

# Princess SUPERSTAR

Beyond smutty and queen of the nymphs, Princess Superstar is a supercharged, potty-mouthed vixen.

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Best described as an oversized rap Barbie, she's blonde, blue eyed and fierce as hell, rapping unflinchingly about her "coochie creamy like butter, better ask my groupies." Not for the faint hearted, she's also obnoxious, lurid, sharp as the proverbial tack and undeniably crude.

Oh, and fake. Having secured an interview with her highness, I'm salivating at the dirty rotten conversation that's to come. I want the works, baby, to giggle like a naughty school girl who's hanging way over on the wrong side of the tracks. I want to be shocked and deliciously horrified, to cringe and imagine what my mother would think.

Instead, I discover that Princess Superstar is nothing

more than a hyper-sexual figment of her own imagination. She's a trick, a shadow, a hoax, little more than a character dreamed up by her sweet as pie other half, Miss Concetta Kirsch. I can't help but think of all those cheesy cinema scenes, the dowdy librarian whipping off her glasses and loosening her hair, revealing the temptress within.

Behold, the alter ego! A Latin phrase that describes "the other I," an alter ego is a second half, a person within a person. I'm not sure what came first, the chicken or the egg. Is it Kirsch that cowers behind Princess Superstar's brash, crass, pseudo-slut routines, or does she, in fact, unleash the dragon?

Either way, they're one and the same yet worlds

apart. It is with Kirsch that I speak, her manners impeccable and temperament warm and effusive, to say the least. She tells me that she's "really excited" about her upcoming Australian tour dates, "really happy" with the success of her international hit, Perfect Exceeder, and "really ready" for commercial success.

Having already achieved a large degree of underground notoriety, Kirsch is now teetering on the edge of mainstream acceptance. It's a tricky time for any artist but even more so for Kirsch, having fought so long and hard to maintain both creative and personal control. All of Princess Superstar's releases have been independent, a majority through Kirsch's own label, Corrupt Con-

glomerate, but to take the next step she realizes it's time to piggyback with a major. "I've done what I can on independents, and I want some money!"

It's a recurrent theme, one that also features on her latest album, My Machine. Though obviously tongue in cheek there's something about Famous that rings true, Kirsch telling audiences "I want everyone to know my name, I wanna be famous, want cars, want cribs, wanna be the boss of the game, don't wanna work all day, wanna chill with Dre." I'm not sure, however, if this is what Kirsch really wants "I" and so I ask. Having read an article in which she is quoted as saying that her choice of magical power would be "X-ray vision, to see what

people really want for themselves," I turn the tables and ask her what it is that she longs for. Pausing to think, she tells me that she already has what she wants. "Travelling the world and inspiring women to take the road less travelled."

On many levels, she's right "I" she's a white, female, rapper, inverting the genre's stereotypes and giving just a little wit back to blinged up misogynistic boneheads. She's a sharp contrast to the usual bootie shaking gangsta molls, and when offering herself to men, asking "Hey boy do you wanna use me, got something better than sushi," it's obvious who's in control. But at what cost? Having experienced first hand the shock of reconciling a ferocious, insatiable Princess Superstar with the

adorable, amiable Kirsch, I can all too easily imagine a leak into her personal life. How, for example, does she handle the expectations of men? Let's not be shy "I" Kirsch raps lovingly about her dildo and its mechanic, so it's safe to say that her potential partners aren't exactly expecting the lights to be switched off.

Kirsch tells me that it's a "problem for sure. Princess Superstar is a strong character and a huge part of me "I" which makes things difficult at times. "Not surprisingly" it's hard enough being a confident, successful woman at the best of times, but a confident, successful, sexually dominant female rapper?

The pitfalls of royalty, I guess.