

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 664:
A Thousand Times?! No!



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Last week's Style Invitational marked an astonishing milestone: the 1,000th printed entry by Russell Beland of Springfield. Since he began entering the Invitational in 1994, Week 73, Russ had racked up 22 wins, a record 99 runners-up (including a record 26 first-runners-up) and a record 35 contest ideas, according to the meticulous statistics of Founding Father Loser Elden Carnahan of Laurel. He now stands almost 200 ink blots above No. 2 in the all-time rankings, Tom Witte of Montgomery Village.

Russell, a disturbingly high-level official at the Pentagon, essentially lives The Style Invitational. He loves the horse-name contest so much that each year he arranges his schedule around it (one year he sent 487 entries); his children are tired of wearing 12 years' worth of Loser T-Shirts in various colors and designs. He gets the earliest possible edition of the Sunday Post so he can be the first person on Earth to e-mail the Empress with a complaint about the judging. Fortunately, Russ is (well, duh) funny and clever as all get-out: Google his name and you will get 74,000 hits, most of them Invitational zingers that have been forwarded through cyberspace.

Courtesy of your tax dollars, Russell carries a BlackBerry, which he possibly also uses for functions other than submitting contest entries and berating the Empress. And as you might expect, the "signature" lines Russell puts at the bottom of his e-mails are probably not like yours. They have included "Portions of this e-mail may have been translated from the original Latin" and "Serving Size: One-half message; Servings Per E-mail: Two." **This week: Come up with a new signature line for Russell Beland's — or anyone else's — e-mails.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up gets an absurdly large comb and pencil brought back from Canada by Loser Sue Lin Chong.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called this week) 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 5. Put "Week 664" 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 June 25. 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 contest is by Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo. The Honorable Mentions name is by Drew Bennett of Alexandria.

REPORT FROM WEEK 660

In which we asked you to take the winning horse names from Week 656 and "breed" them to produce grand-foals (yes, it was Russ Beland's idea): *Clever but too often submitted: Mr. Tea + Crude Remark = I Pity the Fuel; Four Sunbathers + He's Got Trig = Tan Gents; and Venus De Milo + The Son Also Rises = A Farewell to Arms.*

5 Higher Grounds + Mammareeze = Double Latte (Brad Alexander, Wanneroo, Australia)

4 The Son Also Rises + Crude Remark = Jesus H Christ (Joseph Romm, Washington)

3 Love Me Tendon + Crude Remark = In Sinew VIII (sigh ... Russell Beland, Springfield)

2 The winner of the ball cap with the fake dog do and a bad word: Love Me Tendon + QB on the DL = Joe Thighsman (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)

1 AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER
Chop Suey + Phileas Blog = Instant MSG (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)

HAD TO PUT THEM DOWN

Beelzebuddy + Lawyer, Run! = Devil's Advocate (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.; Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

It Is Now or Never + Ron at Nicole's = Expiration Date (Russell Beland)

Born to Be Wilde + Magic Tar Pit Ride = Oscar Mired (Roy Ashley, Washington)

Magic Tar Pit Ride + No.1 With a Bullet = Ooze on First (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)

Wiener Takes Oil + Celestial Hominy = Willie Maize (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Chop Suey + No.1 With a Bullet = Bamboo Shoots (Carol June Hooker, Landover Hills)

Lawyer, Run! + Crude Remark = Crass Action (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)

Lamé Duck + Fran's List = Snappy Drescher (Jon Reiser, Hilton, N.Y.)

Crude Remark + One Down = How's It Hangin' (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)

To Aries Human + Unix = Needs More RAM (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

Flatt Broke + Mammareeze = Busted (Harvey Smith, McLean; Chris Doyle)

Four Sunbathers + Phillips 666 = Barenaked Hades (Charles Trahan, Jessup)

Four Sunbathers + I'm OK, He's OK = Mellownoma (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis; Steve Fahey, Kensington)

Four Sunbathers + Thunder Clap = Eight Cross Buns (Drew Bennett, Alexandria)

Guggenheimlich + TakeTheMonetAndRun = Artychoke (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

Heel Thyself + It Is Now or Never = O Sole Mio (Rick Muenchow, Bethesda)

He's Got Trig + Rob 'Em Myopic = See? Can't. (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.; Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Ron at Nicole's + Four Sunbathers = Slash and Burn (Mark Eckenwiler)

Mars Kneads Women + The Son Also Rises = Venus Kneads Men (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Rob 'Em Myopic + Higher Grounds = Blind Man's Bluff (Brad Alexander)

I'm OK, He's OK + Romeo and Juliet = Do the Okie Pokey (Stephen Dudzik)

