

# The Style Invitational

Week 568: Tome Deftness



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**What happened when your mom found out what you were looking at online? The last time I saw Paris.**

So what was the highlight of your South Pacific vacation? *Guadalcanal diarrhea.*

What do you call it when you don't appreciate the value of money? *Cents insensibility.*

**This week's contest,** suggested by nonstop contest-suggester Peter Metrinko of Plymouth, Minn.: Make a pun or similar wordplay on a book title, as in the examples above. Groaners are fine, as in the examples above. First-place winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational Trophy. First runner-up wins a pair of shot glasses from the Hard Rock Cafe of Singa-pore.

Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312 or by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com). Deadline is Monday, Aug. 2. Put the week number 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. Results will be published Aug. 22. 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 North Adams, Mass.

**Report from Week 564,** in which we asked you to give new definitions for existing words. But first, some momentous news: With his blots of ink this week, Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo., passes into the Style Invitational Hall of Fame with his 500th printed entry, joining the rarefied circle of Chuck Smith, Jennifer Hart, Russell Beland and Tom Witte. And he has done it astonishingly quickly: Except for a single appearance in 1994, Chris—who recently retired as the chief actuary for the Defense Department—has been entering the Invitational for just over five years, in which time he's had 20 wins and 80 runners-up. Even you can do the math. Back to Week 564: There's a trick to reading some of these entries: You have to pronounce the words differently. For example, the first Honorable Mention below is pronounced as a one-syllable word. Get it? Good. No? Aw, c'mon, look at it again.

♦ **Third Runner-Up: Apiary:** An apartment shared by three bachelors. (Jon Reiser, Hilton, N.Y.)

♦ **Second Runner-Up: Registry:** To give your final answer. (Ry Schwark, West Linn, Ore.)

♦ **First Runner-Up, winner of the "Mona Lisa" paint-by-numbers set: Juggernaut:** A flat-chested woman. (Maja Keech, New Carrollton)

♦ **And the winner of the Inker: Gypsum:** The primary ingredient in car undercoating. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

♦ **A Dictionary of Honorable Mentions:**

**Abed:** Defeated in a debate. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

**Alleviate:** When you realize there *isn't* a word for it on the tip of your tongue, you invent a neologism. (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

**Asinine:** Seven of Nine's ex-husband. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

**Asinine:** An *almost* perfect derriere. (Robin D. Grove, Chevy Chase)

**Aspic:** Vote. (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)

**Bedpan:** To have an affair with a man who never grew up. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

**Bordello:** A lackadaisical greeting by service industry workers. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**Bouffant:** The typeface used for subtitles in foreign horror films. (Dan Blitz, Gaithersburg)

**Butter:** More callipygian. (Tom Witte)

**Castigate:** The bass-fishing tournament scandal. (Richard Lempert, Arlington)

**Cowl:** What a 3-year-old sings at Christmas. (Dan Blitz)

**Crocodiles:** Calls from telemarketers. (Andrea Kelly, Brookeville)

**Curvaceous:** Built to bring the dog out in a man. (Tom Witte)

**Define:** To lose one's looks. (Tom Witte)

**Destroy:** De tale of a dyslexic. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**Diadem:** To remain a staunch liberal all your life. (Tom Witte)

**Downplay:** To pillow-fight. (Kyle Hendrickson, Dunkirk)

**Dubious:** A cigarette that looks suspiciously like a joint. (Chris Doyle)

**Effusive:** Given to torrents of vulgarity. (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

**Empress:** Use a phony title to increase one's self-esteem. (Stephen Litterst, Ithaca, N.Y.)

**Encounter:** The guy at the FCC whose job is to tally racial slurs made by shock jocks. (Tom Witte)

**Epoxy:** Infected with a computer virus. (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

**Erosion:** An atomic particle that charges sexual desire. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

**Exit:** The person who's just tagged someone. (Russell Beland)

**Filibuster:** A breast-implant surgeon. (T.L. Vernon, Verona, Va.)

**Flaccid:** A Spaniard who walks with a limp. (Stephen Dudzik)

**Fatulent:** A rental property. (Tom Witte)

**Fly-casting:** Throwing out allure by ogling a man's rod and reel. (Chris Doyle)

**Forlorn:** The feeling when you realize that "Saturday Night Live" isn't very funny anymore. (Bill Spencer, Exeter, N.H.)

