

The Style Invitational

This Week's Contest

Week 769: Splice Work If You Can Get It



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Zeppelingerie: Undergarments for the full-figured frau.
Vivacious: Describing a cheerleader.
Trepanache: The ability to keep your head when someone is trying to drill holes in it.

We've done this contest only once before, back in 2002 (though we concede that numerous entries from other contests would fit it): **Combine two words — overlapping by at least two letters — into what's known by polysyllabic types as a portmanteau word, and by the rest of us as a mash word, and define it.** Note: Because of limits on the Empress's space, time and sanity, the portmanteau words must begin with a letter from **S through Z** (the second word in the combination is unrestricted) and you may send only your very best 20 (fewer are also welcome). The examples above, from the 2002 go-round, are by Frank Mullen III, John Shea and Chuck Smith, respectively.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets a plush squeaky dog toy in the shape of a pair of scissors, of the brand Chewish Treats. What makes it Invite-prize-worthy? On the scissors is embroidered the word "Moyel." What makes it Loser-perfect? When he bought it, Loser Dave Prevar of Annapolis did not know what "moyel" (usually spelled "mohele") referred to.

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 Magnets. 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, June 23. Put "Week 769" 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 will be published July 12. 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 is by Brad Alexander. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart. And this week's contest was suggested by Mr. Dopart, who is so new to The Style Invitational that he thought he made it up himself.

REPORT FROM WEEK 765

in which we asked you to write state songs (or songs for the District) set to any of five Stephen Foster melodies. Numerous people came up with a song beginning "I dream of Jersey with the light brown air"; below is the best of them (plus an even better one for California). The worst rhyme of the week, in a week with lots of competition: "Long brown hair" and "raison d'etre." "Hair NET" would have been a better rhyme. As usual, we were extremely flexible as to what constituted a state song. More Honorable Mentions, along with links to the Foster melodies, are at www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

4 North Dakota, to "Oh! Susanna":
Oh I live in North Dakota, population 93,
Where the land is flat and barren
(Though we have one real nice tree).

Most of us are blond Norwegians
(Swedes provide diversity).
All the smart kids leave by 20
And the rest just watch TV.

North Dakota, bleak dust bowl of ennui.
If I can't be Minnesotan,
North Dakota works for me. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

3 Florida, to "Old Folks at Home":
Six decades-plus of careful plannin'
Brought them to stay.
Most accident'ly vote Buchanan
Every Election Day.
Oh, that Palm Beach County fracas
Now seems so remote.
"I like that kid Barack Dukakis,"
So say the old folks who vote. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

2 The winner of the hardware-motif necktie with the accompanying guide "How to Tie a Tie":
California, to "Oh! Susanna":
I come from Tijuana with a kilo inside me.
I'm goin' to Pasadena, my connection for to see.
Eleven condoms swallowed whole, I got a good supply;
But here's one more you can unroll — Chicana, don't you cry.
Hey, Chicana, oh, won't you buy from me?
For I come from Tijuana with a kilo C.O.D.
(Kevin Dopart, Washington)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

California, to "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair":
I dream of L.A. with its light brown air,
Cars choke the freeways, I don't really care.
I miss the monsoons, mudslides, fires, too.
Looking for enchantment? Alcatraz shines through.
California has more folks than any other state.
We may be overcrowded — ah, but just you wait.
The Big One's coming, and when it rolls through,
Homes in Sacramento get an ocean view. (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)

MORE BEAUTIFUL SCREAMERS: HONORABLE MENTIONS

New Jersey, to "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair":
I dream of Jersey with the light brown air,
Twelve is the exit, there's that bright Chevron flare
I see bird-flipping by a thug on a bike,
Cranky as the toll hags we paid on the Pike.
Many were the wild times, though we bet there'd be more,
Many were the needles that washed on the shore.
We dream of Jersey, it's our shared nightmare,
Many are the buried (if we only knew where).
(Kevin Dopart)

Florida, to "Oh! Susanna":
I'm moving to the Sunshine State,
So carefully I drive
'Cause the main highway and average age
They both are 95 . . . (Rob Cohen, Potomac)

Nevada, to "My Old Kentucky Home":
The sun shines bright on my old Nevada home.
Casinos are calling, "Come play!"
Roulette wheels spin, and the dice will do you in,
While the slots eat dollars all the day.
[refrain:]
Then you'll see nude ladies!
They're buxom, blond and brash.
When your wife finds out, then you'll know it wasn't true:
All that "stays in Vegas" is (ha-ha) your cash.
(Beverly Sharp, Washington)

Utah, to "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair":
I dream of Utah, it's the bright red state;
Not gonna vote for a Democratic slate;
Remember that slip-up back in '64,
Hippies with their daisy ad warned "Nuclear war!"
"Goldwater's a wily goat who'd drop an atom bomb;
Johnson is a sly bird who'd render things calm."
I dream that Utah won't make that slip again;
Only vote Republican till 3010.
(Michael Turniansky, Pikesville, Md.)

