C2 Saturday, November 15, 2008



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

oday, with his Losing entry in this week's results, the phenomenally clever wordsmith Chris Doyle becomes the second Loser to be published 1,000 times in The Style Invitational, joining Russell Beland in the Double Hall of Fame. The amazing thing is that, except for seven entries, Chris did not start playing the Invite until March 2000, seven years after the contest began. Since then, Chris has managed to amass not only vats of Invitational ink, primarily in wordplay and poetry contests but also an incomparable 37 first-place finishes (he's been declining Inkers for years) and an even 100 runners-up. And much of this while the retired Defense Department big shot was traveling several times around the world, sending entries from Internet cafes, ferries, yak hookups, etc., along the way.

So what was Chris doing before 2000? He was a star of the fabled New York Magazine Competition, whose memory we regularly honor by stealing from it. In that spirit, we offer up this NYMag perennial contest: **This week: Supply a chain of 20 names — they may be names of people, places, organizations, products, etc., but they must be names — beginning and ending with "Chris Doyle."** The links can be based on a similarity between the names themselves or, better, on some humorous relationship between the two elements. For example, Chris's chain on "George W. Bush" from Week 732 finished with "Molly Pitcher, Nolan Ryan, the KKK, David Duke, Mike Krzyzewski, Carlos Boozer, A.A. Milne, Christopher Robin, Batman, Lestat de Lioncourt, Anne Rice, Condoleezza Rice, George W. Bush." That won a T-shirt. See all of the Week 732 chains at washingtonpost.com/ styleinvitational (scroll down past that week's new contest).

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives the latest in our series of Funny Hats Sent From Beijing, from Drew Bennett of West Plains, Mo., and modeled by Washington Post Scion Ava Beard (not included).

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. 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, Nov. 24. Put "Week 791" 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 Dec. 13. 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 tilt for next week's results is by Tom Witte, who has 972 inks himself. This week's Honorable Mentions headline is by Andrew Hoenig. Statistics are courtesy of Loser Elden Carnahan at www.gooherdrool.com.

REPORT FROM WEEK 787

in which we asked you to create words containing the letters M, I, N and E, adjacent to one another but in any order.

- **Glandmine: A teenager.** (Kevin Dopart, Washington; Ira Allen, Bethesda)
- **3** Indeterminetable: An airline schedule. (Mike Anderson, Billings, Mont., a First Offender)

The Style Invitational

UNDERMINED: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Fannie Maelstrom: The giant sucking sound of the nation's credit system going down the toilet. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Amen-i-eat: The only grace shorter than "Rub-a-dub-dub, thanks for the grub." (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)

Blesspheming: Damning with faint praise. (Tom Witte)

Ciao mein: An Italian stir-fry with bean sprouts, bamboo shoots and Alfredo sauce. (Roy Ashley; Dave Zarrow, Reston)

Mein chow: A German noodle dish. (Duncan Seed, Robin Hood's Bay, North Yorkshire, England)

Eminenema: A purge of old rap albums from your iPod. (Hamdi Akar, Broad Run, Va.)

Cinemoron: Someone who uses his cellphone in the theater. (Hugh Pullen, Vienna)

Deminerd: Someone who'd never think of wearing a pocket protector, but has ink spots on his shirt. (Barry Koch)

Callumnies: Those automated phone messages spreading lies about the other candidate. (Roy Ashley)

Demingle: Sidle out of a boring conversation at a party. (Hugh Pullen)

Emnityville: The locale of many a Thanksgiving dinner horror. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly; Russ Taylor, Vienna)

Meanie-me: A political surrogate who slings mud on the candidate's behalf, letting the candidate appear to be above the fray. (Pam Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.)

Errmine: Fake fur good enough to fool an expert, but not your wife. (Lawrence McGuire. Waldorf)

Feeminism: Pride in prostitution. (David Garratt, Glenn Dale, whose last ink was in 1999)

Fermienah: Eh, not my type. (Frederick Mitsdarfer, Wilmington, Del., a First Offender)

the winner of the first Funny Hat

should have equal rights. - R. Limbaugh,

Effeminazi: Someone who thinks gays

the Airwaves (Roy Ashley, Washington)

From Beijing:

Himnesia: How some women move on after a bad breakup. (Christopher Lamora, from Kigali, Rwanda)

Home-mining: Digging for coins between the couch pillows. (Alli Peterson, Newark, Del.)

