

‡5 Hero & Doppelfanger: A Shaggy Were-Dog Story

Written 1995/10/5. [If you haven't kept abreast of the OSimpson drama, then the following may make no sense. Likewise if you have.]

A What the Los Angeles Police Dep't Didn't Tell the Public

A1 As noted at ‡4 §C8, millions of OSimpson-trial-junkies take an ingenious position (which superficial minds too-quickly pass off as fantastic): [a] OS is innocent, and [b] his blood was at the murder scene without police planting. The following development is dedicated to these detectives, who will go otherwise unheralded in the standard media.

A2 Conventional analysts have needlessly made the OS case much too complicated. Simple question: who was the only personality known to be *at the scene, & wet with the victims' fresh blood?* Why was he busy howling at the setting Moon? Only someone almost as racist as certain celeb-athletes' preferences in women, could suspect virtually-bloodless OS, when Kato the (strange-looking Akita-breed) dog was caught red-pawed, at the bodies.

A3 And, you want to talk LAPD cover-ups? According to a well-fueled Hungarian housekeeper (suspiciously vanished since), a cop on the scene said — and I quote verbatim — he was certain that this was one very “weerd dog”. As any student of the relevant Balkan lore is well aware, “weerd-dog” is awed-religious-folk's Carpathian-dialect for “were-dog” — first cousin to the better-known but equally-dreaded “were-wolf”, which is also now found mainly in suburban L.A. — on the devout film-lots of “Wholly-Weerd”.¹

A4 The case will now solve itself, once we add-in some background: [a] OS's lawyer² first entered bigtime celebhood (this was even before he became a feminist publisher)³ when he got murderer⁴ Sam Sheppard off by inducing Sam to suddenly recall⁵ that his initial story (which the unanimously-guilty-voting jury hadn't bought, in his 1st trial) was incomplete because — aw-shucks — he was altruistically holding back relevant information in order *to protect another party*. [b] OS, too, is a very selfless guy.

¹ One is tempted to suppose that the werewolf is a West Hollywood creature, since there has only rarely been a female film-werewolf. (Though, see J.G.Melton *Vampire Book* [speaking of doppelfangers] Detroit 1994 p.33.) Note that what's fatal to the werewolf, a silver bullet, long had a strictly male connotation. (Until Coors recently found it could get *both* sexes fat&drunk on its formerly-male-appeal Silver Bullet beer.) But this apparent gender-bias may instead be merely an unintended side-effect of the US' lucrative depillatory industry's fashist veto-power over female imagery in films: after all, how saleably-charismatic would the public find a film werewolfess (*Mad Magazine*, are you ready for this?) — entirely covered with hair, excepting legs and armpits?

² F.Lee Bailey (*The Defense Never Rests* 1971 pt.1 ch.5, re yet another homicidal chap he got off): “Would I defend a guilty man? . . . the question of whether [a killer] should have been defended in every possible way is not personal or subjective. It is professional and legal. And any lawyer worth his license would answer it the same way.”

³ In the early 1970s, F.Lee Bailey launched a *Playboy*-clone punningly called *Gallery*.

⁴ Popular history (controlled largely by FLeaBee himself) has exonerated Sheppard, who was formerly the prominent police surgeon of Bay Village (Cleveland OH suburb). His case has similarities to OS' (even beyond FLB's involvement): rich client, “whopping” legal fee (FLBailey 1971 pt.2 ch.2), nasty marriage (Sheppard-divorce 1st discussed only 3 weeks before murder: *ibid* pt.2 ch.1), suspect's infidelity, no time-alibi when wife killed, didn't testify before jury that released him, “real killer” never apprehended, police-competence&integrity put on ferocious trial. Sheppard's story: he saw an unrecognizable assailant (of indeterminant gender!) who got into his bedroom and killed his wife but merely injured Sam. (Jeff McDonald wife-murder: close copy. Chas. Stuart similar.) Curious “real” murderer: killed wife but permitted Sam to live because he knew that he had hit Sam *just* hard enough to destroy the precision of Sam's memory (of someone of allegedly “white form” or in “white garment”: *idem*).

⁵ See S.Sheppard *Endure & Conquer* 1966 pp.299-300, 310-311, 318. He promised (FLB 1971 p.2 ch.2) to work for 10^y after release, to pay off FLB's fees but (after converting from book-author to pro wrassler) he escaped by dying of alcohol & pills at age 46, after only 3 years of “freedom”.

