The Simpson Trial Needs to End Soon


ABSTRACT (ABSTRACT)

The LA prosecution has been building up to this catastrophe faster than they have been building a case against O.J. In a comedy of errors that has included stolen Broncos, allegedly racist investigators, misplaced evidence, rookie criminalists and bungling coroners, Christopher Darden, Marcia Clark et al have been injecting enough reasonable doubt into the case to deserve a paycheck from Simpson. At this point, only a videotape of the crime is going to convict him, and even that is iffy -- considering LA’s dubious history with trial by video.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have no desire to keep the five you any longer than the 360 something days you've already been here. We are in full agreement with the prosecution that the vicious murder of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman was committed by someone wearing the bloody gloves. As you have seen, the bloody gloves don't fit my client. Why would someone who wore stylish socks to commit a murder then ruin his ensemble with ill-fitting gloves? The defense rests."

FULL TEXT

The Simpson Trial Needs to End Soon.

In a trial of microscopic evidence, it was fitting that the prosecution's main weapon -- the infamous bloody glove -- was too small.

In a case so tightly constructed that potential witnesses are researched and discredited before they get to testify, it was fitting that it just didn't fit.

To the jurors, snugly wedged into their jury box to await dismissal, it must have been refreshing to hear testimony shift from DNA matches and blood swatches to more easily understandable topics -- small, large and extra large.

"All I could think of was 'the defense rests'," said an even-smugger-than-usual Johnnie Cochran.

"You can't recoup from a disaster like that... That's reasonable doubt," said Los Angeles defense lawyer Harland Braun.

Stop the trial now, I've seen enough.

The sad, brutal, truth is that I'm no longer particularly interested in whether O.J. did it or not. June 11, 1994 was the last day that the initials O.J. did not appear in a newspaper. On June 12, 'the juice' superseded Bart as America's most recognizable Simpson. Theories and counter-theories have been emanating from courtrooms, bedrooms and restrooms for over a year now. My interest now lies in whether or not O.J. is convicted, regardless of his actual guilt or innocence. After one year, I am numb to the actual crime. I just don't care anymore.

And if I don't care, how do you think the jurors feel? Endless months in a pressure filled courtroom, week upon week in a tense hotel, countless hours slowly dragging by, with nothing to do but sleep, eat and drink O.J. The ever dwindling jury pool is stuck with this trial, with nothing else to do but wonder when they will be dismissed by Judge Ito.

I don't think they care anymore either. I think they want to go home.

So does Christopher Darden.

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rookie criminalists and bungling coroners, Christopher Darden, Marcia Clark et al have been injecting enough reasonable doubt into the case to deserve a paycheck from Simpson. At this point, only a videotape of the crime is going to convict him, and even that is iffy – considering LA’s dubious history with trial by video.
The District Attorney’s office had two strong pieces of evidence, DNA and the bloody gloves. O.J. Simpson, with one exaggerated thrust of his oversized hand, has canceled them out.
I can hear the closing arguments now:
"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have no desire to keep the five you any longer than the 360 something days you’ve already been here. We are in full agreement with the prosecution that the vicious murder of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman was committed by someone wearing the bloody gloves. As you have seen, the bloody gloves don’t fit my client. Why would someone who wore stylish socks to commit a murder then ruin his ensemble with ill-fitting gloves? The defense rests."
The prosecution has played it’s best cards, and the defense has instant reasonable doubt, which is all it needs. What better time to end the trial than now?
In the TV trial of the century, what better defining, concluding moment than the high drama/comedy of O.J. Simpson cramming his hands into undersized gloves?
In a quest for justice that has mutated into a perverse game, with ‘opposing sides’ earning ‘points’ for their efforts, and ‘momentum’ swinging from one side to the next, the time to end the match is now.
We have had enough of jury psychology, human anatomy, sociology and biology to lose our respect for science. We have seen enough celebrity house guests, drug-addict authors, ‘expert’ TV consultants and T-shirt vendors to acquire a healthy distaste for fame. We have seen Nicole’s sister cry and O.J. weep. We have heard the word ‘nigger’ and heard anti-Asian jokes.
We have listened to theories of conspiracies, carelessness and clumsiness. We have seen the public shift from talk of guilt and innocence to talk of mistrials and legal technicalities.
We have had enough.
As O.J. stands awkwardly at the crossroads of Perry Mason and Night Court, now is the time to turn off the TV. Go away, there’s nothing left to see here.

DETAILS

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