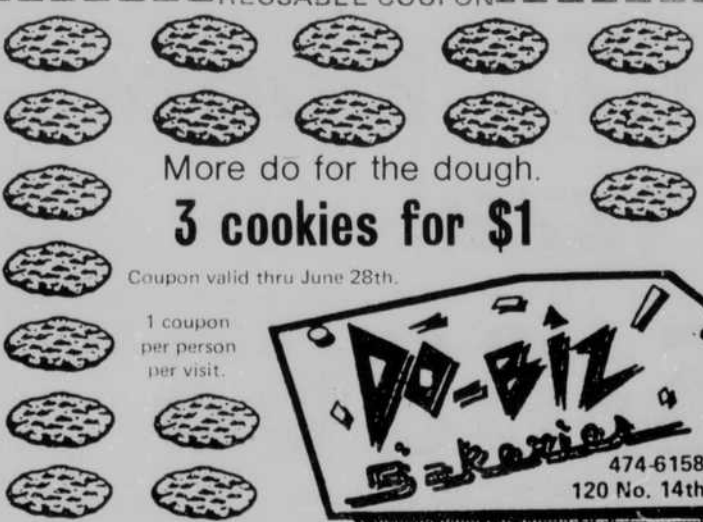



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# The Glassy Eye

By Dave Meile

**Friday, 12:05 p.m. WTBS Ch. 4.**  
"The Tingler." (1959) Vincent Price. Directed by William Castle.

One of the great all time gimmick horror movies! The Tingler is a big centipede type creature that attaches itself to the spines of people who are frightened and pinches their nerves till they expire. Vincent Price has "The Tingler" in a little box but it escapes and in a great scene, goes into a movie theater and starts tinglin' folks. The only way to escape the little bugger is to scream, wherein the little worm will promptly drop off.

For some reason Vincent Price goes into his lab and fires up some LSD-25 (pretty heavy duty sensationalism for 1959!). Get cosmic as Vince starts to feel purple and taste green.

Producer-Director William Castle was a carnival type showman with an obsession for fun, gimmicky stuff like that. In another of Castle's classics, "House on Haunted Hill," ("filmed in EMERGO!") a skeleton was placed in movie theaters to hover over the audience, that is until America's young movie patrons would topple it from its fishing wire with juju fruits and popcorn boxes.

Castle's gimmick for "The Tingler" involved wiring theatre seats with mild electronic shocks whenever the critter appeared on screen. This caused several problems: 1) elderly moviegoers approached heart failure when they got buzzed, and 2) as screenwriter Robb White told John Wooley in Fangoria #43: "Bill" (William Castle) came into the studio and said, "Hey, write me a story about shaking the seats. We'll put little motors under the seats and at certain points we'll have 'em shake, y'

know have the seats shake." So we did that. And the kids came with screwdrivers and stole all the motors. We put some little motors in a theater out in the valley and "The Nun's Story" was running. It was closing on Sunday and we were opening on Monday. Just at the most tragic moment of "The Nun's Story," the projectionists looked around and said "What the f-k's this little button?" The place just came apart!

Though "The Tingler" may not be a work of art (Castle did more serious work in the '40s) it's a late night classic, and who can slight a guy whose approach to filmmaking in the '50s can be summarized as "Hey I know a guy that's got a big mechanical worm. How can we work that into a story?"

**Saturday 10 a.m. WTBS Ch. 4.**  
"The Winning Team," (1953) Ronald Reagan.

President Reagan stars as baseball great Grover Cleveland Alexander and throws some good ole' Republican spitballs.

**Noon Ch. 28, The Movie Channel.**

"The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," (1953) Paula Raymond.

One of the first of the giant dinosaur invasion flicks. The "rheasauros" is revived by an atomic blast, tramples some cities, and in a great scene is killed on a roller coaster at Coney Island. Special effects by stop-action animation wizard Ray Harryhausen ("Mighty Joe Young," "Jason and the Argonauts," "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad").

**1 p.m. Ch. 17, USA network.**  
"The Monster Demolisher," (1960-Mexico) German Kobles.

At last Commander USA is showing some of those coveted bad Mexican vampire movies. It's pointless to talk plot here, it's more of an ambience, a feeling, as it were.

