

The Style Invitational

Week CL: Bitter Fate



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

- Malcolm X: **Malcolm? Ex.**
- Lawrence Welk: **The Day the Muzak Died**
- Greta Garbo: **Alone at Last**
- Jimmy Carter: **Carter Achieves Peace**
- Hugh Hefner: **Publisher Gets Laid to Rest**

This Week's Contest was . . . received under seal (sent by entrant liking anonymity). Newspaper death notices, he points out, are too respectful and, well, bland; the headlines need some cool wordplay and other fun 'n' games. Give us an obit headline for some famous person, currently living or dead, as in the examples above. First-prize winner gets one of the worst pieces of original art we've ever seen. It appears to depict a duck, or a duck decoy, on a table, or possibly a floor, staring at a lamp, or possibly an alien life form. The shadows suggest the existence of two suns. The signature reads "H.R. Greenstreet, 1965" and if this happens to be someone's beloved grandpappy, well, what can we say? Now he's famous.

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, Dec. 16. 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 Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo.

Report from Week CXLVI, in which we asked you to come up with businesses in which it would be unwise to invest. Being famous for its delicacy and diplomacy, The Style Invitational is reluctant to criticize its readers, but we would like to gently inquire what maleficent combination of humor impairment, creative bankruptcy and intellectual dishonesty would impel someone to enter the already limp "Solar-Powered Flashlight Company" as his or her own?

- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: **Chef Pablo MacGregor's Lebanese-Italian Bistro.** (Robert Doherty, Alexandria)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: **Old Growth Redwoods Post-It Note Corp. For those who will accept nothing less.** (Milo Sauer, Fairfax)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: **John's Pizzarrhea** (Jon Milstein, Vienna)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: **Jiffy-Weld Can Resealers Inc. Did you open a can of beans and then decide you wanted something else instead? Bring it to any of our conveniently located outlets and we will reseal it with acetylene torches, good as new, at affordable prices.** (Barry Blyveis, Columbia)
- ◆ And the winner of the ceramic gorilla squatting on the Wall Street Journal: **Baghdad Fine China and Glass Co.** (John Cogburn, Southlake, Tex.)
- ◆ Honorable Mentions:
 - www.wedon'thaveaproductorabusiness-planbutwedohavetheworstaddresson-theinternet.com** (Robert Doherty, Alexandria)
 - Baby Mustache Inc.: For no-nonsense, self-stick instant gender identifiers.** (Jan Goldstein, Silver Spring)
 - Loosey Goosey Condoms: Comfort is our number one priority.** (Jeffrey Hoyt, McLean)
 - Editors R Us** (Jeffrey Hoyt, McLean)
 - Inacupuncture Associates** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
 - Used Butt Once: Recycled toilet paper at discount prices.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
 - We Are Toys: Pedantic Playthings for the Precocious** (Kevin Devine, Ashburnham, Mass.; Michael Fransella, Arlington)
 - Sit & Spit Inc.: A chain of gourmet mouthwash cafes.** (Kevin Devine, Ashburnham, Mass.)
 - Preggos: A new alternative to Hooters.** (Wayne Schiff, Whitehall, Pa.)
 - Now THAT's What I Call Muzak Inc.: CDs featuring the best tunes from the nation's elevators.** (Amy Corbett Storch, Washington)
 - Hanukah in Baghdad Tours Inc.** (Nick Yuran, Waynesboro, Pa.)
 - Nanny-Priests Inc.** (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)
 - Airport Luggage Inspector Fantasy Camps Inc.** (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)
 - DOS 2002 Inc.** (Leigh Schneider, Weston Act, Australia)
 - Lima Bean Coffee Co.: Succotash-flavored brew—better than Postum!** (Maja Keech, New Carrollton)
 - Hooked on Macroeconomics** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
 - ADZ-FM: All Commercials All the Time** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
 - Segway Inc.** (Greg Krakower, New York)
 - The Raw Bar-gain, Inc.: Sushi vending machines** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
 - The Papier-Mache Plumbing Co.** (Bruce Johnson, Washington)
 - Su-Ni-Man: Trading card game featuring cute Sunni Islamic creatures with superpowers.** (Greg Krakower, New York)
 - No Small Miracle Inc.: Super-fast-growing bonsai trees.** (Charles Chester, Marietta, Ga.)
 - Paisley Palace: All things paisley.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
 - El Ar Airlines: Each plane has an Arab and an Israeli as co-pilots.** (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
 - Complex Multiplex Inc.: Large, multi-screen theaters in malls showing only art and foreign films.** (David Hanger, Clarksville; Martha Stallman, Houston)
 - Duncan Hineys: Makers of nozzles for enemas and cake icers.** (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
 - Pier Pressure: Like Pier 1, but with pushy salespeople.** (John Griessmayer, Roanoke)
 - Al Kyda's Florist Shop, New York City.** (Mike Connaghan, Alexandria)
 - John Daniel's Inc.: Makers of nonalcoholic whiskey.** (Mark Young, Washington)
 - Buddy Holly Airlines: "We'll fly in any weather."** (Michael Ross, Alexandria)
 - Three Mile Island Sleepaway Camp** (Alice Babazadeh, Columbia)
 - And Last: **The Washington Post: Delivered to your doorstep, a friendly printed-out version.** (Richard Conn Henry, Silver Spring)