I'm OK, He's OK + ASAP Fables = Sooner (Brendan Beary)

Sushi Cue + Beelzebuddy = Fish Styx (Russell Beland)

It Takes a Pillage + Beelzebuddy = Victoria's Secret (Chris Doyle)

It Takes a Pillage + Rob 'Em Myopic = Visigoth (Tom Witte)

Mammareeze + Don't Ax Don't Tell = Victoria's Secret (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)

Mars Kneads Women + Don't Ax Don't Tell = Forty WACs (Russell Beland)

17769 + Mr. Tea = Banned in Boston (Mark Eckenwiler)

Oil of Ole + Confidence Game = Picador, Sucker (Jan Brandstetter, Mechanicsville, Md.)

One Down + Ax Again Later = Where'sMom,Lizzie? (Kevin Dopart, Washington; Stephen Dudzik; Jeff Covell, Washington)

QB on the DL + Magic CarpetBombing = Vinny & the Jets (Jon Reiser)

It Is Now or Never + Priam Time = Aeneid It Now (Ben Aronin, White Plains, N.Y.)

Ron at Nicole's + I'm OK, He's OK = I'm Not OK — He's OJ (Chuck Smith)

Higher Grounds + Mammareeze = Grand Tetons (Mark Eckenwiler)

Ron at Nicole's + Venus de Milo = Glove Doesn't Fit (Harvey Smith)

Student Deferment + Higher Grounds = Save Your Butte (Tom Witte)

Sue Ste. Marie + Four Sunbathers = Canadian Bakin' (Chris Doyle)

Sushi Cue + ASAP Fables = Orient Express (Phyllis Reinhard)

Sushi Cue + Oil of Olé = Toro Toro Toro (Seth Brown; Cheryl White, Hartsdale, N.Y.)

TakeTheMonetAndRun + Ask Again Later = Here We Gauguin (Steven D. Price, New York)

TakeTheMonetAndRun + Four Sunbathers = Sandy Claudes (Phyllis Reinhard)

Buy Two Papers + Higher Grounds = One Big Joint (Russell Beland)

Unix + Heel! = Platform Shoes (Kyle Hendrickson)

Unix + 0-1 = NoBallsOneStrike (Pam Sweeney)

Mammareeze + Mr. Tea = Snippple (Tom Witte)

Venus de Milo + Beelzebuddy = Venus De Milosevic (Chris Doyle, Stephen Dudzik)

Venus de Milo + Born to Be Wheeled = Look Ma, No Hands (Ernie Staples, Silver Spring; Steve Fahey)

Venus de Milo + Lawyer, Run! = Statue Esq. (Jay Shuck)

And the Oh, But of Course Award for Most Ridiculously Obscure Entry of the Week: Poindextrose + Celestial Hominy = You're All Wet (See, Poindextrose: "sugar" = C₆H₁₂O₆; Celestial Hominy: both "star" and "starch" = C₆H₁₀O₅; so C₆H₁₂O₆ minus C₆H₁₀O₅ = H₂O = Wet). (Kevin Dopart)

Next Week: Name Any Good Movies Lately? or Unbecoming Attractions

RBD, the Latin Pop Sensation You've Never Heard of. Yet.

RBD, From D1

think the Backstreet Boys. Think cute.

Think of Britney Spears and the power of prefab pop married to fresh-scrubbed sex appeal and really good hair products. Then multiply that by six — three girls and three guys — and you'll begin to get why RBD, with four CDs, is one of the hottest-selling acts in Latin music.

They're a Spanish-language act with an eye on the multilingual market. Already, RBD has one Portuguese album on its résumé and plans for an English-language CD, a planned collaboration with Hilary Duff and another one with reggaeton mega-producers Luny Tunes, a movie, and a CD in English and Spanish for the Japanese market. Then there's the current 43-city U.S. tour.

It doesn't matter that the members of RBD neither write their own songs nor play instruments. It doesn't matter if you've never heard of them. If their manager-creator-mastermind, Pedro Damian, and their record label, EMI Televisa, have anything to do with it, you will.

So yes, Damian says in a telephone interview, it's all about the commerce. "But I always try to get the most quality for the product."

Which is why, nearly two years ago, RBD began with a telenovela, one set in a school and aimed at Mexico's teen market. (RBD is an abbreviation of the show's title.) Damian figured that he'd include a band in the plotline. If the group was good, maybe they'd be a hit in Mexico. So as he was casting actors for "Rebelde," he made sure they could sing and dance as well as act.

