

MEANWHILE, those who want to get thoroughly weirded out in Edinburgh without the use of stimulants should go and meet the Iceman, who cometh to the Pleasance tonight. The act of the Iceman — real name Anthony Irvine — consists of attempting to melt large blocks of ice with salt, a blowtorch, threats and bribes, all the time indulging in appalling ‘ice’ puns along the lines of “I didn’t ice-scape from an ice-sylum, I d-ice-charged myself”.

Irvine offers a signed and numbered photo of each block to an audience member in the hope it will become a valuable work of art: that’s more than Tony Kaye ever did, but it hasn’t worked yet.

Last time Revolver spoke to Irvine he was depressed at losing over £2,000 on the act. “But then I remembered it’s an exercise in futility and felt better,” he said.

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r_wringham

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