Mississippi, to "Old Folks at Home":
Way down upon the Yazoo River, Mis-sis-sip-pi,
That's where the earth is turning over
Bodies from '63.

Every state must have a motto, seems to be the law
We'll say this of our El Dorado: "Least we're not Arkansas."
(Ira Allen, Bethesda)

The District of Columbia, to "Camptown Races":
Washington is hip deep in, doo dah! doo dah!
You just can't scrub it off your skin, Oh, doo dah day!
Whether you ran on the right, or ran as a pinko gay,
You take your money from a lobbyist
Who's giving it away. (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville, Fla.)

Oklahoma, to "Oh! Susanna":
I come from Oklahoma,
Where the wind sweeps down the plain
And wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind's behind the rain.
In Oklahoma every night
My honey lamb and I,
We sit and talk and watch a hawk
Make circles in the sky.

Oklahoma!
We know you're doin' fine!
Ai-yip-ai-ay! (I'd better say
These lyrics aren't mine.)
(Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney)

See more Honorable Mentions
at www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational.

Next Week: Think to Shudder, or All the Ewwws Fit to Print

'Access to Life': Window on the Sorrow of AIDS

EXHIBIT, From C1

The idea almost sounds like a brochure: The Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria last year hired eight photographers from the estimable Magnum Photos agency to document the life-changing effects of the anti-retroviral medications the agency is delivering, free, to impoverished AIDS-affected populations around the world.

Called "Access to Life" and opening today, the show is curated by Bill Horrihan, director of media arts at the Wexner Center for the Arts at Ohio State University. It includes more than a hundred photographs — with videos and writing on the walls — and the photographers include the great Gilles Peress, Steve McCurry and Paolo Pellegrin.

It's an exhibit that the Global Fund wants to be inspiring. The feeling that lingers, though, is sorrow and heartbreak.

Here is the Russian Dmitry Smirnov, in the painterly prints of Alex Majoli. Round the corner in this three-room installation and he's looking directly at you. He's propped up on a pillow, a worn, collarless shirt or gown across his shoulders, strands of his receding hair hanging thin, sweaty, askew. Lips not even pursed, just there, eyes holding neither terror nor relief, just instinct. The left half of his face almost completely in shadow. There is a pallor of dank rooms, rattling pipes, the smell of cabbage from the apartment's hallway.

He was dead weeks later; the picture of his snow-covered grave is just to the right.

The installations here are varied, and were designed by the photographers themselves. Peress's work is classic, flat, just there. Majoli works his Russian prints into the feel and look of paintings. The black in the room above the nude Alexey Smirnov (no relation to Dmitry) is utterly black, almost not found in nature.

Bendiksen went to a province in central Haiti. He shot pictures of five people who came into clinics and were put on the medication. Then he handed them Polaroids and asked them to have someone take their picture each day for three months or so. Autha Adolph survived and flourished, her pictures running in a straight line down a wall of the exhibit.

Just above her is the experience of Marie-Thérèse Noël. In the beginning picture, taken in December, she is posed, sitting upright in a brightly checked dress. Her daughter Manuela is leaned over in her lap, wearing a white sleeveless dress, lips pursed, eyes bright.

The following 29 Polaroids chart her mother's demise and death. "She can't say a word," the doctor has scribbled at the bottom of the last picture of her alive, on Jan. 17 of this year.



BY JONAS BENDIKSEN — MAGNUM

and scalps, mud huts, the hills in the distance. The prints have the weight and gravity of the work in James Nachtwey's "Inferno," or maybe Don McCullin's "Sleeping With Ghosts," that sense of the world as a weight pulling on your shoulders, the sheer effort required to stay alive.

There are nine countries included: India, South Africa, Peru, Haiti, Swaziland, Vietnam, as well as those mentioned above.

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BY STEVE MCCURRY — MAGNUM

Then there are pictures of her coffin, funeral and burial slab in a sorry little dirt patch.

There are also two pictures of Manuela. She is now an orphan (there is no father around), clutching an aunt, her eyes now startled with fear. The last picture here is of her by a small creek, where the family has gone to do the wash.

Her dress is pink, her hair ribbons white. She is looking up to a sky that does not look back, her eyes vacant,

confused, the gaze of a child learning that the world can be vast, cruel and devoid of mercy; of the awful comprehension that peace and shelter and love and health are things that exist in spite of the universe, not because of it.

Access to Life at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, 500 17th St. NW. Through July 20. www.corcoran.org.

The photos document the lives of those taking anti-retroviral drugs.

BY ELI REED — MAGNUM

Above, Manuela is an orphan after the death of her mother, Marie-Thérèse Noël. Though Noël had been given medication, she still died of AIDS-related causes in Haiti. Left, an AIDS patient in Hanoi. Photographers also went to India and Peru, among other countries.