

Chapter 4: THROUGH THE EYES OF A KILLER

“IF MY TWENTY YEARS AS A COP TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT’S THAT PEOPLE GET AWAY WITH MURDER EVERY DAY.”—Mark Fuhrman, best-selling author of Murder In Brentwood

How do you catch a murderer who knows all about murderers, all about the people who are paid to catch them and prosecute them, and the rules of the game that say who gets charged and who doesn’t? You may have to get into his head, to try to think as he would. That’s what Hhhana and Crowe did. Hhhana, a trained psychologist, created her works of fiction as a mental exercise to better understand how and why the murders happened the way they did. Crowe followed suit, though her suspicion of Fuhrman came before Hhhana’s and mine. Comparing their visions of what might have happen from the killer’s point of view to what we heard from Chris Darden and Marcia Clark, I was struck by one fundamental difference in what they did and why. Darden and Clark told their make-believe story of “seething rage” with no evidence to back it up. With Fuhrman, Hhhana and Crowe had his own words to work with, the words of a man who loved blood and gore and bragged on tape about setting up “niggers” and getting away with murder.

Hhhana’s story of the alleged Family Dispute call late in 1985, including the dialogue between Fuhrman, O.J., and Nicole, comes straight out of Fuhrman’s own account. It’s from the letter he wrote to the Brentwood City Attorney in 1989 to show O.J. practicing a pattern of abuse. He was the only officer to write such a report. Tom Brantley, who was supposed to keep a log of Family Dispute calls, was never asked if he did so in this case. There is no testimony from Brantley, and no evidence that a “415” brought him and Fuhrman to O.J.’s estate. Hhhana’s 1st & Ten reference is to an HBO cable television series which O.J. joined in the first half ’85.

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HHHANA

1985

The call came in as a 415 Family Dispute. “God, it looks like a mansion,” Tom Brantley said, as he pulled the black-and-white up to the gate at 360 N. Rockingham. His partner, a big ex-marine named Mark Fuhrman, didn’t respond; he was out of the car, ringing the intercom. “Police,” he bellowed, listening for any sound coming from the property.

A young Hispanic woman opened the gate, obviously agitated. She tried to tell the officers that there was no need for their intervention. Indeed, the scene was quiet now. A young, white, blond-haired woman sat on the hood of a Mercedes-Benz, softly sobbing. A large black man, gripping a bat, was obviously angered by the police presence.

The big cop sized up the big, famous athlete and decided on the spot that he could take him, if it came to that. He sincerely hoped it would. Yeah, he could take him, all right; skin him, gut him, hang his head on the wall for a trophy. The funny image almost made him laugh. No time for that. He had a situation to take care of. Had to show the rookie how to do it. “Pardon me, sir,” he said, looking the black buck squarely in the eyes as if he hadn’t recognized him—as if he were just another street punk.

“There’s no trouble here, I’m O.J. Simpson. This is my home.”

I know who you are, nigger! thought Fuhrman as he watched the arrogant asshole lower the bat to the ground. “Stay here, sir,” said the officer, in a firm, professional tone, moving to join his partner with the female.

As he approached the car, he took in the scene, including a cracked windshield on the Mercedes. “What’s going on here?” he asked the woman, wondering what her relationship to the black man could be. She shook her head, continuing to cry, her face in her hands, then motioned back at the broken glass on the expensive car—the kind of car that Fuhrman would work his whole life and never be able to own.

“Who broke it?” he asked, reaching out to pry her hand away from her face. God, she was beautiful! He hoped she wasn’t one of the nigger’s *1st & Ten* whores.

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“He did,” she whispered, nodding toward the spook with the bat.

“You break this windshield?” he asked Simpson, politely.

“It’s my car! That’s my wife!”

The big cop took the jarring news without a hint that anything was wrong. It couldn’t have been more wrong. The sorry slut was worse than a whore! She was a traitor to her race!

“Is this your car?” he asked the blonde.

