



Osheaga

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What do you get when you take two hours notice, 1,600 kilometres, 50 cans of Red Bull, two friends and over 40 of the world's best bands? The answer is one ridiculous weekend at Montreal's Osheaga Music and Arts Festival.

It was Friday afternoon on Sept. 7. My class had just ended when I made the phone call.

"Hey, yeah it's me...wanna go to Osheaga? OK. Pick me up in 10."

Just like that, my friend CC and I were on our way to Montreal.

We left Halifax at around 3:30 p.m., hell-bent on making Montreal that night. I made a few phone calls and arranged a brief stop-over in Moncton to pick up a trunk-full of Red Bull to help keep us sane and on the road.

That night we ran out of gas and had to sleep in a car at a gas station about 200 kilometres outside Quebec City. After the absolute worst non-sleep I've ever had, we got up, fuelled up and continued on our way.

We reached our destination after

being delayed only once by a \$225 speeding ticket. Really, who gets a speeding ticket in Quebec?

We arrived at my friend's place at 11:30 a.m. By 12 p.m., it was time to head to Parc Jean-Drapeau.

As I walked into the park, the sounds of Brit b-boy/indie rock band Jamie-T filled the air. I proceeded to moonwalk all the way through security.

I was still fairly sober for Editors, Xavier Caféine (Montreal's own francophone rocker), Patrick Watson and Stars, but was borderline belligerent for Feist and Damien Rice. I was pass-out drunk for the Smashing Pumpkins, but I've seen them before so I didn't miss much.

Notable performances were Patrick Watson's un-amplified finale, as he sang to the crowd with nothing more than his vocal chords and a cupped hand for projection. Stars created a full-fledged dance party on stage and all over the park.

I spent the night partying, and Paolo Nutini kick-started the next day with a thigh-slapping, foot-stomping, bum-shaking set. Then Pascale Picard took things up a notch. The Montreal singer sounded like Joan Jett and looked like Peaches.

Martha Wainwright calmed things down, so I took the opportunity to get a good spot for Sam Roberts.

My feet were hurting after dancing to Sam Roberts, so I had a brief sit-down before Arctic Monkeys. This was the best decision I made all weekend, as I took a pummeling in the mosh pit. After this beating, I was very thankful for the throbbing bass and melodic post-punk sounds of Interpol. My comfort, however, was short lived.

Bloc Party's performance ended up doing more harm to my body than anything I had done to it all weekend. The Brit indie band slammed out hit songs like "Positive Tension" and "So Here We Are," their sharp, modern guitar-rock snap, crackle and popping through the crowd. I had to throw my shoes out afterwards.

I was a broken bag of slop after the day's festivities and insisted that CC drive me home to Halifax immediately. We loaded up the car and said our goodbyes. I woke up somewhere near Truro and grudgingly took the wheel for the remainder of the drive.