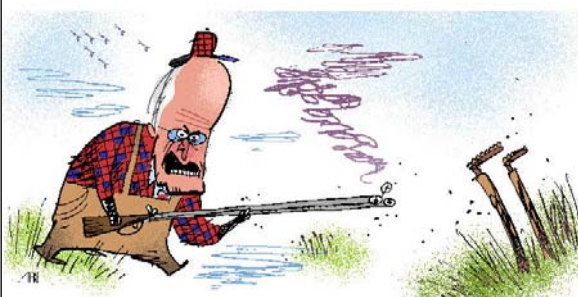


The Style Invitational

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 789: Doctrine in The House?



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

The Cheney Doctrine: Shoot first and don't answer questions later.

The U.N. Doctrine: Stomp your foot, wag your finger, and hold your breath until you turn blue in the face.

Surely, Sarah Palin isn't the only government official who didn't have a clue what the Bush Doctrine was: We can't help wonder how the president himself would have responded to Charlie Gibson's quiz question (except that, yes, he agreed with it). Anyway, our latest Meteorically Rising Loser, the out-of-nowhere Mike Ostapiej of Tracy, Calif., suggests this week's contest: **State a humorous, original "doctrine" for a person or other entity, as in Mike's examples above.**

Winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives a brand-new Restop 2 Disposable Travel Toilet, found for us in the Canadian Rockies by Loser Steve Langer of Chevy Chase, not to be confused with Loser Steve Ettinger of Chevy Chase, even though we once did that very thing. The Restop 2 is basically a bag for one's solid waste (hence the 2), much like the delivery bags that make a Post subscription essential for Washington dog owners.

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 (Fir Sunk 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, Nov. 10. Put "Week 789" 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 Nov. 29. 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 results is by Russell Beland; this week's Honorable Mentions name is by Mae Scanlan; the title for those on washingtonpost.com is by Chris Doyle.

REPORT FROM WEEK 785

in which we sought humorous songs on the general theme of the campaign and election, set to a familiar tune. In number of responses, Obama (or at least Not McCain-Palin) won in a landslide among the hundreds of entries; very few of the songs submitted would be warmly embraced by the GOP. There were several bitterly passionate screeds that, while well crafted, didn't exactly fall into the "funny" category, such as the full-length "American Pie" parody about the Republican ruination of our nation whose refrain was "This'll be the way we all fry."

3 (To "With a Little Help From My Friends")
How can I get you to give me your vote, To elect John McCain, GOP? Tell you I'll fight? Or proclaim that I'm right? No, I think that this phrase is the key: Oh, I will constantly call you "my friends." Yes, I will never stop saying "my friends." I will relentlessly utter "My friends." (Kathy Hardis Fraeman, Olney)

2 the winner of the genuine German polka LP and musical-motif pencils:
(To the theme from "The Beverly Hillbillies")
Come and listen to my story 'bout John McCain, Senate maverick barely floatin' his campaign. He couldn't use a running mate with credibility, So he went for youth and sex and selected Sarah P. Palin, that is. Pit bull. Hockey mom.

Well, the bump in the polls was lookin' pretty big, But was Palin pushin' change or puttin' lipstick on a pig? They kept her under wraps, wouldn't let her on TV Till she finally sat down to have a chat with Katie C. Couric, that is. Gotcha girl. Media e-lite.

And now the voters are questioning the judgment of McCain As Palin speaks in tongues that commentators can't explain. And if those two thought it was as bad as it could be, They don't have a clue to fix our e-economy. (John Bunyan, Cincinnati)

AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

(To "Downtown")

Why do the polls and pundits Say that Obama's gonna win the race? Dow Jones! Why are McCain and Palin Finding it tough to make a winning case? Dow Jones! While John McCain is talking tough and Sarah Palin's winking, We wring our hands while every day the Dow just keeps on sinking. Where will it end? McCain talks of William Ayers, But with the stock market crashing, Now who really cares? Cause it's Dow Jones we really care about. Dow Jones cleaning our savings out. Dow Jones! Look at my 401(k). (Barbara Sarshik and Andy Pike, McLean)

MORE CAMPAINFUL CONTRIBUTIONS: HONORABLE MENTIONS

(To "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer")
Sarah, the red-state mav'rick Likes to wrinkle up her nose. When Katie Couric quizzed her, You could almost say she froze. Sarah's a hockey mama, Likes to hunt and shoot big game, She'd like to bag Obama With his non-Joe-Sixpack name. 'Twas upon a summer's day John McCain did say: Sarah, with your right-wing views, Run with me, and we can't lose! But should we fail, doggone it, And the votes don't go our way, You're sure to find employment Impersonating Tina Fey. (Sandra Segal, Rockville)

(To "There's No Business Like Show Business")
There's no scheming like their scheming, There's no place they won't go. If you've been foreclosed out of your dwelling 'Cause you couldn't pay your mortgage note, You will see the dirty-tricksters kvelling As they are telling you not to vote.

