

NUMANME

THE GARY NUMAN FAN SITE

ISSUE SIX

£0.00

GARY NUMAN

MAGAZINE





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The Numanme Gary Numan Magazine is a glossy, full colour, 20 pages plus, PDF file. This publication comes out 3 to 4 times a year, time willing! The Gary Numan Magazine is packed with fascinating and thoroughly researched articles on all aspects of Gary Numan's career, past and present. We delve into the vaults of Numanme to find old articles and clippings. And give you an insight into Gary's career seen through the eyes of fans all around the world.



Lyric From The Past



This Is My House

('I, Assassin' album,
1982)

I read a book
About conversation and
you

I listen to

Stories that intrude on
my heart again

This is my house

Welcome is here

This is my house

Welcome to me

My picture of your face
Will disappear with time

Patience in eyes

That say 'Occupied'

Quite peculiar

This is my house

Welcome is here

This is my house

Welcome to me



AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

Smash Hits, September 2 - 15, 1982

"Did you know that from this distance I could cut you clean in half with just one bullet?" asks Gary Numan, "Oh really?" says Ian Birch. Sheila Rock shoots (pictures).



It you don't have four wheels in Los Angeles, you're in trouble. Apart from cabs, which soon empty the wallet, there's no other way to get around.

Public transport is so rare it's almost a dying species, while walking often isn't practical. Not only are the distances huge but the police treat sidewalk striders with suspicion. You run the risk of being stopped and questioned, especially at night. All this gives the city an oddly frantic and even unhinged feel.

Knowing this, Gary Numan gallantly offers to pick us up from the hotel. It's only a ten minute drive to the house

he's rented in the fashionable West Hollywood hills (actor George Peppard is a neighbour).

He arrives fifteen minutes late and is amazingly apologetic Beryl, his mum, has just flown in from London and there were complications at customs. Some of her luggage went missing and the airport officials took ages finding it.

We hop into his Safari-styled black jeep. The eyes go straight to Gary's hair. He's gone blond again just like the old days. "That was for the fans really," he explains. "I had so many people writing in about it. You have to listen to them because they're your lifeblood.

"If you ignore them, what are you doing? Kicking people in the face who have stuck by you."

So what is their all-time, favourite look?

"The one on 'Replicas'. Black clothes, blond hair. It's their favourite because it was the first one. Same with Bowie and 'Ziggy Stardust'. They say that's Bowie's best but musically it's nowhere near it. He looks better now; he's mellowed with age. But tell that to a Bowie fan and he'll claw your eyes out."

There's more to come in the barnet department. In February Gary had a hair transplant which, from his description, was a grisly experience.

First the head from the forehead to the back of the neck is numbed. Then a zigzag of tiny holes are drilled, into which the strands of new hair are dropped. Gary didn't feel



a thing but he vividly remembers the blood pouring down his cheeks. Over the next few weeks his face puffed up so much that half of his band didn't recognise him. It was no jocular matter. Even now, six months after the event, he still has a couple of numb patches on the back of his head, but he's happy because the operation has worked.

We reached the house which is neatly tucked into a parched hillside. Behind the white walls and trailing plants lie superb,

sun-drenched, sparsely furnished rooms. There's a verandah at the back which is bordered by lights that glow a warm red in the evening. At the side is a solar-powered swimming pool so hot it could double as a bath.

He originally rented the house for his new band when they came over to rehearse for their October tour of Canada and America. He also bought them a car and was a mite miffed when they complained about having to pay for its petrol. "What more can you do?" he added, decidedly ruffled.

As Sheila sets up her tripods and cameras, Gary enthuses about his latest hobby — guns. He goes regularly to a gun club the desert outside Los Angeles. Although it's an ideal location, there is one major drawback rattlesnakes. Gary has a horror snakes.

Because snakes hate loud noises, they stay out of sight during the target practice. However, every half an hour a break is called, the club member retreat to safety and the snakes come out in their droves. Not surprisingly, Gary is terrified of coming face to face with one of the slithery kind. He goes white the thought. As a result, he always has a snake bite kit by his side even though he knows they can do little to help.

Gary nips into the house and returns with his collection of guns. He displays them proudly two combat rifles, a repeating shotgun ("a la Steve McQueen The Getaway" he slips in) and a nine millimetre, semi-automatic Baretta pistol.

"You couldn't do this in England, whereas over here you're allowed to walk into a shop and buy a gun a deadly killer like a semi-automatic combat rifle which can put out 3 rounds in 15 seconds."

Doesn't that worry him?

"No", says Gary, shuffling his shotgun from one hand to the other. "I just accept it as fact. I'm a very realistic person. I accept my lot in life quickly.

If I'm going to die in a plane crash say, I accept it."

Gary is only a few yards away. He lifts the shotgun and aims it me. "Did you know that from this distance I could cut you clean in half with just one bullet?"

Sheila almost drops her Polaroid. My mouth goes bone dry and my knees turn to jelly. Just then Beryl appears with some ice-cold drinks and we relax.

