

Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

Report from Week 910

in which we asked you to alter a well-known ad slogan slightly and assign it to someone else: Many suggested “You deserve a brake today” for Toyota, “We’ll leave the lights off for you” as perfect for Pepco, and, for Wisconsin Gov. Scott Walker, “Look for the union libel.”



TSA airport security: If we don’t pet it, you don’t jet it. *(Rachel Braun, Silver Spring, a First Offender)*

2 Winner of the pants-dropping car window toy:

Bud Selig: The boor that made Milwaukee famous. *(Roy Ashley, Washington)*

3 Nordic Flex: Your weak end just got better. *(Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)*

4 U.S. Postal Service: “When it absolutely, positively has to be there eventually.” *(Trevor Kerr, Chesapeake, Va.)*

Always low prizes: Honorable mentions

P.T. Barnum: You deserve a freak today. *(Malcolm Fleschner, Palo Alto, Calif.)*

Next Day Blinds: Because love is not a spectator sport. *(Dave Coutts, Severna Park, a First Offender)*

Amtrak: This is your train on drugs. *(Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase)*

Honolulu Grill: How about a nice Hawaiian paunch? *(Joe Godles, Bethesda; Pie Snelson, Silver Spring)*

Rahm Emanuel: Let your finger do the talking. *(Michael Greene, Alexandria)*

Charlie Sheen: Sometimes you feel like a nut. Other times you may also. *(Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)*

National Bar Association: Fee all that you can fee. *(Dion Black, Washington; Paulette Rainie, McLean, a First Offender)*

Propecia: Say no to rugs. *(Seth Tucker, Washington)*

Four Loko: The liquor picker-upper. *(Mike Ostapiej, Mount Pleasant, S.C.)*

The British monarchy: When it reigns, it bores. *(Gary Crockett)*

Al Gore: That frosty smug sensation. *(Elise Jacobs, Silver Spring)*

Agriculture lobby: Please don’t squeeze the farmin’. *(Mae Scanlan, Washington)*

Washington Fertility Center: When it absolutely, positively has to be their ova night. *(Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)*

TSA: Reach out and touch someone’s . . . *(Seth Tucker)*

Warren Jeffs: My wives. I think I’ll keep them. *(Kevin Dopart, Washington)*

Al’s shoeshine stand: Pardon me, do you have any stray poop on? *(Dave Prevar, Annapolis)*

Prince George’s County Police: To protect and serve . . . ourselves. *(Mark Richardson, Washington)*

Movie sound mixers’ guild: Oh, I wish I were an Oscar minor winner . . . *(Mae Scanlan)*

Boca veggie burgers: Tastes great, less killing. *(Kris Kunert; Pete Morelewicz; Michael Duffy, all of Washington)*

A karate studio: Break fist of champions. *(Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)*

Ipecac: Heave it your way. *(Jeff Hazle, Woodbridge; Chris Doyle)*

EPA: It’s not nice to fail Mother Nature. *(Mike Ostapiej)*

Genentech: We bring odd things to life. *(Mike Ostapiej)*

An organ-trafficking ring: We deliver for you. *(Trevor Kerr)*

Diamond Toothpicks: The quicker uppers-picker. *(Chris Doyle)*

For then-Rep. Christopher Lee: When you care enough to send the hairy chest. *(Dorothy Rubin, Frederick, a First Offender)*

American Idol: There’s always room for J-Lo. *(Teri Chism, Winchester, Va.)*

7-Eleven: The quicker sticker-upper. *(Susan Geariety, Menifee, Calif.)*

Bosmere compost bins: A rind is a terrible thing to waste. *(David Komornik, Danville, Va.)*

The Writer’s Center: We love to see you simile. *(John McCooey, Rehoboth Beach, Del.)*

And last: The Style Invitational: The Ultimate Drivel Machine. *(Seth Tucker; Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)*

Next week: Help! or The Dial Invitational

THIS WEEK’S CONTEST



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 914: Foaling around

Mr Artistic MD x Burns = Sweet Ducky Mac’s Surprise x Extra Fifty = Superduper Size Me

