

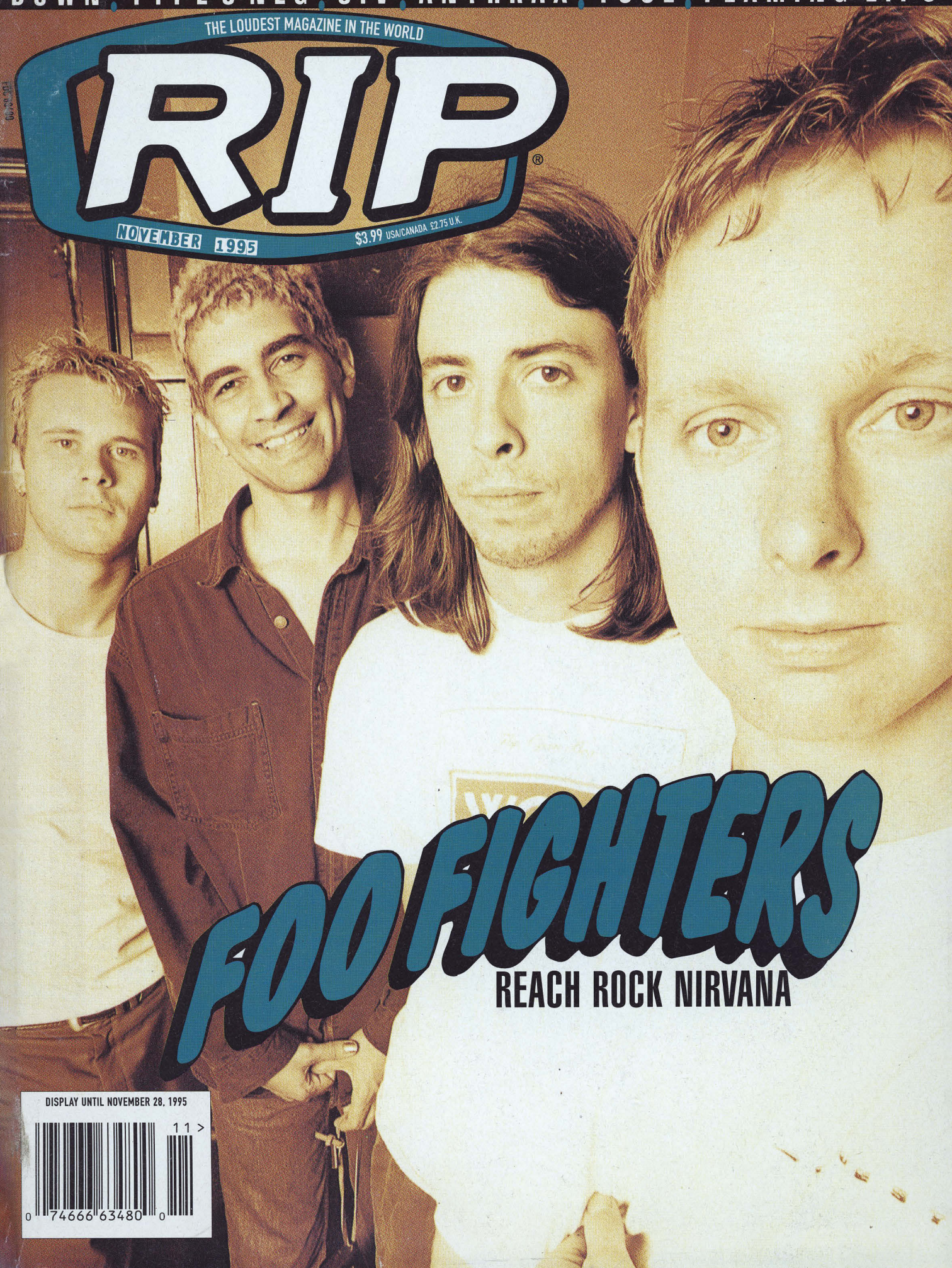
DOWN! TYPE O NEG! CIV! ANTHRAX! TOOL! FLAMING LIPS

THE LOUDEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

RIP

NOVEMBER 1995

\$3.99 USA/CANADA £2.75 U.K.



