

**CAROLYN HAX**

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

**Dear Carolyn:**  
We've been trying for our first baby for about a year. My wife has had some medical issues for which she has a whole pharmacy full of medications she's supposed to take daily in hopes of getting her "normal" (her word). She is really stressed about her appointment with the endocrinologist at which she may or may not get the green light for trying again. I understand she is stressed because the doctor could say we should wait longer, but then she tells me she has not been taking all her medication as prescribed. I'm conflicted. On the one hand, I want to be supportive, but on the other, I can't wrap my head around her being stressed about still being "broken," but not taking her meds. It doesn't help that all her friends have either just gotten pregnant or recently popped. Should I get a larger pillow to muffle my screams?  
*Anonymous*

Ask her if there's something bigger on her mind, and let her know it's safe to talk to you. By that I mean, you won't — you can't — use her candor against her.

Her not taking her meds is akin to being passive-aggressive, except that she's turning it against herself. She says she wants something, then fails to take the steps necessary to get it. Equate that to a more familiar squabble, say, over household chores: A spouse says, "Yes, of course, I'll start doing more around the house," yet the dishes keep piling up in the sink. Usually that kind of resistance has an explanation. Just as the chore squabble has larger themes — as in, Spouse resents being ordered around and rebels quietly by just not doing anything, or Spouse doesn't feel invested in the marriage and the chore neglect is merely detachment — there could also be a larger theme with your wife and her medication.

Maybe she secretly doesn't want a baby, or she's scared of having one, and skipping her meds is easier than facing her fears. Or, another tack, she questions or even resents that she needs the meds and this is her way of feeling "normal," or just taking control.

This is all just speculation, of course, which is why your best approach would be to encourage her to speak up. Any obstacle is best confessed and confronted — not avoided while you develop a close personal relationship with your pillow.

**Re: Anonymous:**  
She could be afraid of failing. It's logical to think, I failed because I didn't take all of the medicine. It's a lot harder to think, I did everything I could and I still failed.  
*Anonymous 2*

Insightful, thanks.

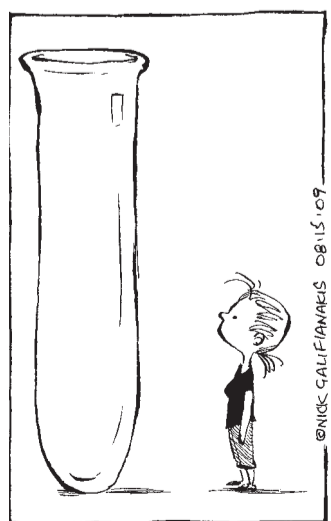
**Dear Carolyn:**  
Any advice for the rest of us who have no engagement/baby news to share and have no dating prospects on the horizon?  
*Rest of Us*

Yes — enjoy! Milestones are stressful. The time between them is, relatively, the easiest to control. Stretches of routine are the best time to start doing something you've always wanted to try, for example. They allow you to be a better friend, or a more focused reader, or a more avant-garde cook, or a more thoughtful neighbor, whatever.

Or, if you're sick of trying, it's the best time just to coast for a while.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on [www.washingtonpost.com/discussions](http://www.washingtonpost.com/discussions).

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



**The Style Invitational »**

**REPORT FROM WEEK 826**

in which we asked you to take any word or multi-word term, put a portion of it in quotation marks and describe the result — as you'll see, the trick to making it funny was to find a word in there that had no relation to the real root of the word. Fabulous week: We received far more worthy entries than we can fit on the page; we'll print more of them when we find ourselves with some extra space.



- 2** the winner of the annoying Superfly Monkey slingshot thing: Misc'once'ption: The myth that you can't knock up your girlfriend the first time you have sex. (Lois Douthitt, Arlington)
- 3** Casan'ova: A guy who leaves a trail of unwed mothers. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- 4** Mi'shear'd: Wait, you said you wanted your hair to look like Jessica Simpson's? (Erik Wennstrom, Bloomington, Ind.)

