

# The Style Invitational

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

### Week 723: Name Your Poison

**Makes the Heart Grow Fonder:** Absinthe and oyster juice, best enjoyed before a blind date  
**No-Ink Monday:** Bitters and sour grapes

Phyllis Reinhard of East Fallowfield, Pa., is a longtime habitue of Losernet, the e-mail group of various Style Invitational Losers and those who would associate with them. Phyllis reports that one Loser, "in his belief that we actually care about every nuance of his life," regularly shares the recipe of each new cocktail he tries from some book he has. **This week: Create a name and recipe for a cocktail and, if you like, describe when it might be served.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives "The Twinkies Cookbook," "an inventive and unexpected recipe collection" put out by Hostess itself (Chapter 9: "Twinkies and Meat").



**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called that week) get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, July 30. Put "Week 723" 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 Aug. 19. 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 Russell Beland of Springfield. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Phil Frankfield of Washington.

#### REPORT FROM WEEK 719

in which we asked you to create funny sports team names from any non-U.S. town. The good news: Many of you had a great time entering this contest, sometimes with hundreds of entries at a pop. One person sent 750. There were about 20,000 entries in all, including the dozens of fine examples printed below.

The bad news: At least 19,000 of the entries just stank up the place. They weren't remotely clever or funny, beyond the vague notion of "well, if an actual city had that team name, it would be sort of amusing." No wordplay, no joke. Among the most idiotic entries were those that referred to a product or landmark actually associated with the town name — Peking Ducks! Bengal Tigers! Paisley Ties! Salisbury Steaks! Limoges Teacups! Chernobyl Reactors! Still, there were some glittering needles to be found in this moldy, festering haystack. Among the funny but too often submitted entries were the Taipei Personalities, Almaty Dollars, London Derrieres, Riga Mortises, Essen Ems, Djibouti Shakers, Haifa Luteins, Quito Success and Whyalla Commotion. And that really good one you sent.

A final note: It's almost inevitable that some Loser also sent in one of the entries below and didn't get credited. What can we say: 20,000 entries vs. 1 Empress. Here's the deal: If your entry won a prize and your name isn't on it, AND YOU HAVE NEVER WON THAT PRIZE, let us know and we'll send you one. Otherwise, suck it up, Loser, and get on with your no-life.

**4 The Inchbare (Scotland) Islamic Beach Volleyball Team** (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

**3 The Juarez (Mexico) Waldos** (Bill Cowart, Washington)

**AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER**  
**The Cinderford (England) Pintos** (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

#### THE WINSLOW (ENGLAND) HONORABLE MENTIONS

- Acme (Canada) Flattened Coyotes** (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Acosta (Mexico) Stalkers** (Russell Beland)
- Ahousat (Canada) Ear Trumpets** (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)
- Aino (Japan) Sunshine** (Dean Meservy, Laurel)
- Andover (England) Obsessive-Compulsives** (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)
- Awsim (Egypt) Dudes** (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)
- Baden Baden (Germany) Doggen Doggen** (Mary Clippinger, Columbia)
- Bad Homburg (Germany) Abramoffs** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- Balbriggan (Ireland) Feminists** (Randy Lee, Burke)
- Bath (England) Ackwards** (Bruce Carlson, Alexandria)
- Batna (Algeria) Thousand** (Michael Mason, Fairfax; Andrew Hoenig)
- Baotou (China) Authorities** (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)
- Belfast (Northern Ireland) Fighting Irish** (Valerie Matthews, Ashton)
- Betio (Kiribati) Sweet Bippies** (Randy Lee)
- Bobeldijk (Netherlands) Tasteless Dashboard Ornaments** (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)
- Boorara (Australia) Mixed Reviews** (Russell Beland)
- Brasov (Romania) Second Basemen** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)
- Bumtum (Burma) Gastroenterologists** (Peter Metrinko)
- Butcombe (England) Fastidious Groomers** (Elwood Fitzner)
- Caracas (Venezuela) Plumbers** (Dave Brewer, Seattle)
- Durn (Austria) Teutons** (Peter Metrinko)
- Eibar (Spain) Ironmen** (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

