The Style Invitational

THE WASHINGTON POST

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 759: What Kind of Foal Am I?

t's time once again to enjoy the world's most popular sport: mating. And here's the Losers' favorite way to go about it. Below are the names of 100 of the horses eligible for this year's Triple Crown races. Your job is to "breed" any two — even though they're all male — and provide an appropriate name for their foal. As in real life, the names cannot be longer than 18 characters, including spaces. There is no limit on the number of entries you may send per e-mail, but you certainly don't get extra credit for sending every last combination that pops into your head: A Derby-caliber entry

can sometimes be blocked from view in a field of verbal nags. If you're writing more than a handful, be sure to double-space. Results run May 3, the day of the Kentucky Derby.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives, appropriately, an official commemorative mint julep glass from the 2005 Derby, donated by Loser Wilson Varga of Alexandria.

Big Truck + Etched = **Mack the Knife**

Attempted Humor + Returning = Horse Names AGAIN?

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions 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, April 14. Put "Week 759" 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. No purchase required for entry. Employees of The Washington Post, and their immediate relatives, are not eligible for prizes. Pseudonymous entries will be disqualified. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart.

A.P. Answer Aaron's Rod Access Code Anewday Arizona Atoned Attempted Humor Behind at the Bar Big Brown Big Truck Blackberry Road Bonanza **Booted** Cannonball Cape Time Casual Conquest Check It Twice Chris Got Even Clemens Close to the Vest Coast Guard Colonel John Cool Coal Man Court Vision

Daddy Rabbit

Denis of Cork El Gato Malo Elysium Fields Etched **Excess Capital** Expansion Fast Talking Fierce Wind **Full Charge** Georgie Boy Go Speed Racer Groomedforvictory He's Sum Charmer Hello From Heaven Hey Byrn Hot Chili I've Heard It All In My Footsteps In Orbit Invaluable Luvandgo

Make the Point

Mask and Wig

Manchild

Mapmaker

Massive Drama Monogram Mr. Harry New Believer No Jeopardy Notgivinmyloveaway Old Ninety Eight On the Rocks Pillar of Salt **Polonius** Propensity Really Referee Returning Revenge Is Sweet Sacred Icon Saul to Paul Sea of Pleasure Signature Move **Smokin Stogies** Square Deal Standing High Storming Off Stratospheric

Texas Wildcatter Tiz Now Tiz Then Tizway Took the Time Top It Total Bull **Tulips Dandy U S Treasury** Understatement **Unique Tale** Vacation Vent Visionaire War Pass Whistle Stop White Shoes Wicked Style Wise Answer Wonder Mon Yankee Bravo You Better Believe Your Round Z Humor Zigawatt

Swath

REPORT FROM WEEK 755

in which we sought funny Googlewhacks, phrases that generated one and only one Google hit (either with or without the use of quotation marks) during the entry period.

As predicted, this contest proved much more difficult than it was four years ago, back when the search engine was only unimaginably comprehensive. Not that it was all that hard this year to find a Googlewhack — some people sent dozens. They just didn't pay any mind to the "funny" requirement ("Guess what — 'The great [entrant's name]' is a Googlewhack!"). And many ignored the direction to come up with a description, or the

Manicurist marathon: **Running with scissors.** (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

"Exclusive gated trailer park": A community of upwardly mobile homes. (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

the winner of the inflatable Chihuahua: Do I dare to eat a \$4,300 peach at the Mayflower Hotel?: A recent rumination by T.S. Eliot **Spitzer.** (Chris Doyle, Ponder,

description was boring. (We've decided, imperiously, to give ink to a few of these anyway.) Other people just quoted a good line that someone else said, such as a blog post by one "Commissioner" on the snarky TheSuperficial.com: "Take your disposable income and go buy yourself a sense of humor." No credit for that sort of thing.

Over the course of this contest, we discovered that Google can be a mysterious animal: What was a Googlewhack one day would generate no hits at all — or dozens — the next day, or even the same day. Hence we're relying for the most part on the honor system.

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

"Smells like old peanut butter and belly": The first comment uttered by the EMT who found Elvis in the bathroom. (Michael Levy, Silver Spring)

ONE-DERS NEVER CEASE: HONORABLE MENTIONS

"Bespoke birthday suit maker": The tailor for all the emperor's new clothes. (Pam Sweeney)

"Drunken mites on ice": Another example of why chiggers can't **be boozers.** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Snot, the critically acclaimed dessert wine of Jukkasjdrvi, Sweden: Pairs perfectly with lutefisk. Serve in a snifter. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

Depilatorized death wish: Hoping you die without hairs. (Russell Beland, Springfield)

"Frisky nonagenarian stud": The lady-killer who just might end up lady-killed. (Dan Ramish, Vienna)

"Every ding dong word of the Bible is true." (Peter Metrinko,

"Dick Cheney's weight loss diary": 3-6-07: Scooter's convicted. Well, that takes a load off! (Kevin Dopart)

