



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

CAROLYN HAX

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

Dear Carolyn: I feel like I'm caught in the middle of a bloody coup. My mom and my boyfriend are both dominant, type-A personalities, and I can't reconcile the two. I live with my boyfriend. Mom wants to come visit for the weekend, but says she won't if he's there. (Power play on her part, right?) Talked to Boyfriend; he agreed to vacate for the weekend. Mom made plans, spent money. Boyfriend reneged on promise — now says he won't leave, Mom can deal with it. (Power play on his part, right?) What to do? Whom to side with? Anonymous

I'm sure you can see me coming from a mile away, but . . . When it came time to choose a boyfriend, why did you choose to reproduce your relationship with your mom? Was it conscious, does it make you happy, would you do it again knowing what you know now? This doesn't answer your question, of course, but nothing will unless you know your role in these two very similar dynamics.

Carolyn: Oh jeez. I did NOT see you coming from a mile away on the re-creation-of-the-relationship-with-my-mom thing, and now I'm floored. But if I could do it all over again, I'd probably do the same thing, with very minor adjustments. So now what do I do? Seek therapy, since I'm apparently dating my mom with male genitalia? And in the short term — I have to tell one of them to buzz off on this weekend visit situation, so how do I pick which one? Boyfriend vs. Mom Girl

You tell them both to buzz off. Your mom had no right to ask your boyfriend to vacate. You were wrong to put this request to him in the first place, but once he did agree to it, he had no right to back out on his promise without talking to you about it first. Seriously — is there something else you can do this weekend, just for you? As for the therapy, might not be a bad idea. Unconsciously recruiting people to be decisive for you is one way to end up in a life that you realize — in 10 years? 20? when you're 65? — isn't the one you really wanted.

Dear Carolyn: I am getting divorced. My husband met someone new and moved in with her. In the meantime, he has not told his parents or any of his relatives. In fact, he is avoiding telling them. I had not mentioned this to his mother, who calls me regularly, because I figured it was his news to tell. But now I feel I am withholding vital information from her. How do I tell her that her son is a cheating SOB? Cleveland

(Brief pause while I rub my face.) She's not your mother, but it's your soon-to-be-ex-marriage as much as it is/was his — and, the mom's calling you. Please feel free to tell her that her son left you. If she wants details, explain that you feel they should come from him directly.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost.com/discussions.

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The Style Invitational »

REPORT FROM WEEK 808

in which we asked you to compose a poem or other funny writing using only the exact words in that week's Style Invitational. Despite the lofty source — we decided that the Bible, Shakespeare, etc., just weren't inspiring enough — many contestants failed to come close to the humor of the originals. And as always, there were the ostensibly rhyming verses with "rhymes" like "stimulus"/ "humorous"; "eight"/ "desperate"; and this week's worst poem, a seeming limerick attempting to rhyme "Vegas," "Genesis" and "lecture us." But to the Empress's relief, a handful of intrepid Losers with far too much time on their hands saved the day.



[First writing, original words, not edited.] To be or not to be? That is the . . . the . . . call it "the debate." Does one take hits or become a struggling man with no hope of success, only to get the [deleting of curse words] hit out of you? (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

2 the winner of the book "What's Your Poo Telling You?": Hips/tush surgery to the letter, Implants fall below the sweater, Foofy hair done to a T: A trophy wife I hope to be. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

3 A desperate, fierce-ugly guy asks you to dinner. Your "I can't now" is more or less an alternative to: ■ "With you? Not in a million years." ■ "Back off, %&*#!" ■ "Just what have you been smoking?" ■ "Maybe with some reconstructive surgery you could get your head out of your butt." (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

4 Business is now down all drains, We've taken it in the tush, A million layoffs just this week — But still, I don't miss Bush. (Anne Paris, Arlington)

'VITERS' BLOCK: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Good: You are the winner of one million dollars. Bad: . . . in Zimbabwe. (Chris Doyle)

Don't fall for the astonishingly imposing implants, the smoking hips, or the lusted-after tush. Or, at the end, St. Peter will not be saying, "Good job! Come in!" (Beverley Sharp, Washington)

Could an ugly wife being taken to surgery be seen as an honorable task, or just a radical way to restore that lusted-after quality for the owner? (Vic Krysko, Suratthani, Thailand)

It's March 14? Then have some pie, all you number dorks! (Chris Doyle)

To the people of the U.S.: Our nation must have reconstructive surgery. (Some assembly required.) You will get the bill. — President Obama, M.D. (Beverley Sharp)

Victoria's Secret? We get it; it's clear: Be advised: After 50, you don't be-long here. (Beverley Sharp)

Good: Your in-the-mood wife asks you to get into an unusual sexual position. Bad: It's the one your buddy was just telling you is an "original" move of his. (Chris Doyle)

Secret, pseudonymous Governor Spitzer, to Ashley, is only a Regular john. Summoned for sexual Comfort, she's fast to get Down to the business of Getting it on. (Chris Doyle)

"Back Words": Book unusual astonishingly an of title the here's. (Chris Doyle)

Finally, a poem With exact punctuation! Let us write it's words down.

