

The Style Invitational

Week CXIX: Russellmania!



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

We are saddened to report that this week marks the final appearance on these pages of Russell Beland of Springfield, one of the most prolific and ingenious contributors to the Style Invitational. Russell has informed us that he is retiring from the contest because he has decided that it is a soul-devouring addiction. We know he's serious because he is a mere nine published entries shy of a career total of 500, a milestone that would have made him the third person ever to enter The Style Invitational Hall of Fame. In the spirit of goodwill for which the Style Invitational is famous, we therefore announce this week's **Russell Beland of Springfield Contest**, in which you may do one of two things: (1) Design one or more steps for a 12-step program for the recovering Invitationalaholic; (2) Propose a devious method by which we might lure Russ back. First-prize winner gets a blue wig with an elegant plastic foam-head wig-holder.

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 due to rabid, spit-flying fanaticism. Deadline is Monday, May 13. 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 CXV,

when we asked you to match any two Triple Crown-eligible horses and name the foal. As always with this contest, the overwhelming number of entries raises the possibility that we may have overlooked one of yours similar or even identical to one we are publishing. If you feel we have made that error, contact Russell Beland of Springfield. He'll be delighted to intercede personally on your behalf.

- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **Mate Saarland with ShowMeltAll and name the foal Saar Knickerless** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Mate Lord of the Thunder with Sleeping Weapon and name the foal Thorazine** (Ellen Hill and John Godfrey, Kensington)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Mate Raven Power with Lawn Mover and name the foal Nevermower** (Martin Bredeck, Hybla Valley)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **Mate Double Zero Seven with Corner the Market and name the foal Bond, Junk Bond** (Dave Ferry, Leesburg)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **Mate Professor Higgins with The Senate and name the foal Doolittle** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- ◆ And the winner of the "Humor for Dummies" cards: **Mate Illicit Affair with Ealing Park and name the foal That's a Moray** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

- Bella Bellucci + Spitfire Man = Bela Loggiesi** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Chief Whitefeather + Bold Truth = ChiefSittingnobull** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Wild Horses + Where's the Ring = Nag Nag Nag** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Dial a Hero + Smooth Jazz = Phone Sax** (Steve Tretiak, Alexandria)
- You + Hit the Trail = Dear John** (John Ruthinoski, Fairfax)
- Raven Power + The Full Circle = Poe R Squared** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- Chop Chop + Classic Hero = JohnWayneBobbitt** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Dominated Day + Lawn Mover = Marquis de Sod** (Marc Leibert, New York)
- Grey Beard + Crap Shooter = Grey Poopon** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- Arman + Casa Chica = Arman in Havana** (Tom Witte, Gaithersburg)
- Beautiful Indy + Daddy's Bright Star = Hoosier Daddy** (Chris Doyle, Burke; Greg Donahue, Edgewater)
- Pinch Hitter + French Assault = Joe DiMaginot** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Ibn Al Haitham + Puck = CmonMeccaMeLaugh** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Constitution + Peekskill = We the Peephole** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Sleeping Weapon + Crap Shooter = Ammunition Dump** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Expect + Inaugural Address = Expectoration** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)
- Iron Deputy + Spinning Tales = Blarney Fife** (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
- Mayakovsky + Fast Decision = RussianToJudgment** (Cindi Rae Caron, Lenoir, N.C.; Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Chief Whitefeather + A Table for Three = Indian Reservation** (Laura Allen, Clarksville; Carl Yaffe, Rockville)
- Crap Shooter + Slo Gin Jack = PlopPlopFizzFizz** (Judith Cottrill, New York)
- Giant American + Barometric = Lincoln Mercury** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Giant American + ShowMeltAll = Uncle Miltie** (Charlie Myers, Laurel)
- Many of Destiny + Giant American = Man of Density** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- Lawn Mover + Van Rouge = Mowlawn Rouge** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- Twenty One Cats + Forty Nine Deeds = Watch Your Step** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
- Warners + Thatsallmon = Th'thatsallmon** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.; Randall Kunkel, Dale City)
- Binyamin + Crown the King = Bibi King** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

