Thurbering Borowitz

Jon Stewart didn’t show, but on Monday night his co-authors in America (The Book): A Guide to Democracy for Those Who Think They’ve Had Enough turned out to see the Four Seasons Hotel to pick up this year’s Thurber Prize for American Humor and the check for five grand that came with it.

The duo, Ben Karlin and David Sedaris, stressed the book’s collaboration effort. “Everyone was chipping in,” Mr. Karlin gushed. “I don’t know how Andy does it,” referring to fellow Thurber nominee Andy Borowitz.

“Oh, fuck you,” Mr. Borowitz shouted from the audience. “I’m just the check.”

This was Mr. Borowitz’s second loss at the Thurber Awards; in 2001, “David Sedaris won the Thurber, and he didn’t even have to show up to kick my ass,” said Mr. Borowitz. Louing to “Mr. Tall, Pretty Some Day” was like losing to The Da Vinci Code,” he said.

“Well, the real reason Jon Stewart isn’t here is because he’s out with David Sedaris,” said Mr. Karlin. Mr. Stewart had sent along his thanks, however: “Me thank you. Me so glad win Thurber,” Mr. Stewart had scrawled, appending a doodle of a kitten.

While The New Yorker’s Adam Gopnik, a judge of the contest, made comedy sound hard with a little speech on humor as the opposite of rhetoric, Mr. Borowitz made it sound easy. All he does is write “a daily fake news story—sort of like Judith Miller,” he said. Mr. Sedaris required fuel. With “Doritos and Mountain Dew,” he said, he could get through anything. He’d better stock up. There’ll be a sequel to America (The Book), though the details are top-secret, he said.

“I don’t have anything else for you to write on,” she apologized. So he wrote on its front page: “What a piece of shit, Andy Borowitz.”

—Evin Cox

The Perfume Heir

The court clings to his not-a-property boy, but some no-snotquis in those big-dreamy brown eyes of his seems to suggest otherwise.

On Monday morning at the Asian restaurant in Columbus Circle, Mr. Reed was well scrubbed and uited up in a blue jacket and tie. His brown hair was slightly tousled, his lashes curled up, his smile dazzling. Not only does the seventh-generation, 25-year-old Reed perfume heir speak English with a heavy Parisian accent, he’s just plain hot.

At first, Mr. Reed tried to branch out from the family biz by studying fashion and working with candles in Geneva, but he eventually returned and studied under a perfumer for six months. He has since agreed to take on the family business when his father

Professor Montal

For Monday night’s Angel Ball at the Marriott Marquis, Demi Rich’s fourth biennial cancer fund-raiser, the red-carpeted scene included Patti LaBelle and Natalie Cole were expected to perform.

But who wants to talk about cancer on the red carpet?

“What is the most embarrassing song on your iPod?” a People magazine reporter asked every single guest.

“The theme from ‘Jaws,’ by John Williams,” said Kelly Ripa with a laugh.

“Show tunes,” said a radiant Jamie-Lynn Sigler, looking resplendent in a gold empire-waist gown. “I’m out with my friends, I have to skip those.”

“HOW DO YOU PLAN TO KEEP OFF THOSE HOLIDAY POUNDS?” asked Star magazine. Repeatedly.

“Pump! Are you kidding?” said Natalie Cole, who could eat all she wants and still be gorgeous, as far as The Transom is concerned. “Don’t ask,” she offered with a shrug.

No wonder Star Jones blew wordlessly past reporters after flogging for photographers.

A few celebs, including Nelly and TLC’s Chilli, appeared willing to actually touch upon the evening’s original purpose.

“I lost someone very dear to me,” Nelly said, showing his diamond-studded hands into his pockets and speaking of his late sister. Chilli continues to be inspired by her fight. And her smile.

“Know we are gonna cure cancer someday,” said Chilli, optimistically. “I think there’s a cure for the common cold.”

Such gravity didn’t last long. “BESIDES WORLD PEACE, OF COURSE, WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?”

“Just to be home and enjoy everybody,” Nelly said, rather endearingly.

“I don’t know,” said Chilli. Montel Williams showed stethoscope in making one of the slowest crowds ever witnessed through the press gauntlet, posing for every photographer and stopping to speak with every broadcast and print reporter. He took the time to educate a Kingsborough Community College student on working the red carpet.

“Oh, no!” Mr. Williams admonished cheerfully after the eager cub opened his mouth and came out with, “Hi, I’m a journalism student!”

“You gotta come out BIGG!” said Mr. Williams. “Come with something that kicks ass. Go for the envelope.”

Mr. Williams walked away and looked over his shoulder.

“OK, now I’m gonna come back, and we’re gonna start this again!”

Go, Montel! If only each interview could have been as off-the-cuff.

—Nicole Pescar

McGreeving Down the Road

Jim McGreevey, on hand to present the Humanitarian of the Year award to Spanish Prime Minister Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero, put on a good show with his conservative suit, serious words and populist inflection at Out magazine’s “Out 100” awards hoo-hah on Friday. It just wasn’t his venue.

After one full pause and a few inept facial expressions, the ex

Mandy Graves, 28, does music P.R. for Antony and the Johnsons. “I don’t know—the whole thing, it’s going backwards. It’s not doing what it needs to be doing.” She looked less than enthused, all wrapped in her thick winter jacket.

But sometimes politics and parties do mix. After an hour waiting for a jacket at the coat check, The Transom is ready to vote against just anything.

—Brenda Tytel