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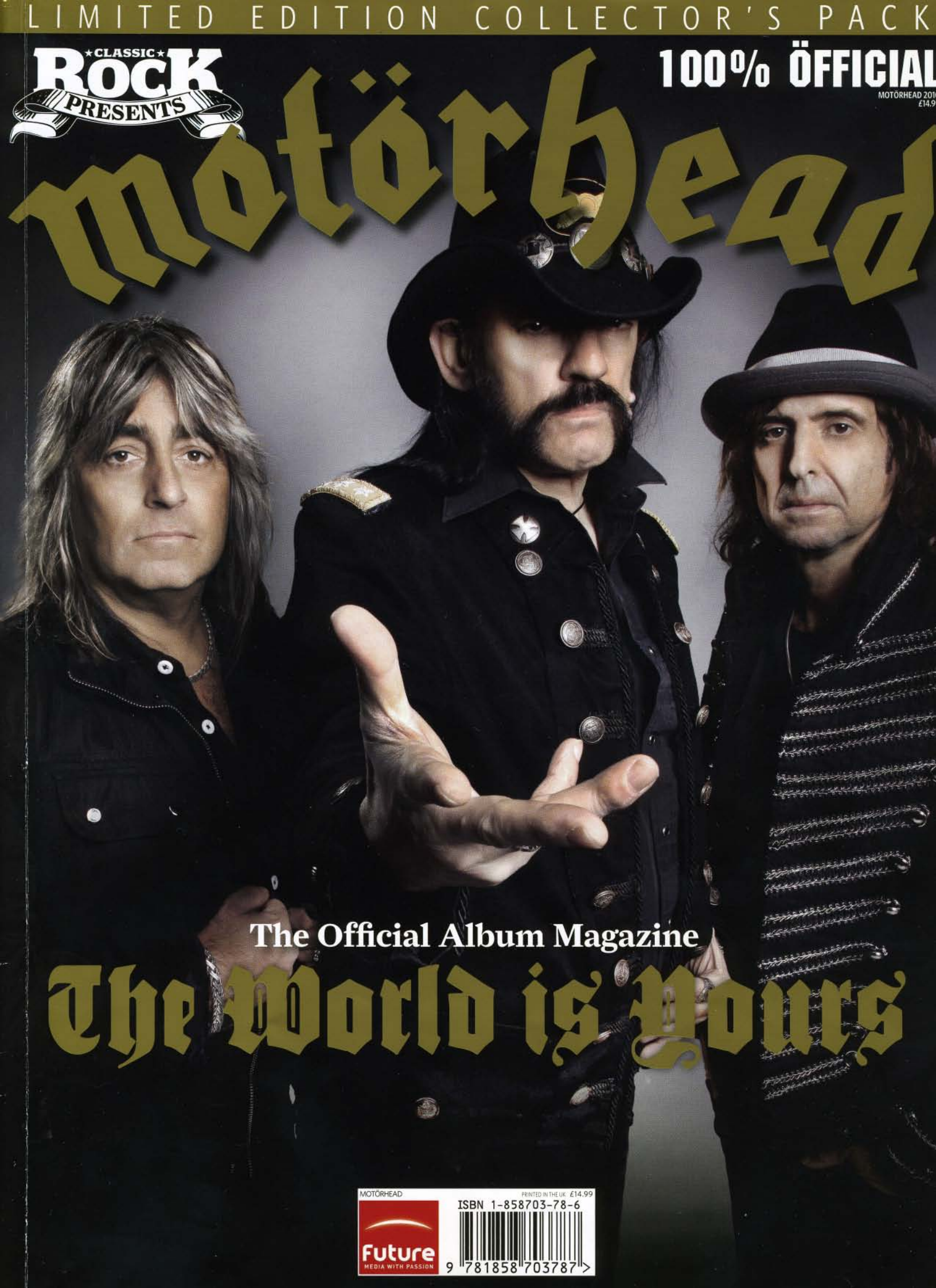

The Official Album Magazine

The World is Yours

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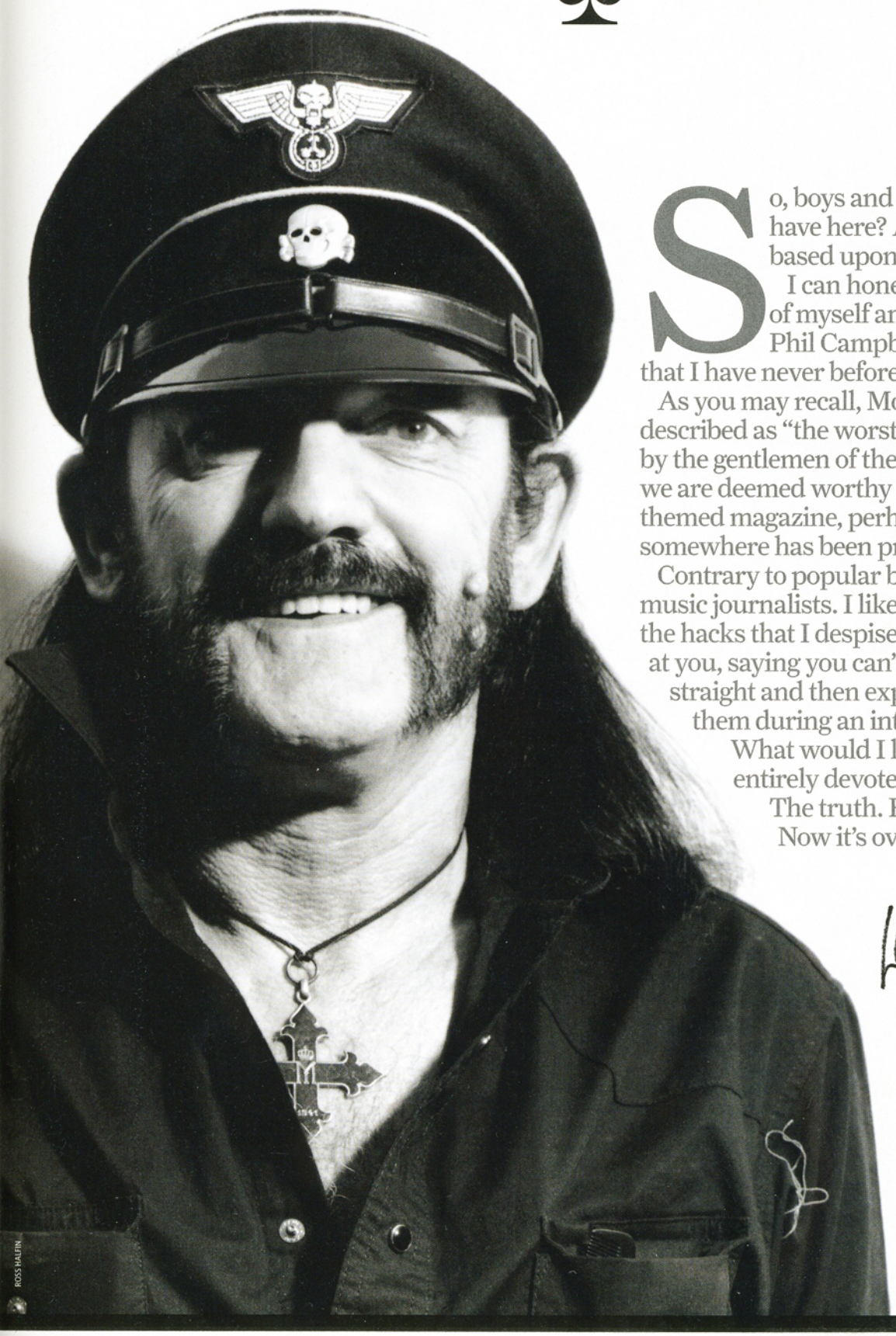
FOREWORD



ROSS HALFIN

So, boys and girls, what do we have here? An entire magazine based upon Motörhead?

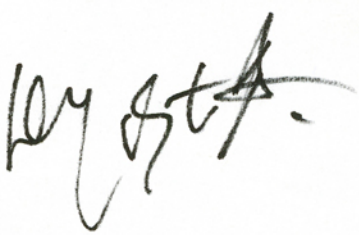
I can honestly say, on behalf of myself and my colleagues Phil Campbell and Mikkey Dee, that I have never before been so honoured.

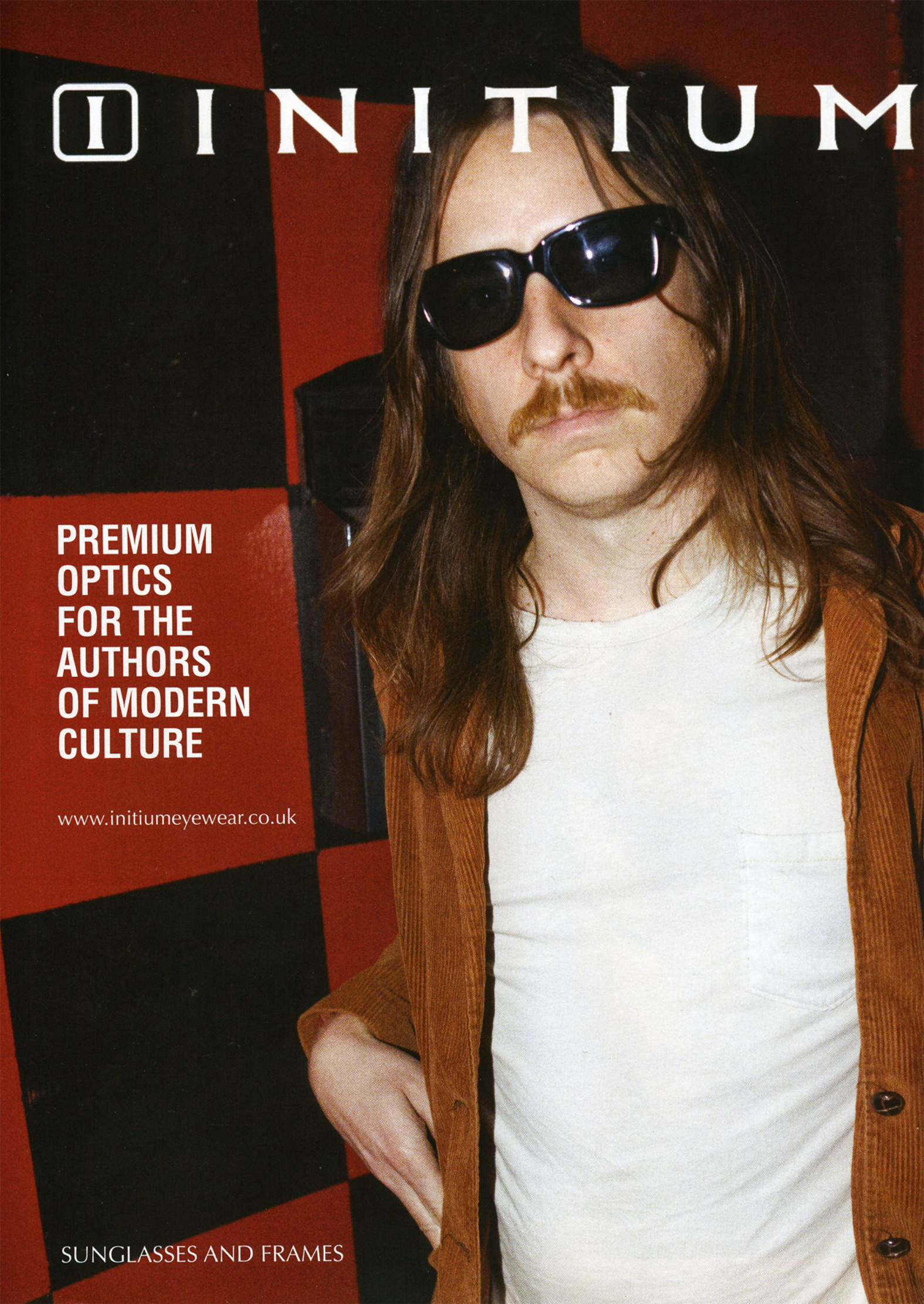
As you may recall, Motörhead were once described as "the worst band in the world" by the gentlemen of the press. So now that we are deemed worthy of a Motörhead-themed magazine, perhaps somebody somewhere has been proven wrong?

Contrary to popular belief, I don't hate music journalists. I like the good ones. It's the hacks that I despise. The ones that snipe at you, saying you can't even hold your guitar straight and then expect you to be nice to them during an interview. Fuck that.

What would I like to read in 132 pages entirely devoted to Motörhead? The truth. How about that?

Now it's over to you, *Classic Rock*.

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ESTER SEGARRA

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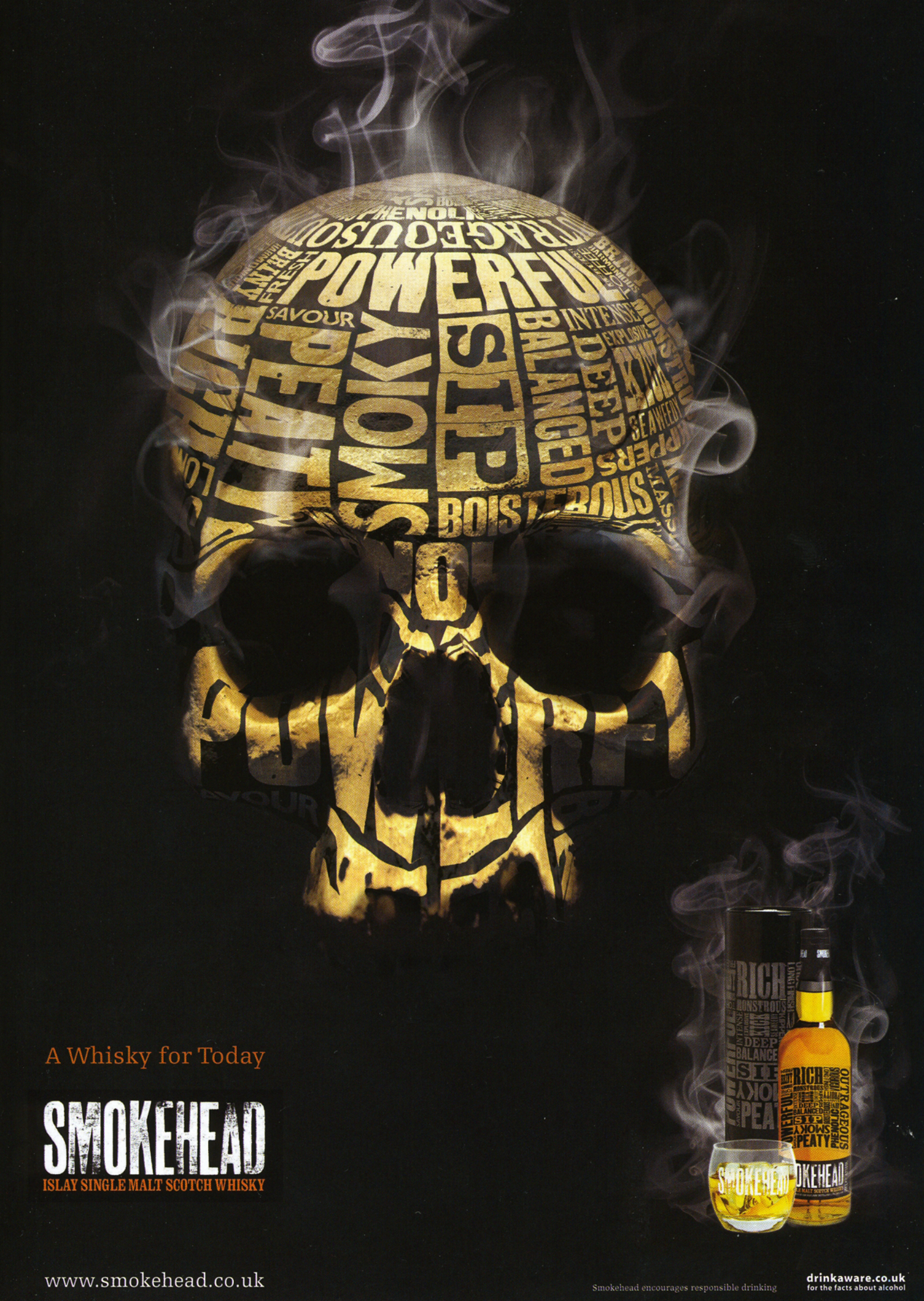
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Q&A

Lemmy Kilmister

The leader of the pack himself, **Lemmy Kilmister**, gives the lowdown on the new album, being a movie star, the evils of the music industry and having no regrets.

WORDS: **DAVE LING** PICTURES: **MICK HUTSON**





Trouble comes in threes: Mikkey Dee, Lemmy and Phil Campbell, the Motörhead 'A' team.

Ian Fraser Kilmister, better known as Lemmy, should require absolutely no introduction. One of the most popular, identifiable and charismatic musicians the world has to offer, his group Motörhead were once memorably dismissed by the *NME* as "the worst band in the world". But despite a slew of line-up changes, Motörhead are still going strong after 35 years, their current line-up – completed by guitarist Phil Campbell and drummer Mikkey Dee – intact since slimming down to a three-piece following the rancorous departure of guitarist Würzel in 1995.

After surviving several turbulent periods, Motörhead have hit a rich run of form with their last four albums, the most recent of which, *The World Is Yours*, is attached to this very magazine. In 2010, thanks additionally to appearances in various TV adverts and sheer dogged persistence, Motörhead have never been more famous. Their distinctive logo can be seen emblazoned across chests in most high street precincts ("I'm sure half of the people that wear Motörhead T-shirts haven't any idea who we are," observes Lem) and for all his protestations, Lemmy has overturned the odds to become a living legend.

We love Lemmy because he is a purist – he doesn't even own a computer. Musically, the same ethos applies; the simpler the better. Cut the crap and just get on with it.

Lemmy's almost-65 years on this planet are celebrated in the brilliantly titled new movie *Lemmy: 49% Motherfucker, 51% Son Of A Bitch*. We caught up with him on a cold Sunday night in London during downtime as Motörhead filmed a promo video for their new single, *Get Back In Line*.

"Do you think we'd have won a Grammy had I not been based in the States?"

Congratulations on the new album, which is a worthy successor to 2008's *Motörizer*.

Thank you very much. And let us not forget that *Motörizer* was a worthy successor to *Kiss Of Death* [2006]. We seem to be able to keep on putting them out, and they don't sound the same.

***Motörizer* was the first of the group's albums to make it into the US Top 100, peaking at #89.**

What *Motörizer* achieved was a good start.

So what sort of ambitions do you have for *The Wörld Is Yours*?

Oh, I don't know. I try not to hold myself up to those things because I've been disappointed so many times, as you and your readers will recall. I'm just grateful that we are still going, and that we seem to have attained a level in America that will allow us to tour there on our own [as headliners], you know, as opposed to tagging along with other bands [as a support act]. And of course I'm really pleased that we have made a comeback in England because for a while there things didn't too look good. I just want to get to some other places before I have to give it up. I'd like to get to China and Africa and to India because we've never played any of those places.

You address the band's aforementioned mid-80s slump in this magazine's closing speech [see page 130], but to what do you attribute Motörhead's current renaissance?

I think we finally convinced everybody that the band was more exotic than it was, due to the fact that I no longer lived here.

You're being facetious, right?

No, I mean every word. My moving to America had everything to do with the fact that we turned the situation around. Do you think we'd have won a Grammy had I not been based in the States [Motörhead triumphed in the Best Metal Performance category for a version of Metallica's *Whiplash* in 2005]? That would never have happened. The band would have been gone by 1993. We were doing no business at all. The albums used to go into the chart at around Number 73 and then drop straight out again. We were dead in the water.

People tend to forget the amount of rebuilding that went on within the Motörhead machine when Phil Campbell and Würzel joined the band in 1984.

At one point, just for one day, Motörhead was myself and [drummer] Phil Taylor. And then Phil left, so it was just me. I went up to audition those two and it was supposed to be a shoot-out between them, and Phil [Campbell] had to ask Würzel to tune his guitar for him as he didn't know how to do it [laughs uproariously]. It was a pity about [what happened with] Würzel. We talked him back into the band twice when he tried to leave, but eventually he believed the word of his girlfriend at the time… 'The band would be nothing without you'. Silly boy. People leave famous bands and expect to continue to be famous. But it just doesn't work like that, as he found out to his cost.

At least you are back on good terms again with Würzel after his acrimonious departure in 1995. He's jammed onstage with Motörhead on several occasions since leaving the band.

[Nodding] We've been friends again for a long time. It's just a shame that he's sick and miserable now, living in a council estate. I worry about him.

Anyway, after 20 studio albums…

[Interrupting] … Is that how many it is? You've counted, right?

***The Wörld Is Yours* is indeed the band's 20th to date. Having been so prolific over such a long, sustained period of time, is it hard to come up with fresh material?**

If anything, it's getting easier.

That's odd; you'd expect the opposite.

Exactly, you would. You'd think: 'All of the riffs have been used now' but that's not true, they haven't. Having Mikkey in the band is useful. If you write with the drummer that makes things a lot broader. A riff on its own isn't much use to most drummers but Mikkey's so great, he's got real legs, that he brings a song to life.

Obviously, every song is different... But can you explain the process behind a Motörhead composition coming to life, from a basic kernel of an idea, to the finished work?

Well, those two [Phil and Mikkey] usually put down a riff, though occasionally I'll provide the riff. Sometimes we'll play around with it together till it's ready.

But mostly it's down to those two. Then I come in and mess it up for them. They get all outraged and say: 'It's our song, how could you?' The problem is that they don't think like a vocalist, you see? If it was up to them, each song would be a guitar solo, with an occasional drum solo thrown in, just to make things interesting.

Was that also how it worked with 'Fast' Eddie Clarke and Philthy Animal, or afterwards with Brian Robertson?
Yeah, more or less. All that's really changed is the personalities that are involved. Phil [Campbell] is not like Eddie, and God forbid he'd be like Brian Robertson. What's Robbo doing now, do you know?

Yes, he's completed a solo record.
Is it out yet?

No. But apparently it does feature a few re-recordings of old Thin Lizzy songs.
[Witheringly] Oh dear. It's not as though the man can't write. Brian's a great musician, but he's wasted it all. It's incredible, man. All that shit about being dressed differently [to the rest of the band]; all the wearing of the stupid shorts, it was just to get at me. Or to make sure everybody knew he wasn't *in* Motörhead, just a featured guest artiste, doing us a favour from his great heights as a Thin Lizzy guitar player. But that was a long time ago. He also got fired by Statetrooper… how about that, eh? It's one thing to be fired out of Motörhead, but getting fired by Statetrooper [a band that Robbo formed with ex-Michael Schenker Group singer Gary Barden], that's something else altogether.

"Songs are like postcards, they arrive from all places, and without warning..."

Where, when and how do you tend to get your best ideas? Is there a most productive set of circumstances?
No. Songs are like postcards, they arrive from all places and without warning. And when they do so you don't ask questions, you're just grateful they came. That's why some of the all time greats were jotted down on beer mats or cigarette packets. You don't always have your journal with you at the time [laughs].

Do you ever write on the road?
No. A lot of people do, but that doesn't really work for me. We work better under the knife, in the studio, with the clock ticking. You know: 'We've got to hurry'.

You find that adds a little spice to proceedings?
Yeah, it probably does. We've always done our best work like that. Even when we were broke, you only had that much time because it was all you could afford. I remember when we did *Orgasmatron* [in 1986], it was still being finished as the next band was wheeling its gear into the studio.

You have strayed from people's expectations in the past but working within certain well established parameters, do you ever feel constrained in Motörhead?
No, not really. The thing is that we can do anything we like. I don't give a fuck if somebody else doesn't like it.

The title track to the *1916* album, or *I Ain't No Nice Guy* from *March Ör Die*, are examples of those boundaries being shattered…
[Interrupting] I don't feel any obligation to stay where the fans would like us to remain. Nothing like that; none at all. I don't owe any fucker anything. I give them my music because I like to play it. If they like it too, that's just a bonus. I play for me, and that's because musicians are very selfish people. Almost as selfish as actors. And journalists [chuckles mischievously].

When will your much-vaunted solo album be released?
[Throws his hands in the air] I don't have the time. I've got my side-band The Head Cat [more of which later] going as well, it's just silly. I like to get home [from tour] and actually have a few days off now and again.

How much progress have you made on the solo album?
I've got a track down with Joan Jett [ex-Runaways guitarist], and another with Dave Grohl [of the Foo Fighters]. There are two with Reverend Horton Heat and two more with [German metalheads] Skew Siskin. We've also done a couple of songs with The Damned. So that's about nine tracks. I probably need two more and it's done.

So maybe we'll get to hear it within the next year?
Maybe, we'll see. I've worked on it for so long that I'm starting to think it's fucking irrelevant [laughs].

***The Wörld Is Yours* is your fourth album with Cameron Webb, a producer whose career began with Limp Bizkit but whose CV now also includes Social Distortion, Danzig, 30 Seconds To Mars, Pennywise and Sum 41. How has he become such an important part of Motörhead's creative team?**
Because he's excellent, it's as simple as that. As producers go, he's top of the scale. He's worked with a lot of bands that don't sound like us at all, so he's versatile; he can produce anything and he's great with ProTools which saves so much time. In the past [if there was a mistake] you had to re-record the whole track. Now you don't, of course.

There's some colourful footage in the new movie *Lemmy: 49% Motherfucker, 51% Son Of A Bitch* that shows Motörhead recording in the studio with Cameron. He seems to have no problem arguing with the artistes that he records.
That's true, and heated debate is very important. It's one of the reasons that the collaboration between us works so well. Most producers think it's their album; people like Rick Rubin and... what's the guy that used to work with Metallica on their albums?

Bob Rock?
Yeah, that's him. Those two seem to think the artistes are there for them, instead of the other way around.

Some of the new album was recorded in Wales whilst Phil Campbell spent time with his dying father. That must have been pretty traumatic.
It certainly was for Phil, yeah.



"Do you feel lucky, punk?" Lemmy shows us his poker face.



Smokin' In The Boys Room... Lemmy lights up the place.

The rest of the record was done in California. Did the change of locations present any difficulties?
Not really, because we always do our parts separately, see? We put the drums down and then we do the guitars, then the bass and finally the vocals. Sometimes when we record, Phil goes in during the afternoon and I'm there in the evening. So it was the same set of circumstances as usual, only with more distance thrown in. We sent things to one another via the internet, which really helped.

According to the press release, the album is a reminder that you should never stop questioning or critiquing a society that will chew you up and spit you out if given half a chance.
That's right, and it's so true. Once you attract their attention they've got you. By all means be subversive, but there's no point in being obvious about it. People argue with cops: That's fucking stupid. Just smile to their faces and carry on doing what you were doing.

This is the first of the band's albums to be released by its own label, Motörhead Music, with *Classic Rock* allowing its readers the first opportunity to hear it via this very magazine.
[Frowning] And you didn't even pay us, did you?

It's a business model that your good friend Slash has already used. Do you have any opinions on that?
Opinions on what?

I meant releasing music in that way...
Well, why not? We've tried all the other ways of doing it and none of those worked, did they? [Laughs heartily at his own joke]. No, I like *Classic Rock*. I've read it since the very start... though I don't know why I'm NOT ON THE MAILING LIST ANYMORE [emphasizing those six words for dramatic effect].

You are well known for your dislike of the music business.
No shit, Sherlock. Well, do you like it?

No, of course not; it's infamous for eating you up and shitting you out.
Well, any business does that. The difference is that this one wants *all* of your money. They want to steal it all. They won't take fifty per cent and let you have the rest. Remember that guy in Badfinger [the Beatles-approved 60s Welsh pop group], Pete Ham, who committed suicide [in 1975]? The industry drove him to hang himself. And then the other guy, Tom Evans, he went and did the exact same thing [eight years later, in 1983]. That's how bad it was. It's not that bad anymore because all of the record companies are going out of business. In ten years they'll be gone, they just didn't see the changes coming.

I recently saw gigs by Alter Bridge and Stone Sour during which their singers almost encouraged the audiences to download their music online. What Myles Kennedy told the crowd in Bristol was something along the lines of: We don't care if you steal our music, just so long as it gets heard.
There are so many bands out there vying for attention, to a certain extent I can understand why he would say that.

You do, really? In the past from the stage you've encouraged fans to steal Motörhead's records, but from record stores – the distinction being that you'd still get paid.
The thing that people have to understand about downloading your favourite band's music without paying for it is that if you keep on doing it, in six months your favourite band will have to stop playing. They won't be able to afford to keep going. That, and fees for touring, are the only ways we get paid these days. And from the touring profits we also have to pay hire of the hall and PA and a support band. So if you want to kill your favourite band, go ahead and illegally download their music.

Does it make you think that rock 'n' roll doesn't have a long-term future?
Oh no, it'll always have a future. People will always want to hear it and musicians will want to play it. Some scabby 16 year old from a secondary modern somewhere, he'll want to get fucked just as much as everybody else. There's no instrument in the world that's better to pose with than an electric guitar. You cannot pose with a tuba. Neither can you pose with a mandolin, I'm sorry it just isn't that masculine.

You remain firm friends with Ozzy Osbourne, of course...
Yeah, I played a gig with him in Japan just the other day.

"There's no instrument that's better to pose with than an electric guitar."

Can you describe your current relationship with Sharon Osbourne, who managed Motörhead during the 1990s?
The band has been through a few ups and down with Sharon, but we're fine. She's great. I saw her save Ozzy's life when we toured the States together and ever since I've had a very big respect for her. She took guys on at their own game and just fucked them – they would run screaming from the room. In full flow she's quite a sight to see. Put it this way: I'm glad she likes me.

Are you surprised by the way she has been able to reinvent herself as a worldwide celebrity?
Not really. She saw her chance and took it, and why not? She's not going to be a rock 'n' roll manager forever; like everyone else, she needs something to fall back on. That TV show [*The Osbournes*] was what did it. Was it twenty million upfront they got for the second series? What's not to like about that?

Well, the invasion of one's privacy for a start. What were your thoughts when the idea of a making movie about you was raised? You must have had misgivings?
Oh yeah [emits a fruity chuckle], no end of them. These two guys [Greg Olliver and Wes Orshoski] were really keen to do it so we let them make a pilot. They followed me around for about a week. And what they showed us was really well done; well shot and edited. So we said yeah, fucking go for it. Then they spent the next two years on the road with us, which was slightly disconcerting. I almost killed one of them a few times.

Making such a movie could have been perceived as an exercise in self

aggrandizement.
[Slightly huffily] It's not that. They asked to do it. I'm not putting it out: They are. I'd never have made a film about me. As long as they didn't expect me to shit on the people I know or tell tales on the chicks I've been with, I didn't see any reason why not to go along with it. And I think it turned out quite well, it's not too embarrassing. I saw it down in Austin, Texas, and I didn't have to leave the theatre or anything.

Have you seen any of the other recent rock 'n' roll films? The Anvil one? Saxon's *Heavy Metal Thunder – The Movie*? Or Iron Maiden's *Flight 666*?
No. It's not that I'm disinterested but nobody has sent me a free copy. I don't earn much and I don't go to the stores to browse. I watch TV, I play a bit of music and I chase women, basically. Ozzy will be the next one, though…

The moviemakers were granted plenty of access.
Yeah, well, once we'd agreed to do it that was the whole point, wasn't it?

It's a very revealing movie.
So which bits did you like best? [Offers a cigarette…]

No thanks. Well, getting to see your bachelor pad in LA, for starters. It's amazing, like a museum to your life.
[Nodding] No shit. In fact, I've been to museums that have fewer exhibits.

The scene in your flat with your son, Paul Inder, is quite touching.
He's a good boy, you know. Paul's an amazing musician; he plays like a demon, actually sounds like Hendrix.

He seemed gobsmacked to learn from an apparent throwaway comment that he is your "most valuable possession".
I thought that he knew that, but obviously not. If only for that respect, that he learned how I feel about him, the film was good.

Do you perhaps wish that you were more able to express your feelings?
Well, I do really. It's a guy thing. Boys tend to take things like that the wrong way, don't they? It's just the way somebody is built. I'm sure everyone has got things they don't share with anybody. You can't be reaching out all the time; or if you do, you won't be able to see your hand anymore. You certainly get your fingers bitten enough.

Is it a generational thing, though? Would you like to be in better contact with, for wont of a better term, your feminine side?
[Drily] I've been in contact with my feminine side for a long time. And with several other people's feminine sides.

Another highlight of the movie is seeing you riding around in the turret of a German tank, in full uniform.
That's the smallest tank they ever built, you know? It was the tank killer, with the Howitzer on the front.

It's a given that you are a fan of such things, obviously, but I was surprised by the almost encyclopedic extent of your military knowledge. You knew more about that tank than the guys that were driving it.
Well, if you collect something then you have to learn about it. Shooting that clip was a funny experience. We drove down to a big ranch in Pomona, down in the south of Los Angeles. The place is full of trucks and tanks that are being restored. There was this big fuck off personnel carrier with a gun on the front and they asked, 'Who wants to go for a ride?' The guys I went with were all dressed as SS men, sporting machine guns, and we drove down to the freeway and back, this fucking great camouflaged vehicle going 'Grrrrrrrr'… guys in their cars going past were incredulous; their faces were fucking magic. It was great fun.

I'm sure until their appearance in the film a lot of people won't even have known of The Head Cat, a rockabilly side-band with ex-Stray Cats drummer Slim Jim Phantom and guitarist Danny B Harvey.
You might well be right. So that would be another reason for making the movie. In fact, we've just finished a new album.

Is there any possibility that band might play in the UK?
I don't know, see, because it's expensive to do that. And it's something that we do primarily for fun.

The movie's 'talking heads' – people like Dave Grohl, Alice Cooper, Slash and Ozzy – say some lovely things about you. Do you actually enjoy your legendary status or sometimes think it's a bit surreal and daft?
It's daft. You've interviewed me for many years now… you know I don't take that stuff too seriously. I don't think I'm that important, I'm just some bozo that got lucky. I got turfed out of this terrible place that I lived in [Britain] and ended up living in this really nice place [Los Angeles, just down the road from the Rainbow Bar And Grill].

"I've been in contact with my feminine side... and with several other people's."

Do the demands of the fans sometimes get you down?
No. I can handle it. It's fine. I quite like people, mostly. You can't like them all. The human race isn't wholly likable. If somebody stops me and wants to chat for five minutes and get a photograph, I don't mind. It's when there are two hundred of them that things get a bit tricky. When I go to the Rainbow I don't take no fucking bodyguard.

I loved the movie's quote from Dave Navarro of Jane's Addiction/Red Hot Chili Peppers fame: "The first time I met Lemmy he said, 'Hello' and offered me crystal meth."
Well, he looked like he needed a bit of a pick-me-up.

The footage of you playing *Damage Case* onstage with Metallica is another terrific moment. You seem to have a real connection with those guys.
Yeah, although we don't see enough of one another because they're in 'Frisco and I'm in LA. There's always been something special ever since Lars [Ulrich] and [late bass player] Cliff Burton came to my hotel room before Metallica even existed [in the early '80s] and Lars introduced himself to me in his ever-



"Oi... Did you spill our pints?" Motörhead give it some classic glower.



Lemmy Kilmister: A man that was born to raise hell.

modest way with the words: 'I'm the head of your West Coast Fan Club'. We later found out there was only him and Cliff in it. He tried to keep up with me in the drinking stakes, which was very bad news. We used a photograph of him from that night, covered in vomit, on one an album sleeve… it might have been *No Sleep At All*. He's the one captioned: 'Recognise anybody?' But Metallica are a great fucking band, man. They're truly one of the best bands ever, *Some Kind Of Monster* aside. Every band has problems, but you know who I hated most in that movie? The fucking psychiatrist.

You mean Phil Towle, the so-called Performance Enhancement Coach?
That's him. I wanted to wring his fucking neck every five minutes. He was just draining their money away. 'Do you want me to be around a while longer?' 'Yeah, sure we do'. He wouldn't go away till their bread was gone. Cunt. But because they were American and they'd been brought up that way, they fell for it. It was a shame. America is a funny place for things like that; people can't sort their own problems out.

It's also great to see all those kids at your old school, Ysgol Syr Thomas Jones in Anglesey, singing *Ace Of Spades* and flashing Devil signs at the camera. That must have made you smile?
Yeah, it did, but that kid on the piano wasn't too great though, was he? Keep on taking the tablets [laughs].

As the movie's end credits rolled the first time you saw it, what were your thoughts?
I liked it. It was always going to be handy to have just as some sort of a diary. I've got all the outtakes, too. It was flattering that somebody would want to have done it. I can think of a lot better subjects than myself.

Does it successfully debunk the mythology surrounding you?
[Laughing]: Possibly, but it also created more of the same.

One perennial allegation is the belief that you are some sort of deranged Nazi sympathizer.
That's ridiculous; as I say in the film I've had a string of black girlfriends. I'm the worst fucking Nazi you ever met. You couldn't have taken my girlfriends to meet the Führer. 'This is Sheryl' … 'Hi y'all'. It just wouldn't work. The Nazis were a bunch of cunts, everyone knows that.

That final statement makes your fascination with Hitler that much harder to justify.
Those that knew him say he was the most boring man in the world, but he was actually a great employer. He gave lots of time off and when the holidays came around he paid for it all. By all accounts he was a great boss… So long as you were Aryan. Children loved him. He'd sit around playing trains with them and making all the choo-choo noises. It's just later on that things didn't go quite so well [chuckles]. The thing that people always miss is that Hitler was not a monster, he was a man like everybody else, with all the prejudices and weaknesses of any other, only his were amplified into philosophies that led a nation into war. I mean, answer me this, how many Germans do you think would have exterminated Jews if he hadn't said so?

Errr… None?
Are you sure about that? Because Hitler didn't kill a single Jew. It was all those fellas that were prepared to submerge their humanity to do to those terrible things [on his behalf] because the government said so. How many people do you think there are in this country that would do that?

That's a damned good question.
Yes. How about that? How many people would have collaborated with him had he won the Battle Of Britain? How many jobsworths do you know who would love to put on that uniform, strut about and order people around?

There must be quite a few.
You're kidding me; there are loads. Everybody points their fingers at the filthy Nazis, but you don't have to wear a uniform to be a Nazis – they're still everywhere.

The new advert for Kronenbourg 1664, in which Motörhead perform a slowed down, bluesy version of *Ace Of Spades*, is all over our TV screens, and it's very cool.
Thanks. It's good work, isn't it?

But my understanding is that you don't drink beer; you're purely a spirits man?
I do drink beer, but not much of it, and not that [brand]. If I drink beer I drink MGD [Miller Genuine Draft]. Over here in the UK I used to drink Special Brew because it's so fierce. Once you get used to Special Brew you can't drink anything else; I don't know why they call it 'tramp's beer', it's expensive – but it's good.

> "People think you're immortal if you don't die young, but nobody's immortal."

The advert is highly visible; that won't do you any harm, will it?
[Laughing]: No, it won't not unless they send me some crates of Kronenbourg 1664. I could always pass 'em onto my mates if they did.

That song, *Ace Of Spades*, has served you very well. It's in the *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3* videogame…
[Nodding and cutting in]: … It's also in *Rock Band 2*.

It has almost taken on a life of its own.
What can I say? We got lucky. We got famous for a good song. Imagine being in the Bay City Rollers, playing that shit and wearing tartan trousers for the rest of your days [laughs].

Your most recent interview with *Classic Rock* offered a remarkable quote: "I believe in moderation in everything". For those that didn't see that story, could you elaborate?
Well, of course I believe in moderation – everything else will kill you. There are enough dead bodies stacked up; casualties amassed in the name of the drug scene. That's why I never did heroin. Heroin is what kills people, I never saw anybody die from anything else.

In that interview, and indeed elsewhere in this magazine, you imply

that you are slowing down a little – that you cannot do the things you once used to.
'Slowing down' isn't the way I'd put it. I prefer thinning out: getting rid of the stuff that's no longer necessary. You have to get hold of this fact, I'm 65 this Christmas. You can't do that shit forever. [Makes coughing noise] Oh, he's gone. People seem to think you're fucking immortal if you don't die young, but nobody's immortal. I'm going to cash in my chips just like everybody else. I'm just… like Steven Tyler said, sick and tired of being sick and tired.

When you turn 65 on Christmas Eve, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards will both be two years older than you. They are constantly asked how much longer they can keep doing this.
It's such a dumb question, isn't it? How long do you think you're going to be alive for? Nobody has any idea.

But there will surely come a point when the mind will be willing, but the body unable?
When that happens, I'll stop. It hasn't happened yet.

Are you thinking one more album, two albums… or perhaps more?
I don't think like that. I feel alright today, so I'll carry on. It's a simple as that.

Does working so closely with Phil, who is 49, and Mikkey, a mere 46, help to keep you young?
[Laughing]: Mikkey is a mere child. And yes, it probably did at the beginning. When Würzel and Phil joined, that was a great time in this band's history. Going to America with them for the first time, showing them the sights of New York and the places I'd seen many times was fantastic because they were so impressed. But it doesn't feel as though they're much younger than me now.

