CS



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. His fiancee isn't coming and no one else is bringing women along. I don't think my wife wants me to go, and I feel guilty because we haven't really done a honeymoon yet. Would it be wrong to leave town without her so early in our marriage?

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

1. If the only reason you skipped the honeymoon is that you've already booked a big trip for, say, this winter — and if the delayed honeymoon were mostly or equally her idea;

2. If she's genuinely urging you to

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 that it could do permanent harm.

In fact, under those specific conditions, you could damage your young union just by seriously considering the trip. Marriage is a lovingly entered life partnership, not this annoying thing that's making you miss a guy beach bash.

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, but I believe all the energy he invests in his nephews should be going to his daughters, who live only about an hour away. How wildly inappropriate would it be for me to say I don't want him around my kids till he starts setting a good example of what it means to be an involved father? 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. If the time is right — when it's right — say it pains you to see the attention he gives your kids knowing he's not seeing his own kids.

Then let him say his piece. He may accuse you of butting in, an opinion he's certainly free to have. But then you can counter with the fact that his prominent place in your sons' lives means you — and they — will someday have to reckon with his approach to his own children. Examples do matter.

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. It may turn out that just raising the issue will move your brother to slam the door himself but it makes all the difference when you start on an inclusive path, even if it doesn't lead where you'd hoped.

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



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.

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

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

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

Doyle)

Washington)

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 Dopart,

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 bristoled 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)

fentysize, 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 unbidened to his boss, 'This is big *&%ing deal!' " (John Kupiec,

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

grayed, v.: Reduced the amount of

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

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

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

kodypendent, 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,

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

vilsack, v.: To fire an employee for no good reason. "After the vilsacking 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

Online discussion Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real

Losers? Join the Style Conversational at washingtonpost.com/styleconversational.

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,

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-eves 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

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



Rotate the Statue of Liberty 180 degrees.

You know those huge construction cranes that bend like fingers? How about moving two of them to each side of the Washington Monument?

his contest was suggested literally years ago by Kevin Dopart 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. Kevin was intrigued that a museum about Lizzie Borden was opening in Salem, Mass. - which is 80 miles away from Lizzie's (and Kevin's) home town of Fall River.

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. Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins this handsome shower-gel dispenser that sticks to the wall of your particular ablution center. Needless to say, you squeeze the nose and collect the soap (not included, of course) from its one working nostril. Donated by Craig Dykstra.

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. 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, Nov. 8. Put "Week 892" 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 to be published Nov. 27. 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 was submitted by both Tom Witte and Roy Ashley. The honorable-mentions subhead is by Tom

clean, clean with your nose.

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.

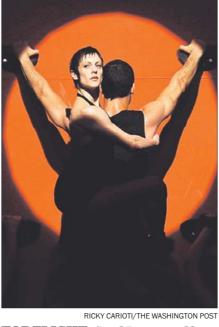
Thursday's opening of Colker's "Mix" at the Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater was one of the most exciting evenings of dance in recent memory, and not only because the members of this Brazilian company pour forth astonishing feats of athletic control and daredevil aplomb.

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. The violent crashes, the windmilling turns, the improbable balances and cool conquest of gravity held more than shock value. You felt that these dancers represent us in their bodies — they take on the frantic entrapment we feel as we're lurching through crosstown traffic, they channel our public and private frustra-

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. The evening is a mash-up of two pieces Colker created in the mid-1990s, when her troupe was first founded. In sum, it's a frank examination of the human body and the human being, as in so many of Colker's pieces — last seen here seven years ago, unless you count her work in Cirque du Soleil's "Ovo," more flamboyant but in many ways less complicated, which ended its run here last weekend.

In the opening segment of "Mix," titled "Machines," the dancers all look hypermale, 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. It's the workout as work — the empty industry behind building the muscles that the costumes lampoon.

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. But there's equal-opportunity preening going on here, as men join the women in their catwalk poses. The body is just as much of an object here, something to be



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 our-

selves 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. Don't worry, she gets him back. I can't remember just how; there was a lot going on here, with couples pushing and shoving each other, lovers being flung, whiplashed, thrashed, crashed and stepped on. It sounds brutal, and it was, but as much as the energy was eruptive, it was also controlled.

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. Dancers climb on one another's shoulders, dangle from a partner's elbows, balance on each other like so many building blocks. The body is big,

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

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. And taking us with them. This finale, "Climbing," delivered a view of human perfection that was as original as it was breathtaking. You felt the pounding electronic music in your chest. Or was it your heart? There were no nets, no pads, no wires and the dancers were turning upside down and sideways and leaping and slithering and seamlessly helping one another soar in this treacherous vertical world. You didn't just watch it, you craved it. The thrill may have been vicarious, but the rush was real.

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

DOONESBURY BY GARRY TRUDEAU









CUL DE SAC BY RICHARD THOMPSON





