DAILY 05-30-09 MD M2 C2 BLACK



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

CAROLYN HAX

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

Hi Carolyn:

I'm a 30-year-old man and I hope you can help me reconcile something. I am engaged to a beautiful woman who spends a lot of time on her appearance. She also has a professional degree, a great job and a lot of other good qualities, but she is very very into makeup and dresses and accessories. A girly girl.

On the one hand, I love and am proud of how good she looks. On the other hand, having to deal with all the energy that goes into this passion feels really shallow and tiring. If I am reaping the benefits of her hours and hours of makeup and wardrobe effort, am I obligated to just shut up about the inconvenience?

Massachusetts

PSA: Any time you're asking an "am I obligated just to ignore something that really bothers me" question, that's your cue that you're in denial, and "something" urgently needs your attention.

The denial that needs your attention isn't that you find your well, it does need attention, but it's not first in line. First in line is that you favor a kind of beauty that requires behavior you don't respect.

At least that's how it looks from here; you don't say whether you actually prefer this kind of high-maintenance beauty to other, more natural kinds. I'm just extrapolating that because you say you're proud of her beauty and you're also engaged — i.e., out of all the women out there, you chose a primper.

If it is the case that you like this kind of look but have disyou don't like what

The Style Invitational >>

REPORT FROM WEEK 815

in which we honored Loser Tom Witte and his 1,000 blots of ink with his favorite kind of contest, neologisms - and this one was for words containing a W, an I, two T's and an E. Not surprisingly, Tom himself churned out entries for this contest by the dozen, even from the remote mountaintop where he was hiking: 179 in all, and many were terrific. By the way, his name is pronounced, natch, Witty.

THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Wattleship: A seniors cruise. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

- winner of the light switch plate featuring a picture of Michelangelo's sculpture of David: Iwishsetter: Imaginary best friend. (Pam Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.)
- Twinebriated: Seeing double. (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)
- Westwingnut: A president you didn't vote for. (Mark Eichorn, Arlington, a First Offender)

HALF WITTES: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Twentiming: Keeping 19 mistresses. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

Trystworthiness: The degree to which someone can be counted on not to kiss and tell. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Whactivate: How to get your old TV to work. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Retrowitted: Thought of a clever comeback too late, but included it when recounting the incident to someone else. (Tom Witte)

Twilite: Sunset over Los Angeles. (Janet Lacey, Arlington)

Twitterboarded: Drowned in tweets. (Peter Segall, Arlington, a First Offender)

Weltiest: Richest person in Brooklyn (Vic Krysko, Suratthani, Thailand)

Whineternet: The blogosphere. (Tom Witte)

Tightwed: To get married in the Costco parking lot and invite the guests to nosh on the free samples. (Dave Ferry, Key West, Fla.)

Tithewad: Someone who skimps at the collection plate. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly; Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

Typewrither: Carpal tunnel victim. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

Mittwife: a person specially equipped to deliver very large babies. (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

Bidwetting: Excessive reaction to winning an auction on eBay. (Russ Tavlor, Vienna)

Muttwipes: Moistened towelettes for the fastidious dog walker. (Chris Doyle)

Stwiptease: Dance performed by

Gypsy Rose Fudd. (Mike Turniansky, Pikesville, Md.)

E-twit: Anvone who can't be bothered to read the messages I send, even though it should be obvious that they're important, what with their arriving every 10 minutes or so. (Russell Beland)

E-twit: Fw:Fw: Fw:Fw:Fw: LOL, OMG!!! (Chris Rollins, Cumberland, Md.)

Bawdysitter: A nice lady who'll take care of you. (Tom Witte)

Weight-Out: If only there were this kind of correction fluid! (Sue Lin Chong, Baltimore)

Kwitter: Someone who finally wises up to the fact that nobody's waiting breathlessly for a bulletin about what he's having for lunch. (Craig Dykstra)

Intewition: The sneaking suspicion that you're going to lose the spelling bee. (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

Toiletdew: A euphemism for seat splatter. (Kevin Dopart)

Dweebilitate: To give someone a wedgie. (Tom Witte)

Twitterocracy: The rule of thumbs. (JL Strickland, Valley, Ala.)