"I've achieved what I set out to do – to make an unforgettable rock'n'roll band."

Every night, from the stage, you call Mikkey "the greatest drummer in the world".
Yeah I do. Well, you'd be hard pushed to find a better one. I sincerely believe that.

As musicians are he and Phil, and yourself, undervalued for being in a band like Motörhead?
Oh yeah, definitely. Heavy metal breeds the best guitar players in the world, there's no doubt about that, just like country music breeds the best singers. It's just a fact. The harmonies in country are unbelievable, especially with a girl singer. There are great singers in heavy metal too. There are also great guitarists, great bass players and great drummers that get no credit at all. None whatever. And yet you read a serious magazine telling you what a great musician somebody is, it won't be a guy from a rock 'n' roll band… It's Phil that I feel the most sorry for because he gets overlooked the most. He really is an outstanding guitar player. He comes up with things that will send chills down your backbone, even at my age. Unlike a lot of those mainstream pop/rock bands, when we're onstage we don't have to rely upon fireworks that shoot two hundred feet up in the air. We used to use them, don't get me wrong. But when the money [to pay for them] ran out, you must rely upon your musicianship. And we're fucking good, man. I don't care what anybody says. Especially at what we do. And nobody else does it. I've said it many times but it's true: When Motörhead leaves, there will be a hole there that just can't be filled. That's fine with me; it means I've achieved what I set out to do – which was to make an unforgettable rock 'n' roll band.

How odd was it for you last September when Mikkey was temporarily replaced on tour by ex-Guns N' Roses drummer Matt Sorum in order to appear in *The Celebrity Jungle*, Swedish TV's local version of *I'm A Celebrity… Get me Out Of Here*?
Matt filled in and he was great. He's a fun guy. He put a new angle on things. Having been with Mikkey so long, of course it was strange; you get used to him being there and there's a perfectly reasonable tendency to think, 'No one else could do this'. But Matt could do it.

Presumably you tuned in to *The Celebrity Jungle* to watch Mikkey being forced to eat crocodile scrotums?
[Exultantly]: No, it was a deep-fried gecko that he ate, I think, also a horrible beetle. You would never, ever get me on one of those shows.

Watching your friend going through such trials, it must have given you a laugh?
Oh yeah, me and Phil were helpless on the floor. 'He's gonna eat a gecko, you're fucking joking...' Because Mikkey hates creepy crawlies.

Was somebody to leave now, would that be it for Motörhead?
Not unless it was me. And even then, if the other two decided they wanted to carry on I wouldn't have a problem with that. Phil [Taylor] and Eddie [Clarke] left and we carried on without them; it was a bit of a wrench but nobody's irreplaceable. A lot of the fans thought that Phil and Eddie were irreplaceable, and a lot of them left when those two departed, but they ended up coming back to us. This is certainly the best Motörhead there's ever been, there's no doubt about that. I know how good everybody [from that line-up] was, and I do miss that version of Motörhead, but this Motörhead is much better; we're a lot more versatile than we used to be in the early days of the band.

As a completely self-made man who has done things the hard way, what do you consider your greatest achievement?
Just surviving this far, I think.

There must be something that makes you intensely proud?
Probably keeping Motörhead together. It wasn't easy all the time. Then again, I guess it wasn't that difficult either. [He falls silent for a moment]. If I had to name something, my only real achievement is Motörhead. That and persuading people that I can play the bass, when really it's touch and go [laughs modestly]. I cheat a lot, you know.

Are you one of those guys that look back and says, 'No regrets'?
[Nodding enthusiastically] Oh yeah, it's always too late for that. You've already made that mistake. Just learn from it and move on because time is short: Short for all of us. ♠



Sticking it to the man, Lemmy knows what to bass his success on.



Lemmy proves his 'electric guitar pose' theory hands down.

"I don't think I'm that important, just some bozo that got lucky."


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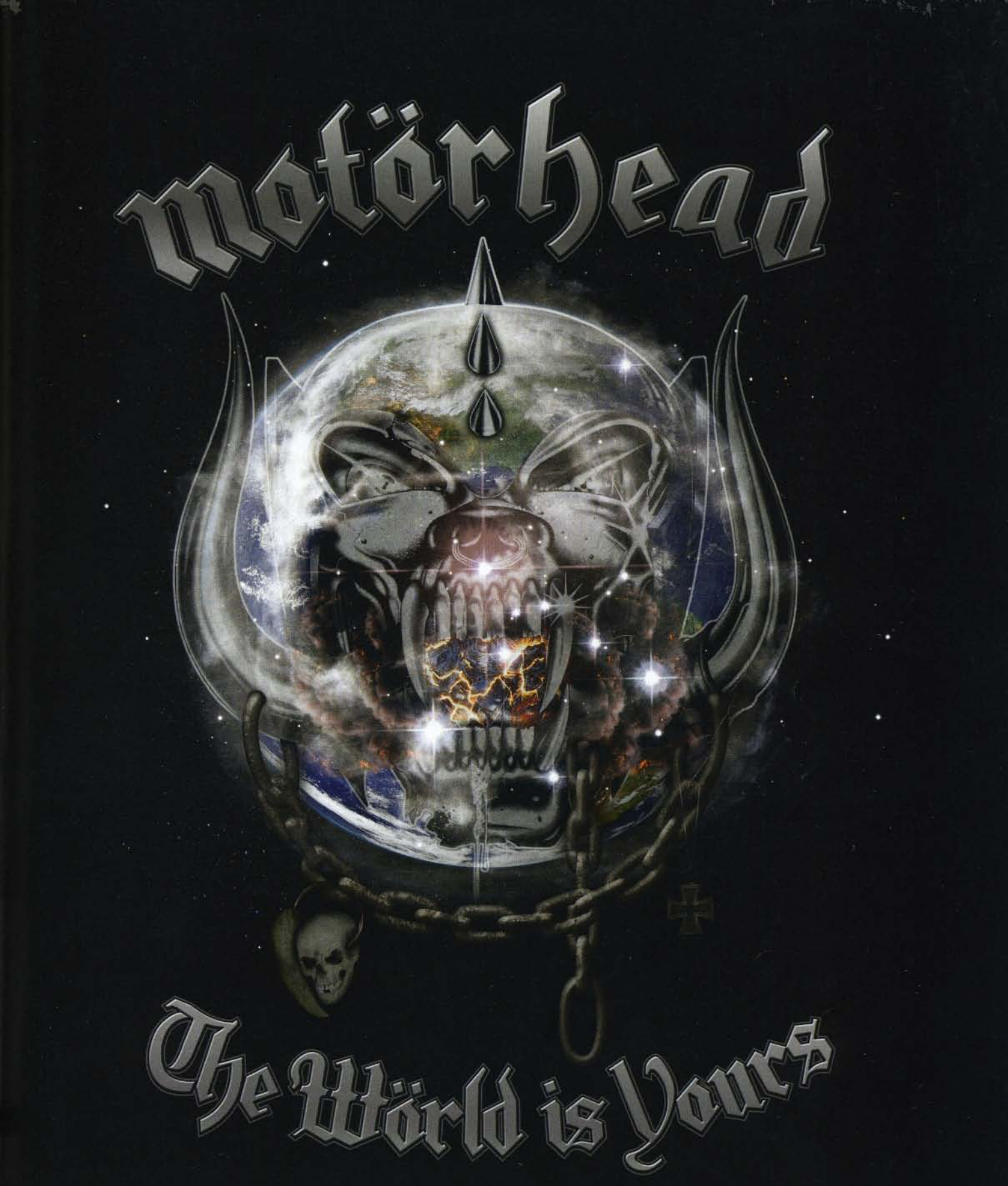


Want to know what's behind every track on the brilliant new Motörhead album that you now have in your grasp? Of course you do. So here is your very own guide to the whys, wherefores and what-the-hells provided by the inimitable Ian Fraser Kilmister.

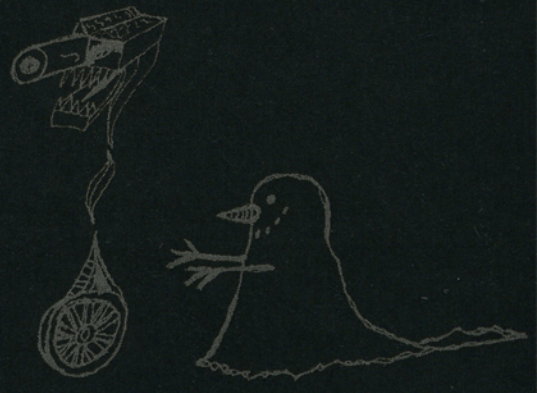
WORDS: **LEMMY**
PORTRAITS: **ROSS HALFIN**

i know how to die

"That's a good title, isn't it? I always say, 'Don't die ashamed' and that's a pretty good motto to live by. So it's just an extension of that. It's not about killing yourself; it's about knowing how to comport yourself on the day of your passing. But that's quite a long title, and it doesn't really rhyme with anything [chuckles loudly]."

born to lose

"It's a typical Motörhead-sounding title, isn't it? But we've never used it before. We've had *Live To Win* [on the *Ace Of Spades* album, 1980]. So I thought we should have *Born To Lose*, just to tidy things up. It's a good song. I like the pauses and the double-bass drums on it. It's a good way to open the album; really good quality."

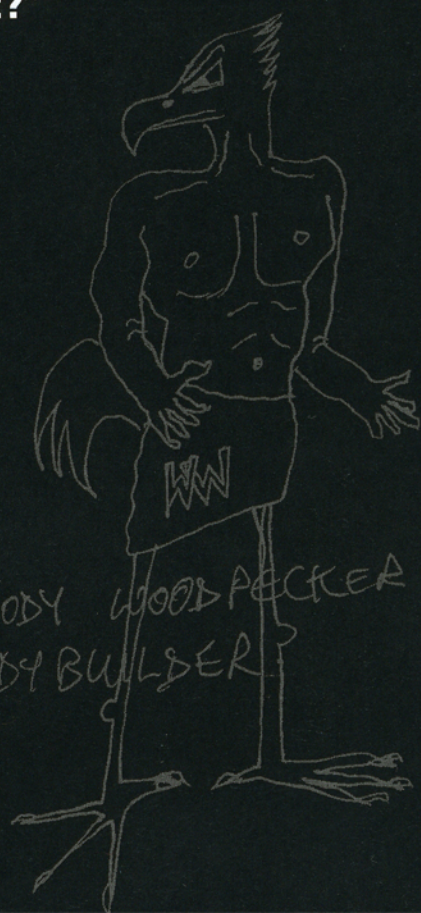


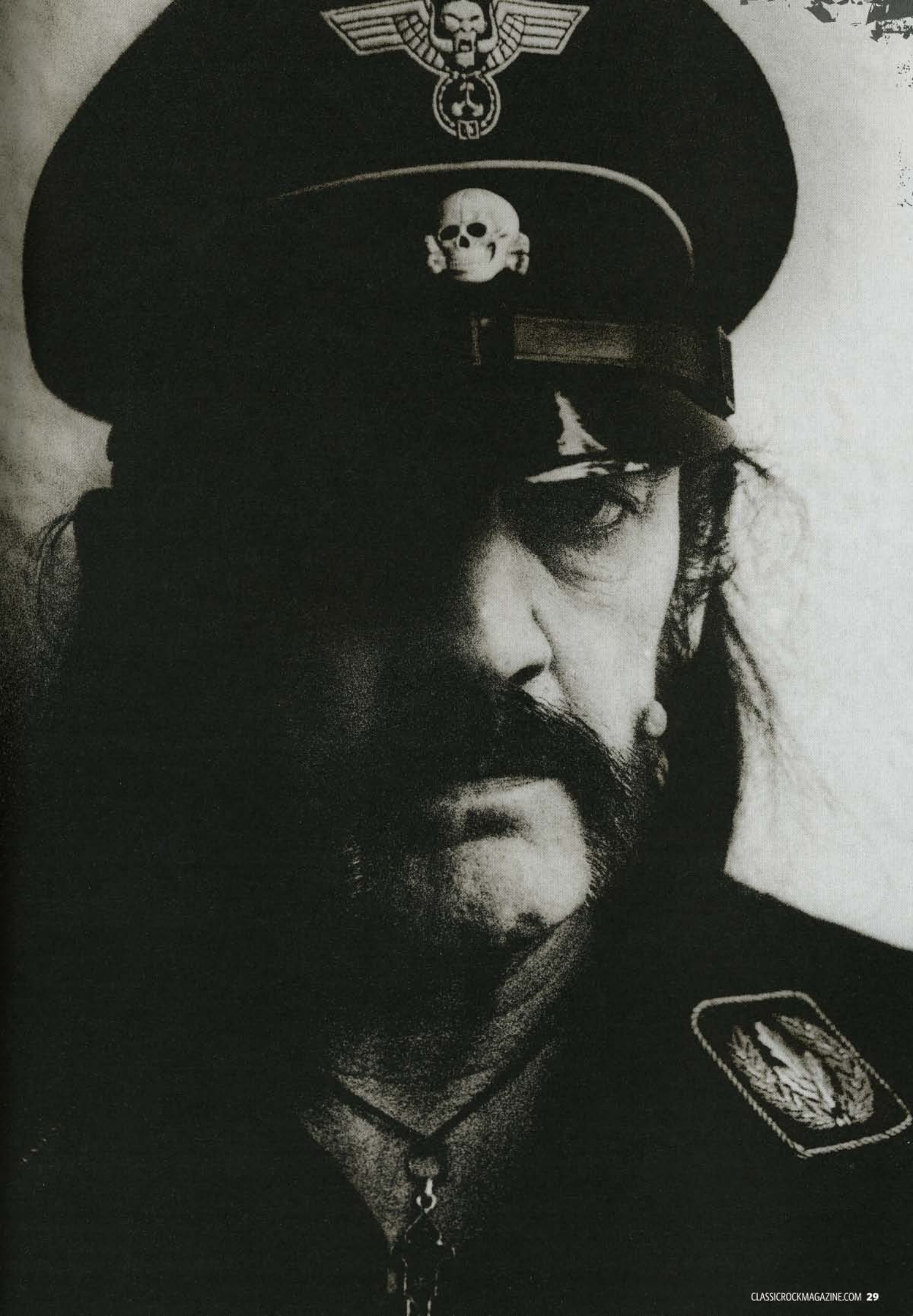
get back in line

"That's just about conformity, a subject I write about a lot. Why do we conform so much? The British will queue for anything. The laws in this country and the taxes... the petty shit in this country, it's unbelievable. They tax tree-houses! They taxed the view of a national monument. That's fucking marvellous; so Machiavellian. Which fucking idiot thought of that?"

devils in my head

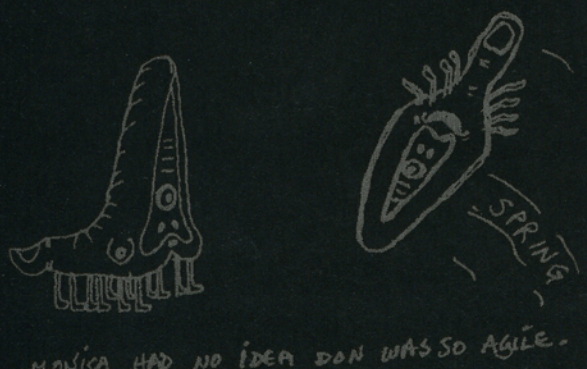
"This one is my favourite track on the album. I like the chorus a lot. You might think it's about being possessed, but it's not. It's about being up for five days and stumbling home. That's something I don't do so much these days... [puts on the voice of a frail pensioner]: 'I'm too old, I'm getting on a bit now'..."





rock 'n' roll music

"Well, that one's self explanatory, really.
A romantic fool, trying to be cool, hoping he's in with a chance.
We've all been there, right? Some of us got lucky and, alas, some didn't. That meant there was more for me [grins]. It's a homage to rock 'n' roll, which has been my life."



brotherhood of man

"I wrote that one as another dig at the stupidity and crass greed of mankind. Read the lyrics and they'll tell you all about it."

waiting for the snake

"That's a weird one because I don't know what it is. I wrote the song, but I have no memory of doing so. It's a mystery track. We were at the studio one day and down it went, like a bastard child. The mother kept insisting it wasn't hers [laughs]. It's alright though, I think."

outlaw

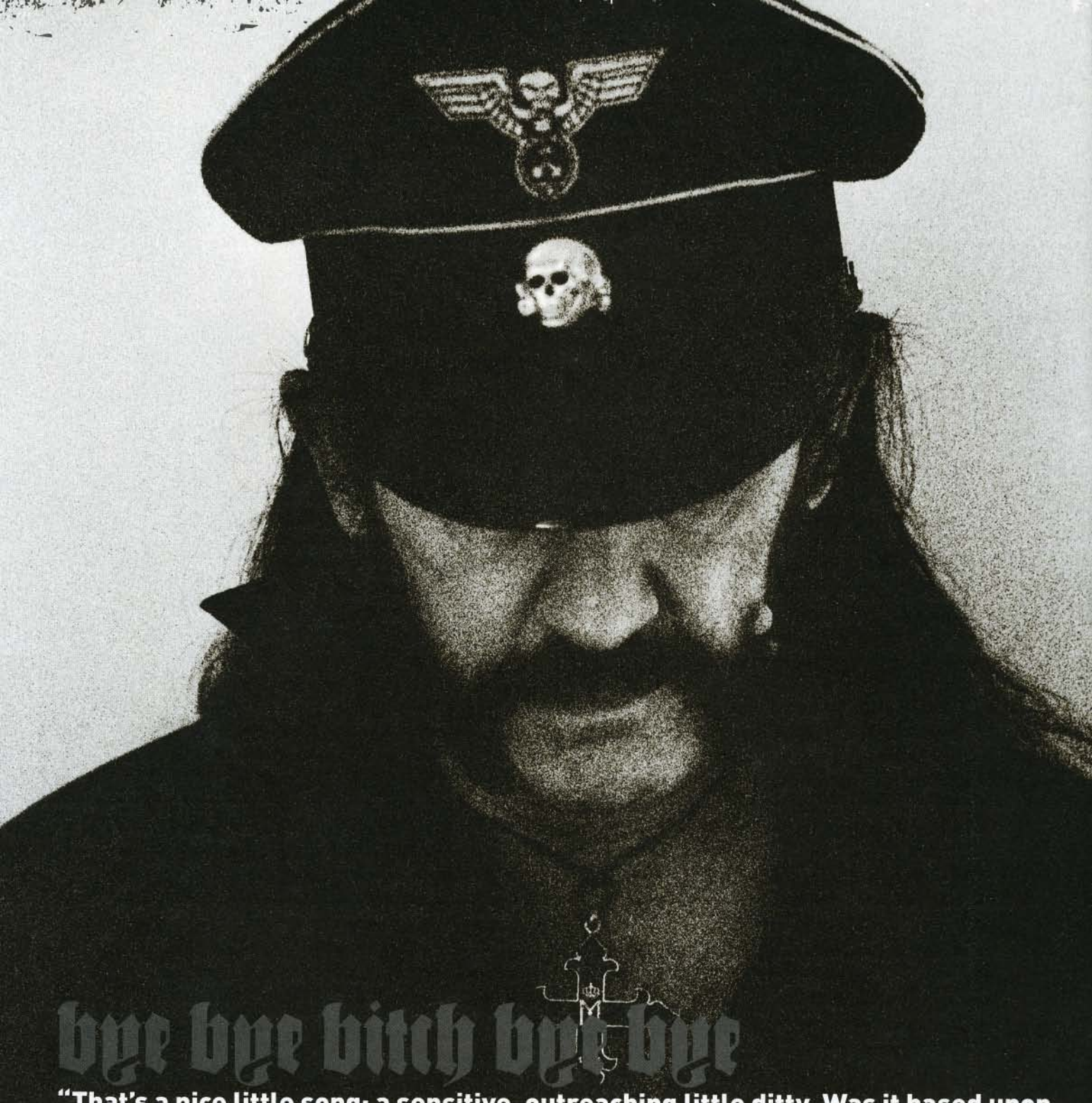
"That's just a Western, basically. I couldn't think of a subject for that song. I always get the title and work backwards. With that one the title came last; I had to change a few words around. My songs write themselves in many different ways. When I wrote Sacrifice [in 1995], I had that [the title] before the tune, which was unusual."



i know what you need

"Nobody really knows what anybody else needs, do they? You just do your best. If you need slippers and a ball-gag, I'm afraid I'm off [laughs]. Maybe I should have called it I Know What You Deserve, but again there were no rhyming words. There's 'reserve', but that's about it."



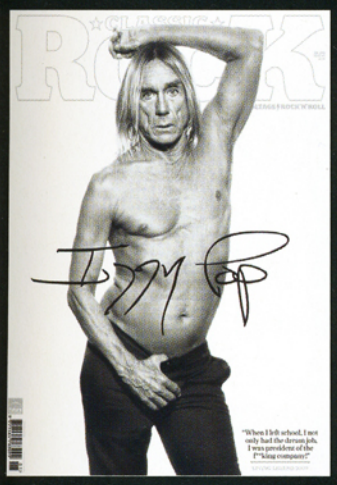


bye bye bitch bye bye

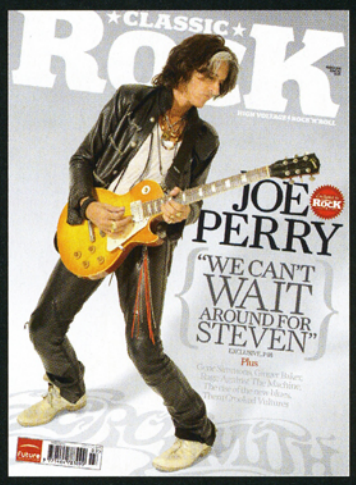
"That's a nice little song; a sensitive, outreaching little ditty. Was it based upon anybody in particular, you just asked? It was based on everybody in particular – all the chicks that fucked me over, of which there have been several, of all shapes, sizes and creeds. And colours, for that matter.

There's nothing worse than getting fucked over by a chick you're really keen on. And the cliché about hell having no fury like a woman scorned is quite true, but boys are not allowed to vent in the same way. Because we're all pigs; filthy, devious rapists. So we can't be hurt, though they are quite able do it to us.

"It's also a blow against this blind feminism thing. That's just as hurtful as when we [the male gender] were in the saddle. Why should anyone be in charge? That's wrong. In a relationship, you should be together because you want to be. One partner shouldn't be telling the other what to do. So this song is me saying: Fuck all of that, basically."







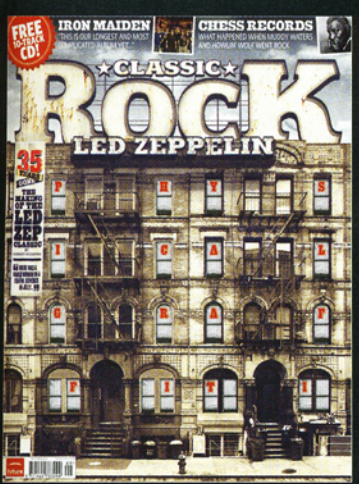






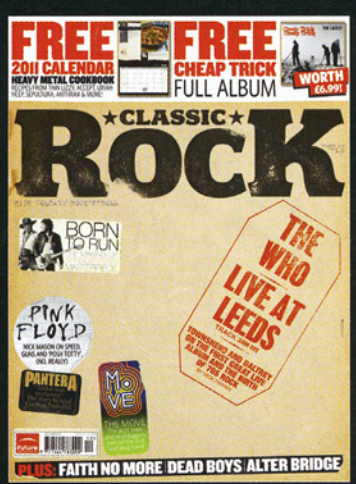












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Raising The Roof

Lemmy and co deliver some rock'n'roll justice

WORDS: **DOM LAWSON** PICTURES: **ROB MONK**

MOTÖRHEAD TOOK TO the roof to shoot scenes from their latest video in London on November 7, 2010. Filmed in a huge, ancient house just off Regent Street, the clip begins with Lemmy and his band mates performing their brand new single, *Get Back In Line*, a highlight from their new studio album, *The World Is Yours*, before cutting to scenes of affluence and debauchery, as a grop of smug-faced, wealthy bankers and businessman wallow in the dirty money they accrued while sending the entire planet's economy down the toilet.

True to his oft-stated disregard for the greedy rich, Lemmy grabs the opportunity to wreak some revenge, as he, Phil Campbell and Mikkey Dee march off to gatecrash the casino where the bankers are gambling with the lives of ordinary people, throwing dice to decide whether or not to close down hospitals and schools or instigate another ill-conceived military campaign in foreign climes, all while drinking, snorting cocaine and drooling over a group of high class hookers. The band upturn tables, smash glasses and give the be-suited scumbags the hiding of a lifetime. Not surprisingly, Lemmy, Phil and Mikkey look like they're having the time of their lives.

To see the *Get Back In Line* video, visit the official Motörhead website at www.imotorhead.com. And don't forget to crank it up! ♠





Motörhead on the roof: Like The Beatles. Only much louder.

Sex & Outrage!

Motörhead throw the ultimate rock 'n' roll party

WORDS: **TERRY BEZER** PICTURES: **KEVIN NIXON**

AS A LITTLE insight into the seedy realm of the music industry, most listening parties for a band's forthcoming album take place in a stuffy room full of suits (and, worse, suits in disguise). You might get a vol-au-vent and a warm beer if you're lucky. But when the band in question are Motörhead and the album is the frankly magnificent *The World Is Yours*, you are perfectly within your rights to expect a little more sex, drinks and rock'n'roll. Accordingly, the lads of Motörhead took over London table-dancing club Stringfellow's on November 4, 2010, and as you might expect there was enough free booze served to keep an elephant rat-arsed for a week, and enough hotties shaking what their momma gave them to keep you in wet dreams for the rest of the year.

The band themselves took part in a Q&A session with radio celebrity Ian Camfield, answering questions about their reactions to reviews over the years ("We just want to be loved" says Lemmy, unbuttoning his shirt sarcastically with the devil in his eyes), the subject matter of the new album ("The world's fucked!") and the future of rock ("Prove your worth live and you'll always be alright," offers Mikkey) before kicking off the party to end all parties, and signalling the beginning of the end for most of our livers. There are definitely worse ways to launch an album! ♠



***"The way you move yourself / Should be against the law"*: the ladies of Stringfellows salute Motörhead's latest release.**

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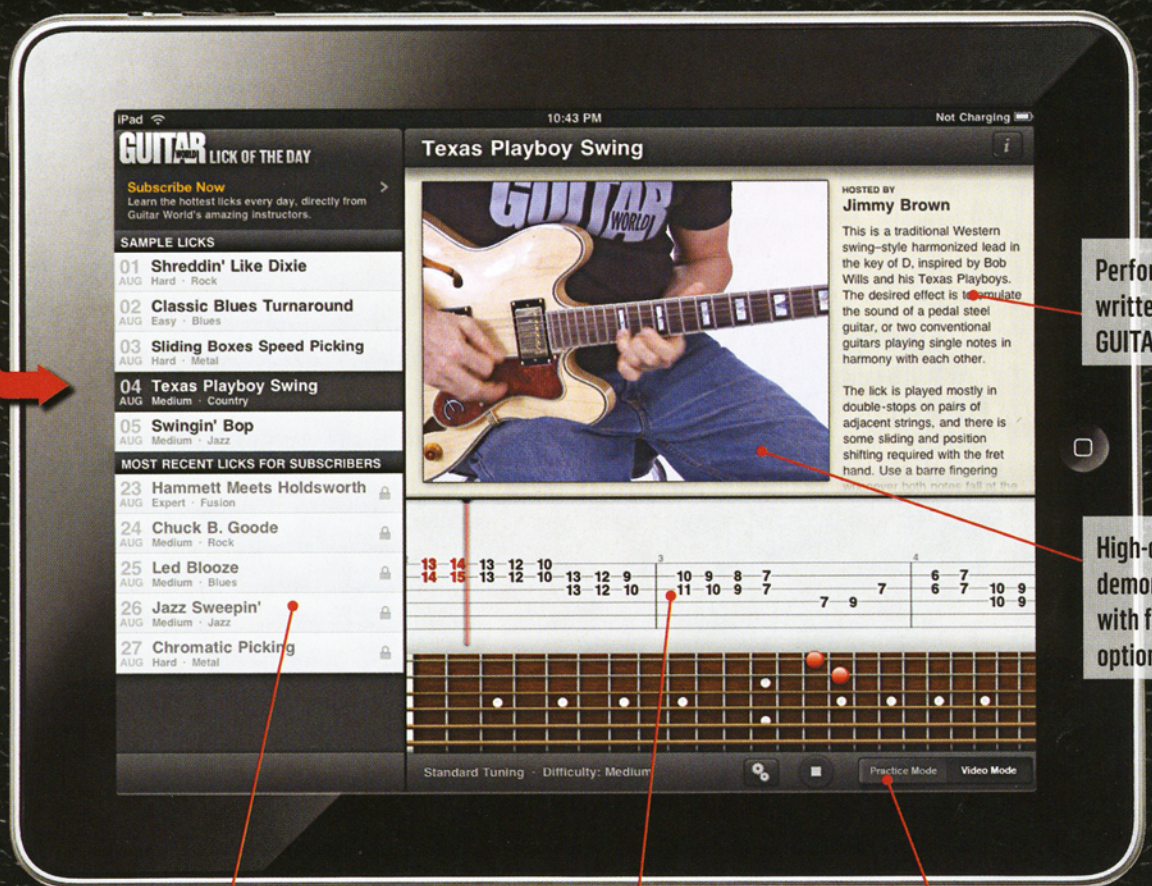

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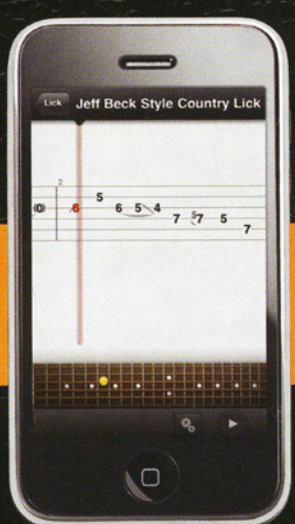

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Q&A

Phil Campbell

For over 25 years, **Phil Campbell** has been Motörhead's loyal axe-man; now he tells all. "From day one Lemmy said 'If you can blow me offstage, go for it'..."

WORDS: **DAVE LING** PICTURES: **MICK HUTSON**


WELSH WANKER



Pontypridd Python: Motörhead's plank spanker stands to attention.

Very little seems to last for long in these days of quickie divorces and prenuptial agreements, soundbite-driven politics and reality TV celebrity. Even so, when Philip Anthony Campbell joined Motörhead in 1984 – a time when Ronald Reagan was still the President of the USA, O Levels were being scrapped for GCSEs and Prince Harry had just sprung kicking and screaming into the world – there seemed very little possibility that the Welshman would still be doing that same job more an a quarter-century later. But so it has proved.

Born in Pontypridd, 12 miles north of Cardiff, Campbell discovered rock music at an early age, and first picked up the guitar at the age of ten, taking his cues from Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zep maestro Jimmy Page, Michael Schenker of UFO, Focus' Jan Akkerman, and the musical chameleon that is Todd Rundgren (an influence so significant that Phil later named his first born son Todd Rundgren Campbell).

Just three years after taking up the six-stringed instrument, Campbell was playing semi-professionally with a cabaret band called Contrast before joining Roktopuss, who played many dates on the Welsh pub-rock circuit. However, it was the formation of Persian Risk (whose singers Jon Deverill and Carl Sentence, would later spend time with the Tygers Of Pan Tang and Krokus respectively) that began to cause ripples of interest. Campbell played on both of the group's seven-inch singles, *Calling For You* (1981) and *Ridin' High* (1983), before joining Motörhead as part of a two-for-one deal with Michael Burston, AKA Würzel. Phil has by far been the group's longest-serving lead guitarist, debuting on several tracks for the double-album collection *No Remorse*, and appearing on all of their studio albums from *Orgasmatron* (1986) to the present day.

Away from the walls of amplifiers he uses at work, Phil has a taste for soft rock artistes such as the Eagles, Dan Fogelberg, Electric Light Orchestra and ABBA as well as Led Zeppelin, preferring to save his aggression for the stage and the studio. Having long since come out of his shell as a live performer ("I've more confidence now," he told *Classic Rock* in 1999. "Lem has said from day one, 'If you can blow me offstage then go for it', and that suits me"), the likeable, talkative 49-year-old deserves more credit than he receives for his role in this most legendary and enduring of bands.

Let's hear what he has got to say…

2010 marks 26 years that you've been playing guitar with Motörhead, 26 years since you joined the group, 26 years of touring the world and recording albums. Does it feel that long?

Not at all. Nothing like that, especially as I asked Lemmy for his autograph [after a Hawkwind gig back in 1973] at the Capitol in Cardiff when I was 12. I've still got it on the programme, in fact. If somebody had said to me that night, 'You're going to be in a big band with that that guy you just met, and you'll stay with him for 26 years', I'd have laughed at them. I guess it just goes to show that anything is possible.

So being in Motörhead really is a life sentence?

It's beginning to look that way, isn't it? [laughs] No, it's a privilege.

Isn't it true that you owe something of a debt to your wife, who suggested you send Lemmy a copy of the Persian Risk single when the Motörhead job came up?

That's right, yeah. She persuaded me to give it a try because we [Persian Risk] had supported Motörhead on the last gig of the *Another Perfect Day* tour at Cornwall Coliseum.

At the time, you were earning a living by delivering frozen chickens to restaurants, right?

Correct; I was working for my father's company. I saw the advert in the *Melody Maker* and I knew that Brian [Robertson] had left but had been thinking: 'Oh, what's the point?' But she said, 'No, go on. Give it a try, send some stuff in'. One day I came back from delivering the chickens, and there was a message for me from their office. I had to learn 18 Motörhead songs by Friday.

At the audition Lemmy was unable to choose between you and Würzel, offering the job to you both. Have you ever wondered how your life might have changed had he tossed a coin instead?

[Frowning] That's a good question. It would have changed drastically, I know that, but it's not something I've given a lot of thought to.

"Being in Motörhead for 26 years isn't a life sentence... It's a privilege."

Might you still be delivering chickens?

I doubt it. I could be working at McDonalds, who knows? I'm just glad that things turned out the way they did, really.

When you and Würz went onto the payroll, how did the reality match the fantasy? There was a lot of turmoil going on behind the scenes, wasn't there?

That's right. On the evening after the auditions Philthy stunned everybody by deciding to leave, which didn't help matters. That was quite a shock for Würz and me. There was a lot of crap to be sorted out with the record company [Bronze Records]. It looked slightly grim, I don't mind telling you.

You forged a very strong bond with Würzel, didn't you? That partnership came together very quickly?

[Nodding] Yeah, he was great, really up for it. Always laughing and joking. That lasted for quite a few years, but towards the end he wasn't quite so interested. Don't get me wrong, Würzel's a great guy and we're still in touch with each other... But there was something going on in his head and he just decided to leave one day.

On that day in 1995, Motörhead were reduced again to a trio. Did you enjoy the extra responsibility of being its sole guitarist?

I remember saying to Lem and Mikkey, 'Look boys, we can do this. Let's try it as a three-piece; believe me, if we need another player I'll be the first to admit it'. We went into rehearsals and it worked just fine. And all this time later, it still does.

Let us offer our condolences about your father, who passed away


BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY



Royally flushed: another successful hand of strip poker for Motörhead.

during the completion of *The World Is Yours*...
Oh, thank you. Both of my parents were really supportive when I got into music, which is a path I've tried to follow.

This must have been an impossibly difficult record to make?
I was in LA as the songs were being written and then my dad got ill, so I came home. All my guitar parts were done in Cardiff, the rest being done in LA. I'd go and see my dad in the morning, and found I was able to concentrate on the guitar playing afterwards. Not having Lem there to ask: 'What would you like me to do with this part?', I just had to use my intuition and my knowledge of the way the band works, but Lemmy was really happy with it all.

Where do you think *The World Is Yours* belongs in the Motörhead canon?
It's not heavy metal; I don't know what it is. It's a rock 'n' roll kind of thing. There are very few guitar overdubs on the album.

Do you have a favourite track on the record?
That would have to be *Brotherhood Of Man*. It's a monster riff; so simple but very effective. It could turn out to be the new *Orgasmatron*. *Bye Bye Bitch Bye Bye* is another that I like a lot.

Although Lemmy is perceived as 'being' Motörhead, he has gone on record as saying that yourself and Mikkey Dee are the heart and soul of the band. Can you explain the way that you contribute to the writing process?
Well, we are responsible for a lot. A hell of a lot. I come up with riffs and half-completed songs, verses and choruses, which then get played to the boys, and they add their own bits.

"Lemmy looks like the sort of bloke who loves onions, but he hates 'em!"

Does that leave you creatively satisfied, or might there be a solo album dying to get out?
I'm very happy within Motörhead, but I'll definitely do an album of my own. I've got seven or eight songs ready. There will be lots of piano and stuff on it; it won't sound like a copy of Motörhead. I might even tell jokes between the tracks. I'm also going to do a book with [writer] Steffan Chirazi, who says he'll help me.

What type of a book would that be?
It won't be my life story, just the ridiculous stuff that has happened to me. I'm going to call it *Suspect Out Of Control*.

The ongoing relationship with producer Cameron Webb seems to be paying dividends.
[Laughs] Yes, but I've told him that if he rubs my piano off the album again without telling me, I'll have a prostitute turn up at his door claiming to be carrying his baby. That should bring him round to my way of thinking.

Nevertheless, he's become part of the family.
For me, it wasn't a very close relationship at the start. I'd met him once before, like, but on the first day together in the studio, within 30 minutes of working on the first song, I'd picked up my guitar and thrown it at him saying, 'You can fucking do it yourself' and driven off in my car. That was my professional introduction to him. But it worked out okay in the end.

Talking of families, Motörhead shows are now attended by several different generations.
Yeah, that's a great thing. The audiences are getting younger and younger and at the other end of the spectrum older and older. Grandparents bring their kids, who bring their own kids. We're very lucky. We don't just have to play the greatest hits – or 'hit', should I say? It probably has to do with the fact that we did all the wrestling things with Triple H, and even recorded a track for the *SpongeBob SquarePants* movie.

In this enviable run of creative form, how far would you have to look back and say; 'Okay, that album was perhaps a bit weak'?
Wow, that's tough. *Orgasmatron* [1986] was a great album, but for me the production [by Bill Laswell] let it down slightly; he did some strange stuff there. I know Lem was quite disappointed, too. But *Rock 'N' Roll* [1987] was recorded in just ten days and written in 11 and it still stands up. *1916* [1991] and *Sacrifice* [1995] are very good albums, but my favourite is still *Bastards* [1993]. And, of course, the ones we recorded with Cameron are great. I don't think we've done a really crap album; not a complete duffer.

Motörhead's winter tours run the length of country and have become as regular as clockwork, while the band also still appears at the key open-air festivals. Do you perhaps feel that, due to all of that visibility, you are taken for granted?
Well, I don't know. The tours still sell out. There may be a little bit of truth in that statement but I do know that our fans look forward to seeing us: It's the highlight of their year. That's what they tell us anyway.

Lemmy is based in California, Mikkey resides in Sweden and you have a place in South Wales. Has this distance between you all played its part in the remarkable longevity of this line-up, now into its 18th year?
It probably has, yeah. But I live in Los Angeles now, just a five-minute walk from Lem's place [laughs]. I'm living at Matt Sorum's place now.

So we can expect the band to split up within a year, then?
[Laughs] I don't see that happening.

You don't exactly live in each other's pockets, though – how do you keep the connection between each other strong? Or is that space between you all the reason why your music still seems so fresh?
We do see a lot of each other on the road, though, which is why we have separate dressing rooms. People ask us: 'Aren't you supposed to be friends?' Of course we are; we're best friends. But before a gig if somebody wants to take a nap, or someone else wants to read and a third person wants to throw a bit of a party, it's not going to work. By now we know one another's weaknesses and strengths...

You respect each other's little foibles...?
Yes, that's it exactly. Basically, we try to be understanding of one another. This is a deep-seated relationship. We've been through a lot of shit together. Why would we jeopardize that?



Phil Campbell says he has Lemmy and SpongeBob SquarePants to thank for for his success. (But mostly Lemmy.)

Away from the band you've said that your son Todd, who plays the bass, is already a better musician than you?
The three of them are, actually. Todd and Dane [a drummer] are in a band called Straight Lines, and my youngest son Tyla is the guitarist in Tiger Please. In fact, Straight Lines, Tiger Please and Motörhead were all at this year's Download. I'm pretty sure that it's the first time that a dad has played at a festival with his three kids, in three different bands – all on the same day. I started them all off by showing them some drums and guitar, but it seems they've got talent. Straight Lines got a better review than we [Motörhead] did at Download.

After all the career fluctuations you've experienced in the music industry and with Motörhead, you must have been wary of their wishes to following in your footsteps?
At first, yeah. With their other earlier bands we found that using my name didn't do much good to help them. So they purposely don't mention that connection anymore, and it seems to have done the trick [laughs].

