

The Charger *Slant*

News from a different angle

May, 2009

Ink is blood. Don't just hold on to your issue –
Keep the *Slant* circulating.

Questions? Comments? Sorry.

Your ad here!

Want to get your message out? Advertise with *The Slant!*

Seriously. You know who to talk to.

Student Voice

Tell us a great way to ask your date to prom.

Marcus S., junior, says: This year I wrote a song for my girl to ask her to prom; she loved it. I used the tune of that Nelly Furtado song, “Promiscuous Girl.” And the lyrics too.

Brady H., senior, says: It’s cool if you sort of throw a curveball, you know. Like, for example, I used some permutations of logarithmic differentiation that I learned in Calc, except instead of giving you a bunch of numbers, it spells out “PROM? U AND ME? -BRADY” once you solve it. I slipped the problems into my crush’s math homework about three weeks ago – once she figures it out I’m sure she’ll be delighted.

Tommy I., senior, says: You gotta get a head start, you know. There’s this chick I’ve been really into since freshman year. That’s when I asked her to prom. She’s been saying she’ll get back to me soon about it, so I’m really stoked.

Marcus T., senior, says: Go overboard. Girls want you to make them feel special, right? So this weekend I went over to where Lily, the girl I like, lives; to ask her, I climbed a tree to get into her bedroom through the window. And I swear I saw her giving me a thumbs-up as the cops dragged me away, so I’m set.

Artists’ Corner

Ms. R. Able and the Eternal Loneliness
By Percy T.

My life is an abysmal abyss
Of always misery and never bliss
For it is her love that I dearly miss

I hope that you will understand me
Thanks to my poetic redundancy
To communicate to you my absolute misery

My heart torn a thousand times over
I’m miserable without my lover
My soul is a holocaust for her

I’m left in a vacuum of sorrow
I hate today, despise tomorrow
In this misery I shall forever wallow

My dismal despair is a symphony
Composed of melodious misery
With this harmonious hate of me

Eternally shall this melancholy last
Only two weeks did our relationship last!
Into a dumpster my heart she cast

shifts in meter clearly communicating the utter misery which the poem sought to capture; furthermore, his delivery was spectacular, and I felt as though his voice reached – and tortured – the very depths of my soul.

The bad

- *Marie Klutz, dancer:* Watching sophomore Marie dance to Toni Basil's "Hey Mickey" was like watching Toni Basil dance to Toni Basil's "Hey Mickey." Unfortunately for Marie (and Toni,) 40-something cheerleaders slathered in makeup do not appeal to my inner ballet artist. Easy on the eye shadow next time, Marie.
- *Copper Lisown, flair ice-cream server:* I don't know which part of Copper's, a senior, act would be harder to describe: the act itself, or how bad it was. He attempted to emulate the panache and style of a flair bartender, but with Chocolate Fudge instead of Kahlua, and ice-cream scoops rather than Boston shakers; his attempt failed miserably, when his face got covered with a large blob of Nutty Coconut. To add insult to injury, Copper was, tragically, declared winner of the talent show by STATCO. Why do people like him always win!?
- *David Chao, drummer:* This performance was abusive. I don't much like drummers to begin with; I take no pleasure in their Neanderthalic "art form," which is little more than swinging arms wildly at what their kind consider to be "musical instruments." However, David took my disdain for these second-class musicians to a whole new level, with a formless and nauseating twelve-minute solo that has since left even my heart without a sense of rhythm.

In conclusion, I must ask – why does Clark seem to be at such a loss for individuals who possess any ability to entertain or perform whatsoever? My answer: a lack of celebrity coverage in the news. Students need exposure to, and inspiration by, individuals with true talent, such as Chingy and Soulja Boy Tell 'Em; once Clark's so-called "talented" individuals finally learn to "Crank That," perhaps I will reconsider my now-current boycott of this abominable exhibition.

Did you despise the recent Talent Show as well? Contribute to Cy's boycotting effort by denouncing anyone who performed in the show, as well as refusing to attend next year's talent show.

Former Charger tops charts Louis "Ridiculas" Greene an overnight success

By J. Bouti, staff writer, April 6, 2009

Suppose you knew Madonna in high school.

Or Bono, or David Bowie, or Billy Corgan. Suppose that someone you once sat next to in Trig is now putting his knowledge of exponents to use – tabulating record sales.

Well, it just might be true. Meet Louis Greene, or, as he prefers to be called, Ridiculas. A graduate of Clark High School's class of 2006, the 23-year-old now has the record industry at his fingertips with his hugely successful debut album, "It is Ridiculas."