“It’s his,” she said. “His car, his house, everything is his.”

“Did he threaten you with that bat?” asked the younger cop. “Do you want to press charges?”

“No, it’s okay now,” she muttered again, wiping her nose on her sleeve.

A pulsing vein in Fuhrman’s neck and a painful tension in his gut told him to watch his step. *Nigger-loving slut!* he wanted to shout—*think a white man can’t fill a black man’s shoes! I got news for you, babe... And she is a babe, like all those other babes on 1st & Ten. What some women won’t do for money. Dirty, selfish pig didn’t even think about the kind of children she would have. When a white woman pops out a nigger kid, that’s gotta be the worst kind of child abuse there is. Christ, I hate niggers! Especially “superior” niggers like this one, with money, who can’t keep his hands off of white women. The only thing worse is a nigger-loving whore like this stupid bitch!*

The two officers ended their run with assurances from Simpson that the white woman was in no danger. The ex-marine hoped not. She deserved whatever she got and he hoped she would get it good. The idea wedged itself in his mind and he couldn’t get it out. He imagined the big, black buck taking the bat and splitting her skull open after they left. *Double whammy!* *It would eliminate both of them if the bastard would kill her as soon as they fucking left! Yeah, that would get ‘em both. And I’d get to hang my trophy on the wall....*

...The heady smell of blood overwhelmed all of his senses. It was the smell of a fresh kill, the smell of victory! There was no feeling like it! None.

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The blood was soaked into his clothing and covered every exposed part of his body. As a Marine, a cop and a hunter, he had seen a great deal of it, and caused a great deal of it to be spilled. That was one of the best things about killing an animal, the blood. He had just killed two more. The practice runs had paid off.

The killing was easy, but he knew it would be, and oh so satisfying. He found himself bewitched by the sight, needing to take it all in again, if only in his mind. Timing was everything; success or failure was hanging on every beat of the clock. He would be back, he was sure of it. Time enough to stroll through leisurely when the call came summoning him back to this place. He had too much to do. Failure was not an option. He pulled away slowly, not wanting to call attention to himself.

The Jew boy had taken too much time. He hadn't expected that. Almost lost control of him twice. It could have gone bad for him if he'd lost command of the situation. At first, he had toyed with the idea of having his partner here with him for the kill instead of staking out the accused murderer-to-be, but it all worked out. If he hurried, it would all go according to the plan. What a plan! He killed the bitch and the Jew, and the nigger would die for it. In California, "special circumstances" meant the death penalty and he'd made sure that there would be special circumstances.

He'd made sure that the nigger would take the fall.

For most men this would be enough, but not for him. No, his brilliant plan and masterful execution of that plan would also make him a champion, a hero, the man who would solve the crime of the century!

Did this happen? Maybe. Maybe not. In some ways it fits the evidence in the Simpson-Goldman murders better than any of the scenarios the prosecution or defense came up with.

My interest in the Simpson case began with the Bronco chase in June of 1994. I really did not know much about O.J. Simpson. I had never seen one of his movies or watched a football game. I had seen him run through the airport in the Hertz commercials. Other than that I knew nothing at

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all about him. When the trial started I thought he was probably guilty but as the “mountain” of evidence came in, I could not believe what I was seeing and hearing. It looked pretty flat to me.

The more I watched, the more I became convinced that O.J. Simpson was not guilty. It had absolutely nothing to do with Johnnie Cochran or any of the other defense lawyers. A lot of it had to do with what I thought was dirty dealing by the prosecutors. When Mark Fuhrman took the witness stand, I had a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach that he was lying his fool head off. I felt the same about Phillip Vannatter. Then, when Commander Bushey testified, I knew they were lying.

