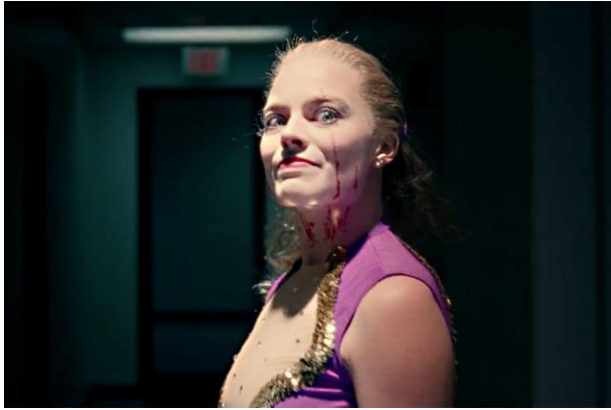




Nobody Clubbed Nancy Kerrigan: The
Tonya Harding Hoax

by Noel Joshua Hadley

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Once there was this girl who
Swore that one day she would be a figure skating champion
And when she finally made it
She saw some other girl who was better
And so she hired some guy to
Club her in the kneeeeee caaaaaaap
Mmm mmm mmm mmm, mmm mmm mmm mmm
Ahh, Mmm mmm mmm mmm, mmm mmm mmm mmm
They got paid for their sound bytes
And sold their TV-Movie rights

Weird Al—Headline News

LOOK, I get it. Listening to **Weird Al Yankovic** will likely threaten a gag reflex or other nauseating side-effects for a certain segment of my readers, but certainly not all of you. Some will savor his songs with a long handle ice-tea spoon or an ice cream scooper. I wouldn't consider myself a fan at any point in my upbringing, and so know what I am asking. Which is to say *a lot*. Unless you're a fan—then I'm asking for you to have a fun time for once. Stop making an issue of everything and take my criticism as a personal victory. Either way, proceed no further before giving *this* video from my adolescence a listen, and then get back to me.

The song is called 'Headline News.' I'm dropping a link. [Here you go.](#) I'll wait. Watch it yet? Good. I'm assuming several minutes of your life has already passed, which you can never take back, and now have inside knowledge on where I am going with this. Seriously, I owe you one. Thanks for giving it your all when showing up to class. The last time I'd seen that video was probably on Vh1 sometimes in The Nineties, but that was before I had *woken* eyes. They hide the Truth in plain/plane sight all the time and then lie about it, by which Weird Al's music video is no



exception. Allow me to elaborate.

I went ahead and took a series of screenshots to help out with the explanation. For those of you who hoped to slide by without watching the music video. It took me all morning. You're welcome. Weird Al's narrative involves a theater of all places. We see a shirtless midget with an usher hat handing out playbills to an audience, telling us that everything which is about to unfold is not only played by actors, but it is already

scripted. Weird Al is seated in the orchestra pit, being the soundtrack to our lives and all. Behind him is a curtain. When the curtain parts, the audience watches while the **Tonya Harding** and **Nancy Kerrigan** drama unfolds.

There are other characters as well. That kid who brought a spray can of paint to Singapore and got repeatedly spanked in the bum for it is one. His name is **Michael P. Fay**, by the way. The others are **John Wayne Bobbitt** and **Lorena Bobbitt**. In the instance that you need caught up on your Nineties history, women immediately transformed Lorena into a folk legend after she cut her husband's penis off. After introducing us to all three News stories, we then watch as they fight for attention in the Media. The Singapore kid lands a book deal. Tonya and Nancy fight at the podium, competing for movie rights. It is truly difficult fingering the most revealing part of this entire video, but the conclusion, which has all players bowing for the applause of their audience, is definitely a contender.

It's what I've been saying all along. The world is a stage. They're literally standing on a stage. The people in the audience, either those seated in the theater of Weird Al's music video or those watching the music video, are not expected to latch onto the irony though. Had Weird Al continued the same line of logic with a lengthier song, he might as well have featured **Amy Fisher** and the **Menendez** brothers. I'll go ahead and toss in the **Monica Lewinski** intern incident while we're at it. Those last two came a little later in the game, when what Intel was doing was whetting our



appetites for **OJ Simpson**'s biggest starring role to date. The televised movie where he murdered **Ron Goldman** and **Nicole Brown Simpson**.

“What are you saying Noel, that John Wayne Bobbitt’s penis wasn’t cut off?” That’s precisely what I’m saying. Do you wish it were? Really cut off, that is. You are under no obligation to believe the Media narrative. None whatsoever. Why call him by his full name, John Wayne Bobbitt? It’s not like John Bobbitt is common. Nor did he assassinate a Kennedy. I’ve never met a John Bobbitt or any Bobbitt for that matter. **John Wayne** was a **Freemason**. Are they attempting to pass notes in class again?