The band's hell-raising ways have long since become a crucial part of rock'n'roll folklore. Do you think that Lemmy has mellowed in recent years?
A little bit, maybe. But he can still kick up the dust like the rest of us, no problem. Lem will never change. He's not afraid to say what he wants to say and fucking annoy people if that's what happens. Half of the time, he's been there and done it all. There's not much stuff he hasn't experienced, so there's not much left to excite him. But he hasn't lost his edge; no way.

Would you say he is your best friend?
Yes, absolutely. Even after all this time.

Can you tell us a secret about Lemmy?
[Grins] He hates onions. That might surprise you because he looks like the type of person that might like them. But, no, he won't go anywhere near onions.

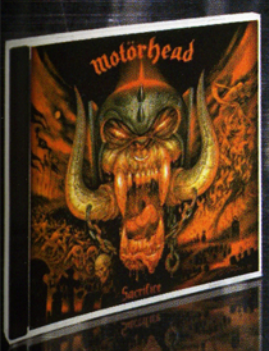
Have you even considered what you'll do when Motörhead is no more?
Don't be ridiculous. Lemmy will be around a lot longer than the rest of the world's population.

Can we push you for a serious answer?
I don't think about that, really. Fifteen years ago I thought: 'Well maybe I've got another two or three years left [in Motörhead] but look at us now; we're still here and still selling out all of the gigs. People still like the records. We might slow things down slightly as the years roll by; maybe do three gigs in a row [without a night off] instead of six. But there is no plan to stop anytime soon, let's put it that way. ♠

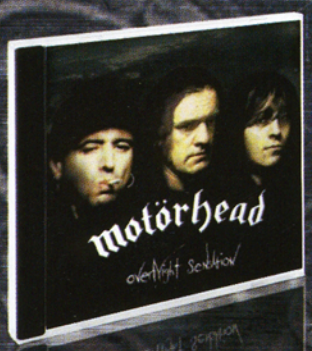
"My kids' band got a better review than us at Download!"

A darker side of Phil Campbell: "Within 30 minutes of meeting Cameron Webb, I'd thrown my guitar at him, shouting 'You can fucking do it yourself!'"

motörhead



Sacrifice
(studioalbum 1995)



Overnight Sensation
(studioalbum 1997)



Snakebite Love
(studioalbum 1998)



We Are Motörhead
(studioalbum 2000)



Hammered
(studioalbum 2002)



Inferno
(studioalbum 2004)



Kiss Of Death
(studioalbum 2006)



Motörizer
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Q&A

Mikkey Dee

Lemmy had to ask him three times before he'd take the drumstool, but former King Diamond/Dokken sticksman **Mikkey Dee** is Motörhead family now.

WORDS: **DAVE LING** PICTURES: **MICK HUTSON**





The Dirty Three: the original line-up might've kickstarted the whole Motörhead circus, but Mikkey reckons he and Phil have earned the right to be considered Lemmy's definitive sidemen.

Born and raised in Gothenburg, Sweden by his Greek parents, Mikkey Dee succeeded Philthy Animal Taylor as Motörhead's sticksman 18 years ago. The scion of a family of percussionists, he saw a Deep Purple concert at the tender age of seven and was blown away by the Purple's legendary, long-serving tub thumper Ian Paice. His life would never be the same again.

Dee joined a Swedish group called Nadir before moving to Copenhagen, Denmark, where he payed in Geisha, a little-known local band. His first appointment of significance was joining the solo band of former Mercyful Fate singer King Diamond in 1985, where he served for four years, appearing on the albums *Fatal Portrait* (1986), *Abigail* (1987), *Them* (1988) and *Conspiracy* (1989).

Feeling as though his contribution was relegated to a background role, Mikkey departed King Diamond's band in 1989, telling an interviewer: "I just left. It was a hard decision but I did it anyway." His next stop was with ex-Dokken singer Don Dokken, performing on the 1990 release *Up From The Ashes* as part of a line-up that included ex-Europe guitarist John Norum and former Accept guitarist Peter Baltes. At around the same time he also played some gigs with the US-based band World War III, which featured guitarist Tracy G, later of Dio.

Dee first appeared on a Motörhead album in 1992, playing drums on one track – *Hellraiser* – off *March Ör Die*, before laying down the following album, 1993's *Bastards*, in its entirety.

Mikkey's punishingly super-fast but meticulously precise percussion is the backbone of Motörhead's sound. No live show is complete without one of his trademark, turbo-charged drum solos. As an all-round team player and social animal, he's also immensely popular with his band-mates. When *Classic Rock* interviewed Mikkey with guitarist Phil Campbell in late 1999, the pair came across like some booze-fuelled double act. They told a corker of a tale involving a groggy Dee awaking slowly following a heroic absinthe binge the previous night, preparing to use the 'facilities' and discovering, to his shock and dismay, that the hotel room wasn't his own, and that he'd awoken alongside a woman he couldn't remember, and that he would soon have to flee for his very life.

"Her husband was screaming at me and whacking me with a towel and I was throwing paper towels back at him," he grinned at the memory. "It wasn't 'til I got to my own room that I realized that I was butt-naked."

Campbell nodded sagely: "It was lucky that Mikkey decided to have a shit and not a fucking wank when he woke up. Imagine if he'd started doing that next to the guy's wife."

From time to time, with the full permission of his band-mates, Dee has stepped away from Motörhead. In 2003, he helped out his friends Helloween by playing drums on the *Rabbit Don't Come Easy* album. More recently, he took a short leave of absence to take part in a TV show called *Kändisdjungeln* (The Celebrity Jungle), a Swedish version of *I'm A Celebrity... Get Me Out Of Here!* The band brought in former Velvet Revolver skinsman Matt Sorum as his temporary replacement.

"It wasn't until I got back to my hotel room that I realised I was butt naked."

You joined Motörhead in 1992. As the 'new boy', how are you fitting in?
[Smiles]: Yes, I'm still the new boy, aren't I? And to tell you the truth, even though we've gone through so much together, it still feels like yesterday.

So the story goes, Lemmy asked at least twice for you to join the band before you finally agreed.
[Nodding] The third time was when I said, 'okay'.

What changed your mind?
The first time he asked, I was still with King Diamond. I was very happy there; we were a bunch of friends and it felt comfortable. Besides which, I felt like I hadn't earned my stripes yet, I wasn't ready. I'm glad I said no. Had I agreed, I'd have been gone [from the band] a long, long time ago. I was lucky enough to tour [as part of a support act] with Motörhead and really saw what the deal was: This is an institution, you know? The other reason [for declining] was that I never jump between bands. The second time Motörhead asked me to join, I was with Dokken and there was an 11-month tour lined up. Okay there were some problems within that band, but the chance of fame and fortune or whatever was not going to make me quit something I had already made a commitment to. That's never really been my motivation.

Back in 2000, you told *Classic Rock* that with Lemmy having "no interest in business", you were "the unofficial link" between manager Todd Singermann and the group. Is that still the case?
Lemmy is interested in business, don't be mistaken, but like Phil he's more interested in finished results. I'm the guy that can take bad news; tough something out and deal with it [before it gets passed onto them]. It was the same when I was with King [Diamond] and Don [Dokken] and it's something I've learned to enjoy as the years have gone by. So Todd comes to me first, and then I go to the guys [with whatever he says]. It's not that I get to make any more decisions than anybody else, but Lemmy will get upset and emotional about something if it goes wrong, whereas I'm more inclined to take a deep breath. Perhaps everything isn't as bad as it looks, you know?

In that same interview, you spoke of how underrated you considered Motörhead to be; how you are proud that you "smoke" other bands that just talk the talk and, more significantly, sell more records.
Well, we do 'smoke' those other bands but you're making it sound like some sort of competition, and it's not. One of the things that we're proud of is that wherever you are in the world you will get a Motörhead show that's a hundred per cent committed. Some bands will play better because it's London on a Saturday night, but the following day in Folkestone on a rainy Monday they don't feel quite as charged, you know what I mean? Not naming any names here, but some of those bands think that a two, a three or a four out of ten show will do. With Motörhead, nothing changes and every day is the same. The whole day is geared towards the evening's show and what you pay for is what you get. Believe me, attaining that constant seven and a half – sometimes an eight or a nine – is a very hard thing to do. That is something that makes me very proud.

It sounds as though you're being unnecessarily modest. When you play festivals, is there a part of you that wants to cry out 'Follow that!' as you're leaving the stage?

Oh yeah, all the time. Take that, you motherfuckers [laughs]. The side of the stage is always pretty much packed with other musicians. Motörhead is this legendary band, but do people know how fucking good Phil, Lem and myself really are? A few years ago, Phil was sitting there with Zakk Wylde at the back of the tour bus and Zakk was keeping us entertained by playing all these fancy scales and tricks that he does so well. Then later on during the show, Zakk came up behind me and grabbed my shoulder, saying: 'Man, I don't think I've seen a better guitar player than Phil Campbell in my entire life'. That goes for Lem, too. Bass players around the world watch him and go: 'Oh my God, how does he fucking do that?' People talk about these bands with some fancy-ass guitarist or drummer, but they should come to see us. Phil will give you some real rock'n'roll guitar and Lemmy will do something you won't be expecting. And I can show you a few things on my drums, too [laughs]. One thing I will say, though, is that these last few years we have not been quite as underrated as we once were.

It must have helped that the last four albums, from 2004's *Inferno* to the current *The World Is Yours*, have all been up to the standard of the earlier 'classic' Motörhead albums.

Absolutely. That really helps to build the confidence. At times in the past you knew what you wanted but sometimes weren't really getting it, but with Cameron Webb [installed as producer], the last four have been spot on.

With that being the case, does it annoy you that people still talk about the Fast Eddie/Philthy Phil line-up after all these years?

[Slightly indignantly] They don't. Not anymore. You've got that completely wrong. I've got no problem whatsoever acknowledging what those guys did for this band because they were great and they started this whole circus. But opinion has totally changed. I'll give you an example: let's say there was a press conference ten or 15 years ago – and I'm just throwing out a number here – of maybe 40 questions asked back then. I can guarantee you that 25 or 30 of those questions would have been about the old band. As an 'outsider' to those days, I can understand that. But in a press conference today, of those same 40 questions it's maybe one or two [that deal with the past]. And even then, it's not putting one line-up against the other; it's 'Lem, do you still speak to Eddie or Philthy? Have you talked to the old guys recently?' Whereas in those early days, we had to answer some really fucked-up questions; like, writers would stand up and ask Lemmy directly whether he thought Eddie or Philthy would ever rejoin the band. That really isn't the case anymore; people have been convinced.

It's interesting that you list Neal Peart of Rush among your all-time favourite drummers. On paper, your styles are somewhat different...

Yeah I guess so, but I also appreciate Gary Husband of Level 42 and Brian Downey who played with Thin Lizzy, Ian Paice of Deep Purple and Journey's Steve Smith, even [noted jazz percussionists] Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich. Scott Rockenfield [of Queensrÿche] is another whose playing is superb. There are a lot of drummers out there, and I play all kinds of music. What I do with Motörhead is the real Mikkey Dee, I guess, but I also play big band jazz, I play soul and I play [jazz-]fusion. There's a big dinner table out there; what's the point in eating hamburgers every day?

Might you someday make a solo record?

Most definitely. It's been inside me for 15 years and it'll be bad-ass but I'm smart enough to tell you that until I have the time to do it properly, I won't be doing one. There's no point in making an album for the sake of having it released, you know? It would have to be made with the right guys, and I already know who they are, but for the next 12 months I won't even have time to take a piss.

Did you enjoy reuniting with King Diamond four years ago?

Yeah, I jumped in with him again to play a song at a gig in Gothenburg. It was great fun. Sitting on the drum-kit and seeing everybody's backs again – Andy [LaRocque, guitarist] to my left, Hal [Patino, bass] and King straight ahead of me – that felt a bit like a flashback. I'd do it again anytime.

You finished third on the Swedish equivalent of *I'm A Celebrity... Get Me Out Of Here!*, lasting for more than a fortnight in the outback. Was that a good experience?

[Enthusiastically] Oh yeah! I'm so glad that I did it. While I was in the jungle my big worries were how things were going with the band and, of course, my family back at home.

"I ate beetles and a big uncooked bastard lizard on *I'm A Celebrity*... Bad shit."

In the back of your mind, were you perhaps thinking: 'I hope that Matt Sorum isn't doing *too* good a job in my absence'?

No, no, no. I know Matt's a great drummer. But he's not a Motörhead drummer. He did fantastically, the guys told me afterwards they were very happy with him, but I was worried about leaving them behind. There they were on tour and, fuck, there I was in the jungle sweating my balls off. I felt bad, I don't mind admitting. But it was one of those things: If I didn't agree to do [the show] then, would the chance ever come along again? So I grabbed it and enjoyed every second of it. It was an experience that I'll never forget.

Did you have to eat any revolting food in the show's trials?

Yes, I ate some really bad shit while I was in there, some beetles for instance. But a big, uncooked bastard lizard was by far the worst. It tasted like chewing on a ball of socks. And there were scorpions everywhere.

But the thing is, everybody knows what's in store for them when they sign on to appear.

[Nodding] Well, that was the most interesting thing. How would I react in those incredibly pressurized situations? How would I interact with all the other fucking morons on the show? And you know what? It turned out great, everyone loved one another and we had a blast. I tested my whole survival instincts, and I think I passed.

When somebody is evicted, the presenters always ask what the process taught the contestant. What did you learn about yourself?

It gave me perspective about a lot of things. It felt like that scene in *Castaway*,



You know he does it right / A mission, every night / He's the drummer: **Mikkey Dee.**

when Tom Hanks is flicking the light on and off in disbelief. It made me realise how many everyday things we take for granted, you know? When I came out of the show and went into the backstage area there were chips and stuff around. I took a handful of them and the taste was just incredible; there in the bush you don't have salt or anything. I ate roots and fucking rice, also some odd animals once in a while [laughs nervously]. So I stood there at the table thinking about my family and all the everyday things that we don't even spare a passing thought for, and then I said: 'Now pour me a fucking beer please' [laughs].

Would you tell us a secret about Lemmy? Perhaps something that we might not know?
Doesn't everybody know everything about Lemmy by now? I know quite a few secrets about Lemmy, but no… I'm not even gonna get into that.

The reality, sadly, is that Lemmy won't be around forever.
No, nobody will. Everybody dies; we all know that.

Have you given any thought to what you'll do on the sad day that Motörhead roars its last?
[Sighs and shakes his head ruefully] That will be a very sad day alright. But when it happens it happens. I still have a lot of years ahead of me in drumming, I'd like to think. But see, if you'd asked me that question in the year 2000, I'd have been a lot more worried about Lemmy's future than I am today. As quite a few people will know, Lem has been quite ill and shit [Kilmister has been diagnosed as diabetic], but he's doing fantastic now. Over the last decade, this band has only gotten stronger and these last five years have been incredible. Lemmy has become stronger, too. He's learned how to live with his illness; to build a routine around it. I see Lemmy all the time and it's no longer what you'd call an issue. The guy goes up there and rocks harder than he has ever done.

He seems to be in a good place right now.
All three of us are. The chemistry has never been better.

How have things changed in Motörhead over the years?
We used to be very hotheaded; there were a lot of fights and shit. Each of us has strong opinions, but that's kinda faded away because we know one another so well. We know who's going to take care of what, and the whole element of competition is gone. Everyone knows their place, as well as what will push somebody's buttons. Sure, there's the odd fight here and there but it's not even close to the way things were ten or 15 years ago. So I can only see good in what's going on for us right now. To answer your original question, if and when Motörhead comes to an end, we'll just have to stay positive, take one day at a time and make the best of things. Maybe some other band will want a drummer like me? Or if not, who knows, it might even be time to make that solo record... ♠

"Lemmy's learned to live with his diabetes, he's stronger now."





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Q&A

Cameron Webb

Not many people would have the balls to interrupt Motörhead's non-stop partying, but producer **Cameron Webb** is made of sterner stuff...

WORDS: **JOEL MCIVER**

How do you make Motörhead do what you want them to do? Well let's be honest, if anyone knows the answer to that eternal question then it's producer Cameron Webb, the man who has been behind the mixing desk for every Motörhead album since 2004's *Inferno* and has again been at the controls for latest offering *The World Is Yours*. He's worked with bands such as Danzig, Godsmack and even Lemmy's own rock 'n' roll side project The Head Cat, and is very possibly the only man on Earth who would ever have the nerve to stand up and bust Lemmy's balls…

You've worked with Motörhead for the last seven years. Have they driven you mad yet?

You know what it's like? It's like running straight into a tornado, ha ha! Motörhead have been around for a long time because they do what they want to do. They come into the studio and they want to do their own thing – and if you want them to do anything else, you have to convince them into it.

How did you begin working with Motörhead?

I knew their manager, Todd Singerman, and I'd been saying to him for a couple of years, 'I wanna do the next Motörhead record,' but he always said 'No, I'll never put you through that – you're too nice'. Then all of a sudden he calls me out of the blue and says, 'What are you doing tomorrow night? Meet me for dinner with Motörhead, and if they like you, you're doing the record. If they don't like you, then too bad, but we'll buy you dinner!' So we went down to the Sunset Marquis and sat by the pool and ate steaks and talked.

"Working with Motörhead is like running straight into a tornado! Ha ha!"

What did you say to them?

I talked about how I wanted to make a really heavy record for them. That was a mistake, because Lemmy likes to play rock'n'roll – he doesn't like to play heavy music – and he called me on it. He said, 'I wanna make a rock'n'roll record,' and right then I thought I wasn't gonna get hired. But we kept talking, and I said, 'I like to give people freedom in the studio, but I'm still gonna bust your balls,' and he said, 'OK – see you tomorrow for pre-production in the rehearsal studio'. And that was it – I did the *Inferno* album in 2004. It worked out really well.

What are the challenges you face as Motörhead's producer?

They're one of the most fun bands to work with, but also one of the most difficult. Check this out. Imagine people having a party, 24/7 – every single day. That's their life. Now look at me: I'm the one who has to say, 'Hey, can we stop the party for a minute and get some work done?' Of course, that's not actually the way I say it… You just have to find the best moments from the party. Lemmy came out of the 60s and 70s when things were a little more free, and bands did what they wanted, but times aren't like that any more. He knows that, and that's one thing he hates about now, that it's not as free as it used to be. Sometimes he looks at me as if I'm this mean person who's saying 'Let's do that again,' and he says 'I don't wanna fuckin' do it again!' That's the hardest thing for me. It's also really enjoyable, though. They tell great stories and they're fun to be around.

Do the band respond well when you tell them to do a take for the 26th time?

It depends how early or late in the day it is. If it's early, and they play a take that they think is really good and I think is really bad, I have a little more leeway and I can say, 'C'mon, just give me one more?' and I can be a cheerleader. But later in the day you have to bring the hammer down and say 'Just fuckin' do it! I know you can do better than that'. Then they'll say, 'But that one was fuckin' great?' and you say, 'No, no, no – come on. All I want is one more. Do whatever the fuck you want, but just do it!'

What happens if you want something done, but they absolutely refuse to do it?

Ha ha! I'm very persistent, and I'll try again the next day, and then I'll try again the next day…you have to help them be who they are, because they've done this a lot – it's not like this is the first time they've been in the studio. In fact, they're more knowledgeable than me about the studio.

***The World Is Yours* is a great album. Were there any in-studio clashes?**

On the song *Devils In My Head*, after Lemmy did the vocals I said to him 'I know we've been working on this fuckin' song for a month, but it's just not good enough. It's unacceptable'. He said, 'Nah, it's good!', so I said, 'Look, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna give you two mixes, one with your vocals and one as an instrumental. I would really appreciate it if you rewrote all the lyrics and the melodies for the song'. So he took it away and listened to it on the tour bus – and he realised that the song really wasn't good enough. He came to me and said, 'OK, I've written a new song – here you go'. He sang it, and it was amazing – I thought it had one of the best choruses on the record. I think it's a really good album. I'm very excited about it. It's a bit catchier than the last couple of records.

After 35 years of hard work and relentless touring, why do Motörhead continue to play music?

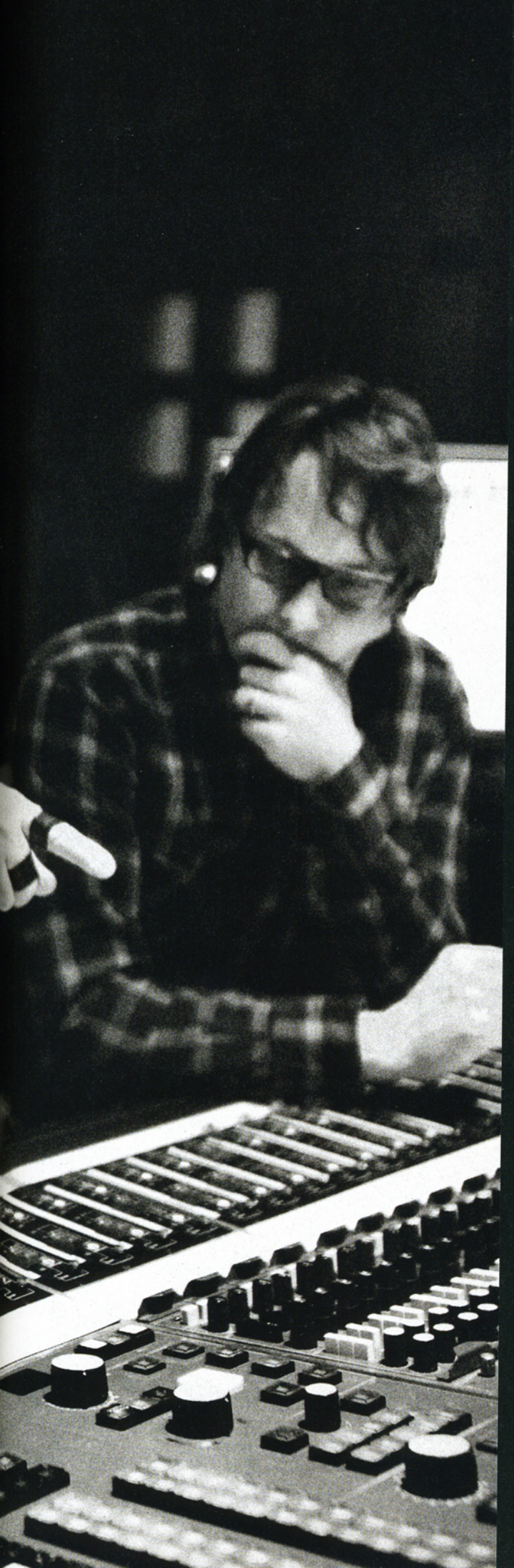
They do it because they like it. Look at Lemmy. He's almost 65. He loves to sit in the studio and pick up his bass and turn that thing up to 10. He loves to walk in that vocal booth and say 'I just wrote these new lyrics 10 seconds ago, I want to sing them right now. Hit the record button!' If they didn't like it, they wouldn't do it.

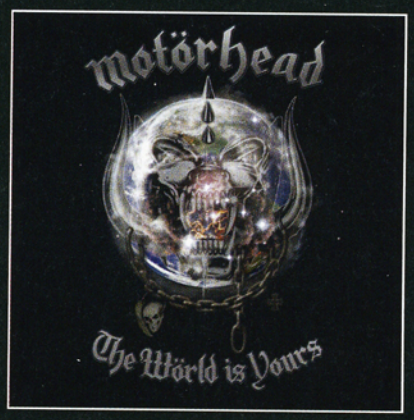
What's the most important thing to remember when working with them?

If you're scared of Motörhead, you're fucked. And also, no one can keep up with Lemmy in a Jack Daniel's contest. ♠



Producer Cameron Webb with Lemmy and Mikkey Dee during the recording of The World Is Yours at Foo Fighters frontman Dave Grohl's Studio 606 in California.





Having worked with Motörhead on their last four studio albums, producer Cameron Webb is well-versed in the band's notorious stubbornness, spontaneity and love of extreme volume. This is his track-by-track guide to *The World Is Yours*...

WORDS: CAMERON WEBB

born to lose

This is a real barn-burner, with the double bass drums. It's the Overkill of this album. People expect heaviness from Motörhead, no matter what age they are, and this one is really aggressive. It's one of my favourite songs on the album – it's really great. It was always going to be the first song on the album – we loved it there.

i know how to die

This is my favourite song title on the record. If you think about the way that Lemmy has lived his life, and how he's survived over the years, you hear the title in the chorus and you realise that he's still there – and he's gonna keep going! This song is a little more classic Motörhead, with straightforward melodies.

get back in line

This song has the phrase "Jesus saves" and the first time Lemmy sang it, I was like 'That's the hook!' The song isn't attacking anyone, but it does ask the question 'What is religion?' and it makes you think who saves and who doesn't save. By the way, Lemmy played a cowbell on that track: he never plays cowbell, but he said 'I wanna play cowbell on that song!' It's kinda loose and crazy and disorganised, in an early Motörhead kind of way.

devils in my head

Originally, the melodies and lyrics on this song didn't make me think 'I want to hear this song over and over again', but when Lemmy rewrote them we ended up with a chorus that is almost catchy and poppy – in a Motörhead kind of way. It was never the point for Lemmy to make it poppy, though. It's one of my favourite songs on the whole record.

rock 'n' roll music

You have to understand that if you sit down with Lemmy for any given period of time, he will bring out all these abstract 50s and 60s rock'n'roll songs and he will play them over and over again. He came from rock'n'roll: when he was a child, that was what he listened to and what he wanted to be. He became this heavy metal god, but who knows where the fuck that came from, because by no means was he ever interested in that. Like the song says, rock'n'roll is a true religion to him.

waiting for the snake

The best part of this song, for me, is the huge riff that starts it off. It's a greasy, slutty riff, and it's where I think the magic of the whole song lies. It builds from there and takes it to a different place. It's a creepy, crazy, out-of-control kind of Motörhead song that I think any old-school fan of the band will love.

brotherhood of man

Now that's your Orgasmatron track! Old-school, dark and mean. If you listen carefully to it, in the background you'll hear these noises like someone saying 'Cha cha cha'. What happened was, we had recorded the whole song and I said, 'Lemmy, I want you to sing some backing vocals'. So he went in there and started being a smart-ass, singing 'Cha cha cha' over the intro in a really slow, weird way – but it was really catchy. He wanted me to take them out, but I said 'No fuckin' way – we're keeping it!'

outlaw

This is one of the poppier songs, because of the chorus. I don't mean that it was meant to be that way – it just kind of structured itself and built and built until it got to that point. It's got some classic double bass drums and that kind of fast ride cymbal in the Sacrifice-esque parts, and then the more open, rock parts too.

i know what you need

This song is kinda like the second track on the album, I Know How To Die, in that it's a classic Motörhead song. I call them the 'freedom songs' because they're where Lemmy wanted to do a certain thing with a certain amount of freedom, and they're just meaner as a result.

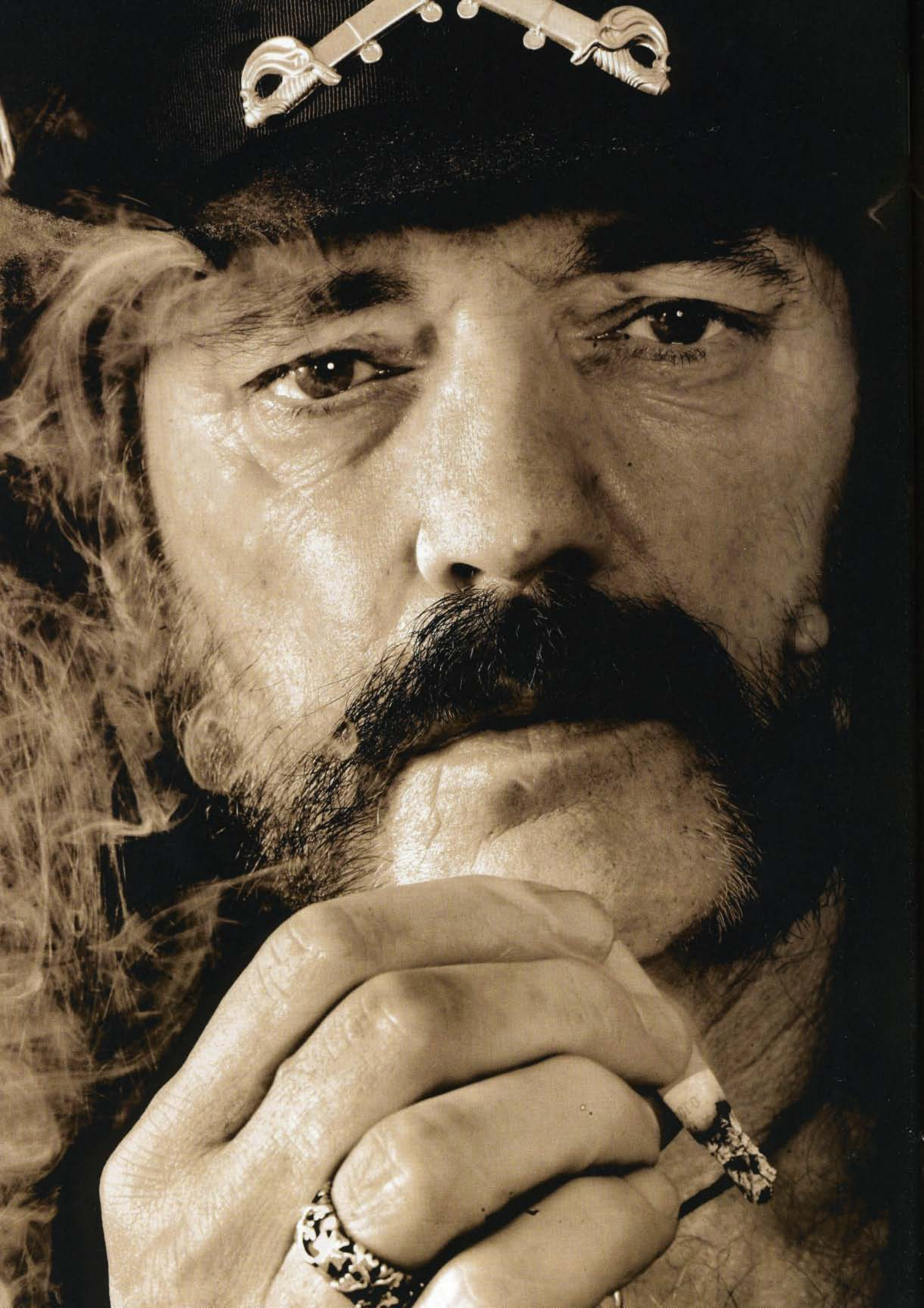
bye bye bitch bye bye

This is another great rock'n'roll song and, while it may not be about Lemmy's life, it's him saying that he's sick of all this bullshit and see you later, basically! I thought that song could have been one of the first couple of tracks on the record, because it's so strong, but obviously because of the title it fits better at the end. It's a big 'fuck you' to anyone who takes advantage of him.



Lemmy and Mikkey Dee discuss the relative merits of the cowbell in rock'n'roll.





LEMMY: ROCK 'N' ROLL ICON

Lemmy is many things to many people: a godlike frontman, a fearsome bassist, "a romantic adventure and a reptile too" (to quote his own lyrics). Above all, he's an icon. Perhaps the best.

WORDS: **BEN MYERS** PICTURES: **MICK HUTSON**

We all have those moments sometimes, when we're experiencing a particularly maudlin drunken moment, or maybe we're caught in the grip of a comedown, having overdone it again. Maybe you're just dissatisfied with life, dwelling on the bad stuff.

But then an image looms into the mind's eye view. It is an image of a face – a slightly haggard and warty face, but it is one that is full of life. It belongs to one Lemmy from Motörhead. He is grinning and he is mouthing words. He is speaking to you.

He is saying "Cheer up, you miserable cunt, and get this down you!" You smile back and accept his offer of a libation, and in that brief moment you suddenly remember to stop taking life so fucking seriously.

For so long as Lemmy exists, the world seems a hell of a more freewheeling place; more colourful, more fun, more *everything*. You only have to think of Lemmy and a smile is raised. Just knowing he is out there somewhere – in a Los Angeles bar maybe, or a tour-bus bunk, or stalking one the stages of the world – living life large on behalf of those of us who have more mundane matters to take care of, somehow makes life easier to navigate.

It is for this precise reason that the man born Ian Kilmister is a *bona fide*, cast iron, 24 carat rock'n'roll icon. He is the spirit of rock'n'roll liquefied then poured into the tightest pair of black shit-stoppers you've ever seen. He is a hero to millions, a giant walking middle finger pointed towards conformity, convention and responsibility. But a middle finger wearing a bullet belt, obviously.

Most rock journalists in the business have their own Lemmy tales, and this writer's several encounters with the big man are scarcely any different to most. The first time we met, he tried to get off with my then-girlfriend; the last time we met, ten years on, the evening began with an unexpected discussion about literature and the quaffing of a lot of Jack Daniels and a little bit of Coca Cola, and ended in vomit. Hey – I didn't say it would be anything other than expected.

Because this is the world Lemmy inhabits. There is no front, no posing. He lives the rock'n'roll life daily. He drinks, he smokes and he is the reason scientists scratch their heads while pondering just how come a 65 year old man with nearly five decades in the game to his name not only functions, but is out there putting younger men to shame. "I try to do a bottle a day," he famously said of his heroic Jack Daniels intake. "Whether I need it or not."

SO LONG AS LEMMY EXISTS, THE WORLD SEEMS A MORE FREEWHEELING PLACE: MORE COLOURFUL, MORE FUN, MORE *EVERYTHING.*

Lemmy is many things to many people: hero, arch-hedonist, bullshit detector, bass warrior, drug fiend. It was his early dedication to all things narcotic that has aligned him with generations of the gnarliest punks, bikers and teethgrinders the world over and, in the case of his love of "the wrong drugs" – in particular, cheap and nasty street speed – got him kicked out of Hawkwind at their peak. Lemmy has been discerning in his consumption though, claiming that the large amounts of acid that he took from 1967 to 1975 "made me a better person". At the same time, he has consistently avoided and denounced heroin, believing legalisation is the only way to control it.

"There's no point saying 'Just Say No' – it doesn't work," Lemmy said. "But I don't advise kids to get on drugs because it can lead to heroin. Sometimes the straight people are right."

Becoming rock'n'roll personified takes dedication, and over the years Lemmy has displayed an uncanny knack for being present during some of the most significant moments in the genre's history. When The Beatles played The Cavern Club, which surly teenager was at the back taking notes on the effect they had on young ladies? Lemmy, of course. When Hendrix rolled into London, who was humping his amps and sharing a flat with his bassist Noel Redding? That would be Lemmy. And when the UK's most audacious hedonistic headfuck space rock band Hawkwind scored an unexpected chart hit with *Silver Machine* in 1972 who was it who stepped up to give a rare vocal performance? That would be... well, you get the picture.

And as for punk, Lemmy was punk *before it even happened*. When they debuted in 1975, his vision for Motörhead (who, lest we forget, briefly had the most defiantly proto-punk name of Bastard) practically encapsulated the waves of punk, hardcore, crust and grindcore that were to follow over the coming decade or so: "loud, fast, raucous, arrogant, paranoid speedfreak rock".

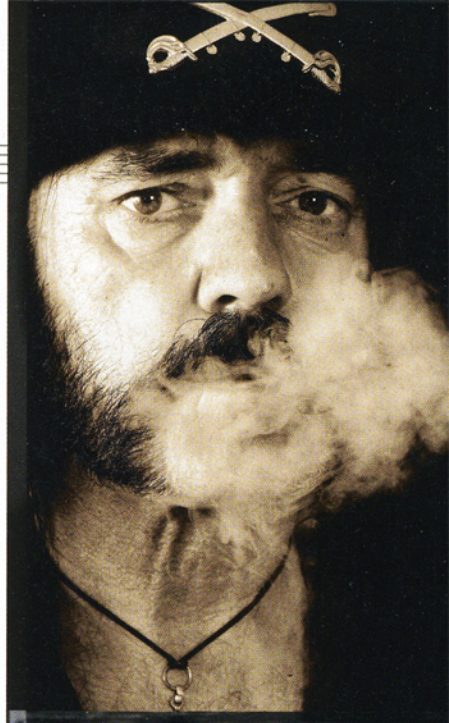
Lemmy was the guy who Sid Vicious went to when he hurriedly had to learn his instrument upon joining the Sex Pistols; Hawkwind were one of the few bands Pistols frontman John Lydon cited as an influence in the 1970s. In fact, Lydon later told Lemmy that he used to sell acid at Hawkwind gigs. "I remembered him," Lemmy recalled of his fellow LA-based ex-pat. "He used to have long hair, with pockets full of drugs."

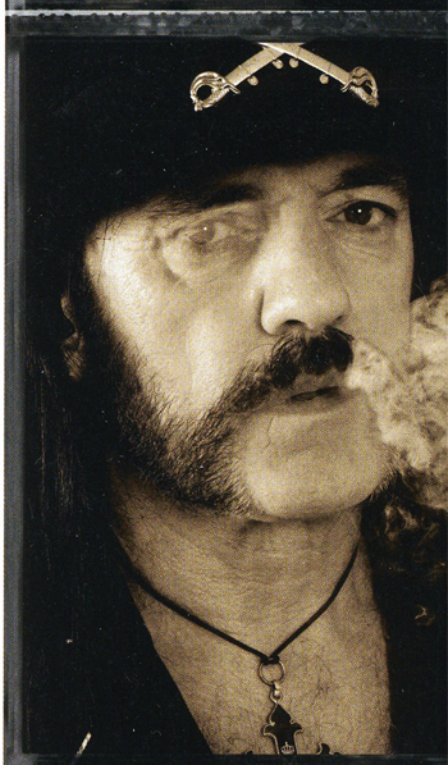
Associations with The Ramones and The Damned also made Lemmy one of the few pre-punk influences most punks agreed upon. And when tests were undertaken to find the world's loudest live band the results were unsurprising. It was Motörhead.

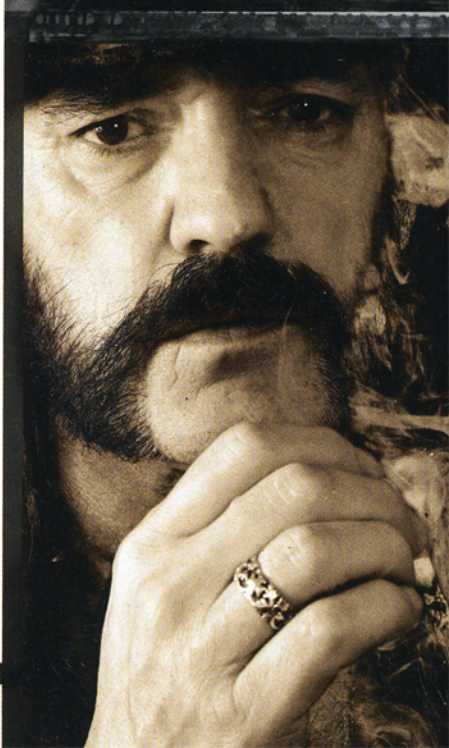
When their frontman famously declared that "if Motörhead moved in next door your lawn would die" it was almost deemed something of a challenge by the many of the ugly noise bands of the 1980s who simply would not have existed without their influence. And all this from a band who have said that they "have never been metal – we're a rock band."

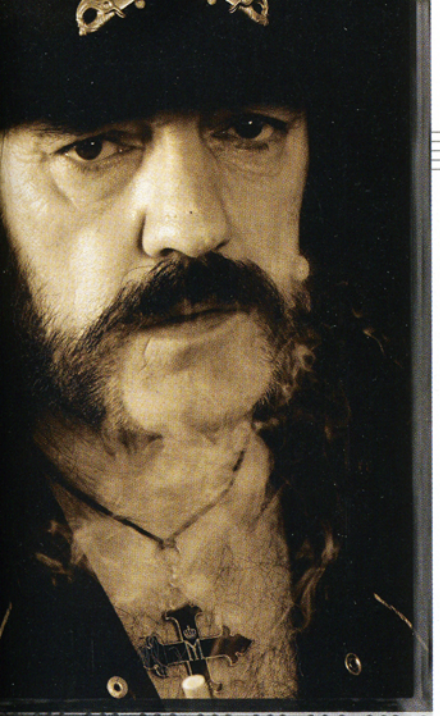
Either way, you don't achieve any of that by staying in and having an early night.