- Elda (Poland) Statesmen** (Chris Doyle)
- Fatezh (Russia) Yomamas** (Jeffrey Rhody, Clarksville)
- Funabashi (Japan) Killjoys** (Horace LaBadie, Dunnellon, Fla.)
- Hay (Australia) Ewes** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)
- Honkaranta (Finland) Road Ragers** (Peter Metrinko)
- Huon (Australia) Firsts** (Jeff Brechlin)
- Ichihara (Japan) Scrachihedas** (Mae Scanlan, Washington)
- Jomppalan Gorge (Finland) Ringos** (Dean Meservy)
- Kain (Australia) Enablers** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Killarney (Ireland) Terminators** (Phil Frankfield, Washington)
- Kokand (Uzbekistan) Bulls** (Elden Carnahan)
- Kuwait Katsbys** (Nora Achrati, Chevy Chase)
- La Croniere (Luxembourg) White House Advisers** (Peter Metrinko)
- Ladysmith (South Africa) Anvillettes** (Ann Martin, Annapolis)
- Lahore (Pakistan) Skankees** (Roy Ashley, Washington)
- Langedijk (Netherlands) Attempts to Get Something Past the Editor** (Brendan Beary)
- Lille (France) Rascals** (Randy Lee)
- Liverpool (England) Organ Donors** (Rich Slavik, California, Md.; Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
- Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlilanysilioogogoch (Wales) A's** (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn; Matthew Hertz, Buffalo; Bruce Alter, Fairfax Station)
- Los Cabos (Mexico) Amarillos** (Jon Spell, Orem, Utah)
- Lviv (Ukraine) Roman Numerals** (Chris Doyle)
- Macabebe (Philippines) Bustin' Trojans** (Kevin Dopart)
- Marienburg (Czech Republic) X's** (Duncan Seed, Robin Hood's Bay, England)
- Narcisse (Canada) Best People Ever** (Seth Brown)

- Nice (France) Lappers** (Randy Lee)
- Nijerk (Netherlands) Reactions** (Phyllis Reinhard)
- Nipigon (Can.) Pasties** (Chris Doyle)
- Nogata (Japan) Prayers** (Michael Mason)
- Notabrane (Sweden) Senators** (George Vary, Bethesda)
- Norong (Australia) Answers** (Jane Auerbach)
- Pori (Finland) Oryx (Prince H., Elsinore, Denmark)** (Dean Meservy)
- Rio (Brazil) Killers** (Elwood Fitzner)
- Salomo (Spain) Replays** (Drew Knoblauch, Washington)
- Sassari (Italy) Apologizers** (Randy Lee)
- Suffren (Canada) Succotash** (Marbury Wethered, Greenbelt)
- Standon (England) O's** (Chris Doyle)
- Stillorgan (Ireland) Bachelors** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- Talabanya (Hungary) People Always Getting Mistaken for Terrorists** (Brendan Beary)
- Tatacorral (Peru) Brassieres** (Peter Metrinko)
- Torroboll (Scotland) Twos** (Charles Trahan, Jessup)
- Townsville (Australia) Redundants** (Andrew Hoenig)
- Tutung (Brunei) Prevaricators** (Russ Taylor, Vienna)
- Uvea (Wallis Islands) Cavaliers** (Sanford Horn, Alexandria)
- Warsaw (Poland) Foreign Correspondents** (Elden Carnahan)
- Wingham (England) Flying Pigs** (Chris Doyle)
- Zapala (Argentina) Detainees — A.G., Washington** (Erik Agard, Gaithersburg)
- And Last: Boerenstreek (Netherlands) Week 719 Entries** (Peter Metrinko)

**Next Week: The Course of Humor Events, or BS in History**

#### BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

Both sides vulnerable

**NORTH**  
♠ K 4  
♥ K 6  
♦ A 8 4  
♣ A 10 7 5 3 2

**WEST**  
♠ 10 9 8 3 2  
♥ Q 8 7 4  
♦ 10 7 3  
♣ 9

**EAST (D)**  
♠ 7  
♥ A J 10 9 5 3 2  
♦ K 9 5  
♣ 8 6

**SOUTH**  
♠ A Q J 6 5  
♥ None  
♦ Q J 6 2  
♣ K Q J 4

The bidding:

**East South West North**  
3♥ 3♠ 4♥ 4♠

All Pass

Opening lead: ♥ 4

The PGA Tour keeps a player's "bounceback" statistics: how he responds to adversity. When he makes a bogey, does he recover with a birdie or let one bad hole breed more?

