



The Ice Man Cometh: Vanilla Ice Was a Hoax

by Noel Joshua Hadley

“Theirs goes, ‘Ding, ding, ding, dingy ding-ding.’ Ours goes, ‘Ding, ding, ding, *ding* dingy ding-ding.’ It’s not the same.”

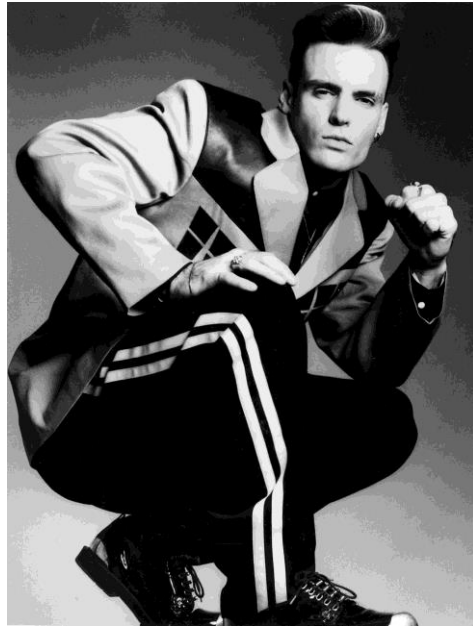
—Vanilla Ice

Girl, you know it's....

Girl, you know it's....

Girl, you know it's....

—Milli Vanilli



JUST as we become aware of a shooting star only when, after inhabiting the ethereal realm for an untold lifetime, it blazes briefly and at the blink of an eye through the nighttime sky, beautifying our lives outside as well as within, so it was with the hip hop poet **Robert Matthew Van Winkle**. Only the world intimately knew him as **Vanilla Ice**. He came and he went through a revolving door wearing a sparkly American flag jacket, but not without reshaping the musical landscape in nearly every Nineties boombox, and sometimes even in our parents 4-disc rotating CD player. It can truly be said that I never owned a copy, but come on, *To the Extreme* sold over six million copies in as little as 14 weeks. *Stop, collaborate, and listen*. Why the hate, yo...?

Also, Van Winkle was an actor, as the Vanilla Ice story was an obvious Intel script from the very get-go. The fabricated narrative was always intended as an American one, for starters. His mostly female audience were expected to drop a beat for the excesses of capitalism and greed, as well as an industry brimming with *fake* musicians who sell their soul as

well as their chatterbox for dolls, cereal boxes, and Saturday morning cartoons. I have yet to meet a woman who has confessed to owning a dress-up Ice doll, but they arrived in many varieties, and indeed they did sell. He straight up told us his purpose in his hastily written ‘autobiography’:

“Robby Van Winkle and Vanilla Ice are the American dream come true.” —Vanilla Ice, *Ice by Ice*

So far as my knowledge goes, I am the first to make the claim, that the rise and fall of the Ice Man was an Intel movie, which is surprising. No, it is quite shocking. How is it that people still think the man from Miami (or was it Dallas) was in any way legitimate? Have you taken the time to watch his interviews lately now that you’re woke and also a grown-up? Serious question. I *suggest* you do. Every single interview over a stunningly short six-to-nine-month period plays the same. Van Winkle looks and talks like an agent. Well, maybe he doesn’t walk or bust a move like an agent. *Respect*. Or as Ice put it: “My main thing is music; it’s what I do.” Clearly, the white boy had talent.

The fact remains however that every single interview he’s in is drenched with a certain sense of self-preservation. Perhaps even overcompensation. I’m guessing it has little to do with white guilt and everything with not wanting to be found out. I’d probably *act* the same if I were pressed to convince every teenager in America, the UK, eastern Europe, and Japan that I dressed in leather chaps this one time and moseyed into a Miami gay bar like I owned the place, which never happened, just so we’re clear. We are told however that Ice pulled the equivalent at an all-black club in Dallas, winning over the crowd immediately, but even that was a backstory set-up. Were any other black people outside of Deshay and his production Crew impressed? The equivalent would be like me telling *Good Morning America* that I won over a crowded gay bar, who in turn became my all-gay back-up dancers, when in fact everyone present were actors on assignment from Langley.

Yo, VIP, let’s kick it!

[Ding, ding, ding, *ding* dingy ding-ding.]

Ice Ice Baby.



Robert Matthew Van Winkle was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 31, 1967.^[7] Van Winkle has never known his biological father; he was given the family name of the man his mother was married to at the time of his birth.^[8] When Van Winkle was four, his mother divorced.

The Wikipedia claims he was born in Dallas, Texas without making any mention of discrepancy, when in fact the *'Ice by Ice'* autobiography insists that he entered the world in a Miami suburb. Well, which is it? The confusion was intentional. A driving point to the narrative is that Intel creates backstories for their actors all the time. With Vanilla Ice though they wanted you to see the sleight of hand for yourself, and even the Media was in on the act. What everyone *does* seem to agree upon is that he was born on **Halloween** in 1967 and that a biological father was never identified. Van Winkle derives from the family name of the man whom his mother was married to at the time of his birth, though their relationship only lasted a few years. After completing my **Marilyn Monroe** paper, I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if Robby was American royalty and bred for a specific purpose. We are not told who the father is because it once again plays into the intended psyop.

Vanilla Ice was born Robert Matthew Van Winkle on October 31, 1967 in South Dallas, Texas. He was raised by his mother, Camilla Beth (Dickerson). His father left when he was four years old and since then, he has had many stepfathers. He has German and English ancestry on his mother's side.

IMDb can't even get the details of his father right. They have his father leaving when he was four years old, making him a biological Van Winkle after all. How is it that no two biographers seem to agree? His mother **Camilla Beth** is claimed to have German and English ancestry and is identified as a **Dickerson**. Dickerson is actually of Scottish origin, but whatever. Van Winkle is a Dutch name originating from the lowlands of Germany, which is about as white as they come.

Is the Vanilla Ice psyop a play on **Washington Irving**'s *Rip Van Winkle*? Irving was a **Freemason**, in case you were wondering, and once again, his short story dangles the ongoing agenda like a noose. We are told of a sleepy village in the Catskills, pre-Revolution, which transforms from unanimously supporting King George III to voting for an American President, and in as little as 20 years, telling us how quickly they can flip the script on a whim. It would take a man falling asleep for two decades, in this case, Van Winkle, to prove himself immune to their psyop. Look it up for yourself. The very phrase *Rip Van Winkle* insinuates "a person who is oblivious to changes, especially in social attitudes or thought." Is that the character whom Robby was playing?

Afterward, he grew up moving between Dallas and **Miami**,^[9] where his new stepfather worked at a car dealership.¹

We are then told of the many stepfathers who came and went during his upbringing. Back at The Wikipedia though, his most important contributor appears to be the stepfather who flew Van Winkle back and forth between Dallas and Miami—over the matter of a car dealership. Still some three decades later and we are not given any names to work with. None that I can find. You'd think somebody would figure them out by now, but no. We are apparently never expected to, making the story of a fabrication a fabrication within another fabrication, as intended.

And *no*, I am not making any of this up. Look how journalist **Jeff Weiss** put it at *The Ringer*.

The story of Vanilla Ice has long been shrouded in a fog of shoddy reporting, breathless tall tales, and harmless self-deception. A white rap *Rashomon*, if the bandit battled Bebo and Rocksteady. Everyone's narrative is slightly askew, which adds to the charm. You would just print the legend if you could figure out exactly what it is.

The Media gets it. The intended psyop, that is. FYI, Weiss is a **Yiddish** name. It's not simply the actor *behind* Vanilla Ice which is shrouded in a fog. The Ice narrative is set up in such a way as to be slightly skewed for everyone involved. Because our entire world, as presented to us in the News, is an illusion. Will the *real* Vanilla Ice please stand up? Speaking of which, you will have to try your darndest not to roll your eyes when I inform you that Vanilla Ice was discovered on **Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard**. I'm not the one making this stuff up. The people lifting the stage curtains are. And so, here is what we are told. *Returning* to The Wikipedia again.