There's no scheming like their scheming, There's no game they won't throw. Lawyers salivating at the courthouse door, So reminiscent of Bush v. Gore. And will the deciding vote be 5 to 4? Let's go on with the show! (Barbara Sarshik and Andy Pike)

(To "Oklahoma")
Baraaaaack Obama, who throws all his friends beneath the bus. Take the Rev'rend Wright, now out of sight, and Barack says he never heard him cuss!

Ba-raaaaack Obama, talking of his past is indiscreet. 'Bout that guy Bill Ayers, he says, "Who cares? Oh, he's just some guy from down the street." He says he will lead us to change, But the way he will do that seems strange. For when he says . . . "Who? I never talked to youuuuu," We're only sayin': We knew you before you were running. Yes, you knew us, it's true. (George Vary, Bethesda)

(To "Clementine")
I was dyin' and a-cryin' When they said my grave would be The expressway called Dan Ryan In the town where thugs go free. Though I hate the trucks atop me On their way to Terre Haute, On the bright side — it's Chicago, So I'm still allowed to vote. — Jimmy Hoffa, Undisclosed Location (Peter Metrisko, Chantilly)

(To "The Rain in Spain")
An Arab name, quite plainly, will inflame The folks who mainly need someone to blame. So what is "that one's" middle name? It's Hussein! It's Hussein! And who'll save us from this bane? McCain! McCain! . . . (Nick Curtis, Alexandria)

A Coarse Line (To "One")
"That one," that Democrat sensation,

Wants to bump the rich tax rate. That one, black/Caucasian combination: Let's try to stir up some hate! "That one's connected to terrorists" just might do; "You know McCain but, Obama, just who are you?" That one . . . voting for more spending, Who votes for pork more than the rest? If you suckers haven't guessed: That one, son! Ooh, my, ratchet up the tension! When I smile and point and mention He's that one. (John Bunyan)

(To "Drive My Car")
I asked that gal what she wanted to be; She said, "Johnny-boy, let me see. Been a mayor, a gov'nor, a beauty queen; I want a new gig that'll shake up the scene. Choose me for your running mate, The right wing will all vote that slate. I'll dodge and wink through the debate, And, baby, they'll love me." Veep-veep, your veep-veep: Yeah! (Nick Curtis)

(To "Barbara Ann")
McCain's pretty bland, I'm no Obama fan, So you can understand why I'm happy Bob Barr ran. Bob Barr ran, Bob, Bob, Bob, Bob Barr ran . . . (Chris Doyle, Ponder, Tex.)

See many more parodies online — each with a link to an interesting performance of the original song (the Empress is partial to a Muppet performance of "Carolina in the Morning") — at

www.washingtonpost.com/styleinvitational

Next Week: Top of the Staake, or Snorts Illustrated



The Inker, a prize for The Style Invitational.



CIRQUE DU SOLEIL PHOTOS

"Kooza" opens with "Charivari," a balancing act with bounce. Below, three contortionists bend over backward — and forward — to dazzle.

This Time, More of a Three-Ring Cirque

THEATER, From C1

flipped end over end, with these guys monkeying on the weights. They take the prize for crazy, and you have to wonder how many times during rehearsals they were flung against the wall like wet spaghetti.

Mistakes, of course, are few and far between in "Kooza." The flawless performers include juggler Anthony Gatto, who cascades more clubs than you can count — and so rapidly that they look like a school of fish leaping around his head. Less flashy but just as impressive are the duo unicyclists Yuri Shavro (who does the pedaling) and Diana Aleshchenko (who meanwhile nimbly climbs on Shavro's head). Their routine is unexpectedly lovely, a beautiful dance on wheels — er, on wheel.

The comedy, largely to do with a loopy "king" and two screwy courtiers, is slap-happy and scatological. It's not the show's strong point, although you have to admire Shiner's willingness to keep pushing bits un-

til they pay off. He also comes up with some real surprises with audience volunteers, and the high jinks certainly help give "Kooza" its down-to-earth flavor.

This isn't one of Cirque du Soleil's design-intensive shows, though there is a brief epic quality when a grand canopy rises and reveals a two-story Middle Eastern gazebo as if by magic. Instead, the show's signature image is of an innocent trying to fly a kite. "Kooza's" pleasures aren't quite that simple, but delightfully, they don't feel that far removed.

Kooza, written and directed by David Shiner. Composer, Jean-François Cote; choreography, Clarence Ford; set design, Stephane Roy; lighting, Martin Labrecque; costumes, Marie-Chantale Vaillancourt; sound design, Jonathan Deans and Leon Rothenberger. About 2 hours 50 minutes. Through Dec. 14 at the Plateau at National Harbor. Call 800-678-5440 or visit www.cirquedusoleil.com.

