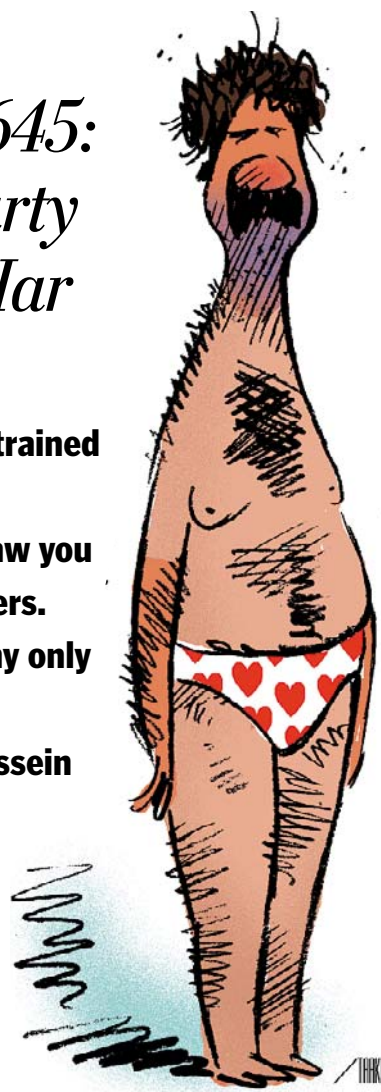


The Style Invitational

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Week 645: A Hearty Har Har

We ladies strained our tickers When we saw you in your knickers. Please be my only sweetie, Saddam Hussein Al-Tikriti.



BY BOB STAAKE FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

Some people—even your evil-barbarian types—could use a little love on Valentine's Day. This week, write up a Valentine's sentiment to any personage, or to someone in some generic category—"to my plumber," for example. It doesn't have to rhyme, but don't write a book, please.

The winner gets the Inker, the official Style Invitational trophy. First runner-up receives one shiny metallic-silver leather Converse All-Star sneaker (left foot). It would go especially well with a dirty, worn-out black or white canvas Chuck on the right foot.

Other runners-up win a coveted Style Invitational Loser T-shirt. Honorable mentions get one of the lusted-after Style Invitational Magnets. 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, Jan. 23. Include "Week 645" 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 humor and originality. All entries become the property of The Washington Post. Entries may be edited for taste or content. Results will be published Feb. 12. 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 Phil Frankenfeld of Washington.

REPORT FROM WEEK 641

In which the *Empress* asked for the names of fictional establishments that offered two or more diverse products or services. Warning: This is one of those Look Out, Groaner Puns Below weeks. If you don't like groaner puns, please turn to the obituary page, where there shouldn't be more than two or three of them. Several people sent in examples of actual multi-tasking establishments: Bill Moulden of Frederick told of a paint store in West Virginia that also sold religious books called, he swears on a stack of religious books, *Spray & Pray*. And Chuck Sims of Chevy Chase sent in a photo of a store in Bethesda whose sign declares: "Welcome to US Center: Hair—Nails—Gifts—Mortgages." (Special bonus contest: Tell us the best name or slogan for that store. Winner gets a Loser Pen and some wax lips.)

- 4** Petting zoo and bellsmith: **A Ram, a Lamb, a Ding-Dong** (Elliott Schiff, Allentown, Pa.)
- 3** Secondhand clothes and S&M paraphernalia: **Schmattes/ A Whip** (Chris Doyle, Forsyth, Mo.)
- 2** Winner of the CitiKitty cat toilet-trainer: **Donuts and Jacuzzi: Beignet and the Jets** (Andrew Hoening, Rockville)

1 AND THE WINNER OF THE INKER

Cooking institute and journalism school: **Baste On! A True Story** (Jane Auerbach, Los Angeles)



HONORABLE MENTIONS

A frozen-treat and mascara booth: Custards/Lash Stand (Russell Beland, Springfield)

Anger management counselors and fertility clinic: Ovary Action: for holding your patience when your in-laws keep asking for grandchildren. (Brendan Beary, Great Mills)

Optician/ cleaners/ shoe store: See, Spot, Run (Jennifer Lynch, Waco, Tex.)

