

The Style Invitational



If you are asked, "Do you advocate the overthrow of the U.S. government by force or violence?" the correct answer is "Violence."

BY BOB STANKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 669: Huddled Messes

On this week in which we celebrate the freedom of our nation, as the fireworks shoot high above the Statue of Liberty as she exhorts other nations to go ahead and keep their storied pomp but give her the wretched refuse of their teeming shores, we ask you to do your part: **Suggest some bad advice for new arrivals to this country (legal or illegal).**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner up gets, courtesy of Michael Press of North Potomac, the genuine swim cap pictured here from the Germantown Masters swim team: Nothing like seeing a giant GERM stick its head out of the water.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called this week) get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to looser@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, July 10. Put "Week 669" 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 July 30. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's contest, including the example, was suggested by Mark Eckenwiler of Washington. The revised title for next week's contest is by Bruce Alter of Fairfax Station. The Honorable Mentions name is by Ned Bent of Oak Hill.



BY JULIA EWAN — THE WASHINGTON POST

REPORT FROM WEEK 665

In which we took suggestions for the 1 millionth word in the English language, which, according to the algorithms set forth by one Paul JJ Payack, is 11,032 words away as of June 30 (then again, it also was 11,032 words away on March 21). Just to be imperious, the Empress decreed that the word had to end in -ion. Some otherwise good entries turned up too often on Google, such as "comcastration," getting your cable cut off.

4 Martyration: A request for only 36 virgins in paradise. (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

3 Espanion: Stupidly adding a vowel at the end of an English word to try to talk to a Spanish-speaker; e.g., "Which aisle-o has the cerealo?" (Alan Hochbaum, Atlanta)

2 The winner of the "Brechlinker," the Inker with the Barbie head: Erudition: Comical misuse of big words. "Madam, your dress looks positively superfluous on you tonight," he said with amazing erudition. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Percyuction: Giving your child a name he will hate for the rest of his life. (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)



FERMENTATIONS

Achoodication: Trying to determine whether you have to say "bless you" after someone's second sneeze. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Applicushion: Your fall-back college. (Phil Frankenfeld, Washington)

Banglion: The primitive neural structure constituting 90 percent of the male brain. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

Awwdition: A tryout for the Cutest Babies and Puppies Pageant. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

Bossuculation: Kissing up to management. (Chris Doyle)

Boysion: A house that looks bigger and more luxurious than it really is. "The railroad tracks separated the mansions from the boysions." (Elizabeth Molye, Falls Church)

Bratification: Stomping your feet until you get your way, and you do. (Steve McClemons, Arlington)

Cadhesion: The emotional attachment that keeps some women from breaking up with men who treat them badly. (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

Codgeration: A man's realization that with a certain saying, thought or action, he has turned into his father. (Brendan Beary)

Coitillion: A formal dance at which a debutante really makes her debut. (Steve Fahey, Kensington; Joseph Romm, Washington)

Dabomination: Something that is hateful in the Lord's eyes, but otherwise is way awesome. (Brendan Beary)

Delugion: The mistaken impression that the levees would hold. (Steve Fahey)

Doughnation: The extra item in a baker's dozen. (Tom Witte)

Dreckspanion: Now on washingtonpost.com, even more Style Invitational entries! (Brendan J. O'Byrne, Regina, Saskatchewan)

Effemination: France. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Emensapation: To free yourself from that circle of pedants comparing their SAT scores from 30 years ago. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Enamortization: To fall rashly in love with an object or person, and end up paying for it for the next 20 years. (Brendan Beary)

Esion: The sound of music played backward. "Oh, the White Album played backward doesn't say 'daed si luap.' It's just esion." (Steve Langer, Chevy Chase)

Fabrication: The weight on your driver's license. (Bruce Carlson, Alexandria)

Fashion: The latest look in trench coats. (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)

Homo-erection: Anything built by the species *Homo erectus*, of course. What else would it be? (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Immigation: The GOP's two-pronged fear strategy: "It's two, two, two horrors in one!" (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)

Indigrification: That new trailer park and check-cashing outlet on Foxhall Road. (Chris Doyle)

Infection: An obsessive attraction to someone who's going to do you very wrong. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

Iraction: A state of political arousal. Initially pleasurable, but requires professional attention if the condition lasts more than four years. (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

Irkstation: The cubicle right next to yours, with the co-worker who flosses at his desk. (Tom Witte)

Levigation: A maneuver for putting on tight jeans, in which a woman lies on her back, lifts her hips and then kicks both legs straight up. (Brad Alexander)

Likation: Giving the milk of human kindness. (Andrew Hoinig, Rockville)

Multiplication: The way that "a beer with the guys" becomes two, then four, then eight... (Brendan Beary)

Menschion: The rare acknowledgment of the rare man who doesn't seek publicity. (Richard Pearlstein, Falls Church)

Mession: What's really been accomplished in Iraq. (Tom Witte)

Miniminion: The bottom banana in an organization; a sycophant's yes-man. (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Oyveycation: A trip back to Brooklyn to visit Aunt Tillie. (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)

Preulsion: When you know you're just gonna hate it so much, you can taste it. (Bruce Carlson)

Preztdigitation: An ability to fool an audience while having absolutely no sleight of tongue. (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallsfield, Pa.)

