

Gig Review of Dillinger Escape Plan & Eden Maine @ The Camden Underworld, London

How much do you reckon tickets for this would go for - THE mathcore band, playing in a basement that only holds a few hundred people, after releasing an absolute stormer of an album, and previously packing out the Concrete Jungle tent at Reading? &#pound;30, &#pound;40, more? We'll never know, since they decided to give the tickets away to various competition winners (and Meshuggah, who were at the back probably taking notes), and the total absence of touts (read 'scum') outside the venue demonstrates how much the people who have tickets want to hold on to them. Whilst Johnny Truant fail to materialise as one of the promised support acts, Eden Maine show just why they're on the bill. The guitar line to set opener 'The Hunter & the Hunted' starts slow and pretty, drawing comparisons to Isis, but once the double bass drum kicks in it's more like Converge are on stage. Frontman Adam stops doing his Cedric Bixler impression, accurate though it is (tight clothes & handclaps, always a winner), and starts trying to separate his head from his neck with some ludicrous headbanging. And that's how it continues. Looking at the lyrics afterwards, it's complex (read 'weird') stuff, in the vein of Frank Turner & Keith Buckley, but live, it's pretty much the sound of a man indulging in primal scream therapy. I'd tell you what else they played, but I haven't a clue. It was bloody good though. DEP's lyrics are just as obtuse, but the dedicated (read 'near rabid') crowd are able to scream it all back at the wall in front of them (or Greg as his mother calls him), from 'Panasonic Youth' which opens, all the way through to 'Sunshine the Werewolf' at the close. He may have initially expressed concern about taking over as frontman, but he knows it's his stage now. Stomping about looking like the scariest geology teacher in the world with his tour beard, tracks like '43% Burnt' & 'Sugar Coated Sour' are now indelibly his. Having said that, Ben Weinman still shows his presence, literally bouncing off the walls whilst still managing to keep up with the constantly shifting time signatures. The rest of them just seem to be content to be there, but that's plenty when you've got this extreme noise to back you up. At an hour long, with no peaks and lows- just a constant barrage, it does get a bit tiring. We really could have done with a quick break, and 'Unretrofied' would have made an interesting opener to an encore. Apart from that single minor gripe, it's all good. They play everything you'd expect ('When good dogs do bad things', 'Baby's first Coffin', 'Setting fire to sleeping Giants'), and everyone goes home happy (read 'exhausted & deaf').

About the Author

Source: <http://www.gigreviewer.com>