FOOD FIGHTERS

REACH ROCK NIRVANA

DISPLAY UNTIL NOVEMBER 28, 1995



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EDITOR'S STATEMENT

It's November. 1995 is almost over! Time to look back and reflect... think about the highs and lows.... Ahhh, never mind. We just want to know what you think of the music in '95. Yes folks, once again it's your chance to slam the bands you hate and rave about the bands you love in the annual RIP Readers' Poll (see page 26). You tell it like it is, and we'll publish it in the March 1996 issue.

Pop Quiz: What else does November mean? Thanksgiving—the smell of turkey cooking (in Jennifer's case, tofu), pumpkin pie, and homemade stuffing. It's also the time to give thanks. After much thought, we came up with 10 things we're most thankful for:

1. Our loyal RIP readers—otherwise we'd be out of jobs. Keep buying, please!
2. A riot-free, major-earthquake-free and major-fire-free year in Los Angeles (so far!).
3. Our guest writers: Jerry Cantrell, Jim Rose, John Christ, and Joey Ramone. Muchas gracias!!!
4. Totally rockin' female musicians: Sean Yseult of White Zombie, Lisa Umberger of Toadies, Selene Vigil of 7 Year Bitch, Jennifer Finch of L7, and Alanis Morissette of herself... sorry to all those we missed.
5. Totally rockin' male musicians: Pepper Keenan of C.O.C., Phil Anselmo of Pantera, Peter Steele of Type O Negative, Layne Staley of Alice in Chains, Todd Lewis of Toadies... sorry to all those we missed.
6. *Tank Girl* bombed and *Pulp Fiction* didn't.
7. Courtney Love leaving the Lollapalooza stage early because she didn't like people throwing shit at her. Boo-hoo.
8. Bush, Prick, Butthole Surfers, the Muffs, Hole, Anal Cunt and Butt Trumpet not touring together as the La Sexorcista Tour—although that wouldn't be a bad bill. Hmmm....
9. Metal's thriving—barely.
10. RIP coming into the '90s—get over it. Change is good!



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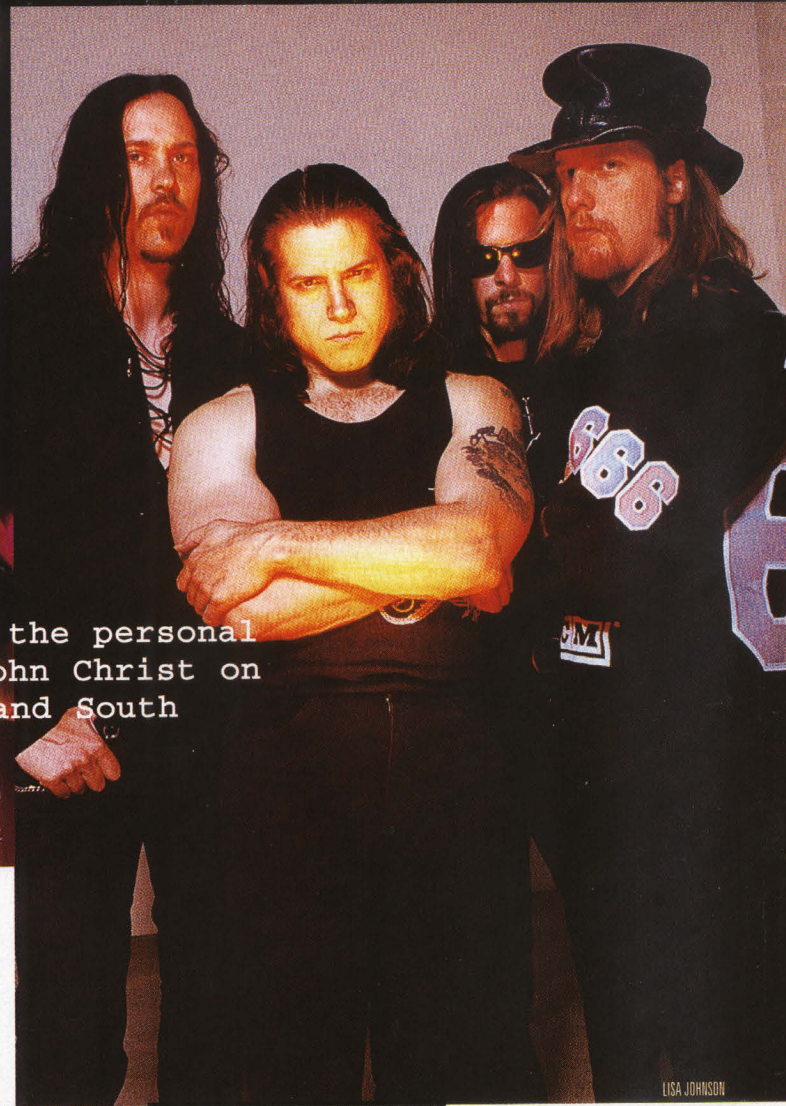
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STEPHANIE COBRAL