Financial reasons have brought Mr. N. to California. By staying out of Britain for a year, he can reduce his tax bill for that period and that's always an appealing prospect.

What's more, he wants to break into the American market once again. He did it in 1980 when he sold a million singles and half a million LPs but since then, with his "retirement", interest has dwindled.

Hence the reason for the October tour, which will be followed by visits to Japan (where he'll spend Christmas) and Australia. There should also be a British tour around the middle of next year and he's already planning the '83 LP which will be called "Poetry And Power". The title came from a car advert on the telly in which a silky voice purred on about "the power and poetry" of such-and-such a car.

Gary is nothing if not forward looking. Yet another tour is pencilled in for 1984 and after that he intends to sit down and rethink his whole strategy.

But what about today? What is he up to in L.A.? As well as the Gun Club, Gary is just as crazy about flying as he ever was. He's recently taken up aerobatics at the nearby Santa Monica airfield, simply because he wants to know everything about how a plane operates from the nuts and bolts right up to sophisticated air manoeuvres. Aerobatics supply the answer.

"I want to have a sixth sense of what an airplane is doing. To know that when you're upside down and spinning, you can calmly feel/what the airplane is doing and know exactly what to do to get Out of it."

Isn't he petrified?

"No. Being in the air doing aerobatics, I'm not worried. But taking off and being low over buildings I find terrifying.

"On the round-the-world trip we took off 52 times and if anything had happened between the first half-an-hour to an hour, we were dead.



"We couldn't have landed because the plane was so heavy we would have collapsed. We were 27 per cent overweight and we were climbing at 200 feet a minute, flat out on two engines. Normally, it does 2,000 to 2,500 feet a minute. Your whole life rests on the fact that those two engines keep going."



Just then a plane swoops over the verandah on its way to Santa Monica. Gary is horrified. "If I was him, I'd be dead scared. Flying this low at night. He couldn't be more than 200 or 300 feet up. That's below the legal limit. The man's got to be an idiot."

After the day's exertions, Gary's generally home by six, when he has his first food of the day. He can't eat in the mornings and invariably doesn't have the time or inclination after that.

Evenings are spent at home with his girlfriend and family. Occasionally they make lightning trips to one of those gargantuan American amusement parks like Disneyland or The Magic Mountain, but he makes it a rule never to go to clubs or restaurants.

"I don't like them. I don't like waiting an hour for my food. People seem to find it hard to believe that I like a steak without having some sauce poured all over it. I like fish fingers and chips or chicken and chips at home, something dead simple."

Gary has never hidden his disgust at the seamier sides of the music business. He feels bitter about the way he's been relentlessly attacked in a lot of the press. He hates the hypocrisy, the back-stabbing and the lack of loyalty that, he believes, bedevils the industry. Apart from his fans, he's only found two people in the business that he can trust.

It's no wonder then that he relates much of what he does and feels to flying. "I rate pilots second only to God, who I don't believe in anyway!" he exclaims.

His hero is Stanford Tuck, a World War II fighter pilot who was a shambles when he first learnt to fly. However, his teachers persevered and one day all the parts suddenly clicked together and he became a maestro of the air, famous for his wild behaviour.

"Only Britain makes characters like that," he reflects. "It's the sort of thing you don't imagine happening any more, although I think we proved in the Falklands that we're every bit what we always were."

What drives Gary on is a combination of being able to do something (whether it's flying, shooting or making hit records) and, at the same time, proving to other people (especially his critics) that he can do it well.

This was the reason he undertook the massive trip round the world.

“I did it to show everyone who said things about me personally and my family exactly what I was made of. I was saying, you do it. See how brave you are. Now, dare call me a pansy.

“But they still did. Shame, really. You would have thought England would have been proud. To have the only rock star that’s ever flown around the world. The only one to do more than just writing songs and touring which is very simple, very one track. I’m ranting a bit.”

For the next hour Gary tells more extraordinary tales about the number of times he almost joined the great jukebox in the sky during that mammoth trip. There was the terrifying electric storm as they came into Indonesia.

There was the time they flew into Canada’s Frobisher Bay over a frozen sea boxed in by two mountain ranges and one of the engines failed. The temperature outside was a ferocious 40 degrees below freezing point and for two hours they prayed that the shattered engine wouldn’t explode and so crash the plane.

On the way to Perth in Australia Gary collapsed as he was being sick into the plane’s chemical toilet! All the muscles in his body contracted and he became paralysed from the neck down to his knees. He couldn’t move. Fortunately doctors were at hand when they landed and put everything to rights.

“I don’t know what that was but the doctors said it was an anxiety complex that stemmed from when I was 14. He’d never known me in my life before and he suddenly announces this!”

Gary took a camera with him and filmed as much of the voyage as he could. He also arranged for camera men to record their landings and the result will be a documentary that should appear on BBC before the end of the year. I can’t wait. Especially after those tales.

It was about to strike midnight and the crickets were making a gigantic racket. We’d been there since 6.30. Gary gave us a lift to the hotel.

We arrived back rather shaken and slightly stirred.