No! Call off the celebration! (Jay Shuck)

That Wall Street guy was once imposing; We now applaud his daily hosing. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

This week's contest appears to have bit. (Russell Beland)

And Last: For readers of Genesis, first came The Maker. Still, it may be that billions of years back, some energy erupts, and a single bit of hope appears in the smelly gop. More change, and after a longer time, a mammal, a man, and in the end, we get Russell Beland, Fairfax. Can this be on purpose? (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Next Week: Unkindest Cutlines, or Gross Captioning

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 812: Rx-Rated Humor

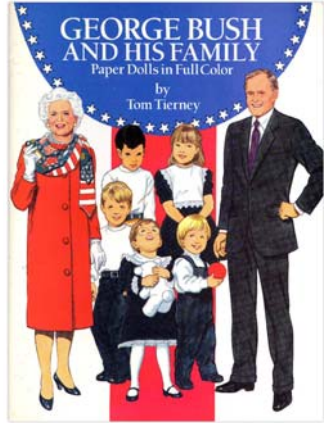


BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

If you hiccup, blink and urinate at the same time, your bellybutton will switch from an innie to an outie.

In The Style Invitational's ongoing quest to misinform the reading public, we again seek what we've been calling fictoids — fascinating facts that just happen to contain no truth whatsoever. Today, prompted by the suggestion of 25-time Loser Andrea Kelly, we enter the arena of the human body (or, for you more petite people, the cozy corner cafe of the human body). This week: Offer up some entirely false medical or physiological "fact," as in Andrea's example above. No fair just going to the Internet and copying out the mountains of advice offered up by well-meaning and totally misinformed commenters who habituate medical Web sites. Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a fabulous book of paper dolls of "George H. Bush and His Family," dated 1990 and featuring pictures of many family members, including a youthful-looking George W. and little-girl granddaughters Jenna and Barbara. Rather creepily for us, President 41 appears wearing only a T-shirt tucked into white briefs, and Mrs. Bush is downright come-hither in a form-fitting black slip and, of course, pearls. But there are 24 outfits you can put on them very quickly.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, April 20. Put "Week 812" 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 May 9. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Tom Witte; the revised title for next week's results is by Barbara Turner.



In Death, as in Life, a Professor Teaches Us About Bones

BONES, From Page C1

wanted his bones someplace. . . . He thought he would be a good teaching specimen."

Krantz was in touch with several universities before the Smithsonian agreed to take the disassembled bones of man and dogs. The museum cautioned Krantz, however, that his "re-articulation," as it is called, and display would be a long shot.

"I said that would be a lot of money . . . and we would have to have justification to spend that kind of money," said David R. Hunt, a collections manager in the museum's department of anthropology.

Hunt told Krantz that he would remember his wishes if things changed.

Krantz's bones first went to the University of Tennessee's "body farm," where scientists study the postmortem breakdown of human remains, and where the scholar's skeleton was cleansed.

It came to the Smithsonian in 2003. The bones of Clyde and two more of Krantz's dogs, who died before him, had already arrived at the museum. All went into storage

drawers, where it seemed they were likely to stay.

Then came the proposal for "Written in Bone," which opened earlier this year. Spurred by the field research of museum forensic anthropologist Doug Owsley, the exhibit was planned as a study of Colonial-era grave sites in the Chesapeake region.

Owsley saw an opportunity to include Krantz as a kind of finale that would grab museumgoers just as they were leaving the exhibit. "I just wanted something they might remember," he said. But he faced the cost of reassembling Krantz, a job that would need to be farmed out to an expensive specialist.

Owsley wondered, however, if the museum's taxidermist, Paul Rhymer, might be able to tackle the job in-house, and save money. The idea, which originated with Krantz, would be to reassemble him and Clyde together along the lines of the old photograph.

Rhymer, 46, who is also a sculptor and usually works on such animals as foxes, monkeys and penguins, agreed to try. He taped up a copy of the photo of Krantz and Clyde, and took the bones, which were in boxes



BY LINDA DAVIDSON — THE WASHINGTON POST

Gordon Krantz and his wolfhound, as the scholar wanted to be preserved.

and plastic bags, to his museum workshop. And over several months last fall and winter he brought them to life.

He used power tools, hacksaws and a thick book on human anatomy. He got and took lots of advice. He drilled minute holes in the bones, wired ribs together and constructed the delicate, almost invisible, scaffolding on which the skeletons rest.

"It was like a jigsaw puzzle," he

said. "But it was like putting two together at the same time and having them meet somewhere in the middle."