In 1985, he was focusing all of his energy on motocross, winning three championships.^[16] After breaking his ankle during a race, Ice was not interested in racing professionally for some time, using his spare time to perfect his dance moves and creating his own while his ankle was healing. Ice used his beatboxing and breakdancing skills as a street performer with his friends at local malls during this time.^[17] One evening he visited City Lights, a South Dallas nightclub, where he was dared to go on stage by his friend Squirrel during an open-mic. He won the crowd over and was asked by City Lights manager John Bush if he wanted to perform regularly, which he accepted. Ice would be joined on stage with his disc jockey D-Shay and Zero as well as Earthquake, the local disc jockey at City Lights. The Vanilla Ice Posse or *The V.I.P.* would also perform with Ice on stage.^[11] As a performer for City Lights, Ice opened up for N.W.A, Public Enemy, The D.O.C., Tone Lōc, 2 Live Crew, Paula Abdul, Sinbad and MC Hammer.^[18]

Amazing how Wiki is still going with the three-time champion motocross story when every Media outlet in 1990 was incapable of tracking his wins for Honda down, but whatever. Let's just go with it. The leap of logic here is that breaking his ankle somehow led to perfecting his beatboxing and breakdancing skills. Making them his own, you know. All the while his ankle was still healing. *Ama-za-zing*. I suppose if my arm were in a sling, I'd spend my spare hours attempting to break into professional baseball or perhaps the world of underground arm wrestling. Sounds legit. Maybe join a local bowling league while I'm at it.

We are then told that somebody only identified to us as **Squirrel** dared Vanilla to visit an all-black club in the south-side of Dallas and then to go on stage during open-mic. The Ice Man never backs down from a challenge and loses. This was one of those instances.

About the same time, in 1990, Kevin Costner directed and starred in a movie called *Dances With Wolves*, which told the story of a white guy who attempts to become a Native American so as to preserve the people from obscurity, essentially becoming their savior, but then is persecuted by the Establishment for doing so. *Same* story. Rather than getting beat down by the back-alley world of Eighties hip hoppers simply for showing face, Vanilla was not only praised by the all-black crowd, but then guys like **Dshay**, **Zero**, and **Earthquake** literally stopped everything in order to turn the rap world over to a white guy, and work for him. Simply on the basis that black girls could shake their booty and he could hold his own, apparently. *Word to your mother.*

Even the club City Lights sounds suspicious. According to Jeff Weiss again, *here* is what we read.

The property had already weathered several boom-and-bust cycles. Originally a segregated postwar movie palace christened the Forest Theater, it was alternately transformed into a jazz cellar, a recording studio, and the stage for legendary seances by B.B. King, Wilson Pickett, and Prince. By the end of Reagan's second term, a local entrepreneur named Tommy Quon had resurrected it as the hip-hop epicenter of North Texas. From Thursday night until the break of dawn Sunday morning, the dance floor rumbled with a thousand rowdy but chic revelers. They freaked and hit pop locks, the Roger Rabbit, and the wop. The walls shook from Whodini, LL Cool J, Too Short, N.W.A, and the DFW's own Fila Fresh Crew. Late at night, when you could feel the bass deep in your sternum, the spot would erupt to the seismic shake of Nemesis's regional anthem "[Oak Cliff.](#)"

To recap, City Lights was at one time a jazz cellar and, alternatively, a recording studio, which had been transformed even earlier from a movie theater. Its Regan-era reincarnation was the project of a certain **Tommy Quon**. *Mm-hmm*, an Asian entrepreneur with dreams of resurrecting City Lights into "the hip-hop epicenter of North Texas," as if that's not suspicious. Quon is a Chinese name. Tommy Quon though...? That

doesn't even sound legit. I had to look this up, but 'pop locks' refers to a girl with the capability of popping her butt out real hard when dancing. Weiss apparently has far more street creds than I do. Also, the Roger Rabbit refers to a developing heroin addictive habit rather than the Robert Zemeckis movie. I read somewhere that Squirrel is directly responsible for getting Ice wasted on a concoction called the Runny Nose, whatever that is. Though it is true that I have never grown up in the hard knock streets of Dallas, Texas, City Lights is beginning to sound more and more like a CIA front by the minute.

Jumping over to a February 3, 1991, article in *The New York Times*, and we read:

Vanilla Ice did emerge from a black scene: his manager, Tommy Quon, discovered him working the crowds at the now-defunct City Lights. Earthquake, Vanilla Ice's deejay and co-writer, was the club's house disk jockey, and its doormen, Big E. and Chilly, are now his bodyguards. Ice's background dancers, all black, were recruited from City Lights. Hence, his touring company re-creates the club scene from which he blossomed.

So, let me get this straight. Tommy Quon opens up the so-called hip-hop epicenter in North Texas, sponsoring the likes of **LL Cool J** and **N.W.A.**, and then dumps everything, soon as the first white boy busts a rhyme during open mic. Not only that, but its deejay, its bouncers, and its entire dancing crew run off with the same person, and the Van Winkle sensation is being sold to us as somehow organic...? *Right*. Already by 1991, City Lights was defunct, reminding us once again that Intel needed a storefront window to give their Vanilla Ice Project a backstory and make it look legitimate.



IT is incredibly difficult finding professional pictures of Vanilla's righthand man, DJ Deshay, but I managed to track one down. That is Deshay, alright. Dressed as a fairy on *The Price Is Right*. Still picking up acting gigs from time to time, I take it. I also managed to find an interview where not even Deshay can get Vanilla's origins story straight. Nobody can. According to Deshay, Vanilla didn't ask nicely if he could play one of his tapes. After Vanilla attempted to reach across the turntable and play his cassette by force, Deshay shoved him away, and Vanilla... *wait for it...* pulled the *Karate Kid* pose. That's not the Vanilla Ice that I know. I'm pretty sure only suburban white kids pull a Daniel LaRusso, and usually during a game of dodge ball, but what do I know? Perhaps it is a southside pastime. Anywho, after Deshay threatened to kick his ass, we then read:

Vanilla's manager sensed the apparent chemistry between the two hotheads and suggested that they both work together. Why did Deshay agree to do it? Well, money.

Wait, Tommy Quon was *already* Vanilla's manager before he stepped up to the open mic? Say it ain't so. I thought Van Winkle was discovered at City Lights only after Squirrel dared him to go on stage and then Tommy Quon took him on as a client. But that's not how Deshay recalls Vanilla's origins at all. From there, his off-kilter recollections continue.

"What the world don't know," says Deshay, "is it's like we created Frankenstein. Vanilla Ice was not a rapper. A guy named Chocolate wrote the lyrics, and me and Earthquake did the beats. We put [Vanilla Ice] together. My little brother Jake taught him how to dance back in 1988."

Vanilla Ice is Frankenstein's monster and Deshay had a part in creating him. Hold on. Let me get this straight. When showing up to open mic night, Ice was not a rapper. *Check*. A guy named Chocolate wrote the lyrics to his songs. *Check*. Deshay and Earthquake did the beats. *Check*. Not only did Deshay, Chocolate, and Earthquake put Ice together, his "little brother Jake taught him how to dance back in 1988." So much for hurting his ankle in motocross and the breakdancing montage to follow. Or that other story where his skills landed him in a group of shopping mall break-dancers at the age of 13, Ice, when he earned himself the nickname Vanilla by the other black dancers. No wonder why Deshay can only find a job as the fairy queen on *The Price Is Right*. Getting back to The Wikipedia, we are given another origins story entirely.