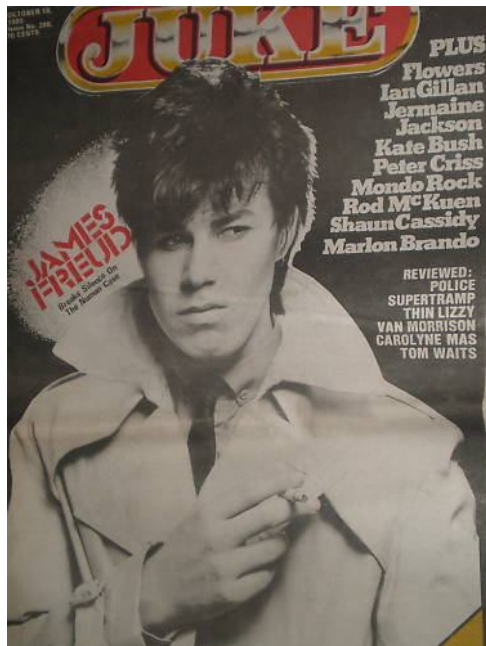


Gary Numan

Beggar's Banquet

James Freud - Breaks Silence on the Numan Case

James Freud interview - Juke Magazine (1980)



Freud and Numan: Were they electric friends?

"Naturally, I was a bit disappointed, but a lot of it was my decision. If I'd come out with the album I did record, I think I would have killed everything. I would have just been a Gary Numan clone more or less... I would have been a Gary Numan clone of a Bowie clone!

James Freud is in good humour, despite having just experienced three months which began with a bang and fizzled out, like a damp skyrocket. The fuse was lit with great anticipation and excitement rose feebly a couple of feet in the air then fell limply to the ground.

Far from being limp, James is still bubbling. He arrived back in Australia from England to find his single, "Modern Girl", sitting comfortably in the Top Ten and his debut album, *Breaking Silence*, receiving complimentary reviews.

He's now busy rehearsing with his band - at last reports called Berlin (ex-Teenage Radio Stars, ex-Ego, ex-Radio Stars) - in preparation for live work.

A new single is also being culled from the *Breaking Silence* album - "Enemy Lines".

The single recorded in Sydney with Gary Numan - titled "Automatic Crazy" - is being kept on ice for possible future use, probably on a follow-up LP.

But the question most asked of James since he stepped from the flight from London was: Why? Why did he walk away from a world tour with Gary Numan? What happened to the album that Numan produced? What went wrong?

"What happened was, the album we did with Gary ended up sounding too much like Gary Numan, so we've come back to re-do the album for a start. We're going to use about 50-percent of it.. We're going to add things on to it and record about five new tracks. We also had trouble getting a new record deal because everything was so rushed.. We had to get it together in time for the start of the tour and there just wasn't enough time".

"It just wasn't worthwhile doing the tour unless we had a good record to put out. The record companies were waiting to hear what we'd done with Gary and we really didn't want to play it to 'em".

"The tour would have cost money to do and without a record company behind us, we couldn't do it".

In fact it would have cost James around \$25,000 to do the British leg of the Numan tour alone. God knows how much the other dates around the world would have cost.

It's an economic fact of life that supports acts have to pay - for accommodation, for transport, for equipment, etc.

"There were a lot of record companies really, really interested, but because there was such a rush to get it all together, all of a sudden they went cold, because the market over there, the whole business, is in a really depressing state".

"They're just putting off people left right and centre and they're being really careful.. they're pondering on everything and we had to get the deal together really quickly because we needed the money, and they were too scared."

Has James learnt anything from the Numan Experience?

"Yeah, I think I've learnt a lot.. putting it into words is another thing. For a start, I've learnt to appreciate Australia!"

"But as for studio techniques, I don't think I've really learnt anything. I think we're quite advanced - I don't think the rest of the world has got that much on Australia as far as studios, equipment and recording techniques go".

James is less enthusiastic about Gary Numan's studio techniques. "I thought at first, before I went over, that Gary's sort of sounds, combined with mine, would be quite interesting. I thought it'd be an interesting combination."

"Instead, it turned out to be a dirgy combination - it just didn't do the business. I've got my own sound, and I understand my own music".

"At first I thought, oh yeah, it's a good opportunity, everything's gonna be great - but always, with things like that, you know if it's gonna work out or not. No matter what it seems like on the surface, you get a gut feeling".

"We couldn't really foreseen it happening the way it did. But I've learnt a lot - I've learnt to understand myself a lot better".

James also came to understand Gary Numan a lot better. For about a month, he lived at the Numan family home - Gary still lives with his mother and father.

"I was living at his house for about a month and I got quite bored there because he never goes out anywhere, he doesn't take any drugs, he doesn't drink or anything. So we were just sitting around the house, drinking cups of tea and recording all the time. He lives with his mum and dad. His mum hasn't been for a night out in something like 18 years and he's got an adopted brother."



"I became quite disillusioned with how that whole thing really is. I mean, you'd think in the position that he's in, that life is a lot different, but it isn't really. His own paranoia stop him from going out anywhere, they might be real paranoia's".

