

The Style Invitational

Week 610: MASH



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

“There’s Something About Mary Poppins”: The amazing secret of how she gets her power to fly.

“American Beauty and the Beast”: Despite his protestations that “they last way longer,” a man’s Valentine’s gift of nylon roses fails to warm his girlfriend’s heart.

“The Wild Wild West Side Story”: It’s the posse against the lawless, and they both have some wicked ballet moves.

So many movies out there, so little time. Think how many more you’d be able to see if you could view two of them simultaneously — or better yet, “mashed” together a la the music “mash-ups” popular at dance clubs. **This week’s contest:** Find two well-known movies —

oh, what the hey, you can use plays and TV shows, too — whose titles have a significant word in common, combine their titles, and describe the hybrid. The descriptions can play off either their plots or just the words in the titles, as in the examples above.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. But what you really want to try for is first runner-up, because that person will get something even better than the Little Naked Bookend With a Bag on the Head: the custom-made, one-of-a-kind leaded-glass Style Invitational Magnet box pictured here, lovingly crafted and donated by erstwhile Loser Peyton Coyner of Afton, Va. Magnets not included because we’re just really petty.



BY JULIA EWAN — THE WASHINGTON POST

Peyton Coyner’s prize magnet box.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lust-ed-after Style Invitational Magnets, also pictured here. One prize per entrant per week. Send your entries by e-mail to losers@washpost.com or, if you really have to, by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, May 23. Put the week number in the subject line of your e-mail, or it risks being ignored as spam. Include your name, postal address and phone number

Report from Week 606, in which we asked for poems based on articles from that week’s Washington Post: The week’s big news was the selection of the new pope and its aftermath (not to mention its beforesmath), but the Losers found time to weigh in on dozens of other matters as well, proving that some of them occasionally read another page of the newspaper besides this one.

◆ Second runner-up:

‘Some Hopeful, Others Disappointed by Pope’

The gays who would marry, to whom we say nope.

The gals who now carry, for priesthood, a hope.

The geezers we harry to live and to cope
But who’d rather not tarry, and ask for the nope.

These souls should be chary of Benny the Pope.
(Chris Doyle, Raleigh)

◆ First runner-up, winner of the “Time Is Money” analog-clock cuff links:

‘Woman Jailed in Wendy’s Chili Case; Questions Raised About Finger Story’

What a perfect news concoction:

Grand Guignol and farce! Any Reader loves a story mixing Leopards, limbs and larceny. Things look bad for Ms. Ayala, But diners’ doubts still linger: Everybody’s still not sure Who gave whom the finger.
(David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.)

◆ And the winner of the Inker:

‘Casting Off Cookies’

When we’ve got a social problem that’d cause our country shame,
What’s as good as a solution is a scapegoat we can blame.

Now our kids are couch potatoes and they don’t play out of doors,
So we’re haulin’ Cookie Monster up for scarfin’ down s’mores.

First we’ve cut his brownie binges; next we’ll buff up his physique;
Soon he’ll be extollin’ exercise while noshin’ on a leek,

Then a final change to really make the transformation whole:
We’ll give ‘im some new name like “Biff, the Tofu-Eatin’ Troll.”

Aye, it’s ‘ello beets and broccoli, and goodbye Keebler Elves,
For our chubby little children need protectin’ from themselves.

We won’t take away their GameBoys or deny ‘em their cartoons,
So we’re haulin’ Cookie Monster up for eatin’ macaroons.
(Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

◆ Honorable Mentions:

‘Calif. Gov. : U.S. Should “Close Borders” ’

Arnold, when lacking good scripts,
Lately suffers from somewhat loose lips,
Saying feds are “too lax,”
And “closed borders” he backs.
(He shoots better from guns, not from hips.)
(Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

‘Crowd Cheers White Smoke at St. Peter’s,’ which told of the confusion over what color smoke was coming from the cardinals’ conclave:

