



JOSH NAULT

YOU SAY PARTY! I SAY FUCK YOU! We all see 'em. We all hate 'em. Don't be passive; tell them to mosh elsewhere.

Please, don't drink and dive



PAUL BLINOV

It happens at almost every rock show: you're somewhere in the audience, trying to squeeze in front of the tall dude—if you're at Ed's, replace "tall dude" with "giant pillar"—when you're knocked off balance by a body crashing into you. Stumbling around, you realize that you only have half a second to widen your stance and brace yourself, because this wasn't a hit and run: the trashed dude is coming back your way, full speed and just as off-balance.

Having a concert crowd experience ruined by a handful of rowdy moshers has become fairly common, as long as the performing band can be classified as rock, metal or something with a few ill-placed power-chords. The culprits share similar traits: they're usually under the influence of alcohol, hurling themselves endlessly into their fellow concert-goers, arms windmilling like whirling bruise-machines. They pack a wallop of a punch, too.

Usually, the moves they utilize are reserved for the bathroom mirror,

music cranked in the background. But when a favourite band happens to roll into town, these guys take their home-baked moves out of the bathrooms and into the arenas. And there's nothing they enjoy more than a little company, which means dragging or tossing people from the sidelines into the fray. Suddenly, instead of watching the band, anyone within arm's reach is hugging their body and trying to keep an eye on the dude who's on a collision course with everyone else.

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I've been in great rock crowds before, where everyone's totally into the show, but should someone fall, they'll find themselves immediately scooped up by their neighbours. The atmosphere is supportive and fun because there's a sense of trust; everyone's looking for a good time, but all are still willing to watch out for each

other. But toss in a few idiots, blindly flinging themselves around the crowd and the mood changes to tense, the fun sucked away as the bruises begin to wrack up. I, like so many others, wear glasses. I don't need a random douchebag knocking them into the crowd where they'll certainly be destroyed.

There are also shows where everybody is jumping, colliding and rocking out together. Trying to tone it down is out of the question, but it's okay, because everyone's in on it. With shows like these, you know exactly what you're in for and can opt out of the pit or plan accordingly—to not wear glasses, for example.

So how should we get the idiots to stop being themselves? By dealing with them, of course. If someone's out of control, tell them to chill out, instead of just bracing and taking it. If we waffle around the issue, sighing with relief when the moshers move onto a different part of the crowd, we're giving them a silent "whatever" to keep doing their stupid thing.

Moshing is a cultural experience, passed on to us by our hard-rocking forefathers at our very first rock shows. It's something that we, too, are expected to pass onto the forthcoming generations. But we need to send along the right message: mosh respectfully, not like some drunken idiot.

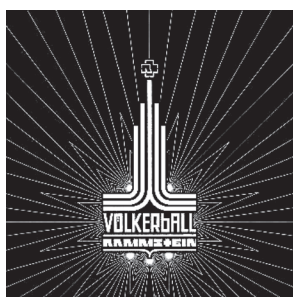
launch a full-scale invasion on Nimes, France and the rest of Europe in a CD/DVD package that's overflowing with content.

Recorded through their 2005/06 Eurasian tour, *Volkerball* serves fans a delicious performance that's their first exclusively live release since 1998's *Live Aus Berlin*. Rather than focusing on only their more recent songs, however, Rammstein dive deep into their recording history to play the hits that have been destroying eardrums since their very first album. Not only is the set well-played, but is spectacularly performed, fusing a delicate balance of lights, sounds and tonnes upon tonnes of pyrotechnics.

Rammstein is truly at home when playing live, adding degrees of awesome to their ear-shattering tunes. Where else can one watch a band's guitarists sing backup into flaming mic stands while their drummer fires Roman candles from his drumsticks, the bassist crowd surfs on an inflatable life raft, and the lead singer spews a 50-foot stream of fire out across the audience from a mask mounted on his face? Frontman Till Lindemann, a licensed pyrotechnician, has truly

outdone the band's past antics, which edge on stage magic and slapstick, an impressive feat after twelve years of work. A notable addition to the band's repertoire involves Till donning a bloody butcher's outfit, singing into a mic formed into a cleaver, and roasting keyboardist Flake Lorenz inside a giant iron cauldron with a flame-thrower while performing "Mein Teil," a dark-humour song about Germany's infamous cannibal killer Armin Meiwes.

With an audio disc, a concert DVD and a bonus disc featuring a tour documentary and behind-the-scenes footage from their latest album, *Volkerball* weighs in at an impressive 295 minutes of total content. It's evident that Rammstein is a band that truly appreciates all of its fans. The documentary (in German with subtitles) offers a personal glimpse into the band members' lives, whether they're on the road or simply off the stage. *Volkerball* is a work of passion, bestowing gratefulness and respect to the thousands of screaming fans who have filled the venues that Rammstein have repeatedly blown away, night after night.



Rammstein

Volkerball
Universal Music
www.rammstein.com

MIKE KENDRICK

Design & Production Editor

There are bands who put out albums and there are bands that play concerts. Rammstein is the latter, mainly because there are few who can compare to the pulse-throbbing intensity of their live shows. These Teutonic tyrants have filled stadiums and thrilled masses with their pounding industrial beats and incredible on-stage antics for years, gaining notoriety for their unique circuses of fire and steel. In their latest live compilation, *Volkerball*, Rammstein

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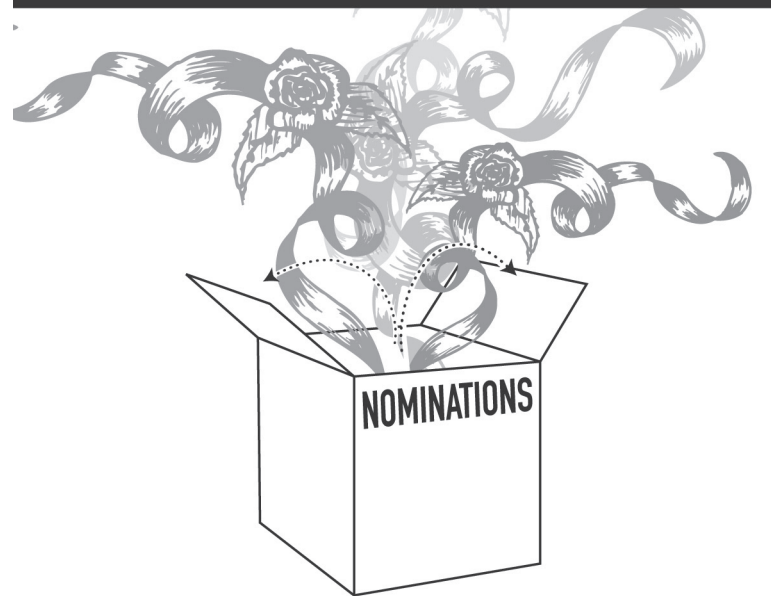
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