When relaying the fact that the aforementioned actors were attention hoarders, what the Weird Al music video failed to show is that John Wayne Bobbitt later starred in the **Ron Jeremy** porn film, ‘Frankenpenis’. Probably because ‘Headline News’ was released in 1994 while Bobbitt’s horror spin-off wouldn’t arrive for another two years, making Weird Al either prophetic or a little too ahead of the game. If you paid for a VHS copy back in the day (I’m very relieved to say that I haven’t) and this is somehow proof to you, that he was one leg short of a tripod, then I will go out on a limb and claim you were duped into the same special effects which had us all believing that Stevie Wonder was blind.

Ronald Jeremy Hyatt was born in **Queens**, New York, to a middle-class Jewish family from Russia and Poland.^{[9][2]} His father, Arnold (born 1918),^[10] was a physicist and professor at **Queens College**, CUNY, and his mother a book editor^[11] who had served in the O.S.S. during **World War II**, as she spoke fluent German and French.^[12]

For the record, Ron Jeremy is a New York born **Joo** and a **Hyatt**. That’s his full name. Ronald Jeremy Hyatt. Why he dropped the last name isn’t surprising, but he is a Hyatt all the same. The story we are given is that Ron Jeremy’s girlfriend was so impressed with the size of his package, and wanted to share it with the world, that she sent a picture baring its image into Playgirl Magazine. It’s all misdirection when in fact the porn industry is run by the *same* people and his mother was in the **OSS**. There are far too many breadcrumb trails to follow, and this needn’t be one of them. Just know this. ‘Frankenpenis’ was just another spin-off of an already lousy made-for-television Intel movie. And now, let us never speak of the Bobbitt’s again.

My purpose here is to show you how nobody clubbed Nancy Kerrigan, and I intend to go through with it. If you were alive or perhaps only semi-

conscious in the Nineties, then you will undoubtedly recall the moment when Tonya Harding's laces came untied for the judges. From beginning to end, the entire narrative was about as classy as the mullet and intended to be so. Nowadays, it is a painfully obvious psychodrama, but in 1994, it was simply good television. And so, let's begin. As if we haven't already.



Tonya Harding gave up drag racing and deer hunting to become a world champion ice skater. And then one day Nancy Kerrigan, her leading competitor, was prepping for the U.S. Championships on an ice-skating rink inside Cobo Arena in Detroit, Michigan. The date was **January 6, 1994**. It was 2:35 pm in the afternoon, eastern time. A camera crew was recording her practice session, even going so far as to follow Kerrigan off the rink after retiring for the day. You can see precisely what I am about to describe by following along with the [raw footage](#). Otherwise, I have added a few screen shots. Kerrigan spreads a blue curtain and starts down its adjoining hallway. The camera then pans to the right, away from Kerrigan, as if this were the Hindenburg explosion or something, and abruptly cuts out. Classic symptom of a media fabricated hoax. The camera will not turn on again until every actor is in position and the screams let out.

During the untold seconds, perhaps even minutes when the camera is turned off (though the assumption given to us is *seconds*), the attacker, whom we never see on camera, abruptly approaches Kerrigan from

behind, or so we are told. He extends a 21-inch collapsible police baton, strikes her lower right thigh in the whereabouts of the kneecap, and then makes his escape, using the club to smash through a locked glass door. Keep watching the footage and one witness claims the man carried a crowbar and smashed through a window. Already the witnesses do not agree, but we'll give her a free pass. We are then told that a co-conspirator was waiting outside in a getaway car. Actually, we are told of many things and shown very little. Why do some media sources claim she was clubbed in the knee and others in the thigh, which is it? Nearly three decades later and I am still confused on the matter. You will be expected to use your imagination and fill in those important details.



Immediately after the incident, the camera crew begins recording again. Kerrigan can be seen sitting on the floor of the hallway, gently caressing her right knee. Here Kerrigan bemoans: “Why? Why? Why?” a line which is quickly broadcasted around the world in the News, while staff unlace her skates, attempting to make sense of *where* it hurts, exactly. She is wearing a white ice-skating dress, which is to say we can see the full length of her legs. There are medical professionals on sight looking for the source of her pain, and there is no redness or irritation of skin anywhere.

When questioned, she describes a “hard, hard black stick.” I get the *hard* part. I mean, I would assume anyone could tell the difference between something hard and a being assaulted with a foam finger. But then you will have to make sense of how she saw the color of her assailants’ weapon when she was struck from behind. The black stick itself is apparently

important, as media footage details several witnesses all talking about the man with the black stick or the black crowbar or the black metal pipe, and did you hear the *whack* of the black thing-a-ma-jig or how that man came fiercely smashing through a pane of glass with his black obelisk?



The video footage which aired later that night captures Cobo Arena security running around outside in the snow seeking her attacker, so as to sweep the viewer up in the current of drama. It's not like they found him. So, why involve the viewer in their chase? In the game of CLUE, we already know Nancy Kerrigan was assaulted in the hallway with a black something or other. Now the media is drawing us into the biggest inquiry of all. The *who* done it question. And like so many of these hoaxes, the perpetrator and only the perpetrator is brought forward, often within hours. There are no other suspects.

