



## Vanilla Ice & me

by Rosie McCobb

OhmiGod, this show, was like, the closest I've evah came to havin' a religious experience in my life! Let's see—I got frisked at the door by this fat bitch cop woman, but she was too stupid to know that I had a tape recorder hidden in my makeup bag, so, can ya believe it? As soon as I got to my seat in the *tenth row* (I coulda like, died, it was so close to the front!) I got it out to tape the concert!

Everyone was so excited to see Ice (these four wicked cute guys, from like Medford or something, in front of me were like, trying out these fresh dance moves to the music over the PA!) but we had to wait for like an hour until this guy came out to say my baby

(Ice) would be out in a few minutes. Well, finally this like, smoke stuff started comin' out all over the stage, the lights went out and these awesome lasers started flashing all over the place—then Ice suddenly came up on stage on this like, elevator thing! He had on my favourite outfit—that American flag suit with the MC Hammer pants. He looked so cute, and since he didn't have a shirt on, you could see his chest too! (Very sexy!)

The music started, and it was a little bit loud cuz, like, when it was going boombaddaboom I couldn't even breathe, but even though I felt like I wuz gonna almost puke or something, I didn't care cause Ice started singing "I Can't Get No Satisfaction." It was so awesom cuz like, everyone was like, dancing and waving their arms and screaming! I had my new patent leather fly-girl shoes on, so I moved out into the aisle to make sure everyone saw them,

but this fat, smelly guy kept tellin' me to go back to my seat. I wuz just like, step off, okay? But anyway, the VIP (Vanilla Ice Posse) came out and danced with Ice, and Ice said something like "Let's show everyone that white people can do it!" and did this thing where he wuz like, in a push-up position, but with his crotch to the floor—and it looked like he was like, you know, doin' it with the stage or something! He also kept touching his ass and front, I just wanted to like, run up on stage and kiss him! Then, OhmiGod, he was standing up on this platform and threw his towel down into the crowd right near me! I tried to get it (of course!) but this ugly, preppy bitch in front of me got it! He even did that again, like ten times, but he never aimed the towel my way again.

Anyways, Ice did a lot of talking about stuff (he said something like: "Have you ever been shook down by a woman," but I didn't really get it so I was just yelling for him to shut up and sing the whole time!), then had a moment of silence for the war people, but finally, the VIP came back out, with these two slutty girl dancers and did my favourite songs "Stop That Train" and my wicked wicked favourite, "Ice Ice Baby." During that song, like the whole place was just like, goin' sick and dancin' (the cute guys in front of me looked like they should be on The Party Machine!), but as soon as it ended I had to leave cuz' it was already past 9 o'clock and my Mom had said to be home at nine. So of course, I wuz late, and she bitched at me and I got grounded, but Vanilla Ice is so hot, it was definitely worth it. [Orpheum show review by *Roxy Maccobbotano*]

I feel like a failure. The second I found out that I had a real excuse to try to interview Vanilla Ice I, of course, blabbed to everyone and their mother. I was going to ask Vanilla Ice such in-depth questions, I was going to be the definitive put-Vanilla Ice-in-his-place press person. There was no way on God's green earth that Ice would be able to weasel away from my questions. Yes, they'd be calling me with congratulations galore...

So, I called "Ice's" (that's what they call him in the biz) press agent, Elaine Shock, and asked to set up an interview. I was promptly told by an unfriendly Brit that Ice wasn't doing any interviews. "What about when he's in Boston?" I asked. The woman sighed, and told me to call back in March. In the meantime I had put in a request at SBK Records for a certified "Vanilla Ice Press Kit," which I hoped would include a copy of *To The Extreme*, since there was no way in high heaven that I was going to purchase the thing. Three days later, I received a two-page bio and one (one!) glossy photo. I put the bio in the trash (nothing new) and gave the photo to a friend who signed Ice's name to the bottom and convinced more than one sucker that it was Ice's autograph.

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March 1, 1991: "So is Vanilla Ice going to be giving any interviews in Boston?" This time, a much more congenial Brit gave me a negative, but said (lucky me!) they'd be able to set me up with tickets to "Ice's show." Okay. But when I learned that the concert would be taped for cable, I cringed at the thought of kuds all over creation pointing me out as the only person in the 10th row not dancing.

But On the morning of the event of the century, I got a message saying there was going to be a press conference before the show, and Ice himself would actually be there! So I left school early, got a photographer pal to come along, and schlepped over to the Lafayette Hotel in the rain.

Dressed in jeans, very scuffy shoes and a t-shirt, I showed up at the hotel, feeling a little, shall we say, underdressed. But after meeting Elaine Shock at the door (who not only gave me a peculiar look, but also eerily resembled Spinal Tap's press agent Bobby Fleckman—sans the Brooklyn accent) and going into "the room," I fit right in with the local, Boston-area pre-teen homeboys and girls who were going to present speeches to Vanilla Ice. I had luckily made it right on time, as Ice was supposed to show up at 5:30.

I took a seat up front, got out my tape recorder and my penetratingly intellectual questions, and waited. Until 6:45, at which point there was still no Ice. The kids were getting restless, complaining about the stuffy room, and the adults were threatening to leave if he didn't show up soon. Not fitting into either category, I left the building to get my brother, who was coming in alone from the suburbs to join me at the concert.

We ran back (through the rain) to the hotel, and, of course Ice was now in the room and had started his speech. We tried

to be as inconspicuous as possible (HA) and took our seats. I did tape the speech, as well as try to ask my token question ("Who were your idols when you were eight years old?" knowing he couldn't cite anyone rap-oriented, since I was eight when Ice was, and the Sugar Hill Gang and Grandmaster Flash certainly weren't on any eight-year-old's top ten list of 1978). But not being rude enough, I missed out on asking my question to a bad-perm-headed, middle-aged woman, who asked: "So Ice, how do you get your hair to stay up like that?" Ice laughed, but of course was too stupid to even come up with lame one liner, and left the podium. I ne-

got to ask him anything. I know you're all dyin' to know what Ice said in his speech, but unfortunately, all I can say is that it must've been one of the toughest struggles in his life (besides growing up on the streets) to memorize the same speech that he gives at every public forum he appears at. Even my grandmother could probably tell you what Ice said, because it was certainly nothing anyone's never heard a million times before (although his dark sunglasses and freshly shaven chest, I mean face, added to the effect). There was one tense moment, though, when a South Boston junior high student asked Ice why his dancing had to be so sexual, and Ice stuttered, defensively replying (in a Brooklyn—or is that Miami—accent) "You never seen Vanilla Ice live then, just ask the girls... ask the girls."

Yes folks, he is stupider than you ever dreamed, and is a spokesperson for the youth of this country. Being disillusioned by the whole thing, my brother and I called up one of our inner-city Italian cousins and gave the concert tickets to her. She was thrilled beyond belief, spasmodically yelling "word to your mother" as she bolted towards the Orpheum.

When my brother arrived back home, he relayed the message from our cousin to my mother, and she laughed, knowing exactly what it meant. ♦