

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 699:  
Our Greatest Hit



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**Guitar:** a musical instrument whose strings are pulled by your mother. (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)

**Goodzilla:** a giant lizard that puts out forest fires by stamping on them. (Sandra Hull, Arlington)

**Hindkerchief:** really expensive toilet paper; toilet paper at Buckingham Palace. (Dave Zarrow, Herndon)

It still hasn't stopped: With mystifying regularity, we continue to receive (often passed through several mailboxes at The Post) unsolicited entries to what's sometimes called the "Mensa Invitational," and most recently "Change a Letter, Change a Lot": The results of Week 271 have continued to orbit in cyberspace for almost 10 years, picking up forwarders' own efforts along the way. We hope these lost souls find us this week. **This week's contest: Take a word, term or name that begins with E, F, G or H; add one letter, subtract one letter, replace one letter or transpose two letters; and define the new word,** as in the examples above, which got ink in 1998 and 2003.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy (see exception below). First runner-up receives an assortment of Breath Palette toothpaste, little but pricey tubes — \$4.49 for 0.63 ounces! — that look like art supplies and come in such varieties as No. 27, Freshness Yogurt, and No. 31, Cola.

**Other runners-up** win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions (or whatever they're called that 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](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, Feb. 5. Put "Week 699" 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 Feb. 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. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart. The revised title for next week's contest is by Tom Witte of Montgomery Village.

REPORT FROM WEEK 695

Our annual contest seeking "poems" about notables who died in the previous year: Many contributors noted that James Brown has a Brand New Box, and wondering if "Yogi Bear" animator Joe Barbera was buried in a pic-a-nic basket.

**4 Jack Wild:** Jack was wild and banging booze And puffin' stuff to sap his breath, Which he pooh-poohed till he found There is no artful dodge of death. (Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

**3 Slobodan Milosevic** Died, the foul sonuvebic. (Ira Allen, Bethesda)

**2 The winner of 'Zig Ziglar's Favorite Quotations':** P.W. Botha: Apartheid rule is not a way To gather healthy karma. I bet that Mr. Botha may Be heading someplace warma. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

GETTING COLDER

**June Allyson:** When I learned that June had passed, I lowered my Depends half-mast. (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

**Joe Barbera:** The cartoon muse to the baby boom Has met his yabba dabba doom. (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)

**Red Auerbach:** The Celtics' Auerbach is dead; The foes of Green no more see Red. (David Smith, Santa Cruz, Calif.)

**Hooters chairman Robert Brooks:** He taught America the knack Of buying dinner off the rack. (Jay Shuck)

**Mike Douglas** once had John and Yoko co-host on his show. (I used to watch it every day at 5.) The Reaper has an awful lot to answer for, you know: Of those three folks, look which one's still alive. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills, Md.)

**Gerald Ford:** When I was young, you pardoned Richard Nixon. I labeled you a crooked, evil jerk. But you were in the right. Please pardon me, sir.

**And thank you for the extra day off work.** (Bob Dalton, Arlington)

**Betty Friedan, feminists' pal,** Last year became a femme fatale. (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

**Saddam Hussein:** You may regret you called our bluff, But you've been proven smarter. Our president looks like a fool, And you've become a martyr. (Michelle Stupak, Ellicott City)

**Steve Irwin brought us crocs and snakes,** A great wide world of wonder; We hate to say "Goodbye now, mate," But crickey! He's Down Under. (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

**Don Knotts:** O Barney boy, the Fife, the Fife is calling, Death came for Goober, Otis and Aunt Bea. Old Floyd is gone, and Andy can't be long now. Have Opie douse the lights in Mayberry. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

**Bernard Lacoste:** See you later Alligator. (Michael Levy, Silver Spring)

**When planning the wake for Kenneth Lay,** Just don't have it be at 4:01, 'kay? (Jay Shuck)

**Alexander Litvinenko:** We buried you two months ago, But still you've got that healthy glow. (Brendan Beary)

**It's Byron Nelson's final round.** He's lying low and starts to wonder Whether, since he's in the ground, He has a chance to shoot six under. (Chris Doyle)

**Icon to thousands of fitness crazies,** Jack Palance is one-handedly pushing up daisies. (Kevin D'Eustachio, Linwood, N.J.)

**Denis Payton passed through Heaven's door,** And left behind the Dave Clark Four. (Bruce Alter, Fairfax Station)

**Augusto Pinochet:** If you pronounced it Pino-shay, Your passing caused us no dismay. If you pronounced it Pino-chette, Your passing caused us no regret. (Bob Dalton)

**Wilson Pickett and Kirby Puckett:** A singer, a slugger, A Pickett, a Puckett, Were both Hall of Famers Who just kicked the bucket. (Sue Lin Chong, Baltimore)

**Arnie Sachs, photojournalist:** Clinton claspng Kennedy He captured with his Konica. More famous, surely, he would be Had it been Bill 'n' Monica. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)



Barbera: Down to bedrock.