Witteboarded: Tortured by incessant **punning.** (JL Strickland; Dave Prevar)

Tri-twenties: What sexagenarians like to be called these days. (Tom Witte)

Taupe-White: The \$5 special at the tanning salon. (Russell Beland)

Notwinter: In Minnesota, the season

consisting of July and August. (Pam Sweeney)

Cryptwriter: Obituary reporter. (Craig Dykstra)

www.ltTastesLikeChicken.org: The definitive authority on weird meats. (Russell Beland)

Wetti: The Abominable Rainman. (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)

Winkette: Sarah Palin's new political blog. (Chris Doyle)

Two-tired: How your wife feels after the second child is born ("Sorry, honey, I'm iust two-tired"). (Anne Paris, Arlington)

Counterwait: Mechanism that guarantees every elevator is on the 20th floor when you're on the first. (Russ Taylor)

Swine tots: Pork McNuggets. (Chris Doyle)

Titlewax: Cosmetic repairs to that junker you're trying to unload. (D.L. Williams, Rockville)

Acqwitted: Found innocent of any sense of humor. (Tom Murphy, Bowie)

Theirwithal: A pile of other people's money (see bailout). (Craig Dykstra)

Louisvuittowne: Where the bag people in Beverly Hills live. (Russ Taylor)

Bittershrew: What your wife will turn into if she doesn't get a diamond tennis bracelet. - R. Mervis, Washington (Pam Sweeney)

Next Week: Googillions, or Cache Phrases





BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 819: Art Re-View

hese objects are not what they seem to be, at first glance. They are something else entirely. What are they? (When we did a contest like this the first time, in 2001, numerous entrants wrote in to inform us that the drawings depicted a stick of butter. a keyhole, etc.)

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives, from Thailand, a three-pack of Pee Bag "disposable in-car mini-toilet," donated by 84-time Loser Larry Yungk, who thinks

you should notice that there is no hyphen between "disposable" and "in-car."

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or Loser Mug. 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, June 1. Put "Week 819" 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 June 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. This week's Honorable Mentions name was sent in by lots of people; the revised title for next week's contest is by Chris Doyle.

ON WASHINGTONPOST.COM

Want to talk to some real Losers? Join the discussion at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.





The Washington Post

goes into it, then you need to reconcile your interests internally. Either you adjust your notion of beauty to reflect your respect for more worthwhile uses of time, or you extend your judgment about her "shallow and tiring" pursuit and apply it to yourself. It's your pursuit, too, if you seek out and endorse the result.

This is all a theoretical and, as I said above, internal debate, and therefore doesn't offer you practical suggestions on what to do in the near term about a fiancee who apparently bores you.

But a fiancee who bores you is a practical suggestion unto herself: Break up. She isn't the right person for you.

Assuming it's a little more subtle — say, you don't find her shallow or boring, you'd just like to get out of the house 30 minutes faster — then I would suggest admitting to her that while you love to look at the result, you're starting to feel trapped by all the prep time she takes before leaving the house.

To be clear: If her grooming is more hobby than hygiene, and it's something she enjoys, then you don't want to bully her out of it. She is who she is, and so you either take her as is, ungrudgingly, with maybe some minor concessions, or you're back to calling this off.

If instead it's just a habit that she hasn't really questioned, then it's okay to ask if she'd be willing to streamline. This would be the time to mention because you do, right? - that vou find her beautiful before all the spackle goes on. Possibly without use of the word "spackle.

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

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PRINCE, From Page C1

- he's the rebel, he's this, that and the other," said Jamel Daniels, 29, from Brooklyn who was one of the wounded veterans who met with Harry at the VA hospital. "But when you meet him, he's a really great guy."

"A regular guy," said Fred Downs, director of prosthetics for the hospital, who described how Harry bonded with the injured soldiers and Marines. "I think he's just a regular person who wants to have fun and wants to have a regular life.

Of course, it's probably hard to be a regular guy when you have hundreds of adoring fans crowding the rope lines with cellphone cameras screaming out your name. For all the somberness of the day's events, there was still no mistaking that the third in line to the British throne is a major celebrity. Thus, there was the odd juxtaposition of Harry at the VA hospital — a tour of a PTSD clinic and a prosthetics clinic, followed by a throng in the lobby chanting "Har-ry! Har-ry!!" while he worked the rope line.

