Report from Week 984

In which we asked you to write something in which each successive word started with the next letter of the alphabet — in either direction. And you could even turn around and switch directions, or head from Z on to A or vice versa (“A,” “and” and “the” could be added anywhere). This contest prompted a number of entrants to force the Empress to slog through 26-word and longer sentences. Judge to E: “For giving ink to that atrocious pun, you will hereby serve a 26-word sentence, and surrender your tiara immediately!” all seemed to be about xanthippean yaks or yapping zebras. She will spare you further, and instead show how it’s done right:

2 Winner of the genuine 18-inch rubber chicken: A to H. Harry’s genitalia frankly elicit doubts concerning bedroom abilities. (Ann Martin, Blacknill, England)

3 To back to A, then forward to R: Tampa Secret-Rendezvous Quarters: “President Obama’s a narcissistic Marxist, liar and Kenyan. Joez, investigate the Hawaiian government! Follow the evidence! Democrats concealed the bozo’s actual birth certificate!” the Donald explains, flashing a goody “hey, I’m just kooky” look. Mitt nods obligingly, pales and quickly retreats. (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

4 A to Z: A belligerent candidate, defiantly expounding fallacious gynecological health information, just kept lecturing, making numbers of people quite rightly say (to use villing words), “X@#$%, you zero!” (Steve Gormbton, Bathell, Wash., a First Offender)

Winner of the genuine 18-inch rubber chicken: A to H. Harry’s genitalia frankly elicit doubts concerning bedroom abilities. (Ann Martin, Blacknill, England)

Loser Mug

Honorable mentions

Armstrong’s bicycling career: dope-pedaling, (Kevin Doaprt, Washington)

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Alpha bettered: Honorable mentions

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Diana, Cuba beckons again! Zip your Xtreme-Dream wetsuit, wow unwavering tenacity! Swim, Retch, Quit. Plan one next marathon lunacy. (Mike Gips, Bethesda)

Allowing budget cliff-diving ensures the Four Ghastly Horsemens in January, Krugman lectures me. (David Gorrson, Poway, Calif.)

A boa constrictor doesn’t ever forget: Giving hugs is just killing. Love murders. Neatly. On purpose. (Robert Schechtier, Dillsburg, NY)

Another bit casual dopers easily forget: Getting high inhaling joints kills living mitochondria. Nevertheless, optimistic potheads quietly remain stoned, taking up volumes while Krays yield zero apparent “brain collapse” (duh). (Neal Starkman, Seattle)

A jaded Kate (lately Middleton): “Noisy, obnoxious pregnancy questions! Royalty sucks!” (Katherine Stikkers, Pouguekeepsie, NY, a First Offender)

Debt = China bought America. (Mark Raffman, Reston)


Joystick kaput? Luckily, men now overrule the problem; a quick remedy shapes things up. Viagra: a winner! (Beverley Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.)

Sexual rapport: Quit pro O. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Limbaugh makes news the oldest profession, (Dave Airozno, Silver Spring)


And last: Avoiding brainier competitions delivering earnings, fame, glory, honor — I just keep losing. (Tom Doopart)

See more alphabetical passages in the online Invertebrate at bit.ly/Invite988.

Still running — deadline Monday night — is the Week 987 contest on homopene humor. See wapo.st/in987.

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Report from Week 984

Nenad Cincin-Sain mulls success for the time being

MOVIES

Nenad Cincin-Sain mulls success for the time being

by Ann Hornaday

When Nenad Cincin-Sain introduced his feature debut “The Time Being” at its world premiere at the Toronto International Film Festival last week, he anticipated the first question at the Q-and-A session after the screening.

Just to get it out of the way, he answered it: “My father’s Croatian, my mother to Serbian, my wife is Albanian and I was born in Slovenia,” said Cincin-Sain, 41, saying that everyone’s first question to him is “always about my name.”

With that, the audience watched “The Time Being,” a drama about a young artist (Wes Bentley) who is finding difficulty balancing his struggling career and his burgeoning family when he meets a mysterious patron (Frank Langella).

Cincin-Sain, who has worked extensively in music videos and video installations, evidently a sharp painterly eye in “The Time Being,” composing sequences to create an expressive, even meditative experience — embellished by frequent shots of gorgeous paintings by Stephen Wright and Eric Zener.

Cincin-Sain, who moved to Bethesda from Toronto as a child and attended Bethesda Chevy Chase High School before “running away from home” as a young teenager, admitted that “The Time Being” was inspired by “personal struggle.”

In a later phone conversation, he elaborated: “One day I was at the museum with my son, who at the time was about 2 or 3 years old. And while I was there with him, all I kept thinking about was, ‘I should be home working on the script and getting financing for the film.’ Then when I got home I started feeling guilty that I wasn’t with my son. I started to experience this constant duality between my obsession with my work and my family.”

Of experiencing his first world premiere, Cincin-Sain said, “It felt great. We’ve gotten a number of calls from distributors asking for information, although no deals have been presented to us.”

Nenad Cincin-Sain of “The Time Being” at the 2012 Toronto International Film Festival.