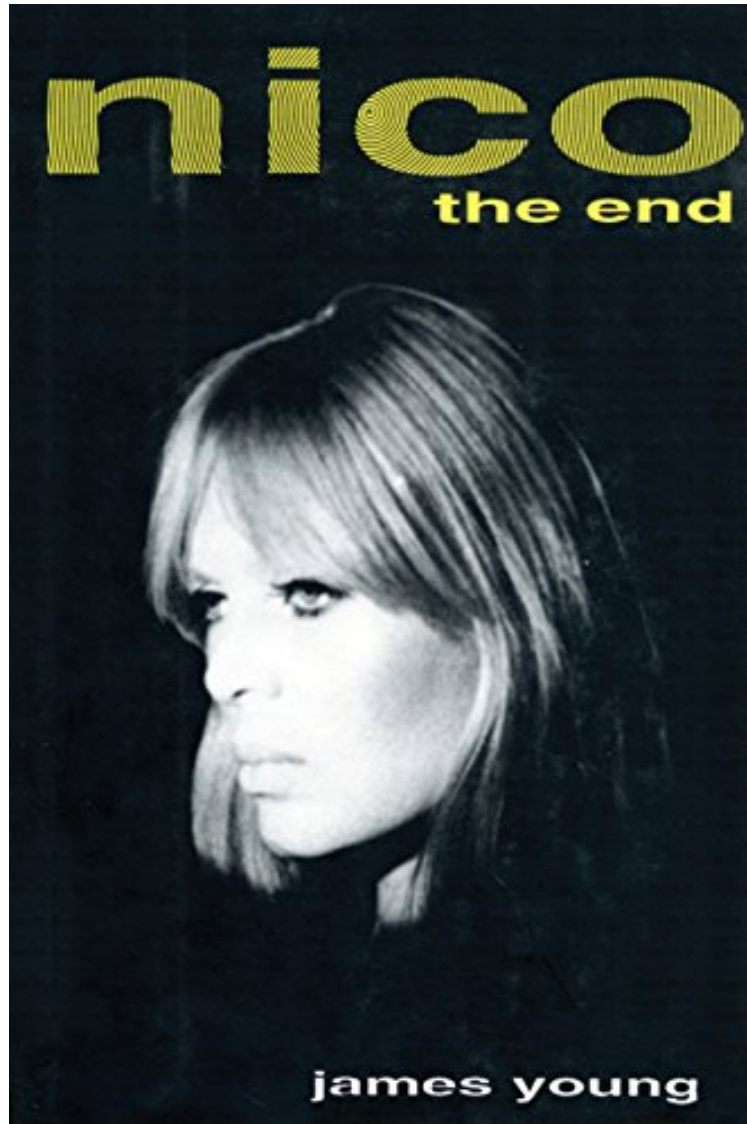


(Free download) Nico: The End

Nico: The End

Von James Young

**Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation Veröffentlicht am: 1994-05-01 Erscheinungsdatum: 1994-05-01 File Name: B013JQMJQE
| File size: 70.Mb

Von James Young : Nico: The End before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nico: The End:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A witty, sad, multifaceted masterpiece Von Peter Uys This biography, variously titled Nico: The End, Nico: The Last Bohemian or Nico: Songs They Never Play on the Radio, is a masterpiece of style and content, one of the very best rock biographies in existence. It explores the life of Nico after the Velvet Underground, covering her life in London and tours of Europe, the USA and Japan in the 1980s. I found myself devouring the text in utter fascination. It includes