This is the part where I tell you that I would *never* club someone in the knee for the purposes of taking out the competition, because that would be breaking the law. But if I did, I would whack her more than once, ensuring that the kneecap or the ankle was shattered. How else would I receive payment from my employer? Her attacker only beat her *once* rather than taking another crack or two at her kneecap and she still managed to perform. It wasn't a success. How many seconds do you suspect it takes to swing a baton? I figure I could get in a whack or two after the first scream and still make the getaway. That being said, here is something which I wouldn't do. Commit the deed surrounded by a camera crew. You will tell me that he wasn't filmed by the crew, but isn't that suspicious? *Surely*, there were other camcorders in the arena, and not just those held by Media. After all, he followed her from the rink, did he not? Surely, the Feds scoured footage for shots of the attacker's face, even from a polaroid camera. But from what I've seen, the Media has never been interested in

any other angle except from the camera they were holding—and why is that?

And besides, there are dozens of other places where Kerrigan might be found alone. Better places. I mean, why not play the part of a burglar, and break into Kerrigan's home, thereby painting her injury as if it were simply a response to being discovered in the act of thievery? Because even burglars need to defend themselves. The arena couldn't be any more stupid of a location because it *screams* motive, particularly when matched with a black baton. As if we are not supposed to put those pieces together. Contrarily, *we are*. You will tell me the dressing room was perfect because he knew precisely where to find Kerrigan and when and without the Media peeping in, but it's a lazy plot device. Had he done so, entered her home that is, we would be more likely to accept the break-in as something organic. Burglaries happen. Even in the dead of night. It would have left us guessing as to the invader's true intent, but the narrative was never intended to be set up that way.

No, the purpose of the baton incident was to lube us up for the upcoming Olympics. I would say primetime television had its work cut out, being able to resolve the mystery with Scooby and the gang in only a few weeks' time and all, but the package was delivered to the Media much as you'd imagine IKEA furniture. The pieces were already in place. All they had to do was assemble them together and then give each screw an extra tighten with the wrist so as to ensure the legs didn't wobble for the history books.

The motive was *so* obvious from the get-go and as smooth as the Zamboni on a baby's bottom. Kerrigan was being taken out of the tournament. Thus, fierce competition and the lust for fame and fortune led to a pretty little ice skater getting clubbed in the whereabouts of the kneecap or the thigh. In reality, the Cobo Arena scandal was a purposely planted trail of crumbled potato chips peppered with pork enzymes, all of which was intended to lead us back to the person wearing the ugly Christmas sweater in the trailer park. From various confessions in January to Harding's guilty plea on March 16, every discovery in the two month-long drama was perfectly executed with clockwork precision, intended to compliment the intrigue required for a Nineties tabloid soap opera. Remember, this is television. *Scripted* television—a precursor of what is to come. How many drafts did Intel work on and alternate endings considered before the

Media pressed the record button? We are not told. But the delivery is indeed impressive for a live action sports movie.

Man clubs U.S. skating star

Olympic favorite's knee is injured in maniac's attack

By Tom Ichniowski

It was a moment of pure terror for Nancy Kerrigan, America's most famous figure skater, as she skated to the music of "The Christmas Waltz" at the 1992 Winter Olympics in Albertville, France, when she was struck in the right knee by a maniac who threw a shoe at her. The attack, which occurred on the ice during the short program, was a shocking event that shocked the world and led to a major investigation. Kerrigan, who was the favorite to win the gold medal, was injured and had to withdraw from the competition. The incident became a national sensation and was later dramatized in the movie "The Whack Heard 'Round the World'." Kerrigan's recovery was a long and painful process, but she eventually returned to the ice and won the silver medal at the 1994 Winter Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway. The attack on Kerrigan is remembered as one of the most infamous moments in sports history.



Athletes can be targets

While athletes are often seen as heroes, they can also be targets of violence. The attack on Nancy Kerrigan is a prime example of this. Other athletes who have been targeted include Muhammad Ali, who was attacked by a fan in 1966, and Muhammad Ali, who was attacked by a fan in 1966. The attack on Kerrigan was particularly shocking because it occurred during a major sporting event and involved a woman who was widely regarded as a national hero.

At top of her game

Nancy Kerrigan was at the peak of her career when she was attacked. She had just won the silver medal at the 1992 Winter Olympics and was expected to win the gold medal at the 1994 Winter Olympics. Her attack was a major setback for her career, but she showed incredible resilience and determination. She returned to the ice and won the silver medal at the 1994 Winter Olympics, proving that she was still one of the best figure skaters in the world.

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THE WHACK HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

20 YEARS LATER

Figure skaters Kerrigan, Harding still linked at knee

Christine Brennan
Entertainment Weekly



The two women couldn't be fighting more different lives, except for their mutual dislike for what became known as "The Whack Heard 'Round the World'." Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan, former U.S. Olympic teammates whose names are linked forever in one of the most bizarre dramas in the history of sport, don't like to recall the night that started Jan. 6, 1994, when Kerrigan was attacked on the knee in a bombing plot concocted by Harding's ex-husband and a few of his friends. Over the next seven weeks, a surreal story of jealousy, vengeance and deceit played out in the spotlight world of women's figure skating, leading the network news and capturing the nation as the conspiracy was revealed. It's an unforgettable tale sure to be revisited endlessly over the next

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Delays
for clos
holiday

Bart Jansen
USA TODAY

As the holiday drive home begins, travelers face major delays, especially near Midwestern hubs. Snow is expected to cause problems for about 10 days in the north, with the most significant delays in the Northeast and Midwest. Travelers are advised to allow extra time for their journeys and to check for updates on flight and road conditions.