LISA JOHNSON

A no-holds-barred look at the personal road diary of guitarist John Christ on his final tour of Europe and South America with Danzig.

BY JOHN CHRIST

all snapshots courtesy of john christ

Thursday, May 25, 1995
Los Angeles, U.S.A.

Until late last night, I didn't think this tour would happen. It's been an incredibly stressful week. Somehow I wasn't ready for this, given the state of things the past four days. I was picked up around 6 p.m. I hung out in the elite lounge until we boarded the ten-plus-hour flight to Germany. It was delayed. Go figure.

Friday, May 26, 1995
Frankfurt, Germany

We arrived at 6 p.m. We checked into the Marriott around 8 p.m. The rooms were nice, but warm. CNN and the armed forces Sky channel kept me entertained in English.

A group of us took a cab over to the Hard Rock Cafe. It was the worst one we'd ever seen. We walked around the corner and found an Italian bistro that looked promising. The food was awesome. John Reese, our manager, treated!

Saturday, May 27, 1995
Castle Festival at Frankfurt, Germany

Rick Kelly, the tour manager, called at 1 p.m. and informed me that everyone was on the bus waiting. I was still half asleep and hadn't showered since L.A. Also, the bellman never came to pick up my spare amplifier. I lugged it and my two bags to the elevator. What a way to start.

By 7 p.m. we had arrived at the gig at Halle. It was an old castle. Apparently, during a morning thunderstorm, a bolt of lightning struck the tower and



sent the crew running for cover. The stage was covered in puddles and trash. And the promoter had run out of money the day before and fled. Our crew arrived to find no professional help on hand. The monitor and lighting rigs were a joke.

There was no fresh water for the band—no fresh water, period! Rick Kelly reamed the locals for hours, finally stating, "We either get fresh water or we don't go on!" It's funny how that always seems to work. It seems that the Germans only drink carbonated water.

By the time we hit the stage, you could see your own breath. It was freezing! The crowd stood in the mud, strangely quiet, as the intro tape announced our entrance. When I struck the first powerful chord of the set, I knew that it was going to be a tough one. I could barely hear Glenn as he tried to scream over the band. After the fifth song, Glenn threw down the microphone and stomped offstage. Glenn had blown out his voice. A minute later he reappeared. He walked over and said to play "Wear the Mark." Halfway into the second verse, his

voice was completely gone. Eerie and I sang the chorus and bridge section. John Reese and Rick Kelly hurried us onto the bus to make a hasty and early departure. I could hear the crowd yelling "Money back," in German. Out on the autobahn, a couple of cars whizzed by us sporting the old middle-finger salute. We joked, "We're number one."

Wednesday, May 31, 1995

The Docks at Hamburg, Germany

I was up again at 5:30 a.m. Jet lag! I went down to the gym after *Abs of Steel*. Off to the gig, the Docks, on the Reeperbahn. Lazy, the drum tech, and I took a walk down to Herbertstrasse, a short, narrow, blocked-off street in the red-light district where the prostitutes sit in the windows. (Now that's what I call window shopping!) The day shift was pretty weak. A barrier said: "Women and those under 18 are forbidden."