In January 1987, Ice was stabbed five times during a scuffle outside of City Lights. After spending ten days at the hospital, Ice signed a contract with the owner of City Lights, Tommy Quon and his management company, Ultrax.^{[19][20]} Two years later, Ice would open for EPMD, Ice-T, Stetsasonic, and Sir Mix-A-Lot on the Stop the Violence Tour.^{[21][22]} Quon saw commercial potential in Ice's rapping and dancing skills.^{[9][23]} Buying studio time with Quon's earnings from City Lights, they recorded songs that had been perfected on stage by Ice

Ice was stabbed five times during a scuffle outside of City Lights. I can only assume this was the world-famous butt stabbing incident. But then notice when it happened, in January of 1987, an entire year before Deshay's younger brother taught him how to dance. Makes sense now that I think about it. Try that Daniel LaRusso move out in southside Dallas and you're liable to get knifed in the ass. For whatever reason that is never explained to us, Ice signed a contract with Quon only after spending ten days at the hospital. Nothing that I'm reading adds up. Tell me, does it add up for you? Every article that I read about Vanilla Ice only seems to add to my confusion. Consider an October 17, 1990, article in *The New York Times*, which has Vanilla Ice being stabbed on five separate occasions, not just one.

"I got stabbed five times," he said. "The last time I lost half the blood in my body. When I woke up I felt like God had given me a second chance. That was four years ago. Since then, I've prayed every single day at least twice."

When stating that he was stabbed five times, he was insinuating that the stabbings happened on five *separate* occasions. You have to keep reading. He says, "The last time I lost half the blood in my body." See what I

mean? The *last time*. Was he stabbed four consecutive times in the butt and then, on the fifth stab, he lost half the blood in his body? No, that's not how his statement reads. He even accredits his second chance at life to God, but if you keep on reading so many pages, you will see *who* that God is. Yes, you probably guessed it already. Same God as we find on the funny money. This is the very *Times* article which has Ice breaking both of his ankles, by the way. Read it for yourself.

"I broke my left ankle three times," he recalled. "The last time I broke both ankles and was told there was an 80 percent chance I would never walk again. I went from wheelchair to crutches doing a lot of physical therapy and had two rounds of surgery. Now my ankles work perfectly, and I can dance better than ever. Though I wanted to many times, I decided not to get back on a motorcycle."

So, let me get this straight. After breaking his left ankle on two separate occasions, he then broke both ankles at the same instance. He was furthermore given a 20 percent chance of ever walking again. But after a spiel in a wheelchair and then crutches and physical therapy and two rounds of surgery and God, the Ice Man was capable of dancing better than every black person in Texas. The miracles of Science truly are astounding.

"I went there with a friend to hear the music and dance, and without telling me the friend entered me in a contest," he said.

"Other bands had set up with a lot of equipment, but I went up with just a microphone and busted a rhyme off my head and won.

Afterwards I found out that people from Warner Brothers, Motown and MCA Records were there. I signed a contract with my manager the very next day."

That's the problem with improv actors. So many discrepancies. Not even Vanilla can get his own story straight. That same *Times* article has Ice getting signed by Quon the day after the open mic competition. Getting stabbed five times in the butt or for the fifth time in the butt, depending

on who's telling the butt story, and then spending ten days in the hospital before signing never even comes into it. Also, this is the first I've heard of Warner Brothers, Motown, and MCA Records listening in to the rhyming session. Why is there such an emphasis on Def Jam?



On the basis of Ice's good looks and dance moves, [Public Enemy](#) tried to convince their producer, Hank Shocklee, to sign Ice to [Def Jam](#),^[31] but Ice later signed a contract with SBK Records in 1990. SBK remixed and re-recorded *Hooked* under the title *To the Extreme*. The reissue contained new artwork and music.^[32] According to Ice, SBK paid him to adopt a more commercial, conventional appearance. This led Ice to later regret his business agreements with SBK.^[33]

You see, we are even told that **Public Enemy** wanted to sign Ice to Def Jam. Why is that little nugget even in his bio—to explain his artificial relationship with **Flavor Flav** on the Arsenio Hall show? Spooks all swim in the same circles, you know. One might begin to think that nearly everyone wanted a part to play in the Vanilla Ice psyop, but more than likely, Plantation Masters pulled in the leash from those who were already pimping out their own people for success. Def Jam was a prestigious label for any aspiring rapper, so what stopped Ice? He signed up with SBK Records, and who has ever heard of that company? I sure haven't. It says right here that SBK paid him to adopt a certain image other than his own, which is just another clever way of saying Van Winkle was an actor *playing* a part.



Nice record label logo, you got there, SBK. **Eye of Horus**, *check*. **Sigil of Baphomet**, *check*. Talk about getting a second chance from God. Well, there it is. There's lots of gods. Entire pantheons of them. That's why it's important to name your God. Nearly every Christian I've spoken with doesn't even know the name of their God; our heavenly Father; and even if they do, they will usually refuse to pronounce it, and isn't that a shame? No, his name is not 'The Lord'. Seems like a name is important, especially when praying to God is involved. Identification is key.

Stephen Swid, Martin Bandier and Charles Koppelman formed **SBK Entertainment** in 1989 after they purchased the music publishing division of **CBS Records**, CBS Songs, in 1986 for \$125 million.^[1] CBS Songs was subsequently renamed to SBK Songs. The name is an **acronym** incorporating the first letter of the founders' surnames.

I decided to do a little extra homework, and wouldn't you know it, came to find that **Charles Koppelman**, **Martin Bandier**, and **Stephen Swid** formed SBK Entertainment in 1989 after purchasing the music publishing division of CBS Records in 1986 for \$125 million. I *checked*. They're all **Joos**. They're the ones who paid Ice to adopt his sculpted image in case you were wondering. And knowing is half the battle. Another SBK Record executive was **Monte Lipman**, *also a Joo*. Lipman is the one who stated that he received calls from radio stations reporting a flood of requests after DJ **David Morales** flipped 'Play That Funky Music' over in favor of its B-Side, 'Ice Ice Baby.' And so, because SBK wanted Ice on the

road as soon as possible, he landed a gig playing opening act to Arsenio Hall's homeboy, **MC Hammer**. *Yo, VIP, Let's kick it.*



Have you even watched the music video to 'Ice Ice Baby' since 1991? I was reviewing it recently in preparation for this paper. I will link it [here](#), but don't tell me I didn't warn you. Vanilla is rapping about his meticulous rhyming skills, but also his weekend in Miami at the age of 16, when he and Deshay got into a gunfight with crackheads. That would place us in the whereabouts of 1983, if you're trying to keep track of Vanilla's timeline. In Van Winkle's masterful prose, we hear:

“... Gunshots ranged out like a bell
I grabbed my nine, all I heard were shells
Fallin' on the concrete real fast
Jumped in my car, slammed on the gas.”

Right. Meanwhile, the music video claims to show real life footage of the hood, making sure to pull a close-up on a black woman's face, supposedly for street cred. We see a white person's hand, obviously not Van Winkle's,

spraying the phrase *Ice Baby* onto a brick wall, as if to claim territory for him. The worst part of the video however is the thin neon light emanating from Ice’s body. Is it mystic ice? No, it is only a blue screen. What a shame. They couldn’t even bother sending agent Ice into the hood for the added street cred. If only they had included footage of that butt stabbing incident. I am told the Eighties was a spectacular decade for security cameras. You figure Tommy Quon is the sort of entrepreneur and businessman to have included one in front of City Lights, to identify the bad seeds for the buttons, but no. The girls would have been all over that one. So many lost opportunities.



Robert Van Winkle, better known by his stage name Vanilla Ice, wrote "Ice Ice Baby" in 1983 at the age of 16, basing its lyrics upon his experiences in [South Florida](#).^[7] The lyrics describe a shooting and Van Winkle's rhyming skills.^[8] The chorus of "Ice Ice Baby" originates from the signature chant of the national African American fraternity Alpha Phi Alpha.^{[9][10]} Of the song's lyrics, Van Winkle stated in a 2001 interview that "If you released 'Ice Ice Baby' today, it would fit in today's lyrical respect among peers, you know what I'm sayin'? [...] My lyrics aren't, 'Pump it up, go! Go!' At least I'm sayin' somethin'."^[11]

The Wiki has an article on '*Ice Ice Baby*,' and it is far more telling than I anticipated. Blink and you'll miss it. They actually accredit Van Winkle to having written the song in 1983 at the age of 16, which isn't remotely possible, seeing as how Deshay is featured in the narrative and the two didn't meet at the earliest until 1987. That's not what I wanted you to see though. The Media speaks out of both ends of their mouth, and the 1983 claim is just the intended hoax within the hoax. Look *closer*. **Alpha Phi Alpha** is the *wink-wink* moment. It says: the chorus originates from "the signature chant of the national African American fraternity Alpha Phi Alpha." *Wink-wink*. Remember, it is Deshay and Earthquake who

supposedly dropped the beats, not Ice. Both Deshay and Earthquake however aren't the sharpest tools in the shed, and Alpha Phi Alpha isn't any ordinary African American fraternity. No, it is the first African American fraternity. What I'm saying is, not even Deshay or Earthquake are likely responsible for that song. Somebody else is. That is, unless they are Alpha Phi Alpha. We've just been given a calling card.