Even the best bridge players have disasters, and it takes character to make the best of a bad situation. In today's deal, North-South were nailed by East-West preemption. When East opened three hearts, South could have doubled but overcalled three spades instead. Then West's gentle lift to four hearts was just right since it prevented North from showing his clubs comfortably. With few options, North tried four spades. And everyone passed.

West led a heart, and when South saw dummy, he was so disgusted at missing the cold seven clubs that he forgot to make four spades. He ruffed the first heart, led a trump to the king and returned a trump.

When East discarded, South started the clubs. West, who had more trumps than South, ruffed the second club and plugged away at hearts, and South, who had lost trump control at the first trick, had to go down.

In case trumps break 5-1, South should discard a diamond on the first heart and another diamond if East continues with the ace of hearts. If East leads a third heart, South can ruff in dummy, cash the king of trumps, lead a club to his hand, take the A-Q-J of trumps and run the clubs, losing only to West's high trump.

How are your "bounceback" stats? You'd be forgiven for missing seven clubs — few pairs would reach that contract — but would you make four spades?

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#### Capital Fringe Festival

## The Opening Acts: Merriment, With Razor-Sharp Edges

By NELSON PRESSLEY  
Washington Post Staff Writer

The low-rent, high-energy orgy that is Capital Fringe began in earnest Friday, challenging patrons to select among the day's 50 or so offerings (at \$15 a ticket) concentrated in Penn Quarter but spreading from H Street NE to Georgetown to Shirlington.

"Fringe World Domination" was scrawled on the handmade sign that festival director Julianne Brienza carried the night before, and indeed, as the Fringe kicks off its second incarnation, everything is up — artist participation, performances and sales.

But Thursday's opening event felt largely ceremonial as Brienza led a small band of drum-beating supporters through the drizzle and up Seventh Street NW for the first-night party. It wasn't really Fringe until:

- Audiences actually gathered for early afternoon shows on Friday;
- The white board in the window of Unified Launch Theory — the Fringe box office at 507 Seventh St. NW — started posting sellout notices (among the first: the return of last year's well-received "Abstract Nude" and something called "Chocolate Jesus");
- The Scientarium, an almost-converted storefront space a few doors west of Woolly Mammoth on D Street NW, opened in time for its first performance;
- The box office's Internet connection went out for more than five hours;
- Laura Zam, performing solo around 1 a.m. in a hot, grubby room ironically named the Colosseum, urged audience members to share a foot massage in the name of world peace. Seriously.

Zam and her amusing yet dead-earnest "Collaterally Dam-



NETTLES ARTISTS COLLECTIVE

**Debora Balardini is in the witty piece of paranoia "I ♥ U.S.," one of many productions in the 11-day Capital Fringe Festival.**

aged" really clinched it, because, after all, the shows are the thing. And there is a multitude of shows, more than a hundred in all during the 11-day fest. And they're all over the map. Friday's haul ranged from a couple of high-gloss productions at the Source Theatre to dud burlesque in the ever-buzzing Warehouse arts complex on Seventh Street NW.

Among the first out of the gate was "I ♥ U.S." (continuing through Friday), an iffy bit of political paranoia featuring reeducation camps and raunchy-looking tasers. In the not-too-distant future, America's international stature has waned, but its emotional domination of the citizenry has gone the whole totalitarian hog. The acting is rough but there's wit in the script, and the folksy, stammering voice-over of the commander-in-chief had the small lunchtime crowd laughing in Woolly Mammoth's Mel-

ton Rehearsal Hall.

Gwydion Suilebhan's "Abstract Nude" (through Friday) was well received when read at the Fringe last year, and Merry Alderman's production at Source may be hard to beat for polish. The play features John Lescault and Naomi Jacobson as a couple who are among several interesting characters rocked by a nude painting; it's insightful, funny and extremely well acted.

Source is the setting for another gem: "Queen of the Bohemian Dream" (through Saturday), a dashing little cabaret featuring the lyrics of Fran Landesman ("Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most"). Bobby Smith, Tracy McMullan and Margo Seibert make up the bright cast singing the droll and increasingly dark songs by Landesman and composer Simon Wallace. With its self-producing, uncensored ethic, a lot of the Fringe can feel like Theater Camp, but this is grown-up stuff.