Fitting into some neatly defined categories helped, too. "One [Anahi, a blonde] represents the cute Barbie that everyone wants to look like," Damian says, "the other one [redheaded Dulce] is the rebel, and the other one, the brunette [Maite], has the most Mexican look, she's the most kind, beautiful. ... We named her character Lupita, like the Virgin of Guadalupe."

The religious reference, that was on purpose? "Nothing's an accident when you're planning a soap," Damian says.

The guys have their roles, too. Christian, the one left behind this weekend in Spain, has the neon-red hair. Boys dye their hair to match his, like the kid with leukemia who wrote, begging for a chance to meet him. (His wish was granted, Damian says.)



PHOTOS BY ROLLIE HUDSON

Confetti rains over the audience at RBD's Patriot Center concert. The sextet's U.S. tour launched in March before a crowd of 63,000 at the L.A. Coliseum.



Redheaded Dulce, backstage at the Patriot Center, is RBD's "rebel" archetype. The group members are also featured on a popular telenovela. At right, Lupita Sanchez, 17, and her sister Tanya, 16, of Gaithersburg are local RBD fans.



Alfonso, or "Poncho," is the brave one and Christopher's the smart aleck. Like most stars of telenovelas, where blond frequently equals good, all are on the lighter side of the color spectrum.

Backstage, just before showtime, the members of RBD, just arrived from Madrid, are looking a little dazed by their newfound popularity. Fans, winners of a promotional campaign on local radio station El Zol, cluster outside their dressing

room as Dulce and Alfonso meet and greet, double-kissing cheeks, signing T-shirts, posing for pictures.

Alfonso's all spiky hair and unbuttoned shirt. Dulce's got bright red hair, a teeny diamond nose stud and glittery cleavage. Christopher and Anahi soon join them. They smile, and smile, and smile.

But when they huddle together, conferring over wardrobe changes, the band members don't look too

thrilled with one another, rolling eyes and muttering through clenched teeth. ("We get along!" Alfonso says later. "We're like family. We live together, work together.")

In the dressing room, clothes are strewn everywhere. Christopher, hair greased back in a pompadour approximating the King's — he's a big Elvis fan — strolls around, chatting in American-accented English. (He went to English-language school back home in Mexico City.)

Crew members bearing walkie-talkies meander in and out of the room.

"We make clean music," Alfonso, 22, says, alternating between English and Spanish. "Very clean music. At our concerts, you can see little kids from 2 years old."

"Grandmothers," inserts Christopher, 19.

"We sing about parents, love," says Maite, 23. "Corny stuff."

Speaking of corny. What about your critics who say your music is, shall we say, a little on the plastic side?

This they've heard before. In Mexico, if you're famous, it's like crabs in the barrel. People like to tear you down, Alfonso says. Heads nod all around.

"We don't caarrtrre," Christopher intones.

"It's because we're pop-y," Dulce says.

"We put our heart into it," Maite says. People see that, she says. Heads nod again.

"You just look at the numbers," Alfonso says. "People are not dumb. They're not going to buy [explicit] music. You can't fool 63,000 people, and that's how many came to see us in Los Angeles."

"But we're not Milli Vanilli," Christopher says.



BY WALTER BIERI — KEYSTONE VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt's daughter was born Saturday.

Jolie and Pitt
Welcome a
Baby Girl

Associated Press

LOS ANGELES, May 27 — The baby has arrived — and no, they didn't name her Brangelina.

Thousands of miles from Hollywood but still within easy reach of celebrity hype, Angelina Jolie gave birth to Brad Pitt's daughter Saturday in Africa, Pitt's publicist announced.

"The night of May 27, 2006, in Namibia, Africa, Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt welcomed their daughter Shiloh Nouvel Jolie-Pitt. No further information is being given," publicist Cindy Guagenti said in a statement. No photographs were being released, she added.

The baby's arrival had been the subject of intense press speculation in recent months, compelling the superstar couple to decamp to Africa for privacy.

Jolie and Pitt had powerful help protecting their privacy from the government of Namibia, which refused to grant entry to reporters seeking to cover the birth without the actors' written permission. The government arrested photographers, confiscated film, ringed the couple's hotel with heavy security and set up large green barriers on the beach to shield their family.

Jolie and Pitt were linked romantically shortly after appearing together in the 2005 movie "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Pitt and actress Jennifer Aniston divorced last fall.

Jolie, 30, is a frequent visitor to Africa and serves as goodwill ambassador for the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. She has two adopted children: toddler Zahara, from Ethiopia, and 4-year-old Maddox, from Cambodia.

Jolie, who won an Oscar for her supporting role in 1999's "Girl, Interrupted," is divorced from Billy Bob Thornton and Jonny Lee Miller.