

[October 5, 2015]

October 3<sup>rd</sup> marked the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary when The Trial of the Century came to a dramatic end as, after 4 hours of "deliberations", O.J. Simpson was found not guilty of butchering his former trophy wife, Nicole Brown, and Ronald Goldman, the poor schmo who was dropping off the glasses her mother had left at the restaurant where he worked. From the very beginning of this literal and figurative bloody mess, the media did what the media does best: pit White America against Black America. Meanwhile, Asian America, Hispanic America, and Native-American America had zero to no interest in the sorry goings-on. They must have thought the rest of us had lost our collective minds!

Simpson entered the national consciousness at the height of the Vietnam War when Muhammad Ali was stripped of the heavyweight title. White America was appalled by Ali's antics, especially as thousands of young men of every race were fighting and dying in Indochina. Simpson was as handsome as Ali. He was as articulate as Ali. He was as charismatic as Ali. He was as charming as Ali (when Ali felt like being charming). But he wasn't arrogant. He wasn't in-your-face. He wasn't agitating against the War. He wasn't simpatico with the Black Power movement. He was The Anti-Ali. And his story - at-risk youth who had turned his life around - made him even-more endearing to White America. If O.J. showed up to take your daughter out on a date, you'd not only have no qualms about him doing so, you'd be begging him to marry her!

So, allow me to play Devil's Advocate and try to see things from Simpson's perspective. He supported Nicole Brown financially every day of her adult life. Days after their first date, the still-married O.J. set Nicole up with an apartment and a car. He also supported his then-wife financially until she remarried, but that was different. Marguerite Whitley was his high school sweetheart. A religious and sober woman, he credited her in interviews with keeping him on the straight and narrow. She didn't push his buttons and she didn't take any of his shit: she told Barbara Walters if O.J. had ever raised a hand to her, "he would have got a frying pan upside his head".

During the last 6 weeks of their lives, Nicole and Goldman hit the gym (paid for by O.J.), had coffee and dinner together (paid for by O.J.), and tooled around in her Ferrari (paid for by O.J.). And Ronald wasn't the only Boy Toy in her Little Black Book (also paid for by O.J.). All the while, Nicole and Simpson were attempting to reconcile, which came to a screeching halt on June 11, 1994, when she barred him from a dinner to celebrate their daughter's school recital. Coupled with the "Dear John" message The Juice got that morning from his latest squeeze, model Paula Barbieri, and I understand how he was sent over the edge.

When the news broke that Former Trophy Wife and Poor Schmo had been found stabbed to death, I didn't have a real reaction. It was a horrible thing, but it has no impact on me. Then, all of a sudden, it just exploded. The Juice Was On The Loose, in the back seat of a Ford Bronco, supposedly with a gun to his head, supposedly on his way to Former Trophy Wife's grave to blow his brains out. I didn't buy the first part because Simpson struck me as someone who was way-too into himself to do something so melodramatic and so messy. And I didn't buy the second part because he was going north on I-405 when he should have been headed south. When I learned the police found \$8,000 in cash, clothes, a loaded 357 Magnum, a passport, family pictures, and a fake goatee and mustache in the Bronco, I congratulated myself on my powers of deduction.

The lead investigator wanted to take Simpson into custody quietly, but the higher-ups, persuaded by his attorneys, decided to let him turn himself in. If that is true, the retard who made that call should have been sacked, or, at the very least, forced to reimburse the taxpayers for the gazillions blown on the circus (or as NBC talking airhead Tom Brokaw yapped to ex-O.J. broadcast booth sidekick Bob Costas: "... a modern tragedy and drama of Shakespearean proportions") that ensued. The Los Angeles Police Department showed the world that it couldn't arrest a ham sandwich. The Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office showed the world that it couldn't indict a ham sandwich. And Los Angeles County Superior Court judge Lance Ito was about to show the world that he couldn't guide a jury of condiments to convict said ham sandwich.

Why Ito was assigned is beyond me. The conviction of Charles Keating, poster boy of the savings and loan scandal of the late 1980's, was overturned as Ito failed to instruct the jury to determine if Keating had intended to defraud his investors. When I watched a blurb on TV about Ito asking Harvard University law students if the trial ought to be televised, I thought: Here we go! There was NO reason why this freak show needed to be turned into a soap opera. But soap opera - and virtual ATM for virtually everyone involved - it became. A trial which should have taken 1 month, tops, dragged on for a mind-numbing 134 days. Then, as if to prove just what a dip shit he was, Ito allowed the sequestered jurors to go on weekend excursions, enjoy a private concert by pianist Roger Williams - at taxpayer expense - and have their families over as much as they wanted! He even allowed a juror to celebrate her wedding anniversary. Any guess as to what she and her hubby MAY have chatted about over the romantic dinner they enjoyed at taxpayer expense? "What a Mess!", Newsweek declared. A mess for everyone except race-hustler extraordinaire Johnnie Cochran.