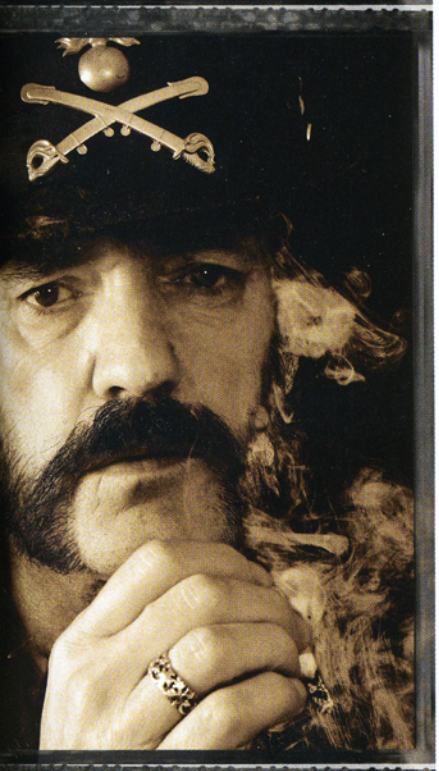
It helps that Lemmy is recognisable at twenty paces. We'd almost go as far to say he's a brand, if that didn't sound so utterly charmless, contrived and calculating. But like the few very best select icons of music Lemmy has found his look and stuck with it. The hillbilly trucker's chops-and-'tache combo, the black shirts, the white boots, the angled microphone and, yes, even the warts are all constants in a fickle, ever-changing world of fashions and fads.

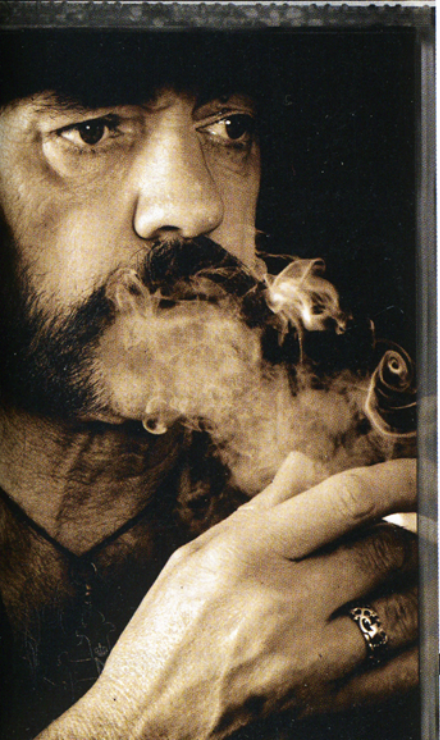












It is this instant recognisability and cockroach-esque durability that has elevated Lemmy to national heritage status, up there with Ozzy Osbourne, Morrissey and John Lydon as great British exports to America. It has also ensured a healthy sideline in the entertainment and advertising worlds for Lemmy as he inadvertently became the go-to man for the onscreen human embodiment of the base spirit of rock'n'roll.

Lemmy has long enjoyed a relationship with the big screen, appearing in the suitably anarchic 80s comedy series *The Young Ones*, and taking a role in the Comic Strip's 1987 film *Eat The Rich*, which Lemmy described as "a black comedy involving cannibalism in a smart restaurant". Other roles followed including sci-fi film *Hardware* (1990) – in which a bored Lemmy drank a bottle of whisky and therefore appeared onscreen "wrecked, tired and emotional" – and 1994 Steve Buscemi-starring rock comedy *Airheads*.

As a man of action, Lemmy has never been able to take his dalliances with the film business seriously, nor has he particularly enjoyed them. "It's dead boring," he writes in his long-awaited 2002 autobiography *White Line Fever*. "It's just waiting around all day, basically, with a bunch of fucking actors."

His accidental infiltration of the world's living rooms continued with a series of decidedly unexpected collaborations, including such random moments as a TV appearance with Julian Clary, a cameo in a video by crooner Pat Boone, an attempt to play guitar with Frankie Goes To Hollywood on their hugely subversive pop hit *Relax*, a cameo in a rap video made by porn star Ron Jeremy, and a guest spot on a charity version of Gerry & The Pacemakers' *You'll Never Walk Alone*, which was a chart-topper in 1985.

Perhaps it is Lemmy's reluctance to ever take himself too seriously, his willingness to indulge in a bit of self-parody, that has most endeared him to the mainstream. Because, let's face it, there are few things more annoying than people who make a load of old noise for a living pretending that they are doing something with a greater social value. Lemmy knows otherwise.

He best subverted his public persona as famed purveyor of turbo-charged, bass-driven metal in a 2001 advert for Kit-Kat, gently playing some chamber music on a violin; more recently, he played up to his long-standing association with the Hell's Angels for a Walkers crisps advert alongside Gary Lineker.

Lemmy has even spawned an action figure – albeit one that seems strangely asexual, given his reputation in the sack. "I said, 'So, you're gonna put a dick on it?'" he commented. "They said, 'No.' I said, 'Well, then it's not going to get much action then, is it?'"

Which leads us to Lemmy and women. Lemmy has enjoyed the company of many. Figures vary as to how many, but one Channel 4 documentary cited the possibility that two thousand ladies had visited his bedroom or tour bus bunk over the years. A more recent and possibly more shocking tidbit followed Lemmy's admission that he has not had actual penetrative sex for over twenty years, ascribing this abstinence to "laziness. All that humping and jumping around, shifting positions. I like to be pampered more…"

LEMMY'S MUTTON CHOPS, BLACK SHIRTS, WHITE BOOTS AND – YES – WARTS ARE CONSTANTS IN A FICKLE WORLD OF FADS.

After years as an outsider, Lemmy now finds himself in the unlikely position of being something of an elder statesman. When the Welsh assembly needed a guest speaker to talk about the detrimental effect of drugs in 2005, it was to Lemmy that Tory MP William Graham turned. And in recent months, his role as cultural attache for all things alternative has taken in an appearance in *The Simpsons*' Halloween comic and a campaign to get statues of himself and Slash erected in Stoke-on-Trent. His love of the 1950s roots of rock'n'roll, meanwhile, came full circle with an appearance alongside Jerry Lee Lewis at The Killer's 75th birthday gig.

And then, of course are the legions of artists that the Lemster has influenced: Guns N' Roses, Iron Maiden, Venom, Crass, GBH, Discharge, Metallica, Slayer, Napalm Death, Sepultura, Queens Of The Stone Age, Slipknot...the list goes on.

More than anything though, Lemmy remains a unique figure in music and beyond.

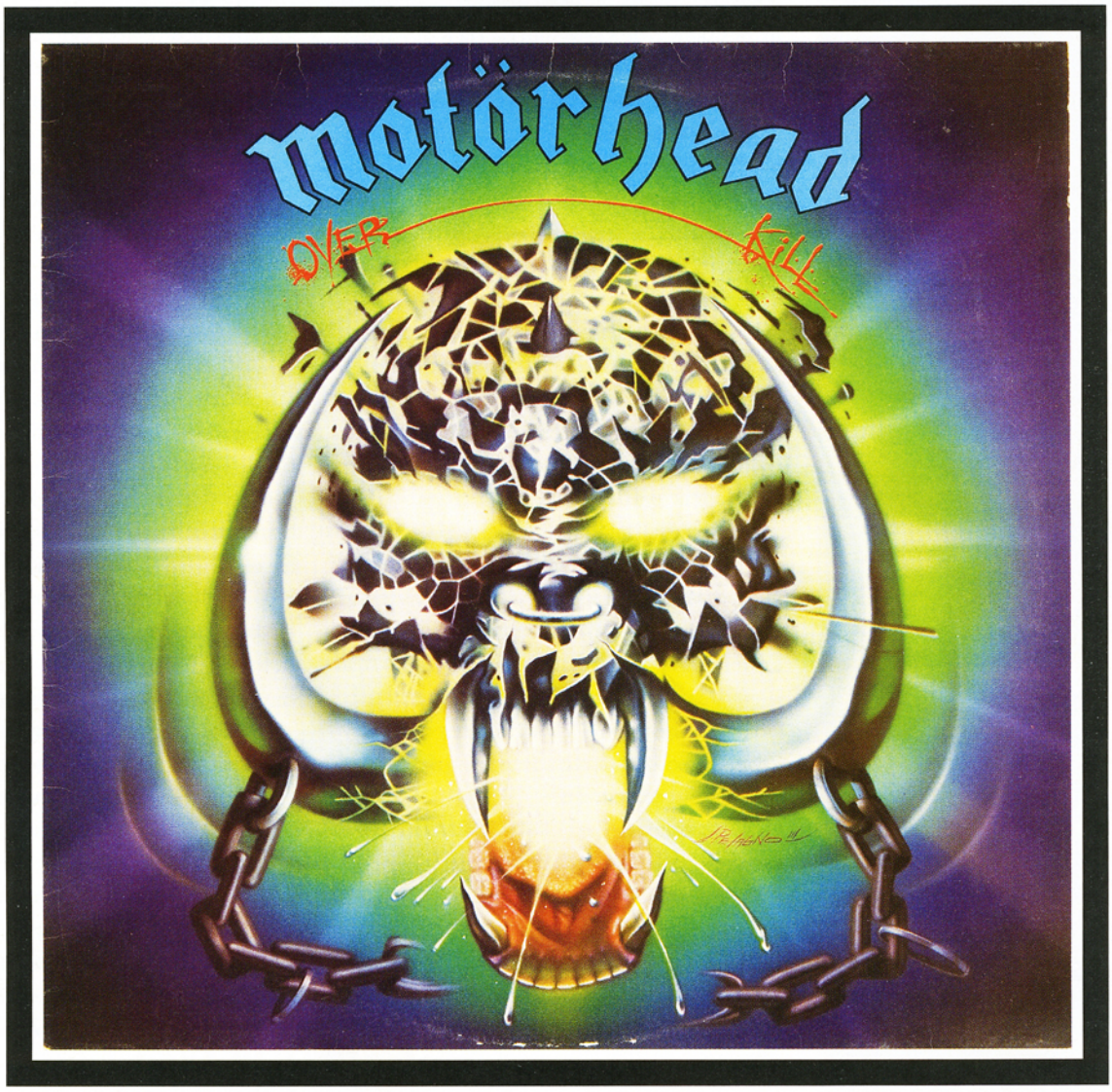
The fact that he remains unchanged after all this time provides comfort for his fans. When he's not travelling, he's at home in LA, and when he's not at home he's at the Rainbow Bar And Grill on Sunset Boulevard, lining up his signature JD and coke, and just generally making the world a more agreeable place by being in it.

Swing by sometime and you're more than likely to see him. ♠

Art Of Stone

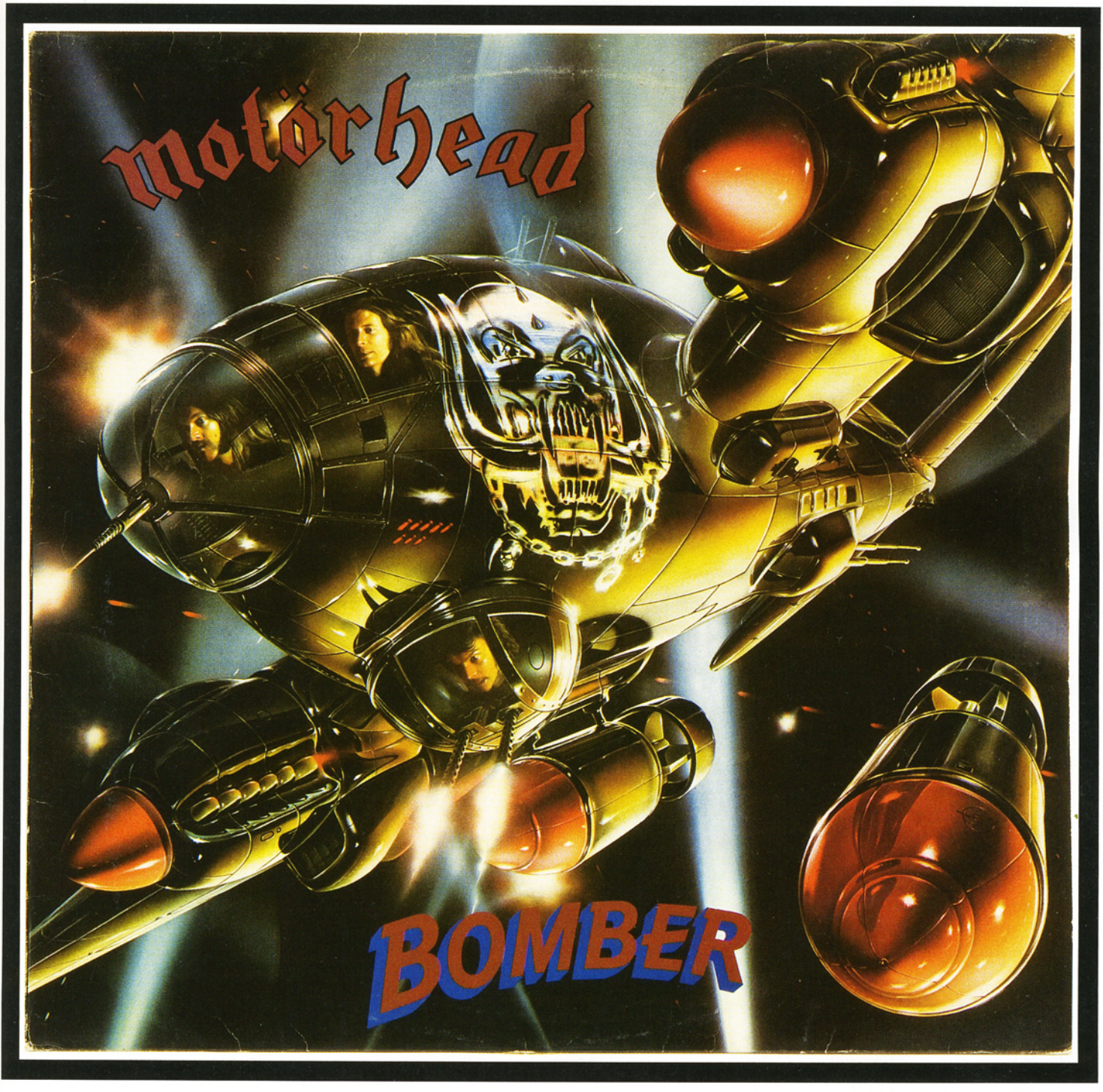
Well known for his avowed belief that *Ace Of Spades* is the greatest album ever made, **Mark 'Barney' Greenway**, Motörhead superfan and frontman with Birmingham's extreme metal kings **Napalm Death**, leads us through some of his heroes' most iconic album covers.

WORDS: **DOM LAWSON**



Overkill

"You couldn't really fail to see this one in a record shop, because it's a really bright, multicoloured splurge, isn't it? I mean that in the nicest possible way! What I really liked about Motörhead in the early days was that they didn't keep changing the imagery for no reason. A lot of their covers were simply variations on that original skull. Motörhead was always about the whole package, the whole atmosphere. The Overkill sleeve was just so eye-catching, even though the image itself didn't seem to have any particular meaning behind it."



Bomber

"This one stands out as very different from the others. It's a total affirmation of everything that Motörhead worked for and stood for. It's aggressive and in some ways it could be considered quite dodgy imagery, but I never saw it that way despite having certain political sensibilities myself! You can see Fast Eddie, Lemmy and Phil in the bomber and they're just bombing the landscape with pure sonic attack! They were always quite tongue in cheek about everything. It's a brilliant sleeve, but then it mutated into a lighting rig, which I saw in its earliest incarnation and it was fucking amazing!"



Ace Of Spades

"I've never been one for bands dressing up in costumes on album covers. It doesn't really do anything for me. But that image alone, the band in that quarry, was so fucking mean. It was very amusing to discover that it was actually shot in some quarry in Barnet or wherever it was, but it just looks mean. The cowboy imagery has been used a few times since and can look really stupid, but they really carried it off and it's perfect. Philthy Animal looks absolutely fucking psychotic! It's a really great sleeve and it works brilliantly."



Iron Fist

"I know it's not one of the obvious classic sleeves, but I really like that one. Again, it's a statement of intent. That was the album when some of the really die-hard Motörhead fans thought they were losing it a bit, but I thought it was a great album. This one mutated into another amazing lighting rig, where the fingers of the fist opened out. That was absolutely immense. We went to the Birmingham show on that tour and the volume when they fired up was incredible. I was at the back of the venue and I still couldn't hear for two weeks."



Another Perfect Day

"I always saw this one as an extension of the Overkill sleeve. It's quite weird, but it's quite similar to Overkill but even more like a big splash of paint. The album provoked a lot of debate, but I think it's a really brilliant record. It's quite savage and obnoxious. The album also came with a panel cartoon featuring Lemmy, Phil and Brian Robertson hanging around a fruit machine, trying to raise funds for the tour. It's great, typical Motörhead humour, which is one of the things that made the band for me, that self-deprecating, stupid sense of humour."



Orgasmatron

"It's a great concept, obviously. It's this crazy juggernaut train going off the rails, and that's Motörhead in a nutshell. I can't even put into words what Motörhead meant to me when I was a kid, but I was struggling a bit when they got to this point. They started to lose it a bit musically for me. It's not a bad sleeve really, but it didn't have the impact that the early sleeves had on me. I think they said the same thing a lot better on the Bomber sleeve, to be honest."



Rock And Roll

"At that point, I vaguely remember thinking that it was all a bit too much like the Overkill sleeve and not as good. Maybe they were grasping for ideas a little bit at that point, but you've got to remember what a huge impact the first few albums had and it's pretty hard to sustain something like that. When you've had albums as big and important as Ace Of Spades and Overkill, it's hard to keep the momentum going. Even for Motörhead."



1916

"I actually like this sleeve quite a lot. I guess it was something to do with the whole war theme, the League Of Nations, and all that kind of thing. Like a lot of things, sleeve artwork and music are about capturing moments in time and you can't always go back and recreate the excitement that happens when you see or hear something new. So this one's a patchwork of images and although I like it, it's not as strong as Overkill or Bomber."

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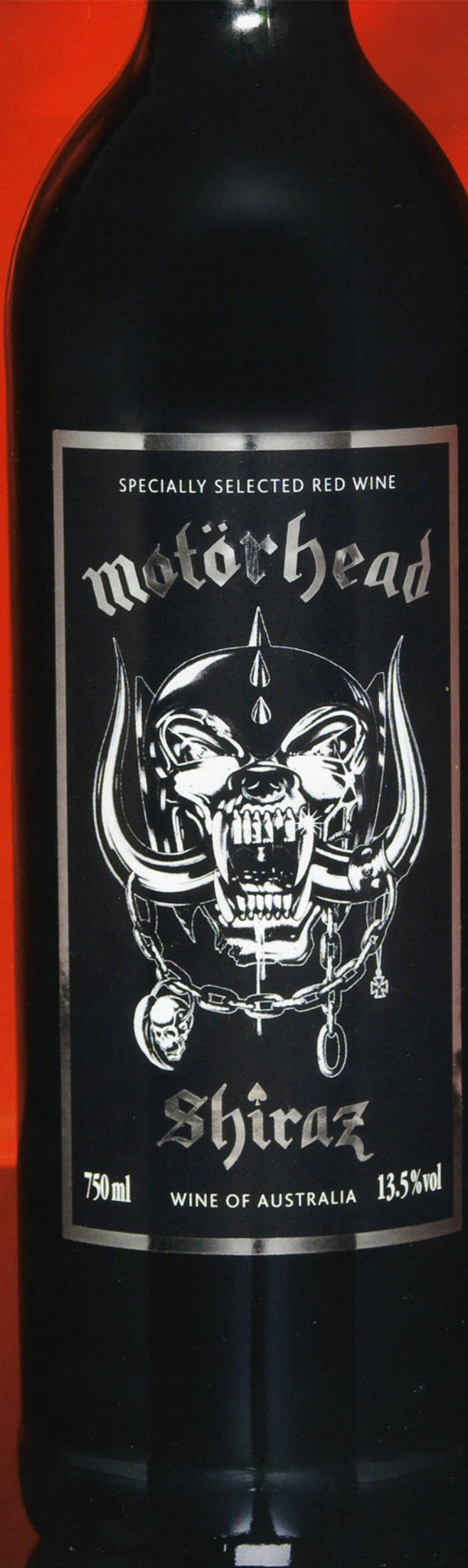
Question:
What was the first Motörhead album to feature the current three-man line-up of Lemmy, Phil Campbell and Mikkey Dee?

A. Overnight Sensation [TEXT MOTORWINE A TO 87474]
B. Overkill [TEXT MOTORWINE B TO 87474]
C. Orgasmatron [TEXT MOTORWINE C 87474]

Text the word MOTORWINE followed by a space and then the letter which you think refers to the correct answer, for example, if you think the first Motörhead album to feature the current three-man line-up of Lemmy, Phil Campbell and Mikkey Dee was Overkill, then send the text MOTORWINE B to 87474.
Texts will be charged at 50p each, for correct or incorrect answers.
Postal entries to: Motörwine, Classic Rock, 2 Balcombe Street, London NW1 6NW. Closing date for text and postal entries is: January 31st 2011.



TERMS AND CONDITIONS: All texts will be charged at 50p each. Late or incomplete entries will be disqualified. Proof of posting shall not be deemed proof of delivery. By sending your entry you agree to the competition rules below and set out in full at www.futurenet.com/futureonline/competitionrules.asp. If you do not want to receive information relating to future offers and promotions, please include the word STOP at the end of your text message or postal entry. Unless otherwise stated, the Competition is open to GB residents of 16 years and over, except employees of Future and any party involved in the competition, or members of their households. The prize is as stated and no cash alternative is available, however the Company reserves the right in its sole discretion to make any changes and/or substitutions for the items in the package with alternatives of equal or greater value or substitute any prize with cash or a prize of comparable value. You acknowledge and agree that neither the Company nor any associated third parties shall have any liability to you in connection with your use and/or possession of your prize. If you are a winner of the competition you accept that Future has the right to use your name, address and likeness for the purpose of announcing the winner of the competition and for related promotional purposes. The full Terms and Conditions can be found at: www.futurenet.com/futureonline/competitionrules.asp

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Begin Date: October 15, 2010 at 00:00am BST. End Date: January 15, 2011 at 23:59 GMT. Entry Restrictions: Competition open to residents over 21 years of age in the United Kingdom ONLY. Void where prohibited by law. Prize: A grand prize of a trip to Fiji inclusive of flights and accommodation from 1st-11th April 2011 for winner and a guest. Full Official Rules apply, go to http://teva.futurenet.com/



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Lemmy The Movie

Co-director of warts 'n' all rockumentary *Lemmy: 49% Motherfucker, 51% Son Of A Bitch*, **Wes Orshoski** explains what it was like to be told to "fuck off" by a rock'n'roll legend.

WORDS: **MALCOLM DOME** PICTURES: **WES ORSHOSKI**

There's one essential virtue you must have if you wish to hang out with Lemmy for any length of time – a liver made of sterner stuff than is usual even for the most hardened of drinkers.

"One of the reasons I think we got the job is because we were happy to go drinking with him. It was important that he felt comfortable around us, and being able to socialize with him was important. But we quickly learnt not to try and keep up with him. In three-and-a-half years, I only saw him glassy-eyed twice. He was usually so steady, whereas we were all over the place."

Those are the views of Wes Orshoski, co-director and co-producer (with Greg Olliver) of the hot new documentary on the great Motörhead leader called, appropriately enough, *Lemmy* . It was a labour of love for Orshoski, a self-confessed fan of the band from Cleveland, Ohio.

"Greg and I were finishing off a project on the reggae artist Burning Spear, when we started to think about our next project. I'd interviewed Lemmy for *Billboard* magazine about The Head Cat project earlier that year (2006). And I was thinking of their album, with covers of songs from Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash…it led on to the truth that Lemmy's done so much in his life and career. There's enormous depth to him."

The pair contacted Motörhead manager Todd Singerman, fully expecting to have their idea of a film on Lemmy turned down. Only for the opposite to happen.

"I still can't believe we had the nerve to call up. After all, who were we? Just a couple of metal fans with little film experience. Todd told us they'd already turned down four or five similar approaches. But they went for us. Maybe because we were fans, and also happy to hang out with Lemmy."

That was in November 2006, when the hard work started. The real stress, though, didn't come



Lemmy has a snooze while he waits for a roadie to take his bass!



"What do you mean I can't park this here?" Lemmy gets tanked up!

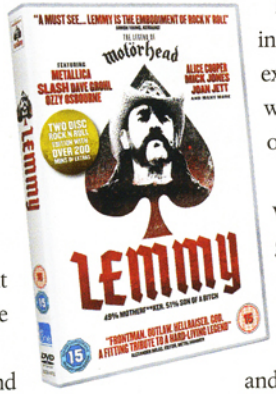
from the man himself – or anyone connected – but from the scramble to secure finances.

"We'd literally raise money, go and film for a few days, then have to stop and go and find more backing, then have enough to do a few more days with Lemmy. That's the way it was for the whole time. So, when we say it took us three-and-a-half years to make, that wasn't a continuous flow."

For Orshoski and Olliver, Lemmy was to prove a delight, and a real surprise.

"He might hate me for saying so, but he's a lot more compassionate and thoughtful than you might expect. There goes his hard man reputation! He's also so much smarter and funnier. The times we'd go into his dressing room, and find him listening to George Harrison's *Greatest Hits*, with five books open at once. Rock stars are supposed to line up young girls, not books!

"His knowledge on military history is incredible. When you listen to him talking, it is like being in the presence of a history professor. Todd Singerman told us that, whenever he watched a war documentary on The History Channel, Lemmy would point out the faults, and why certain footage was out of place."



For the film makers, getting to spend time with Lemmy was a real high. He ended up treating them not so much like intruders with a camera, but as mates.

"Can you believe we got to hang out with him at his apartment? That really was like gaining access to the holy of holies. His place is so cluttered that you literally have to fight for space in which to sit. Most of the time I'd be on the couch with Lem, and Greg would be on the floor. From where he sits, there are two spaces cleared, for his feet. Everywhere else is full of stuff. If you want to put your feet somewhere, then you have to clear some space. But the three of us would sit for hours, playing each other records. It really was like three old pals."

"He might hate me for saying so, but he's a lot more compassionate than you might expect. There goes his hard man reputation!"

However, there were also low points in this relationship, as you might expect. One came in March 2009, when Lemmy was supposed to play onstage with Metallica in London.

"It was at the O2 Arena, and we were actually in the cab going to the gig when Lemmy called and said he wasn't gonna be able to make it, because he wasn't well. That was a blow, because we had no money and were virtually stranded in London. But there was even a good side to that, because in the end we shot Lemmy with Metallica in Nashville, when we were able to have twice as many cameras. We've also got footage from the time Metallica all dressed up as Lemmy, when they played at his 50th birthday party at the Whiskey A Go-Go (December 14, 1995). They called themselves The Lemmys."

"One thing you very quickly learn about Lemmy is that he's a straight shooter. We had an agreement with him from the start that if he didn't want us around, then he'd tell us to fuck off, and he did that quite a lot. At the end of the documentary, there's a bloopers section with about 20 of those moments. And we could have put in a lot more."

Inevitably, Lemmy was given total control over the final content of the film. But it's something he barely exercised, trusting the film makers themselves to come up with something worthy.

"When we finished filming we were really worried that there wasn't enough footage. But once we started editing, we knew we had far too much, which was great. We did actually put together a rough edit of about two hours and 45 minutes to show Lemmy. I was really nervous and stressing out as he watched it. But in the end, he only asked for one change. Right at the end of the

film there's an unreleased solo song called *Don't Matter To Me*, which was a real coup to get. It has a saxophone solo, which we'd taken out, because it seemed to run better. That didn't go down at all well with Lemmy. 'You've cut out the sax solo,' he yelled. 'Put it back!' That was the only change he wanted, which was amazing."

Apart from Lemmy himself, Orshoski and Olliver Also managed to get quite a number of major names in front of the camera, from Slash to Dave Grohl, Mick Jones (The Clash) to Alice Cooper.

"We wanted to show that Lemmy's influence hasn't just been on the metal world, but it goes across the board. Which is why Jarvis Cocker and Peter Hook are in there. It was interesting to note the audience reaction to whoever came on screen. In Montreal, for instance, everyone got a huge cheer, especially Alice Cooper. But when Jarvis came on…silence. Nobody knew who he was!"

But there was one person Orshoski is disappointed he couldn't persuade to appear: Phil 'Philthy Animal' Taylor. The drummer wanted nothing to do with it.

"I tried for three years to get him to do an interview, and he wouldn't budge. He's the only person that mattered who's missing, and I am very saddened we haven't got him. I think there's a personal issue between him and Lemmy. But we did get 'Fast' Eddie Clarke, which was fantastic. I spent 90 minutes interviewing him and he was so funny and friendly."

While the film itself is a gem, Orshoski believes the DVD release (which is due to hit the shops on January 24, 2011 in the UK) will be the Holy Grail for Lemmy fans.

"We've fought like crazy to get an extra disc in the DVD, with footage we couldn't fit into the movie. For instance, the film has Lemmy playing *Damage Case* with Metallica. But they also did *Too Late, Too Late*, which we've got on the bonus disc. There's also about half-an-hour of the rehearsal Lemmy and Metallica did. We've also got the entire conversation Lemmy had with Billy Bob Thornton and Dave Grohl. It's stuff like that we were determined should be seen, because the diehard fans will love it.

"The one thing the film also brought home to me, as a Motörhead fan, is that I missed out on so much. I didn't see them live until the late 80s, and then I get to sit and listen to all of these people going on about watching on the those legendary tours at the end of the 70s and in the early 80s. You guys are so lucky in Britain, because you get to see the band live virtually every year. In America we're lucky if they come around every two or three years."

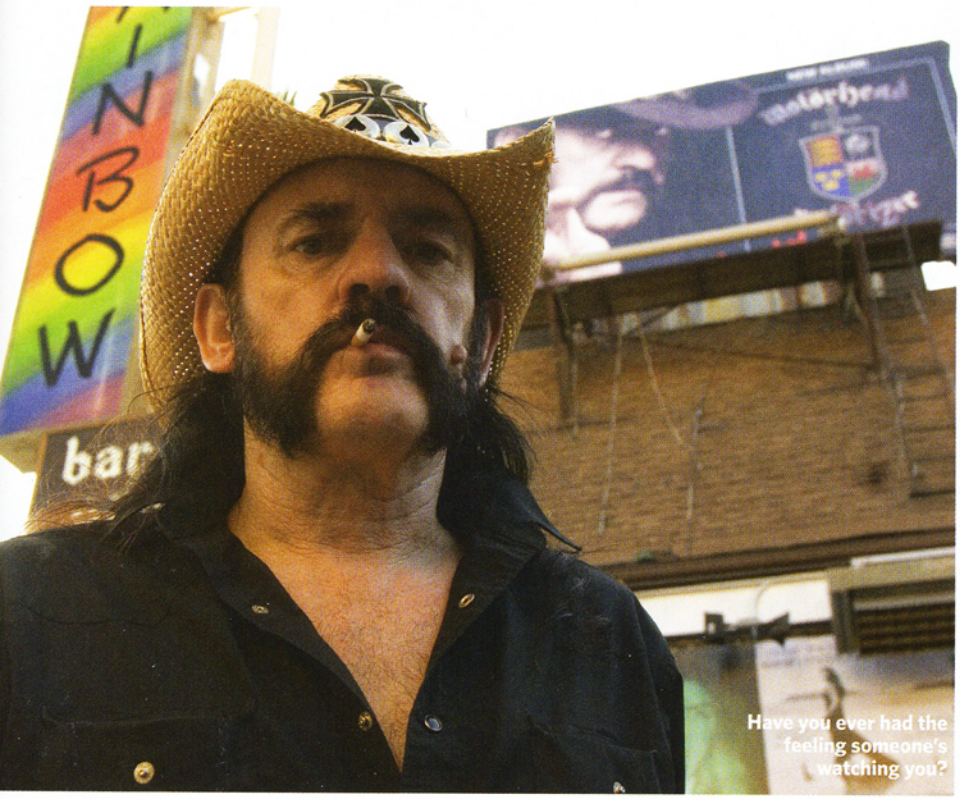
"We wanted to show that Lemmy's influence hasn't just been on the metal world, but it goes across the board."

Orshoski believes that there will certainly be an appeal in this film, not just for the Motörhead fans, but also for those who aren't familiar with the band and their history.

"We've already had some people saying that they'd never listened to any of their music before. But the film made them want to go and hear some albums. That'll please Lemmy! I think that is one of the important things about how we've done this. We wanted to get across that you don't have to be a fan of the band to appreciate what Lemmy is all about, and how much of an impact he's had on our lives."

But there's a larger and wider picture into which this film fits. As with the recent documentaries about Anvil (*The Story Of Anvil*), Iron Maiden (*Flight 666*) and Rush (*Beyond The Lighted Stage*), this captures a dying breed: a true rock hero.

"We just don't seem to be able to come up with a new generation of rock musicians who've got the same stature as the older guys. When these guys go, who's gonna replace them? So, I think it's important we get their stories on film right now, before it's too late. This is our heritage. Mind you, with Lemmy being the way he is, I suspect he'll outlive us all!" ♠



Have you ever had the feeling someone's watching you?


50% Grohl, 50% Lemmy equals 100% rock 'n' roll!



Slash

"I get kinda annoyed when people call Motörhead a heavy metal band. They're heavy and tough for sure, but what they are is a no-frills, biker rock 'n' roll band. When I first got into rock music they mesmerized me; they had the look, they were so fucking loud and the lyrics were brilliant. It's simplistic, but it works. They're the only band in that vein that can really pull it off.

"The guy is gonna be 65 years old before too long. He's a survivor. He does what he does and he doesn't fucking whine about it. I love him for that."

Everyone Loves Lemmy

Rock'n'roll's finest pay tribute to Motörhead and Mr. Kilmister.

WORDS: **DAVE LING**

Biff Byford, Saxon

"It almost feels as Motörhead have been around since dinosaurs roamed the earth. My introduction to them was when we opened for them on the Bomber tour [in 1979], which really helped Saxon to get off the ground. All of their songs from that period have gone on to be classics. To their credit, they've kept it together. The band of today is a good as the one from back then. I hope they'll keep on going for some time to come."

Steven Wilson, Porcupine Tree

"I was a huge Hawkwind fan, so the cult of Lemmy is very big with me. What I like about Motörhead is there's no artifice, they're completely believable. So many bands of those awful bands that used to wear make-up looked like they were dressed by their record company. Motörhead were just like, 'Fuck you, this is what we do'. And they're still doing it now, I'm happy to say."

Mick Jones, Foreigner

"Lemmy is a really good friend of mine. I always see him when I'm in Los Angeles. We don't operate in the exact same genre of music but that doesn't stop me from saying he's a really talented guy. The first time we met, way back at some metal festival in Germany during the days when segregation was so much more important, I was in the bar. He came up to me and said, 'Hey Mick, I'm Lemmy. I love your band'. I was so chuffed because Motörhead are great, too, and when the made Lemmy they threw away the mold."

Joe Elliott, Def Leppard

"Eight years ago I made the mistake of trying to keep up with Lemmy in the bar at a Thin Lizzy gig on Sunset Boulevard. We were both drinking copiously. He turned to me and said: "They're fucking great, aren't they?' The only possible answer was: 'Yes, they are'. And so is Lemmy. He's definitely one of the most underrated lyric writers around. But with all his money don't you think he'd have got rid of the warts?"

Randy Bachman, Bachman & Turner

"I like Motörhead because they are timeless. Their characters are so strong. Each guy in the band is such an individual, they're almost like Kiss. If you're a kid you can dress up like Lemmy. With so many faceless bands around, that's got to be a good thing, right?"

Glenn Hughes

"Here's the deal with Lemmy: He's one of a kind. He's an originator, up there with Keith Richards, Robert Plant, Bowie, Elton John. He's Lemmy for Christ's sake.

"In the past I've tried to drink with him, I've tried to do substances with him... not a good move. Don't ever do that.

"But more importantly underneath is all the stuff you don't always read about: He's sweet, he's intelligent and he's soulful. He's generous with his time. And he's a music fan like you wouldn't believe. Above all, you can always count on Lemmy to tell it like it is. I absolutely love the guy."

Roy Wood

"I know Lemmy really well, actually. It's hard to believe he's almost 65 years old but he's still making music. And you know why? He probably hasn't got anything better to do. Maybe he should get some hobbies?

"I wish I knew how he keeps on going. All I can really tell you about Lemmy is that he's as mad as a trumpet. He's completely nuts, and I love him for that."

Scott Gorham, Thin Lizzy

"I've known Lemmy for years. He's the hardest working guy in rock 'n' roll. When I'm 65 years old I hope I can play two hundred shows a year. Plus, I like the dichotomy of the fact that Lemmy looks like he should be a Satanic kind of guy, but he's a real sweetheart. If the chips are down, he'll give you the shirt off his back."

Neal Schon, Journey

"Although you might not expect it, I'm a huge fan of Motörhead. I love their abrasiveness. Lemmy started that whole thing, so many bands have borrowed or stolen from him. The band's music packs a real punch."

Myles Kennedy, Alter Bridge

"There's just something so primal about Motörhead. The raspiness of Lemmy's voice and his approach to playing bass, the way he attacks his music, what comes out at both ends – the mouth and below the waist – that's what's so unique. I've met him a few times and he's such a cool guy, he's so bright and well-read. And of course it helps that they have this catalogue of truly amazing songs."



ENCOUNTERS WITH MR. KILMISTER

CHARISMATIC, CLEVER, CANTANKEROUS AND ENDLESSLY QUOTABLE, LEMMY HAS BEEN EVERY ROCK JOURNALIST'S DREAM FOR THE LAST 35 YEARS, EFFORTLESSLY TURNING EVERY ENCOUNTER INTO A READY-MADE ANECDOTE. HERE, SOME OF CLASSIC ROCK'S ARMY OF MOTÖRHEAD-LOVING SCRIBES RECALL THEIR FIRST, FUNNIEST AND FINEST TIMES WITH THE MAN HIMSELF. FROM GEOFF BARTON'S LEGENDARY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE BAND THROUGH TO EDITOR DOM LAWSON'S DAIRY-BASED DISASTER, THIS IS OUR TRIBUTE TO THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MOTÖRHEAD MAESTRO.

PICTURES: **MICK HUTSON**

THE FIRST EVER MOTÖRHEAD INTERVIEW – JULY 1975

WORDS: **GEOFF BARTON**

Inside a gloomy rehearsal hall in Wandsworth, south London, Lemmy is painting his bass amplifiers a morbid matt black. Tacky paintbrush in hand, he dabs carelessly at the wooden speaker surrounds, completely obliterating the colourful, psychedelic swirls that had adorned them before.

"When I've finished," he growls, "you'll never be able to recognise them as my old Hawkwind amps."

Ah. So you've borrowed them for the time being, have you?

"Borrowed? Nah, mate. I just nicked them."

Do you realise it's an offence to harbour stolen property?

"Yeah."

Lemmy dips his clotted brush into a tar-like substance and continues painting; guitarist Larry Wallis seeks refuge behind the amps, trying to avoid being interviewed and obviously anxious to leave as soon as possible; Lucas Fox lies face-down on his drum kit, looking well out of it and seemingly unconscious.

Collectively, these three scruffy reprobates are known as Motörhead, the band bassist/vocalist Lemmy formed soon after he left Hawkwind.

"Left?" he spits. "No, I was fired. I can categorically state that I did not leave. I've never left a band in my life."

Lemmy discards his paintbrush and leaves it dripping on the room's rancid carpet. The story unravels.

"I was busted after a Hawkwind gig in Canada, you see. I had some amphetamine sulphate on me. The authorities thought it was cocaine – that's why such a big deal was made out of it. Sulphate is a misdemeanour in Canada, whereas coke is a felony. They'll throw the fucking book at you if they catch you smuggling coke across the border, but for sulphate they can't even be bothered to get you back into the country to face the charge.

"But I was slung in jail, nevertheless. Horrible, it was. I was chained to the wall with these five other guys, would you believe. There weren't any windows and the place stank to high heaven. We were lower than lice, you know."

But you *were* bailed out, weren't you?

"Yeah, but begrudgingly," Lemmy replies, bitterly. "The next night Hawkwind played Toronto and as far as I was concerned everything was alright. The band were all going: 'Oh, great to have you out of jail, Lem.' They were slapping me on the back, we played a fantastic gig, we all came off the stage laughing…

"The next thing I knew, I was fired."

Did you see it coming, or did it come as a complete surprise?

"It came as a surprise. I was playing with the band and I reckon I was playing well. I didn't sense any bad feeling at all. If there had been anything that they wanted to say to me, they should have said it."

So, before he knew where he was, Lemmy was winging his way back to Britain. He must have felt pretty disheartened.

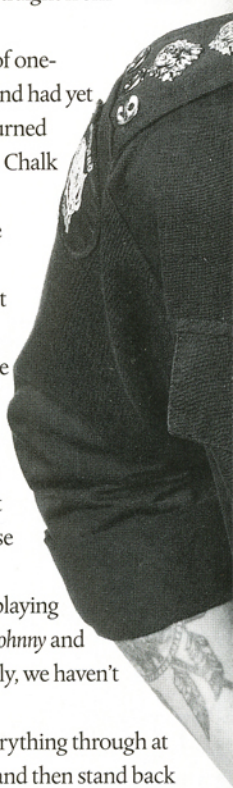
"Yeah. I committed suicide twice."

What were your immediate plans when you returned?

"Well, for about two weeks I was just completely blown out. I didn't know what to do. Everything I tried, musically, ended up sounding like Hawkwind. I couldn't have that because there isn't any room for two bands of that ilk.

