

D-A-D

Copenhell, Helviti, June 13th 2014

Review by Keld Broksø, Gaffa.dk

D-A-D drew the circle in a great Copenhell

It was like the icons were lined up at this years Copenhell - the icons on whose shoulders many of the new bands are standing with all the inspiration, devil-may-care attitude and non-compromising insisting on living of the old. Bands that a generation ago defined their present among the rockpeople. Especially bands this year like Iron Maiden, Twisted Sister - and then D-A-D, who ended a fantastic Copenhell Friday night. The challenge of the old bands at Copenhell among all the young dudes (primarily) was not to sound like a parody of themselves as dusty objects from a museum, from something that once was. And another challenge for exactly D-A-D was that they were substitutes for just as iconic Megadeth who probably has more fans than D-A-D at Copenhell.

The good news is that D-A-D went the distance. And exactly in a place where partyrock was represented by old bands like Iron Maiden and actually not in the least Twisted Sister. Nevertheless it felt like a double déjà vu as D-A-D insisted on playing all songs from the anniversary-album No Fuel Left For The Pilgrims in the first part - but starting with Ill Will and working 'backwards' ending with the monsterhit Sleeping My Day Away as a salute to what you want the most after 3 days of hardcore Copenhell.

'You have no idea what a strange feeling it is to be here playing all that old shit' a happy Jesper Binzer said, showing anything but regret at turning the stuff in the attic over once more.

And then D-A-D delivered what they themselves thought might be the soundtrack for this festival: A foaming version of Rim of Hell with a deep groove - heavenly!

Jesper Binzer practically flew around on the stage and was constantly present in what on the paper looked like a funny element, but ended as a genuine declaration of love from both band and audience to the heavy metal, which carries Copenhell through to the announced record as to tickets sold - the exact number will follow after closer calculation. Instead of sounding like the past D-A-D appeared as they both had something to tell and at the same time maintain their crazy and funny elements in a fresh way which was not just a repeat of the famous parties of which D-A-D has been in front at Orange Scene at Roskilde Festival. At that time exactly with founding from albums like No Fuel Left For The Pilgrims and not in the least Riskin' It All.

It was the extras that took us away from the lessons in history. It made a world of difference for the concert as we went further up in time from D-A-Ds 11th album with extras like Monster Philosophy and I Want What She's Got from the releases in 2008 and 2011.

The history part came back though at the end with Bad Craziness (1991) and It's After Dark (1986).

So we got to experience a band and a set that wanted the party and an audience that embraced it. It wasn't the time for challenges as if it had been fantastic, satanic and polish Behemoth who ended this. A certain metal fatigue must be said to have come over a sorely tried audience after three wonderful days. We were in a safe cave - or time pocket - with D-A-D here at the end of the party. It was even drummer, Laust Sonne's 15 year anniversary with the band, and as I stood right in front of the stage I understood what was a contributory in raising the concert from being a reminiscence from the past: Laust's kick drum was so perfectly on the spot and virile so if the older bandmembers should decide to rest on their laurels and their routine the kick drum was a constant wake-up-call whipping it all forwards into the party in the night.

Jacob Binzer's leadguitar has just got better and better, and today he is one of our real great, trend-setting guitarists, also when not playing twang, but making everything squeaking and screaming to blow the dust off the old songs. Bassplayer Stig Pedersen's

collection of awkward bassguitars - the ones formed as for instance cruise missiles and with carlights - is of course just part of the show but he may have seemed the one of least partymood in the band. He is forgiven this night because the full picture was that the job was really done!

And now a little story of the bikeride home in the night, because it put everything in perspective. Among the bicycles one the real hard core metalfans was standing, fumbling angry with the lock that wasn't agreeing with him at all. You can't please everyone. 'Danish buttrock at its worst' he hissed.

'No, at its best' I objected - because without D-A-D much would have looked differently on the Danish rockscene, and we must respect the roots - especially when they insist on going on and will renew themselves without forgetting where they came from. The bikeride went on through Dronningensgade at Christianshavn where Gasolin' once had their base (Beckerlee and Jönsson still live there). Further on alongside the canal in Valbyparken in the moonshine, where bats flapped ominously around up against the full moon mirrored in the water at Kalveboderne, all the way to Hvidovre (where I live). And where King Diamond http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/King_Diamond once lived in a little flat in Bredalsparken when nobody believed him, and where Michael Poulsen from Volbeat still lives today. - It felt like the circle was drawn - and thank you for that, D-A-D.