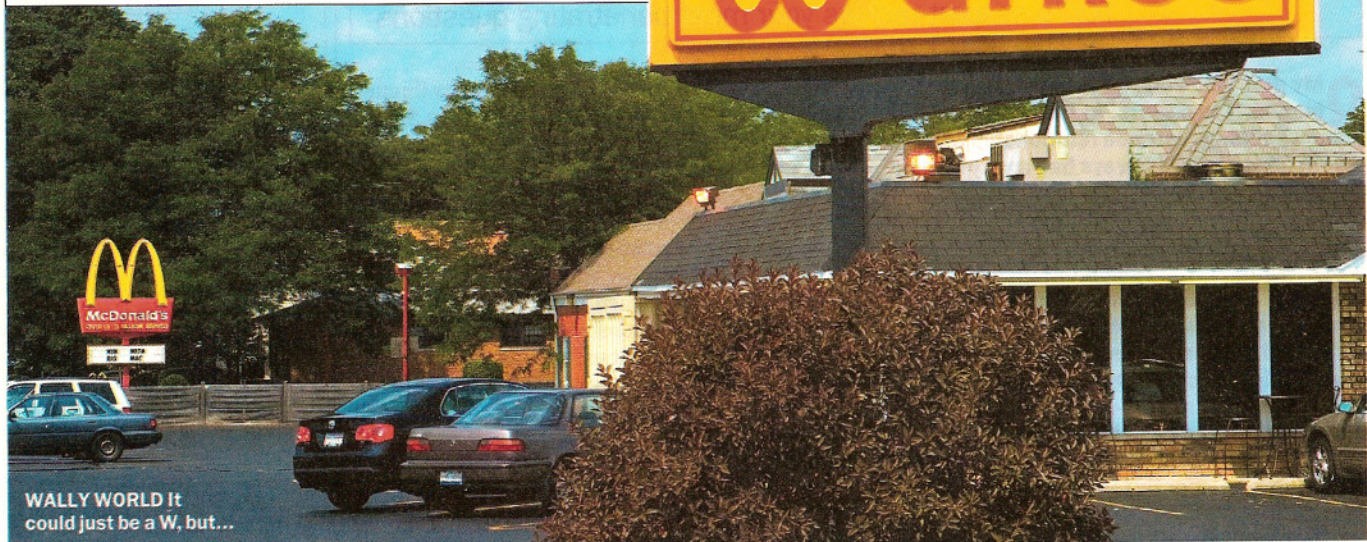


Over&Out

The last word of the week



Copyrights and wrongs

The Olympic Committee recently forced Chicago's ImprovOlympic to change its name to I.O. Here are some other local names and logos that made lawyers go loco. *By Joel Reese*

<p>Wally's Gyros (Park Ridge) vs. McDonald's (pretty much everywhere)</p>	<p>House of Blues vs. God (via the Archdiocese of Chicago)</p>	<p>Chicago, the band (briefly Chicago Transit Authority) vs. Chicago Transit Authority, the agency</p>	<p>Bill Wyman, former Chicago Reader staff writer vs. Bill Wyman, former Rolling Stones bassist</p>
<p>What happened: In 1979, this suburban hot dog—and-gyros stand erected a sign boasting a W that looked, well, familiar—especially compared to the McDonald's sign just a half-block away. McDonald's lawyers threatened to serve Wally's owner Peter Buhelos a carry-out bag of litigation if he didn't change his sign. "I told them I welcomed a lawsuit, because honestly, it would be publicity for me," Buhelos says. Who caved: McDonald's skulked away, undoubtedly to craft more healthy and deliciously satisfying cuisine. Lesson learned: Every now and then, threats of litigation are just that—threats. (Would Burger King have backed down so easily? We wonder.)</p>	<p>What happened: After the House of Blues opened here in 1996, Catholics embarked on a crusade, enlisting Cardinal Joseph Bernardin and threatening to boycott HOB. They found the club's logo, a bleeding heart encircled by thorns and flames, offensive. HOB's emblem was too similar to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which symbolizes "Christ's suffering during his crucifixion and His love for mankind," sayeth the Catholic World News. Who caved: HOB reworked its logo to something you'd see at a lame tattoo parlor, muttering, "It has really been an exercise in focusing on our corporate identity." Lesson learned: Thou shalt not getteth up in the grill of the Catholic Church, lest thou suffereth a severe beat-down.</p>	<p>What happened: In the late 1960s, a local horn-loving band dubbed itself Chicago Transit Authority and put out an album featuring "Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?" a song that sticks in your mind and never leaves, like caramel in a cavity. The CTA threatened a lawsuit, saying it didn't want its rusty transportation system associated with the blow-dried band's Velveeta-smooth stylings. Who caved: The group gave in faster than you can say "you guys suck." The band shortened the name by two words, forever saddling our city with its cheese-heavy music like a rusty anvil around our collective neck. Lesson learned: Oh, if only that threat had kept them from releasing "You're the Inspiration."</p>	<p>What happened: Former Chicago scribe Wyman was stunned to receive a letter in 2002 from the lawyer for the one-time Stones bass player, demanding, "I must ask that you immediately cease and desist from authorizing or permitting any such use of our client's name." Interestingly, journalist Wyman was born with that moniker; the bassist was born William George Perks. He became "Wyman" after the real Wyman had been using the name for more than two years. Who caved: Journalist Wyman wrote about it, the story got picked up internationally and the whinin' Wyman promptly disappeared. Lesson learned: Sometimes wild horses can't drag a guy away from his own name.</p>

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