Imenses: Monthly bloat. (Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

In medias race: Not the best time for a pol to come out of the closet. (Beverley Sharp, Washington)

Javelin-meat: Someone who stands in the wrong place at a track-and-field event. (Peter Metrinko)



Laramie-Not: The first decision of prospective gay honeymooners. (Christopher Lamora)

Village)

McCain-mean: Measure of nastiness in a political campaign falling somewhere between girl-with-daisy-mean and Swift-boat-mean. (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

The Washington Post

AND THE WINNER

OF THE INKER

Jazzmine: A tea that can

be enjoyed either hot or

cool, but never smooth.

(Tom Witte, Montgomery

Melodramamine: A treatment for emotion sickness. (Frank Yuen, Forest Hills, N.Y.)

Minepeeper: A program that monitors how much time employees spend playing computer games. (Dominic Nooney, Hong Kong, a First Offender)

Groinmelon: A fetus. (Tom Witte)

Minestone: A soup with added herb. (Mike Inman, Lewes, Del.)

Pheromine: A weird underarm smell that attracts you to yourself. (David Garratt)

Preminisce: To get nostalgic for something before it even happens. (Mike Inman)

Queenmirth: "We are not unamused." (Kevin Dopart)

Henmity: Misogyny. (Tom Witte)

Solemnivorous: Taking eating way too seriously. (Gary Heinze, Vienna, a First Offender)

Tenmiler: Someone who looks pretty good from waaaay back. (Roger Dalrymple. Gettysburg. Pa.)

Minimegalomania: Grand ambition to win a runner-up T-shirt in The Style Invitational. Or a magnet, anyway. Or maybe a leftover magnet from last year. (Hugh Pullen)

Next Week: The Back End of a Bulwer, or Denouemonstrosities

No, it's not the Empress: Ava Beard models this week's runner-up hat.

BY STEPHANIE BEARD — THE WASHINGTON POST

CAROLYN HAX

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Adapted from a recent online discussion:

Dear Carolyn:

I am in 100 percent love with a co-worker. Butterflies and daydreaming and wanting-to-throwmy-arms-around-and-kiss in love. It is destroying my marriage and I don't seem to care. I know I need to stop or leave my job or confess to my spouse, but I can't do any of those. What do I do? Help

That's not love, that's hormones — or at least an adrenaline rush after you've gone a very long time without one.

Hold on as tightly as you can to your rational self and put all your energy into not doing permanent damage. When you're feeling steadier, you can work on any underlying problems that left you vulnerable to such a crush. Butterflies pass, but betrayal is forever.

Carolyn:

It's not hormones. We connect on EVERYthing and I have felt this way for a long time. I have children and a clueless spouse and feel trapped and suffocated. I know this new person would be the best thing but I can't make that step. I guess I have a conscience but I don't know what I should be doing. Help Again

Then it's the trapped and suffocated talking, the sense that you're getting oxygen after not having any for so long. Please get thee to counseling, solo, to deal with your soul death from the unhappy marriage. The colleague feels like the answer, but no new person can be the cure when your current condition is sick. Daydreaming and butterflies are the giveaway — they're screaming, "Don't trust me."

Wait — I'm going to change my metaphor from suffocation to thirst. You're in the desert, and you think you're seeing water. The co-worker is a mirage.

Dear Carolyn:

How does a thirtysomething woman react when her father tells her she is the reason her parents' marriage is strained? My dad has never forgiven me for moving out of state and not calling every day or visiting more than three or four times a year. My mom, while disappointed, tries to talk my dad into opening the lines of communication.

So I see that his relationship with me is what's straining their marriage, but I don't blame myself for their issues. However, the few times I talk to him I get an earful. What's the proper way to react? *Washington, D.C.*

Your father is insecure/controlling/something in that family of difficulties, just based on his refusal to recognize your autonomy; your mother is en-



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BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

abling him, by indulging his fits of pique whenever she tries to reason him out of them — i.e., by treating them as reasonable and therefore acceptable, which they're not. Any problems in their marriage (and beyond) are about this dynamic, not about you.

When you get an earful, you patiently and calmly remind your father that this is your life, you've made your decision, and therefore the issue is closed — and that if he chooses to pursue the topic, you're going to have to hang up and call him back another time. And if he pursues it, you say, "Goodbye, Dad," hang up, and call back another time.

It's really hard. But be gentle to inoculate yourself against guilt, be firm to inoculate yourself against getting sucked in, and you'll come out of it as well as possible.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on *www.* washingtonpost.com/discussions.

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