

Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

Report from Week 936

in which we asked for neologisms based on foreign terms: You can see links to the original terms, as well as some more honorable-mention neologisms, in the online version of this contest at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

THE
WINNER
OF THE
INKER

Cogito ergo bum: Sudden realization of graduating philosophy majors. (*Greg Deye, Kensington, a First Offender*)

2 Winner of the Slap Ya Mama Cajun seasoning: **Altar ego:** "I do, and so does she." (*Jim Reagan, Herndon*)

3 Après moi le deluxe: My wife's run off with a millionaire. (*Barrie Collins, Long Sault, Ontario*)

4 Bon voltage: What you wish a homeowner as the sky grows dark and the wind whips up. (*Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.*)

Crème de les crumbs: honorable mentions

Ave. Maria: It's around the corner from Church St. (*Matt Monitto, Elon, N.C.*)

La Belly Époque: 21st-century America. (*Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase*)

Avant-garden: The flowers are lovely, but I'm not sure about the urinal in the middle of the rhododendrons. (*Laurie Brink, Cleveland, Mo.*)

Schlitzkrieg: Pregame rush at the convenience store. (*Michael Greene, Alexandria*)

'Fro pas: A perm disaster. (*Elise Jacobs, Silver Spring*)

Meat culpa: Confessions of a lapsed vegetarian. (*John Shea, Philadelphia*)

Fin de sickle: When the hammer fell on the Berlin Wall. (*Pam Sweeney, Burlington, Mass.*)

Fit accompli: When the screaming 2-year-old finally gets the cookie. (*Jo Ann Staebler, Manassas, a First Offender*)

Domino's vobiscum: Pizza be with you. (*Mel Loftus, Alexandria*)

Hatwa: Declaring an open season of snark on Princess Beatrice. (*Ann Martin, Bracknell, England*)

Ode de toilette: Bathroom stall poetry. (*Tony Arancibia, Falls Church*)

No-bless oblige: First Amendment protection for atheists. (*Mark Richardson, Washington*)

Mi casa es Sue's casa: I can't believe the judge gave her the house! (*Gene Hartis, Sealy, Tex., a First Offender*)

D'oh naturel: Forgot my pants! (*Kevin Dopart, Washington*)

Alma matter: The slew of fundraising mail from your university. (*Tom Panther, Springfield*)

Maison d'ebtre: A house about to be repossessed. (*Ira Allen, Bethesda*)

Quid pro quote: "A penny for your thoughts" adjusted for inflation. (*Yuki Henninger, Vienna*)

Je ne sais ha: I don't get it. (*Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.*)

Magna cum fraude: Graduating with high honors from Diploma Mill U. (*David Genser, Poway, Calif.*)

Horse d'oeuvres: Appetizers made with filly mignon. (*Marian Carlsson, Lexington, Va.*)

Mirage à trois: In your dreams, man. (*Keith Maynard, Annapolis*)

Arroz con polio: The second-worst health code violation in the restaurant industry, just behind Enchiladas con Ebola. (*Robert Schechter*)

Ipsa fatso: "So, yes, I'm afraid that means you need to buy two airplane tickets, sir." (*Mike Harbert, Leesburg, a First Offender*)

Perishtroika: Russia's return to All Putin All the Time. (*Mike Gips, Bethesda*)

Persona non tata: A flat-chested woman. (*Tom Witte, Montgomery Village*)

Tour de forceps: Delivery of a 16-pound baby. (*Theresa Kowal, Silver Spring*)

Trump-l'oeil: A combover that fools no one. (*Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

Deductio ad absurdum: A good way to get audited. (*Pam Sweeney*)

Bin voyage: Burial at sea. (*Jay Cummings, Greenbelt, a First Offender*)

Cart Blanche: What Dorothy and Rose have to do after a wild night on the Miami strip. (*Dion Black, Washington*)

