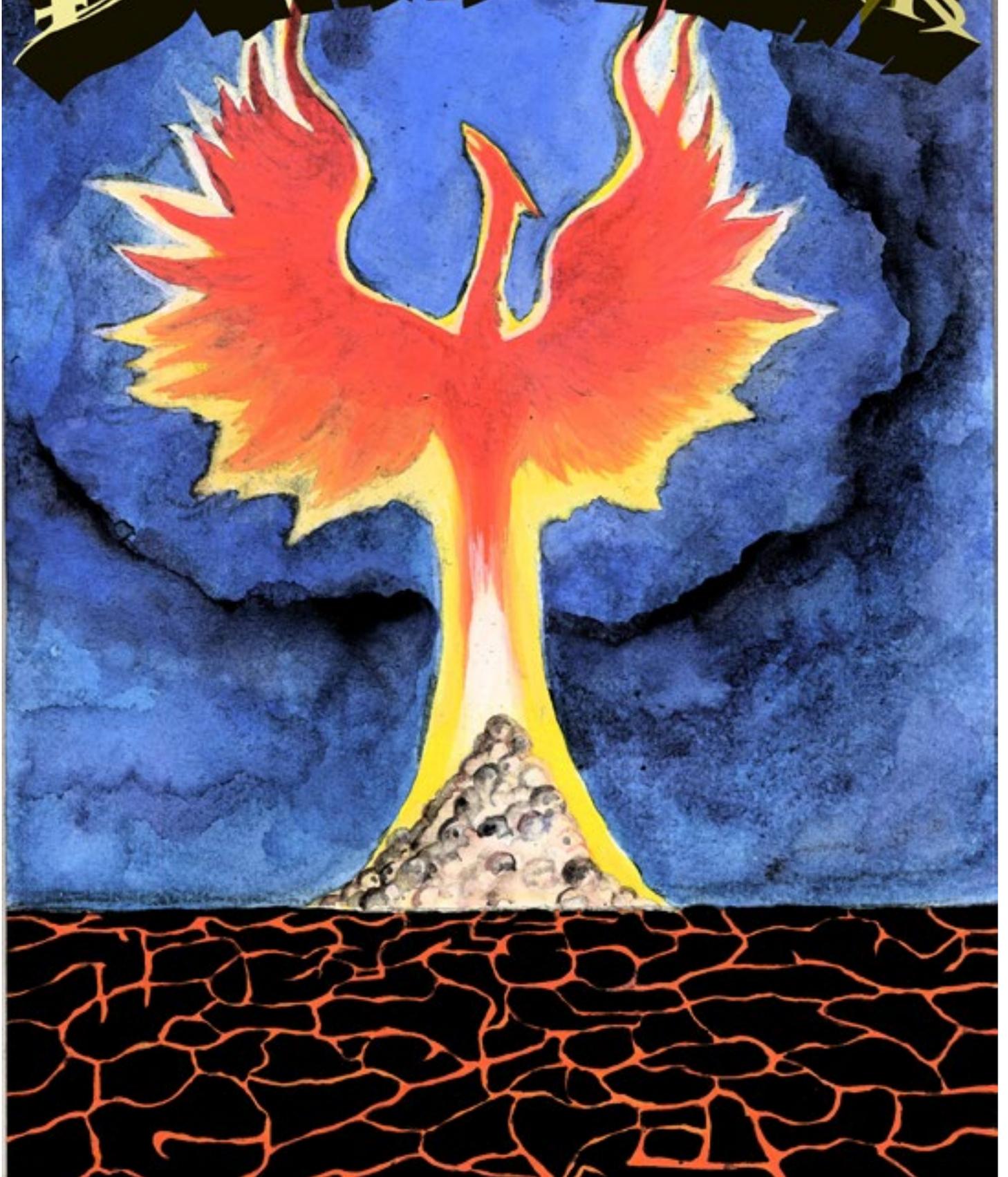


THE DRINK TANK





The Drink Tank 404 Heavy Metal & Horror

Editors
Chris Garcia
Alissa McKersie
Doug Berry

An Editorial from Doug Berry

Let's talk about horror for a minute. Horror preys on our primal fears . . . the dark, being alone, and the constant feeling that something is watching you. Horror is the abandoned mansion, the ancient pond in the woods, the tension of being hunted by an unknown threat.

Great horror conceals the true threat until the tension becomes unbearable. You are sitting in your seat, watching the movie with your heart racing, afraid to blink, until the tension is released in a scream as the monster strikes.

Horror is dark, tense, and keeps you on the edge of your seat, or hiding behind the couch.

Now, let's talk about Heavy Metal. Metal is everything horror isn't. It's loud, brilliantly lit with flame effects and lasers. And an emotional roller-coaster when you hit adrenaline highs with each song. Metal, from its roots in the mid 1960s, has been the musical genre that pushes to 11 in terms of volume and over the top appearances and antics.

Yet, there has always been a strange connection between heavy metal and horror. Bands have drawn names and inspiration for songs from classic horror works. Even one of the founders of metal, Black Sabbath, named themselves after a 1963 horror film anthology.

So welcome to the strange brew of dark passages and screaming guitar riffs. To paraphrase an old commercial, "You got horror on my heavy metal! You got heavy metal on my horror!" Two great genres that go great together.

Chris Garcia adds...

That is a cover from España Sheriff, and one that I am instantly in love with! España's been giving us stuff since 2006, I think, so it's been 12 freakin' years!!!

I have wanted to do an issue on Metal for at least a decade, in fact, it was going to happen, and would likely have been done had Kurt Vonnegut not died in 2007 and the most widely read issue of The Drink Tank that ever happened because of it. At least two college classes started using it and it's been viewed about 20K times in various forms!

The big reason to do this now, is co-editor and all-around genius Doug Berry! The man is a walking, talking, breathing encyclopedia of all things stuff. He also happens to love The Metal. I have always wanted him on-board for an issue (and hopefully many more!)

The focus here, though not LAZER FOCUS!!! Is the subject of Horror in the Heavy Metal genre. Yes, there are fantasy and science fiction elements as well, but really, Horror was the basis for so many different band concepts, so many albums, so many lyrics, so much everything.

Whether it's Eddie from Iron Maiden, corpsepaint in Black Metal, or bands like Lovecraft or Shoggoth,, horror has played a magical role in Heavy Metal. We also have a few other pieces on Metal in general and the role it plays in lives, love, and so much more!



And now... **LETTERS!!!** Well, eMails, sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org
We got two responses to the first of the new line of Drink Tanks, starting with...

ALEXANDER CASE!!!

Greetings,

Glad to see the Drink Tank back - though I've learned my lesson from LL Cool J and I will not call it a comeback, as you've been here for years.

I will also definitely be adding the Match of the Year Podcast to my list of podcasts to listen to - I've been looking for a good wrestling podcast to listen to, and having something to go with Canadian Sketch Comedy troupe LoadingReadyRun's "Sidewalk Slam" podcast is great. **I might need to add Sidewalk Slam to my listening fest! The only wrestling podcast I listen to these days, and typical of me, is a Japanese Hard Core Wrestling history Podcast called Bahu's History of FMW. It's fun, if rather niche! I like doing Match of the Year a lot. I haven't put out anything in a few months as I'm home with Vanessa and the Boys, but the last one I did looked at the amazing Ciampa vs. Gargano match from NXT in April, and the next one will be about another amazing NXT match from the same show!**

Thanks for writing in! I already owe you about three LoCs already!

And now, a return to the pages of the LetterCol... Mark Plummer!!!

Chris!

New Drink Tank and it's almost like it's 2015 again.

As a non-Facebook user -- I rely on increasing infrequent visits from James for the occasional bulletin -- I wasn't entirely up to speed with all the recent instalments of the CeeGar story. I didn't know you'd moved and gone to live up a mountain. I now envisage you living in a wooden cabin precariously tottering on a snow capped peak. Obviously you need Benji and JohnPaul to keep it balanced.

I've been here for four years now, and it's still like a new thing every time I have to drive to work at OMG O'clock in the morning. It's lovely. The next time you're out this way, we'll take you for tacos and a steamtrain ride!

Actually, a small practical point. We're still sending you fanzines at 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd -- the Museum, I think. Are they still reaching you?

They are! I've read all of 'em, and I owe you many many comments.

'So, why issue 401?' you imagine us asking. Ooh, I think I know this one. Sir, is it because the previous issue was #400? Perhaps fatherhood has instilled a sense of numerical constancy. Anything is possible from The Drink Tank 2.0 and indeed All New Chris Garcia. I mean, who would ever have imagined Classic Chris Garcia uttering the words 'slower schedule'? Classic Chris would already be on DT v2.1 by now. Or v2.2. Can its reinvention as The Drink Tank Five-Yearly be far behind?

Well, I guess the time-frame between the first and second issues of the re-boot may answer your question!

But anyway, good to see you again -- I don't think I've actually seen you since 2012 -- and thanks for the catch-up. And I'd better not delay too long over this email just in case you're aspiration for a slower schedule falls prey to your enthusiasm.

As ever! I'm hoping that work will have to send me across in the coming year... not to mention a WorldCon in Ireland a friend of mine was telling me about.

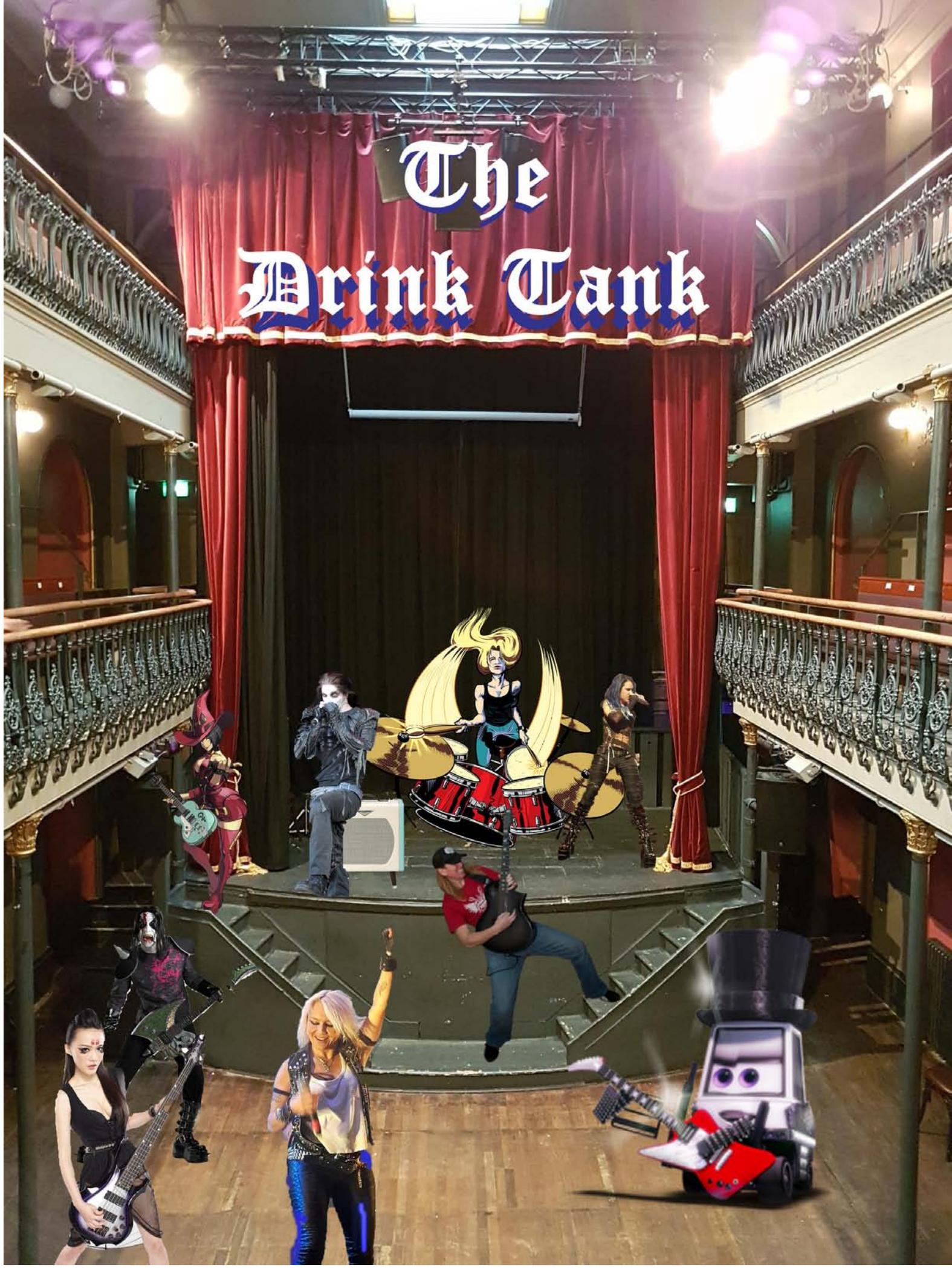
That's close to London, right?