Life at home with Gary might have been boring - but working with him in the studio was.. interesting.

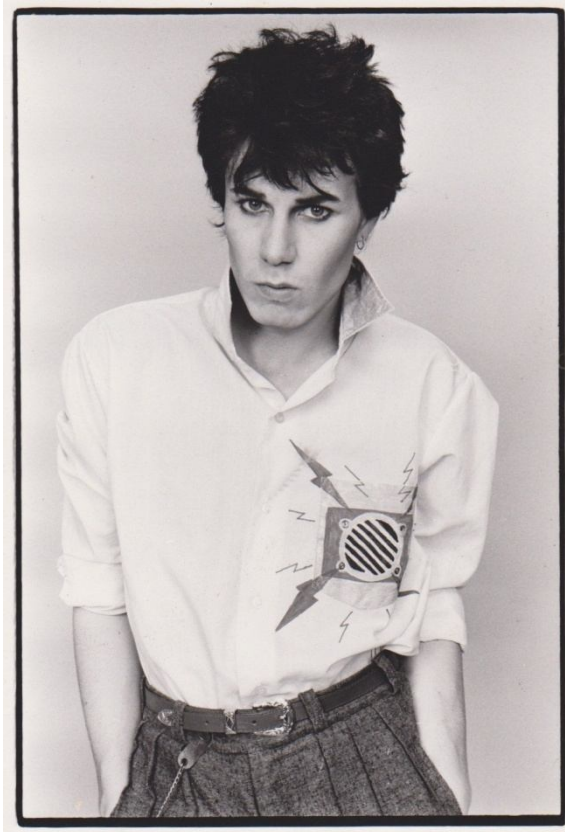
"In the studio with Gary at times it did get very tense. I couldn't really describe the feeling that was there.. but, like, I'd say I didn't like something he was doing and there'd be silence in the room for 10 seconds or so and no-one would dare speak or anything".

"Then he'd say 'alright', put down his guitar and walk out of the studio for a little while, and then he'd come back".

"But that happens with everyone".

"I heard an amazing tape at the studio it was of the Troggs in the studio recording and they were calling each other every name under the sun, like: 'you stupid f... c...', 'can't you get it right', 'you f... do it, you c...', 'I'll f... punch your face in you c...' and you could hear guitars being thrown around.. it was great to hear".

"Gary is really just like everyone else and everyone gets upset".



"When I recorded Breaking Silence, I was the one in command of it, but this time Gary, as producer, took the leading role. He got the final decision more or less on everything, plus I was using his musicians - his uncle was playing drums and Paul Gardiner the bass player and Gary was playing guitar - and their usual style is playing Gary's music and trying to play my music it just didn't work out. Maybe if I'd had my musicians I could have had a lot more control".

Why not take to England?

"Gary thought his uncle was a better drummer than mine and he didn't think the rhythm section was together, but in actual fact they're one of the best around. They're very good and I admire them a lot. But Gary thought his rhythm section would

do it better".

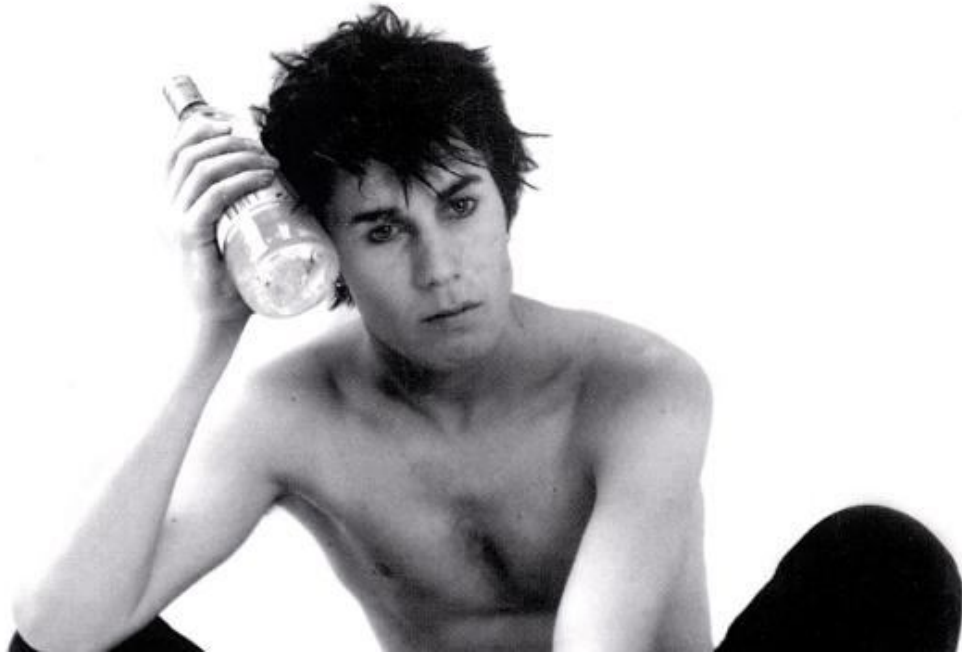
James maintains that he and Gary are still friends and parted with no animosity. But what does James think of Gary's music?

