

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 712:  
Another Time  
Around the Track



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

We tried this spinoff contest last year, with a little trepidation, and it turned out that we had no reason to be trepid after all. So, like indiscriminate animal breeders, we'll try to wring another season out of it: **"Breed" any two of the winning "offspring" included in the results of Week 708 right, and name THEIR foal.** The difficulty of this contest lies in the fact that many of the names already contain puns; your wordplay should be significantly different from the original. As always, the names must contain no more than 18 characters, including spaces. Winner receives the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up wins a neat plastic mini-model of a human skull and its contents, sent as a promotion for a local exhibit of real bodies and their contents. Not only can you take various pieces of the brain out and play with them, but there's a spring attached to the jaw.

**Other runners-up** win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called that 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](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, May 14. Put "Week 712" in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. (No, over-literal Losers, you don't have to include the quotation marks!) 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 3. 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 Russell Beland. The Honorable Mentions name is by Ned Bent, which is not a pseudonym.

REPORT FROM WEEK 708

In which, as we do every spring, we asked you to "breed" any two horses from a list of 100 candidates for this year's Triple Crown races and name their offspring. Not only was the Empress overwhelmed with entries — there were close to 10,000 — but they were especially good this year; the E's first cut of clever and funny worthies numbered more than 350. If you entered this contest and

your name doesn't appear below, you are definitely on that other list. Oh, for sure. Among the good entries submitted by too many people: *Nobiz Like Showbiz + Oceanography = Ethel Mermaid; Acquire the Fire + Ketchikan = Baked Alaska; and Flying First Class + Hanky Panky = Mile High Club.* And lots of Don Imus jokes. Ho ho ho.

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Warn + Great Hunter = We'll Keep Orion You (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

**5** Warn + Gentle Romeo = She's Not Dead! (Laurie Brink, Cleveland, Mo.)

**4** Esoteric Thinker + Hanky Panky = Coito Ergo Sum (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

**3** Golden Balls + Private Humor = Don't Touch, Midas (Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

**2** The winner of the brain-motif bike helmet: Men's Magazine + Subscriber = Chicks in the Mail (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

THE HORSES BEHIND

**Acquire the Fire + I'm All Out = Zippo** (Mike Hammer, Arlington)

**Ascetic + I'm All Out = Friar Tuckered** (Chris Doyle)

**Ascetic + Men's Magazine = Popular Mechanics** (Russell Beland, Springfield)

**Augment + Blazing Bull = More Cowball!** (Judith Cottrill, New York)

**BirdBirdsTheWord + No Reply = Egrets Only** (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)

**BirdBirdsTheWord + Panty Raid = The Pelican Briefs** (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.; Chris Doyle)