He altered the two poses slightly from the photograph to avoid any impression that Krantz was being attacked by the dog, and to more clearly suggest a "joyful interchange."

Clyde, being a familiar "four-footer" to the taxidermist, was easier to

assemble. Rhymer started with Krantz.

He began with the bones and scaffolding of the spine, and worked his way out. The skull was easy. The ribs wouldn't cooperate. Bones were missing in the hands and feet.

Rhymer soon realized that the bones all fit together in a logical way. "It takes a while to figure out, after you've messed with these things, which notches fit in with what notch," he said. "There's no way I could have put the vertebrae in the wrong order. It just wouldn't have fit."

Gradually Krantz took shape.

"Once I had him from his pelvis, and I had his head on, and I had him at what I thought was going to be the right height, I thought, 'Okay, this is going to work,'" Rhymer said.

Earlier this month, with the museum thronged with spring tourists, there was an array of reactions to Krantz and Clyde.

"Freaky!" said one young visitor. "Amazing," said a fifth-grade teacher.

"That is a big dog," said a woman. "That is a big person," said a little girl. "Looks like he's smiling."

A Guatemalan Law Professor, in the Hands of the Lawless

MONTERROSO, From Page C1

mala's 36-year civil war, which ended in 1996. On Wednesday, he would watch two police officials face accusations in the civil war-era disappearance of a well-known activist. On Thursday, his proposals to cleanse police forces of corrupt officers would be signed by the president.

But less than half a day after releasing his report, he started getting frantic calls. His wife hadn't arrived at her office. She'd missed her afternoon appointments.

It wasn't until that evening — 12 hours after being abducted — that Monterroso, bruised and bloodied, resurfaced. For the next week, strangers lined up outside her hospital room to bring her flowers and pray for her. Still recovering, she came to Washington this week for private meetings with members of Congress and activists in hopes of drawing attention to the security crisis in Guatemala. Kidnappings doubled to nearly 500 in 2008, and this year Guatemala is on pace for 7,000 killings.

Between meetings, Monterroso



BY JAY PREAMACK FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Gladys Monterroso with her husband, Sergio Morales, a key human rights official in Guatemala.

paused for a sandwich in a conference room at the headquarters of the Organization of American States, a grand building overlooking the Mall, with tiled floors and a lush courtyard evoking a Latin American mansion. Trained by her husband and three aides, she arrived in a stylish, tailored black suit

and heels.

She glanced at the floor shyly as she began to talk about what happened.

It was not yet 7:30 a.m., Monterroso recalled, when she set out for the one-block walk from her office to a restaurant where she meets other professors for breakfast every Wednesday. She saw men in hoods, and for a moment thought nothing of it. During Lent each year, university students don hoods and roam the streets asking for money in a ritual known as the Huelga de Dolor, or the Sorrow Strike.

But these men didn't ask for money, she said. They grabbed her and threw her into an SUV. They blindfolded her and drove for half an hour, then roughly pushed her into a basement.

"I kept saying, 'I didn't do anything. You're confused,'" she recalled.

The men cursed at her. Still hooded, they held a pistol to her temple. She sobbed. They pushed the pistol barrel into her mouth, threatening to kill her, she said.

Her mind wandered.

She thought about her daughters, ages 21 and 23, both of whom live with her.

"I was thinking, 'I won't be there for their weddings. I won't be there when they have their children,'" she said.

The men forced her to take pills, though she does not know what kind. They poured liquor down her throat, all the while refusing her pleas for an explanation. They laughed at her. And they raped her.

At her home, Monterroso's daughters were in a panic. They had been trying to reach their father, but he was outside the city, beyond cellphone range. Her colleagues were looking everywhere for her.

What was strange about all this is that the kidnappers had not called to ask for a ransom. This is one of the main reasons that international human rights activists assert that Monterroso's abductors took her hostage in hopes of intimidating her husband.

Without explanation, Monterroso said, her captors pulled her out of the basement and drove her away. They dumped her in a park. She was still blindfolded. Her wrists and ankles were bound.

Woozy from the liquor and the pills, she heard a man's voice. She thought she was going to be assaulted again. But she soon realized the man was asking to help her.

Monterroso realized she was barefoot. Her underwear was gone. She was disoriented. She had no idea where she was.

She bent over and vomited.

The repercussions were immediate. The announcement of her husband's police reforms — scheduled for the next day — was postponed.

After a week in the hospital, Monterroso flew to Houston for tests. AIDS is on the rise in Guatemala and she agonizes at the thought of waiting six months for definitive results of an HIV test.

Now her days will be spent under the gaze of bodyguards, she said, her eyes welling with tears. Her freedom is gone, she said.

Yesterday morning, Monterroso and her husband boarded a plane and flew back to Guatemala, where he plans to resume his work with the police archives.

"We have to continue," Monterroso said before leaving. "We have to live."