The Docks was oversold. The room was a sweatbox with no fans or air. The crowd was great. They started bouncing in "Call on the Dark." My rig sounded like mush. I ignored it and bumped and grinded hard all night. We had a great show. Dino, our lighting designer, gave me a NyQuil Nighttime gel cap to sleep. Boy, did I. Note: Decided not to shave this whole tour.

Thursday, June 1, 1995

Vienna, Austria

I slept from two hours outside Hamburg until we pulled up to the Sas Marriott in Vienna at 4:30 p.m. the next day. I went to the fitness center around 7 p.m. There was a 150-shilling charge (\$15), which I signed for. The lady clerk's friend wanted to take some pictures of me for the wall. He said he would put me next to Shirley MacLaine! After that, the lady said there was no charge for today. A free meal from BMG, then a quick stop at Club Maxim, a nude bar/brothel. Strange vibe. Everyone was for sale.

Friday, June 2, 1995

Summer Arena at Vienna, Austria

I called Rick Kelly to go for a walk down to St. Stephen's, one of the oldest and most gothic cathedrals in Europe. Mozart played there. It was windy and cold. The stone is black-soot covered. Inside, it was dark and smelled like candle wax and stone dust. In the midst of muttering tourists, a few ancient locals were kneeling in silent prayer, while massive silver organ pipes majestically stood watch over the bustle of activity and clicking of cameras below.

The gig is in an old slaughterhouse in a large courtyard covered in thick, lush grass. It still smells of meat! The place is owned by a commune. No *Polizei* allowed!

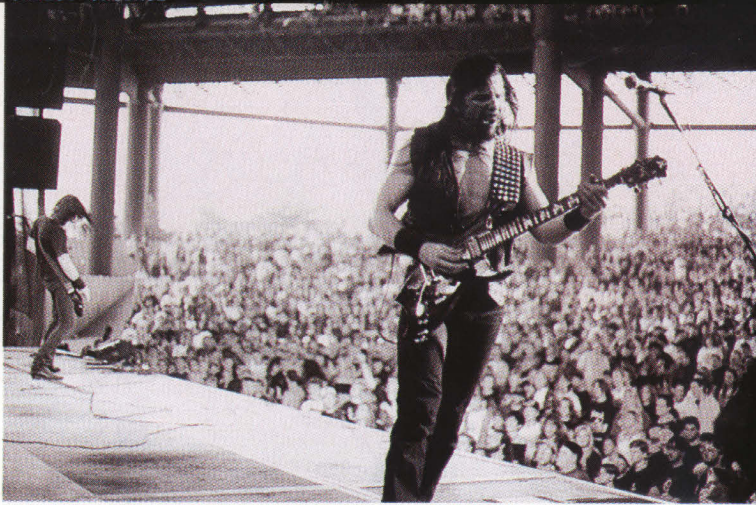
Show time, and Glenn didn't show. He was 15 minutes late. He finally bounded up the backstage steps. Early on, he angrily picked up the center monitor wedge and sort of flung it, losing his balance. The great crowd finally brought him into it.

Saturday, June 3, 1995

Rock Am Ring at Nurburg, Germany

I finally rolled out of bed at 11:30 a.m. It was a cool, cloudy day. This is where I met Robert Plant two years ago! This year the notable bands on the bill are: Ugly Kid Joe, D.A.D., H-Block (the big hit of the festival), Danzig,

JOEY & JOHN AT ROCK AM RING, NURBURG



Megadeth, Bad Religion and Faith No More. Tomorrow the Pretenders, Van Halen and Bon Jovi play.

In the catering tent were big-screen TVs monitoring the show. Somebody said that there were 60,000 people out there! At 2 p.m. our equipment truck had yet to arrive. Lazy went around to the other bands like Megadeth and Bad Religion to borrow cymbals and drumheads. Joey broke five snares last night! Since he's been using marching sticks, he's been destroying his kit nightly.

The stage is massive. You could feel the bass drum in your stomach even backstage. The P.A. system was immense. I ran into my friend Brian Baker, who is now playing guitar with Bad Religion. We spoke for about 20 minutes before he went on.

