

Our Lady Peace - Live In Moncton

The Concert

Hot. Jesus it's hot. We're all crammed in together in front of the stage. The music is loud and good.
are you there and is it comfortable?
did you want to escape
try to escape the population?

I'm drenched in sweat. We all are. People shoving from the left. Now from behind. Some moshin' aggressively, some defensively. I put my arm on a shirtless guy to support myself. We're so sweaty that I slip right off him and almost fall.

the pressure is deceiving
and for you particularly
should we let a young man die?

Sharp pain in the back of my head and everything goes black. At first I think the lights are turned off. My left knee buckles, but I catch myself before I go down. It was a boot in the head from a surfer. Some guy beside me is bent over. Did he get hit too? No. Puking. On my boots. But I don't care. It's so hot I feel nauseous too. I catch a glimpse of another surfer coming my way. This time I'm ready and put my hands up. I support his leg and lower back as we pass him towards the front.

I can't live here anymore
it's hard when you reach for that floor
and there's something that tears me inside
so I can't go

Just as I think the heat is going to drive me out of the pit, the bouncers throw water on us from the front which gratefully lands on my head. Somebody else throws a cup of beer. The water and beer mix with my sweat and run into my eyes, stinging them. There's a lull in the music. Everybody slows down a bit.

convinced that he might break
he reaches for that phone
and then another day has gone
another day is gone

Quicker now.

is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone

Frantic now. Everybody jumping.

is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone is gone

We arrived at "le Bistro" on the U de M campus last Saturday night to find a long line-up for Our Lady Peace stretching well into the outdoors. It took about an hour to clear all the check-posts (there's not this much security between Eastern European countries), so we missed the first warm-up band, Spookey Ruben. Maybe you've seen his video on Much Music where he goes "oodee oodee oodee" a lot and smashes his head through plate glass in a bathtub. If so, then you know "Spookey" isn't much of a stretch. We could hear his trademark "oodee oodee" song at the last check point (I think it was de-lousing).

Glueleg followed them. They played for half an hour or so. Maybe it's just that I haven't heard any of their stuff besides 'Park Alien', but it mostly sounded the same to me.

Our Lady Peace finally came on around eleven. The place was packed with about 1200 people and the heat and humidity was staggering. Everybody up front were soaked in sweat. Moisture was even dripping from the roof beams. But nobody minded much. They put on a great show and the security guys kept people a little cooler, throwing water on them.

The crowd was enthusiastic. They became especially active during some of their more familiar songs like 'Hope', 'Supersatellite', 'Starseed' (which they opened with) and of course 'Naveed'. They threw in four new songs too, that will be on their next album due out at the end of the summer, including 'Shaky', and 'Clumsily'. In the middle of one song they even broke into The President's of the United States' 'Peaches'.

They're a great band to see live. Very energetic. Fun to watch. Raine looks half deranged at times. At one point he climbed on top of the 8 ft speakers and performed from up there. They only played a 50 minute set initially, but they played almost constantly without much small-talk, and they came back for an encore of 3 or 4 songs. Besides, as hot as it was, I'm surprised they lasted that long.



Our Lady Peace searching for the Supersatellite

Afterwards

After the show, Jud and I hung around and made a nuisance of ourselves with security, roadies, lighting guys, road managers, anybody that looked official, until a nice lady named Nicole took pity on us (or got sick of us), and led us backstage where the guys were signing posters. We cornered their gregarious drummer Jeremy Taggart -he's the one that looks like a cross between Elvis Costello and Adam Horowitz. A few excerpts:

On road trips: I can tell you one thing. A bus is much better to travel in than a van...we did a lot of travelling in a van. There's a lot of farting going on in a van. See that guy over there? In the red sweater? We stayed in Edmundston and he decides to make a fried egg sandwich for breakfast. Fart? I thought I woke up to Napalm. Moral of the story? Don't go on road trips with that guy.

On humour: You want to hear a funny story? Here's a funny story. My best friend came on the road with us a while back, and helped me out with my drums, setting them up and tearing them down and stuff. After one show, one of the roadies climbs a ladder up as high as this roof (25 ft) to look busy instead of doing the heavy lifting. My friend, after tearing down the drum set, calls out his name. This guy looks down, does one of these (loses his balance) and falls.

Down he comes and instead of bending his knees, like a normal person would, he lands like this (knees locked). So now his knees are probably down by his ankles. Then he falls over and hits his head on the corner of one of those big boxes over there with such a force that it knocked him out and sent the box clear across the room. What made it even funnier was it looked like he was trying to fly...That was a couple of months ago. Not much funny has happened since then.

Hot enough for ya?: It was 140 degrees out there tonight. I felt like a fat lady that cooked to death in the back seat of a car, her legs split open like a hot-dog...I don't think those heaters were necessary...I think somebody put a grill under my stool.

Crowd size: The size of the crowd size doesn't necessarily matter...We've played to 600 and liked it, 6000 and liked it, 60 000 and liked it. It depends on the people...As long as they can hear it.

This summer: After Halifax tomorrow night we're going back to Toronto to work on the new album. We've already started laying down the drum tracks. It should be done by June and out by September...We're going to play some concerts down in the States - 'Picnic' concerts put on by radio stations down there. They're kind of big, like Lollapalooza.



Text by Mike Dean
Live Photo by Jud Delong

Our Lady Peace - (from left to right) Mike Turner (guitar), Jeremy Taggart (drums), Raine Maida (vocals) and Chris Eacrett (bass).