

Style Invitational »

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 802: DreckTV



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Q Channel: Anthony Quinn, Queen Elizabeth, old Dan Quayle speeches — brought to you by Quaker and Quiznos.

As (sometime between now and June) analog-TV watchers suddenly find their rabbit ears twitching to no avail, some of them might finally break down and sign up with one of America's most beloved utilities (as fire hydrants are beloved by dogs), cable television. Sometime Loser Marcy Alvo of Annandale notes that her system still lists some channels "reserved for future programming," so . . . **This week: Suggest a new cable TV channel, with a description or example of its programming.** Remember that space is limited in the leaner, meaner Washington Post, so please don't send the whole TV Guide.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a computer game called Tabloid Tycoon, donated by Peter Metrinko, in which you commit various acts of dubious journalism "to build your rag's sales." This is, we wish to make clear, *not* the official training software of the Washington Post circulation department.

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 link). 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, Feb. 9. Put "Week 802" 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. 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 results is by Dudley Thompson of Cary, N.C.; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Russell Beland; the Honorable Mention names on the Web supplement are by Tom Witte and Chris Doyle.

REPORT FROM WEEK 798

Our annual look back in verse at some of those who died last year: Not enough tasteless (and occasionally tasteful) eulogizing here? More Honorable Mentions can be found at www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

4 Earl Butz, agriculture secretary forced to resign over a crude racist joke: Awaiting Earl on his day to die: Tight lid, loose soil, warm place to lie. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

3 We bid farewell to Mildred Loving, interracial marrier, Who fought so that the words "I do" were free of any barrier. In later years she wore her fame with dignity and grace, For marriage is a journey, and not just a single race. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

2 the winner of the bathroom-diorama tissue box: Wham-O co-founder Richard Knerr The Hula-Hoop, the SuperBall, The Frisbee disk, brought to us all by Richard Knerr: That brilliant goof Has landed on his final roof. (Jerry Ewing, Orlando)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

"I fear I am exanimate," Bill Buckley gravely said, "And now eremacausis is beginning in my head. 'What's this? Vile putrefaction, loam and plinthite for my bed?' 'It really is quite simple,' said his Maker: 'Bill, you're dead.'" (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

BE NOT PROUD: HONORABLE MENTIONS

Popeye's founder Al Copeland: His spicy pullets were his pride, Cooked up at Popeye's Famous Fried. He made a killing, there's no doubt, But now, I fear, he's chickened out. (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

James Bevel: Bevel was close when King parted the waters Sadly, he also was close to his daughters. (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

Bobby Fischer was to chess What Saint Laurent was to the dress: A luminous creative force. He soon become world champ, of course, Which made the Russians truly sick (Too bad he was a lunatic). (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

The millionaire'd vowed to balloon o'er the main, Despite the naysayers who'd scoff. But alas, the good luck didn't hold for his plane, And the gods had Steve Fossett turned off. (Christopher Lamora, Arlington)

William F. Buckley, as he surely would tell us With apt erudition, is pushing up Bellis. (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

"We thought alike," says The Decider, "Cept Bill was slightly eruditer." (Jay Shuck)

Adelir Antonio de Carli: O Father de Carli, your blessed journey's done: You tied your chair to a thousand balloons; You needed a thousand and one. (John Scholar, Silver Spring, a First Offender)

Dock Ellis, who pitched a no-hitter after taking LSD: Pitched a "no-no" while on acid, Once high-strung, he's now quite placid, On his gravestone you will see, "Pitcher, Tripper: Ellis, D." (Dave Zarrow, Reston)

W. Mark Felt: Mark Felt sure was hopin' The Post would break open The Watergate scandal real wide. And so he went Deep, To ensure that the CREEP Would get quality time spent inside. (Dave Zarrow)

Mel Ferrer: Mel is dead and buried where He won't be coming up Ferrer. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

Charlton Heston's stiff and cold; His time on Earth is done. I guess they finally got the chance To pry away his gun. (Anne Paris, Arlington)

As charioteer he earned his due, And now he's making "Soylent II." (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

I first saw sexy Bettie Page In '55, when 10 years old, And still today my hormones rage. I bet she's Heaven's centerfold! (Chris Doyle)

For Bettie Page, the die is cast. Around the globe, men fly half-mast. (Jeffrey Contompasis, Ashburn)

Eartha Kitt, who died on Christmas day: Reaper Baby, You took away our beloved Ms. Kitt — that's it She's an angel, it's clear. Reaper Baby, Why'd ya hurry down on Christmas last year? (Vicki Zatarain, Washington)

Maila Nurmi, a.k.a. Vampira: Hope you don't require a Weird chick like Vampira, For it now must be said She's no longer undead. (Karen Albamonti, North Kingstown, R.I.)

