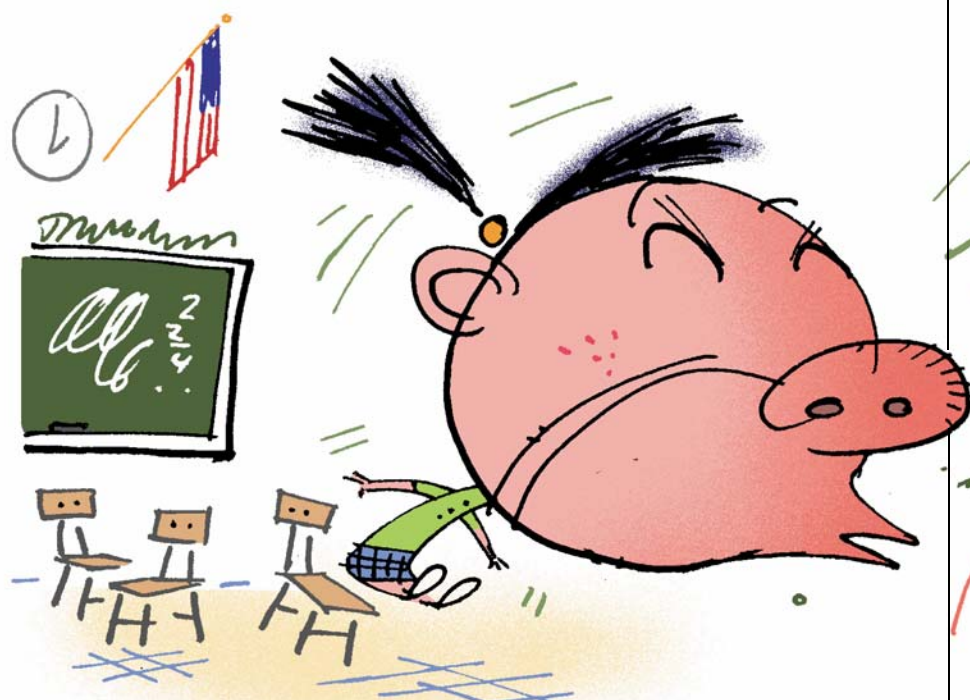


The Style Invitational »

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 800: Comparisons



Musical chairs: Kindergarten game.
Mucusal chairs: Kindergarten furniture.

United States: 2009
Untied States: 1861-65

While you'd think that in the previous 799 weeks the Invitational has put forth every possible form of pun contest, here's one that — in its form, anyway — might be at least a wee bit different from anything we've done before. **This week: Briefly define or sum up an existing word or short phrase, then change it very slightly and do the same with the result,** as in the examples above. Imperious though she is, the Empress also wouldn't turn away a three-part entry, with two changes, if the definitions fit together in some amazing way.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets a curiosity called "The Raspberry Ice Cream War," a fascinating comic book sent to us years ago by John O'Byrne of Dublin. Published by the European Commission in 1998 in 14 languages (this one, alas, is in English), it's a time-travel fable that explains to tykes the economic importance of a Europe without trade barriers. Oooh, we hope they're convinced!

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air freshener (Fir Stink for their First Ink). 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, Jan. 26. Put "Week 800" 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 Feb. 14. 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 contest was suggested in a tougher form by Christopher Lamora of Arlington. The revised title for next week's results is by Beverly Sharp; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart.

REPORT FROM WEEK 796

In which we basically gave you free rein to make groaner plays off people's names. Everyone came up with "Condoleaser Rice: Foggy Bottom rental agent," and everyone plus numerous others submitted a "Bernie Made-Off."

The contest did specify that the pun had to be on the name of a particular real or fictitious person; that ruled out some hilariously inspired names of rock groups, Web sites, businesses, etc. Hold on to those, Losers; we'll do this contest again.

