

The Style Invitational

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 660: Foaling Down: The Next Generation



BY BOB STAMME FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

As usual, our 11th (!) annual breed-the-Derby-nominees contest drew an enormous stampede of entries — thousands and thousands. In fact, it was the largest response that the Empress has had to contend with so far in her 121-week reign; she is only now beginning to lift her battered self from the dirt, dust off her silks and . . . well, they always say you should get right back on the horse. So, clearly still a bit logy, she decided to take up Horse Name Obsessive Loser Russell Beland on a suggestion to “breed” any two of the winning “offspring” included in the entries at right, and name THEIR foal. This time around, however: If a long list of entries arrives single-spaced, it may well not be read all the way through. Have some mercy, people. The names must have a maximum of 18 characters including spaces, and they shouldn’t come close to duplicating any of today’s results.

Winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up, courtesy of the good graces of Loser Dave Prevar, gets a really ugly ball cap with a blob of fake dog do on the visor. On the cap, in crummy lettering, are the words “[figure it out] Head.” (If you win and your mother says you can’t have it, we will send you something else.)

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions (or whatever they’re called this week) get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. 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, May 8. Put “Week 660” 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 May 28. 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 title for next week’s contest is by Kevin Dopot of Washington.

REPORT FROM WEEK 656

As always, there were tons of clever entries and tons of duplication. Most common theme: “Brokeback” everything. Among other nice but too frequent entries: “Racketeer + Up an Octave = Tony Soprano”; “Kennebunkport + Press Gently = Maine Squeeze”; and “A Big Mistake + Up an Octave = Bris Miss.” Note: As thorough and systematic as she is, the Empress concedes the remote possibility that someone out there sent the same entry as one of those below but was not credited. If this has happened to you, please change your name to the one mentioned below so that the credit will be correct. Thank you.

5 Breed Doc Cheney with Tug o’War and name the foal Stuent Deferment (Arlee C. Green, Newington)

4 A Giant Valentine + Racketeer = Romeo and Juliet (Dennis Lindsay, Seabrook)

3 Rob ‘Em Blind + Within Reason = Rob ‘Em Myopic (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

2 The winner of Picasso’s Nose and van Gogh’s Ear: He’s a Lumberjack + Lawyer Ron = Chop Suey (Rich Muenchow, Bethesda)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER
1 Record + Doc Cheney = No. 1 With a Bullet (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

THE ALSO-RANS

Achilles of Troy + Tug o’War and name the foal Heel and Tow (Mark Eckenwiler)

+ **Tiznow or Never = Priam Time** (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)

+ **Lightning Romance = Love Me Tendon** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

+ **Yes He’s the Man = Heel Do** (Roy Ashley, Washington)

+ **Doc Cheney = Heel Thyself** (Stephen Dudzik, Olney; Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

+ **El Chile Dog = Heel!** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Americanrevolution + Morethanamouthful = 17769 (Beth Morgan, Palo Alto, Calif.)

Art Museum + Master of Disaster = MoMa Gaddafi (Stephen Dudzik)

+ **Laptop Computer = Louvred Windows** (Stephen Dudzik)

+ **Morethanamouthful = Guggenheimich** (Chris Doyle)

+ **Tug o’War = Venus De Milo** (Laurel Gainor, Great Falls)

+ **Rob ‘Em Blind = TakeTheMonetAndRun** (Chris Doyle)

+ **Laptop Computer = Framer in the Dell** (Harvey Smith, McLean)

Circle the World + Express News = Phileas Blog (Brian Barrett, New York; Greg Pearson, Arlington)

Bob and John + With a City = Denver (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

Confederate + Up an Octave = Treble Yell (Chris Doyle)

+ **Record = 0-1** (Elden Carnahan, Laurel)

Bluegrass Cat + Totally Gone = Flatt Broke (Paul Burnham, Gainesville)

Crossword + Tug o’War = Buy Two Papers (David Franks, Wichita)

+ **Doc Cheney = One Down** (Dave Brewer, Shoreline, Wash.; Nancy Israel, Bethesda; John O’Byrne, Dublin)

Devil’s Concierge + Ever a Friend = Beelzebuddy (Roy Ashley)

Doc Cheney + Dubai Gold = Lamé Duck (Beth Morgan)

+ **Lawyer Ron = Lawyer, Run!** (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

Eight Ball + Rehoboth = Four Sunbathers (Elden Carnahan)

El Chile Dog + Big Mistake = DontReallyUseDog (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

