

Let's talk about the weather

by **JOHNSON CUMMINS**

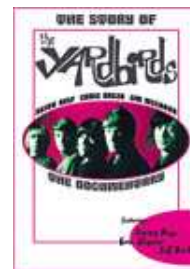


"It's so cold, I saw a politician on Parliament Hill with his hands in his *own* pockets! Hey now!" (Insert rimshot here.)

When I started this little column four and some change years ago, the only sage like advice I ever got from the masthead overlords was to never talk about the weather, as it will likely change by press time. Oh yeah, and also, build up some thick skin because people will hate me. Good advice indeed, but for once I have to break one of the cardinal rules.

The beginning of February seems as good of a time as any to brazenly proclaim, "It's really fucking cold out there." Even in these frigidly trying times, true (and turning) blue Montrealers will continue to grin and bear the biting cold for a piece of local nightlife, but this week, I'm taking a break from the biting wind and sopping slush, and warming up the ol' DVD player.

If you are planning for a good evening in, may I suggest you check out the new rock doc *The Story of the Yardbirds* (ABC/MVD). This hour-long documentary tells the whole story of this legendary band with digitally cleaned-up visuals that make the streaming video segments on YouTube unwatchable. Starting off from the band's humble beginnings, playing their raved-up raunch on the swinging London scene of 1963, to their later days in 1968 as "the New Yardbirds," paving the way for a little pop combo called Led Zeppelin. Of course, the Yardbirds will always be known as being the springboard that launched the careers of guitar giants Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. This rare footage, however, proves that bloated guitar pyrotechnics were kept at arm's length early on, and it captures the band as the powerhouse they really were. With interviews, a ton of live footage, bonus features and an exhaustively researched 16-page booklet, this should be a mandatory DVD for any Cuban-heeled moptop.



Another gem to show up in my mailbox was the Justin McConnell documentary *Working Class Rock Star* (Unstable Ground/Cinema Epoch), which follows three



up-and-coming metal bands—Chicago's Tub Ring, Leamington, Ontario's Bloodshoteye and Montreal's own 3 Mile Scream—as they struggle to gain just a little ground in these trying times. The staggering commentary by pillars of the metal scene like Lamb of God and GWAR are particularly sobering, but it's Montreal's own



YOURSELF, GO FUCK: Nick Flanagan

Frank Marino who perfectly sums up the current state of the music industry, as well as pointing out that due to the music business's early structuring, it's no wonder they are finally getting their just deserts.

For all of you net nerds and gadget geeks that peep this column from yer pooter, I beg you to check out Brutal Knights singer and stand-up comedian Nick Flanagan's weekly video segments at Toro Magazine, or just click on toromagazine.com/

?channel=118&t=53&n=1240. Taking a bite out of pop culture is like shooting really gigantic, man-eating fish in an itsty bitsy, shot-glass-sized barrel these days, and there is no shortage of sloppy snipers with their crosshairs locked into the obvious, but Flanagan's absurdist and hilarious takes on celebrity culture and the glitterati are real rib-ticklers.

CORNER GAS MUST DIE! JONATHAN.CUMMINS@GMAIL.COM

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