It’s four weeks from Kentucky Derby weekend, which means it’s time for one of our most heavily entered contests: On this page is a list of 100 of the almost 400 horses eligible for this year’s Triple Crown races. “Breed” any two of them – even though almost all are male – and name the “foal,” as in the examples above. Though the real derby field is restricted to 20 horses, you, lucky thing, may enter as many as 25. As in real life, the names absolutely cannot be longer than 18 characters, including spaces and symbols.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives the Guaguo Pro, a scary-looking kitchen implement whose Chinese-translated packaging warns us, “Please dont toagh the sharp against injary when youare tearing off its pzztage.” Found in the dollar store by Bruce Alter.

Annual Update	Cryin Out Loud	Litigate	Read the
Anthony’s	Derivative	Mac’s Surprise	Contract
Cross	Dialed In	Major Art	Red Maserati
Archarcharch	Dominus	Manhattan	Redwood Falls
Associate	Dreamy Kid	Man	Rothko
Astrology	Dubber	Meistersinger	Rustler Hustler
Awed	Duca	Midnight	Scuff
Back Room	Elite Alex	Interlude	Sinai
Deal	Energized	Mister Pippit	Sky Music
Balladry	Extra Fifty	Moon on Fire	Small Town Talk
Become the	Fad	Mr Artistic MD	Smash
Wind	Fire With Fire	Mucho Macho	Smug
Birdway	Fly on the Wall	Man	So Bold
Bomber Boy	Free Entry	My Dividend	Sockarooi
Break Up the	French Fury	National	Soldat
Game	Glint	Night Party	Special Tree
Brethren	G Ten	Old Guys Rule	Stay Thirsty
Brilliant Speed	Guest Star	Old Hickory	Supreme Ruler
Burns	Guy on the Go	Pants on Fire	Sweet Ducky
Casino Host	Hot Faucet	Perfect Coconut	Tapaway
Cat Sweep	Humble and	Positive	Tazered
Cloud Man	Hungry	Response	The Factor
Coil	Industry Leader	Praise the Bird	To Honor and
Comma to the	Iscar	Premier	Serve
Top	Isn’t He Perfect	Pegasus	Toreador
Concealed	Jack London	Prime Objective	Turbulent
Identity	Kid You Not	Purely	Descent
Crossed the	Leave of	Awesome	Twice the
Line	Absence	Rattlesnake	Appeal
Crushing	Lemon Ghost	Bridge	Uncle Mo

— From the list of nominations on Bloodhorse.com

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions win a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air “freshener” (FirStink for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax, if you absolutely must, to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, April 18; results to be published May 8 (May 6 online). Include “Week 914” in the subject line of your e-mail, or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See more rules at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational. Follow the Empress on Twitter at patmyersTWP. The revised title for next week’s results was submitted separately by Russell Beland and John O’Byrne; this week’s honorable-mentions subhead is by Jeff Contompasis.

POP CD REVIEW

Magnetic Man MAGNETIC MAN



Dubstep is having a breakout year in the United States, which probably means it’s over.

The decade-old strand of British dance music — which burned brightest about five years ago with its brittle, flickering rhythms and wobbly, juggernaut bass — has recently been adopted by none other than

Britney Spears. (Check out the death-spiral bass lines on her recent single “Hold It Against Me.”)

And when Britney shows up at the party, the party is probably winding down. So let’s use these precious moments to enjoy the superb debut album from Magnetic Man, a British supergroup featuring producers Skream, Benga and Artwork — effectively the Traveling Wilburys of dubstep. The trio’s self-titled disclanded in the United Kingdom last year but is getting a stateside release this

week, and the genre’s sonic hallmarks are here — the beats skitter like a racing heart, and the bass will give you vertigo.

But there’s something new, too: unabashed pop hooks. Dubstep princess Katy B chirps beautifully on “Perfect Stranger,” and soulman John Legend is recruited for the dystopian funk of “Getting Nowhere.” It’s the sound of the genre’s architects pushing dubstep toward the mainstream moments before the mainstream would steal it away.

— Chris Richards