Alpha Phi Alpha was officially founded at Cornell University on December 4, 1906. Its founders are known as the Seven Jewel Brothers. I will give you their names, as well as their credentials. I *checked*. **Robert Harold Ogle** and **George Biddle Kelley** were **Freemasons**. Actually, Ogle was a National Officer for the **Benevolent Protective Order of the Elks**. Kelley may have even been a busier bee, being **33rd degree** and all. **Jewel Tandy**'s father was the **Grand Master** of **several lodges** in Lexington, Kentucky, informing us of Tandy's connections. **Henry Callis**' father, the Reverend Henry Jesse Callis, was a member of the **Odds Fellows**. **Henry Chapman** is not listed as a Mason, but that is a small oversight when in fact he is responsible for securing the Masonic Hall where they met, telling us all we need to know about his affiliations. **Eugene Knuckle Jones** is not listed as being a Mason either, but he apparently knew their rituals. **Nathanael Murray** is the only oddball of

the bunch, seeing as how the only circumstantial evidence is his association to the other six Jewel brothers.

And then there are the names rising from the ranks of Alpha Phi Alpha. See if you recognize any of them. **Martin Luther King Jr.**, **John Mack**, **Rev. Joseph E. Lowery**, **Rev. C.T. Vivian**, and **Dick Gregory** were all **Civil Rights** leaders, and that was an obvious Intel operation. **NAACP** founder **W.E.B. Du Bois** was also a member. But then so were musicians **Duke Ellington** and **Lionel Richie**. **Jesse Owens** was a member. **Justice** **Thurgood Marshall**, **United Nations Ambassador** **Andrew Young**, and **Academy Award winning** director **Barry Jenkins** were all members, and that's just some of what Wiki offered me, on the house.



And you'll never guess who *else* is a fraternity brother. Are you ready for it? **James Shaw Jr.** What, you don't recognize the name? Come on, man. James Shaw Jr. wrestled the gun away from **Travis Jeffrey Reinking** during the **Nashville Waffle House shooting**. So glad A-Phi-A was there to stop it. The date of the incident was **April** 22, 2018. *Mm-hmm*, blood and guts month. It's like I've always said, if you want to partner with the Media and pull off a psychodramatic episode which hopes to double as a Satanic ceremony *via* performance witchcraft, be sure to schedule a date in April.



BY November 14, 1990, *'Ice Ice Baby'* had dropped to number 2 on the Billboard Hot 100, making way for **Mariah Carey**'s premiere single, *'Love Takes Time.'* Perfect segue for a scandal. That very day, record producer **Frank Farian** announced that he had fired **Robert Pilatus** and **Fabrice Morvan** from the band which he had just two years earlier formed, **Milli Vanilli**. In a November 16 article for *The Los Angeles Times* titled, *'It's True: Milli Vanilli Didn't Sing,'* freelance reporter **Chuck Philips** quoted Rob Pilatus in a phone interview, in which the Mille Vanilli singer admitted that neither he nor partner Fab Morvan had sung a single note on the duo's multimillion-selling 1988 album, "Girl You Know It's True." In other News, Pilatus added, they had sold their soul to the devil.

What has any of this got to do with Vanilla Ice—you ask me. *Everything.* It has everything to do with Vanilla Ice. Look, I get accused of changing the subject often, and that may be true, but this isn't one of those times. Mille Vanilli is considered to be the greatest hoax in musical history. *Ridiculous.* That's what I was told however during a recent reconnaissance mission in the Matrix. Once again, I have yet to see anybody else put it together. That Mille Vanilli was set up to be outed as fraudsters from the very being. And see, that's the thing about these *exposure* psyops. We are being trained to *think* that any true conspiracy would be exposed by freelancers in the Media. *Wrong.* The Milli Vanilli hoax is interconnected

with the Vanilla Ice Project in that both unraveling narratives were always intended to be so. *Girl, you know it's true.*



You will tell me the Media didn't expose anything and that Milli Vanilli had already exposed themselves on stage, when 'Girl You Know It's True' jammed and began skipping repeatedly. Well, here is what The Wikipedia has to say on that event.

[Beth McCarthy-Miller](#), then an executive with [MTV](#), says the duo's English language skills, when they came in for their first interview with the channel, stirred doubts among those present as to whether they had sung on their records.^[18] The first public sign that the group was [lip-syncing](#) came on 21 July 1989, during a live performance on MTV at the [Lake Compounce](#) theme park in [Bristol, Connecticut](#). As they performed, a hard drive issue caused the recording of the song "Girl You Know It's True" to jam and skip, repeatedly playing the partial line "Girl, you know it's..." through the speakers. "I knew right then and there, it was the beginning of the end for Milli Vanilli," recalled Pilatus of the incident. "When my voice got stuck in the computer, and it just kept repeating and repeating, I panicked. I didn't know what to do. I just ran off the stage."^[9] [Downtown](#)

Did you check the date on that? It happened on **July 21, 1989**. The expose from *The Times* wouldn't land on the shelves for another **16 months**. *Sure*, there were people who suspected foul play, but the revealing came as a shock to their fanbase. We are constantly shown the Connecticut footage

as their coming out of the closet *outing* event, and it wasn't. **Beth McCarthy-Miller** was an executive with MTV and some years later, the director of NBC's Saturday Night Live for eleven years. She mentioned as having prior knowledge to the scandal, among others at MTV, due to the duo's thick European accents and limited command of the English language. Particularly in their first interview. Why didn't they say anything? If I recall, wasn't **Kurt Loder** the anchorman for MTV News in 1989? You'd think somebody at MTV would be interested in checking out the CD player to see what Milli Vanilli was playing in Connecticut, but no. After Pilatus ran off stage in a panic, pay attention to what happens *next*.



repeating and repeating, I panicked. I didn't know what to do. I just ran off the stage."^[9] **Downtown Julie Brown** ran after Pilatus and convinced him to finish the set. "With a bit of pushing and screaming, and a couple of F-words I think as well, I got them back out there," Brown explained on VH1's *Behind the Music*. Despite the mishap, the concert audience seemed neither to care, nor even to notice, and the concert continued as if nothing unusual had happened.^[19]

Downtown Julie Brown was an MTV VJ and the host of Club MTV, which was currently sponsoring the Milli Vanilli performance. It says she ran after Pilatus and convinced him to finish the set. Clearly, MTV wasn't in the least bit concerned about exposing anything. But then it also says the concert audience seemed neither to care, nor even to notice, and that

the Milli Vanilli episode of Club MTV continued as if nothing unusual had happened.



On **February 21, 1990**, Milli Vanilli won the **Grammy** for **Best New Artist**. Sound familiar? Vanilla Ice won the very trophy at the American Music Awards one year later. Reality check, the MTV Connecticut concert had happened **7 months earlier**, and nobody said anything. On November 20, 1990, the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences revoked their award. To date, it's the only time that's ever happened. Are we expected to believe the NARAS hadn't posed an investigation into their best new artist prospects beforehand.

