I suppose if all you hear as you're growing up is: "Float like a butterfly, and sting like a bee" you couldn't help but end up a rapper. Get ready world it's May May Ali, daughter of the Heavyweight Champion of the World Muhammad Ali. She wants to be taken as a serious rapper for who she is, not who her father is, so we're not supposed to mention his name. Yeah right ... people laugh openly when I order Large Fries, a Double Cheese Burger, a dozen Chicken Nuggets, a Fishburger, and then insist on a Large Diet Cola. It's not that I'm watching my figure, I just want to be down with En Vogue who have done commercials for said Diet Cola Company. Are these women so-fine or what? [I'd tell you the name of the Diet Cola Comapny but they don't advertise with us so Fuck ... equally fine is Simone Kessel from Homeward Bound. Them!]. Actually Drop Dead Beautiful is probably a better description. Can she sing? Someone sign her quick and get her on video and make hella mo'money. Hurry before the Straw People get to her first ... speaking of Beautiful People Metrose Place started well but nose-dived real quick. Not surprising considering it's really just a Twentysomething version of Thirtysomething which was equally purile (but Mark Tierney liked it). Still, it allows all those non-teens oogling the boys in Beverly Hills 90210 to come out of the closet and openly blather about the Men of Melrose

and speaking of 90210, superbitch Shannen Doherty who plays Brenda ("Sorry I'm making you so hot Dylan but I only let you fuck me once so you'd know what you're missing") Walsh revealed herself as the TWAT she really is by reciting the Pledge of Allegiance at the US Republican Convention last month. They wanted her to sing The Star Spangled Banner for President Bush but sadly she can't sing a note!! . equally TWATTY was Chuck D of Public Enemy. On stage in Auckland recently he felt obliged to tell us all what a fascist President George - as if we didn't know . . . it's funny how only recently Bush **Bush** was told us of The New World Order with him as the Sherriff and Saddam Hussein as the Town Bully. Funny how he's happy to send troops to Kuwait for the second time but he's not prepared to send troops to what was once Yugoslavia. Bush says the fighting there is deplorable but an Internal matter. Yeah right, and when your neighbour is beating the crap out of his wife that's just a domestic problem . . . watching Middle Class Mummy in a local shopping mall beating the crap out of her daughter really put the wind up a lot of people who stood by gawking in horror and doing nothing. Well, what can you say, she'll only tell you to mind your own business won't she? Try telling her "Nah, don't smack - put your fist to her face! That'll teach the toddler a thing or two" Maybe that will put the situation into perspective for Mummy (or Daddy) Dearest . Maybe if we all drink more Pepsi we might get to see Michael Jackson here in NZ this summer. Maybe if we all buy less U2 we might not get to see them here in NZ this summer. Fat chance! definitely not here sometime this summer is The Sauce, a free weekly magazine that was to give you the latest in Continental Condiments and all things Hip and Gravy. I didn't realise cooking was such a big thing in



Auckland, maybe Mai FM will change their name to Kai FM ... speaking of Auckland's Newest Radio Station, just how did they get their Mai FM banner on stage for the Ice T/Public Enemy concert? Those poor weasels at BFM thought they were the "presenting station", it was after all their logo on the posters. Sadly for BFM they had been usurped by the Friends of Mai, a.k.a. the Support Acts ... down in Wellington, student station Radio Active were dicked this month too. Not by a rival station but by their own Student Association Executive. Well, that's what the DJs said but no-one seems to know what's officially going on. . . the funniest thing at the Ice T/ Public Enemy concert was watching Ice T plug his album O.G. by telling us the G stood for Gangster and that we were all in our own way Gangsters because we were all individuals and did our own thing, even if it meant listening to rap music when "they" tried to stop us. Ice then invited us to pump our fists in the air if we was down wid dat. So naturally 1500 individuals duly did what they were told and pumped their fists. If I may quote Ice T: "You played yourself - suckers!" If you enjoyed Glenn Close as the One-Night-Stand-From-Hell in Fatal Attraction, and Rebecca De Mornay as the Nanny-From-Hell in The Hand That Rocks The Cradle, you'll love Jenifer Jason Leigh as the Flatmate-From-Hell in the forthcoming Single White Female. It's a good film, but a weak introduction to the story Chuck D told me about the Fan-From-Hell. Seems that when Chuck turned up at the studios of Black Entertainment Television (BET) a woman and her 2 kids walked in with the Public Enemy entourage. The security guard let her sign in with everyone else and she followed Chuck to the Green Room (that's TV jargon for the waiting room). Once there she emptied her bags and started serving bean pies and fried chicken that she had prepared for Chuck, and talking to him about his life (and hers). Chuck thought she was with BET and it took 90 minutes of listening to her go off the deep end before he realised things were a little giggidy giggidy. The security people had to escort her and her 2 kids from the building . how stupid do you have to be to work in the fashion business? Maybe Frances and Denice, proprietors of WORLD shouldn't work so much and should instead watch more television. Anyone who rents Batman on video not knowing it's playing on Channel 2 the following night must be working too hard . . obviously not working too hard are the people at ALAC. The rules on TV liquor advertising mean you can't imply people will be more sexually attractive by drinking alcohol. Which is why the Production Assistant in the Steinlager Blue ad who turns from a dowdy old frump into a hot babe in a tight little black number is not more sexually attractive, she's just "getting hip". The fact that she "gets hip" in the middle of a Steinlager Blue ad means nothing. In fact she is never once seen holding a can of Steinlager so it would be quite wrong to think you could become more attractive to ageing Stage Managers by drinking the beer . . . glad I cleared that one up for you - as they say in France: C'Yal NICK D'ANGELO

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