B Simpson as Near-Saviour: a Tragically-Wronged Hero

B1 So the truth is that, on the night of 1994/6/12, Kato — moonstruck in his own special way (more on that below: §B6) — came upon OS, Nicole, & Ron, at a tender moment, right as OS was amiably congratulating his former #1 punching-bag for now spending his hard-earned millions while she slept with men other than himself. In the midst of this loving familial scene, Kato (known to be a tail-wagging stalker of humans — a regular shadow) suddenly leapt upon the threesome, swiftly slashing the throats of the frailer Nicole & Ron — while powerful OS got his left hand cut *while trying heroically but vainly to defend them*. (OS at least succeeded in chasing Kato away before a feeding further desecrated the bodies. Little wonder OS is upset at the public's ungrateful misunderstanding of his efforts.)

B2 Wakeup-question: **why is the dog called Kato?** Have you ever seen the *dog* Kato and the *person* Kato **together**? (As J.Cochran would say: think about it.) Is it a coincidence that ferally-smiling OS-houseguest Kato (whose hairdo is a hairdon't) is THE shaggiest of all the characters in this hugely-casted drama? (Think about it.) And were-dogs are almost as shaggy as this story.

B3 Like were-wolves, were-dogs kill by fanging *throats*. (And where were both fatal wounds delivered? *Think* about it. Beginning to understand why no weapon was found?)

B4 So, *DIO* now scoops the truth behind the headlines: Saint OS is *covering for someone else* (just like F.Lea's other too-kind client: §A4), namely, his wuvable woofwoof pal Kato — who has a pathetic Special-Problem. (Were-dogs just can't help themselves.)⁶

B5 Indeed, scientists OS & Nicole had for years been privately yearning to land a Nobel by becoming the first social workers ever to cure a were-dog. The project's secrecy necessitated their 'til-now-inexplicable eternal-houseguest cover-story⁷ — transparently ridiculous, of course. But effective: no one has previously discerned its true significance.

B6 Since Kato is still on the loose, we at *DIO* believe the public deserves to be fully informed of the differences between were-wolves & were-dogs:

[a] A were-dog's alter-animal is pooch, instead of wolf, which makes the were-dog all the more dangerous, because it *seems* as friendly as — well, as friendly as OSimpson.

[b] The were-dog kills not at *Full*⁸ Moon but at *MoonSet*. (The were-wolf's smarter cousin prefers to kill in full darkness: night MoonSet being the very start of same, this leaves plenty of time for the business at hand. I.e., he doesn't like to rush a meal.)

[c] Up to now, werewolves have had a better showbiz agent. (Until Kato⁹ hit the toob.)

B7 Final piece of the puzzle: at the time of the murders, the Moon was *setting* on the western horizon — just the celestial trigger for a were-dog strike. As my mentor Johnny C would say: this is all *completely consistent*.¹⁰ The sky don't lie — you can't deny.

⁶ Since were-dogs don't know right from wrong, punishing them would be senseless vengeance (*DIO* 4.2 ¶9 §F2). OS matches the great *SatNightLive* civil rights pioneer, Emily Litella, in standing 4square against woof-abuse.

⁷ Just an upside-down version of the truth (first widely revealed by Trevor Hall) of Nobel chemist Wm.Crookes' psychic "research" on his secret young lover Florence Cook.

⁸ Astrologers will note that the murders occurred not at lunisolar opposition (Full Moon) but at octile — and the verdict at trine.

⁹ I hate to interrupt this romp with something true, but it is a fact that I have bumped into both OS and Kato quite by chance. I encountered a genial OS in LAX airport c.1980, where he was bobbing & weaving while dribbling an invisible basketball. (No one ever looked less like a murderer.) On 1995/6/4, at Camden Yards, my nephew John Charles Avirett and I spotted Kato nearby, settling into the best seat in the stadium. (Accompanied by a local 98 *Rock* deejay, whose hair had shared a bleach-windtunnel with Kato's.) I went over to shake paws, and we chatted pleasantly for a minute. (An extremely likable fellow. Who will not resent DR pulling his leg & wagging his tale.)

¹⁰ In fact, the Were-Dog Hypothesis is more consistent than Johnny C's shaky theories, which of course never did explain the cuts on OS' hand as anything more than a spectacularly convenient coincidence.