

production — I like them to be lean.  
 "You get to number one in America and you think, in what way is our record crap? Why is it so high in the charts? What's so shitty about it? But I'm quite pleased that it's there — it's something good for people to listen to for a change."  
 "We're going to be playing live in America in September. They asked us to do concerts they had a very good argument as to why we should do it so we said yeah —"  
 "What was the good argument?"  
 "That they'd sell two million more copies if we did. (laughs) What convinced us is when we did *Saturday Night Live* with the Mint Juleps playing keyboards and the rest sang. So they'll come out on tour with us and open the show, and then come back and join the Fine Young Cannibals for a while. They're really good to have around, really funny, so touring will be quite good fun.

"There are certain things we do like we always leave the show straight away, we don't hang around meeting people, which pisses the roadies off, roadies like the group to stay because then the girls stay. But you can't oblige everybody."  
 The task ahead of you is still a lot less than that before some young metal band who'll go on the road for 18 months...  
 "That frightens me that, it would send you nutty. It's nice to do concerts, but the bits in between — it's like having to go to a party every night. But we're gonna take it easy — have good caterers, a massage in every town," he smiles.  
 So, what's your next movie role?  
 "I could do a Bond movie. I could be James Bond's sidekick who gets killed halfway through."  
 Roland Gift smiles. That would suit him just fine.  
**CHAD TAYLOR**

# Lady Windemere's Fan

## Malcolm McLaren in Victoriana

If you open up the last issue of *Vanity Fair*, there she is: Lauren Hutton, broken-toothed, grinning and beautiful, her arms wrapped around the throat of a 400-pound alligator. Lauren Hutton wrestles alligators for fun. She also used to date Malcolm McLaren.  
 "She's pretty, isn't she?"  
 Malcolm slurs. "Yep, very pretty picture that — it's like wrestling me, man! A great metaphor, even though they didn't say it."

Malcolm met Lauren in Hollywood when he was working there last year. Well, I say working: he was the last person left in a bankrupt company, wandering between studios and hawking scripts. In other words, doing what he has always done:

One imagines the inventor of the Sex Pistols would be right at home in Hollywood...

"Well so did I, but they really treated me as this musical maverick to bow down to and to listen to and to make extraordinary records and no way did they want to prostitute me because I was odd and strange and wonderful and weird. I was locked in an ivory cage. I couldn't break out of it without coming back to Europe and doing what they thought I was best at, which is making records, and hopefully FROM THERE make pictures."  
 "I wouldn't say I enjoyed it. I had a brilliant romantic affair which was something that I adored, and met Lauren and stuck it out. But I've come back to Europe with notions that Europe might serve me better than America. I'm still trying to make

faces — a la Paul Simon, a la Neneh Cherry, a la Herbie Hancock, a la Peter Gabriel and so on. It gets a little bit frustrating.  
 "I'm fairly proud of being a

non-musician, a musical retard, making records which inspire these illustrious musical names to make hit records, but at the end of the day I really need to exploit myself a lot better, and movies seem to be the place to do it. However I haven't had successes yet in terms of making one; Hollywood very much considers me an outsider, an outlaw and an eccentric, someone to be handled with kid gloves. Those gloves are coming off now. Hopefully something

## letters

WRITE TO: RIU LETTERS, PO BOX 5689, WELLESLEY ST, AUCKLAND, OR FAX TO (AK) 761-558.

### Boggles Love

Boggles, I love you (but I do not want to go to bed with you).  
 Mr Twirly, Dunedin.

### Dancefloored

Your Dancefloor column by Simon Grigg, although giving a list of hip-hop and House titles, does not enlighten us as to what this music is all about. Perhaps in a future RIU we could have an article on this music so that all the confused readers will not stay in the dark.  
 Dave Campton, Tawa.

(If you want to supplement the Dancefloor diet, RIU ran a major article on hip-hop, House & Acid by Russell Brown in the February '89 issue [no. 139]; back issues can be ordered from PO Box 5689.)

