Whose ice cream is the very best?

The Very Best: Ice Cream and Where to Find It


I scooped my way through this summer, serving countless cones and sundaes to the hordes that daily swarmed Toscanini's in Central Square. Through my conversations with the customers I learned of other havens for the ice cream connoisseur. Bob's Famous in Washington, DC, Gelato Classico in San Francisco, Creamed Again (formerly Mother Bucket's) in New York, and Vivoli in Florence, Italy. As I listened to their mouth watering eulogies I fantasized about the ultimate ice cream overload...a countrywide trek to investigate the country's best ice creamery.

My world was expanded in mid-flight by a pair of enterprising Bostonians with the resources I lack. Carol Robbins and Herbert Wolff discovered, in the course of their cross-country business travels, a multitude of gourmet ice cream establishments, rather by word of mouth, familiarly, or fortuitous accident. Eager to share their discoveries with a legion of addicts, they chose to publish their findings, but lacked the funds to cover the cost of printing. Any attempt to select a single "best" store would instigate an all-out feud, as would any attempt to select a single "best" flavor from each store investigated. Thus the book offers a rather confusing array of flavor groupings: Basics, Chips and Winters, Berries, Orchard and Vine, Nuts, Tropics, Confections, and Spices. Where, then, does the University of Wisconsin's Orange Custard Chocolate Chip fall? Is it a fruit flavor? No, asserts The Very Best, it is a chip or mix. It's enough to send you back to Good Humor hats.

The chain store issue deserves further investigation. Robbins and Wolff, by including listings from places most people asinine are likely to visit only because they are available everywhere, are doing the entertainment industry a disservice.

The Very Best: Ice Cream and Where to Find It is an interesting compendium of epicurean research, it fails in its attempt to settle the Great Ice Cream Feud. A friend's first reaction to the book was to exclaim: "They left out Pat Mitchell in Libbys!" What it best succeeds at is what the authors intended: 5000 pages of a reasonably comprehensive guide to the country's better ice cream parlors. Many will discover listings for stores that they never visited in their own hometowns, but part of the joy of eating ice cream lies in individual discovery. Now that a guide is available, it won't be as much fun anymore.

David Shaw

Eating Raoul not Bland fare

Eating Raoul, directed by Paul Bartel, written by Richard Blackburn and Paul Bartel, playing at the Nickelodeon, Boston.

Paul and Mary Bland live in a nice apartment furnished a la 1950's modern. Paul (Paul Bartel) worked in a liquor store until he got fired for refusing to sell rotgut. Mary (Mary Woronov) spends her free days corresponding hospital patients to eat up their doctor ordered ice cream while they are in the Bland's, even.

Paul and Mary have a dream. They want to escape the evil city, buy a house in the country, and open their own restaurant. They start their business but there's no more job in the liquor store, however, it seems "Chez Bland" will remain but a dream.

Paul and Mary are disgusted by the open sexuality of the hot tub age. Maryustinus continually fight off the sexual advances of the apartment building overtures by swinging an umbrella at her assailant with a cast iron skillet. The Bumsteads find hundreds of dollars in the deceased's wallet, and suddenly venture capitalism grows progressively more ridiculous with out noticing, leaving it vulnerable for a shocking comic crescendo.

This film's means undoubtedly contributed to its success. Bartel, unable to edit the entire script because "it didn't fit a formula," decided to invest in two weekends of filming to produce a twenty-minute clip. Not only did the clip not sell, Bartel said, but the apartment building in which the clip was filmed was sold and scheduled for demolition.

Fed with either rehashing the whole house is an attempt to finish the scenes in the Blund's building before the building went away, Bartel decided to press ahead. With as little cash as had the Blands, Bartel made Eating Raoul himself, buying left-overs from film studios and renting equipment for Saturdays as he could pour all weekend for the price of just one day's rental.

Mary Woronov plays Mary wonderfully, sexy despite her revulsion to sex. She wears a clinging, nearly transparent dress to induce bucker Buck Henry to approve her loan application, but her Sears Roebuck catalog standard issue white brassiere and panties show something slightly different than the dress does have intended.

One can never quite figure out, while watching Eating Raoul, if Paul Bartel can indeed act. One must therefore conclude that he can.

Robert Beltran's Raoul is slick andstud, but remains somehow foolish and littleistic. He is simultaneously deplorable and lovable, impervious and vulnerable. Both Raoul and Beltran are impressive actors.

Eating Raoul is one of those rare films — like Harold and Maude — that dare to take a sensitive approach to the absurd and end up far from being Bland.

Barry S. Surman

Crystal Odyssey and Laserium Starship, produced by the Science Museum of Minnesota and Laser Tech, Inc., respectively, are the latest efforts in a series of abstract images with amplified rock, brought into the Crystal Odyssey. A Classical Rainbow, which normally begins showing at the Museum of Science. Laser tech show, Crystal Odyssey has a plot and is set to classical music. It includes segments of Vivaldi's Winter from The Seasons based on the writings of Nikola Tesla, a collection of scientific science fiction thriller. Further intrusion is added when the audience children the admittance of other laser effects. The audience is encouraged to do so at the beginning of the performance.

Laserium Starship brings a return to the original philosophy of the laserium, a mind-boggling event which leaves the viewer with the feeling that it is the only one in the room. Although the rock-background brings an audience which is a bit overtaxed.

The laserium effect are realized by using a 1W krypton gas laser beam which is split by prisms into four beams of red, yellow, blue, and green. These beams are then manipulated by other prisms, mirror scanners, and oscillators. Clouds of laser light are also possible through the use of a color modulator. Through the use of sand, interference, and diffusion, an adequate number of patterns can be created on the dome with the four colors.

The museum is easy to get to (Green line to Science Park), showtimes are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights. Given a choice, I would see Laserium Starship again, but I heartily recommend both shows.

Stuart Gitow