House Peters Jr., actor in a famous commercial: We sure hate to say it (we know it will hurt), But eww, Mr. Clean . . . you're all covered with dirt. (Beverly Sharp)

Elwin "Preacher" Roe: Preacher Roe, with spunk and spit, Could throw a fastball none could hit. His throws were legal to the letter; (Except they were a wee bit wetter). (Tom Murphy, Bowie)

Before the days of Al Shaheen, Men's shirts weren't colored citrus green, Al popularized the Hawaiian shirt. In patterns that made a glass eye hurt, Elvis and Magnum thank that kid, As also does my Uncle Sid. (Bruce W. Alter, Fairfax Station)

Heaven's going very well, But Alexander Solzhenitsyn Wants, and gets, a tour of Hell: It's Joseph Stalin's pit he spits in. (Chris Doyle)

Sunny von Bülow: What aummer to be Sunny: Life with Claus sure wasn't funny. If you fear a sugar coma, Check to see just who is home-a. (Jeff Brechlin)

Donald Westlake, a.k.a. Richard Stark: Donald Westlake, Richard Stark, Their work was none too shoddy. Two writers died last year, but cops Have only found one body. (Brendan Beary)

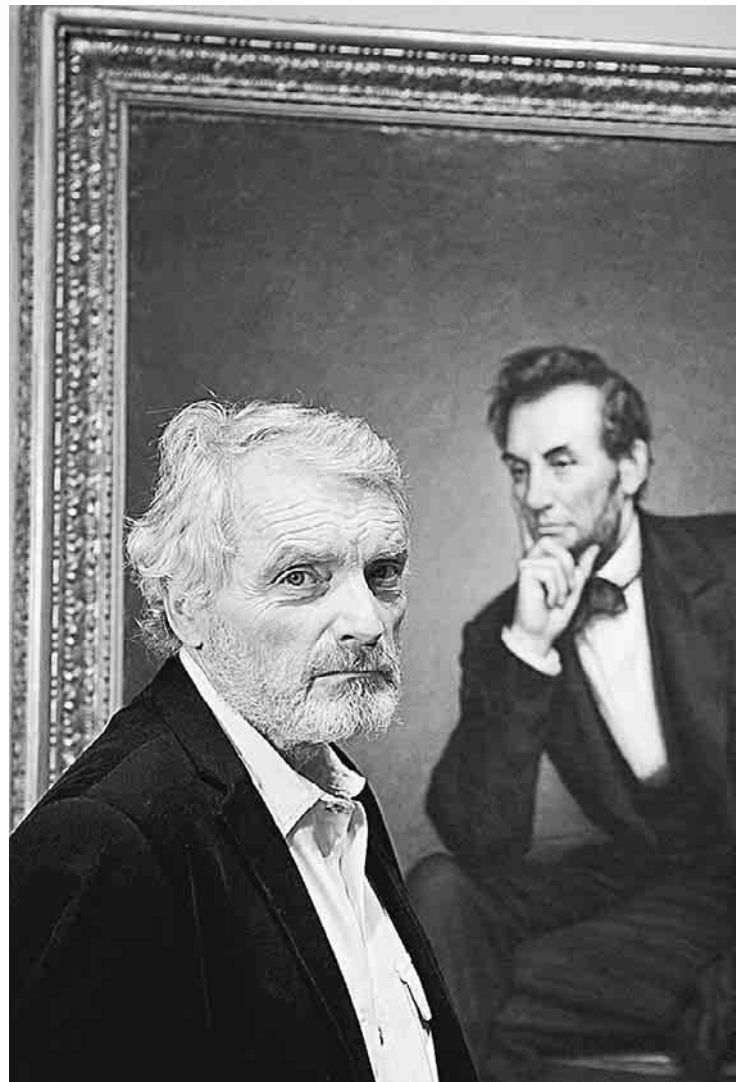
And Dead Last: The Peruvian Songbird sang legends of love; Now the Andean Nightingale sings from above. Shedding her birth name was wise. 'Cause "Adios to Zoila Augusta Emperatriz Chavarrí del Castillo." (Elen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

More Honorable Mentions are at www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Next Week: Send Us the Bill, or Greetings From Law-Law Land

Win Free Tickets to Ford's Theatre!

To celebrate its grand reopening, Ford's Theatre is giving away tickets to the world premiere of "The Heavens Are Hung In Black."



David Selby will play Abraham Lincoln in "The Heavens Are Hung In Black." Photo by Scott Suchman at the National Portrait Gallery.

One grand prize winner will receive tickets to the Feb. 8 opening night performance and reception plus \$100 in spending cash. Five additional winners will receive a pair of tickets to another performance.

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At the Heart of Mozart Works, Morris Finds a Quickened Pulse

DANCE, From Page C1

ly into the emotional center of the music, where in each of these unrelated compositions — the Piano Concerto No. 11 in F, K. 413; the Sonata in D for two pianos, K. 448; and the Piano Concerto No. 27 in B-flat, K. 595 — light and dark reside side by side.

Mozart is not a popular choice among choreographers. Even George Balanchine, who spoke adoringly of the man, used his music sparingly (and then, he tended toward the cooler, crystalline works, as in his "Divertimento No. 15"). It's puzzling, when you think about all the dance airs Mozart wove into his pieces, but it could be that in a larger sense his music doesn't suit the relatively tight, compact sweep of dance phrasing. Maybe the dancing can't keep up with music this rich — those cadenzas get too hot, the finales too complex and prolonged. Morris had to thread this needle in the final section of "Mozart Dances" — titled "Twenty-Seven," accompanied by the Concerto No. 27 — and it eluded him in the end, as the musical excitement built and built, but the series of solos his dancers unleashed in response looked thin. Still, you rooted for this crazily ambitious work to succeed — a full-evening modern dance work and live music! And it mostly does.

One of the key pleasures comes from the warmth that Morris pours into the dancing. In the first section, "Eleven," (named for the Piano Concerto No. 11), Martin Pakledinaz's neo-boudoir costumes enthusiastically amplify the female assets, with see-through frocks over black push-up bras and blocky



BY GENE SCHIAVONE

Show closer "Twenty-Seven" — with, from left, Joe Bowie, Lauren Grant, John Heginbotham and Julie Worden — features Mozart's Concerto No. 27.

briefs. The women look bosomy and broad-bottomed, but their dancing is strictly plain Jane, cold and wary. In her solo, Lauren Grant, a small dancer who dominates the stage, is the antidote.

Morris has given Grant plum roles before — most recently, she was Juliet's nurse in his "Romeo and Juliet" — and she all but stole every scene she was in. In Grant's stage-filling energy and magnetism Morris seems to see something necessary and vital. She has a contented air of grace here, grandly taking up space, opening her arms wide to us. The other women are harder, almost boring, but bit by bit they thaw as they pick up Grant's theme.

There's a sense of ballet's lightness throughout this section. Morris tosses in brief passages of light, fast petit allegro and an especially

welcoming gesture — the arms sweeping open as if to say, "This is all for you" — that is so identified with the romantic-era ballet style of Danish master August Bournonville. You're moved by the generous outgoingness of the movements; Morris gives us a view of ballet from its uncomplicated beginnings, before it was tensed up by technique.

"Double," accompanied by the sonata for two pianos, is a darker piece, anchored by the tranquil and unrelenting melancholy of the Andante movement, yet even as the dancers take us into its depths, they finish with an image of the communal circle that feels like an eternal balm. "Twenty-Seven," with its swiftly skipping finale, feels like May. It's especially poignant, and hopeful, in a hard winter.

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Ellipse Arts Center Closed Indefinitely

The Ellipse Arts Center, whose current exhibition, "Crossing Glances/Regards Croisés," was reviewed in yesterday's Weekend section, has been closed indefinitely because of a building maintenance emergency. Updated information about the gallery's reopening will be posted at www.ellipseartscenter.org/ellipseartscenter.htm.