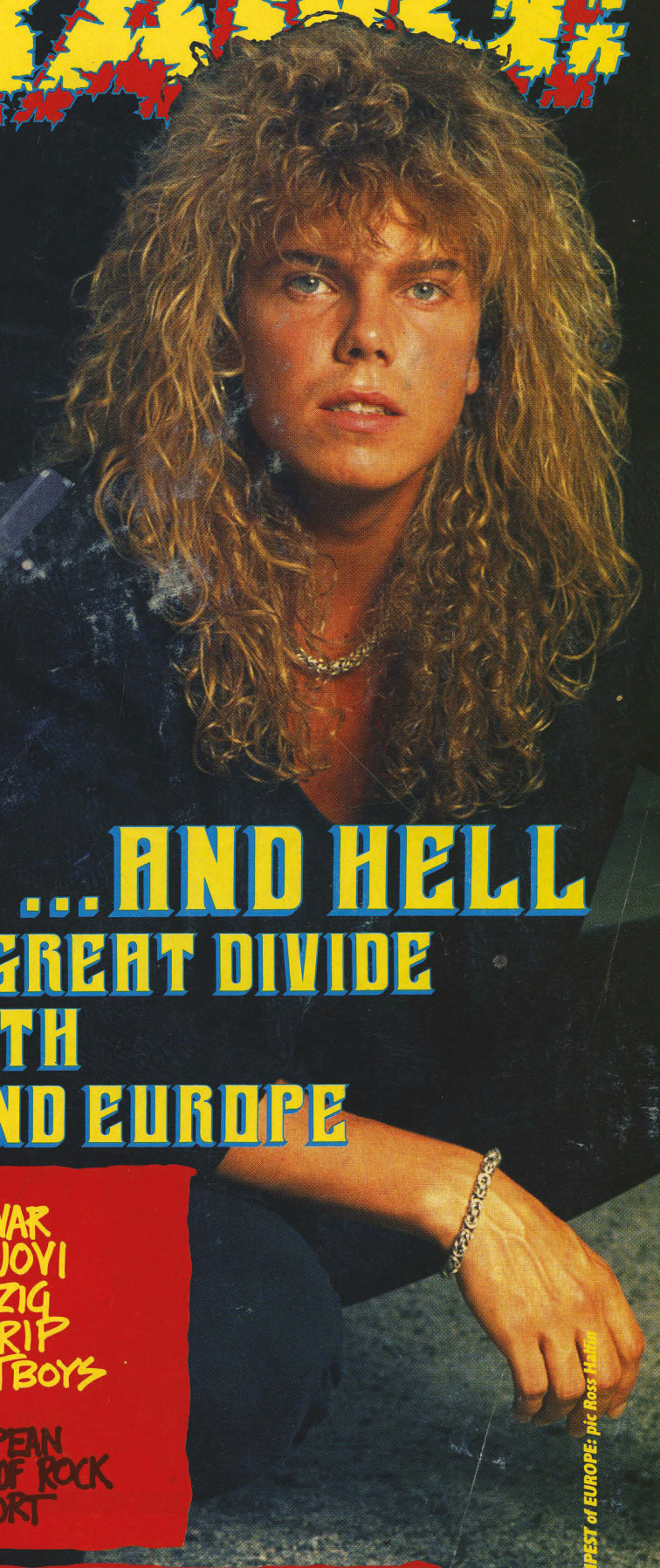


MONSTERS OF ROCK



HEAVEN... ..AND HELL ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE WITH SLAYER AND EUROPE

AT WAR
BON JOVI
DANZIG
THE GRIP
BULLETBOYS

EUROPEAN
MONSTERS OF ROCK
REPORT

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KERRY KING OF SLAYER: pic Mark Leialoha

JOEY TEMPEST OF EUROPE: pic Ross Muller

IRON MAIDEN TOUR DATES

'INFORMANT BASH' The Omni, Oakland, CA

I LOVE those occasional nights where rock ceases to be the corporate moneymaker that it is and returns to what it should be. You know – fun, spontaneous, and all those other things that are normally missing. The *Informant* is a local music rag notorious for its ability to pull these special parties together, and tonight it did it again.

