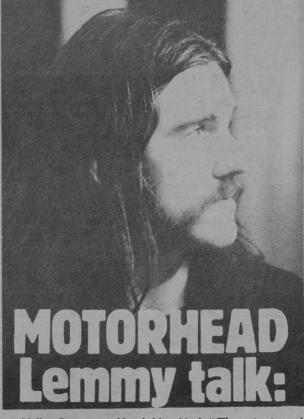


## METAL



"Hello, Grammacy Hotel, New York." The voice is cool, casually American female, efficient but polite.

Hello, Rip It Up New Zealand here to talk to Lemmy." 'Lemmy? Aahhh, we have no one here by that name.

'He's a member of Motorhead," I explain hopefully. Just a minute." Pause. She returns. "Do you want to

talk to Mr Kilmister, Clarke or Taylor? Problem. Which one is Lemmy? I jolt old memory banks and think I recall the name Kilmister being associated with Hawkwind, Lemmy's old band. But I'm not sure.

Ah, Mr Kilmister thanks.

"Just a minute." Silence, she returns, again. "Mr Kilmister is not answering and apparently they are all out. Do you want to talk to Judas Priest?

There must be a heavy metal convention in town. 'No thanks, I'll try again in a few hours.

A few-hours means 7.15 at night in New York and 11.15 Saturday morning in NZ. In luck. Mr Kilmister is in and

he's expecting the call. 'Mr Kilmister, it's Rip It Up New Zealand here. You are uh, Lemmy?" I'm squirming, what if he's not. He must be. "Yeah, right." Lucky.

'You've been expecting us?'

He sounds human. Doesn't grunt or moan heavy metal riffs but he doesn't seem to talk much either. I decide to lead with my dumb questions.

'How's the American tour been going?'

Very well, we've been getting the usual type of audience we get in Britain, y'know, fans and their friends. He doesn't expand, so next question. "What differences

do you think exist between American and British metal?" Not many. The only thing in America is that they still

wear glitter and are flash, y'know bands like Kiss. We adopt a more workmanlike approach like bands like

Motorhead, a trio of rockers hellbent on metalling, started up in 1976, but it was only this year that they managed to get round to touring America. Why the delay?

Well, we didn't get a record deal until recently. I suppose they thought we were too outrageous.

To me, heavy metal has always been like the ostrich with his head in the sand: He's happy doing what he's doing, but it's in isolation, he's not in touch with what's going on. In fact, he's hiding from a reality he doesn't want to know about because he can't cope with it or express it. I ask Lemmy about escapism.

That's what music is. These days, society reflects rock. It's the second biggest industry - it brings more money than petrol, and I think people treat it very shabbily. It's been sneered at because some people think it's not real music. If that's so how come it's survived so long?

'What do you think of the current British music trends?" 'The futurist stuff? I don't mind it, I don't listen to it much because I don't care about it although I quite like

Reggae?

'I don't like reggae as a musical form."

"Well, who do you like in your own idiom?" Euphemism for heavy metal y'unnerstand?

"Iron Maiden are very good and so are Girlschool." "What do you think of Blue Oyster Cult because I understand you recently played with them?"

I don't think much of them because they sounded tired and worn out, not inspired.

'Do you feel an affinity for other metal bands?'

"I suppose we're in the same pigeon hole and there's some camaraderie but nothing special."

When Motorhead formed in 1976, (Lemmy having met drummer Philthy Animal Taylor and guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke "just hangin' around in London") the musical climate was critically against heavy metal:

"We're playing for the audience, not the critics, otherwise we would've given up long ago. All the critics are into **CONTINUED ON PAGE 14**