

Come Rock with The Jailbreakers

this Saturday at

800 "O" St. **OSCAR'S** Haymarket Square



DO YOU DARE VENTURE INTO... THE VIDEO VAULT

Lane Van Ham/ Daily Nebraskan

By Lane Van Ham
Staff Reporter

Black Dragon gang over access to the secret Aztec treasure. They cause the gang a lot of grief ("Those wrestling girls stopped us. A curse upon them!"), get to fight the Black Dragon's judo punch-dealing sisters, and just generally kick a lot of butt.

Eventually they penetrate the Aztec tomb where they run into a magic mummy (this is all explained in a flashback to ancient times that reminded me of some bad films I've watched in Spanish classes). Belying the film's title, the wrestling women never really take on the mummy, but audiences do get to see him in action.

First in his bag of tricks is shape-changing. During a thrilling tomb battle, he suddenly transforms himself into a bat. "Look, Loretta. He's a vampire," observes a shocked spectator. The mummy then engages in an awe-inspiring flight across the room and switches back, which prompts the comment, "He's a mummy again."

Later we see him enter rooms through closed windows and then exit them by flying backwards. What a guy!

Undoubtedly the worst part of "Wrestling Women vs. The Aztec Mummy" is the music, which was added by Rhino Video.

This is Video Vault sacrilege, akin to coloring "Night of the Living Dead" and Roger Corman's "Little Shop of Horrors." Instead of the original spine tingling soundtrack, we get dumb rock 'n' roll, which prompted them to add "Rock 'n' Roll" to the title in the credits.

I don't want to sear anyone's eyes with the wit and intelligence that radiates from the lyrics to these songs by printing them in their

entirety, but here's an excerpt: "Out in Mexicaly down across the border stood a little hut made of mud and mortar, lived a couple of girls who couldn't read or write but my my my, those gals could fight. They dreamt someday that they would make the trip to make the women's tag team championship."

Good grief. Save your money for next week's feature (but just in case you're a masochist, you can get this thing from Blockbuster Video).

In other Video Vault news, I've been informed that The Bonzo Doo Dah Dog Band, whom I treated fictitiously in last week's feature, actually existed and put out records (although they dropped "Doo Dah" from their name).

Also, my guess is that if you regularly follow this column you are familiar with the Video Vault Torah, Michael Weldon's "Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film." Although what we really need is a "Psychotronic Update" or the "Psychotronic Star Atlas" we were promised, Weldon is bringing us the next best thing: A bi-monthly video review magazine called (what else) "Psychotronic Video."

One issue is out so far, and in addition to loads of video reviews, Weldon is talking about music and writers. The first issue has an article on bands from Ohio, a history of everyone's favorite song, "Surfin' Bird," and a story on horror writer Clive Barker. I don't think you can get "Psychotronic Video" in town anywhere (although the book is still available), so if you want a copy, send \$3.50 to Psychotronic Video, 58 Wooster, New York, N.Y., 10013.

For all you guys and gals who are **SHORT** on money and **LONG** on hair--Bev Miller our newest barber/stylist is offering a **\$6.00 haircut** or a **\$28.00 Complete Perm** if you bring in your student I.D.

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"Pheeuw, kiddies! Oh, the Old Flick Fiend has really gone out of his way to bring you the goods (or perhaps the bads) this time.

"I dare any of you to stay in the ring with this one for more than 20 minutes, and even if you do, you'll probably be grappling with your conscience for wasting so much time. You may not want to watch movies ever again after this one takes you down for the count (Dracula, of course). Well, my demon dogs are yelping for food, so I've gotta make a trip to the cemetery to dig some up -- just like I'll have another wacky video dug up for you next week. See ya!"

You need to be on the edge of insanity to rent the movies discussed in this column. In some cases, masochism is also necessary.

Such is the situation with Rhino Video's release of "Wrestling Women vs. The Aztec Mummy." As background information, you need to know about great Mexican cinema. Just as most great American features contain either aliens or lovable maniacs who chop people up, the creme de la creme of Mexican cinema requires wrestling women and a superhuman foe.

Alas, even this formula sometimes fails. Sure it sounds exciting as the evil Black Dragon gang is killing archeologists to get the hidden Aztec treasure! It's up to the police and the wrestling women to stop them. On top of that, there's a goofy Aztec mummy after them both. Good grief -- the end of the world as we know it.

Anyway, to make a long story short, Loretta and Ruby (the wrestling women) wind up fighting the

John Bruce/ Daily Nebraskan