With Da Leps in town two days early for an outdoor venue gig, and one-time tour mates Tesla just about to leave for New York to work on album number two, what better way to pass time than to stretch out and have fun jamming on some vintage tunes. Of course they have lots of other friends that had the same idea as well so things got crowded, but as they say, the more the merrier!

A rousing opener of 'Rock The Nation' featured Tesla boys Jeff Keith on vocals and Troy Luketta on drums, former UFO six-stringer Atomik Tommy M, bassist Phil Kennemore of Y&T, and Phil Collen of you know who. Guitar-hero-in-the-making Steve Salas, in town with Rod Stewart, subbed in for Tommy on 'Rock Candy' as things moved up a notch on the heat meter.

'Too Hot To Handle' saw Atomik Tommy return and bring Rick Savage of some unknown band onstage to handle the bass chores. All 500 of us screamed out the chorus as Leps Rick and Phil saw an American crowd from a club stage for what is probably the first time ever.

Johnny Edwards of Northrup took over lead vocals as bassist Brett Bloomfield of Starship teamed with drummer Leonard Haze and the ever-present Tommy M for 'Doctor Doctor', 'Dr Feelgood' and a roaring 'Johnny B Goode'. Brilliant, all of it I must say, and I just know that Johnny is a vocal star and Tommy the most valuable free agent in the business.

Things took a Kingdom Clone, I mean Led Zep, turn as Tesla's Frank Hannon and Brian Wheat, and Y&T's Jimmy DeGrasso, came on to power through 'Whole Lotta Love', 'You Shook Me' and 'Heartbreaker'. Just as I expected Lenny Wolf to appear, 'Train Kept A Rollin'' spared us. And when Phil Collen took over on guitar and Frank moved to vocals for 'Voodoo Chile' and the night's last song, I swore to myself to never go to a coliseum show again! They just ain't this much fun!

This is what rock is all about – a little loose, a lot of sweat, and a hell of a good time!

BRIAN BRANDES BRINKERHOFF

INTRINSIC The Stone, San Francisco

IT'S ALWAYS difficult early on to pick bands that are going to enjoy widespread success later. There's just too many factors involved that make the band itself about Number 10 on the list of necessities.

But here at *Kerrang!* we've never been afraid to spout the facts about bands who deliver the goods and deserve to be massive. I mean, where else can you hear about unsigned bands like Vain (thanks Steffan, your cheeseburger's on the way) and my personal favourites from San

Francisco, Roulette (more on them later)?

So as mighty Metallers Intrinsic have been getting all the raves here lately, you know they're worth seeing. Intrinsic play what I'd term 'imaginative Metal'. Actually they say that themselves but I've never been one afraid to steal when necessary. Anyone who's heard their glorious self-titled debut record knows what I mean – this is real man's Metal that's speedy and heavy but not Thrash.

While the Intrinsic album is certainly spot on, the vocals were just a shade on the duff side. But now that David Wayne, ex-Metal Church vocalist, has joined the fold, it's all systems go in a match that seems to be perfect.

Opening with 'Rip' and closing 45 minutes later with an interesting cover version of 'Highway Star', it's hard to believe that this is the band's first gig with Wayne. Guitarist Mike Mellinger is all over the stage, while six-string mate Ron Crawford is less animated but by no means a statue.

Wayne stalks the stage slapping hands and making friends with the healthy Tuesday night crowd, while bassist Joel Stern is a calm island in the fury, concentrating on laying down all the right notes and letting the three other frontliners provide the crowd with focal points.

Three new tracks are previewed – still nameless at this point – and it's this material that I pay the closest attention to. I know what Intrinsic have done in the past, and I want proof that the new line-up has that spark to burn even brighter. I've found just that and more! Strong arrangements and playing throughout, and enough power to quell any doubts.

It feels like an inferno just came through town.