Best...

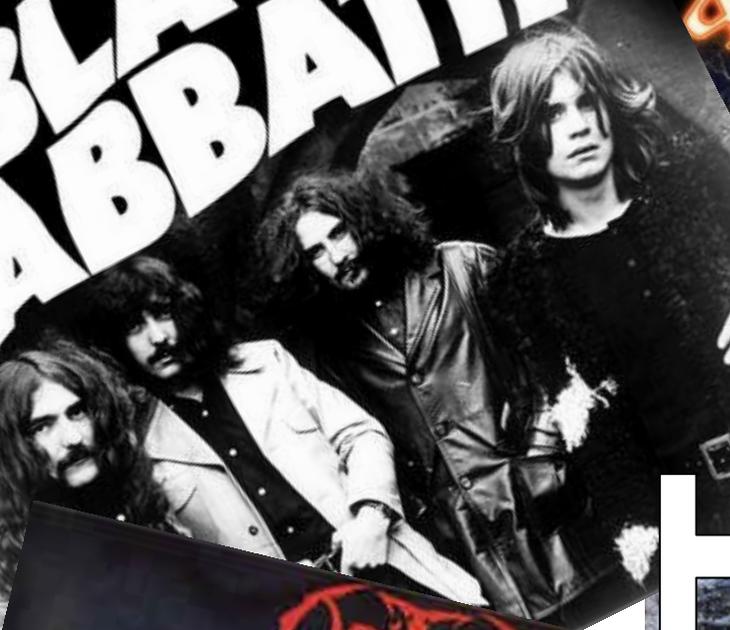
Mark

Croydon, UK

The Drink Tank



BLACK
SABBATH



AMON AMARTH
TWILIGHT OF THE THUNDER GOD

Metal
History

101

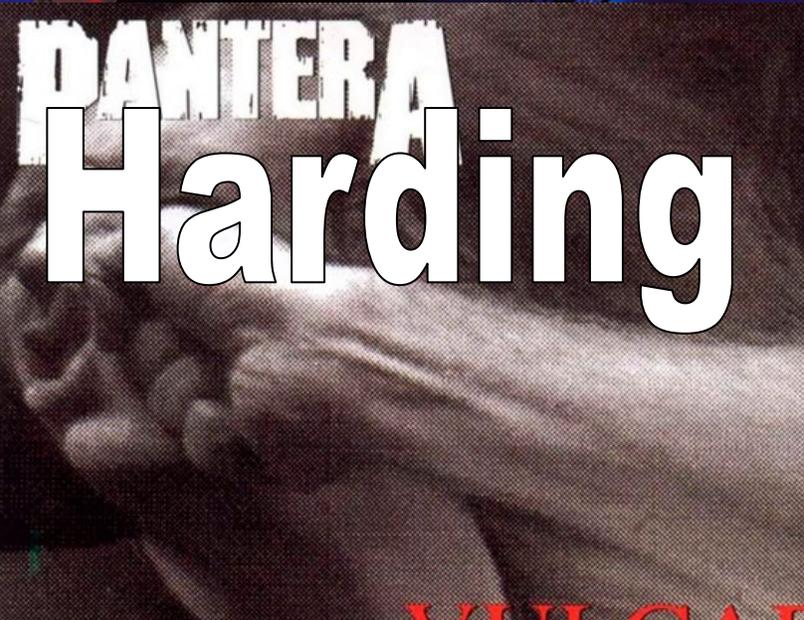
by



MEGADETH
RUST IN PEACE



Kyle Harding



It is my understanding as a newer contributor to Fanzines that metal has become one of the more recent additions and, as such, may require a bit of explaining to the already-established audience (and clarification for those who are familiar with the genre but are just stumbling in). One thing's for certain- people have argued for *years* about the history of metal in regards to what started it, where it came from, who influenced who, etc. I'd like to believe that, as a purveyor of this style of music, that I have the knowledge and ability to condense many of the regarded truths of this history into a concise crash course. Call it Metal History 101 For Dummies: An Introduction if you like, for I'll be going into the broad overview of one of the most aggressive, controversial, and perhaps misunderstood modes of music from its birth, its marriage, its marriage, and its offspring.

Now, we can argue for days on where "metal" actually "started". Some will say that it was born with the more primary and direct influences like Led Zeppelin, AC/DC, Steppenwolf, and Deep Purple. Others will say an even earlier contributor, the blues, was responsible, with artists like BB King, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, and John Lee Hooker rewriting the book on how the guitar would be played for the next near-century. If we were to make a case on the terms that metal began with the need to sound heavier than the heaviest thing in the world, then I'd go as far back as the impressionist composer, Richard Wagner, whose use of the octobass and unconventional instrumentation pushed the limits of music, exemplified in his masterpiece, "Ride of the Valkyries". However, the defining elements of metal, characterized by driving, overwhelming musicality, darkly-themed lyrics, and over-the-top theatrics all blended together, finally congealing with the birth of Black Sabbath.

Not only did Black Sabbath have one of the most electrifying tones at the time, but they combined this with lyrics steeped in religiosity, harsh political criticisms, death, drugs, and a number of taboo topics in general. All of this within the repertoire of a single band was not quite like anything the world as a whole had experienced up until that point. But even the beginning of what was essentially "metal" with Black Sabbath's 1970 self-titled debut release, and a half-dozen albums within the same amount of years, the genre itself did not go much further other than, perhaps, a few very much unheard-of bands. Largely, Black Sabbath stood on their own, staking their claim in this new form of art.

To the reluctant admittance of many headbangers and wearers of black denim, it was a quiet marriage to the budding punk rock, a fast, straightforward, and wild child of rock n' roll, that stirred the first big push in metal, where it evolved into something more familiar. With punk being inspired by The Kinks and defined by The Ramones, The Sex Pistols, The Clash, and more, the style found its home in the underbelly of municipalities like New York and, more importantly, London, where a wave of new bands sprouted. Though punk didn't release any significant records in years before metal, it's apparent that it had some part to play with the fine-tuning what came in the late-70's. Our first experience of this would come with Judas Priest from West Bromwich, England.

Not with Judas Priest's first album, though. "Rocka Rolla" was more of a pop-rock effort than anything. It was their second release, "Sad Wings of Destiny" in 1976 that would be the first step into the genre since Black Sabbath had made their claim to fame. This venture would be much heavier and daring, finding a brand that the band still carries as their own today. "Sad Wings of Destiny" drew from Black Sabbath's doom-laden imagery with a bit more of an upbeat feel, all while legendary singer Rob Halford screeched in octaves high enough to worry an eagle. Though subtle, but the punk influences were definitely there.

The next band to follow would, however, would solidify the notion that metal derived

from some latent punk influences. In 1977, Motörhead dropped their debut self-titled album like a bomb loaded with napalm. They were heavier, faster, bluesier, and dirtier than Sabbath or Priest, with topics of prostitution, sexual desires, gambling, meth, and brawling, saying that if they had “moved in next door to you, your lawn would die.” Motörhead was formed in the scummy slums of London after their founding member, Lemmy Kilmister, was booted from a prog-rock band, Hawkwind, after being arrested for drug possession. He formed Motörhead not only for his burning need to create music, but possibly out of spite. Throughout his career, Lemmy even admitted that he identified more as a punk rocker than the metal icon that he was made out to be.

Finally, a few more years later, emerged another self-titled debut from the pits of London. Iron Maiden had made their entrance with a record that featured classically-remarked guitar, soaring, operatic vocalization by Paul Di’Anno, and lyrics revolving around rather extravagant topics, generally in the realms of history and fiction alike. Iron Maiden’s style that stood more individual than perhaps their other 2 English brothers and grew to be the more popular of the 3 today.

The appearance of these 3 bands is an event (and also the name of its own genre) that many refer to today as the “New Wave of British Heavy Metal”, all with varying levels of influence from Black Sabbath and various punk groups, and their music forged with materials from rock, blues, and classical. These bands reigned supreme throughout the early 80s, each influencing their own ring of aspiring musicians that would primarily comprise of the next generation of metal. Virtually every metal band in the early 80s was a direct cause of at least one of these 3 groups, igniting an innovative ripple effect that has resulted in the near-uncountable amount of subgenres that exist today.

For example, Judas Priest gave rise to bands all across the globe that wanted to emulate their swift, intricate, and upbeat playstyle at the time known as speed metal, which I cannot mention without also taking note of German band, Accept- important, but never categorized as part of the NWOBHM. Speed metal’s poppy substance would help lay the groundwork for what eventually became glam metal. Primarily found in the United States, bands like Mötley Crüe, Dokken, and Twisted Sister took speed metal and added even more theatric flair than even Rob Halford, who was in no short supply with shining studs and riding motorcycles onstage. That with an extra few layers of makeup and a dash of cocaine, glam zipped down Sunset Boulevard with the utmost popularity and inflated ego.

Motörhead’s dirty, uncaring spirit, alight with fight and fire, instilled within many youth of the United States to do the same, but with more power and more speed. This genre became what is known as thrash metal (and its weird cousin, an originally-unnamed byproduct later named grindcore). The original founding bands of thrash are known today as “The Big Four”, comprised of Anthrax, Slayer, Metallica, and (due to dispute within Metallica’s original lineup) Megadeth. Many of these bands have paid homage to Motörhead, where even the members of Metallica have admitted that their band would not have existed if it hadn’t been for Lemmy Kilmister. Go and Google their celebration of Lemmy’s 50th birthday. You’ll know what I mean.