**BirdBirdsTheWord + Schoolboy = Bird B-I-R-D Bird** (Russell Beland)

**Bye Yawl + Eat Em Alive = Bermuda Triangle** (Courtney Knauth, Washington)

**Call Me Dude + Forefathers = Calleth Us Dudes** (Russell Beland)

**Circular Quay + Green Secret = Quay Lime Pi** (Brendan Beary)

**Clued In + Reporting for Duty = Colonel Mustered** (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

**Cowtown Cat + Senior = Wyatt AARP** (Steve Fahey, Kensington)

**Curlin + Something Sonic = Sweepin in Seattle** (Robin Diallo, New Delhi)

**Deadly Dealer + Panty Raid = Executioners Thong** (Chris Doyle)

**Deliberately + Men's Magazine = Calculated Risque** (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

**Eat Em Alive + Safety Zone = Months Ending in R** (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)

**Esoteric Thinker + Take It All Back = Rekant** (Steve Fahey; Russell Beland)

**Exhale + Bye Yawl = Halitosis** (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

**Exhale + Pitch = Sigh Young** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.; Pam Sweeney)

**Extra Point + Approval Rating = P.A.T. on the Back** (Chris Doyle)

**Flying First Class + Schoolboy = First Flying Class** (Russell Beland)

**Forty Grams + Esoteric Thinker = Wizard of 1.4 Oz** (Brendan Beary)

**Gold Brew + Tenfold = Veinte Equis** (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

**Gold Brew + Giant Sequoia = Premium Logger** (Mark Eckenwiler; Brendan Beary)

**Golden Balls + I'm All Out = Pawnbroke** (Cy Gardner, Arlington)

**Golden Balls + No Biz Like Shobiz = Call Them Globes** (Ira Goldman, Washington)

**Grasshopper + Deadly Dealer = Creme de Meth** (Cy Gardner)

**Great Hunter + Forty Grams = Boone's Pharmacy** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Great Hunter + Gold Brew = Orion's Belt** (Stuart Berlin, Derwood)

**Green Secret + Hanky Panky = Kermit Loves Bert** (Russell Beland)

**Green Secret + Rags to Riches = Horatio Al Gore** (Steve Fahey; Russell Beland)

**Happy Humor + Esoteric Thinker = Jon Stewart Mill** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Highest Degree + Circular Quay = Post Dock** (Valerie Matthews, Ashton)

**Highest Degree + Summer Doldrums = Doctor Do Little** (Lorri Mecham, Arlington)

**Kong's Revenge + Acquire the Fire = Auto-da-Fay** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park; Pam Sweeney)

**Kong's Revenge + Eat Em Alive = No More Auntie** (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)

**Light of the World + Exhale = Savior Breath** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Light of the World + Flying Apple = Peace Core** (Rick Bell, London)

**Major Pleasure + Tenfold = Six Hundred Ninety** (Tom Witte)

**Men's Magazine + I'm All Out = Spenthouse** (Joe Neff, Oreland, Pa.)

**Mister White Socks + Augment = MrPocketProtector** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**No Reply + OK Deputy = Nein to Fife** (Pam Sweeney)

**Oceanography + Backlash = Abalone!** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**OK Deputy + Bye Yawl = Dawgone** (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

**Owners Manual + So Amazing = It's in English** (Laurie Brink)

**Panty Raid + Acquire the Fire = BVD STD** (Randy Lee, Burke)

**Pavarotti + Forty Grams = The Four Tenners** (Mike Hammer)

**Pitch + Exhale = Nats Blow Another** (Cy Gardner)

**Propaganda + Hanky Panky = TriumphOfTheWilly** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**Rags to Riches + Cowtown Cat = Alger Hiss** (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)

**Men's Magazine + Reporting for Duty = Stand Up N Salute** (Rick Haynes, Potomac)

**Saint Paul + Extra Point = Conversion** (Jan Brandstetter, Mechanicsville, Md.; Harvey Smith, McLean)

**Senior + Nobiz Like Shobiz = Angina Monologues** (Ellen Raphaeli)

**Something Sonic + Deadly Dealer = Seattle Slew** (Dave Prevar; Mark Eckenwiler)

**Tsetse Fly + Dreaming of Anna = Sleeping Thickness** (Brendan Beary)

**Warn + BirdBirdsTheWord = Duck!** (Harvey Smith)

**What a Tale + Liquidity = The Story of Eau** (Chris Doyle)

**Next Week: A Return Engagement, or Deductio ad Absurdum**

What This Country Needs . . .

'Eugene V. Debs' Is Staging Another White House Bid

By ROBIN SHULMAN  
Washington Post Staff Writer

NEW YORK — The politician took the stage amid red balloons and American flags and spoke his famous fighting words: "I'd rather vote for something I want and not get it than vote for something I don't want and get it."

With this, Eugene V. Debs last week announced his sixth bid for U.S. president.

Dead man running.

The real Eugene V. Debs passed away in 1926, after five unsuccessful

bids for the presidency from 1900 to 1920. But actor Brian Pickett is staging a modest, mock presidential run in his name, starting with Wednesday night's campaign kickoff in a tiny, crowded bar in Manhattan's East Village.

The actual Debs ran on the Socialist Party ticket — the fifth time from a prison cell — after being convicted under the Espionage Act of 1917 for speaking out against World War I. Though never even close to being elected, he became a national figure who galvanized people with his fervor and idealism. Pickett's theatrical

performance, to continue in various forms until the 2008 election, "will resurrect this fiery leader from historical bondage," according to the campaign literature.