I played guitar for an hour and a half on the bus before my tech, Alan, came for it. We had planned on using just the main B.C. Rich for the shortened (40-minute) set. Joey and I couldn't believe that we were doing "Can't Speak," "Going Down to Die" and "Her Black Wings." No "Twist of Cain," no "Wear the Mark," no "Gods Kill"? I knew it would drag. The band before us, H-Block, was a popular German funky/hip-hop group. They wore wild clothes, had stage props, and the bass player had a two-string grey rocket bass, a two-string martini-olive bass, and a two-string tele-bass. They got the whole crowd hopping. We had to follow that with a choppy, weak set! Oh, well.

The band gathered in our trailers and prepared to go on. I did four sets of push-ups. Joey, as usual, was warming up his wrists on a cushion. Glenn put on his rubber shirt, assisted by Dennis, his bodyguard. Mary, Eerie's girlfriend, watched as he cinched tightly his red-and-black weight belt for lower-back support. He wears long, flowing, black shirts to cover the belt. It's his lifesaver. Joey, Eerie and I now wear earplugs too.

My guitar was loud and raspy. I knew right off that Glenn couldn't hear himself. He tried to throw a wedge offstage that was feeding back. This caused a huge knot of cables. I had warned Joey earlier about hit-or-miss festival monitors. Eerie was rocking hard. The crowd was dead. I picked out a smattering of fans. It didn't bother me a bit. I figured, "This may be the last time, I don't know," as the Rolling Stones song says.

Back on the bus we discussed the show. We all hated the chosen set. The crew told me Glenn fell after shoving one of the wedges. That's two shows in a row that I've missed his falls. Joey, Lazy and I revised our festival set list to be shown to Glenn and Reese tomorrow. I was serenaded to sleep by Joey's tenor snoring.

Sunday, June 4, 1995

Rock Im Park at Munich, Germany

9:30 a.m. wake-up. Joey, Lazy and I ate in the



JOEY & JOHN AT ROCK IM PARK, MUNICH



intro!" Early in the set, Glenn went for the wedges again. All in all, it was a good show, our best all week.

Wednesday, June 7, 1995
Westfallen Halle and Dortmund, Germany

Presales were 1,000. We ended up with 1,750! It was a total boom-boom room. For guitar, it's great. I played Yngwie licks and dive-bombs from hell. Glenn slipped on the polished wooden

bleachers behind a concession stand as the doors opened. We watched an endless stream of punters sprinting from the entrance on our right, down the stairs, across the infield and over to the pit area in front of the stage on our left. I was here a couple of years ago to see Robert Plant and Lenny Kravitz. Backstage, Robert Plant, recognizing me, came up and shook my hand. I'll never forget that.

I wrote in this journal until interrupted at 3:40 p.m. by Rick Diessing, our monitor guy. He said that John Reese asked him to ask me if I'd consider playing without monitor wedges tonight. I asked if he was beeping crazy! I said, "No wedges, no me." Rick said that he would tell him. How ridiculous is that? What next? No guitar?

When I saw Lazy, he said that Reese had shown the set to Glenn and it was rejected. I knew again the stage was set for disaster. I worked the crowd as much as I could. Joey was pounding and smiling, as usual. Eerie was a madman. He went from one side of the stage to the other. He even went out past the screens on the ego ramps. That's the one thing I miss about the wireless-freedom! I saw Megadeth approaching. I introduced myself to Dave. We extended hands and cordialities. He was cool. He wore a lot of makeup. I then called to Marty Friedman. As I did, Dave walked away. Oh, well. He was in his preshow zone. Marty and I talked for a minute about wedges, inner-ear monitors, singers and our home, Maryland!

PS: I still haven't shaved.

Monday, June 5, 1995
PinkPop at Landgraf, Holland

After lunch I strolled up on the immense split stage. Two identical stages, side by side. The acts flip-flopped all day. Rollins, Biohazard, Faith No More and Sinead O'Connor were the notables on the A stage. The north stage was for G-love, Dianne-NOVA, Bad Religion, Slash's Snakepit, Danzig.