**'C'LOSE': HONORABLE MENTIONS**

**'Alas'ka: A state of regret. — J. McCain, 16 Blocks Down Pennsylvania Avenue** (Jeff Hazle, Woodbridge; Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**A'polo'gize: To be self-deprecating about your excess wealth.** (Lois Douthitt)

**A'pot'hecaries: The new California drugstores.** (Yuki Henninger, Vienna)

**Ab'dome'n: The six-pack 20 years later.** (Wayne Rodgers, Satellite Beach, Fla.; Mae Scanlan, Washington)

**An'napoli's: Maryland's other Little Italy.** (Kathleen Brasington, Annapolis, a First Offender)

**An'tithe'sis: Stealing from the collection plate.** (Jan Brandstetter, Mechanicsville, Md.)

**Ar'bore'tum: Seen one tree, seen 'em all.** (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

**B'rat'wurst: Sausage served in a cheap restaurant.** (Michael Kilby, Wildau, Germany)

**D'ow'ry: Having your new bride tell you, "You mean you thought I was related to that Bill Gates?"** (Lois Douthitt)

**Dissem'bling: Why would you think they're not real diamonds?** (Pam Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.)

**C'onan': A late-night guilty pleasure.** (Tom Witte)

**But'cher'ed: Had some unfortunate plastic surgery.** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**C'leave'r: A hint that you've been hanging around too long in your hosts' kitchen.** (Russ Taylor, Vienna)

**Carpen'try: A Cub Scout birdhouse project.** (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

**'Con'tainer: The slammer.** (Susie Wiltshire, Richmond, a First Offender)

**Edu'cat'ion: The training of those who haven't the slightest interest in being trained.** (Max Pieper, Burke, a First Offender)

**E'ducat'ion: Learning that money really can buy happiness.** (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

**Expect'orate': Say it and spray it.** (Jim Lubell, Mechanicsville, Md.)

**F'ore'play: An activity in which one hopes to strike gold, but usually strikes out.** (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

**Immi'grate's: Irritate folks whose families moved here before yours did.** (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

**Ini'lien'able: The right of the government to a third of your paycheck.** (Russ Taylor)

**Jo'urn'alist: An obit writer.** (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

**Kn'it': The nice, um, something that Aunt Lucy made you for your birthday.** (Jane Auerbach)

**Le No'zz'e di Figaro: An opera.** (Brendan Beary)

**Mc'Nam'ara: An otherwise accomplished person whose name will forever be associated with one enormous failure.** (Tom Witte; Brendan Beary)

**Mezza'nine': An almost perfect midsection.** (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)

**P'itch'er: The player in the bullpen who always shows up on TV at just the wrong time.** (James Noble, Lexington Park)

**P'resident': Someone who lives**

**here and wasn't born here. — L. Dobbs** (Dave Zarrow, Reston)

**Pif'grim'age: The trip to the in-laws' for Thanksgiving.** (Craig Dykstra)

**R'efin'ancing: An enormous pile of never-ending paperwork.** (Steve Offutt, Arlington)

**S'pee'd: What you do when the next rest stop is 89 miles away.** (Tom Lacombe, Browntown, Va.)

**Sh'ape'ly: 112-96-112** (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

**Spe'cialis't: The 'doctor' who keeps sending me all those e-mails.** (Michael Fransella, Arlington)

**Stup'id'ly: How Gov. Sanford explained his absences.** (Roy Ashley, Washington)

**'Sty'lus: A pig pen.** (Chris Doyle)

**Sy'nap'se: A senior moment.** (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

**Taber'nacl'e: Where the salt of the earth gathers to pray.** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

**Ve'hic'le: The squad car of the Alexandria police chief.** (Pie Snelson, Silver Spring)

**W'ashington Post: Because as much as you'd like to, you can't use the Huffington Post as fireplace kindling.** (Ward Kay, Vienna)

**And last: Pa'ink'iller: Something that takes the hurt away.** (Vic Krysko, Suratthani, Thailand)

**Next Week: Caller IDiot, or Consumer Ha Line**  
Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational at [washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).

