

# The Style Invitational

Week CXX: Haiku 2 U2.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

### Bill Clinton

*A policy wonk  
Peace at home and peace abroad  
And a broad at home*

### Strom Thurmond

*Segregationist  
Truman hoped he'd go away.  
Ha ha ha Truman.*

**This Week's Contest** was suggested by James Hertsch III of Springfield. Write a haiku summarizing the career of any American politician, living or dead. (A haiku is generally defined as a nonrhyming poem of

### Harry S Truman

*Wore a fedora  
Took responsibility  
Big bang for the buck*

### Bob Dole

*Injured veteran  
Soft on corporate controls  
Hard on a new drug*

three lines. The first and last line are five syllables; the middle line is seven.) First-prize winner gets a paperweight made from genuine South African elephant dung, donated to The Style Invitational by Robin Diallo of Malawi.

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 due to rabid, spit-flying fanaticism. Deadline is Monday, May 20. 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 will 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 Tom Witte of Gaithersburg and Seth Brown of Williamstown, Mass.

**Report from Week CXVI**, in which we asked you to cut up any headlines in that day's Post to create new, more interesting headlines. (Because Sunday Style is available in some places on Saturday, we accepted headline words from Saturday's paper, too.)

◆ Fourth Runner-Up:



(Judith Cottrill, New York)

◆ Third Runner-Up:



(Chris Rubino, San Diego)

◆ Second Runner-Up:



(Chris Doyle, Burke)

◆ First Runner-Up:



(Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

◆ And the winner of the Hubert Humphrey bottle from the 1968 campaign:



(Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

**Gore Looks Good in Wood Finish** (Marc Leibert, New York; Frank Mullen III, Heathsville, Va.)

**Mideast Enjoys Short Peace as Arafat, Sharon Watch Broad Run, Savor the Bob.** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

**India Stages "Lady Singh the Blues"** (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

**White House Johns Broken; Bush in Deep Do Do.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**At Bacchus Retirement Home, Seniors Enjoy Rum Cake, Wild Music, Adult Videos.** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**Brain Guys Team With High-Fashion Guys to Design Smarty Pants.** (Scott Slaughter, Mount Airy)

**Food Researchers Find Infertility Linked to Nuts** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**New Jesse Jackson Affirmative Action Figure: Will It Sell?** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**Most People Buy Washington Post to Wrap Fish** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**Sharon Will Offer Arafat an Olive Branch—an Olive Branch With a Sharp Point.** (Judith Cottrill, New York)

**Proponent of Ebonics Be Dead** (Frank Mullen III, Heathsville; Jeff Martin, Gaithersburg)

**New Musical, "Jerusalem Follies," Not Selling** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

**Crude Clinton Confession Makes Pope Weep** (John Burton, Herndon)

**Poverty a National Embarrassment, So Rich Try to Ban Poor People** (Chris Doyle, Burke)

**Clinton Tell-All: "Is" Is Not "Was."** (Dot Yufer, Newton, W.Va.)

**Archbishop Says a Bit of Sex Is Welcome** (Dot Yufer, Newton, W.Va.)

**Jews Marvel at DNA-Altering Scientific Breakthrough: Kosher Porcine Products.** (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

**Mark Trail, a Friend of Great Outdoors, Charged as Sexual Predator.** (Mike Cozy, Silver Spring)

**Manilow's Success: Why Is This Happening? Why? Why?** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Female to Math: Drop Dead.** (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)

**Mideast Scandal: Powell, Arafat Shared French Kiss** (Fred S. Souk, Reston)

Next Week: **Blue By You**



## TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, *From FI*

If he calls, you don't answer. If he shows up on your doorstep, you leave him there. If you want this to end, you end it.

And please don't say it never started. We may be meeting you through an advice column, but that doesn't mean we're all stupid.

**Carolyn:** Is it inappropriate (read, stalkeresque) to e-mail someone with whom I shared a brief shuttle ride last weekend? We chatted a bit and, I must say, she is one of the .002 percent of the population I would consider to be my "type." From our conversation, I learned her first name, as well as the name of her employer. I read her last name on the placard of the driver who fetched her at the airport. I found no evidence of a significant other (no ring on her finger). If this doesn't automatically constitute grounds for a restraining order, how should I approach making contact? E-mail, a handwritten note? Of course, this inquiry is for "a friend," not for me. —S.

it. Speaking of which:

**Carolyn:** Maybe I'm a coward, but when I was unattached I rarely said a straight up "no, thanks" to a guy who was asking me out. I learned pretty early that being straightforward was a quick route to unpleasantness. First you get the "I'm so cute if I'm persistent" act, and then, when they finally realize you're not joking around, you get called a [bad name]. Some guys may want a straight answer, but others become a complete pain when they get it. I'm in no position to predict which is which, so I answer for the lowest common denominator. It would be nice if we could all be more grown up about it, but I'm not going to change the world, even if I try. —Two Cents

Well argued, thanks. And depressing. And a reminder of why I've come to appreciate—or, dare I tempt nausea, cherish—the stout "It's not you, it's me." (And creative variations.) No one has to know that the problem with "me" is that she wants

nothing to do with "you."

**Carolyn:** I was recently invited to a dinner with all my married/attached gal pals. Apparently it was coincidence, but all their significant others were out of town or working late that night. They spent an hour complaining how hard it was to be at home by themselves. Hello! This is me, every day! Should I have kept my mouth shut, or should I have done what I did and said, "Welcome to my life"? —Virginia

Or "Welcome to your emotional limitations." Or "Have you tried this new thing called a 'book'?" Or any disgusted reaction you wanted; you probably would have gotten away with it, since they all but announced they can't think in the absence of men. If this were football, you had a free play.

Write to Tell Me About It, *Style Plus*, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or [tellme@washpost.com](mailto:tellme@washpost.com), and join Carolyn's live discussion at noon Fridays at [washingtontimes.com/liveonline](http://washingtontimes.com/liveonline)

Good thing, because, between us, your "friend" is being a bonehead.

First mistake is the use of "my type" within 50 feet of this column—unless that was just shorthand for "someone whom I love, respect and enjoy and who loves, respects and enjoys me back," which admittedly can get unwieldy.

The second ball you dropped was in not trusting the innocence of your impulse. This is how people MEET. Go, get ON it, e-mail this person, or snail, or call, or whatever—although, for what it's worth, e-mail is the most offhand of the three and therefore the least threatening.

A stalker doesn't become a stalker just by looking up people he likes. He becomes a stalker when the people say no and so he looks up their addresses and goes and peers in their windows. The difference between an invitation and a threat is a willingness to take no for an answer. Yours is obvious here. With any luck, you won't need



I'M SORRY, I'M JUST A MINDLESS GENDER STEREOTYPE. CAN YOU CALL BACK WHEN MY HUSBAND GETS HOME.

BY NICK GALIFRANKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST