

The Style Invitational

Week 503: Doody and Muldoon



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Original Muldoon:
*With a toe in the water
and a nose for trouble
and an eye to the future
I would drive through Derryfubble*

A New Muldoon:
*A nose to plunder,
An ear to poke in,
Ah, life is grand
In sunny Hoboken.*

This week's contest was suggested by Peter Metrinko of Alexandria. Peter proposes that you write poetry that out-Muldoons Paul Muldoon, the Princeton professor who won this year's Pulitzer Prize in poetry. The real Muldoon, above, was quoted by The Post as an example of his poetry. Yours must imitate it. Your poem must be a single quatrain, containing at least one rhyme and references to at least two body parts and one geographic name, as in the second example above. First-prize winner gets an extraordinary prize donated to The Style Invitational by Robin Diallo of Malawi. It is a genuine Zulu *mcedo*, which is a caplike object woven from grass and banana leaves that is worn by Zulu men underneath loincloths for protection of a sensitive body part.

First runner-up wins the tacky but estimable Style Invitational Loser Pen. Other runners-up win the coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get the mildly sought-after Style Invitational bumper sticker. Send your entries via fax to 202-334-4312, or by e-mail to losers@washpost.com. U.S. mail entries are no longer accepted. Deadline is Monday, May 5. All entries must include the week number of the contest and your name, postal address and telephone number. E-mail entries must include

the week number in the subject field. Contests will be 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 in four weeks. 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 contest is by Chris Doyle of Forsyth, Mo.*

Report from Week 499,

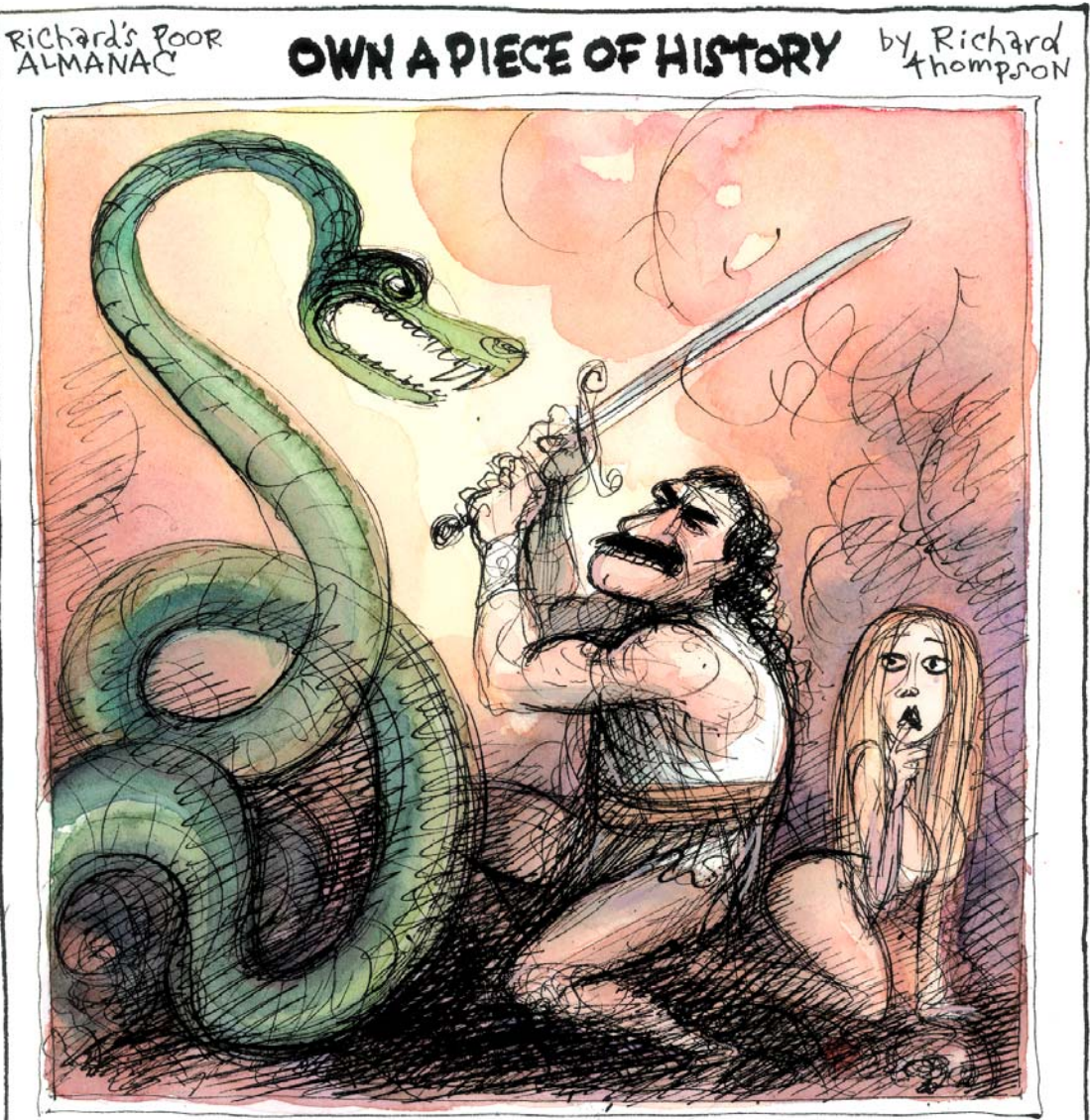
in which we asked you to mate any two Triple Crown-eligible horses and name the foal. The results, as always, were spectacular. A special mention, but no prize, goes to Jeff Brechlin of Potomac Falls, who had to stretch the form a little bit but produced this otherwise excellent entry: Mate "Roses in May" with "Exceptional Sunset" and get "Laid." Additional good entries that we had no room for can be found on www.washingtonpost.com.

- ◆ Seventh Runner-Up: Mate **Epic** with **Warhawk** and name the foal **Beowulfowitz** (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
- ◆ Sixth Runner-Up: Mate **In Front Quality** with **Gold Digger** and name the foal **I'm a Little D Cup** (Pamela Zilly, Cabin John)
- ◆ Fifth Runner-Up: Mate **Runnin' on Nitro** with **Atswhatimtalknbut** and name the foal **The Angina Monologues** (Bill Strider, Gaithersburg)
- ◆ Fourth Runner-Up: Mate **Molotov** with **O Henry** and name the foal **Cocktailwithatwist** (Susan Reese, Arlington)
- ◆ Third Runner-Up: Mate **Roaring Fever** with **Mr. Bubbly** and name the foal **SARSaparilla** (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
- ◆ Second Runner-Up: Mate **Polish Gift** with **Exceptional Sunset** and name the foal **Gdanskingtondark** (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)
- ◆ First Runner-Up: Mate **Occult** with **Rapid Proof** and name the foal **E.S.P.D.Q.E.D.** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- ◆ And the winner of the convict costume: Mate **J Alfred Prufrock** with **Wordsworth** and name the foal **Lonely as a Clod** (Emily Lloyd, Milford, Del.)

- ◆ Honorable Mentions:
Gigawatt x One Nice Cat = Shock and Awww (Stu Solomon, Springfield)
Composure x Lion Tamer = Sang-Froid And Roy (Chris Rubino, San Diego)
Ruby Falls x Refuse to Bend = Viagra Falls (Howard Walderman, Columbia)
Lucy I'm Home x Roaring Fever = Dizzy Arnaz (Steve Fahey, Kensington)
Rocky Flight x Mr. Bubbly = Barf Bag (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)
Southern Image x Formal Attire = Starched Overalls (Frank Mullen III, Aledo, Ill.)
Hypnotist x Victory Smile = Trance and Dental (Yale Smith, McLean)
Enkidu x Comic Truth = Ikidu Not (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
Lucy I'm Home x Amid the Chaos = Quick Fred Hide (M.K. Phillips, Falls Church)
Lucy I'm Home x Senor Swinger = Icky Ricardo (Jonathan Batten, Washington)
Stanislavsky x Crackup = Methodotomymadness (Roy Ashley, Washington; Mike Hammer, Arlington; Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.)
Whywhywhy x Windsor Lodge = Why Knot (Pam Sweeney, Germantown)
Bham x Stoker = Whackula (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
Daring Skipper x Lucy I'm Home = Theoldmanddesi (Chris Rubino, San Diego)
Bull Market x Peace Rules = Bring Back Bill (W.J. Clinton, Chappaqua, N.Y.) (Randy Huwa, Orange, Va.)
Quick Draw x Still a Bachelor = Big Surprise (Mike Hammer, Arlington)
Lucy I'm Home x Excessive Pleasure = Little Ricky (Sue Lin Chong, Washington)
Formidable Fox x Storm Gulch = Greta Van Cistern (Stephen Dudzik, Silver Spring)
Excessive Pleasure x Unnamed 2 = Anonymphomania (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
Pretence x Actor = Charlatan Heston (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
Enkidu x Patriot Spirit = Enkidoodle Dandy (Seth Brown, Williamstown, Mass.)
Summer Sport x Napoleon Solo = Tennis Elba (Dan Dunn, Bethel, Conn.)
Crackup x Refuse to Bend = Modest Plumber (Sue Finger, Falls Church)
Excessive Pleasure x Prominent Feature = Justhappytoseeyou (Jonathan M. Kaye, Washington)
Stone Canyon x Region of Merit = Rose of Sharon (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)

- Ah Wilderness x Gigawatt = Gale's Dream** (Joe Cackler, Falls Church)
Mr. Bubbly x Penobscot Bay = Lawrence Whelk (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
Saintly Look x Bull Market = Holier Than Dow (Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park)
Legal Process x Funny Cide = Sue a Cide (Julia Scott, Rockville)
WhyWhyWhy x Lone Star Sky = Three Whys Men (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
Man Among Men x Refuse to Bend = Prison Shower (Michael Burgess, Germantown)
Boston Park x Cold Truth = Common Cold (Martin Bredeck, Hybla Valley)
Rosy's Big Guy x Hot Hand = Rosy Palmer (Stephen Dudzik, Olney)
Surging River x Torre and Zim = Dam Yankees (Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax)
Excessive Pleasure x O Henry = O! O! O! Henry! (Jerry Pannullo, Kensington)
Eugene's Third Son x At First Blush = Kith and Makeup (Chuck Smith, Woodbridge)
Torre and Zim x Tempered Steel = Yanks My Chain (Joseph Romm, Washington)
Onebadshark x Knievel = Jump the Shark (Greg Pearson, Arlington)
Mister Slippery x Ruby Falls = Ruby Sues (Greg Pearson, Arlington)
Peace Rules x Dance Pro = Dove Barre (Laura Bennett Peterson, Washington)
In Front Quality x Cold Truth = Shrinkage (Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
Little Floss x Southern Image = Thong of the South (Meg Sullivan, Potomac; Jennifer Hart, Arlington)
Elusive Gentleman x Prominent Feature = The Shadow Nose (Meg Sullivan, Potomac)
Larry King x Quick Draw = Suspender Animation (Malcolm Fleschner, Arlington)
Private Chef x Legal Process = Torte Reform (Malcolm Fleschner, Arlington)
Transparent x Texas Hill = Glassy Knoll (Malcolm Fleschner, Arlington)
New South Wales x Runnin' on Nitro = Aussie and Harrier (Sandra Hull, Arlington)
WhyWhyWhy x Knievel = Axes of Evil (Bill MacDonald, Alexandria)
Legal Process x Military Option = What Legal Process? (Bill MacDonald, Alexandria)
Stand by Your Flag x Excessive Pleasure = Standing O (T.J. Murphy, Arlington)
Your Bluffing x Acceptable = My 26th Entry (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Next Week: **Ergos the Neighborhood**



This Original Oil Painting once hung in one of Saddam Hussein's Palaces and now it can be yours! Removed from the extensive collection of Fantasy Kitsch Art at Baghdad Palace #14, the painting depicts an idealized Saddam-like figure with a mullet rescuing a voluptuous Princess from a Giant Serpent. With its riveting composition & lurid color scheme it's sure to be the centerpiece of any room. Unsigned, but scholars attribute it to a Follower of the Late Frazetta School. Also suitable as the cover of a crummy fantasy novel or trilogy. Comes with a Certificate of Authenticity. 84 x 85 inches. **ONLY ~ \$39.95**
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BY REBECCA D'ANGELO FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Attendant Franchette Floriale gets an appreciative hug from clubgoer Sharra Carvalho in the ladies' room at Five.