Oh, look, there’s some puffin’!
It’s black, don’t mean nuffin’.
A wisp then of hope,
But the same — still no pope.
The third plume is gray
And so no one can say
If the conclave has spoken.
Gee, what are they smokin’?
(Chris Doyle)

White smoke? White smoke? White smoke?
Nope.
Black smoke. Black smoke. Black smoke. Pope!
(John Eggerton, Springfield)

‘Benedictine Warfare,’ about incorrect predictions on the next pope:

On hearing his sermon,
This Rev did determine
The next pope would never be Ratzinger.
Turns out he misstated —
He should have awaited
The aria sung by the fat singer.
(Dan Seidman, Watertown, Mass.)

‘Fla. Man Secured BenedictXVI.com Weeks Ago’

A businessman of some aplomb
Registered BenedictXVI.com
Tell me, how much time in Hell
For co-opting the papal URL?
(Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

‘Bush Social Security Plan Proves Tough Sell Among Working Poor’

Lis’n up, here, Mr. Dub,
Don’ mess wid mah retarment,
Or else a boot-from-butt puller
Will be yo’ nex’ requarment.
(Fred S. Souk, Reston)

‘GOP Senator Wavers on Bolton’

Yes Vote Less Likely, Chafee Signals;
White House Defends U.N. Nominee
Lincoln Chafee may defect;
White House rage is molten;
From the ambassador-elect
Others may be boltin’.

White House spokesmen never cease
Their bold, defensive mania.
Condoleezza says her piece
From distant Lithuania.

Chafee, Hagel, Voinovich,
Stoppin’ now, and thinkin’;
Could it be? Some sanity?
The party, still, of Lincoln?

For Bolton’s bid, it’s not too late
To hear of things that taint it.
The Senate’s right to full debate
Is truly sacred — ain’t it?
(David Smith)

And Last:

Whan that Aprill, Monthe of Poetrie,
Wolde have us all aspyring Chaucers be,
Whenas a tale related in the Newse
Reveel such witt, as to inclyne the Muse
To drop a merrie verse into thy lappe,
Then send it heere, and winneth ye some crappe.

— The Style Invitational, Week 606
(Brendan Beary)

More Honorable Mentions appear on www.washingtonpost.com.

Next Week: **Contest Fodder Created!** or **A Cute Angle on the News**



Jenn Swain, 21, center, and Nathan Magniez, 22, get close at the HFStival amid the bodies and the beer.

HFStival: Partying On in Baltimore

HFSTIVAL, From D1

answers. “Godsmack,” she continues, and Dan’s friend Rob Wernitz says, enviously, “Ohhh. I heard they were good.” Lisa continues, her long tenure with the concert only partially proved by the 1998 and 1999 HFStival T-shirts she and her other son are wearing. “Ofispring, Limp Bizkit . . . Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Lint . . .” “Rage Against the Machine,” Dan interrupts. “Rage,” Lisa repeats, fondly. “And Third Eye Blind, the first time, when they were on the [smaller] stage,” Dan says.

The concert didn’t seem as crowded as in past years at the District’s RFK Stadium, the Jacobs said. Even the number of vendors seemed to have shrunk — instead of six or seven booths devoted to selling jewelry, they counted only a couple, and instead of two or three booths devoted to piercing bodies, they counted only one, and the rock-climbing wall had disappeared.

Even the Marine Corps recruiting booth wasn’t the nifty obstacle course featured at last year’s festival, but was, instead, a mere chin-up bar, noted a disappointed 18-year-old Clarisse Bernardes of Bethesda, who’s been coming for four years and thought the festival lacked a booming crowd.

Her friend Katherine Bohannon, a 29-year-old from Alexandria who teaches guitar, said she asked her students this year if they were coming to the HFStival, thinking the answer would be, “Definitely.” But the students answered, “Oh, they’re still having it?”

Still, Bob Philips, a vice presidential honcho in the Infinity Broadcasting radio chain, which owns the WHFS name and the HFStival, was cheerleading Sunday’s event as a great success.

