

**CAROLYN HAX**



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Adapted from a recent online discussion.

Hi, Carolyn:

So I took a page from the Hax playbook and set clear expectations with my boyfriend regarding the future. I told him I would move to his city to live with him or we could stay long distance, but I wouldn't move for us to not live together (which was his clear preference).

After a few weeks and absolutely no pressure from me, he decided he would rather live with me than stay long distance.

The problem: While I'm excited about moving in with him, he's hesitant about the idea though willing to go forward with it. I understand and respect his hesitancy (we've talked about our issues and feel only time can tell if they can be resolved), but am unsure how to proceed.

Washington

Actually, I would have asked you, had you asked me, why you were so set on living with him. I get that moving for someone else is a big deal — which is why I would have advised that you find a way to make the new city work for you individually as well. Go only if you're ready for a new job, a new place, making new friends, new routine, new life. That goal might actually be better served by your having your own place.

Carolyn:

I already looked at it from the angle of moving to his city for my own reasons, not solely to be with him, but it didn't work. I don't particularly like his city and would be kidding myself if I tried to convince myself there was any reason to move there other than to be with him. I don't think I'd be as happy if I moved there and lived on my own. I already plan to be vigilant about making my own friends, finding a good job and not revolving my life entirely around him.

Washington

Again, I'm not suggesting you kid yourself, really just that you anticipate that you're moving in with someone who isn't ready to commit to you yet. Which could expose you not only to a greater risk that things won't work out, but also to greater risk that you'll be miserable if/when they don't.

While you're arguing that you've thought this through, I would advise you to give it another try by thinking it through backward — call it wishful thinking. What if he dumps you a week after you get there? Where would you want to be when that happens?

I could make arguments both ways — living with him, so you can pack up and move back, or in your own apartment, because moving back isn't always an option, given the various professional, financial or personal variables.

If you're confident in your one-week plan, then move on to anticipating getting dumped at three months, or six, or a year-plus. The investment has to make sense for any outcome, not just the one you're hoping you'll get. The Hax playbook is fat from the worst-case chapters, the blah chapters, and the wow-that's-not-what-I-had-in-mind chapters. There's also a chapter about getting exactly what you want — but only because what you want rarely turns into what you thought it would be.

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).

**The Style Invitational »**

**REPORT FROM WEEK 814**

In which we asked you to breed "grandfoals" from the winning horse names from Week 810: another year, another outstanding crop, although it must be conceded that many excellent entries referred to the, er, digestive system. (See a lengthy list of foals "sired" by Restraining Ordure online at [www.washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://www.washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).)

**THE WINNERS OF THE INKER**  
**Criminal in Tent x Lookn Mighty Fat = Osama Been Lardin'** (Jennifer Rubio, Oakton; Lois Douthitt, Arlington, a First Offender)

- 2** the winner of the can of horse-shaped chocolates and the souvenir Kentucky Derby glass: **Mr. Sulu x Cop a Feel = The Final Frotteur** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- 3** **Moonlight Snotter x And That's Why = The Keys Stick** (Barry Koch, Catlett, Va.)
- 4** **Misha Impossible x Pinot Envy = No Vin Situation** (Tony Arancibia, Falls Church, a First Offender)

