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By: Elena Gorgan, Entertainment News Editor



Paris Hilton airs it out

## **Flashing Privates to Become Obsolete!**

*If this ever reaches Paris and the entire hoard of flashers, we're as good as dead*

I know this doesn't quite qualify for our 'Fashion Police' section but I believe what you're about to see next is worth a minute of your precious time. I also know that you've grown accustomed to seeing the likes of Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan, Britney Spears, Jordan and the rest of non-repeat offenders getting out of cars and putting their privates on full display. At times, such 'happenings' (I'm not even sure if we're to call them incidents) are funny. Very often they're just gross. Still funny, but the grossness prevails though. Anyway, there aren't enough words in the English dictionary to describe how seeing the crotch (panty-full or panty-less) of a celebrity makes us feel: first off, we're offended (like, 'Please, woman, cover yourself up! You're in a public place'). Then, curiosity sets in: 'Hm! So, that's what X's vagina looks like. I see she's into going commando to dinner'. And then, later, comes the ridiculousness of the entire situation: 'With all her money, the least she can do is go and buy herself a pair of decent-looking underpants. Or get a bikini wax. Or any wax.' When dear Miss Paris Hilton first set this trend, I was shocked. Literally. I simply couldn't come to terms with the fact that a woman who pretends to be such a big class act, who tries really hard to make us believe she is a lady, didn't know the basic rules to getting out of a car without showing her goods to an entire world. A couple of months later, I realized that her flashing frenzy was just something that she did... it was a part of who Paris Hilton was (and still is) and I learned to love her for it. (That last part is obviously a lie.) Also, at the same time, I was wondering if there weren't some sort of summer classes for ladies, to which Paris, Lindsay and Brit could attend. Or a special college or something, like a ten-step course called 'Learning How to Get into Your Car. The "Embrace the Idea of Knickers" Phase'. And, finally, my prayers have been heard! But, paradoxically, I find myself confused: are we to rejoice or to be saddened by the fact that someone actually made a video with the 9 required steps to getting out of car without showing flesh or underwear? Below is a clip that someone just sent me and I advise you to watch it. Using a mocking-serious tone, it addresses the ardent problem all these starlets have. But the line 'If there is even the slightest chance your smalls might be on display, make sure you're wearing pants you are proud of' is the killer! I mean, they should totally put it in books and school manuals to avoid the embarrassment of future generations of female celebs. Then again, maybe they shouldn't. What will our world be without the many flashings? What will become of Paris' purpose on this earth? 'Without flashing, I'm nothing' might as well be her motto. Whatever. Right now, while you're watching the video, I'm off to search the web. If I'm lucky enough to come across the e-mails of Paris, Lindsay and Brit, I plan to send them a link. Just for the heck of it, to spite them! And to show them that a woman CAN get out of a car without having her crotch exposed. It's official and documented now...