"I liked his early albums, but I've gone off them a bit now, but I go off any record after a while. I don't think Gary's progressed a lot since his first album.. they're a bit samey".

"I think his music becomes a bit monotonous after a while.. I think he's scared to try anything new. I don't know whether he is scared but a problem is that he has too much control".

"It's good to have control, but he's got two brilliant keyboard players yet he insists on doing all the keyboards himself, except some piano work".

"So all you have is one person's ideas going on to the tracks when if you have got good musicians, they've got good ideas of their own and if you use their ideas you can only get good out of it".



One would expect James to be a little disillusioned and let down by the failure of the Numan Experience to fulfil its initial promise.

But, on the contrary, he sees it as a learning experience - a rare opportunity too good to pass up. Now it's back to work, promoting his debut album, doing the rounds of press radio and TV, rehearsing for live work and so on.

Despite witnessing, first-hand, life at the top - the life of Gary Numan - James is still determined to achieve success.

"I've always wanted to succeed in music... since I was about five or six. I had all these Cliff Richard records my uncle gave to me.. and the Beatles. I used to have one of those plastic Beatle wigs and a tin guitar when I was five... I really can't find the centre of the motivation - it was just there".

The influence of Cliff Richard is hard to relate to James as he stands now.. but English music has definitely shaped James' ideas.

"I've never really listened to anything American - except Velvet Underground and Television. I think English music is far more progressive and it's always searching for something new."

"America has always just plodded along. They're got MOR and then they've got Ted Nugent and Kiss.. they never do anything inventive. From England, though, you get Roxy Music, and Eno and Robert Fripp.. all the people who've been really creative and inventive".

"England seems to revolve around the art school type thing".

interview from JUKE MAGAZINE, 1980.....

Well, would YOU go up in a plane with Gary Numan?

Daily Mirror, Mon. Feb 8th 1982



William Marshall takes a trip with the pop star who can't stop crash landing

'I'm going to put an emblem on the plane for every survival'

The dawn came like any other, a handful of pearls lightening the sour grey sky. But for me, as I looked out of my car window, this dawn was hellishly different.

For I was on my way to take a trip with Gary Numan, the millionaire pop star who has just circled the world in a plane.

Yes, that Gary Numan, whose round-the-world saga was headlined all the way with reports of forced landings, engine trouble, and that incident when Gary, now known to millions as Biggles, collapsed over the controls in Australia.

But the best was still to come. His single-engined Cessna crash landed in a road a few days ago.

For a guy who writes such songs as I Die : You Die and Crash, every little thing seemed to be slotting into place.

So I decided to find out what it's like to fly with Biggles Numan.

We met at Blackbushe airfield, which looked like it had just been abandoned by the RAF after World War Two.

Gary came out of the tiny restaurant wearing a peaked hat with lots of gold braid, a leather jacket and green fatigue trousers. He was straight out of M*A*S*H*.

Keen

Now if, like me, you believe the only way to fly is in a Jumbo with a drink in one hand and the scented comforting feel of the stewardess's thigh whispering silkily past your ear as she serves dinner, you would take a keen interest in a guy like Gary.

He said the weather wasn't too good. Something about too much cloud at five hundred feet.

When Gary said we might not be able to go up, my spirits leapt.

My palms became discernibly dryer, my voice lost its nervous squeak and I even slapped Gary on the back of his bomber jacket.

He's a nice looking boy with those funny blue eyes you see on mountaineers who never got to grow really old.

Low

Well, Gary, what are we going to do today, if we can go up?

Gary looked up. "It all depends. We're going to come in low over the airfield and then zoom up again without touching down. What we call a wheels up approach."

Yes, but HOW LOW Gary? HOW LOW? My tea began to slop over my cup.

Courage, mon brave.

"How low I go depends on how good I am on the day, actually," said Gary.

The plane we were going to use was standing outside - the plane he crashed around the world in, a twin-engined Navajo, painted black as a shroud.

He said the other plane that crashed on the A3051 - a landing strip which does not appear in pilot's flight manuals - must have been faulty.

I asked him about his Dad, Tony, who had been in the plane at the time. How did he feel?

"He couldn't sleep afterwards. He was sort of shouting out for everyone to put their heads down because he could see the crash coming. He says that now in his dreams.

"Listen," said Gary, "I haven't got a scratch, not a bruise on me. I've got a great survival record and I've had so much bad luck, it's got to change.

"Anyway, that crash on the A3051 is less than a week ago and the law of averages must mean it's a million to one against having another so soon."

I passed a hand weakly over my brow. There was a slight mantle of sweat there, although there was a chilling breeze sweeping across the airfield.

We decided to inspect the aircraft.

Then joy of joys. An absolutely delightful chap came from the control tower and told us there was no chance of taking off in that weather.

"The cloud's thickening," he said "Coming in lower."

The words were sheer poetry. I felt like pressing some silver into the palm of his hand.

"Tough luck, Gary", I said, trying to look glum.

We patted the plane, got inside, sat up front while Gary started one engine.