I played my guitar for an hour and a half or so on the bus. I do scales, arpeggios and a combination in all keys. Then I play Malmsteen licks. Tonight we close the north stage.

Backstage, I met Gilby Clarke. I told him of our mutual Hollywood acquaintances. We were already 15 or so minutes late. Then Joey came up and said that Glenn told him to break down the kit, 'cause we weren't playing! Gilby got a kick out of this. He could totally relate. One of the local sound techs gave Ricky the go-ahead for the intro tape. The band confused, scrambled to get ready, just in case. Glenn was still on the bus. I waited until I heard the tape suddenly shut off before going back to talk to Gilby. It was ridiculous and funny. False alarm. Five minutes later Reese came running out yelling, "Go

CHRIST DIGS CHICKS



stage. He rolled around to make it look intentional. He's so crazy! I snuck in a lot of fast fills and long bombs. It felt good to play our own gig indoors after the big festivals. This was our crowd. They paid to come see us! We were to travel by bus to Copenhagen, stop for eight hours, and then take a 20-minute ferry to Sweden. First was an hour ferry ride from Germany to Denmark. It would be an overnight ride from Copenhagen to the Stockholm airport, and then a four-hour bus ride to Provinci Park. It was the trip from hell! I showered in the train station in Copenhagen. I still haven't shaved.

Saturday, June 10, 1995
Provissirock and Seinäjoki, Finland

Couldn't sleep last night. We're 250 miles south of the Arctic Circle. It doesn't get dark at all at this time of year. Punters were drinking and singing in the hotel parking lot all night.

The stage overlooked a soccer-size field. We went on around 9 p.m. During the "How the Gods Kill" intro, the mosquitoes attacked me. Two huge monsters dug in to my left arm. There was nothing I could do except watch. I finally managed to kill them between a slow chord change. During the next few songs, Willow (a/k/a Alan) and Arthur (our production manager) rubbed some Off! on my hands and arms. God bless 'em!

Eerie began going crazy out on the ego ramp, even while Glenn was singing verses. He started and stopped playing a lot. He seemed to be having fun. He was wild! He was buzzed! He walked back to his rig and pushed it over. Joey and I were tight. Joey had all of the Bad Religion and Faith No More guys behind him. He later said that he was happy to have a good show with them watching.

I left the hotel with the crew at 3:30 a.m. It was still light outside.

Wednesday, June 14, 1995
Frankfurt, Germany, to Buenos Aires, Argentina

The plane from Frankfurt to Paris to Madrid to Buenos Aires was delayed. Surprise, surprise. Our group was spread out in the waiting area. A baby was crying right behind Glenn. Arthur looked at me smiling and said, "Karma."

From the air, the French countryside is like a green-and-yellow checkerboard of fields. Paris is immense from the air. Spain looked very dry. I popped two Excedrin PMs and was out of it. I remember eating, but that's about it.

After 13 hours in the air, we landed in Buenos Aires. It was dark at 7:30 a.m. As dawn broke, I could see ruddy, dirty shacks surrounded by garbage heaps and broken concrete. The once-clean white concrete walls were brown and black from the daily assault by unregulated emissions from the millions of cars. Cars in stop-and-go traffic would drive over curbs and up greenbelts to save time. Traffic lanes were on the pay-no-mind list. The fumes were sickening. Webs of long, black TV cable lines were strewn from roof to roof. I

saw skinny horses trying to graze in weedy, barren pastures along the highway. The streets and sidewalks were in disrepair. The InterContinental Hotel was a diamond in the rough. Glenn wanted to switch hotels immediately. He didn't like the neighborhood. The hotel was gorgeous!

Joey, Lazy and I watched Game 4 of the NBA finals in Spanish. The commentator: "Si, señor" (at dunks) and "Aiy, aiy, aiy" or "No, señor" (missed foul shots). These became our battle cries until the end.

Still haven't shaved, getting nasty.