To this day, the Media still can't seem to get their story straight. Initial reports placed the black baton upon Kerrigan's kneecap whereas other reports have her being struck in the lower right thigh. Potato-patato, you tell me. Is it though? The lower right thigh is between the knee and the ankle. That's a lot of leg for an ice skater. We are dealing with a crime. Particulars are in order, even if rednecks are behind it. Why assume her kneecap? If it the lower right thigh, then how about the ankle?

Even 20 years later the News is still delivering subheadings which have Kerrigan and Harding linked at the knee. Do you see what they did there? They are linked... at the knee. How adorable. Tell us where it hurts, Nancy, why don't you? Also, as you can plainly see, the incident became known as "The Whack Heard 'Round the World," which is ironic, since the *whack* is only presumed to have happened. Nobody reading the newspaper or watching the television actually heard it. Nor am I convinced that anyone in the Cobo Arena heard it.



The attack was planned by Jeff Gillooly, the ex-husband of fellow American figure skater [Tonya Harding](#), and his co-conspirator Shawn Eckardt.^{[1][2][3]} They hired Stant, and his uncle Derrick Smith, to carry out the attack. Gillooly and Eckardt both claimed that Harding was involved in the attack and had knowledge of it beforehand. Harding initially denied all knowledge of the attack,^{[4][5]} but soon accepted a [plea agreement](#) admitting to helping cover up the attack after the fact.^{[6][7]} Later, both a [grand jury](#)^[8] and a disciplinary panel from the [United States Figure Skating Association \(USFSA\)](#)^[9] would find further evidence of her involvement during the planning and execution phases.

The hitman was quickly identified as [Shane Stant](#), and the short of his connection to Harding is *this*. Stant's uncle, [Derrick Smith](#), who waited outside in the getaway car, was initially contacted by [Jeff Gillooly](#), the ex-husband of skating rival Tonya Harding, and Harding's bodyguard, [Shawn Eckhardt](#). The story we are told is that Gillooly, Eckhardt, Smith, and Stant sat around a living room table in Portland in 1993, two days after Christmas, hatching the plan. And so, you will hopefully recall that Kerrigan's attacker approached from behind. Well then, who was sandwiched between Kerrigan and the attacker then but the cameraman?

View the footage again if you need to. It was carefully orchestrated. The cameraman appears to have crouched down below the railing. He then

rises and pans his camera in a nearly 180-degree direction, capturing everyone standing around Kerrigan. There is absolutely no sign of an attacker. Where was the attacker standing? Shane Stant was either dressed up in disguise as a female skater or he would have had to pivot with the cameraman and wait for the equipment to turn off. A little awkward, don't you think? It's about as convenient as RFK taking a last-minute detour through the kitchen only to have **Sirhan Sirhan** emerge from a tray stacker. [RFK hoax](#). I know, right? The senselessness of it all.

Detroit is one of the leading cities for murder and crime in the United States. Actually, crime rates peaked in 1991, with more than 2,700 violent crimes per 100,000 people. Population-decline left abandoned buildings behind, which then became magnets for the drug trade, arson, and other criminal activity. Basically, a playground for CIA operatives. Didn't Robocop take place in Detroit? I just checked. *It did*. Despite its crime, the media is not concerned with random clubbing in the streets of Detroit. Intel only cares about their own psyops. The cameraman probably crouched down underneath the rink wall so as not to capture any other ice skaters on the rink in the News story. Why is that important? Because they are trying to mask the fact that Nancy Kerrigan's clubbing was the opening scene for their documentary.



The US Women's Championship went down only two days later, on **January 8, 1994**. Harding finished her gold medal-winning program by pumping her fists. *Saucy*. I was thirteen years old and remember watching it. To this very hour, I can still tell you what music Harding skated to. Jurassic Park. Spielberg's propaganda movie was released on June 11, 1993. It was still being played in theaters at the time. Why was I glued to women's figure skating on a Saturday night? Because only two days earlier, Nancy Kerrigan was clubbed in the knee, *dub*. I will speak for America when claiming my family had no other interest in women's figure skating except to watch an unfolding psychodrama.

Seconds before starting her gold medal-winning program, NBC broadcasted Tonya Harding's horoscope. A little strange, don't you think? Were any other horoscopes broadcast that night? You tell me. Perhaps not so strange when you consider its fortune, which reads:

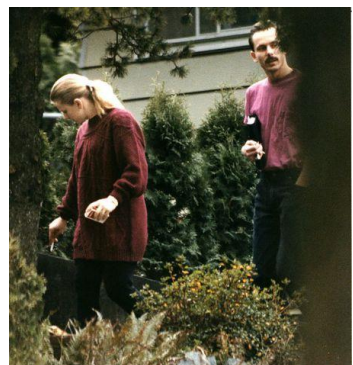
“A long-cherished goal moves within you. You feel elated! **The outside resources or talents you need are available**. Your leadership skills put you ahead of the pack.”

