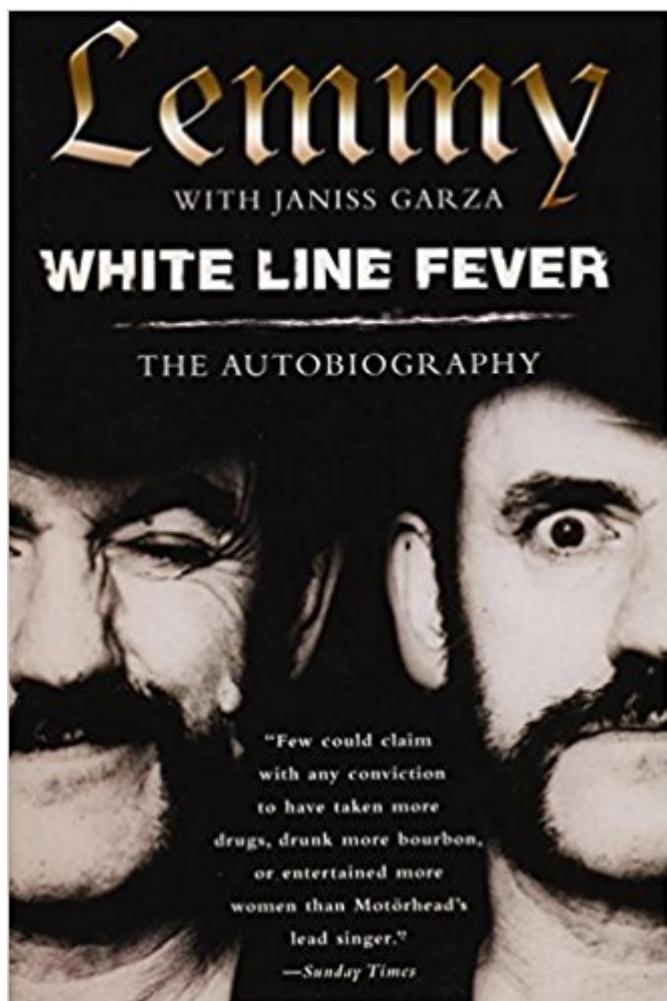


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# White Line Fever: The Autobiography



## Synopsis

One of music's most notorious frontmen leads a headbanging, voyeuristic odyssey into sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll that rivals Motley Crue's *The Dirt* and Aerosmith's *Walk This Way*. He made Keith Richards look like a choirboy and Mick Jagger look like a nun. And as the head of the legendary band Motorhead, he ploughed his way through so many drugs, so many women, and so much alcohol, that he gave a whole new meaning to the term *Debauchery*. And he changed the face of music, conquering the rock world with such songs as *Ace of Spades*, *Bomber*, and *Overkill* and inventing a whole new form of music--speed metal. At the age of 57, Lemmy Kilmister remains a rock icon, both for his monumental talent and his hedonistic lifestyle. In *White Line Fever*, he recounts his incredible, pleasure-filled, and death-defying journey through music history. Born on Christmas Eve, 1945, in Wales, to a vicar and a librarian, Ian Fraser Kilmister learned early, he as he forthrightly puts it, what an incredible pussy magnet guitars were. A teenager at the birth of rock 'n' roll, Lemmy idolized Elvis and Buddy Holly and soon joined a band of his own. He would eventually head to London, where he became a roadie for Jimi Hendrix, played in Opal Butterfly, and joined space rockers Hawkwind's lineup in 1971. Four years later, speedfreak Lemmy was fired from the band for doing the wrong drugs. Vowing to form the dirtiest rock 'n' roll band in the world, he formed Motorhead, arguably the heaviest and loudest heavy metal band to ever take the stage. During their twenty-seven-year history, Motorhead would go on to release twenty-one albums, including the #1 record *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith* and would earn a Grammynomination. Lemmy would also cheat death on more than one occasion, most notoriously in 1980, when his doctor told him, I cannot give you a blood transfusion because normal blood will kill you...and your blood would kill another human being, because you're so toxic. But through more than two decades of notorious excess, Lemmy has lived to tell the warts-and-all tale of a life lived over the edge. *White Line Fever*, a tour of overindulgence, metal, and the search for musical integrity, offers a sometimes hilarious, often outrageous, and always unbridled ride with the leader of the loudest rock band in the world."

