

**Mi Chico Latino: A conversation with *Ricky Martin*,
or a reasonable, hand drawn, facsimile thereof.**

by stephen mcQuaid

Stephen McQuaid: Hello, Mr. Martin!

Ricky Martin: Hello.

SM: Ricky, what was Menudo like? You were first rejected, and then you spent five successful years with them. It must have been a dream come true, as well as a shock for someone so young.

RM: Yes, it was a dream come true, and it was hard at the same time. It was a valuable experience, albeit an experience which was marred by corporate pressures and differing views between the changing members.

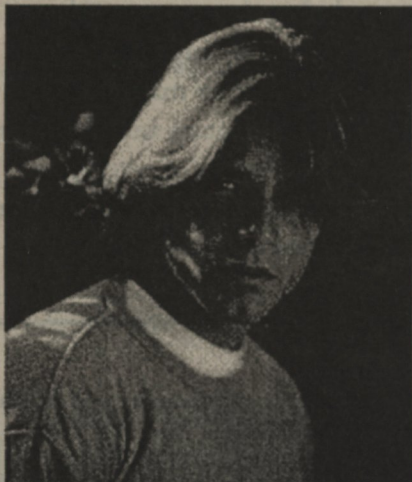
SM: Yes, but you came out a better person having learned valuable life lessons, right?

RM: Essentially, yes. I would change nothing if I had the opportunity to change anything.

SM: But Ricky, your childhood wasn't all smiles and sunshine, was it? You and your father had your problems, correct?

RM: Yes, it is true. He had his big role on the TV show "Fantasy Island". He would love yelling "Da plane, boss, da plane!"... I would watch the show at home and weep. I wished he could get on that plane sometime and fly back home, so I could see him sometime... >sniff<... but he would never leave his precious little Island to come home and spend time with me. It makes me sad to this day... I felt like a half-an-orphan.

SM: I'm sorry to hear that, Ricky, I didn't mean to bring it up. If you'd like to stop now, we could...



RM: No, I am OK. I will go on. I will be strong.

SM: OK then, Ricky, let's get right to it. All the ladies on the UPEI campus wanna know... boxers or briefs?

RM: Well, that's a good question. It's actually panties.

SM: Panties?

RM: Yes, but they're men's panties. Let's not get things confused here. I enjoy the feel of women's underwear, but I want the form and comfort of men's boxers. So, they're a hybrid of men's boxers and ladies' panties. I call them 'boxies'.

SM: Ah... yes, of course. Men's panties. I should have guessed (snicker, snicker). Ricky, how do you do those sizzling Latin dance moves? How do you make your hips do that? It drives the ladies mad!

If I can quote the TV show "Four on the Floor", They just go MAD!

RM: It's the feel of the Latin music. It gets into you. You feel the music in you. The music gets in you and you feel it. I feel the music in me. The music enters my body, goes straight for the hips, and I am helpless. That and the Mexican flying squirrels.

SM: Mexican flying squirrels?

RM: Yes. If I'm sore, or if I just need an extra boost of Latin energy, I just get a couple of them and stuff them in my boxies. They are the true stars. They have made my dancing what it is.

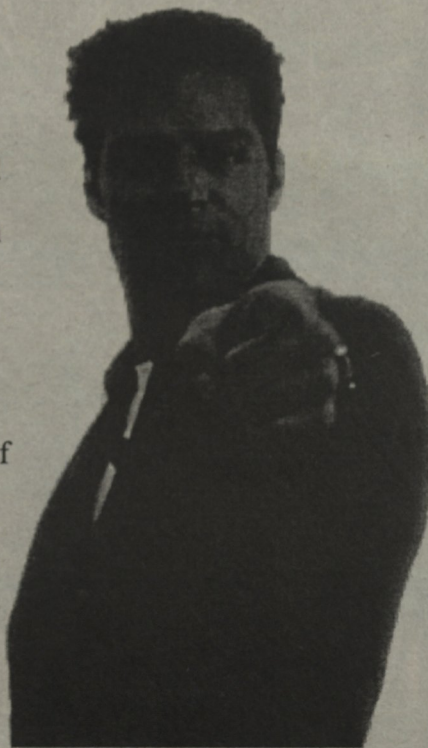
SM: OK... um... Ricky, when do you think you'll be coming to PEI to play The Barn? I've been waiting so long to see you now. We just love you SO much on PEI.

RM: Actually, I have played at The Barn before. I was the leader of a band called "Wild T and The Spirit". I dressed up as an odd-looking African American, and played with some pretty poor musicians. If you go to The Barn, you will see our autographed picture there on the second floor to this day. Partially, it was this bad musical experience that led me from performing in groups to going solo and

doing things my way. Because of that and Menudo, I felt I had to go solo.

SM: Ricky, I'm just curious... was it around that time that you hooked up with Haywire?

RM: Yes, it is true. They were hanging out at Skate Country that night while I was there. I was trying to skate my blues away into the night. I think they were planning a video of some sort, and I heard them singing some wonderful songs about the colours black and blue, and about bad boys... I rather like naughty boys, so I got to chatting with them. Turns



out, they needed a backup singer. I was unsure of my musical future after the altercation with The Spirit earlier that night, so I

decided to leave them on their own and go with these Haywire people. I needed something new. So, for a short while, I served as the backbone for Haywire. Then, I... I think you know what happened.

SM: Yes, Ricky, I do. Haywire was good in their day, but ironically, I think their last memorable single was called "Short end of a wishbone". That's the last one I remember seeing on Video Hits, anyway. What happened after Haywire? How did Ricky go on?

RM: Well, I got a job at Peter Pan, and I could only stay for two weeks. I could not get enough of their burgers, and they were making my hips flabby like the buns of Jennifer Lopez. My Latin wiggle was turning from something easily measured by the lustful looks of ladies, to the lines created by a moderately sensitive seismograph. I flew back home and the pounds melted away while I tested some new protein power plan. The rest is history. I got a job on a soap opera, and I am now a monstrously huge Latin pop star.

SM: You certainly are, Ricky, you certainly are. Well, thank you for your time, Ricky. You've been more than accommodating and a true gentleman.

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