

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 780: Location, Location, Location

You know you're in New York when someone breaks into your car just to steal the "No Radio in Car" sign.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

How do you know you've really arrived? Put OnStar Lady away for once and tell us. This week: Say how you know you're in a particular place, as in the example above by Loser 4 Ever Russell Beland, who suggested this contest.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a pair of dog bandannas: a red one labeled "Republican" and a blue "Democrat." Either will be accepted at the polls Nov. 4 in lieu of your dog's voter registration card. You may also wear it yourself, as a political statement to exercise your constitutional right to look like an out-and-out dork.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt, classic or current version. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air freshener (Fir Stink for their First Ink). One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Sept. 8. Put "Week 780" 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 Sept. 27. 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 results is by Roy Ashley of Washington. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by John O'Byrne of Dublin.

REPORT FROM WEEK 776

in which we asked you to look at the bright side of an unfortunate situation: Numerous Losers noted that they hadn't even a bit of union pain now that their legs had been cut off. But that sunny-side testimonial was trumped by the Dave Ferry of Key West, Fla., who swore that "my dad had his leg amputated because of his diabetes, but he moved to Orlando and got a job at Disney World as a pirate."

HEY, THEY COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Now that I can't afford to drive my Hummer, women are more likely to assume that I'm adequately endowed. (Dave Kelsey, Fairfax)

With the weak dollar, pickpockets in Rome are leaving Americans alone and going after the German and Japanese tourists. (Larry Flynn, Greenbelt)

Ever since that guy on the sex offender list moved in next door, I haven't once had to yell at the neighborhood kids to get off my lawn. (Marc Naimark, Paris)

My long commute is brutal, but it gives me a lot of time to listen to language tapes. Now I can say "get off your bleepin' phone and drive, you idiot" in Mandarin, Basque and Urdu. (Keith Waites, Frederick)

At least I have one finger left to show those loan sharks what I think of them. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

People might be prejudiced against me because of my name, but on planes I'm never seated next to crying babies or talkative salesmen, just reserved civil servants. — Mustafa B. Laden, Lackawanna, N.Y. (Larry Flynn)

You squandered the opportunity to rank among the greatest presidents ever, but you did help a young lady launch a successful handbag business. (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

With this big-time halitosis I have, I've gotten over my fear that I'll accidentally choke on a supermodel's tongue. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

Okay, you're a man trapped inside a woman's body, but at least you get to look at yourself naked anytime you want. (Russell Beland)

Four bucks a gallon! At least now we finally have an idea what Dick Cheney's Energy Task Force's secret meetings were all about. (Cy Gardner, Arlington)

4 A giant asteroid is about to hit Earth, but at least no one has time to make a TV movie about it. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

3 "While you must leave the Garden, Eve, I will show mercy: I will make you, and all females that follow, look really hot if you wear four-inch heels and 'bodysnappers.'" (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)

2 the winner of "The Memoirs of Mason Reese": Eating chips made with Olestra might give me gas with oily discharge, but that does give me a great idea for the name of my rock band. — D. Barry, Miami (Jeffrey Contompasis, Ashburn)

I can finally shave off that itchy beard. — R. Karadzic, The Hague (Larry Flynn)

Since I was laid off, I have more time for having lun — . . . uh, sampling . . . uh, shopping at Costco. (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

My city and home are burned to the ground, my daughter's dead, and my latest husband doesn't give a damn about me, but tomorrow IS another day. — S. O'Hara-Hamilton-Kennedy-Butler, Tara, Ga.) (Randy Lee, Burke)

Oh, good, I found all the fat-boy clothes I thought I'd given away to Goodwill when I lost some weight a few years ago. (Patrick Mattimore, Gex, France)

Since I gained all this weight, my husband doesn't want to take me to those boring office parties. (Kaye Washington, San Leandro, Calif., a First Offender)

Yes, Mr. Bond, I must tell you that this room you're trapped in will explode in just 10 minutes and there is no possible means of escape. Now if you'll excuse us, we're going to leave you completely unsupervised. (Russell Beland)

My rental car was dented by another vehicle, and I had declined the optional insurance, but thankfully the nice guy who hit me was in a big hurry and gave me \$10,000 in crisp, new \$100 bills. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

The nice thing about intestinal parasites is you never have to dine alone. (Beth Baniszewski, Somerville, Mass.)