So is "Air Heart" (through next Sunday) at the Scientarium, Mara Neimanis's dreamy, acrobatic meditation on Amelia Earhart. The centerpiece of Neimanis's show is a beautifully sculpted framework airplane, which Neimanis (well-sculpted herself) hoists herself in and around, spinning the plane or dangling off a wing as she moves to ethereal music or recites letters she imagines Earhart writing to her friend Eleanor Roosevelt. It's absorbing and extremely disciplined.

Less so is "BurleyQ" (through next Sunday) in the Warehouse Next Door, which lured an audience in with the promise of nude puppets but stupefied patrons with its ineptitude. Go if you like awkward silence.

Upstairs in the Warehouse Colosseum, young John Hefner offered "The Hefner Monologues" (through next Sunday), recounting a series of mortifications as he wonders why he's not as cool as his dad and his dad's famous cousin (yep, *that* Hefner). It's a promising cross between stand-up comedy, identity monologue and storytelling.

Hefner may have learned a thing or two watching Zam later that night. Zam, too, is introspective and funny, but also fiercely aware of the world and her place in it. "Collaterally Damaged" (through next Sunday) opens with a provocation, as she impersonates noted journalist Philip Gourevitch grimly telling artists that they can't do anything to stop genocide. Zam doesn't take this lying down, heading back to Europe and her family's history in the Holocaust, along the way making smart jokes about arts funding and the basically manipulative nature of storytelling.

She's a Fringe opening act, kicking complacency in the teeth — but with a smile.

For a complete listing, visit: [www.capfringe.org](http://www.capfringe.org).

#### ASK AMY

Dear Amy:

My sister is 44 years old and has been married for 19 years. She has a teenage son. It seems she has lost her mind. She has taken up with a 34-year-old man. Her husband and son do not know what is going on, but I do. I am constantly arguing with her about her situation.

My sister promises me this affair is over. She does well for a few weeks, and then I catch her in a lie and find out she has rekindled her affair. I don't know what to do. I love my sister. We are very close.

To make matters worse, our families also are extremely close and spend a great deal of time together. I am struggling with my extreme disappointment with her recent choices, and questioning my love and loyalty to her.

I do not know how to reconcile this situation. I have been told to just back off, but I cannot. I can see she

is ruining her life, and I am powerless to stop it.

Worried

Your sister's choices will affect all of her relationships — not just her marriage — whether or not people are aware of what she's doing. When your sister betrays her family and then expects you to keep her secret, she is including you in her lie.

Ideally, you would find a way to reconcile this, move forward and feel good about her, but it might not be possible. Your sister is the one who should be trying to figure out how to reconcile her actions with her relationships, but she doesn't seem too worried about it. You might do better if you take your sister's advice and back off — at least a little — while she does what she seems compelled to do. Tell her that you're no longer going

to discuss this with her and that you'll never lie for her. Confronting her doesn't seem to affect her behavior. One of the biggest challenges of being in a family is that occasionally family members behave in ways that disappoint or distress us, and we choose to love them even when we hate what they do.

Dear Amy:

I take great exception to your response to "Jane" about who should send out graduation announcements — the parent or the student.

As a mother of graduating students from both high school and college, and who sweated and supported both students throughout their academic careers — and paid our son's way through college — my husband and I are the ones announcing our sons' graduations, and we take great pride in doing so.

We are announcing to our friends and family that we made it! And most parents I know are doing the same.

And by the way, announcing this milestone and rite of passage in a child's life is not an automatic request for a gift; rather, it is a way of simply communicating our joy and pride to friends and family that our children have completed a major milestone in their journey, and are on their way toward adulthood. Although thank-you notes for gifts (if any are sent) should be written by the graduate (as would be true for anyone receiving a gift), there is nothing wrong or inappropriate with parents sending out graduation announcements to announce this wonderful accomplishment of one's children.

Proud Parent

I am also the proud parent of a recent high school graduate, but it

never occurred to me that this was my accomplishment to share with others (other parents believe as you do and wrote to tell me so).

My thinking is that taking credit and responsibility for one's accomplishments is a developmental milestone, and that an emerging young adult should find the time and energy to address a few envelopes and stick stamps on them. (I have also learned that some families send more than 100 announcements, making this a much larger task than our household faced.)

Of course, I might feel different after the college graduation.

Write to Amy Dickinson at [askamy@tribune.com](mailto:askamy@tribune.com) or Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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