I told him the engine sounded fine, glorious, really reliable.

"Yeah, they're good old engines."

Old? I said. Old?

"No, no. I mean that in an affectionate way. Relax. I'll tell you what I'm thinking of doing.

"You know during the War they used to paint a sign on the plane's nose? Well, I'm going to put a kind of emblem there for every one of my survivals."

I think he was smiling.

This is very nice, Gary. I think we should get out now,

Hero

Gary is forming another band to get back into the pop industry, where no doubt he will make further countless millions.

I asked him why he had got out to make his round-the-world flight.

"Well, I've always wanted to be a hero. But not a fallen hero. That's why I got out for a while.

"I reached the state where every record had to be number one, so things were getting too much for me.

"Now, after all my experiences, I'm getting back in and I feel I can pace myself better."

I began to make good-bye sounds, like, well Gary, too bad it's all off for the day. And then I'd push it even further and say, what rotten luck we couldn't go up.

We went and slapped the plane's flanks again. She felt real good and safe there, silent and sleek and docile.

And then, Oh Nooo, some idiot took off in a light plane from the other end of the airfield.

Gary said look at that, a plane going up, so why couldn't we?

Ah, well, I said, maybe some other time, Gary, walking towards my tiny, safe car.

But now Gary was sprinting for the control tower and I was telling Kent Gavin, who had come to take pictures of all this monumental folly, that we might as well head for home.

Now here was good old Gary, those funny blue eyes afire with good news.

"Okay, we can go up. Are you ready?"

Hands

I was about as ready as a broiler chicken looking for the oven.



"Let's go, let's go, Gary" I cried, clapping my hands together in a spray of sweat.

I strapped myself in alongside Biggles and we rolled down the runway.

I said, that's pretty good, Gary, can we go back now?

But Gary was talking to Control, getting clearance to take off, for pity's sake.

Gary's tiny white hand pushed the throttles or whatever they are and the plane gathered speed. My wits were trying to batter their way out of my skull.

The nose lifted sweetly and there we were punching up into the ever-brightening sky.

Gary put the plane into a bank and I babbled some sort of incoherent objection and Gary said there was nothing to worry about.

We drifted back towards the airfield where Kent Gavin, oh lucky man, feet firmly on the ground, was waiting to take our picture as we roared along the runway at minus feet, wheels up, two hundred miles an hour.

Not so low, Gary, I shrieked, not so low.

Space

We streaked along the airstrip twice, so low I could strike a match on the ground.

At the end of the runway the nose came up, the earth disappeared, my stomach and heart were fighting for living space in my mouth.

But glory be, we made it.

Gary put the beautiful black bird, engines singing and crooning, back onto the concrete like a little girl's innocent kiss.

The engines stopped and back in the caff Gary wrote his flight details on the palm of his hand with a ball-point pen.

We shook hands. When I got into my car I saw Gary's flight details were now transferred to my palm and I felt a sudden comradeship.

I would fly anywhere with that boy.



Gary's A Nu-Man Now

Interview - Patches Magazine, 1979

Author - unknown

It was Gary Numan's big night.

After two number one singles and three LP's in the charts at once, this was the first tour the group - who used to be known as Tubeway Army - had ever done. In fact, the last time they played together live had been over a year ago in a pub in London!



And Gary has his own reasons for wanting the show to be a success - his mum and dad were sitting in the balcony watching every moment.

'They really enjoyed the concert,' Gary said later. 'We're very close and they know they can come along and see me whenever they want. My brother John is in school in London so he can only see me when i'm playing there.'

His family have always been important to Gary. His cousin taught him to play the guitar when he was eleven. (Gary has been interested in music since he saw Hank Marvin on TV at the age of four!) His uncle was in Tubeway Army at first, but as they weren't too successful, he left to continue with his job. Only one other original member is still in the group, that's Paul Gardiner, who's known Gary since he was fifteen.

SCI-FI FAN

Gary's a great fan of science fiction and fantasy stories, and his favourite authors are Phillip Dick and William Burroughs. These influences really come across in his music - and the stage set for the tour, which he designed himself.

It consisted of two towers of lights with a constantly changing pattern which gave a hypnotic effect. There were two remote-controlled pyramids which rotated on stage and changed colour, a huge robot and a computerised news reader. A very impressive stage setting which compliments Gary's music perfectly.

'It was VERY expensive to get everything just as I wanted it - look, you can see the holes in my jeans.' he joked.

Before all his spare time was lost in a flurry of recording, rehearsing and promotional visits, Gary spent a lot of time flying.

'I almost have my pilot's licence, though, it'll be a while before I have the chance to do a lot of flying.' But he enjoys what he's doing now.

'I want to go as far as I can,' he said. This is what I want to do now but not all the

time. There are many other things I'd enjoy - for example, writing short stories.'

MACHMAN

The successful LP 'Replicas' originally started out as a book of short stories which Gary turned into songs! The LP has a very mysterious cover which came from an idea of Gary's.

'It's the picture I had in my head when I wrote the stories. I'm supposed to be a Machman - half machine, half man.'

