
Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

Victims of Blunt Force Trauma

Even before the end of the trial of Los Angeles police officer Mark Fuhrman for the crime of white racism, the percentage of black Americans who believed that Officer Fuhrman's most celebrated victim was innocent had risen from 60 percent before the trial to a whopping 78 percent by the time the prosecution rested. It is never easy to find 78 percent of any large group in the United States that agrees on much of anything, and the proportion of blacks who believe O.J. Simpson did not commit the murders of which he was accused is exceeded perhaps only by the percentage who think the landing on the moon is merely white racial propaganda. Whatever the other differences between the two main races of the country and their cultures, nothing in recent memory exposes the profound perceptual gulfs that divide them more than the protracted and preposterous circus in Los Angeles that raised to stardom such obscurities as Judge Ito, Marcia Clark, Johnnie Cochran and a throng of semi-educated technical experts who proved incapable of explaining the esoterica of their craft to a bewildered court.

In the last few years, the American judicial system has become almost as much of a joke as the United States Congress. The courts have become notorious for magistrates who shamelessly inject their own prejudices and opinions into the cold majesty of the law, permit ruthless criminals to bargain their way to freedom, and impose the most draconian punishments on citizens who have committed at worst only minor legal infractions. But juries are not much better, especially when a case before them is even remotely colored by racial issues. It is now commonplace for black jurors to announce after a trial that they voted to acquit black defendants plainly guilty of serious felonies just because they didn't want to see any more young black males go to jail, and the almost universal cynicism among whites that Mr. Simpson would be acquitted or get a hung jury suggests that few citizens any longer expect the courts to provide real justice in any case involving race. The ease with

which the Simpson defense team succeeded in making Officer Fuhrman's supposed racial epithets the main issue in the trial betrays the degree to which racial right-think rather than any commitment to justice is now the prevalent concern of the court system.

The foolishness of the Simpson trial inevitably recalls the judicial destruction of the white police officers who subdued Rodney King in 1991, but the fate of those white men at the hands of a criminal justice system rigged against whites is now largely forgotten. Yet those officers at least received a reasonably fair verdict in their first trial before the federal leviathan waddled in to make their ruin certain in their second, constitutionally repugnant, and politically mandated tribunal. But what happened to Sgt. Stacey Koon and his colleagues looks like the justice of Solomon compared to what befell two Detroit policemen in the episode now known as the "Malice Green case."

Like any case involving white policemen and a supposed black victim, this one made national news for a brief while in 1993, not least because it looked like yet another chance to whack the white power structure for its "institutional racism" and because it seemed to be a possible sequel to the merry yarn of the illustrious Rodney. But there were clear differences between the Green case and that of the "black motorist" of Los Angeles. In the former, there was no videotape to be distorted for the misinformation of the public on national television, and there were no riots to display the "rage" and wounded self-esteem that the spectacle of four law officers wielding their truncheons against a strapping, drunken, and uncontrollably violent criminal helped produce in Los Angeles. Hence, the Malice Green case as a national story withered rather quickly, and had it not done so, the patent miscarriages of justice against the white cops might well have produced riots of a rather different hue. Yet the full story has never, as far as I know, attracted the slightest attention from the media.

On the night of November 5, 1992, two Detroit police officers named Larry Nevers and Walter Budzyn approached a parked car in the nether parts of Detroit,

the same area where race riots erupted in 1967. The car they approached resembled one reported stolen earlier, and it was stopped outside a building they say was known to be a crack house. As they reached the car, they realized it was not the stolen vehicle, but they did recognize one of its occupants as a person with a record of drug violations. Officer Nevers asked the other gentleman, a 35-year-old black male with a history of petty criminal charges named Malice Green, for identification.

Green, accompanied by Officer Budzyn, walked to the other side of the car, and Nevers soon heard sounds of scuffling. According to the officers' later account, Green was holding something in his fist that he refused to release. Budzyn yelled that he was holding drugs, and both officers had to struggle with him. Green kicked Nevers in the chest, and Nevers, who says Green tried to seize the handgun at the officer's side, struck Green several times with his flashlight. What eventually fell out of Green's hand was a rock of crack cocaine.

During the struggle, an emergency medical vehicle happened to pass by, and several other officers were required before Green could be completely subdued. By that time unconscious, he was placed in the ambulance and taken to a local hospital. By the time the ambulance reached the emergency room, Malice Green was dead on arrival. Within a few hours it became clear that the careers, if not the lives, of the two officers who had tried to bring him in were also defunct.

Neither the Detroit police department nor the city's political leaders lost any time in deciding what had happened and what would happen. Within 18 hours, the precinct commander brayed that "They murdered this man for no other reason than the fact that he was black," and Detroit police chief Stanley Knox proclaimed at a press conference that "This is not Simi Valley, and we will convict here." Simi Valley was the location of the first trial of the four Los Angeles policemen in the Rodney King case in which they were mostly acquitted. At the time Chief Knox uttered this thought, there had been no criminal charges filed and no completed investi-

gation, and the very comparison with the King case was certain to inflame the racial passions in which the case was at once submerged.