Racquisition: Implant surgery. (Nick Curtis, Gaithersburg)

Regattacotillion: A vocabulary word designed solely to discriminate against minorities on standardized tests. (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)

Regeorgitation: When the vending machine spits back your dollar bill. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

Same sextillion: The number of gay marriages we'll have without a constitutional amendment to ban them. — P. Robertson (Chris Doyle)

Sintuition: 1. A knack for recognizing women willing to have sex with you; 2. The cost of a "date" with one of these women. (Dave Kelsey, Fairfax)

Snubdivision: A gated community created to keep out people like YOU. (Stephen Dudzik)

Unsurrection: Oh, it's just a few desperate dead-enders setting roadside bombs. — D. Rumsfeld, Washington (Dot Yufer, Newton, W.Va.)

Vachion: The current anti-style rule that your dimensions shouldn't restrict your clothing choice, e.g., size XXXL hot pink spandex leggings. (Chris Parkin, Silver Spring)

Weareligion: What sleeves are for. — B. Frist, Nashville (Kevin Dopart)

Anti-Invitational: Noinkish: Something only slightly amusing. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

And another Anti-Invitational: Annoi: To irritate the Empress by sending an Anti-Invitational entry. (Stephen Dudzik)

Next Week: Bedevil Us or Get Your Kicks From Week 666

ASK AMY

Dear Amy:

My husband and I have been looking forward to his brother's wedding, which is taking place in a few weeks.

My husband is the best man. I just learned from a third party that the bride and groom were already married in a civil ceremony a few weeks ago. I suspect that this has something to do with the fact that her student visa was about to expire and she was having trouble getting her green card issued in time.

The groom has not told my husband about this, so I'm guessing the guests don't know, either.

This seems dishonest to me. I guess I can understand why this couple may have needed to marry early — they were already planning the wedding when they started having issues with her green card. But it still feels pretty rotten to me to have guests attending under the false impression that this is the real ceremony.

My husband is in a position in which he could encourage his brother to do the right thing. But what is the right thing to do? Is there a discreet way of letting guests know that a civil ceremony has already taken place? Or should we just hold our tongues and become a party to the coverup?

Tired of the Sham

When couples marry "in secret" and then have a wedding some months later, they involve their unwitting guests in a fraud. One purpose of having wedding guests and attendants such as a best man is to have people to serve as official witnesses to a wedding. If a couple is already married, then their guests are witnessing a reiteration of marriage vows.

It would be easy for this couple to contact their guests to let them know that because of circumstances beyond their control, they are already married but that they are going ahead with a joyful blessing of their union on the date and time stated on the invitation.

I imagine that guests would be as happy to attend this blessing as they would be if this couple hadn't already married. The big difference is that

the guests (and clergy) would know the simple truth.

Dear Amy:

Two months ago, I bought a beagle puppy, my first ever.

I live in an apartment in a heavily frequented area, so whenever I take Nutmeg out, he encounters people (lots of them!) who want to pet him.

Many of them will approach with a comment like "Omigod, I have to say hi!" — or worse, they will just start petting him without asking.

I am usually fine with people petting my dog, but often this happens when I am sitting at a cafe reading, training him, going somewhere in a hurry, or simply too stressed by the responsibilities of dog ownership to cope with people telling me how cute he is.

More disturbing is when people allow their children to pet him without asking. Luckily, my dog is friendly.

Please let readers know that it is discourteous, and sometimes dangerous, to pet a dog or to let their child pet a dog without first asking.

Dana in Portland, Ore.

While I agree with your directive when it comes to children, I take issue with your grumpiness about this.

When you have an adorable dog (or child, or Vespa scooter), it is simply a fact of life that people will comment on it.

I'm sorry that this is an occasional burden for you, but for goodness' sake, if you don't want to be noticed and greeted by neighbors and passersby, then find another walking route or don't hang out in cafes. You are in a great position to meet some very nice and interested neighbors (some people acquire adorable dogs mainly for this purpose), and one joy of cafe culture is the glancing relationships that can spring up on a lovely day.

Write to Amy Dickinson at askamy@tribune.com or Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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LETTER, From D1

ic-book speedster. At least four others wore an assortment of capes, wigs, sunglasses and white gloves, the latter to avoid leaving fingerprints. Waving their stolen booty outside the store, they pranced around and flexed their muscles as yet another partner took pictures.

Before fleeing, the gang left flowers and a note for the stunned Fresh Paradise cashiers:

"In case you do not know us yet: We are Santa Guevara, Spider Mum, Operaistorix and Multiflex. We are precarious superheroes," it read, in part. "Without the power of superheroes, there is no chance for survival in this city of millionaires. Although we produce the wealth of Hamburg, we hardly have anything to show for it. It does not have to stay like this."

Police dispatched a dozen squad cars and a helicopter to the area, to no avail. Two months later, no arrests have been made and no suspects identified.

