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The Daily Utah Chronicle - Page Nine

## Cool as Ice sends chills through yo spine

By TAMM CHASE  
Chronicle Assistant  
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First there was James Dean, the rebel without a cause, now there is Vanilla Ice, the rebel without a good line.

Cliche, cutesy, campy, and contrived—these words best describe the flick, *Cool as Ice*, starring rap singer, "Yo, ain't I black?" Vanilla Ice.

It became apparent after the first 20 minutes of the "special premiere" of *Cool as Ice* that the script came from the old "beach movie" genre. Motorcycles and a horse replace the surf boards and coveralls.

Instead of falling in love in the sand, the young couple "falls in love" in a golden field of wheat.

Now get this, when Ice first sees the girl of his dreams "driving a horse," they show her riding in slow motion. Her hair blows slowly, gradually. Of course, several slow motion shots of her skirt blowing

"falls in love" in a golden field of wheat.

Now get this, when Ice first sees the girl of his dreams "driving a horse," they show her riding in slow motion. Her hair blows slowly, gradually. Of course, several slow motion shots of her skirt blowing

gradually above her thigh were common. Her every movement was accentuated by the film director's choice to play with slow motion.

Every time the director wanted to give the feeling of young love,

eroticism and beauty, he resorted to this slow motion effect. Rather than being poignant, it came off as hilariously corny, especially the slow motion spinning and falling into the wheat scene.

The plot was your basic tough-kid-meets-suburban-40-princess-outlaw-meets-slice-of-girl-or-to-use-'90s terminology, functional-meets-dysfunctional. Top, it's the old opposites-attract scenario, (which is fine for a movie that repeats).

Well, I shouldn't be so harsh because actually, *Cool as Ice* was entertaining in its banality. The color was truly Technicolor, with day-glo pastels reminiscent of Edward Scissorhands. The music and choreography were M-Paula-T-Absolutely perfect.

As for Vanilla Ice himself, he does have a certain charisma about him that I'm almost certain will make many a young girl's heart palpitate. He has a boyish quality that could be considered endearing and he does have one, damn sexy

eyebrow that cocks up at just the right times.

"I'm just cool!" Ice says in one of the first scenes. His "cool" is so "cool" that it makes "nice girls" drop their long-time high school

albeit not-as-cool, preppy, sweethearts. His "cool" is so "cool" it melts innocence. Clothes just

want-to-have-to-drop in the presence of his "coolness."

Coupled with the "young love" theme was the "gratuitous violence" theme. The "nice girls" "nice middle-aged daddy" was being pursued by ex-cons out for revenge (aged).

About an hour into the film I couldn't take it anymore. (My 7-year-old daughter could come up with a more creative storyline.) Needless to say, I left before the movie ended, but I can still tell you what happened.

Vanilla—the really not-that-bad of a bad guy—saved the dad and got the girl.

I might add that I was so anxious to leave the theater that I suppressed bodily functions just to get out of there. I drove around town for a half-hour looking for a bathroom—but at least I was out of the theater and didn't run the risk of hearing any more tripe dialogue.

Indeed, *Cool as Ice* is a simple movie for anyone in a simple minded mood. There were a few fun pokes at white middle-class America, but they weren't funny, or original enough to warrant any great reflections. In the words of the frozen himself: "It was when you're in it's where yer at." And where I'm at is at the end of this review.

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## Sounds of sonic Søren

By SØREN PETERSEN  
Chronicle Music Writer

The Bevis Frond  
New River Head  
Rockless

Nick Saloman is a British guy who was awarded a whole lot of money in a disability settlement. He used it to buy a home studio and a large amount of musical instruments. Since then, he has formed his own record label, Woronzow Records, which has released a number of albums of his.

Saloman and his friends under the name of the Bevis Frond. Originally only available as expensive imports, Rockless Records has started releasing them in the United States.

*New River Head* is the newest and one of the best I've heard so far. The band is best known for its extended, psychedelic guitar jams, and there's plenty of that here.

"The Mikastonic Variations II," a 16 1/2 minute instrumental, is particularly mind-blowing. There's a lot of other things going on as well. "Stain on the Sun" and "New River Head" are beautiful

introspective songs that bring to mind Opal and the Byrds. "Drowned" is genuine classic rock which would get massive commercial radio play if there was any justice in the world.

The biggest surprise, however, are the lyrics. The band has matured incredibly on this album. "Wild Jack Hammer" and "10.6 Be a Diamond"

are up there with the best of Robyn Hitchcock.