Nevers and Budzyn were suspended without pay at about the same time, and Chief Knox was able to forbid a Police Review Board investigation of the case, a decision unprecedented in the city's history. Within 72 hours of Green's death, Detroit Mayor Coleman Young announced on national television that the two policemen were murderers, and within three weeks, the city had reached a settlement with Green's family for \$5.25 million. The city's legal settlement thus conceded that Green was an innocent victim even before criminal proceedings against the policemen had been initiated. If that wasn't enough to send the message that the city wanted them convicted, the police department proceeded to fire both officers during the pretrial examination on the grounds of "conduct unbecoming an officer for having committed second degree murder."

From the beginning, the NAACP was at the center of the onslaught against the two officers. As Nevers has written, "This case gave them more fuel for their racist fires. I lived through this case and witnessed black racism at its absolute finest. The racism was perpetrated by the local chapter, by powerful black officials in the city, and black members of the Detroit Police Department in concert with members of the Prosecutor's Office. . . . [The NAACP] organized marches, demonstrated, and proclaimed they would investigate this case personally. The NAACP also raised money for the family and paid the funeral expenses of Green."

At what reporters were pleased to call "the trial," Nevers and Budzyn were tried simultaneously but by two different juries. One of the juries consisted of 11 blacks (the sole white man later told a radio talk show host that his colleagues had "pressured" him into voting for conviction), and who should one of them turn out to be but the vice president of the local chapter of the NAACP, a fact never disclosed during the jury selection or the trial itself. Shortly before the jury retired to consider its verdict, it was sequestered and provided movies to watch for its edification. The first film was Spike Lee's classic in Afro-racism, *Malcolm X*, which begins with the videotape of the Rodney King beating, a burning American flag, and a voiceover that iden-

tifies "the white man" as "being the greatest murderer on earth." Mr. Lee and Malcolm would have had no problem getting onto the Nevers-Budzyn juries, but the *pièce de résistance* at the "trial" was the autopsy report.

The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Kalil Jiraki, who testified that Malice Green's death was due to "blunt force trauma" (i.e., the blows from Nevers' flashlight). What was not disclosed was that there was a second autopsy, by Dr. Jiraki's supervisor, Dr. Bader Cassin, whose suspicions were aroused. Dr. Cassin noticed that Dr. Jiraki had claimed that he had examined the brain of the deceased and sliced into it, thereby determining the cause of death. But when Dr. Cassin examined the brain a day later, he found that Green's brain was intact. This would not be possible if the brain had been sectioned.

Moreover, though Dr. Jiraki testified at the trial that the amount of cocaine in Green's body (determined to be .50) was insignificant and insufficient to cause death, several months earlier, in July 1992, he had ruled somewhat differently in the death of another black suspect who had died after multiple blows to the head administered by police officers (who in that case were also black). In the earlier case, that of James Brooks, who weighed 45 pounds more than Green, Dr. Jiraki held that the cause of death was "cocaine addiction." The level of cocaine in Brooks' body was .38, rather less than the level in Green's. Neither Green nor Brooks suffered any skull fracture, nor any swelling of the brain or lung edema, but both had the enlarged hearts often associated with drug abuse. Brooks had consumed no alcohol, but Green had. If it was possible for a smaller amount of cocaine to cause the death of a heavier man who had not been drinking, then it should have been possible for cocaine, and not the blows from Nevers' flashlight, to kill Malice Green, who had alcohol in his system.

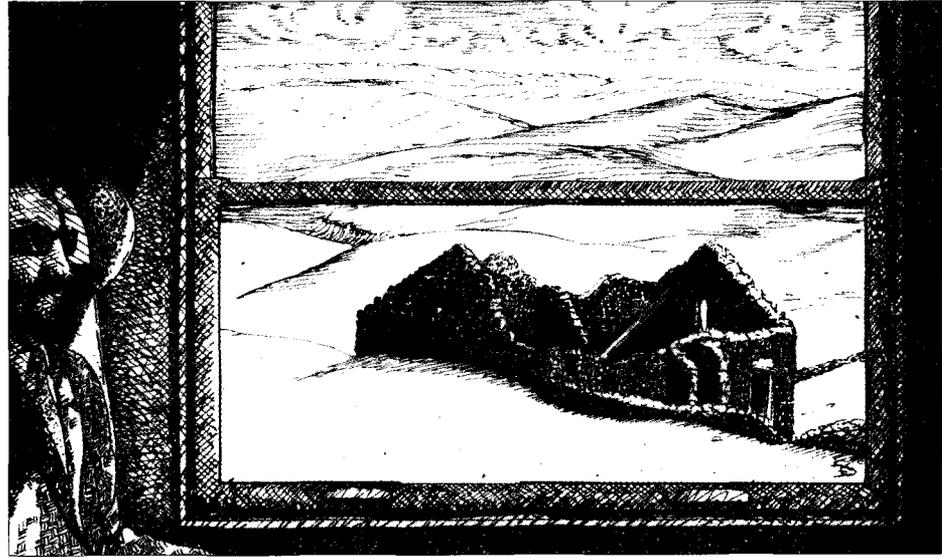
None of these facts emerged at the trial. Though it was known that a second autopsy had been performed, the judge didn't allow that to get in the way of what was obviously a witch hunt. Even so, there was testimony from three other medical experts that challenged the blunt force trauma theory. Two forensic pathologists testified that cocaine and alcohol definitely contributed to Green's death, and a neuropathologist testified that "absent the blows this man would