+ **Dubai Gold = Wiener Takes Oil** (Chris Doyle)

Fabled + Like Now = ASAP Fables (Brendan Beary)

Get Off the Sugar + Little Genius = Poindextrose (Stephen Dudzik)

First Samurai + Doc Cheney = 28 Gauge Shogun (Mark Eckenwiler)

+ **Eight Ball = Sushi Cue** (Mark Eckenwiler)

He’s a Lumberjack + Circle the World = Bunyan Rings (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

+ **Private Vow = Don’t Ax Don’t Tell** (Laura Bennett Peterson; Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

+ **Eight Ball = Ax Again Later** (Mark Eckenwiler)

+ **I Believe in Me = I’m OK, He’s OK** (Paul Kondis, Alexandria)

Jolted and Jostled + Last Gran Standing = Not for Long (David Franks)

+ **Achilles of Troy = QB on the DL** (Russell Beland)

Kennebunkport + Hemingway’s Key = The Son Also Rises (Mark Eckenwiler; Sue Lin Chong, Baltimore)

Ice N Lemon + Get Off the Sugar = DiabeTeas (Carol June Hooker, Landover Hills)

+ **Too Much Bling = Mr. Tea** (Ernie Staples, Silver Spring)

Little Genius + He’s Got Grit = He’s Got Trig (Rich Muenchow)

Lightning Romance + Big Mistake = Thunder Clap (Mark Eckenwiler)

Lawyer Ron + Press Gently = Legal Tender (Mark Eckenwiler)

Last Gran Standing + Itsallaboutthechase = AllAboutTheChaise (Jon Reiser, Hilton, N.Y.)

Malameeze + Morethanamouthful = Mammareeze (Tom Witte)

Music From Heaven + A Big To’Do = Fran’s List (Russell Beland)

+ **He’s Got Grit = Celestial Hominy** (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

Press Gently + Sayhellotolarry = L King Live (Russell Beland)

Racketeer + I Believe in Me = Confidence Game (Russell Beland, Chris Doyle)

Refinery + Crossword = Crude Remark (Stephen Dudzik)

+ **Flashy Bull = Oil of Olé** (Elden Carnahan; Chris Doyle; Sam Laudenslager, Burke)

+ **Devil’s Concierge = Phillips 666** (Chris Doyle)

Showing Up + Big Mistake = Ron at Nicole’s (Brad Alexander)

Sorcerer’s Stone + El Chile Dog = Harry Pooter (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)

Starbucks Day + Up an Octave = Higher Grounds (Harvey Smith)

Sweetnorthernstain + Lawyer Ron = Sue Ste. Marie (Mark Eckenwiler)

Rob ‘Em Blind + With a City = It Takes a Pillage (Brian Barrett)

Tiznow or Never + Well Said = It Is Now or Never (Russell Beland)

Up an Octave + Laptop Computer = Unix (Tom Witte; Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

War God + Press Gently = Mars Kneads Women (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)

+ **Lemon Law = Dodge Ares** (Brendan Beary)

Your Tent or Mine + Racketeer = Bivouwhacked (Mark Eckenwiler)

Zodiac Zack + Big Mistake = To Aries Human (Pam Sweeney)

Steppenwolf + Refinery = Magic Tar Pit Ride (Brian Barrett)

+ **War God = MagicCarpBombing** (Stephen Rothandler, Alexandria)

+ **Get Off the Sugar = Born to Be Wired** (David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.; Ernie Staples)

+ **Well Said = Born to Be Wilde** (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

+ **Last Gran Standing = Born to Be Wheeled** (Beth Morgan)

+ **Lethal Missile = Hessebollah** (Noah Bartlett, Washington)