Fireplace accessories/ VD clinic: The Burning Sensation (Elwood Fitzner, Valley City, N.D.)

Doors at a delousing center/ oyster farm: Nit: 1; Pearl: 2 (Chris Doyle)

Optometry and psychiatry clinic: Out of Sight, Out of Mind (Phyllis Reinhard, East Fallowfield, Pa.)

Yoga and Bible study classes: Stretch/ The Truth (Michelle Stupak, Ellicott City)

Lawyer and jeweler: The Pre-Trial Earring (Brendan Beary)

A Firestone dealer that also sells birthday candles: Just Blowouts (Russell Beland)

Army recruitment office/ hair salon: Cut the Mustered (Jane Auerbach)

Laundromat that also sells exercise equipment, marital aids and acne cream: Washing/ Tone/ Wed/ Skins (John O'Byrne, Dublin)

Bathroom fixtures, upper level; shoe outlet downstairs: Heads Over Heels (Kevin Dopart, Washington)

Art supply store and police station: Brushes With the Law: Sure, buddy, everybody complains how they were framed. (Brendan Beary)

Singles bar and doughnut shop: A Toroid Affair (Douglas Frank, Crosby, Tex.)

Bar/ hair salon: Quaff and Coif. (Andrea Beilenson, New York)

French ad agency/ lingerie shop: L'Ads and l'Asses (Greg Arnold, Herndon)

A bordello that sells philosophy books and natural medicines: Kant/ Herbery/ Tails (Art Grinath, Takoma Park)

Boating equipment and bath wear: Where the Rudder Meets the Robe (Chris Doyle)

Concert hall and latte bar: Bach and Froth (Michelle Stupak)

Southern Baptist church and Longaberger store: Hell & a Handbasket (Dave Prevar, Annapolis)

Florist and wireless phone service: Stem Cells (Brenda Ware Jones, Jackson, Miss.)

A store that sells Harry Potter and Simpsons stuff: Rowling & D'oh (Russell Beland)

Trash hauler and collection agency: Bin There, Dun That (Brendan Beary)

Karate classes and footwear sales: Chop Shoe (Tim Tweddell, Berkeley Springs, W.Va.)

An international emporium consisting of an Indian dress shop, Japanese theater and French hairstylist: Sari, Noh, Cannes Do. (Chris Doyle)

Fishing tackle and S&M equipment: Ye Olde Bait & Switch Co. (Gail Mackiernan, Silver Spring; Lynn White, Topeka, Kan.)

Rental agency/ Chinese restaurant: Condo Lease or Rice (Jay Shuck, Minneapolis)

Chiropractor/ aviation instruction: Straighten Up & Fly Right (Douglas Frank)

Internet cafe/ gentlemen's club: Laptops Inc. (Herb Greene, Catonsville, Md.)

A turkey farm and auto-detailing service: Gobble/ Degook (Chris Doyle)

BBQ stand and clock store: The Pit and the Pendulum (Kyle Hendrickson, Frederick)

Laundry/ Jamaican restaurant: Clean and Jerk (Seth Brown, North Adams, Mass.)

CDs, diarrhea remedies and sex toys: Hits, Runs and Eros (Jack Held, Fairfax)

Religious articles and costumes: Blessings and Disguise (Kevin Dopart)

Obstetrician/ bakery: Buns in the Oven (Marcy Alvo, Annandale)

Bread, Bass and Beyond: Serving loaves, fishes and a prayer with every food order. (Jeff Brechlin, Eagan, Minn.)

