

An open letter to a certain hotel con-heiress

DEAR PARIS HILTON, You may not remember me, but my name is Dino-Ray Ramos, and I interviewed you last year when you popped into Macy's San Francisco to promote your fragrance "Heiress."

I remember the meeting as though it were yesterday.

I was sitting there as you walked in with your entourage. You really looked like you wanted to be there. Galloping in with feathery purchases from the Betsy Johnson store, oversized white-rimmed glasses shaded your eyes and you were rockin' a pair of wide-leg trousers before they were in vogue.

When it was my turn for an exclusive five-minute interview, you could hardly speak because you were sick, but that was perfectly fine.

It seemed like the world stood still as you gazed at me with those crystal blue eyes and whimpered one-word answers to my engaging questions.

Now, instead of posing for Guess? ads and strutting down the runway in Heath-erette garb, you are sporting correctional facility couture —



Dino-Ray Ramos
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but I am sure you still look fabulous.

In fact, you looked fabulous through this whole "in and out of the slammer" ordeal.

Your mug shot was definitely "America's Next Top Model" material, and I absolutely adored that three-quarter length sleeve blazer you wore to one of your court hearings. Was it Dior?

That said, you have dominated the media, shoving aside other things — the war, global warming, Lindsay, Britney, mixed reviews of "Ocean's Thirteen" etc.

People may see this as an opportunity to put you through the ringer even more, but since we became such close friends in that five-minute interview, I am going to take the high road and give



DAMIAN DOVARGANES — Associated Press

THAT'S STILL HOT: Love or hate her, Paris Hilton has claimed to discover a new side of herself through this jail ordeal — and she still manages to look trendy.

you a considerable 65 percent of my support.

Here are some things you can do to help your remaining days in Los Angeles County's "Twin Towers" jail facility.

For starters, now is the time to get those creative juices flowing.

Try to make the most of your time and think of a new fragrance to add to your perfume arsenal. I would suggest a mix of patchouli, ylang ylang and jail cell musk. You can call it "Redemption."

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While you are staring at the bars of your cell, try to make the most of your time and think of a new fragrance to add to your perfume arsenal. I would suggest a mix of patchouli, ylang ylang and jail cell musk. You can call it "Redemption."

You also can take up a new hobby like crocheting or sewing. This will give you the opportunity to jump on that bandwagon of celebrity designers.

Or if you prefer, you can be-dazzle the bars of your cell with pink rhinestones and make your space a little more festive.

Find your inner-Martha Stewart. If she can survive jail, I think you can, too. Maybe you can give her a call and ask for pointers.

Let's face it, your catch phrase, "That's hot!" has grown tired. I think now is the time to make a change. Maybe

you can say something like, "That's impartial!" or "That's justified!"

In your book, "Confessions of an Heiress," rule No. 13 of your heiress instructional says, "Act ditz. Lose things. It throws people off and makes them think you're adorable and less together than you really are."

However, in a recent conversation with Barbara Walters, you said, "I'm not the same person I was. I used to act dumb. It was an act. I am 26 years old, and that act is no longer cute. It is not who I am, nor do I want to be that person for the young girls who looked up to me."

So does this mean that you were acting the whole time? Are you an Ivy League scholar with a Ph.D. in nuclear physics?

Nonetheless, I am glad that you have finally emerged from your socialite shell and real-

ized the cute facade gets old after a while.

Actually, it got old after an hour or so.

Like you said, "God has given me a new chance," and I am glad that you are using this time to reflect on your life and change it for the better.

It's also good to hear that you are honing your skills as a ping-pong player.

No matter how much flack you get from everyone else, just remember to stay true to yourself.

You dress fabulously and you know how to work a red carpet (and I am sure you're working those sterile halls of the jail facility).

Ultimately, I know you will never lose your edge because of rule No. 21 in your heiress instructional: "Never be predictable. Always surprise people. That way, they will never get tired of you."

I think you have achieved that and then some.

Your friend,
Dino-Ray Ramos

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