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Vanilla Ice "Hard to Swallow" **Republic Records** Grade: F

Yo Vanilla, DON'T kick it one time boyeeeeee.

Yep, he did it. He's actually back. That funky white boy who amazed America with his stirring tales from the streets of Miami is back in full effect well, minus the hair and those obnoxious pants.

He's back with 13 tracks of his hardest and heaviest work yet, not that that is saying much. Basically, the Iceman is "tough" now and has, according to all the press, invented this new sound that's "not rock and roll, it's not heavy metal, it's not hip-hop." What is it?

Crap.

Imagine some of Korn or the Deftones' most mundane songs, layer Vanilla's lyrical gibberish over it, and you have Vanilla Ice's new album, aptly titled "Hard to Swallow." The entire album is a joke and will spur more guffaws than Jerry Seinfeld's comedy album.

From beginning to end, it's a lesson in mainstream mediocrity, and the sad thing is that it will probably be a hit in a week, and you won't be able to drive past a car wash on O Street without hearing the Iceman bumping away.

Of course that scenario could be quite wrong. According to the first song, "Living," on "Hard to Swallow," the Iceman lets everyone know that "Sucka's keep sinking in my quick- rap.



New Releases

VANILLA ICE PHOTO COURTESY OF REPUBLIC RECORDS

sand." Right.

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He follows that cheesy, bassed-out Korn rip-off with an account of his messed-up childhood called "Scars," in which he laments his fatherless upbringing and how he's going to be true to his family. He's a tough family man rapper guy now, and that isn't more apparent than in the song "F----

The song is very slow and moody with - let's just say - less than original digital effects. It has, of course, the even present heavy, distorted bass line with a slow and sparse shallow snare

It's riddled with obviously placed crescendos and is ultimately very typical. The song gets pretty funny when this guy's voice comes through saying "F--- Vanilla Ice! He sucks, he eats shit!" and what does the Iceman say, "I hope you got more shit than that, you weak muthaf----r." The song ends with people yelling a bunch of cuss words. Very hip.

One thing we can all be thankful for is that the family man hasn't lost his street roots or mainstream savvy. He has included a marijuana song, "Zig-Zag Stories," that lets everyone know how much dope the Iceman can toke. Apparently he's got a "lifetime supply,

and (he) wants to get you high." Awesome.

He basically just retells the story you heard a thousand times when you lived in the dorms. The one where the dude, in this case Vanilla Ice, has just put down a 6-pack and a fat joint and this girl tries to get up in the Iceman's, business. The Iceman was down dude. The song ends with a tripped out montage of coughing. Apparently the Iceman can't handle it.

The rhinestone gem of this album is a remake of Vanilla's hit "Ice, Ice Baby," only this one is called "Too Cold." Maybe "Too Old" would've been more fitting. It's full of spotty thick and heavy death-rock riffs and digital noises with the same words rapped over the new sounds. If anything less than the best is a felony, you'd better lock this guy up. He should get the chair for this crap.

In the beginning, this album was pretty funny. Who couldn't find the comedy in a song called "Prozac" where the chorus sings "We gets crazy like Prozac, hypin' up to start a party, and nearly has a heart attack." But by the end it's just annoying and sickening. The same lame elements litter every song, and his rapping style is just the same rhyme scheme through and through.

I hate to say it, but I'd rather listen to

-Jason Hardy

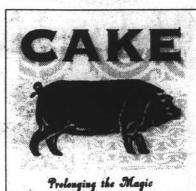
Word to your mother.

Cake

"Prolonging the Magic" **Capricorn Records** Grade: D+

After buying Cake's last release, "Fashion Nugget," for that punchy song "The Distance," listening to the rest of the album was a pleasant surprise because of its consistent flow from start to finish. So when Capricorn sent out an advance copy of the Los Angelesbased pop-rocker's third full-length album, "Prolonging the Magic," a month ago, it immediately went into the stereo at maximum volume with great expectations.

Unfortunately, "Prolonging the



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Magic" is a disappointing step in a direction Cake has already attempted, and it suffers from the absence of a catchy single such as "The Distance" for the masses to latch onto.

Some of the guitar riffs and instrumentation from the new album sound mysteriously lifted from songs off of "Fashion Nugget," so much, in fact, that at times you forget which album you are listening to. It seems as if Cake tried to clone the sound that made them popular and hoped no one would notice.

The band does rock out on a few numbers, most notably "Never There" and "Hem Of Your Garment," but lead singer John McCrea loses the vibe with his simplistic lyrical content and monotone vocals, which are usually spoken instead of sung.

Doesn't this guy have anything else to write about than cars and his broken relationships?

Cake has tried to locate its rock identity by incorporating a trumpet and organs into its repertoire, but country twang mixed with these elements on 'Walk On By" and "Mexico" just sounds awkward.

It seems like Mc Crea was listening to some old Camper Van Beethoven records while recording "Prolonging the Magic," because he sounds suspiciously like David Lowery of Cracker on "Mexico" and a few of the other tracks

Cake displays it is still capable of being a good band with "Prolonging the Magic," but the album falls short of going the distance.

- Jim Zavodny



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