You see, they're already dangling the pork chops. This should tell you something. Horoscopes are written by astrologers, some of whom are printed up on the NOC list. If Intel wanted to screw with your head in the Nineties, they'd write your fortune, have it printed up in *The Los Angeles Times*, and then play the part of your shrink after you went woodpecker over it. Nowadays, they have A.I. to do the exact same thing. Predestination at its finest. The horoscope came amid calls for Tonya Harding to bow out of the Olympics. Why am I not surprised to learn they allowed her to perform but then stripped her of her medal afterwards?



During a January 11 interview with Harding, CBS affiliated sports broadcaster **Ann Schatz** asked if she had considered someone she knew as being involved in the attack. And why wouldn't she? As we have already seen, the attack was set up that way from the start. Meanwhile, notice how **Michelle Kwan** was never suspected? Good thing we have all these sports reports to do the detective work. Harding answered, "I have definitely thought about it. **No one controls my life but me.**" *Wink-wink*. Harding has a controller. "If there's something in there that I don't like, I'm going to change it." *Sure*, let's go with that.

It was Schatz who first asked if she would cooperate with an investigation, thereby planting the association of her guilt in the American consciousness. A shifty-eyed Harding responded that she had nothing to hide. *Of course*, she didn't. Harding then went on to say that the real victim here was Tonya Harding, because Tonya Harding was no longer able to defeat Kerrigan, and where is the fun in that? *Classy*. Having Kerrigan removed from the competition takes all the fun out of those fist pumps, don't it?



Harding had already been filmed by the media on January 7, the day *after* the attack, running barefoot to stop a tow truck from hauling her illegally parked pickup. And look! There is another press photo of Tanya



Harding smoking a cigarette. So scandalous. Even before the bubble is broken open, Harding is being systematically picked apart before our very eyes while playing the part of a west coast Oregon hick. Were they camped out on Michele Kwan's lawn? No. And to furthermore erase any doubt as to her guilt, on February 15, a videotape of Harding topless was shown on 'A Current Affair'.

Shawn Eckhardt is described as the sort of individual who, after learning about what he was accused of, lay awake in bed crying at night. On January 12, only *one* day removed from Harding's interview with Ann Schatz, the FBI launched their own investigation into her bodyguard. Clockwork, people. *Clockwork*. You figure the Feds had to slap Eckhardt silly just to shut him up, because Shawn "The Mouth" Eckhardt couldn't confess fast enough to his involvement, and just as importantly, his kitchen table rotunda of conspirators. He threw Jeff Gillooly and Derrick Smith under the bus and at the drop of a hat. You know that scene in 'The Goonies' where Chunk confesses his sins to the Fratelli's? "OK, I'll talk! In third grade, I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade, I stole my uncle Max's toupee, and I glued it on my face when I was Moses in my Hebrew School play." *Mm-hmm*. This is precisely what it was like for the "investigators" at Watergate as well. Confessions were practically arriving

like Corporate fruit baskets. Perhaps Eckhardt is a distant cousin of Deep Throat.

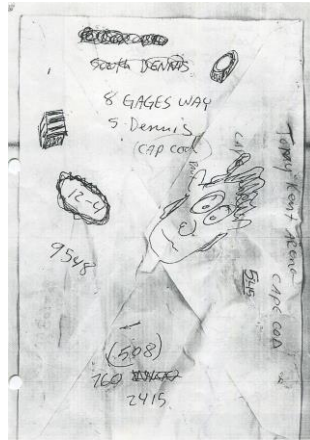
The 300-pound 26-year-old worked out of his parents' home, reportedly in the basement, and drove a 1976 Mercury with a missing hubcap. His resume listed him as "counter-terrorist specialist, executive security consultant, certified parachutist, and college lecturer," all of which was filled with misspellings. How is this not a comedy by now? But don't let his resume fool you. It is Eckhardt who supposedly arranged everything. We are pressed to conclude that either Eckhardt was the worst bodyguard ever, certainly less than the sum of his resume (not a stretch of the imagination), or he was doing precisely what he was *hired* to do. Be the klutz.

When the Media repeatedly reminds you that Eckhardt boasted of overseeing an international special operations force, or something to that effect, what they ultimately want you to know is that his delusions of espionage played a *huge* part in the assault on Kerrigan. Come to think of it, Eckhardt may be the only player involved who hasn't the slightest clue that he was hired to take part in a psychological operation. If so, then Intel set up Eckhardt up to take the hit. Eckhardt and Smith were arrested only one day after his interrogation.