At Five, Franchette Rates a 10

NIGHT TOWN, From D1

for conversation.

If a bathroom can be considered a transient community, Floriale is its wise elder, its doctor and the shopkeeper of its only store. Her domain is out by the single marble sink, where she sits on a stool and offers paper towels and anything else a woman might need in a place like this, short of a new outfit and a new man. In exchange, the regulars and the women who know their manners leave dollar bills in her basket, beside the sign Floriale made: "Our Bathroom Attendants Are here for You! They work off of your tipping!! Show your support!"

Floriale works this second job Friday and Saturday nights from 11 p.m. till the club closes at 5 a.m., pulling in whatever she can to send to relatives in Haiti, whom she left behind in 1981. Tonight she will make \$80.

"They cute, you know?" Floriale says of her girls, who hug her and thank her for being there and tell her she's looking beautiful, even when Floriale insists she's not. "They don't put you down; they put you up."

Floriale calls everyone Sweetie, and she remembers them. She remembers who's friends with whom and who's dating whom. She remembers that a certain woman said she was planning to dye her hair, and tonight asks the status of her plans. ("I'm poor! I can't afford the dye!") whines the young woman, who then heads into a stall.

"Fran is the woman," says Katherine Peck, 21, a Northern Virginia Community College student who's been frequenting Five for the last year and a half. When Peck started coming into the bathroom without the best friend she usually brought with her, Floriale advised Peck to

patch up the broken friendship.

"I called her and I told my best friend that Fran said we have to make up. So we made up," Peck says. "She's the mentor."

Floriale is a grandmother who by day cares for people with cerebral palsy who need far more than gum and hand lotion. But two nights a week for the last 2½ years, she has presided over the rituals of the young and mostly beautiful, over preeners, primpers and princesses. Women tip their heads forward, raise their eyebrows and scoop their hair into high, feisty ponytails. Or—like one woman—they run their fingers jaggedly through their bangs.

"That's such a sad haircut, it's like embarrassing," says the woman, walking past Floriale in a state of dejection.

The cycles of the women's bathroom are powerful and mysterious. At one moment, the place could be empty. A few minutes later, there are women in all five stalls, plus two primping and five waiting, and a smiling Floriale directing traffic.

Women leaning over the sink reveal tattoos on their lower backs. They wear jewelry in their navels and glitter dots under their eyebrows. They crowd into stalls two or three at a time and stay for a while. Some come back to the bathroom four times in four hours. One bartender comes in for a maxi-pad. Another comes in for a cigarette.

Floriale's bathroom is so small, if one woman powders her face in front of the mirror, another has to beg permission to wash her hands. Things can get pretty hot, so Floriale keeps the door open to circulate air and so the light can serve as a beacon to lost women. But this also means that the cardinal rule of women's bathrooms—the privacy to take stock of one's shiny skin, to com-

plain about one's boyfriend, to dip one's hot face into the cool sink—is sacrificed. Guys looking, say, for the men's room wind up gathering just outside Floriale's door, where they sneak glances at sacred practices.

Ricky Rodriguez, 24, says he wound up here outside the women's bathroom while looking for the coat check, which is nowhere near here. Rodriguez drinks Chopin vodka and tonic, apparently in no hurry to remedy his mistake.

Ah, the women's bathroom, he muses, sipping and watching. "It's for lipstick. It's for glamour. It's for drugs, for peeing. It's mostly a place where women can go and get away from men." The irony of his presence doesn't seem to faze him.

A woman whose face is red from drinking "white zin" is leaning over in the bathroom, adjusting her goods inside the strapless top of her black cocktail dress.

"Want me to fix 'em for you?" shouts Rodriguez. "Both hands!"

Later, a man leaning into the doorway begging for his wallet from a girl prompts Floriale to tell him, "Men are not welcome in here." Some refugees must be preserved. This bathroom is arguably as important to Five as its bars. Without this place to commiserate, advise and bolster confidence, there is no point in going back to the dance floor. This is where the night is assessed—where two women, for example, might discuss a troublesome guy.

"Have you told him that?" one woman asks another, by the mirror, as Floriale stands behind them, watching a scene she has seen a thousand times.

"Yes, and he sees me go crazy," the other woman says.

"We are girls," Floriale says later. "We all have it." By which she means the drama.