The oil from the tanker covered hundreds of miles of shoreline, but it's trans fat free! (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

My boyfriend is in prison and he's pretty dumb and mean, but at least he's always there when I call. (Judith Cottrill, New York)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

I had to admit that I had an affair and lied about it, but at least I won't have to be vice president. — John Edwards, Kwame Kilpatrick, Henry Cisneros, Gary Condit, Bill Clinton . . . (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)

There may have been another track delay on the Orange Line, but at least I got to learn the entire medical history of the woman sitting next to me. (Jeffrey Susser, Silver Spring)

I can visit a doctor's office anywhere in the world, just give my name, and they know what disease I have! — L. Gehrig (Larry Flynn)

With a shudder and a smile, she passed out from the most intense physical pleasure she ever had: She finally scratched the itch she'd had for the last seven months under her full-body cast. (Bruce Alter, Fairfax Station)

"The earthquake has devastated San Francisco, Mr. Mayor. But I think you can gain politically from this by blaming it on the Chinese immigrants." (Peter Metrinko)

Virginia was ravaged during four years of bloody civil war, but at least we managed to ditch those western counties. (Russell Beland)

Okay, so it's the Rapture and I'm still here. At least Easter services won't be crowded anymore. (Kevin Dopart)

Some idiot smashed the side mirrors of my Prius, but reduced drag has raised my gas mileage! (Leila Leoncavallo, Fairfax, a First Offender)

And Last: I'm a loser, but on Saturdays I get to capitalize it. — R. Beland, Springfield (Tristan Axelrod, Washington)

And Even Last: I didn't get ink in the Invitational this week. But at least I don't have to explain a joke over and over to the same old idiots at work on Monday morning. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Next Week: Limerixicon 5, or The Doggerel Days of September

BY BRADY HOLT FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

A Sweet 16 With Plenty Of Icing on The Cake

BIRTHDAY, From C1

ice sculpture and giant photographs of Ayse on the walls. Fifty television screens continuously loop even more photographs of Ayse (pronounced AYE-sha).

Seventy-two LED panels, brought in just for the night, show a live feed of her entering the club. The 15-foot JumboTron outside the club displays Ayse's face, the first time a non-celebrity has graced that screen.

Everywhere Ayse looks, Ayse is looking right back. Ayse with Nicole Richie, Ayse swimming with dolphins, baby Ayse in a tiara. But even though real-life Ayse is smiling at all the attention, she seems quiet, almost subdued, and smooths her hair compulsively. When Soulja Boy hands her the microphone in the middle of his performance, she giggles and says, "Just have a good time tonight," before thrusting it back at him.

Her older sister Sibel, 19, who masterminded the party, is much more engaged, dancing on couches and chatting up Bow Wow.

Cost of the party: \$300,000.

Did her dad flinch at the price tag? Not really, "Just as long as it was what I wanted," Ayse says.

Her father, Ahmet Halac, immigrated from Turkey 17 years ago with almost nothing to his name. But he's made a fortune in the iron industry since then, and has become known for his fleet of luxury cars and fantastic parties. Standing in a raised VIP lounge and watching a shirtless, tattooed Bow Wow singing to and dancing around his daughter, he is radiating pride.

"This is nothing for him," says George Anton, one of Ahmet's employees chilling in the grown-ups-only area (read: open bar). "His 50th birthday party had some of the biggest people in the D.C. metropolitan area."

There were a few parents there, too, some dancing to Soulja Boy and others, well, not. Ayse's mother is one of the dancers — and she is really, really into it. Her shoes are off, she's waving them in the air.

"Honestly, it's been challenging at times raising our daughter around all of this," says Melanie Braun, mother of Ayse's best friend Maddy. She gestures around the club. "It's not our lifestyle at all. But the Halacs are a wonderful family, very generous. I think Ahmet contributes to charities in Turkey, or some-



PHOTOS BY KEVIN CLARK — THE WASHINGTON POST

Ayse Halac makes a red-carpet entrance with rappers Bow Wow, left, and Soulja Boy, who performed at her Sweet 16 bash at Love.



