



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.”

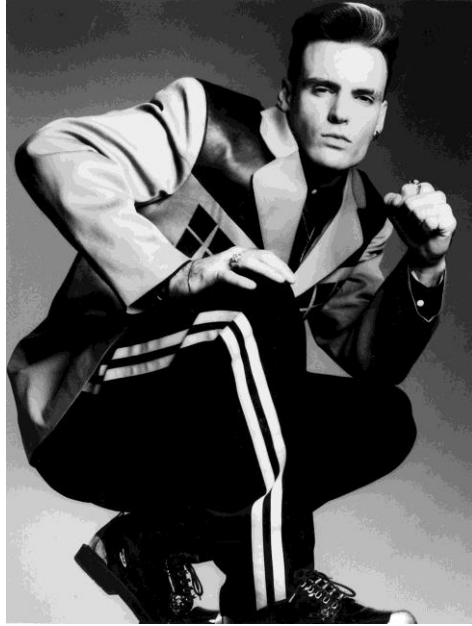
—Vanilla Ice

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