

**KREATOR,**

At the Pulse of Kapitulation
— Live in East Berlin 1990

SPV

Du bist kein Berliner

Not sure which band(s) gave thrash a Viagra overdose last year, but it's back. Stronger.

Longer. The ever-keen Kreator figured that while they pen a new album, there's no better way to remind the kiddies into Warbringer and Municipal Waste of their supremacy than to re-master, repackage, and transfer their VHS catalog to DVD. *At the Pulse of Kapitulation—Live in East Berlin* is 1990's *Live in East Berlin* and 1991's *Hallucinative Comas* digitized and mixed in 5.1 (by Andy Sneap no less), with updated interviews.

The East Berlin gig is mandatory. Mille Petrozsa's a monster frontman, and with a set list that includes "Extreme Aggression," "Toxic Trace," "Pleasure to Kill," "Betrayed" and "Tormentor," it brings back painful memories of not being able to see them until the *Renewal* tour. Ugh!

Hallucinative Comas was originally released as a visual companion to *Coma of Souls*. Directed by Andreas Marshall (now known as cover artist to HammerFall and Blind Guardian), it's basically an elongated music video/documentary with horror-style (think *Blair Witch* before *Blair Witch*) footage stitched between segments. It's novel, but the "director's cut" isn't that much different from the original, except there's more blood 'n' violence. The best parts are still Mille's brooding interview segments. There's a reason he never toxic waltzed.

The only negative effect of *At the Pulse of Kapitulation* is that in following Kreator's lead, hundreds of z-tier thrash bands—Profanatica already pooped on the kitchen floor—will realize they too have hours of unnecessary VHS footage for the world to see. *Torn Flesh* is in pre-production as I type this. It's gonna get ugly.

—CHRIS DICK

**THE NUMBER TWELVE LOOKS LIKE YOU**

Here at the
End of All Things

EYEBALL

Shit in two different mediums

You're driving down the highway when you see a huge sign that says "Chinese Buffet \$1." You're pretty hungry and how can you beat a deal like that? But then you notice the building is an old Pizza Hut, the sign's all tattered and the only other business around is a scrap yard. If you decide to keep driving, you are smarter than

**GORGOROTH, Black Mass Krakow 2004**

All baa and no bite | METAL MIND

As a PR stunt, it was brilliant: Cover a stage with sheep's heads on spikes, put naked women up on crosses, put up big pentagram flags, play some black metal.

Then, air the gig on state TV in a Catholic country. The Polish media went apeshit. Animal cruelty! "Offending religious feelings"! You'd think that some woman had let her nipple slip at halftime. After their February 2004 show in Krakow, Gorgoroth tangled with the Norwegian and Polish courts. The show's producer faced jail time, production company Metal Mind paid a fine, and Polish authorities locked up the footage in a university library. VH1 called such tomfoolery the 45th most metal moment in history.

Now that *Black Mass Krakow 2004* has actually come out, VH1 should rethink their ranking. The show, as it turns out, was fairly mundane. Sure, it had ridiculous set design. But the professionalism of the DVD ironically removes its edge. This is, after all, a Metal Mind production, and it feels like every other Metal Mind production: lots of cameras,

professional editing, sturdy sound. What were once lurid photos lose their mystique when they come to life. You can practically feel the wool on the sheep. You see the Red Bulls lined up next to them. You could count the pores on singer Gaahl's hands. The band is not particularly tight nor loose. They headbang a little; they play their songs. Gaahl is either not given to stage banter, or else it was edited out. One camera angle makes guitarist Infernus look like Ace Frehley for a second; the presentation is just KISS with less pyro and more corpsepaint.

The real cruelty is not with animals—the sheep probably came from a local slaughterhouse—but with humans. Four men and women had to strip naked, stand on platforms with their heads covered in hoods and wrists suspended by rope, and remain there for an hour while listening to Gorgoroth. It was black metal's Abu Ghraib. One woman passed out from lack of oxygen. You see her slump over, and then disappear entirely from her cross. No matter, an ambulance was called; the show must go on. —COSMO LEE

everyone who's going to buy this DVD from the Number Twelve Looks Like You.

Here's what you get with *Here at the End of All Things*: live footage, commentary, two videos and an interview with the band. But that's not all—you also get a CD with live tracks and remixes of other songs. How can you not appreciate this amazing bargain? Well, there are a couple of problems. First, everything I just mentioned sucks. Everything. The live footage is lame, the interview and commentary (which are literally the same exact thing) are lame. And the music...

well, have you heard these guys? Dillinger by way of Daughters with two hipster singers. Goddamn, is that lame. It's like watching scrambled porn, where you think maybe you saw something cool but so much gibberish is going on you just end up pissed off.

The Number Twelve could have packed three times more stuff on here and their seething awfulness would have still made this a rip-off. But at least unlike the buffet, *Here at the End of All Things* won't give you diarrhea. Probably.

—SHANE MEHLING