Iron Maiden’s traditionally-derived guitarwork and outlandish lyricism paved the path for what is known as power metal, which followed in suit to Maiden’s singular style and took it one step further where the riffage riffed more virtuosic, the singers sang higher, and the lyrics lyricized nerdier, primarily themed around fantasy. Bands like Blind Guardian (who wrote concept albums about King Arthur and Lord of the Rings), Helloween, and Iced Earth were all the

earliest beginnings of the genre, most of which found in Europe (and a handful in the United States).

As the 80s flew by in a coke-fueled rampage, metal stood above everybody else, shining ever brighter and becoming more power-hungry and aggressive, catching the eye of almost every human alive. But with this golden era came its own set of eventual problems. The late-80s saw a fever of censorship mania spearheaded by Tennessee Senator Al Gore's wife, Tipper Gore, who cast fire at bands like Slayer



for their unholy content, Twisted Sister for supposedly fetishizing BDSM (rebutted by Dee Snider in front of congress), and accusing Judas Priest of driving teenagers to commit suicide through subliminal messages... which could only allegedly be heard by playing their records backwards. Judas Priest even appeared in court to clear their names.

As the witch-hunt continued, metal began to see a sharp decline in its popularity. It's hard to say that these two events were directly linked, but it's pretty damn consistent, and what followed, although alight with the spirit of metal, did not help its case. Their inheritors looked toward fame and fortune at the dawn of the 90s only to have been trodden upon by the overly-simplified and heroin-laced grunge movement, the offspring of 80s new-wave rock. Newer musicians found themselves having to start back from the hole that metal crawled from and attempted reinventing the genre.

One of these reinventions was more innocuous, and probably the least popular at the time, known as doom metal. Crowbar, Sleep, and Electric Wizard, just to name a few, attempted to recapture the dark magic that Black Sabbath had concocted 2 decades previously, taking the tempo slower, more relaxed, and with more references to the use of Marijuana. But with this slow roll came slow success as they fell behind some of the more extreme attempts.

In an effort to push the envelope of controversy further was death metal, which initially found massive popularity in the Florida underground. This new genre raised the bar of aggression most bands did not dare attempt with bone-crushing guitar tones, endless double-bass blast beats, and lyrics primarily covering gore, ultraviolence, and senseless killing. Some of the more notable bands at the time were Cannibal Corpse, Death, and Possessed. Many parents did not even bother listening to these groups to make their point, as the album art alone was enough to cause worry in many suburban households (see Cannibal Corpse's "Tomb of the Mutilated"). And just as people thought metal had gone about as far as it dared, a small community from the isolated, frozen forests of Norway took this *even further* with the infamous black metal.

Similar to the heaviness of death metal, but with a bit more complex instrumentation and emotional vocalization, black metal was thematically based in what boomer parents had exactly feared: pure, unbridled Satanism. Though its inventors, Venom, were based in England and made the message very clear that they were not actually Satanic, the genre found its true home in Norway and Satanism became a selling point. Bands like Burzum, Mayhem, Bathory, and Darkthrone, just to name a few, all touted their Satanic lyrics as a part of their lifestyle, with some bands going as far as burning centuries-old churches across Norway to prove their point. This scourge of church-burnings across the country did not go unnoticed by the public. To go even one step *further*, Mayhem had their own moment in the spotlight when their singer committed suicide and the remaining band members decided to use pictures of his corpse as the album art for “Dawn of the Black Hearts”. 2 years later, Varg Vikernes of Burzum, while playing bass for Mayhem on tour, stabbed guitarist Euronymous 23 times in an act of “self-defense”. We can all guess how well this was received.

The most successful movement of early-90s metal, however, came with groove metal, a genre that took the speed of thrash and scaled it back a little, adding some American blues into the mix and showcasing exemplary drumming. The inventors of groove have been disputed between Exhorder and Pantera, the latter of which walking away with the fame and fortune. Pantera carried the groove metal banner all throughout the early 90s and into the early 2000s, up until guitarist Dimebag Darrell was shot and killed onstage by a crazed fan, leaving groove metal to their sole-inheritors, the now widely-regarded Lamb of God.

And finally, coming out of the fog came progressive metal, a conglomeration of many styles forming a more experimental body of jazzy riffs and deathly drumming. Bands like Opeth, Meshuggah, Amorphis, and a whole slew more could not quite be categorized at all and were subsequently lumped into the prog-metal genre. Because the lyrics covered topics of philosophy, religion, and more metaphysical ideas, nobody really quite knew what to make of them and prog found itself more distant from the torrent of controversy... and from fame.

As the turn of the millennium approached, other genres began to pop up across the world and metal continued to diversify, though it did not see much rise in popularity for at least a few years. The late 90s spawned symphonic metal like Nightwish, Melodic Death Metal like In Flames, and the sudden realization that Folk Metal existed somewhere in Finland with Korpiklaani. There was also Metalcore that it is my understanding as a newer contributor to Fanzines that metal has become one of the more recent additions and, as such, may require a bit of explaining to the already-established audience, and clarification for those who are familiar with the genre but are just stumbling into this site. One thing's for certain- people have argued for *years* about the history of metal in regards to who started it, where it came from, who influenced who, etc. I'd like to believe that, as a purveyor of this style of music, that I have the ability to condense many of the regarded truths of this history into a concise crash course. Call it Metal History 101 For Dummies: An Introduction if you like, for I'll be going into the broad overview of one of the most aggressive, controversial, and perhaps misunderstood modes of music from its birth, its marriage, its growth, and its children.

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far back as impressionist composer, Richard Wagner, whose use of the octobass and unconventional instrumentation pushed the limits of modern music, like in his masterpiece, Flight of the Valkyries. However, the defining elements of metal, characterized by driving, overbearing musicality, darkly-themed lyrics, and a sense of theatricality all blended together and finally congealed with the birth of Black Sabbath.

Not only did Black Sabbath have one of the largest and electrifying tones at the time, but they combined this with lyrics steeped in religiosity, harsh political criticisms, death, drugs, and a whole number of taboo topics in general. All of this within the grasp of a single band was not quite like anything the world as a whole had experienced up until that point. But even the birth of what is essentially “metal” with Black Sabbath’s 1970 self-titled debut release, and a half-dozen more legendary albums within the same amount of years, the genre itself did not go much further other than, perhaps, a few very much unheard-of bands. Largely, Black Sabbath stood on their own, staking their claim in this new style.

To much of the dismay of many headbangers and wearers of black leather and denim, it wasn’t until a quiet and subtle marriage to the budding punk rock, a fast, straightforward, and wild child of rock n’ roll that metal began to evolve into something much more familiar. First initiated with bands like The Kinks and later solidified with The Ramones, The Sex Pistols, The Clash, and more, punk found its home in the underbelly of municipalities like New York and, more importantly, London, where a wave of new bands sprouted. Though punk didn’t release any significant albums in at least a year that metal did, it’s apparent that it had some part to play with this redefinition of metal that came in the late-70’s. And our first experience of this would come with Judas Priest from West Bromwich, England.

Not with Judas Priest’s first album, though. “Rocka Rolla” was more of a pop-rock effort than anything. It was their second release, “Sad Wings of Destiny” in 1976 that would be the first step in a completely new direction after Black Sabbath. This venture would be much heavier and daring, pioneering a brand that they still carry as their own today. “Sad Wings of Destiny” drew from Black Sabbath’s doom-laden imagery with a bit more of an upbeat feel to it and legendary singer Rob Halford screeching in octaves high enough to give an eagle worry.

It was small, but the punk influences were definitely there.

The next band to follow would be a bit more of an apparent coalition between punk and metal. In 1977, Motörhead released their debut self-titled album that was heavier, faster, and dirtier than Sabbath or Priest. Motörhead was formed in the scummy slums of London after their founding member, Lemmy Kilmister, was booted from a prog-rock band, Hawkwind, after being arrested for drug possession. He formed Motörhead not only for his need to create music, but possibly out of spite. Throughout his career, Lemmy even admits that he identified more as a punk rocker than the metal icon that he was made out to be.

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For example, Judas Priest gave rise to bands all across the globe that wanted to emulate their swift, intricate, and upbeat playstyle at the time known as speed metal, which I cannot mention without also taking note of German band, Accept, who also helped drive this style home (but were never really lumped into the NWOBHM for obvious reasons). Speed metal's sort of poppy substance would help lay the groundwork for what eventually became glam metal. Primarily found in the United States, bands like Mötley Crüe, Dokken, and Twisted Sister took this upbeat music and added even more theatrical flair that Rob Halford, himself, was in no short supply with shining studs and riding motorcycles onstage.

Motörhead's dirty, uncaring spirit, alight with fight and fire, instilled within many youth of the United States to do the same, but with more power and more speed. This genre eventually became what is known as thrash metal (and its runt-brother, an originally-unnamed by-product later named Grindcore). The original founding bands of thrash are known today as "The Big Four", comprised of Anthrax, Slayer, Metallica, and (due to dispute within Metallica's original lineup) Megadeth. Many of these bands have paid homage to Motörhead, where even the members of Metallica have admitted that their band would not have existed if it hadn't been for Lemmy Kilmister. Go and Google their celebration of Lemmy's 50th birthday. You'll know what I mean.

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As the 80s flew by in a coke-fueled rampage, metal sat above everybody else, shining ever brighter and becoming more power-hungry and aggressive, catching the eye and attention all across the world. But with this golden era of metal came its own set of eventual problems. The late-80s saw a fever of censorship mania spearheaded by Tennessee Senator Al Gore's wife, Tipper Gore, who cast fire at bands like Slayer for their satanic-themed lyrics, Twisted Sister for supposedly fetishizing BDSM (rebutted by Dee Snider in front of congress), and accusing Judas Priest of driving teenagers to commit suicide through subliminal messages... which could only allegedly be heard by *playing their records backwards*.

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In an effort to push the envelope of controversy further was death metal, which initially found massive popularity in the Florida underground. This new genre raised the bar of aggression most bands did not dare attempt with bone-crushing guitar tones, endless double-bass blast beats, and lyrics primarily covering gore, ultraviolence, and senseless killing. Some of the more notable bands at the time were Cannibal Corpse, Death, and Possessed. Many parents did not even bother listening to these groups to make their point, as the album art, alone, was enough to cause worry in many suburban households (see Cannibal Corpse's "Tomb of the Mutilated"). And just as people thought metal had gone about as far as it dared, a small community from the isolated, frozen forests of Norway took this *even further* with the infamous black metal.

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As the turn of the millennium approached, other genres began to pop up across the world and metal continued to diversify, though it did not see much rise in popularity for at least a few years. The late 90s spawned symphonic metal like Nightwish, Melodic Death Metal like In Flames, and the sudden realization that Folk Metal existed somewhere in Norway with bands like Korpiklaani. There was also Metalcore that ignited in Boston with bands like Killswitch Engage and All That Remains, of which adopted the heavy, rhythmic breakdowns of hardcore punk and applied it to their own music. These bands scaled a little back from the extremities of the early 90s bands, though it did not do much good, as they were overshadowed

by another genre entirely.