The real sleaze bucket in this story is Jeff Gillooly, a conveyor belt operator. And though they were only married from 1990 until 1993, he also dabbled as Tonya Harding's skating manager, even after they divorced. Right about when the investigation began, Harding claims he hit her while they sat in the car and told her she was a stupid bitch for opening her mouth. Where did he hit her exactly? I would like to know. Because I cannot find a single photo which might suggest he made physical contact with her face. Harding later claimed she told the Feds she'd cooperate if protection was offered. Otherwise, she said, she'd get the Zamboni flakes kicked out of her—apparently by Gillooly and his associates.

Gillooly surrendered to the FBI four days after a warrant was issued for his arrest, thanks in part to Shawn Eckhardt, and then confessed to masterminding everything. According to Gillooly, *story boarding* the attack ranged anywhere from killing Kerrigan, assisting her in a car accident, cutting her Achilles' tendon, or breaking her leg and leaving her injured wearing a duct-tape gag in her hotel room. I'm sure in every one of those scenarios a motive would never be discovered. And what were the Feds feeding him to nab all those confessions, exactly—a Truth serum? Apparently, The Mouth wasn't the only one getting slapped silly. Gillooly didn't simply name the other three. Gillooly even implicated his ex-wife in Kerrigan's mishandling. Tanya Harding, he said, was *in the know*. Not only that but she was also impatient when Kerrigan wasn't immediately disabled in the days following their meeting. Good going, Gillooly. You can watch those million-dollar endorsements fly right on through the one-way mirror.



The break in the case happened when a worker at Dockside Saloon and Restaurant in Portland was emptying the garbage outback and happened upon several bags of trash that someone had left in her dumpster. When she opened them (because why *wouldn't* she?) she found paperwork matchings Harding's name on it and recognized her from the News. Several bags? You mean to tell me she chucked several bags of garbage into a restaurant dumpster. Who does that? It's not like she was dumping a body. It was a piece of paper. An envelope with a doodle on it. Were the garbage trucks not servicing Tonya Harding's street that year?

A handwriting expert named **Robert Peschka** quickly confirmed that the notes were indeed written by Harding. Rather than slipping, *oh*, I don't know, the envelope itself into a random trash can in Portland, Oregon, she dumped several bags at once so as not to be suspicious. The envelope had the name of Tony Kent Arena, the Massachusetts rink where Kerrigan trained. It also had the address: 8 Gages Way, South Dennis. One must wonder why the goons didn't club her in Cape Cod then. Good thing the buttons didn't check her diary. In her competitive obsession, she may have scribbled down the place where Michelle Kwan trained too.

Tell me, how many gnawed apples, coffee grains and tampons did that dumpster diver dig through before happening upon it? I lived in Los Angeles during the week of the OJ murder, and you didn't see us digging through the garbage seeking out a written testimony on a cocktail napkin. What are the chances of the same discovery unraveling exactly as they say it did in any other possible scenario? Give me numbers. They must be

evolutionary. In review, it took a dumpster diver at a random restaurant in Portland to prove Harding's guilt and cracked open an otherwise dead investigation.



Every few years Disney takes their films out of the vault and repackages them for public consumption. Sometimes they arrive with missing scenes or *Making of* documentaries which hopes to shed new light on an otherwise stale production. Intel does the same thing all the time. The Kerrigan-Harding drama is certainly no exception, being revisited every five to ten years and sold to us as nostalgic.

Harding claimed in 2008 that Gillooly and two other guys drove her up into the mountains, soon after winning gold at the Women's Championship in Detroit, put a gun to her head, and repeatedly raped her in the back of a pick-up. Notice how Tanya Harding only thought to bring this little tidbit up after Gillooly's statutes of limitations had expired. Who were the two other men? Harding claims she "couldn't see who there were," but we know *who* she's implying. There were four other co-conspirators, all male, and we can easily deduce that her bodyguard wasn't one of them, because 300 pounds doesn't exactly go unnoticed. *Also*, you'd think the Feds would have followed them around by this point. And yet here we find a reunion of the motley crew—plotting the assault of another ice skater. Their ice skater. What a bunch of ignoramuses. I'm confused as to whose side Gillooly is on. Didn't he want Tonya Harding to win? This isn't exactly what one would call a motivational speech. Certainly not in any sports movie I've ever watched. The entire point of

this operation, I thought, was to fill their pockets *via* Corporate endorsements, and Gillooly had put all his chips on the ex-wife. This isn't how you win the game, Gillooly, unless we're outright dealing with a handler.

It is about this time when the topless videotape of Harding emerged on 'A Current Affair'. Probably not the sort of move that would land Harding on a box of cereal. Did she form a lawsuit? No, she didn't. On **July 26, 1994**, several months after the clubbing incident, Harding and Gillooly mutually sold a 35-minute sex tape to Penthouse Magazine.



Something I have learned in these staged performances is that there is often a morality lesson to be learned and, more often than not, the Intel community enjoys writing a memorable line in. There are only one or two notable phrases in this one, such as "Why? Why? Why?" If anything, the award for writing duties goes to the Weird Al song. Well, I am always on the lookout for the hook, and I believe I've found one. This time it is delivered to us by way of **Judge Donald Londer**, who told Gillooly, while sentencing him to two years in prison:

"You are a prime example of how ruthless ambition and raw greed can disrupt, degrade and disfigure a sport of grace even to the height of the Olympics."