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER:

**Robert E. Rich, creator of Coffee Rich:** When Robert E. Rich made a creamer from soy, Many people thought, what could be gaucher? But now Jews can drink coffee with tenderloin — oy, What a joy when a guy keeps you kosher! (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

**Lawrence (Ramrod) Shurtliff, Grateful Dead roadie:** What a long strange trip 'Board the Stygian ferry, Now you're drivin' that train And truckin' with Jerry. (Mary Ann Henningsen, Hayward, Calif.)

**A man of letters was Aaron Spelling:** T and A are what he was selling. (Jack Held, Fairfax)

**Botha, Stroessner, Pinochet, And don't forget Hussein:** A bunch of despots passed away Who caused their countries pain. To advocate democracy, We cheer these tyrants' ends, Forgetting that, politically, They used to be our friends. (Brendan Beary)

**John Kenneth Galbraith & Milton Friedman:** Wall Street reeled, it cried collusion; "How could they reach the same conclusion?" (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

**Moose (Eddie on "Frasier")** A humble pro, he shunned all glamour. Yet on his show he upstaged Grammer. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

**Glenn Ford, John M. Ford, Gerald Ford, Wilson Pickett:** We know that Glenn and John and Jerry By their partners were adored, But only Wilson Pickett's Sally Got to ride the hottest Ford. (Kevin Dopart)

**You lied, took bribes, diddled the help And squandered your authority I can't say that I'm sad you're gone, Republican majority.** (Mark Eckenwiler)

**More Honorable Mentions can be found at** [www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational](http://www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational).

**Next Week: Send Us the Bill, or Act-Finding Mission**

Chow, Beautiful: Meals for Big Wheels at Chefdance

CHEFDANCE, From D1

(now taxable — boo, IRS!) goodie bags from Fred Segal, still very popular but also very yawn. Today's hot giveaway comes on a platter with cave-aged Gruyère.

We do think Marie Antoinette said it best: Let them eat chocolate molten cake with hot chocolate, and apple cider-braised Kurobuta pork, and seared hamachi with spinach goma, and chicory coffee-lacquered squab, and celery-root mousseline with black truffle fondue.

Behold! Oscar nominee Eddie Murphy filling his "Dreamgirls" pie hole. See! Cheryl Hines yumming the colossal crabcake with young papaya slaw. There! Baby Face doing the lamb rack provencal with potato dauphine *avec* sauce perigieux.

You've heard of food and wine pairings? It's celebrity pairings at Chefdance, where for 10 nights, a different celebrity chef lays out a four-course celebrity spread for an invitation-only seating of 250 directors, moguls, socialites, and the hosts of "Access Hollywood." "We assemble personalities," explains Chefdance co-host Kenny Griswold, hotelier, restaurateur, club proprietor and ski resort owner, whose home in L.A. is the one that is the funhouse for the cast of the HBO series "Entourage." Kenny then begins to recite some poetry.

*I look across the room and wonder why  
People always fly right by  
And rarely stop to slow the pace  
To meet someone that's in the race...*

After he's done, he asks: At what other dinner table would you seat Jamie Kennedy next to Timothy Hutton, "and they don't even know each other?" We confess: We do not know. (The Olive Garden?)

"Our goal, and it is a lofty goal, is to serve them the best meal of their year," Griswold says. To that end, he flies in (coach) 10 chefs — such as Shawn McClain of Spring in Chicago, Ken Oringer of Clio in Boston, Todd Mark Miller of STK in New York — and the foodie maestros and their sous chefs, aided by a volunteer staff of student cooks from the Art Institute culinary school in Santa Monica, whip up the vittles and the warmed plates start flying out of the kitchen, as a roving camera crew captures the



PHOTOS BY SOREN MCCARTY — WIREIMAGE.COM

**Tara Reid, left, Tracy Kemple, Tracey Edmonds and Eddie Murphy, at Harry O's in Park City, Utah; at right, chef Douglas Keane serves a plate in Harry O's kitchen. "I don't want the meal to be about me," Keane says. "It's about them."**

hot kitchen action, which is beamed by closed-circuit to a dozen flat-screen TV panels mounted on the walls around the dining hall. Ladies and gentlemen, grab your forks.

The whole shebang is underwritten, naturally, by corporate sponsors (Golden Door spa, Citigroup, MySpace.com, etc.), which get to invite about 100 of their own special guests. The rest of the diners are the Sundance set wrangled in by Griswold and his co-host, Bethenny Frankel, celebrity chef from New York. "It's really taken off," says Frankel, who is semi-famous herself as one of the also-rans on Martha Stewart's short-lived version of "The Apprentice." John Singleton, the director of "Boyz n the Hood," "has been e-mailing me like crazy," she says.

"Some people are like, hey, isn't there a film festival going on? But a lot of people who come here come here to dine and socialize and go to the music venues and parties," she says. "Not that we're competitors to the film festival."