"Then I met this idiot called Lucas Fox. He told me he could play drums, but I doubted it. Anyway, we had a go. Then I got this lousy guitarist from The Pink Fairies, Larry Wallis. We thought about calling ourselves Bastard but then we decided on Motörhead.

"To be honest I didn't know what to call the band at first, it was all done in a bit of a hurry. Motörhead was the last song I wrote with Hawkwind, so I thought: 'Why not, let's use that.' If you sit around and think about it, you end up with silly names like Granny's Tangerine Prescription. So I thought, Motörhead will do – it's a single word, it's easy to remember, it's also the slang name in America for a speed freak… what can I say, straight from a sulphate bust?"



Motörhead are currently playing a series of one-nighters, but when I talked to Lemmy the band had yet to perform their first gig – which was, as it turned out, a rather disastrous showing at London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse.

I wondered how Lemmy felt, going on the road with a brand new outfit.

"I'm terrified. But I don't care about being terrified. I like being terrified. Okay, I'll admit I'm a bit apprehensive, because we haven't had time to rehearse what we want to rehearse. We'll be playing numbers like *Lost Johnny* and The Pink Fairies' *City Kids* – but, quite honestly, we haven't had time to get them tight enough.

"We're just going to go out there, play everything through at a frenzied pace, hope it lasts about an hour and then stand back fearfully to see if the audience applauds. If they don't, I shall probably collapse into a quivering heap."

How would you describe Motörhead's music?

"Loud, raucous, arrogant, fast, paranoid, speed-freak rock'n'roll. Brilliant, too. Wonderful music. But mainly very loud. You certainly wouldn't like it if we lived in your neighbourhood. If we moved in next door to you, your lawn would die."

"YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T LIKE IT IF WE LIVED IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD. IF WE MOVED IN NEXT DOOR TO YOU, YOUR LAWN WOULD DIE."

And what are your plans for the band?

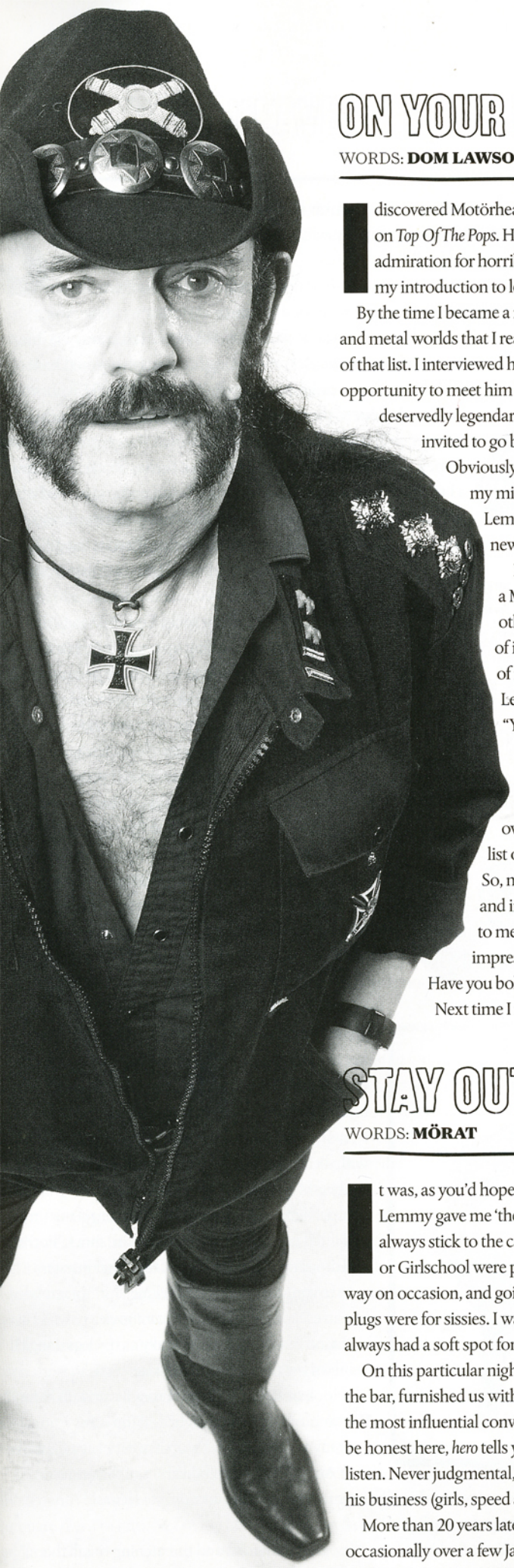
"Well, first we take over this country, then the world, then we shall branch out into other planets.

"Actually, we're due to record a single within the next couple of weeks, then an album for release before the end of the year. I think we have a good chance. I mean, all the bands who sort of hit you right *there*, like The MC5, have gone. I like good old 1965 rhythm and blues, some heavy rock'n'roll… or is it heavy metal? I don't think there's been much good music around since 1970, and I'd like to give the whole scene a kick up the arse.

"That's why I liked being with Hawkwind; we *definitely* gave it a kick up the arse, even though we didn't know where we were, who we were or why we were doing it."

Do you know what you're doing now?

Lemmy strokes his straggly beard contemplatively and replies: "No… not really." ♠



ON YOUR FEET OR ON YOUR CHEESE

WORDS: **DOM LAWSON**

I discovered Motörhead at the age of 10 or so, when they made one of their highly subversive appearances on *Top Of The Pops*. How could a band like that *not* be insanely cool to a pre-pubescent boy with a growing admiration for horrible music? Well, quite. Along with Iron Maiden and Twisted Sister, Motörhead were my introduction to loud, balls-out rock music. I still adore them nearly 30 years later.

By the time I became a music journalist, I had unconsciously accrued a list of major figures from the rock and metal worlds that I really, really wanted to meet and Lemmy, as you might imagine, was very near the top of that list. I interviewed him a couple of times on the phone, early on in my journo career, but didn't get the opportunity to meet him in person until 2004, when Motörhead headlined the first night of Germany's deservedly legendary Wacken Open Air festival. Thanks to the band's benevolent press officer, I was invited to go backstage and meet the great man, a mere 30 minutes or so after their set had ended. Obviously I said yes, with a big, stupid grin on my face, and duly trudged to the backstage area, my mind whirring with all the frightfully cool and impressive things I was going to say to Lemmy, in what I hoped would be a slick and highly successful attempt to become his new best friend.

I was led into a dressing room, where Lemmy was reclining on a plastic chair, a Marlboro on the go in one hand and an enormous Southern Comfort and Coke in the other. Frankly, he looked knackered, but then who wouldn't be after playing at that level of intensity for nearly two hours? Either way, I was thrilled to be in the presence of one of my heroes. We exchanged hellos and he gestured to me to take a seat, which I did. Lemmy then looked up and, with a slight flicker of disdain in his eyes, growled at me… "You're sitting in the cheese."

Now I'm not entirely sure how I managed to plant my not inconsiderable arse in the middle of Motörhead's extensive selection of cheeses, but I really, really had. I had flattened the Camembert and caused significant damage to the cheddar. I had Brie all over the seat of my jeans. I'm guessing that cheese wasn't particularly high on Lemmy's list of post-gig entertainment, but even so, I had committed a fairly huge social faux pas. So, mindful of the fact that I had bits of Brie attached to my bum, I offered my apologies and inched backwards out of the room. Lemmy, rather kindly I thought, muttered "Good to meet you!" as I left. He may have been taking the piss, but I'd like to think that he was impressed by the uniqueness of our brief encounter. Have you ever sat in Lemmy's cheese? Have you bollocks.

Next time I meet him, of course, I'll stay standing up. ♠

STAY OUT OF JAIL

WORDS: **MÖRAT**

It was, as you'd hope and probably expect, a dark and rainy night in Camden, London: it was the night Lemmy gave me 'the talk'. Camden's notorious Dingwalls venue, to be precise, back when your feet would always stick to the carpet, and the bar was always propped up by at least half a dozen Hell's Angels. Tank or Girlschool were probably playing. I'd known Lemmy for a couple of years, knocking a bit of speed his way on occasion, and going to every Motörhead gig, where Special Brew cans were used as wallpaper and ear plugs were for sissies. I was a horrible little toe-rag and I have no idea why he tolerated me other than that he always had a soft spot for punk rockers...and speed.

On this particular night, white cowboy boots on and a generous Jack and Coke in hand, he called me over to the bar, furnished us with a whole bottle of Jack, and said "I need to talk to you." What followed was arguably the most influential conversation of my life and almost certainly stopped me ending up in jail. When your, let's be honest here, *hero* tells you you're fighting too much, drinking too much, getting out of line too much, you listen. Never judgmental, just plain honest, Lemmy said his piece, got me stinking drunk, and went back about his business (girls, speed and slot machines).

More than 20 years later we're neighbours, walking distance to the Rainbow, and I still thank him occasionally over a few Jacks, when he's not on the road putting bands half his age to shame. He hasn't changed much, maybe slowed a little. less eager to suffer fools, but always just Lemmy, if you can use the word 'just' for an icon. The permanent damage to my hearing was well worth the price and he still drinks me under the table. ♠

LEMMY'S INTERVENTION

WORDS: **PETE MAKOWSKI**

There are times that it feels like Lemmy has been a part of my rock'n'roll DNA forever. Being a west London boy in the 70s (in Ealing, to be precise) it was impossible to go to a squat party (entrance fee: block of Moroccan and a Party Seven) without tripping over a buxom comatose wench who'd enthusiastically boast about being on the receiving end of Mr Kilmister's warty dagger. Hawkwind were the working man's hippies and Lemmy was their shop steward. It was easy to see why Lydon misspent his youth as a Hawkwind groupie selling LSD at their gigs; they were the original punk antichrists. Unfortunately with the exception of performing guerrilla gigs off the back of vans, they were usually far too stoned to be bothered to vent any political views.

My first professional connection with Lemmy was in the mid-70s when I was appointed press officer for Hawkwind and their manager Doug Smith's other notoriously infamous acts, including The Pink Fairies, Man, Michael Moorcock's Deep Fix and Magic Michael. By that time Lemmy had been booted out of the band, due to chemical differences, and was pretty much unemployed and unemployable. The idea that he would become an iconic heavy metal figurehead seemed as likely as Stacia, the other Hawkwind departee, joining the Bolshoi Ballet.

In those days Lemmy used to haunt the office and became such a scrounging annoyance that Smith produced a Lemme A Quid Till Friday T-shirt to compensate the money he was losing by funding the errant bass player's slot machine and substance abuse.

There was a palpable sigh of relief when he put together the first line-up of Motörhead (originally called Bastard) a band that was powered on good will, copious amounts of Special Brew, amphetamine sulphate and mountain-sized resentment towards Hawkwind mainman Dave Brock. I remember taking a fledging freelancer for *Sounds* to see the band at The Roundhouse. Backstage was like a scene from a Class A Fellini movie. As we entered the headline act, The Pink Fairies, notorious for spraying their logo on the dressing room walls with the blood from their hypodermic syringes, were busy living up to their squalid reputation. Meanwhile Lemmy had pulled a mirror off the wall and smashed it in half to use as a snorting station with various intoxicated and rather irate Hell's Angels. The journalist, although pale and shaken, loved it, which was unusual as in those days the band were as popular as an epidemic of Haitian cholera. My last memories of the debut line-up was seeing guitarist Larry Wallis, prior to his departure, suffering from the aftermath of a French tour. He had made the fatal mistake of trying to keep up with Lemmy. A rather large, overweight chap, Larry had managed to maintain his body weight but somehow his head had shrunk to the size of a pea with sunken eye sockets making him look like one of the freaks in *Beetlejuice*.

Another early encounter was during the infamous Bingley Hall Show during the *Bomber* tour. Lemmy had been up for a few days enjoying the attention of a beautiful lady, while Fast Eddie was having one of his many nervous breakdowns.

I must state at this point in all the years that I've known him Lemmy has never offered me one grain of sulphate or any other narcotic, which was a shame as I could have done with a lift that night. To Lemmy his drugs were like a prescriptive medication and asking him for a line would have been like trying to cadge one of mum's cholesterol pills. By now we had bonded due to the fact that I was going out with a former stripper girlfriend of his and he always would always greet me with some kind of lethal alcoholic concoction. Feeling worse for wear and a little queasy I lunged for the pint glass he offered and gulped it back not realising that it was pure Southern Comfort, not the most digestible of drinks at the best of times. Going green at the gills I stupidly followed Lemmy's instructions to 'finish the bastard off' and then ran in search of the nearest toilet. Unfortunately this meant traipsing up some concrete stairs, which were coated with the perspiration of a few thousand head bangers, which had formed a noxious vaporous cloud on the ceiling and now trickled to the ground. It was inevitable that before I managed to reach my destination I would slip and tumble backwards to the soundtrack of Lemmy's uncontrollable cackling.

BEFORE I MANAGED TO REACH MY DESTINATION I WOULD TUMBLE BACKWARDS TO THE SOUND OF LEMMY'S UNCONTROLLABLE CACKLING.

My most memorable but not necessarily pleasant encounter with Lemmy occurred in the early eighties at the reception for New York photographer Bob Gruens' John Lennon photos held at Chelsea Football grounds. By now I was in the grips of a debilitating heroin addiction and was desperately trying to hold it together. While I schmoozed with the local press cognoscenti Lemmy walked in, took one look at me and headed over to the bar where I was holding court. Now at this point it must be noted that Lemmy has a pathological hatred of heroin. This is not hypocrisy, or chemical elitism; it stems from the fact that a girl he was deeply in love with died from an overdose, which kind of explains his exuberant if not aggressive demeanour as he approached and then put his hand around my throat and lifted me into the air, much to the shock, horror and downright puzzlement of the other guests.



"Are you still taking that fucking shit?" he growled like an escapee from a *Terminator* movie.

"Er, no man," I lied pathetically as my legs dangled helplessly with no particular place to go.

A look of sadness spread across his grizzled Mount Rushmore feature as he sighed. "Stop it."

Many years after I did 'stop it' we met at a *Classic Rock* Awards and I reminded him of the occasion and suggested that if he ever retired he could take up a career as a drugs counsellor.

"Yeah, fucking lifting people by the throat and threatening to kill them," he gurgled, "I don't think the Government would go for that, man."

Lemmy – a priceless gem of a human being; warts 'n' all. ♠

ROCK'N'ROLL HEAVEN

WORDS: **NEIL JEFFRIES**

Sat on the steps of the Cambridge Corn Exchange in March 1979, I was freezing my nuts off. I'd been unusually lucky hitching down and so went to the venue early in the hope of hearing Motörhead soundcheck through a crack in some doorway. But right now all was quiet except the chattering of my teeth.

Suddenly, one of the front-of-house doors opened and out stepped Lemmy. He looked as surprised to see me as I was him. It was, after all, about five hours to show time. He nodded, said hello, and ran off on some errand. When he returned he looked at me again. "You look freezing, mate. Do you want to come in and warm up?"

I was taken aback, mumbled something about meeting a mate. "But he's not here, is he? And you're cold. So come in – you can watch the soundcheck!"

A basic human kindness from a man who had only recently boasted that if his band moved in next-door your lawn would die. It was a simple enough offer, but I was touched and he's been up on a pedestal for me ever since.

As I followed him to the hall – where local legend had it the echo was so bad, that if they took away the sound-baffling parachutes hung from the roof, you could still hear last week's encore – Lemmy talked to me like I was a mate, asking if I liked support act Girlschool. He raved like a fan about how good Kelly Johnson was and insisted I didn't miss her band tonight.

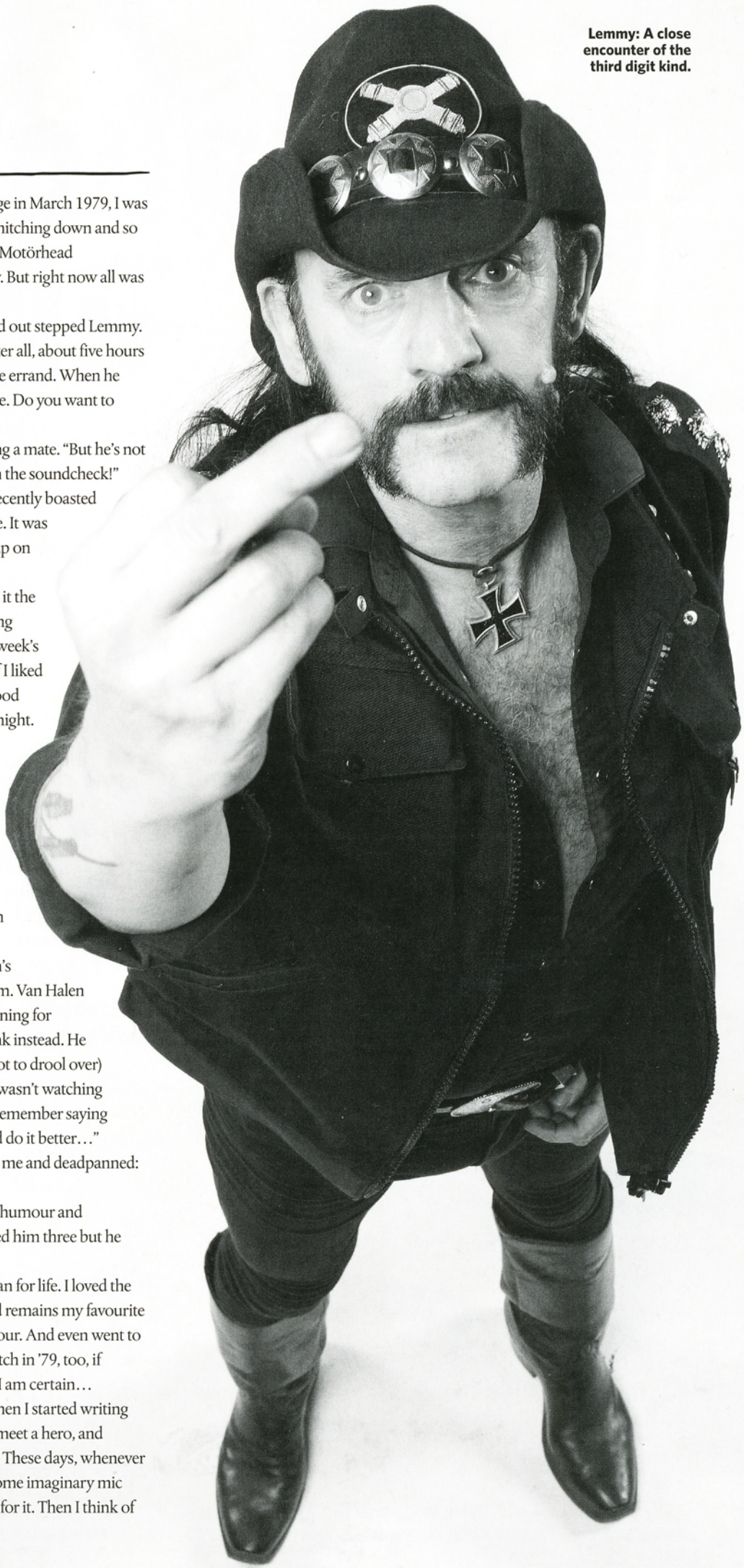
He led me past the mixing desk. Girlschool were milling around talking to "Fast" Eddie – sporting the black eye that I'd heard was the result of a punch from "Philthy" Phil – but with Lemmy in the house it was time to soundcheck. Eddie strode coolly across the floor before leaping onto the front of the stage. Phil appeared from the wings. Lemmy saw me, encouraged me to come closer and winked. I was a 19-year-old kid in rock'n'roll heaven.

Three months later in a bar at the Rainbow in London's Finsbury Park I tried to buy Lemmy a vodka to thank him. Van Halen were onstage but I thought they'd been better when opening for Sabbath. Lemmy refused my offer and bought me a drink instead. He ignored the girls he'd been talking to (and I was trying not to drool over) because he was intrigued why, having bought a ticket, I wasn't watching Diamond Dave and co. I'm not too sure, even now, but remember saying something like: "Too American… Too flash! Motörhead do it better…" Lemmy shrugged, waggled his ring-encrusted fingers at me and deadpanned: "Yeah, we're not flash at all, are we?!"

It's impossible not to love a man with a great sense of humour and a penchant for buying the drinks. By now I figured I owed him three but he wasn't having any of it…

Those two encounters alone made me a Motörhead fan for life. I loved the band most of all at that time – *Overkill* blew me away and remains my favourite album in their catalogue. I saw them five times on that tour. And even went to see Lemmy take on The Damned at a charity cricket match in '79, too, if memory serves. His team wore all black – of that much I am certain…

Lemmy inspired me offstage and on. He still does. When I started writing about bands like his I was able to walk into a room and meet a hero, and compare them to him. Not many of them measured up. These days, whenever someone catches me playing air bass and singing into some imaginary mic craned just a bit too high, I wonder if I'm getting too old for it. Then I think of him and know different. ♠



Lemmy: A close encounter of the third digit kind.

Collaborate Or Die!

Despite being rather busy steering the Good Ship Motörhead for the last 35 years, Lemmy Kilmister has seldom missed an opportunity for a quick extracurricular dalliance.

WORDS: **JOHN DORAN**

Like all good bands, Motörhead have cultivated an image of being loners, outsiders and rebels who could easily have the motto: Us Against The Rest Of The World. So a casual observer could be forgiven for thinking that Lemmy was the kind of guy who didn't go in for collaborations and side projects. But you only have to glimpse his full discography to see that he will appear on someone else's record at the drop of a skull and crossbones decorated hat... and when you see who he's worked with, it's safe to say that most of the time he's just interested in mischievously upsetting people's expectations...

Hawkwind

Lemmy Kilmister, Hawkwind's bassist between 1972 and 1975, may have technically been sacked for "taking the wrong kind of drugs" (or being caught trying to smuggle cocaine into Canada, as the authorities might have it) but really his card was probably marked from the day that *Silver Machine* became a hit single. First recorded live at Camden's Roundhouse, Lemmy had smoked so many joints, taken so many Mandrax, Dexedrine and Black Beauties, snorted so many lines of cocaine and dropped so many tabs of acid that he had to be carried on stage and told where the audience was. But despite this it was Robert Calvert, the singer, who had a bad night performing. Lemmy ended up overdubbing the vocals on the track which was released as a single and went on to become a totally unexpected smash hit. Something he was probably never forgiven for.

Probot

Dave Grohl of Nirvana and Foo Fighters once made this bold but believable statement to us: "I grew up a fucking pot head, Motörhead, punk kid. It is when I meet people like Lemmy from Motörhead that I really go 'Yes!' And when he agreed to do Probot with me I was amazed. He's a fucking champion. I realised that I'd never met a real rock and roller until I met him. And I don't think I'll meet anyone like him ever again. He was walking round drinking JD and coke and smoking Marlboro red. And it was fucking noon. It was great." The album was constructed with Dave doing most of the instrumentation with his favourite metal singers in mind. Lemmy wrote the lyrics to his track, *Shake Your Blood* in ten minutes, saying: "It's rock & roll, you know. It's not one of those complicated things."

The Young & Moody Band with The Nolans and Cozy Powell

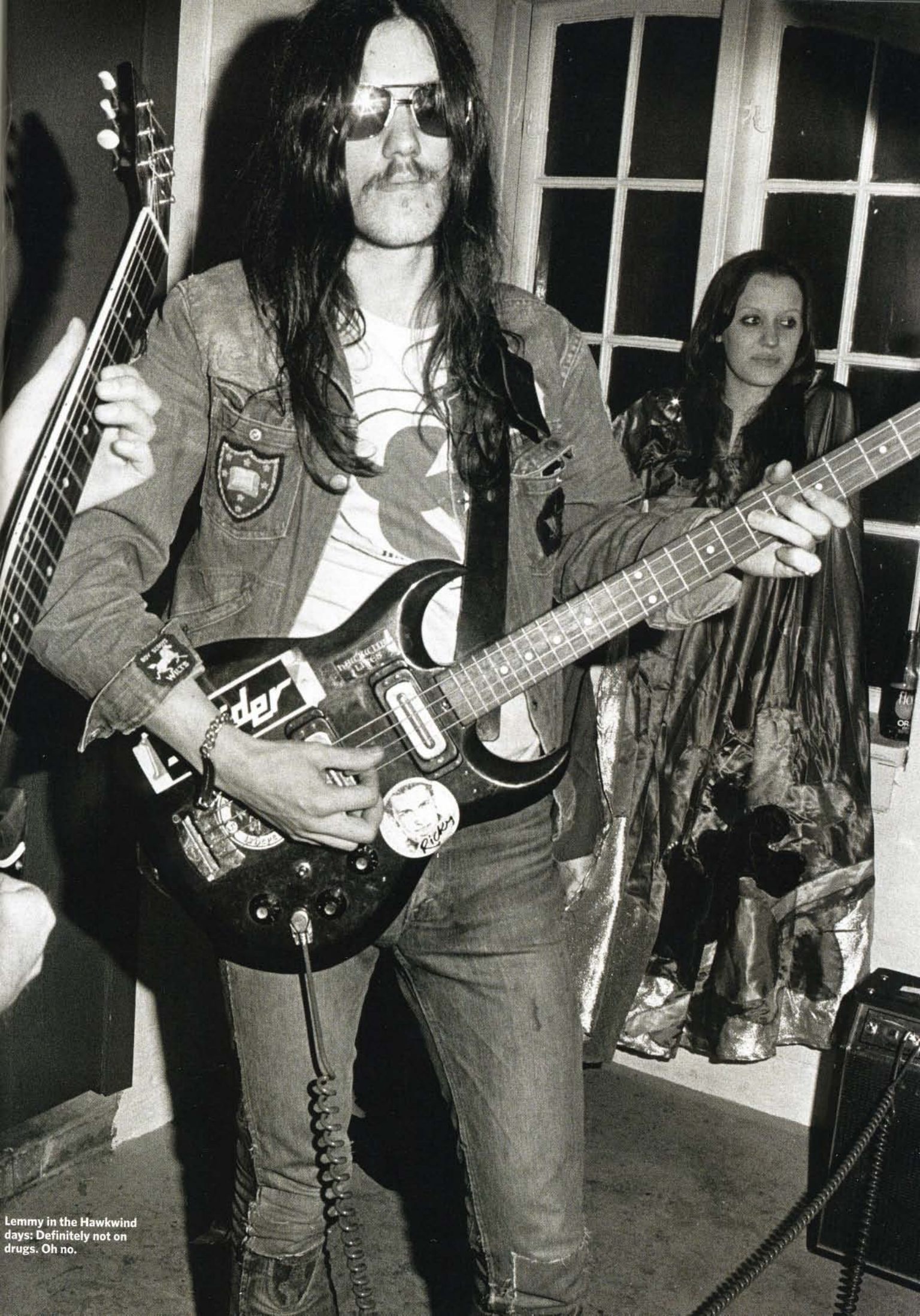
Lemmy is so pathologically drawn to unlikely collaborations that it wouldn't surprise anyone in this office if he appeared on the next Mumford And Sons single with Peter Andre and Varg Vikernes from Burzum. Bob Young ("The fifth member of Status Quo!") and Whitesnake's Micky Moody were fairly unremarkable on their own given that they're primarily remembered because of a Levis jeans commercial and this odd excursion. Rock drummer for hire Cozy Powell might have been a good fit but there's something unspeakably odd about seeing the carbuncular rock beast Lemmy smirking behind all four Nolans. He claimed that they were a lot less straight than their "soppy little popster virgin" image and cites Motörhead manager Doug stooping down to pick something off the floor and being shocked when Linda said, "While you're down there..." Space and the observance of media law, thankfully, prevent us from repeating the senseless urban myth about a Nolan sister, a hospital bed, Motörhead and a bunch of grapes.

Wendy O. Williams

The lead singer of The Plasmatics and mohawk-sporting "Queen of Shock Rock" Wendy O. Williams was famous for appearing on stage nearly naked and chainsawing her guitar in half, so she seemed like the ideal person to record with Motörhead. But while her habit of driving cars into piles of explosives and wrestling with alligators caused Lemmy to announce: "This chick's fucking excellent!" the rest of the band ended up not so enamoured with her. During the session (which included *No Class*, The Plasmatics' *Masterplan* and the Dolly Parton 'classic' *Stand By Your Man*) Wendy proved that she was better at jumping out of moving vehicles than she was at singing in tune; something that annoyed the hell out of Eddie Clarke. In fact this irritation was so profound that he ended up walking out on the band there and then, thus terminating the "classic line-up" of the band but ultimately guaranteeing them longevity. .

The Head Cat

Lemmy is never slow to point out that Motörhead are not heavy metal or punk but in fact torch bearers of the true flame of rock 'n' roll. While this has been obvious at several points in his career, it has never been as clear as when he formed The Head Cat. This three-piece was formed by His Nibs on guitar, harmonica and vocals, Slim Jim Phantom of The Stray Cats on drums and Danny B Harvey of The Rockats on stand-up bass, keyboards and lead guitar. A covers band, they tackle such rockabilly classics as Eddie Cochran's *Something Else*, Johnny Cash's *Big River*, Buddy



Lemmy in the Hawkwind days: Definitely not on drugs. Oh no.

Holly's *Not Fade Away* and *Matchbox* by Carl Perkins. But Lemmy's always been a fan so it's no surprise. He recalls being young: "I watched this TV programme and there was Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent and Cliff Richard. And they were surrounded by screaming women. And I thought: that's the job for me."

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra/Mike Batt

Poor Mike Batt will always be remembered for trivial reasons rather than his skills as a songwriter or arranger. For example ask anyone what they know about him and they will probably tell you that he created The Wombles or that he was sued by the estate of John Cage for "covering" the track *4'33"*, which is composed entirely of silence. And to be fair, he hasn't really helped himself by releasing albums like *Philharmania*. Featuring The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, fronted by a series of unlikely rock and pop singers, all arranged, produced and recorded by Batt; by the time you get to Kim Wilde singing/destroying *Because The Night* with anodyne strings, you start wondering what exactly it was that you did wrong in a previous life. However, there is something almost thrilling about hearing Kilmister's bracing growl over lush orchestration and it makes for a thoughtful reworking of Eve Of Destruction, Barry McGuire's heartfelt anti-war anthem.

The Ramones

There are obvious parallels to be drawn between New York punk's original outlaws The Ramones and Motörhead. They both produced an amphetamine fast, agitated brand of outsider rock and roll that was taken to heart immediately by the emerging punk movement. So perhaps it was unsurprising that these two institutions should join forces at some point, in some shape or form. In 1985, Lemmy, along with Guy Bidmead, produced *Go Home Ann* from their *Bonzo Goes To Bitburg* EP. Then in 1991 he penned *R.A.M.O.N.E.S.* for them, to which Joey Ramone said: "It was the ultimate honour - like John Lennon writing a song for you." And they all collaborated on a version which got released on The Ramones' farewell live album *We're Outta Here*, released in 1997.

Slash

If Lemmy has a US counterpart, then it's arguably the London-born émigré Slash. With a brass liver, titanium pancreas and a diamond hard psyche, he seems to have side-stepped all the physical and mental troubles that have befallen various other members of Guns N' Roses and Velvet Revolver. Both of them share a passion for the sex, drugs and rock and roll lifestyle but have managed to sidestep the self-harm and nihilism that often goes with it. In 1992 Slash appeared on *I Ain't No Nice Guy* a track from the muted *March Or Die* album that also featured Ozzy Osbourne on vocals. So perhaps it was inevitable that Lemmy would eventually loan his vocals to Slash's eponymous solo album. Lem sings on the punkish rocker *Dr Alibi* and is in good company surrounded by Ian Astbury, Duff McKagan, Dave Grohl, Chris Cornell and, well, every other heavy rock musician ever.



Sam Fox: Can't imagine what Lemmy saw in her, to be perfectly honest.

"The idea was that they would be a heavy metal Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers..."

The Damned

Being the UK's first bona fide punk band to release a single, The Damned were always going to be more to do with the rock and roll nature of punk and less to do with mohicans and political insurrection. And as such they were a perfect match for Motörhead. In fact when The Damned split temporarily at the end of 1978, Dave Vanian, Captain Sensible and Rat Scabies used the hiatus to form Les Punks with Lemmy on bass. They were together for one gig at Camden's Electric Ballroom. After reforming, The Damned and Lemmy tore through a light speed cover of The Sweet's *Ballroom Blitz* on the B-side of their final single of 1979, *I Just Can't Be Happy Today*. On what is obviously a fairly scrappy, under-rehearsed, done in a few takes, studio version, Lemmy lays down a relatively sophisticated bass breakdown, that if it were even slightly more complex would have to be referred to as "incongruously jazzy".

Samantha Fox

Motörhead had to take a break from recording between the summer of '84 and the summer of '86 after the relationship with their record label Bronze ground to a halt, which gave Lemmy the chance to collaborate with whoever he pleased. He met his favourite glamour model Sam Fox during 1985 when they were both judges at a spaghetti-eating contest. The pair became unlikely friends and he suggested they record a song together; a cover of *Love Hurts*, which was originally written for the Everly Brothers but made famous by Nazareth in 1975. The idea was that they would be a heavy metal version of Dolly Parton and Kenny Rogers. They also wrote an original song together called *Beauty And The Beast*, which was apparently inspired by an ABBA listening session. Nothing from this musical pairing has ever been released but the pair remain friends with Fox even requesting Lem give her away at her lesbian wedding in Siberia. ♠

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The Head Girls

We sound out The Sirens on dirty dancing with Uncle Lemmy

WORDS: **TERRY BEZER** PICTURES: **ESTER SEGARRA**

WHEN MOTÖRHEAD PLAYED at the Hammersmith Apollo on November 22, 2008, they delivered their usual, ear-shattering headline set, including a show-stopping version of *Killed By Death*, during which they were joined by fire-breathing dance troupe the Fuel Girls. The audience, as you may well imagine, were rather pleased.

"We met Lemmy and the others at Hellfest in France in 2008," recalls Lora Leigh, now a member of The Sirens, the UK's foremost rock 'n' roll striptease girls. "Someone from Motörhead's crew came over and said that they'd spoken with Lemmy and the tour manager and the band wanted us to go on stage with them. We weren't prepared for it at all, the band came over and introduced themselves and it all just fell into place. The Hammersmith show was amazing."

Ever the gentleman, Lemmy has since maintained his friendship with Lora and her colleagues, Regan and Arabella, and was even generous enough to help them choose a name when they decided to form their own group.

"When we decided to leave and do something else, he came up with our name for us," recalls Lora. "We went through so many ideas but couldn't find the right one, so we texted him to ask what he thought. He sent some ideas back, some really weird ones like The Naked Flames, but then he suggested The Sirens and that was that. So Lemmy named us. He understood what we were all about and he picked the perfect name for us."

"Motörhead music is perfect for us to dance to," adds fellow Siren Regan. "It's got that dirty, Grindhouse feel to it and it's very raw. Lemmy's a really good mate. He's such an intelligent man. He's our rock 'n' roll uncle! Ha ha!"

For more information on The Sirens, visit www.myspace.com/thesirensofficial ♠





Girls, Girls, Girls. Oh yeah and of course there's Lemmy!



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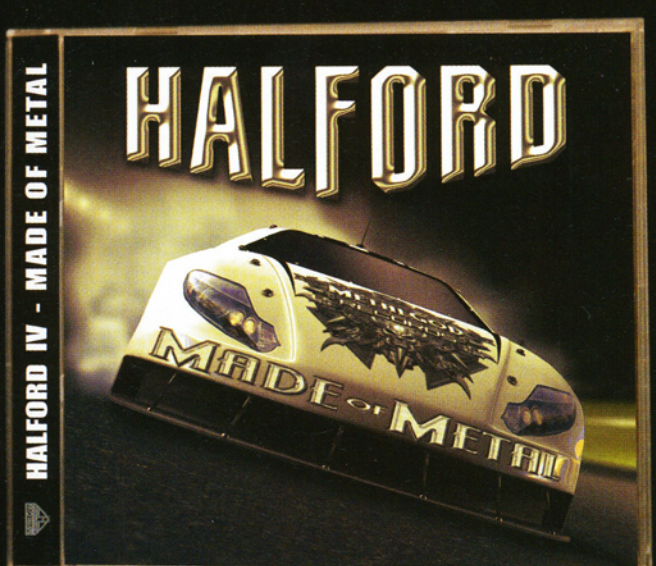

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SIMON GANE

You can call me Motörhead, alright

When is a debut album not a debut album? When you've already recorded another album two years earlier! Motörhead's two bites of the debut cherry, reassessed...

On Parole United Artists 1979
Motörhead Chiswick 1977



Motörhead's take on old rockabilly classic *Train Kept A-Rollin'* is certainly the ugliest version of the song, but there are plenty of others to choose from. Everyone from Aerosmith, Jeff Beck, Hanoi Rocks and Metallica through to comedy reggae rock berks Dread Zeppelin and even everyone's favourite wobbly-legged Welsh Elvis, Shakin' Stevens, have had a crack at it.

"Let me at the bastard!" (*CRASH!*)

"He's in there! I *know* he's in there!" (*CREAK!!*)

"Cocksucker!" (*BANG!!!*)

"Asshole!" (*SPLINTER!!!!*)

We're backstage at Newcastle City Hall some time in early 1975, a year or so before Motörhead's formation. Hawkwind, with Lemmy on bass and occasional vocals, have just finished performing at the famous venue, and are chilling backstage. Then, all of a sudden, all hell breaks loose.

The backstage door, which leads to an alleyway outside, starts bulging on its hinges like something out of a *Tom & Jerry* cartoon. Fists are pounding on it, boots are giving it a right kicking. Wild beasts, it seems, are howling for blood outside.

"It's the local chapter of the Hell's Angels," Hawkwind's Dave Brock coolly informs your cowering scribe. "I don't know exactly what Lemmy did, but it seems they want to exact revenge."

Lemmy, to his credit, appears unperturbed as he puffs on a magic cigarette. And the backstage door is holding firm – at least for the time being. Still, Hawkwind manager Doug Smith plays it safe, grabbing a mouldy Afghan coat, slinging it over Lemmy's head and smuggling him out of the building via a different exit. After another 10 minutes of shouting and hammering, the Hell's Angels retreat, probably to search out a battering ram. We don't stick around to find out.

A few weeks later, we hear that Lemmy has been fired from Hawkwind, allegedly for taking the wrong kind of drugs. The threat of being pistol-whipped by a bunch of crazed bikers didn't even enter into it. Welcome to the mad, bad world of Ian Fraser Kilmister.

After that dramatic introduction, we must now pose the question: when is a band's debut album not their debut album? Answer: when it's their third (or possibly fourth) album. Confused? Allow us to explain... When Lemmy formed Motörhead (née Bastard) in June 1975, it was with Larry Wallis of The Pink Fairies on guitar and Lucas Fox on drums. After a couple of singles, the trio decamped to Rockfield Studios with producer Dave Edmunds to record an album that would eventually be called *On Parole*.

Edmunds didn't last long in the production chair; he was replaced by Fritz 'Deep Fat' Fryer, who had made his name as guitarist with 60s chart-toppers The Four Pennies. Drummer Fox wasn't in the frame for long either, being swiftly succeeded by Phil 'Philthy Animal' Taylor.

It was a typically chaotic beginning. Lemmy hoped to get *On Parole* in the shops by enlisting the help of Hawkwind's record company, United Artists, but the label execs just shrugged their shoulders. *No Parole* was shelved until October 1979, by which time *Motörhead* (Chiswick, August 1977) and *Overkill* (Bronze, May 1979) had already come out. *No Parole*'s eventual release more or less coincided with the release date of *Bomber*, and it paled by comparison.

It's a long way from Motörhead's wall of sound: more of a plasterboard partition...

That said, it remains an interesting curio. Opening with *Motörhead*, the song's limp engine-revving intro is admittedly more Lambretta than Harley Davidson: the chugging rhythms betray its Hawkwind origins and the pitter-patter drums are decidedly naff. Still, it has an amiably jaunty, straightforward sound that suits the producer's rock'n'roll origins, and there's some neat, gimmicky guitar work that sizzles. Additionally, it's the only rock song in the world to feature the word 'parallelogram', of which Lemmy remains immensely proud of to this day. Of course, it's a long way from the 'Head's trademark Wall Of Sound – more of a plasterboard partition in fact – but these were early days, after all.

Besides *Motörhead*, *The Watcher* and *Lost Johnny* are also re-recordings of songs Lemmy had written and recorded with Hawkwind. Additionally, *City Kids* had begun life as a Pink Fairies song, while *Leaving Here* is a cover of a Holland/Dozier/Holland Motown stormer. Of the lesser tracks, we're strangely partial to the weedy *Vibrator* ('*Straight and true and all for you / I'm so eager to please / Stick with me and I'll keep you free / From any nasty disease*') while aimless, meandering blues workout *Fools* appears to include a horn section. The song is dedicated to '*all you managers and agents out there*', in case you were wondering.

With hindsight, you can see why United Artists were reluctant to release *No Parole*. Despite Lemmy's boasts that Motörhead were the most fearsome band on the planet, the sonic results don't really support that claim.