descriptions of bizarre performances, wild parties, weird tour experiences, eccentric characters like her one-time manager Dr Demetrius, encounters with luminaries like John Cale, a visit to the motel where Tom Waits used to stay and much much more. The Preface covers Nico's family background, her career as model, the first move to New York, her role in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, involvement with The Rolling Stones and later Andy Warhol and the Factory crowd. Post Velvet Underground she went solo and made some great albums with the help of John Cale, eventually settling in Manchester in the UK. The author met her in 1981 and thus this biography deals with the last seven years of her life. The first tour was that of Italy, the next of the USA that included shows in Detroit, Denver, and Chicago. In LA the band stayed at The Tropicana where Tom Waits made his residence at the time. One of the funniest parts is the narrative of Nico's first experience with angel dust in Los Angeles. The tour concluded in New York. Then came the performances with Gregory Corso in Amsterdam and Rotterdam. A highlight of the narrative is Nico's show at the Free University in Berlin, where she made the mistake of singing *Deutschland ber Alles*, causing a riot. Fortunately, her harmonium shielded her against the hailstorm of beer bottles. Back in Manchester, there was an interesting encounter with the punk poet Velocity John Cooper Clarke and John Cale in a bad patch of his life. At a studio in Shoreditch he produced her album *Camera Obscura* which was launched with a powerful performance at Chelsea Town Hall. Allen Ginsberg appears in the chapter *Suspicious Minds* whilst other beats like Carolyn Cassady also make an appearance. Eric Random joined the band just before the European tour that encompassed Germany, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland (where Nico managed to score opium behind the then Iron Curtain) and Spain. Australia and New Zealand came next and then Japan. The book concludes with an account of her death and funeral in 1988. Underneath the humor there is a lot of sadness too but it is a strangely inspiring read. *Songs They Never Play On The Radio* is a gem on many levels and transcends the genre of rock writing. Only Marianne Faithfull's *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* comes close. You don't have to be a fan of Velvet Underground to enjoy this classic work, as it offers much humor, wit and arresting portraits of a colorful array of personalities.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The Loneliness of Failure Von Dave Miller This book is tedious, sad, sometimes confusing and sickly funny. In other words, it's a complete success. James Young captures the twilight years of the Velvet Underground's once-beautiful (and unwelcomed) lead vocalist, Nico, in all her drug-addled, unwashed, apathetic glory. He humorously conveys the sad silliness of the burned-out "Queen of Addicts" and the motley crew of cut-rate musicians and scam artists who follow her on several world tours during the 1980s. Much of this book is dull and monotonous. Another bad gig. Another distasteful description of an addict's habits. Another strange character popping up to join the ride for a while. At first, this bothered me. But I ultimately realized that this boredom and repetitiveness is crucial to the book's effectiveness. Failure is not exciting, nor is it climactic. Attention Britney Spears: This is what happens to the pop stars who get left behind.

Kurzbeschreibung A tour de force in the literature of failure, *Nico: The End* is an unflinching look at the final days of a celebrity in the twilight zone of faded fame. This is the story of the last scene of the art rock diva Nico, whose 15 minutes of fame included her tenure with Andy Warhol's Factory, the films *Chelsea Girls* and *La Dolce Vita*, and a stint with The Velvet Underground. In 1982, Nico was living in Manchester, England, far from her 15 minutes and interested only in feeding her heroin habit. Local promoter Dr. Demetrius saw an opportunity, hired musicians to back her, and set off on a disastrous tour of Italy. In a daze of chaotic live shows and necessary heroin scores, she toured the world with assorted thrown-together bands, encountering a wild crew of personalities, including John Cale, Allen Ginsburg, John Cooper Clarke, and Gregory Corso. This story of Nico and the characters who orbited around her may be the truest book yet written about life inside the rock world.

Kurzbeschreibung A tour de force in the literature of failure, *Nico: The End* is an unflinching look at the final days of a celebrity in the twilight zone of faded fame. This is the story of the last scene of the art rock diva Nico, whose 15 minutes of fame included her tenure with Andy Warhol's Factory, the films *Chelsea Girls* and *La Dolce Vita*, and a stint with The Velvet Underground. In 1982, Nico was living in Manchester, England, far from her 15 minutes and interested only in feeding her heroin habit. Local promoter Dr. Demetrius saw an opportunity, hired musicians to back her, and set off on a disastrous tour of Italy. In a daze of chaotic live shows and necessary heroin scores, she toured the world with assorted thrown-together bands, encountering a wild crew of personalities, including John Cale, Allen Ginsburg, John Cooper Clarke, and Gregory Corso. This story of Nico and the characters who orbited around her may be the truest book yet written about life inside the rock world.

Leseprobe. Abdruck erfolgt mit freundlicher Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber. Alle Rechte vorbehalten. Nico The Grnewald-Forst cemetery is situated on the outskirts of Berlin, by the Wannsee Lake. In twentieth-century consciousness Berlin has been synonymous with a kind of claustrophobic angst, a landlocked Madagascar of bizarre hybrids. So its strange that Nico should be buried in a pretty, almost rural setting, within the perimeters of a city renowned for its monsters, but one for which she no longer felt much affinity. Like many of her generation, born shortly before or during the war, she felt, at best, an unease towards her country and its guilty past. She no longer saw herself as specifically German. She spoke in English. She dreamt in English. She sang, mostly, in