Cochran was a former Los Angeles County Deputy District Attorney whose Cops-Are-Racist-Thugs shtick had made him filthy rich. When he wasn't playing Rope-a-Dope with the idiots District Attorney Gil Garcetti (whose idiot son is now the mayor of Los Angeles!) assigned to the case, he was smacking the weak-as-shit Ito around like the proverbial piñata. When his Hit-Men-Hired-by-Some-Unnamed-Colombian-Drug-Cartel-Killed-Trophy-Wife-and-Poor-

Schmo-Because-Her-Friend-Didn't-Pay-for-Her-Cocaine bit didn't fly, Jive Talkin' Johnnie whipped out the old Race Card: O.J. was framed by racist thug cops. Which was impossible, of course, yet none of the Rope-a-Dopes pointed that out in court, apparently assuming that the jurors possessed a few working brain cells. They assumed wrong. "Garbage in, garbage out" one juror, who deserves to remain nameless, dubbed the Rope-a-Dopes' case. When Lead Rope-a-Dope Marcia Clark threw LAPD detective Mark Fuhrman under the bus (Fuhrman worked with a writer on a script for which he "played" a racist cop, ergo, "proving" he was a racist), it was Game Over.

No, I take that back. It was Game Over when Simpson put on the gloves he wore when he went all Ninja on Trophy Wife and Poor Schmo for the benefit of the jury. The gloves were kept in a crumpled-up paper bag, which I found more than a bit disrespectful. But the real disrespect came as Simpson was handed the bag. In a stroke of pure genius, Cochran had him put on latex gloves first; I don't remember if any of the Rope-a-Dopes objected. Years later, Carl Douglas, a junior member of Simpson's army of attorneys the press dubbed The Dream Team, marveled at how Simpson, who was never accused of being Olivier, gave the performance of his life as he "struggled" to make the gloves "fit". I remember the callousness of it all. A person with a conscious would have hesitated; O.J. just jumped right in, leading to the moment Jive Talkin' Johnnie, in his closing, had been waiting for his entire life: "If it doesn't fit, you must acquit".

What has always baffled me about the black community is how they always back scumbags - Rodney King, Mike Tyson, Trayvon Martin, Simpson - only to get burned when said scumbag - sorry, "victim of injustice" - turns out to be - surprise! - a scumbag. That King got his ass kicked after he lead cops on a high-speed, cocaine-fueled chase didn't matter. That Tyson is a vicious sociopath didn't matter. That Martin was a punk who was beating the shit out of the man who shot him didn't matter. That Simpson stopped being black the moment he set foot onto the campus of lily-white USC didn't matter. Co-Lead Rope-a-Dope Christopher Darden was shunned by the parishioners at his church. Likewise, when Cochran's ex-wife wrote a book revealing that Jive Talkin' Johnnie was - surprise! - a scumbag who fathered a son by another woman, and smacked his better half around like the proverbial piñata, Mrs. Cochran got as much sympathy from the black community as Nicole Brown, the beauty pageant contestant Tyson raped, and the female cop King threw against a cop car got -- none.

Were Nicole black and O.J. white, I guarantee this freak show wouldn't have gotten half the coverage it did. Not only would Nicole have gotten the Mrs. Cochran treatment, she would have been branded an "uppity" You-Know-What for marrying outside her race. Whites wouldn't be racing to her defense, nor would blacks have circled the wagons around O.J. This wasn't about race; it was self-preservation masked as racism.

But, as they say, what comes around, goes around. Found guilty of armed robbery and kidnapping for his role in retrieving sports memorabilia from some low-lives - 13 years to the day after he was acquitted of butchering Trophy Wife and Poor Schmo - The Juice now rots at the Lovelock Correctional Center, a gazillion miles away from his former life. Jive Talkin' Johnnie wasn't there to bail out his stupid, sorry ass as he died in 2005 and is now doing his little dance in Hell with Rodney King and Trayvon Martin. Game Over!

POST SCRIPT: ESPN ran a 5-part documentary "*O.J.: Made in America*". While the filmmakers spent the last 4 parts blaming White America for everything under the sun, they could not escape the fact that the "hero" of their opus is, I'm going to say it again, a scumbag! Part 5 featured two jurors, both black women, who swear the verdict wasn't about "payback", but the "case" made by the Rope-a-Dopes. It then takes a gander at Simpson's post-acquittal life: doing coke, doing coke-heads, pitching a hypothetical account of how he would have killed Former Trophy Wife and Poor Schmo HAD he done the deed (the backlash from which ultimately cost superstar book editor Judith Regan her job), way-beyond giving a rat's ass what anyone thinks about him anymore. It then showed video from Simpson's 2006 hidden camera prank show "*Juiced*": standing at the side of a road in rags selling oranges; being made up to look like an old white man; dressed as Elvis dry-humping a topless girl; "selling" a used white Ford Bronco; rapping while dressed as a pimp surrounded by strippers. I'm not shocked by much, but this last part made me ill! It reminded me of what some pundit had said, how O.J. was on his way of joining Arnold Palmer and Joe DiMaggio in the Pantheon of truly-beloved athletes until he turned Trophy Wife and Poor Schmo into chop suey. One of the talking heads calls Simpson's story "a tragedy". No, the tragedy is the devastation he has left in his wake. [June 19, 2016]

UPDATE: The Nevada Board of Parole grants Simpson parole and will be released on October 1st. If he does not violate the terms of his release, he will be free of the legal system on September 29, 2022. [July 20, 2017]