Gary changed his surname from 'Webb' to 'Numan' because he thought it was a better name, but now there are rumours going around that he's related to Cliff Richard whose real name is Harry Webb!

'No, that's not true,' he said with a laugh. 'But I was a bit worried when I dropped the name 'Tubeway Army' and just kept to Gary Numan. I thought people might not realise it was the same group but they seem to know who we are. I wanted to drop the name before - I have separate ideas and find it hard to work with other people!'

HOLLYWOOD SET

Gary's already been thinking about the set for the next tour.

'It could be a Hollywood set with a split-level stage and all around the walls behind the group there'd be several screens showing videos and maybe films, though, it'd be scenery and maybe faces.

But until the next tour I'm going to get about a bit in my new car. It's a Corvette Stingray, and I'd like to drive around in that for a while and be on my own. I'm going to America, too. It's mainly for promotional visits but I'd really like to be successful there. 'Replicas' is in the American charts and climbing all the time!'

Judging by the screams from his fans whenever they catch sight of him, Gary is pretty popular with girls! I asked him what sort of girls attracted him.

'I like girls with long legs!' he said, 'Although, I've seen some great short and fat legs. Whatever the size or shape, they're all nice!' You could say he's a girlslegsman!

Now Gary is being recognised as a star and is having to sign autographs and be interviewed all the time. How does he feel about this?

'I don't mind signing autographs,' he said. 'I must've done about three thousand in the past three days! But interviewing does get very tiring.'

My cue to leave, I think!

As he said at the end of the concert - 'Thank you, I think I've made it.'

Yes, Gary. I think you have!

NUMAN GOES INTO SPACE

NME 29/09/79 by Glenn Gibson

Gary Numan
Glasgow



Numan's predicament similar to that of Kate Bush. Both artists were rich and successful, well established in careers built entirely on records and TV appearances.

The problem was to contrive an impressive original live show with little or no experience, save the advice of experts.

One chose a daring line in specious mime; the other has decided on a brief selection of basic, aloof poses to camouflage his nervousness, and superficially 'modern' decor to go with his swooping, bombastic, space, cartoon music

The PA is white and looks like Habitat I Design Centre approved for functional 'elegance. From here a roaring cathedral hum swells. through the hall in great sustained surge.. 'Dry ice, ; posing as deadly vapours, swirls amidst fantastic architecture of alien origing (actually two; four foot pyramids flanking the stage), like a Dr Who setting for druids from Metabellus 3.

Most of the chaps stroll quietly on stage, and array themselves in assigned ' positions: bassist Paul Gardiner ' the other first album veteran Russell Bell on

guitars, devices and irritating synthesized percussion which sounds like your auxiliary reserve tanks being struck by meteorites.

Behind them is the kind of framework once favoured Supersonic: a high platform holding Cedric Sharpley and his drums almost as distinctive a part of Numan sound as the voice itself. On either side great pillars of parallel bar-lights flash through limited permutations. Electrical Supervisors (keyboards) Chris Payne and Billy Currie, occupy symmetrical insets.

Neatly groomed, impassive in black, they're like model citizens of a technician-controlled megacity in a 50s space movie. They play one of their indistinguishable ~instrumentals; music to accompany hostile mermen on amphibikes attacking. Stingray; drifting into space-vortices with Fireball XL5.

Numan walks on slightly too fast like a model's catwalk debut, feigning nonchalance and sings 'Me, i Disconnect From you.

I only saw the TV film, but with the distinctive light show, the blatant mimicry of

Numan's movements, it's exactly like Bowie's Thin White Duke tour some years ago the simulations too pronounced for coincidence. Surely they must realize how many people will notice?

In timing and precise body angles, Numan's replica is fastidious; Bowie's ultimate, untouchable star persona, revered throughout galaxies, evoked well. Considering promises of robots and dancing cubes, I'd expected a Thunderbirds puppet tutored by Kate Bush and The Jetsons.

I'd also expected to enjoy the music more only 'Down In The Park' approached the mystery and atmosphere I'd hoped for; Impressive lights can't retain interest indefinitely when the music is little more than pleasant with a veneer of majesty. During instrumental breaks Numan strides around striking ludicrous Gary Glitter poses; stands, arms folded in death repose I Tralfamadorian masonic salute; or leaves the stage altogether. His voice, strongly reminiscent of Bowie's early Newley-bleat, is a perfect extension of the music echoing with images of machine-age, Brave New World factories and technological wastelands. All fine apart from 'On Broadway', done as a creeping march where the normal detached tones are exchanged for an attempt at conventional singing. It is a disaster.

Most effective are the slow, stately melodies, which hint at greater subtleties for the future. 'Everyday I Die' works quite well, as does 'Bombers', despite the simulated laser attack (ho-hum), and a few others.

Finally the dancing cubes.! During 'Down In The Park', the pyramids with muted lights glowing mysteriously within, start to revolve and shuffle awkwardly like fused Daleks - the whole ridiculous spectacle provoking memories of Busby Berkeley's famous movie sequence with dancing pianos, each propelled by a hidden dwarf. Goldiggers Of '79?