If I had to guess, this was the same line delivered to top brass during the sales pitch meeting when the producers and their writing team were banking on a sports theme for their next movie.



Greed, indeed. An Olympic skating champion was promised to rake in **\$1 million** in appearance fees and endorsements. Maybe more. That was still a lot of cabbage in 1994. And so hopefully you see the contrast being presented here. No? Gillooly and Eckhardt wanted Kerrigan taken out of the competition in order to secure endorsements. The resulting fame which Kerrigan acquired as a result of the attack landed her **\$9.5 million** in endorsements before the Olympics even began. *Also*, the Olympic committee chose Kerrigan as the second member of the United States ice skating team, directly behind Harding, despite the fact that she hadn't even qualified.

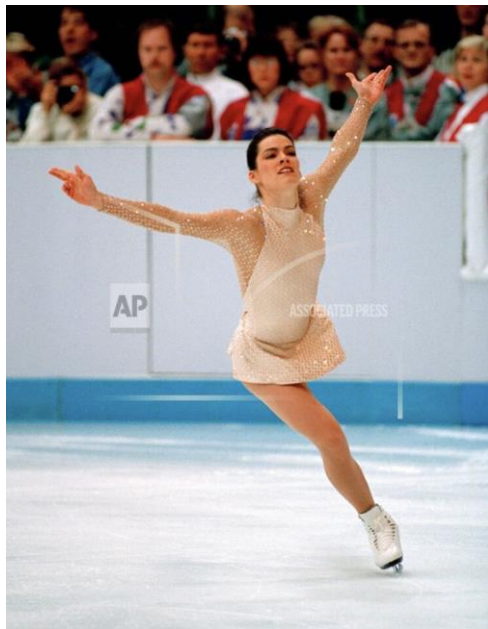
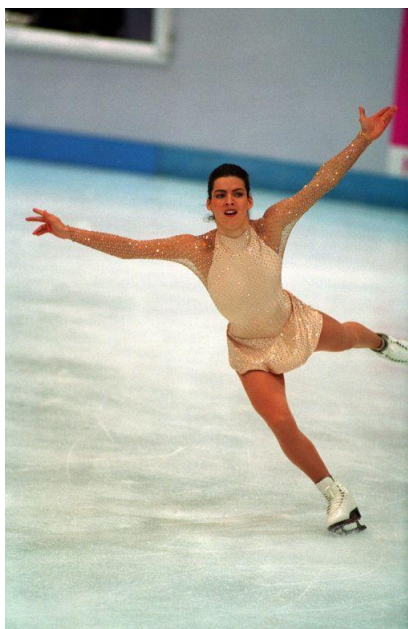
Even more importantly, she was still recovering from her injury. A knee injury is extraordinarily and exquisitely painful, and to an ice-skating dancer it would have been career ending. We are told her immediate return to the sport came on the basis that she didn't know how badly she was injured while screaming in the hallway. Am I to believe that? Had this been an actual knee capping assault, she would have required surgery and hours of physical therapy, but no.

The decision came after tense jockeying between the U.S. Olympic Committee and Harding on whether she could compete in the Olympics. In order to add Kerrigan but keep Harding, they had to bump Michelle Kwan from the roster. Well, we all know who wasn't involved in this little operation.



Once again, Kerrigan arrived at the 1994 Winter Olympics in an ice-skating dress. Yes, I am well aware that I am stating the obvious. But do you see the obvious? The full length of her legs is exposed, and we are

shown no wound. I have tried looking at both legs from various angles, front and back. Not even a hint of bruising. Remember when a police baton smashed down in the whereabouts of her knee and we saw no evidence for it? You were busy getting all medical on me, explaining how her oxygen-rich blood had yet to pool underneath the skin surrounding her bruise, thereby refusing to produce the slightest hint of a slap. But we are never shown an injury at all in the fifty days in-between. Kind of awkward, don't you think? Just *show me* a wound. Within one or two days of the attack, the hemoglobin in the blood would transform her wound into a bluish-purple or even blackish bruise. After ten days, it would turn greenish yellow. The Media was jumping out from behind trees to capture Harding with a cigarette and then opening up every trashcan in Portland, it seems. How were they not all over Harding's bruise then?



I offer you two more photos from various angles. Where is the bruise? It can't possibly be a lighting issue. Do me a favor and commit to an image search for police brutality and baton strikes. You will find gashing wounds and blood all over the place. Blackened skin, broken bones, and stitches. You would think the media would be all over that, but *no*. Nothing of the sort can be found with Kerrigan.



There is her backside. *Both* sides. And now it cannot be claimed I was holding out on you. The only funny business is her lack of bruising. As if to slap the lack of injury in our face, Kerrigan shared the ice at an Olympic practice session with Harding for the first time since the January 6 attack wearing the exact same white outfit that she had been assaulted in. Are they showing us the *obvious* and then asking us to deny it? Sounds like about a thousand other hoaxes that I've come to know.