Anybody who likes some of the more psychedelic, alternative bands of the last few years, such as Nirvana or R.E.M., needs to hear *New River Head*. Desperately.

Voice of the Beehive  
Honey Lingers  
London

It's been three years since the Voice of the Beehive's debut album, which came out about the same time as *Guns N' Roses* (praise the Lord), but their first album, *Let It Be*, was pretty darned nice. The vocal harmonies and

psychological imagery were somewhat derivative of the Beatles, but there's nothing wrong with that when the songs are good. The songs were on *Let It Be*, and a few times in the last couple years I wondered what happened to them.

Unfortunately, *Honey Lingers* is distinctly disappointing. Not that they "sold out" or anything stupid like that—they just made a boring album. The single, "I Think I Love You," is okay in a dippy sort of way, although it's nowhere near as good as "I Say Nothing" from the last album.

The rest of the album, however, is just dull—cliche love lyrics, tedious melodrama, boring arrangements, and no spirit whatsoever. If you heard the single on the radio and want more, the first Beatles album does the same sort of thing much better.



The cast of James D'Entremont's "Daylight in Exile" playing at the Beckbeck Theatre beginning next Thursday, October 24.

## Elvis

from page eight  
the closet, ready to become the "latter-day" room

member to commit mass murder, when the phone rings.

"Hello," I answered.

There was no answer. I hung up and headed for the door, but before I got there, the phone rang again. I answered it, and once again there was no one there—but I was getting angrier by the second. I tore the front door

open, flicking the safety off my rifle when the phone rang behind me again. I looked back at it, but then turned toward the street, ignoring the ringing. Not wanting to let anything else get in the way of my rightful vindication of the King—when I noticed a figure in the phonebooth across the street.

It was a tall man with stark black hair. He hung up and the ringing stopped. He stepped away from the booth and it seemed as though he was looking at me, shaking his head. He got into a large red convertible, started the engine, and the music blared, "Don't Be Cruel," by Elvis Presley, as he headed down the street.

There is no doubt in my mind that it was Elvis I saw across the street from my home. Somehow he had sensed that I was about to throw my life away, and he came to my aid as he had come to the aid of so many of his fans before me. I now firmly believe the King is alive and well, that the Bruno Hernandez story was Elvis and Andy Reis working together to protect the King from prying reporters.

As for that obviously fake Elvis photo—perhaps Liggett and Larsen were simply trying to convince what they perceived as skeptical members of the press of what they knew was true. As stupid as it was, it's understandable. No one knows better than I that desperate men do desperate things. But we, the Chronicle staff, myself and I'm sure, the King himself, can find it in our hearts to forgive them.

Now, and forever, Elvis lives.

## watercolor

from page eight  
more feeling than all the detailed "botanical" paintings put together.

The wet-on-wet technique allows for a successful spontaneity.

The orange, pink, lily duo is fresh, with white space surrounding the wandering vines. Could this freshness have been achieved without making one feel like the negative space was ignored compositionally?

The most interesting are the rice paper experimentalisms, which add a unique element to the body of work. The chance abstractions are intriguing, and the cryptic images mysterious. I was told by gallery director David Moore that she carefully selects from many different rice paper pieces before deciding upon the "winners."

The black and grey background of "Cape Primrose" permit the lavender flowers to come forward, to be set upon a pedestal of color.

The foliage of the magenta cosmos fuses into an oblivion of green, that doesn't work because it feels like this technical attempt should be either looser or tight, but the nebulous territory in between makes me uneasy.

The habit of painting succeeds in its attempt at technicality, as it is tight where it is meant to be tight, and looser in outlying areas where focus fades.

If you are anywhere in the neighborhood of the union, stop by the Union Gallery to see an enjoyable display of talent, and an array of beautiful flowers, sure to brighten up any vulnerable soul's day. The show will be hanging through October 25.



"The poolroom door is open. Let's misspind some time inside."

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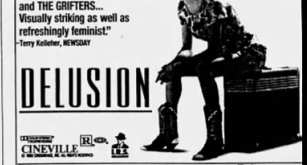
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"IT'S A 10!... A MAJOR SLEEPER... TRUST ME—SEE 'DELUSION!'"  
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"Amusing and stylish...with good humor and a sly view of human nature...Especially notable is the sultry, self-possessed Jennifer Rubin." —Kevin Thomas, LA TIMES

"A 90% film noir along the lines of AFTER DARK MY SWEET and THE GRIFTERS... Visually striking as well as refreshingly feminist!" —Terry Schiller, MEXICAT



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