## Book Information

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## Customer Reviews

Born Ian Fraser Kilmister in Stoke-on-Trent in 1945, Lemmy formed Motorhead in 1975. Fronting the band through the highs and lows of superstardom, Lemmy has recorded twenty albums with Motorhead who remain at the top of their profession after twenty-seven years. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

I think I first heard Motorhead in 1982, and was a fan of the music from the beginning. Later, I got exposed to Lemmy as a person (see his bits in "The Decline of Western Civilization, Part II"), and you just had to love the guy's personality. Unabashedly happy in the midst of the lunacy he created, he was a rare mix of insanity and durability that you can only appreciate after you hear the unhinged tales of his life. Reading this is a lot like sitting down with him over a few beers and listening to his stories, complete with the sort of self-deprecating side comments that you'd expect in a conversation. Some artists are tortured, but Lemmy was just having a ball the whole time through, and it made reading his autobiography a delight.

I'd heard good things about this book, and I knew I needed to know more about Lemmy, so I went out and bought it. Good thing I did!! It's great fun, and like nearly every autobiography I've ever read starts with a modern life anecdote before heading into the usual "when I was a lad" "when I first started playing" stuff, about growing up, in Lemmy's case with a single mum, a deadbeat dad (who he at least acknowledges with a picture in the pictures section) and not-much-better jailbird stepdad. It quickly gets into music, which some people would sneer is an alien concept for this noisemaker and hellraiser. For a hardass like Lemmy, people may be surprised that his favorites are Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis Presley, the usual stuff that punks and heavy metallers usually don't refer to. But then again, you have to remember Lemmy's old enough to have seen them when they were starting out, even if his

heart is as young as the snottiest upstart metal brat (there's a great quote in the movie that Rollins relates: "I remember before there was rock and roll. I remember when there was only Rosemary Clooney records. Then we heard Elvis Presley and there was no turning back."). He talks about the mods and the rockers. "The Mods used to wear eye make-up too, especially the boys. The crowd of people I was in disliked them, but in retrospect, it was no worse than what we were doing. I mean, we thought they were sissies, and they thought we were yobs" and "and you know, we were both right." There's a great story about befriending Jon Lord of Deep Purple, then living with a young Ron Wood and Art Wood. He also hung out with the Beatles (and, as we find out in the documentary, had a child with a girl who lost her virginity to John Lennon). The Beatles revolutionized rock 'n' roll, and they also changed the way everyone looked. It seems ludicrous now, but for those days, they had very long hair. I remember thinking, "Wow! How can any guy have hair that long?" Really, it was just combed forward, with a slight fringe over the collar. We all had quiffs then. Before the Beatles, it had been ducktails and Elvis. He compares the Beatles and the Stones, overturning the impression that the Beatles were mellow and the Stones were dangerous: the Beatles, being from a tough town like Liverpool, knew how to take care of themselves, whereas "the Rolling Stones were the mummy" and "boys" they were all college students from the outskirts of London. There's also the great story of him working as a roadie for Jimi Hendrix for a year and a half (and in the documentary he talks about helping Hendrix score acid, ten hits at a time). Jimi was generous and would take seven tabs, and give Lemmy the other three. When he performed, he would drive the chicks nuts. I've seen him go in his bedroom with five chicks and they'd all come out smiling too. And of course, the road crew got the spin-offs. A stud, Hendrix was; and I'm crass enough to think that's quite a good thing. I don't know what's wrong with being a stud. It's more fun than not being a stud, that's for sure! In the movie there's a funny quote from Lemmy: "people ask me what I think of Prince; I say I've already seen Jimi Hendrix." A funny tale about the other guys in The Experience: I liked the other two guys in the Experience, too. Noel Redding was all right, only he used to wear a nightshirt to bed, and Alladdin-type shoes with the curly toes and a nightcap with a tassel. That was

