

# Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

## Report from Week 904

a new type of neologism contest: For this one you had to take a real word or phrase or name, move the first letter to the end, and define the new, coined word. This contest produced a deluge of entries — about 2,000. Most of them stank, of course, but we were still left with so many clever new terms that we'll run them in two installments, with two sets of winners. This week's comprise the neologisms beginning with A through M; the rest will run March 13.

THE  
WINNER  
OF THE  
INKER

**Ankst:** Uneasiness about what the army sent into town to "keep the peace." (Marian Carlsson, Lexington, Va.)



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**2** Winner of the screedy left-wing "Axis of Evil II" finger puppets: **Eekaboop:** A cruel game to frighten babies. (Ann Martin, Bracknell, England)

**3** **Erriered:** Made an ass of oneself. (Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn)

**4** **Carecrows:** Women who are so devoted to their men that they frighten them away. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

## Onorableh: honorable mentions

**Iambig:** A player on steroids. (Ann Martin)

**Anced:** Fidgeted awkwardly at a social function. (May Jampathom, Oakhurst, N.J.)

**Andorc:** The jerk who has to say just one more thing and ruin everything. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**Apz:** software that fries your iPad. (Kevin Dopart)

**Arph:** The sound all dogs make in Heaven. (Doug Frank, Crosby, Tex.; Craig Dykstra, Centreville)

**Axt:** Not what your country can do for

you, but what you will be doing for your country. (Danny Bravman, Chicago)

**Bagbog:** A political quagmire. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

**Bela:** Cain's heretofore undisclosed sister — finally it all starts to make sense . . . (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

**Erring-DoD:** Misguided military adventurism, e.g., going to war with the Army you have, not the Army you want. (Chris Doyle)

**Chadenfreudes:** GOP gloating over the 2000 vote count. (Chris Doyle)

**Oyled:** Annoyed by someone who's funnier than you are. (Judy Blanchard, Novi, Mich.)

**Callopinis:** An Italian delicacy using certain parts of leftover veal. (Tony Phelps, Washington)

**Carusi:** A man who died while trying to sing an impossibly high note. (Tom Witte)

**Cida:** Apple juice spiked with LSD. (Tom Witte)

**Crabbles:** Sore losers at word games. (Drew Knoblauch, Arlington; Craig Dykstra)

**Eb:** To be in the latter half of one's life. (Roger Hammons, North Potomac, a First Offender)

**Elosip:** To drink from the chalice of power, only to find that it is a dribble glass. (Gary Crockett, Chevy Chase)

**Heens:** Behaves in a wildly erratic manner. (Kyle Bonney, Fairfax)

**AgiNav:** GPS for women who navigate by the seat of their pants. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**Hiksas:** Gentile women from Appalachia . . . well, make that "women from Appalachia." (John McCooey, Rehoboth Beach, Del.)

**Hotop:** What to wear to attract paparazzi. (Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney; Roger Hammons)

**Libia:** A universally disbelieved denial of guilt for an act of terror. (David Garratt, Glenn Dale)

**Howers:** The amount of time it takes your teenager to get ready in the morning. (Christopher Jones, Vienna)

**Izzap:** A semi-edible microwaved disk. (Kevin Dopart)

**Lapsticks:** Below-the-belt humor. (Michael Reinemer, Annandale)

**Lovenias:** Mail order brides from Eastern Europe. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

**Myths:** False names used when checking into hotels. (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

And Last: **Inkholes:** Final resting place for humorless entries. (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

**Next week: Anticdotes, or For your lies only**



Putting the oops in hoops.

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

### Give it a rest

No new contest this week. We had such a deluge of clever entries for Week 904 that we'll run a second set of winning (and Losing) entries four weeks from now. We'll even award another Inker, the official Style Invitational first-place trophy. And second place will receive the fabulous Basket Case game, which consists of a net that's suspended basketball-style above the head of some designated dweeb via a frame on the dweeb's head, so that he or other people may toss little red balls into it. (Into the net, not the head. And the balls do stay inside the net, not fall on the dweeb's head.) This de rigueur item for the office was donated by Loser Nan Reiner.

**Other runners-up** win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or yearned-for Loser Mug. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their First Ink). Read the Style Invitational rules and guidelines at [wapo.st/inviterules](http://wapo.st/inviterules). See this and previous columns online at [washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational). Follow the Empress on Twitter at PatMyersTWP. The revised title for next week's results is by Peter Morelewicz; this week's honorable-mentions subhead was submitted by both Jeff Contompasis and Dixon Wragg.

**STYLE CONVERSATIONAL**  
Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at [washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).



MISCHA RICHTER

Gil Scott-Heron, above, teams with Jamie XX on an uneven effort.

## POP CD REVIEW

### Gil Scott-Heron and Jamie XX WE'RE NEW HERE



Anyone who watched last week's Grammy Awards — or any Grammy telecast in the past 10 years — is familiar with the warm fuzzies that come when artists of divergent stripes, generations and tax brackets come together in song. As our notion of popular music continues to splinter into a

million niche fragments, these kumbaya moments make us feel like there's still some unbreakable strand of musical thread holding us all together.

But not when the stitching is sloppy. And that's the case with "We're New Here," a new collaboration between poet, jazzman and hip-hop progenitor Gil Scott-Heron and British indie pop producer Jamie xx. The latter — whose band the xx is responsible for the most superb make-out music of its

generation — has remixed Heron's moody 2010 comeback album, "I'm New Here," replacing Heron's sparse instrumentation with chilly, distant electronic pulses.

But only a few minutes in, and the disc's left-field promise fizzles into what feels like a chore. The meandering beats feel tossed off, Heron's words feel merely decorative, you can't dance to it, and you certainly can't smooch to it.

— Chris Richards