Next Week: Nuts Fruit, or Gross National Produce

In Upper Marlboro, It’s Hammertime All Over Again

PIONEERS, From D1

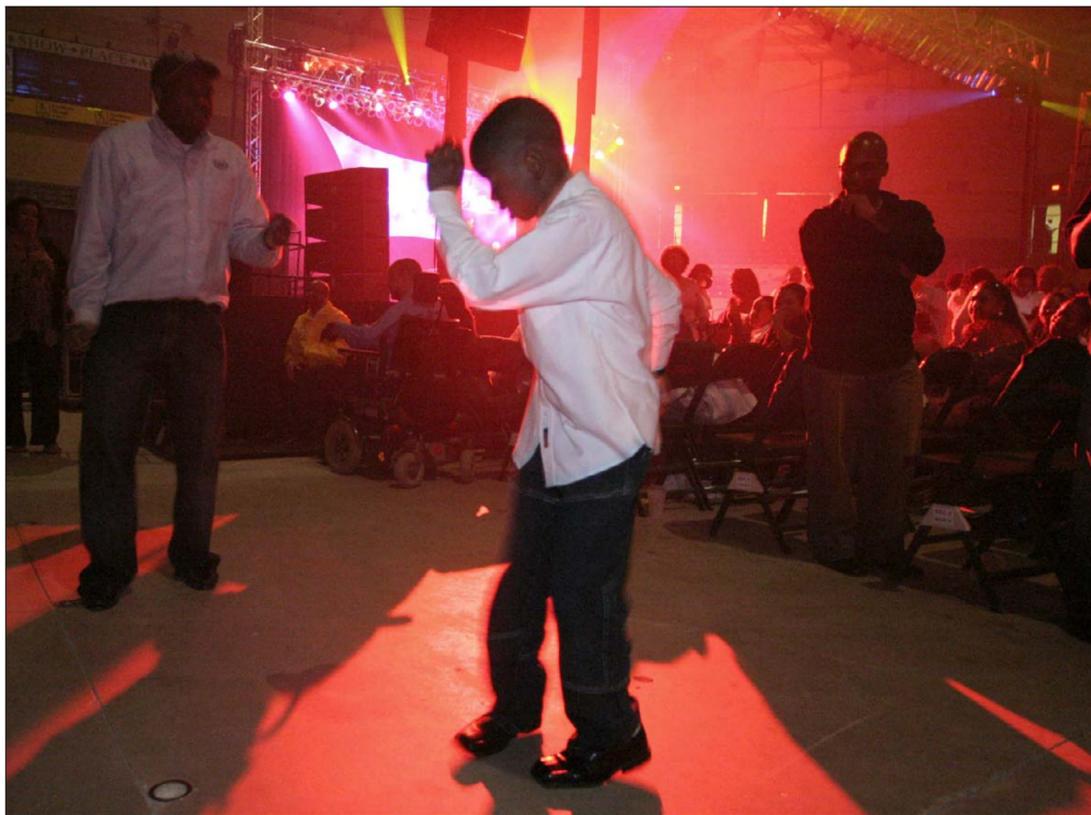
Young Rome, Young Guru — these are the grown rap fans, people who remember the 1980s Fresh Fest tours, when hip-hop was all about a dope beat and a tight rhyme; a fly, fly girlie and a fat gold chain. They remember rap before it turned hard. Before it sold itself for a spot in MTV rotation. And they were drawn by a night of hip-hop without guns and beeyotchies.

Tony Latney, 44, a letter carrier from Laurel, was in the lobby waiting for wife Wanda, 11-year-old daughter Marian and 14-year-old niece Nekia. His son Edward, 10, stood nearby. “I’ve raised them on 1980s music,” said Latney, who brought the kids so they could learn the old dances and see how much fun hip-hop used to be. “I’mmo Cabbage Patch, I’mmo Smurf, I’mmo do the Running Man,” Latney said. I wanted to bring them to a concert “where I can bump into somebody and I don’t have to worry about being shot.” He pines for old times, hopes the pendulum is starting to swing back toward the old-school acts.

Inside the arena, as speakers blared the 1986 hit “Pee Wee’s Dance,” emcee Antonio Bruton, co-owner of show sponsor Poetry in Motion Entertainment, asked if there were any old-school heads in the house. Kool Moe Dee, born Mohandas Dewese, belonged to one of the earliest rap groups on record, the Treacherous Three. The forty-something artist took the stage still wearing his signature dark glasses and black leather suit, updated with a cellphone in the ear. “How far back y’all go?” he asked before he rapped “Go See the Doctor,” his mid-’80s paean to the infectious hookup.

An exuberant “Wild Wild West” felt a little surreal because Kool Moe Dee is big in the tummy parts now, and those ’80s dance moves hit different. Then MC Lyte, aka Lana Moorer, took the stage tinier and more sophisticated than we remember, in cargo jeans and a black jacket, wearing more clothes than all the current female rap artists combined. The rapper who won over critics with her 1988 debut and continued to make hits into the mid-’90s rapped “Poor Georgie,” “Cold Rock a Party” and the sexually suggestive (when was the last time hip-hop was just suggestive?) “Keep on Keepin’ On.”

