

It Came From the Video Store

BY WILL DODSON
Features Editor

Since you all are new, I suppose an explanation is in order. "It Came From the Video Store" is your weekly guide to terrible, terrible movies. I talk about horror movies, action movies, porno movies, sci-fi movies, or any other movie that falls in the all-encompassing category of crap.

Suggestions are welcome. If you have a favorite "classic" you would like to see advertised in this column, please let *The Guilfordian* know. All right, now to the business at hand.

We all know screaming, scantily clad girls are vital to every good slasher movie, and, further, that cheerleaders are the best kind of screaming, scantily clad girls. Give me a gaggle of cheerleaders and Will's hair of hedge clippers and I'm happy.

This week, I experienced the pleasures of "Cheerleader Camp," yet another knock-off of "Friday the 13th" with a twist: a fat naked guy.

That's right, my serendipitous sisters and brothers. A fat naked guy.

A cheerleading squad comprised of four busty girls, the aforementioned fat guy (clothed, for now), and the "stud" (wonderfully cast as an ugly, visibly balding Gloria Estefan roadie) travel to a cheerleading camp to compete with other squads from around the tri-state area. One of the girls is having terrible nightmares in which she is sliced and diced with a set of razored pom-poms.

The foreshadowing of her premonitions is strengthened when her boyfriend, the "stud," begins flirting heavily with other, similarly busty cheerleaders. A third element of foreshadowing occurs

as the cheerleading squad drives onto the camp grounds. The fat guy moons all of the campers through the van window, and gets his butt stuck. Nothing says doom is on the way quite like a fat guy's naked butt.

Sure enough, cheerleaders start dying. Cops, intrinsically ineffectual, are clueless, so it is up to our heroine, the girl with the nightmares, to figure a way to get out alive. You know, sometimes I

wish I could remember the names of these characters.

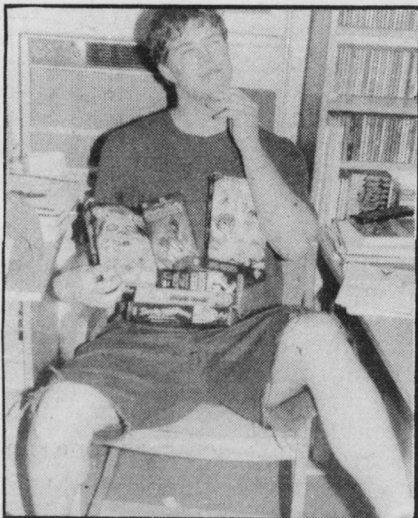
"Cheerleader Camp" fulfills the basic requirements with a fair amount of nudity (in the forms of topless sunbathing and gratuitous changing of clothes), and while the actual body count was a little low for my tastes, the amount of blood and the gruesome nature of

the death scenes (my personal favorite: hedge clippers plunged through the head to protrude from the mouth) made up for it.

While this movie offered nothing spectacularly original, it did have moments, like when the "stud" stuffs a washcloth into his briefs for that extra studly edge, or the fat guy's death scene (you wouldn't believe the sheer volume of his guts), or the movie's best line, uttered by the weird groundskeeper when the headmistress asks him to "keep an eye" on the cheerleaders.

"Keep an eye on 'em. All them pretty young things runnin' around with all that flesh hangin' out everywhere. I'll keep an eye on 'em, you can bet your bloomers on it." One word, baby. Oscar.

Rating: Cheerleaders! Come on! Everybody loves cheerleaders! They're so...cheery! And fat guys! Everybody loves fat guys, too. Bonus: the fat guy scores! With a girl!



Isaac Palant

The Oscars, by the Grouch

BY WILL DODSON
Features Editor

I never agree with the Oscars. For one thing, they don't even have good categories. Who cares about "Best Cinematographic Use of Cellophane?"

MTV almost got it right with their movie award shows. "Best Kiss," "Best Action Sequence," and categories of their ilk do matter. The problem is they let people who watch MTV call in and vote. You might call that democracy, but I prefer to label it "Letting Idiots Decide Who Wins." Pretty much the same as the Oscars.

So anyway, here's the way it ought to be.

Bestest Flick: Even though it came out in 1996, "Scream" stayed in theaters long enough to be eligible for best movie of '97. Wes Craven beats the pants off Quentin Tarantino in the really funny but really sick category. If you don't believe me, check out Craven's first movie, "Last House on the Left."

Second Bestest Flick: "Con Air." Critics blasted it, saying it was bloated, for-the-money excess. So what? Some guy gets his arm ripped off! Doesn't that make up for something? Plus, John Cusak, the king of 80's teen-angst movies, is in it wearing loafers. It rocks.

Best Cleavage: A tie between Mira Sorvino in "Romy and Michele's High School Reunion" and Elizabeth Hurley in "Austin Powers: International Man of Mys-

tery." Whoever directed "Romy and Michele's..." managed to angle the camera down Mira's shirt in every scene. Thank you. And Elizabeth Hurley... Hugh, Hugh, if I could only be you...

Best Thin Guy Playing a Fat Hellspawned Demon: John Leguizamo in "Spawn." No explanation necessary. If you've seen it, you know.

Best Comedy: Mel Gibson's "Ransom." It's a riot. Especially the scene in which the little boy wets his pants. I mean, I know he's scared and everything, but geez! What's he drinking?

Best Jackie Chan Movie: "Operation Condor!" Jackie wrote and directed it, which is interesting considering the high female nudity content. Are pornographic kung-fu movies in the future? Let's hope so!

Bestest Boy in a Movie: Matthew Lillard in "Scream." He was funny.

Bestest Girl in a Movie: Jeneane Garafolo in "Romy and Michele's High School Reunion." She was funny.

Bestest Kid Actor/Actress: Jonathan Taylor Thomas in "Wild America." He was terrible, the movie was terrible, but hey, I've got to stick with my man J.T.T.

Worst Trend in Moviedom: Not enough nudity!!!!!!!

Predictions for the Villains in the Next Batman:

"Crazy Puberty-Has-Not-Been-Kind-To-Me Guy," played by Fred Savage and "Crazy Plastic Boob Lady," played by Pamela Lee.

It looks great on a resume'.
It's the easiest way to get
involved at Guilford. It's
open to anyone that's
interested.

It's the Guilfordian, and the first meeting is
Monday, August 25 at 7:30 in the Passion Pit (on
the 2nd floor of Founders).