"Loved that traffic jam": A note left to the chef about the Road Kill Preserves. (Rick Haynes, Potomac)

"Balletic logic": Putting tu and tu together. (Chris Doyle)

"Ron Paul would be an excellent leader": A phrase that got exactly one hit fewer than

"Ronald McDonald would be an excellent leader." (Elizabeth Kelley, Silver Spring, a First Offender)

"Declared persona non gratin": The fall of the corporate Big Cheese. (Peter Metrinko)

"Read my lips: Taxes will be raised": An utterance that is to Republicans what salt is to snails. (Dan Ramish)

Psilocybin cereal: Breakfast of champignons. (Jane Auerbach)

"Florida rules soccer": Whichever team shows up first may kick a few goals before the opposing team takes the field. The referees then decide later if those goals counted. (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

Eco-friendly ecdysiasm: Green and bare it! (Chris Doyle)

"Freudian knickers": For those whose slips sometimes slip. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

"Just ridiculously well-endowed": One of the few phrases equally applicable to **Dolly Parton and Harvard** University. (Dan Ramish)

Hippocratically kosher: Abiding by the tenet "First do no ham." (Chris Dovle)

"Quadruplet envy": The rare

emotion felt by Mr. and Mrs. Dionne. (Paul VerNooy, Hockessin,

Waterholes of self-aggrandizing nabobs: The small ponds in which big fish are found. (Russell Beland)

"They call him the pork belly princess": What is the Village People's nickname for the "Farmer," the rarely seen seventh member of the group? (Kevin Dopart)

"I love President George Bush and I think he is doing a hell of a job": There's always one. (Scott Susser, Hillside, N.J.)

Geocached kielbasa: Geekspeak for "hide the salami." (Jane Auerbach)

"Klutzy podophilia": Getting off **on the wrong foot.** (Chris Doyle)

And Last: The popular Empress has a voracious appetite and will eat anything offered from flakes to pellets and frozen food: A description of the fish species Protomelas taeniolatus. (Peter Metrinko)

Next Week: Mess With Our Heads. or Bank Fraud

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Lynn Harrell

t took the first two movements of Bach's Suite No. 4 for Unaccompanied Cello for Lynn Harrell to warm up on Thursday at his Library of Congress recital. The veteran cellist sounded out of sorts in this music, with effortful technique, missed notes and wayward pitch very uncharacteristic of his usual formidable playing standards.

But things turned around in the middle movements, and by the end of the work, Harrell's accustomed control was firmly in place. This wasn't the warm, romanticized Bach one might have predicted from this musician, despite the full vibrato he employed throughout. It was more of an objective view — cleanly phrased and clear-headed, with just enough of the music's dance meters accented to give its phrases lift.

Beethoven's witty Variations on "Bei Mannern, Welche Liebe Fuhlen" from Mozart's "The Magic Flute" brought out more of Harrell's familiar, engaging warmth, along with throaty and resinous string tone. And in Schubert's Arpeggione Sonata originally written for an archaic form of bowed guitar, and very Beethoven-like in its bustling figures and mercurial shifts of mood — there was a conspicuous lilt and sunniness to his phrasing.

After an emotionally guarded start to Stravinsky's own cello arrangement of his "Suite Italienne for Violin and Piano," Harrell and pianist Victor Santiago Asunción (a poised and imaginative partner throughout the evening) dug into the earthiness of the piece and made sure the melodic material soared.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra

ames MacMillan's music needs no introduction — or at least it needs less than the composer-conductor gave it at the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra's concert at Strathmore on Thursday night. By

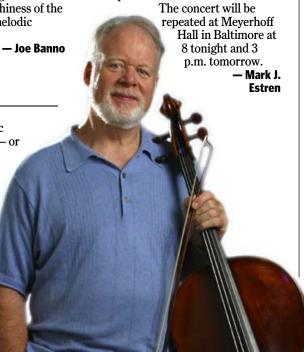
It took a while, but cellist Lynn Harrell found his groove in a recital Thursday.

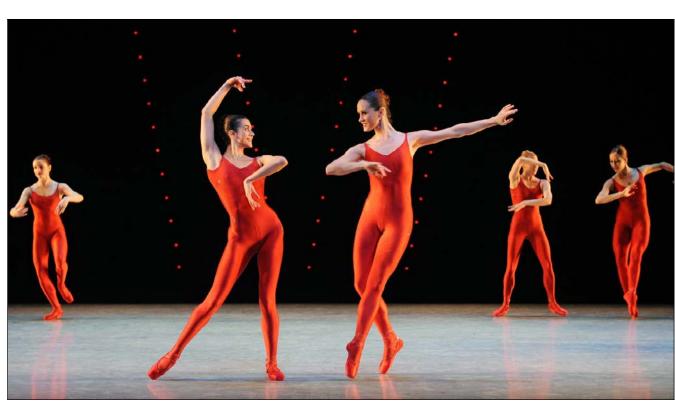
spending six minutes introducing his five-minute-long "Stomp (With Fate and Elvira)," he led the audience to expect far thornier music than he actually wrote. The piece, for full orchestra plus

spoons and Celtic drum, is a lighthearted amalgam of the "Fate" motif from Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, the gorgeous Andante from Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 (which was used memorably in the 1967 film "Elvira Madigan"), and a Celtic jig that eventually overpowers the "Fate" theme. MacMillan conducted with a sure hand, and the BSO handled the work's intricacies with apparent delight.