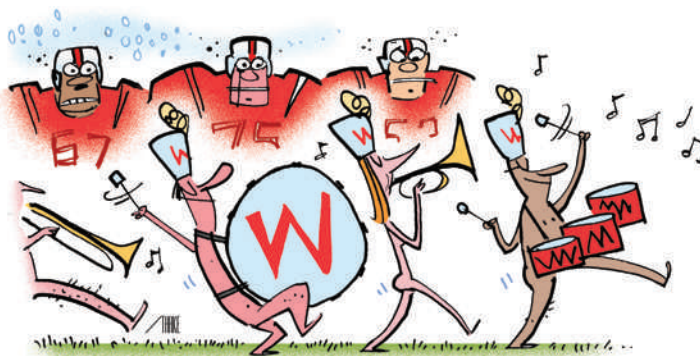
Caveat empty: Batteries not included. (*Brian Cohen, Potomac*)

And Last: La page aux folles: The back of the Sunday Style section. (*David Keating, Chevy Chase, a First Offender*)

Next week: Staake it to him, or Caldenotts

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST: WEEK 940

Our type o' headline



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Huskers get nude welcome to Big Ten (originally 'rude welcome)

Nebraska players distracted by marching band, lose to Wisconsin

In response to requests from the Facebook group Style Invitational Devotees, an encore of this variation on our perennial "Mess With Our Heads" contest: **Change a headline by one letter, or switch two letters, or change spacing or punctuation, in a headline (or most of a headline) appearing on an article or ad in The Washington Post or on washingtonpost.com from Oct. 7 through Oct. 17, and elaborate on it in a "bank" headline (subhead), as in the entry above by Mark Holt, taken from a story in the Oct. 2 Post.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a two-foot-long green-and-white Gummi Snake, which should be edible, if a bit stale by now. Donated by Melissa Yorks.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get 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 to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Oct. 10; results published Nov. 6 (Nov. 4 online). No more than 25 entries per entrant per week. Include "Week 940" in your e-mail subject line or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational. The revised title for next week's results and next week's honorable-mentions subhead are by Kevin Dopart.



STYLE CONVERSATIONAL Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at washingtonpost.com/stylconversational.

POP CD REVIEW

Joe Jonas
FASTLIFE



Does anybody really want Joe Jonas to grow up? Twenty-two years old and newly sprung from the Jonas

Brothers, too old to credibly position himself as a chaste boy-bander, he's hemmed in nevertheless by his tween-leaning fanbase.

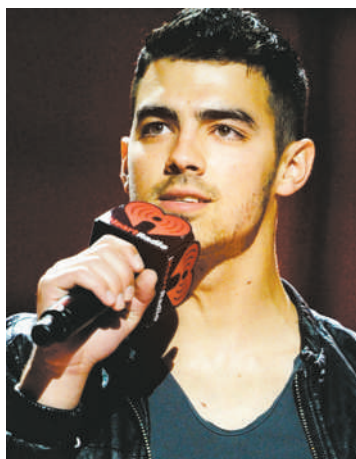
Making use of a team of high-end producers and writers (including Danja and Chris Brown, respectively), Jonas's solo

debut, "Fastlife," is exactly what it should be, a fizzy, danceable, R&B-steeped club pop album that greases Jonas's transition to pop adulthood.

"Fastlife" works best when it stays mild (like "I'm Sorry," which sounds like a great lost Backstreet Boys ballad).

Edgier fare such as the Pitbull-esque "Love Slayer" doesn't always convince, though a riotous Lil Wayne-featured remix of "Just in Love" is the best thing here. Eighteen months ago, the pairing would have been unthinkable, but these days Weezy is unbearably mild and Jonas is (sort of) wild and somehow, it seems just right.

— Allison Stewart



ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

ALL GROWN UP: "Fastlife" greases singer Joe Jonas's transition to pop adulthood.

@WORK ADVICE CONTEST

Round 2: The results are in

If you're just joining us, the @Work Advice Contest is our search for a columnist with a smart take on navigating workplace culture. If you've been following along, you're probably wondering: Which contestants survived Round 2?

Well . . . so are we. As this page went to press, readers were still voting; by the time it reaches you, two will have been axed. To find out who made it to Round 3, scan the code at right with your phone, or visit washingtonpost.com/workadvice.

wp On your
smartphone



Learn more about QR codes at wapo.st/wapoqr.