

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 770:  
A Knack for Anachronism



If 21st-Century Girls Had 17th-Century Standards

Tricia: Oh my God, Kara, take a look at Henry Popper over there lying on the bench!

Kara: Wow. Look at that full gut. He must be, like, totally well fed and wealthy . . . compared to Biff Ryland over there playing Frisbee, all sinewy and shirtless.

Tricia: Gross! Look at those abs and well-defined delts. Uhh, can you say "field laborer"? Why doesn't he just wear a sign that says, "I don't get to eat figgy pudding with gravy very often"?

The aforementioned illustration of shifting aesthetics regarding the human form as a reflection of socioeconomic class, by New York improv actor David Siegel, appears in longer form on the influential academic forum CollegeHumor.com and was forwarded to us by Confirmed Loser Peter Metrinko of Chantilly, who suggests this contest: **Take a famous historical moment, literary passage or movie scene and place it in an entirely different age.** Peter also cites Bob Newhart's classic 1960 telephone monologue in which Abe Lincoln's Madison Avenue press agent coaches him on his image ("You typed it? Abe, how many times have we told you: On the backs of envelopes!"). **Length limit: 81 words**, which just happens to be the length of the example. Much shorter entries are also enthusiastically welcomed.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a genuine Abe Lincoln Bobblehead, which does not by any stretch depict Abe Lincoln or his head. Instead, it depicts pretty well the Washington Nationals' Abe Lincoln mascot, which has a luscious Antonio Banderas head of hair, and also a pretty smoldering expression, come to think of it.

**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](mailto:losers@washpost.com) or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, June 30. Put "Week 770" 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 19. 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 Brendan Beary. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Tom Witte.

REPORT FROM WEEK 766  
in which we asked for situations that could be summed up with the singsong comment "Awwwk-ward":

- 4** You discover that the guy at the party you've just castigated for his disgusting imitation of a disability was not, in fact, doing an imitation. (Ellen Raphaeli, Falls Church)

**3** As an April Fool's joke, you "come out" to your dad. He immediately breaks down and tells you that he, too, is gay. Now you don't know whether to tell him it was just a prank, or to pretend to be gay the rest of your life to spare his feelings. (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- 2** the winner of the empty bottle of Pschitt: You set a match to a bag of poop on your neighbor's doorstep and your pants leg catches fire. (Howie Kallem, Arlington, a First Offender)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

At a job interview, a secretary escorts you into the office of your prospective boss and announces, "Mr. Pervert is here to see you." (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

THE BLUSH LEAGUE: HONORABLE MENTIONS

- At the theater, your cellphone starts ringing right in the middle of Hamlet's soliloquy, and you're the one playing Hamlet. (Russell Beland, Springfield)
- Your dog deposits on a stranger's lawn, and the stranger is standing right there watering the flowers, and you realize that the only possible pickup device on you is your Nationals cap. (Howard Walderman, Columbia)
- You walk in as your 6-year-old asks your mother-in-law to blow up the balloon he found in a foil wrapper on your nightstand. (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)
- Your neighbor is asking if you've seen her poodle when your pit bull suddenly throws up a little pink collar. (Mary Lou French, Winchester, Va.)
- You go to the bathroom in the dark when your in-laws are visiting, and sit down on your father-in-law's lap. (a true story from Anne Levy, Annandale, whose only previous Invitational ink was in 1995)
- When your date introduces herself to your boss at the office party, you realize you hadn't made it clear to her that "Mr. Schmuckhead" is not his actual name. (Ellen Raphaeli)
- When you tell your mother-in-law you're pregnant, she asks who the father is. (Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- At a tense meeting, you lean over to whisper something in the ear of an elaborately coiffed female business associate, and then realize one of her scalp hairs is stuck between your front teeth. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)
- You read your name on the JumboTron at the game, followed by: "Not in a million years, you loser." (Mel Loftus, Holmen, Wis.)
- You have one of those nightmares in which you're lying naked on a beach with people gawking at you, and you're also 40 minutes late for an exam. Then you wake up and find that at least you're not late for an exam. (Beverly Sharp, Washington)

