

## REVIEW



ARLEN REDEKOP/PNG

Ozzy Osbourne performs at Rogers Arena in Vancouver on Sunday night.

# Shock and Oz

Metal legend spews world-class high-decibel madness at Vancouver show

## OZZY OSBOURNE

With Halford

When: Sunday Night

Where: Rogers Arena

BY AMANDA ASH

It's a miracle.

After decades of ingesting a cornucopia of narcotics and slinging back buckets of booze, the so-called Prince of Darkness himself is alive and kicking.

Sure, Ozzy Osbourne (who turns 62 in December) is no longer at his physical or musical peak. He isn't the same metal magician who first rose to fame as the frontman of '70s British hard rock band Black Sabbath.

But let's view the bat-blood-filled glass as half full: You have to admit how phenomenal the English singer's vitality is. The guy may wear his age and hardship on the sleeves of his black trench coat, yet once on stage he's willing to roll up those suckers to give audiences the full Ozzy experience.

Can he still spit profanities and scream like a banshee? You bet. Just like the good ol' days.

Osbourne opened his show Sunday night at Rogers Arena in elaborate Ozzy fashion. He showcased a video montage of himself inserted into a variety of famous pop culture shows like *Avatar*, *Jersey Shore*, *The*

*Hangover*, Lady Gaga's *Telephone* music video (he played a very convincing Beyoncé!), *Twilight* and *Iron Man*. I don't think I've laughed so hard at a concert before.

Rogers Arena was a sea of black T-shirts, jackets and hair. The crowd (which was packed into the lower bowl — no upper bowl seats were filled) swelled and screamed at the sight of their overlord, who pranced onto the stage and ran around like a giddy schoolgirl. Fans punched the air in triumph, welcoming and worshipping the Prince, hailing him more like a king who had been resurrected from the dead.

"Let the madness begin!" he screamed after mumbling a few profanities. He sported a grin that spanned the entire stage. Ozzy was ready to have a bit of fun.

The first riff from 1983's *Bark At The Moon* sent a sonic tsunami into churning waters. The song was followed by a pyrotechnic celebration of sparkling fireworks and lights. The gates of hell had been opened.

As soon as the song ended — and every time a subsequent song ended — Ozzy took the opportunity to grab the mic and whisper sweet curses into our ears. Fans were charmed. He was grandpa badass and fans loved it. Ozzy had the second date of his eight-stop Canadian tour under his finger.

*Let Me Hear You Scream*, a hellraising rock anthem off of his new release *Scream*, was up next. His tenth studio

release, *Scream* isn't all half-baked. It's very much a raw and ragged collection of dark, delirious tunes — just a little less polished than his past works.

Osbourne performed with a demonic vengeance, moving with caution and coming up hoarse and slightly off-key from the get-go but no one seemed to care. Oh, Ozzy. You've still got it, old buddy.

He then skipped into his back catalogue for songs like *Mr. Crowley* and *I Don't Know*, blaring them at full volume and then some. For *Mr. Crowley*, he pulled out a giant hose filled with water and foam, soaking everyone within 30 feet, including himself.

*Fairies Wear Boots* was the first of the night's four Black Sabbath covers. It wasn't the greatest Sabbath song to lead with out of the gate, even boring a few of the rowdies.

But no matter. Ozzy just got out the hose again to wake them up.

"I'm still f---ing crazy!" he screamed. Indeed, Ozzy had his crazy train with him throughout the show. And if his spiritedness is any indication, he's going to keep performing until he dies — which I don't think will happen anytime soon.

The guy is going outlive us all.

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