1977's *Motörhead* album was a much tougher beast. Lemmy's vocals sounds much more gruff and aggressive, and newly appointed guitarist 'Fast' Eddie Clarke's playing is positively maniacal. *Motörhead* was born out of a painful period for the band, and it shows: they were on their uppers and on the verge of splitting, until Lemmy became acquainted with Ted Carroll of Chiswick Records. Carroll offered them a smidgeon of studio time, ostensibly to record a single, but the band cranked out an entire album with the support of producer John 'Speedy' Keen, a former member of Thunderclap Newman who had also worked as a chauffeur for The Who's Pete Townshend!

Carroll's faith in Lemmy paid off and *Motörhead* actually charted, reaching the heady heights of Number 43 in the UK (albeit for one week only). The album is basically a re-recording of *On Parole*, minus *Fools* and *Leaving Here*. In their place are *White Line Fever* and *Keep Us On The Road*, as well as a cover of *Train Kept A-Rollin'*. And if you're only familiar with Aerosmith's version of *Train*..., make sure you pop down to your local garden centre for some replacement lawn turfs before checking out Motörhead's rendition. And if you don't know why we're suggesting that, then we ain't explainin'... ♠

Geoff Barton



Mad, bad and dangerous to know: Lemmy and original Motörhead drummer Lucas Fox, 1975.

Blitzing The Opposition

The two albums that really kick-started the Motörhead revolution, propelling them into the atmosphere and placing them firmly in the public's gaze.

Overkill Bronze 1979
Bomber Bronze 1979



On *Overkill* track *No Class*, Motörhead nicked the riff to ZZ Top's *Tush*, previously having acknowledged their love for the Texan trio with a cover of *Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers*, a ZZ classic perfectly suited to the 'Head.

The title track to *Bomber* was inspired after Lemmy read British thriller writer Len Deighton's novel of the same name.

Some rock bands arrive fully formed with a classic debut album: Led Zep, Sabbath, Van Halen, Iron Maiden, Metallica, Guns N' Roses. Not so Motörhead.

The first Motörhead album didn't make waves. But the second and third albums certainly did. *Overkill* and *Bomber*, released seven months apart in 1979, established Motörhead as the loudest, fastest and dirtiest rock 'n' roll band in the world.

Overkill, issued on March 24 (Motörhead's first album for Bronze Records), remains for many Motörheadbangers, the greatest record they ever made – better, even, than the iconic *Ace Of Spades* or the chart-topping live blowout *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*. Featuring half a dozen stone-cold classics – *Stay Clean*, *No Class*, *Damage Case*, *Capricorn*, *Metropolis* and, of course, the thunderous title track – *Overkill* is an album that truly lives up to its name.

Throughout Motörhead's career, Lemmy has always described the band's music as rock 'n' roll – nothing more, nothing less. But with *Overkill*, Motörhead defined a style of rock 'n' roll that was uniquely their own. It sounded like it had been made by a bunch of alcoholic, drug-addicted maniacs – which of course it had. It was as fast and filthy as could be expected of a band whose members included 'Fast' Eddie Clarke and 'Philthy Animal' Taylor. And with Lemmy at the heart of the band's sound – that buzzing bass and three-packs-a-day growl – Motörhead rocked and rolled like no other band on Earth.

The band arrived at this signature sound more by accident than design: much can be attributed simply to their fondness for amphetamines. But the timing of *Overkill*'s release couldn't have been better. Arriving after the punk rock explosion and before the New Wave Of British Heavy Metal really took off, it was, in effect, the missing link between punk and metal, and was duly embraced by fans from both camps.

Recorded at Roundhouse Studios in London – handily placed near the numerous drinking holes of Camden Town – *Overkill* was not a big-budget production. That was never Motörhead's style. But Bronze did stretch to hiring a name producer in Jimmy Miller, whose previous credits included The Rolling Stones' legendary double album *Exile On Main St.* What Miller captured on *Overkill* was a great rock 'n' roll band performing pretty much live in the studio. Never mind perfection: *Overkill* is all about vibe, energy and the kind of hunger that only comes from a band with something to prove.

In 1976, the *NME* dubbed Motörhead "the worst band in the world". But with *Overkill*, Lemmy had his revenge. Any lingering doubts about the band were obliterated by the first cut on the album – the title track, a battering ram of a song, kicked off by Taylor hammering his kit like his namesake Animal from *The Muppet Show* before Lemmy laid out the Motörhead manifesto: "*Only way to feel the noise is when it's good and loud/So good I can't believe it, screaming with the crowd.*"

Motörhead achieved a level of success that only one year earlier seemed unimaginable.

It was a glorious racket, and there was plenty more to follow: the bludgeon riffola of *Damage Case*, the bullish anti-establishment anthem *Stay Clean*, the rollicking, groupie-baiting *Tear Ya Down*, and the vitriolic *No Class*.

But there was more to *Overkill* than loud rock 'n' roll. Two songs, *Capricorn* and *Metropolis*, had a moody quality, a sinister edge. And on the closing track, *Limb From Limb*, Motörhead played a mean blues with an authenticity that few hard rock bands, AC/DC excepted, have ever mustered.

Overkill reached Number 24 on the UK chart, a significant improvement on the debut album's peak of 43. And for the third album, the band didn't mess with a winning formula. Jimmy Miller was retained as producer when Motörhead reconvened at Roundhouse to record *Bomber*. And although it was reported that Miller was by this point heavily addicted to heroin, *Bomber* was another brilliant album with which Motörhead achieved a major commercial breakthrough, hitting Number 12 in the UK.

Cutting two classics in one year is a rare feat, but just as Saxon would do in 1980 (*Wheels Of Steel* and *Strong Arm Of The Law*), so Motörhead did with this double in '79.

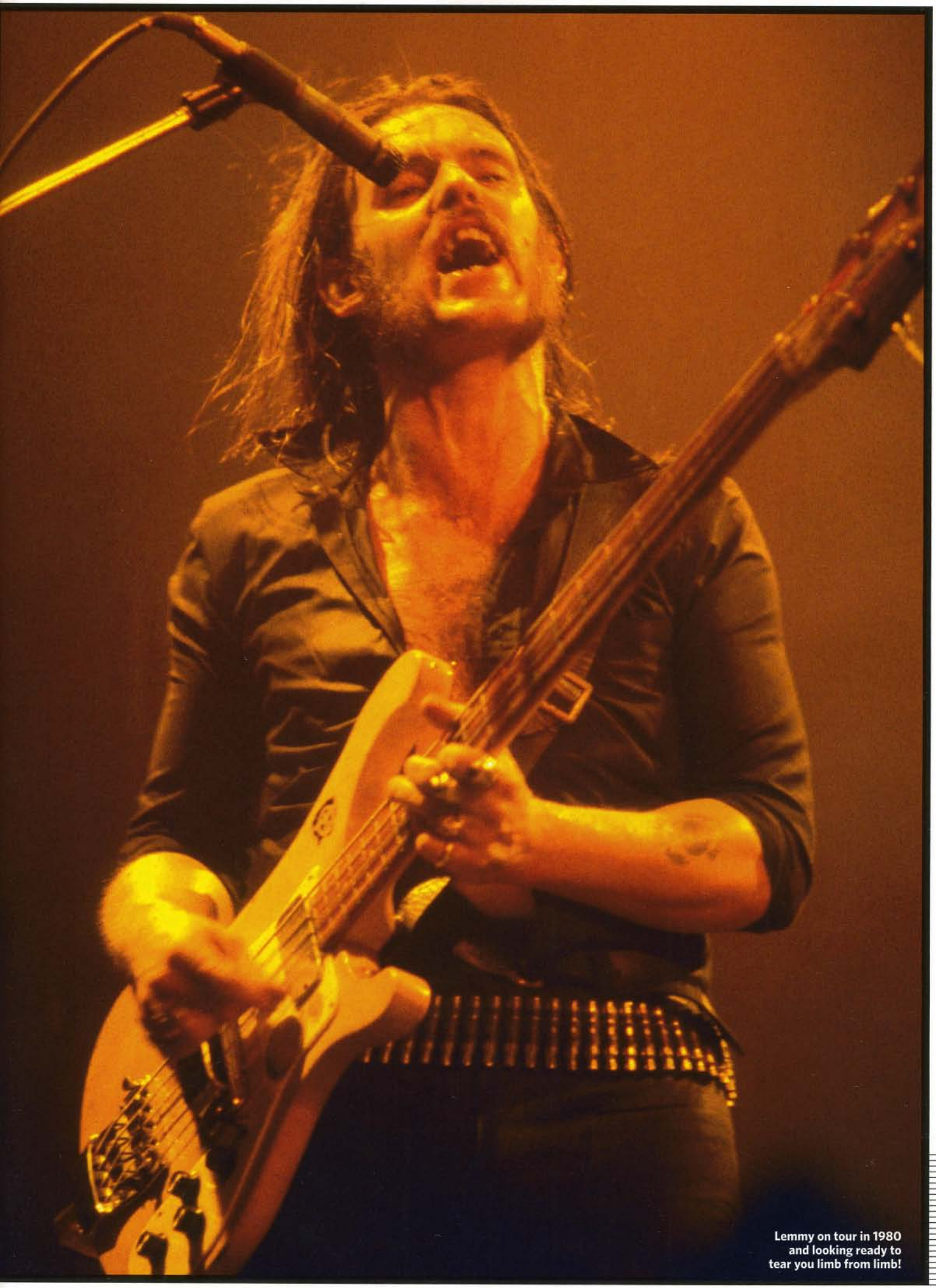
Overkill was the better of the two, but *Bomber* boasted three undisputed Motörhead standards: the title track, a blitzkrieg befitting of its subject matter, informed by Lemmy's enduring fascination with World War II; *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, a warning on the perils of heroin, apparently lost on Miller; and *Stone Dead Forever*, in which Lemmy pondered the meaning of life, while Fast Eddie, such an underrated guitarist, played not one but two killer solos. What's more, even the lesser-known tracks were great: the badass boogie *Lawman*, the frenetic *All The Aces*, and the wasted blues *Step Down*, featuring a sneering lead vocal by Clarke.

With *Overkill* and *Bomber*, Motörhead achieved a level of success that only one year earlier seemed unimaginable. And there was even greater glory to come, with three back-to-back Top Ten albums: *Ace Of Spades*, *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith* and *Iron Fist*. The "worst band in the world", led by the guy kicked out of Hawkwind after being busted for drugs, were victorious. And they'd made it on their own terms.

In addition, *Overkill* and *Bomber* inspired a generation of young metal bands to play ever faster and heavier. Metallica idolized Motörhead, and when they paid tribute by recording four Motörhead songs for the b-side of their 1996 single *Hero Of The Day*, they picked them all from 1979: *Overkill*, *Damage Case*, *Stone Dead Forever* and, fittingly, a track originally released as the b-side to the *Overkill* single, *Too Late, Too Late*.

Metallica's homage ('Motorheadache') proved beyond doubt that what Motörhead created with *Overkill* and *Bomber* was some of the most influential, ass-kicking rock 'n' roll of all time. ♠

Paul Elliott



Lemmy on tour in 1980 and looking ready to tear you limb from limb!

Play Your Cards Right

Gaining confidence, momentum and, ahem, speed, Motörhead kicked into a higher gear and stormed the mainstream on their most celebrated, foot-to-the-floor masterpiece.

Ace of Spades Bronze 1980



Motörhead followed up the huge success of *Ace Of Spades* by collaborating with all-girl heavy metal mob Girlschool for 1981's chart-busting *St. Valentine's Day Massacre* EP. The two bands joined forces on a version of Johnny Kidd & The Pirates' Please Don't Touch and, as Headgirl, later performed the song on legendary TV pop show Top Of The Pops, which helped the record to climb to the dizzy heights of Number Five in the UK singles chart. The remaining two tracks on the EP comprised Motörhead's suitably brutish reading of Girlschool anthem *Emergency*, while the girls repaid the favour by blasting their way through *Bomber*. Girlschool's Denise Dufort played drums on all three tracks after Philthy Phil Taylor reportedly injured himself while playing a drunken game of "Who can lift each other up the highest?"

What happened to Motörhead in 1980 was little short of miraculous. The noisiest band on the planet became a household name in Britain. They had a Top Five album and a Top 20 hit single. They became famous, if not exactly rich. And Lemmy became the only man in history to make warts fashionable. It was, to quote Frank Sinatra, a very good year.

And it wasn't just a good year for Motörhead. 1980 was a phenomenal year for heavy metal – the greatest ever year in terms of just how many classic albums were released inside those 12 months. There was AC/DC's heroic comeback record *Back In Black*: recorded with new singer Brian Johnson following the death of Bon Scott, it went on to become the biggest selling rock album of all time. There was Judas Priest's *British Steel* and Iron Maiden's self-titled debut, released on the same day, April 14! There was Ozzy Osbourne's post-Black Sabbath debut *Blizzard Of Ozz*, and Sabbath's first album with Ronnie James Dio, *Heaven And Hell*. Not one but two classics from Saxon, *Wheels Of Steel* and *Strong Arm Of The Law*; debuts from Def Leppard, Diamond Head, and the Michael Schenker Group; Whitesnake's *Ready An' Willing*, Van Halen's *Women And Children First*, Scorpions' *Animal Magnetism*, *Permanent Waves* by Rush, and, of course, *Ace Of Spades*, Motörhead's most legendary album.

As Judas Priest singer Rob Halford recalled: "1980 was an amazing time. It was like we had a unified metal front. Metalheads all over the world were loving it!" And although Lemmy has always baulked at the notion of Motörhead being described as a heavy metal band, with *Ace Of Spades* they delivered one of the greatest heavy metal albums of all.

As Motörhead entered the new decade, they were operating at a frantic pace. Having released two albums in 1979, *Overkill* and *Bomber*, they were also working to a punishing touring schedule. Not for nothing would their live album be titled *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*. In such circumstances, lesser bands would have burned out. Not this band.

For their fourth album, Motörhead took on a new producer. Jimmy Miller had done a great job on the two previous albums, but the band sill felt there was something missing. Guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke grumbled, "*Bomber* felt wrong. I dunno why, but it wasn't all there."

Replacing Miller was Vic Maile, a veteran whose previous clients included The Who, pub-rock hooligans Dr. Feelgood, and Lemmy's former employers Hawkwind. On August 4, 1980, Motörhead began recording with Maile at his studio, Jackson's, in Rickmansworth, near Watford in Hertfordshire. And it quickly became evident that Maile was the perfect man for the job. He had an intuitive feel for the band's music. And equally importantly, he didn't take any shit from them. As Lemmy stated: "Vic's strength was that he understood rock 'n' roll. He was instinctive. And he had the same sense of humour as me. Basically, he was a cunt!" From Lemmy, this was high praise indeed.

With Ace Of Spades, Motörhead delivered one of the greatest heavy metal albums of all.

The album was cut in just six weeks, finished on September 15. And when the band heard Maile's final mix, they were blown away. Jimmy Miller had never quite managed to harness the full power of Motörhead in the studio, but Maile did with *Ace Of Spades*.

The producer was, at times, a stern taskmaster – the band even nicknamed him 'The Chairman'! But by working the band that little bit harder, he got them sounding tighter, meaner and heavier than ever before, extracting performances of maximum intensity. Drummer Philthy Animal Taylor admitted that Maile had him playing "more solid." Lemmy said simply, "Vic got me singing instead of just shouting all the time." And as Fast Eddie proudly stated: "You can finally hear everything that's going on." Not that *Ace Of Spades* sounded polished: with Motörhead, that was never going to happen. It just sounded better – more in your face.

What Motörhead delivered on *Ace Of Spades* was 12 tracks of blistering heavy metal rock 'n' roll. "This album is really fast," Eddie Clarke told *Sounds*. And he wasn't kidding. Motörhead had always played fast, but on *Ace Of Spades* they played, as Clarke said, really fast. "Maybe," the guitarist suggested, somewhat disingenuously, "we had some good speed. But whatever it is, I love it."

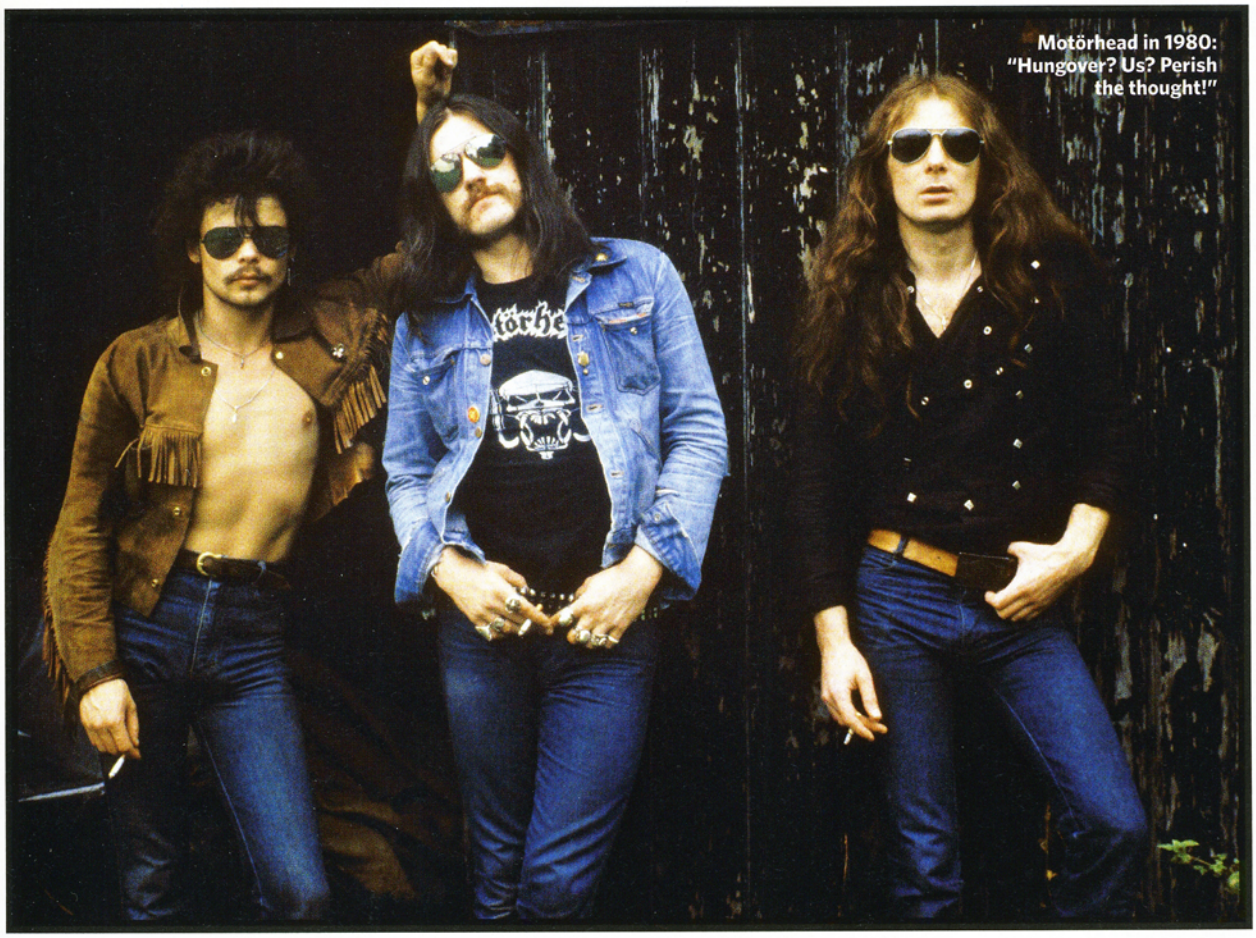
It was the fastest song on the album that would ultimately define the band's entire career: the title track. Two minutes and fifty seconds of hell-for-leather fury, *Ace Of Spades* is quite simply one of the greatest rock 'n' roll songs of all time. Issued as single on October 27, 1980 – 12 days before the album's release – it hit Number 15 on the UK chart and propelled the album into the Top Ten, where it peaked at number four.

But there was more than one great song on this album. Even after knocking out two long-players in the previous year, Motörhead still had plenty of gas in the tank, and *Ace Of Spades* is full of essential Motörhead tracks: some faster than others, but all of them as heavy as a sack of gravel and as foul as a Hell's Angel's jeans.

(We Are) The Road Crew is one of the greatest songs ever written about the touring life, right up there with AC/DC's *Ride On*. For Motörhead, being on the road wasn't just a part of the job: it was a way of life. As Lemmy once said: "The bus is where I live. I am a road clone." But where Bon Scott contemplated the isolation of the travelling rock star in *Ride On*, Lemmy wrote from the perspective of the men who, in the most literal sense, put the Motörhead show on the road. *(We Are) The Road Crew* was both a heartfelt dedication to his loyal companions and a brutally honest portrayal of a lifestyle in which manic over-stimulation and crushing ennui went hand in hand. "*I just love the life I lead/Another beer is what I need/Another gig, my ears bleed… Another bloody customs post/Another fucking foreign coast/Another set of scars to boast…*" The music matched the subject



The Gambler: Lemmy fails to contain his pre-win excitement



Motörhead in 1980: "Hungover? Us? Perish the thought!"

matter perfectly, its punishing rhythm replicating the merciless grind of a 20-gigs-in-21-days tour. And when the members of the crew first heard the song during a playback in the studio, one of them was moved to tears.

Three other songs represent Motörhead at their sleaziest. *The Chase Is Better Than The Catch* is the slowest and therefore longest track on the album, as it's basically the same idea only slower, and it has Lemmy confessing that he's a "demon lech" who likes "a little innocent bitch" and, naturally, "a little whizz". *Jailbait* – the clue is in the title – is every mother's nightmare. And on the heavily metaphorical *Love Me Like A Reptile*, Lem finally meets his match in a cold-blooded, predatory female. He drools over this "scaly baby" with a "soft white belly" before promising to shock her "like an electric eel", which is not, strictly speaking, in keeping with the song's general theme – an eel is not a reptile but a fish – but, well, this is Lemmy, not David fucking Attenborough.

And to finish, there is arguably the meanest song this band ever recorded: *The Hammer*. A dose of archetypal Motörhead aggro, it has Lemmy reveling in the role of bogeyman, snarling all manner of threats ("*There ain't no way you'll see another day*") before delivering his final judgment: "*Believe me, The Hammer's coming… Down!*" For an album that fully encapsulated Motörhead's motto – Everything Louder Than Everything Else – *The Hammer* was a suitably deafening finale.

Even the cover image on *Ace Of Spades* was perfect: Motörhead, the classic rock 'n' roll outlaws, posing as Western gunslingers with black Stetsons and bullet belts. Fast Eddie even sported a fetching poncho. But as Lemmy freely admitted, the desert setting was not authentic. "It was meant to look like the Wild West," he said, "but we did the cover shot at a quarry in South Mimms. The sky was natural. The only thing people don't know is that the spades on my trousers are only on one leg, so I could only have my picture taken from one side!"

"Ace Of Spades is not just the greatest Motörhead album but the greatest album ever made, period."

For many, *Ace Of Spades* is Motörhead's masterpiece. Arguably, *Overkill* was the band's most groundbreaking and influential record, but *Ace Of Spades* is surely the definitive Motörhead album. And for one Motörhead obsessive – Napalm Death singer Barney Greenway, who has the band's skull emblem tattooed on his leg – *Ace Of Spades* is not just the greatest Motörhead album but the greatest album ever made, period. "*Ace Of Spades* is my favourite album of all time," Greenway says. "It's just so mean and nasty and raw, so loud and fast and obnoxious! And the songs are just amazing. Without the songs, you're nothing. And *Ace Of Spades* has brilliant songs."

Ace Of Spades was Motörhead's big commercial breakthrough, but as Greenway says, "That band never compromised, never kissed ass. They didn't give a flying fuck about anything, and you can hear it on *Ace Of Spades*. The production is brilliant – punchy as fuck. And yet it all sounds so spontaneous and off-the-cuff. They just let the brake off the train. They played so fast – Philthy was like a caveman! And that was Motörhead."

In a year in which so many great heavy metal bands released so many classic albums, *Ace Of Spades* confirmed Motörhead as the heaviest band in the world. "Motörhead were always one step beyond, heavier than everyone else," says Barney Greenway. "And in that sense, they were the first extreme band. Everything that came after, from Venom to Metallica to Napalm, it all started with Motörhead. If I really got into it, I'd probably burst into tears – that's how much the band means to me! Motörhead changed my life. And with *Ace Of Spades*, they were at their peak – absolutely fucking untouchable!" ♠

Paul Elliott

FIN COSTELLO/GETTY IMAGES



ERICA ECHENBERG/GETTY IMAGES



Lemmy decides that the photo shoot has run its natural course.

"You can't sing about spinning fruit!"

The life and times of *Ace Of Spades*, the ultimate Motörhead anthem...

It is the one Motörhead song known all over the world. A deathless rock classic that has paid for Lemmy's booze, fags and drugs for more than 30 years. The definitive Motörhead anthem: *Ace Of Spades*.

There are many great Motörhead songs – *Overkill, Bomber, Killed By Death* et al – but if there's one song above all others that epitomizes Motörhead's take-no-prisoners rock 'n' roll sensibility and live-fast-die-fast ethos, this is it.

Motörhead were already cult heroes before *Ace Of Spades* crashed into the UK Top 20 in November 1980. But with this one song, they became genuine, world famous rock 'n' roll legends. And when they performed *Ace Of Spades* on *The Young Ones* – one of the biggest TV comedy shows of the 80s – everyone fell in love with Motörhead. Not just headbangers – *everyone*.

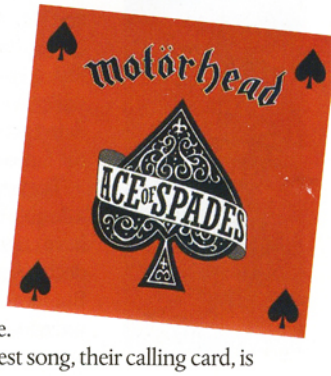
Essentially, *Ace Of Spades* is much like many other Motörhead songs. It's loud, fast and heavy, and it's done in less than three minutes: an electrifying white-knuckle ride. But amid all this frantic, full-throttle noise there is genuine craft. Brilliantly written, arranged and performed, *Ace Of Spades* is simply a classic song, regardless of genre.

It has a great tune – something not always immediately associated with Motörhead. It has a fantastic lead vocal from Lemmy – due, in some small part, to Vic Maile's expert coaching. It has Philthy not so much playing as assaulting his drums, and Fast Eddie nailing the best solos of his life. And it has some clever touches, too: the descending notes in the main riff, the sharp gearshifts, the sudden breakdown, the screech-to-a-halt climax.

Musically, *Ace Of Spades* is a tour de force. And lyrically, it is Lemmy's crowning glory. "I used gambling metaphors," he said. "Mostly cards and dice." And in one stanza, he delivered the greatest fuck-you in all of rock 'n' roll history: *"You know I'm born to lose, and gambling's for fools/But that's the way I like it baby/I don't wanna live forever… And don't forget the joker!"*

As Lemmy later admitted: "I'm more into the one-arm bandits, actually." But he reasoned: "You can't really sing about spinning fruit!"

In the three decades since *Ace Of Spades* was first released, more than 20 different artists of wildly varying renown have covered the song. In 1998, DJ duo DDR & The Geezer did an acid techno version, for which they should have been shot. Subversive bluegrass crew Hayseed Dixie fared considerably better with their take, which appeared on their 2004 album *Let There Be Rockgrass*. Interestingly, comedian and actor Adrian Edmondson, star of aforementioned sitcom classic *The Young Ones*, recently covered *Ace* too, with his punk-folk band The Bad Shepherds. Thankfully, most other versions have been by rock and metal bands, such as Crowbar, Bathory and the Reverend Horton Heat. But ultimately, it was Motörhead themselves who would cut the best alternative version of *Ace Of Spades* – as a slow acoustic blues, featured in the 2010 TV advert for Kronenbourg lager in which Lemmy took a starring role.



30 years on, Motörhead's greatest song, their calling card, is still paying the bills. ♠

Paul Elliott



"Phil, I thought you said *you* packed the No Doz pills?": Motörhead prepare for another sleepless night.

Intensities in several cities

Recorded nowere near Hammersmith, *No Sleep...* remains a classic of the live album genre

No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith Bronze 1981



This live album's misleading title coined a catchy phrase that groups have since taken great pleasure in spoofing. Beastie Boys came first, with *No Sleep Till Brooklyn* (which featured Slayer's Kerry King on guitar) off their 1986 debut LP *Licensed To Ill*, later followed by Stiff Little Fingers' *No Sleep 'Til Belfast*, and Morris Minor & The Majors' parody song *Stutter Rap (No Sleep Til Bedtime)*. Motörhead referenced the title themselves with 1988 live LP, *Nö Sleep At All*.

The moment that everyone knew Motörhead had made it to the big-time, to a truly major level, came when this album topped the UK album charts in the June of 1981, spending 21 weeks in the upper reaches all in all. From all of the hard work of the previous few years the group finally reaped a deserved reward, as the loudest, nastiest and filthiest trio on the planet captivated the bold hearts and punctured eardrums of the mainstream.

Much of this album was recorded at concerts in Leeds and Newcastle between March 28-30, 1981, on the band's Short Sharp Pain In The Neck tour, which took in just five dates and didn't actually include any date at the famed Hammersmith Odeon.

The original idea was for the band to cut a double live album, but they simply didn't have enough material, so in the end it was decided to limit it to just a single record. But that doesn't detract at all from what we get here. While there might have been a certain cachet to the double live effort – following in the footsteps of Deep Purple, Thin Lizzy and UFO – the power of the music here was more than sufficient to hold everyone in the band's thrall. They are simply unstoppable.

From the moment that *Ace Of Spades* kicks everything off, to the point when the anthemic *Motorhead* itself brings it all to a suitable climax, this is Motörhead at the top of their game: pure live rock 'n' roll from a band who understood what this was all about far better than anyone else.

...pure live rock'n'roll from a band who understood what this was all about.

There was also a feeling that the band were actually about to take a leap towards fresh horizons, and that *No Sleep...* would put the seal on their career to date. In the end it became not so much a representation of the Lemmy/Philthy Animal/Fast Eddie line-up reaching its apogee, as a celebration of an era when true metal had been reborn. And while Motörhead were never really a NWOBHM band, the birth of that genre nevertheless gave them a massive boost and led to what would become the most commercially productive period in the band's lengthy history.

Anyone who had seen Motörhead live before could quickly identify the authentic sound of the band on this album. There were no studio overdubs, something which had blighted live albums by other bands. Here were the trio, proud to be loud and blazing away as only they could. The atmosphere is electric, and even *Iron Horse/Born To Lose*, recorded earlier in 1980, slots right into place. In fact, it's hard to pick out highlights, because it's the whole flow that makes sense. Producer Vic Maile did a superb job in ensuring sonic continuity between the tracks.

Subsequently, there have been versions with extra tracks added. But while the whole set was restored on the double CD version about a decade ago, including alternate takes, it's still the version released in June 1981 that resonates most powerfully. This is where you hear the majesty and fire of a great band. If anyone ever asks you what was so special about Motörhead at this juncture in their career, just refer them to *No Sleep...* ♠

Malcolm Dome



Denim and leather brought them all together: Lemmy, Phil Taylor and Eddie Clarke, mucking about during the *Iron Fist* sessions.

Fast Eddie Clarke's Last Stand

This swansong for Motörhead's early classic line-up is far better than Lemmy remembers it

Iron Fist Bronze 1982

There's always been a belief that this last album to feature the classic line-up of Lemmy, Philthy Animal and Fast Eddie together was something of a disappointment. That, after the highs of *Ace Of Spades*, the *St. Valentine's Day Massacre* EP and epochal, chart-topping live album *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*, the band had somewhat let themselves down here. Nonsense. This is actually a very underrated record. One that deserves more praise than criticism.

If there is a problem here then it's down to the production more than anything else. Vic Maile had done such a great job on *Ace Of Spades* and *No Sleep...* that he was the obvious candidate this time around as well, and Motörhead did start work with him at his own Jackson's Studios in Hertfordshire. But then, the band took a break to play some shows with NWOBHM group Tank as main support, and this is when the change was made.

Motörhead guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke had produced Tank's 1982 debut album, *Filth Hounds Of Hades*, with help from Will Reid Dick, and Clarke made it known that he was unhappy with what the band had so far done with Maile. So, it was decided that dispense with the latter, and have the Fast Eddie/Reid Dick combination produce the new record, at both Morgan and Ramport Studios in London.

Ultimately, this decision would prove a mistake, something the band have subsequently acknowledged. Although this suggests the production was poor, while *Iron Fist* might have lacked the crispness and sparkle Maile brought to the previous records, it's still more than decent. It's also been intimated that the band were happy to go along with Fast Eddie because it saved them money. While this might have been true, the momentum the band had at the time would surely have meant more than saving a few pennies.

Faced with pretenders to their throne, Motörhead pumped out the riffs

But if there were – and are – indications that the production could have been better, the songs were ripe and rampant. There are some real winners here, with the title song, *Go To Hell* and *(Don't Let 'Em) Grind You Down* particularly strong. In fact, for the most part, the album showed that Motörhead weren't about to slow down or ease up, despite the passing of the years. Faced with younger bands and pretenders to their throne, the trio could still pump out the riffs and put the pedal to the metal better than most.

The album might not have done as well as either *Ace Of Spades* or *No Sleep...*, but it still got to Number Six on the UK charts, with the song *Iron Fist* itself making it into the Top 30 singles chart; hardly signs that the public had fallen out of love with the band.

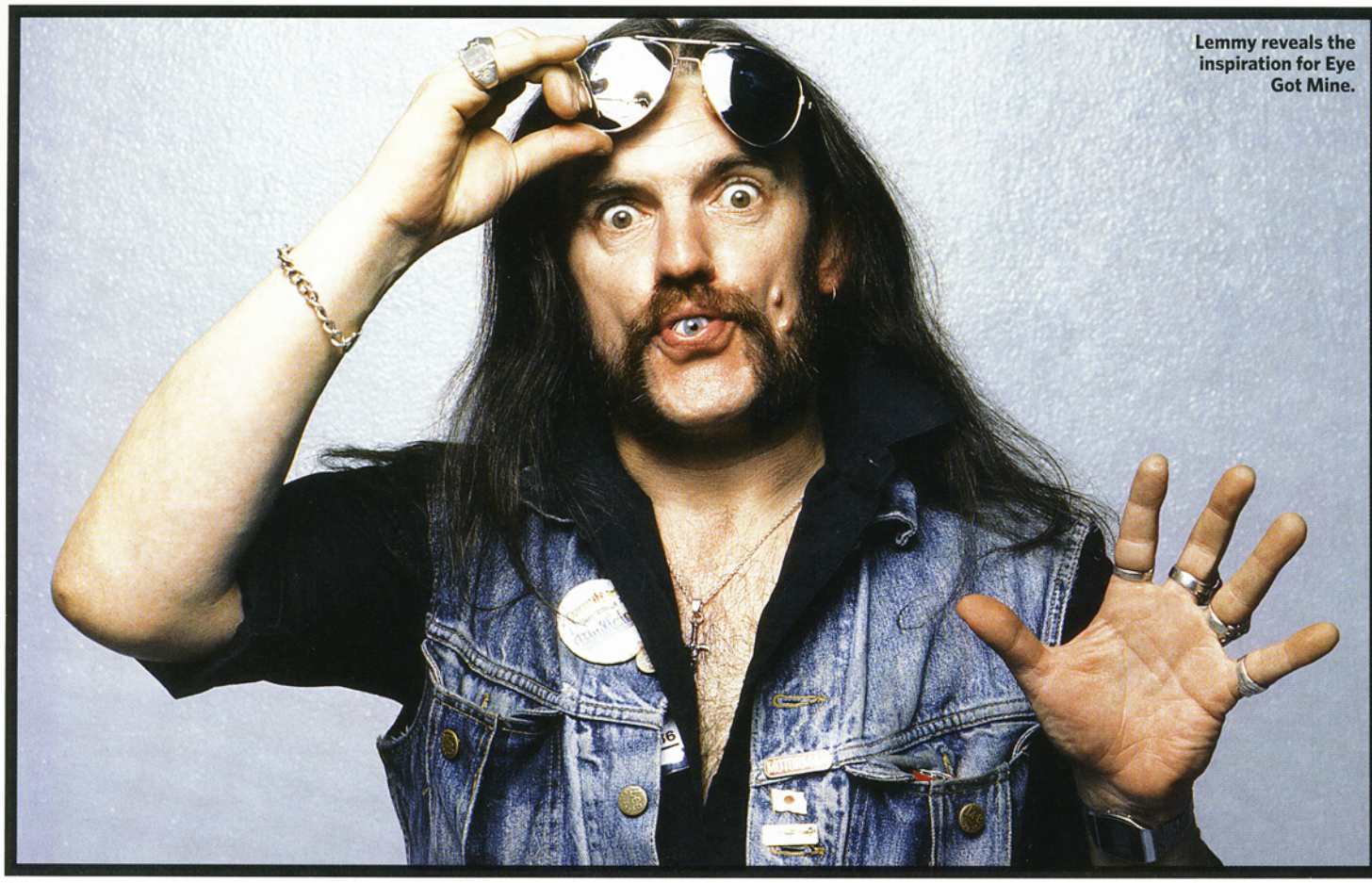
This album was, of course, to prove Fast Eddie's farewell to Motörhead. The album was released in April 1982, and within a month the guitarist had quit, after a show in New York. Perhaps this was the right point for the band to have a change of guitarist. But you can't help but wonder what they could have done on the next album, should Clarke have stayed. ♠

Malcolm Dome



Back in 1978, Motörhead had volunteered their services for a benefit gig at Camden's Roundhouse venue organised by Dr Feelgood guitarist Wilko Johnson, in aid of preserving some William Wordsworth manuscripts. Due to some contractual shenanigans, they weren't allowed to perform under the Motörhead name, and so chose Iron Fist And The Hordes Of Hell as their nom du rock that night. Five years later, Lemmy dusted off the brutish name to fittingly title the fifth Motörhead album.

GETTY IMAGES



Lemmy reveals the inspiration for Eye Got Mine.

The Perfect Storm...

Motörhead's more melodic sixth album caused controversy among their hardcore fans.

Another Perfect Day Bronze 1983



None of the album's 10 songs were performed live by the band between guitarist Brian "Robbo" Robertson's departure in 1983 and 2004.

Producer Tony Platt had previously worked with Iron Maiden, AC/DC and Bob Marley.

On first release the album included an insert lyric sheet with a cartoon strip featuring the new line-up.

Brazilian metal band Sepultura's name was inspired by translating the album track *Dancing On Your Grave*.

Larking around with Girlschool for the 1981 *St. Valentine's Day Massacre* EP seemed perfectly natural. Girlschool were, after all, a junior female version of Lemmy and the boys. But when Lemmy cropped up on The Young & Moody Band's collaboration with The Nolans on the same year's *Don't Do That* eyebrows were undoubtedly raised. When Lemmy decided to duet with the late Wendy O'Williams of The Plasmatics on a cover of the Tammy Wynette Country & Western standard *Stand By Your Man*, guitarist "Fast" Eddie Clarke decided enough was enough. He promptly quit the band midway through their 1982 US tour.

His replacement was ex-Thin Lizzy guitarist and noted firebrand Brian Robertson, who had been plying his trade in Wild Horses and was supposedly working on a solo album. Robertson agreed to complete the tour with Motörhead and signed up for an album too, which became *Another Perfect Day*.

It was always going to be a gamble. Motörhead had spent the previous seven years establishing themselves as one of the leading pioneers of metal and now the genre was enjoying unprecedented success in the UK. Robertson had twice been sacked from Thin Lizzy, no strangers themselves to the rock 'n' roll lifestyle. Although his tenure with the equally gregarious Motörhead was not shot through with tales of debauchery, the flame-haired guitar slinger still created enough of a stir to raise the hackles of many long-term fans.

It was going to be a gamble... Robertson raised the hackles of many fans.

However Robertson should not bear the brunt of the Motörheadbangers' ire for *Another Perfect Day*, although he was certainly hated by some at the time. In the face of the unqualified success of *Ace Of Spades* and *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*, and the more brutal attack of *Iron Fist*, *Another Perfect Day*'s melodically inclined grooves were a shock, causing some resistance from fans. But most now agree that time has treated *Another Perfect Day* well and it sits happily in the Motörhead canon as one of their better albums.

True, the singles *Shine* and *I Got Mine* were more melodic than fans of the "we fear change" variety had been used to, but surely bringing in fresh blood had revamped a tried and tested method? Hence the likes of *Dancing On Your Grave* and *Another Perfect Day* itself have become mainstays of the band's live set in recent years where previously Motörhead would ignore the album. Both *Back At The Funny Farm* and *Die You Bastard!* pack a serious punch and even the bluesy *One Track Mind* pre-empted *1916*'s *The One To Sing The Blues*.