Sunday, June 18, 1995
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I got up at 10 a.m., did *Abs of Steel*, had a METRX breakfast and a shower by 1 p.m. It was Sunday and a holiday weekend. Gazing down the long, wide boulevard into the dirty concrete wilderness, I wondered if I'd ever come back. I wanted to see the coast and the infamous ranches here. I can live without the cities. This fast-paced lifestyle is way more intense than L.A.

I needed to call Dad today because it's Father's Day. At the airport I had 20 minutes to call and get to the gate to board the 727 for São Paulo.

Note: I gave in and shaved today!

Tuesday, June 20, 1995
Olympia at São Paulo, Brazil

This city is ultra intense. The exhaust fumes are the worst. Pounding heads with dry throats and burning eyes were today's happy symptoms. The driver hit all of the bumps at 50 m.p.h. The traffic was like Tokyo.

Sound and lights weren't near ready upon our arrival. The room was awesome. The rental drums were a total joke. Joey said it was a cheap starter kit comparable to a CB-700. This was the best the promoter could do?! It looked hopeless. It was up to Joey.

John Reese asked me to do a Brazilian guitar mag interview after dinner. He asked a lot of questions about "For Christ's Sake." He said that it was/is his favorite track on the compilation CD.

We've added "Snakes of Christ" back to the set before "How the Gods Kill." Encore gets called by Glenn and usually relayed by Arthur. "She Rides" and "Long Way Back From Hell" are common choices.

Thursday, June 22, 1995
Imperator at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

On the plane I was fortunate to have a window seat. The fog burned off midway to Rio. On approach I could see Sugar Loaf, Corcovado, Rockin' Rio stadium (capacity approximately 300,000) and lots of



smog. It is a huge city. It was an hour-plus of stop-and-go city traffic with beautiful bay and ocean vistas. Overall it looks much cleaner than São Paulo. The gift shop had film that I desperately needed. I went for a walk down the beach in search of bikini photo opps.

It was a nice gig. The stage was a good size and the P.A. seemed adequate. We are all counting down the days until we go home. Two shows and three days!

The small crowd was enthusiastic. Many first-time Danzig crowds stand still and just take it all in. These kids caught on in a hurry. During my little feedback waggle before "Twist of Cain" I played the "Happy Birthday" lick in honor of Ricky and Glenn's birthdays. The show was a success.

I'll never forget the ride back to the hotel. Mario Andretti doing 70 m.p.h. while running every red light in Rio. The hour trip took 20 minutes-maybe. The last few miles are on a winding two-lane road along the ocean. Our driver passed a car and stayed in the left-hand lane five seconds longer than bearable. He forced the car with the right of way to move. This was true Brazilian driving at its finest. Ayerton Senna would be proud.

Friday, June 23, 1995
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and Santiago, Chile

Arthur and I head off to Corcovado (the huge statue of Christ on the mountaintop). The forest is lush and moist. From my seat I could see a couple of shanties consisting of three small rooms-no windows, just old faded red curtains. An old man sat inside watching TV while his dirty yellow dog napped on the roof. Twenty yards away was the dump.

Finally we reach the summit. Wow, is that statue big! You can see all of Rio.

When we arrived back at the hotel, the crew, Eerie and Mary were waiting for us. We were 45 minutes late. We made it to the airport in record time. Our flight took us first to São Paulo, the largest city I've ever seen. The contrast between posh neighborhoods with shining blue swimming pools in every backyard butting up against shantytowns constructed of rugged plywood and scrap metal was a serious reality check! We're off again, after a short stop, to Santiago, Chile, for the final show of this tour...and my Danzig career. We arrived in darkness, hence missing the so-called mountain landing. On our way to the baggage carousel some fans yelled down to us from a catwalk. They had regular cameras and video cameras. They created a mild scene. It was actually my first airport scene. Pitena, our promoter rep, told us that the presales for this show were our best in South America.

The police drive around in "vehicles of love." They are white armor-plated cars covered with steel fencing. Many are equipped with fire hoses that shoot pepper spray. Lovely.