I found myself a new [brotha] this year



Tony Latney, left, watched as 10-year-old son Edward danced at the Pioneers of Hip Hop concert Friday at Show Place Arena in Upper Marlboro. “I’ve raised them on 1980s music,” Latney said of his children. The lineup of early hip-hop stars included MC Lyte, Whodini, Doug E. Fresh, Kool Moe Dee and MC Hammer.

Who knows how to handle this here?

Backstage, she had talked about the people’s hunger for adult hip-hop and lyrics that stayed with you. Onstage, her dense, poetic rhymes were so rapid-fire that the crowd jumped and whistled and waved mad love at her flow.

When DJ K-Roc asked who knew the words to her part in the hip-hop collaboration “Self-Destruction,” D.C. police officer Tracie Cannon, 35, and Detective Shelly Anderson, 40, both took the stage to rhyme.

*Leave the guns and the crack and the knives alone
MC Lyte’s on the microphone
Bum rushin’ and crushin’,
snatchin’ and taxin’
I cram to understand why*

*brother’s don’t be maxin’
There’s only one disco,
they’ll close one more
You ain’t guarding the door
So what you got a gun for?
Do you rob the rich and give to the poor?
Yo Daddy-O, school ‘em some more*

Laughing like kids as they left the stage, Anderson said, “We’re old-school junkies. We know every rapper in that video, it was all about being positive.”

The wait between acts got long but even the intermission felt like a party for black insider music, though anyone who was feeling it was welcome to listen in. It was rappers Salt-N-Pepa, crooners DeBarge, then Rick James’s “Mary Jane,” for those who understood that before his “Super Freak” ever

hit the white wedding reception circuit, he was already dope for “bustin’ out of L7 square.”

Whodini hit the stage and a bald Ecstasy, John Fletcher, let his trademark black leather hat slide onto his back. They danced the Prep and the Reebok, they sang “Friends” and “I’m a Ho,” and “Freaks Come Out at Night,” with a spot-on observation:

You could know someone all their life, but might not know they’re a freak unless you see them at night.

Fletcher said backstage that “after 23 years, 24 years in the business, it’s a blessing just to be able to do it. Just to find out that there’s a market out there for rappers over 30, rappers over 40, that’s big.”

Human beat box Doug E. Fresh had the crowd waving and wishing him well on “Keep Risin’ to the Top,” but everybody was waiting for “The Show/La Di Da Di.” While the crowd rapped the words they knew in their sleep, he used his lips as a percussive instrument, literally spitting a bass line, delivering a sound so meta-rhythmically clikety, tap dancers seemed to be in his throat.

All night the crowd had been building to MC Hammer, by far the most commercially successful artist in the show, who dropped the “MC” when he got crossover big, but picked it back up for Upper Marlboro. From 1988 to 1994 he had one platinum and three multi-platinum albums, and the crowd was primed for hits like “Turn This Mutha Out,” “U Can’t Touch This” and “Too Legit to Quit.”

“That’s right, come on, it’s Hammertime, work that body,” yelled 56-year-old Gloria Goode, standing in the front row. Old-school hip-hop was the music she heard when she was clubbing three nights a week, getting home just in time to change for work. The widow and mother of two from Upper Marlboro jumped up and down.

The elements were all there — the high energy, the lithe, impossibly funky dancers, Hammer’s engaging showmanship, although the details were ceded to time. The dancers were half Hammer’s 44 years, there were extended breaks between songs and Hammer’s showmanship was strategically calculated to let him last the set.

Amy Adkins of Herndon echoed the feeling of a lot of the crowd: The concert’s production values were sub-par in places, a lot of the rappers didn’t finish all their songs and Hammer maybe should have done fewer songs or cut down the time for water breaks. Still, all that was secondary to the sweet evocation of going back in the day. “People were just psyched about reliving their junior high, high school and college years,” said the 32-year-old programming manager for AOL. “I’m not sure if it’s the time in our lives that makes it so important, or if it’s the type of hip-hop we hear today, but it used to be all about battle raps and having fun and making plays on words,” she said. “People just wanted to let loose” and remember when hip-hop was so much fun.

The crowd filed out after midnight, feeling tired, feeling like one nation under the groove.

Crystal Davidson, 28, a legal assistant from Arlington, and mom Maxine, 50, who just moved to the area from Sacramento, held hands with Crystal’s 5-year-old son Masai. He had danced the entire first half of the show then fell asleep.

It was a good night, an old-school night. A night for families, couples, kids, beats, rhymes, life.

Special correspondent Sufiya Abdur-Rahman contributed to this report.

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For a gallery of photos from the Pioneers of Hip Hop concert, go to www.washingtonpost.com/photo.