

# Style Invitational

BY PAT MYERS

## Report from Week 918

our annual "grandfoals" contest in which we asked you to "breed" the winning names of the foal name contest from Week 914, either with each other or with one of the original names:



Helix Himself x Supreme Ruler = DNA Ross (*Pam Sweeney, Burlington, Mass.*)

**2** Winner of the working bullhorn labeled "The Makeup Phone": Brethren x Taurus a New One = Romulus and Reamus (*Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.*)

**3** Alito Night Music x Poetry and Bros = Sam Iamb (*Laurie Brink, Cleveland, Mo.*)

**4** Cloud Man x My Colonoscopy = Sun Don't Shine (*Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park*)

## Unequus: Honorable mentions

AARPAARPAARP x Positive Response = Old Man and the Si (*Beverly Sharp, Montgomery, Ala.*)

AliasInWonderland x Curl, Interrupted = Lewis Clairol (*Steve Price, New York*)

Alito Night Music x Pants on Fire = SamSong and DeLiar (*Chris Doyle*)

This Is Spiral Tap x Sinai = Goes to a Levin (*Jonathan Hardis, Gaithersburg*)

Art Major x Turbulent Descent = Diane Airbus (*Jonathan Paul*)

Major Art x Art Major = A Miro Image (*Don Kirkpatrick, Waynesboro, Pa.*)

Uncle Mo x Aunt Mo = Dad's Bro No Mo (*Bernard Brink, Cleveland, Mo.*)

Crossed the Line x DeGas = Border Petrol (*Russell Beland, Fairfax*)

Dominus x Buzz = Lord of the Flies (*Tim Watts, Temple Hills, a First Offender*)

Taurus a New One x Spring Break = Warranty Expired (*Dixon Wragg, Santa*

*Rosa, Calif.*)

Buzz x Spring Break = Lightyear's Away (*Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney*)

Concealed Identity x Roasted Nuts = ACORN (*Kevin Dopart, Washington*)

My Colonoscopy x Casino Host = Procto & Gamble (*Trevor Kerr, Chesapeake, Va.; Laurel Gainor, Great Falls*)

Yep Same Old Guys x Awed = CialisInWonderland (*Steve Price*)

Moaner Lisa x Ouchouchouch = Da Winci (*J.D. Berry, Springfield*)

Curl, Interrupted x I'm So Soiree = Twist of Fete (*Chris Doyle*)

Antoine to You x Pants on Fire = Haute Pockets (*Susan Gearity, Menifee, Calif.*)

I'm Like OMG x When Will She B-17 = LOLita (*Pam Sweeney*)

Now I Don't Drive x I'm like OMG = Valet Girl (*Jeremy Levin, Washington*)

Alito Night Music x Cat Sweep = Sam Spayed (*Laurie Brink; Jonathan Paul*

*Czar Nickel-Less x Run Around, Sue = Roamin' Off (Mike Turniansky, Pikesville, Md.)*

Clumsy Astronaut x I'm Like OMG = I'm Like O-g (*Ben Aronin, Arlington*)

Manhattan Man x QuackUnderPressure = Donald! Duck! (*Kathy Hardis Fraeman*)

See Nile x Ouchouchouch = Cairopractor (*Doug Frank, Crosby Tex.; Jeremy Levin*)

QuackUnderPressure x State of the Onion = Doctor Peelgood (*J.D. Berry, Springfield*)

Red Maserati x Extra Fifty = Buys a Key Chain (*Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.*)

Clumsy Astronaut x Sears No Bucks = Free Fall Catalogue (*Ben Aronin*)

My Colonoscopy x See Nile = Moon River (*Amanda Yanovitch, Midlothian, Va.*)

AliasInWonderland x You Cant Be Cirrus = Pseudonymbus (*Beverly Sharp; Kevin Dopart; Jeff Contompasis, Ashburn*)

Geezers Palace x Night Party = Hip Op' Club (*Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick*)

QuackUnderPressure x Concealed Identity = Duck and Cover (*Mike Hammer, Arlington; Nan Reiner, Alexandria*)

**And last:** A Post Trophy x Turbulent Descent = Trash Landing (*Beverly Sharp*)

More grandfoals appear in the online version of this contest at [washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational).

My Colonoscopy x Astrology = Sigmoid Fraud (*Harold Mantle, Lafayette, Calif.*)

**Next week: Get lucky with 13, or The LeXIIIcon**

## THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

## Week 922: A Banner week

It's a cliché to complain about how hard it is to sing our national anthem. So this week, let's have a contest to . . . ah, no, let's not solve the problem by coming up with a new song. Instead, let's keep the troublesome melody and instead: **Write entirely new, humorous lyrics to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner";** they can be on any subject, though the results will be published in the paper on July 3, just in time to be sung on Independence Day. This contest was suggested by Arizona State University choral professor David Schildkret, whose choir recorded various Losers' parodies on "Shenandoah" for us back in 2006. While we need only your written lyrics, feel free to record them and post them online (and give us the link), as long as they haven't already been published before today.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a brake pedal that a back-seat driver can use to calm his or her nerves when feeling that the car is out of control. It's attached to nothing but a mat, but if you get the batteries to work, it's supposed to make a screeching noise. Donated by Ellen Raphaeli.

**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). E-mail entries to [losers@washpost.com](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 13; results published July 3 (July 1 online). Include "Week 922" in your e-mail subject line, or it may be ignored as spam. Include your real name, postal address and phone number with your entry. Complete rules at [washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational). The revised title for next week's results is by Judy Blanchard; this week's honorable-mentions subhead is by Dixon Wragg.

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

## POP CD REVIEW

### Cults



An elusive boy-girl duo from Brooklyn, Cults are the latest graduates of the Best Coast school of home-made, occasionally discordant girl-group throwback pop.

Their self-titled major-label debut is bedraggled and beautiful, sinister and sad, heavy and slight, and Cults work these juxtapositions for all they're worth. Cults want you to wonder about them, about the mystery that lies beneath their wispy,

deceptively sunny songs. They rely, perhaps too heavily, on endless layers of reverb, on looped, disembodied vocals girded by what sound like innocent choruses of school kids.

It's this vague air of creepiness that saves Cults, who would otherwise be Sleigh Bells without the sound effects. As if to underscore their point, they've interspersed their Up With People-style pop songs with sound bites from cult leaders like Jim Jones, who jump starts the peerlessly pleasurable "Go Outside," one of many tracks that sound happier than they actually are.

—Allison Stewart



COURTESY OF THE WINDISH AGENCY

**CULTS: Their major-label debut is bedraggled and beautiful.**

**FOR WEEKEND  
PLANS, CHECK  
OUT WEEKEND  
ON FRIDAY.**

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