MacMillan next introduced his Piano Concerto No. 2, which uses only the orchestra's strings and often subsumes the piano into the ensemble. This does not make it easy to play: Pianist Rolf Hind had his hands full, as well as his elbows and, at one point, his palms, slapping the underside of the keyboard. Concertmaster Jonathan Carney was a major presence, too, handling Scottish tunes with folk-style playing as the piano rumbled accompanying figurations, so that Carney fiddled while Hind churned. Flitting waltz tunes and bits of the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" appeared, too, in a work that was equal parts fun and desperation.

The evening's finale was Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 — MacMillan felt compelled to introduce it, too — in a bright, bustling but rather breathless performance, with more speed than nuance.





Touched with a streamlined exoticism: The Washington Ballet is reviving former associate artistic director Choo-San Goh's "Fives."

Washington Ballet's Spirited 'Temperaments'

DANCE, From C1

tesy of his connection to the new director of the Washington School of Ballet, Kee-Juan Han, who was his teacher when both were living in Arizona. A ballet master can scarcely boast a finer pupil.

Hallberg, who opened ABT's "Sleeping Beauty" here in January, has the slim, long-limbed proportions so well-suited to Balanchine's lean work, which can be seen as an exhaustive exploration of a dancer's line and how it can also be broken and reframed. But Hallberg plays against his obvious nobility — his physical beauty is matched by an unemphatic delicacy and a sense of reticence. He doesn't bowl us over with ego and bravado, nor would that be appropriate here. He drew one's attention not merely to the careening amplitude of the role — though that was there, with his leg shooting up nearly vertical in sweeping, spidery extensions — but to the much smaller moments, the alert positioning of a hand or fingertips.

The cast contributed a welcome reserve, as well as fine dancing. Elizabeth Gaither and Aaron Jackson set the tone in the first theme, which was especially carried through in Jonathan Jordan's Melancholic variation and Erin Mahoney-Du's Choleric. Lacking live music (alas), a better recording of Paul Hindemith's immaculate thesis statement of a score would have been the ultimate reward.

The linear simplicity of "The Four Temperaments" was echoed in the program's closer, the eagerly awaited revival of Choo-San Goh's "Fives," accompanied by Ernest Bloch's Concerto Grosso No. 1.



Jared Nelson and Erin Mahoney-Du move to the beat-laden music of Beck in Trey McIntyre's "High Lonesome."

Works such as this gave the company a conspicuous national profile in the late 1970s and '80s, when Goh — the cherished discovery of founder Mary Day was its associate artistic director. "Fives" is one of Goh's early works, created in 1978, but it soon became a company signature, and, with later ballets, it led many a company director to Goh's door with requests for his creations.

Along with Balanchine's influence. "Fives" also bears traces of Glen Tetley's streamlined exoticism. The dancers all wear lipstick-red unitards, and there's a clear vertical thrust throughout. (Dancers always seem tall in Goh ballets, an attractive aspect.) What's especially interesting is Goh's use of mutable subsets of the cast, rather than singling out a leading ballerina or couple. Notable, too, is the elegant kinetic balance: There is a constant pulse in the dancing — even during extended periods of silence — but virtuoso moves are judiciously employed. A moment of arcing overhead lifts, for instance, creates a brief, explosive feeling of space and freedom, like a window thrust open. Ballet master John Goding and Julie Miles, both founding company members, staged the work — which has not been performed for more than a decade — and have kept it

taut and clean. The evening also included Trey McIntyre's "High Lonesome," a twitchy work set to music by Beck and loosely based on the choreographer's family, according to a program note. Beck provides a lot of beat, and McIntyre knocks his dancers around to it in numerous ways. There's a lot of voguish slacker attitude here, but the piece doesn't develop beyond its aerobic demands on the dancers — Jordan, Mahoney-Du, Jared Nelson, Brianne Bland and Zachary Hackstock. The exception was a solo for Mahoney-Du, who appeared to be the McIntyre matriarch. Her existential meltdown was tender and ruthless, and

movingly danced. Performances continue, with cast changes, this afternoon and evening, and tomorrow afternoon and evening. Hallberg is scheduled to dance tonight and at tomorrow's 1 p.m. performance.