have died anyway. . . . Blunt force trauma was definitely not the cause of this man's death." The blows to Green's head, she testified, were superficial. This testimony alone ought to have established reasonable doubt.

But reasonable doubt is no longer a valid legal principle in the trial of white policemen charged with the murder of a black. Both Nevers and Budzyn were convicted and sentenced, Nevers to 12 to 25 years and Budzyn to 8 to 18 in prison, terms they are now serving. Their appeals for a mistrial have been denied by local courts, and they are now appealing to the Michigan Supreme Court. While the case evaporated quickly as a national news story, it continues to excite attention in Michigan. It remains to be seen whether antiwhite forces can prevent further appeals from being heard or some reasonable facsimile of justice from being served.

But even as they prepared their appeals last summer, the *New York Times* and an army of other newspapers were rehearsing the story of "black journalist" Mumia Abu-Jamal, awaiting execution in Pennsylvania for the murder in 1981 of a white police officer in Philadelphia. The evidence against Abu-Jamal is overwhelming, to the point that even most of his acolytes don't even claim he is innocent, but because of some supposed irregularities at his trial and theadroitness of his legal and public relations cohorts, there was a worldwide movement, instigated in this country by the *Nation* among others, to get him a new trial. In the event, Mumia survived, mainly because the court system renders the execution of convicted murderers all but impossible within a generation. Laugh if you will at the belief among blacks that O.J. is innocent, but the silliness of that notion pales next to what the white left has persuaded itself to believe in the case of Abu-Jamal.

But there is no worldwide movement, or even a neighborhood rally, for a new trial for Nevers and Budzyn, nor for the Los Angeles Four, nor for any of the other white victims of black criminals and their Afro-racist allies. Antiwhite forces and their white allies have no problem mounting nationwide or worldwide campaigns as part of the race war they want to instigate, but the absence of any resistance among whites or even of much consciousness of what is happening suggests who will be the victor when that war is over.



H. Ward Stierrett

The Winter of Scottish Discontent

by Thomas Fleming

*“The miller’s daughter walking by
With frozen fingers soldered to her basket
Seems to be knocking
Upon a hundred leagues of floor
With her light heels, and mocking Percy and Douglas dead,
And Bruce on his burial bed,
Where he lies white as may
With wars and leprosy,
And all the kings before
This land was kingless,
And all the singers before
This land was songless . . . ”*

—Edwin Muir, “Scotland’s Winter”

Rockford in July seems an unlikely place and time to hold “The First Annual Highland Games” unless it were in obedience to the biblical admonition that “the first shall be last.” The temperature was in the 90’s throughout the day, with a humidity that made the Upper Midwest seem like New Orleans, except for the absence of French food, jazz, fun. I did not know whom to feel sorrier for, the clean-limbed girls taking part in the Highland fling contest, the close-cropped shot-putters forking bags of hay over a bar and flinging what looked like telephone poles over their shoulders, or the middle-aged men in Jacobite costume, smashing upon each other’s claymores, until the lucky one is allowed to fall down and feign death.

I attended the event with a reluctance that had little to do with the weather: I dislike historical reenactments even more than recreated European castles in Disney World or tinker-toy

reconstructions of colonial villages, and even worse than the reenactments themselves is the desperate attempt to create an impression of ethnic authenticity. The effect of most ethnic festivals is about as convincing as a St. Patrick’s Day parade or an Irish Spring commercial. The whole Scottish thing—bagpipes and kilts, single malt whiskies and Sir Harry Lauder—was manufactured for the consumption of English tourists and the worldwide Scottish community in exile, many of whose ancestors were tee-totaling Presbyterians who, as Edwin Muir put it, had “the bitter wit to fell the ancient oak of loyalty, and strip the peopled hill and the altar bare, and crush the poet with an iron text.”

Despite the heat I put on my tartan necktie and take my children and my skeptical dog Davy (a Scottish terrier named after the philosopher Hume). Against my better judgment, I am be-