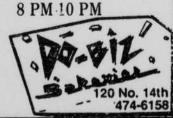


COOKIE HAPPY HOUR! THURSDAY **NIGHT** 

Cookies for **\$1.00** Limit 3 Cookies per person!





Staff Reporter

"Welcome, ladies and gentle-men to the Video Vault. I'm the Old Flick Fiend, your M.C. for the fes-tivities . . . or should I say, 'fleshtivi-

the guillotine where they belong! Actually, this week's selection re gards some nasty critters who want their din-din, which happens to be flesh Unfortunately, they go up against some fairly resourceful people, who get away by the skin of their teeth (which actually exists -"No, it's not a porno -- get your that's what happens when you heads out of the gutter and back on don't floss!)

Oh fine, Mr. Fiend, just go ahe and give away the ending. We hopefully this will still be go even if you know some of t

people escape.
It seems like every week I thin the feature film here is the best of ever, and "The Flesheaters" (196 is no exception. Several qualiti make this film work: a pseudo-No

willain, cheap but neat special of fects, blood, gore and a beatnik. As it opens, drunk actress Lau Winters and her secretary, Ja Letterman, hire a cynical pil named Grant Murdock to fly the to a town where Laura has a sho opening. Of course, nothing go-olanned. Because of plan troubles, they have to set down of one of many surrounding island As one might expect, they happe to pick the island inhabited by

mad scientist, Peter Bartel.

No sooner have they landed the they have to tie down the plan and shack up in Bartel's tent, for ferocious tropical storm is on th way (actually it consists of 30 sec onds of ocean stock footage).

Once that's over though, i flesheater city. As they explore th beach after the storm, they discover the beach has fish skeleton scattered on it -- stripped bare b something in the water. Thi "something" is never really de fined, but it's kind of an amoebi glowing silver stuff that was created by scratching the film wil

For the fairly standard plot and what there is to work with, it's cleat that the production staff of "The Flesheaters" had at least some ide of how to make a movie.

As this scene progresses, fo example, we're treated to a wel executed situation that goes be yond the tension achieved in mos movies like this. Laura, in pursuito her liquor suitcase, become stranded on some rocks danger ously near the rushing water, and the flesheaters. Murdock venture onto the rocks and brings her back to shore, but slips and exposes his leg to the water. Boy oh boy, do those flesheaters go to it! Murdock survives, but his leg becomes the subject of the film's first gore scene.

The intensity of this situation is followed by the welcome arrival of the boating beatnik, Omar. The group is standing on the beach, trying to figure out what to do about all these pin scratches on the film, when they hear jazz coming from the phonograph on Omar's raft (don't ask me how he's playing a record with all those waves, or how it's plugged in).

Letterman's line "It sounds like a Martian hymn" in reference to the

Martian hymn," in reference to the jazz, bears a strange similarity to the film "Zontar, The Thing From Venus" in which a character hears a message from Venus and asks if

it's "progressive jazz!"

Omar yells to the people on shore: "Hey-hey! I dig you! You are

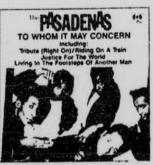
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Oh Darling, just hush up and take me to Pickles.

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