

RECORD SHOPPING

with renegade DJ CHERRYSTONES

OK, I'm sat in the B-music office after a hefty weekends drinking and DJ'ing at Tryptych in Scotland (Aberdeen, Glasgow) alongside fellow banditos and liver killers AV and DT, smelling like an ash tray with eyes like two cherries in a pint of milk following a night of more intensity in Manchester spinning some psych jams and punk rock for all round dudes 'Wolf Eyes'. As the saying goes seeing is believing & nobody needs x-rays here - people are pinned to the wall by a sonic massacre of huge proportions, your head gets boiled in electronic nuances that would shame the likes of Boneschi (No disrespect intended) this is beyond a modern flip on pure release this is a massage that will irrigate the soul, anyone who has witnessed them perform will know there is no pussyfooting. Right back to the text-instructions from AV and DT are write something for this issue-sure we're rolling!

This is going to be on a pure train of thought curve, no structure maybe just a stream of sub-consciousness? I did hear on of the two mention something about a subject topic being things you cannot or allowed to do-ok! punk rock lives? I can tell you this list is going to be as long as a freshers wants list for Turkish shit-for starters speaking your mind to people seems to piss a lot of people off, rather than have to suffer their tedious un-navigatable passive aggressive nonsense try saying what you feel, this is often called being difficult or feisty-all I'm saying to that is go F**CK yourself, you know where you are with a good social purge it saves on a lot of unwanted hellos and acknowledgements that leave to cussing one hundred metres away-feeling cleansed? Yes the weight is gone. Right next up, record shops! Do they want to sell records? I don't think so - if they did they would not have the backwater vibe of dried bushes running through the shop each time someone new or unknown walks in. What you have to remember is the Tom and Jerry cartoons as a blueprint to justify your visit please follow - they are Tom and you are Jerry-viewed as a hamburger whilst Toms lips salivate at the thought of your cash, however Tom is now a fussy eater and your knowledge can be seen as the Dog threatening and diminishing the self instated righteousness, this is messed up? No it's real dude we are screwed they have not got what I want, if they have it's sold and if I have a request a vacuum tries to suck your respect like some microbe dust particle-this is where the previous suggestion works, get punk on that ass.Immediate red embarrassed faces appear if a clerks knowledge is threatened unless you are the type that is willing to learn rather than just spend the day dick flapping at some poor enthusiast-sure everybody wants to be be respected to a degree but that sentiment was blindfolded and shot way back-sorry compadre. Let

me tell you now the only people who do well in record shops are pretty women and fat lawyers, dentists & doctors with more figures on their payroll than seeds on a beige! These are the juiciest burgers (Mice) to Tom, he will eat that till his stomach bursts and even wash up after.

Let me tell you about a recent incident out of town digging for stuff, right my usual strategy ignore all expensive records! Ignore anything documented! I'm now pulling good joints out of a £2 bin, beats, trashed, psych, and a couple of loner country rock items then bang holy shit The Sorrows - Take a heart lp! Pull the vinyl out VG++, that's cool it's UK, it's a PYE pressing, deep grooves you could leave this on the floor for two or three weeks with people trampling over it and it will still play. Nice deep cut groove, through a good desk and put to tape-this is proto punk. So on this, I follow my normal flow and decide to quit, it will not get better than this! I head to the counter with my purchases and wait for Judge Judy to decide the verdict knowing full well this is a heavy record despite condition, OK put your wig on man? and let's do business? it sighs!and mutters like a jaded faded issue of it's former self full of meaningless monologues and cross references - well he gets out his crutch (The book-price guide) starts looking for revelations ,chapter three, record two rubbish one song, nine-blah,blah, I'm already asleep by the aura of this dude - anyway, he proudly stands upright and says this is 10, this is 15 this is 4 and oh this is not going anywhere blah, blah, blah, sixties beat, blah, blah, blah, sorrows. I don't like this guy, I bought records from him twelve years ago - Labi Siffre (yeah the big one), £4, Rosetta Hightower lp (yep the rare one) all trophy shit!and he is still on the same sentence-like a tape loop,so just to cut it short, he insists that if i want to give him a £100 I CAN HAVE THE LP?? my retort is simple and fair, again first chapter speak your clout! Why is a record from the two pound bin £100, and why are all the good records in there? His reply is not valid - as I have already told him, I know his game, carrot and donkey dangle trying to be little customers whilst showing off his power? Master!!!!!!This leads into me telling his sorry ass that I know what is going down and also i know my shizz,so why if it's rare and valuable why not put it on the wall with the required price? He shrugs whilst looking guilty as hell, this is then primed by myself suggesting he is a C**NT and I would not give him a £100 on principle now knowing full well I could leave laughing to a solem shop, which is probaly now closed, check the sign before entering, sometimes open can look like closed.No wonder the internet has a such grip when the dialaogue is so strong with customers, oh, one more thought, have you got 'Sandblower-Dustbowl' (Closed) private press single?

