

The Style Invitational

Week CXLV: Do You Mindset?



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

People have always worn cast-iron diving helmets when pumping gas. Barbie always had a job. "Big Brother" is just a TV show. Cyberspace has always existed, like air. Afghanistan has always been in the news. A "hot line" is a phone for community service, not a security measure against nuclear war.

This week's contest was suggested by John O'Byrne of Dublin. Above are items from the 2002 Mindset List, created each year by professors at Beloit College in Wisconsin to help their colleagues understand the new freshman class—most of whom, this year, were born in 1984. Your goal is to anticipate items for the Mindset List for the freshman class of the year 2020. First-prize winner gets an autographed Carl Kasell bobblehead doll. Carl is the scorekeeper on the weekly NPR quiz show "Wait, Wait . . . Don't Tell Me!" This prize was donated by the PR people at National Public Radio to demonstrate what good sports they are, and how they are not remotely offended by the

results of Week CXLV, printed below. 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. Deadline is Monday, Nov. 11. 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 Thos. Witte of Gaithersburg.

Report from Week CXLV

in which you were asked to write a pangram—a sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet—that would never appear on NPR. Fifty letters max. (NPR ran its own pangram contest first. Its winner was the rawthor NPR-ish "G.W. Bush quickly fixed prize jam on TV.") We were amazed by the number of pathetic fees who submitted unoriginal work as their own, including the appropriately hoary "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." We were also amazed at how many of the winners needed a little rewriting to get all the letters in: Sloppy, people, sloppy. One of the best responses, alas, wins no prize because it failed to contain itself in a single sentence: A: "Jeopardy's" Alex Trebek. Q: What TV quiz MC is funny as angina? (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: **Klutzy carving-up by quack mohels "fixed" a Jew.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **A defamed prez and bulky JAP exchange quiet vows.** (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Jeez, woman, quit blocking the TV and go fix my supper.** (Amy S. Tryon, Washington)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **Acfgjklmopquvzx wins the derby!** (Wayne Nicholson, Winchester, Va.)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **"Who am taking the Ebonics quiz?" the prof jovially axed.** (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)
- ◆ And the winner of the two jars of Trader Joe's Marionberry Spreadable Fruit: **NPR is a crazy-quilt mix of half-baked new-age jive.** (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Honorable Mentions:

Kvetching, flummoxed by job, W. zaps Iraq. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Our job's to nuke Iraq, vex a fuzzy-mustached low pig. (Rick Fisher, South Riding)

Mr. Bush's face jerks quietly, a wavy pretzel pharynx-lodged. (Kelli Midgley-Biggs, Columbia)

We faxed the Czar a bevy of gem-quality sphincter jokes. (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)

Jew mobsters finagled Zovirax from phony quacks. (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Israel's jumpy, being a quick stone's throw from vexed zealots. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

Aged women fart exactly like quiet zephyrs, by Jove. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

"Jeopardy" quiz show emcee Alex Trebek is a vain, goofy ninny. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

He's quickly devouring beans for extra tailwind in jump zone. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

"We give NPR CPR," says Alex Trebek of the fun quiz game "Jeopardy." (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.)

Rose red / kumquat orange / Phlox white / Jive Czar's fat butt . . . oy! (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

A bad ex-VP can't forget the lowly media jerks' potato quiz. (Greg Thome, Arlington)

Just a quick blow with Mom gave Oedipus Rex a prize of no eyes. (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)

Jinxed by VD, a glum Schwarzkopf quit. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Saying "whazzup" was quickly voted far more enjoyable than sex. (John Burton, Herndon)

Gay ex-jeweler Kevin Fiz hoped to become President AND Queen. (Bird Waring, New York)

Mr. Zbigniew Brzezinski chafed in sexy opaque velvet PJs. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Lizzy Borden, quoting Jack Kevorkian, offs Ma 'n' Pa with Xanax. (R.M. Oba, Washington)