Where Robbo did come a cropper was when the band headed out on the road in support of *Another Perfect Day*. Perhaps some fans could stomach his cropped bright red hair, though less so his penchant for wearing skimpy silk shorts and ballet shoes. But what really did for Robbo was his refusal to play the older Motörhead songs fans really wanted to hear. Now that was sacrilege. This isn't just heavy metal we're talking about after all. It's Motörhead! ♠

Jerry Ewing



Lemmy reveals his plan to remove drummer Pete Gill using a giant claw.

Heading For Aural Pleasure

Despite a merry-go-round of line-up changes, Motörhead still come up with the goods!

Orgasmatron GWR 1986

Few were surprised when Brian Robertson's tenure in Motörhead failed to last beyond the world tour for *Another Perfect Day*. However Lemmy surprised even more people when he turned to two relative unknowns to replace him, in the shape of ex-Persian Risk man Phil Campbell and a fresh-out-of-the-army Würzel (real name Michael Burston). However no sooner had the new line-up filmed a slot for comedy show *The Young Ones*, performing their classic *Ace Of Spades*, than drummer Phil 'Philthy Animal' Taylor quit to hook back up with Robertson in the short-lived Operator.

"Did I leave them or did they leave me?" opined Lemmy, who recruited ex-Saxon man Pete Gill for the vacant drum stool. The first fruits of the new line-up were four new tracks cut for the Bronze compilation *No Remorse*, including the ebullient *Killed By Death*, but then legal wrangles prevented the band from recording new material for two years, during which time they toured relentlessly.

Finally released from Bronze Records and the legal shackles of that period, the band signed up to a new label run by their management, GWR, and entered London's Master Rock studios with legendary art rock musician/producer Bill Laswell. The collaboration, which might have appeared strange on paper (although admittedly how many Motörhead fans actually knew who Laswell was or what his musical past entailed is open to debate), but the end result was without a doubt the band's strongest 80s album after *Ace Of Spades*.

Orgasmatron is the heaviest offering in the Motörhead canon.

Despite their raw ferocity, an inherent tunefulness always lay at the heart of Motörhead's music, and thus is the case with *Orgasmatron*. And yet in adding an extra dimension to the band's cut and thrust, Laswell also manages to achieve the astonishing task of making Motörhead sound heavier than they had before. For there's no doubt about it, *Orgasmatron* is the heaviest offering in the Motörhead canon. At the time the likes of *Deaf Forever* and the title track (the latter would later be covered by both Brazilian thrashers Sepultura and Norwegian black metallers Satyricon) held their own against the burgeoning thrash metal scene, and seemed like a defiant two fingers up to the overtly commercial *Another Perfect Day*, ably abetted by the enigmatic *Doctor Rock* and *Built For Speed*.

Originally to be titled *Ridin' With The Driver* and only changed to *Orgasmatron* at the last minute (hence the Joe Petagno artwork depicting Snaggletooth at the head of a pile driving steam train), *Orgasmatron* put Motörhead back in the charts, reaching Number 21 in the UK. On something of a roll, the band took to the road in support of the album, a venture which saw them make their first and only appearance at the Monsters Of Rock Festival at Donington, on a bill with Def Leppard, Scorpions, Ozzy Osbourne and comedy metal band Bad News.

However the stability that Lemmy seemed to have found would soon be rocked, first by the departure of Pete Gill, who was replaced by the returning Philthy Animal Taylor, and then by further legal wrangles later in the decade. ♠

Jerry Ewing



The song *Orgasmatron* was re-recorded in 2000 and was available as an internet only download titled *Orgasmatron 2000*. The new version was also later included on the band's box set *Stone Deaf Forever!*

The film *Eat The Rich*, from the team that brought you *The Comic Strip Presents...* featured Lemmy as well as tracks taken from *Orgasmatron* and a solo effort from Würzel.



Raconteurs or wrecks on tour? Motörhead on the road in America, 1991.

And now for something completely different!

Lemmy parties with a Python and channels the horrors of war for two mid-period monsters

Rock 'N' Roll GWR 1987
1916 WTG 1991





Producer Ed Stasium (Ramones, Living Colour) recorded four songs for *1916*, before Lemmy fired him after detecting extra percussion instruments Stasium had added to the tracks without Lem's knowledge. Stasium denies this story, and says Lemmy's fearsome drug and alcohol appetite drove him to quit the sessions for *1916*.

The sessions for *Rock 'N' Roll* were not entirely professional. In his autobiography, Lemmy recalls that guitarist Würzel was "having a bad time… his old lady kept coming up and chasing him around". Behind the desk, Guy Bidmead was out of his depth ("our biggest mistake was choosing him to produce it").

On one particularly surreal afternoon, ex-Python Michael Palin arrived in full '40s cricket regalia – "the striped blazer, the duck trousers, the fucking white pumps, a V-necked sweater, with his hair all brushed over to one side," smirks Lem – to reprise his speech from *Monty Python's The Meaning Of Life* for the close of the song *Stone Deaf In The USA*.

While the resulting album didn't give *Ace Of Spades* any sleepless nights – it hobbled to UK #34 in September 1987 – *Rock 'n' Roll* remains considerably better than Lemmy's lukewarm verdict ("it's not a bad album, but overall it just didn't seem to work"). Take *Dogs*: a feral, heel-snapping rocker with Lem's ravaged vocals straining at the leash. Or *Boogeyman*: a heads-down thrash classic with seismic drums from the returned Phil Taylor. Then there's *Eat The Rich*, a track good enough to atone for Lemmy's cameo in the Comic Strip movie.

1916 is better, though. Put it down to Lemmy's move to LA, the band's new deal with WTG, or the inspiration of a TV programme on the battle of the Somme, but the frontman sounds invigorated and restless, like he's kicking out against the band's stereotype.

> **"We weren't trying to change, insists Lemmy. "We just did."**

It's a stretch to suggest that *1916* represents a musical volte-face: there's still a glut of snarling rockers, among the best of which are *R.A.M.O.N.E.S* and *Going To Brazil*. At the same time, it's one of only a handful of Motörhead albums that show true artistic growth, with the title track and *Nightmare/The Dreamtime* working keyboard parts into the mix without castrating the band's identity (*1916* even features a string section, for Christ's sake). "It's not like we were trying to change," insists Lemmy, "we just did."

An album of two halves, then, and that goes for the lyrics too. True, the title track sees Lemmy turn in some genuinely moving WWI-inspired couplets: *'I heard my friend cry / And he sank to his knees coughing blood, as he screamed for his mother'*. But then he turns the mood on a sixpence with a volley of his most bafflingly brilliant lines to date on *I'm So Bad (Baby I Don't Care)*: *'I make love to mountain lions / Sleep on red-hot branding irons / When I walk the roadway shakes / Bed's a mess of rattlesnakes'*. Er, right.

Not for nothing does Lemmy count *1916* amongst Motörhead's greatest albums. It's funny, imaginative, light-footed – and heavy as hell. A vintage year, you might say… ♠

Henry Yates



Lemmy in his LA bunker, 1992: the acoustic guitar is evidence of Motörhead's ill-advised move into ballad territory.

Win some, Lose some

Motörhead follow their wimpy major label misfire with a satisfyingly brutish return to form

March Ör Die Epic 1992
Bastards Zyx 1993

It was with some trepidation that this writer dusted down the less-than-legendary *March Ör Die*, an album that has not been remembered with much fondness since its 1992 release, if it is remembered at all. Even the greatest bands on earth are entitled to the odd stinker and this was Motörhead's: badly produced, generic, dull even, and often absent from many Motörhead collections. There's a pointless cover of Ted Nugent's *Cat Scratch Fever*, and the all-star *Hellraiser* (featuring Ozzy and Zakk Wylde) disappoints all round. Meanwhile, brilliantly written ballad *I Ain't No Nice Guy* is moping about on completely the wrong album, despite guest spots from Ozzy and Slash. Brilliantly written? Well, yes, but probably not for Motörhead, who one rarely looks to for wallowing self-pity. Moving to Hollywood does that to everyone, it seems, even Lemmy. Ozzy sounds like he means it, too.

Internal troubles certainly didn't help this album, with fan favourite Philthy Animal Taylor getting fired halfway through the recording (Whitesnake's Tommy Aldridge filled in on drums), but moreover it was the wrong album at the wrong time: thanks to the band's own legacy, rock fans were demanding heavier music and, ironically, Motörhead weren't delivering. To top it all Lemmy had buggered off to live in Hollywood and the band were signed to a major label, both of which were treasonous acts in the olden days. The rock that is Motörhead, in more ways than one, was crumbling. Fortunately, Motörhead are always listenable and *March Ör Die* is just that.

Ballads?! One rarely looks to Motorhead for wallowing self-pity.

Thankfully, a year later, the band released *Bastards*, if not exactly a return to top form, then at least a record with enough barnstormers to keep the fans happy. The aptly named *Burner* left scorch marks in its wake, clocking in at less than three minutes, while *Born To Raise Hell* was everything *Hellraiser* should have been, and then some: a work of anthemic genius. Motörhead sounded like they were having fun again, bringing the shake with, erm, *We Bring The Shake*, and making the ladies jiggle with *Bad Woman*. But, again, the stumbling blocks came with the ballads: the heartfelt *Don't Let Daddy Kiss Me*, dealing with child abuse, is hardly well placed when you've just been *Born To Raise Hell* ('*We know how to do it and we do it real well!*') Like, major downer, anyone? And *Lost In The Ozone* is a waste of space, especially in the presence of the growling and snarling *Liar*.

By now the band had settled on the seemingly solid line-up of Lemmy, Phil Campbell, Wurzel and Mikkey Dee, (though Wurzel was to quit after the next album, the magnificent *Sacrifice*) and *Bastards* was a large stride in the right direction to winning back the lost legions. There was plenty of life in the old bastards yet! ♠

Mörat

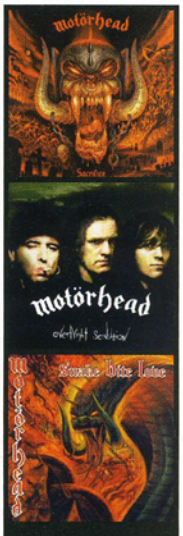


1992's *March Ör Die*, their major label debut and first album since Lemmy moved to Hollywood, saw Motörhead enlist big name guests like Ozzy and Slash in a bid for the 'big-time'. By *Bastards*, however, they'd been dropped by Epic, but delivered a much better (and celeb-free) album.

Snake Bite and Black Metal

Motörhead's albums from the latter half of the 90s were overshadowed by deluxe rereleases of their stellar back catalogue, reckons Lemmy. A shame, as these records were corkers.

Sacrifice SPV 1995
Overnight Sensation Steamhammer 1996
Snake Bite Love CMC 1998



Lemmy would later recall that sessions for 1995's *Sacrifice* album were marred by the evident disinterest of both Motörhead guitarist Würzel, and producer Howard Benson, who Lemmy has suggested was distracted by a recently-accepted role as A&R man with a new label named Giant. Würzel's lethargic contributions to the set, meanwhile, signalled the end of his tenure with Motörhead. *Sacrifice* remains one of Lemmy's favourites, however, writing in the sleeve notes that when you play the album, "Your girlfriend's clothes fall off." Magic.

During the late 90s, it wasn't unusual for Lemmy to bemoan the fact that nobody was buying new Motörhead albums. "All they want to hear is the old stuff," he once said. "But let me tell you, the new songs are just as good."

At the time, such claims seemed like the desperate delusion of a man fighting to stem the inevitable tide of indifference engulfing every new release. The problem was that Motörhead's back catalogue had just begun to get extensively reissued. So, for every new release, the band were going head to head with one of their classics. But now? In the cold light of day, these albums are not only better than they seemed back then, they're actually *rather good*.

Sacrifice marked the end of Würzel's tenure in the band after a decade, having seemingly lost interest in the band. Lemmy would complain bitterly that Würzel contributed very little to this album, and appeared content to coast along. While credited with co-writing most of the material, the guitarist was a mere shadow of his former self. This problem was compounded by the fact that producer Howard Benson wasn't able to fully concentrate on the album, due to other projects he was involved in. This left engineer Ryan Dorn to oversee much of the recording. Therefore, this album could easily have ended up as something of a mess. The fact that it doesn't is thanks to the work of Campbell, who stepped things up a notch or two. Drummer Mikkey Dee was also fully immersed in the project, which was only his second album with the band.

The band had come up with some seriously good songs. Overtly rock 'n' roll tracks like the title song, *Make 'Em Blind*, *Sex & Death* and *Out Of The Sun* were not just paying lip service to the Motörhead legend. Lemmy was correct when he suggested that, had any of these tunes appeared on their late 70s/early 80s albums, they'd have been hailed as Motörhead classics. As it was, *Sacrifice* failed to chart anywhere except for Germany. But the use of the song *Sacrifice* on the soundtrack of *Tromeo And Juliet* (a subversive take on the Shakespeare classic from the Troma horror-movie studio, featuring a guest appearance from Lemmy) did help to give that track some extra life.

By 1996, the band had slimmed down to their classic trio format, beginnning their longest period of stability, coining a line-up that remains unchanged to this day. The first album from the new-look band was *Overnight Sensation*, the third to be produced by Howard Benson, with experienced engineer Duane Baron (who had worked previously with Ozzy and Dream Theater) adding crucial support. Again, time has been kind to this record, not least because the band's steady drift towards a heavier style confirms that they were rising to the challenge of a new era. It was as if all the problems on *Sacrifice* had only served to reinvigorate the band: *Civil War*, *Crazy Like A Fox* and *Murder Show* find Motörhead rediscovering their desire for speed. It's tempting to suggest that Motörhead's 'lucky number 13' studio release *Overnight Sensation* was their best album since *1916*, five years earlier. Certainly, the album would prove a good omen for what was to follow two years later.

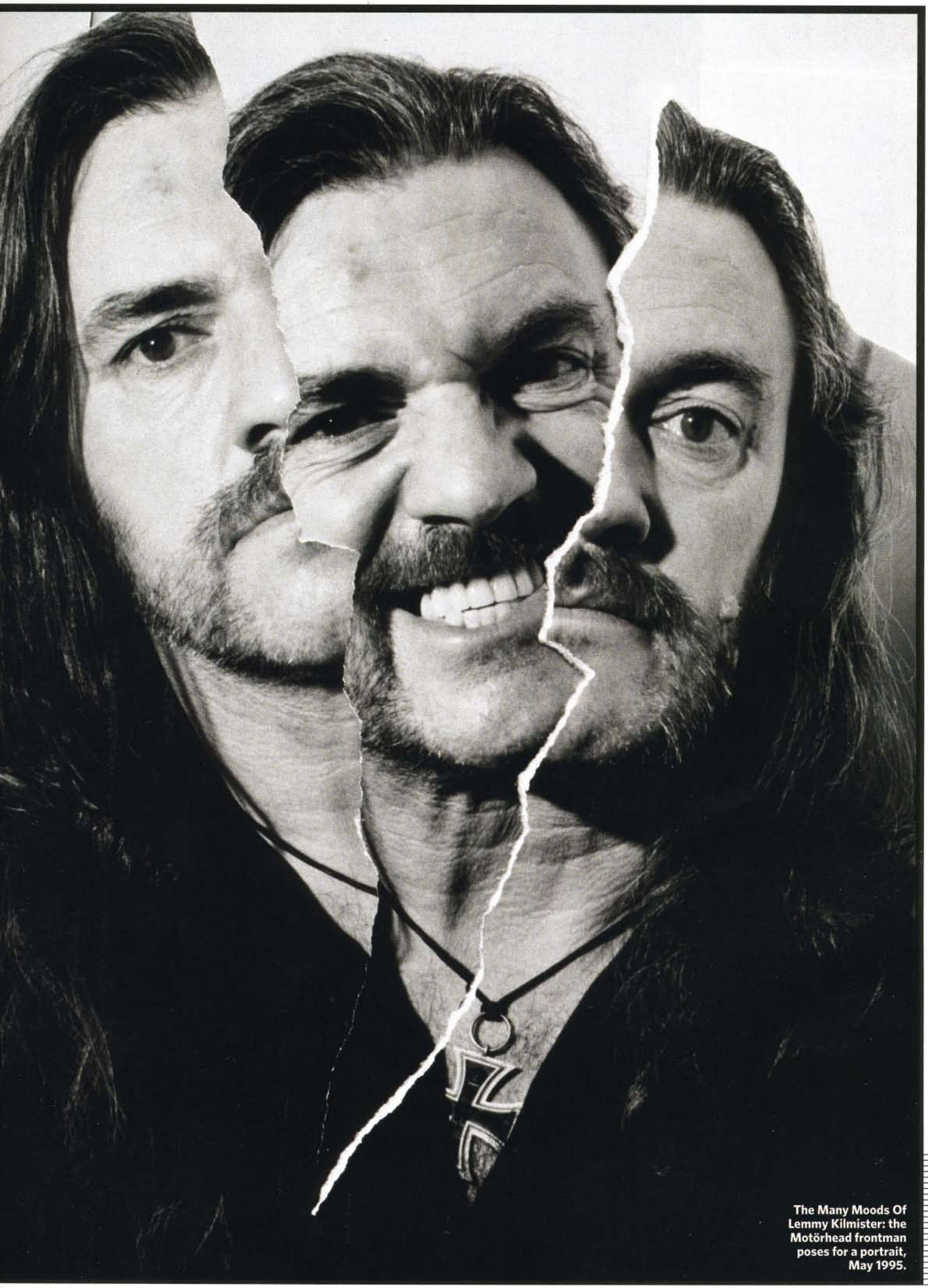
The trio were growing together, revealing more sides to their musical personalities...

1998's *Snake Bite Love* put Lemmy and his comrades back in the US Billboard album charts for the first in six years, albeit just inside the Top 200. This was a record that came together comparatively quickly, even though Lemmy was ill for some of the early writing stages which, as he admitted later on, led to Campbell and Dee (non-singers, both) coming up with some odd vocal ideas for the songs.

Such was the rush to complete this album that Lemmy wrote a lot of the lyrics at the last minute; the title track, meanwhile, was completely re-arranged when both Kilminster and Campbell felt it didn't work. But despite all this palaver, there's a flow to the album that made it a more than decent follow-up to *Overnight Sensation*. There are real metal moments, as on *Dogs Of War* and *Assassin;* meanwhile *Joy Of Labour* has a more grinding groove, and the title song is out-and-out rock'n'roll. This was a more diverse collection than *Overnight Sensation* and, as a result, some critics claimed it to be less consistent. The truth, though, is that it showed the trio growing together, revealing more sides to their musical personalities, and displaying the confidence to trust that Motörhead fans would accept something a little different.

Overall, these three albums represent a strong era for the band, one that all too often gets overlooked, because the perceived wisdom is that, after *1916*, Motörhead really lost their way until their most recent few records. That's a grossly unfair assessment of what they did from 1995-1998. Despite a clear drop in sales and also in chart positions, the band continued to make records which not only satisfied their own musical urges, but also proved they were capable of marching into the 21st century with their creativity and viability intact. And while nobody would pretend that these albums are the equal of *Ace Of Spades*, *Overkill* or *Bomber*, they do however stand favourable comparison with *Orgasmatron* or *1916*, two albums rightly regarded as superior mid-period examples of Motörhead's legacy. So maybe Lemmy had a point when he complained that, through most of the latter half of the 90s, critics and fans were all too quickly dismissive of what the band were writing and recording. Go on, dig these albums out of your dusty collection and give them another chance. You will be pleasantly surprised. ♠

Malcolm Dome



The Many Moods Of Lemmy Kilmister: the Motörhead frontman poses for a portrait, May 1995.

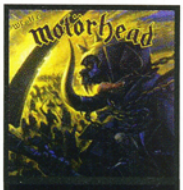


21st Century Motörhead: (l-r) Phil Campbell, Lemmy, Mikkey Dee.

God save Lemmy Kilmister

Motörhead greet the new century with renewed vigour and a salute to the Sex Pistols

We Are Motörhead SPV 2000
Hammered Metal-Is 2002





The curriculum vitae of WWE wrestler Triple H – whose vocals grace *Hammered*'s *Serial Killer* – includes a role as a vampire in *Blade: Trinity*, the third entry in the action movie trilogy, while he also won a special episode of *The Weakest Link*, defeating his wife, WWE exec Stephanie McMahon, in the final round.

The 90s were a miserable decade for many metal bands, and Motörhead were no exception, having spent the years since their 80s commercial peak with a variety of indifferent labels and callous managers. Perhaps this explained the impetus behind *We Are Motörhead*: as concrete a declaration of intent as the Kilmister/Campbell/Dee line-up had ever attempted, the album reaffirms the band's identity. It also made clear that an uncompromising sound and image was very much on the agenda, with a heavier guitar tone from Phil Campbell, and Joe Petagno's most warlike cover art yet.

That's not to say *We Are Motörhead* is an unsophisticated offering . The millennial Motörhead knew exactly what they were doing and what their many strengths were, bringing lyrical depth as well as musical savagery to the table on songs such as the apocalyptic opening track, *See Me Burning*. Elsewhere, *Stay Out Of Jail* was a reminder of Lemmy's 1950s rock'n'roll influences, *Out To Lunch* was a vehicle for the singer's lyrical venom, and the title track opened with a sly nod towards the classic intro to *Ace Of Spades*.

Despite these familiar elements, the album wasn't without its surprises. Critics mocked Lemmy's decision to cover the Sex Pistols' *God Save The Queen* (although not to his face, wisely). Motörhead also explored unexpectedly heartfelt *1916*-style territory with *One More Fucking Time*, a ballad which caused even hardened bikers to dash a tear from the reddened eye. When Lemmy intoned, like a grizzled choirboy, the lines *'You see the shape I'm in / It wasn't of my choosing / It's only bones and skin / And I will plead no contest / If loving you's a crime"*, you wished he'd write songs like this more often.

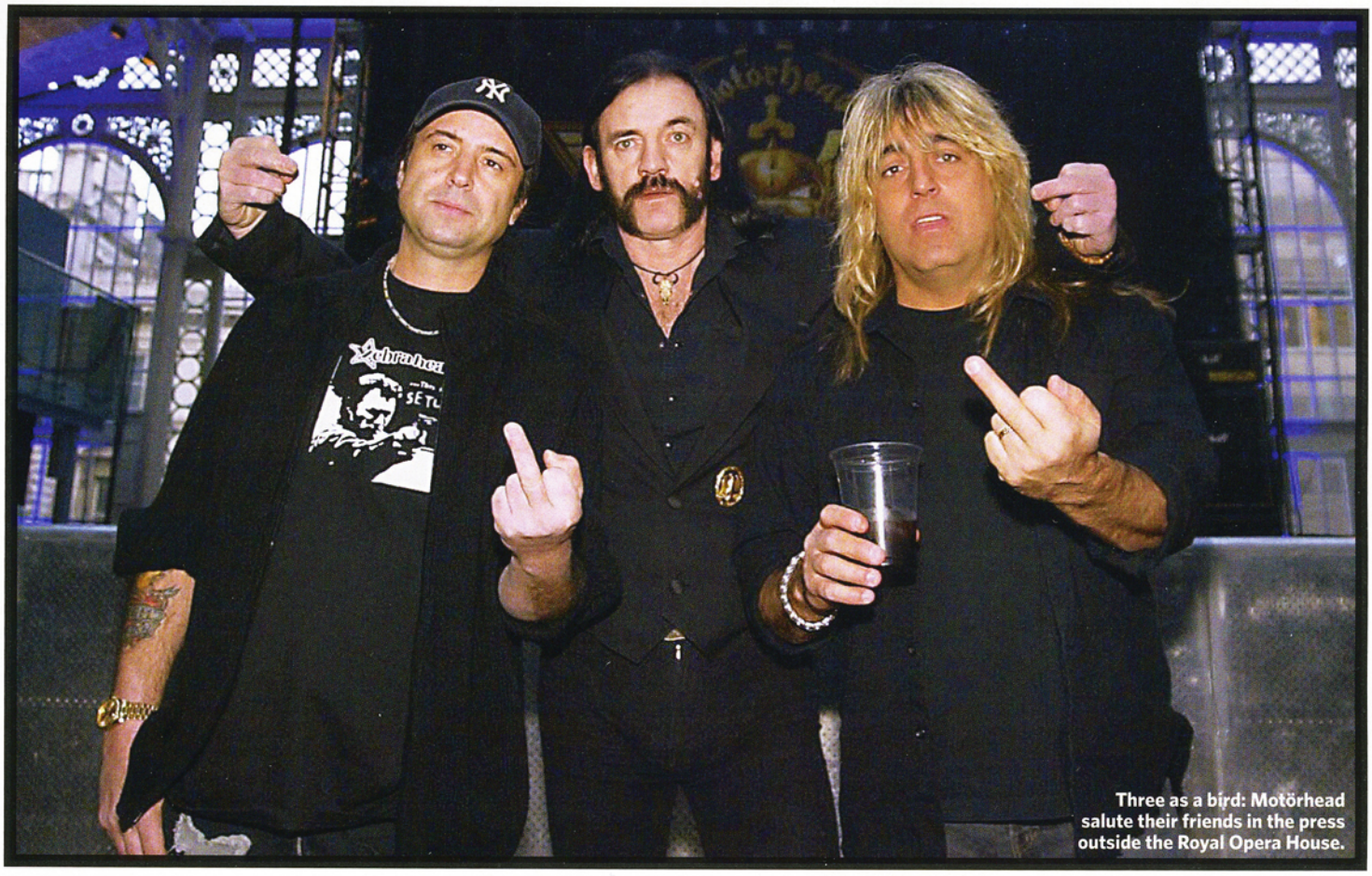
One More Fucking Time moved even hardened bikers to tears...

2002's *Hammered* was the last album the band released before their current producer Cameron Webb came on board. In retrospect, Webb's impact upon the sound of Motörhead is obvious: on *Hammered*, Motörhead sounded slightly tame rather than feral. Still, there are a couple of decent pit anthems for the faithful here, like *Serial Killer* – which featured WWE wrestler Triple H as an unlikely guest – and *Dr. Love*, the nearest that Motörhead had come to a hit rock single in years.

Mostly, though, *Hammered* was more comfortably familiar than especially groundbreaking, songs such as *Mine All Mine* (featuring piano from Guns N'Roses ivories-tinkler Dizzy Reed) and *Red Raw* throat-shredding classics, the likes of which Lemmy had been writing in his sleep since about 1988.

Together, these two albums represent a brief era in which Motörhead were wanting for a decent producer to elevate their music above mere respectability. Play them with an open mind. Lemmy expects nothing less. ♠

Joel McIver



Three as a bird: Motörhead salute their friends in the press outside the Royal Opera House.

Time To Fire Up The Engines

With a new producer and some surprises in store, Motörhead rocked up in a blaze of glory.

Inferno SPV 2004

It was 2004, and Motörhead, that genre-stomping, head-crushing, fire-breathing monster of a band, had – in defiance of critical expectation and what medical science tells us about human physiology – reached their 29th year as one of the loudest bands the world has ever known. So what did their 17th studio offering have that hadn't been done before? Well, the punk rock and metal template is arguably one of the greatest sonic concoctions ever crafted, and so the utterly skin-flaying bravado of scorching opener *Terminal Show* should have come as no surprise to anybody. What *was* a surprise was the fact that riff-lord Steve Vai lent his colossal talents to the proceedings, adding a pyrotechnic flair that, along with *Down On Me*, gave the otherwise tried-and-true approach a heft and ferociousness without precedent. This wasn't the result of some masterplan, though. As with all great inventions, this especially weird collaboration happened by accident via Lemmy's home away from home, Los Angeles' most famous dive bar and rock band incubator, the Rainbow Bar And Grill.

"I was just going in and he was coming out and we ran into each other," said Lemmy at the time. "I told him we were recording and invited him down to sit in. He took me up on the offer."

But there are more strings to *Inferno*'s bow. Graced with classic Joe Petagno artwork intended as a sequel to *Overkill*'s iconic sleeve, the follow-up to 2002's *Hammered* was about more than surprise

This is gravel-spitting Motörhead at its testosterone-chugging best.

ingredients. From meditations on the metaphysical (*Life's A Bitch*) to the gleefully rocking misanthropy of *Smiling Like A Killer*, the blitzkrieg attack of *Fight*, and the balladry – yes, balladry – of *In The Year Of The Wolf* – a mid-tempo rocker that brings *Inferno* down to a simmer – this is gravel-spitting, butt-kicking, whiskey-soaked Motörhead at their testosterone chugging best, and producer Cameron Webb (whose past credits include work with Monster Magnet, Social Distortion and Limp Bizkit) imbued it all with crystal clarity.

But while *Inferno* has all the qualifications to rank among the best of Motörhead's riffing typhoons, the crowning moment isn't heavy, or even electrified. Closer, *Whorehouse Blues*, takes a country blues left-turn and features Lemmy, Mikkey and Phil, all donning acoustic guitars and strumming through an autobiographical missive on Motörhead's near 30 years of simply killing it. It was a surprise to anyone familiar with their impressive body of work, but somewhere in the gentle refrains and self-effacing lyrics, Motörhead's identity shines through, because – and this is undeniable – Motörhead have always been about fierce independence and righteously refusing to give a shit what anyone thinks. As Lemmy sings: *"Well we came up from the gutter, the wrong side of the tracks... we went city to city, all around the world, you know it never looked like enough, honey, even after thirty years..."*

From the deafening sound of things, Motörhead had life in them yet, and it gave a new generation of fans a favourite album to call their own. ♠

Alexander Milas



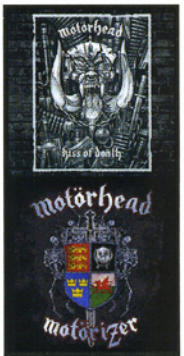
A special 30th anniversary edition of *Inferno* was released and included a bonus DVD featuring 6 tracks from the band's show at Hammersmith in 2005, the video to *Whorehouse Blues* and a documentary.

Stringfellows was the venue originally planned for the video shoot of *Whorehouse Blues* but owner Peter Stringellow objected to the song title and its association and withdrew any involvement.

Latter Day Heroes

Bringing their output right up to date, Motörhead proved they were no one-trick pony with this deceptively diverse and intriguing double dose of 21st century rock'n'roll bombast.

Kiss Of Death SPV 2006
Motörizer SPV 2008



A limited edition release of *Kiss Of Death* came in a tri-fold digipak sleeve and featured a cover of Metallica's *Whiplash*, originally recorded for the *Metallic Attack* tribute album. It earned Motörhead their first Grammy for Best Hard Rock Performance in 2005.

The sleeve art to *Motörizer* features a coat of arms incorporating the three band members' home nations (England, Wales and Sweden) joined by Motörhead's very own Snaggletooth.

2004's explosive and hugely rejuvenating album *Inferno* not only proved that Motörhead could still pull out all the stops musically, but also drew a great deal of attention to the band, helping them win over a new generation of fans and leaving expectations high for the 2006 follow-up *Kiss Of Death*. While nobody was expecting anything approaching a massive about-turn stylistically speaking – this is Motörhead, after all – *Kiss Of Death* would ultimately prove to be almost a sister album to its predecessor, following in a similar direction, while throwing out a few choice surprises along the way. Like *Inferno*, *Kiss Of Death* was produced by Cameron Webb in LA's Paramount Studios and the similarities in sound are immediately obvious, with Lemmy's vocals brought right to the forefront of a production that achieves both impact and clarity without sacrificing too much of the band's gritty tones.

Kicking off with the relentless and vitriolic *Sucker*, the band arrive in style, their uncompromising stance marked from the outset, with fast paced percussion and aggressive guitars complimented by the sort of bad boy lyrics (*"What we do, is break the law / We tasted blood and we want more / For we are murder, we like it fine / No quarter, we draw the line"*) that few men other than Lemmy could really get away with. Despite the inherent aggression, the album frequently shows the band in playful form, with Lemmy admitting *"I've been a slut all my life"* in the girls-and-good times celebration *One Night Stand*. This approach appears again on the excellent *Christine*, another lusty anthem that has much in common with the AC/DC school of rock, drawing on the spirit of rock 'n' roll while adding a definite hard rock edge. It's not all fun and games of course, and the band prove that they still have a taste for a moody atmosphere with both fourth song *Trigger* - which scythes forward with a no-messing metal riff, tempering it with an epic melody and a brooding, chugging mid-section - and following number, *Under The Gun*, which boasts a mile-wide swagger to be proud of.

The album's biggest surprise however – and, it must be said, also its highlight – is the startling and poignant *God Was Never On Your Side*, a song which invokes something of a double-take on the first spin of the record: Motörhead may specialise in getting the blood pumping, but it's fair to say that to actually be moved by one of their numbers is something of a rarity. Beginning with soft acoustic guitars and clean vocals and soon followed by unusually restrained electric guitars, Lemmy once again delves into the shortcomings of faith, the song bearing a rare sense of emotional fragility, raw bitterness and even straight out existential angst, its lyrics (*"If god is wise, why is he still / When these false prophets call him friend / Why is he silent / Is he blind? / Are we abandoned in the end?"*) accompanied by an emotive performance that strangely features the rather unlikely guest guitar of Poison's CC Deville.

Substituting the large clear sound for dirtier, bulldozer tones, *Motörizer* bears a notably filthier approach.

Released two years later the first thing apparent of *Motörizer* was just how far away its sound had moved from that of *Kiss Of Death*. Substituting the large and clear sound for dirtier, relentless, bulldozer tones, the album bears a notably filthier approach, despite still having Webb working at the desk. Whether this shift towards a more metal-orientated production occurred due to the direction of the songwriting, or in fact helped dictate it, is unclear, but there's a definite move into heavier and more serious territories, though the catchy, no frills approach of course remains intact. The infectious opening number *Runaround Man* is a good case in point; built upon relentless, adrenaline-pumping riffing, chaotic lyrics and frantic vocals, it definitely doesn't take itself too seriously, yet boasts a foreboding mid section and a lead-heavy approach which, aside from Phil Campbell's guitar work, owes very little to the rock 'n' roll inspirations often found in the band's material. In *Teach You How To Sing The Blues* even the leads are largely bereft of that influence, and the song would sit perfectly at home on a thrash metal record, the solos riding above a chugging and hypnotic rhythm with enough biting tone to add tangible spite throughout.

Perhaps aptly for such a heavy record, the lyrics end up mining the subject of war on more than one occasion, with Lemmy broaching the subject with both empathy and a fierce sense of cynicism, the lyrics to third track *When The Eagle Screams* being a particularly good example: *"In the heat of battle we were brave / Mentioned in dispatches that is true / We were given medals, but now they call us devils / And now we can't decide between the two / I'll tell you what it was that changed the rules / When the High Command was given up / To businessmen and fools."*

The slower, more stomping number *Heroes*, whose every riff crashes down with frightening weight, follows a somewhat more ambiguous line, as does album closer *The Thousand Names Of God*, though the latter manages to throw a few cries of protest (*"The war is come and we have washed our hands / Bathed in the blood of the fighting man"*) into the proceedings.

Despite the heavier tone – in both senses of the word – *Motörizer* does display some variety, one highlight being the swaggering and staggering blues rock groove *One Short Life*, which gives a nod to both earlier Motörhead works and even *Use Your Illusion*-era Guns N' Roses, though its rich fuzz is more reminiscent of Alice In Chains – ironic perhaps since it was on *Kiss Of Death* that AIC bassist Mike Inez made his appearance. For the most part however, this is an album that eschews the increased dynamic range of its predecessor, yet in doing so achieves a more convincing, coherent and laudably consistent listen. ♠

Dayal Patterson



Did someone call the cavalry? Motörhead are here to save the day.

The Best Of The Bastards

Even if you think you've got all the Motörhead albums you could ever want, there are always plenty of box sets, live albums and DVDs to empty your wallet and wreck your eardrums.

Stone Deaf Forever Sanctuary 2003 **Protect The Innocent** Castle 1997
The Best Of Motörhead Sanctuary 2000 **Aces** GMG 2002 **The Very Best Of Motörhead** Sanctuary 2002 **No Remorse** Bronze 1984 **No Sleep At All** GWR 1988 **Everything Louder Than Everything Else** SPV 1999 **Live At Brixton** SPV 2003 **25 & Alive Boneshaker** SPV 2001
The Birthday Party Bronze 1985 **Stage Fright** SPV 2005 **The Best Of Motörhead** Panorama 2002



Motörhead's most psychotically devoted fans may also want to track down a copy of *BBC Live And In Session*, which was released by Sanctuary in 2005. Comprising a number of studio sessions and live concerts recorded for the BBC between 1978 and 1986, the album is full of pleasingly raw performances from Lemmy and the boys. The obvious highlight is a four-song session they recorded for much-missed radio legend John Peel back in September '78, featuring clattering renditions of *Keep Us On The Road, Louie Louie, I'll Be Your Sister* and *Tear Ya Down*.

Be honest, how many copies of *Ace Of Spades* do you really need? Even assuming that your house is a shrine to Mr Kilmister and crew, you can still only play one at a time and even the most avid collector is only going to buy the same thing so many times before they get a life and go to the pub. So let's take it as read that *Ace Of Spades* is on pretty much everything mentioned here. Indeed, Lemmy even says as much on the intro notes to the five-disc box set *Stone Deaf Forever*, which is as good a place as any to start a round-up of these odds and sods. Released in 2003, with the aforementioned notes from the Lemster so you know it's not another knock-off (actually it's the first such set to be released with full band approval), this is arguably the most comprehensive look at the band, taking in a slice of everything from 1975 all the way up to 2002. In fact, given the band's input, or at least approval, this is a reasonable place for new fans to start, along with having enough rarities to keep the rest of us interested. The sleeve notes contain many of the original album reviews, good and bad, along with rare pictures and comments from band members about the making of each record. The only downside is that the box won't actually fit on your CD shelves, which does tend to grit one's shit when the shiny packaging starts getting all scuffed.

Almost as comprehensive (taking in the years between '76 and '92) is the four-CD box set *Protect The Innocent*. Again, there is a bunch of rare pictures and a history of the band, though nothing actually *from* the band, this being one of a million unofficial releases. On the plus side there is a lot of Joe Petagno's artwork, including preliminary sketches for many of Motörhead's album sleeves and all of it is cool enough to have you legging it to the nearest tattooist. Track-wise, well, there's 66 of them (including *Ace Of Spades*, of course) and your eyes will start to go funny if you trying working out if it's got anything that the last box set didn't have. At least it'll fit on the CD shelf. Oh, and there's an *Ace Of Spades* poster for your bedroom wall.

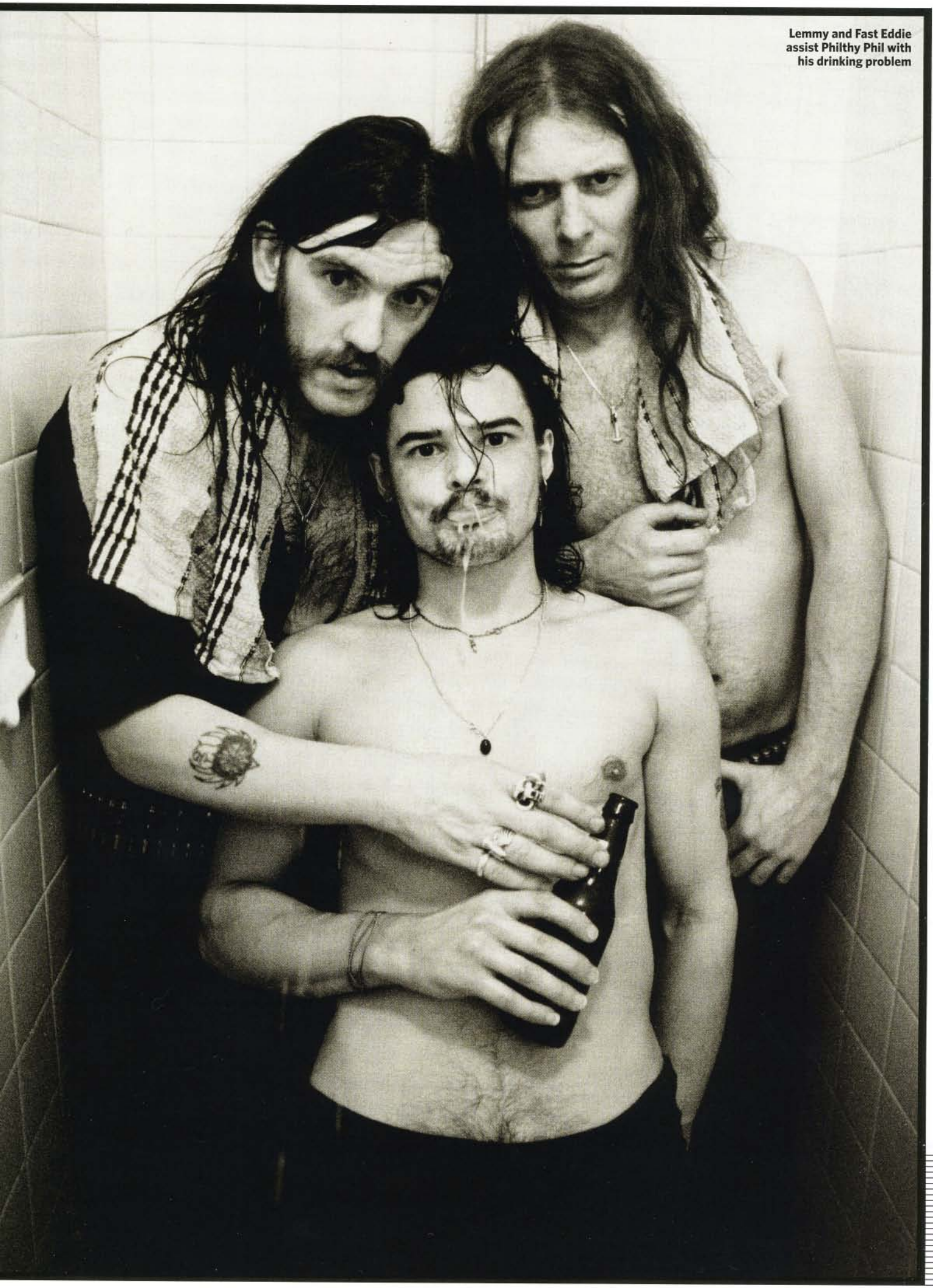
Away from the box sets there are dozens of compilations from *The Best Of Motörhead* (guess what's on there!) and *The Very Best Of Motörhead* (it's on there too!) to *Aces* (you can see where this is going…), all of which can be picked up for about three quid in a bargain basement. The exception is *No Remorse*, a double-album compilation released in 1984 when Motörhead's label had doubts about the then new line-up of Lemmy, Phil Campbell, Würzel and former Saxon tub-thumper Pete Gill. The original vinyl version came in an embossed black leather sleeve (naturally). It also had, at Lemmy's insistence, four new tracks from the new line-up, which at the time made it a must-have regardless of what else was on it (but yes, that's on it too!). Given that the new tracks were *Killed By Death, Steal Your Face, Snaggletooth* and *Locomotive*, the latter two hurtling along like something pointy and Japanese with Ninja written on it, and the former staying on the set list for a couple of decades and becoming one of the ultimate Motörhead anthems in the process, it all turned out pretty well and gave the band time to write a new album.