**THIS WEEK'S CONTEST**



**Week 830: Mess With Our Heads**

**The Art of Letting Employees Go**  
**Sweatshops Offer Decorative Bathroom Passes**

In sporadic bouts of magnanimity, The Empress occasionally deigns to correspond with a few members of the greater Loser community. But then these people go and say things to her like "Is it so blasphemous to say I never read the A-section?"

Well, it might not exactly be blasphemous, Mr. Craig Dykstra of Centreville, but given your ardent quest for ink — 143 entries in the last two weeks — you might want to get some A-section (or other-section) religion, if only for a few days. **This week: Take any headline, verbatim, appearing anywhere in the Post or on washingtonpost.com from Aug. 14 through Aug. 24 and reinterpret it by adding a "bank head," or subtitle** (like the joke bank head offered under the actual Post headline above). Include the date and page number of the headline you're citing from the paper; for Web articles, give the date and copy a sentence or two of the story (even better, just copy the URL). You don't have to use the entire length of the headline, but don't skip words or use snippets that distort the meaning of the original. Headlines in ads and subheads within an article (as well as actual bank heads) can be used, too; photo captions cannot.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a Cushy Tushy — a woolly item that is essentially a sweater for your toilet seat. Not the seat lid, mind you: the actual seat. Nice on a cold day, maybe, but, um, do you really want to be the second person to sit on that thing?

**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Aug. 24. Put "Week 830" 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 Sept. 12. 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 results is by Tom Witte; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart.

**Woodstock 2009: Peace, Love and Nostalgia**

ANNIVERSARY, From Page C1

Rome, N.Y., that was marred by violence and vandalism — the 2009 jamboree is specifically designed as a kind of old-timers game.

The Bethel Woods Center for the Arts led off with a sold-out Friday night concert by Richie Havens, who opened the 1969 Woodstock because most of the other acts were stuck in traffic.

On Saturday at 5 p.m. there will be a "Heroes of Woodstock" concert, also sold out, featuring a number of the graybeard performers who are still around: Country Joe McDonald, Tom Constanten, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Canned Heat, Ten Years After, Jefferson Starship, the Levon Helm Band and Mountain. Of course, the very notion of a "sold-out" Woodstock show, able to accommodate only a certain number of people, indicates how much things have changed. Many of the 15,000 concertgoers expected by organizers will be in seats, not sprawling on blankets. And attendees will mainly be overnighting at inns and motels up to 60 miles away, not ... sprawling on blankets.

On Sunday there will be a panel discussion about the original festival.

The sense of community Devlin mentioned, forged out of four days of chaos, is what keeps the Woodstock veterans tied to this place. "It was cool," said Debby, 58, who came down from Vermont and asked that her last name not be printed, explaining, "I did some time in the front lines of the drug war."

"It was just peace and love," said Debby, whose long hair is now white. She's lost most of her teeth, and walks with a cane. "Everybody cared for everybody. Nothing else happened except peace and love and music." This is her sixth time back to the site, and she had to be here this time, she said, because with her ailments, "I probably won't live to see the next big anniversary."

Some come here every year. Gary Rupp, known as Teach because he is a high school teacher, comes up from Carbondale, Pa., often toting with him some of the Woodstock memorabilia he has collected. This time he was showing off the perfectly preserved red T-shirt he got autographed by many of the top musicians who



Blue Hallock holds a copy of Life magazine from 1969, which pictured her at the now-iconic music festival.

performed then.

Asked what Woodstock means today, Rupp paused and said, "You're looking at a generation of music that people all over the world still follow."