5 Darth Evader: "Luke . . . er . . . about your father . . ." (LuAnn Bishop, West Haven, Conn.)

4 Shah Kilo Neal: 7-foot-2 Iranian drug mule. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

3 John James Autobahn: He specializes in painting highway roadkill. (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

2 the winner of the dubious beauty creams from Oman: Antonym Scalia: Earl Warren. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Louie Louie XVI: "Oh, oh — me head gotta roll!" (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

NYMRODS: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Polyester Mather: A minister who appealed to the common, practical man; he died at 97 with nary a wrinkle. (Mae Scanlan)

Auntie M: "For many years now, Elvira Gulch, I've secretly wanted to coat your bicycle handlebars with an odorless, colorless, but quite deadly toxin I mix up in my butter churn." (Christopher Lamora)

Immodest Moussorgsky: Everyone's talking about the pictures at his exhibition. (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

Snarl Sandburg: "The fog comes on bleepin' cat feet." (Kevin Dopart)

Warren Buffeted: Now he's only ludicrously rich. (Jack Held, Fairfax)

Chairman Ow: The Marquis de Sade. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Ennui Ford: Inventor of the Model Eh. "Quality is Job Five-ish." (Jon Graft, Centreville)

Chef and Dough Bridges: Stars of "The Fabulous Boy Bakers." (Chris Doyle)

Laura Ingalls Wildest: Author of "Best Little Whorehouse on the Prairie." (Lennie Magida, Potomac)

Julius Sneezer: "Achoo, Brute?" (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

Halle BlackBerry: "omg i won oscar!!! but ick adrien brody kist me! y cudnt itv ben adam brody he so cute!" (Chad Pridgen, Marshall, Va.)

Keith Burban: A country singer who is definitely not going to rehab. (Beth Morgan, Palo Alto, Calif.)

LeCher: Drag queen popular with dirty old Frenchmen. (Kevin Dopart)

Samuel Clemency: Author of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Courtroom." (Joel Knanishu, Rock Island, Ill.)

Michael Shirtoff: DHS official in charge of strip-searches. (Chris Doyle)

Roy Scheiderfreude: "I think this boat is EXACTLY the right size for you to go shark-hunting in." (Christopher Lamora)

Booger T. Washington: Class clown at the Tuskegee Institute. (Chris Doyle)

Martha Stew Art: Portraits created entirely from boeuf bourguignon and coq au vin. (David Garratt, Glenn Dale)

Halle Beary: Hey, I can dream, can't I? (Brendan Beary)

Keira Nightly: Hey, I can dream some more, can't I? (Brendan Beary)

Nikita Cruisechef: Volga boatman and galley cook. (Chris Doyle)

A-Rod Blagojevich — Former Cubs slugger once offered to Washington for a Senator to be named later. (Gary A. Clements, Bethesda, a First Offender)

And Last: Dick Butkus: Just leave him alone. He's suffered enough. (Jeffrey Contompassis, Ashburn)

Next Week: Be Resolute! or Can I Buy Avowal?

MUSIC



James Hetfield and company meted out a punishing set of heavy metal at Verizon Center on Thursday, and fans happily accepted it.

Metallica, Still Putting the Pedal to the Metal

By DAVE MCKENNA
Special to The Washington Post

The members of Metallica learned this week they'll be in this year's class of Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductees. No act this heavy has ever received that honor.

On durability and CD sales alone, the induction is deserved. Metallica is huge, after all, and has seemingly been huge forever: After the release of its latest record, "Death Magnetic," the band was cited by Billboard as the first group ever to have five CDs debut at No. 1. (The Beatles, U2 and Dave Matthews, none of whom ever detuned an E string to add crunch, are the only others with four.)

But for Metallica, which put the wrecking ball to the wall between fringe and mainstream long before there was a Nirvana, these latest recognitions aren't as righteous as, say, having its logo ironed onto Beavis's T-shirt all

those years ago.

So at Verizon Center on Thursday, a building packed with 20,000 real-life Beavis of varying ages and genders, no one in the band even mentioned the induction or the chart-topping status.

Instead, they delivered a punishing, cathartic set heavy with new songs — among them "That Was Just Your Life" and "The End of the Line," which each clocked in at more than seven minutes — that were as fast and furious as the stuff that broke the band out of Southern California 25 years ago.