Harry has more than once been a bit of an embarrassment to the royal family, unlike his more serious elder brother. In 2005, he was forced to apologize after showing up at a friend's costume party dressed in a German military uniform complete with a swastika armband. He has gotten into scrapes with the paparazzi who dog his wee-hour antics.



In a Tour of New York, Prince Harry Does His Duty

Several women shouted "we love you!" to Harry as he planted a magnolia tree at the British garden in Hanover Square.

This year, he apologized again after appearing in his own home video referring to one of his military mates as a "Paki," a term considered derogatory by many Pakistan-

In that same video, he refers to

another army colleague with a towel on his head as a "raghead," a term often used disdainfully in referring to Muslims.

After that episode, the army instructed Harry to retake a course on diversity.

Perhaps mindful that any slip of the tongue here, however modest, would mar this first-ever official visit, his handlers seemed to keep him a relatively safe distance from the media at most stops.

He did say a few words to report-

"You read all this stuff in the media - he's the rebel. But when you meet him, he's a really great guy." **Jamel Daniels**

ers while touring Ground Zero. "It was just very nice to see all the people who lost their loved ones here, just a small group of them," he was quoted saying. "It's just fantastic to see what's going on and hopefully everyone will be happy with the results. I'm sure they will be.'

At the British garden at Hanover Square, where Harry planted an Elizabeth magnolia tree, several women yelled out "we love you!" to the prince when he walked to where the crowds were waiting.

"Why are you here?" Harry asked one woman, Elaine Karowitz, who admitted she was not British.

"To see you," Karowitz replied.

"I'm awestruck," said Maura Sayers, who works for a financialservices company.

"Royalty is something we don't have here," she said. "And to see the son of Diana!'

'Expedition Africa: Stanley and Livingstone,' Going Astray From the Start

EXPEDITION, From Page C1

nine-month, 970-mile journey, using only a compass and basic maps

They have 30 days to do it. The result is an eight-part series part history, part reality — that is fantastically boring and inherits none of the appeal of its parentage. If the first two episodes are any indication, the journey is less a re-exploration of a storied trek than an outright bumble in the jungle.

The explorers run out of water on Day 3 of their African expedition, just like they did on Day 1. "We could die," says one of the explorers. A timpani thunders on

the soundtrack, just like it did two days earlier, when the explorers realized they had no sailing experience but had to cross from the island of Zanzibar to the Tanzanian mainland. "We could drown,' one of them says.

Die? Drown? In front of camera operators and producers? We dare you, explorers.

Aside from documenting the bumbling, the first episode sketches brief biographies of the explorers. Navigator Pasquale Scaturro, for example, assisted the first blind man to climb Mount Everest, and survivalist Benedict Allen once ate his own dog to stave off starvation. The quartet is rounded out by wildlife expert Mireya Mayor, who is concerned about the 29 varieties of poisonous snake in their path, and journalist Kevin Sites, who was the first war correspondent for Yahoo News.

These four explorers are accompanied by two Masai warriors (for protection) and a phalanx of Tanzanian porters (to carry luggage). It's imperialist nostalgia, watching four white people hack through the bush with a support staff of natives. What's most offensive, though, is that "Expedition Africa" is dull. The second episode is an hour-long yawnfest of contrived confrontation and exaggerated danger. The most exciting moment arrives when a porter suffers heat exhaustion. Heat exhaustion! The explorers shade him with a palm, then scold each other for their aggressive pace.

In case it's not painfully obvious: There is little history and even less reality in "Expedition Africa." It is neither entertaining nor informing. There are no survival tips, few compelling digressions about Livingstone or Stanley, and only passing glances at picturesque African vistas. In one comical violation of history, the explorers redraw Stanley's route to avoid populated areas and aim for more dangerous, camerafriendly scenarios.

"You can see why Stanley would avoid doing this," Mayor says as they begin crossing the inhospitable Uluguru Mountains, which the journalist sidestepped because he wasn't being tailed by a camera crew.

Does the crew reach Dr. Livingstone? Does it matter? If you want squabbling teammates racing through exotic destinations, watch "The Amazing Race." If you want dangerous, exciting treks into danger, watch "Man vs. Wild." If you want history, read a book. Let's hope that, like a mule, "Expedition Africa" will be unable to reproduce. Till then, look away! Look away!

Expedition Africa: Stanley and Livingstone premieres tomorrow at 10 p.m. on the History Channel.