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6. THE CREMATOR

(Juraj Herz 1968)

This captivating macabre psychological thriller by Juraj Herz (Morgiana) set a new standard for Czech Thrillers. Rudolf Hrusinsky stars alongside new-wave director cum actor Jiri Menzel as a crematorium owner trying to keep his business afloat, distributing leaflets and presenting gala events celebrating the advantages of cremation while obsessively quoting lines from his recently discovered 'Tibetan Book Of The Dead'. Hrusinsky's character is a calm and practical man who falls prey to the clutches of the canvassing Nazi Party who's mixed messages eventually encourage him to disown his family and streamline his business as he embarks on a psychological solo-mission to burn as many bodies as possible with visions of Tibetan temples and mad monks punctuating the dead-calm screenplay. 'Valerie...'s Helena Anyzová (who would go on to become a leading costume designer working in Slovakia for 'The Slovakian Jodorowsky' Jakubisko) portrays a recurring image of 'Lady Death' throughout the whole film enigmatically appearing for a few frames at a time in subtle symbolic slo-mo sequences suggesting that there are perhaps more powerful forces at work when it comes to Hrusinsky's diabolical dementia. Filmed in black and white in a similar style to Roman Polanski's 'Repulsion' with some un-nerving murder sequences tail ended by some great documentary footage of carnivorous zoo animals and impressive graphics. Here Juraj Herz embarks on some key themes which would guide him through the following decade as a unique director.



7. CAPRICIOUS SUMMER

(Jiri Menzel 1968)



Rudolf Hrusinsky and Jiri Menzel are re-united as co-stars in this rural czech adaptation of a book by Vladislav Vacura. 'Capricious Summer' takes a glimpse into the everyday life of the proprietor of a pastoral summer spa and his two friends on a decidedly non-committal summers week in the country. This charming straight-story thrundles along like a Czech version of 'Last Of The Summer Wine' filmed in a similar location

to that of 'Valerie...', until one day they are visited by a travelling conjurer (again Valerie-esque) and his beautiful assistant wife who teases and provokes our aging heroes who begin to question their lives as they viny for the young 'Ana's' interest in a final battle for one last summer love before their winter years set in. Typically the circus will leave town and the trio return to a sadder but wiser humble normality. A heart warming return to humble form for the director as well as the multi faceted Menzel returns from the international acclaim of 'Closely Observed Trains'.

8. KONCURS

(Milos Forman 1963)

It is commonly recognised that Milos Forman went on to be the most internationally acclaimed members of the CNW after leaving Prague to tackle Hollywood with the likes of 'One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest' and 'The People Versus Larry Flint'. Like an early sketch of his first U.S (...and last Czech-made) feature 'Takin' Off' Forman's first full length picture 'Konkurs' (The Competition) was split into two stories which used cinema verite methods mixed with actual actors to make two mockumentaries which study Czech's traditional musical heritage. Part one focuses on a pair of young folk-brass band players who are torn between the thrill of competing in motocross derby's and the commitment to the travelling band of balding old-timers providing an embryonic cast of characters who would follow Forman through his New Wave career (Exemplified in full in his first colour film 'The

Fireman's Ball'). The second half of the feature, however, is the real verite-treat. Imagine a Sixties Czech version of 'Pop-Idol' with a cast of veracious young songbirds competing for a place in a new Czech pop-combo (ALA 'Takin' Off) under the direction of Jiri Sust and Jiri Sitir who play the accompaniment for the nervous auditionists throughout the film.

'Competition' was the first time Forman used his future wife Vera Kresadlová (Their twin boys became regular faces in various Czech productions) who would go on to star in 'Intimate Lighting' and as a member of 'The Kill Kitten Klan' in the St. Trinian-esque / Sado-Masachisto 'Crime At The Girls School'. The sporadic edits between literally hundreds of young Czech pop wannabes makes for exiting viewing. Kresadlová's character opts to sing an American song but after missing her cue more than three times loses her confidence and returns to the comfort of her own free-jazz combo providing Euro-jazz-cats with a couple of teenage kicks before Konec.



9. A BLONDE IN LOVE

(Milos Forman 1965)

Sisters Jana and Hana Brejchová were to Czech cinema what Catherine Deneuve and Françoise Dorleac were to the French. Although Hana had fewer major roles in Czech features she instantly became the genres leading international mascot when she was photographed naked for a publicity shot for Milos Forman's fifth feature film 'A Blonde In Love'. Set in a remote factory village where woman clearly outnumber the men, an entire factory

floor's worth of young ladies are invited to an open Gala dinner to welcome home a train full of woman hungry soldiers. But the smiles turn to delirium and disdain when the teenagers learn that all the men are over 30 years their senior - bespectacled, balding and barely standing upright (and baring an uncanny resemblance to the cast of 'The Fireman's Ball'). After the farcical engagement Hana's roving eye is alerted to the young pianist from the gala band and she is soon persuaded to spent the night with him before he returns to Prague. An obsessive crush ensues which takes Hana to the big city in search of a bright future. A sad tale with an archetypal CNW cast and a screenplay that rivals that of the French Verite. The opening titles feature a close camera performance of a folk pop song which could easily be an out take from the previous 'Konkurs'.

10. PEARLS OF THE DEEP

(Vera Chytilová 1965)

In reaction to the European trend of multi-director short film compendiums such as 'The Beautiful Swindlers' and 'Histoire Extraordinaires', the graduates from the Czech institute 'F.A.M.U.' submitted films for the five chapter compilation 'Pearls Of The Deep' based on stories by literary luminary Bohumil Hrabal. Again, master cinematographer Jaroslav Kucera is behind the lens on each of the embryonic segments which would collectively form the foundations for this malign movement. Hrabal's name would later become synonymous with the New Wave due to his short story 'Closely Observed trains' being adapted for the screen by Menzel which in time became one of the most renowned global exports of Eastern European cinema history winning an Oscar award in 1967. In the following years Hrabal's writings would suffer the same brutal censorship to that of the New Wave film makers and his books were culled and destroyed upon completion. **Andy Votel.** Cheers to Andy at 'Second Run DVD' for 'The Gifts'