Also part of the "Hollywood Chic"-themed party on Thursday night: mock paparazzi.

thing."

Everyone, of course, is floored by the lavishness. Even though Loudoun County has the nation's highest per capita income, few locals have seen a party on this scale. Even the talent is awed.

"I've seen grown people with parties like this. Not often. But never a 16-year-old," says host Big Tigger, a local television and radio personality.

"You would think she's a celebrity," says Soulja Boy. (He, by the way, is a little miffed because he thought it was a club performance, not a private party. He charges more for those.)

Ayse's friends and acquaintances — about 200 of them — were picked up at

Stone Bridge High School in limo-buses and chauffeured to the club at 8 p.m., a full two hours before Ayse arrived, fashionably late. They had to present their invitations and photo ID at the door; the invitations, shipped from China, were fake American Express black credit cards engraved with the guests' names.

Of course, not all of the 200 guests are close with Ayse. Asked whether he is, Kaine Higgins shrugs. "Eh," he says.

Colored wristbands correspond with how closely you orbit Planet Ayse. Those with the red can enter the performers' VIP lounge, those with the blue can stand onstage during the performance, and those with the gold can get into the

grown-ups' area. The vast majority have no wristbands at all.

Ayse named the evening's three mocktails after things she likes, says the club's general manager, Sherwin Robinson: "Hollywood Mojito because that's the theme, Sunset Smoothies because she likes sunsets, and Sweet Devil, I don't know, I guess she has something with the devil."

Ayse herself doesn't talk much. Of the commotion, she says, "I liked everything about it." Of Mario's surprise serenade, she says, "I was excited."

Gifts from her family include a tricked-out Range Rover from her dad with "Little Devil" plates. "My mom got me a ring from somewhere exotic; I don't remember where. My sister got me a bunch of clothes and makeup because I love clothes and makeup."

Her birthday was July 10; her dad took her shopping in Los Angeles last month as another present. There, she bought three designer dresses for the party. She's wearing the strapless white number now, with the same Christian Dior gladiator shoes that Carrie wore in the "Sex and the City" movie. They were able to find the shoes because "my dad takes us shopping at Neiman Marcus so we know the people who work there," Sibel reports. "We were like, 'You have to find us these.'"

So how did Ayse celebrate on her real birthday? She and a few friends and family went to Mie N Yu in Georgetown for a small dinner party.

"I'm a low-key kind of person," Ayse says.

Music

Second Time's Charm for Phair

It was hard not to feel awash in nostalgia at Liz Phair's sold-out show at the 9:30 club Thursday night. Looking back, after all, was the point. Phair was there to play her classic indie-rock album, "Exile in Guyville" — all 18 songs, start to finish, from "6'1" to "Strange Loop" — and the enthusiastic 30- and 40-something crowd was along for the retrospective ride.

Fifteen years ago, when the album came out, Phair also played a show at the 9:30 — at the club's old location, a dark, dank shell at 930 F St. NW that left a seemingly toxic stench on concertgoers. Phair's grit was more readily apparent, too: At 26, she kept her head down and plowed through the set, stopping only to apologize for her stage fright.

No such nerves were on display Thursday. Phair, a seasoned performer whose sultry good looks have not changed in a decade and a half, seemed at ease from the first note and looked genuinely moved by the audience's response. Or as she put it: "You guys are the best [bleeping] crowd. I swear to God."

Playing guitar with a three-piece band behind her, Phair cruised through such songs as "Soap Star Joe" and "Mesmerizing." The manipulative wit of "Girls! Girls! Girls!" still packed a punch, and for "Flower," a song so dirty it would make Prince stammer, she enlisted the help of two female fans to sing along. Still, nothing topped "Divorce Song," a crushingly bleak ode to a failed relationship that revealed itself again as perhaps the best breakup song ever written.

Early on, Phair had signaled that this would not be a late-night affair and that it would wrap up in time for anyone interested in getting home to catch the main event at the final night of the Democratic convention. "Nobody's gonna miss Obama tonight," she said. "Not on my watch." True to her word, the 70-minute show ended a little before 10, and she and her fans returned to the present.

— Joe Heim



BY BRENDAN HOFFMAN — GETTY IMAGES

Liz Phair packed a lot into her 70-minute show.