Nu metal came into the scene, nowhere near as controversial in the public eye, but bringing conflict into the metal community. You see, what made nu metal most defining was the fact that it derived its rhythms from the now-reigning hip-hop amidst more simplistic guitars. Bands like Slipknot, Deftones, Korn, and Linkin Park heavily emphasized on these elements, some even using DJs and rappers in the production of their music.

Needless to say, some fans felt betrayed by this genre that was being pumped out of every contemporary rock radio station, pandering to those who didn't support the other bands that had been struggling within recent years in this dark age of metal. This caused a rift within the community where we saw a separation of fans between those who considered themselves "purists" of the music from days gone by and those who embraced this new evolution. This, overall, formed a sense of elitism in metal that has become apparent to, well, quite literally everyone.

And through the extremities, the church-burnings, the slander, attempted censorships, and splitting of the fanbase... metal persisted. With a massive wave of new bands in the past 5 years that have caught the attention of new listeners, harking back to the golden age of metal, new thrash metal, power metal, speed metal, death metal, and (much less-harmful) black metal came into existence. Because the spotlight of controversy has become a memory long-past, metal has been able to pick itself up by its bootstraps and continue to evolve as one of the most intricate contemporary genres, still ever-evolving. Concert attendances are going back up, record sales are on the steady rise, and massive festivals like Hellfest and Wacken are drawing people from all over the globe.

I will say that, with the utmost certainty, metal will not reach the same measure of influence that it had in the early to mid 80s. I would be surprised if it got even half that. However, because of this influx of newer bands attempting to rekindle the spirit of the music and bringing everyone back together, I'll be damned if I see it pass away before I do.





On May 3rd, 1988, the Seattle based progressive metal band, Queensrÿche released their third studio album and unleashed a vision of personal and civic horror on the world.

Operation: Mindcrime tells the story of Nikki, a heroin addict, and would-be revolutionary. At the beginning of the album, we hear the sounds of a hospital, and a newscaster reporting that police have made an arrest in a series of killings. A nurse enters and sedates Nikki, calling him a miserable bastard. As the sedation takes hold, Nikki's internal voice tells us he remembers now, and that he only did as he was told (*I Remember Now*).

As he slips into unconsciousness, Nikki's memories rewind to a city in chaos with protests and chanting mobs (*Anarchy-X*). Nikki rages about corruption in the government, the media, and in religion, and says that he's heard of a Dr. X who has a plan to change things (*Revolution Calling*). But Dr. X sees Nikki as a tool, using his addiction to heroin to condition him into being an assassin for the mysterious "Order." Nikki is given a gun and ordered to wait by his phone. The word "Mindcrime" triggers his receptive state (*Operation Mindcrime*).

Now a tool of the Order, Nikki embraces his new-found place as a bringer of revolution, knowing that his acts hasten the fall of the existing power structure (*Speak*). Care of Nikki falls to Father William, a debauched priest, and Sister Mary, a runaway prostitute turned nun. Mary brings Nikki his heroin fixes, and the two begin to have feelings for each other (*Spreading the Disease*).

Nikki's life shrinks to his candle-light room, where he waits for the phone to ring with another mission or for Mary, who Nikki now loves, to bring him his next fix. Despite his pain, Nikki still believes he will change the world with his killings (*The Mission*), but his love for Mary, and realizing she feels the same way, cause Nikki to realize that the two of them need to get out and leave the city (*Suite Sister Mary*).

Nikki leaves Mary to tell Dr. X that they want out. Dr. X taunts Nikki with the fact that only he can provide the high-quality heroin Nikki is now used to using. In a panic, Nikki races out and runs blindly through alleyways suffering from withdrawal (*The Needle Lies*). He returns to Mary only to return to find her dead (*Electric*

Requiem). After pleading with her corpse, Nikki wanders the streets, realizing that he is truly alone (*Breaking the Silence*). As his already fragile mental state breaks down even further, Nikki decides that neither love nor Mary ever really existed. Returning to Mary's home, Nikki is brutally arrested and continues to deny everything that has happened (*I Don't Believe In Love*).

Now under arrest and confined to a hospital, Nikki's mind keeps going back to the scene of Mary's death, and he wonders who will take care of him and be his friend (*My Empty Room*). Nikki is tormented by his reoccurring memories and nightmares and knows that his future only holds straitjackets and sedatives. He finally loses all grip on reality, not even recognizing himself in a mirror (*Eyes of a Stranger*). As this final song fades out, we are left with an ominous hum and Nikki's internal voice saying "I remember now."

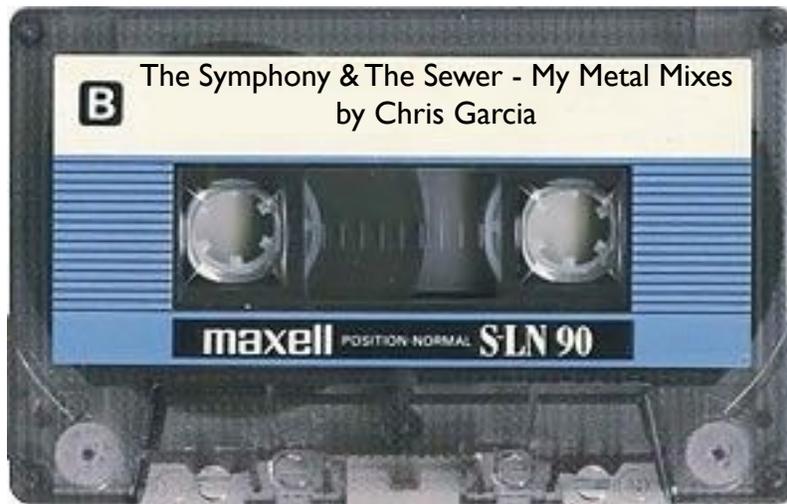
Operation: Mindcrime was groundbreaking in that it was a metal concept album that told a complete story. The band brought in Pamela Moore to sing Sister Mary's parts, and Anthony Valentine as the sinister Dr. X. On the tour for Queensrÿche's following album, *Empire*, the band played *Mindcrime* in its entirety. Queensrÿche has put on several fully staged versions of *Operation: Mindcrime*. One such event was released as *Mindcrime At The Moore*.

The horror themes are clear. The loss of control, the fear of being alone and trapped. Everyone has been Nikki at some point, angry and vulnerable. This is an album about monsters and challenges us to understand that the monsters may be victims themselves. As a straight horror piece, being a mind-controlled killer is pretty horrifying. Add in addiction, a forbidden love, and being trapped in your own horrible memories?

Ever since the release of the album, fans have debated certain points. The big one is Mary's death. Dr. X orders Nikki to kill Mary and Father William. We know that Nikki kills William while he was kneeling at the altar of his church (*Suite Sister Mary*), so did his conditioning make him carry out the second assassination? There are clues that Mary hung herself. Nikki speaks of seeing her rosary wrapped around her throat and a chalk outline on a wall.

Some fans also think that there are four songs on Queensrÿche's next album, *Empire*, that fit into the *Mindcrime* plot. These songs are *Empire*, *Another Rainy Night (Without You)*, *Silent Lucidity*, and *Anybody Listening?*. The argument goes that these songs you similar elements to *Mindcrime* in the use of spoken word segments and distortion, and that they fit the theme of *Mindcrime*. There are good arguments for an against each track.

In short, *Operation: Mindcrime* is one of the better horror-themed albums created and is very listenable even by non-metal fans. Check it out, and if your phone rings and a voice says "Mindcrime" don't worry. You'll know just what to do.



I own a tape recorder. A couple of 'em, actually. I would, once in a while, create mixtapes. For no good reason, I would fire the system up and make mixtapes, taking MP3s and recording them over the air, as it were, as late as 2014.

I know, I missed the boat by a few decades.

I created two that represented the duality of my enjoyment of the Metal. One, which called The Symphony, was to celebrate the more symphonic of my Metal interests. The other, The Sewer, which I started working on before The Symphony, would focus more on Sludge rock/Death Metal. I made the tapes over the course of a couple of months, finishing about January 2014. The list of songs is... well, it's very me.

The Symphony – 60 minute tape

Theatre of Tragedy – Cassandra – 6:47

This was the beginning of my appreciation of the symphonic style of metal. Theatre of Tragedy was a really cool act, and they're often cited as one of the first examples of the Beauty & The Beast vocal concept, where a traditional Metal vocal stylist will be teamed with a more lyrical singer. In Theatre of Tragedy, it's Raymond Rohonyi and Liv Kristine Espenæs in an excellent pairing. This is one of the most impressive pairings, with Rohonyi providing an incredibly dense singing style, but then it's just about the most angelic of all Metal singers. A wonderful song, incredibly influential on the formation of Gothic Metal, and probably the best stuff we were getting out of Norway in the late 1990s.

Nightwish – Storytime – 5:34

Floor Jansen is amazing. She's got the kind of voice that could keep butter from melting on the stove. Storytime might be the song that best represents the kind of song that Nightwish specializes in. It's huge, crunchy guitars and sweeping synths, but the vocals are intense and when they kick up into upper registers, they are pretty much the exact kind of thing I'm looking for in my symphonic metal offerings. The lyrics bring up a lot of things like Peter Pan and Alice in Wonderland, which gives the fantasy essence to the song that I expect from Finnish metal.

Candlemass – Nightfall – 6:36

This is probably the heaviest thing on this side, but it just feels so damn symphonic without all the bells and whistles... well, synths and strings, I guess. It's got a wonderful echoing presence to the vocals that makes it feel bigger, somehow more orchestral despite the straight-ahead metal of the guitars and the especially the drumming. I really like this one, and while it's a HUGE turn from those first two tunes, it's a wonderful song.

Iron Maiden – Wasted Years – 5:06

I've never been a huge Iron Maiden fan. I don't know why, though it may have something to do with the fact that they're just not very grind-heavy. *Wasted Years*, though, the first track of theirs I can 100% say I heard (back in elementary school) is an awesome song, and largely because it feels so huge. Maybe it's the fact that ultimately, it feels as if they're doing a memoir song dealing with their interpersonal band issues that gives it a sense of grand expression. Funny, though, that's it's the only song off the album *Somewhere in Time* that features no synthesizers.

Numenor – Hour of the Dragon – 4:41

HELL YEAH! I have no idea how I found this one, but it's the most kickass song to close out the first side. It's heavy, screeching metal in the Tolkien Metal vein, but it's got an amazing throb to it that makes me very happy. I can see some dismissing this as being non-symphonic, but it certainly has a cinematic feel to it. The growling vocals pair beautifully with the drive behind the lead guitar work, and when it goes into the storyteller speaking, it provides a lovely counterpoint.

Side 2

X Japan – The Art of Life – 29:03

I saw somewhere that this was Japan's *Stairway to Heaven*, and I don't disagree. It feels as if it is the basis for many, if not most, of the Japanese wrestler theme songs of the last 25 years. It very well may be, because it is the perfect combination of metal guitar, strings (by the Royal Symphony Orchestra!) and synths and piano. When it gets thrashal, it's amazing, and when it's gentle, it's incredible. The piano work is gorgeous, and gives it a feel that you'll never see coming, as it doesn't feel out of place, but seems to flow perfectly into the heavier portion. Dedicating the entire side to a single song, or maybe it's a concerto, was a bold choice, I think, but I had very good reason. When I first encountered this one, back about 2001 or so, it was one that I played over and over and over. As is often the case, it helped me through a break-up, and when I finally played it for Evelyn a couple of years later, she said the only thing a 4-year old could say "I like it when it sounds like *Star Wars*."