I said this earlier, and I'll say it again, in 1994 the Harding-Kerrigan psyop made for good television. Psychodrama maybe, but edge of your seat material, all the same. Nearly everyone in the free world was tuning in. The ladies' single skating event is the moment when Tonya Harding stopped her entire performance to shed tears of sorrow before the seat of her judges, begging for a re-skate. The judges granted her one. And I have to give it to her. It was a very *convincing* performance. Bravo. Harding

finished in eighth place—her last dance. Actually, Kerrigan clutched the gold during the short program, but lost the free skate to **Oksana Baiul** in a close and controversial 5-4 decision. Clearly, they were playing this drama out from all angles. CBS Television portrayed it as some sort of Cold War East *meets* West battle on ice, singling out German judge **Jan Hoffman** for biased judging against America’s underdog. Leave it to the Olympics to confront tension and settle the fate of the world every two to four years, as if that’s not suspicious.



Despite being taken out of the competition only one month earlier, Kerrigan skated what she considered to be the best two performances of her life in both the short program and free skate. Not bad for a *live* psyop. It goes with the career, I suppose. Some people work amazingly well under the heat of the spotlight—particularly ice skaters. She received the silver medal, finishing second to Ukrainian Baiul, with Chinese **Chen Ly** falling in third.

Normally, you would think the sports movie would end here. The underdog won. Roll end credits. It is the 1994 Olympics however which marked a distinctive shift in the way Kerrigan’s personality was portrayed in the News. Turns out, the Media *is* the master manipulator, not Jan

Hoffman. The moment came when Kerrigan had waited over 20 minutes for Lu to touch up the make-up which she'd cried off during the competition, and CBS decided to air the silver medalist saying: "Oh, come on. So, she's going to get out here and cry again. What's the difference?" *Oh dear.* Somebody flipped the script. Honestly, I didn't see that one coming, even in hindsight. The truth *apparently* is that the delay was due to Olympic officials scouring their tape collection for the Ukrainian national anthem, which is also strange for a \$300 million dollar production, but what does that matter? A missing tape is not what Kerrigan was either whispered or scripted to say. The point here is that the Media *chose* to air the comment, and that's no lie. Thus, began the spiral of Nancy Kerrigan.



Sure, Kerrigan is an underdog story. But it's *also* the cautionary tale of an American idol incapable of meeting the expectations thrust upon her. Remember those multi-million-dollar endorsements? They were quickly dropped. Kerrigan's spiral continued after she elected not to attend the closing ceremonies at the Olympics, which happens all the time. Initially, her agent claimed this was because Norwegian security had advised her to leave due to death threats, which was later denied. How her agent could have remained ignorant to the fact that she flew to Disney World is anybody's best guess. Unlike Harding's hillbilly crew, Kerrigan's agent was one of the leading marketing agents in the world. Not arrogant.

While at the Magic Kingdom, the official narrative will tell you time and again, verbatim, that Kerrigan was once again caught on microphone telling Mickey Mouse: “This is dumb. I hate it. This is the corniest thing I have ever done.” The serial microphone rambler strikes again. They aired it too. *Ridiculous*. I used to be a wedding photographer. That’s like me saying I caught a bride or one of her bridesmaids slipping off one garment for another and then broadcasting the nip shot for her friends. I wouldn’t do that because I was paid to make them look good. Celebrities talk trash all the time and it is the Media’s job to protect them. Especially their Corporate sponsors. It happened at all places on the parade route.

Kerrigan later claimed her remark was aimed at her agent and the silver medal she was wearing rather than Disney or the parade itself. *Wait*, why was she angry at her agent again? Something about being *dumb* and *corny*. A woman scorned, I guess. Kind of sounds like it has something to do with wearing an Olympic medal in a Disney World parade if you ask me. There are only so many ways that you can spin a line like that. Here Kerrigan added: “Who could find fault with Mickey Mouse? He’s the greatest mouse I’ve ever known.” Her first quote was by far less corny, but even Kerrigan’s gotta’ eat. If Mickey Mouse offered a comment, we are not told.

Before concluding my latest homework assignment, I decided to do a little digging on the agent whom Kerrigan slung so much mud at. His name was **Jerry Solomon** and as it turns out, she married him the following year. I *checked*. Solomon is a **Jojo**. And knowing is half the battle. **[EDIT:** I received a fan letter from somebody who read this paper and then complained at my apparent conclusion, that the only evidence of an Intel psyop provided is my ‘Jew’s running the Media comment’. Did she skip the entire thing and read the last paragraph? Seems like it. Oh well. Hopefully, you scoured more than a page. For clarification, while that is true, more than likely she married her handler.]

Why did the world turn on Kerrigan? The answer to that is a simple one. Because the Media flips the switch on the recording button, informing our reality. Perhaps it is true that the players involved really were seeking attention and thought it might turn out in their favor. I couldn’t say either way. But one thing remains certain. The world turned on Kerrigan because the Media told them to.