**AND THEY'RE OFF: HONORABLE MENTIONS**

- Abacadabrat x Chauvinist Pig = David Copafeel** (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)
- Abacadabrat x Don Larceny = Robin Hoodini** (May Jampathom, Oakhurst, N.J.)
- An Aye for an Aye x Buttinski = Annoy for Annoy** (Chris Doyle)
- And That's Why x In Arrears = Raison D'eb't** (Mark Eckenwiler, Washington)
- And That's Why x I Saw France = PatentLeatherShoes** (Pam Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.)
- Boston Scrod x Criminal in Tent = Mass. Murder** (Jan Brandstetter, Mechanicsville, Md.)
- Buttinski x Nope, Not Torture = Just a Colonoscopy** (John Kustka, Prince Frederick)
- Chauvinist Pig x Cop a Feel = Lose a Hand** (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville, Fla.)
- Criminal in Tent x Lookn Mighty Fat = Criminal in Muumu** (Russell Beland, Fairfax)
- Cop a Feel x Nope, Not Torture = Nice Rack** (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville; Mark Eckenwiler)
- Creepy Cruller x Cop a Feel = Mister, DoNot!** (Pam Freedman, McLean)
- Creepy Cruller x Dentist the Menace = LI Shop of Ho Hos** (Beverly Sharp, Washington)
- Criminal in Tent x One Nightstand = Aidin' N Abeddin'** (Marty McCullen, Gettysburg, Pa.)
- CYA x I See France = VPL** (Andrew Hoenig)
- CYA x Surely Temple = Keep Your Pantheon** (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Dead Giveaway x A Jeté All the Way = Corpse de Ballet** (Jonathan Paul)
- Dentist the Menace x Nope, Not Torture = Drill, Bybee, Drill** (Chris Doyle)
- Dentist the Menace x Sherman's Lagoon = Jaws** (Drew Bennett, West Plains, Mo.)
- Don Larceny x Criminal in Tent = Stealing Home** (Sam Laudenslager, Burke; Bob Reichenbach, Middletown, Del.)
- Donut Pass Go x Sociopathetique = Eclair de Loon** (Chad Pridden, Marshall, Va.)
- Fly Me a River x Sociopathetique = In Seine** (Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney; Pam Sweeney)
- In Arrears x Good Knight Moon = Goodbye House** (Harvey Smith, McLean)
- In Arrears x Wobbly = Inner Ears** (Bill Smith, Bethesda, a First Offender)
- Jewels Verne x Creepy Cruller = 20,000 Legs** (Dudley Thompson, Cary, N.C.)
- Jewels Verne x Pinot Envy = Pearls Before Wine** (Christopher Lamora, Arlington; Kevin Dopart, Washington)
- Knight Who Says NY x In Arrears = Booty Giuliani** (Andrea Kelly, Brookeville)
- Knight Who Says NY x Moonlight Snotter = NY Quil** (Carol Ann Linder, Arlington, a First Offender)
- Knight Who Says NY x Maim = Saxon Violence** (Kathy Hardis Fraeman)
- Knight Who Says NY x I See France = Sir Glancealot** (Jonathan Paul; Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)
- Kona Silence x Lookn Mighty Fat = Java the Hutt** (Stephen Gilberg, Washington)
- Kwai Baby x Lookn Mighty Fat = Guinness Stout** (Harvey Smith; Rick Haynes, Potomac; Mae Scanlan, Washington)
- Lookn Mighty Fat x Dentist the Menace = Drew Caries** (Ross Elliffe, Picton, New Zealand)
- Lookn Mighty Fat x CYA = Retire That Speedo** (Erik Wennstrom, Bloomington, Ind.)
- Lookn Mighty Fat x Chauvinist Pig = Bulk Male** (Mark Eckenwiler)
- Maim x Pinot Envy = John Wine Bobbitt** (Jon Reiser, Hilton, N.Y.; Beryl Benderly, Washington)
- Maim x Fly Me a River = Cripple Creek** (Sue Lin Chong, Baltimore)
- Meet Michelle x Fly Me a River = FLOTUS** (Harvey Smith)
- Nickel Returned x Buttinski = Hindquarters** (Emily Contompassi, Ashburn, a First Offender)
- Nope, Not Torture x And That's Why = Because I Said So — R. Cheney, Undisclosed** (Russell Beland; Jeff Loren, Manassas, a First Offender)
- One Nightstand x Wobbly = Mr. ED** (Martin Bancroft, Rochester, N.Y.)
- Pinot Envy x I See France = Burg-undies** (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)
- Restraining Ordure x Creepy Cruller = Dung N Donuts** (Dave Zarrow, Reston)
- Restraining Ordure x Criminal in Tent = Public Enema No. 2** (Chris Doyle)
- Sir Pheronoma x Misha Impossible = Secrete Agent** (Kevin Dopart)
- Sociopathetique x Meet Michelle = The Unobama** (Chris Doyle)
- Yes We Kant x Bedtime for Bozo = Categorical Imp** (Kevin Dopart)
- Forget Mike x And That's Why = No Ink Again** (Mike Ostapiej, Tracy, Calif.)
- Next Week: Witticisms, or Tominology**

**THIS WEEK'S CONTEST**



BY BOB STAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

**Week 818: Name the Day**

**February is Sinus Pain Awareness Month: For those who aren't aware their sinuses hurt.**

On this Memorial Day weekend, we celebrate a holiday that brings forth a mix of emotions, from sorrow to gratitude to the joy of the imminent summer. On the other hand, the host of other "special" days, weeks and months determined by various interests — National Oatmeal Month, say, or National Mole Day — prove most inspiring in their potential for mockery. Ta-da! **This week: Cite an actual holiday or one of these silly commemorative days, weeks or months for which you can find previous evidence, and supply a snarky description or slogan.** There are fruitful lists online at [emotionscards.com/locations.html](http://emotionscards.com/locations.html) and [aware.easilyamused.org](http://aware.easilyamused.org), but we'll accept other finds as well, especially if you can point the Empress toward your source.

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place gets a pack of genuine \$3 bills depicting John Kerry with his finger up his nose and, on the back, the Eiffel Tower, in some sort of right-wing screedy humor presumably dating from 2004. Donated by the never-screedy Beverley Sharp.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt or Loser Mug. Honorable Mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. First Offenders get a smelly tree-shaped air "freshener" (fir 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, June 1. Put "Week 818" 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 20. 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 contest was suggested by Russell Beland. This week's Honorable Mentions name is by Kevin Dopart; the revised title for next week's contest is by Tom Witte.

**ON WASHINGTONPOST.COM** Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational discussion at [washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).

**Walead Beshty, Thinking Inside the Box**

ART, From Page C1

In fact, Beshty's photograms all look so much the same that it's almost as though they're making fun of the idea of the discerning connoisseur of purified abstractions. If there's no choosing between the chance look of one photogram or another, doesn't that undermine the whole idea that an artwork's appearance should matter? Beshty's abstractions may look nice, but they come closer, in their interchangeability, to the world of assembly-line commodities than to the careful choices abstract art was once supposed to be about.

