



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**CAROLYN HAX**

*Adapted from a recent online discussion.*

Hi, Carolyn:

My roommate and good friend is the other woman to a man who's in a long-distance relationship. From what I know, the girlfriend thinks it's a serious, committed relationship, and I've heard the guy say things like, "This is just what men do," and other thinking along those lines.

I have no respect for this guy, and am wondering how to handle the fact that I'm losing respect for my roommate through all of this, too.

For what it's worth, he treats her very well and I've seen him take care of her when she needed it, but I can't get the icky feeling out whenever I see him, and more often lately her, too. How can I prevent my judgment of their situation from affecting how I look at my friend? It's also gotten tougher lately as she's been spending more and more time with him, so I hardly see her as just the fun, cool girl I used to live with.

Houston

Question back at you: Why do you want to prevent your judgment of their situation from affecting how you look at your friend?

Certainly it's important not to be judgmental; you don't want to draw conclusions you don't have standing to draw.

You also can't apply tougher standards to her than you do to yourself. Maybe you haven't ever been one point in a love triangle yourself, and even can rightly predict that you'll never let yourself be one. Fair enough. But those are narrow parameters. Broaden them to include instances where you told yourself what you wanted to hear, in order to justify something you knew you shouldn't be doing, and then ask yourself — can I really feel superior to my roommate now?

When you do know enough to judge, and you can honestly say she has crossed an uncrossable line, then there's a third trap to avoid: You don't want to deny people their humanity. We are all shaped by the errors of others, and we all make errors ourselves. Friends look at the whole person, and not just at one choice or action.

That said, it's certainly within the bounds of good friendship to use your judgment. And if your judgment tells you your friend perhaps is not the person you thought she was, and if her actions are giving you cause to question whether you can trust her, or you see no signs of remorse or even internal conflict over her actions, or if that one choice or action is bad enough to outweigh what you see as the good in her, then those are legitimate challenges to the friendship.

This is one reason friends aren't always friends forever. You're entitled to recognize, acknowledge and act on serious differences — in interests, priorities, and, yes, even values. In a way, it's about admitting your own mistake in thinking you and she had enough in common to be friends.

Dear Carolyn:

What if the other woman is your older sister? I'm resisting the urge to send your column to her. I'm trying to not be judgmental, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to talk to her.

*Other Woman, Redux*

Tell her that. Exact words. It may sound mean, but it's a favor to her.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on [www.washingtonpost.com/discussions](http://www.washingtonpost.com/discussions).

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or [tellme@washpost.com](mailto:tellme@washpost.com).

Ask Amy has moved from the Saturday paper to Mondays in the Style section.

**The Style Invitational**

REPORT FROM WEEK 807

*in which we asked for some original insights expressed as equations, a la those on MoreNewMath.com, written by Craig Damrauer: Craig himself weighed in on the choices for the top winners, proving himself a pretty good sport given that we ripped off his entire concept.*

**THE WINNER OF THE INKER**

**Ennui = Boredom + thesaurus**  
(Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

**MORE UNEQUAL THAN OTHERS: HONORABLE MENTIONS**

- Fun at 30-year reunion: (Football captain's baldness + cheerleader's obesity)/ Yours** (Doug Pinkham, Oakton)
- Constructive criticism = You suck + here's why** (Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- B + \$8K = DD** (Pete Kaplan, Charlotte)
- Bird watcher = Voyeur — sex** (Russ Taylor, Vienna)
- Big Mac = Special sauce + lettuce + cheese + pickles + onion + cardboard** (Lawrence McGuire)
- Helpmate = Husband — recliner** (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)
- Sharing + caring + loving support + tears of joy = Girl porn** (Sarah W. Gaymon, Gambrells)
- Uncle Sam x 24/7 = Big Brother** (Beverly Sharp, Washington)
- Tofu = Protein — fun** (Patrick Murray, Seattle, a First Offender)
- Crocs = Sandals — dignity** (Charlie Wood, Falls Church)
- Religion = Cult + 150 years** (Kevin Dopart)
- French = Latin + useless silent letters** (Timothy Cain, Hyattsville, a 13-year-old First Offender)
- Diet program = Anvil — feather + anvil** (Pie Snelson, Silver Spring)
- Movie at theater = Movie at home + big screen + 120 db + \$10/person + sitter + people texting in front of you + not clicking on Pause when you go to the bathroom** (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)
- 50 = 30 + 25 lbs.** (Patrick Mattimore, Gex, France)
- Window of opportunity < door of failure** (Ben Aronin, Washington)
- 2009 = 2004 — money + hope** (David Binswanger, Arlington, a First Offender)
- Iranian = Straight — M.** (Ahmadinejad, Tehran (Chris Doyle))
- Reality TV = Reality — real life** (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)
- Chances a Victoria's Secret model will sleep with a guy > 0** (Chances a Victoria's Secret model will sleep with you (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly))