But let's not forget that, with the exception of those four tracks, these are just (some of) the compilations. There are countless live albums too. Again, the choices are overwhelming and most of them are unofficial. The legendary *No Sleep Till Hammersmith* from 1981 rightly gets it own review elsewhere in this magazine, but inevitably in 1988 it was followed up with *No Sleep At All*, which was recorded at the Giants Of Rock festival in Finland, and then *Everything Louder Than Everything Else*, which was recorded in Hamburg in 1998. The set list changed fairly dramatically in ten years, but *No Sleep* rocks a little harder despite *Louder* being a two CD effort. Unfortunately, there are also an enormous amount of dismal bootlegs out there and, since you probably weren't in Finland or Germany, your best bet is the colossal *Live At Brixton*, recorded for Motörhead's 25th anniversary and featuring such guests as Brian May and Fast Eddie Clarke. Then again, the DVD of the gig, *25 & Alive Boneshaker*, was released two years earlier with a bunch more bonus material, backstage footage and a far better glimpse of the madness and volume that was Motörhead at 25. Your ears probably went bang around the time they played *Damage Case*. The DVD also features a bonus acoustic show that you might want to skip.

Aren't you scared of this band yet? They never go away, they never slow down, they never die!

And if for some reason that's not enough Motörhead for you (don't you ever sleep?) then there are at least eight live videos and DVDs, including *The Birthday Party* from the band's 10th anniversary and *Stage Fright* from their 30th. Aren't you scared of this band yet? They never go away, the never slow down, they never die! They are the reason humans will one day evolve into an entirely deaf species. And somehow there's still more of this stuff! *Live In Toronto* from '81, *1916 Live... Everything Louder Then Everything Else* from '91 and, of course, a documentary on the making of *Ace Of Spades*, imaginatively titled *Classic Albums: Ace Of Spades*. And let's not forget *The Best Of Motörhead* compilation DVD from 2002, where, fuck me if you don't find *Ace Of Spades*! Twice! If you put it all on your iPod it doesn't stop playing for about three days. Enjoy. ♠

Mörat

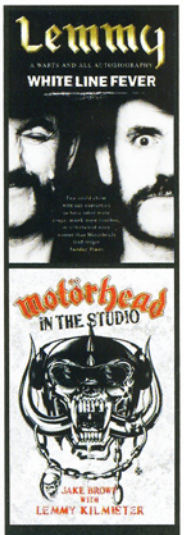


Lemmy and Fast Eddie assist Philthy Phil with his drinking problem

Buy The Book

Read all about it, read all about it....always one with a choice quote or two, here's your chance to see Lemmy and the boys' story in printed word.

White Line Fever - Lemmy The Autobiography Lemmy/Janiss Garza POCKET
Thinking Out Loud: The Wit & Wisdom Of Lemmy Paul Brannigan AURUM
Motorhead In The Studio Jake Brown With Lemmy JOHN BLAKE PUBLISHING
The Motorhead Collector's Guide Mick Stevenson CHERRY RED BOOKS



Author of *Motörhead In The Studio*, Jake Brown, has written books on AC/DC, Jane's Addiction, Alice In Chains and Motley Crüe as well as, oddly in this company, Tori Amos!

One of the many advantages of being an iconic figure in rock's firmament is that you don't really need to keep a diary if you don't want to. Rock stars wanting to remember all the sex, drugs, rock'n'roll and splits due to musical differences, only have to re-read all of their interviews. Of course, when devouring length after length of column inches it really helps if your rock icon has a way with words. Lemmy Kilmister - above and beyond being the most instantly recognizable and believable golden god still standing and functioning with all dials jammed at 11 - is a deadpan wordsmith who would put most populist journalists, radio show hosts, speech writers and public speakers to shame. He is the Oscar Wilde of Amphetamine Sulphate; the Peter Ustinov of carbuncles, lamb chops and the iron cross.

Of course, the fact that Lemmy is always what journalists refer to as 'good value for money' is all simply part and parcel of his work ethic. He's always 'on' because it's simply part of his job; and this entails having interesting things to say to journalists (who are, after all, just conduits between him and his fans). Lemmy is, to put it simply, an endlessly overflowing fountain of hellraising bon mots and maximum rock'n'roll maxims.

The easiest place to see this is in *Thinking Out Loud* - a short but satisfying selection of quotes compiled by former *Kerrang!* Editor Paul Brannigan. It ranges from the well-worn mission statement ("It'll be the dirtiest rock'n'roll band in the world. If we moved in next door your lawn would die." 1975) to the rare and gem-like ("Absinthe feels quite benign until you find yourself on a balcony at four in the morning with a pistol stark naked." 2009) to the Shakespearian stuff that could go on your headstone ("I [stayed sober for a day] once in 1975. I didn't like it." 2005).

Of course if you want something more substantial than a selection of random one liners, then you could do much worse than look at his official autobiography *White Line Fever*, written with a ghost, Janiss Garza. Normally autobiographies are taken as opportunities for the blatant rewriting of history, extravagant score settling, ego-maniacal myth making, the airing of often unhinged, distasteful or laughable religious, spiritual, political and philosophical beliefs and straight out flights of fantasy... And *WLF* (luckily, some would say) is no different. The thing that elevates this book is its subject's idiosyncratic charm and refreshing irreverence (it certainly isn't Garza's perfunctory tape transcription job). Essentially Lemmy can always be relied upon to entertain if not always to morally uplift, and he comes flying out of the starting gates like an atomic racehorse on page one: "I was born Ian Fraser Kilmister on Christmas Eve, 1945, some five weeks premature, with beautiful golden hair which, to the delight of my quirky mother, fell out five days later. No fingernails, no eyebrows and I was bright red. My earliest memory is shouting: at what and for what reason, I don't know. Probably a tantrum; or I may have been rehearsing." He sets his stall out amazingly in the first four pages in a rapid fire, staccato-style prose (which all but imitates the belligerent machine gun rhythm of *Overkill*) telling you that;. 1. He was a very ugly and noisy child. 2. His religious dad left when he was just three months old. 3. The only time he saw him again was when he was 25 and he told the old fool where to get off after he tried to tempt him away from rock'n'roll. 4. Don't try and take his Jack and Coke off him. This happened once on an aeroplane when a stewardess with "concrete hair and a mouth like an asshole" tried to relieve him of his "amber pick me up" with predictable results - the plane got grounded. And 5. He says a big fuck you to Tommy Mottola, the boss of his then record label.

So, he starts as he means to go on: with a drink in one hand and at odds with the entire world.

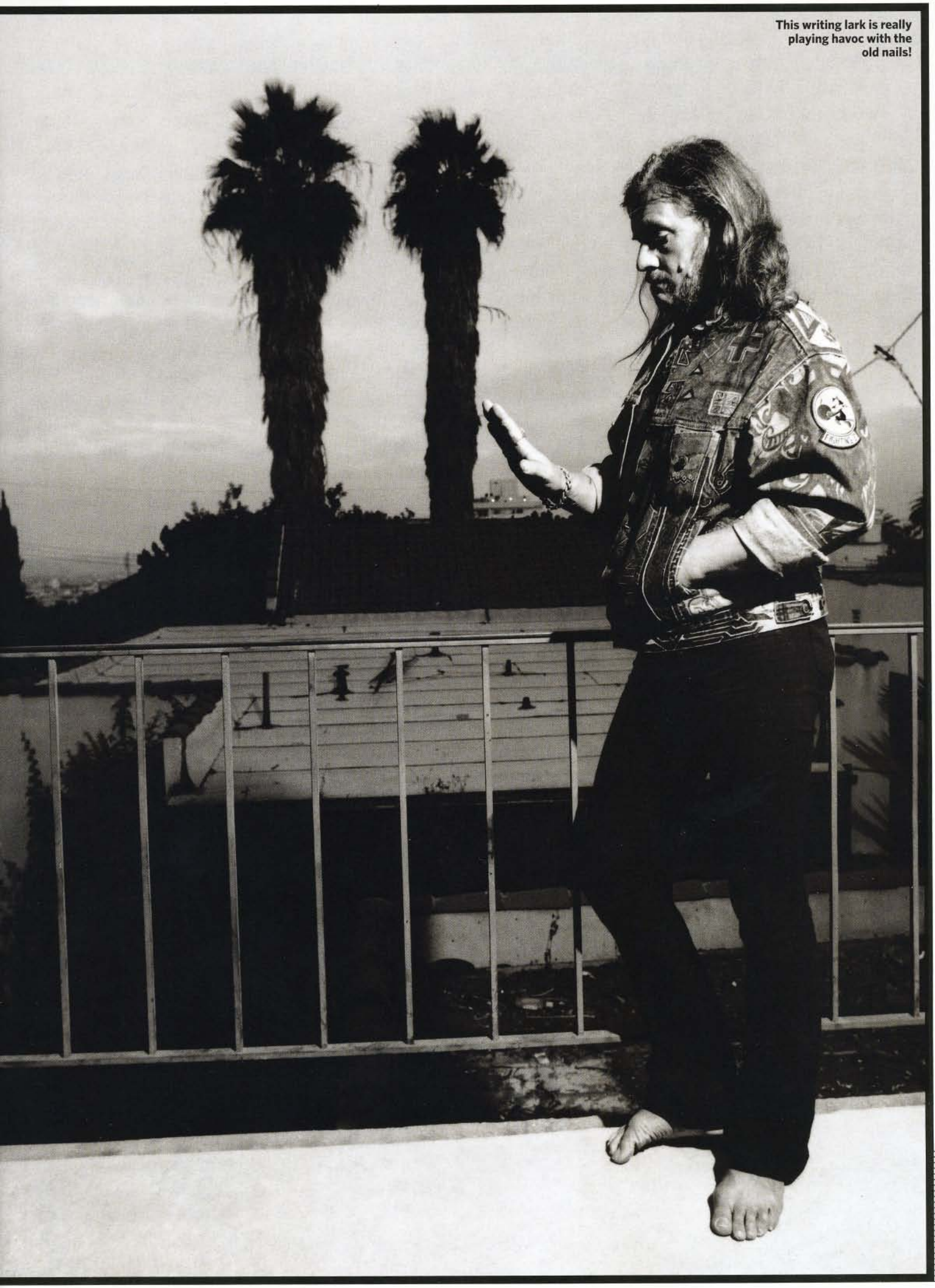
Lemmy is obviously firmly in the camp that says forget the truth: print the legend. He's clever enough to know which bits of his history should remain shrouded in mystery and further muddies the waters about his famous nickname with this funny but disingenuous paragraph that deals with his family's move to Anglesey in North Wales: "It was about this time that I began to be known as Lemmy - it was a Welsh thing, I believe... So I've been known as Lemmy since I was around ten. I didn't always have the moustache... I've only had that since I was eleven."

Lemmy is, to put it simply, an endlessly overflowing fountain of hellraising rock'n'roll maxims.

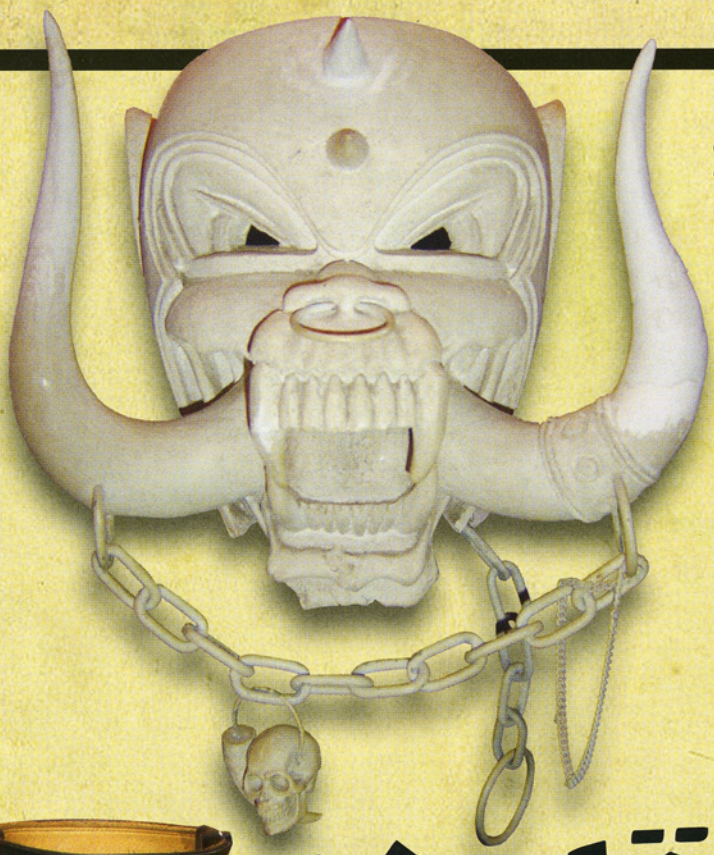
Of course, you soon learn that you have to take a lot of what he says with a pinch of salt (he claims his mother, a nurse, once had to deal with a baby born with feathers and another born with scales, and so on and so forth).

Of course, those who are really serious about Lemmy's band should sidestep both of these tomes and go straight for *The Motörhead Collector's Guide*, which is basically pornography for record collectors and has a new edition due out for Xmas, detailing everything from the lowliest flexi disc to the grandest box set. Or for a drier (read much more reliable) guide to the band's output is Jake Brown's *Motörhead In The Studio* (written with Lemmy in tow). Brown is a safe pair of hands, with 21 books under his belt, and has conducted interviews with former band members, producers and engineers, producing the closest thing they have to a definitive account of their music. ♠

John Doran



This writing lark is really playing havoc with the old nails!



Mick Stevenson

(Author and Motörhead Superfan)

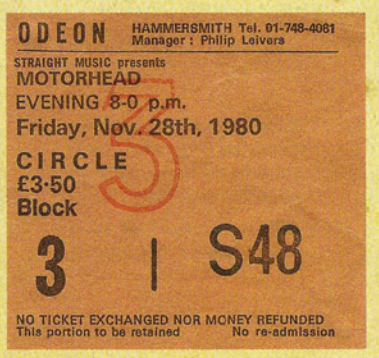
"This is my full-size war pig skull. It's an unpainted 'test pressing' of the one on the back of the *Iron Fist* album, and was actually slightly damaged when I got it, so I had to repair the horns and re-form one of the missing spikes. In the couple of years I've had it, I still can't decide if I should paint it or leave it in its prototype form. It's certainly a talking point at dinner parties, and when one is passing round the Ferrero Rochers! And it really scares the shit out of children if you put a light inside it! Ha ha!"



MotörSwag

After 35 years, collectors of Motörhead memorabilia have a wealth of arcane treasures to covet. We asked some of the band's most devout superfans to show us their prized possessions.

WORDS: **DOM LAWSON**



Chris Sage

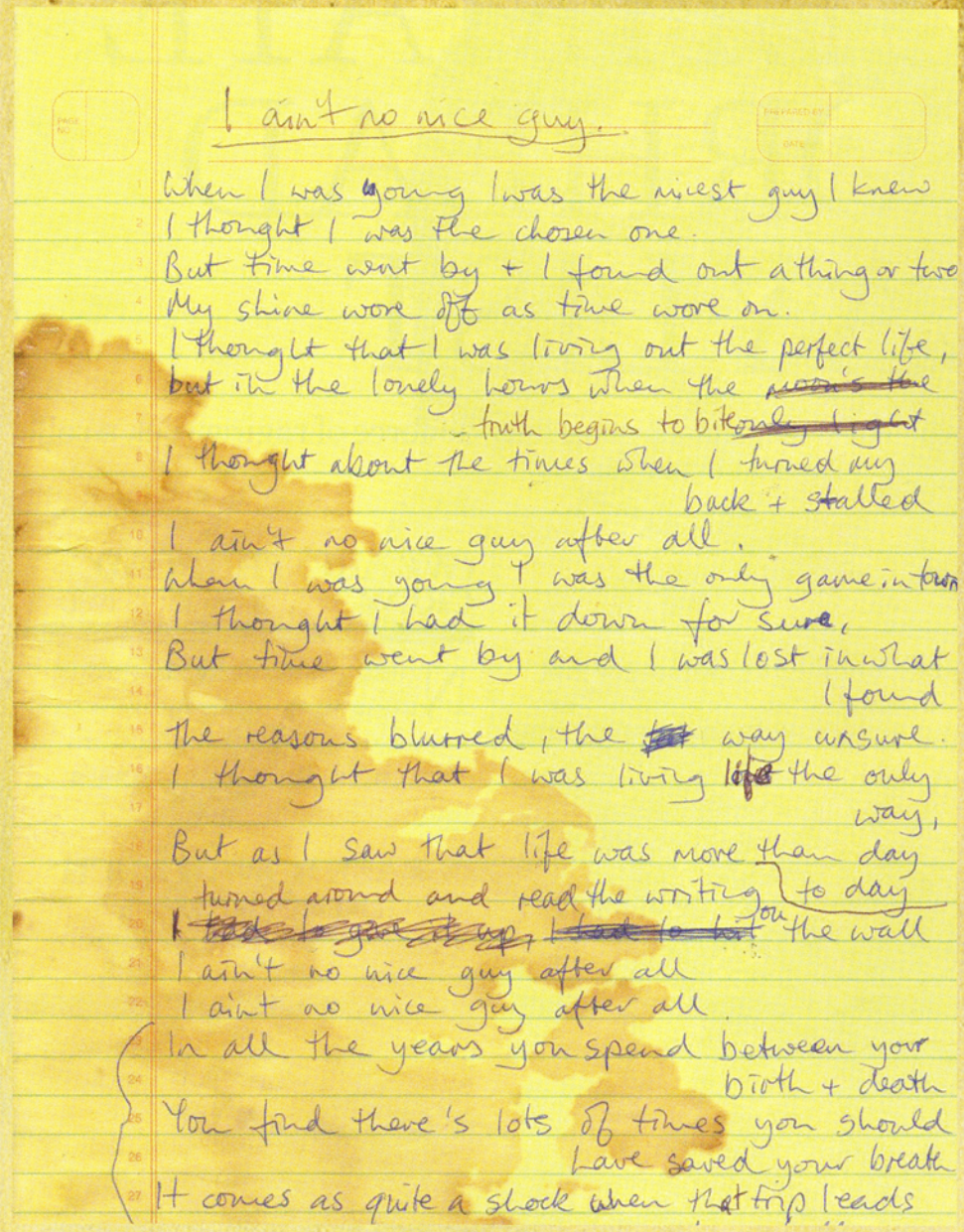
(Motörhead Superfan)

"It is neither rare, nor particularly valuable but my most treasured memento is a ticket stub from my first Motörhead gig! I first got into the band when *Overkill* was their latest release but was too young to go to a gig so I had to wait until the *Ace Up Your Sleeve Tour*. I am fortunate since then to have met and spent time with the band and have a wealth of priceless memories and souvenirs from those times but the music remains the draw. 30 years on - as a night out - a 'head gig remains tough to beat."

Robert Kiewik

(Motörhead Superfan)

"My most memorable Motörhead collectable was given to me by Lemmy backstage before a gig in Holland on November 28, 2006. Whilst enjoying a chat and drink in his dressing room Lemmy, completely out of the blue, presented me with a pair of his tailor-made boots. Only he wears them, but they fit! The fact it was so unexpected made it special and personal. I will always treasure the moment. Motörhead's hospitality is always impressive and their friendship something to behold. A true rock 'n roll family!"



I ain't no nice guy.

When I was young I was the nicest guy I knew
I thought I was the chosen one.
But time went by + I found out a thing or two
My shine wore off as time wore on.
I thought that I was living out the perfect life,
but in the lonely hours when the ~~moon's low~~
truth begins to bite ~~only light~~
I thought about the times when I turned my back + stalled
I ain't no nice guy after all.
When I was young I was the only game in town
I thought I had it down for sure,
But time went by and I was lost in what I found
the reasons blurred, the ~~fact~~ way unsure.
I thought that I was living ~~life~~ the only way,
But as I saw that life was more than day to day
I turned around and read the writing on the wall
~~I took to give it up, took to bit~~
I ain't no nice guy after all
I ain't no nice guy after all.
In all the years you spend between your birth + death
You find there's lots of times you should have saved your breath
It comes as quite a shock when that trip leads

Alan Burridge

(Motörheadbangers Fan Club Boss)

"Back in the pre-Internet murky mists of Motörhead history, the fan club produced an extra 'Fan Club Member's Only' A4 booklet, titled 'Lemmy's Lyrics.' Of course, Lemmy was sent a copy, and when they recorded the March Or Die album, he sent the (suitably JD-stained) handwritten lyrics for *I Ain't No Nice Guy* as a thank you. A much-treasured item, naturally."

Adrian Simpson

(Motörhead Superfan)

"I have 3 personally signed large photos which take pride of place in my living room. I took the photos myself on the *Hammered* tour of 2003 in the UK and Germany and when I had them developed and enlarged, I got the band to sign them when I next saw them. The pictures are obviously unique as they are the only copies and to me, they are priceless!"



THE ULTIMATE MOTÖRHEAD PLAYLIST

Make your dinner party guests go deaf with this 42-song tour-de-force of raging rock'n'roll!

WORDS: **DAYAL PATTERSON**

OVERKILL Overkill, 1979



There's no mistaking the rolling double bass drumbeat that opens this fan favourite, and percussion retains a centre stage throughout, carving through a pileup of frenzied leads and false endings.

NO CLASS Overkill, 1979

Strutting punk rock 'n' roll par excellence, *No Class* is impossible to listen to without some form of bodily movement accompanying the no-nonsense guitar work and throbbing rhythm.

STAY CLEAN Overkill, 1979

Not inspired by abstinence as its title might suggest, this laid back cut – which features a truly irresistible chorus and even a tasty (and tasteful) bass solo by Mr Kilmister – is a powerful ode to self-belief and self-reliance.

METROPOLIS Overkill, 1979

With its slow and epic approach, abstract lyrics and prolonged noodling, *Metropolis* is a near-psychedelic experience, a far cry from the balls to the wall blueprint the band are best known for.

BOMBER Bomber, 1979



Closing the album of the same name, *Bomber* begins in an upbeat but understated fashion, gradually warming its engines, before letting loose a barrage of anthemic choruses and fast and furious guitar work.

STONE DEAD FOREVER Bomber, 1979

Another *Bomber* highlight, *Stone Dead Forever* is an up-tempo but steadily-paced hard rock classic and a relatively lengthy cut, building up to an explosive climax over almost five minutes.

ACE OF SPADES Ace Of Spades, 1980



Without a doubt the band's best known song, this blistering tribute to gambling and fast living is well deserving of its fame, and sits comfortably amongst the truly classic rock anthems. 30 years on, it still sounds more exciting than pretty much anything else. Ever.

SHOOT YOU IN THE BACK Ace Of Spades, 1980

Western movies!" cries Lemmy a few bars in, and indeed this short number is the musical equivalent of a Clint Eastwood classic – gritty, exhilarating, full of attitude and bloody good fun.

JAILBAIT Ace Of Spades, 1980

As the title suggests, this is a sleazy and decidedly un-PC ditty, capturing the more sordid aspects of backstage life with roguish charm and the filthiest of balls-out boogie rhythms. Distilled essence of Motörhead, basically.

(WE ARE) THE ROAD CREW Ace Of Spades, 1980

Nothing less than a pledge of allegiance to touring life, this popular live number is a driving (no pun intended) and no-nonsense celebration of the roadie's sacred code, with a touch of black humour to boot.

PLEASE DON'T TOUCH (W/GIRLSCHOOL) St Valentine's Day Massacre EP, 1981



The band's collaboration with all-girl NWOBHM institution Girlschool finds some particularly spirited leads spicing up a cover of an old Johnny Kidd & The Pirates tune.

MOTORHEAD (LIVE) No Sleep Till Hammersmith, 1981



Closing one of the few truly timeless live rock albums, this self-titled bombshell captures the titular creators on top form, the rawness of the recording adding welcome grit to proceedings.

IRON FIST Iron Fist, 1982



Impatient, insatiable and played at full pelt, *Iron Fist* is as much of an unstoppable force as its name would suggest, galloping violently along like a cheerfully lobotomised sequel to *Ace Of Spades*.



Lemmy has a quick rummage after accidentally snorting his mobile phone

SPEEDFREAK Iron Fist, 1982

With insistent buzzsaw riffage at its core, *Speedfreak* has an aptly twitchy approach, Fast Eddie Clarke's guitar breaks proving invigorating yet impressively concise.

SHINE Another Perfect Day, 1983

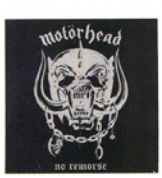


With a clear rock 'n' roll inspiration and a strong sense of energy, *Shine* owes much to the melodic sparkle of Thin Lizzy and ably highlights Brian Robertson's distinctive guitar style.

I GOT MINE Another Perfect Day, 1983

A slower number, *I Got Mine* is a far from typical Motörhead anthem but no worse for that, its almost-poppy melody balanced by its nimble pace and biting solo work. Contrary to fan reactions at the time, songs like these breathed new life into the band's trademark sound.

KILLED BY DEATH No Remorse, 1984



Originally an exclusive on the *No Remorse* compilation and later deservedly released as a single, *Killed* makes good use of a second guitar, and proves as epic as it is insistent, brutish and wholeheartedly rocking. Still a guaranteed highlight of Motörhead shows 26 years later.

DEAF FOREVER Orgasmatron, 1986



The opener to one of the band's best regarded albums, *Deaf Forever* is actually surprisingly restrained, its pumping beat leading the listener into a deceptively sweeping chorus.

DOCTOR ROCK Orgasmatron, 1986

With Lemmy's vocals kicking off immediately, this is melodic but malicious hard rock to kill for, and one of the standout moments from the grinding riff-blizzard of *Orgasmatron*, guaranteed to get fists a-pumping and heads a-banging.

ORGASMATRON Orgasmatron, 1986

Lemmy may refute the heavy metal tag, but this dark classic is certainly neck deep in the genre, its melodramatic riffs as hypnotic as the frontman's charismatic and mesmerising vocal performance. None more heavy.

EAT THE RICH Rock 'N' Roll, 1987



Deliciously devilish, this sleazy, greasy morsel was written for a 1987 comedy film of the same name, which even featured an appearance from Lemmy himself. Good, catchy fun and hopefully the first and last recorded reference to Lemmy's, ahem, *"bacon torpedo"*.

DOGS Rock 'N' Roll, 1987

A chunky and archetypal late '80s Motörhead bass-driven groove opens this unusually loose-hipped and horribly heavy number, the stop-start tune providing space for Lemmy's wonderfully anti-authoritarian lyrics to breathe.

JUST COS YOU GOT THE POWER B-Side of Eat The Rich single, 1987



A good example of Lemmy's lyric-writing ability, this searing attack on politicians and corporate criminals spares no punches and clocks in at an impressive seven and a half minutes, as barbarous riffs and a thick fog of scabrous psychedelia swirl around that typically taut rhythmic core.

As they approached their 30th anniversary at top speed, Motörhead were on blistering form.

THE ONE TO SING THE BLUES 1916, 1991



Exploding into action with a flurry of incensed caveman drums, this paean to another of Lemmy's turbulent relationships amounted to a renewed statement of aggressive intent. The riffs were big, the attitude was bigger.

GOING TO BRAZIL 1916, 1991

High tempo, upbeat and dripping with rock 'n' roll influence (and '60s style piano) this feel-good travelling tale is nothing less than a straight up party song. Imagine ZZ Top on steroids and sulphate. And with less facial hair.

R.A.M.O.N.E.S. 1916, 1991

A tribute to the New York legends, this number is not only a killer song in its own right, but also manages to combine the spirit of both bands perfectly. Short, sharp, funny and built using the purest of rock'n'roll bricks.

BURNER Bastards, 1993



Big in sound and deadly in intent, *Burner* is a heads down thrasher, with machine gun drumming and spiralling guitars conspiring to annihilate the listener. As much as Lemmy might wish to disassociate himself from the world of metal, this could hardly be anything else. Savage.

BORN TO RAISE HELL Bastards, 1993

With one of the catchiest choruses in the band's career, this is big dumb fun, the fat riffs and memorable lyrics making this a definite sing-a-long gem and custom-built stripper's anthem that neatly encapsulates Motörhead's celebratory, liver-threatening ethos.

SACRIFICE Sacrifice, 1995



A scintillating showcase for the inestimable percussive talents of Mikkey Dee, this barrelling, heads-down blitzkrieg provides the perfect opening to what is conceivably the heaviest of Motörhead albums. A notably earnest and intense song, its punky

choruses soar between the embittered verses and atonal riffing.

CIVIL WAR Overnight Sensation, 1996



Reminiscent of the punk/metal crossover movement that Motörhead themselves helped create (think Discharge), this is a fierce, chugging war machine of a song that ushered in an era of considerable conceptual bleakness from Mr Kilmister.

DOGS OF WAR Snake Bite Love, 1998



With a touch of Pantera in its almost-thuggish guitar work, *Dogs Of War* captures Lemmy and the boys in a grim mood, as it wades in and takes no prisoners, tackling the horrors of war with trademark cynicism.

GOD SAVE THE QUEER We Are Motörhead, 2000



Motörhead have always exhibited a natural kinship with the punk rock scene and it says a lot that this quintessentially English punk anthem sounds as if it was written for Lemmy and his comrades. They have, as *X-Factor* parlance would have it, made it their own. Besides, the Sex Pistols were a heavy metal band really, weren't they?

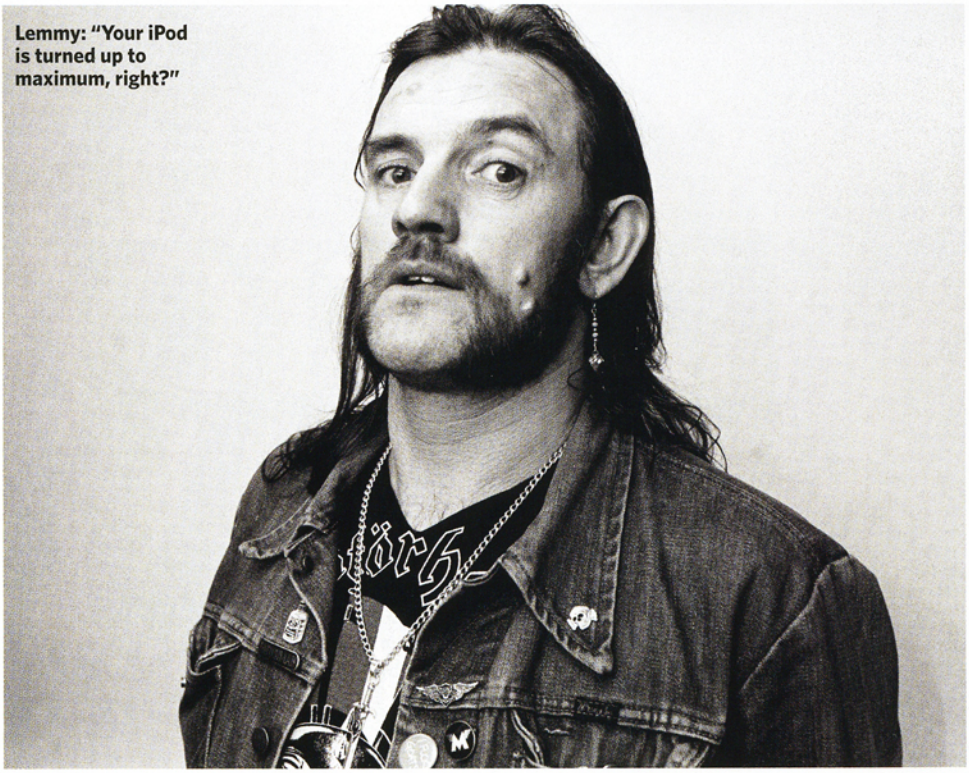
WE ARE MOTORHEAD We Are Motörhead, 2000

Given its biographical lyrics, it's fitting that this two-minute fist to the chin provides a perfect example of the stripped-down, hit-and-run Motörhead blueprint. There's a good reason this song still provides the band with a set opener a decade later: it kicks a vast amount of ass.

WALK A CROOKED MILE Hammered, 2002



Neck deep in warm fuzz, the opener to *Hammered* is a self-assured and well constructed six-minute effort with a soulful chorus and harmony vocals helping to smash the melodic point home with maximum ferocity.



Lemmy: "Your iPod is turned up to maximum, right?"

OLA BERGMAN/IDOLS

KILLERS Inferno, 2004



Back to quasi-speed metal territory for our ear-shredding heroes on this fast, aggressive and catchy song that wouldn't sound out of place on a Venom album. As they approached their 30th anniversary at top speed, Motörhead were on blistering form.

WHOREHOUSE BLUES Inferno, 2004

The surprise package on the otherwise powerfully metallic *Inferno*, *Whorehouse Blues* closes the album with a strident acoustic blues number featuring impressively nimble-fingered fretwork and mouth harp accompaniment.

ONE NIGHT STAND Kiss Of Death, 2006



Everything about this song screams good times and no regrets. One of the band's most buoyant and boisterous moments, it's like Cliff Richard's *Bachelor Boy* rewritten by Satan.

BURIED ALIVE Motörizer, 2008

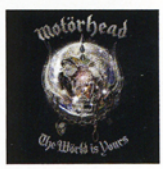


Galloping along with a touch of *Iron Fist* about it, this thrashing number is driven by Lemmy's trademark wall of roaring bass as much as it is by Mikkey Dee's fierce percussive assault and Phil Campbell's skin-flaying leads.

ROCK OUT Motörizer, 2008

Soaked in fuzzy but muscular tones, *Rock Out* is a gritty number with an unashamed sense of fun, evident in the closing chorus of *"Rock out, rock out, with your cock out!"*

BORN TO LOSE The World Is Yours, 2010



Muscular, strident and louder than ever, Motörhead open their new album with this typically brutish howl of defiance. The riffs are huge, the sentiment laudable… Motörhead are 35 years young and *blazing*…

GET BACK IN LINE The World Is Yours, 2010

Proof that Motörhead have lost none of their fire and fury over the years, this first single from the brand new studio album sizzles with righteous rage and cool-headed conviction. It also rocks like a bastard.

BYE BYE BITCH BYE BYE The World Is Yours, 2010

Turning calamitous relationships into electrifying rock'n'roll anthems is simply what Lemmy does. This vicious, nuts-out adios is one of the best of the lot. Fuck you and good night.

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FAREWELL

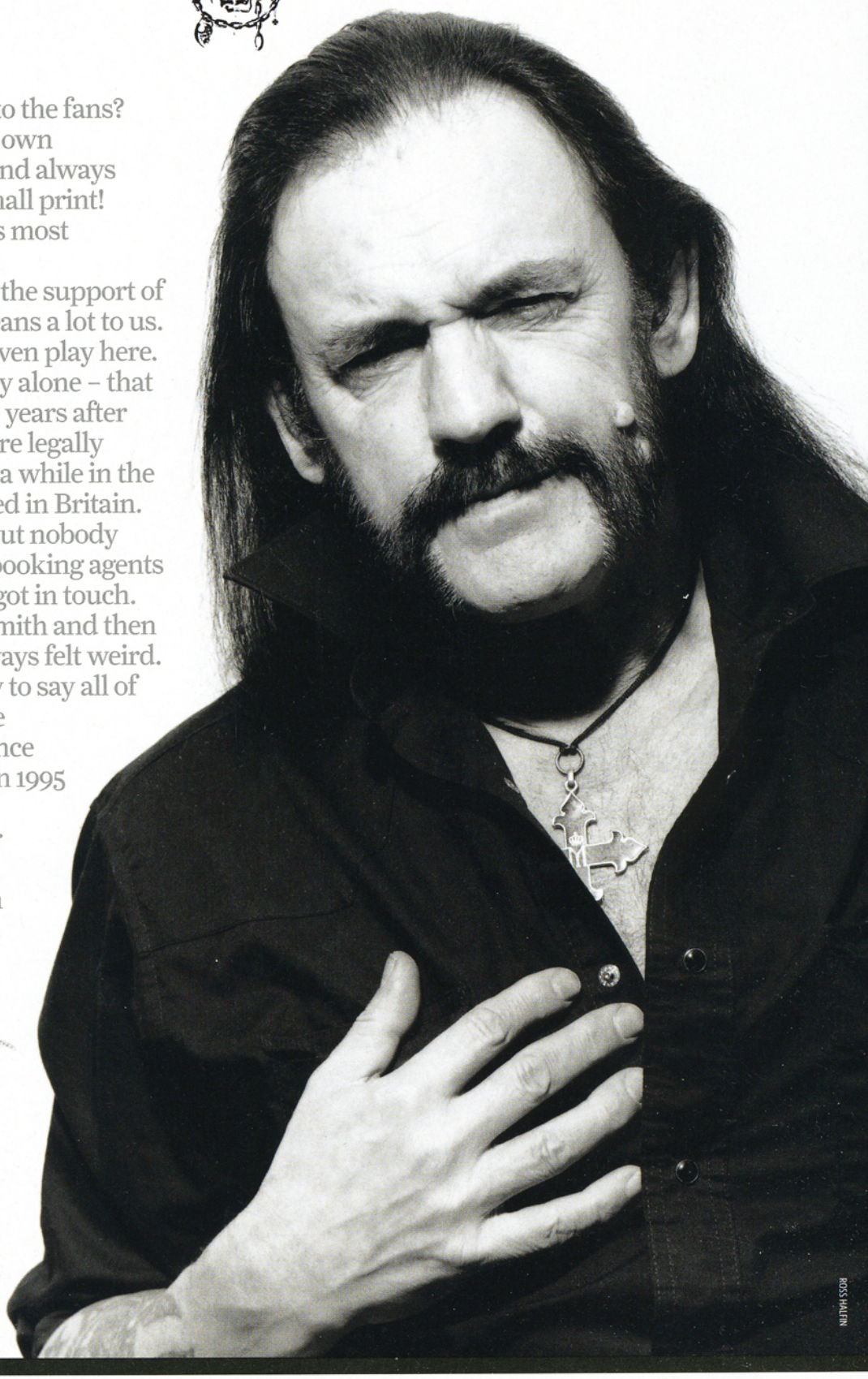
My message to the fans? Make your own mistakes, and always read the small print! That covers most things...

No, seriously, I'm grateful for the support of Motörhead's British fans. It means a lot to us. There was a time we couldn't even play here. We were surviving on Germany alone – that place kept us alive for the three years after we left Bronze Records and were legally prevented from recording. For a while in the mid-80s we couldn't get arrested in Britain. We could do one London gig, but nobody would put us on regionally. If booking agents were willing to try, they never got in touch. So we'd come in, do Hammersmith and then go straight to Europe. That always felt weird.

It took a while, but I'm happy to say all of that has changed. Line-up wise Motörhead have been stable since becoming a three-piece again in 1995 and we now tour every year, playing most of the UK's major cities to audiences of all ages.

We owe that to our fans, both new and old.

Thanks, everybody!



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