In his basso, radio-announcer voice, he not only emphasized the great lineup — including such legends as Billy Idol and the New York Dolls, but also Coldplay (a group made even more famous by its lead singer’s marriage to Gwyneth Paltrow), the Bravery, Interpol, Garbage, Sum 41 and the Foo Fighters. But he also promised that the concert would return next year even though the radio station WHFS now exists only online. He raved about how “jampacked” the concert was, and how the warm, sunny weather — still holding at midday — appeared to bring out lines of people buying the still-available tickets.

Of course, in the HFStival’s heyday, the concert sold out 60,000 seats.

Hardcore HFS fans can tune into programming called “HFS on Live 105.7,” a Baltimore FM radio station, after 7 on weeknights and



PHOTOS BY SARAH L. VOISIN — THE WASHINGTON POST

Shirley Manson, vocalist for Garbage, performs at M&T Bank Stadium. Below, Adam Babitts does chin-ups at the Marines’ recruiting booth. Though WHFS-FM was replaced by a Spanish-language station, the concert carries on.



throughout the weekends to hear the rock music that started playing on Washington’s 99.1 FM in about 1968. The station itself switched in January to Spanish-language salsa and meringue and changed its name to “El Zol.” The unannounced transformation shocked the station’s most devoted listeners, and Lisa Jacob, who lived in Annapolis and recently moved to Virginia Beach, where she works at a warehouse store, remembers hearing the switch while driving to the pet store. She turned the radio off, then on again, then off, then on again, thinking that if she kept it up long enough, the situation would fix itself.

Sitting inside M&T Bank Stadium, surrounded by its gigantic bowl of empty purple seats, Emmet Gallagher of Sterling, Va., watched the Bravery on the main stage below and talked about how he doesn’t lis-

ten to radio because he prefers an online station out of Santa Monica. Does he log onto whfs.com, too? No. He doesn’t care about the radio station, he said. The concert’s appeal, he said, was “just that all the bands are here,” a fact he discovered when TicketMaster sent him a “ticketAlert” e-mail.

In years past, coming to an HFStival was like seeing all those other fans who also tuned into the radio’s mid-dial voices, each listening — in the car, driving to pick up a date; in the kitchen, making ramen in the microwave; in an upstairs bathroom, while getting ready for the first day of eighth grade; at work, tarring a rooftop or changing a customer’s oil.

“It was just a time for all the fans to get together — old people, young people . . .” Lisa Jacob notes, then falls momentarily quiet, still mourning “the day the music died.”

BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

It used to be that the stock-market menagerie comprised the bulls, who sometimes won; the bears, who sometimes won; and the pigs, who always lost. Nowadays, with seats on the New York Stock Exchange coming equipped with seat belts, a new species is emerging.

“Are you a bull or a bear?” I asked Unlucky Louie, intending to sell if he was a bull and vice versa.

“Neither,” Louie said, shrugging. “I’m a chicken.”

You needn’t be a chicken to play safe as declarer, just a cautious old bird. In today’s deal, South ruffed the ace of diamonds in dummy and had visions of 12 tricks: five trumps in his hand, a ruff in dummy, a diamond and five clubs. He therefore took the K-Q of trumps.

When West discarded, South tried to return a club to his king to

draw East’s remaining trumps. Alas, the bottom fell out of his stock when East ruffed, led a spade to West’s ace, ruffed another club and cashed the king of spades, defeating the contract.

How would you have played the hand?

South was unlucky that clubs broke 4-0, but that break would occur 10 percent of the time — enough to merit caution. After South cashes the king of trumps at Trick Two, he should overtake the queen with his ace. If both defenders followed, South would have no problem.

When West discards on the second trump, South cashes the jack of trumps and leads the nine of clubs to dummy’s ace. No matter how the clubs lie, South can bring in the suit, and he can lose no more than one trump and two spades.

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