1990		<p>Milli Vanilli none^{[6][11]}</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Neneh Cherry • Indigo Girls • Tone Lōc • Soul II Soul
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They're even crossed out on the Grammy's Wikipedia page. ~~Milli Vanilli~~. Look, nobody won. Also, they include a picture of NARAS President **Mike Greene** posing with Morvan and Pilatus at the Grammy Awards rehearsal. Yes, you read that right. At the rehearsal. I *checked*. No other

Grammy winner includes a pose with the prez. Certainly not a Grammy Awards rehearsal picture. What do you think they're trying to convey with something like that? What a joke. As Gandalf would say, "A wizard is never late, Frodo Baggins. Nor is he early. He arrives precisely when he means to." Everything that happened and specifically *when* it happened was intended as so.



The whole thing was perfectly set up by Frank Farian, a man whom we're told was a longtime swindler. Pilatus told Chuck Philips at the *LA Times*: "The last two years of our lives have been a total nightmare. We've had to lie to everybody. We are true singers, but that maniac Frank Farian would never allow us to express ourselves." According to Fab's version of events, he and Pilatus signed the contract without reading the fine print. Farian was only hiring them to form a fictional band and lip sync, but they were slow at picking up on that fact. That much I *can* buy. My only disagreement with the official narrative is their insistence that the Milli Vanilli hoax was a one-off event.

If we're to believe Pilatus and Farian, then their two years of lip synching for a crowded room of screaming girls was a living purgatory on their souls. That too is believable. A contract is a hell of a thing, you know. That is the lesson we are *intended* to learn. Be careful what you wish for.

Sign your soul over to Satan for a slice of the pie and then, one day, Satan comes calling. Intel was simply letting us know the standard admission for spooks everywhere. Being *in the know* implies keeping your mouth shut about it all.



Just look at these three clowns. **Buzz Aldrin**, **Neil Armstrong**, and **Michael Collins**. Sitting down for the reporters. Go ahead, I dare you. Tell me they're excited to have landed on the moon and then returned to tell us all about it. Keeping one's mouth shut can be a gripe, but those pesky contracts keep getting in the way.



The Real Milli Vanilli was a pop music group that consisted of some of the original singers from Milli Vanilli, Brad Howell and John Davis, as well as new singers Gina Mohammed and Ray Horton and several "special guests," including Tammy T, Icy Bro and B-Sho'-Rockin'.

The slap in our face was the group which followed, **The Real Milli Vanilli**. Singers **Brad Howell** and **John Davis** were in on the lie, having sung all the tracks for Pilatus and Farian on the first album, and apparently had no shame in that fact. More than likely, they too were contracted and had no choice but to roll out with the evolving psyop and smile about it. In reality, how many people do you think were in on it? The deception, that is. Think about all the sound tech guys at those shows they did, and I haven't even begun to touch upon the initiated.



Speaking of which, did they seriously have the tenacity to call The Real Milli Vanilli album 'The Moment of Truth'? You've got to be kidding me. The only moment of truth here is an Orwellian one, because that's not the only reality check that I'm detecting. Do you see what I see? Tell me, *oh please*, tell me that isn't a **Masonic apron** as well as its compass they're using for the group emblem. I've heard legendary stories about balls of steel before, but they couldn't possibly be that bold, right? I said ... *right?*



It is. The Freemasons decided to leave behind their calling card with this one. I should have known. Agent Frank Farian was simply playing the role of a swindler and a hustler. It was all part of the psyop. Looks like he did quite well for himself too. Afterwards, Farian developed similar Eurodance groups La Bouche and Le Click and nobody seemed to bat an eye. La Bouche was even signed on with RCA.

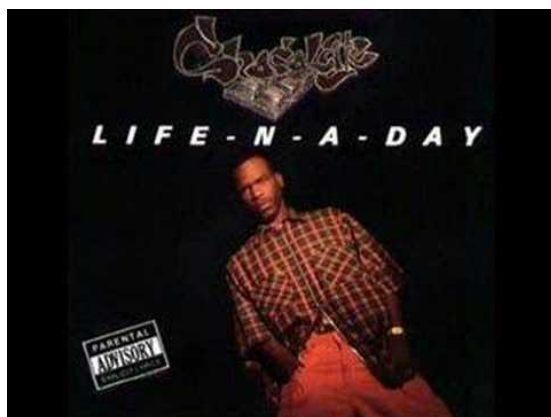


If that's not enough psychodrama for you, there's more. Believe me, you can pack a lot of psyop into this bad boy. On April 3, 1998, on the eve of a promotional tour for a new Milli Vanilli reunion album, *Back and in Attack*, Pilatus was found dead in his Friedrichsdorf hotel room, near

Frankfurt. We are told it was a drug overdose, a favorite retirement tactic. Pilatus was 33 years old, but that's probably just a coincidence. Also, the album, which was said to feature both Pilatus and Morvan on lead vocals, was never released.



In 2021, John Davis, the *real* singer of Milli Vanilli, dies of **Coronavirus**. He was 66 years old.



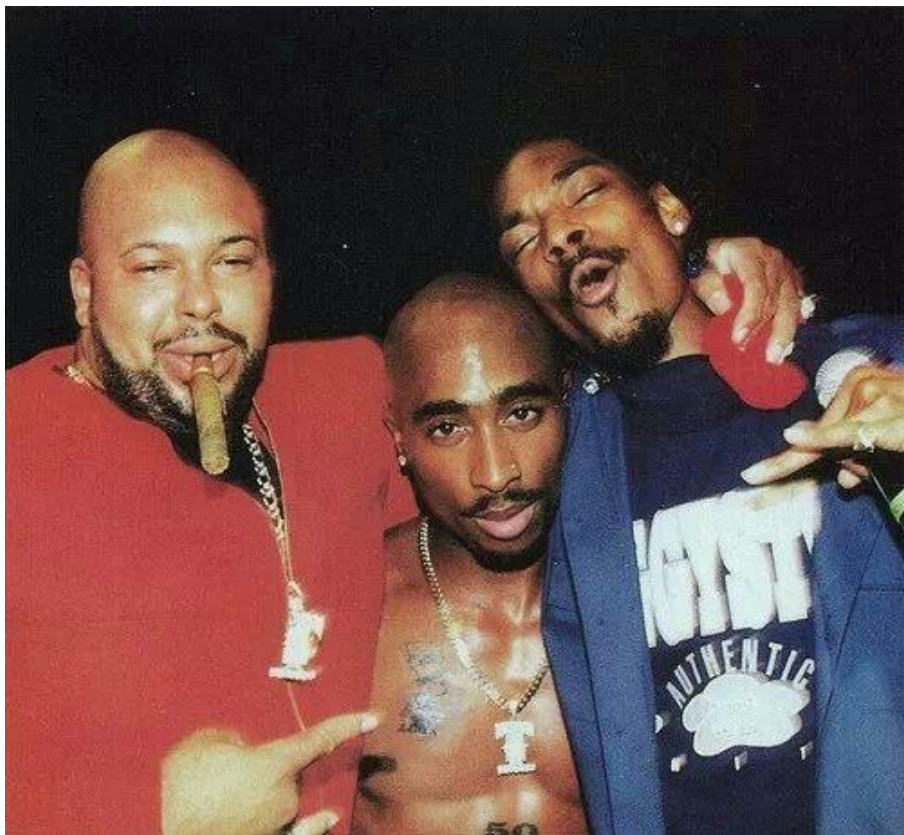
GETTING back to the Ice Man. Another theme for today is the Media's penchant for speaking out from both sides of their mouth. Pull back the onion layers and the lyrical writer of *'Ice Ice Baby'*, we are told, is somebody by the name of **Mario Johnson**, aka **Chocolate**. Once again, here is what Deshay has to say about it.

Then there were questions about who actually wrote the lyrics. Turns out it was Brown's former collaborator, Mario "Chocolate" Johnson. "I remembered that every time I would do the music, Ice would leave and come back with some lyrics," Brown says. "Now I've never actually seen Ice write lyrics ... The lyrics sounded familiar, but I couldn't pinpoint who it was."