- 2 the winner of the Guest-B-Gone Emergency Kit: Subpoena = Invitation — RSVP** (Robert Gallagher, Falls Church)
- 3 Surrealism + bowling = Anchor — chicken** (John Glenn, Tyler, Tex.)
- 4 Entitlement — experience = Teenager** (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

- Chipmunk = Squirrel — rat** (John C. Feltz, Fairborn, Ohio)
- National debt problem = Whole lot of zeros + their bosses** (Alan Hochbaum, Atlanta)
- 401(k) + (2009 — 2008) = 201(k)** (Mike Czuhajewski, Severn, a First Offender)
- Unfashionable = Trendy + 3 months** (Kevin Dopart)
- Computer = Typewriter + calculator + porn library** (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- 15 +/- 14 = Express lane** (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)
- Prostatitis = The urge / the stream** (Chris Doyle)
- Eccentric = Insane / kind of amusing** (David Kleinbard, Jersey City)
- Eureka = Wrong + wrong + wrong + wrong + not wrong** (Kevin Dopart)
- ? + ? + ? + ? + salt = hot dog** (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)
- Greenspan + 90dB — 40W = Cramer** (Jay Shuck)

**THIS WEEK'S CONTEST**

**Week 811: Rock-Bottom Lines**

McMansions still lie vacant, but crowds gather at the grand opening of HooverVillas on the Potomac.

The one aspect of our economy that's been operating smoothly over these months is its deluxe set of no-traction skids. Have we hit bottom? **This week: Tell us a sign that would indicate that the economy couldn't get worse**, as in the example above.

This contest was suggested by John H. Tuohy of Arlington, who previously got Invite Ink in 2003 and 1995, so he's a bit ahead of schedule this week.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a Nunchuck, which is not half of a pair of nunchucks but a junky little toy consisting of a trigger-activated thing that "catapults nuns up to 15 feet!" — the nuns being four tiny nun-shaped objects with their hands in the air. Warning: The package specifies that it is "not suitable for children under 3 years"; presumably it's okay for children 3 and older to shoot toy nuns. Donated by Loser Melissa Yorks of Gaithersburg.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**Other runners-up** win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (Fr Stink for their First Ink). 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, April 13. Put "Week 811" 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 May 2. 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 results is by Beverley Sharp.

- Twelve applying makeup = Clown face — clown** (Pie Snelson)
- Husband = Boyfriend + buying feminine items at the supermarket** (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)
- Snail mail = E-mail + punctuation — instantly regrettable impulse** (Frances Hirai-Clark, Columbia, a First Offender)
- United Nations = (Lofty ideas — ability to act) + funny blue helmets** (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)
- Success = Failure + press secretary** (Kevin Dopart)
- Household budget = Income — expenses — Oh, they're having a sale on big-screen TVs!** (Drew Bennett)
- And Last: Travesty of justice = Total ink awarded — ink looking to me** (Jeff Brechlin)
- Next Week: Take Us at Our Words, or Made From Recycled Paper**

**National Gallery's Illuminating 'Heaven'**

ART, From Page C1

gether in 1975. Most were gifts to the museum from a great collector, Lessing J. Rosenwald (1891-1979), one of its founding donors. In the days of his collecting, pages such as these had assumed another kind of worth. They'd become Works of Art.

That they looked not at all modern was one of their chief virtues. Instead, they seemed to carry the purity of olden days. When English country houses held pre-Raphaelite imaginings of princesses and knights, when Henry Adams was hymning Chartres, and the architecture of Ivy League colleges was going Gothic, medieval pages were thought appropriate possessions for rich and learned gentlemen who had risen above trade.

A market grew to serve them. The Protestant Reformation had busted many monasteries. Napoleon had done the same, and entering a library or a sacristy and removing an old book, or just slicing out a page, had never been that risky, and the dealers always seemed to have an adequate supply. Rosenwald bought exquisitely. His money came from Sears.