The April 28 caper generated front-page headlines in Germany, and a group claiming responsibility posted statements on the Internet saying the pilfered goodies had been given to the needy, including children at a kindergarten.

It was not the first time the gang had struck: A year earlier, about 20 masked marauders barged into the Seven Seas Restaurant, a swanky bistro overlooking the Elba River. As astonished diners watched, the intruders dumped the entire buffet spread, right down to the wild salmon ravioli, into trash bags before fleeing.

The self-styled caped crusaders belong to a movement called Hamburg for Free, a loosely organized network with a simple and alluring ideology: People shouldn't have to pay for anything they might want. Short on cash? Scuffling for change? No worries! Just walk into a store and help yourself.

While it sounds like a juvenile mixture of anarchism and anti-capitalism, the people behind Hamburg for Free say they belong to neither camp. The root of their ideology is basic: economic frustration. The port city, with 1.7 million residents, is home to more millionaires than any other German town. But the Mercedes and BMWs clogging the downtown streets belie an unemployment rate of 11.3 percent, and the posh lofts and waterfront estates are a stark contrast to the squatters and homeless who wander the streets.



FRANKFURTER RUNDschau

Thieves dressed as superheroes make off with \$2,000 worth of goodies from a Hamburg store April 28.

Police investigators and sympathizers of the movement say the ranks of Hamburg for Free are filled mostly by young adults of middle-class origin — people in their twenties or early thirties who resent that their parents and elders are swimming in good fortune while they struggle to find jobs. Despite its title of the biggest exporting nation in the world, Germany has been slowly unraveling its long-treasured social safety net, trimming unemployment benefits, raising health-insurance premiums.

In the note they left at Fresh Paradise, the shoplifters provided cryptic explanations:

"Superflex is familiar with every type of job contract: part time, full time, internship. All the stress led him to a pleasant mutation of his molecules."

"Operaistorix survived the last few years with the help of his unemployment module."

"Spider Mum's mutant body developed somewhere between the kindergarten and unpaid paid cleaning jobs. In her hands, Ajax and a mop turn into merciless weapons."

"Santa Guevara dodges all control checks and disappears without a trace. With this power, he is able to escape from the boredom of call centers and university seminars."

Hamburg produces a swift invitation: We'll be happy to talk.

Appearing in a park on a recent afternoon are a young woman and man who claim to have participated in the heist at Fresh Paradise.

"It's not that we hate rich people, but we want this kind of wealth for everybody. That's the point," says the man, a thin, dark-haired guy in his twenties who describes himself as a university student in a nearing graduation. "We wanted to show that there is rebellion, that you can stand up and fight."

The woman, blond and soft-spoken, says she used to work in a small clothing store but hated the "bad working conditions," like having to stay until 8 some nights.

In addition to organized pilfering of paté, Hamburg for Free also encourages individual acts of rebellion, they say. Favorite tactics include taking longer-than-allowed coffee breaks at work, daring to ride the subway without a ticket and downloading pirated software and music from the Internet.

Law enforcement is not amused. "The police must treat this as any other crime," says Ulrike Sweden, a spokeswoman for the Hamburg police. "These robbery cases are given the same priority as every other crime. It might be up to a judge to evaluate the crime's severity, but it is the police's job to stay neutral and find the criminals."

Authorities suspect many of the Fresh Paradise bandits are university students, but "what the police know and what they can actually prove are often two very

different things," Sweden says. "The members came and left very quickly; they left no trace."

Hamburg is home to an estimated 1,500 left-wing extremists, of which about 470 have a track record of promoting violence, according to Manfred Murck, a German intelligence official and deputy director of the state agency responsible for monitoring domestic extremist groups.

Investigators believe only 15 to 20 people are actively involved in Hamburg for Free, Murck says, and the group is considered more of a nuisance than a danger. Their flair for publicity is undeniable.

"I think they do have more sympathy because they have more of a Robin Hood type of image, or at least they try to have this kind of image," Murck says. "It's something between political action and violence, and a game."

Carsten Sievers, general manager of the Fresh Paradise grocery, is dubious about all the Robin Hood talk and even more doubtful that any of his store's delicacies gave pleasure to the palates of Hamburg's underclass.

"How many poor people will really enjoy a bottle of champagne or a high-value cheese?" he asks. "I think the object was just to get in the newspapers and get publicity for their ideas. To help the poor people, there is a right way and a wrong way. You cannot use the voice of Robin Hood to promote yourself."

In reality, he says, the caper was much more low-key than the gang's bragadocio suggested. A conspirator in street clothes performed a reconnaissance mission to the store ahead of time, Sievers says, and stuffed several hand-held shopping baskets with groceries. The baskets were placed unnoticed on the floor near the store's front entrance. When the costumed performers arrived on the scene, they ducked in for only an instant to snatch the baskets and flee without a word. More like cowardly crooks than superheroes, Sievers sniffs.

"That was it. That was all we saw," he says. "One of our girls tried to follow them, but she lost them and they got away."

Also lost in the myth surrounding the crime, Sievers adds, is a longtime store policy: "Twice a week, employees box up dated organic produce and other perishables that have been passed over and donate them to a local social-services agency to feed the hungry and the poor."