**Frijoles:** A church without a collection plate. (Russell Beland)

**Fuchsia:** Flowery language used on the Senate floor. (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

**Gambling:** An ankle bracelet. (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)

**Gauche:** What librarians do. (Sara St. Thomas, Winchester, Va.)

**Hardscrabble:** The all-consonant version. (Chuck Smith)

**Homogeneous:** Oscar Wilde. (Chuck Smith)

**Hundred:** Fear of Baltimore waitresses. (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

**Incandescent:** Going over the falls in a barrel. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

**Infantry:** Boys being boys. (Tom Witte)

**Infest:** A West Virginia wedding reception. (Ned Bent)

**Lumbago:** An RV made of wood. (Russell Beland)

**Macadam:** The prototype Apple computer. (Tom Witte)

**Meander:** A lovers' stroll. (Seth Brown)

**Paparazzo:** What Dustin Hoffman called his dad in "Midnight Cowboy." (G. Smith, Reston)

**Parasites:** What one sees from the Eiffel Tower. (Peter Levitan, Sherman Oaks, Calif.)

**Pastoral:** When you know what your spouse wants without her asking. (Stan Kegel, Orange, Calif.)

**Petard:** Something that slows the progress of animal rights. (Russell Beland)

**Podiatry:** Inadequate nutrition. (Dave Prevar)

**Predicament:** That embarrassing wait for the Viagra to kick in. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

**Prescient:** A gift from a drunk. (William R. Zamojcin, Vernon, Conn.)

**Prestidigitator:** Someone with a painfully strong handshake. (Thomas B. Jabine, Washington)

**Pshaw:** A terse pan of "Pygmalion." (Bill Spencer)

**Rampage:** Parchment. (Tom Witte)

**Relay:** Something you and your spouse did every night of your honeymoon, but not on your fifth anniversary. (Thad Humphries, Warrenton)

**Rubberneckers:** A couple practicing very safe sex. (Ross Elliffe, Picton, New Zealand)

**Serendipity:** An extremely toxic chemical hair-straightening agent. (Bruce W. Alter, Fairfax Station)

**Shiva:** A cutting remark that you grieve for a week over having said. (Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)

**Soda:** Totally obvious to a teenager. (Mark Young, Washington)

**Thorny:** What Sylvester suffered after ACL surgery. (Dave Komornik, Danville, Va.)

**Undine:** Puke. (Russell Beland)

**Wrap:** A song about safe sex. (Tom Witte)

# Convention Ears

He Doesn't Have Hall Credentials, But Swifty Gets to Be the Dems' Mascot After All

By DOUG GROSS  
Associated Press

RISING FAWN, Ga. Deep in this corner of rural Georgia, in the foothills of Lookout Mountain, lives the secret weapon of the Democratic Party.

Most of the local Republican operatives wouldn't recognize him as such. He's fairly quiet and mostly keeps to himself. But he's all but guaranteed to be the focus of photographers' lenses when he attends his party's national convention this month in Boston.

People call him Swifty. To the Democrats, he's the official donkey delegate of their 2004 national convention.

This purebred donkey is packing it up for the 942-mile haul to New England to help win over undecided voters for his party's man, John Kerry.

Increased security measures because of the threat of terrorism almost kept Swifty out of the convention. No one but delegates and staff—not even officially designated donkeys—will be allowed into the convention venue, the Fleet Center.

No one in charge of the vendor area near the center seemed to know what to do with a donkey, and the official word from convention organizers was that there would be no room for Swifty.

"I was almost in tears," said Bridget Martin, a spokeswoman for the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers who helped organize the donkey's trip for Swifty's handler, Michael Powell, a member of the union. "I was so upset when I got word that it wasn't going to happen."

Enter the Kerry campaign, where officials had heard of the four-legged delegate's plight and were determined to make the trip happen.

"I was called by Senator Kerry's office and asked if we'd be able to accommodate Swifty," said Jo Anne Baxter, a spokeswoman for the Boston zoo.

She was quick to point out that the move to accommodate Swifty wasn't a partisan one.

"If President Bush wants to come and have an elephant greeting our visitors, he'd be welcomed as well," she said.

When asked about the burden of being the Democrats' official mascot, Swifty declined to comment during an exclusive interview Friday at his stable in extreme northwest



BY RIC FELD—ASSOCIATED PRESS

**Swifty the donkey, with owner Morris Powell, will be the mascot of the Democratic convention.**

Georgia.

