

Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

LONG LIVE THE INVITE

Report from Week 970

in which we asked you to pair a line from a famous poem with a second line of your own. Fabulous entries, many from well-known light-verse poets who are becoming first-time Losers. Many more of these are in the online Invite.



Since there's no help,
come, let us kiss and part;
I read Dave Barry books,
and you read Sartre.

(Michael Drayton, 1563-1631/Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

2 Winner of the Lil William (Shakespeare) "posable figure": Funny — to be a Century — and see the People going by And scream at them, "Get off my lawn!" and stare them down with evil eye. (Emily Dickinson/Nan Reiner, Alexandria)

3 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree. "No auto elevator? Gosh! That's not a house for Ann and me." (Samuel Taylor Coleridge/Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

4 Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold And will again, when I get paroled. (John Keats/Mary E. Moore, Gladwyne, Pa., a First Offender)

chopped it off! Now his head's bare. — M. Romney, Cranbrook School (Coleridge/Duncan Stevens, Vienna, Va., a First Offender)

I wandered lonely as a cloud From which no downloads are allowed. (William Wordsworth/Robert Schechter, Dix Hills, N.Y.)

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it: Do pay some heed to the speed at which you spin it. (Rudyard Kipling/Konrad Schwoerke, Chapel Hill, N.C.)

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done. "Stay aboard," Schettino said. "This lifeboat holds just one." (Walt Whitman/Rob Cohen, Potomac)

When you are old and grey and full of sleep, They'll make your biopic with Meryl Streep. (W.B. Yeats/Frank Osen, Pasadena, Calif.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore: "Will my best (my anguished query) "lose again to Brendan Beary?" "Yes," a voice; "His work's superior to yours on every score." (Edgar Allan Poe/Nan Reiner)

Who will believe my verse, in time to come, Was used for something so completely dumb? (William Shakespeare/Brian Allgar, Paris, a First Offender)

All hope abandon, ye who enter here: Unless ye bow to kiss the Empress' rear. (Dante/Ann Martin, Bracknell, England)

Many more of these "tailgaters" are in the online Week 974 Invite at wapo.st/StyleInv.

Still running — deadline Monday night — is the Week 973 "unlucky in love" foal name contest. See wapo.st/inv973a.



BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 974: Eat our dust!

Mr. Hitchcock kept fans on their toes By the offbeat locations he chose. But who would have guessed That for "North by Northwest" He would pick poor George Washington's nose? (Jay Livingston, New York Magazine Competition, 1982)

This week's contest marks a particularly delicious milestone for us: We've just outrun the 973 installments of the renowned New York Magazine Competition, the contest that the Empress's predecessor, the Czar, ripped off in the sincerest form of flattery when he created the Style Invitational back in 1993. That contest, run by the famed Mary Ann Madden, was retired in 2000, but since then we've continued to redo several of its contests — and happily provide a new outlet for some of its best contestants, such as Chris Doyle. It was Chris who remembered the contest we present this week in NYM's honor; it was initially suggested by rookie phenom Loser Robert Schechter: **Write a limerick humorously describing a book, play, movie or TV show.** See wapo.st/limerules for our guidelines on writing limericks.

Winner gets the Ink in' Memorial, the Style Invitational trophy. Second place wins — and this is the sort of thing that sets our contest apart from the refined Ms. Madden's — a very special leather coin purse, donated by Dave Letizia and made in Australia. It's very special because it's made from a kangaroo pouch — a male kangaroo pouch. It is entirely seamless.

Other runners-up win their choice of a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt, a yearned-for Loser Mug or the new, ardently desired Grossery Bag. Honorable mentions get a lusted-after Loser magnet. First Offenders get a smelly, tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fir Stink for their first ink). E-mail entries to losers@washpost.com or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 11; results published July 1 (online June 29). No more than 25 entries per entrant per week. Include "Week 974" in your e-mail subject line or it might be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. See contest rules and guidelines at wapo.st/StyleInv. The subhead for this week's honorable mentions is by Kevin Dopart. Join the Style Invitational Devotees on Facebook at on.fb.me/invdev.

STYLE CONVERSATIONAL Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join us at washingtontimes.com/stylconversational.

Poetry in demotion: Honorable mentions

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek.

My Arrid Extra Dry ran out this week. (Thomas Wyatt/Melissa Balmain, Rochester, N.Y.)

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill As Katy Perry often will. (Maya Angelou/Andy Bassett, New Plymouth, New Zealand)

It is an ancient Mariner, and he stoppeth one of three, And he said, "They called me A-Rod, then found steroids in my pee." (Coleridge/Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me. He thinks I'm in al-Qaeda, and reports to Leon P. (Robert Louis Stevenson/Stephen Gold, Glasgow, Scotland)

No man is an island, entire of itself: He is, at most, a pimple on the continental shelf. (John Donne/Christopher Lamora, Guatemala City)

Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep; Please leave your name and number at the beep. (Percy Bysshe Shelley/Brendan Beary)

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea To have an unsuspected silent pee. (T.S. Eliot/Basil Ransome-Davies, Lancaster, England, a First Offender)

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . . . Should we count the lies or just the lays? (Elizabeth Barrett Browning/Edmund Conti, Raleigh, N.C.)

And all should cry, Beware! Beware! His flashing eyes, his floating hair! But I was brave, and then and there, I

POP CD REVIEW

The Hives Lex Hives



It's been five years since Swedish band the Hives last released an album and more than twice that

long since the garage rock revival they rode in on, the one powered by bands like the Strokes and the Vines, was at its height.

Most of their peers have fallen apart or evolved, neither of which seem like possibilities for the Hives, who are only good at one thing: nattily decked-out ga-

rage punk, played by five improbably cheerful guys who, it's a safe bet, have only ever entered a garage to park their Volkswagens.

Hives albums all till the same soil, and "Lex Hives" is thankfully no exception: It's loud, frantic, fun, dumb/smart, with little quarter given to outside forces or trends. (Certain songs on the Hives' last album, "The Black and White Album," contained what might be considered a hip-hop beat. "Lex Hives" does not repeat this mistake.)

There's a glam-influenced stomper ("Go Right Ahead"), any number of songs built on the backs of AC/DC dinosaur riffs and a great middle section of soundalike songs ("Take Back the

Toys," etc.). But "Lex Hives" does little to dispel the impression (which has been around as long as the Hives have) that the bandmates are normal, reasonable folks dressed up as mouth-breathing punk rockers. The top hats and tails they wear on the album's cover don't help.

"Lex Hives" opens with "Come On!" which features the Hives yelling "Come On!" for about a minute. It's everything that's good and occasionally not so good about the Hives condensed into 68 seconds: It's punchy and gleeful, it's ridiculously enjoyable despite being not so well thought out, maybe, and it goes on just slightly longer than it should.

— Allison Stewart



KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES FOR COACHELLA

STRAITLACED ROCK: Dr. Matt Destruction, Pelle Almqvist, Vigilante Carlstrom, Chris Dangerous and Nicholaus Arson.