CHRIST AND CHRIST AT CORCOVADO, RIO



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DANZIG

Saturday, June 24, 1995
Santiago, Chile

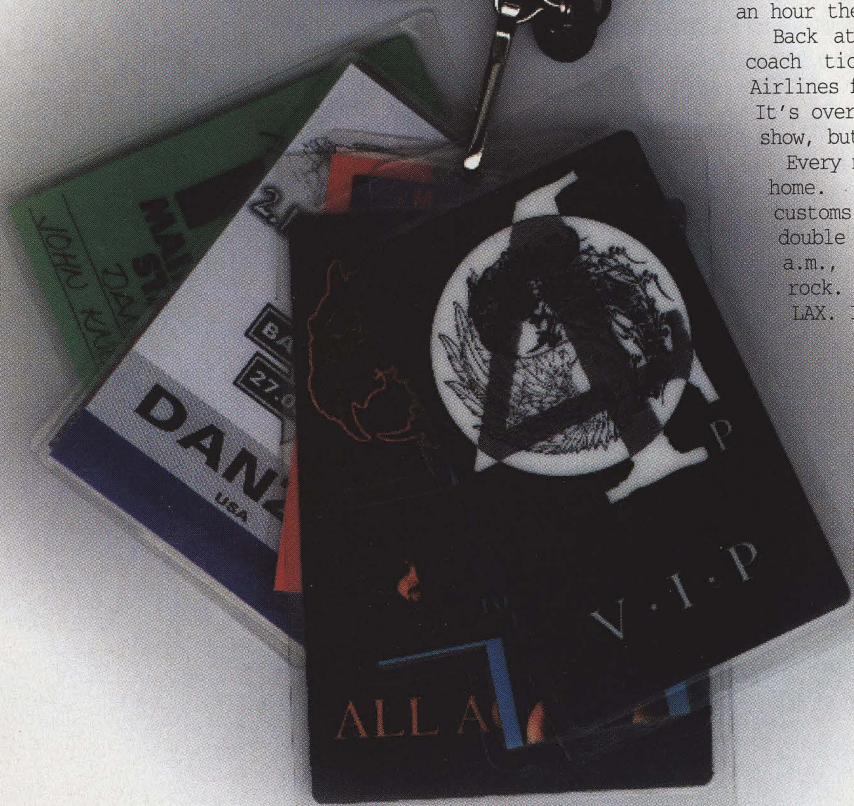
I headed downstairs for the breakfast-club meeting. Something was strange. Pitena, two security guards and Sylvia, the local promoter, were having breakfast with Arthur, Dino and Rick Kelly. Why were they all still here on a gig day? Arthur spoke plainly: "There is no show. Glenn is still in Rio." WHAT?? I was told that he was sick and not coming. We all wanted to play that show. It was going to be my last show as the guitarist for Danzig. The show was to be videotaped for release in America.

The local promo, Sylvia, an American, laid on the guilt trip. Apparently kids had been buying tickets with bags of change. They also spoke of actually bringing money to the show, an unheard-of concept, in order to buy merchandise. A local record store was selling tickets when word came in that the band had shown up at the airport. They immediately sold out and called the promoter for more. It is common for bands to cancel in Santiago. Many kids hold out until they're sure the band is in town. By morning, presales were at 2,200! Now the promoters had to refund all of the money, as well as deal with the corporate sponsors such as Coca-Cola.

We went down to the venue to pack up our personal things for the trip to the States, but the worst part was talking to the fans still waiting outside of the hotel. Within an hour they were gone.

Back at the hotel, R.K. scammed two coach tickets for the next American Airlines flight to L.A. via Miami. Yahoo! It's over. I'm done. I wanted to do the show, but if not, let's go HOME!

Every minute is a few miles closer to home. We zipped through customs in Miami. After a double espresso at 7 a.m., I was ready to rock. We landed hard at LAX. I WAS HOME! •



*asked about Danzig being fun and the
as having I finished by saying that
and should be the most enjoyable experience
way to live is the music and sane
happy. But if you're happy with the
and on the hand it's miserable. When
longer fun you've got to get out
in you will die." At this
finished an J.R.
in front of Arth
to interviewer give me
the solos to we will
"ALL" while ev, M
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