BRIAN BRANDES BRINKERHOFF

HEARTBREAK ANGELS Fulham Greyhound

SINCE DIAMOND Dave was playing the second of his two nights just down the road at the Hammy O, the Greyhound wasn't exactly teeming with punters for Heartbreak Angels' London debut. The numbers were swelled, however, by A&R men from one of the majors and an MTV video crew! Not bad for a debut gig in the 'Smoke', eh?

HA are a five-piece from 'out of town' and comprise Scratch and Sniff on guitar and bass respectively, Paul L'Amour on drums, Robbie Jay Dee on vocals and Heathy (The Blues Baby!) also on guitar.

As the old 'Spaghetti Western' intro tape faded, the band stormed into 'Shotgun Bandits' and two things struck me: first, how energetic the *whole* band are, especially Heathy, who cuts a fine Ron Wood/Pete Townshend pose; and second, how tall frontman Robbie is – his peroxide barnet stuck out like a lighthouse above the rocks.

Heartbreak Angels' music is fast, powerful and, yep, tight. Melodies and hooklines abound, attesting some kind of songwriting competence, but, since Trash, Sleaze (call it what you will) is essentially about a raw and dirty sound, it's not always possible to pick out the

FINE AN' DAN-DY



Pic Mark Leialoha

GLENN DANZIG: a wild, bicep-stacked epileptic salmon

individual talents. Consequently I can't say whether the vocals are great or not, but sticking my neck out, they *could* be.

Back to the set and 'Shot Me Down' was a track that I found particularly impressive, as was 'Summertime Lurrrv' (sic), based on one mother of a riff and with vocals reminiscent of Faster Pussycat's Taime Downe. Finishing with a cover of 'Money' and a superb party-piece called 'Miss Tease' it wasn't long before they were back on stage for 'Heartbreak Zone' – conclusive evidence that Trash is as good (and often better than) most of London and LA's finest. Highly recommended. DAVE SHACK

DANZIG The Palladium, Los Angeles

HE HIT the stage like some hyperactive, wild OTT dynamo and proceeded to whirl around like his life depended on it. It probably did. And his hard aggressive stances suggested an enormous inner anger with the way things were for him that night. And he sang with such bare-balled, bloody and scarred conviction, that at times he seemed like the Devil's lark. He could well be.

Let me assure you, Glenn Danzig's days of cultism and media neglect are about to jump out of the plane and hit the ground without the parachute cushion, because Danzig quite simply has it. The charisma. The darkness. The Dark energy. The abrupt moves of arrogance. The confidence. The voice. The songs... let's stop right there for a moment, the songs.

Danzig songs hit you from the gut, simplistic yet as stylish as all hell. The ripe guts of 'Mother' with that voice riding high and proud above all, the mesmeric 'Soul On Fire' and the plain brutal chord-wipe of 'Not Of This World'

combining to whip the shit out of you. He has a guitarist in John Christ who looks every bit the freak guitar God you never thought you'd see again, black Nuge all wired and fired, whacking strings with pure brutality and, of course, the punk God drummer Chuck Biscuits, slamming them low and hard into the ground.

But hey, follow me for a moment, listen up. You never heard a voice this good, this rich, this melodic yet this aggressive before in your existence. Maybe Jaymz H, but even he'll tell you that Glenn cops the vocals kudos in this biz right now. And the thing is, what the Misfits/Samhain never allowed his voice or songwriting to do. Danzig does.

I personally have never had the dubious honour of watching an atom bomb explode outwards and wreak it's filthy destruction on everyone. But I have now seen Danzig. I guess the two are pretty damn similar, except there's something glorious about the filth of Danzig's crime. Because it's rock, as hard and dirty and gut as you can crank it. He comes off as a wild, bicep-stacked epileptic salmon, but the real strength of Danzig is that all the negative energies of past incarnations are now channeled into making glorious noise and superb songs.

I told you earlier this year that 'Danzig will suck your blood'. They could very well kill you too; this band has the ability and the style to do that and get away with it. In case you're the one, Metallica are playing at the moment and guess who's opening? Now come on, for those who aren't already, do yourselves a big f**kin' favour and be there for the whole show. Not often a bill like this hits Britain after all...

STEFFAN CHIRAZI