Next Week: Pitch Stops

See GOOD EATS

The Lean Plate Club. Tuesday. Health.

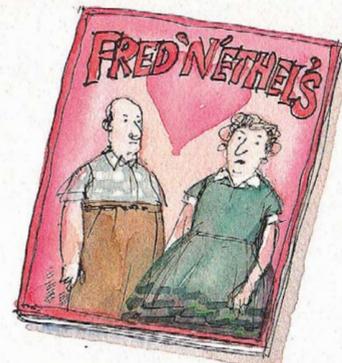
If it's important to you, it's important to us.
The Washington Post

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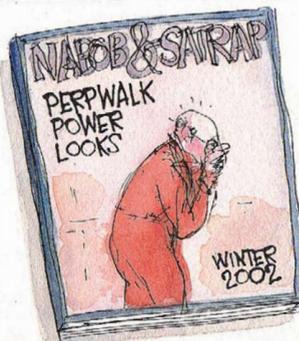
Richard's Fool's Almanac HOLIDAY CATALOG REVIEW by Richard Thompson



OBSCENITIES—Sinfully self-indulgent foods & material goods that joyously deplete the Earth's precious resources. Artisanal cheeses produced by child slave labor, rhinoceros horn toothpicks, endangered songbirds in a heavy cream sauce! Yum-yum! All proceeds go to support illegitimate & oppressive dictatorships.



FRED N'ETHEL'S—Ironically dowdy clothing for tiresome, aging Baby Boomers who cling to retro kitsch. Drab, weirdly triangular dresses for her & armpit-high pants for him. Become your parents in the worst way.



NABOB & SATRAP—This year's catalog of executive fashion & accessories reflects the CEO's diminished status; designer eyewear that folds into a shiv, a Mont Blanc jailhouse tattoo fountain pen & monogrammed cufflinks that complement any orange jumpsuit.



HÄÄRPENSÖNGG—Offers incoherently styled hand knit woollens from Scandinavia. The one pictured may also be used as a front-loading baby carrier, a computer monitor cozy & a car bra.

TELL ME ABOUT IT

TELL ME, From F1

and I are so sick of dealing with all this. Thanks for any insight.

—Portland, Ore.

Wait till you see what you're thanking me for.

One statement of principle, and the hiding-things-from-Dad problem is solved. That your mother has kept her relationship from your dad seems childish, but it's between them; you are under no obligation to keep secrets for either, and I can't figure out why you haven't just said that to your mom. That your parents don't speak, too, is terrible and sad, but again it's between them, and I don't get the sense either of them is forcing the kids to take sides. As far as I can tell, there's a problem here only because you and your sister want there to be one.

Which brings us to your discomfort with the old-neighbor fiancé. Before I can say "holy offspring overreaction," please tell me: Have you omitted something crucial, like evidence of an affair? They got together after the divorce. You offer nothing to suggest he's a bad guy. It's been six years.

So, is there more? Or, in the wake of family disruption, do you take comfort in Us vs. Them? Either way, try taking comfort in warmth, and force out a "Mom, we're happy

you're happy." On 24- and 29-year-old mouths, a pout has never looked good.

Carolyn:

Okay, this is becoming a problem for me, even though my friends say it is an embarrassment of riches of sorts: I split up with my girlfriend a while back. She's wonderful, but it's not going to happen in the long term for a variety of good reasons. We still "know" each other (think biblically) and otherwise hang out. It's great in the short term, but we are both going nowhere otherwise. I simply don't see any interesting women in this area, and she has the same complaint about the guys. It probably sounds sort of petty, but it is bringing me down. I need a little inspiration. So?

So, I'm your willpower? Settling for less and whining about it is supposed to bring you down. As is choosing an easy known (or "known") over difficult unknowns—including, egads, some alone time. You'd need me to tell you this if you didn't already know it, but you clearly do. What you do now is deal.

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'D TALK TO HER, BUT I'VE GROWN RATHER FOND OF MY GRUDGE.

BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST