



CAROLYN HAX

Newly married guy weighs trip with buddies

Adapted from a recent online discussion:

Hi, Carolyn:

I got married less than a month ago. My college friend invited me and another guy to Miami for his unofficial bachelor party...

D.C.

Yes. There are only two ways you could do this without being a jerk to your wife:

1. If the only reason you skipped the honeymoon is that you've already booked a big trip for, say, this winter...

2. If she's genuinely urging you to go.

Okay, here's a third reason: 3. If you married after being together for years and you've traveled extensively together.

But if you skipped a honeymoon because you were out of money or vacation time and you both agreed to be responsible, wait and save, then your taking this trip would be so bad on a symbolic level...

In fact, under those specific conditions, you could damage your young union just by seriously considering the trip.

Dear Carolyn:

My brother hasn't seen his kids in over a year but is gaga over mine, which I find deplorable. I know how judgmental I probably seem...

Maryland

It would be wildly inappropriate if you and he haven't talked openly about your concerns about his girls.

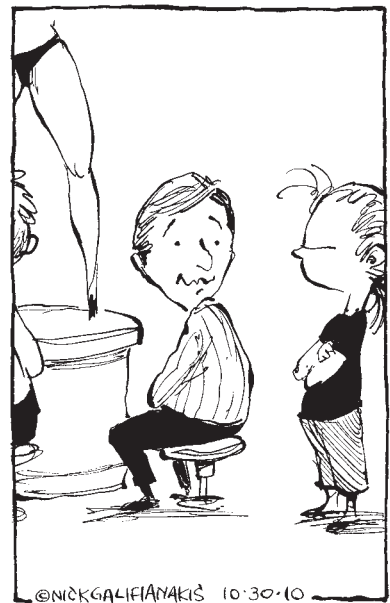
You're siblings, you apparently see him often, as do your kids. It is your place to ask about his daughters, pointedly, and to say you'd like to include his girls in these visits.

Then let him say his piece. He may accuse you of butting in, an opinion he's certainly free to have.

All this is a way of inviting your brother to work through the complexities of the issue with you, instead of your just slamming the door on him.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost.com/discussions.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com.



NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

THE STYLE INVITATIONAL



lebronchitis, n.: Acute swelling of the ego. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)

REPORT FROM WEEK 888

in which we asked you to create eponyms, words or terms based on someone's name: Many people used the verb "rangel" to mean round up funding for a pet project.

2 the winner of the giant pillow made of Loser T-shirts: L'Enfant-terrible, n.: Morning rush hour in the District. (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

3 lohan-behold, v.: To look at the magazines at the supermarket checkout aisle. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

4 Obummer!: An interjection expressing great disappointment. "Obummer! He's not really the guy I thought he was when I voted for him." (Dixon Wragg, Santa Rosa, Calif.)

EPONYMISSES: HONORABLE MENTIONS

haynesworth, n.: The disastrous result of an expensive transaction: "You paid for six years of college tuition and now your son's 'promotion' is to assistant burger flipper? Well, you sure got your haynesworth." (Ernie Staples, Burtonsville; Fred Dawson, Beltsville)

maxine waters, n.: Ethical straits. "You're wading into pretty maxine waters by helping out those bank officials, congressman." (Jeff Contompasis)

rheem, v.: Teach a lesson. "D.C. teachers were rheemed by the new union contract." (Kevin Dopot, Washington)

stassin', v.: Making repeated futile bids for the presidency. Do you think Nader's serious, or is he just stassin' around? (Roy Ashley, Washington)

bristol, v.: To react with suspicion when your boyfriend is acting up. "She bristled at his latest video." (Edmund Conti, Raleigh)

emanuelaborer, n.: One who uses a blue-collar vocabulary in a white-collar job. (Jim Richardson, Ellicott City, a First Offender)

fentsize, v.: To dream that you can get reelected by ignoring your constituents. (Tony Phelps, Washington, a First Offender; Nan Reiner, Alexandria)

hef-jam, n.: An orgy. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

drudge, v.: Portmanteau meaning to dredge sludge. (Jeff Contompasis)

snyder, adj.: More miserly. "I never met a guy who was snyder with a dollar than your uncle." (Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

unbiden, v.: To let off stress with a stream of profanity. "Relieved that the legislation had finally passed, Joe unbiden to his boss, 'This is big *%&ing deal!'" (John Kupiec, Fairfax)

limbaugh-dancing, v.: How low can you go? (Craig Dykstra)

grayed, v.: Reduced the amount of whitening. (Kevin Dopot)

whittingtonto, n.: A sidekick who takes one in the face for you. (Chris Doyle)

Heene, n.: The sound of air being let out of a balloon. (Kevin Dopot)

personal lohan, n.: Bail. (Jeff Contompasis)

kodpendent, adj.: Married to a polygamist. (Chris Doyle)

QE2, adj.: Dowdy, out of style. "Bob's grandmother came over for Thanksgiving, and OMG she's soooo QE2!" (Mae Scanlan, Washington)

January-jones, n.: Midwinter desire for a refreshing warm front. (Jeff Contompasis)

viltsack, v.: To fire an employee for no good reason. "After the viltsacking of those U.S. attorneys in 2006, some people said they ought to rename the Department of Justice." (Chris Doyle)

oprahetta, n.: A performance with an overly dramatic and extended ending. (Russell Beland)

mcnabb, v.: To pick up someone else's castoff. "The Dodgers mcnabbed Manny Ramirez to help their pennant chances." (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

glennbeck, n.: A clownish display of

pathos or outrage. "When I told my 3-year-old that I wouldn't buy him the cotton candy, he threw a full-on glennbeck right in the middle of the store." (Nan Reiner, Michael Reinemer, Annandale)

reubens, v.: Behaves inappropriately in a theater. "Despite the plea to curb cellphone use, Paul reubens with his BlackBerry throughout the movie." (Dion Black, Washington)

gibsonic: The sound of a noisy, irrational rant. "I saw the 1937 Reichstag speech on the History Channel last night - totally gibsonic!" (Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

vick, v.: To make an unforgivable mistake. "Man, he really vicked up big time - that'll dog him forever." (Craig Dykstra)

torain, n.: Yardage on a football field. "Portis is gonna have to scramble over some rugged torain to get his job back." (Lois Douthitt, Arlington)

Kamikarzai: Suicidal behavior by a head of state. (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

feldman-eyes, n.: One's most remarkable physical feature. "J.Lo's feldman-eyes are most obvious when she's walking away." (Craig Dykstra)

Next week: Tour de Fours 7, or PEOLogisms



If you can't keep your nose clean, clean with your nose.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Rotate the Statue of Liberty 180 degrees. — T. Tancred

This contest was suggested literally years ago by Kevin Dopot of Washington, who is rumored to have a life outside The Style Invitational but fortunately doesn't let said life get in the way of What Really Matters.

Which is an admittedly tenuous lead-in to this week's contest: Change the location of something for humorous effect, as in Kevin's examples above. Provide an explanation if you wish.

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 Loser Magnets.

Online discussion Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.

DANCE REVIEW

An extraordinary 'Mix': Colker troupe scales the heights

BY SARAH KAUFMAN

Who truly feels in control anymore? Life is such a mess. But how exhilarating it is to see all the disorder, mania and scattered anxieties of our postmodern existence distilled and developed into something so life-affirming by the Companhia de Danca Deborah Colker.

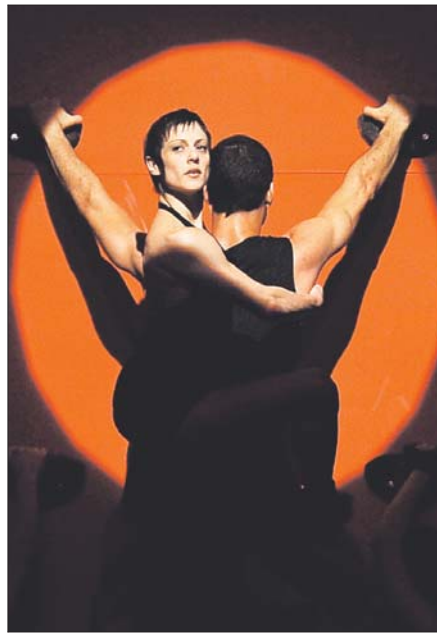
Thursday's opening of Colker's "Mix" at the Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater was one of the most exciting evenings of dance in recent memory, and not only because the members of this Brazilian company pour forth astonishing feats of athletic control and daredevil aplomb.

If "Mix," which continues Saturday night, merely went to the far reaches of what is humanly possible but ventured no further, it wouldn't have felt so cathartic. What made the experience so satisfying is that all the hyperbolic action onstage felt connected to the real world.

They do this in the best moments of "Mix," where rawness meets craft. We can forgive Colker her periodic moments of redundancy, because, remarkably enough, this work derives from some of her earliest choreographic efforts.

In the opening segment of "Mix," titled "Machines," the dancers all look hyper-male, in snug black shorts and white tops with padded fronts, like gladiator-style breastplates. They move like life-size action figures, kicking and chopping at the air to the clang of a techno-beat.

The next section, "Fashion Show," plants us in the traditionally female realm of clothing, with women in deconstructed hoop skirts that sway from their waists like bell-shaped cages.



RICKY CARIOTI/THE WASHINGTON POST

TOP FLIGHT: Carol Pagano and her partner in the finale, "Climbing."

groomed, shaped and stylized, endlessly inspected and considered. The fashion runway — or even one's dressing-room mirror — is as much of an arena for acute self-absorption as the gym.

Where does this intense focus on ourselves lead? To the next part: "Passion." This is strictly the head-over-heels kind. As in: A man picks up a woman, tosses her onto his back and — drops her. And walks away, adjusting his cuffs.

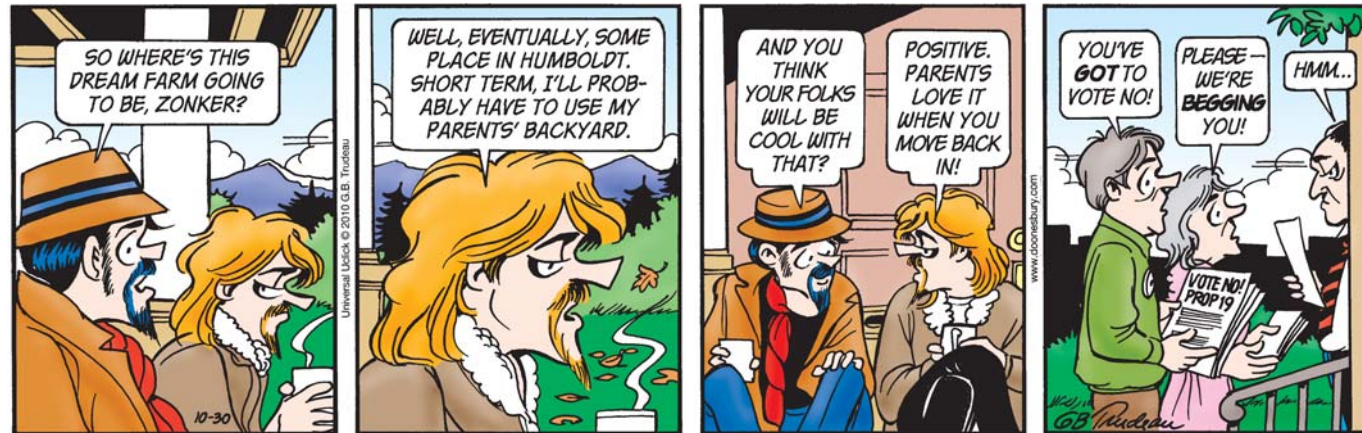
Colker's use of the body here was especially fascinating. For her, the human frame is a plane of action from fingertip to fingertip, top to bottom and all points in between.

Colker seems to be saying — bigger than we think it is, vast and strong and hungry.

But Colker doesn't stop there. After the chaos, paradise: extreme angels in spandex, skittering up a wall dotted with climbing holds, swinging from grip to grip like kids on monkey bars.

MIX repeats Saturday at 8 p.m. at the Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater.

DOONESBURY BY GARRY TRUDEAU



CUL DE SAC BY RICHARD THOMPSON

