



[LIVING]
TECH

Blog-buster Hit

Did Internet kill the radio/video/TV star? If you want to be the next Xiaxue, find out how to start a killer blog like these cyber dudes and babes. BY KI'ERN TAN

Unapologetically flamboyant and with a mouth so foul it'd make Eminem blush, Filipino fashionista Bryan Boy does take a little getting used to at first. Sure, he's shallow, materialistic and borderline anorexic but once you get past the cussing and bitchy rants, you quickly learn why Bryan is well and truly a celebrity in his own right.

It all began innocently enough as a travel journal in 2004 but his blog (www.bryanboy.com) has since morphed into a shrine to all things excessive. A luxury brands whore (he has the coveted Birkin bag!), the sum total of his indulgences could probably feed a small country for a year. But it is precisely his unabashed love for the frivolous that makes his blog such an entertaining read.

BLOG-O-METER: ☆☆☆☆☆



LIME: Your blog is famous for your many campy photos. Which diva superstar do you channel when you vamp it up for the camera?

BRYAN BOY: I don't really channel anyone when I pose because I'm way too busy thinking about my insecurities. Am I fat? Are my batwings too obvious? Do I have a double chin?

You're a label queen who seems to go on numerous shopping sprees. What or rather who funds them?

What numerous shopping sprees? I wish! Unfortunately, I pay for my own mess but contrary to what people think, my pockets aren't deep. I'm a career girl! I'm a fluffer by day and a telephone sex operator by night. People pay me US\$3.99 per minute just to hear me say "Hi sweetie, my name is Amber, I'm 16 and I have a bald pussy... cat!"

Biggest gripe about luxury goods?

You can't have them all.

Your house is burning. Which designer tote will you save first?

Bags are replaceable so that should be the least of my priorities. The first thing I would save is my 6-inch limited edition Hello Kitty vibrator.

How many of your fans from around the world have come to see you?

None! Nobody wants to go to my homeland aka the cesspit of the third world, Manila, Philippines. People are afraid they'll get kidnapped or something. I think people *should* visit my little corner of Asia. It's perfectly safe and the beaches are beautiful.

Where do you stand on plastic surgery?

I'm all for plastic surgery. I really want to get my nose fixed but I'm dead scared. Paging Singapore's Dr Martin Huang! [He gave Xiaxue a free nose job.] Please give me a free nose job, chin job and liposuction. Free. I repeat, free!

If there were a TV show made about you, who should play your fabulous self?

Why leave the portrayal of my life to some random actor who will probably never get it right? I, oh yes, I will play myself. Nobody does it better than my fat, brown ass.

What is your definition of fat and the ideal body?

Everyone is fat. I'm fat, you're fat and both our mothers are fat. In my opinion, the ideal body belongs to a prepubescent young boy. Hairless, thin, lanky and with a 19-inch waist. I'm not a paedophile. Trust me.

What's one fashion item every self-respecting diva should have?

Chanel lip gloss and black underwear. That's all you need to go places and reach new heights.

What's the most insulting thing someone can say to you?

I've heard so many insults in this life I'm already numb. I've heard them all! What I do hate though are people telling me I'm thin or that they use me as their "thinspiration". I'm not really thin. Pictures can be deceiving. Deep down I know I'm on the heavier side of the scale.

Which is a greater sin to you: not being able to afford designer goodies or not being able to fit into skinny jeans?

It's a blessing to be able to afford luxury goods and it's wonderful to fit into size 0 jeans. However, there are more important things in life than shopping or vanity. What I consider sinful is not chasing after what we really want in life – an expensive handbag, a perfect body, a fabulous career, a gorgeous boyfriend or a cool house. If we're not proactive in chasing our dreams, nothing will happen to us. Unless of course, we get our fat asses to Moscow and find ourselves a wealthy oligarch. Baboosh!