According to Deshay, Vanilla would show up with lyrics intended to complement Deshay and Earthquake's samples, playing them off as though he had written them. In turn, Ice would claim that he too was responsible for Deshay's beats. Notice what Deshay claims. "Now, I've never actually seen Ice write lyrics." *Obviously*. We have established by this point that Vanilla Ice was at bare minimal a Corporate creation. They taught him how to dance. They told him what to sing. They bought his wardrobe. And then they had an assortment of ghostwriters penning books, probably even Magazine and Newspaper interviews for him.

But then notice *how* he involves Chocolate's contributions. He doesn't. What he actually manages to say is: "The lyrics sounded familiar, but I couldn't pinpoint who it was." He didn't have a clue where Vanilla was pulling his lyrics from, telling us that, like any good Intel psyop, the Vanilla Ice Project was a compartmentalized affair. Do understand, I don't have the faintest clue who wrote those lyrics. Perhaps Chocolate is responsible.

I don't know. Strange though, Deshay was included in the 'Ice Ice Baby' storyline and yet he and the supposed writer were already estranged. The only reason Deshay can now claim Chocolate wrote those lyrics is because somebody along the way whispered into his year, insinuating that he did.



Chocolate is the reason why Vanilla Ice signed over \$4 Million in royalties to **Suge Knight** in order to help fund Death Row Records, but did he really? You will likely recall that the balcony dangling story, by which Ice agreed to hand over the dough, originates with an interview Ice gave to ABC News. What better way to establish his street cred—in Beverly Hills of all places? During the interview Ice insisted that Chocolate never had anything to do with the song. Well, here is how Chocolate put it:

MARIO JOHNSON: The album was actually released on Ichiban Records in 1989. I couldn't get in contact with [Vanilla Ice] but the record wasn't doing anything at the time. When the video hit BET, the record took off.

If you're following, Chocolate claims to write the lyrics to 'Ice Ice Baby' for Vanilla, but then afterwards, isn't able to get in contact with Vanilla. Such a shame, when in fact everybody else who worked at City Lights, including its DJ, bouncers, dancers, as well as its owner, made up Vanilla's Crew. How did Chocolate lose contact with his fellow operatives? And when exactly did getting paid for his own song cross his mind—at any point during the writing process or only after he caught an airing on BET? So nice of Suge, giving a hootenanny about a City Lights nobody.

Here is Wikipedia's account of the balcony dangling incident.

Following the success of "Ice Ice Baby", record producer [Suge Knight](#) and two bodyguards arrived at [The Palm](#) in [West Hollywood](#), where Ice was eating. After shoving Ice's bodyguards aside, Knight and his own bodyguards sat down in front of Ice, staring at him before finally asking "How you doin'?"^[29] Similar incidents were repeated on several occasions. Eventually, Knight showed up at Ice's hotel suite on the fifteenth floor of the [Bel Age Hotel](#), accompanied by a member of the [Los Angeles Raiders](#) football team.^[29] According to Ice, Knight took him out on the balcony by himself, and implied that he would throw him off the balcony unless he signed the publishing rights to the song over to Knight; Knight used Ice's money to help fund [Death Row Records](#).^{[22][30]}

I'm leaving it up to you to read it. You may need a magnifying glass. Well, I have read it and already I see a glaring inconsistency. The Wiki claims only one other person accompanied Suge Knight to Vanilla's fifteenth floor suite, and that he was a member of the Los Angeles Raiders football team. We are not given Mr. NFL's name but take a mental note of him being *one* person anyhow. Here is how the Suge story went down, according to Ice's original interview with ABC News.

“The first time I met Suge Knight was at the restaurant in LA called, Palm. Palm Restaurant... and *uh*, I was sitting there eating a nice meal and all of a sudden, these huge guys who looked like a football team showed up. You know, it was very intimidating see these guys who were bigger than my bodyguards you know and a bunch of them. They pretty much grabbed my bodyguard and pulled him out and sat down there right next to me, ‘How you doing?’ I had my bodyguards who had guns and they had their people which had guns and they had us outpoured and outnumbered.”

Ice then insisted that Suge's boys just kept showing up wherever he went. It was at the Beverly Hill's Bel Age Hotel suite later that night that Suge entered the room unannounced and uninvited, with **six big guys**

accompanying him. See what I mean? Vanilla claimed six big guys instead of one. If you don't believe me then seek out his original interview for yourself. He said six big guys accompanied Suge into the room. That's quite the difference, wouldn't you say? Was Vanilla drunk and counting fifteen fingers on one hand instead of five? Seems like nobody could get their story straight. How was Suge capable of entering Vanilla's suite, anyways? We are never told. But who really cares at this point? *Continuing.*

“[They] Roughed one of my bodyguards up, they roughed everybody else in my entourage up. Suge took me out on the balcony and started talking to me personally.”

Suge wanted to show Ice just how high they were. 15 floors up. Everybody gets that part right. Ice was then given the impression that he had reached the fork in the road. Either cough up the cash and sign the paperwork or take a trip over the balcony. Again, in his words:

“I needed to wear a diaper that day. I was very scared.... I signed them and I walked away alive.”

Before the balcony incident though, Chocolate tells it like this:

MARIO JOHNSON: I remember bein' at Vanilla Ice's attorney's office. I found out his album had two million pre-orders before it was [released] so I knew we had a big record...Suge didn't know how to handle a big potential lawsuit like that — a record of six, seven million, at the low end. When we started the lawsuit, the record was still climbing like hotcakes so we needed somebody to consult with us, instead of just tryin' to do it ourselves.

Hold on. I thought Chocolate wasn't able to get in contact with Vanilla. But here we find him at Vanilla's attorney's office. Looks like he didn't have very much trouble tracking the scent of money after all. Isn't that usually where a lawsuit goes down? *It is.* It is the client's lawyer who shells out the big bucks, not his client. But then he claims Suge didn't know how to handle a big potential lawsuit like that. *Bummer.* Best to dangle Robbie Van Winkle from a balcony then. Notice what else he says though.

“I found out his album had **two million pre-orders before it was released**, so I knew we had a big record.”

My point exactly. I've said this time and again. Spooks will buy every copy off a shelf just as assuredly as they'll write the reviews, insuring success.

We know the CIA has spent untold millions upon purchasing their own commissioned paintings at auctions just to make Americans *think* crappy art is a precious resource. They've confessed to it. By the by, they do the same thing with books and movies and music and who knows what else. Probably the poster-stands in every Nineties shopping mall. Gotta promote their products. I wouldn't be in the least bit surprised if Intel fronted the cash for those first two million copies just to entice white suburban teenage girls to venture beyond *New Kids On the Block* for their next shopping mall outing. It's cyclical, you know. The money goes right back to its funders but with interest. Kind of like the \$4 million handed over to Suge.



In late 1990, Ice began an eight-month relationship with [Madonna](#), and appeared in photographs for her book, [Sex](#).

AND *now* we come to it. The Ice Man's eight-month relationship with **Madonna**. Tommy Quon must be quite the booking agent, ensuring his client several pages in her *Sex* book. Madonna probably heard about his encounter with Suge Knight and needed a real man in her life. Otherwise, how in the world does something like that happen? Ice and the Material Girl. It doesn't. Well, it did. But only because Madonna was looking for movie parts and Intel decided to send her agent their latest script. In 1990,

she played the part of the whore in Disney's *Dick Tracy*, already being well researched in the subject, obviously. IMDb lists another role for Madonna in a 1991 **Woody Allen** movie called *Shadows and Fog*. Spoiler, she plays herself in that one too. *Shadows and Fog* also stars **Mia Farrow**, among other spooks. Farrow had been married to **Frank Sinatra** decades earlier. Specifically, she played her part in the **Roman Polanski** Manson murder hoax before the Sixties were over. But let's not get distracted. I checked to see if the Vanilla Ice Project was listed in Madonna's acting resume, and it wasn't. Not that I've ever claimed IMDb is perfect.



Here is how America's sweethearts reportedly met.

