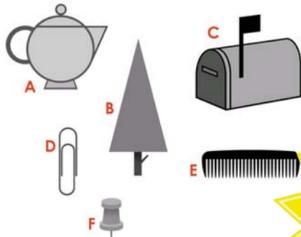


The Style Invitational »

REPORT FROM WEEK 819

in which we showed you these six drawings and asked you to tell us what they really were. Half a dozen people saw Drawing E as the backstage view of the Rockettes taking a bow, while many figured that Drawing C depicted a newfangled bread-baking machine, complete with pop-up timer, and Drawing D was the planned speedway for the Indianapolis 5.



SECOND GLANCES: HONORABLE MENTIONS

DRAWING A
Vincent van Gogh's kindergarten art assignment, "What I Want to Look Like When I Grow Up." (Mario Roederer, Bethesda, a First Offender)

As Bozo sat for his official portrait, he had the feeling that maybe wearing the beanie AND the weird ear cuff was a bit too much. (Mike Ostapiej, Tracy, Calif.)

Leia and Spock's love child was in for a rough time on the playground. (Pam Sweeney, St. Paul, Minn.)

Before he grew a fin, Pavarotti loved his hula hoop. (Jay Shuck)

DRAWING B
A runway model displays the new burqa-and-leggings look. (Barbara Turner, Takoma Park)

With a North Korean rocket, the capsule sits below the engines so the astronaut can reach out and light the fuse. (Larry Yungk, Arlington)

After years of tinkering, Carl finally perfected the helium-filled plumb bob. (Andrew Hoenig, Rockville)

A morningwood tree. (Ned Bent)

The Bermuda Triangle swallows yet another kayak. (Russell Beland, Fairfax)

Evidence mounts that Christmas tree farms boost growth by spraying with Viagra. (Martin Bancroft, Rochester, N.Y.)

DRAWING C
The most successful invention of Albert Gore Sr. (Tom Lacombe, Browntown, Va.)

My office's analog server. (Peter Metrinko, Chantilly)

Even with one leg missing, the sheet-metal turkey was a Thanksgiving favorite. (Jay Shuck)

THE WINNER OF THE INKER
Drawing E: The one thing that drove Mr. Centipede nuts: his wife's pantyhose draped over the shower rod. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

- the winner of the Pee Bag "disposable in-car mini-toilets": Drawing D: Well, of course Tic Tacs are low in fat: They jump rope! (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)
- Drawing D: Paparazzi prove that Gene Simmons uses tongue extensions. (Ned Bent, Oak Hill)
- Drawing E: A giant hot dog fails to hide behind a white picket fence. (Vic Krysko, Suratthani, Thailand)

Every few months, whenever there is a general strike, the French raise the drawbridge on the English side of the Chunnel. (Andrew Hoenig)

It's a mailbox without a post, signifying that people don't get The Post delivered anymore. So it's a visual metaphor for the death of print journalism. I'm pretty sure this is right, because I got the answer from Wikipedia. (Brendan Beary)

DRAWING D
Mister Ed in a bike helmet. (Riley Holzerlein, Fairfax, a First Offender)

Alaska's latest highway project: the Off-Ramp to Nowhere. (Lawrence McGuire, Waldorf)

An ombo, the middle section of a trombone. (Bob Reichenbach, Middletown, Del.)

DRAWING E
Paul McCartney insisted that the keyboard used on "Ebony and Ivory" have equal numbers of black and white keys. (J. Larry Schott, Gainesville, Fla.)

In an effort to pull in a few more bucks, Dan Snyder repainted the parking lines at FedEx field. (Andrew Hoenig)

Only a Double Grand Master Balloon Artiste would even attempt the dreaded Millipede. (Kevin Dopot, Washington)

A white Hummer with a black grille drives through the snow, simultaneously running over a polar bear, harp seal and arctic hare. (J. McCray, Hyattsville)

The smile of the Cheshire Baleen Whale. (Roger Dalrymple, Gettysburg, Pa.)

(Upside down) A sumo wrestler's toast rack. (Vic Krysko)

A new subdivision: the Townhomes at Stonehenge. (Sue Lin Chong, vacationing in Honolulu)

The cast of "America's Next Top Model" carrying a canoe. (Bill Verkuilen, Brooklyn Park, Minn.)

Octomom's family tree. (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

DRAWING F
Many people do not realize that the security bollards around the White House are easily removed. (Andrew Hoenig)

A rook from Lawn Chess Darts: The game ends with checkmate, stalemate or stabmate. (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)

Aretha made sure that her hat would never fall off again. (Tara Hagenbrock, Herndon, a First Offender)

The "Remembering Cap," an unapproved enhanced interrogation technique. (Charles Koebel, Houston)

The magician will never forget the time the rabbit couldn't hold it until the end of the act. (Lee Dobbins, Arlington)

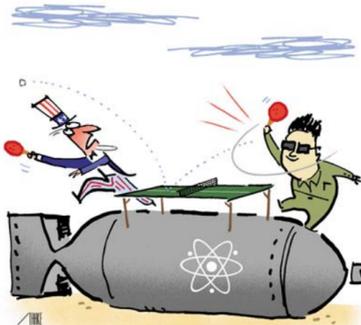
Nicole Richie loved her new hat, but wondered if it wasn't a bit out of proportion to her current frame. (Bird Waring, Larchmont, N.Y.)

I got one of these 50-foot-tall eyesores in my back yard every time someone Googles my address! (Elliott Schiff, Allentown, Pa.)

ALL PICTURES COMBINED
Hey, that's my freakin' PIN number! — Prince, Minneapolis (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)

Next Week: Be Mister Language Person, or The Ailments of Style

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Week 823: Wryku

Gotta get us some Ping-Pong diplomacy: Kim Jong Il has nukes.

It's really pretty much the Twitter contest everyone's been asking for, with an extra challenge. **This week:** Compose a humorous (or at least wry or clever) haiku — which, for the purposes of this contest (don't write in to complain that we're misusing the term), we'll define as a three-line poem with five syllables in the first line, seven in the second line and five in the third — on any subject that's been in the news lately. You may add a title to it. Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. Second place receives a package of 20 It's Happy Bunny "happy sticks" of incense, "because your room smells like butt." It does not promise what your room will smell like after burning the incense: presumably less buttlie. Donated by Peter Metrinko.

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 or by fax to 202-334-4312. Deadline is Monday, July 6. Put "Week 823" 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 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 Chris Doyle; the revised title for next week's contest is by Elden Camahan.

ONLINE DISCUSSION Have a question for the Empress or want to talk to some real Losers? Join the Style Conversational at [washingtonpost.com/styleconversational](http://www.washingtonpost.com/styleconversational).

CAROLYN HAX

Adapted from a recent on-line discussion.

Dear Carolyn:
My boyfriend is quite a flirt and an all-around fun guy. When I feel good and comfortable in the company we're keeping, this personality trait does not bother me. But other times, I might feel left out or ignored (or that his behavior is too attentive to someone else), and this makes me seriously question whether I want to be with him.

It's hard for me to articulate this to him — mainly because I don't know if I'm being needy or if my concerns are valid. How much is too much attention to another person when you're in a committed relationship?

Uncomfortable

Next time you're out with him and feeling ignored, try — just as your own private experiment — ignoring him. Not as a manipulative or spiteful ploy, but instead as a resourceful adaptation. Amuse yourself, knowing it's up to you alone whether you have a good time.

If your boyfriend is a jerk, if you're needy or if you're both decent people who are ill-suited to each other, then your experiment won't bring about any magic changes. You'll still feel bad when you're out with him in a crowd.

If, on the other hand, you find yourself enjoying the dual benefits of flying solo and having a steady companion, then you might be among the people whose yin-yang relationships suit them just fine. The experiment gives you a chance to see whether you're able to change your perspective, or whether you're too preoccupied with his actions to enjoy yourself.