One of his oldest illuminations was cut out of the Arenberg Psalter, a book produced in Braunschweig, Germany, in 1239. It shows Christ seated in Heaven. Although the medieval Germans might have despised Jews, you wouldn't know it from this image. Jesus isn't on a throne. He's sitting in the lap of Abraham. Cavorting in the corners are four little dancing men, all classical, all nude, who are pouring out of vessels the four rivers of Para-



In "Initial S: King David as Scribe," painted in 1434 by an artist called the Master of the Cypressess, the letter forms a desk for composing the Psalms. "Initial V: The Trinity" (1414), an illumination from a choir book in Prague, shows God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit (represented by the dove perched atop the cross).

dise: the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Pishon and the Gihon.

Another bearded man is seated behind Christ in "Initial V: The Trinity" (1414) from a choir book from Prague. This time it's God. In most visions of the Trinity, Jesus has already been nailed to the cross. Here, instead, he's stroking it. The dove perched on its crossbar represents the Holy Spirit.

Also very well invented is "Initial S: King David as Scribe," which was painted in 1434 by an artist called the Master of the Cypressess, most likely in Seville, Spain. The big S, at each end, turns into a roaring green-skinned red-tongued dragon. At its mundane middle, that letter turns,

instead, into a flat blue desk. David's knees are tucked under it. He is pausing, quill in hand, deciding what to write down next. He's been equipped with the key tools that a scribe requires (an inkwell and a knife for scraping off mistakes). David's composing the Psalms.

Pictures of this sort tend to stand apart from the paintings of their day, and not just because they're smaller. They're frequently more playful. In "Initial G: Coronation of the Virgin with Attendant Saints" (1325-1350), the holy image is accompanied by others that aren't holy at all. In one of these an unreliable entertainer (he seems half monk, half devil) spins a saucer on a



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART IMAGES

stick. In another, monkeys practice archery. Another difference, too, separates such objects from big pictures. They are much better preserved.

Frescoes and paintings from the Renaissance have been suffering, for centuries, the combined effects of flakings, candle soot and mold. Time and sun have faded their colors. And very often, too, their surfaces have been clumsily repaired.

These illuminations were more fortunate. Most of them, for centuries, were kept out of the light, and squeezed in heavy volumes, so that their vivid colors are as startling and bright as they were when they were new.

When seen, these pictures moved. They moved and were replaced in storytelling sequence each time the page was turned, and every time the vellum caught the light, its passages of polished gold sent gleams into the room.

**Heaven on Earth: Manuscript Illuminations From the National Gallery of Art** will remain on view in the East Building, Fourth Street and Constitution Avenue NW, through Aug. 2. The show is supported by a grant from the Thaw Charitable Trust. The gallery is open Monday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sunday. For information call 202-737-4215. Admission is free.

**Washington Ballet's 'Peter Pan' Soars**

DANCE, From Page C1

ments are not drawn from the original source, such as Peter's duet in drag with Hook; backed up by the other pirates, the scene turns into a yo-ho-hoedown that sends up ballet conventions from "Giselle" through "Les Sylphides." A sextet of pirate wenches have their sunnily rum-soaked moment on the deck of the Jolly Roger, and there's a lovely pure-dance section for the odalisque-like Indian maidens and Tiger Lily (Sona Kharatian). The entire cast looks fetching in Claudia Lynch's color-drenched costumes — the pirates are especially fabulous in a kind of glam-rock-star

way — and Jay Deenbrock and Holly Highfill's set designs give the ballet a storybook look with a contemporary edge.

My quibbles are few, but they bear mentioning. Chief among them is the music by Carmon DeLeon, music director of the Cincinnati Ballet, which has a few serviceable tunes threaded throughout largely unremarkable Broadway-musical mush. It's also recorded, and sounded it. I wish Webre made more use of Tinkerbelle (Rui Huang), who is an afterthought here. The ballet's first act is slow going, because there's no emotional pull — you don't get a sense of tingly anticipation or parental anxiety or anything

else that might set up the drama of the Darling children's departure from the familiar.

Likewise, the ending feels off-base. Kharatian, doing double duty as Mrs. Darling, sweeps around in her empty nursery in a solo that feels too energetic and large-scale for a woman who we are to believe is grief-stricken. Dancewise, Webre's moments of sadness and longing look a lot like his moments of happiness. But then the children fly in, and you can't fault that.

Performances of "Peter Pan" continue, with cast changes, today at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m. and tomorrow at 1 and 5:30 p.m.



BY CAROL PRATT

The Lost Boys flank Peter Pan (danced by Jonathan Jordan) in Septime Webre's production at the Kennedy Center through this weekend.