaud his decision not only to

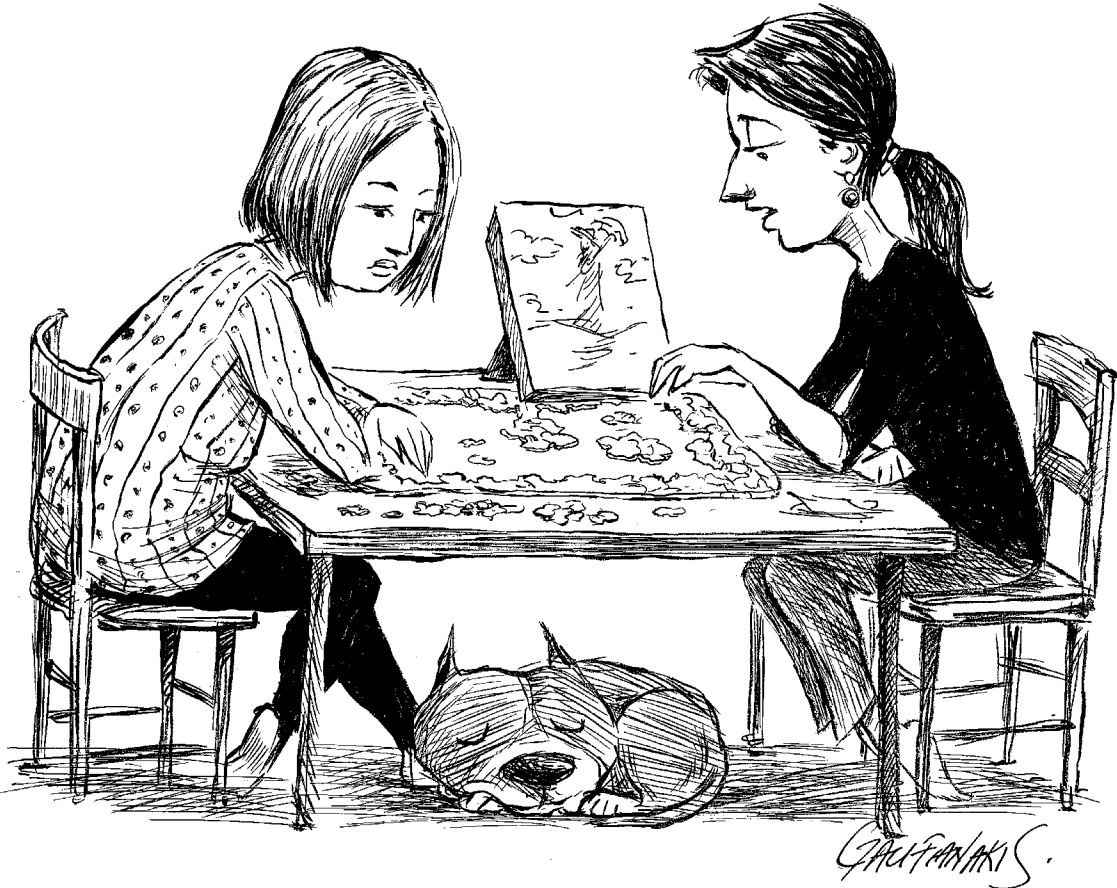
read those tea leaves, but also to act on what he perceived. He had to. The alternative was to doubt and wait and see and doubt and wait and see and wonder what he was supposed to tell you in the meantime. He tells you he's thinking of leaving over the kid issue, and he risks getting a gunpoint-mom for his kids; he doesn't tell you, and he unfairly keeps secrets from you.

That's the long explanation. The short version is: "saddled." Boom. A one-word case for the guy.

There's simply no insult in wanting different things out of life. You seem hellbent on finding one—that's an impressive lather you've worked up, by any standards—but if anything, he's showing more respect for all those things you "want to do, learn and be" than you are.

He's treating them as ideals you won't concede to be with him. If they're really indicative of "the person that I am and the values that I hold," shouldn't you treat those ideals the same way?

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or [tellme@washpost.com](mailto:tellme@washpost.com)



I LIKE NOT HAVING KIDS, AND THE IDEA OF NOT HAVING KIDS.

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

See GOOD EATS

The Lean Plate Club. Tuesday. Health.

If it's important to you, it's important to us.  
The Washington Post