- During confession, the priest starts by asking what you're wearing. (Kevin Dopart)
- You compliment your wife on her waffles and she tells you that it's a soufflé. (Sue Lin Chong, Baltimore)
- You come back to your table, the cute blond foreign chick you just met is sitting there, you give her a little back rub, and then she tells you she is the chancellor of Germany. Like, who would see that coming? (Larry Yungk, Arlington)
- You have the trots and rush into a public toilet, do your business, and then discover there's no TP. But there's a guy in the next stall . . . — L. Craig, Washington (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)
- Moments before you and your fellow Mossad assassins hit the terrorist camp, you realize you were the one who was supposed to bring the bagels. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)
- You get locked outside your house in your bathrobe . . . belt. (Russell Beland)
- The song selected for your "American Idol" round is "The Itsy-Bitsy Spider." (Howard Walderman)
- No one in church laughs at your joke about Jesus and the crippled prostitute. (Ben Schwalb, Severna Park)
- On a walk after dinner on your first date, the cute guy takes you by the hand, and three of your Lee Press-On Nails slide right into his palm. (Sharon Riley, Raleigh, N.C., a First Offender)
- You didn't realize you would get a screen credit as a fluffer. (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
- Your boss tells you she saw your name Saturday in The Style Invitational. "But what does 'MILF' mean anyway?" she asks. (Drew Bennett)
- The Empress gives you credit the next time she runs this contest, but instead of "suggested by," it says "inspired by." (Josh Feldblyum, Philadelphia)

Next Week: Questionable Journalism, or Full o' Daffy Inquirers

Bhutanese Cuisine: Not Your Everyday Chili-Cheese Combo

BHUTAN, From C1

As a foreign correspondent, I visited Bhutan — and met Tshering, and tasted Bhutanese cuisine — when the small nation held its first parliamentary elections in March, becoming the world's newest democracy.

For weeks before the trip, I had heard from friends about the country's rugged and serene beauty, its otherworldly Buddhist culture, its gentle resistance to crass modernity. (The country's only traffic light was taken down days after it was installed, when people complained that it was ugly and ineffective; the white-gloved traffic cop got his job back. Even the transition to democracy was uniquely Bhutanese — the beloved monarchy had to abolish itself by royal decree.)

But even diehard fans of Bhutan warned me about two things: the hundreds of howling and wandering stray dogs — Buddhists apparently don't think it's kind to put animals in a pound — and the utter strangeness, not to mention the intense kick, of the wildly spicy food.

Raised on bland bagels and slices of New York street pizza, I must say that the cultural calories in Bhutan were among the most "interesting" experiences I've had as a correspondent. (Well, there was that hairy camel meat in South Sudan . . . long story.)

In Bhutan, I soon realized that blistering-hot chilies are the essential ingredient, probably because they raise body temperatures in the cold Himalayan climate. It's not uncommon to see whole families sweating enthusiastically over their ema datsi. And that's just breakfast.

Actually, breakfast, lunch and dinner are pretty much the same in Bhutanese homes. Heaping plates of chilies, cheese and potatoes. The signature ema datsi, made with chilies cut as thin as string beans, smells and tastes like jalapenos and Velveeta, and you eat it with your fingers. Butter tea, made with yak butter, has a sweet, heavy feel, kind of a hot milkshake. As for the ferns, they're green, stringy fiddleheads, curled like tiny sea horses. Boiled to slimy doneness, they tasted like spinach crossed with asparagus. But they felt healthy and weren't too bad over Bhutanese red rice.

When we foreign journalists went out to Bhutanese restaurants, those blistering-hot chilies meant we drank a lot of water. Only my husband, Ray, could actually take his ema datsi without a chaser — but then, he's a Cajun Texan. "These chilies could get a bowl of plain rice up on its feet," he said appreciatively. All of us were thrilled to find a cafe in the capital city of Thimphu filled with young locals and expats and serving Bhutanese fusion — yak burgers and yak pizza. Salty, flavorful and familiar, the food would have been right at home on a trendy menu in Brooklyn.



But everyday Bhutanese cuisine is the ultimate in locally produced organic. Many families grow their own ferns and mushrooms, and dry home-raised pork in the clean mountain air. When Bhutan was invited to the Smithsonian festival, Tshering said he knew it would be a challenge to reproduce the tastes 8,000 miles away on the Mall.

First, he said, there was the quality of the yak cheese.

Tshering originally considered bringing a yak to the festival to make fresh dairy products. But he learned that the animal would have to stay in isolation for two months upon arrival in the United States. Turning the yak into a detainee didn't seem like the Buddhist thing to do. "Washington is so hot that time of year and the yak is a highland animal," said Tshering, who thought of call-

ing Washington's National Zoo for a yak rental or importing a yak from a farm he had heard about in Oregon.