Fortunately Gary Numan doesn't seem to take it too seriously either.

For the moment, if Numan is acting as the vanguard for a million SF enthusiasts with Practical Electronics subscriptions, and Vogue - endorsed austere androgyny in fashion, he's about to be supplanted in the flood. But he's still young, and basically sincere I believe; he may yet create something essential.

Prominence has. Been thrust upon him, after all. Amazing he's coping so well, really.

New Zealand & Australia Splinter Tour 2014 Dates



GARY NUMAN

"Godfather of all Electronic Music" **NME**

SPLINTER
AUSTRALIAN AND
NEW ZEALAND TOUR
MAY 2014

Friday May 23rd
The Studio Auckland

Sunday May 25th
Astor Theatre Perth

Tuesday May 27th
The Tivoli Brisbane

Thursday May 29th
HQ Adelaide

Friday May 30th
Hi Fi Melbourne

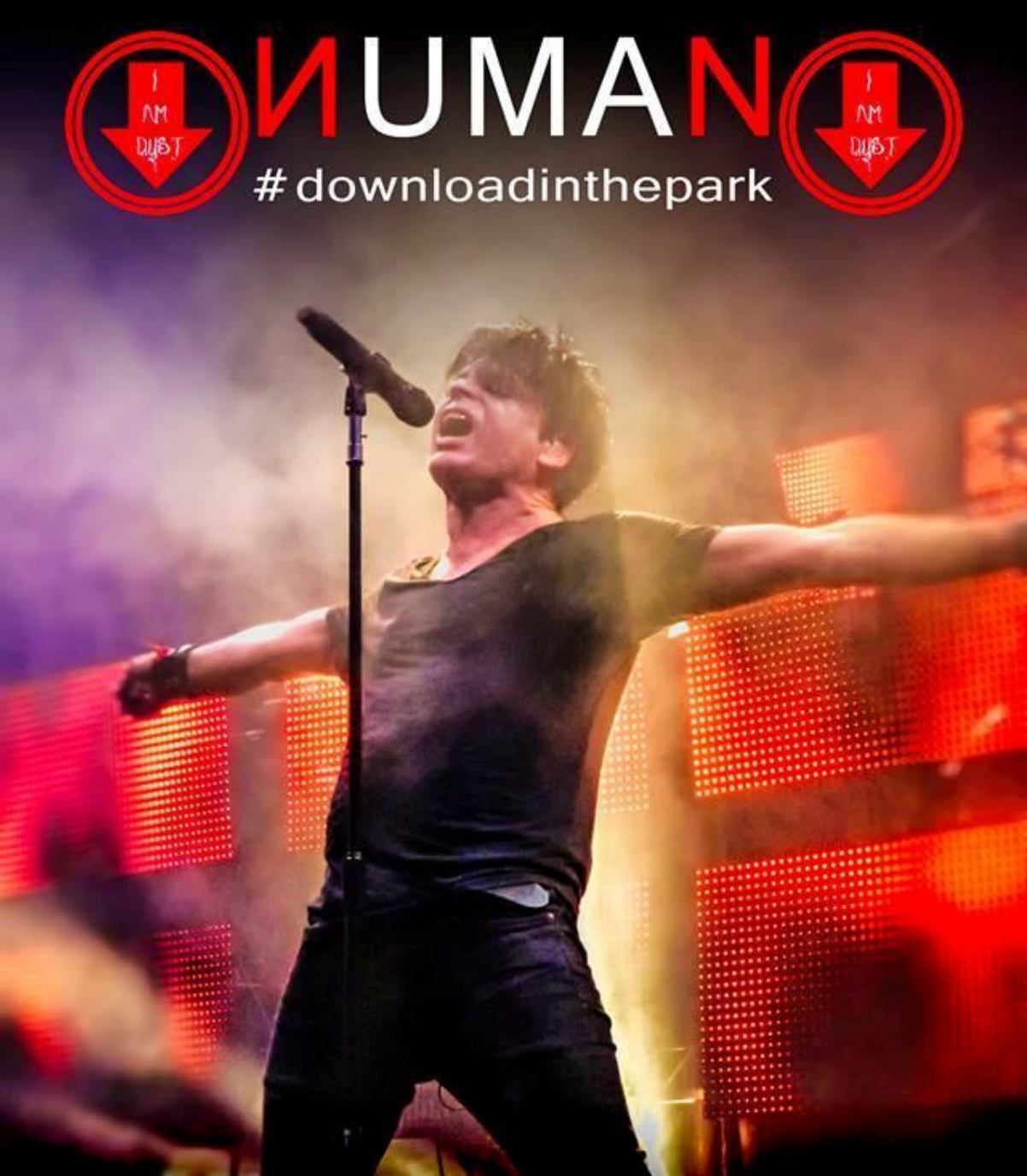
Saturday May 31st
Metro Theatre Sydney



Tickets available from
metropolitouring.com and the venues

Now a film **Splinter** out now on Cooking Vinyl
A Metropolis Touring and Ticketmaster presentation




   

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