Massage therapist and urologist: Touch and Go (Michelle Stupak)

Bookkeeper and roofer: Add 'Em and Eave (Chris Doyle)

Chiropractor and corner bar: The Spinal Tap: One way or another, you'll be feeling no pain. (Brendan Beary)

Pet groomer and barbershop: Cat/Man Do (Katherine Hooper, Jacksonville)

Gym and menstrual supply store: Ab and Flow (Tom Witte, Montgomery Village)

Flophouse with a CD writer: Crash and Burn (Russell Beland)

An art gallery that offers classes in smoking control and yoga: Stop, Look and Lissome (Douglas Frank)

Anesthesiology supplies and canoe rentals: Ether/Oar (Chris Doyle)

Farmers' retirement home with a dental clinic: Ex-Tractors (Roy Ashley)

Next Week: **It's Open Season, or The Wizards of O-S**

ASK AMY

Dear Amy:

My husband of 36 years is obsessed with pornography, which he watches on TV.

He has been building this obsession for about five years, unbeknownst to me (we had not been intimate during this time).

I discovered this issue in a very unfortunate way and became infuriated and left our bed. I thought that I was the problem, so I initiated intimacy with him, and we became a couple again, but he still watches porn and "performs," thinking that I am not aware of him doing so.

I am having an extremely difficult time dealing with this. Our lovemaking is one-sided and only occurs when I initiate it, or when he has been drinking.

He refuses to stop viewing porn, and thinks there is nothing wrong with what he is doing. I feel he is cheating on me. I am an attractive, middle-aged woman. How should I deal with this?

Worried

Of course your husband is going to deny that his porn obsession is wrong. If he accepts that he has a problem, then he'll have to do something about it, and we all know that pornography is much less work than self-awareness.

But really—pornography is wasting your husband's time and energy. He is violating some of the promises he made to you when you got married all of those years ago. You don't help matters by silently witnessing your husband's "performances" without raising this issue with him.

Please try to get your husband to sit down with a marriage counselor to talk about this.

He might be facing some libido issues brought on by depression, age or alcohol use. He is taking the easy way out, but he deserves a chance to get his life in order, and you deserve the opportunity to be there when he does. If he won't go, go on your own. In the meantime, you might want to contact your cable

company to review your channel options. Your husband could probably use a little more TLC and a lot less Playboy.

Dear Amy:

In response to the "Caring Aunt" who wondered what gifts to give to her young family members, my husband and I decided to buy a share of stock for a certain family-entertainment empire for each of our nieces and nephews for Christmas.

My dad bought two to three shares of stock for my siblings and me when we were young, and we had the best time thinking of what we "owned" on a visit to the company's theme park.

From my dad's original purchase, I now have nearly \$2,500 worth of stock in this company. Hopefully, I'll pass it along to my kids one day.

Investing Aunt

Talk about the gift that keeps on giving!

Dear Amy:

Every year at Christmas, instead of buying gifts for each other, my four children donate new toys to a charity. When I saw your column this year about sending cards to servicemen in hospitals, I decided we would do that instead. My children loved making cards thanking the soldiers and wishing them a happy holiday.

We packed up the cards with gum, candy and puzzle books to send to soldiers.

Thank you for a great idea!

Grateful

I'm so happy that you and your family contacted wounded soldiers before the holidays. What a wonderful way to spread the joy of the season!

Let's keep it going through the new year.

Write to Amy Dickinson at askamy@tribune.com or Ask Amy, Chicago Tribune, TT500, 435 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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Freedom of Speech, and, Now, of Speaker Too

RIDEAU, From D1

Rideau cheated death in the 1970s when the Supreme Court outlawed then-existing death penalty laws. Many feel he was cheated of freedom after state pardon boards recommended clemency four times but two governors turned him down in the face of stiff opposition from the victim's family and Lake Charles authorities.

After appealing his conviction, Rideau had three more trials. Two found him guilty of murder again, but his last trial—ordered by a federal appeals court because of historic exclusion of blacks from grand juries in Calcasieu Parish—resulted in a manslaughter conviction. He had already served more than the maximum sentence for that crime.