In the end, the Bhutanese scrapped the yak idea and enlisted the help of Bhutan's first food sociologist. Kunzang Choden is the author of "Chilli and Cheese: Food and Society in Bhutan," which attempts to capture Bhutanese traditional and religious culinary culture before it is overwhelmed by the burgers and double cappuccinos of globalization. "In the bowls of chili is the country's identity," she has written, and that's what she'll be cooking for demonstrations on the Mall.

The Bhutanese food sold at the festival's concession stands, meanwhile, will be provided by Indique Heights, an Indian restaurant in Chevy Chase that has studied Bhutan's cuisine for the occasion. Three dishes



Above, at a hotel in Phuentsholing, chef Namgyal Bhutia whips up ema datsi. Bhutan's national dish uses yak cheese and blistering hot chilies. At left, several varieties of the chilies that flavor the tiny Himalayan nation's wildly spicy food are for sale at a market in Thimphu.

will be highlighted: ema datsi, of course; nakey tshoem, which is shredded chicken mixed with fiddlehead ferns, cheese, chilies, garlic and ginger; and momos, dumplings filled with pork and cheese that are favored by the ethnic Nepalis who live in Bhutan.

"The food, for a lot of people, is their favorite part of the festival. The live demonstrations really give you a chance to try and watch folks prepare it. And maybe try it at home," said Becky Haberacker, a spokeswoman for the Smithsonian Institution. "In the case of Bhutan, it's a country not a lot of people have visited, let alone tasted the food."

Bhutan isn't the only place featured at this year's festival: The Smithsonian usually examines the culture of an American state as well, and this year, it's Texas. My husband, the one with the asbestos palate, was inspired to imagine crossover cuisine. How about spicy yak chili Frito pie with a long-neck Red Panda, Bhutan's wheat beer?

Tshering thought it was a great idea. He said Bhutan sees the festival as a giant coming-out party for the country, which has a population that is roughly the same as the District's. "We thought there's no better place to show off our new democracy and our preserved culture than America," said Tshering. "We just hope everyone loves our cooking."

What about the food's "world's worst" reputation? Personally, I would disagree — and give that title to the aforementioned Sudanese camel meat. But Washingtonians with a fear of spice might go easy on the chilies. And have a tall glass of cold water at the ready.

**VIDEO ON THE WEB** Reporter Emily Wax visits a market in Bhutan. See it at [www.washingtonpost.com/style](http://www.washingtonpost.com/style).

Ellen DeGeneres, Rachael Ray Block 'View' at Daytime Emmys

Associated Press

LOS ANGELES, June 20 — Ellen DeGeneres and Rachael Ray bested veteran talk-show winner "The View" Friday night, taking home Daytime Emmys for outstanding talk show host and outstanding talk show, respectively, during the 35th annual Daytime Emmy ceremony at Hollywood's Kodak Theatre. It's the 10th consecutive loss in the host category for "The View" ladies.

Would DeGeneres consider pulling an Oprah Winfrey and refrain from submitting herself for future honors? "I'm not going to take my name out," DeGeneres deadpanned backstage. "Oprah has made so many bad choices. Look at her career."

Outstanding acting winners were lead actress Jeanne Cooper of CBS's "The Young and the Restless"; lead actor Anthony Geary of ABC's "General Hospital"; supporting actress Gina Tognoni of CBS's "Guiding Light"; supporting actor Kristoff St. John of "The Young and the Restless"; younger actor Tom Pelphrey of "Guiding Light"; and younger actress Jennifer Landon of CBS's "As the World Turns."

Regis Philbin lost in the talk show host category but took home the Lifetime Achievement Award. "What a night," Philbin said during his acceptance speech. "Tyra Banks told me to kiss her big beautiful, and I found out that I'm older than the 'Guiding Light.'"

Banks picked up the first-ever Daytime Emmy for informative talk show. Also new this year was the legal/courtroom program Daytime Emmy, which was awarded to "Cristina's Court."

ABC's "General Hospital," which celebrated its 45th anniversary this year, took a record-breaking 10th outstanding drama Daytime Emmy. The behind-the-scenes teams of "One Life to Live" won both outstanding directing and writing team awards.

ABC shook up this year's ceremony by adding an interactive element and a Golden Globes-style seating arrangement. Honoring everything from soaps to talk shows to game shows, the live broadcast was hosted by Sherri Shepherd from "The View" and Cameron Mathison from "All My Children."

Instead of sitting in the Kodak's stuffy theater seats, nominees gathered around their own banquet tables and were allowed to feast on food and sip booze from an open bar. Digital video cameras were placed at the tables and attendees documented personal experiences during the show. The footage was uploaded to SoapNet.com throughout the live ceremony.