

Legend

“And in the fullness of time, the prophecy must be fulfilled and the HAWKLORDS shall return to smite the land. And the Dark Forces shall be scourged, the cities razed and made into parks. Peace shall come to everyone. For is it not written that the Sword is the key to Hell *and* Heaven?”

HAWKCRAFT INVENTORY

At the time of the events presented in this book, the ever-changing crew of the Hawkwind Spacecraft are:

Baron Brock – (David Brock, lead guitar, 12-string guitar, synthesizer, organ and vocals)

The Thunder Rider – (Nik Turner, sax, oboe, flute and vocals).

Count Motorhead – (Lemmy, bass and vocals)

Lord Rudolph the Black – (Paul Rudolph, bass and guitars)

The Hound Master – (Simon King, drums and percussion)

The Sonic Prince – (Simon House, keyboards,

mellotron and violin)

Stacia ... The Earth Mother – (Stacia, dance)

Astral Al – (Alan Powell, drums and percussion)

Liquid Len – (Jonathan Smeeton, lights)

Captain Calvert – (Bob Calvert, with Lucky Leif and The Longships)

Moorlock ... The Acid Sorcerer – (Mike Moorcock, with The Deep Fix)

Actonium Doug – (Doug Smith, Manager)

INTRODUCTION

When I accepted an offer from Michael Moorcock to co-write the *Hawklords* novels I had reached a not very happy crossroads in my life. It was 1974, and the period known as the New Wave of Science Fiction, which had harboured my output from my first published story in *New Worlds* in 1966, had rolled its last, leaving me with a reputation but no market for the kind of work I was producing.

My marriage had also failed. This tragedy had unexpectedly left me with two young children to raise. Their wellbeing and my sanity were the reasons I was looking around for better-paid work. I first tried copywriting,

taking on two positions at different Manchester ad agencies, but found I was not good at teamwork, an essential quality if one is to succeed in this kind of business. While waiting for a new job to turn up I tried my hand at freelance writing. Jim Cawthorn very kindly walked me round London introducing me to his hard-won contacts. For a while I sold articles to the children's magazine *Look and Learn*, the soft-core *Blade* and others, but it did not take long until it became clear that I would need more time than I had to establish myself this way. Not caring to return to my old job as a laboratory technician, an occupation I had done ever since leaving school, and with no other job in sight, I was beginning to get desperate. It was at this point that Mike, hearing of the plight I