

"dusting over his pockmarks with powder, balding and wimpy." He said it, not me.

ELLEN FOLEY had a motorcycle accident on New Year's Eve when she was riding on the back of a motorbike in California. Of course what her press officer refuses to reveal is what she was hanging on to before she fell off. The mystery is, why did the driver lose control? Was it the ice picks of excitement coursing up his spine as Miss Foley wrapped her cool fingers around his . . . left ear?

AND WHILE I'm writing about this kind of trip, this week's Cold Wind Over Clapham instalment will set your heart racing.

As usual, everyone but everyone is in love with Clarissa. Fergal O'Niffy has consoled himself over Christmas by reclusively staying in a mysterious hotel suite. Juan Martyn continues to pursue other women in the hope of finding a replacement love, he also buys piles of new jackets to improve his suave new image. Robbie McRampant, a workmate of Juan Martyn is asked to go around to Roberto and Clarissa's hacienda to discuss business matters so that Juan does not have to face the object of his devotion and instantly falls under the sofa and Clarissa's passionate spell. Meanwhile, Clarissa has no feelings for anyone except Roberto, who continues to go on swashbuckling tours in peculiar countries and wears thigh boots on the bed (makes the duvets filthy).

SUSAN ST JAMES, the slightly prattish wife of 'McMillan And Wife' telly fame is about to become a DJ in order to recover from her heartache after her

split from Stephen Stills of the hippie group Crosby Stills and Nash. However, she does feel that "Crawling into bed alone is not as distressing as I thought it would be," which doesn't really say that much for Mr Stills' Amazonian technique. Surely she should be pining for the next three years.

THERE WAS a little confusion at the airport when Alana Stewart's passport wasn't quite up to date and she and the baby (a raving beauty) and Rod (some think he's a raving beauty as well) had to stay in London in the pouring rain for an extra day. Rodnee went to a football match, as if you hadn't guessed.

THE QUITE incredibly good looking Richard Jobson of the Skids (I have to say that there's a gun at my chops) is apparently planning to write a play on theatre in Germany under the Third Reich.

THE TOP 100 will have a whole new meaning in the summer, when work starts on a new film 'Bubbling Under' which is being



Rodney trying to rush away from the airport.



made in London. The top 100 people in the music business (how will they chose them I wonder? The size of their ears? The size of their heads?) including stars, record company execs etc will be invited to appear in it. Will British Academy Award winner director David Rolfe be able to make stars out of Harvey Goldsmith or EMI chief Ramon Lopez? Will stars be born? Can they afford to sign me up? Perhaps I should have a discreet word with one of their script writers, Barry Cain.

AT LEAST now that I've finished the column you can now all look forward to Dallas on Saturday, which is definitely my thrill of the week now that the weather's too lousy to go out playing. A message to Dave Jarret, sylph like press officer to the stars, I would absolutely love to go on the six month sabbatical doing interviews in the States that you were telling me about the other day (there's no use denying it), but could you please stop making those phone calls coughing into the phone late at night . . .
LOVE PAULA x x x x

WHAT ELSE can we say but . . . keep taking the Pils. Looking suitably surly, as if you didn't know are Messrs Strummer and Dury following "the first major gig of the eighties" (groan) at the famous Friars, Aylesbury on Sat'day night.

Supporting The Clash on the first night of their current nationwide marathon were none other than Mister Dooery and the Blockheads, graciously returning the Spanish Bombers' compliment of having opened for them at one of the Kampuchea gigs.

Fab Facts (Vol 41): Mick Jones jammed with The Blocks on 'Sweet Gene Vincent'; Ian changed the words of 'Rhythm Stick' to "Over the Hills / To Aylesbury"; On 'Jimmy Jazz' (Joe Strummer meets Tom Waits in Woody Guthrie's box - car while bound for glory) The Clash were joined by The 'eads' Micky Gallagher on keyboards and the inimitable Lew Lewis on harp. Ditto 'Train In Vain' (the nineteenth and untitled track on 'London Calling', don't you know) and an indescribably excellent version of 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais'.

All in all a beezer night was had by all including Phil Rambow and the chummy Phil Taylor of Motorhead who once again blew his image by appearing freshly shampoo-ed, bright-eyed and anything but Phil-thy.

Also out and about this week - end were Jake Riviera and Andrew Lauder of the recently resuscitated Radar Records, both down The Nashville in sleazy West Kensington on Sunday night to scrutinize the ever - so - cutesie - pie Dolly Mixtures.

Also looking on was a certain Mr Nick Lowe, who as well as being strongly tipped to produce The Mixtures' upcoming platter, appears to be acquiring a prodigious number of grey hairs.

And if that lot weren't enough, supporting The Dollies were the fabulous Nips (shame on you for not buying 'Gabrielle') and the whole both gigs were filmed for a German TV documentary. So don't mention the war. MIKE NICHOLLS