English. And although it saddened her to see the country divided geographically and politically, she never liked to stay there very long. Now she's a permanent resident. From the start, Nico seemed destined for a life of strange tensions and weird scenes. Her father came from a rich background, her mother from a humble one. Needless to say, his family deemed it an unsuitable match. Nico was born Christa Paffgen in Cologne on October 16, 1938. Her father insisted on her being brought up a Catholic, with all the attendant mysteries and miseries. When the war began, Nico's father was conscripted. He was apparently a poor soldier, unable to respond with convincing obedience to the military and ideological discipline of the Third Reich. In 1943 Nico's mother received a letter informing her that he had been wounded in the head and had been taken to a military hospital. His injury resulted in brain damage, and he had become subject to bouts of insanity. The Nazi authorities had one simple, expedient solution for the treatment of the mentally ill: extermination. Nico and her mother then moved to Berlin to stay with her aunt, but the Allied bombing was so intense they sought refuge with Nico's grandfather, a railway man, in Lubbenau about ninety kilometres east of Berlin. There Nico would play with her cousin in the local graveyard and watch the trains (those trains?) go by. At night she could see the burning red sky of Berlin in the distance. After the war they returned to the city, her mother making her living as a tailor, dressing her daughter as finely as she could. She was a beautiful child and her mother was anxious that she should always look her best. Nico disdained the rigours of conventional German education, and at the age of fifteen, with the encouragement of Ostergaard, a Berlin couturier, she left school to become a professional model. Initially her mother was reluctant to allow it, but Ostergaard managed to persuade the doubtful parent, and by the age of seventeen Nico had become the best model in Berlin. Then, inevitably, she went to Paris, where she worked for, among others, Coco Chanel, who took a personal interest in her androgynous protégée. To further her career, and to escape Chanel's attentions, she went to New York to work for Eileen Ford. There, energised by the city and liberal amounts of amphetamine (They used to give it us so we stay thin), she earned \$100 a day, enough to buy the house in Ibiza that became her European base for the next decade. It was in Ibiza that she became Nico, taking the name from a photographer friend in memory of his ex-boyfriend. Nico moved from scene to scene. In Rome she became involved with the Cinecittà set and found herself conscripted into Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. It was a walk-on part that became extended into a definite role, due to the director's fascination with her phantom-like presence on the set. Not much real acting ability was demanded of her, more the skills of the catwalk. Fellini, though, was keen to develop her and use her for more pictures, but he became irritated by her habitual laziness. When she failed, after repeated warnings, to make an early morning camera-call, he fired her. She pursued the idea of becoming an actress a while longer, taking part in Lee Strasberg's Method classes in New York. Later she would claim that she had been in the same class as Marilyn Monroe. Then came the music scene. Initially it involved a lot of hanging out. She took lessons in narcissism from Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones. He loved those Germanic blondes (though her hair was bleached and her blood mixed). Arm-in-arm they would pose for the adoring crowds at the Monterey Pop Festival or float regally down the Kings Road, King and Queen of the carnival. At this time she cut her first record, a Gordon Lightfoot song called *Im Not Saying*, instantly forgettable, and also had her first meeting with her future mentor Andy Warhol. He had just dropped in on *Swinging London* en route to New York after a holiday in North Africa sampling the tight delights of Moroccan youth. In 1965 she did a spell as a cocktail singer at the Blue Angel Lounge on East 55th Street and soon found herself in the company of Bob Dylan. At that time the scene was divided between the Dylan camp straight and the Warhol camp camp. Nico's temperament was more suited to Dylan's circle, she loved the man and his work, but Dylan's romantic attention was engaged elsewhere and there would be no real place for her except as an acolyte. Warhol, on the other hand, had found a group at the Caf Bizarre, playing curiously titled songs like *Heroin* and *Venus in Furs*. The Velvet Underground. Warhol decided that Nico should become their figurehead, much to the reluctance of the rest of the group, Lou Reed and John Cale in particular. Still, they acceded to their patrons' demands: new instruments, free rehearsal space, food, drink, drugs, instant chic, in exchange for letting Nico do a couple of numbers. Nevertheless they delighted in giving her a bad time, bullying her into singing their way which depended upon whatever caprice the drugs dictated. They'd torment her with tricks like switching off her microphone, or blasting her out with guitar noise anything to make her feel more paranoid. Paranoia was the dominant theme of the Factory floor. Lou Reed wrote a few tunes for her, which they got her to sing in that bleached, throwaway style *All Tomorrows Parties*, *Femme Fatale*, *Ill Be Your Mirror* but there was always a problem about who was doing what. Nico was not an instrumentalist, and therefore couldn't reintegrate with the rest of the group once her songs were over. Besides, Lou Reed was the leader, he wrote most of the material, he was the real singer. Lou never really liked me, she once told me, because of what my people did to his people. The truth was perhaps more banal: he resented being upstaged by her. Although they only sold a modest amount of records in their time, the Velvet Underground exerted a potent influence and found their true apotheosis in the 1980s. They were perfectly in tune with the dominant themes of the decade: cynicism, careerism, amorality. With the encouragement of Jim Morrison, amongst others, Nico went on to become a solo artist, accompanying herself on harmonium and reverting to her real singing style: dark, European and deeply melancholic. John Cale, though antagonistic to her as a member of the Velvets, produced her best work: *Marble Index*; *Desert Shore*; *The End*; *Camera Obscura* the last with myself as arranger. She was never better than when sitting alone at her harmonium, singing one of her disturbing little songs with its hints of folk melody, German

Lndler and Bach chorales all in a...