Finally, more than four decades after reaching death row at Angola, he was free.

While in prison, Rideau went from an illiterate teenager to a well-read, self-educated man. He edited *The Angolite*, a prison magazine that won a George Polk Award and a Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Award for exposing prison abuses. He was in demand as a speaker, appeared on television and helped produce and direct an award-winning documentary about Angola, "The Farm."

In 1993, *Life* magazine called him "the most rehabilitated prisoner in America."

His year of freedom has been one of discovery for Rideau, a dapper man who'll be 64 on Feb. 13. He has a touch of gray in his mustache, but none in his hair and few lines on his face. At an age when his contemporaries are checking out retirement plans, Rideau just got his learner's permit and is trying to learn to drive.

A week after he got out of prison, Rideau went to the Department of Motor Vehicles to get an identification card. He was supposed to fly to Washington to appear on "Nightline," but couldn't board a plane because he had no ID—no discharge papers from the prison system, no birth certificate, no Social Security card.

Rideau took the front pages of three newspapers with him, all showing him after he was freed from jail. "You look at me and you'll see that I'm the same person," he told officials.

His unusual form of ID was accepted. He hopes to get his first driver's license this spring.

"It's not easy for a 63-year-old man to learn to drive," said Linda



BY JAMIE GATES — AMERICAN PRESS

Above, a rally during Wilbert Rideau's trial last year. Below, the cause celebre speaks with reporters after his release.



BY JAMIE GATES — AMERICAN PRESS, VIA ASSOCIATED PRESS

LaBranche, a friend and legal researcher who worked with the Rideau Project at Loyola University in New Orleans. "It's going slowly."

Just about everything is going slowly for Rideau. He wanted to open a bank account, but because he has no credit record he had to have a co-signer. He has learned to use a debit card, but not an ATM. He can surf the Web, but can't operate a cell phone. He didn't know how to tie a necktie until someone at a speaking engagement showed him how.

Honorariums from speaking engagements earned him \$3,000 in the last year, but he had to borrow money to get health insurance.

"The first thing I'd like to do is to be able to earn some money," Rideau said. "That's a priority, earn some money so I can secure my future because I only have a few years

of productivity left." There have been no offers for him to work as a journalist, something Rideau said does not surprise him.

"I recognize that up there in prison, while I was editor, the thing I had going for me and the magazine is that we were a novelty," Rideau said. "I was a dog playing a piano. So you guys were always interested and everybody was interested and wanted to help. I'm no longer in that situation, but I learned a lot of skills up there that are transferable."

His need for money was made greater after State District Judge David Ritchie, who oversaw Rideau's final trial, slapped him with a \$127,000 bill to cover the costs of the proceeding that freed him.

The bill included fees paid to expert witnesses, courthouse securi-

ty, travel expenses for jurors, copying costs for jury questionnaires, and food for the jury and staff, including the judge (\$435.68 to Seafood Palace, \$124.80 to Pappy's, \$396.90 to Steamboat Bill's).

Before the trial, Rideau's attorneys tried to work out a deal for a manslaughter charge rather than endure another court fight. The prosecutor turned them down. Now, Rideau's attorney, George Kendall, said Rideau was being made to pay for the battle he offered to forgo.

"It's unheard of," Kendall said. "It's the absolute right of any American to have a jury trial. You should know that if you exercise that right and go to court you don't have to pay for it."

The judge's order is under appeal, but in the meantime Rideau filed for bankruptcy to protect him from the bill.

Rideau hopes to write a book, but currently has no contract, no publisher and no agent, despite reports that he was about to sign a \$500,000 deal.

Still, he does not appear worried, saying his experiences since release have been good.

"The most surprising thing of my entire experience out here is how nice people have been," Rideau said.

That was his message when he ran into a former Angola guard.

"I told him I'm probably the only person in the world that you know that you don't have to ask how I'm doing," Rideau said. "I am the only guy you know who wakes up in Heaven every morning."