The Sewer – 60 minutes

Weedeater – Shitfire – 4:36

Wow, this is the sludge. I originally thought that this was a terrible, terrible, terrible song, but within a half-dozen plays, I started to discover something that was really engaging. It was dank, gross, heavy, but as I listened I discovered that it moved something in me. There was a weight to it that I could not deny, and I was listening to it a lot.

Goatsnake – Flower of Disease 6:40

Goatsnake is often called Stoner Metal, but it's really somewhere between doom metal and sludge. It's a song with a ton of drive, so much drive, but not as heavy as the rest of the work that appears on this mixtape. It's one of my favorite works, and the changes between segments of the song really draws you in. Stoner metal, which is where a lot of folks put Goatsnake. The album, *Flower of Disease*, is one of the finest metal albums of the 2000s.

Bell Witch – I Wait – 12:20

Oh my god how I loved this the moment I first came across it.

Literally listen to it on 2x and you'll be listening to a reasonably slow Doom Metal song, but on the original speed, it's an dirge with a near-Peter Murphy-level singer over the sparse tones, the attack almost instantaneous, the decay of the notes nearly endless at first, and then it speeds, and it's less a soundscape than a descent into something darker than you're expecting. I can literally not compare this to anything else I'd ever heard before, but I started to find that I could slot things in alongside it.

Mastodon – Sleeping Giant – 5:35

This is probably the least avant garde piece on the mixtape, but I love me some Mastodon! They're straight ahead, but at the same time, they play it riding the line between stoner metal and sludge rock, but with a slightly more melodic approach.

This is a song that works within the context of the other songs on the tape because it's slower in tempo, but at the same time, it's not at all light.

Side 2

Frowning – Murdered by Grief – 15:07

This is Doom Metal. It is more about the drone, the continuous grind instead of the crunch. It is dark, and weighted heavy, even when it strips down to nothing but a single guitar in the distance. This song was from either a demo or a split EP or something.

The progression of the song through the movements, and there are 100% movements in the piece, is not symphonic in delivery, but in conceit. You must buy into the idea that this is a song that is much like a Warhol endurance film. You are not meant to be comfortable throughout the work, but to experience it within the context that it is too much. I love this song unreasonably much, and it is my go-to sludge rock anthem.

Skepticism – Nothing- 14:10

There is a touch of the symphonic in this one, and a fair touch of blistering fretwork as well. It's Doom Metal, I believe from Finland, that is so rich as to be creamy. There's a curious sensation to the middle portion, a lone, less-processed, almost completely unfiltered, guitar, calling out through the synths, the drums, the bass. This isn't so much droning, but there is a sensation to it that makes it feel as if it is meaning to be the drone, that it is meant to drip like honey. And it does.





My Old Heavy Metal Life By Jean N. Martin

The early 1990s was once of the most exciting and memorable years of my life. That was when I was a part of and involved in the heavy metal music scene in the San Francisco Bay Area. It was a heady time of hanging out at local clubs; going to concerts; and partying with friends, local bands and rock stars. I also wrote reviews, did interviews, took photos and published my own magazine. But for various reasons, all of this ended by the mid-1990s, and I've missed it ever since.

Thanks to Facebook, I've been gotten back in touch with old friends and acquaintances from that time. And it seems like several big-name acts have been touring again. I've also found out that, while most of the guys I knew have cut their hair, some of them have resumed playing music. One female friend, Sona, who I didn't even know sang has her own band now and performs frequently in the area.

All this reminiscing about what I call "my old heavy metal days" has had me toying with the idea of writing about it. So when Hugo Award winner Christopher J Garcia, my former co-editor at Science Fiction/San Francisco, said he was doing a heavy metal issue for The Drink Tank, I jumped at the chance for my story to get written and heard.

This is all almost 30 years ago, and so much has happened since then. My memories have faded, but thank goodness for photos. However, this was before digital photography, and

so I didn't have too many photos to begin with, and most of them have disappeared as I've moved numerous times. I still remember the highlights, though, and those are probably enough to fill an article. More than that would probably be enough material for a book.

My story starts before I moved to the US from the Philippines in 1987. I just graduated from university and wasn't sure the life path that was laid out for me to follow was one that I wanted to pursue. My degree was in Accounting, but one of my passions at the time was music. I performed with my school's chorale group and I performed solo as well. I made it to the finals of national singing competition and joined a rock band as a singer.

I spent a few months that summer in the San Francisco Bay Area where I have relatives. I loved every minute of it. The freedom, the culture, the food, the weather... and MTV! I already loved hard rock and heavy metal and watching music videos fueled that obsession. When I came back to the Philippines, I cried every night and kept saying "I want my MTV!"

I decided to skip taking the CPA exams that I had studied for and dreaded having to even think about looking for a job. Going for an MBA in the US seemed like the perfect option. All this coincided with more political turmoil in the Philippines. And so within a few months, my whole family and I moved to the US. It was scary to move to a different country but I was also very excited. It seemed like the world had just opened up for me. I vowed that I would get involved in the music industry one way or another.

I went to the University of San Francisco for my MBA. That, and taking the CPA exam in California to make up for backing out of it in the Philippines, derailed my music plans for a couple of years. But after that, I got a job at a CPA firm, which was one of the easier jobs to get a working visa for. So while it wasn't what I wanted in the long run, I was grateful to have a work and be able to stay in the country.

What I was hoping to get into was managing bands or working at a record company. One of my term papers for my MBA was a business plan for starting an independent music label.

Once I was making money and I had a car, I was off to pursue my musical interests. I did watch concerts by my favorite bands at arenas and stadiums from 1987-1990. Hard rock and heavy metal were very popular at the time. One big concert I went to was Day on the Green at the Oakland Coliseum in 1987 with Jetboy, Poison, Whitesnake and Mötley Crüe. Also in 1987, I went to a Bon Jovi concert at the Shoreline Amphitheatre. I was in the lawn area and I vowed to myself that within 5 years, I'd be backstage. Five years later I was backstage for a Lollapalooza concert and taking photos in the photo pit. The biggest and most amazing concert I've ever been to was Monsters of Rock in 1988 at Candlestick Park. The lineup was quite impressive with Kingdom Come, Metallica, Dokken, Scorpions and Van Halen. Within just a few years, I would meet members of all of these bands and even befriended some of them.

It all started when I saw Mr. Big and Winger at the Marin Veterans' Memorial Auditorium in September 1989. Local band Ghost Town was the opening act and I was blown away by their talent, stage presence and electrifying music. Lead singer Dean Delray reminded me of Axl Rose of Guns 'N' Roses and bass player Dick Smothers Jr. looked like a rock star. I didn't even know that there was a local heavy metal music scene until that night. It was quite a revelation.

After that, I scoured the "pink" section of the SF Chronicle for local clubs. The San Francisco local scene was alive and well. Perhaps not as big and popular as the LA metal scene, but well-known acts as well as local bands performed several nights a week at clubs such as the Stone, which became my "home" for the next few years.



The first local club show I went to was at the Stone for Dean Delray's birthday bash in February 1990. Every year Dean Delray invited his friends to jam to AC/DC albums for his birthday. The one in 1990 was "Highway to Hell." I had so much fun and I got to meet a few famous rockers for the first time. Some of the musicians I recall playing that night were thrash band Death Angel, Paul Gilbert from Mr. Big, Mike Varney who owned Shrapnel Records, and of course, Ghost Town. Ghost Town was my favorite local band and I went to see their shows as often as I could.

In March of that year, I went to the Bay Area Music Awards (Bammies) with my friend Cindy from Southern California. It was still called the San Francisco Civic Auditorium back then before Bill Graham died and it was renamed after him. Several local bands performed that night including one of my favorite bands Tesla. I went up to the stage to take photos and I saw one of their guitar players Tommy looking at me so I blew him a kiss and he blew it right back. He came out from backstage looking for me after their set and I went up to him. And we talked and held hands in front of everyone while the show was going on. He asked me to meet him at the after party at the Hyatt Embarcadero.

At the Hyatt, I saw Dick Smothers Jr. and Mike Varney again. I got to meet Brad Gillis from Night Ranger as well as all the members of Metallica and some of the guys from Europe. I remember Lars Ulrich being super sociable because he literally turned around and said hello to me and Cindy and he just started talking with us. Mike introduced me to Richie Kotzen who was one of the artists on his record label. Richie was recording an album at Prairie Sun in Cotati, and Mike said Richie didn't know anyone in the area so he asked me if I could hang out with Richie one day. I did wind up watching "Pretty Woman" with Richie. He went on to become the guitar player for Poison.

Tommy finally showed up and we talked a bit. But that was that. He called me a few weeks later and we had dinner while he was in the area to catch a plane to New York to be on MTV's Headbanger's Ball.

I did date a bass player from a local band for a few months that summer. I've always had a thing for bass players. But my romantic life in the music scene didn't really go anywhere. I also didn't want to be a groupie. My real goal was to be in the business side of things.

In late 1990, at a concert at the Omni headlined by War and Peace, the new band of Jeff Pilson after Dokken broke up, a local band called Sette Cana was the opening act. I really enjoyed their fun and colorful style of hair metal. I became friends with them and offered to be their manager. I helped them out for a few months. Mostly taking photos of them and doing publicity. But I couldn't really do anything for them that they couldn't do themselves.

They booked a gig as an opening band for a showcase performance at the famous Roxy club in LA. So I went to hang out with them on the Sunset Strip... the epicenter of the LA heavy metal music scene. The other popular club on the Sunset Strip was The Whisky. I remember my friend Cindy and I were watching a band and Jani Lane from Warrant came on stage and promptly fell on us. The Rainbow Bar and Grill was the favorite hangout of the rocker set. So we all hung out there as well. I got to flirt with Lemmy from Motörhead. Sette Cana's showcase went well and it was a thrill to be backstage at the Roxy.

After that, I resigned from being Sette Cana's manager. And looked for something else to do. I wound up contributing concert reviews and photos for local heavy metal music magazine Face It. I remember picking up a copy of the issue where my article showed up at a music store on Clement Street in San Francisco and felt like I was on my way to something big.

Unfortunately, Face It folded soon after that. That was when I got the idea to publish my own local heavy metal music magazine. I called it Nocturne Magazine as I love Chopin's music and the movie "Impromptu" about George Sand's relationship with Chopin, which came out that year. I also went to all these music concerts at night.



The first issue of Nocturne Magazine came out in Summer of 1991. I published quarterly by the season from 1991-1993 for a total of nine issues. I've scanned all nine issues and they are all here: - <http://creativeavocations.com/nocturne-magazine/>

It was a labor of love as these were the days when desktop publishing was in its infancy and I still did some of the layouts in the beginning the old fashioned way. Literally cutting and pasting typeset text on a board. It also cost money to publish on paper, before the days of online publishing, and cost time to drop them off at music stores and local clubs. I had several friends help me with the entire endeavor. One such friend was Doug, who was a guitar player for W.A.S.P, who wrote a guitar clinic section for a few issues.