That kind of slyly contrarian stance is at the heart of 12 sculptures that Beshty is also showing at the Hirshhorn. Each one started life as an elegant glass box, either clear or mirrored, with close ties to the great 1960s sculptures of minimalists such as Larry Bell. (There's a glass cube by Bell on view now in another room at the Hirshhorn.) And then, once again, there's a back story: Beshty's pieces are fabricated to fit perfectly inside an unpadded FedEx box, which is what they're shipped in when they leave the studio for an exhibition, or move from venue to venue. After days of handling by FedEx, the cardboard boxes themselves, which function as the sculptures' pedestals, are beaten and torn. The objects they held, though made of tempered glass, are a mess of cracks and chips and fracture lines.

These works challenge the museum staff. What counts as "damage," for instance, to an object

where damage is the point? How do you conscientiously repackage a work whose inadequate packaging is the work? How do you display sharp-edged objects that are more likely to harm their viewers than to suffer harm from them? At the insistence of Smithsonian safety officers, Beshty's already-broken sculptures wound up being as intensively alarmed as any of the Hirshhorn's most delicate masterpieces. All of this is part of what Beshty's art is

*Walead Beshty has pushed toward making photos without any contact at all with other objects in the world.*

about. (To make the importance of that larger social context even clearer, Beshty presents deluxe photos of the various people who've helped make and exhibit his art, and of the places and equipment involved in making it.)

This art's back story, and all the trouble and thinking it triggers, is certainly more central to Beshty's objects than their surface appeal.

And yet... It's hard not to worry that, once

these objects get out beyond the reach of Beshty and his fans and explicators (this critic included) — out into the "real," quick-take world of art appreciation and sales — their pleasing looks will take over again. Their conceptual underpinnings are likely to fade from view; if the ideas survive at all, it's likely to be as a gloss of street-cred backing up deluxe decor. Beshty's photograms are already bestsellers, and that's got partly to be because they are so handsome and fit so well in any living room.

Even the sculptures, which may seem less user-friendly than Beshty's paper works, risk some such dumbing-down, or prettying-out. Those glass boxes may cause trouble in a museum, but once they're safely out of circulation in a home, they could come to feel comfortably stylish. After all, distressed and broken stuff is part of many a design aesthetic, and has been for centuries, around the globe. Will Beshty's boxes become the high-art equivalent to the glass coffee table that a college student cracks, then leaves in place as a "wow-cool" conversation piece? Will they become close kin to the deliberately broken front windows at an Urban Outfitters store?

And if that's what they easily become, is it what they were from the start?

**Directions— Walead Beshty: Legibility on Color Backgrounds** is on view through Sept. 13 at the Hirshhorn Museum, Independence Avenue and Seventh Street SW. Call 202-633-1000 or visit [www.hirshhorn.si.edu](http://www.hirshhorn.si.edu).



BY LEE STALSORTH — HIRSHHORN MUSEUM

Walead Beshty, "Fold (0°/90°/180°/270° directional light sources), June 13th, 2008, Annandale-On-Hudson, Foma Multigrade Fiber," 2008.



BY BLID ALSBIRK — SIENNA FILMS

Evans Denmont (James Macewan) and Maya Winfield (Angelique Pretorius) are among a large cast of characters who are never fully developed.

**'Diamonds': Glittering, if Not a Real Gem**

TV PREVIEW, From Page C1

fend off a takeover bid from his bi-ped reptile of a son, Lucas (James Purefoy). There's the beautiful Luna Koroma (Louise Rose), a London model who is picked to be the new face of the "Denmont diamond." And her parents were from Sierra Leone! The dark heart of the blood diamond trade! The irony!

Natch, she falls in love and in bed with Lucas in about two minutes.

Have we mentioned the Russians? The African mercenaries? The Liberian president? The politics between the French and American delegations to Congo? The

Arab diamond trader in Liberia? The Jewish diamond executive in South Africa?

There's too much going on here and, even at four hours, not enough time to track all those story lines. No one character really develops much; they're pretty much what you see at first glance and they tend to say things you'd expect them to say. Still, "Diamonds" is handsomely shot, and it tries to get at a shadowy business that is notoriously difficult to infiltrate and expose. The world is far more interconnected than we sometimes believe, and tracing the trade in any material from its beginnings in raw poverty to its consumption in

grand wealth can't help but have appeal.

Will lovely Luna stay with Lucas and his ill-gotten riches? Will the ambitious Stephanie get out of her dangerous Canadian expedition in time? Will little Sheku escape the rebel army? Will grieving Sen. Cameron find out who killed her daughter and why? Will crusty old Piers Denmont save the family company?

"Diamonds" will give you the answers, but it won't surprise you in the process.

**Diamonds (Part 1, two hours)** airs tomorrow tonight at 9 on Channel 7. **Part 2 (two hours)** airs Tuesday at 9.