Carolyn:
I have attempted that — though I will try again (with a more resourceful attitude vs. spiteful) because I do want to help the relationship. I have noticed that even though I entertain myself, I still feel sick when he's chatting up some other lady.

For what it's worth, I am gregarious around people I know, which is probably why I'm okay in that situation. Around people I don't know however, I clam up and get anxious.

But wow, though. If I am just never going to be comfortable with a gregarious man, how will that come off when we break up? "I love you, but you're too nice to other people." Ha.

Uncomfortable, Again

No no no, it's just, "I love you, but we move at different speeds." If in fact you do.

Obviously there's no such thing as a perfect match, but don't be afraid to hold out for someone who complements your temperament, and who takes care of you as well as you take care of him.

A gregarious "A" can be part of a happy couple with the introverted "B," provided both A and B ungrudgingly go out of their way to make the other comfortable without compromising themselves so much that they drop from emotional exhaustion.

But if you're going out of your way to support his way of socializing, and he's not going out of his way to support yours, then that creates the kind of mismatch that doesn't work. Nothing to apologize for, because nobody's "wrong" — it's just two people who want different things.

By the way — you say on your good days, his outgoing nature "does not bother me." So you never actually like it? That may be your answer right there.

Read the whole transcript or join the discussion live at noon Fridays on www.washingtonpost.com/discussions.

Write to Tell Me About It, Style, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071, or tellme@washpost.com.



BY NICK GALIFIANAKIS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

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Jewish Adaptation of 'Seagull' Never Gets Off the Ground

THEATER, From Page C1

er, the selfish and high-strung Russian actress Arkadina (played by Naomi Jacobson).

The surprise on this occasion is not how provocative the interpretation proves to be, but rather how ephemeral is this incarnation's dramatic impact. Director John Vreeke has assembled a cast of solid actors, some of whom, like a nicely controlled J.J. Fred Shiffman in the role of the ruminative Dr. Dorn, strike a winning connection with Chekhov. On the whole, however, the story unfolds thinly, as if "The Seagull" were no more momentous than an episode of a passably watchable and mildly funny network drama.

Roth, Theater J's artistic director, has taken pains not to drown the plot in his conceit. At the start of the



Alexander Strain, as a fervently Jewish Konstantin, and Veronica del Cerro in Theater J's interpretation of the classic Chekhov tragicomedy.

evening, the actors gather on the stage to talk out, briefly, the notion of making Chekhov's genteel charac-

ters Jewish. (It's patterned a bit after the meta-theatrical mechanics of Louis Malle's 1994 film, "Vanya on 42nd Street," in which contemporary actors participate in the filming of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya.")

Then, with some gentle tinkering — Konstantin's play-within-a-play here is rewritten to be the inaugurating piece of a Jewish theater — a thoroughly recognizable "Seagull" is performed. You can applaud the adapter's light touch, even if the show lacks the vibrant heartbeat of lives lived quietly but passionately. Although the actors sound credibly conversational, some have a tough time convincingly inhabiting their roles. Jerry Whiddon, for example, as Trigorin, the shallow popular novelist with whom Arkadina is smitten, comes across as a rather tired businessman (not unlike the tired businessman he played so much more aptly — and resonantly — last year in Studio Theatre's "Blackbird").

Were the rudiments of "The Seagull" more incisively on display, Roth's concept might be more fun to diagram and discuss. At present, the bones of his idea still await more galvanizing flesh.

The Seagull on 16th Street, an adaptation by Ari Roth of Chekhov's play, from a translation by Carol Rocamora. Sets and costumes, Misha Kachman; lighting, Dan Covey; sound, Matt Nielson. With Veronica del Cerro, Stephen Patrick Martin, Brian Hemmingsen, Nanna Ingvarsson, Mark Krawczyk, Jason McCool, Tessa Klein. About 2 hours 15 minutes. Through July 19 at Goldman Theater, D.C. Jewish Community Center. Visit www.boxofficecrazy.com or call 800-494-TIXS.

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