"You have kids that still follow this music, even though they call us old hippies," Rupp said. "We understand what peace, love and music is all about. We understand how to live in harmony, not like today's world."

"None of this stuff was here," said Groovy, now 61, who also asked that his last name not be used. He came from close by in 1969 and worked as a stagehand, building the giant stage and helping the musicians. "Jimi Hendrix was the best," Groovy recalled. "He was just like normal people." Others speak wistfully about Sly and the Family Stone or the Who or the Grateful Dead.

The Woodstock site, originally Max Yasgur's farmland, is now a place of manicured green lawns surrounded by wooden fences, with a performing arts center and a museum dedicated to the 1960s and to Woodstock.

Part of the story is how the festival came to this place by accident, after it almost never hap-

*"The sense of community we had was really overwhelming. I've never really experienced ... that again."*

Duke Devlin

The original plan, by four promoters, was to have a giant music and arts festival 54 miles to the east in Walkkill, and to attract some of the big-name musicians, like Janis Joplin, who lived in nearby Woodstock. But in mid-July, the Walkkill town zoning board rejected the permit, leaving the promoters without a venue just a month before the scheduled opening date.

That was when Max Yasgur, a Sullivan County farmer, came to the rescue and agreed that his big open hay farm could be used, one of nine farms he owned. His son, Sam Yasgur, recalls that Max was

a 49-year-old conservative Republican. But he resisted efforts from the town to prevent the festival from coming here.

"He said, 'You don't like these kids because of the way they look, because of the way they dress,'" said Sam Yasgur, who was 27 at the time. He said his father told the detractors, "Tens of thousands of soldiers died so they have the right to do what they're doing."

"During the festival, it was intense," Sam Yasgur recalled. "There were threats. There were neighbors who couldn't get out and milk their cows. Their fields were being chewed up by cars, their crops were being destroyed." But he said when his father was invited onstage, he surveyed that huge sea of people and defended their right to be there.

Not all the townsfolk were upset with the invasion.

Leni Binder, now with the Sullivan County legislature, became something of a Woodstock legend. She and her husband ran a local gasoline distributing company in nearby Woodbourne. When she heard about the huge crowds gathering, she went to a local market and bought all the bread, peanut butter and jelly she could, and made scores of sandwiches. She

then instructed her delivery drivers to go out and hand out the sandwiches to anyone who was hungry.

"Until 1 or 2 in the morning, I was making sandwiches," Binder, now 67, recalled. "I was the sandwich lady. We were feeding the kids."

What made Woodstock special, these veterans insist, is that it happened almost accidentally, spontaneously — far more people showed up than planned, the traffic came to a standstill miles away, the rain turned the hills into mud, the limited toilets soon overflowed, and there was little food. But it was that shared experience that formed a common bond among those who were there.

"You could feel that this was something special," said Duke Devlin. "We had issues — the war in Vietnam, civil rights, women's rights. ... Our main thing was to show everybody how we could live in harmony."

And live in harmony they did, sharing what food (and other substances) there was. According to informal reports, at least two babies were born at the festival. "There were a lot more conceived," Devlin added.

Woodstock veterans are convinced that the 1969 festival's ending up here was no accident, that this is a holy place, recognized as such by the earliest Native American tribes. This area of central New York in the Catskill Mountains still has a large number of Hasidic Jewish communities, ashrams, a cloistered community of French nuns and, since Woodstock, a number of drug rehabilitation centers.

And now it has the museum and arts center, which continues to draw the old-timers looking to relive that one magical part of their youth.

"This is a monument to what we did in 1969," said Devlin. "I call it a time machine. It's very emotional, too."

He added: "I'm proud of what we did in 1969. ... The ingredients were perfect. Perfect. If you try to duplicate it, it's not perfect."

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To view a photo gallery of the 1969 festival and watch video of the Woodstock site today, visit [washingtonpost.com/style](http://washingtonpost.com/style).