quite a sight. Mitch was nuts, as he still is today, in fact. One time I was standing on a traffic island in the middle of Oxford Street and Mitch bounced up to me, wearing a white fur coat, white trousers, white shirt, shoes and socks. A complete vision, you know. Hello, I don't know who I am! he said and ran off again. I don't think he knew who I was, either! He talks about some of the albums he played on in the early days, throwing out lines like "I must get a copy of it one of these days", which means that someone will read this and send him a copy. Nice move. For most of the second half of the book, Lemmy is consumed with writing about the recording of albums. "We went into the studio and did an album" then we did the next one" then we did the next one" | He also talks a bit about tours, memorable shows, line-up changes, and management grief. Occasionally he pauses for an anecdote, or a bit of philosophizing. Sometimes he talks about writing a song for someone else (Ozzy, Lita Ford, Girlschool, etc), and how he made more money off of writing songs for Ozzy than he ever did in 15 years with Motörhead. He also describes how he got involved in a few unlikely pairings, such as a supergroup he was in with the Nolan Sisters that there's a cool little video for. The Nolan Sisters were great fun | we used to run across them quite a bit because they were on the charts at the same time Motörhead was. Everybody thought they were soppy little popster virgins but they weren't. They'd been around | they'd played with Sinatra at the Sands in Vegas. They were tough chicks, managed by their father, but they were really great. And funny as scoot. Once our manager, Douglas, was talking to Linda Nolan in the Top of the Pops bar, and he dropped some money on the floor. When he bent down to pick it up, Linda smirked and said, "While you're down there" | That was the last thing he expected out of a Nolan sister! Maybe wishful thinking and he dreamt it up, but it shocked the stuffing out of him. Naturally, being fired from Hawkwind gets the full treatment. Ultimately, the first half of the book is way better than the second half, as autobiographies tend to be. Great book. Anybody who's ever rocked out to Motörhead songs that they didn't pay for, do yourself and fork out for this; everybody else should as well.

Lemmy is a very funny man. He also loves a bit of a moan. By the end of the book I felt I had gone through all the stages of a long term relationship: the initial charm of novelty followed by the disillusion of recognizing a person's quirks and ultimately just loving the whole

package. This book is a great romp through Lemmy's adventures as a rock star from his first aspirations in music to his ultimate almost-legend status. I loved reading about his relationships with other bands like Black Sabbath, The Damned and Twisted Sister and his love for his own band members in Motorhead, particularly drummer, Mikkey Dee. Ironically, Lemmy has made more money through penning songs for Ozzy than through all of Motorhead's albums, but he laughs about the whole thing. There are plenty of tales of women, drugs and debauchery, all told with gusto. Although he has been accused of being sexist and racist, Lemmy comes across as a very open human being with no preconceived notions against anyone. He also has a few words of wisdom, such as, "There are really only two kinds of people: those who are for you and those who are against you. Learn to recognize them, for they are often and easily mistaken." If you like rock memoirs, this is a great read.

As a guy who knows Lemmy (casually) this is him- un-filtered and funny as hell !! It is a tale of a broken family to a man of hard work and fame... He is humble in person as well as text... This is the guy I met and spent a few hours with... He is anti- heroin due to the loss of someone he loved and I know where that comes from... He is a true legend and in speaking with Henry Rollins who also read the book we both think this is Lemmy in the flesh. It's raw. It's real.... It's Motorhead and a lot of work getting to where he is and being the hero of so many 90's metal bands and their opinions applied in this text apply.... It's not a cheap book but worth every single word he offered up!!! One of the best Bio's I have had the honor of reading... And he was cool enough to sign it for me in L.A. and then bought me a drink..... That's just how awesome of a guy you have in text and as stated-in-filtered.... An addition to any rockers library!!!

You know for someone to Live the way Lemmy did for seventy years is simply amazing. Lemmy remembered a lot of detail of his life, made the book readable, and entertaining. Read the book in a matter of hours with Motorhead in the ear buds the whole time (highly recommended)

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