One thing I discovered was that if you acted like you knew what you were doing, people would help you out. I wound up cold calling the publicity departments of record labels and developed contacts and even friendships with PR reps for major and indie label bands coming into town. I was able to interview the musicians on the phone beforehand and sometimes in person when they arrived.

Being a small press zine, I often didn't get the more popular members of bigger bands,

but sometimes I did. And sometimes I was able to hang out with the bands beforehand in their RVs (such as Savatage) or backstage (Don Dokken's band). It helped that I was able to get in free to these shows as I was already spending a lot of money on the magazine. I did manage to get advertisers and was starting to break even on an issue basis by the ninth issue. But the music scene and my life began to change in 1993 and everything came to a halt.

For the first issue of Nocturne Magazine, I was lucky enough to get an interview with the amazing lead singer of Mr. Big, Eric Martin. I also had the idea of doing a triptych of the bands that came out of the breakup of Dokken: Lynch Mob, Don Dokken and War and Peace.

Speaking of War and Peace, I befriended Jeff Pilson after their show at the Omni and a few months later he told me about a benefit concert for Jason Becker who was diagnosed with ALS. Jason was on Mike Varney's Shrapnel label and had recently been hired by David Lee Roth for his band. I went to LA for the benefit show and got to meet Jason and other folks backstage including Steve Vai, Michael Anthony from Van Halen and Danny Stag from Kingdom Come.

Being the publisher of a heavy metal music magazine entitled me and some of my staff to attend Foundations Forum, the world's only all hard rock and heavy metal convention. It was an industry convention so there were booths and panels as well as concerts and an awards show.

In September 1991, Foundations Forum was at the LAX Marriott where I got to interview Ugly Kid Joe, Lillian Axe and XYZ in their poolside suites. I got to meet Jason Bonham, Ronny James Dio, Michael Schenker, Vivian Campbell, Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley and Marty Friedman. I partied with Bay Area bands D.R.I., Cry Wolf, Murder Bay, Babylon A.D. and Flame. I went to the Arista Party with Robb from Babylon A.D. and the Hollywood Records party with Dan from East Bay radio station KVHS. Ozzy Osbourne was the headline act and Megadeth won most of the awards.

Foundations Forum moved to the Stouffer Concourse Hotel in 1992 because the LAX Marriott was completely trashed after the one in 1991. Highlights of this year was I partied at the Girls Girls Girls strip club hosted by Vince Neil and I went to the Hollywood Records party where I hung out with Ice-T and his band Body Count.

The convention moved to another venue yet again in 1993 to the Burbank Hilton. It was smaller than the prior two years, which reflected the fading popularity of hard rock and heavy metal. I still had a great time as I partied with Epic record company execs, met the Scorpions at a press conference and KISS was the headline act.

But other than featuring big name acts, it was my mission to promote local bands as well. I included a section in every issue called Bay Area NEWSmakers, with one band representing each of geographical sections of the Bay Area: North, East, West and South. In general, my tastes turned toward hair metal, while my friend Michele liked thrash. Michele wrote a section on thrash in every issue. It seemed like the Bay Area was home to more thrash bands, most notably Metallica.



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I did like some thrash bands and enjoyed Megadeth's show at the Cow Palace (where I had also met the members of Slaughter) in December 1992. I got to go backstage and hang

out with the band for a little bit. I also went to a Christmas party around the same time at the San Francisco Victorian home of Death Angel, a band of Filipino cousins.

Earlier that year, in March, I celebrated my 25th birthday by renting a limo and going to several clubs with my friends including Kristin, Alaina and Ramnita. We also went to the Bam-mies after party, which just happened to be on the same night.

Other than the venues I'd already mentioned, other places I used to watch concerts and take photos at where: Real Rock (where I attended a fun Halloween costume party with my friend Kristin), Oakland Arena (where I had a photo pass to take photos of my favorite band Def Leppard), Greek Theatre (where a guy from a mosh pit flew into the photo pit, narrowly missing me while I was taking photos of Stone Temple Pilots), the Warfield (which has a really elegant backstage area), the San Jose State University Event Center (where I got to attend Neal Schon's birthday party backstage) and Niles Station (the home of Flame, one of the local bands that got signed by a major label).

After the Stone closed, which was very sad as I had lots of wonderful memories there including Michael from the band High Wire calling out to me during their set to give me flowers and balloons from our mutual friend Kristin, the club I hung out at the most was the Terminator. The Terminator was an industrial, goth and fetish club with DJ music and a cage (that I used to dance in) on the main floor and a heavy metal club in the basement (with bands and DJs including Ace from Reality Check TV).

The Omni also closed around the same time as the Stone and One Step Beyond (same owner). The Omni was memorable for two distinct reasons. It was where Babylon A.D. shot one of their music videos and I was in the audience for it. It was interesting to see the process of filming a music video but listening to the same song over and over again got a bit much. The other was when the place was locked down because there was a different kind of shooting, the type with guns, outside. Everyone was safe afterwards.

With the closure of several important heavy metal clubs, and the rising popularity of grunge, the long hair and partying ethos of heavy metal was on the decline. In December 1992, I also met the man who would become my first husband, and issues arising from that marriage as well as increasing struggles with my CPA job, led to the demise of Nocturne Magazine and my bowing out of the heavy metal scene.

I missed the music, the people, but most of all I missed being part of a community of kindred spirits and being able to express my passions in the form of publishing articles and photos. It took me 10 years to find a community again in science fiction, fantasy and history fandom. And another two years after that to get back into publishing. I'm taking a hiatus right now for various reasons and haven't published Science Fiction/San Francisco for around three years after doing it for 10. This is the first piece I'm writing in a long while, and I'm hoping to get back into publishing again in one form or another as soon I figure things out.

I've tried to get back into the heavy metal scene, which seems to have made a comeback of some sort. But other than attending some concerts, I haven't been able to really get more into it as most events conflict with my current life in fandom. I guess sometimes one moves on and there's no going back. But I'm just glad that I experienced my heavy metal life to the fullest while it lasted.





Welcome Dear Zero - Ghost and Majestic Religious Horror by Kirsten M. Berry

Since 2006, the Swedish doom/prog-metal band Ghost has been invoking the power of religious iconology and symbolism to fuel an impressive stage show that twists traditional Catholic images into a world of horror, presided over by a demonic antipope frontman and backing musicians clad in horned masks that conceal their identities.

According to the band's story, there have been three lead singers, all known as Papa Emeritus, with a fourth, Cardinal Copia, making his debut on their current tour. Papa Emeritus II was "fired" in 2015 for failing to fulfill his duties of overthrowing governments and churches, replaced by a half-brother. In turn, Papa Emeritus III was forcibly removed from the stage at the band's last performance of 2017 by the apparent patriarch of the Emeritus line, known simply as Papa Nihil. Videos posted to the band's YouTube account in the months since have introduced Cardinal Copia as their new leader, even as Papa Nihil appears to distrust handing the legacy over to someone not of the bloodline. In truth, Tobias Forge has been the band's singer and driving creative force since its formation, performing as all three incarnations of Papa Emeritus and now as the Cardinal.

The backing band is known as the Nameless Ghouls. Historically there have been five Ghouls, named for the five classical elements: Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Aether. The elements are associated with the instruments they play; in certain variants of their costumes, they

have worn sashes embroidered with all five elemental symbols, with that member's element highlighted. When giving "autographs," the Ghouls used stamps of their element. The current line-up has increased to seven; the elements are nowhere to be found, and they are known simply as Ghouls (and Ghoulettes, as there are two women currently on keyboards). A popular theory amongst the band's fans is that the Ghouls will "earn" their elements when the Cardinal ascends to the throne and dons the traditional skull-paint of the Papa.

This anonymity was one of the band's selling points. (The real identities of the members of Ghost were closely guarded secrets until a 2017 lawsuit forced several members and former members to reveal themselves.) Not knowing who was playing subverted the traditional artist-fan connection. The Nameless Ghouls were just that, terrifying beings in service of their leader. The idea was to remove their personalities to allow their audiences to focus upon the art. And the art did speak for itself, even when heavily inspired by other sources. Previous album covers have riffed on posters and stills from films like *Salem's Lot*, *Amadeus*, the 1922 *Nosferatu*, and *Metropolis*.

That said, Ghost's music is accessible even without the theatrics, winning them the Best Metal Performance Grammy in 2016 for "[Cirice](#)." Much of their music is a satirical skewering of traditional heavy metal tropes and Satanic stereotypes alike, creating an atmosphere in which conventional religious norms and mores are called into question and "turned upside down." (Their logo, an inverted cross with a capital G superimposed upon it, reflects this.) For



He is
He's the shining and the light without whom I cannot see
And he is
Insurrection, he is spite, he's the force that made me be
He is
Nostro Dispater, nostr' alma mater
He is

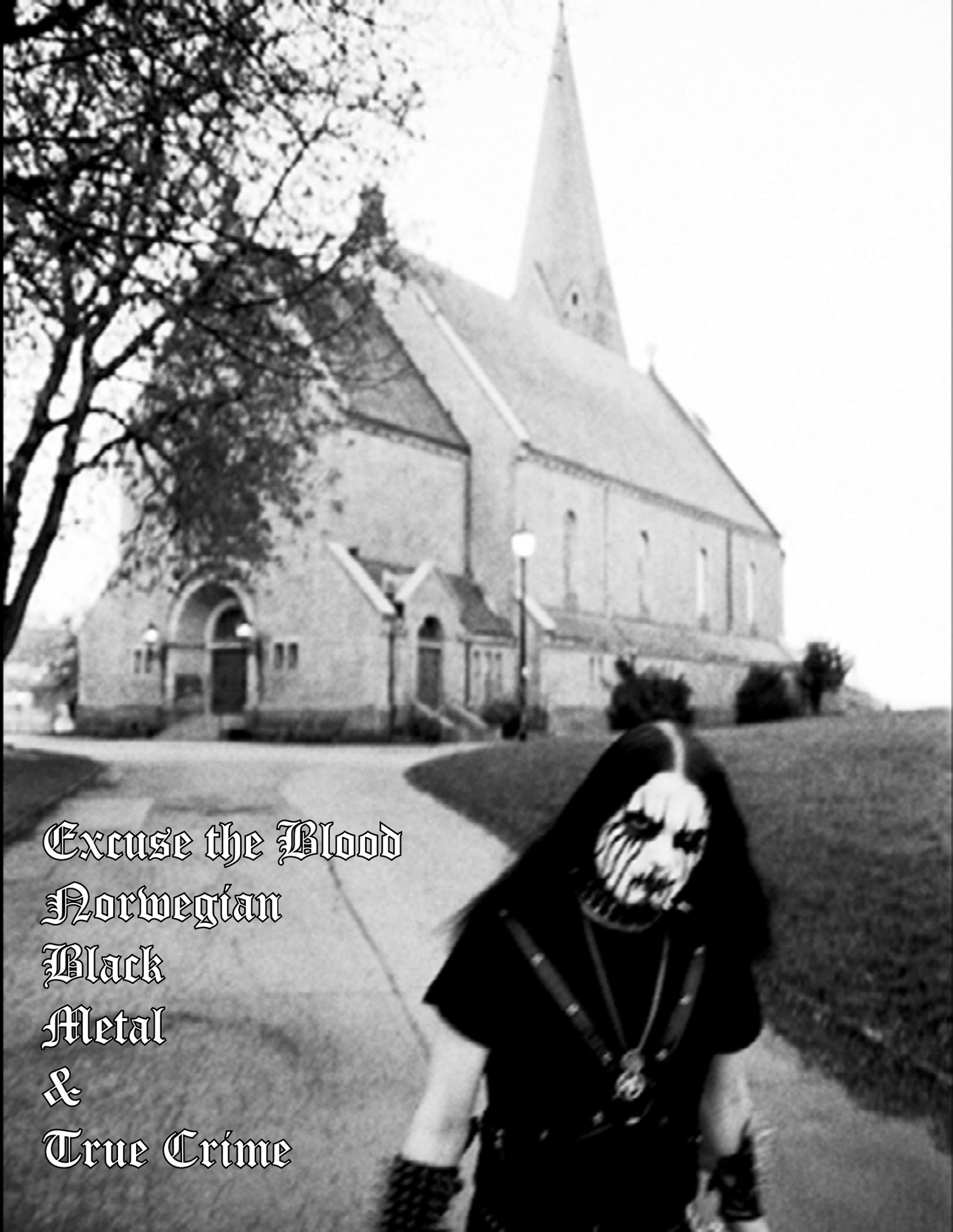
Does this make the actual music any less joyful, though?