A rapper by trade, Ridiculas got his start making a name for himself in Las Vegas's underground hip hop circuits. "Freestyling, that's how I built up my rep. If you're good, and, s***, I am good, people will listen to you." The local fame he initially achieved rapidly snowballed; he began receiving heavy attention from top music industry execs. Soon, a record deal was signed, and, after eight months hard at work in the studio, "It is Ridiculas" was complete – the public response to which has been overwhelming. Already, since its release on January 12th of this year, over two million copies have been sold, proving that Ridiculas's rhyming skills more than live up to the hype. Says his producer, G Beatz: "Ridiculas got some crazy talent, man. When you're looking to make records you gotta keep an eye out for kids like this, this kid is where the money is at." Incidentally, G Beatz has been behind some hip hop's biggest acts over the past two decades. "I was responsible for Vanilla Ice," he proudly boasts.

Humbly, Ridiculas defers all praise to God. "I know the good Lord is up there pulling for me," he says. "Why else would I be rolling in dough and honeys?"

Life hasn't always been peachy for the Las Vegas native. "Growing up on the streets, man, it ain't pretty. I lost a lot of my friends up in my slum a** neighborhood – s***, you don't even *know* how that feels. I was brought up

rough.” His mother, Marcie Greene, contributed her account of his childhood: “I remember once one of his friends from down the street had to move away, the boy’s family didn’t have the money to live in such a nice part of town. Little Louie took it pretty hard, as I recall. He’s still rather a bit bitter about it I think.”

“Louie’d always been a driven boy,” his kindly old mother continues, baking a batch of snickerdoodles as I interview her. “And I suppose the success he’s been having came as no surprise to anybody. He always goes after what he wants, he’s so determined. Do you remember those two nice boys, what were their names...? Kris and Kross, I believe... back in the ‘90s? We’d always tease little Lou for wearing his pants backwards just like them – but to this day, he always insists he was the one who started the backwards pants thing. And he doesn’t let anyone forget it.” Certainly not – just listen to Ridiculas’s “I Started That,” which contains this eloquently phrased lyric: “Super soak those backward pants / Ahh, Robocop, no you can’t / I started that s*** / Now watch me roll, Batman.”

Clearly, Ridiculas is quite the innovator – so what is in store for his future? “Branching out, man. Like, right now, I’m in the process of writing a book – *The Ridiculas Guide to Being Fly*, it’s going to be out in a couple of months. Just doing what I can to get my message out, you know. I’m an artist.” Adds G Beatz: “Twentieth Century Fox has expressed interest to my studio about producing a feature film, which will feature Ridiculas as a drummer in a marching band. Like I said, man, check out a kid like this, and you going to be cashing in soon.”

Now a role model for many, Ridiculas offers these words of advice for up-and-coming rappers: “Merchandise. Man, get yourself a line of shoes, a line of accessories and s***, and there ain’t no stopping you. Cash flow, baby. All about cash flow. Oh, and don’t let nobody get away with dissing you either. Ain’t no one ever talk s*** about me no more, I done popped all of them haters.”

Want to see Ridiculas live? You’re in luck – Ridiculas will be here in Las Vegas on September 7th, at the Thomas & Mack Center. Get your tickets before the event is sold out!

C.H.S. Talent show a miserable failure

Lack of celebrity coverage in media at fault

By Cy Nickel, staff writer, April 19, 2009

Having your eardrums pummeled through with an ice pick is not a pleasant experience.

Fortunately, I have never been pummeled through the eardrums with an ice pick; but I can infer that it would be extraordinarily painful, based on two factors: 1) common sense, and, 2) Clark High School’s recent talent show, which imparted upon me somewhat of an approximation of what this would feel like.

The talent show, sponsored by the STATCO student organization, was an utterly abusive parade of pampered prima donnas attempting to showcase their simply nonexistent performing abilities. In the previous paragraph, I picked on the singers and musicians; but in that respect I have been somewhat unfair – the dancers, comedians, and hand-puppet actors were absolutely abysmal as well. Though the evening did contain a precious few truly talented performers, their moxie and mettle was cold-heartedly cast aside by piss-poor judging. Here I will detail some of the talent show’s too-few highlights, as well as its (miserably) many lows.

The good

- *D’arcy Chamberlin, singer/guitarist:* D’arcy, a junior, was one of the last performers of the night; for this I am glad, for if she had not mercifully interrupted the onslaught of awful performances, I may have been overcome with the urge to permanently lock myself in an industrial deep-freeze, to numb the pain these had inflicted upon me. She performed a Smashing Pumpkins song called “Stumbleine,” accompanied only by her acoustic guitar. Her voice, though a bit tinny, possessed a soulful quality, and I was drawn into her performance, moved deeply by the passion with which she delivered the song’s lyrics.
- *Percy Thetic, poet:* Senior Percy’s poetic performance – a recitation of a poem of his, entitled “Ms. R. Able and the Eternal Loneliness” – quickly brought me to pathetic sobs. The composition of his poem was remarkable, with subtle