Metallica's bond with its audience remains staggering. Guitarist/vocalist James Hetfield, who of all the band's veterans has retained the most edge, gets what-ever he wants from the flock. Hetfield asked the fans to scream "Obey your master!" during "Master of Puppets," and everybody in the building complied with every decibel they could

muster.

In return, Hetfield gave his all, whether while shrieking angry-man lyrics with astonishing amounts of menace or downstroking the bass strings on his guitar at warp speed to provide a rhythm for lead ax man Kirk Hammett.

Bassist Robert Trujillo, the newest member, enthralled the crowd by stomping across the stage during the lead-heavy "Harvester of Sorrow."

Drummer Lars Ulrich, who ranks as Denmark's most popular artistic export since Hamlet, has alienated fans with his anti-metal behavior in the past: No musician was more outspoken against file-sharing during the Napster debate in 2000, and Ulrich made the news recently by getting \$14 million at auction for a painting by Jean-Michel Basquiat. But on this night, Ulrich only enthralled the followers by keeping his mouth shut and his kick pedal busy.

If Metallica showed its age at

all, it was in the gimmicky flourishes that have been added to the live show over the years. During a reprise of Metallica's heavy 1989 gem, "One," huge coffin-shaped lighting rigs dropped slowly from the roof and dangled over Hetfield's head. That war-tale song is horrifying enough without any special effects, and the impact of the hovering coffins was scary only to those who remember Hetfield's previous run-ins with wayward props — he was badly burned when a flash pot blew up on him during a 1992 tour.

Corniest of all were the hundreds of large black beach balls that descended from the rafters during the night-ending "Seek and Destroy," a tune so heavy it could get John Tesh to head-bang and flash the devil's horns with both hands. The ball drop created a very un-Metallica scene that one might have found at a Jimmy Buffett concert. Well, if 20,000 Beavis showed up at a Jimmy Buffett concert.

THEATER

Hurricane Katrina Blows Unevenly in 'FEMA's 1603'

By NELSON PRESSLEY
Special to the Washington Post

Meet Looter Larry, one of the more colorful characters in Giani Clarkson's one-man "FEMA's 1603." Larry hawks toys, TVs, even a bit of beat-up bedding that he implausibly describes as a water mattress.

"There's water everywhere!" Larry reasons, looking for any angle as he tries to pawn off hot goods.

Irreverence is what Clarkson does best in this intermittently effective (and often quite serious) 50-minute venture at the Mead Theatre Lab that is part of Flashpoint's program for emerging artists. Larry is a comic highlight, as is the 6-year-old kid who blathers to an aid worker about how his mother is plotting to get government money. From time to time, the youngster adds: "My mom said keep quiet."

Then there's Franklin Emanuel McHale Allison (note the initials), a worker in a certain harried governmental department. (The show's title, by the way, is the disaster number assigned to Hurricane Katrina by said agency.) Clarkson's depiction of this official escalates from racially confrontational to fully manic, topped in its non-naturalistic imagination only by a brief monologue in which Clarkson

portrays Katrina herself, miming movements to a female voice-over.

Intriguing as that concept is, the bit falls flat — neither Clarkson nor director D. Wambui Richardson has a real idea of how this Katrina should act — and playing the hurricane is one of the show's several uneven gambits. Clarkson, as a New Orleans evacuee, has his heart fully in this project, but his earnestness leads him toward some shopworn dramatic sketches: the flood victim ranting at God, a man pleading for help from helicopters circling ineffectually overhead. Those are thumbnail portraits, too short and too familiar to take us anywhere new.

Still, Clarkson has charm. Performing amid the small trash-strewn set (which features a TV beaming presumably significant images that are too tiny to be viewed well by the audience), Clarkson's best characterizations are bright and lively. When the writing surprises, the show works, which makes Looter Larry the man of the hour.

FEMA's 1603, written and performed by Giani Clarkson. Directed by D. Wambui Richardson. About 50 minutes. Through Jan. 25 at Flashpoint's Mead Theatre Lab, 916 G St. NW. Call 866-811-4111 or visit www.flashpointdc.org.

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