This cheerful horror is found throughout Ghost's discography. "[Rats](#)," the first single from their most recent album, *Prequelle*, sounds like a typical upbeat prog-metal song until you listen to the words, and hear about rats coming for you and your family. Then you listen a little more, and come to understand that the titular rodents are really meant to represent twisted ideas and hate. The newest single, "Dance Macabre," sounds like stereotypical 80s/90s synthpop until you realize that the chorus is "Just wanna bewitch you in the moonlight," not a boy band's overly-earnest "be wit'choo."

But the true power of Ghost is found in their live shows. Here, the full unholy glory of their corrupt church is unleashed. The band uses Gothic instrumentals and backdrops that suggest the grandeur of a cathedral to frame the action onstage. While the Nameless Ghouls play like demons, their frontman stalks the stage, seeming to offer profane blessings on the audience. (Early club dates in the band's history even included Papa offering communion to the crowd during their song "Body and Blood.")

Ghost uses this Catholic majesty and perverted sense of ritual to project the horror of an evil church, twisted and ugly, mixed with a contrasting musical tone that plays with your emotions. Their songs, videos, and stage shows all push this image. They are definitely masters





Excuse the Blood
Norwegian
Black
Metal
&
True Crime

As many of you already know, I am a true crime junky. I love true crime, from Jack the Ripper and the Zodiac, to Jonestown and the Manson Family. It's one of my passions, and I've never really hidden that fact. I have, though, been less active in talking about my appreciation for the various forms of Extreme Metal. I like Death Metal, Sludge, Industrial Metal, the grindier, the better. It's a thing that fewer people seem to get than true crime. So, I don't often talk about that, but when I was just starting at the Museum, one of my favorite CDs (after Joe Jackson's *Night & Day* and the musical *City of Angels*) was a compilation from Norway called *True Kings of Norway*. It might have been the first thing I ever downloaded off of Napster. The music was loud, incomprehensible at times, but it was moving, exciting, raw. Some of the tracks were incredible, and Emperor became a fave.

I knew nothing about the scene, and in those days, I wasn't about to search out every piece of information on a band even if I loved the music. Instead, I would just burn CDs and listen over and over again.

A while back, the brilliant podcast *Last Podcast on the Left* did an impressive set of episodes on the Norwegian Black Metal scene of the early 1990s. I recognized some of the bands, but I was more interested in the stories that I did not know. Suicides. Church burnings. Murder. It was all there. I had no idea, and ever since that set of episodes, I've been researching. In fact, it was those episodes that led to this issue.

Let us go back to the late 1980s, Norway. Sweden had the most impressive metal scene in Europe up until that point. Bands like Morbid and Nihilist. They were amazing, and I can not tell you how much I loved Morbid's stuff. There had already been a Death Metal scene in Norway, with bands like Mayhem leading the way, but all too often, they were either taking cues from Swedish Death Metal, and that shows in Mayhem's first recordings, or were just not widely known. You can certainly point to Emperor as an excellent example, not only musically, but how they dealt with being a band in 1991, the year they formed. Norwegian Black Metal did have some unique elements, like using whole chord instead of traditional two- or three-string power chords, and another of which was an overt, powerful anti-Judeo-Christian stance with a whole lot of satanic reference. It was a Swede who had been known in the scene who would start to give the Norwegian Black Metal scene its first real step towards becoming an individual scene. The guy's name was Dead. Well, not legally. It was something very Swedish legally, but he went by Dead.

And for good reason.

Dead was kinda obsessed with death. No, he was TOTALLY obsessed with death. He kept a dead crow as a sort of pet, and would wear this heavy black-and-white make-up that became known as corpsepaint. That's how you knew a Black Metal scenester, apparently. He had been a member of Morbid, but had heard Mayhem's style of metal and was very interested. So he sent a tape along with a small package.

This was a smart thing.

Mayhem had been around since about 1984, founded by two guys calling themselves Destruktor and Necro-butcher, but had never really exploded. Morbid, on the other hand, had only been around since 1986, had played a bunch of shows, but never released an official album. Somehow, likely through the massive tape-trading communities that have sprung up around metal, they ended up becoming one of the most widely-known acts out of Sweden. Not ABBA level, but they were the golden boys of the Metal literati. Dead didn't think they were going to go anywhere, so he got in touch with Mayhem and they invited him to become their lead singer, which was perfect as they had been doing the revolving membership thing for a while. With Dead as the front man, they had a solid stamp on their stage presence, as this ghastly pale performer would go into something between a trance and a massive seizure. He'd cut himself on-stage, drawing blood, and he'd throw meat and animal viscera into the audience. This gave Mayhem the gimmick it needed.

But Dead was far from a gimmick.

You see, Dead thought he actually was dead, and had been for ages. He had sent a little gift along with the tape that he sent as his introduction to Mayhem: an actual crucified mouse. He used to put dead things in Ziplok bags, then right before they performed, he'd open the bag and sniff deeply, so he would sing with death in his nostrils. He would bury his clothes leading up to a performance to have rot on him while he was singing. Dead was living his gimmick, or you could argue, his life was nothing but his gimmick.

The band lived together in a big house where they also rehearsed. Destruktor had changed his nom de metal to Euronymous, which would be the name he would become widely known under. Euronymous was

the undoubted leader, but he was also the only one of the band with any money. He was the founder of the most important Norwegian Black Metal label, Deathlike Silence Productions. He and Dead just didn't get along. There is a story that Dead stabbed Euronymous, supposedly after Euronymous wouldn't stop playing his synthmusic too loud. Dead and Euronymous butted heads a lot, and the fact that Euronymous was a serious sociopath led to a lot of dark stuff. Supposedly Euronymous had left a bunch of ammunition around the house, knowing that Dead was both depressed, and had talked about killing himself. The two of them living together was a bad idea, and it had a stupidly obvious finale.

Dead killed himself.

Dead slit his wrists, cut at his throat, and then just put a shotgun to his head and finished it. He was only 22.

If you want an excellent example of the level of dirtbag that Euronymous inhabited, all you have to do is consider his reaction to discovering Dead's body. He got into the house, saw Dead there, with his blood and brain matter all around, then he left. He went to buy a disposable camera so that he could take pictures of Dead's body. He even did some stage-dressing to make the scene more aesthetically pleasing. Yeah, that kind of thing. Then, Euronymous called Necrobutcher, saying "Dead has done something really cool! He killed himself." Necrobutcher told him to destroy the pictures before he hung up, but Euronymous was not that kind of guy. Instead, he kept them, and then used it as the cover for a Mayhem album. He also may have kept pieces of Dead's skull that he made into necklaces.

Euronymous founded a record store called Helvete. It was never a great success, but it did serve as a gathering point for the Oslo Black Metal scene. Now, Sweden's metal was Death Metal, and most of the Norwegian bands pre-1991 had been in that mold, save for Mayhem. As they came to gather at Helvete, things started to change. Thou Shall Suffer, which had been in the Swedish Death Metal mode, became Emperor, and Darkthrone made a similar switch. It was the centerpoint for Norwegian Black Metal.

Mayhem went on, and they brought in a new singer, the musical 'genius' behind the act Barzum. Kristian Vikernes, who went by the name Varg. He had been in a band called Old Funeral for a while, but was best known for his one-man project. He joined Mayhem in 1992, still producing work as Barzum, and Euronymous basically became a mentor to Varg. This didn't last, partly because these were two guys who were gigantic egotists and desperate to force the form of Black Metal into an emblem of themselves.

“Dead has done something really cool! He killed himself.”

Varg was a terrible human being, by the way. A terrible racist, both in gimmick and in reality. He entered into a contest with Euronymous that would end up changing everything. Varg was completely anti-Christianity, so much so that he began to wage a campaign burning churches. Not just any churches, but Norwegian Stave Churches. Stave Churches were a particular kind of wooden church, built between the 12th and 16th centuries. Varg, along with Emperor's Samoth and Faust, burned several of these incredibly old churches. Now, they're wood, so they burn. Starting with Fantoft Stave Church, about 50 Stave churches were attacked. Not every burning was solved, but the ones that were were 100% shown to have deep Black Metal connections, including Varg, Faust of Emperor, and Euronymous. Several of the churches that were burned were more than 800 years old. This also happened at the same time as a series of cemetery desecrations. One of the church burnings also claimed the life of a firefighter, which was the first death attributed to the Norwegian Black Metal scene. At least until the murders began.

The first murder was committed by Faust of Emperor. He had been convinced to go into the woods with Magne Andreassen. According to Faust, Andreassen made moves on him, and he responded by stabbing him several times, then kicking him in the head several times. It would be two years before he was convicted, and would spend fourteen years in prison.

Varg committed the first murder within the Black Metal community. There had been a rift in the Black Metal community, with Euronymous finally closing Helvete and apparently owning a lot of money to many of the bands, including Varg. This led Varg to come to see Euronymous, and an argument broke out and Varg stabbed Euronymous more than twenty times, killing him. Varg has claimed that Euronymous was plotting to kill him, and that it was self-defense, but it is thin soup indeed. Eventually, he was arrested, tried, and convicted of the murder and of the church burnings. This was not the end of Norwegian Black Metal, but it certainly was the endpoint for that first wave, the defining wave.