How They Met: According to Mr. Ice himself, Madonna "came after" him at one of his shows in N.Y.C. in the early '90s. "She's aggressive. She wanted *me*," he said on an episode of the *Dan Patrick Show*. "She was much older, so I was like 'Whoa, what's going on with this?' She came into the dressing room right after the show. She grabbed me and we were having cocktails that night." (Note: Ice's mention of his and Madonna's slight age difference is a press tour favorite of his.)

So, at a concert then. Turns out I was totally wrong about the Suge Knight encounter being the cause of hot and heavy. Madonna simply heard a white rapper had come to town and couldn't keep her dirty paws off of him. The article is from InStyle Magazine, and so, knowing what we do of the narrative, their added note is telling. "Ice's mention of his and Madonna's *slight* age difference is a press tour favorite of his." Madonna was born on August 16, 1958, making her nine years older and **33** at the time of their meeting. That is just a side note to the fact that Ice dangled his relationship with Madonna for the Press like a furniture piece. It was set up to give his own career that added boost.

From what I can find, the claim that Madonna met Ice at one of his shows did not originate from Van Winkle's mouth until two decades later and some change. Apparently, like we have seen with the Suge story, he forgets the finer details immediately after they happen but then crystalizes each memory with stunning clarity as the passing years roll on. Here is how the Press originally dramatized their meeting.

★ **Madonna** also thought **Vanilla Ice** was cool. The material girl met the **Vanilla** rapper while he was filming the **movie** *Cool as Ice*. **Madonna** and **Ice** started going out together. She even convinced him to appear naked in her photo book *Sex*. "It kind of cheeses me out, makes me look like I'm like all the other people in there, a bunch of freaks," **Vanilla Ice** observed about the experience. "I'm no freak."



The **Madonna-Vanilla Ice** thing went on for about eight months. **Ice** claimed that **Madonna** was jealous and called him up at all hours to ask "Are you in bed with another girl?" "I'm f***ing sleeping!" screamed **Vanilla Ice**, "All alone!"

Quite a change of scenery, wouldn't you say? Every older source that I can find has Ice and Madonna meeting on the set of his movie, *Cool as Ice*. How come no two sources can get their stories straight? Vanilla Ice was the one doing the interviews, not Madonna. Is it because Vanilla Ice was on drugs? The Roger Rabbit, I think it was. That must be it. Crack addictions are a gripe, or is it heroin? Where would the News even get that little tidbit about their meeting on a **movie set** of all places, anyways? From the horses' mouth is where.

Even here, Vanilla Ice is the one painting the broad strokes of their relationship. Madonna was apparently the jealous stalker, calling him up at all hours into the night, wanting to know if another girl was in his bed. *Right.* Vanilla Ice told a UK reporter in 1990 (acting like his usual agent self) that he had no time for girls, being so busy making records and touring and all that. Contrarily, I'm sure Madonna had nothing going on, with all those movies and music videos and that sex book of hers. Probably had nothing else to do but obsess over the Ice Man all night.



THERE they are. The City Lights Crew. *Minus* Chocolate, of course. Chocolate missed out on all the fun. Except for that one time when he hung out in the lawyer's office with Suge. Good times. The date is January 28, 1991, and that is Tommy Quon, alright. Finally, the mystery man. One of the only pictures I can locate of him online. If you're having difficulty fingering the Asian, he is wedged between the Ice Man and Earthquake. Vanilla is accepting his first of two trophies for the night at the **33rd-annual** American Music Awards. He is quite possibly speaking those iconic words into the microphone, which were bleeped out on the west coast: "To the people that try to hold me down, kiss my white butt." Very poetic, Vanilla—as usual. Thank you for speaking into our lives. Come again.

It was on the following night that Vanilla sat down with **Arsenio Hall**. That's how I ended up writing this paper, you know. Revisiting my tenure in the fourth grade, when Ice was the talk of the tether ball court, was never my intention. But *here* we are having this conversation. The way this

happens is that one Intel hoax leads to another, as you well know by now. I was finishing up with the Tanya Harding—Nancy Kerrigan psychodrama and decided to comb through Nineties nostalgia when I stumbled upon the interview which Ice gave with **Arsenio Hall**. I was completely flabbergasted. That interview is considered to be the souring point in his career, when the milk carton went bad, and it was so *obviously* scripted.

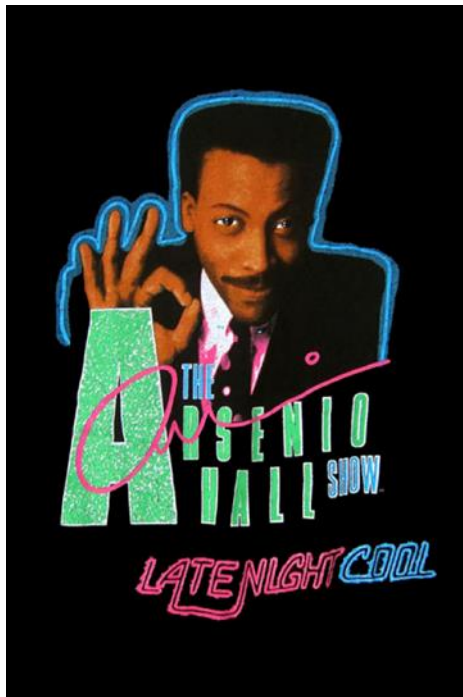


Do me a favor and watch *this* episode and then tell me if you think this wasn't staged. It involves ~~an actor~~ somebody standing in the back of the audience protesting the lack of gays on Arsenio's show. Arsenio literally stops his stand-up routine to speak with the heckler, who just so happens to speak up at the *perfect* Segway. Arsenio quips:

“You think—you think I haven't had somebody on this show because they're gay? What's wrong with you, man!? I'm black!” [Arsenio takes his glasses off for effect]. “I'm black, man!” [Arsenio pauses for audience applause]. “I'm black, man! I'm the biggest minority that you know about!

I don't want to hear that dang trash, man! I've got gay friends that I've had on this show! Because you don't know them, or they aren't who you want on this show, you got a problem with it, if you want to book it, get yourself a show! Now sit down! Sit down, so I can do this show! You've had your say and I've had mine!"

The entire incident plays off like an episode of **Donahue**. Which is to say, it's totally staged. His studio audience responds appropriately at all the right moments. Their applause begins and then ends and then begins again, as if beckoned by a cue. There is nothing uncomfortable about the situation at all. Nobody in the audience appears in the least bit concerned with the intruder. Their smiles give it away. Are you not entertained? Arsenio Hall was of course taped at **Stage 29** at **Paramount Studios** in Los Angeles, but the Hollywood sales tactic was to convince you that everything going down on the stage was somehow legitimate.



Why is Arsenio Hall slipping us the **666**? I mean, most celebrities roll out the eye of Horus or sign of success in random photoshoots, but on the

poster...? Seems a bit excessive if you ask me. And desperate. A black man's gots' to eat, I suppose. As a 10-year-old in 1991, I never would have looked at nor thought twice about something like that. But now we find ourselves in the third decade of what they tell us is the 21st century, and you'd have to be vaccinated and subscribed to Big Pharma meds to not see his hand in front of his face. Get it? His hand in front of his face. Truth in plain sight. Even our Controllers supply us with jokes, and this is one of those occasions.



As I was saying, if I had to define a turning point in Ice's rise and fall from the starry realm, then the Arsenio interview appears to be it. Sure, the Media had already outed Vanilla Ice as suburbanite Robby Van Winkle by then. But on the night after winning two awards for best new artist in town, it is Arsenio who was chosen to put the mismatched puzzle pieces together and expose him as a fraud. Spooks of course swim in the same circle and Arsenio was good friends with the very person who Vanilla had toured with only months earlier, **MC Hammer**. That too plays into the narrative.

Their interview couldn't have started out any less awkward. Ice *begins* their meeting by unexpectedly calling upon **Flava Flave**, who just so happened to be hanging around backstage. Absolutely no time was wasted before Flava Flave was capable of stepping out for the cameras and embracing Ice with a hug. *Scripted*. But we'll get to that in a moment.

