

**GRAVE**

Enraptured

METAL MIND/MVD

**Bitches leave!**

Metal Mind owns the fucking place when it comes to live death metal DVDs. I mean, they've lensed Obituary, Sinister, Dark Tranquillity, Carnal Forge, Vader, Malevolent Creation and a whole slew of bashers who otherwise might not get the chance strut their mangled stuff quite like this for a sea of metal-hungry heshers and 14 thousand cameras. It's as if the bigwigs at Metal Mind think they're neck-deep in some fantastically shot arthouse film. Seriously. Or, the Poles love and appreciate their death metal as we do McDonald's and ill-advised wars. Maybe it's a little bit of both, but either way you win.

This time around, Grave are flown in to Warsaw for a 16-song set of moldy oldies (yes, "Extremely Rotten Flesh" and "Into the Grave!") and new bruisers. With ex-bassist Jonas Torndal on guitar and ex-Therion bassist Fredrik Isaksson and Coercion drummer Pelle Ekegren in tow, this is exactly one-half of the lineup that forced us to re-examine what was considered heavy all those years ago. Tracks from *Into the Grave*, *You'll Never See...*, *...And Here I Die...Satisfied*, *Fiendish Aggression*, and *As Rapture Comes* are given new life, with rail-thin Ola barking gore-soaked, anti-Christian epithets in ways Dordevic could only dream. The best segment on *Enraptured* is the interview—Jonas rides the short bus throughout the and result is pure comedy.

To be honest, I wasn't expecting much from *Enraptured*, but having walked away from it nostalgic-like, it's probably worth a shekel or two for the 110 minutes Grave pummel you like it's 1991, 1992, 1993 and 1994. Ah, those were the good old days! —CHRIS DICK

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**SENTENCED, Buried Alive**

Lots of wheres, but no whys | CENTURY MEDIA



For a good majority of this double disc set—especially during the "Home Soil Funeral Procession," where the band drags a coffin around Finland to symbolize the death of their 16-year creative outlet—the viewer is left wondering exactly why *Sentenced* threw in the towel. Everyone familiar with *Sentenced* is undoubtedly aware of frontman Ville Laihiala's constant chatter about depression and his countless songs about wanting to end it all right-here-right-now. Considering this, and the fact that there was never any official reason given for their disbanding, when you see them at the top of their game at this final concert in their hometown of Oulu—not to mention the ridiculous amount of fun they had on their final tour of Finnish clubs and outdoor festivals—it's hard to imagine them giving this up for office jobs and domestic bliss. Especially considering the amount of alcohol and cigarettes they apparently need to survive and that Laihiala's idea of a good time is grabbing his crotch like a Brooklyn rapper, attempting to fondle

his bandmates and passing out drunk after philosophical rants about testicles and rimming.

All the dirty, hilarious and uncomfortable details can be witnessed on the second disc, which contains not only interviews, a photo gallery and all of the band's videos, but a "documentary" of 2005's drawn-out farewell tour and the tricks a film crew uses to put the pieces of a promo video together. The main feature is the 25-song final show, captured by a phalanx of top-of-the-line cameras. You're front-row witness to all of *Sentenced*'s tricks: pyro, flames, fake snow, set decoration, original vocalist Taneli Jarva coming out to front the band like a growling, beer-gutted wombat for a handful of songs from the band's early years. When he hilariously intros "Northern Lights," saying that the song goes back 13 years and will scare all the little girls in the audience, you realize that, in hindsight, *Sentenced*'s transformation from death metal to gothic rock/metal wasn't actually that drastic; in fact, it was something fans should have seen coming, unlike their curious suicide. —KEVIN STEWART-PANKO

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**EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN**

Palast der Republik

MVD

**Borrowed, blues, old and new**

Until last February, a visitor to the eastern half of Berlin might well be shown a fairly grotesque, not very well-designed and nondescript example of Stalinist monumental architecture, namely the former German Democratic Republic parliament building-cum-arena-cum-swimming-pool, the Palast der Republik. Also called "Erich's lamp shop" because the GDR dictator Erich Honecker had ordered that 1,001 lamps be placed into the entrance foyer, the building was swiftly condemned as unfit for regular use

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because it contained asbestos, and began to be demolished last year. But not before the finest band ever produced by West Berlin, that Cold War oasis of draft-dodging punk squats, played a concert there in November 2004.

Einstürzende Neubauten were arguably the greatest band to emerge from the industrial scene in the early 1980s, and have long outlasted their contemporaries, evolving from pure metal-bashing into something infinitely more subtle, atmospheric, musical and challenging, using recording spaces and found objects as instruments in their own right. This show is no exception; the band calls a time-out halfway through to suddenly disappear into the balconies of the arena and

begin to tap out an astonishingly hypnotic polyrhythm on the banisters and railings. When on stage proper, the multiple percussionists use just about everything imaginable (vegetable oil cans, pipes, steering wheels, plastic barrels and jerrycans, sheet metal, styrofoam packing cubes on aluminium) to layer the beats into an ever-shifting rhythmic avalanche that Tool's Danny Carey would kill to reproduce. With a setlist drawn from all of their albums since 1989's *Haus der Lüge* onwards, as well as a reprise of '80s classic "Armenia" from *Zeichnungen des Patienten O.T.*, the concert is both a fan's dream as well as a superb introduction to one of the most innovative bands of the past quarter-century. —NICK TERRY