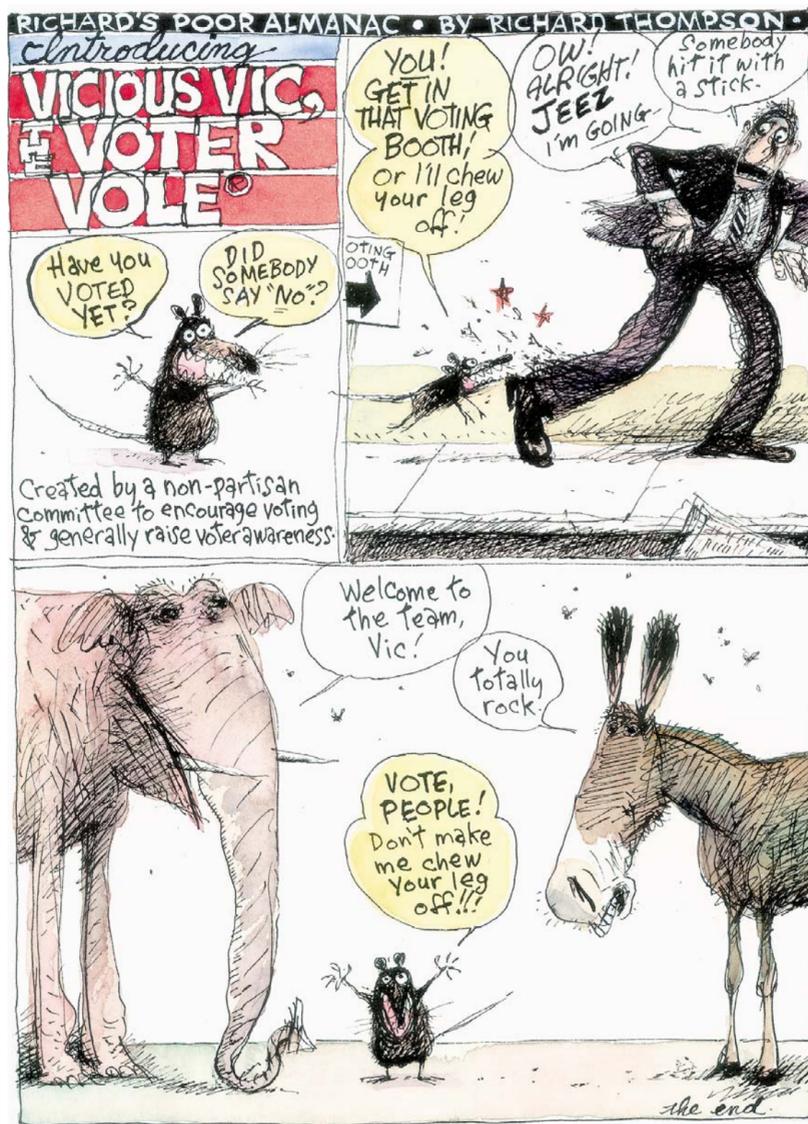
Zoey just loved a quickie before waxing her armpits. (John Hiles, Hyattsville)

We've seen Jimi, Queensryche, Styx, Zeppelin, BB King and Foghat. (Dave Ferry, Purvis, Miss.)

Zeb's an old virgin; his quest for sex makes cows jumpy. (Mary Lou French, Lorton)

Iraqis eat juicy pickled zoo bat, cow phlegm and fox ovaries. (Gary Patishnock, Laurel)

Next Week: **Cabal News Network**



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TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, From F1

I can see why she shared the news that she's seeing someone else, but why did the conversation ever swerve into who's doing what to whom? Now you have bitterness where there didn't need to be any.

You say she got bitchy toward the end of your time together; maybe she fell out of love before the official end and didn't handle that well. You see it as a three-month recovery window, as it has been for you, but it might have taken her two, three, 12 months of getting over you in her head before she was willing to make the break. You did say things were intense.

Or she could be rushing, compensating, competing. Or she could have been cheating.

"Or" being a classic sign of more possibilities than one, meaning this is all speculation—on my part and, more important, pointlessly so on yours when you choose to imagine the worst. Here's what isn't speculation: You are broken up now, it was mutual, she's with someone else, you don't want her back (right?). If you want "closure," lay off the re-openers. The facts were serving you well.

Carolyn:
I am 26 and living with my parents, and I know

they would be devastated were I to move out. My mom, especially. She is very conservative, a Catholic, and somehow tries to use religion as a way to justify their manipulation of the situation. When the trial balloon regarding my wish to move out was released, they let me know, in no uncertain terms, that that was unacceptable, and that I would be punished for not listening to my parents.

How do I just screw up the courage to move out, all the while knowing it would tremendously screw up our relationship, perhaps irreparably? Please kick me in the pants!

—Richmond

No. Kick yourself in the pants for once. When parents feel threatened by their adult child's autonomy—when they fail to see it as the whole point of raising a child in the first place—the relationship is already screwed up. Deeply. Find your own feet, and use them. You may never be right with your parents, and that's exactly why you have to be right with yourself.

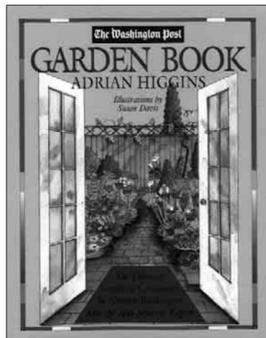
Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com, and join Carolyn's live discussion at noon Fridays at www.washingtonpost.com/liveonline



I LOVE YOU MOM, BUT I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS ANYMORE.

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

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