Time After Time, We Find You Can't Beat the Clock

TIME, From C1

from 1948 to 1952. That experiment was a power play, enforced by occupying U.S. troops who thought Japanese clocks should march forward with the American ones 13 time zones away. When the Americans left, daylight saving did, too, and the Japanese haven't looked back since.

"They thought of daylight savings as a form of occupation," says David Prerau, a daylight saving expert who consults with governments around the world on time issues. Nearly 60 years later, they still do — and have only recently begun exploring the idea of reinstating it.

China also doesn't observe time changes, but then again, it doesn't observe time zones, either. The entire country is set to Beijing, meaning 9 a.m. is still dark for some citizens and practically the middle of the afternoon for others.

It doesn't seem that surprising, considering. Actually, it seems appropriate — Communist-style logic and efficiency, well-intentioned but ultimately a pain in the butt for 1.3 billion people.

Countries are defined by their people, by their food, by their exports. It stands to reason they could be defined by their keeping of time as well. And yet it seems so delightfully random and quirky when a region's personality matches up with its decision to save daylight or not, when we feel like we can read great meaning into what time it is in Nepal.

Which, incidentally, will always be on standard time, and will always be different from anywhere else in the world. In order to assert its independence and separation from surrounding countries, tiny Nepal put itself on the quarter-hour, meaning that if it's noon in Washington, it's 9:45 p.m. in Nepal. Pfft on you, India, China and Bangladesh.

In conflict-filled Iran, the government has gone on and off observing daylight saving time, depending on regime changes.

In Russia, Stalin imposed daylight saving one spring but forgot to officially end it in the fall; terrorized civilians didn't go back to standard time for more than 60 years.

Canada gives every province the right to deter-

mine whether it will observe daylight saving. Canadian citizens, being amenable, have gone along with whatever the United States is doing.

"The only people who adopted daylight savings and never wavered from schedule are the British," says Michael Downing, author of "Spring Forward: The Annual Madness of Daylight Saving Time." Staying the course and all. Those dependable, reliable Brits.

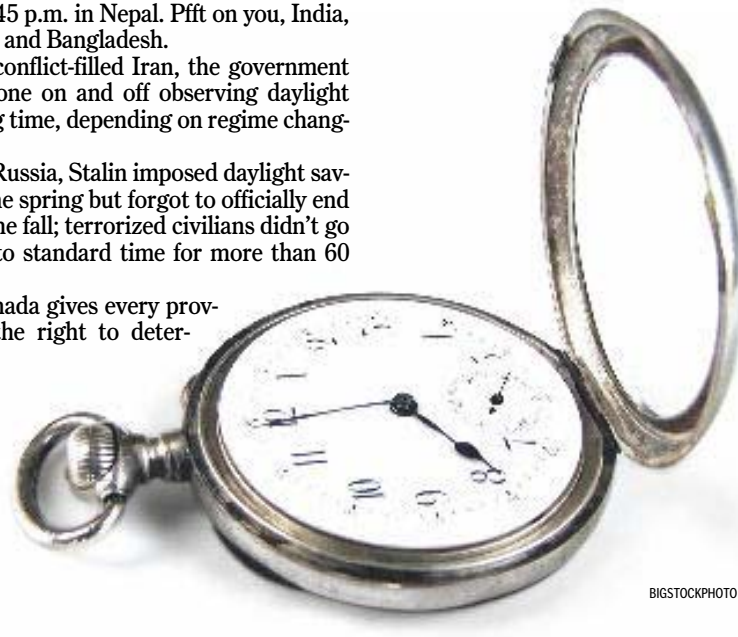
The diverse United States hasn't managed to get on a national page for time changes: Mavericks in Arizona don't observe it at all. Hawaii doesn't, either. The swing state Indiana, where time zones change by county, passed legislation in 2005 that every county would participate in daylight saving.

What these time change wars are really all about, of course, is a sense of control. Over our daily schedules, over our national identity and, in the bigger sense, over the one thing that waits for no man. We cannot stop the march of time, but we can stop clocks, even wind them back an hour once a year.

"The entire idea of daylight savings is at best theoretical, or possibly philosophical," Downing says. "The idea that we can save time or lose time by moving its measuring device is preposterous."

Almost as preposterous as the idea of someone dying for time.

Back in 1999, terrorists on the daylight-saving West Bank built several time bombs, delivered to co-conspirators in Israel and scheduled to explode at a set time. Problem was, Israel had just switched back to standard time, so the only people injured were the terrorists themselves when the bomb detonated an hour earlier than they expected and killed them all.



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