A fine greedy American capitalist K. Gordon Murray, would buy all these very '30s and '40s style Mexican horror flicks, bring them to our fine country and have a bunch of hacks dub them into English. "The Monster Demolisher" is a touching story of a vampire (the eighth cousin of Nostradamus?) and his hideous hunchback assistant (bad hygiene, tell tale Dick Nixon two o'clock shadow) with a voice like Chumley from "Yennessee Tuxedo." If you think the voices dubbed in for Japanese monster flicks are funny, check out "The Monster Demolisher."

When it's a slow week for watching stuff on the tube, by all means check out some videos. When I can I'll mention some stuff and where to find it. Let's stick close to campus for now.

Videos at The Nebraska Bookstore: The selection is small but there's some nice stuff that's a little out of the ordinary. Definitely rent out "Brain from Planet Arous." Director Nathan Juran's hilarious '58 sci-fi cheapie where John Agar is terrorized by a giant, telepathic floating brain with eyes called Gor. Also check out: "Horror at Party Beach," (1964), "The Flesh Eaters," (1964) and "Touch of Evil," (1958) a minor classic starring Orson Welles, who also took over directing chores from schlockmeister Al Zugsmith. The videocassette version is supposedly the *entire* film (some footage was missing for years) and when run in television it is usually chopped up pretty bad.

## Lincoln, the mecca of fountains, provides late night water odyssey

By Kevin Cowan  
Staff Reporter

The Broyhill fountain jets blow the water into soothing darkness. Colored lights bloom in the center. The water, now past the point of maximum velocity becomes diffused and returns to the main body. The periphery is calm, content to be recycled and blown out through the jets once again. An average fountain in Lincoln at equilibrium.

A sudden onslaught of bare feet erupts the placid beast. Squeals of delight, relief from the sultry heat, now resound from the once quiet scenario. The drunken culprits, bored with the normalcy of Broyhill, splash and wade then tire of the circular womb and head for Centennial Mall.

You don't have to take your clothes off to have a good time, you don't even have to have a swimming suit. When delicious darkness overtakes the wretched, humid, sun wading in the fountains of Lincoln can be a pleasure.

We dwell in a clean city, some believe it's too clean. But the neurotic spotlessness that causes the city council to spray the trees for birds and deny skateboards and bicycles on the sidewalks that line the busiest streets, is also responsible for the grounds depart-

ment that keeps the many fountains in Lincoln reasonably clean.

On to Centennial Mall — the next in our series of fountain raids.

Five, count 'em, five fountains in an eight block stretch. A hefty raid for fountain pirates. If it's before midnight, the square monsters should still be blowing regurgitated water into the clear night sky.

You can make a run through all five in about 20 minutes or so, stopping to play awhile in each. Simply ignore the condescending looks shot your way by couples, joined at the arm, who just got out of a posh five-course dinner at the Renaissance Room. Many of those people don't understand the joys of cheap entertainment.

You reach the last fountain. Your clothes are now, of course, covered with algae and water.

Out of the fountain, sloppy footprints up to the Capitol steps. The next fountain is but eight blocks away. In all truth it sounds farther than it is. The night wind and your wet clothes make the short trek almost too enjoyable.

On 18th & E there is a well-kept secret — an oasis amid urbanity — Hazel Abel Park. The tiny park is a natural midpoint during fountain adventures. A small, aged-stone fountain

lies off center toward the swing set. Cool grass and children's toys await your arrival. Wait — play in the park or just sleep — until the night energy has replenished itself. The last leg of the raid is quite a distance, only for the true hardcore fountain pirates. Your anomalous caravan should head due east on E Street.

A church of grandiose proportions marks the halfway point to your final destination all downhill from there.


You'll know your final raiding location from under the rows of trees that line E Street — the Sunken Gardens on 27th Street.

A barage of fountain enjoyment, on both sides, the pinnacle of the fountain mecca. Two dark wading pools act as guardians for the fountain nirvana — a multi-level waterfall with an embedded pool at the bottom. The water is crystal clear.

The geometric monstrosity across the street, donated by the Retired Teacher Association, is also a popular swimming hole for destitute urbanites.

Hoist the mainsail fountain pirates. There's loads of fun to be had in the wading pools of downtown Lincoln. But don't forget how much of your taxes get spent on parks and recreation. There's no need to litter.

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