After excusing Flava Flave from the stage, a clearly annoyed Arsenio then brings up his *kiss my white butt* statement on the night prior. Ice responds,

to which Arsenio again asks: “So, this is a white rapper being suppressed sort of revenge.” From this point forward, the gloves come off. But also, the intended agenda, which is rehearsed in practically every Ice interview that I can find, is finally driven home.

Ice tells Arsenio:

“I’m bringing rap music to an audience that’s never heard it before.... I’m bringing it in front of people that never considered listening to rap music. And now they’re considering it, and it’s bringing rap music up. Rap music is here to stay.”

To which, at the flip of the *same* coin, Arsenio responds:

“I know a lot of black rappers are probably angry because some of the white people screaming didn’t buy rap until you did it—until they saw a vanilla face on the cover of an album.”

Check and *check*. Outlining the intended aims behind the Vanilla Ice psyop only continues going forward. Arsenio suggests the obvious, that Ice brought Flava Flave out to prove he had a black supporter apart from his City Lights Crew. *Check*. Never mind the same flow of logic, which would deduce that Flava Flave was hustled into the deed by his white Controllers. *Check*. And then there are Vanilla’s previous snipes at MC Hammer to the Press.

“I’ve never said anything bad about M.C. Hammer,” Ice insists.

“That’s not true,” Arsenio interrupts: “I have an audiotape!”

To this effect, Ice admits that their rivalry sold records. *Check*.

About the national motocross championships, of which the press can find no evidence? “I won three national championships,” Ice insists. If you’ve been paying attention, the Motocross National Championship was another Van Winkle invention. Like everything else that is invented in our day-to-day perception of reality. The difference here is that Intel was telling us they do it all the time. *Check, check, and again I say, check.*

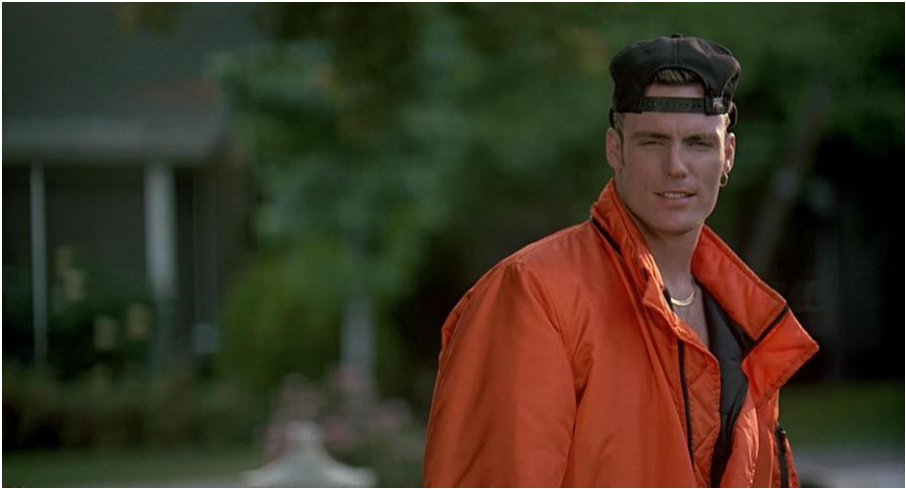
The lesson to be learned, boys and girls, once again derives from Vanilla who, after already being exposed by the Media (that he had indeed derived from an affluent suburban upbringing, despite being sold otherwise), quips to Arsenio: “It doesn’t matter. **It ain’t where you’re from. It’s where you’re at.** Bottom line: **don’t believe the hype.**” Did you get that? Read it again and again, if need be. *Where he is at* is an invention. *His very origins* are an invention. Also, don’t believe anything you’re told. They’re all lies. How very Orwellian of him.



WHAT is certain is that open season on Vanilla Ice had finally begun. It was the February 10, 1991, episode of *In Living Color* that laid it out there on the laundry line. Some would say it was **Jim Carrey**'s finest moment on the show. Just look at the lyrics.

I'm a little teapot short and stout
(Come on Vanilla Ice, break it out!)
I told the world I was stabbed in the butt
But it was a toilet paper cut

We are being told a truth. A *partial* truth. But still a truth, none the less. At the risk of sounding like a broken record, these things need repeated. Vanilla Ice was an invention. A Corporate invention as well an Intel psyop. But that is only the partial truth, when in fact the entire Media narrative is a movie script.



IF you dare to sit here and tell me ‘*Cool As Ice*’ was a box office bomb, earning only \$1.2 million from a \$6 million budget, thereby proving that the Vanilla Ice narrative was never intended to take a turn for the worst, then you are wrong. Intel will shell out money to convince us good art is bad art, and they could have just as easily dumped money into ticket sales on this joyride to amp up the product, but no. The rise and fall of Vanilla Ice was planned all along.

Initial development for the film began after record executives at SBK learned about Ice Cube's involvement in *Boyz n the Hood* and wanted to create a film project for Vanilla Ice to capitalize on the success of his debut album.^[1] Filming began in April 1991.^[2] The role of Kathy was offered to Gwyneth Paltrow. Her father Bruce Paltrow forbade her from accepting it, because he thought it could hurt her career.^[3]

There are nuggets to be found on nearly every Wikipedia article. You just have to know what to look for. It is Wiki's ‘*Cool As Ice*’ article where we come to learn that the Vanilla Ice movie was intended to compete with the Ice Cube movie from the very get-go. How adorable. Getting back to what I was saying, ‘*Cool As Ice*’ was put out by Universal, and filming didn't even begin until April of 1991. The timing of its production would prove a problem for any movie studio. Vanilla Ice had not only become a laughingstock by then, but the Media had already gone out of their way to prove him a Corporate creation. By April of 1991, Vanilla Ice was done for. Why would Universal ever greenlight a doomed project?

The only person who apparently wasn't *in the know* was poor little **Gwyneth Paltrow**. We are told she desperately wanted a part in the

movie. I'm sure there were still many little girls who wanted to lip-lock with the leading man in a Vanilla Ice movie, so why tell us about Gwyneth? Perhaps there is meaning to be found in Gwyneth's father, who refused her a part on the basis that it would hurt her career. *Wink-wink*. FYI, **Bruce Paltrow** was a Brooklyn born **Joo**. You figure he and the people at SBK had a talk at one time or another. To divert the impending disaster, Paltrow had Gwyneth cast in **Steven Spielberg**'s 1991 vehicle 'Hook'. If only Van Winkle had won the role of Rufio. So many lost opportunities.



I LEAVE you with what is debatably Vanilla Ice's greatest lasting imprint on the American culture. His stint in the *second* Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles movie. A role wherein he played himself and which he had been amping up since the peak of his career. This is the movie where **Corey Feldman** did not return to voice Donatello after pleading no contest to a drug possession charge in December 1990. *Uh-huh*, New Line Cinema ditched Feldman and cast a dude who rapped a song about a drug run gone wrong in Miami instead. Makes sense.

The film was released on March 22, 1991, bookending Ice's short run. So, at what point do you suppose filming began? 'Ice Ice Baby' didn't even go number 1 until November 3, 1990, four months earlier. Can you even get a \$25-million-dollar movie made in that short time? Between Ninja Turtles and Madonna, Tommy Quon was one rocking agent.

The song featured prominently within the feature film, as Ice makes an appearance as himself, and begins to freestyle a ninja rap song when the turtles end up fighting Tokka and Rahzar within the club where he was performing. In terms of the plot, this song was to trick the audience into believing the fight was a harmless "show" and thus not to panic.

For the movie's soundtrack, Vanilla Ice simply changed the "Go white boy" chant, a formula which had originated among his Crew in City Lights, to "Go ninja." Obviously, we are watching a true poet at work. The Wikipedia delivers yet another nugget when reminding us that Ice played himself but then adds: "In terms of the plot, the song was **to trick the audience into believing** the fight was a harmless "show" and thus not to panic." Hence, the Vanilla Ice Project in a half-shell. *Turtle power.*

Perhaps as a child I would have been dazzled by the Ice Man busting his moves in a turtle movie had my introduction to Jim Carrey just one month earlier not been his imitation of him.