### Funk Writer

I am writing to you regarding your plea for a young funk writer for the *Rip It Up* magazine. I am 21, which I think you will agree is young, and I am small and white and very middle class, which I think you will

agree are perfect credentials for loving dirty ghetto music made by huge black men and reasonably large black wimmin. I enclose my 200 word or less review of a funk album (I will leave it to you guys to choose the title — I quite like James Brown *At The Apollo* or maybe some of the early Parliament things with the jokes about David Bowie in Philadelphia).  
 "Funk Review" (insert title here)  
 Wheeeaaa! Ugh ugh ugh ugh UGH UGH UGH!! Ha ya ya ya ya YA YAH! Sheeeeeeiiiiiii! Ooooooeeeeee!! Ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh! Brrrrrrhhhhhhh! Yyyyyeeeeehhh! Ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh ugh! Hunnnnnhh! Gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta! Sheeeeeeiiiiiii! Whooooo! yeahhh! Woooooossh! Ugh ugh ugh ugh!!!  
 Yeaaaa...  
 (I should perhaps point out that I review only on analogue equipment, should some of the points I make above be causing confusion. I would dearly love to review in the CD format but I do not possess a CD machine. Does a CD machine come with the funk job? I hope it does. By the way, if you think my name — Robin Schick — is a tad flaccid for funk writing, I am perfectly willing to change my Christian name to Jerome or Purvis, or even Kareem. My favourite brand of CD player is Denon.)  
 Robin Schick, Dunedin

"Have you ever been in a room with professional musicians? You wouldn't know what to say to them, they're so boring."

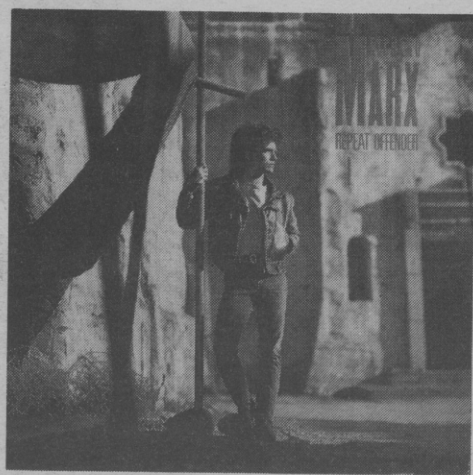
working in the truly scary no man's land of business, where credit and the never-never are the same, where pieces of paper change hands and items suddenly become priceless without ever existing. Malcolm McLaren loves doing nothing for something. He sold a script to Spielberg's company, completed a treatment of his LP *Fans* for director Richard Donner and is working on another. None may ever make it to the screen, but you can bet he got paid buckets for all three.

pictures rather than records — trying to find a method of transcending myself, to become something other than some character without a face on a record — trying to find a bigger horse with a movie and not have to fear the problem of promoting a record that's about ideas rather than stars. It's a problem making records like that and making them exist on their own — only a very few will pick up on that. Musicians down the road will pick up on my record and make it into hits because they've got good



Lauren Hutton licks another lizard for 'Vanity Fair'.

In 1988, 1,194 people were injured in the UK in deckchair incidents.



## RICHARD MARX

### REPEAT OFFENDER

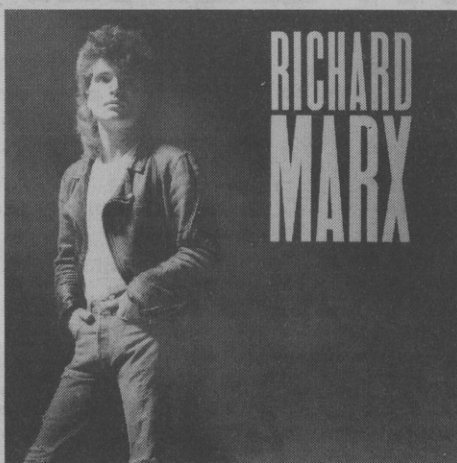
The new album featuring the No. 1 US smash single 'SATISFIED'.

# RICHARD MARX

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## RICHARD MARX

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