

**EXCLUSIVE!  
MEGADETH TOUR  
DATES INSIDE!**

**THE HEAVIEST OF THE HEAVIEST IN HEAVY METAL EACH AND EVERY WEDNESDAY!**

No. 401  
July 18, 1992  
£1.20

**IN YOUR FACE!!!**  
**MIKE MUIR'S  
MILITANT  
TENDENCIES!**

Pic Ross Hallin



**MINISTRY EXCLUSIVE:  
AL JOURGENSEN  
PREACHES TO YOU!**

**L7: TOUR DIARY OF  
THE MAD WOMEN!**

**WILLARD**  
**21 GUNS**  
**MINDFONK**  
**JACK ENDINO'S**  
**EARTHWORM**

Wed 27 May  
Copenhagen - Denmark 93

Wed May 27  
Travel in Denmark. [Day off (1)]  
The next 10 days are through our Scandinavian  
to get me. A very nice, but only because they  
and high time there, but not too. A FYI (1)  
to each show. The whole situation started off  
in the appropriate L7 style, the same like to  
the airport. We had to get all the equip-  
ment on the plane. We had our bags  
sent on a train while the crew and the equip-  
ment would arrive 3 hours for the next day.  
This was about 10:00. I was ever and it was  
there, then a drink, not being able to be there.  
with you. Oh well. We later figured that when  
the plane had it was the first time. I had  
four experience, the last time. (10:00)



Memoir/look in the land of the kroners  
L7 had intended to do a live show. It was  
This set of live tour is quite different. The  
don't get below in cool, new places. Still in  
down during into the business end of a great  
high atmosphere. So from the new concept  
we drive the local town buses to their hotel



# REKORDZ

## Danzig III: the killer



Pic. Mark Leijah

**DANZIG: striking out into the world of AOR hit-dom?!**

**DANZIG**  
**'How The Gods Kill'**  
(Def American 5122701)

**KKKKK**

IT SEEMS like a living Frank Frazetta painting; Glenn Danzig doesn't make records any more – he makes *sequels*. 'Danzig III' is his 'Godfather II', his 'Aliens' – the Devil's favourite rock star's most fully realised work to date.

Since stepping out of the shadows under his own surname, he's never touched the snarling, three-chord brilliance of his days with punk paragons the Misfits. Even with Samhain, a subsequent outfit, he produced some truly brilliant moments of sepulchral mood music; forceful, imaginative and genuinely scary. Danzig (the band) had yet to touch any of this – until now.

Why? It's probably down to AC/DC-fixated holistic health food nut and production man Rick Rubin finally relinquishing the producer's chair and giving a free rein to Glenn. Contrary to the Morrison/Orbison persona pushed on 'Danzig II: Lucifuge', Danzig is best just being Danzig. The man knows what he's doing, and has picked up a few of Rubin's big budget tricks along the way. 'How The Gods Kill' doesn't suffer from the bone-dry Rubin production that plagued both of its predecessors. The arrangements are trickier, the sound fuller and more

aggressive, taking better advantage of Danzig's confident and powerful bass-supremo that stalks and lunges here like some vicious predatory beast.

Opener 'Godless' may be the best song Glenn never got around to writing for Samhain, moving from a Sabbath 'Symptom Of The Universe' bluster to a dirge that would teach even Cathedral the meaning of the word slow. Yes, there's still traces of the Evil Elvis persona that creep into the man's voice at points, particularly on 'Heart Of The Devil', but the sound and identity is Danzig to the black marble core.

At long last, the band are given some room to howl. John Christ's guitars are more upfront in the mix, full of fire and bile. The long-shortchanged rhythm section of Eerie Von and Chuck Biscuits finally get a chance to crack skulls with their cannon-fire percussion on 'Left Hand Black', but also manage to give 'Dirty Black Summer' an understated hypnotic pulse.

Regardless, Danzig is still the focus, a fact borne out by the tender, Chris Isaak-ish acoustic 'Sistinas', which just might be the craftiest and most compelling thing the man has penned in years. Testament to the man's epic lung-power, given the right video it could be the song to launch him out of the realm of cow-skulls and inverted crucifixes straight into the world of AOR hit-dom.

Hell, Clive Barker, Anne Rice and Bram Stoker couldn't have dreamed up a better rock star.

**MIKE GITTER**