So many things just didn't add up. The lying police officers, the sloppy evidence gathering. Nothing made any sense. It began to dawn on me that someone was trying to frame O.J. Simpson. Who? I still don't know but there are people out there who are more likely to have committed these murders than O.J. Simpson. I have so many questions that don't seem to have answers. Some of the questions I would like to have answered by the people who think (no, they know) that O.J. Simpson is guilty are:

- Why did Kato Kaelin plead the Fifth when he first went before the grand jury?
- Why did the blood-drops at Rockingham go from the Bronco right to the front door? [*Editor's note: They didn't*] How then did the glove get in the alley?
- Why did Lange and Vannatter make Arnelle enter the house first if the police were so worried about there being victims at Rockingham that they had to go over the fence?
- Why did they not search the upstairs of the house if they were so worried? [*Editor's note: They did*]
- Why did no one come forward who sold O.J. those Bruno Maglis shoes?
- Why was the melting ice cream that Officer Riske saw not investigated?
- Who was Nicole expecting? Why the candles and bath water? Was the bath water still warm?
- How far down were the candles burned?

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- Who called Nicole (the kids said her best friend) and made her cry just before she was murdered?
- Where was Mark Fuhrman the night of the murders? Did he have an unshakable alibi?
- The prosecution knew about Fuhrman's racist background—why did they not call Fuhrman's partner Brad Roberts to testify instead of Fuhrman? What is in Roberts' background that they didn't use him instead?
- How did Faye Resnick get her drug money? She told Geraldo Rivera that she only used \$20 worth of cocaine a day. Do they put you in a rehab center for a \$20 a day habit?
- If O.J. was guilty, why did he talk to the police without a lawyer and what kind of lawyer would let him?
- If O.J. was guilty why would he give the police a blood sample after the police had told him there was blood all over Bundy and Rockingham?
- Nicole was hit on the head hard enough to cause a brain injury. What with? Why was nothing found?

All of these questions play on my mind. If some of the people who think O.J. Simpson is guilty could answer them for me, maybe I could put this case to rest.

CROWE

He sat in the unmarked police vehicle. He had been here before, watching the blonde bitch. If she thought she could brush him off, she had better think again. Imagine any white woman who would prefer a black man over a white one. She needed to get her comeuppance. He didn't know exactly what the retribution would be but it would come just as sure as he was sitting there.

Not only had she turned him down to go back to her ape of a husband, now she was screwing around with another black football player. What was her problem? White guys were not good enough. She had to fuck around with apes. She needed to be taken down a peg or two. He would think of something. Something that would make everyone sit up and take notice.

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All the years he had taken shit as a cop, he would make up for by fixing this bitch and maybe even implicating that black bastard she had married. Stinking big-shot nigger. Thought he was as good as a white man. He'd show him. Who did he think he was, screwing around with all those blonde babes?

These thoughts kept going round and round in his head. All those years working with the dredges of society had made him nuts. Ten years before he had tried to get out and they wouldn't let him. No way was he going to quit without the pension he deserved for all those years of shit he'd put up with. No way. He was smarter than they were. He would pull off something so clever they would never suspect him. He could sit back and watch and laugh. All those niggers and spics who had given him a rough time over the years. He would show them all. He could pull it off. He'd show them all.

...He had been mulling over the problem for the past couple of weeks. He had decided what he would do. He would kill the fucking bitch. That would show her and all the others what it meant to fuck with him. He'd plan it all to the last detail. Kill the bitch and set up her uppity nigger husband who thinks he's as good as a white man.

He'd been scouting out property in Idaho. Now there was a place to live. Not many minorities just good old white Americans. People who thought the same way he did. When this was all over, he would get out of LA and move to where he didn't have to smell the stench of all those foreigners and have his kids in school with all the minorities. Good fresh air and good white Americans. What was happening in this country was a damned shame. All that time he had spent in the Marines, trying to be a good American. Impossible in this country now except in a few places out west where people who thought the way he did could live in peace and not have to put up with all that nigger shit.

He had come up with a plan to fix that white bitch. He had to do some more surveillance and he needed help. He was sure his partner Brad Roberts would go along with him. They both thought the same way, so it shouldn't be a problem talking him into it. They would have to watch her for awhile and wait for an opportunity to act.