- The Senate + Unanimous Decision = National Pet Month** (Laird Hart, Takoma Park)
- Professor Higgins + Cappuchino = My Fair Latte** (Sandra Hull, Arlington; Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Yoga + Ursa Minor = Yoga Bear** (Chris Rubino, San Diego; Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Crap Shooter + Crown the King = Rex Lax** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Tomahawk Lake + Quiet American = DontAxeDontTell** (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)
- Got the Message + Bulldozer = I Can Dig It** (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)
- Hidden Dragon + Curmudgeon = Grouching Tiger** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Illicit Affair + Chop Chop = Romeo and Juliene** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Piston + Curmudgeon = Pistoff** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
- Puck + Imperial Gesture = Puck U** (Danielle Reed, Suitland)
- Gamble + Bet the Black = Bet Noir** (Chris Doyle, Burke)
- Charioter + The Full Circle = Ben Hur Done That** (J.D. Berry, Springfield)
- Solomon's Decree + Double Zero Seven = Double Zero 3.5** (Jeff Gluck, Silver Spring)
- Cripple Creek + Lord of the Thunder = A Thor Foot** (John Machado, Springfield; Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)
- Whiskey Bill + Marshal Cody = Wild Bill Hiccup** (John Burton, Herndon)
- Canadian Peso + Crap Shooter = Peso Crap** (Kris and Ellen Kunert, Washington)
- Canadian Peso + Officer = Canadian Bacon** (Kris and Ellen Kunert, Washington)
- D'Coach + D'Behr = D'itka** (Lloyd Harrison, Huntingtown, Md.; Rick Penn, Rockville; Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Inaugural Address + Maybry's Boy = Ask Knott** (Mark Young, Washington)
- I.R. Wood + You = We R. Wood** (Mike Hammer, Arlington)
- Flying Dash + French Assault = Dash Assault** (Mike Hammer, Arlington)
- Imperial Gesture + Axis = SitOnt AndRotate** (Michael Mason, Fairfax)
- Wiseman's Ferry + Rock the Stone = Styx 'n' Stones** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Dances Well + Cappuchino = Baryshnicoffee** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- Spitfire Man + Classic Hero = Mucus Aurelius** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
- You + Six G's = Gug Gug Gug** (Fred Dawson, Beltsville)
- Occidental Tourist + Yoga = Western Om-let** (Ralph Bain, Bethesda)
- ◆ And Last: **Netcong + Sunday Break = I Viet to Win** (Alan DeValerio, Damascus)

Next Week: **The Old Collage Try**

A NATIONAL CARTOONISTS DAY SPECIAL by Richard Thompson

As today is National Cartoonists Day, we thought we'd take you backstage, behind all the glitz & glamour, & show you how a comic strip is created. This will surely increase your appreciation of this Important American Art Form.

First we draw a "rough sketch" for the editor to inspect. Editors are inattentive & gradulous, so we can keep the sketch pretty basic. Note: "TK" means "to come," as in "the punchline is to come later." This buys you time to think up a gag or to remember an old one you thought was funny. Then you just fill in the balloons.

Much better! It works on so many levels! Now we sign it, affix a copyright & date, a website & an e-mail address, mail it off to a syndicate and sit back to await our paycheck! What a life, huh? No need to shave or even bathe regularly! Sometimes we go for a whole week or more—But never mind! Thank God for this Important American Art Form! **Punchline TK Here**

TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, *From FI*

believe you. Letting this no-longer-best friendship end in a mutual huff is easier, sure, because no one goes out on any emotional limbs. But even you can't buy that ignoring her would be some kind of personal triumph. You're hurt that she's freezing you out, and so you're dismissing her feelings as shallow, and thus allowing yourself to believe that ignoring her back is a virtue.

Don't you just love it when a complete (ly presumptuous) stranger tells you what's in your head?

I mean well, though. Mostly, I hope. Knock-knock, this is your *best* friend. So she managed for three months without you. This is not "superficial," this is life; we all watch people go from our lives, and just because we build lives without them (sigh), even thrive, that doesn't mean we don't miss them.

What matters now is that she's the one making amends. Sounds like she might owe you some, but I also think you need her side of the story even more badly than I do. There are a lot of things you could have done—like playing mind games with your girlfriend—that could rightly trigger a freeze.

Or there is no other side to the story, and your friend was just being obnoxious, and she wants to apologize for it. Or you two are the only ones who haven't figured out you're madly in love with each other.

Or her stapler rose from her desk and whispered to her that she should go talk to you. It doesn't matter. We're talking about your *best* friend. At least hear what the girl has to say.

Dear Carolyn:

My friend C and I went off to college last September. We weren't very close at the time, and the distance has only increased. Every few months, she'll send out a brief mass e-mail, which never fails to depress me; I'm not entirely sure whether I'm jealous of her accomplishments

or simply saddened by how little we seem to have in common these days. Another of my friends feels that, since the problem seems to be on my end, it won't kill me to just delete the e-mails without reading them. I feel that since the very sight of them is enough to stir up these emotions, for whatever reason, I should contact C and ask her to remove me from her address book. What do you think? —Baltimore

That doing nothing is an underrated recourse when you're not entirely sure what you're doing.

Doing nothing works really well, too, in the face of grinding minutiae—and the 2002 Bragging Spam Flap easily makes the first cut. She's a not-close friend who makes you feel bad once a quarter. By e-mail.

Still, getting distressed beyond all proportion can be a sign there's something else up; kind of the way a pearl is a sign there's a grain of sand stuck in your oyster. Except that hyperventilating is hard to make into a necklace.

Anyway, the sand is stuck on your end, but her success doesn't explain it, because brag-garts are failures by statute; happy, secure people don't need to hustle praise from everyone in their address books. And the lost-friendship thing, I don't know. It doesn't seem like enough.

On the other hand, loneliness does. Or frustration with your own school performance. Or confusion about your true calling. Or any number of things. I'm not trying to make you feel bad—you're in the midst of a massive transition, so some agitation is good. I just think you need to think further, to see this is not about C. Si?

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



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Local services? Surely, McLean.

Look in **Best Finds**, the local professional directory, Thursday in your community news Extra.

EXTRA The Washington Post

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