The quadrennial season of wind-baggery is upon us. Canned speeches, quick retractions, the same old sound bites — we're in for months and months of it. The more we hear, the more we pine for something authentic. This small-time utopian campaign speaks to that frustration, said Pickett, 28, who teaches drama to New York public school students and has appeared in independent theater productions.

Pickett, like Debs, is tall and wiry. You could even say his gaze echoes Debs biographer Nick Salvatore's description: "piercing yet loving." On Wednesday, Pickett wore a three-piece suit with watch fob and spectacles. As the race develops, he plans to work with campaign manager Sophie Nimmannit, 27, the "Red Genie" — who wore a short red dress, red feather hat, slash of red lipstick and a scarf printed with the word "Vote" — in street, bar and theater performances in New York and other cities ([www.myspace.com/votedebs](http://www.myspace.com/votedebs)).

"I wish you were all socialists," Pickett told his audience of about 35 people. They were artists, activists, at least one Wall Streeter — and they laughed. Even in Debs's time, many of those who came to hear his impassioned speeches were not socialists. He attracted working- and middle-class people and whipped them into such a frenzy that at one event, according to Salvatore, in the book "Eugene V. Debs: Citizen and Socialist," one woman asked another, "Is that Debs?" and the first answered, "Oh no, that ain't Debs — when Debs comes out, you'll think it's Jesus Christ."

Debs, originally from Terre Haute, Ind., married an upper-class woman who became famous for wearing diamonds to visit him in jail, and he grew more radical as he got older. His life spanned that brief window when socialism was not yet a dirty word but rather a new idea from Europe. He tried to Americanize it, claiming Ralph Waldo Emer-



PHOTOS BY HELAYNE SEIDMAN — FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Actor Brian Pickett is resurrecting the once perennial candidate's campaign. Sophie Nimmannit assists.



child labor, equal pay for equal work — have become standard, if not always applied. The word "socialist" seldom comes up. And there are new problems.

"Oh where, oh where have my benefits gone, oh where, oh where can they be?" sang a character in Wednesday's show. The finely dressed Capitalist chimed in: "My PDA's beeping, I'm afraid I can't stay. I'm self-employed and I work all day."

"I would vote for him in a New York minute because he speaks his mind," said Andy Shulman, 34, the actor playing the Capitalist, who works a Wall Street day job. He adds that he is not interested in the radical or extreme, but in someone without the sickness and distance of the big campaign.

"Has a dead man ever run for president?" asked Nola Strand, 24, who played according to the show. "Dead men have voted."

Pickett's idea came from television's "West Wing," when Jimmy Smits's character, Matthew V. Santos, ran for president, and fans of the show donned "Vote Santos" shirts and bought "Vote Santos" mugs. If a fictional character could gain a constituency, why not a dead one?

But the ardors of a Debs campaign could wear on him.

In 1900, Debs crisscrossed the country and slept upright on long train trips, refusing to take a Pullman berth with a bed because of labor problems at that company. In 1908, he traveled on his own Red Special train. His speeches could run to two hours, and he would often give 10 a day.

Pickett said he's not sure he has the funds to command a 2008 Red Special. He cut Debs's speeches to something like sound bites, which often sound familiar, except for the florid language. (On war: "The working class who fight all the battles, the working class who make the supreme sacrifices, the working class who freely shed their blood and furnish the corpses, have never yet had a voice in either declaring war or making peace. It is the ruling class that invariably does both.")

Asked if he would work as a method actor and go drinking and visiting brothels, as Debs had done, the candidate flipped up his glasses and became Pickett — "I'm reading this great book right now with dirt on Debs!" — then pushed them back down to return sternly to character: "No."

Nothing's what it was. Someone bought him a beer and this incarnation of Debs began, in his mild way, to carouse — not far from the Capitalist, who was chomping on a soggy cigar, which he could not light because of New York's anti-smoking laws.

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