Varg and Faust and the others are all out of prison now. They're all still making music, and Varg has his YouTube channel, and has relocated to France, where his racist ideas have gotten him in trouble. The drummer of Mayhem, Hellhammer, considered one of the best drummers in all of Metaldom, has repeatedly gotten himself into hot water for his racism. And homophobia. And anti-immigration statements. In fact, there's a lot of racist, or at least White Supremacist, stuff going on in Black Metal, with bands like Darkthrone even putting in pro-Aryan messages in their albums. There's Gaahl. The former lead singer of Gorgoroth, who is just about the only openly gay front man in the continuing Black Metal scene in Norway. He's a helluva artist and also tends to beat people up, including at least one period where he tortured a guy for more than a full day, collecting his blood in a cup while he did it. There are several other issues, but really, in 1991, Norway had its Satanic Panic in the form of Norwegian Black Metal.





*The Metal Out of Space -
H.P. Lovecraft's stamp on Metal
By Douglas E. Berry*

H.P. Lovecraft was a man born in the wrong century, a stunningly racist and misanthropic storyteller who was virtually unknown in his lifetime. Lovecraft created worlds of cosmic horror inhabited by obscene things that violated the laws of time and space, gods and monsters that manipulated, consumed, or discarded those around them with no more regard for man than we'd give an ant. Lovecraft sowed his terrible visions across the globe: sinister voodoo worship in a New Orleans swamp; a quaint New England town populated by a foul race of fish people; and a failed Antarctic expedition that uncovers ancient aliens are just some of the spaces explored in Lovecraft's world of gothic horror.

Rescued from obscurity by writers like August Derleth and Clark Ashton Smith who encouraged the publication of Lovecraft's work and expanded on his canon, it should come as no surprise that these macabre tales would come to inspire dozens of heavy metal artists drawn to the themes of power, madness, and gloom. Bands fueled by the imagery and tales of Lovecraft play, or have played, various styles of metal (starting in 1970 with Black Sabbath's "Beyond the Wall of Sleep"), and continue to release brain-frying tributes to that strange little man from Providence, Rhode Island.

Several acts have dedicated themselves to the musical exploration of the mysteries of Cthulhu and the other races from the Mythos. Many of these bands are in the Doom, Black or Graveyard/Funeral subgenres. Black metal pioneers Morbid Angel are a reliably Lovecraftian band. Morbid Angel's founder and primary songwriter Trey Azagthoth not only uses one of Lovecraft's gods for a surname, but has claimed influence from several occult texts, among them the *Simon Necronomicon*, a "grimoire" that claims to combine Middle Eastern mythology and magic with allusions to Lovecraft's fictional *Necronomicon*. Other bands like Back to R'Lyeh, Bal-sagoth, Chthe'ilist, The Great Old Ones, Innsmouth, and Shub-Niggurath have devoted most if not all of their writing talents to works that incorporate themes from the Lovecraftian world.

But even more "traditional" metal acts have found inspiration in these dark works. Metallica has dipped into the mythos several times, with songs like the instrumental "Call of Ktulu," "The Thing that Should Not Be," and "All Nightmare Long." Iron Maiden's classic album *Live After Death* also included Lovecraft's "In Strange Aeons" quote on a tombstone in the cover art, thereby connecting both the band and the creature known as Eddie to Lovecraft's larger mythos.

H.P. Lovecraft spawned an industry with his writings. Novels, movies, a few episodes of TV shows, even a role-playing game. But I think it's safe to say that his greatest influence shows in how his dark visions of terror and the end of the world have inspired legions of heavy metal artists.

Chris Adds—For more about Lovecraft and Metal, check out Heavy Metal Historian's Episode on that very topic! <http://heavymetal666.com/2016/02/24/lovecraft-and-metal/>





The Iron Demon of Black Sabbath

By Kyle Harding

Mid-20th century Birmingham, England was never an ideal place to live. This industrial hub stiffened the soul with cold, gray skies and even colder working conditions. Birmingham was the site of countless factories, incessant gang violence, and dreams tread underfoot, and the home for a young man named Tony, who wanted nothing more than to carve his own path in life and stay out of trouble. He had no love for the gangs and kept his nose clean by working as a welder. He was good at his craft and didn't quite mind the warm glow of his torch. But there was nothing that he loved more than music.

Before Tony's teenage years, he was inspired by the music of Hank Marvin and The Shadows, an instrumental group of repute oftentimes accompanying the lyrics and voice of Cliff Richards. Fast, driving drumbeats were what piqued Tony's desire to learn music- but the common adolescent in a town where the atmosphere was a cocktail of smog and rain usually could not afford an entire drumkit. He instead decided to buy his first guitar at the age of 13. Immediately, he began conversing with stringed apparatus. His fingers talked to the guitar, and she spoke back to him. She revealed to her new friend the secrets of music and the powerful magic that it holds. They became inseparable and he spent hours upon hours learning from her

every day. Though his passion for music grew, few showed any appreciation. To Birmingham, he was just another teenager well on his way to becoming a deadbeat.

Tony bent his ear away from the naysayers and toward the instrument, learning from its tones and not from written music. In a sense, he was an illiterate orator with the instinct to know exactly what to say. The language he spoke through his guitar slowly crept into dark corners of drab pubs- places where someone so young wasn't even allowed admittance all the while playing alongside men 3 times his senior. People were befuddled and mesmerized by this boy's raw ability to play the blues and began to whisper about him. Truly, he was gifted.

The youth's talent was sought by a band known as "The Birds and Bees". They extended this budding musician an offer to travel the world with them- to places where he would be recognized and loved for his passion. Tony took them up on their offer without a second thought... until his mother stepped in with that thought.

Her son, teetering between his teens and adulthood, would be leaving her to join a troupe of troubadours with a future more uncertain than the future of a factory laborer. She was not having any of that. She wagged a finger at Tony and sternly demanded that he return to his job at the factory and grow up to become a skilled, respectable citizen. He stood to give his retort, poised to tell his mother that he was going to become one of the most innovative and recognized artists that the world had ever known. But he could not find the words in his mind or his heart and all that uttered from his mouth was, "Yes, mum."

The next morning, Tony woefully trudged through the yawning, familiar factory doors and strode up to his place on the assembly line. He laid his hands on his tools- at least he found some small comfort in welding. But that was not the work he would be doing that day. Tony's supervisor informed him that, instead, he'd be taking the place at the machine press. Its operator was missing and they needed someone to feed in the sheets of metal. However, they didn't just stand Tony at a machine press- he was presented before a hulking, gargantuan being that glared down upon him, eyeing its new servant and snarling with the grinding of gears and screeching of steam. This was no machine press, but an iron demon. As it opened its maw, it groaned with such aggressive force and ordered to be fed.

Tony fed a sheet of metal to the creature and the press came crashing down upon it, bending the plate with utmost ease and spitting it back out. The demon demanded another and its servant obliged- and another, and another. He fed the machine its metal again and again. Tony's head began to spin from the monotonous handling of beast and pushed his hands in too far. The machine had finally tasted blood. The press came down upon the fingers on his right hand, his fretting hand, and sliced off the tips of his middle and ring fingers. From the gaping wound jutted splintered bones. Blood splattered all over the creature, who gleefully laughed at the incompetent servant.

The events that immediately followed were a mystery to Tony until the moment he rolled awake in a hospital bed. For all he knew, he was whisked away to safety by a Valkyrie and nestled upon the chalky sheets. He gazed upon his right hand, completely bandaged up. On the table next to him was a matchbox containing his fingertips laying on red cotton swabs. They had turned whiter than the hospital walls.

Tony did not ask the doctor "What happened?" or "How did I get here?" But the question that befell his troubled mind: "Will I ever play guitar again?"

"No," the doctor firmly replied.

The word rang through Tony's head for days. The world began to move around him while everything stayed still inside his own head, focused on the loss of his ability. His mother

and siblings came and went, as did the doctors and the nurses... and then his factory manager, bearing with him a gift. A was a record of a jazz guitarist- Django Reinhardt, a Belgian musician of Romani descent.

Though he had not put the record on yet, Tony reassured his manager that he was quite certain Django was a talented performer. However, he was adamant against listening to anything at the moment. Music would only pain him even more. But the manager urged him to give it a chance and refused to leave until he did. Tony gave in and they listened to the record together.

Tony was affirmed in the notion that Django was, indeed, someone of notable skill, but he did not see how this could help his current state. The sweet and soft jazzy melodies were a lullaby wrapped in black silk waving in the Sunday wind. Smooth, elegant, blissful. At the end of the record, it was revealed to Tony that these were the workings of a crippled musician.

Django had lost his 3rd and 4th fretting fingers in a fire- they were completely paralyzed, though he still used them for bar chords on the end of the fretboard and down-tuned only slightly to make them looser. And though he may as well have only had 2 fingers, he still managed to play. Tony still had all his fingers, just in a hindered state. The manager instilled within him that this was not the end of the road.

Eventually, Tony was allowed to go home and he went straight to work with a renewed determination to not let the iron demon take away what he loved most. He had a set of collected tools that he used to melt down a soap bottle into two little spheres. For days, he sat on his bed and filed the caps down into the shape of his fingertips and fitted them on his damaged digits. But upon pressing them against his guitar, pain cut through his entire hand and past his wrist. He tried fitting the outside of the tips with cloth, rubber, and wax to ease the pressure- nothing worked. Tony went as far as sacrificing his old leather jacket. The leather sank into the strings perfectly and his fingers no longer seared with pain. He wasn't quite there yet. The strings wouldn't bend, or even press down fully.

Tony down-tuned his guitar like Django, starting with a semi-tone, but his efforts still weren't enough. In a fit of frustration, he tore his instrument apart and began filing down the frets. Even more days passed as he carefully edged them lower and lower into a comfortable position where his fingers did not have to press directly on the fretboard to emit a note. And yet, the strings still wouldn't yield to him. They were too meaty and cumbersome. He needed them to be lighter.

The top few strings were replaced, initially, with banjo strings, but the bottom ones were wound nickel and couldn't simply be switched out with any alternative. Tony desperately contacted over a dozen string manufacturers all over the UK, none of which made anything lighter than what he already had. A Welsh company known as Picato Strings decided to take this as a challenge. They gladly accepted his order and delivered to him the lightest-gauged strings they could make, the very first of their kind.

Tony fitted the metal strands on his guitar and plugged it into his little, crackly amplifier. All that emitted was a weak sigh. She lacked the breath to sing at the volume he wanted. In a last-ditch effort, Tony fed the cable into the bass socket of his amp and down-tuned the strings 3 semitones. What rang from the amp was a noise that he had only heard once in his life, right before his fingers were mauled by the iron demon.

A great roar emanated from his tiny amp- a growl so thunderous and aggressive that the rafters shook in his house. This reverberation was deep and dark, shocking the souls of pub-goers into a black oblivion from which they could not shake from their minds. The tone

was so vast, yet so sharp and electrifying. No guitarist had constructed anything like it. This electric cry was large and looming like Birmingham's gray, smoggy skies, more powerful than the factories' machines, fiercer than the gangs, and burned hotter than his welding torch. The sound became Tony's brand for the rest of his life.

Tony Iommi picked up where he left off as a musician finally unleashed his upon the world amidst the heavy rain of Birmingham and the tolling of the church bell- the sound that would simply be known as "Black Sabbath", being as dark and unholy as the name itself represented, tempered and molded in the unforgiving world from whence it spawned. This marked the birth of what everyone calls "Heavy Metal".

