

# Theory of a Deadman Rock Open The Wave

by Marieve MacGregor

On Thursday, Sept. 4, Vancouver's Theory of a Dead Man played at the official opening of the Wave, our campus pub. They had 6 huge speakers stacked on either side of the stage, 2 expansive posters of the band's characteristic angel-man profile, and mondo mist machines which heightened the drama of their show. Impressive.

The atmosphere in the room that night was electric. There were new students, since a load of them who had attended this year's NSO received tickets to the concert as part of the package; and there were returning students, who needed to get back into the Charlottetown bar scene as quickly as possible.

Wet/dry events at the Wave often have an odd combination of people. Half of them are underage and not drinking (or underage and senselessly drunk before they get to the bar), and half of the people are somewhere between slightly tipsy and shamelessly plastered. But everyone was back on campus. Everyone was getting reacquainted. Everyone needed to party hard. No one cared about the mental or physical capacity of others.

It really didn't seem to matter that Theory of a Dead Man was on stage. Yes, they rocked. Yes, they played a wicked set. Though their speakers were deafening, the concert was a great kick-off to the new school year. But after an hour I found myself in another room in the bar talking with friends about the past week's activities, completely forgetting that a band was playing nearby. It was a fine concert, just not the most trilling I've experienced. This was truly a night for catching up with old friends and new.

Despite the lack of excitement over the band, I still had to talk to them. Bypassing their stage manager as he had his back turned while loading up sound equipment, I snuck backstage, down the hall, and outside to their bus. It was raining, and I was wearing a fancy white shirt, but eventually, one at a time, they came out of the bus and gave up a few words. They proved to be more entertaining in person than on stage.

*Enter Dave Brenner, the band's guitar player.*

Marieve: So you guys are kind of going



in a post-grunge direction. I find that with you, and Nickelback, and Stained, you really have a taste of that grunge sound. You all seem to have a downbeat thing going on. Would you call yourselves grunge? How would you stereotype yourselves?

Dave: I think that had a lot to do with grunge music being an influence to all of those bands. We stereotype ourselves as just rock music. Rock'n'roll.

We get interrupted suddenly by one of those totally cool studs revving their stoked engine. Dave offers some hollers and to buy the stud a beer. Then, enter Dean Beck, the band's bass player.

M: So! You, Nickelback, and Default have all played here in the last few months, and you're all Vancouver-based bands. Why are you all coming to the east coast at the same time?

Dean: They were here?

M: Yeah, not too long ago.

De: We just want to play everywhere we can. We've never been here before, so...

Enter Tim Hart, drums, and Tyler Connolly, lead vocals and gi-tar. I introduce myself.

Tyler: Ok, I've got all the answers for all the questions.

M: You've got all the answers?

Ty: Yep. Uh, let's see... yes, no, no, yes, and maybe, what up, and ask the bus driver, he knows everything.

M: You guys got 'Best New Group' at the Juno's this year. Where is your award right now?

Da: Oh, we all have one. Mine's on my dresser at home.

De: Mine's in my mom and dad's dining room.

Tim: They still kept that?

Da: They steal all your shit!

Ty: Mine's on my mantel.

Tim: Mine's in the recycling bin...and a lady took it with all the bottles...naw, it's in my living room.

M: Was that a big surprise? How was it for you guys?

Ty: It was good.

Tim: It was a big surprise. We thought A Simple Plan was going to take it.

M: Tyler, I've gotta ask you about the mustache. What's up with that?

Ty: Well, a few years ago I was doing a lot of porn. But I've really just got a really small penis.

M: It kind of accentuates the genitals, then.

Ty: Exactly. It took the focus away from my down there, I was known as the man with the mustache.

M: Dave, you had mono a little while back. How are you doing now?

Da: Ah, I'm fine. It was sad. I got sick from kissing Tim so much.

Tim: Funny enough, I never got mono.

M: Maybe he was kissing the bus driver and it just got passed along?

Tim: Ah, we all kiss the bus driver.

M: So the roadies told me to ask how the last 12-14 months have been? What was it like travelling around?

Da: Oh it was crazy.

Tim: Chaotic.

Ty: We still have more places we haven't been to, like here. We went to Europe and every state basically (in the US), everywhere in Canada except down east so this is our first time here. After we finish this little tour we've basically been everywhere except Asia...

De: And Australia...

Ty: And Japan, and Africa. It's all good.

M: I hate to bring this up, but a lot of people think you sound like Nickelback...

Ty: Oh, I've never heard that one before.

M: Well, what are the distinctions, for someone who really just can't tell?

Ty: We're heavier.

De: You know, some people say, 'Yeah, we know you're influenced by them.' We're not Led Zeppelin here, for fuck sakes.

M: You guys have the same vocal sound. The same deep voice.

Ty: Yeah, well, I definitely fake that. (he smirks.) You see we get that the most, 'it's the vocals.'

Tim: I don't hear it even.

De&Da: I don't hear it either.

Ty: I just go up on stage and then I scream.

De: I think he sounds like he's fucking gargling gravel.

Tim: It's easier for you to say that we sound like Nickelback than it is to take the time out than to describe the difference in the sound.

Ty: If you were to sit down and listen to our record and the two of their records you would totally be able to hear it. We're a new band. New bands always get compared to somebody. It doesn't matter who they are.

Another interruption. Two girls nearby start a loud, profane brawl. The band turns the interview into spectator commentary.

De: Cat fight! Cat fight!

Da: Somebody just punched the blond in the head. That is awesome.

M: There is a total fight going on.

De: Look at that, she layed it right into her.

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