Instead, he kept silent with his mouth full, chewing on weeds growing near the corner of his stall.

That was his response to all the questions.

The 10-year-old, gray, brown and white donkey, who worked briefly on a stud farm before entering politics, will be housed at Boston's Franklin Park Zoo during the convention. He will be greeting Democratic delegates as they enter the park for one of the convention's biggest parties.

It will be his second convention appearance. He made his political debut in 2000, when he greeted delegates at the Staples Center in Los Angeles. (His overnight accommodations, by the way, were in Beverly Hills.)

Swifty's owner first got involved in politics more than two decades ago.

"I started fooling with politics back in 1980. I was real high on Jimmy Carter," said the 61-year-old farmer, who donned a black cowboy hat and

blue Kerry button during the interview.

He decided six years ago that his farm would be a good home for his party's animal mascot.

"I probably shopped for this donkey for a year to find the one I wanted," says Powell. "When I found him, I knew right off that he was the right donkey."

But there was a problem. A Baptist who never drinks alcohol, Powell was upset with the animal's name—Tennessee Whiskey.

He made up his mind to change it. And although Swifty's name conjures images of the Swift boat Kerry famously piloted during the Vietnam War, Powell actually lifted it from a character in a movie western.

But Powell's an old hand at politically appropriate animal names.

He rode his mule down Pennsylvania Avenue in both of Bill Clinton's inaugural parades.

The mule's name? Bill.

# At Fenway: Pols, a Brawl and Baseball

FENWAY, From D1

be baseball fans," said CNN's Jeff Greenfield, who was milling around Friday night in the press box, where space is coveted during a Red Sox-Yankees game and generally restricted to essential personnel such as beat reporters for the Boston and New York media (and reporters for The Washington Post Style section). Yet Greenfield, a Yankees fan, insisted he had good reason to be here, for journalistic purposes.

"And they say they're worried about terrorism in Boston," said Mike Murphy, the Washington state treasurer sitting next to Richardson and looking down at the scrum of players Saturday.

Democratic officials are worried about a lot of things in Boston this week—protesters, logistics and potentially embarrassing speeches by Hollywood types, among other things.

But chief among frivolous concerns is a ticket to Fenway, which

will host 10 convention-related events, receptions and tours, said Chuck Steelman, Red Sox senior director of business affairs.

Bill Clinton is said to be attending Sunday night's nationally televised game on convention eve, one that's expected to draw several dozen Democratic lawmakers, governors and mayors. The Red Sox are hosting a barbecue Sunday afternoon on the right field roof for the national media. The Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee is offering tickets to the game for \$5,000 a couple, and the Democratic Governors Association will host a reception Wednesday night where donors and dignitaries can take batting practice.


NBC's Maria Shriver posed for photos for Friday's papers with Red Sox pitcher Pedro Martinez, and before Saturday's game CNN's Wolf Blitzer cavorted on the field with the umpires, at least two of whom proclaimed themselves big fans of his. (Umpires apparently love Wolf

Blitzer in the same way Germans love David Hasselhoff—the things you learn.)

"Garcia, pa, gar—I have no idea how you pronounce his name," CNN's Judy Woodruff was saying as Red Sox shortstop Nomar Garciaparra walked to the plate in the second inning Friday night. She was sitting in a corporate box on the first base side, next to her CNN colleague and Democratic operative James Carville, sipping from a can of lite beer. Woodruff hosted "Inside Politics" and Carville hosted "Crossfire" from a pavilion on the right field roof.

"Just say Nomar," Carville said. "Or Nomah, as they pronounce it here," although Carville's Cajun drawl makes it sound more like "No-maw."

If you're scoring at home, this is a native of Louisiana trying to affect a working-class Boston pronunciation of the Red Sox Mexican American shortstop—who, if anyone noticed, just beat out an infield single.



WHO

WHAT

WHERE

WHEN

WHY

“ ... You would think this would be pretty easy for Answer man ... but noooooooooo ... ”

... Remember the woman who was arrested at a Frederick steakhouse for licking the salt and pepper shakers and eating napkins? ... ”

**John Kelly | Metro Columnist**  
Writing that lives here.  
Monday–Friday in the comics pages.  
**The Washington Post**  
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Next Week: **Anthem Is as Anthem Does, or No Way, 'O Say'**