And yet. Robert Redford and the Sundance Film Festival organizers have had it up to here with the "ambush marketers" who piggyback on the fest (vs. paying to be official sponsors), touting their brands in the "gift retreats" that line Main



Street. "Over the last seven years or so, big-ticket swag tents have morphed from amusing festival sideline to corporate Mardi Gras, threatening any impression of Park City as a movie-loving ski town," the trade Variety declared. So much so that this year, the official Sundancers had to, um, remind attendees that, you know, it's all about the indie movies, come on, isn't it? And so they handed out big campaign buttons that read: "Focus on Film."

But Tara Reid has gotta eat, right?

Back in the olden Sundance days (circa 2003), the hot tickets were for the rowdy, very drinky, very crowded, very frat-ratty after-parties. But now? Less so. For why sustain one's self upon gummy commune bowls of down-market Chex Mix and 3.2-alcohol content Utah beer when one can hit the now popular, though infinitely more exclusive, after-dinners? At these, attend-

ed by filmmakers and studio suits — alongside Philip Seymour Hoffman and Laura Linney (from "The Savages") — they serve the most toothsome pinot noirs and beef you can cut with a fork. We mean, if you're going to chat up Parker Posey and director Hal Hartley, (for "Fay Grim") why not do so with a serving of baby-back ribs (at Chimayo's, in their dungeon basement) arranged like some kind of volcano of meat?

Why, indeed. Chefdance, now hopping in its fourth year, was joined this festival by Bon Appétit magazine, which hosted its own four nights of its own celebrity chef dining (attended by Catherine Keener, Samuel L. Jackson, Anthony Hopkins, Christian Slater, Winona Ryder, etc.). "We see all the gifting suites and all-night parties and just knew there would be people who need a place to come and love the food, to have champagne and talk and eat dinner," says Bon Ap's director of public relations, Alexa Cassanos, on the night the magazine was feting Bob Shaye, head of New Line Cinema and his movie, "The Last Mimzy." "We wanted something elegant, unlike the other Sundance things."

Alas, it will inevitably get only more so at Sundance, now that food is the Next New Thing. A normal person, a film lover, party of four, without cachet who shows up at Zoom or Riverhorse at 8 p.m. without a reservation made two months ago? To the seating hostess, buddy, you're invisible.

Back at Chefdance last Sunday, chef Douglas Keane of Cyrus, from California's Sonoma wine valley, was taking it all in stride. "This whole celebrity-chef thing is amazing, and you know, kind of ridiculous. What we are, we are skilled labor," Keane said, assembling his Thai marinated lobster with avocado and hearts of palm. He'd been prepping the meal since 7 a.m.

A waiter came into the open kitchen and mentioned diners who wanted vegetarian meals. Keane thought this funny. "Well, they can pluck the lobster out of the salads," he said.

His meal, by the way, was killer, and after he was introduced and mumbled a few words, the guests gave him a round of applause. "I don't want the meal to be about me," Keane said later. "It's about them."

And true, from the kitchen, the noise in the dining room? A great braying and cutlery hitting the plates. The new soundtrack of Stuff-dance.

BRIDGE | Frank Stewart

East dealer  
E-W vulnerable

**NORTH**  
♠ 9 3 2  
♥ 8 7 3  
♦ A K J 8 5  
♣ 6 4

**WEST**  
♠ 7  
♥ A J 5  
♦ 9 7 3 2  
♣ A K J 8 3

**EAST**  
♠ K 10 6  
♥ K Q 10 9 4 2  
♦ 4  
♣ 10 5 2

**SOUTH**  
♠ A Q J 8 5 4  
♥ 6  
♦ Q 10 6  
♣ Q 9 7

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
2 ♥	2 ♠	4 ♥	4 ♠

All Pass

Opening lead: ♣ K

If you think cooperation isn't much of a factor in life, remember what happens to a wagon if just one wheel decides not to function. Good defensive play requires partnership, cooperation and trust.

In today's deal, East's opening bid of two hearts was a weak two-bid, promising a six-card suit and seven to 10 high-card points. When North competed to four spades, West had a delicate decision and might have tried five hearts, which East could have made. But West judged to try for four tricks on defense.

Alas, the wheels came off for the defense. West led the king of clubs, and East played the deuce. West then took the ace of hearts, and East contributed another deuce. Nevertheless, West continued with the jack of hearts.

South ruffed and led the queen of clubs, and West took the ace and stubbornly led a third heart. South ruffed again, ruffed a club in dummy and led a trump to his queen. He got back to dummy with a high diamond, led another trump to his jack, drew East's king with the ace and claimed the rest, making four.

East tried his best to defeat the contract — and he would have, if West cooperated with East's line of defense. Since East has signaled no liking for clubs or hearts, West should assume East knows what he's doing and lead a diamond at the third trick.

South can win in dummy and lead a trump to his queen but has no quick reentry to dummy for a second trump finesse. Whether South leads a club or a diamond, East is sure to get a diamond ruff for the setting trick.

© 2007, Tribune Media Services