The NYT Hustles for Roman Polanski

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Posted By -NO AUTHOR- On 02/11/2000 @ 1:00 am

New York Times weeps for a famous American felon, Roman Polanski, on the lam “at a corner table at Il Matriciano, one of his favorite haunts” in Italy. Many parents will remember Polanski, the artsy filmmaker-pedophile (“Repulsion,” “Rosemary’s Baby,” “Chinatown”), convicted of drugging a 13-year old child with pills and champagne and then raping her in a hot tub.

Leading media types — like the chief of the Rome bureau of the New York Times, Alessandra Stanley, who wrote the article — find it appalling that Mr. Polanski can’t come home again. She despairs that Polanski cannot make major movies in the United States due to America’s stuffily puritanical view of child molesters. Ms. Stanley provides a gushing, fawning paean to Polanski’s boundless self centered “artistic” perversity in her yarn, “Polanski, the Once and Future Auteur” (NYT January 16, 2000, p. 9).

“Auteur,” for you rednecks out there, is French. It means a “filmmaker, usually a director, who exercises creative control over his or her works and has a strong personal style.” The talented, according to Ms. Stanley, are royalty. Thus, Mr. Polanski should be called back to his Hollywood home-town. He should be pardoned for fleeing the country to avoid prison, because America needs more of his special brand of demonic artistry in our entertainment diet.

Ms. Stanley doubtless plays to the coastal New York/Hollywood literati with her groveling, full-color, full page tract, datelined (gosh), “ROME.” Alongside a worldly photo of our bantam (ummm, lets not say, child rapist) hero, Ms. Stanley says the sooo talented director just “wants nothing more than to make important films.” This estrogen-enhanced bureau chief makes her point, and that of a growing number within the media, that due to a few meddlesome taboos still left on the American moral landscape, her sad Auteur remains an exile.

Open the prison gates! Ms. Stanley is enraptured. She says of his latest film, “The Ninth Gate,” that Mr. Polanski worries that “it doesn’t make any important statement.” Well, let’s see. “The Ninth Gate,” like many Polanski films, says Ms. Stanley, is “an occult
thriller ... that features satanic rituals ... gruesome deaths.” It is, laughs Polanski, “… an advertisement for hell.” Truth be told, glamorizing hell seems like a pretty “important statement.” One could argue that promoting the virtues of demonic conduct has been Polanski’s lifetime personal and cinematic theme.

Mr. Polanski, (he reminds us often) is a child of the Jewish, Polish ghetto. And like other big moguls he just naturally wants to weigh in with his own film in the Holocaust genre. Some World War II propagandists portray all Jewish Holocaust survivors as innately noble souls, deserving reflexively of sainted reverence. Israel, watching out for its young, refused Polanski entry when he announced a plan to film in that country. But, Polanski says, filmmaker Steven Spielberg offered the Auteur pedophile the chance to direct Schindler’s List, a story of bravery in the midst of leftist, National Socialist (Nazi) brutality.

Said Mr. Polanski, it was “… a very generous offer but not right for me.” True. But ironically neither Spielberg nor Polanski seem to know why it was not “right” for Mr. Polanski — a cowardly child rapist — to direct a film about a mass movement of cowards, bullies and rapists. This causes one to wonder if either celebrated “Auteur” ever understood the meaning of the “Holocaust” beyond its use as a profit venture?

The permissive Ms. Stanley could not wholly avoid the child rape conviction. After all, that is why, as an escaped felon, Mr. Polanski can’t come home. She does not report the well-documented, vicious details of the rape, saying only that, “… after a statutory rape charge drove him to become a fugitive from American justice in 1977” poor Mr. Polanski filmed in France. “Twenty years have passed, and the girl … now 35,” thinks poor Mr. Polanski might be allowed to return, says Ms. Stanley. Really?

But, tsk, tsk, Ms. Stanley it seems, can not add. It is now the year 2000. In 1977, Polanski’s victim was barely 13, not the 15-year-old Ms. Stanley calculates. Her report has Mr. Polanski sounding like one of Dr. Kinsey’s “technically trained” pedophile aides, who insisted when children screamed, “No, No, No,” they really meant “Yes, Yes, Yes.”

For, Auteur Polanski, like so many in the media/entertainment field
today, “... couldn’t equate what happened that day with rape in any form.” Drugging a child and having sex with her unconscious body is not rape for Mr. Polanski. So much for repentance. “Mr. Polanski served six months in prison under psychiatric observation, but fled while awaiting sentencing.” The judge delayed prison to allow Polanski to finish his film. Wellll, the Auteur promised to report for prison duty upon completion of his great artistic labor. Oh, just imagine the judge’s shock when Mr. Polanski skipped town!

The moral to this story is simple. America has been moved over the past fifty years by Kinsey’s 1948/1953 fraudulent “anything goes” sex reports to eliminate our civilizing taboos that once protected children from sexual predators, even the more fancy ones like Mr. Polanski. The fact is, while sexual crimes against children are pandemic, the media stumbles about in an elite fog, promoting men like Polanski and cursing “puritanical” limitations on their creative appetites. Does talent trump the law today? Is there a special royal media class reigning to whom us common folk are expected to sacrifice our young? I am afraid, if you ask media mavens like Ms. Stanley, the answer is bad news for America’s innocents.

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URL to article: http://www.wnd.com/2000/02/2918/

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