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...He wasn't worried about what would happen after the murders. No one would suspect him. His boss knew he had had an affair with Nicole. He was Nicole's cop. All the guys knew that. When it went down, he would be called even if he was not on duty. His buddies would cover for him. They did it all the time. Even if some of them thought he had done it, the LAPD would not investigate. After the Rodney King fiasco, they didn't need any more bad publicity. The chief was a prick. Imagine having to work under a damned nigger. The old chief knew how to run a police department. He just closed his eyes and looked the other way. Damn that Christopher Commission! They almost got him but he knew they couldn't get rid of him. He was too good a cop. These damned do-gooders always tried to screw things up. He'd show them. This would be the biggest thing to happen in LA in a long time.

In October of 1996, I got on the internet and found the Court TV discussion boards. I thought it would be great to discuss the case with other people and looked forward to reading the posts each day. The people seemed nice for the most part but as time went along things started to change. There was a group of people who were adamant about Simpson's guilt. That was all right but then they started to get downright nasty when any of a group of us said we thought O.J. was not guilty. We were called stupid and fools etc. because we did not toe the O.J. Simpson-is-guilty, party line.

The Court TV boards were down quite a lot and so one of the group suggested we start e-mailing each other so we could stay in touch. This started out all right also but then things changed. A group of people continue to call those of us who believe Simpson innocent stupid, fools and worse. What started out as a nice pastime has turned into a name-calling exercise in futility. As an example, this past Sunday (April 13), I received over 200 e-mails. At least 150 of them were so nasty, I deleted them immediately. What started out as a discussion has turned into a kind of war. No one was about to change their minds. I thought we should agree to disagree and turn to some other discussion topic. I think the problem is that no one was prepared to admit the other side might have a point or two in their favor.

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When we voiced concerns about some of the evidence or the way it was handled, we were ridiculed. It's hard to have a discussion with people who are convinced they are right and you are wrong. I could accept the differences of opinion but not the nasty way they were put. If you don't agree with me, you are an idiot. End of discussion.

I always thought when a person was found not guilty in a court of law they were considered not guilty. I'm afraid I don't understand people calling the jury in the criminal trial stupid and uneducated. A thought just struck me—the people calling the jury stupid are the same ones who call us stupid because we agreed with the jury.

What makes people view the same evidence or the same situation in diametrically opposing ways? Is it the way we were raised? The way our lives are lived? The people we come in contact with? I don't have the answers but it does make one wonder. The facts of the O.J. Simpson case are a perfect example of two sets of people seeing the same set of facts in two vastly different ways. The people who are sure O.J. Simpson is guilty think the jurors in the criminal trial were stupid and should have spent more time going over the evidence. If the 12 people on a jury take a vote and it comes out 12 - 0 why should they keep going over the evidence? Is that not why they are there, to reach an agreement on whether the defendant is guilty or not guilty? I didn't agree with the jury in the civil trial but with a trial judge who kept out all of the defense evidence and slanted every decision he made towards the plaintiffs it was the only conclusion they could reach on the evidence they heard.

One of the things that bothered me the most in the civil trial is that by using its challenges, the plaintiffs removed all but one black person from the jury. This really makes me wonder about the justice system and the way juries are selected. It's too bad there isn't a way to make the jury reflect the make-up of the population. This, to me, would really be a jury of one's peers.

As I write this, the lawyers for O.J. Simpson have filed papers to have the trial verdict overturned. What are the odds that the judge who slanted everything in the case towards the plaintiffs will admit he did something wrong and overturn the verdict and order a new trial for O.J. Simpson?

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My guess is slim and none. It would take more courage than I think Judge Fujisaki has to admit he was wrong about a lot of things in the trial. For example, how did the testimony about the lie detector test O.J. supposedly took get into evidence? How about the testimony of the lady from the women's shelter who got the call from someone named Nicole? Sure the good judge gave the jury a "curative" instruction but how can you unring a bell?